

The following is a transcription of a diary kept by Chester Eliphalet Jackson during a journey from Ovid, Michigan to England in August and September of 1903. The purpose of the trip was to sell his stamp collection composed of stamps of the West Indies which he collected while U.S. Consul in Antigua. The proceeds of the sale were sufficient to build the house on the hill at the family farm which Jackson family members occupied constantly from 1907 to 1981. The transcription is as faithful as possible, retaining the original spelling and punctuation wherever appropriate. The handwriting was legible, but there are a few words followed by (?) which remain only an educated guess. Remarks in have been added in transcription

*Jerome A. Smith*  
*27 April, 1986*  
*Ann Arbor, Michigan*

# Diary of C.E. Jackson

Commencing August 18, 1903

## Covering a trip to Europe via Montreal

Took train at Ovid Mich. 9 a.m. **August 18, 1903** being a Tuesday and the weather being fair. Have \$100.00 in my pocket only, but have my stamp collection which I am taking over to sell. Taking very little baggage including a steamer rug but expect to get a few things in Montreal. Paid \$15.40 for round trip ticket to Montreal. Mr. Dennis and self sat together and at Owosso Horace came on as far as Durand. Changed cars and then to Port Huron where we changed again and go to Hamilton about 6 p.m. Took supper there, changed for train to Toronto then changed again and arrived at Kingston at 3 a.m. **[August 19]** and changed again and landed in a waiting room and waited til about 5:30 a.m. when a nice steamer came in and took the excursionists up and at 6:00 a.m. started for Montreal.

The morning was a little misty but cleared up before we reached the Alexandria Bay district. Lots of passengers, all tourists nearly. As we proceeded down the American side began to show signs of life in the outing(?) line. The river was very wide, but narrowed as we went on. The shores were not as hilly as I expected to find them. Soon we entered what is called the American Venice. In place of gondolas we found yachts, immaculately white, and lots of them. Gorgeous villas, castles, and palaces of great size reaching down to the water's edge and sitting on little rockbound islands all their own. It was a regular fairyland for sprites and waterbabies and covered many miles. We left with great regret.

The river narrowed and the rapids began but not fierce until we got to the Sautts Rapids when it got quite exciting. Four men stood at the wheel and held the boat steady. The rapids were from 2 to 9 miles long and in some places were dangerous on account of rocks. If ever the boat had got wild, our lives would have been in deadly danger. The Loachnie(?) Rapids near Montreal were fine but not long. We changed steamers at Prescott before noon, and the big crowd got on the much smaller steamer called the "Bohemians" made for shooting rapids, I suppose. In

one instance we saw a big steamer plowing its way seemingly through the land and ever so much higher than we were. The St. Lawrence Canal runs on the north side of the river, and all boats have to go up past the rapids that way. The passengers on our boat were a fine class, seemingly, and from other countries -- Englishmen, Scotchmen, Americans, Canadians. They had good manners, not loud and garish. Hardly any young people, but married and a bit settled -- fathers and mothers out for an outing.

At sundown we got to Montreal, and I took lodgings at a comfortable french hotel just to see how they do it. Its name is Hotel Riendeau Place Jacques Cartier. The hotel clerk talked English some, but the waitress couldn't do much at it so I pointed out what I wanted. Could make just enough out of the french on the bill of fare to order what I wanted. She was so smart and peart. I pointed at roast beef, and she instantly said "roce biff". A young chap who could talk some English helped us out. The cooking was fine, nicely seasoned, and brought out in dainty lots and bits. Two soups for supper of which I took both -- pea and leek. As I did not sleep the night before, I was a bit tired and went to bed and slept awhile, but some actresses in the next room had loud company, and things were lively until 2 o'clock.

Thus two days are gone and today is **August 20, 1903**. Had a nice tasty breakfast and got out on the street about 8. The market here stands on the street with a curb between the two rows of wagons -- one horse -- backed up and horses put up. Great show of vegetables. Lots of garlic and onions, wild flowers and apples, sweet corn and bundles of tobacco, tomatoes and turnips, and not one grower who could "Spick English". At this writing 10:30 a.m., the street is full of wagons not half sold out. The stuff is raised about six miles out. Surprised to see it so early in this cold climate. Corn does not ripen here they say.

Went down and took a look at the SS Canada. She is 9000 tons in size and a nice one. Went out and

bought some duds for the trip. Also called on our Counsel General who hails from North Dakota. He is green at the business as he has been here only since April. Went to Notre Dame Cathedral. It is simply immense -- jam full all around with frill work in wood, paintings of the scriptures, etc., etc. The devil which stood near the entrance when my father was prisoner here in winter of 1813 has been taken out, at least he is not there now. A few were at their devotions when I was there, and they were perfectly oblivious, of course, to our presence. At the door is posted a placard saying that hats must be removed and that one must step lightly. Have done but very little sightseeing on account of business. Once today I had the fever to go over the sea in the steamer that carries freight to Manchester City 12000 tons, and if I were younger I would surely go that way. I would work my passage and get 5 or \$10 besides, besides the experience. I went down to take a look at the sleeping quarters and literally backed out of the idea — a regular black hole where in case of bad weather, one, to get air, would be obliged to open a door into the cattle pen, and one can get the idea what that would mean — air as it would mean already worn out by the cattle. I don't have to go that way. Saw a young hearty buck of an Englishman, an accountant, who was down on his luck and who was going to Manchester as a cattle feeder and waterer. Had been away for 3 years and was hungry to get back. I had a long talk with him. He was up probably helping to stow away the cattle and sheep all night.

Right across from the hotel are two chateaus, Chateau Cartier and Chateau Ramezay. Cartier is now being torn down and its insides are a sight. Arched vaults without windows, thick walls and casemented ceilings which were meant to be cannon ball proof 150 years ago. It looks odd enough to see these old buildings on one side of the street and an immense modern city hall on the other. The Ramezay has been purchased by the city and is turned into a museum of collections of portraits of prominent citizens connected with the history of this great historical country, also of books, maps, coins, etc., etc. I saw a map of Montreal of 1812+ thereabouts and therein saw a plan of the jail and barracks where my father spent the winter of 1813 a prisoner of war. A City Hall now stands in its place. I was much disappointed as I wished to see the old jail.

And now the evening of **Friday the 21st of August** is closing in. Hardly a wagon is left on the curb of Bonsecuer where in the morning stood hundreds loaded to the waters edge. This is my last evening on land as I have to go aboard and get my room or berth picked out for good. Got a basket of fruit and a bottle of pain killer, a package of quinine, a comb, a cheap canvass steamer chair, a small pillow, a cheap cap, cheap pants, etc. Paid my bill for two days and one meal besides \$3.35. Took my baggage in hand and walked down to my cheap trip future home. The steerage was being populated and some husky English chaps were on the spot. Soon ran across my roommate, a man as old as myself, an Englishman who had lived in Montreal for 30 years and who was returning with his wife and 2 daughters for good. Had fallen into a little property. The quarters had been divided by a temporary partition, and the women took the starboard side and the men the port side. There were a few who look like Danes, 3 or 4 boys, a family of frowsy redheaded young ones with a red headed dad and mom.

I went out on the wharf and saw the heaps of baggage come down from town and landed on the floor to get their respective labels before going into the cabins or down in the hold. Two men had a big mucilage pot and brushes. The mixture was sopped on the trunk or bag and the label stuck on and then more sop on the label to make the charm(?) both firm and good. The first label showed the SS Line (Dominion) and the owner's homie and destination. And if to go in the hold another was put on showing the initial letter of one's name. Mine of course would have been a great big J.

In one hatch was being stowed great Canadian cheeses, another Quaker oats, another big boxes of hams, also square wooden boxes of creamery butter encased in muslin coverings, also a lot of apples, lots of noise and hurry; will work all night as we must sail in the morning. I took the stamp[s] to the Chief Steward who gave me a receipt for them. They will be put in the safe. People kept coming and going until 12 O'clock.

When it came bed time another chap — young English chap — came in to our state room. Our room is the best as it is farther forward and has two ports. I took a top bunk. Young chap in lower and

the man in another lower. There were 6 berths in this room and were made of iron. Everything is clean with no foul smell for which I am duly thankful. For a bed we have a tick stuffed with something like dried coarse slough hay. The tick is a coarse linen, I think. A small pillow of the same. Each berth has a blanket of course. I did not find the bed uncomfortable only not as soft as the bed at home. A nice air came into the room, and I felt quite smart over the venture. The young man has been out to the Pacific Coast also to Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and the Dakotas. Doesn't talk quite as broad as Wm. Atkins. Thus ended this day.

### Saturday Aug 22 1903

Had heavy showers in the night with lightning. They were finishing loading about 8 and we cast loose at 9 a.m. Before we started we had breakfast. I was very curious to know what we would have for breakfast and how it would be sot broth(?). The bell rang and we filed to the festive board. A plate of Irish stew came first which was made of beef, potatoes, some bread all together with gravy, very nice oldish bread, decent butter, and orange marmalade to top off with an everlasting big cup of curious ship tea. I would like to have it analyzed.

The day is beautiful with clean air and very invigorating. The shores were lined with continuous small farms and the houses thereon were of a like pattern. They are one story with a small window, in the gable, no eaves apparently and never a porch. Often the roofs were painted and the sides universally whitewashed. It's the French of it. Everything showed great thrift and contentment. I dare say one could scarcely find a person who could talk English in these rural homes. Economy no doubt is their watchword. "Little farm well tilled, little wife well willed." Very small farms indeed. The effect of these small homes so plentiful so white and so cozy makes the finest rural effect I ever saw. The country rises back to respectable hills from which to the river lie these little farms long and narrow. In some places harvesting is just beginning. No corn or wheat, but oats and peas and pea soup.

Villages and towns are passed frequently where the crowning object is the church or cathedral. Many of them can put the Antigua cathedral way in the back

numbers. Looks as though these people had worked for centuries and had put their extras into their beloved churches. A very startling and unique effect is given them by the roofs being covered with the brightest tin. And when the sun strikes them one can imagine how far they can be seen. They are towering high and above everything around and only exceeded by the everlasting hills behind them. Some are bronzed and have golden effects. They shine as though continually rubbed down. I can quite see how these catholics are kept in the church. For miles around they can gaze on their shining creations and count their beads and be contented. This is the first time I have ever seen contentment personified. When the great bells mark the time I can see one and all in their deep devotions. It aroused my deepest religious feeling more than I have ever known *ora pronotus*.

We pass now and then great steamers coming up this great glorious river fresh from the old country. The flags are always dipped. To dip flags means to lower the flag part way down the small mast at the stern of the ship and then to raise again to its former position. The passengers get out and wave handkerchiefs. The waiters wave their aprons. The river is from 1 to 3 miles wide and the tide begins to be felt near Three Rivers(?) about midway between Montreal and Quebec or about 740 miles from the sea proper outside the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It's about 100 miles from Montreal to Quebec. Towards evening time we came near to Quebec. At Point Vrunbles(?) some 20 miles above Quebec. Generals Arnold and Montgomery gathered their forces together for attack [here].

Rounding a point the great fortifications on the rugged mountains came in view. Soon we came in sight of this most remarkable city with its narrow streets and steep grades. Came to at the wharf and went on the shore with the Yorkshire buck our roommate. It grew dark very soon which was a great disappointment. To get up to the centre of the town where the Post Office is upon the heights of Abraham, I suppose, we took an inclined plane machine which soon slipped us up through a dingy shute and a few short crooks in the streets took us to the P.O. which we found open but not to deliver mail. We turned in disgust and sputtered when a kind gentleman told us to go around to a side entrance and knock at the door. An official came and at request

kindly looked things over but had no mail; later aboard ship the promised letter from ma was given to me. Had been sent in care of the ship.

Walked around a bit but could get only a poor view of the place. The buck saw another buck and joined while I took another route. Soon started for the ship and thought I would walk down to the plain below instead of taking the shute a sharpish descent at acute angles back and forth and I landed in a strange country of narrow defiles and poor light. Kept steadily on for a time until I thought I ought to be in the neighborhood of the dock and nothing being familiar at all I asked a street car conductor where the dock was and found that I was going in a direct route opposite of the right way which would have taken me to Montreal again and I was properly lost. He said he would set me right and after a goodly trip on the car, he pointed out the way. I tried again but could not find my street. After awhile after some travelling, along came the same car on another street. Of course the conductor was surprised and so was I. It seems he misunderstood me. I was set on the track again, but nothing came familiar, still darkish and poky(?). Ran across a cab stand, but they wanted 75 cents to take me to the steamer. So I got mad and went on. Soon ran across one of the steamer crew who took me in tow and through a tortuous route which I could never have taken correctly we soon came to the steamer. Moral, on dark nights in Quebec be mighty sure you know where you are at.

We started on about 3 in the morning although I went to bed at eleven. In the morning we were off about St. Jean Port Joli and not far from shore. On the north side of the river the mountains are to 2000 feet and better. On the south a seemingly fine farming country with the everpresent whitewash farm houses along the river front is stretched out clear back to mountains behind. Looks a good deal like the sugar country in some places in the West Indies. The crops of oats and peas are still green. A late cold summer here.

This is **Sunday Aug 23 03**. A bright morning, wind strong from the west. Soon it clouded over and grew colder and rainy and overcoats were put on. Almost cold enough to snow. Had ham and eggs, potatoes, coffee, orange marmalade for breakfast. For dinner beef soup, mixed vegetables (always nice bread and

eatable butter), warm rolls, stewed beef, orange marmalade, and then ye gods! English plum pudding and ice cream. The latter was well made and about 2 inches square and 3/4 inch thick. I expected (!) nuts and cigars after this, but they probably forgot to put them on — a great blunder. We nearly got up a petition to have the offenders put on shore.

At 1 o'clock we got to Ramonsin or Father Point where the pilot was taken off. The *Bavaria* one of the Allan Line carrying the mails left just before us on same trip and there is likely to "be a bit of a race." We hugged the south shore and at sundown were about ready to cross the Gulf proper, just clearing the south point of Anticosti Island. The boat runs very steadily and is making over 18 miles an hour so they say — wind and tide in our favor.

### **Monday August 24 03.**

Had a tiptop nights rest and out of the port window saw that we had reached Anticosti Island which stood out in plain view.. Upon going upon deck found that we had overhauled the *Bavaria* a good way. She seemed only about 2 miles ahead. For breakfast we had a meat and vegetable stew preceded by oat meal porridge. Porridge is only oat meal a bit thinner than we eat at home. Finished with strawberry jam. Always B and butter, also ship tea.

The wind had changed northerly and blowing fresh and hearty. Only a little motion. The boat is 585' long and 60' beam and protected by two bilge keels, that is, a keel on either side. She is twin screw which helps keep her steadier. Anticosti Island is over a hundred miles long and is leased for 99 years by Mennier, the great chocelet man. We seem to be overhauling the *B* and at this writing, 11:30, we are slowly passing her — a kind of nip and tuck. Am enjoying the sea this day, reclining on an inclined hatch full in the sun on a tarpaulin with the rug spread at our backs.

Another English chappy is now my companion, a lotus eating, quiet unassuming, well travelled fellow who has been in the Australias, South Africa, Texas, Manitoba and Pacific Coast countries. He smokes cigarettes and dreams and wishes it could last forever and a day. The Yorkshire buck, loud-voiced and a bit of a drinker, is coming down with Mal-de-Mer and is in his bunk dinnerless and "clammy" he says. The

lotus chap is on the rug beside me and almost too indolent to talk.

The dinner bell goes and we go below and have mutton stew and mutton broth, lovely potatoes, Boston beans (very nice) and wound up with a plate of rice cooked a la Chinese surrounding crabapple sauce. There are curious customs at the table. No napkins, a two cent medium spoon, the only one, a common knife and fork. The salt, pepper and mustard are in a black tin cruet from which each one helps himself. The food is not seasoned at all which is left to the discretion of the consumer. I find that a small tea spoonful of salt is required for a meal. The sugar comes in a plate. I notice that the waiters and others eat the same way — sailor style I suppose and economical. (The tables are about 12 people size and a white coated waiter for each table.)

At the bottom or other end of the table where I am at, the red headed family take their nourishment. The youngest, a vigorous lad of 2-1/2 years, sits in his ma's lap and spits and grumbles. Yesterday his pa across the table took a bit of bread over to his side — being out — when the young and firey lad almost swore (?), pouted out his lips and struck at poor pa with his burly spoon. At supper last night we had roast herrings and the firey one became a torrent of eagerness and selfishness most amusing to see.

One man we have whom we cannot settle upon. Lotus says he is a bomb throwing anarchist, most sharp visaged, small and wiry, black eyes, who has not as yet appeared at the table; probably dieting on dynamite in his berth, and concocting schemes to blow up the Royal family when he gets ashore. There are not many 1st class passengers aboard. When their grub is ready a bugler appears on the top deck and tootles a delicious prelude, one on port side and t'other on starboard. He varies it each day, I think. At about 7:30 a.m. he tootles 'em out of bed and again at 8 to breakfast. We have a governess aboard who has 3 nice looking children in her charge and who is a bit of a flirt. She is arch prepossessing, recherche, and youngish. She is not always on the spot and has no care wrinkles. A goodish bunch inhabit the intermediate [class] who are summoned by a gong, terrifically beaten by a young natty gent dressed in blue. Our gang comes to the tune of a common

dinner bell. Thus is caste on the ticket basis laid. Ecod!

I think we have a Norwegian or two who could buy out most anything forward. The nicest rig I've seen yet is a 1st classer who wears a lovely white sweater with pale blue stripes, a rough serge skirt, and a hat with a fox tall with a white tip, the whole jauntily furled around the crown on one side. She apparently ran the fox down her own self and carries the trophy with her. She looks like it, homely enough looking, not as good looking as Mrs. Shand (?) but after that style. Mr. Fox wears immaculate white flannels and chalk white tennis shoes.

This p.m. the wind comes down from the north very cold, and unless one is in a protected place he is soon chilled. The night closed with spits of rain and strong wind from North. A light in New Foundland coast appears on starboard bow. Also one on port side showing the road through the Belle Ile Straits. It is dark cold and dreary and one can see but little way.

On going below I find that buck still keeps his bunk and complains of hard pain through his chest and has hard work in his breathing and quite a fever. This explains his seasickness. He is threatened with pneumonia. I got the steward and told him to get the doctor of the ship who came and prescribed hot gruel (!) and bottles of hot water at his feet. I told the steward that a hot lemonade would be better for him and we fixed him up and covered him with blankets. Gave him another lemonade at about 9:30. If the weather conditions had been decent, I would have stayed up until we had passed the straits. Turned in after 10 and awoke at 1:30 a.m., peered out of the port, but it was thick and bad outside.

## Tuesday August 25

A few minutes after 4 I got up and went outside and off the stern to the starboard saw a big iceberg, a great gray giant shaped something like this=



which might have been 2 miles away or 6 miles even. It might have 75 feet high or a hundred — I could not determine that. It loomed up very plain as it had a setting of black and blue all around. No land was in sight and alas! the black and inhospitable shore of Labrador had been left behind, and I had not seen it. I could just about shed tears. The berg had helped out some.

This is the water for bergs indeed as they had seen about 50 on the voyage out and just slipped past one. They have signs, strong signs which foretell these great dangers to navigation. Practical navigators can smell them long distances when they are covered with fog as they most always are. The usual way is to throw over small buckets and get the temperature of the water. Of course icebergs cool the water. A sudden change of the water means icebergs not far off. They say that a good sized berg cools off the water for 7 miles about. Another sign is the cold breath. The air feels like that when one opens a refrigerator — an unmistakable sign.

At 4:30 the *Bavaria* was about 4 miles astern on the port side. The sea was kicking up and the ship playing some antics. But few came to breakfast. I did not feel the motion a little bit and ate a hearty breakfast. Got a cup of hot tea (!) for the buck who said he felt a bit easier. Fog soon came on and the fog horn got in its work, and the speed was slackened up 1/2. Temperature stood at 44 and the air very damp and chilly. This fog means icebergs and the ship is wary. Once in a while the fog would lift and full speed put on. Towards noon things got very bad so that the ship stopped going. One could

easily bet that icebergs were not 1 mile away and I think, win. We crept on and got through. Near here coming out they came close to a big one so says the stewardess.

They have an iron cubby way up on the mast where a sharp eyed sailor keeps a lively watch. He is the personification of restlessness peering on each side and in front constantly. They call this box the “crows nest”. On either end of the immense bridge reaching clear across the ship and full 25 feet from the main deck stand two officers with large marine glasses sighting into the fog. Also 2 sailors at the bow keep constant watch. I would give a bunch that we might come close to one of those mountains of ice. The sea is quite decent at 1 o'clock p.m. and temp's about 46. Pa and the obstreperous one are the only ones of the red headed family at dinner. Buck asked for some apples so I guess we shant bury him this trip. Got acquainted with another young Englishman from Yorkshire who gave me his experience in a shipwreck on west end of Anacosti Island some 2 weeks ago. I wish I had been a stenographer if I ever did. Also told all about the life of a cattle man on these cattle steamers. What a yarn for the Chicago Herald one could get up. What a freshness there would be in it. He was a foreman in the cattle gang and retailed hard times such as I never heard of in these civilized times.

The afternoon is cold enough. Three birds called “stormy petrels” came flying about and I succeeded in catching one and he was a beauty. About the size of a clipper bird, creamy coloured and black and

bronze beak (or back). A fluffy little chap that seemed quite at home in my hand. I let him go after a time and he joined his mates as though nothing had happened. They are said to precede storms. I never saw one in southern latitudes. The night sets in stormy looking. Few passengers turned to meals this p.m. At sundown the *Bavaria* was just in sight. At noon today we had made 357 miles in the past 24 hours. We have a long promenade on deck and many passengers stomp up and down continuously for exercise. To bed at 9 and so ends this day. The buck is about the same and very dumpish.

### **Wednesday Aug 26**

The buck coughed hard towards morning but quieted down about daylight. The ship plunged some during the night and few turned up at breakfast. I am not sick at all and eat my 3 square every day. Lost my eyeglasses some way and feel the loss. No sight of the *B* this morning. Still cold and clammy. At noon the sun comes out and is warmer. Was good. We are taking a most extraordinary route, and the one which one would think they would go, but no! We go many miles north of the line which is the shortest way. The earth is smaller up there and it takes less time to get across.<sup>1</sup> Belle Ile is about 52 degrees and Merville about 55 degrees north latitude. We will probably go to the 60th parallel.

Came on colder in p.m. and shut in for the night with rain squalls and increasing sea "and so ends this day" as the sailor in his logbook.

### **Thursday Aug 27 03**

---

<sup>1</sup> - JAS Note: This is one way to explain the great circle route!

The ship pitched and rolled last night, and once or twice took on water and lots of it. I forgot to say that in the p.m. yesterday most of the deck was holy stoned. Three men side by side backed slowly along and shoved the stones back and fro something like mopping. The holy stone is a piece of softish sandstone about the size of a large brick and set in an iron frame which is attached to a handle at the proper angle to shove well. The deck is wet down and strewed with sand and then the shoving begins.

This morning comes a bit warmer with a good many on deck. The buck is still in his bunk. Myself and about two others are the only who seem to stand the racket. I have still to experience my first qualm.

A family by name Jonas is "goin' 'ome and are quite nice. There are 2 full grown daughters. I frequently let them have my chair and rug for which, of course, they are duly thankful.

Towards sundown somebody bellowed out "whale, whale". Off a little to the starboard the "spouter was a spoutin". He spouted several times but did not show his skin. Most everybody sick more or less. About bed time an apparent Salvation Army chap gathered several together in a stateroom across from us and held service. They warded (?) out some monkeys (?) and prayed, etc. So ends another day and a nasty cold one.

### **Friday Aug 28 03**

Rolled and pitched all night but not today. This morning is an improvement over yesterday as the sun is out in a haze and the temperature seems to be rising. We have 44 passengers in the 1st, 45 in the second and 44 in the 3rd cabin. Yesterday I got one of the sailors to give me a piece of holy stone and I put in my case.

Had a hard time finding out the meaning of the word holystone. One of the officers finally told me that as far as he knew, the word came into use from the sailors practice of shoving this stone on the deck on their knees. The ships bo'son used to call out "now men to prayers", which meant they should get down on their knees and shove the stone. Of course this posture being a holy one, it is easy to see how the scrubbing stone gets its name. It is now about 11 o'clock and many of the passengers are taking sun baths, which is "fery goot" as Laughlin has said.

At noon Lat 56-44, Lon 22-48. Distance last 24 hrs, 342 miles. The afternoon became warm and games were started on the hurricane deck by passengers of the 1st. Some of the worst cases out at last. [seasickness?] Shall get in some time tomorrow, Sunday —

### **Saturday Aug 29**

The first thing in the morning 2 sailing craft came in sight, a schooner and barkentine, both bound s. westerly by west. Later a steamer came near us which proved to be the *Parisian* of the Allan line. Signals were passed between us. Later another steamer passed but a good way off, too far to signal. We are nearing civilization again. Are now under the influence of the Gulf Stream, and I trust the cold weather is behind us.

As the day wears on the sea quiets down and now about 11 a.m. is quite summery so that one seeks shade. For the first since leaving Labrador coast it is pleasant at the bows of the ship where one can see action. Clouds of spray are dashed back making miniature Niagra. The mist and roar are fine. The sea seems quite bare of life excepting whales. Have seen them twice this a.m. One great fellow heaved up

till his great black skin showed as though he had received a coat of coal tar.

Just got acquainted with a gentleman from Muskegon, Mich. who is on board with his wife and 2 children who expect to return by Mediterranean route next January.

Made 364 miles up to noon and have 366 miles yet to make to Liverpool. Just as dusk was well on a bunch of sailors forward vied with each other to see the light on the north Irish coast. Soon one yelled out. It was a flash light and over 20 miles away on the starboard bow near a place called Merville, a signal station. Soon another light appeared and we were entering the straits between Scotland and Ireland but no land could be seen.

### **Sunday Aug 30**

At 4 o'clock I got up and found that we were skirting a low island with higher land dimly back. It was a cold, raw, dismal morning. The land was a bit of the old sod — Ireland. In the Irish sea no land could be seen until the Isle of Man hove in sight about 7 or 8 o'clock. We passed close to it, and the view was fine. In some spots resembled West India sugar plantations very much. The fields were divided by hedges. Harvest had not begun as yet. A scotch mist came on which hurt our view later; and not till we came near Liverpool did we see much land. Wales loomed up high and black.

We entered the river Mersey and signs of life got thicker. Summer resorts were on one side and docks on the other. Everything was bustle on board ship of course. Soon steamed up near one landing then with the aid of a tug turned around dropped down a bit and came along side the dock. As it was high tide, we were way up high. A chute was put up and the

baggage slid on to the dock and the passengers got off farther forward. Liverpool from the steamer looked very pretty in places. Immense rows of apartment houses were plenty. The buildings were not high, of brick, slate roofs and gardens very small at the back. On account of rains everything is fresh and green looking. Birkenhead across the river has many docks. A great crowd was on the dock, as usual, friends waving handkerchiefs, etc., etc.

Got into the custom house and placed our luggage on long platforms numbered from A to Z. Of course mine was [J]. The buck was separated from me as his name was Walker. We got together and started for a hotel known to him about a mile off and near the railway stations. Forgot to say that we landed about 3 p.m. Found streets very clean and buildings plain and solid made of stone and brick. Got our hotel which was more of a lodging house kept by a lady as most small hotels are.

Got tea at about 4 and it was delightful. Just one large oval table in the dining room and it all made me think of Mother Holliday's hotel at Antigua. A bustling maid laid the tea. I had a lovely mutton chop fat 1/2 inch thick while Walker took 2 fried eggs. The tea came in a jolly little brown fat teapot with hot water to weaken the last of it. It was black tea and

rightly made. Seems to me I never enjoyed such a meal. Quite private. Just Walker and self.

After tea we took a walk to the square where many people were congregated. Although it was Sunday it was noisy. Hundreds of poor children were playing about. There were the great government buildings all about. Great monuments galore of many eminent personages.

Two preachers were at it — one who was a reformed bum, a big faced man — was bellowing to quite a crowd. Some were solemn and some otherwise. The crowd was composed of a lowish strata. Another, at a distance had a big brass band which played church airs with good effect. We turned our attention to the many shops or stores where show windows kept us occupied for a good while. The pubs — which means saloons with us and the short for public house were opened at 6 p.m. and we went into one and ordered a pewter mug of Bass ale and a pork pie. The mug held a pint and the pie was a bit larger than a raised biscuit — a regular little cold meat pie with upper and under crust. The combination was good. They never cool the beer here and it's almost flat. The beds soon claimed us. Ordered our breakfasts ahead and put the order on a little black board with a piece of chalk. It ran thus =

No. of room	Time of calling	Time of breakfast	Order for breakfast
35	6:30	7:30	Ham & Eggs for 2 coffee

The lady who ran the institution never came out of her office — a little place at

the back adjoining the kitchen and handy thereto. After, to bed, and instead of

dropping right off as we thought we should, did not get to sleep till late.

In the morning we enjoyed our breakfast — paid our bills 11 shillings and sixpence or \$2.70 — and then walked over to Lime St. station. By the way I forgot to mention that in our rambles yesterday we went into this same station and had a look at the cars and depot. The depot was an immense affair with arched glass roof. The time of starting a train is done with a dummy clock with the hands set at the minute of starting, a good plan, very— The engines and most of the cars look like toys compared with ours. The platforms in England are as high as the floor of the car so one makes little effort to get in. Of course one enters the side of the car — no other way — and finds himself in a box like place 6 feet by 7 1/2 with two upholstered seats facing each other and cross ways with the car. There is a door on each side out on to the platform. A dozen views found on the route hang on the walls. An incandescent lamp gives light when turned on. Ten (10) people can be jammed into these boxes, but trains are run so often that crowds are avoided generally. A large window is placed in each door which can be let down at your pleasure. There are also windows at the end of each seat from which a good look at the city or country can be taken. Outside and on the panel of each door stands the legend First, Second, or Third class. Fully 2/3 of the people take 3rd class, and pay about 2 cents per mile therefor. On the through night trains they have sleepers that resemble our sleepers. Also, some of the trains carry dining cars. A good number of cars — called *corridor* cars — have a passage way down one side where one can go forward or back to get into the different compartments: every car has a smoking box, also a baggage compartment. While we were in the depot a theatrical company came in from

London and they occupied about 4 cars in all. One was a flat loaded with stage scenery and covered with a large tarpaulin and roped down. Then another car was filled with trunks and stage fixins.

People ask the guards which car to take and are not called upon for their tickets until at the station preceding the last where they intend to stop. Then the guards rush and open the doors and gather in the tickets.

### **Monday Aug 31**

In the morning Walker came down to the station and saw me well stowed in a 3rd class compartment bound for Manchester about 25 miles away. At the time of starting the engine tooted a little toot like a boys tin whistle: the doors were slammed to violently. One chap waved a blue flag, another blew a whistle, and we started without a jar and at quick speed and soon passed out of the city into the country and now came highlands beauty and pride — its park like farms and beautiful rolling scenery. The country was fresh and green and like a well kept lawn got up for inspection. The fields were separated by hedges and nearly all well trimmed and regulation height and of irregular sizes. Many low trees were growing in the hedges at irregular distances which broke the monotony in a lovely manner. It all made my nerves tingle. Then there were fields of wheat and oats nearly all in the shock. The hay was in lovely stacks all sides raked down to a nicety and corners as sharply defined as a box. The tops were covered with a thatch or roof made of carefully laid straw and the edges or eaves cut straight as the eaves of a house.

The farmers houses were universally made of red brick and roofs of slate and were of plain style and very substantial. They are

made with very little eave projection, no galleries or stoops are seen whatever in country houses. The houses stand out barefaced but are beautifully softened by many trees which abound in every direction. The effect is park like wherever one may look. The out buildings are also made of brick and slate but often none of consequence are seen as most of the farm products are stacked. Much stock is seen both cattle and sheep. On account of many deep cuts and hedges which line the railway the view was often obstructed and shut off just when one was thoroughly enjoying oneself. In a short hour we rattled into Manchester where many million people have their being and live happily, apparently. I soon found Mr. Roth whom I found a very pleasant red headed Englishman — a man of business. Then I hunted up a stamp man with whom I had a long chat.

After and at 11:50 a.m. took train for London. Our road, The Midland, carried us through the county of Derby famous for its great limestone quarries. Out from Manchester we had to climb up a series of grades and curves for many a mile. And the rocking and jostling we got beat anything I ever saw. The scenery was enchanting. One minute we rushed through a snug village then a mountain side with its stone quarry and great chimneys and on the other a sweeping valley with the historic river Derwent winding down, lined on either bank with lovely trees and running vines and then beyond beautiful grazing fields checked off by the ever present hedges interspersed with low spreading beeches and oaks and dotted by many contented cattle and black nosed sheep. On account of much rain everything is of the finest green.

We passed great tile works and near Leicester we ran through a pottery district.

Very often we saw immense brick making plants. Every few miles beautiful towns were passed at a rattling rate. Every little home has its garden at the back both vegetables and flowers. Occasionally we passed tracts of ground devoted to gardens. It seems these grounds are rented to laborers who have their separate patches where they grow their own stuff and which they cultivate after hours. Each little patch has its little cubby house where their tools are kept I suppose.

Although I had but one or two fellow travelers when I got into the car, every station added to our company until we had 10 adults and 3 pretty children. I sat next one of the windows of course with my glass in my hand which I used most of the time. They must have known I was an American. I forgot to say that I saw many crows and jackdaws in the fields apparently eating grass. The crows look like ours but the daws are brownish and smaller. Towards night we rushed through numerous tunnels, in fact saw many during the day and entered London suburbs.

We soon entered Pancras Station and I straight way started out to find No. 68 Tarrington Square. If I had hired a hansom (a 2 wheel gig with one seat and a top and the driver way up behind) I would have found the place but I preferred to walk to see the sights, could also save a bob. After many jogs and twists I found a long narrow, warded (?) square surround[ed] by 3 story stone houses devoted to lodgings. Soon found 68 and upon ringing the bell was ushered in by a young chap in full dress who called the lady of the house — a Miss Dawson and nice looking — who took me to a room where I soon got ready for dinner. Found two very nice people — a man and wife — at the table with whom I immediately struck up an acquaintance. He, it seems, is

a surgeon of the army who is a kind of invalid recovering from the Boer Campaign. She is a nice person and both are clever and agreeable.

Had a lovely stock beef soup and roast beef and vegetables. Nice pudding and brandy sauce ending with Stilton cheese, bread and butter perfectly fresh (without salt, I mean) and coffee. Soon to bed with a quiet night and then

### **Tuesday Sept 1 1903**

Didn't get breakfast till 8:30 — too fashionable for me. Walked a mile or more to get to the Strand. Thought it was much nearer or would have taken a bus. Very hard to tell where the busses are going — have so many streets named on them. The London busses are great institutions for seeing the town because they have a large seating capacity in top where most people travel at this time of the year. Had a chat with one of the bus drivers later and I could see he was a past master at the business. He threw his eyes in all directions without effort and nothing escaped him. He said had been driving bus for 28 years in London. The sides of the bus are all taken up with advertisements of which *Grape Nuts* seems to be the leader. With *Quaker Oats* a close second also *Force* is often seen. These patent foods are all the rage here seemingly. Horlick's food made at Raimi is often seen too. 2 cents take[s] one on a long ride and 6 cents will take you til you are tired of seeing almost. The buildings of London are not as high as in Chicago or New York. In fact I saw no skyscrapers. The Strand is supposed to be a great street for crowds.

I soon found a big stamp dealer, one of two which buy stamps in large wholesale lots by name Peckitt. And after a long dicker I close out the Virgin Island stamps

to him — after raising his bid \$120.00. After this I wandered down to Waterloo bridge which is one of the big bridges which crosses the Thames. Its a baby compared with Brooklyn Bridge — then I walked along the Thames embankment a street skirting the Thames until I came to Blackfriars bridge. It was a hot day indeed. St Pauls cathedral is near this bridge. I was trying to find the main Post Office but after I got to a big Post Office I was directed to another called the Mt. Pleasant P.O. I found that there are many P.O. in London.

After a long long walk I found the great central P.O. but just about 1/2 hour too late to get my letters, but left directions for letters to be forwarded to a place on the Strand. Then I took a bus for Trafalgar Square and took a look at the National Museum of Paintings which shows different schools of painting from Venetian down but was not much interested. Was well tired and took a hansom for my lodgings where I found release from the noise of the great city.

### **Wednesday Sept 2nd, 1903**

Had breakfast at 7:30 this time and started for the zoo in Regents Park which I reached at 9 a.m. and where I spent 2 1/2 hours very profitably indeed. I found everything from a mouse to an elephant. The old hippopotamus was sunning himself as were many of the thousands of creatures here now congregated. The zoo is crowded. It has about 40 acres and no sooner is one house behind when another is before you. It's a panorama of the animal and bird world. As it was early but few visitors were on the spot. The houses are hidden one from the other by winding paths and much shrubbery. I bought a guide book at first which was a great help to prevent the missing of important subjects. As it was I missed the snake and

alligator houses. After I passed the wolf house, they sent up a howling and a yipping to put cold chills on ones back. Wolves from all over the world were there and there wasn't a beauty in the lot. The meanest thing I saw was a black hyena. My old friends — the red and yellow macaws of S.A. were squawking as naturally as ever they were in their native jungle.

The lions and tigers were stretched out in the burning sun seemingly happy. An artist with his palette and paints was painting the head of an immense Bengal tiger. While in the monkey house I heard the biggest row, in fact nearly all the monkeys set up all sorts of gibbering and caterwauling. Upon going over to the center of the disturbance, I found a half dozen men were trying to transfer a big dog faced baboon from one iron cage to another. They had him down on the floor enveloped in the meshes of a strong cord net. He was simply furious — full of venom and terrible hatred. The boss tried to tighten up the mesh of the net. When, in an instant, monk grabbed the keeper by the calf of his leg and planted his teeth in fine shape. Every monk seemed to know that the keeper had his leg in chancery (?) and such antics and gibbering one rarely heard. I had to laugh, but the keepers looked at me as though I were sacrilegious, and I suppose I was. The keeper wrenched the baboon off and lugged him to another cage close by, and another was taken out of a box and put in his quarters. No. 1 looked No. 2 severely in the eye.

In another part I saw a cage containing two chimpanzees and they were so human that I was filled with great wonder. Their hands were as humanly formed as my own seemingly, and they used them similarly. They had a blanket which they tucked about them. They say that they have a

great time trying to get settled for the night to get the blanket just rightly tucked about their heads. Sometimes when they get their heads properly covered then their feet get out and they have to begin all over again. At about 11:30 I started back to the center of London and after a lunch walked to St. James Park, passing government buildings on the way which were grand and imposing.

The park had lots of people out to get the sun which was hot enough. Westminster Abbey was near at hand and soon was looking into that wonderful building where so many of England's great men are going back to dust. Both Disraelie and Gladstone have life sized marble figures also a stone imbedded in the floor shows where the body lies, and also gives the necessary data. There are thousands seemingly buried here. The front wing has no seats, but back there are seats and services are held every day twice I believe. The choral part which I wanted much to hear was off on vacation. From the Abbey I passed by the House of Commons which now is closed. The great building is on the Thames embankment.

From there I went to the British Museum where I finished the day. Looked as though everything historic, everything that is, is represented in that immense area. One could spend two weeks in it but I only spent 2 hours.

Was tired enough after this day of sightseeing, I can assure anybody. The following morning was

### **Thursday Sept 2**

I bade goodbye to the land lady and took a bus to Euston Station and about 11 o'clock took train for Chester near Liverpool on the Great Northern RR. Soon we entered the beautiful park like

country again and I rejoiced. Passed through many towns and quaint manufacturing places. Was red brick and slate roofs without exception everywhere. Some of the farmers were hauling in grain with carts hauling about 1/3 as much at a load as we do at home. We passed through Rugby where the great colleges are, and finally about 4 p.m. reached Chester, famous for its old Roman Wall made some 2000 years ago, I believe.

Took an electric car at the depot and landed in the town center inside of the great wall and there straitway inquired for one of the oldest inns or hotels in town and was directed by a big uniformed policeman to the *Pied Bull* — and she was curiosity indeed, low ceilings, small rooms, with heavy oak panelled sides and red sandstone floors. A hall was entered first and on the left was the tap room — a kind of reception place. On the other side was the dining part which contained one large oval dining mahogany table. While just back was the bar then the kitchen and other back rooms. Back of the tap room came the stairway and right back of that the snuggery a place for social times with 4 or 5 small tables and a bench all around, done off in leather with a high leather back. Here the barmaids brought the orders and collected the cash therefor. The barmaid was a nice looking Irish girl, nicely dressed, showed education, witty, but not bold. She brought bar products with a nonchalance which our ice cream waitress would do well to imitate. I would wager a guinea that she was not bad, at least nobody insulted her that I saw. The place was in care of two sisters who waited on the table also and were nice. As soon as I could I started out to reconnoitre; took a car and went out to the city limits, over the river Dee and over a big bridge with one span or arch of about 225 feet — the second largest stone arch in the world they say. At the limits I

inquired for a good English farm and was directed out to the Williams Farm about 1/2 mile out. A good macadamized road lined by the ever present privet hedges led the way. Soon came to the farmyard with its stack and outbuildings which were in front with the house at the side and back. Just the opposite at home. The house also was within a few steps of the brick cow building or stables.

A man was in the act of thatching a wheat stack — a piece of work I was anxious to see done. I inquired for Mr. Williams and the man said he was one of them. So I told him my errand — that I was a farmer and wanted to see how they did the thing in England and asked leave to come up the ladder to see him put on the thatch. He seemed pleased, and I clambered up and watched him in the process. Wheat or rye straw is laid about 4 inches thick and 3 feet wide beginning at the eaves of the stack. Then it is combed out and straitened by the use of a big wooden comb and then marline or binding twine is laid on about 30 inches apart over the top of the stack, and then marline is cross knotted in the opposite direction. The first laid lines are held down by tying large bricks on them practically holding down the net beyond all wind force. The eaves are trimmed straight and even and all has a very tidy and substantial look. These stacks are left over till winter time when they do their threshing. He came down — showed me around the building and stacks. Had a number of old hay stacks in hand which hay he said was worth \$24.00 per ton. Had about 50 cows on the place and sold milk in Chester and got only 6 cts per quart. Paid 3 pounds per annum per acre for rent for the farm and the land was valued at about \$400 per acre. They had 200 acres in the farm. Said they planted their potatoes 12 inches by about 29 and put a good sized potato in each hill, and it took over a ton of seed for

each acre, some 2200 pounds or about 36 bushels or about 6 times as much seed as we use. He showed me 2 big cart wheels double width which he said cost him 14 pounds per pair or about \$68.00, more than we pay for a whole wagon at Ovid. .

We bade him good by and walked farther on and then took a path across fields skirting hedges and ditches and came on to a lovely road and went out farther and came to a nice looking farm house back from the road well surrounded by lovely trees and lawns. Was met by the usual small dog, full of bark. A good looking woman came and in answer said the house did not belong to the surrounding farm now, and that they were living there temporarily only as the owner was away. It seemed a typical country home and old. The lady let me come in and see the front rooms. The floors were red sandstone, large blocks, and the sides panelled in old English oak. A stairway led up at one side — all oak. Old family paintings were on the walls and everything had a plain substantial look with taste and refinement everywhere. Beautiful ivy with stems nearly 6 inches in diameter climbed up one side of the house. It must have been older than any person living about.

I was directed over on another road — where I would find the typical English Farmer. By inquiry I was told, “to take this path till you pass through yon hedge, when you will find a cart road through the next field, which will take you to farther side, where you will jump a stile, and then take path to Hexam Road.” Now this stile proved to be some stakes laid across an opening in a hedge with a ditch beyond which we attacked and defeated. The fields were very level and of heavy soil with ditches along the hedge side. Passed nice fields of red clover mixed in with a grass unknown to me, but which is called timothy, and the seed comes from

America I was told. It was a fine sweet grass, not as woody as timothy and has a fleecy head very unlike timothy or any grass I ever saw. Williams told me that it cost them for seed to seed an acre, some over a pound or about \$5.00. The hay I pulled from these stacks was fragrant and seemed more eatable than our hay.

Well, we got to Hexam Road at last. Forgot to say that we saw few birds only and mostly confined to black birds. It is probably late for them. Also noticed that the pastures were well stocked with Canada thistles.

Now Hexam Road is the finest I ever put foot upon. Just 16 feet wide where the macadam is, rounded a little and as smooth as a cement sidewalk. No loose stones or sand. Just a solid smooth surface. A 3 foot path free from grass ran counter to the main road. A perfect hedge system was on either side and an ideal English road laid under my feet. Cheap labor, stone, clay, and a stone roller had done the job.

I was chary to enter any of the farm houses along here as I might get kicked out for my impertinence. The houses looked chilly someway and I was afraid of stony stares.

Finally (it took nerve) I took a driveway to a red brick on the left and about 40 rods from the main road. As I came near the house (I could see nobody around the premises) a big black dog on a long strong chain burst out close to me barking furiously, but I kept on to the front. When a small dog took a miniature turn at me. I waited at the door sometime when I heard steps and a pleasant faced sturdy man of about 65 came out of the ivy clad doorway when I introduced myself. I said, “I have been told sir that you are a typical British farmer and I wish to introduce

myself as a typical American farmer (Cheek, wasn't it!) who comes to look around a bit and to compare notes." He quickly replied, "Come in" in a light hospitable manner, and we entered a low oak paneled room, made comfortable with easy chairs, lounges, a large table stood close by, also a piano. A very old Dutch clock stood in the corner not far from a chimney and coal grate. Red sandstone again for a floor and it looked so neat and clean.

We got started on farm notes very quickly. It seemed the farm was devoted to cheese making and had 54 cows in milk. That the farmers name was Jones and he had been on the farm for 65 years, in fact was born there. It had 200 acres and was called the *Moat Farm* on account of having been surrounded by a moat during the war between the English and the Welch. The Welch border is only a few miles away and they made raids into British territory, hence the protection of the moat or big ditch.

The land belonged to a landlord who received \$9.60 rent per acre from Jones annually. A good cow was worth \$96.00 to \$80.00. It was growing dusk and I thought of leaving when he invited me to take a glass of beer with him. When he was gone to order the beer, 2 youngish men came who were the sons. They were good representatives of the middle class, good manners, good address, and well dressed.

The beer came in and Jones proposed the toast "Hands across the sea" very suitable indeed. As we stepped out of doors one of the young men put a lovely yellow rose in my button hole. I ought to have written before that one of the young men asked if I wanted to see the cheese so we went upstairs where a lot was stored curing. Then into another already cured, then into cheese room where a vat stood with the

night's milk, also the press room. Of course, everything was very clean and sweet.

A dairy maid got about \$50 or \$60 per year and board, and a good man about \$75. The two young men took their wheels and went to town 2 miles away and farmer Jones walked out to and down the main road with me when we met a lady in a dog cart and a pretty cob horse who was introduced as his daughter. A sharp walk and the Pled Bull came in sight and a lovely supper of fat mutton etc. much enjoyed.

After dinner I adjourned to the snugery where I soon became acquainted with a Mr. Butterworth a music teacher and brother mason. He told me much about this old old town, and agreed to come for me at 9 next morning.

#### **Friday Sept 4**

Got up a little after 5 and stole out of a back door and out on the almost silent streets and made my way to the famous city wall built by the Romans over 2000 years ago. There are 4 gateways into the old part of the city. I went to the north gateway and climbed up stone steps about 20 feet high and came out on the top. The space for walking on top is about 5 feet wide with a stone escarpment on the inside and outside almost waist high. Soon reached a tower upon which King Charles, I believe, stood and saw his army cleaned up on the plains just outside. On the east side the wall is lower. I walked around to the south side and then left it and walked out on Hexam Road over the big bridge to the border land of Duke Westminster's great estate, called Eaton Park.

The great iron gates were open and the porter's lodge or gatekeeper's house

seemed still asleep. A lovely macadam road reached out ahead with dense smallish woods on either side. Except for the cooing of a wood dove and the distant cawing of a crow, it seemed to me the stillest and most perfect morning I ever met. A few rabbits skipped across the road in front, and once quite distant, I am sure I saw a pheasant or two with their long trailing tails cross the way. Soon came some openings and long stretches given to pastures and then more woods. The road and the edges were kept in the finest of order. After more than 1/2 of an hour came to a larger set of high iron gates and tower over head with a big lovely porter's lodge attached, nobody around and gates shut. I tried around and found one unlocked. Then came another long stretch of road with open country ahead and plenty big oaks scattered around. Then — do my eyes deceive me — a herd of deer feeding not far from the road. I essayed to count the fair creatures and when I got up to 60 and saw many more in the distance I thought best to pump off the lot. They were the fallow deer and not so large as our deer. A group of several bucks were lying down in the high grass and their great broad horns made a picturesque sight and quite in order. Met a cavalcade of some 17 horses in care of 9 men which meant to my mind that the Duke's stud was out for walking exercise. Came to any amount of deer again and guessed that the duke himself didn't know exactly how many he did have. I should say about 400. It seems that they have to shoot many fawns as they have not room to grow them up. Also that they will kill you one or more at any time you may order for a fair price. A laborer told me that a few winters ago many of them died and they fed them to the hounds.

And now after an hour's strong tramping I came up to the last of the strong high

iron gates which separated the palace from the roads and great spreading oaks in front. Most of the space in front of the house was graveled with the crunching kind. The palace was quiet as a church yard and didn't look much like a palace to me but was certainly large enough to suit any one family. Two or 3 stories high with sharp roofs and peaks, the same old red brick and slate roof. To the left and joined on stood a church which they called a chapel, I suppose. A chime of bells proclaimed the hours and the quarters thereof. I saw here a box hedge for the first and it was a box indeed. So solid and thick and straight it was. My appointment with Mr. B set me back to town on another road straightway, I am sorry to say. I wanted to see the hounds and stables very much. Alas for 24 cents the public is allowed to go into the palace. This money is given to charity. The old Duke, late deceased, was a great judge of horseflesh and bred running stock for a fad, by which he won the Great Derby (pronounced Darby) 3 times. It is not known which way the young duke is going to set his talents. On coming away I met a young man with a bag of mushrooms I am sure, who resembled a photograph of the young blood [young duke] I saw later.

Just got in and a nice breakfast eaten when Mr. B appeared and we started out to see a few of the odd sights. First "Old Nags Head" a regular toad in the hole or a retreat far from the madding crowd at the end of an alley full of angles and dark places, a retreat for old cronies "when the day was done", very old and very curious and old fashioned. Then next a creation said to be the only one of its kind. I mean stores above stores with a wide gallery in front of both ground floor and floor above nearly as wide as the narrow street in front. These stores above and below rarely of the same interest or ownership. It is all made of stone. The arrangement is

due to either a desire to put all business inside the wall or as likely, to the lowering of the town which meant putting in a basement. It is very nice and the stores are fine and nicely set out in the plate glass windows. Stone stairways, enclosed, take one to the street above. It would be a capital plan for the tropics for the idea is a cool one.

Then next we visited the crypts or vaults, all that's left of the monastery once on these grounds. They are arched with central columns a la cathedral. They are extensive, under large buildings above with which they have no connection, and one used for an extensive wine cellar, where tapers or candles are always used, where cobwebs are hundreds of years old, and wine finds its savor. Not long since workmen, in making repairs, found a large crypt all walled up. Of course a small bottle of burgundy had to be sampled, but it had a claret taste which I do not much fancy.

Mr. B. took me to the door of a dentist who had a wonderful collection of birds mounted. He had been 66 years making and mounting the collection. All the work had been done with his own hands and the burden of his lay "I have been 66 years making this collection. I love it. I dread to leave it. I do not know what to do with it. I cannot take it with me." And the tears stood in his eyes.

I bade goodbye to Chester town with regret. Took train for Liverpool about 11 and reached Liverpool about 12 without incident. Went directly to the office of White Star Line to get a ticket by the SS Celtic and found out that I could get no intermediate ticket and that a First Class would cost about \$140.00. So I was forced to take a third again or wait till the 26th of the month. So I braced up and bought a ticket for 5 pounds 15 shillings or \$27.60.

Also found that I should have been on board boat at 10:00 a.m. and that the inspection had been made and my passage was in a critical condition. The boat was to sail at 5 p.m. She came along side the dock at 3 and I go aboard at last although my case hung in the balance. Passed inspection. Had to give all sorts of information even to the number of my letter box at Ovid.

Found an everlasting crowd of people aboard but not as one is led to believe, dirty low-down people. I have to believe that that class are not permitted to go over now as the Yankees are getting very particular who comes. Many were American citizens who having made money had come over to see the old country again. We dropped down the Mersey and night came on. I found a good state room allotted to me and 3 others. One a good solid Yankeeized English farmer from Superior, Nebraska and two servants in the company of John Stuart of New York, a millionaire who has a summer villa near Bristol Ireland and who remains in London a few days while his trusted servant has the New York home put in order. The two men are Irish but neither smokes or drinks and have better manners than some millionaires.

After getting settled came on deck and found much dancing and promenading going on. Should have written before that our stateroom is nicely ventilated and electric light, woven wire mattress, tick, and blanket, all clean and the room sweet smelling. A good night's rest and in the morning skirting south shore of Ould Ireland. The steamer Celtic of the White Star Line was built 3 years ago, is 700 feet long or about 42 rods, 75 feet wide, and of 21000 tons measurement. In any ordinary sea she stands flatfooted like a raft.

**Saturday Sept 5 1903**

Got to Queenstown and took in the mails and 3 tenders of people making in all about 900 3rd class and 400 1st and second. These with 840 ships crew make about 1740 aboard [I know, but that's what he wrote], and room left yet. Outside many became sick in fact old Ireland had been well stirred up in the tenders, and they were the sickest lot I ever saw. I did not feel the motion. Not much jollity this day, too sick to joke.

**Sunday Sept 6**

A cold cloudy day and people coming out some. The food is all right. After dinner Irish spirits could not be kept down, and through the impulse of some gay Irish jigs brought out on a concertina by a jolly Irish lass the fun began — and at this writing 5 days later, I can say I never met so much entertainment in my life.

[The remainder of the diary is empty except for some notes made on the inside of the back page. They consist of the lyrics of a song, the daily log of mileage made by the ship on the trip to England and the cargo which the ship carried and where it was stored.]

Shoemaker's Song

*Doin nothin this week No —*

*Monday is Sunday's brother*

*Tuesday is just such another*

*Wednesday I cant spin*

*Thursday is too late to begin*

*Friday is a fast day*

*Saturday half holiday*

22nd	139	
23	158	
24	358	
25	351	
26	351	whole distance 2774
27	345	distance made <u>2408</u>
28	342	366
29	364	

- Quaker oats 36 2lb packages
- Hams in forward hold
- Quaker oats in center hold
- Cheese in aft hold