12

DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1900.

ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

following interesting letter to his mother, Mrs. E. J. Stevenson, of this city. It was written while crossing the Eng-Hish channel, and dated about a month ago. He writes interestingly of Gibraltar, Rome and Naples:

My last to you was written from Rome and I expected to follow it up at once with further descriptions of our intensely interesting stay in the city to which the world turns for Its historic treasures in art. But alas for good Intentions: We saw so much that I could barely keep a short outline in my diary, and here we are now nearing London before a further word is written. We reached Plymouth early this morning getting our first view of old

Eugland's shores, and certainly it seems that we have arrived in a favorable season, for the green hills and forests are very lovely. We of course have been looking forward to this, and are in a mood to appreciate; but after what we have seen so recently in sunny Italy, it must needs be really beautiful to appear so to us. Today we have passed very near dear old Jersey, the sland of your birth, and though not within hailing, or even seeing distance, I did look that way with a fond thought in my heart that it cannot be long now before 1 see that favored spot of which you so often have told me.

I have within the week had the long-wished-for pleasure of seeing Gibraltar, the birthplace of my father, and now of course, look forward to Jersey. Our visit at Gibraltar, however, was all too short, lasting only a brief two hours. I should like to have had the privilege of a day there viewing the great defenses of the notable fortress which is such a familiar synonym for strength. The a familiar synonym for strength. The time did suffice, however for a hasty walk through the town, about some of the great walls, through the Land Porte (gate leading to Spain), through the barracks, past the line of sentries, and on the neutral strip from where we could eas the Snanish sentry by the sentry by could see the Spanish sentry boxes, and guard passing too and fro, just beyond which is their gate, where the many laborers, men and women returning from employment in and about the English port and town, are daily made to submit to a careful examination by the guards lest any dutiable article might be concealed about them. We are told that 6,000 persons are thus dally searched. That seems many, but from the throng passing toward the Spanish town, it may not be overestimated. was evening and we had an excellent opportunity of seeing them returning from their work, and to judge, per-haps, of the Spanish peasant, and as to the material of which Spain's armies are made. There were those from the gay and careless youth to the careworn and hard-visaged. All seemed however, lighthearted, chatting gally as they trudged along. We noticed We noticed many carefully preparing their bundles, even breaking the loaves of bread they carried, and wondered why, until th careful inspection was learned of. W saw also among the many better dressed and less hurried, who walked elsurely or sat on the low wall skirting the way, some, perhaps, of the much spoken of Spanish beauty. Of this latter however, we will not venture to judge till we have the privilege of really

visiting a Spanish city It seemed a bit odd to us, this neutral strip paced and guarded by lines of sentinels, and to feel that in a few moments the gates to Gibraltar would be closed, when only a pass from the Cap-tain of the Porte would open them. As

Elder Esra Stevenson has written the | prised nor disappointed, for it was much as I had imagined from descrip-tions and pictures heard and seen. It is an linmense rocky mountain rising precipitately from the Mediterranean side, and descending, a steep incline to-ward the strait. It is connected with the mainland by a low, narrow neck, which is frowned upon by the cliff, in which are openings, high up, orndnious and many, and woe builde the besize-ing host who may dare approach by that route. Higher up numerous dents and bumps overlook the sea, and from the surgestive look of an immense steel the suggestive look of an immense stee dasting which we saw lying on the wharf, if many such are in the moun-tain, and it is and there are, then "and was the scene" as the hostile flect passed by. Yes, 'tis a key to this high-way of the world's fleets, With Gibway of the world's fleets. With Gib-raltar at this and Perim at the other end, Great Britain may well congratulate herself. As our good ship steamed away in the deepening gloom, the great flashing beacon throwing its warning light above the flickering lesser lights of the city, Brother Holbrook and I. stood on deck speculating as to whether

a hostile first really could get by. But of Rome! Well, yes, we did as I said in my last, take Cook's "Three Days Carriage Tour" with guide, and continued our sight-seeing and feasting treasures of the wonderful city made a treasure house at the ex-sense of every other country of its day. Obelisks from Egypt, sculpture from Greece, and the famous artists of the day brought to adorn the walls of its palaces. Later, too, have efforts been made, and now to the great St. Peter's the modern Roman proudly points and says: "Egypt had its Pyramids ancient Rome its colosseum, and we have St. Peter's." And a wonderful place it is, designed by artists and executed in a manner that wealth unlimited only can accomplish. One cannot wonder, when accomplish. One cannot wonder, when gazing through its vast extent, upheld by pillar and column so beautifully constructed and adorned, the exquisite paintings. The statuary, wonderful dome, a building in itself that popes were taxed to their wit's end in scheming to gather means for its completion. "Twas on such an occasion the sole of indularendes means to the sole the sale of indulgencies grow to the ex-tent of driving away reformers, and adding further to the shame of a corrupt organization gone mad for pomp and show. As we look upon and admire the largest, most notable church in existence, we cannot but question its utility and think that "pride goeth before a fall." The immense dome, only slightly smaller than the whole Pantheon, is 400 feet high from floor to top of lantern. The whole building is profortionately vast, but I will not weary ou with figures. The bronze statue f St. Peter is there, the toes of the extended foot literally kissed away by the millions of lips and hands that have kissed and caressed it. We had the privilege of visiting the

treasury and viewing the jeweled crowns, miters and ornaments of the opes, the costly raiment woven in some cases from threads of gold and ornamented with preclous stones. The gold and silver services and ornaments, fa-bulous wealth locked up in strong box-es and rooms to be used seldom, but looked at, and shall I say, gloated o'er, often. Is it less than miserly so narowly to encircle useless wealth? Wera t a beggar's horde, or a witch's treasure, we would call it such. I do be-lieve in beautifying and adorning, but such hording, can it be right?

We turn from this to the more agreeable art treasures in the Vatican, of whose eleven hundred rooms, only the art collections we visited. Here indeed we do find treasures, upon which one can look for a long time, without wearying exlook

the great architect, by one of his rivale, that he could not paint, which him to request the privilege of doing that chapel. For four years he shut himself up there, producing what has helped to make him famous. The celling is Biblical history and it is said that the Eve face is the finest one ex-tant. He spent many years more on the room. His Last Judgment, covering the extreme end, is considerably criticised, but was very entertaining to us. An amusing feature of this last is an item showing how an artist may take revenge. One of the cardinals had offended the great artist who proceeded to put unmistakably the face of the

cardinal on a figure in the lowest part of hell, entwined by a great ugly snake, The cardinal appealed to the pope, being opposed to such a location fo him self, but received the reply, "Wars It in persatory, I might do something for you, but I have no power in hell." In the art galieries of the Vatican are many musterpieces in sculpture painting, and one may be entertained for days by the creations of the old masters, and new. We also saw the pope's carriages, coaches of state-mod-els of luxury, elegance and ease-some of them have not been used for many years.

Another item of great interest to us is that of the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, where among the graves of their dead, so many of the early saints took refuge from the cruel hand of persecution when Christianity was so un-popular. These tortuous underground passages, some twelve miles in length, are not the largest or most extensive but have the distinction of being the original, or first ones built. Thickly along each side, the burial niches, large and small, are found, some being large enough only for the reception of a small babe. Thousands of the early saints were there buried. A small chapel is found near the entrance, where, under pretense of burying their dead, they secretly met for worship, As I have told you, Rome abounds in

churches, and in each is to be found some historic relic or masterplece, the popes having taken pains to distribute the treasures of art for the adorament of those churches. In St. Peter's Vinwe saw Michael Angelo's famous statue of Moses. His concept on of that worthy was pleasing to us and an ar-tistic study, which, however, more com-petent ones than we have often criticised. One painting that particularly pleased me was Guido Ren's "Michael the Archangel," in which, with drawn sword upilited in right hand, he stands, one foot upon the prostrate form of powerful man, the other hand grasping chains with which the prisoner is bound. It represents the triumph over and the binding of Satan, the Great Dragon. It is a truly pleasing idea exquisitely executed But here again let me mention the artist's shaft: the face of the prostrate Satan is said to be a very correct picture of one who offended the author. Peculiar revenge, but amusing to us, more perhaps than to the one caricatured, and an inspira-tion to the cartoonist of our day. I might mention individually many more gems that specially attract the visi-tor, as .Salvatore's "Transfiguration," Real's "Crucifixion," Guordibassi's "Appearance of Jesus, to the three Marys, "Dolu's and others, "Madonnas," and scores of others, but time will not

permit. Again only will I say 'twas a dream of delight. On the Sunday that we were in Rome for want of a desirable English service,

we wandered, about 10 o'clock, into the Jessuit (Gesu) church, where services were in progress and where for half an hour we listened to the strains of a good organ and a quartet of mixed voices. The words were Latin, but fortunately music is always in the one tongue, though of course, like English, more or less understood. Sunday is an more of less understood. Sunday is an open day (no pay) at most places of in-terest and we just wandered about at sweet pleasure in museum, rulned forum and palace, contemplating man

ringe as we stood on the Capitoline hill. You may imagine our celight in thus meeting some one so far away and un-XUPTP. our first letter from home since eft Australia, and doubtless thought were wonderful questioners, though ill were kindly answered.

On the Tuesday following I returned to Naples to make arrangements for our berthing on the coming boat, for they are all very crowded at this sea-As we came in sight of Vesuvius which had culeted down again so that little alarm is now felt, and while looking intently at the wonderful burning mountain, a dense mass of black smok was belched forth, seemingly for our special benefit, for 'twas the most violent for several days. It truly is one of the sights.

dells.

Yeasit."

Harper's Buzar.

ake them.

seal

une.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

PROGRAM

by Olsen's Orchestra,

TWO SHEETS

States Treasury.

The ride from Rome to Naples, though and to be less interesting than many others, is one of great pleasure. Passing out of the Eternal City with its monuments and ruins we ride for miles along the great arched aqueducts, by means of which fresh water along the great arched aqueducts, by means of which fresh water was supplied to Rome from the neighboring mountains, Fields and Vineyards stretch away on every side, all available soil being utilized, even far up the sides of the mountains. Towns and villages dash past us as we fly along through fields that have perduced their fruits, and that have produced their fruits, and that have sustained life for so many centuries, for we are not in a new coun-try. Groups of men and women, busy in the beautiful vineyards, are turning over the soil about the neatly trained and trimmed vines, women and children in the grain fields plucking out the tares, all assisting nature, who smilles so brightly on sunny Italy. As I saw the women working alongside the men wielding alike their heavy hoes, thought of happy Utah, how years ago as an unsophisticated resident of that country I read tourist accounts of life in the Land of the Mormons, how badly treated the women were, enslaved, etc and my southful mind was troubled to know where they had seen it. little treaming that I must some day ap-roach the oldest and most enlightened for the oldest and most enlightened

proach the oldest and most enlightened of countries to see that which was harged against us. True, Italy is not tow in the von, but has been. O. Lib-erty, thy name is American woman, and we are proud of the place that Utah akes and always held. Yes, and with all due respect, the finest ladies we neet in our ran. Utags are American. We have now utden Italy adjust for We have now widden Italy adieu for he present, sailing away from her sunshores under the shadow of French anish and Portuguese coasts to old England. We found a fine company of passengers on the finest boat of the rient line, and have made friends from he first. We had amusing times in dis-

lpating strange ideas of Utah. People re surprised and pleased to learn the cts. Some ladies were warned against lking with those "Mormon" Elders, minister, with whom I afterward long and pleasant conversation. It was known from our first evening on at who we were and where from. Our berth was occupied by a gentleman and his wife, who were to have left at Naples, but she was too til. What was be done, the purser asked, since we ere entitled to the cabin. Well, you low well enough our answer, we slept nights in dining saloon just making to Marseilles, from where we had t quarters. This circumstance detract from our reputation, Barker left us at Marseilles for We did not find Biscay and the hannel so bad as represented, though we felt a little of the Atlantic swell. e are well and anticipate our meeting ith friends in London, from where I ill write mo

Affectionately your son, EZRA.

THE READINESS OF TOMMY.

"Tommy is such a good boy," said Mrs. Taddells to the minister, as she served the pastry. "You know, Dr. Choker, that pie isn't good for little



SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT.

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