



THE CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO.—The Mexican Cathedral is the most imposing structure in the city. Its corner stone was laid in 1573, and the building covers the site of the great Aztec temple destroyed by the Spaniards when they captured the capital of the Montezumas in 1521. The entire cost of this cathedral was about two million dollars. The great bell, nineteen feet high, in one of its towers, alone cost ten thousand dollars. It is built of stone and its dimensions are impressive, the length of the edifice being nearly four hundred feet, and the towers two hundred and three feet in altitude. The interior, though grand from its magnitude, is somewhat disappointing. Its wooden floor is hardly worthy of so prominent a shrine as this, and the decorations are neither tasteful nor comparable to those of the notable European cathedrals. An enormous amount of money, however, has been expended here. Its high altar is said to have once been the richest in the world, but has been repeatedly plundered of its treasures. A balustrade of great value still surrounds the choir. Some of its chapels have fine paintings, but one can hardly appreciate them in the dim light which only partially reveals their beauty. Here are buried many of the old Spanish Viceroyes, as well as the first Emperor of Mexico, Augustin Iturbide. In front of this cathedral is the Plaza Mayor, the great square of the city, which always presents a very animated appearance, and quite near the sacred edifice is the attractive flower-markets where Indian women offer superb bouquets of flowers for a mere trifle.



CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.—“A trip to Chinatown” is an essential feature of a visit to the Pacific coast, and a memorable experience it often proves to be. Within a limited area in San Francisco in which 3,000 Americans would be cramped for room, are always living at least 20,000 Chinamen, whose one idea seems to be to hoard up all the money they can possibly obtain, in order to return in a few years to their native land. It is a most repulsive and apparently dangerous quarter of the city, although crimes are said to be of rarer occurrence there than elsewhere. Moreover, whatever may be said of them in other respects, drunkenness is hardly known among the Chinese. They frequently stupefy themselves with opium, but not with rum. The shops in Chinatown are most grotesque, with their (to us) unintelligible decorations and letterings, recalling memories of the fantastic characters displayed on tea-caddies and bunches of firecrackers. The variety of merchandise in these shops, its comical arrangement, together with the mysterious dark rooms in the rear, presumably the sleeping apartment of some Wee Lung Chin and family, are all most novel and amusing. The names of the merchants here have that curious combination of monotonous monosyllables which causes them to slip from the memory like drops of water from a duck's back. Interspersed with the shops and tenement houses are several Joss-Houses, or Chinese Temples. Here, too, are Chinese Theatres, where the entire audience smokes, and the performance goes on amid a hideous beating of drums and gongs. The Gambling Dens and Opium Cellars in Chinatown should be visited in company with a policeman. They are filthy places where either gambling is carried on by a mass of repulsive Chinese, or opium is being smoked by men dozing in a half-drunken sleep.

*Entrance  
near Cath.*

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ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.—The crowning feature of London is the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is sublime and noble in appearance, although so black with soot that a Frenchman suggested that it must have been built by chimney-sweeps! In fact, chimneys innumerable have offered up to this for years their grimy incense, till now it has a sooty grandeur which some think gives it added dignity. Hawthorne, for instance, said that it is much better so than staring white, and that it would not be one-half so grand without its drapery of black. The whole cost of St. Paul's was defrayed by a tax on every ton of coal brought to the port of London; so that after all, no building in the world has a better claim than this to have a sooty exterior. At all events the mighty Dome is like a temple in the air, 365 feet above the street and 180 feet in diameter! It is so lofty that, unlike most other structures, it seems quite unaffected by its environment. It is perhaps the more impressive from standing here in the great throbbing heart of London. Despite the roar and tumult of the waves of life surging around its base, nothing disturbs its grand repose. It soars above it all, as Mount Blanc rises above Chamounix. Within the walls of this Cathedral lie the remains of the Duke of Wellington, Admiral Nelson, and the architect of the edifice, Sir Christopher Wren, whose funeral inscription is brief but eloquent: "If you seek his monument, look around you!"



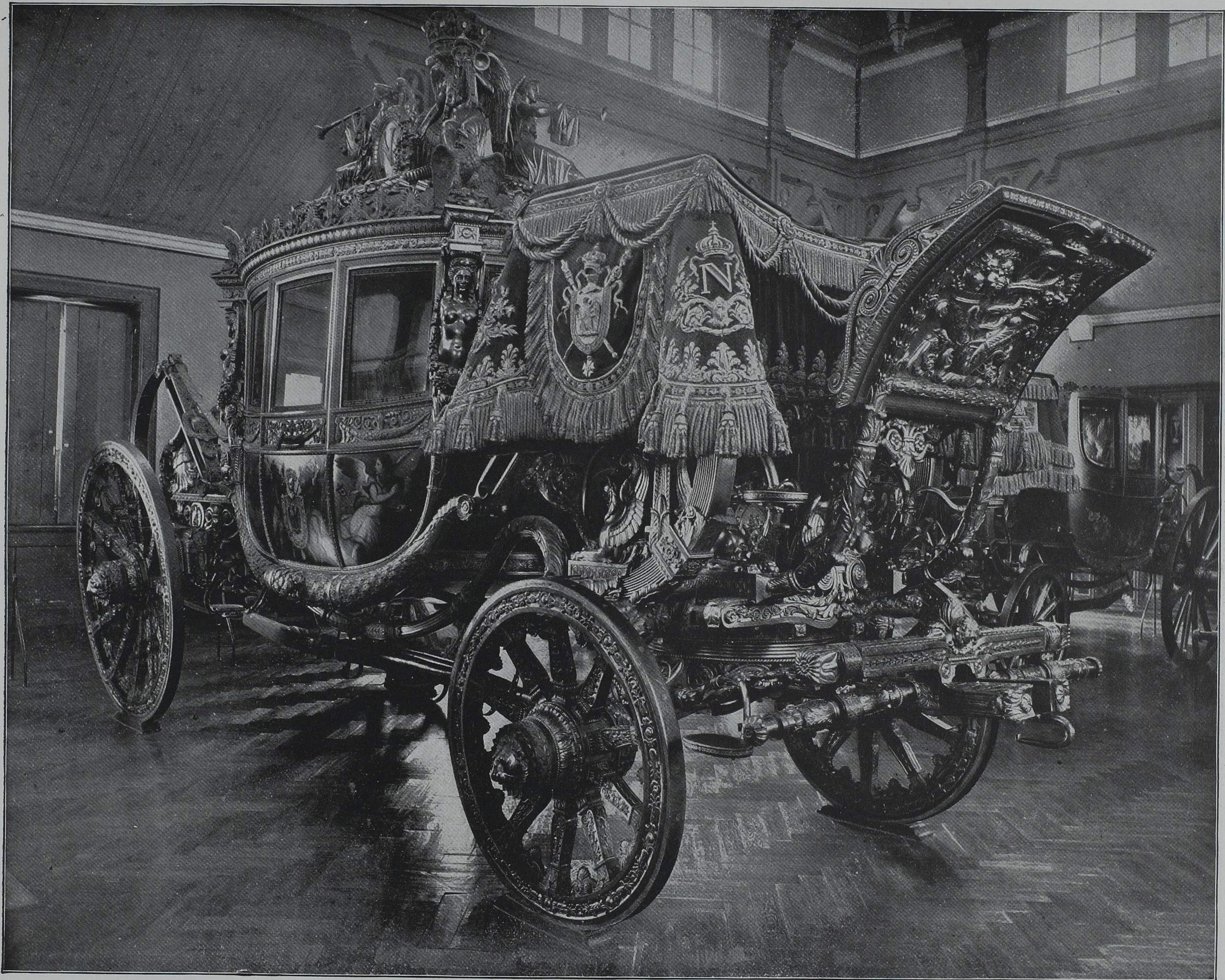
THE POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.—Beautiful as Westminster Abbey is as a specimen of architecture, its distinctive glory is not found in Gothic arches, dim religious light, fluted columns or even works of art. But that which thrills us as we tread the pavement of this ancient Shrine is the assemblage here of the illustrious dead of many centuries. Its old gray walls are lined with tablets, busts and monuments commemorating names which are like household words. But the most interesting part of this historic Pantheon is what is called "*The Poet's Corner*." Here every English-speaking visitor at least stands with uncovered head and bated breath, feeling himself surrounded by the Master-spirits of his race. Here, for example, he sees a marble bust beneath which are the words "O rare Ben Jonson." Close by it is that of the poet Milton, and beneath this is the medallion portrait of Gray, whose masterpiece, the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," is one of the most exquisite classics of our tongue. Space fails to enumerate the names of those whose "storied urn or animated bust" here "invokes the passing tribute of a sigh." But Spencer, Dryden, Southey, Campbell, Thompson, Macaulay, Thackeray, Garrick, Grote, Sheridan and (last but not least) the dearly-loved Charles Dickens, all these and many more form here a galaxy of genius which makes the pilgrim from America forget all minor national distinctions, and glory in the fact that he too speaks the language of the men whose dust makes old Westminster haunted, holy ground.



ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND.—This famous center of Dutch commerce lies fourteen miles from the North Sea, at the union of two rivers, one of which gives to the town its name. For this stream is called the Rotter, and a great dike or dam erected here bestows upon the place the title of Rotter-dam! This is indeed a clew by which to comprehend all similar Dutch names. Thus Amsterdam signifies the dam upon the Amstel; and so it is with Schiedam, Zaandam, Edam, Durgerdam, Volendam and all the other *dams*. But since every public square in Holland is also called a Dam; and since the horse-car signs are always telling us of this Dam or that Dam; and since in the construction of their dikes the Dutch have constantly to use the coffer-dam; if any country in the world may be said without profanity to be effectually "dammed," Holland is the one. In Rotterdam one always sees a multitude of bridges. From almost any point you can count eight or ten; and since most of them are draw-bridges, they keep rising and falling like parts of an immense machine. Some of the boats which we see on the canals of Rotterdam are actually employed in bringing *water* to the city! This seems like taking coals to Newcastle, but, notwithstanding its aqueous surroundings, Rotterdam, like most of Holland cities, has no abundance of good *drinking* water. Perhaps it is not strange therefore that not far away is a thriving town whose 300 distilleries produce the world-renowned Holland gin, which is familiarly known as "Schnapps."



**MUSEUMS AND STATUE OF MARIA THERESA, VIENNA.**—Just off the handsome curving boulevards of Vienna called the “Ring Strassen,” are two imposing structures almost the exact counterparts of each other in form, decorations and dimensions. They are the New Imperial Museums just completed at a cost of some millions of dollars. One is to contain the famous Belvedere picture gallery and other great collections scattered through the city; while its companion edifice will be devoted to **ARCHAEOLOGY** and **NATURAL HISTORY**—forming together thus one of the finest collections of Art and Science in the world. Within the center of this square, between these New Museums, is an elaborate monument in bronze erected recently to the memory of the Empress Maria Theresa. It is designed to commemorate her entire reign. Below the statue of the Empress are reliefs portraying prominent events connected with her history; beneath these are fine statues of her ablest statesmen; while on the corners are equestrian figures of her leading generals. Well may Austria honor thus the most illustrious sovereign that ever occupied her throne. It would be hard to find in history a woman who had more imperial qualities and sterling character than Maria Theresa. For she was brave as well as beautiful, and dauntless as she was devout. It was for her that her chivalric Hungarian nobles with drawn swords exclaimed as with one voice, “Let us die for our KING, Maria Theresa.”



NAPOLEON'S CARRIAGE, VERSAILLES.—Among the relics of royalty and of the empire displayed at Versailles is this magnificent vehicle, the woodwork of which is one mass of gilding, while the interior decorations are of the most elegant description. This is said to be the carriage in which the Emperor Napoleon I went with the Empress Marie Louise to solemnize their marriage in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. All Paris was in the greatest excitement, and Napoleon's future seemed then brilliant beyond all precedent in modern history. Yet in reality these gilded wheels were swiftly bearing him to what Napoleon himself subsequently called, "an abyss covered with flowers." And such indeed proved to be this fatal marriage following his divorce from Josephine. No doubt Napoleon's pride was gratified, as in this gorgeous vehicle he sat beside his Austrian bride, but it was certainly impossible for him to ever love her as he had once loved Josephine. The latter, slightly older than himself, had been his life-long confidant and friend. She had at first contributed much to his success. Her intuitions made her a most useful counsellor. But what was Marie Louise? A simple, inexperienced girl, with whom the Emperor always wore a mask, lest his designs should through her reach the court of Austria! The one possessed a character as weak and vacillating as her face would indicate. The other proved herself a heroine by sacrificing to the interests of France not only the most enviable throne in Europe, but also the most famous of earth's sovereigns, and the man she loved. "It will not bring him fortune," said the common people when the divorce had been proclaimed, and they were right.



**THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK, VENICE.**—The Church of St. Mark has stood here for nearly eight hundred years as a splendid proof of the ancient magnificence of Venice. Its architecture is most extraordinary. With its bulbous domes and minaret-like belfries, its glittering mosaics, and cupolas sparkling with gold, it seems more like a Mohammedan than a Christian shrine. One might also call it a Christian mosque! The Venetians brought back with them from their Eastern wars ideas of Oriental architecture which pleased them, but in attempting to repeat them they made a singular medley of the whole. Yet no expense was spared to make it magnificent. For, to say nothing of its splendid columns and rich carving, the mosaics on its *exterior* alone cover an area of 45,790 square feet, and are still gorgeous in their golden and purple colors. And when we think that this is nothing to the vast expanse of mosaic *within*, we are no longer surprised that this sanctuary has been proudly called "La Chiesa Aurea," or the Church of Gold, and compared to a cavern hung with stalactites of precious stones! During more than five centuries, the first question addressed to generals and captains returning from the Eastern wars was this: "What new and splendid offering bring you for San Marco?" Above the doorway of this famous church are four enormous horses made of gilded bronze. They were originally in Rome, and adorned Nero's golden chariot of the Sun. From Rome they were taken by Constantine to Constantinople. Thence they were brought by the conquering Doges to Venice. Napoleon I also took them to Paris; but after Waterloo they were restored by the allies to the Queen of the Adriatic.

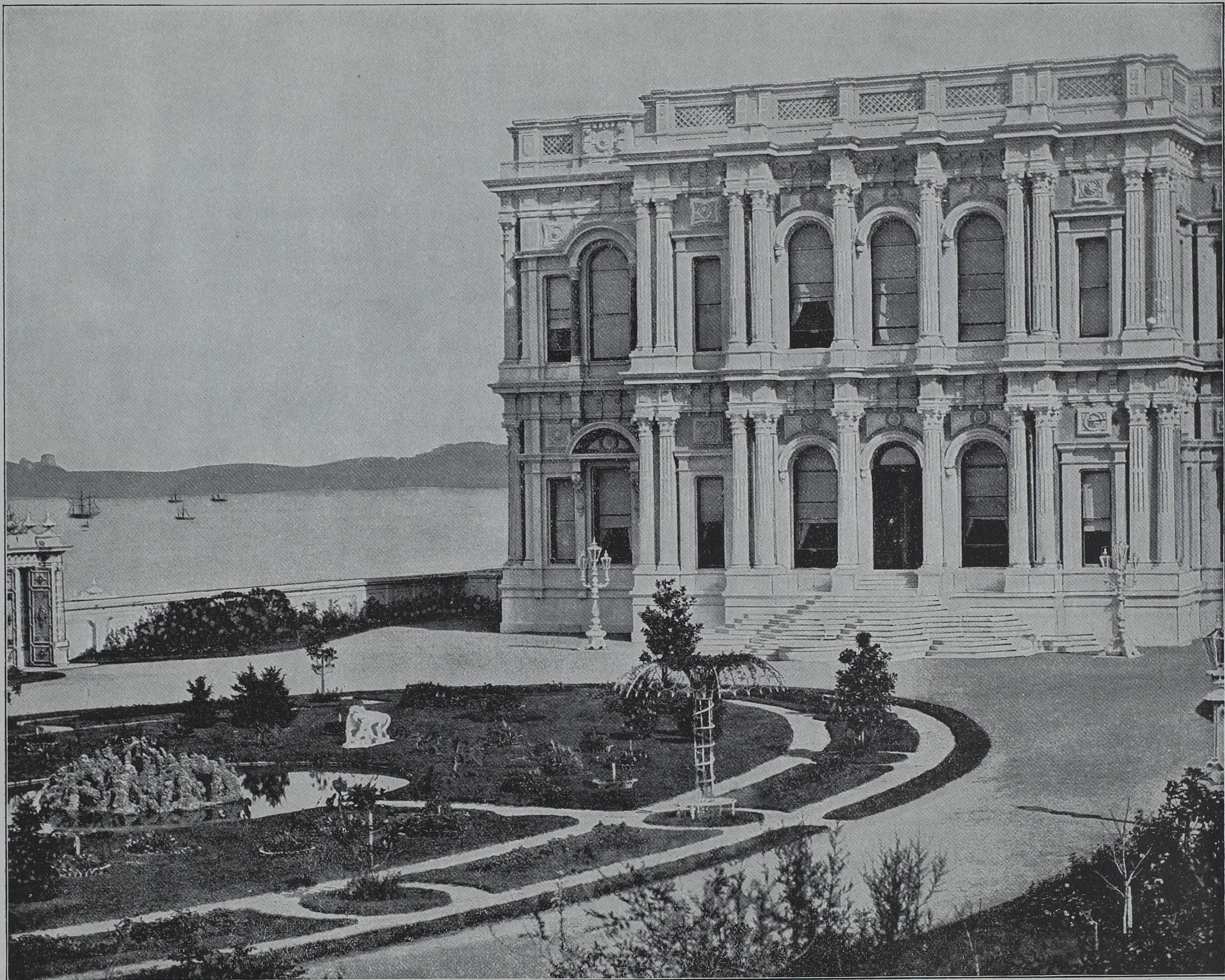




**HARBOR OF ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.**—The coast of Egypt is not particularly striking as one approaches it. No hills or mountains rise above its sandy shore. The light-house at Alexandria seems in consequence unusually lofty, and recalls to us the ancient Pharos of this port, which was reckoned as one of the seven wonders of the world, and from the top of which the fire kept burning constantly at night could be seen miles away at sea. This harbor is usually filled with a multitude of ships and steamers, since this is not merely the great seaport of Egypt, but an important city in itself, through which Egyptian exports find their principal outlet. Of these the most important are cotton and cotton-seed, wheat, coffee, elephants' tusks, ostrich feathers and mother-of-pearl. Regular steamboat services and two telegraphic cables connect Alexandria with Europe, while railroads and the telegraph place it in close communication with the whole of Egypt. Something of the maritime traffic of this city has declined since the opening of the Suez Canal and the prominence given to Port Said at its junction with the Mediterranean; but Alexandria even now contains a population of 200,000, and 50,000 European residents here prove the commercial value of this portal of the country of the Nile.



CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.—This Capital of the British possessions in South Africa, lies at the foot of Table Mountain on the shore of Table Bay. It was founded by the Dutch in 1650, but in 1795 was taken, together with the colony, by the English. At the peace of Amiens it was restored to the Dutch, but in 1806 it was once more taken by the English and has since remained in their possession. The town is quite regularly built; the houses are of good size and are mostly of brick or stone, generally having a veranda in front. The town is exposed to great heat, facing the noon-day sun, and backed by naked mountains. The Castle is on the right side of the town and commands the anchorage of Table Bay. Many of the public offices of the Colony are within the fortress and its walls also contain barracks holding 1,000 men. Table Bay is capable of containing a great number of ships, but it is exposed to a very heavy swell during the prevalence of the westerly winds in June, July and August, though at other times it affords safe anchorage. An observatory has been built about two miles north of the town and large iron buildings have been erected as depots for coal to supply steamers touching at Cape Town en route to Australia. Table Mountain at the height of 900 feet is a solid mass of granite, but after ascending 900 feet more it changes to red sandstone. Its entire height is 3,567 feet above the sea.



IMPERIAL PALACE OF BEYLERBEY, ON THE BOSPHORUS, TURKEY.—It is difficult to imagine anything more charming than the scenery along the Bosphorus, where the opposite banks of Europe and Asia for fifteen miles coquettishly advance towards each other and then retreat, in a delightful series of undulating, wooded hills. These headlands of the two great continents are at times so near to each other that a person standing on one side of the Bosphorus can make himself heard by anyone on the opposite bank. Moreover these winding shores are lined with a constant succession of villages, pavilions, mosques and palaces, embosomed often in luxuriant foliage. From almost any of these places the views of the other shore and of the Bosphorus itself studded with snowy sails are of great loveliness. Here also are several charming pleasure-resorts for the people of Constantinople, among which are the "Sweet Waters" of Europe and Asia. On one prominent promontory is the admirable American school, Robert College, which gives a thorough education to more than 200 students. There are several palaces and villas of the Sultan along the Bosphorus, one of which is represented in this illustration. This palace of Beylerbey is used chiefly as a summer-residence, or as an elegantly furnished dwelling to be placed at the disposal of any royal guests of the Turkish Sovereign. The little town about it was under the Byzantine Emperors distinguished by the size and splendor of its edifices. For every portion of both sides of the Bosphorus is historic ground, and it is still emphatically true that "Earth hath no fairer sight to show, Than this blue strait, whose waters flow, Bordered with vineyards, summer bowers, White palaces and ivied towers."



**STATION, RAMLEH, PALESTINE.**—On the direct route from Jaffa to Jerusalem is the town of Ramleh, which is said to occupy the site of the ancient Arimathea. Under the Arabs in the ninth and tenth centuries it was a prosperous and important place, and was larger than Jerusalem itself. To-day it contains about 3,000 inhabitants, of whom 1,000 are Christians of the Greek Church. There is an old Latin monastery here, where travelers are lodged and fed with comparative comfort. A lofty tower also rises above the town and once formed part of an enormous Mosque. The country around Ramleh is remarkably fertile. The vegetation is luxuriant. Olive trees abound, and with proper cultivation the fields in this part of Palestine could produce crops of which any country might be proud. The most astounding innovation here in recent times has been the *railroad*, which has already advanced beyond Ramleh and will eventually connect Jaffa with Jerusalem, thirty-three miles away! Within a short time, therefore, the old methods of horse-back riding and carriages over this part of the Holy Land will be discarded. A locomotive will transport tourists across the plain of Sharon; a railroad bridge will span the brook where David chose the smooth stones for his conflict with Goliath; and the conductor may call out to passengers, "Ramleh, residence of Joseph of Arimathea. Five minutes for refreshments!" On the ground of sentiment, however, most people will regret to have a locomotive's whistle wake the echoes of Mount Zion. Here it is the old which interests us, not the new; and steam-cars seem unsuited to the land of Abraham.