

DIARY OF MY EUROPEAN TRIP

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Diary of My European Trip by Delia Stern Fleishacker

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DELIA STERN FLEISHACKER

**DIARY OF MY
EUROPEAN TRIP**

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Diary of
CALIFORNIA

By
DELIA STERN FLEISHACKER

NEW YORK
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1903

Dedication

These ideas and impressions have been jotted down during the wee small hours after each day's travel. They may be faulty, and of no interest to any one but my dear children, to whom they are most lovingly dedicated by their mother.

DELIA STERN FLEISHACKER.

October Second, Nineteen Hundred.

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CONTENTS




	PAGE
I. SAN FRANCISCO TO GIBRALTAR—ON THE MEDITERRANEAN,	1-5
II. NAPLES AND VESUVIUS—DEAD AND LIVE CITIES,	7-20
III. THE ETERNAL CITY—FLORENCE—MILAN — GENOA — NICE — MONTE CARLO — “THE BRIDE OF THE ADRIATIC,” . . .	21-35
IV. THE BLUE DANUBE—AUSTRIA’S MAG- NIFICENT CAPITAL,	37-40
V. MUNICH—OBER-AMMERGAU AND THE PASSION-PLAY—THRIFTY NUREMBERG- ERS AND THEIR ANCIENT (?) CURIOS, . .	41-49
VI. CARLSBAD—“ON TO BERLIN”—THE RHINE,	51-59
VII. THE PARADISE OF EUROPE, SWITZER- LAND,	61-66
VIII. INCOMPARABLE PARIS—VERSAILLES— LONDON—HOME AGAIN,	67-74

Diary of My European Trip,
1900

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

I

N Sunday, March the fourth, nineteen hundred, at 8 o'clock A. M., I left San Francisco in company with my beloved sons, Mortimer and Herbert and Louis, *en route* for Europe. My dear boys accompanied me as far as Truckee. In the face of the Sierra Nevada Mountains we bade each other farewell. In company with my friend, Mrs. T., I continued eastward. After a very pleasant but uneventful journey of four days, we arrived in New York City, where I was greeted by my beloved children — Emma, Blanche, Sigmund, and Frank. I remained there fourteen days.

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Diary of My European Trip, 1900

On March the twenty-fourth I sailed, in company with my children and grandchild (the Rosenbaums), on the Steamer "Trave," on our way to Italy. The Atlantic Ocean was calm and lovely. We arrived at the Island St. Miguel Friday, March the thirtieth, and at St. Vincent, Portugal, Sunday, April first. We enjoyed simply seeing land. On Monday, April second, we arrived at Gibraltar. At 10 o'clock A. M., we went ashore in a tender. The first thing upon entering the harbor that attracts one is the wonderful mammoth rock. This Rock of Gibraltar extends into the sea. After getting on *terra firma* we hired a wagon and drove to the telegraph office. I sent a telegram to my darling children in San Francisco for the nominal sum of four shillings—one dollar in our coin. I also received a telegram at Gibraltar from my children Blanche and Frank, handed to me on the steamer as we arrived. After going to the post-office to mail letters to all our dear ones

Diary of My European Trip, 1900

in America, we started to see the sights of Gibraltar. It has only twenty-eight thousand inhabitants. It is a very hilly city with very narrow streets. All the houses are built of stone. Many of these houses, being built upon the steep side hills, look as though they would topple over. English as well as Spanish soldiers are plentiful here; the English dressed in bright red coats and crazy-looking little patent-leather black caps perched on one side of their heads. Some are dressed in Highland costumes, short plaid skirts and bare legs, while the Spanish soldiers look very poorly, dressed in brown linen, queerly made uniforms.

Gibraltar is what it is intended to be, a perfect fortification. There is a market-place called the "Jews' Market." It seems more like an auction-place. It is plentifully stocked with fruits and flowers. Very inferior, however, to the sight of a Californian, are these products. People of all nationalities seem to congregate at the mar-

Diary of My European Trip, 1900

ket-place, some dressed in picturesque costumes. It seemed that all who were not soldiers wanted to sell something to the passengers. The Moors went about trying to sell funny-looking copper coins. I bought a dozen fresh eggs from a Turk in regal costume for eight pence—16 cents. Without hearing a joke, and even without seeing any prominent noses amongst us, he said, "I'm a Yahuda"; this being probably a trick of his trade—to be of any religion the occasion might warrant. I bought a money-pouch from an African. Very small donkeys do all the hauling of very big loads strapped on either side of them in huge baskets. Many Spanish women run about here, some quite pretty, but wearing neither shoes, stockings, nor hats. Altogether, we spent a few pleasant hours looking at a queer, pretty little city, and a very funny, mixed-up lot of people. We said: "Good-bye, Gibraltar."

On the second day out of Gibraltar we passed from the Atlantic Ocean into the