

# **OUR CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN**

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Our Cruise in the Mediterranean by James T. Wilson

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**JAMES T. WILSON**

**OUR CRUISE IN THE  
MEDITERRANEAN**



## Our Cruise in the Mediterranean

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BY  
JAMES T. WILSON  
OF BALTIMORE, MD.

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1899  
The Lord Baltimore Press  
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U.S.

TO MY SISTER

MRS. ELIZA WILSON CARPENTER

*Eliza Wilson Carpenter*

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE STORM, . . . . .	9
IN THE BERMUDAS, . . . . .	11
GIBRALTAR, . . . . .	13
SPAIN :	
MALAGA, . . . . .	16
GRANADA, . . . . .	17
ALHAMBRA, . . . . .	18
ALGERIA :	
ALGIERS, . . . . .	21
EGYPT :	
ALEXANDRIA, . . . . .	24
CAIRO, . . . . .	27
THE PYRAMIDS, . . . . .	31
THE HOLY LAND :	
JOPPA, . . . . .	35
JERUSALEM, . . . . .	36
BETHLEHEM, . . . . .	45
THE DEAD SEA, . . . . .	48
THE RIVER JORDAN, . . . . .	50
MODERN AND ANCIENT JERICHO, . . . . .	51
JOPPA AGAIN, . . . . .	53
BEYROUT, . . . . .	55
TURKEY IN ASIA :	
SMYRNA, . . . . .	57
EPHESUS, . . . . .	58
GREECE :	
ATHENS, . . . . .	61
ANCIENT ATHENS, . . . . .	63



	PAGE
TURKEY IN EUROPE :	
CONSTANTINOPLE, . . . . .	66
ITALY :	
NAPLES, . . . . .	70
VESUVIUS, . . . . .	71
POMPEII, . . . . .	72
ROME, . . . . .	74
THE VATICAN, . . . . .	77
ANCIENT ROME, . . . . .	78
PISA, . . . . .	80
GENOA, . . . . .	81
BELGIUM :	
ANTWERP, . . . . .	83
ON SHIPBOARD . . . . .	84

## Our Cruise in the Mediterranean

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### THE STORM

ON February 6th, 1895, we embarked on the S. S. Friesland from the city of New York, for a cruise in the Mediterranean. Our course was southerly, and the following day we were all on deck enjoying the pleasant weather, when suddenly a violent wind arose that settled into a steady gale. The ship rolled heavily and everything was pitched about in grand confusion, and we soon had symptoms of seasickness, and below had that inexpressible, sickening smell which is an effectual emetic. The storm was now a perfect hurricane, and the ship was pitching upwards with her bows towards the heavens, and the next instant plunging down into the deep abyss. The creaking and groaning of the ship's timbers, the roaring of the commands of the officers, the running about on deck of heavy-booted men, the ringing of the bells, the rattling of chains and ropes, the rush of a heavy sea striking the ship so that she shivered and reeled under the strain,—were some of the experiences of a storm on the ocean. The noise of the

tempest was hideous, but the sound of the labored stroke of the engines gave hope to the failing heart; for anguish filled every mind as every moment seemed to add fury to the storm. Floods of sea poured down into the staterooms and the ship rolled over and over, far over on her beam ends; then clash, crash and smash, dishes rumbled and tumbled, tins and pans clanked and clattered, and our baggage, like everything else, was flying in every direction. Our ladies in their excitement were seeking to know the worst, as they knew we were all going down.

The wild ocean raved, the great foaming billows leaped and rolled and thundered headlong as they cast their white-crested heads far in the air, and our great ship seemed almost swallowed up in the midst of the roaring waters that swept her decks as if she were but a toy in their play. The storm raged without the slightest abatement for two days, and during that time our regular, daily bill of fare was sadly interrupted, for we remained below in various stages of wretchedness.

The lighthouse on the Bermudas was sighted, which brought a gleam of joy to our forlorn party. We found a refuge in St. George's Bay, and the next morning went ashore into the town of St. George.