

**IN  
FOREIGN LANDS**

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In Foreign Lands by Barbara N. Galpin

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**BARBARA N. GALPIN**

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BY

BARBARA N. GALPIN.

*"We cannot buy with gold the old associations."*

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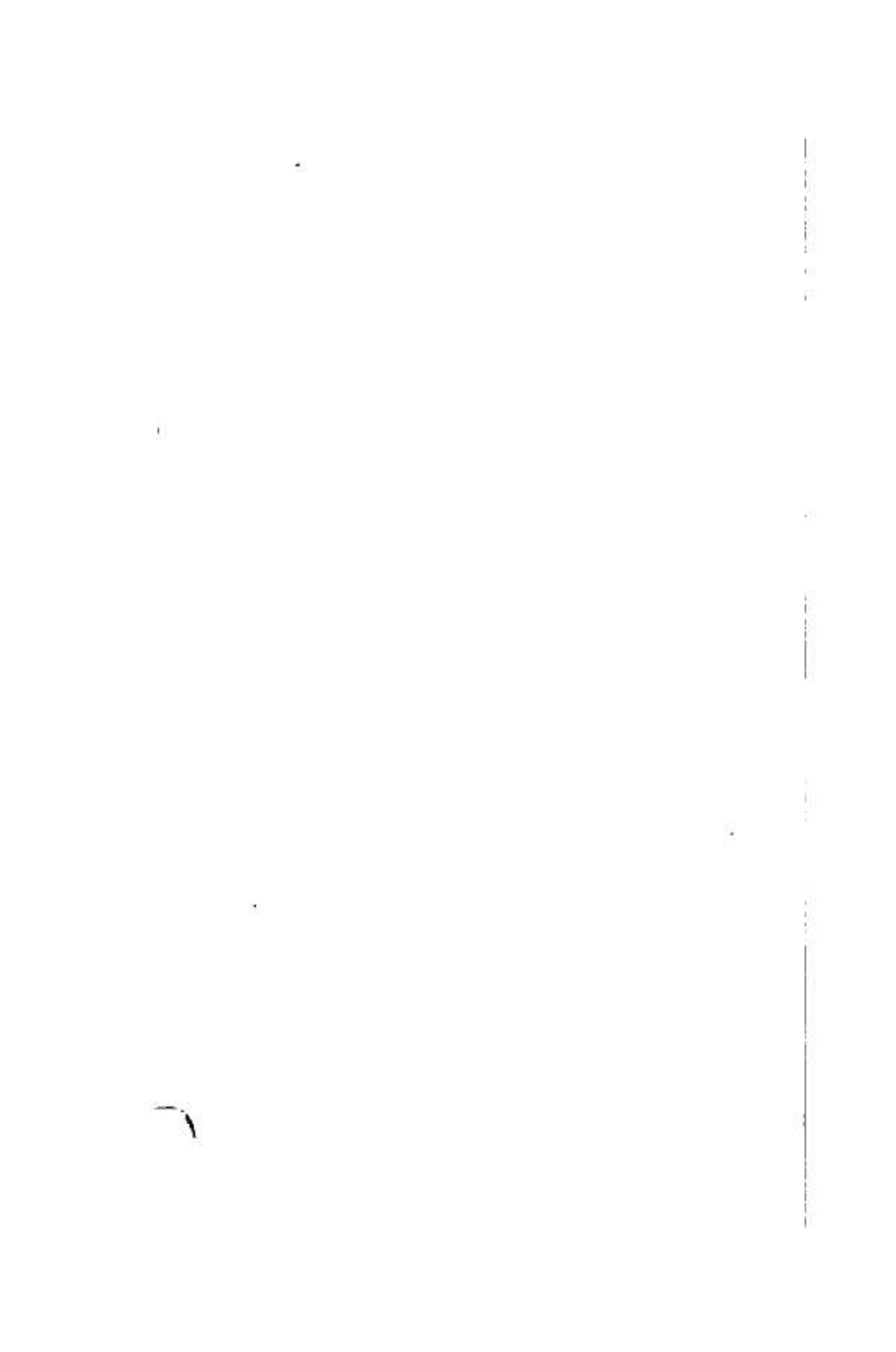
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## IN FOREIGN LANDS.

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### I.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC....A BURIAL AT SEA....LIVER-  
POOL....LONDON....WESTMINSTER ABBEY....TOWER  
OF LONDON....HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT....PALACES  
AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

One of the largest, happiest parties that ever sailed from New York harbor was the Frazar party, on board the "City of Chester," in the summer of 1891. At the wharf in New York many touching scenes were witnessed, and many others which were amusing; it was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. One's eyes became moist while watching two strong men, evidently Frenchmen, bidding their father good-bye; the usual handshake being supplemented by a hearty kiss on each cheek of the old man; and as the tears rolled down their faces it was evident that these men had not solidified their affections according to custom's laws.

Down the beautiful harbor we sailed, past Bartholdi's Goddess of Liberty, out beyond Sandy Hook, and, finally,

into the broad Atlantic. Not a sad face could be seen on the upper deck; every one had come for a good time, and were early at it; but the bright sun of Sunday morning peered in on an entirely different looking set of people. Where singing and dancing had been the order, now were groaning, and sighing, and frantic rushing for the rail; two-thirds of the crowd were just sea-sick; and so sick. No Frenchy name would half express their disgust with life in general, and ocean life in particular. "How have the mighty fallen!" came to mind as the defender of the re-districting bill before the Massachusetts Legislature gazed sadly into the blue depths and rendered due homage to Neptune in an energetic, if not enthusiastic, manner.

The first Sunday on board was a strangely interesting one. The majority of the passengers gathered in the dining-room at half-past ten for the religious exercises. The captain read the Episcopal service for morning prayer, and we began fully to realize that we were away from home as the prayer for the "good Queen Victoria and the President of the United States" was read. Surely this was as impressive a service as I ever attended; out of sight of land, the rolling and roaring of the mighty waves, the hum of the machinery, and, clear and sharp, the queer cry of the sailors as they furled the sails, the singing of familiar hymns, and the deep, clear voice of the captain, created a strange feeling of reverential awe that one never feels in church. Even the most careless were attentive and impressed with the scene.