

**ABROAD
WITH JANE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649511648

Abroad with Jane by Edward Sandford Martin

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

**ABROAD
WITH JANE**

✓
ABROAD WITH JANE

BY

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN



PRIVATELY PRINTED

1918



Jane
(after Rembrandt)

ABROAD WITH JANE

I

I HAD wondered these many years why people went to Europe, when Jane told me we were going. Why should they keep going so, to be sure? Man wants but little here below, and a large proportion of it is obtainable in these states, to wit: food, drink, shelter, newspapers, other reading, church privileges, schooling, and all the commodities. And I had seen—we all have seen—so many, many people go to Europe, some of them habitually, without any obvious effects of the treatment! I know it may be a case like that of a man very attentive to his duties in church and used as an example of the inefficacy of Christianity, but nobody knows how much meaner he might have been if he had not been partly Christianized. I do not doubt that civilization in this country is appreciably affected and, I hope, improved by the prevalent go-to-Europe habit, and perhaps the individuals who go are more beneficially Europeanized than appears on their surfaces. But anyhow, Jane said we were going. At least she

disclosed that she was clear in her mind that we ought to go, that it was time we went, and that, all circumstances being duly considered, we could better afford to go than not. Also she wanted to go—she admitted that.

Jane is not often so positive. She always has an opinion, but about most matters that implicate me, it is a take it or leave it opinion, and just goes into the scales with my own poor inclinations and the other considerations that weigh out to a conclusion. But the few considerable things that Jane is positive in requiring of me, I do, of course, or assent to and help along if I can, not daring, indeed, not to, for fear I might miss something better than I can discern. So it was about sending Clementine and later Blandina to boarding school. I could not see the need of it, but Jane saw it and they went. And since Jane saw the need I never mutinied very much about the matter, for after all, one of the means of getting along through this world is to use what we have got, and who that has a dog would bark himself, or, blessed with a wise director, would forego the advantages of seasonable obedience.

Besides, it came handy. I was about to be released from an employment that had engrossed a large share of my very moderate energies for twenty years, and had restricted my movements a good deal for half that time, so one considerable share of what had been my business would suffer nothing from my absence, and the rest of it, I was assured, could get along without me, and more profitably, perhaps, than if I hung around. I had never denied even to myself that there were times when people did right to go to Europe, and really this seemed a time when it was right for us to go. Jane and I had been before, but that was twenty odd years ago, when we were still young and Jonas and Clementine were in the short skirts of infancy, and Blandina had not yet moved into our family. We went over in the fall in a comfortable old Inman Line boat, and had a little pleasant company aboard her, and went up to London through Chester and Warwick and those places, and looked at London from a big hotel on Trafalgar Square, and at Paris from a big hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and came home by way of Antwerp.

It astonished me how little I remembered of

that journey; the walls of Chester and an apple tart in the inn there, and the interest expressed by some natives because we ate cheese with it; a round tower and a Holbein at Warwick, a village street and the ruined castle at Kenilworth, a faded and fragmentary impression of Oxford, the hotel in London and the people in it, and mighty little else of London except some vague pictures of the Abbey and its monuments, and the Tower, and two or three shows at theatres. And some French pastry at Calais; a little French landscape on the road to Paris, the *bonnes* and *nourrices* in the Tuileries gardens, the catacombs, the Moulin Rouge, the Rubens pictures in the Louvre, too big to be forgotten, the ornament on Jane's Paris hat, some details of food and drink in Duvals and other restaurants, and two young doctors, one of them an acquaintance made aboard ship, who were our playmates in Paris. Antwerp was practically a blank, though I know as a biographical fact that we spent at least two nights and one whole day there, and went to the cathedral.

It is a truism that we see what we have learned to see, and I suppose that on that first visit I had

not yet learned to see much except people. But since then I had lived seventeen years in New York, and had seen that city pretty much rebuilt, and had come to be attentive at least to buildings, if not very knowing about them, and had looked into shop-windows, and duly frequented the picture-dealers' rooms and viewed their wares. And really in New York one does see something first and last, especially if his daily beat runs on Fifth Avenue when the shops are open. As for men who go down town in the morning six days a week by subway or elevated, and stay there till dusk, of course they see less, though some of them seem to acquire knowledge even about buildings and pictures. But such men are apt to go often to Europe—every summer, some of them; and of one essential at least to getting to Europe, the down-town men get their share.

The habitual down-town men of New York, seasoned to New York and down town and the daily grind, are a pretty well-disciplined lot. At least their considerable company includes a large percentage of disciplined workers. Those that do not attain to the necessary discipline drop out, but the men who for years together spend their