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Edited and Introduced by

Gary Scharnhorst

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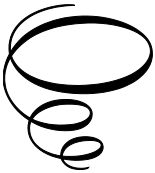

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INTRODUCTION

Mary Mason Fairbanks (1828-1898) was one of the most important women in Mark Twain's life. She deserves to be better known in her own right. The wife of Abel W. Fairbanks (1817-1894), the half-owner, editor, and publisher of the *Cleveland Herald*, Mary Fairbanks was one of the sixty-five passengers who embarked in mid-June 1867 from New York harbor for Europe and the Holy Land aboard the sidewheel steamer *Quaker City*—which boasted space for about a hundred and fifty travelers. It was the first such organized leisure tour in American history and "one of the most famous journeys of the nineteenth century."[1] Fairbanks was also one of the twelve excursionists who recorded events of the voyage in travel letters printed in their hometown newspapers over the next five months. The best-known of the *Quaker City* correspondents was Mark Twain, aka Samuel L. Clemens (1835-1910), who contributed a total of 58 letters about the excursion to the San Francisco *Alta California*, *New York Tribune*, and *New York Herald*, and which he later revised for publication in his bestselling travelogue *The Innocents Abroad* (1869). Mary Mason Fairbanks was, according to critical consensus, "the most accomplished writer on the *Quaker City*" after Mark Twain.[2] "Mother" Fairbanks (as Twain called her, though she was his senior by only seven years) was his intimate friend and correspondent for the rest of her life, and he wrote her once that there was no "hand as competent as yours" to "write me up" nor "any other that could take the right interest & pleasure in the work."[3] More to the point, the twenty-seven travel letters Fairbanks contributed to the *Cleveland Herald* under the pseudonym "Myra" (an anagram of her given name) constitute a parallel narrative to Twain's *The Innocents Abroad*—and, even more importantly, Twain sometimes paraphrased or even copied from them in his travelogue.

Born in rural Ohio, Mary J. Mason was descended through her father from John Mason IV, author of the first draft of the Virginia Declaration of Rights in 1776, and through her mother from Roger Williams, the Puritan minister who founded Providence Plantations in 1636.[4] She was educated at Emma Willard's Female Seminary in Troy, New York, and taught school before marrying Abel Fairbanks in 1852. On the eve of the departure of the *Quaker City*, she was saluted for her contributions which had "at different times graced the columns of the

Herald and which have always been read with pleasure."[5] During the cruise, Fairbanks detailed her tours of many of the popular sites along her route, including the Paris Exhibition, the Castle of Chillon near Geneva, the Milan Cathedral and St. Peter's Basilica in Rome, and the Pyramids and Sphinx outside Cairo. The undisputed highlight of the entire journey, however, was the reception for Fairbanks and many of her fellow pilgrims hosted by Czar Alexander II at his summer home near Yalta in late August. "Our readers have richly enjoyed Myra's letters," the *Herald* reported a few days after the *Quaker City* dropped anchor back in New York in November.[6] In a letter to the editor of the paper, a former Cleveland resident and her husband declared that they had "enjoyed reading the letters of your townswoman, Mrs. Fairbanks. . . . She certainly holds the pen of a ready writer."[7] The comment so pleased Fairbanks that she quoted it in a brief autobiographical squib she wrote thirty years later: "It has been said of her 'that she held the pen of a ready writer.' She has been an occasional contributor to magazines and a frequent newspaper correspondent, having traveled extensively at home and abroad."[8] Fairbanks' travel letters from Europe and the Holy Land to the *Cleveland Herald* would merit republication even if Mark Twain had not been one of her fellow passengers.

The present volume reprints transcripts of all twenty-seven travel letters Fairbanks sent the *Herald* during the *Quaker City* cruise between early June and November 1867, her reviews of Mark Twain's two lectures on "The American Vandal Abroad" in Cleveland in November 1868 and September 1869 and his travelogue *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), and her reminiscence of the *Quaker City* voyage a quarter-century later. The letters in particular, according to J. D. Stahl, exhibit the talents of "a cultured, perceptive, purposeful woman writer" with "a sense of humor" and "an acute eye and descriptive powers that belie her conventional self-deprecation."[9] Similarly, Dewey Ganzel notes that her letters "reveal her as a person of imagination with taste, perception, and discrimination,"[10] and Dixon Wecter observes that "in preparing her newspaper articles" Fairbanks "inclined to be meticulous."[11] She repeatedly punctuated her travel letters with biblical quotations and allusions to popular poetry, hymns, and Shakespearean plays. Mark Twain paid her a high compliment, albeit not by name, in his *New York Tribune* letter from Yalta:

> One of our ladies, from Cleveland, Ohio . . . escorts Russian ladies about the ship, and talks and laughs with them, and makes them feel at home. They comprehend no word she utters, but they understand the good-will and the friendliness that are in the tones of her voice. I wish we had more like her. They all try, but none succeed so well as she.[12]

To be sure, Fairbanks' travel letters to the *Cleveland Herald* scarcely compare with Mark Twain's correspondence with the San Francisco *Alta California*. She occasionally slips into guidebook prose and she was inordinately fond of such nondescript adjectives as "charming," "pleasant," "brilliant," and "wonderful." She inexplicably fails to mention Bethlehem in her letters from the Holy Land. She repeatedly betrays the nativism, racism, and ethnocentrism common to her race, class, and Protestant religion, as when she refers to the "indolent and inferior" natives of the Azores, to the "veriest dregs of humanity" who beg alms in Venice, to the "unintelligible words" uttered by the Turks in Constantinople, to the "Bedouins and barbarians" in Palestine, to Jews as "Shylocks," and to the "swarms of Arabs" and the broken English of guides in Egypt. A devout Presbyterian, she alludes derisively to St. Peter's Basilica as the "temple of the Pope and priesthood" and to a mosque in Cairo as a "church."

Fairbanks and Mark Twain did not bond until late in the *Quaker City* cruise. Stahl notes that Twain made no reference to her by name "in his personal correspondence, his notebooks, his *Alta* letters, or his memoirs before Constantinople" and he referred to her simply as a "lady passenger" in chapter 23 of *The Innocents Abroad.*[13] They did not travel together on any land excursions. Still, Fairbanks mentions Twain occasionally in her letters[14] and Charles Langdon, Twain's future brother-in-law, makes a cameo. A decided shift in Fairbanks' friendship with Twain occurred during the final stages of the cruise, moreover, when each of them read some of the other's travel letters in manuscript.[15] Fourteen of Twains articles to the San Francisco *Alta California* had miscarried in the mail, most of them sent from cholera-ridden Italy where they had been handled with tongs, perforated, and "fumigated," and he had not retained copies, so he was forced to rewrite them. After the cruise ended, Twain asked Fairbanks to send him copies of her *Herald* letters for his use in revising his own *Quaker City* letters for publication in *The Innocents Abroad*. As he acknowledged on January 24, 1868, "I am ever so grateful to you for sending me those copies of the *Herald*. I see a good many ideas in your letters that I can steal."[16] On February 20, 1868, he urged her to him send all of her travel letters, assuring her he only wanted "to steal the ideas—I am not going to steal the language,"[17] as if this caveat proved the innocence of his intentions. Of course, even had he honored his pledge not "to steal the language" in Fairbank's articles—and he did not—Twain was guilty of plagiarism, at least according to its modern definition.

For Fairbanks' letters were unquestionably Twain's source for many details in *The Innocents Abroad*. To be sure, he "smooched" almost nothing from Fairbanks in the latter chapters of the travelogue, but she was

much more than a tangential or indirect influence on the composition of *The Innocents Abroad* in general, more than merely a proofreader and copyeditor of his original *Alta California* letters, as some recent scholars have suggested. Without Fairbanks, Twain once conceded, the travelogue "would have been a very sorry affair."[18] His "borrowings" from Fairbanks are specified in the editorial apparatus discussing her individual travel letters reprinted below.

They remained close friends for the next thirty years. Fairbanks "was to occupy a position in Clemens' esteem shared by only three or four other persons," Ganzel averred.[19] Between the end of the *Quaker City* excursion in 1867 and Fairbanks' death in 1898 Mark Twain sent her at least 122 letters. Twain and Charley Langdon visited Cleveland in September 1868 and bunked with the Fairbanks family.[20] On her part, Mary Fairbanks helped arrange for Twain's lectures in Cleveland in 1868 and 1869 and reviewed them for the *Cleveland Herald*. She was eager for Twain to buy a stake in the *Herald*, serve as its political editor, and live next door to the Fairbanks family in Cleveland rather than invest in a newspaper elsewhere—and for several months he was sorely tempted. "I like the *Herald* as an anchorage for me, better than any paper in the Union—its location, its policies, present business & prospects, all are suitable," Twain observed to his future father-in-law Jervis Langdon in December 1868.[21] Trouble is, Twain harbored a mild dislike for Abel Fairbanks. Six weeks later, he admitted to his fiancé Olivia Langdon that he felt

> less & less inclined to wed my fortunes to a trimming, time-serving, policy-shifting, popularity-hunting, money-grasping paper like the *Cleveland Herald*. It would change its politics in a minute in order to be on the popular side, I think, & do a great many things for money which I wouldn't do. These are hard things to say about a newspaper, but still I *think* them.[22]

Nevertheless, during Twain's tenure as part-owner and editor of the *Buffalo Express* between August 1869 and March 1871, Wecter notes, "the *Cleveland Herald* republished his articles so regularly that their readers enjoyed virtually the same advantages as if he had joined the local staff." His name "always made news" in the *Herald*.[23]

As if to prove the point: With Twain's consent, Fairbanks printed in the *Herald* in January 1869 a long excerpt from his private Christmas greeting to her three weeks before.[24] She not only attended Twain's marriage to Olivia Langdon in Elmira in February 1870 but reported the nuptials in the *Herald*.[25] She visited the couple in Buffalo the following October and toured their mansion while it was under construction in

Hartford in April 1874, allowing to the readers of the *Herald* that "adjectives begin to fail me" as she described the house and its surroundings.[26] Three years later, when Fairbanks announced plans to write a book about the *Quaker City* excursion, Twain urged her to "always refer offensively" to Captain Charles C. Duncan,[27] the skipper of the steamer and organizer of the cruise, with whom he had publicly traded insults for years. If she would excoriate Duncan, Twain offered to contribute an introduction to her book "& when it comes my turn . . . I will give him a lift that will enable him to find out what Mars's new moons are made of."[28] Nor was this the extent of Twain's offers of help. In May 1879, when the Fairbankses were suffering financial reverses that eventually ended in a declaration of bankruptcy and the closure of the *Herald*, Mother Fairbanks solicited a loan from Twain, who sent her a check for a thousand dollars, the equivalent of about thirty thousand modern dollars.[29] There is no evidence that the debt was ever repaid.

After Mary Mason Fairbanks died, Mark Twain sent her children a note of condolence: "She was always good to me, & I always loved her."[30]

Albuquerque, New Mexico
May 2022

TRAVEL LETTERS

1. "Pilgrimizing," *Cleveland Herald*, 11 June 1867, 2.

The *Quaker City* passengers were all invited by Moses S. Beach (1822-1892), editor and publisher of the New York *Sun*, to a reception at his Brooklyn Heights home the evening of June 7, a day before their scheduled departure. Absent, however, were Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887), minister of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn and Beach's neighbor, and the Civil War hero General William Tecumseh Sherman (1820-1891). The two men had been rumored to be among the select band of "pilgrims" but both of them withdrew shortly before the ship embarked. Beecher's resignation prompted some forty other prospective travelers from the Plymouth Church to cancel their reservations.[1]

Old Round Table: One parting word before we go, for our boat is in the bay. You know something of the excitement and commotion attending the departure of a steamer for Europe. I cannot write now and yet, as the child clings to its familiar home and friends, so I find myself looking back to you and those who sit around you.

I did not know what it was—this leave-taking for so long a time. It is an easy thing to "throw off that line there," butch! Not so easy to wave yourself away from your friends, knowing that you are drifting out upon an ocean that you can only bridge with your love. But you know there are some thoughts that must not be dwelt upon lest we are always in tears.

For the good cheer of those whose friends today go out with the evening tide in the *Quaker City*, let me say that she is, to my untutored eye, a perfect gem of neatness and beauty. I have a home-feeling already.

Capt. Duncan has had his praises sounded by wiser ones than I. He is a nobleman by nature. He would win your heart at once.

A social gathering on Thursday evening was a happy prelude to this expedition. I have not time now to tell you more than that it introduced pleasant people to other pleasant people, and today we come together more as one household. Of that company I can only tell you now that they are such as will appreciate what they go to see—and this, let me add, that it was a matter of comment that Cleveland was *well* represented.

Our lions are not yet caged. We go without a General Sherman or a Henry Ward Beecher, but stars of lesser magnitude may come to be planets whose light shall yet dazzle.

I cannot write more. What with tearful adieus, waving of handkerchiefs, flinging back of kisses to the weeping, watching ones at the wharf, my heart is in a whirl.

Good old *Herald*, with all your faithful workers, from Press-room to Bindery, good bye.

Myra.

2. "Pilgrimizing," *Cleveland Herald*, 13 June 1867, 1.

The launch of the *Quaker City* on June 8 was a false start. The steamer anchored in southern New York Harbor overnight to await the passing of a storm. In her second travel letter to the *Cleveland Herald* Fairbanks first mentions Mark Twain.

Steamer *Quaker City*
June 9th, 1867.

Old Round Table: Once more I stretch out my hands to you, uncertain which I most desire—to go back to what I have left or to go forward to that which is now so far beyond me.

We are still rocking in the bay off New York, for the storm that is raging prevents our putting out to sea and our pilot still remains with us. His probable return in the morning will give me opportunity to send this last word, and then no more daily bulletins from the *Quaker City*. I think I yesterday made incoherent mention of our accommodations and our company. This evening I can speak confirmatory of my first pleasant impressions. The arrangements are neat, tasteful, and homelike, and our *compagnons de voyage* have the appearance of being genial and intelligent.

We have D.D.'s and M.D.'s[1]—we have men of wisdom and men of wit. There is one table from which is sure to come a peal of contagious laughter, and all eyes are turned toward Mark Twain, whose face is perfectly mirth-provoking. Sitting lazily at the table, scarcely genteel in his appearance, there is nevertheless a something, I know not what, that interests and attracts. I saw today at dinner venerable divines and sage-looking men convulsed with laughter at his drolleries and quaint original manners.[2] To my mind, however, he can never win the laurels that were destined to deck the brow of our poor friend that sleeps at Kensal Green.[3]

Sunday morning we were edified by an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. Bullard of Mass.[4] We sang the good old hymns that we have often

sung at home, but our voices faltered when we thought that those whom we loved most must worship without us for many months to come. Thank God, upon the ladder of our prayers blessings may come to us and those whom we have left.

Our Cleveland party[5] are all in good condition and full of pleasant anticipations—all agreed upon one point, that Cleveland is the finest city in the world and Cleveland people decidedly agreeable. Possibly there are those from other points who would not appreciate our decision, but we are pledged.

Again, I am reminded that I must write that mournful word over which even Byron lingered.[6] Farewell.

Myra.

3. "Pilgrimizing," *Cleveland Herald*, 22 July 1867, 1.

In her next travel letter to the *Cleveland Herald* Fairbanks described how the Quakers relieved the tedium during the two weeks they sailed across the Atlantic. Among the highlights was a birthday celebration for Hannah L. Duncan (1846-1930), the wife of the captain, a mock trial, shipboard dances, and the inevitable religious meetings.

Steamer *Quaker City*
Atlantic Ocean, June 16, 1867.

Old Round Table: There is a charm in your very name—I love to write it—it seems to bring me nearer home and conjures up familiar faces, out of whose kindly eyes an answering look today would thrill me with delight.

I am like "the man without a country"[1] for my dating place is mid-ocean. I can tell you nothing of the earth's surface, for like the Ark of old we ride in the very sublimity of isolation upon this wilderness of waves. Only once have we spoken a ship and that on our second day out. You would scarcely think it much of an incident, but you should have seen us crowding to the side of our steamer with glasses in hand as our Captain bore down upon the sail. It proved to be the *Emerald Isle*,[2] an emigrant ship, thirty days out, and perhaps by the time you receive this some of her many passengers that swarmed her deck will have found homes in the Emerald City of the West and, it may be, have carried comfort to some Cleveland housewives. Our track is so far out of the usual course of vessels that we are likely to meet only the Fayal packet or some returning whalers, and we have such an abundance of "sea room"[3] that a thousand sail might pass us and bear no tidings of us to waiting ones at home.

Perhaps it will interest you to know how we while away the hours of our voyage, and you may be amused at the ingenuity of persons in inventing amusements. For the first few days after getting out to sea, a change seemed stealing over the spirit of the dreams of some of our passengers. A Hogarth[4] might have found many a subject for his pencil. Countenances that had been radiant with good humor seemed suddenly elongated to an expression not unlike the reflection in your coffee urn or your silver spoon.

But with the majority this unpleasant experience was transient, and by this time our principal desire is to be diverted. A voyage across the ocean must necessarily be monotonous, and we hail with eagerness every incident. Sometimes we rush to the side of the vessel to watch the gambols of a school of porpoises or strain our eyes to catch a clearer view of the whales, whose spoutings look like fountains in the distance. We follow the tiny nautilus, whose phantom sail looks like a signal, and we recall that beautiful poem of Holmes, inwardly praying that the lesson he has drawn from the little voyager may not be lost on us.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh my soul,
As the swift season roll,
Leave thy low-vaulted past,
Let each new dwelling nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
'Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.[5]

The growth of the nautilus is indicated by the little deserted cells in its delicate shell which it has outgrown.

About the deck are little groups—some with their guidebooks, deciding upon their European tour; some in lively conversation; others absorbed in a game of chess; while a few, still victims to sea sickness, are closely wrapped in shawls, reclining in invalid chairs, looking as if the Mediterranean Expedition were anything but a *pleasure* excursion.[6]

Although our voyage is not what would be called a stormy one, we have nevertheless encountered more rough weather than our Captain had expected, as the month of June is generally one of the most favorable for crossing the ocean.

But the *Quaker City* rides the waves gallantly, and to me there is something grand and inspiring in the sight of these turbulent waves. Far as the eye can reach the ocean seemed lashed to a fury, as if all the winds of heaven had gathered here for revelry. The foam-crested waves seem rushing down upon us as if to engulf us, when buoyant as a bird our good ship mounts above them and we scarcely heed the spray that they fling upon us.

I shall never more hold the sailor's services lightly. You "land lubbers" have little conception of their fearful duties. The mystery and wonder of navigation grow upon one daily. (Figure 1.)

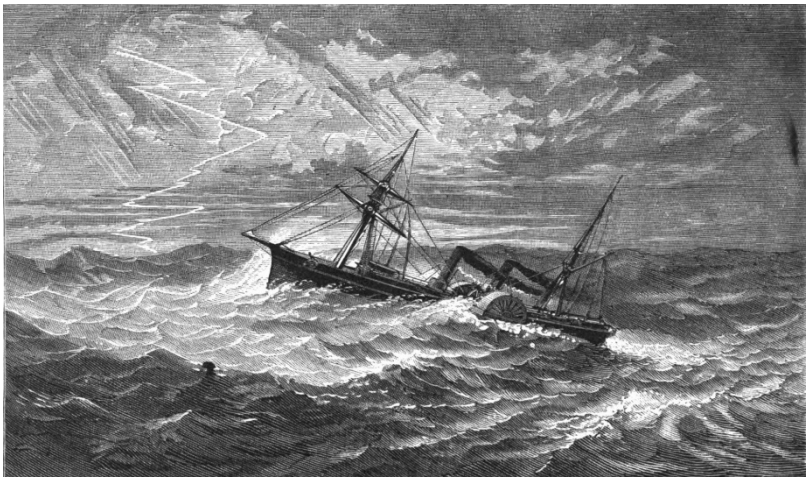

Figure 1. Mark Twain, *The Innocents Abroad* (Hartford: American Publishing Co., 1869), frontispiece.

But I commenced to tell you some of our diversions. One evening has been devoted to an entertainment given to the excellent wife of our delightful Captain.

Having learned of the birthday of Mrs. Duncan, her friend, Mr. Beach of the New York *Sun*, resolved to make it the occasion of a little merriment and social enjoyment. By the way, the passengers of the *Quaker City* are not a little indebted to Mr. Beach for many agreeable surprises.

Dr. Hutchinson,[7] an Episcopal divine from St. Louis, addressed a congratulatory speech to Mrs. Duncan and crowned her with an ivy wreath, which the ladies had woven from some hanging baskets with which the ship was decorated.

Mark Twain paid a handsome tribute to Mrs. Duncan and then in his own inimitable manner proceeded to prove that Mrs. Duncan was old—years older than Methuselah. We were old in proportion to the events with which we were familiar. She had lived to see railroads built and the two continents clasp hands. Methuselah wore the same kind of clothes his father wore before him. He did not live long enough to see the fashions change.

He tended his flocks just as his father and grandfather had done before him and died without even getting out a patent for a wire fence.[8]

Captain Duncan replied in behalf of Mrs. Duncan, thanking all for the charming surprise they had afforded them and assuring them that Mrs. Duncan's forty-sixth birthday would be one of their pleasant remembrances.[9] Ice cream, lemonade, and cake were then served, and the whole entertainment furnished a pleasant variety in our ocean home.

Another day we were all summoned to the deck to listen and laugh over a mock trial upon which the legal talent of our passengers had been retained. The whole affair was conducted with ludicrous dignity, and the ingenuity of some of the arguments and the charge of the Judge would reveal some new points to the dignitaries in Cleveland.[10]

Each Sunday morning we have religious service and at evening a prayer meeting. Every evening we gather in the cabin for family devotions. Never have the Psalms appeared so sublimely significant in their comparisons, as now while we ride securely in these chambers whose beams are on the waters.

The sweetest hour of all to me is when, with our own little Cleveland group, we sit upon the deck in the soft light of the moon and watching the stars that we so often have looked up to from other scenes, say to each other, "They are thinking of us at home."

Heartily yours,

Myra.

4. "Pilgrimizing," *Cleveland Herald*, 23 July 1867, 1.

Arriving at the Azores the morning of June 22, the *Quaker City* sheltered from a storm in the port at Horta on the southeastern side of the island of Fayal. The passengers enjoyed a reception hosted by the U.S. consul to the archipelago, though Fairbanks betrayed her cultural chauvinism in a series of comment about the Portuguese people native to the island.

Steamer *Quaker City*
Off Fayal, June 22, 1867.

Old Round Table: I have such a happy day to record—and yet I scarcely know where to begin. I do not make this public announcement of my enjoyment with the impression that my experience is unusual or will be of general interest; but who should share my happiness if not you?

Imagine if you can the delight of our passengers on awaking this morning to find our ship anchored off Fayal and to learn that here we were

to remain till a more quiet sea should promise smoother sailing. We had expected to pass by Fayal and to reach St. Michael on Saturday morning, but rough weather had fully reconciled us to this slight variation from our original program. Coming on deck at daylight we saw the stars and stripes floating over a house in the distance which we at once decided to be the home of the American Consul. Captain Duncan had received a letter from Mr. Dabney the consul[1] before leaving New York inviting the entrance of the *Quaker City* into their port and assuring him of a hearty welcome from all the Dabneys. We of course could not land until certain preliminaries had been attended to, and we waited impatiently the arrival of the Government officers, amusing ourselves with comparisons between Portuguese indolence and Yankee enterprise. The Azores belong to Portugal, and of course are settled by the natives of that country.

At length we decried a small boat putting out toward us—(bear in mind that we were one mile from shore) with the little Portuguese flag at its stern—white and blue with red shield surmounted by a yellow crown, in the center of the shield a small cross.

In this boat was the Health Officer, and as we were able to report ourselves sound upon that question his business was soon disposed of. After him came the official from the Custom House, and as we carried no cargo to embarrass us he soon left.

By this time numerous small boats were plying around, waiting to take passengers on shore, and their Portuguese jargon and the vehement appeals were more bewildering than all the Hotel runners and hackmen that I ever encountered at any of our railroad depots. A few moments sufficed to put the sea behind us and our feet pressed terra firma. Following the guidance of others of the party, a short walk brought us to the Consul's, and here began a delightful experience which I believe will be remembered as one of the most charming episodes of our voyage—partly because it was the first to break the monotony [. . .] through an open gate in a high wall which shut everything from the street, we seemed suddenly to have entered an immense conservatory. Another gateway revealed the house. A servant led us through the paved court (in which we saw a palanquin [a sheltered litter] and a garden chair), then up the stairway to the second story where we first begin to see the elegancies of Fayal life. The lower floor of all the houses is devoted to a court or open hall and to servants.

Entering the drawing room we were met by Mr. Dabney, a gentleman who certainly does honor to his country.[2] Venerable and courtly but affable and cordial, he had a pleasant word of welcome for each of his numerous guests. I wish you could have looked in upon that cheerful party as we chatted gaily, charmed with our surroundings, and amused at the ease

with which we adapted ourselves to *court life*. A sea voyage is not conducive to pride of appearance and none of us were in drawing room toilette, but I assure you that did not check our mirth nor dim the brilliancy of wit.

A sister of the Consul was the hostess of the occasion[3] and pleasantly invited us to a garden walk, leading the way through a bay window that opened upon a vision of beauty and perfume. With scissors in hand she loaded us with flowers, and yet the garden seemed as rich in blossom as before. It is useless to attempt a minute description. Try to imagine eighteen acres under the highest state of cultivation. Gorgeous cactus, roses, fuchsias, and geraniums, growing in such profusion and luxuriance as made us laugh at thought of the little potted plants we have sheltered so carefully at home. There were oranges, lemons, bananas, and pineapples growing here, but in the perfection in which we expect to find them farther on. Figs and apricots abound here. The high walls which surround the gardens serve as a protection from intruders and cold winds. They are covered with every variety of vines. Indeed, variety is a marked characteristic of the grounds. Now you ascend a flight of stone stairs and again you descend to a subterranean passage that opens upon a gay parterre below. We appeared in our wanderings through this flowery labyrinth to have ascended a hill, and another open gate and court invited entrance. This proved to be the home of a younger Dabney, a son of the Consul,[4] and as we expected we followed on to pay our compliments to the household. The two houses were similar in appearance and both spoke plainly of the mild and genial climate. The drawing rooms were uncarpeted and there were no provisions for heating the apartments. The windows open to the floor upon verandahs. The arrangements are the same in winter.

Possibly you will remember that the two sons of Mr. Dabney married the daughters of the ill-fated Dr. Webster of Boston,[5] and it was by one of these ladies that we were here received. Pleasant and cordial in her reception, I could but feel a tender pity for her, lest the sight of so many Americans, some of them Bostonians, should recall that period of her life so darkened by a father's guilt and ignoble death. Whatever were her emotions they gave no sign. The children were brought in and it was easy to decide which of the party had left little olive branches around their tables at home. More than one mother pressed rapturous kisses upon the velvet cheeks of the little Dabneys for the sake of their own darlings. But I must not linger among these pleasant scenes. Returning by the same flowery path to the Consul's, who with his son had again joined us, we were served with cake and wine and then made our adieus, wishing to devote some time to a tour of inspection about town.

Doubtless your readers are not so deficient in the geography of the Western Isles as myself, but I must confess that to me the Azores were an almost unknown country, and I was the more surprised to find that nature and art had made them a point of so much interest. There are nine of these islands and every indication that they are of volcanic origin. The grand and fearful workings of that mysterious agency that yet smolders in their bosom are beyond my power to describe. The Island of Fayal contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The town of Horta, at which the Consul resides, contains about ten thousand. It is located directly upon the bay, surrounded by mountains of most irregular appearance. The streets are narrow but finely paved. The buildings are all of stone, plastered and whitened, except the door cases, window caps, and corner stones. These having acquired that dark and mossy hue peculiar to sea ports give the city an appearance of great antiquity. The buildings are generally close upon the street, the windows of the second story opening upon verandahs sheltered by green lattice. The first floor of the houses upon the one principal street, with the exception of the court and gateway at the foot of the stairs, is occupied for shops and places of business. There is no display of gay merchandise in show windows, and the fair senoritas who go shopping must adapt themselves to a very small space. There are only two churches, both Catholic, which look as if they might have been built in the time of Luther.[6] They are very large and the domes of one are of the Moorish or Saracen order.

There are only three American and two English families residing here, and as the natives are all under the control of Portugal no other church finds favor. You will readily see that while the American and British Consuls may sit in luxurious ease "under their own vine and fig tree,"[7] their lives must nevertheless be in some degree those of exiles. The Dabney family have been for many years residents of this island and have amassed great wealth. They are originally from Virginia, and the father of the present Consul held the same appointment in his life. Mr. Dabney has a vessel which sails to and from Boston, but the winds and waves are treacherous messengers and their intercourse with the outer world must be but limited.

There is but one hotel at Fayal, and although it is not conducted exactly on the plan of the Kennard,[8] we were so fortunate as to secure a most excellent dinner. The next event of the day was a donkey ride, and I should like to photograph for your amusement the appearance of our party, first while negotiating with the muleteers and afterwards while ascending the mountains. From the moment of our landing we had been beset by donkey boys and beggars. They [. . .] shouting the merits of their "Jackaws," the only English word they seem to attempt, the others pulling at your elbow,

kissing their hands or clasping them in mute entreaty. Having signified our wish for donkeys, they were soon at the door of our hotel, and then commenced such a jargon of English and Portuguese as would defy anyone to translate. The usual charge per hour for a donkey is sixteen cents, but in consideration of our being Americans they exacted twenty-four cents. That is all very fair, but no muleteer ever holds himself bound by his contract, and when your ride is over he will besiege you for double or quadruple the amount agreed upon. Picture to yourselves the cavalcade. The saddles look like inverted saw-horses with small mattresses. It seems perfectly immaterial how you sit upon your saddle. Though you have a bridle you cannot guide the animal, for he is deaf to remonstrance or entreaty. He acknowledges no power but the goad and this the muleteers ply most assiduously, shouting as they go. Our own party numbered some twelve, but we frequently met others of our companions who had already made the ascent and were merrily rehearsing the events of the ride. Among them was J. H. Foster of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*,[9] and those of his friends who remember his feeble condition when he embarked will perhaps be agreeably surprised to learn that his seat at table is rarely vacant and that a mountain ride on a donkey is his delight. The roads up the mountains are finely macadamized, the high walls shutting in the gardens. The seats by the roadside are of stone; the barns and huts of the peasantry are stone walls with thatched roofs. By stone you will please to [. . .] has been thrown from the crater. Most of these mountains show the highest degree of cultivation and the richest verdure, but occasionally a "burnt district" makes more apparent the track of the burning lava. Sometimes the roadside would be brilliant with hedges of wild broom, rich with its golden blossoms, which at home I have seen in our greenhouses.

Whole fields of that familiar flower, the "four o'clocks," flaunted their blue flowers before us. Over some high wall which, overgrown with weeds and mosses, looked like the abiding place of foxes, would hang rich branches of crimson fuchsias, while beautiful Calla lilies reared their queenly heads from a patch of pumpkin vines and cabbages. I know this will read extravagantly to you, but you must remember Queen of Sheba's experience[10] and believe that the half is not told you.

It may be fanciful, but I could not divest myself of the idea that we were traveling through some old deserted garden. All this wealth of flowers and verdure greets you as you ascend the mountain where you overlook the walls, but immediately in the town not a shrub or flower meets your eye.

There is no evidence of any enterprise on the part of the people, and when and by whom the city was built, with its heavy masonry and fine pavements, is to me a mystery. The island is under the direction of a

Governor, appointed by the throne of Portugal, but the present inhabitants are indolent and inferior. You can form some idea of their ingenuity when I describe to you their novel manner of transporting a wine cask, which I saw from the window of our hotel. Two cows supported either end of a stick upon which was strung the barrel. The town is entirely dependent upon cisterns for its supply of water as there is not a spring or running stream upon the whole island.

But I must not weary you. The wind has gone down and our good steamer (which begins to seem like a home to us) awaits our return. Once more we trust ourselves to the oarsmen, who are the omnibus line of Horta, and soon we wait beside our ship. The gentlemen clamber up the ropes, while a chair called "the ladies' whip" is lowered for those who are not expert on the tight rope. Wrapped carefully in the starry flag, we were drawn up like other valuable merchandise, and soon gathering around our tea table rehearsed the day's adventures.

June 24th. As mails are neither frequent or regular from our present latitude, I make here a note of our departure from Fayal, at the risk of making you frown over too long a letter.

Directly opposite Fayal is the Mountain of Pico, 7,613 ft. in height, more than twice as high as Vesuvius. The volcanic eruptions of Pico have been more recent than at Fayal, and it is said that even now smoke may be seen issuing from its seams and crevices. The market of Fayal depends upon Pico for much of its fruit, the climate being more favorable to its perfection. Much of the time the mountain is enveloped in mist, and while we remained in the bay but a small portion of it was visible. The island is some eighteen miles in length and contains some thirty-six thousand inhabitants. Think of such a population living over that subterraneous and treacherous fire that no law of nature or science can control.

Having hoisted anchor, we were soon steaming out of the bay to the open sea, but all eyes were fixed upon Pico so we might bear away with us the remembrance of his grandeur. Sometimes the clouds would seem to unfold, as if to feast our straining eyes; yet while we gazed would wrap that mountain peak in snowy drapery. One moment and the fleecy curtains were lifted while breathlessly we looked upon the lofty Pico, then solemnly and slowly the cloud-curtains folded together and when again we turned toward it, it was only to gaze upon the mist and the ocean.

Faithfully yours,

Myra.

5. "Pilgrimizing," *Cleveland Herald*, 24 July 1867, 1.
When the *Quaker City* reached Gibraltar, a British overseas territory on the Iberian peninsula at the straits of the Mediterranean Sea, Fairbanks toured "the Rock," including its military fortifications.

Gibraltar, June 29th, 1867.

Old Round Table: If I were to make one long exclamation point after my dating place and write nothing more, I should better express my emotion than by any feeble attempt at word-painting. I am unwilling, however, to carry with me such a treasure of remembrance without an effort to give my friends at home some idea of the magnificent expedition we have made today, up the rocks and through the vaulted chambers of Gibraltar.

After a night of storm, it was a happy change for us to find ourselves at daylight approaching the grand old giant of rocks and to know that under the shadow of it we were to rest for three days. The entrance to the bay did not impress me as I had expected. It was simply a stupendous rock overlooking the sea with an apparently small town at its base. Various crafts were lying in the harbor and their brilliant and fantastic flags of different countries made us feel that we were indeed in a foreign port.

Our anchor lowered, the Health and Customs Officer disposed of, we were soon putting off in small boats for the shore. There were no wharves here, only a quay or mole, approached by the rowboats with which the bay is dotted.

A fortress guards the entrance from the ocean, but this is unnecessary on the side towards the Mediterranean as the almost perpendicular rock, over thirteen hundred feet high, is sufficient protection from all innovation. After passing the fort you encounter another gate in the wall which encloses the town. This gate is closed at eight in the evening, after which there is neither ingress nor egress.

Our party for the day numbered some twelve, including our Cleveland fraternity. We had scarcely set foot on the stony quay when one of those characters of which we read and which soon become the annoyance of travelers fastened himself upon us. I mean a professional guide or courier. With velvet clothes and Spanish hat he stepped daintily among the group, now assisting the ladies, now volunteering his advice as the gentlemen consulted together. We accepted his guidance to the Club House Hotel[1] and our little procession commanded its share of observation as we wended our way thither, a complimentary attention which we fully reciprocated. Passing the otherwise impenetrable walls by the two ponderous gateways, we emerge into an open space called the Plaza. On two sides were buildings appropriated to soldiers, and the brilliant uniform of red coats, white pants,

white turbans, and white gaiters, were flying about as if mustering for "general training." On another side was the carriage stand, where were ranged the most fantastic variety of vehicles, recalling the time of Don Quixote and his travels.[2] There was the heavy yellow-backed gig with wheels and harness that would better suit a dray. The still more ponderous "volante" for two horses and an outrider on a third horse to be used over heavy roads; and finally the jaunting car for one horse, yet capable of accommodating six persons. Two sit upon the front seat, the other four on the sides, "dos à dos," wholly unshielded from the sun by any cover or from the street by any box or framework for the feet. The appearance of one of them as it darts by you with its complement of passengers reminds you of Darius Green's flying machine.[3]

At the farther limit of the Plaza we passed through a third gate which opens upon a narrow, stony street. There are none but narrow streets and a narrow-flagging borders them; but you can only walk upon the flagstone in single file and the street seems quite as much used for promenade. True, we had to turn aside for a flock of goats that were being driven around from door to door to supply customers with milk. We involuntarily gave as broad a space as possible to the Moor who stalked by us as lordly as a king, but we could not resist the inclination to look after him as he walked away and to scan more closely his strange-looking costume. Sometimes we passed one with filthy, loose white flannel burnous, a turban of the same untidy appearance, and feet only half-covered with Moorish slippers. Another with his richer dress of crimson pants gathered at the knee—embroidered jacket, sash gracefully worn, crimson turban, and bright yellow slippers, reminded us of the pictures which had dazzled our childhood. The turban marks the rank of the Moor. Only such as have made the pilgrimage to Mecca[4] wear the turban.

You may wonder what all this has to do with Gibraltar, but as Mark Twain says, "I am coming to my subject if you'll only give me time." Of course it will readily suggest itself to your mind that we are near the African dominion, and a steamer plying regularly between Gibraltar and Tangier, the principal city of Morocco, and only forty miles distant, renders intercourse between the two places practicable. Thus it is that Moors and Jews (of whom there are many in Africa) meet one at every turn of the street in Gibraltar. I saw more than one Shylock in the marketplace and many an Othello who might date his "life and being from men of royal siege."[5]

And now we come to the Club House Hotel, which being English in its management offers no peculiarities beyond what one finds in Montreal or Quebec, except that it by no means equals those in its appointments. The

table, however, was all we could desire, and we had brought with us from sea good, appreciative appetites.

The American consul at Gibraltar, Hon. Horatio Sprague,[6] had come on board our steamer as soon as she had cast anchor and cordially invited us to a thorough inspection of the town and its surroundings. He has resided here many years and his father held the post of consul before him. He is a sprightly, dapper little gentleman, and both himself and Mrs. Sprague[7] extended many civilities to the passengers of the *Quaker City*.

Availing ourselves of a permit from him, we determined at once to explore the rock—climbing its rugged and precipitous walls and penetrating its wonderful mysteries. Our donkeys were ordered, but after considerable delay and much confusion of tongues only partly enough were secured. Being in good strength I started on foot with our Cleveland gentlemen, and when I tell you that Mrs. Severance, Mr. Crocker, and myself scaled the mountain on foot, over thirteen hundred feet, you will perhaps dismiss all apprehension as to the effect of our voyage so far upon our health. Messrs. Sanford and Beckwith accompanied us part way, but returned, not from failing strength by any means, but to meet another engagement, having joined a small party to go through Spain and to join us in Paris the second week in July.[8]

The entrance to the Galleries as these subterranean passages are called is marked by a stone gateway, guarded by a sentinel in blue pants, while blouse, white turban, and white shoes. Before us were two or three diverging paths high walled and thickly paved.

Another sentinel beckoned us on and we found ourselves gradually ascending a stony path shut in by these walls, until we have gained a point of sufficient height to overlook the town. Here we looked down upon the Mediterranean at our feet and the blue hills of Spain in the distance while our guide pointed out to us the dividing line between Spain and Gibraltar. A strip of low land, about three-quarters of a mile in width, is the connecting link.

The white sentry boxes of the British soldiers dotting the sand marked the English line. About half a mile beyond were the blue sentry stands of the Spanish soldiery, and the space intervening is called “neutral ground.” It is at this point in the ascent that we enter upon the excavation, which appears like a winding tunnel, the darkness of which is relieved at intervals by the light of the portholes before which the guns are ranged. Wherever a gun is placed is a large recess, perhaps twenty yards wide, in form something like a bay window and made of course by a deeper excavation in the wall. Emerging from this first gallery or rocky avenue, we welcomed the daylight at a point which, to look down from, shows objects below only in miniature, and yet we had gone not more than one-third of

the distance we had to travel. Here we rested, sitting upon the battlements, listening to our soldier guide, who was proud to show us the incomparable neatness and order that everywhere prevailed and explain to us the principle of the Armstrong gun,[9] which is the especial pride of the British soldiery. There are about one thousand guns at Gibraltar, though the guidebooks make the number much larger.

From this point we make a toilsome and rather a transverse ascent of the mountain, coming to the mouth of another passage much nearer the summit, yet still leaving our "Excelsior"[10] unattained. This invites us to St. George's Hall and following the same tortuous and cannon-guarded labyrinth we come to a large hall with rocky floor, wall, and ceiling containing three guns and rooms for a company of soldiers. The windows or portholes from this room command the Mediterranean and can keep an eye open on both France and Spain. Opposite this projection or room is a wooden and winding staircase, of which we ascend to another lookout from which we dare not look down, only at the rock which still towers above us or off upon the ocean and the sea.

Upon the rock above, there were at one time quite a colony of monkeys. At present there are only three or four, but they were so accommodating as to come out and be looked at through our glasses. We next retraced out steps through this upper gallery and, descending to the point where we rested after the first ascent, we climbed the mountain in the opposite direction. You will understand that our ascent is not made directly up the mountain but, commencing at the point running out to Gibraltar Bay, we traverse its width at the same time we are ascending it.

Following a zigzag mule path, along which we sometimes stop to pull a wild flower or a bit of wild sage, we reach at last the signal station of Gibraltar. From this point the coming of our American ship was telegraphed to the city below and a message forwarded for the Associated Press before we had scarcely cast anchor. Surely no point could be more eligible. Standing by the wall that surrounds the open space, we took in probably a broader landscape then we had ever looked upon before. On the one side were the hills of Africa, on the other some half dozen villages in Spain; before us, the ocean that stretched away thousands of miles between us and home; behind us, the sea that yet lured us onward while below lay Gibraltar, looking only like some model of a town—some miniature village with which we please our children. And here I rest my pencil and your readers hoping, my good friend, that in my hearty enjoyment of this new experience I shall not weary you with its recital.

With kind remembrance,

Myra.

6. "Pilgrimizing," *Cleveland Herald*, 25 July 1867, 1.

In her next letter, Fairbanks continued her account of touring Gibraltar, southern Spain, and Tangier in northern Morocco.

Steamer *Quaker City*
Mediterranean, July 2, 1867.

Old Round Table: I gave you on Saturday, I think, the notes of our expedition through the fortifications of Gibraltar, having reached the Signal Station and leaving you to take our descent for granted. I was so fortunate as to secure a donkey at the top of the mountain and came down with others of the party in as graceful a manner as could be expected—a ludicrous spectacle at best, this cavalcade of donkey riders.

At the entrance where we first met the sentinel is another object of special interest which I omitted to mention in my first description, wishing to give it more particular attention. Here stands an old Moorish Castle built in 1300 and bearing upon its old and battered walls the marks of time and service. Standing as it does, a connecting link between the present and the past, a monument of ancient siege and Moorish power, it is an object of veneration. The lower staircases and the irregular courts to which they lead are of English origin, having been built with corridors on either side for a convict prison.[1]

The Warden in charge is a genius in his way and evidently invests himself with some of the importance which visitors attach to the Castle. He led us on, now calling our attention to this and that merit in the regulations of an English prison—playfully locked us in his "first-class" cells, then into a dungeon, and conducted us to the Warden's sleeping apartment, where are bells connecting with the different cells. This room is remarkable only for being where the executioner was locked to protect him from the people.

Emerging from this room into an open court, he points with solemn pride to the "keep" or tower of the castle, which he tells us is rarely opened to visitors. Only by a special permission obtained from some high official. We could only gaze upon its discolored walls and let our fancy people this deserted retreat with the ancient Moors who once held the citadel.

I have endeavored to give you some the nature and extent of the fortification, though I am conscious that my effort is a feeble one. Time would fail me to enter into the detail of the guns and ammunition, the heavy walls, the old Moorish arches and watch towers which are scattered all about this rock. I leave you to draw your own conclusions as to the practical use of this wonderful work, both of nature and of human skill. The town itself is said to contain about twenty thousand inhabitants, including troops, of