

Here, too, a thick population has flowed in; and all the way, for many acres on each side of the road we traverse, the forest has been felled, and their thriving farms, but modest dwellings, their fat cattle, their factories and their busy towns, give evidence of the industry which that prosperity is the fruit of.

Later on in the day, Fort Wain, in the State of Indiana, is reached, where we stop a few minutes for dinner. Afterwards we get glimpses of several other towns, Columbia and Plymouth among the number. What we see of Indiana shows a poorer state of things than hitherto. In places the land is swampy and uncleared. But, although the houses are poor looking, there are good farms and large barns; and the opening, at Warsaw, three months ago, of a railway connecting with the Michigan Central road, shows that this State is not at a stand still as regards progress in public works.

At Wanatah, towards evening, a good idea is got of prairie, where the land, without a tree, dotted with cattle and sheep, stretches out on both sides of us to a limitless extent. We are now in the State of Illinois and approaching Chicago, having been little over 30 hours in accomplishing 900 miles, which is not considered bad travelling for this continent. About the approach to Chicago, there is nothing pleasing to the eye. A fox hunter might remark that it would give a capital run with the hounds, affording no cover for reynard; but an artist would scarcely deem it fruitful of beauties to be transferred to his canvas,—so flat and unvarying it is. Less pleasing still what meets the eye in the burnt and blackened suburbs, where the train moves slowly, and with frequent stoppages, to the terminus. The handsome station-house, which the fire of last autumn did not spare, has not yet been replaced by a new one. It is not a particularly cheerful drive (though it is not without interest), which we are soon taking through what was once the fairest portion of the city, on our way to one of the hotels, which have placed themselves in such temporary situations as during the emergency were to be found. Nor, arrived at this particular hotel, is the view from it of a much more lively description. From

its front windows we look east upon Lake Michigan, a dreary "waste of waters;"—so dreary, that a thunder-storm which broke over it next day and darkened it, so that but a small part of it was visible, seemed a decided relief. The drive to the hotel was enough to show the vastness of the destruction done to Chicago by the great fire. It seems as if it would take an eternity to restore it to its former state—such piles of brick and stone and mortar lie about that will have to be removed before any buildings can be erected, and so insignificant seems the progress which has as yet been made towards rebuilding. But, were you to express your opinion, you would be answered that the progress made is wonderful, and has all been done since winter, which is just over; and you will be told that less than two years will see Chicago all and more than all that it was before.

It is said that the fire took a third of the city; but then it was that part of it, without which its citizens could not have prided themselves upon its being the brightest and most beautiful city of the republic. And, indeed—speaking from a recollection of it just two years ago—it seemed as though it were so; as, walking through its principal streets, avenues of trees, now no longer standing, shaded the passer-by as he stood wondering at the magnificence of its banks, insurance offices and public buildings, and at the magnitude and beauty of its shops and stores. All now are demolished. The post office department occupies a church edifice, the minister of which, during the conflagration, stood, club in hand, defying and keeping off the sacrilegious who purposed entering it, and with unholy hands razing it to the ground for the public good. It would be uncharitable to suppose him so uncharitable as to think there was no *good public* outside his own congregation, and that he therefore manfully defended this church. Rather let it be supposed that he felt persuaded, in that trying hour, that a literal exhibition of a "zeal for God's house" would prove in the end the best for all. At any rate, it did prove so. But there are other churches which—whether from what might seem either a (too great) desire to accommodate the public, or for gain—have