

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS;

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

REVISED EDITION.

IN April, 1880, I laid back in a comfortable chair at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, whilst a negro boy was energetically endeavoring to put "de Crescent City polish on de shoeses," prior to my rambling at the Lake-end and around Spanish Fort. Whilst the boy was thus occupied, I fell into a reverie, and my mind seemed fully occupied in trying to decide upon which route to take during the long summer months now fast approaching. Whilst still mentally cogitating, the porter, an acquaintance with whom I had become tolerably familiar, soon brought me to a decision, for, said he: "Say, Captain, so they say you're goin' away, so you are; which way are you goin'?" "Well, Phelim," I answered, "I expect to go north, through Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Illinois, to Chicago; then possibly through Michigan, and perhaps into Canada." "Oh, bedad," said Phelim, "are you goin wid thim Kanucks? That reminds me whin I wuz there, in '65, wid Ginerall O'Naille, how we loike to hev' tuck the whole cunthry from thim." This remark decided me, and I mentally determined shortly to be *en route* for Canada.

After once deciding to leave the beautiful Crescent City, it becomes quite a task to fix upon which route to take to the North, each having its own particular attractions and delights: to those who enjoy a sea