

anticipation. Though the skies were serene and the water scarcely rippled, though a gorgeous sunset was before us, yet the air was chill, and the dark waters had a sullen, gloomy look, which was unrelieved by the monotonous wooded character of the American shore.

Our boat was full of passengers and freight. The bow was occupied by horses and cattle, bound to haul labor at the mines. The middle deck was filled with bales of hay, to support them through their toils.— It was a source of no little uneasiness to us, as of our three or four hundred passengers, one half were smoking, and a spark in that combustible would have been destruction to at least nineteen-twentieths of us—probably to all, for the water is so cold that no one can long float in it, and aid from other vessels is not to be expected on this solitary waste of waters. The passengers were miscellaneous, chiefly workmen or others engaged in the mines. A number were newly arrived immigrants, many Cornish people, who, habituated to copper mining at home, are here engaged in the same labor in great numbers. One very pretty young woman who attracted considerable admiration, was on the way to meet her betrothed, and indeed he met her on the pier at Eagle Harbour, and they were married and off to the mines the next morning.

Our first landing was at Marquette. The air of the place reminded us of the pictures of California. Frame houses, some of considerable neatness, were scattered among the remains of the forest, of which some beautiful pines had been, with much good taste, allowed to stand. The shores are rocky, and directly off the pier lies a most picturesque little island, a massive pile of rocks, bearing a grove of pine and cedars. The water is so clear that from the deck of the boat you can count every pebble and straw at the depth of twelve feet, and it is said that bottom can be seen sometimes even at a greater depth.

Marquette is the port of the iron region. Its mines, lying ten or fifteen miles back, are hills of ore, quarried in the open air, and so pure as to reach 80 or 85 per cent of metal of excellent quality. When the canal at the Sault is finished, it must be shipped to the lower lakes in immense quantities.

This is a Paradise for the angler. The streams abound with trout of the finest quality, and they are also taken in abundance from the rocky shores of the Lake. I was amused at being told by a gentleman from Cleveland, Ohio, that he brought his worms for bait all the way from home, for not a worm can be dug from the soil of Marquette. It is hoped, however, that a few which have been planted there, will produce a supply for the future.

Passing the Pictured Rocks at night, we stretched across Keweenaw Bay and passed between Keweenaw Point and Manitow Island about noon. From about Marquette hither, the land, as far as visible, is high but not abrupt, the hills rising in long slopes to heights of 800 or 1,000 feet. Granite Island, north of Marquette, is a low mound of rock, with a scant covering of overgreens. Far out toward the centre of the Lake, fortunately out of the usual track of vessels, lies Stannard's Rock, a reef of half a mile long, just under water with the exception of a bare spot of a few yards. It is a most dangerous spot, and will yet be the destruction of good vessels driven upon it in darkness and storm, unless like the Edystone and the Bell Rock, it is guarded by a light-house.

Rounding Keweenaw Point and turning Westward, the first port entered is Copper Harbor. The skeleton of the country is made of successive ranges of trap rock, each one, as you go inland, rising higher than its predecessor. One of these ridges just outside the shore line, which maintains itself above water most of the way and encloses a sheltered bay within, forms the harbor; to which access is given by a break or depression in the reef. The port is thus a perfect natural harbour. The settlement is but half a dozen shabby houses, backed by a steep birch and fir-covered hill. It is a mere landing for the mines, which lie ten miles inland.

Fifteen miles West, lies a precisely similar land-locked bay—Eagle Harbor, with quite a settlement grown up about it, stores, public houses, and a handsome church, (Roman Catholic) nearly completed. Stopping here, while the boat went on to the Ontonagon, we had time to visit the Copper Falls mine. It is situated four or five hundred feet above the lake, and three miles back. The ore, or rather the native copper, is procured in part by horizontal galleries driven into the rock, but more from perpendicular shafts. Both galleries and shafts follow the veins of metalliferous rock, which seem to occupy old fissures or clefts in the strata, nearly perpendicular in their position. From galleries driven into the vein at different depths, the miners work upward, removing the metalliferous rock, and throwing beneath them the rubbish, until the whole vein is removed.

The copper lies in abundance round the pits, in large "chunks" mixed with the rock, in small pieces, lumps and "strings," and in thin sheets. The layer masses are sent of entire, the smaller separated from the rock by heating it and pounding it under the "stamps." The huge masses sometimes met with, ten or twelve feet wide and a foot thick, are cut up by the slow process of sledge and chisel, and removed in blocks weighing from one to three tons. Piles of such lie on the landing at Sault St. Marie.

The mines produce a considerable quantity of silver, for which the Minnesota mine in the Ontonagon district is especially famous. It is perfectly pure, and often found attached to the copper. A miner showed me a specimen where the metals were in contact with each other, mixed with spar—both perfectly pure and bright. A great part of this silver is purloined by the miners, some of whom are said to have obtained a thousand dollars worth or more, before its occurrence in any important quantity was known to the owners of the mine. A close watch is now kept, and the precious metal saved for its legitimate owners.

We are agreeably surprised to find in the Boydon House at Eagle Harbor an excellent and most comfortable hotel. There is another of good appearance. At other points on the lake, good accommodations are ready, and a large summer "pleasure travel" is expected. Doubtless the trip up Lake Superior will be a frequented one, as soon as the canal at the Sault is completed, and first class boats run up from the lower ranks. At present, the boats are but second rate and slow, and though there is much to interest the explorer who has weeks to spend among the mines, a short trip like ours is hardly satisfactory.

We were too early by a month, for summer hardly begins till July, and even then, this vast and deep lake, with its waters at the temperature of the cold springs of New York, 40 degs. to 48, casts a chill over the air around. The whole influence of the re-

gion seems depressing. The vast width of the lake, over which the labouring steam-paddles for days, the wild and forbidding aspect of the shores with their Northern vegetation, the chilly temperature, the loneliness and the sense of remoteness from a civilization, give to an excursion on this interior sea a feeling of melancholy; and the traveller is glad once more to see the bold outlines of Mauninee, and Gros Cap; and to pass at the Sault, to waters which are one step nearer to the homes of men, to cultivation and abundance.

### Extract from Mrs. Stowe's New Book ENGLISH WOMEN.

A lady asked me this evening what I thought of the beauty of the ladies of the English aristocracy: she was a Scotch lady, by the by; so the question was a fair one. I replied, that certainly report had not exaggerated their charms. Then came a home question—how the ladies of England compared with the ladies of America. 'Now for it, patriotism,' said I to myself; and, invoking to my aid certain fair saints of my country, whose faces I distinctly remembered, I assured her that I had never seen more beautiful women than I had in America. Grieved was I to be obliged to add, 'But your ladies keep their beauty much later and longer.' This fact stares one in the face in every company; one meets ladies past fifty, glowing, radiant, and blooming, with a freshness of complexion and fullness of outline refreshing to contemplate. What can be the reason? Tell us, Muses and Graces, what can it be? Is it the conservative power of sea fogs and coal smoke—the same cause that keeps the turf green, and makes the holly and ivy flourish? 'How comes it that our married ladies dwindle, fade, and grow thin—that their noses incline to sharpness, and their elbows to angularity, just at the time of life when their island sisters round out into a comfortable and becoming amplitude and fullness? If it is the fog and sea coal, why, then, I am afraid we never shall come up with them. But perhaps there may be other causes why a country which starts some of the most beautiful girls in the world produces so few beautiful women. Have not our close-heated stove-rooms something to do with it? Have not the immense amount of hot biscuits, hot corn cakes, and other compounds got up with the acid poison of saleratus, something to do with it? Above all, has not our climate, with its alternate extremes of heat and cold, a tendency to induce habits of in-door indolence? Climate, certainly, has a great deal to do with it; ours is evidently more trying and more exhausting; and because it is so, we should not pile upon its back errors of dress and diet which are avoided by our neighbors. They keep their beauty, because they keep their health. It has been as remarkable as anything to me, since I have been here, that I do not constantly, as at home, hear one and another spoken of as in miserable health, as very delicate, &c. Health seems to be the rule, and not the exception. For my part, I must say, the most favorable opinion that I know of for female beauty in America is, the multiplication of water-cure establishments, where our ladies, if they get nothing else, do gain some idea as to the necessity of fresh air, regular exercise, simple diet, and the laws of hygiene in general.

There is one thing more which goes a long way towards the continued wealth of these English ladies, and therefore towards their beauty; and that is the quietude and perpetuity of their domestic institutions. They