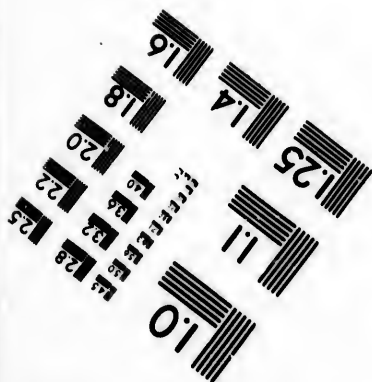
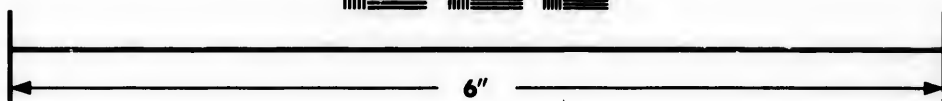
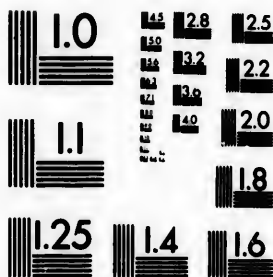


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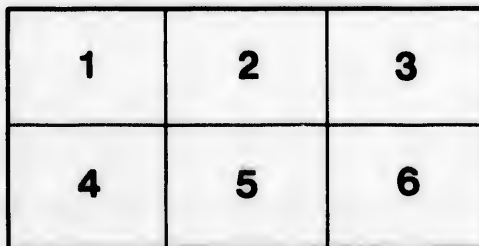
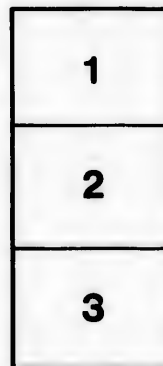
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TO THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA,

IN THE YEAR 1851.



By J. H. HENNING, M.D.,  
of the University of Bonn, Germany.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY

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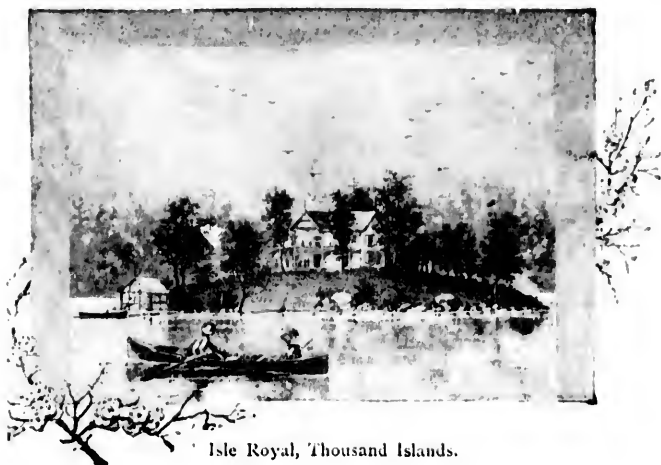
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A YORKSHIREMAN'S TRIP  
TO THE  
UNITED STATES AND CANADA,

BY  
WILLIAM SMITH, F.S.A.S.,

Author of "Morley: Ancient and Modern," "Trip to Rome." Editor of "Old Yorkshire."



Isle Royal, Thousand Islands.

Now flitting far away—  
Here, there, and everywhere, in joyous quest :  
Where waves beat their grand chorns o'er and o'er,  
And Nature speaks from wood and dell and shore,  
Or, where the shadows of eternal hills  
Creep to and fro across tumultuous rills,  
Where brain, and eye, and o'ertaxed nerve may find  
Pleasure in new delights, and weak mankind  
A welcome rest.

---

*WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS & INDEX.*

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London :  
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1892.



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TO  
**Mr. and Mrs. Will Carleton,**  
WHOSE KIND PERSUASION  
HAD MUCH TO DO WITH MY TAKING  
THIS TRIP TO THE STATES,  
AND WHOSE GRACIOUS ENTERTAINMENT AND ASSISTANCE  
WHILST I WAS IN THE COUNTRY,  
DID SO MUCH TO MAKE  
THE MEMORY OF THAT DELIGHTFUL VISIT  
A LASTING PLEASURE.



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# PREFACE

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THE volume here presented to the reader is in no sense to be taken as a "book of travels," but rather as an attempt to sketch, in a light and chatty manner, some features of American life and scenery, as they presented themselves to me during my hasty run through the country.

I make no attempt to give a detailed description of each place that I visited, with full statistics of population, school attendance, etc., all of which information may be obtained from guide books and other sources already in existence. I have rather endeavoured to give a plain, brief, and straightforward account of what I myself saw, did, and heard in the New World. I am anxious that this volume should prove interesting to those persons who have visited America, as well as useful to those who may be inclined to follow in my footsteps.

I trust that nothing I have put down in this work will be displeasing to any of those friends who showed me so much kindness and hospitality whilst in their country, and if any such careless word should have found its way into the following pages, I am sure that it is an inadvertence, and I hope that if any American should honour me by reading the book, he will consider the *lapsus calami*, as entirely unintentional.

The trip to America is now a very ordinary experience, and a run over to the States will soon be thought of no more consequence than was a journey from Yorkshire to London fifty years ago, when the intending traveller to the South made his will, and in other ways settled his worldly affairs, before starting on his three days' journey by coach to the great metropolis.

The ground covered by my trip to the New World has been often described, and produced an almost unending series of more or less successful fruitages, that it might be fairly asked why I have added one more to the numerous volumes on American travel already in existence.

One reason for my appearing in print is, that in my own county of Yorkshire, where I can hope to have the largest proportion of readers, there exists a widespread, but erroneous idea of America, as to its size, its resources, and its capabilities, and though there are thousands of Yorkshire artisans in the States, the information supplied by them to their friends and relatives in the Old Country is generally confined to a description of the features of the immediate locality in which they are living. I have been requested by many friends of those persons who have left the Old Land to seek their fortunes across the water, to give them my impressions of the country, its scenery, and its every-day life, and say how their friends are faring in their adopted home.

I may say that I found, during my visit to America, that I had much to unlearn about the country, and that many of the ideas I had formed about it from the reading of books and newspapers were far from being correct. I went into the country with some considerable admiration of its people and sympathy with many of its institutions, but yet with a latent idea that both were lacking in polish and the finish which is to be met with in older countries. I expected to see a somewhat "rough-and-ready" people, who were so intent upon looking after "the almighty dollar" that they could not find time to cultivate the more refining influences of life, or to surround themselves with all those evidences of culture which are to be met with in the highest civilized countries. I left the States, after a stay of some weeks, delighted with the unvarying courtesy and kindness of the people; astonished at the energy and activity everywhere observable; envious of many of the advantages enjoyed by our transatlantic cousins, such, for instance, as the widespread use of the electric light for out-door illumination, the electric tramways in the streets of all the large cities, and the thousand and one "notions" which contribute to the enjoyment of every-day life. I found everywhere in my journeyings that success in life was the goal of

ambition, and business men correspondingly acute and enterprising. I saw, too, that to all appearances America is destined to become in the future, the foremost nation of the modern world.

Another reason for my sending forth this book is that it may be of some service to those persons who, having exhausted the scenery of their own land and Europe generally, are seeking for a new region in which to spend their holidays. To such I would say that the States and Canada offer an endless variety of attractions, and although I was unable, for lack of time, to visit those portions of the two lands which are said to be most attractive to the tourist, I saw sufficient to serve the purpose of the business man, whose time is limited to a few weeks' holiday. To such overworked being, who feels the necessity for a rest and a recuperation of an overtaxed physical organisation, I would strongly recommend a two months' trip "across the ferry," and if he can leave behind him his "peck o' troubles," secure congenial companionship, and then "take things easy," he cannot fail to derive great pleasure and benefit from the change. He will find two countries of boundless resources, with magnificent natural scenery, and an atmosphere both strengthening and exhilarating, and he would doubtless return to his own land, having obtained a new lease of life, and all this whilst in hourly communion with God's glorious creations. Such at least has been my happy experience.

I would like to say one word more in favour of Canada. Whilst in that country I was told that it was almost an unknown region to Englishmen, and although emigration to its shores was an every-day occurrence, and accounts of her beauties and great resources were scattered broadcast, she has not as yet been thoroughly appreciated by the pleasure-seeking tourists. Certainly some impetus to Canadian travel had been given by the visit of the British Association to Montreal, but a greater interest in the country was much to be desired. A trip to Canada is now easy of attainment, and much less formidable than a trip to Rome was half a century ago. The Atlantic is now crossed with safety and comfort in a very few days, and what more interesting trip to an Englishman than a visit to "Canada, the flourishing, loyal colony, with such a romantic history,—Canada, with her huge inland seas and magnificent rivers,—the highways of a vast and rapidly-increasing commerce, whose national voice resounds over a scene as varied as it is beautiful."

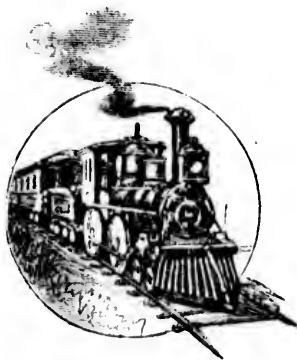
During my stay in the States, I had many pleasant communications with several of its leading literary men and women, and I trust my account of those interviews will not prove uninteresting to those readers who like to know something about the homes, haunts, and *personel* of their favourite authors.

As to the illustrations in the volume, I have every confidence that they will add materially to its value, and I would here acknowledge my great indebtedness to several American friends for the loan or gift of illustrations; amongst others, the publishers of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, for views on pages 63, 64, 65, 66, and 67; the Matthews-Northrup Art Printing Co., of Buffalo, for views on pages 238 and 243; and to the Pacific Mills Corporation, Lawrence, for illustrations on pages 128, 129, 130, and 131.

In conclusion, I would fain indulge the hope that this faithful reproduction of my actual experiences of travel in the States and Canada may be of more service than the passing of an idle hour in their perusal; on the contrary, I trust that they may prove both interesting and valuable to many of my readers.

WILLIAM SMITH.

MORLEY, *December 1st, 1891.*



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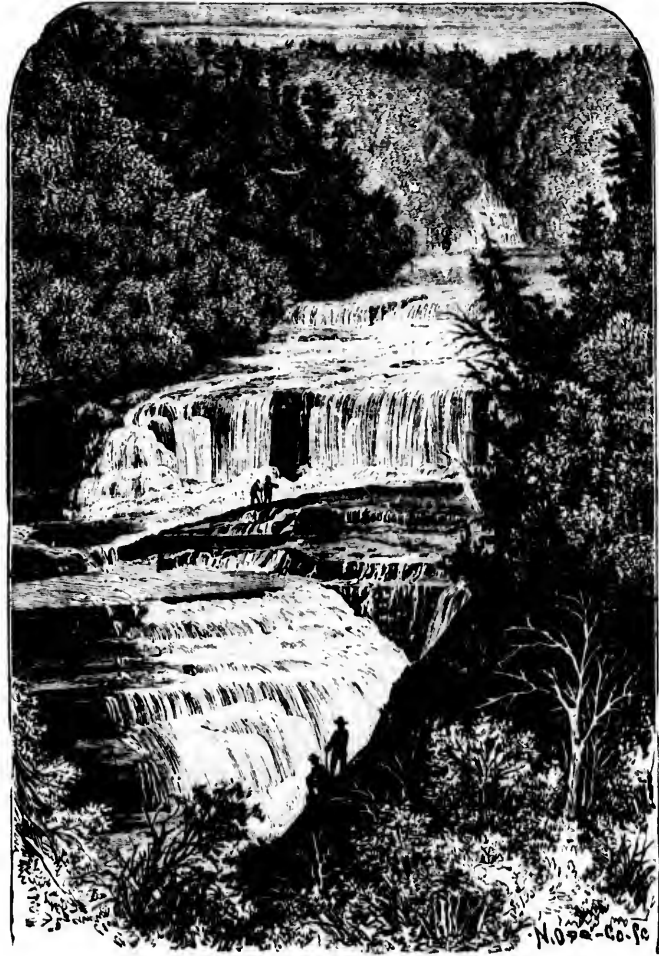
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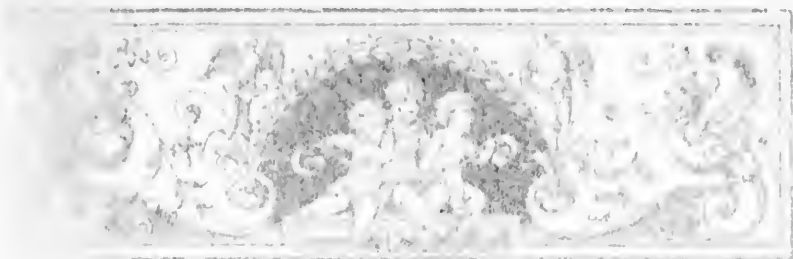


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*R. Lyden*



# A YORKSHIREMAN'S TALE

IN TWO VOLUMES.

## THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

### CHAPTER I.

#### LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

“H. F. Smith—Part I. In the afternoon of the Friday April day, that I found myself hurrying along the landing-stage at Liverpool, in order that I might reach the vessel that should convey me to the coast of America, which I hoped to reach the New World. I had been long with a friend being on the afternoon side of the quay, and having delayed our starting with us until the hour of the vessel's departure, it was only enabled at one o'clock to scampers on deck, when the Captain ordered two men's magnificent variegated umbrellas to be put on board, and to run down the quay, to witness a considerable number of them, our own, your language, and some very beautiful umbrellas were deposited on the deck, to be taken on board the vessel. At the moment of the vessel's departure, a number of our umbrellas were blown, but when they reached the ship, they had become soiled and had barely time to be taken on board, and were thrown away, and the mud and dirt which had been on them, was washed, while the waiting of my old handkerchief, which I had left on the landing-stage was again recalled. The Captain had died, and I had no one to show me the best way to New York.”





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# A YORKSHIREMAN'S TRIP

TO THE

## UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

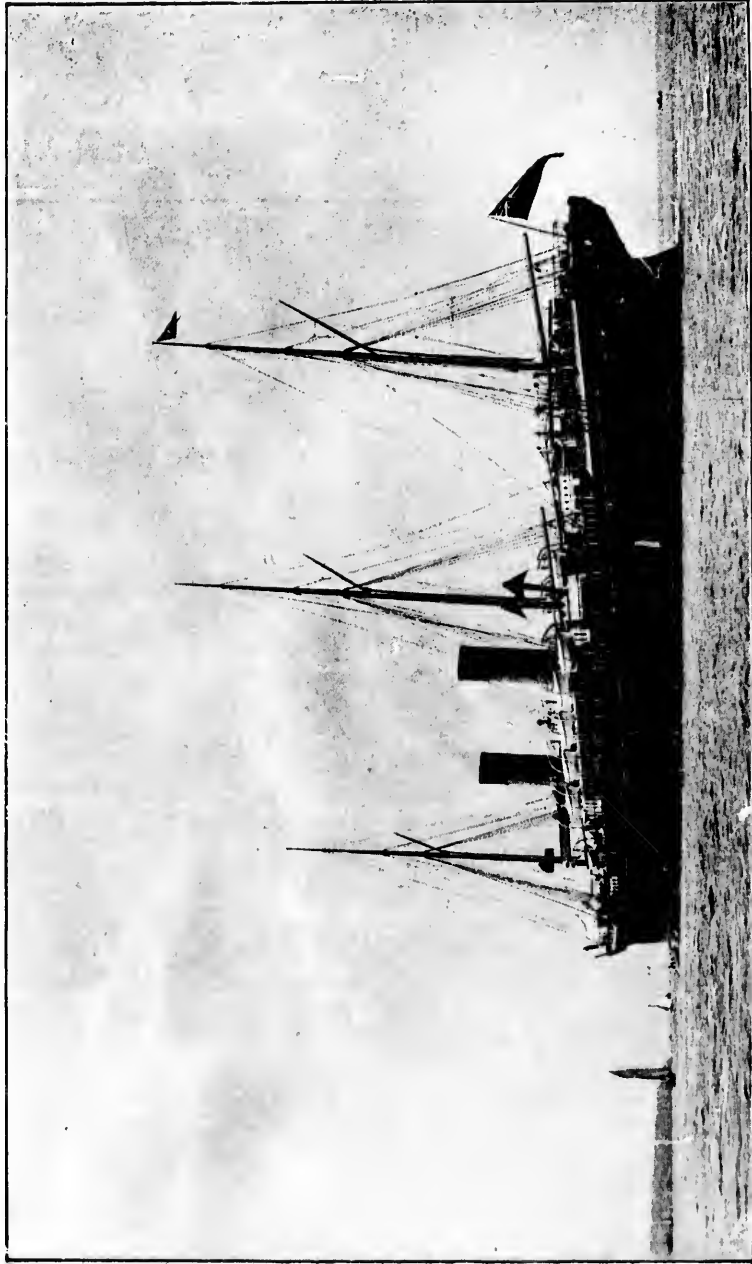
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### CHAPTER I.

#### LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

**A**PRI<sup>L</sup>. EIGHTH.—It was in the afternoon of this watery April day, that I found myself hurrying along the landing stage at Liverpool, in order that I might reach the tender that should convey me to the vessel by means of which I hoped to reach the New World. I had been dining with a friend living on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, and having delayed our starting until too near the hour of the vessel's departure, I was only enabled at the last moment to scamper on deck, when the tender moved away, the passengers meanwhile waving their adieus to the friends on shore. A short run down the river, to where our vessel lay at anchor, and then, ourselves, our luggage, with some of the friends of the passengers, were deposited on the deck of the splendid steam ship, the *Majestic*, of the White Star Line. Another spell of leave-taking followed, but when three peals of the ship's bell had rung out, the friends had barely time to hurry across the gangway, ere it was lifted and the small craft vanished from the side of the monstre vessel, while the waving of hats and handkerchiefs continued until the landing stage was again reached.

After the confusion had died away, I hastened to find the steward who could show me the "state room" which I should



Steam Ship *Majestic* in the Mersey.

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have to occupy, with two fellow travellers, during the voyage. This proved to be a most comfortable apartment, and though it was what is known as an "inside room," it was as light, as airy, and altogether as pleasant as could be wished for. The berths, or sleeping places, were of ample dimensions, well appointed with mattresses and linen, and spotlessly clean. A wash-hand stand, mirror, and a couple of life-preserving belts, made up the furniture of the room. An electric light was fixed under the ceiling, and ventilation was obtained by means of openings over the upper berths. The ventilation is so admirably managed that one rises in the morning, free from any impression of having slept in a confined area.

My next visit was to the saloon that I might secure a suitable place at the table, and this precaution, I can assure my readers, is very necessary, inasmuch as the place assigned to you by the second steward must be retained during the voyage. Should you defer your application too long, you will in all probability find yourself located just above the screw, which at certain times will seriously interfere with your digestion and general comfort. Let me advise all who contemplate a long sea voyage to secure seats at table and sleeping berths as far as possible from the screw. I may here mention that feeding is an important item in the programme of "life at sea," and the remark of an American writer to the effect that such life consists "mainly of the hours spent at meals with time for a little recreation between," is not so very wide of the mark. The table is a most liberal one, for, in addition to three full meals, supper is also supplied but without the formality of setting out the tables. Meal times are, however, used as pleasant opportunities for friendly intercourse. My companions at table were of the most agreeable character, and certainly the time spent at meals was devoid of dullness or *ennui*. Seated at the head of the table was a Liverpool merchant whose frequent visits to the States made him an authority as to "life at sea," and also as to life in New York and the States generally. On his right was an Australian M.L.A., who had served his adopted country as Postmaster General and Commissioner of Customs. He was a warm supporter of Imperial Federation for the Colonies, and had spoken in favour of such a union from his place in the Senate. He had with him as travelling companion, a gentleman from Victoria, who was deputed by his Government to report upon the irrigation schemes of every country he might choose to visit, and for this end he had already been to Russia, Germany, France, Holland, etc., and was now on his way to California to inspect the successful methods of irrigation in that part of the States. Mr. Fraser expected to send in his report in the course of a few months, after having spent two years in its preparation. On the left of our president sat a gentleman from Leeds, whom I had known for many years. He was on his way to Mexico and the West Indies,

The rest of our company consisted of the writer, and a gentleman from Hull with his wife and family.

After dinner and when the vessel was fairly on its way, I began to take stock of my fellow passengers, and, if possible, to select from amongst the large number on board a few with whom I might venture to "scrape an acquaintance," but, being the first day, I found an unusual amount of stiffness, but this wore off during the next twenty-four hours, and thereafter I had abundant experience of how communicative strangers can become at sea. For the next six days one could have as much pleasant converse as he wished for, and in the case of three fourths of the passengers, there was a general desire to be agreeable, and to give and receive information.

Amongst the passengers was a family from Connecticut, who had been travelling in Europe for some months. They were most agreeable companions, their conversation being marked by that good breeding and refinement characteristic of the educated classes in their own and the neighbouring State of Massachusetts. Equally entertaining and instructive was the conversation with the family of Dr. W. H. Buck, of Brooklyn, a well known minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The family had been spending twelve months in Europe, visiting France, Italy, Spain, Egypt, etc., and their reminiscences of travel helped on many occasions to relieve the tedium of the voyage.

The saloon passengers numbered 250, and amongst them were many who were adepts in ocean travel. One of my companions in the "state room" went on his first trip to the States in the year 1848; was 35 days on the sea, and paid £18 for very indifferent accommodation. He had made some half score voyages to the New World since that time, and could spin long yarns as to the improvements in ocean travel.

Forty years have indeed made wonderful changes in this respect, and it may be worth while to briefly note the progress which has been made since Fulton in 1807 built his steam ship *The Clermont*, which, to the amazement of the people of New York, sailed up the Hudson at the rate of five miles an hour, notwithstanding an adverse wind and strong current. It was not until 1815 that a steamboat appeared on the Thames, and four years later the first steam-propelled vessel crossed the Atlantic. It came from Savannah, from which place it took its name. It was twenty-five days on the trip, though the usual time for one of the fast clipper ships was only from 16 to 21 days. In 1838 the mails were first sent by steam ships, and then only to Halifax and Boston, and it was not until 1848 that the mails were conveyed by steamers between Liverpool and New York. Surely the record of Atlantic steam navigation, from the year 1848 to the present time, is calculated to astonish one, when we consider how extraordinary

and rapid has been its progress. In the former year, one vessel a week from either side of the ocean was considered sufficient to meet the requirements of travellers, now there are ninety steam ships engaged in the Atlantic passenger trade.

When Fulton launched the first steam ship, which was built by him in America, the engines being supplied by Boulton and Watt, of Birmingham, England, the voyage to America was seldom completed under thirty days, now we "cross the ferry" under seven days. Fulton's pioneer ship was 133 feet long, 18 feet broad, and 9 feet deep; the engine had a diameter of piston of 24 inches, with 4 feet stroke. The *Majestic*, which carried me out and home, is a twin screw steamer, of 9,851 tons gross, I.H.P., 17,000, 565 feet long, and breadth 57 feet 6 inches. Each screw is driven by a set of triple expansion engines with cylinders, 43, 68 and 110 inches, and a stroke of 60 inches. Her consumption of fuel is 300 tons per day. She has 16 boilers with 146 fires. Her screw shafts are 2 feet 9 inches in diameter and 140 feet long. Her best speed on service is a mean of 20.18, and taking the mean of ten voyages it is 19.72 knots per hour, or upwards of 20 miles.

After this digression, I return to my fellow passengers, and note that the gentlemen on board comprised American and Canadian business men, including a party of eleven cheese factors who had been to England to ascertain the prospects of their particular trade during the coming season; a correspondent of the *Boston Herald*; the principal of the firm of manufacturers who own the model village and works at Saltaire, in Yorkshire; a Liverpool city councillor; and a representative of the Religious Tract Society. The balance of the male passengers was made up of doctors, clergymen, colonels, captains, bankers, and tourists. The last named, mostly Americans, so long as sickness kept off, and they could find willing listeners, were untiring in their descriptions of the sights they had seen in the old country; in the gay capital of France; amongst the antiquities of Rome, and the historic cities of the land of Palestine.

The shades of night had fallen upon us ere we crossed the bar, and the myriad lights of the great city were lost to our view. "The hurry and bustle of departure; the din and turmoil of a mighty seaport had given way to the strangely contrasting silence of a great screw steamer driving her way through an unruffled sea."

APRIL NINTH.—We arrived at Queenstown at 9.15 a.m., and as soon as our vessel was anchored about a mile from the shore, a number of small boats came alongside. These were manned by members of both sexes, and contained fruit, lace handkerchiefs, shawls, caps, bog-oak eccentricities, blackthorn sticks and shillelaghs of all sizes. A thick rope was let down from the deck of the vessel, and the noose of the rope having been adjusted about the person wishing to ascend, he or she was hoisted on board by a

series of jerks, a distance of some ten or twelve yards. The women were evidently old hands at the game and performed the climbing feat most dexterously. No sooner were all the traders and their wares on board than the deck portion assigned to emigrants was literally covered with articles for sale. The women did the trading, and were energetic and noisy in their endeavours to secure customers.

As we had five hours to wait for the mails a considerable number of the passengers went on shore, myself amongst the number. I was much pleased with Queenstown Harbour—the lovely Cove of Cork, where the houses rise terrace over terrace from the water's edge, and face the sunny south. On arriving at the landing stage, I joined a party who were bent on exploring the district. We engaged an outside jaunting car, and away we trundled over a tree-shaded road, catching glimpses of wood and water, mountain and dell. As our young Irish driver, with Jehu impetuosity, is urging his steed to show off his points, for the benefit of the "English jntlemen," we are continually being accosted by boys and girls, who, starting up from the road side, carrying specimens of whin in their hands, and running by the side of the car, plead earnestly for any little gratuity we may be willing to bestow, and certainly their nimbleness, good looks, long-windedness, and stirring appeals in their native tongue, entitled them to our consideration, and their efforts were not in vain. One could not but notice the variety of costumes, and picturesque raggedness, as well as the good looks, pleasant wit, and readiness of repartee, of the native population of this port.

After a ten miles' ride we reach Queenstown again, and dismissing our car near the post office, we walked through the town to see the new and handsome Cathedral and other places of interest. We ascended to the highest point of the town, and were amply repaid for our exertions by the magnificent prospect we obtained of the bay and its surroundings. That island just beneath us, with the extensive Naval and Ordnance Stores, is Haulbowline. Not the least curious object on it is the tank which supplies the navy with water. It is cut in the solid rock, and though it has not been emptied since the year 1814, is cool and limpid as a mountain spring. Just beyond Haulbowline is Rocky Island, the gunpowder depôt; the store-rooms are excavated in the rock, and connected by small apertures. Farther away to the left is Spike Island, and straight before us is the lighthouse and the harbour's mouth, protected by two forts. It was a lovely day, and it was a real pleasure to look out upon that beautiful sheet of water, capable of containing the whole British Navy, stretching away like a bay before us, completely sheltered and land-locked on all sides, and surrounded with bold headlands and shores; steamers plying to and from Cork, and vessels of various tonnage, riding at anchor or flitting before the breeze.



We were glad, however, on reaching the landing stage to find the tender ready for conveying us back to the *Majestic*, for whilst we were walking the streets of Queenstown, beggars by the dozen beset us on every side with their incessant appeals. Curses or blessings followed, as the demands were disregarded or met.

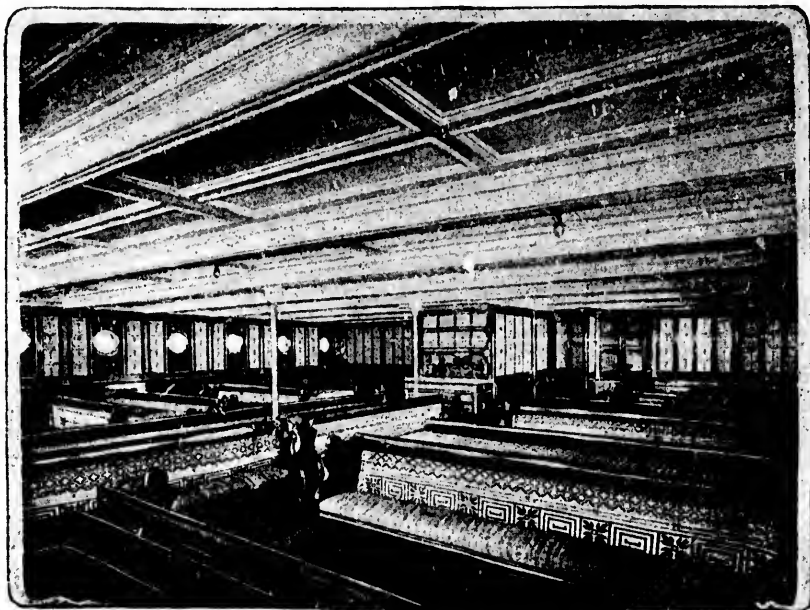
APRIL TENTH.—Desiring to inspect the vessel, I obtained the necessary permission from the captain, who kindly instructed one of his officers to accompany me. We commenced our task by a descent of several flights of iron stairs to the engine room, the engines being deep down below the water line. This accounts in a great measure for the little vibration which is felt on the vessel from the working of the powerful machinery. The ventilation of the engine room was a matter worth notice, it being perfectly cool and yet there were no unsightly appliances, for fresh air was obtained through a grating in the awning deck, whilst for the ventilation of the saloon, smoke room, and library, there were "shoots" carefully kept from the view of the passengers. These catch the breeze and keep the rooms delightfully cool and pleasant. I may here say that in no part of the ship during the passage did I come across that sickly, stuffy atmosphere so common in ocean steamers, and to this I attribute, in a great measure, my freedom from the least feeling of sickness, either on the outward or homeward trip. It will be pleasant information to the intending traveller to know that the engines are virtually silent, so far as the voyager can tell, and also that the noisy, grating steam-steering apparatus is arranged so far away from the berths that it is no source of discomfort to the passengers. Below the engine-room are the boilers where an army of stokers are constantly pouring coals, at the rate of three hundred tons per day, under the sixteen boilers. From the glimpse we obtained of these men we could see that they were toiling and sweltering far below the decks to keep up the power necessary to drive the immense vessel.

From the engine-room we proceeded to inspect the second-class or intermediate accommodation, which is located on the after part of the vessel. The provision for the comfort of the second-class passengers is, to our thinking, simply admirable, and with the exception of the extra gilding and lavish decoration, fully equal to the first-class. The saloon, smoking-room, state-rooms, baths and lavatories, are all fitted in the most pleasing and substantial manner, and if the very superior accommodation of this class was more widely known, I feel convinced that many more travellers would be induced to make the trip between England and the States. As the second-class fares are only half the amount of the first-class, a great inducement to travel is offered to the tourist or business man. My advice to the would-be economical traveller is to visit the *Majestic* or *Teutonic* before taking his passage, and he will be surprised to find that the second-class accommodation on these



vessels is far ahead of what could be found in the first-class on steamers of twenty years ago.

The steerage passengers, of whom we had 930 on board, are well cared for on the *Majestic*, for the reason, no doubt, that they contribute in a material degree to the financial success of the company. So far as this vessel is concerned, the days of exposure and suffering from want of shelter are at an end. The whole of the upper deck space on this, the longest ship in the world, is reserved for steerage passengers alone, and along each side under the bulwarks runs a sheltered bench where they can sit in comfort. In other words, they have over a sixth of a mile of covered and sheltered deck space, with a continuous bench the entire length. The



In the Second-class Saloon.

single women are kept entirely separate, and are located in charge of a matron at the extreme after-end. A comfortable smoke-room is provided for the male passengers, and in the married people's quarters is bath room accommodation, with hot and cold water. Separate rooms for families are provided in abundance, with electric lights, perfect ventilation, and lavatories of the most approved type. Nothing seems to have been overlooked that can contribute to the health and comfort of the steerage passengers, and no doubt many of these passengers find the life on board this vessel a world of

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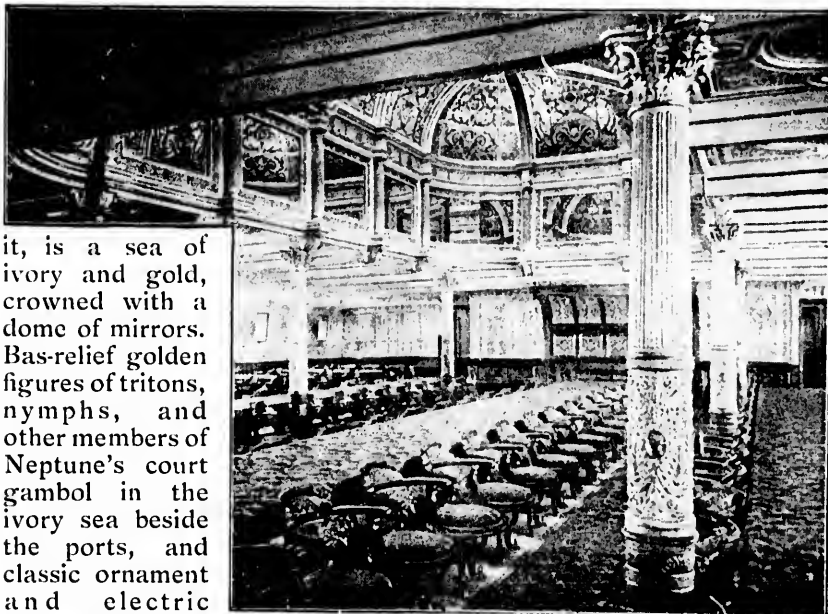


Under the Dome in the Saloon.

luxury and cleanliness to which they have heretofore been unaccustomed.

Stepping on deck once more, my companion called my attention to the space for promenade afforded to saloon passengers, this being 245 feet long, by 18 feet wide, clear of the deck-houses on both sides. Generally during the day a portion of this space would be occupied by a double row of deck chairs, with their fair occupants engaged in reading, gossip, flirtation, or nursing their feelings. For a more detailed description of the other parts of the ship, I shall avail myself of information furnished by a journalist of repute.

"The saloon is a banqueting hall of superb brilliancy. The style is Renaissance, and the tones ivory and gold. The length is over 60 feet, the breadth a trifle short of that measurement. Nearly all the sides of this great room, and the vast canopy which covers



it, is a sea of ivory and gold, crowned with a dome of mirrors. Bas-relief golden figures of tritons, nymphs, and other members of Neptune's court gambol in the ivory sea beside the ports, and classic ornament and electric lamps flash and glow across the

In the Saloon.

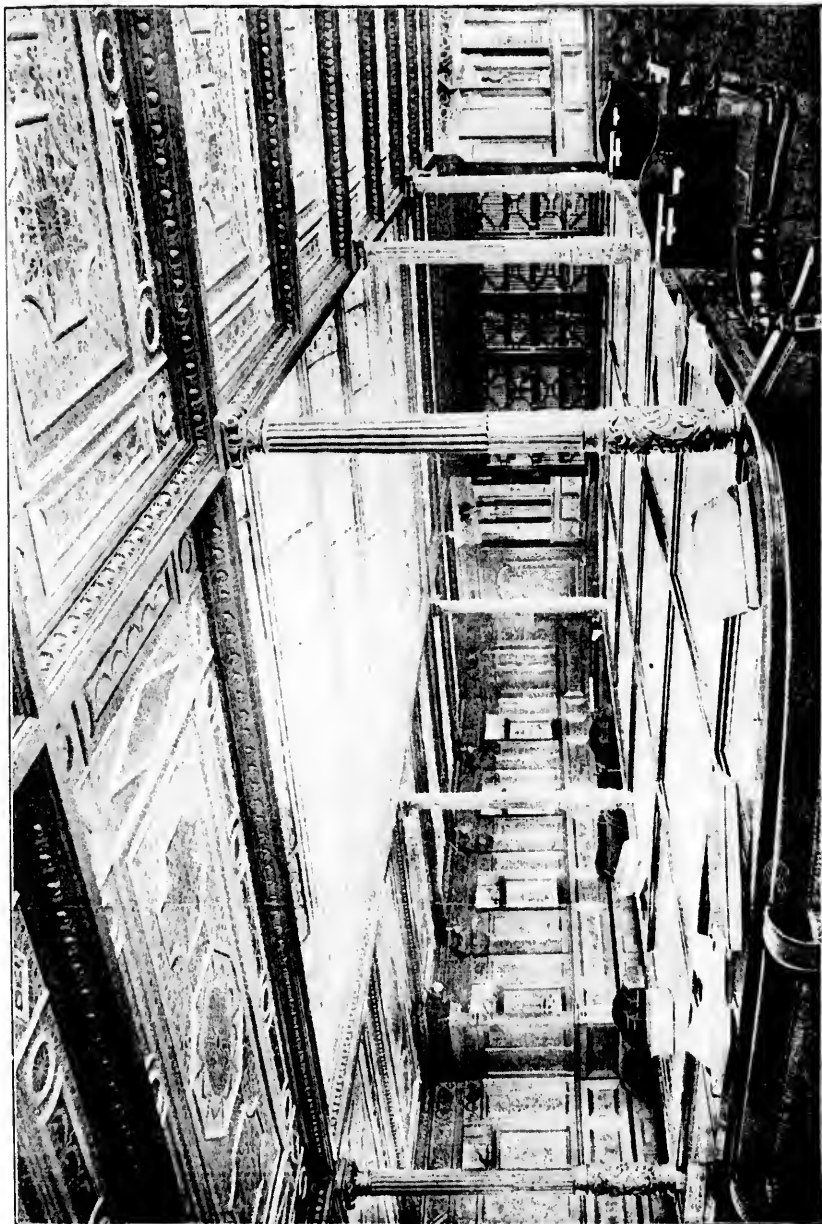
ceiling. The fore and after-ends of the room exhibit fine specimens of carved oak cabinet work, and the couches and seats are sumptuously upholstered. The ports are large and numerous, and each one is set in a deep square mounting of elaborate brass *repoussé* work, glistening like burnished gold. At dinner, when the electric lamps are aglow, the discs of deep blue sky appearing through them, make these squares look like so many colossal jewels. In the

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In the Library.

ornament of the ceiling you note what look like huge Orders of the Garter. They are open ventilators, but you would never discover the fact, because the glittering radii of glass have been so cut and arranged as to produce the effect of a solid star. For the saloon passengers on the *Majestic* there are sumptuous apartments for eating, smoking, reading, sleeping, excellent service everywhere, and an unequalled strolling ground.

"Entering from the promenade deck, and descending one flight to the upper deck, we proceed along a short corridor on the port side; past some large state rooms, barber's shop, refreshment bar, we come to the smoke room. It is difficult to conceive such a smoker's retreat outside Pall Mall. The extreme quiet of the decorations, the handsome lazy-looking couches, the general air of old-fashioned aristocratic comfort and luxury, the utter absence of all stiffness, render it difficult to believe one's-self in a steamer's smoke room. The woodwork is all of that particular rich, dark mahogany one sees sometimes in old mansions. The walls are covered with a richly-embossed gilt leather of a dark tone. Fitted with panels are large, bright oil paintings, representing the picturesque Mediterranean shipping of the Middle Ages. Figures in high relief, carved in pear wood, fill many niches. The ceiling reproduces an extremely handsome Old English plaster pattern in quaint, variously shaped panels, and is pierced with two lantern lights of stained glass. Light enters in the daytime through square windows looking on the deck, screened at will with stained glass blinds, and at night streams down over the room through the lantern lights. This is an entirely novel and beautiful effect, produced by placing the electric lamps at the back of the stained glass instead of in the room." The demand on the accommodation in this room is seldom slight.

"The Library, entered from near the promenade deck, is a handsome room, fitted with bookcases containing 1,000 carefully selected volumes of beautifully-bound high-class works; and around a large oval central expanse of glass about three feet from the floor (it covers in the dome of the saloon) are arranged a number of small writing tables with a light arm-chair on either side, and a stationery rack to maintain a discreet privacy between the writers. Everything in the room is of extreme elegance, an elegance which is both more delicate and of a higher degree than men ordinarily affect. The woodwork above the couches is panelled with light oak, but this is simply so much ground on which designs are burnt and gilt and carved until it constitutes but a tint to show up the elaborate and exquisite decoration.

"The main entrance to the library and saloon, the vestibules, staircases, passages, etc., are all of carved and panelled oak, with white and gold ceilings. The design on the upper panels is the famous linen pattern, with the wood carved lengthways to repre-



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A Corner in the Smoking Room.

sent the fold of stuff. The carving on the lower panels is more elaborate. There is a stateliness and tranquil magnificence pervading these approaches that goes well with so noble a ship.

"On the promenade deck there are four, and on the upper deck nineteen state rooms of surpassing comfort and splendour. Some of them are fitted with double bedsteads, chests of drawers, arm-chairs, writing-tables, and couches, as if cabin space was of no consequence. All are in the highest degree luxurious; the walls being covered with highly-finished decorative work, and in order to render these rooms equal to their beauty, the appliances for heat, light, and ventilation are in each case placed under the control of the occupant. He has but to raise his hand, and his apartment is filled with light, with warm air, or with cool air, as he may desire."

Having finished our tour of the vessel, a few more general observations regarding this splendid ship, and we shall continue our description of the voyage. The *Majestic* is intended as a war ship, and is the second mercantile armed cruiser afloat, and can in case of necessity be mounted with twelve Armstrong guns. "Her value as a troopship is based on the following facts. She can provide accommodation for a thousand cavalry or two thousand infantry. She could reach Halifax, N.S., in five days, and Cape Town in twelve and a half days. *Via* Suez, she could land troops at Bombay in fourteen days, at Calcutta in seventeen and a half days, at Hong Kong in twenty-one and a half days, and at Sydney in twenty-two days. Her coal supply is sufficient for seventeen days, steaming at full speed, or for three months cruising at half speed.

"People who know nothing of the journey to New York beyond the accounts they read of the Atlantic 'swell,' are often surprised how fragile women seem to dare it with tolerable impunity. I am afraid their admiration for this particular form of courage would diminish considerably after a visit to the *Majestic*. With saloons and state-rooms, and of course promenade deck, absolutely amidships in a vessel but a few feet shorter than the defunct *Great Eastern*, with an awning deck permanently overhead and canvas all around, with no fumes, no vibration, with perfect ventilation and light, with a table to satisfy an epicure, with a special pantry for the deck steward on the promenade deck, so that every passing fancy can be instantly satisfied on the spot; with a ship that does not roll but stands up and spurns the hurricane; with all these conditions in one's favour, one need not possess a very robust physique to enjoy a trip in the *Majestic* despite the weather."

APRIL ELEVENTH.—This morning was anything but inviting in its appearance. The rain was coming down in torrents, and we had a lively experience of the Atlantic "roll," and a fine roll it is. At breakfast, our table had guards along the edges and down the

middle, to keep the plates and glasses from being thrown off. In the forenoon, when the ladies were taking their ease on deck, swathed in wraps and waterproofs, a "roll" of unusual dimensions came on, and some half dozen of the fair ones were pitched out of their chairs, and looked like animated mummies as they rolled over on the deck. At the same moment, the feet of three gentlemen who were parading slipped from under them, and they, too, were at once sprawling over the deck. From twelve o'clock yesterday to the same hour to-day, we have made 470 miles, so that we

have now covered more than a third of the distance between Liverpool and New York.

Was much interested during the day in noticing the many expedients adopted by the passengers to "kill time." Amusement is afforded the gentlemen by the games of shuffleboard, quoits, chess, draughts, cards, backgammon, etc., and the ladies find pleasure in throwing sweets and coins,



Captain Parsell, R.N.R.

for a scramble by the children in the steerage. The weather being fine, we have not much sickness on board, though we have always a few of the gentler sex who are in that condition of helplessness which is a result of a mild attack of the *mal de mer*. This evening we had a concert in the saloon, which was very enjoyable.

APRIL TWELFTH.—At 10.30 a.m. the gong was sounded for Divine service, which was held in the saloon, the congregation consisting of a goodly number of the passengers. The reading-desk was placed on the end of one of the centre tables, and the red Union Jack of England and the Stars and Stripes of America were laid over the desk, and very appropriate they seemed to the occasion. The beautiful and comprehensive Liturgy of the Established Church was read by a clergyman—one of the passengers, and the singing was very effective, being led by an impromptu choir of excellent voices.



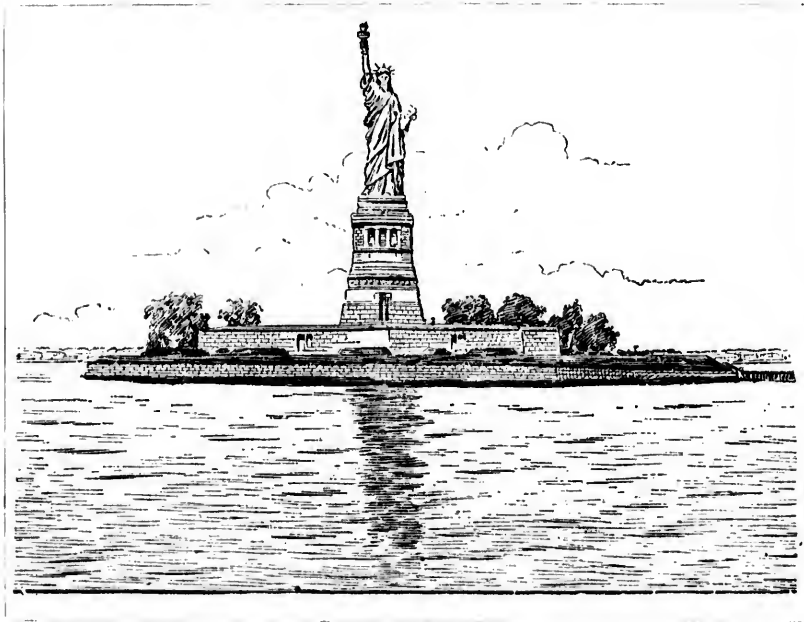
APRIL THIRTEENTH.—This is a glorious morning ; a clear blue sky overhead, and a calm sea all around. A purely sweet fresh air, which it is a perfect luxury to inhale, as we parade the deck in the early hours of the day, and the vessel sailing along as smoothly as if on a lake. I learn to-day that we have on board 250 saloon passengers, 50 intermediate, 930 steerage, of many nationalities, and a crew of 335 persons, making a total of 1,565 souls. This afternoon, about three o'clock, a brisk gale sprung up, and the vessel pitched along at a fearful rate, and now and again, during the evening, when the storm was at its worst, the water came over the bows, and on to the deck in hundreds of tons. The rain also came down in torrents, so that the captain with the men on the bridge had to keep vigilant watch, while the ladies had an uneasy time of it also, and were only relieved by the assurance that the storm would have spent itself ere the hour came for retiring to rest. Notwithstanding the seeming danger, the sight was a grand one. The huge seas came rolling along, and as they reach the bows the ship lifts herself, and the terrible force of the mountains of water is broken, and they go past us, with a hissing sound, as if of great disappointment, at not being allowed to wreak their strength upon our vessel. At nine p.m. the storm had abated, but an element of danger still remained, for a dense fog had come on, and for several hours, after I had retired to my berth, the screeching of the fog-horn was heard, making night hideous, and bringing on that peculiar feeling of apprehension and uncertainty which must always accompany this condition of things on shipboard. So far as I could judge, and my surmise proved subsequently to be correct, the vessel was sailing along at its utmost capacity of speed, notwithstanding the danger of collision in the darkness. But, I suppose, the opinion of experts is, that in case of collisions there is less danger in a high rate of speed than in a moderate rate, as the swifter vessel is likely to escape with the least damage, while the danger of damage to the other is not increased. It would seem that this theory is acted upon, though I am pleased to say, that we had no opportunity of proving its soundness or otherwise. There came in the early morning, a sensation of relief, when the sound of the hour-bell came upon the ear, with the cheerful cry of the watchman, "All's well!"

APRIL FOURTEENTH.—The sea to-day has been on its very best behaviour, and nearly the whole of the passengers have been on deck, and it was observable that those of my companions who had succumbed to sea sickness for the first few days out, had now fully recovered, and appeared none the worse for their enforced retirement. Preparations have been going on during the day for an entertainment of vocal and instrumental music, with recitations, to be given in the saloon after dinner, and a programme of choice

selections and fair proportions, is the result. After the concert ended, a number of ladies "took up the collection," and a sum of £21 was obtained, to be divided equally between the Seamen's Orphanages of Liverpool and New York.

APRIL FIFTEENTH.—During the forenoon of to-day many anxious eyes were on the look-out, in order to catch a glimpse of land, and when this was sighted, a general rush was made by nearly all the passengers to the point from whence the pleasant prospect could be seen. It was the low-lying sand strip, on which the Fire Island lighthouse stands, which first met our gaze. We had now taken the pilot on board, and after a few hours sailing, we perceived ahead of us the Highlands of the Navesink, a part of the New Jersey shore. I was now much indebted to two intelligent Americans, who busied themselves pointing out to me the various objects of interest as they came into view. With this help to a true appreciation of the different localities, and the weather everything that could be desired, no harbour could be entered under auspices more favourable, or better calculated to afford a complete and enjoyable inspection of the ever-changing panorama. The sun was in full blaze, and we could see, stretching northwards from the Navesink Highlands, a long strip of yellow sand, partly wooded, on which stood the long-looked for goal of our voyage,—the lighthouse on the narrow peninsula of Sandy Hook. As the tide was high, we had no difficulty in crossing the bar, and rounding the "Hook" we proceeded up the bay and soon anchored at the Quarantine Station. The Customs officer now came on board, and took up his position at the head of one of the dining tables in the saloon, and the passengers had each to pass before him and sign a declaration that he or she had nothing liable to duty. After a delay of nearly two hours, we started on the last portion of our voyage, and now there opened up to our view one of the grandest harbours in the world; indeed, it is averred that the Bay of Naples and the Bay of Rio Janeiro are the only harbours that rival that of New York. It is a triangular sheet of water, from nine to twelve miles on each side, and almost completely land-locked. On the north-western boundary of the bay we saw the green hills of Staten Island, studded with villas and graced with luxuriant foliage. Northward, we could discern the narrow entrance to the inner harbour, which may be likened to a gateway from the sea, whilst on either hand, as sentinels to guard the pass, are Forts Wadsworth and Tompkins. We are now able to see, in the far distance, the spires of the city; the fleets of vessels which are within its docks, and, on our right, the long and level sandy strip of Coney Island, with the elephant, and the apparently interminable stretch of hotels and other buildings which crowd the foreshore of this place,—the playground of the metropolis.

The waters of the bay bear a multitude of vessels, darting hither and thither at a great speed, and the incessant motion of the craft on the water is extremely interesting. This magnificent Lower Bay, could, if required, accommodate the navies of the whole world, having an anchorage ground covering eighty-eight square miles, whilst the inner harbour is an oval-shaped body of water, five miles broad and eight miles long. Above the forts already referred to, we saw the American Standard floating, our first introduction to the Stars and Stripes. Whilst the forts look comparatively tame, from a warlike point of view, we could make out a few insignificant looking black guns, having their muzzles



Statue of Liberty.

out between the grass-covered mounds surmounting the intervening casements. We now pass the forts and steam up the expanding waters of the Upper Bay, and the picture becomes more and more striking. Right in front is the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," a majestic female figure made of copper, 151 feet high, standing on a pedestal 155 feet high. This beautiful monument, situated on Bedloe's Island, seems at first sight of no unusual dimensions, but as we get nearer to it, it gradually grows into gigantic proportions. The statue was modelled by Bartholdi, a French sculptor, and was a gift to the American nation by the French people. In the right hand of the

figure, held aloft, is a torch, lighted at night by electricity, and in the left hand is the Constitution. The statue and pedestal cost £205,000.

We are now fairly within the haven, and the vast commerce of the city is in full view. The scene is one never to be forgotten, when once gazed upon, and gives a zest to the anticipations of the traveller on his first visit to the New World. On our right hand is the Long Island shore, with its pretty villas standing behind their screens of foliage. On the left hand are the hills of Staten Island, crowned with elegant mansions, while below these, lining the edge of the bay, are prosperous looking villages. The water at this moment presents a lively and ever changing pleasure scene. Ocean steamers; ferry boats of gigantic proportions and curious construction, to English notions; steam tugs of no special attraction in build; large and stately steamboats, with cabins tier above tier; graceful pleasure yachts; tall-masted and broad-sailed schooners; tiny cobbles, with fleets of vessels anchored near the wharves, are scattered over the wide expanse. Beyond these can be seen the distant cities of Hoboken, New York, and Brooklyn.

We now pass on our left the villages of Clifton and Stapleton, with their fleet of yachts, and on our right, the thickly-populated shores which form the cove known as Gowann's Bay. We are now nearing the Liberty Statue and Governor's Island, with its antique circular stone fort, known as "Castle William." This is the headquarters of an important branch of the American Army, the "Military Division of the Atlantic." Rounding the corner named "Red Hook" we come upon the East River, which runs between New York and Brooklyn, and from this point we get a splendid view of the magnificent Brooklyn Bridge, of which we shall have more to say anon.

Entering the Hudson river, we catch a passing glimpse of Broadway, that wonderful thoroughfare, which stretches right through the centre of the island on which New York stands. Two large buildings, right in front of us, now arrest our attention, and we learn that the one with the big square tower is the Produce Exchange, and the other, with its fifteen stories, is known as the Washington Building. Between these immense structures is the Bowling Green, and the granite structure known as Castle Garden is close at hand.

We now pass the docks, with their long projecting piers covered with substantial sheds. Passing slowly between these we notice the numerous ocean steamships, or large river steamboats, which are in the docks, and then, pleasantest sight of all, we reach the pier which terminates our voyage. Whilst our vessel is gracefully floating into her berth, we observe on the pier, amongst the crowd, one face which is quite familiar, and which has had much to do with our taking this long journey. A few minutes more, and the



Brooklyn.

New York.

Jersey.

gang-planks are fixed, and we are soon exchanging greetings with friends who have come to welcome our arrival. The Customs officers now appear upon the scene, and discharge their task, so far as I can see, and from my own experience, in a civil, respectful, and prompt manner. Having given my luggage to one of the "Express" agents, myself and my son went to the hotel which he had selected as our resting place for a brief period. I was now at liberty to commence my explorations of this wonderful city.



Brooklyn.

New York.

Jersey.



## CHAPTER II.

### NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

**M**Y short stay in New York was made very pleasant by the most courteous and unostentatious hospitality. The first intimation I had of this was given to me soon after I landed, when a letter was placed in my hands saying that a temporary home was awaiting me in Brooklyn, and had been for years, and my taking possession was anxiously looked for. I had been told long before I left England, by warm-hearted friends in New York, that whenever I should visit the States I might expect to have "a real good time." What was included in that expressive Americanism I did not then understand, but having experienced the "time," I may add that not only during my stay in New York and Brooklyn, but all through the States and Canada, everything was done for me that could contribute to redeem that promise.

My son having arranged for us to stay at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, in Chambers Street, off Broadway, we made our way as best we could to that establishment. It was no easy task, for the streets we had to pass along were all but impassable from the roadways being choked up with heavy drays, trucks, baggage and freight wagons, and the quantity of merchandise of all sorts which covered the foot-pavements and drove us into the roadway, where the paving was of the most execrable character. We pass on our way liquor "saloons" in abundance; the Elevated railway, with the trains speeding swiftly away overhead—a strange sight to an Englishman; telegraph and telephone poles, inartistic and unsightly in the extreme; across tramcar lines, wondering how the cars keep on the track with such an uneven surface to travel upon. We go along streets where are tall tenement houses, showing where the poorer portion of the population live in a condition of semi-squalor, which is not conducive either to health or morality. The streets were overrun with the children of those unfortunates whose dreary lot it is to spend their lives in such

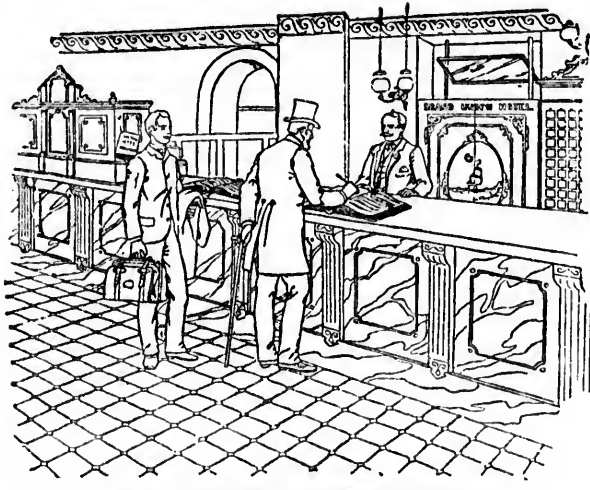


unpleasant surroundings. High up across these streets the family wash was swaying to and fro in the breeze, the clothes lines stretching from window to window. In front of these homes, if they may be called such, were the balcony fire-escape ladders, which, useful as they may be in case of fire, are no adornment to the buildings, but positively unsightly. Of their usefulness there can be no question, being generally the only means of escape in case of sudden fire. The "Cosmopolitan" is, to all intents and purposes, a typical American hotel, though not on so grand a scale as the monstrous establishments on the Fifth Avenue and Broadway. Hotel life in America is on different lines altogether from those of any other country. In European countries, hotels, as a rule, are for the use of travellers only, but in the New World they are the only homes a large number of the people are acquainted with. A large proportion of newly-married persons take up their residence in hotels in preference to having the expense of fitting up a house, and the cares of housekeeping. The reason for this is said to be that the men are not so fixed in their employment in America as elsewhere, and removal to another and perhaps far distant part of the country is much easier effected when there is no home to break up. Also, many young people marry before they have saved up money sufficient to furnish a home, and though this would in England be deemed to be a very imprudent course of action, it is not looked upon in this light by our friends across the water. It has been justly said that "New York is a city of paradoxes. It is full of palatial dwellings and homeless people—the most hopelessly homeless living not unfrequently in the bravest houses, and paying for unsocial subsistence a price that under a wiser system might give them every domestic comfort the heart could wish." To an Englishman, whose house is his castle, the manner of living adopted by great numbers of the inhabitants of New York violates the very first requirements of the life the English affect, namely, individual privacy and family seclusion.

I had not very much experience of American hotels, not having spent more than six nights in them, during my stay in the country. But I was desirous to see the interior working of some of the larger and more fashionable establishments, and I had my curiosity gratified when visiting the "Hoffman" and "Fifth Avenue" hotels in New York, the "Auditorium" in Chicago, the "Grand Union" in Saratoga, and the "Windsor" in Montreal. Once located in any of these palatial buildings you may find every convenience, and do anything you like without going out. You can read off the tape all the latest transactions in Wall Street or the European exchanges; you can telegraph all over the world; you can buy railway tickets to any part of the States, and send your luggage by "express"; you can buy all the newspapers; you can secure your seats at any of the theatres; you can buy a cigar



at the stand and smoke it ; and you can get any drink that was ever concocted at the bar. At more than one of the hotels above named, a clothing store, a hosiery establishment, and a chemist's shop are all connected with the place, so that if you find on your arrival that the cut of your clothes is not in the prevailing fashion, you can be "fixed" in the latest style, at a short notice ; if your hair is not up to New York pattern, the barber is at hand, and you can be shaved, have your hair cut, your moustache dyed, your eyebrows painted, and your ears syringed ; if you do not care to incur the serious expense of sending to the wash, you



The Hotel Clerk.

can buy underclothing, shirts and socks, cravats and gloves ; you can sport boots of the most approved pattern, and one of Knox's latest hats ; and you can buy a bottle of perfume, a box of Carter's Little Liver Pills, or a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla,

with equal ease,—all without setting your foot out of doors. You can enter the hotel a seedy, travel-stained Englishman, and emerge a well-dressed, quasi-American, ready for opera, concert, or social reunion, for walking, riding, driving, or promenading.

On my visit to the largest of these caravansaries, I looked with something akin to awe upon that mysterious individual, the hotel clerk, who, I had been informed, was a walking encyclopædia, directory, railway, steamship, and postal guide, in fact, a universal fountain of knowledge and information. I had been given to understand that he, in common with his *confrères*, was a haughty and unapproachable despot, who, in the most supercilious manner, assigned travellers, at his will, to most uninviting quarters. I found him, and others of his class, to be the very reverse of all this, and when I visited their hotels merely on a tour of inspection, they were the most good natured and accommodating of mortals, answering my every enquiry with the greatest politeness. From

the casual observations I was enabled to make, I should not be surprised if at times they were inclined to be despotic, for they are bored with most unanswerable questions, they are expected to be pleasant under most trying circumstances, to remember everybody staying in the hotel by name, and all their peculiarities and eccentricities, to give everyone the best room, and to lend a willing and sympathetic ear to every traveller who is in distress, or imagines that he is.

On the ground floor, as you enter an American hotel, is a large marble-paved entrance hall. A few negroes are lounging about, waiting to carry off any luggage the traveller may have in his possession. Part of the immense space is occupied by a counter, behind which is the gentleman who decides your destiny, so far as it relates to the position which you shall occupy within his domain. As it is said that "upon the benignity of his rule the comfort of the guests and the well-being of the house are in a great measure dependent," it is well to bear this in mind in your intercourse with the great man, and my advice is, always be on good terms with the hotel clerk, for he is undoubtedly a power, and can make or mar you. Before he can do anything in the way of receiving you as a guest you must inscribe your name and residence in the ponderous visitors' book, which is placed before you on a mahogany pivoted desk. Then you are handed over to an ebony attendant, who conducts you to your room; it may be in a "garret near the sky," for many of these hotels are from five to ten stories in height, and as the rooms "above" are equally as comfortable as the rooms "below," it is only a question of entering the lift, or "elevator," as it is called, and being whisked upwards to your destination in a few moments.

The remainder of the entrance hall is occupied by knots of gentlemen, sitting and standing, smoking and chatting, surrounded by spittoons of enormous size, generally made of brass; a more useful or more indispensable article of furniture it would be difficult to name, for the American, whether smoking or chewing, expectorates profusely; and, speaking of this habit. I met with it almost everywhere in the States, and at times under somewhat trying circumstances. Round the hall are situated the barber's shop, news stall, cigar store, boot-blackening room, telegraph and telephone offices, smoke room, and writing room. On the first floor are the reception, drawing, and ladies' rooms. To my mind, the vastness of the American hotels takes away all feeling of comfort and cosiness, and I would sooner spend a week in an old-fashioned English country hostelry, where the comfort of the guests is the paramount consideration, than spend the same period of time in one of these huge buildings, where your personality is altogether ignored, and like the inmates of some government establishments in the old country, you are only recognised by the number you happen to bear.

Travellers from many countries, with whom I came in contact, spoke well of the management of the American hotels, the excellence of the table, the quality of the food, and superior bedroom accommodation. The "American plan" as to charges is a fixed price for bedroom and three consecutive meals per day. This enables an Englishman to avoid a species of black mailing to which he has a decided objection, namely, the charges which come under the comprehensive phrase of "extras." For three meals and a bedroom the prices all over the States vary from 12s. to 25s. per day. The difference in price depends upon the class of hotel and the situation of the bedroom; the meals being the same in all cases. Having entered your name in the visitors' book, it is well to have an understanding what is the rate at which you will have to pay. There is a story told of an Englishman, though I feel sure that he was not a Yorkshireman, who had a lively experience under the "American plan," and as the story gives some insight into the ample provision made in the cuisine department of the American hotels, I will reproduce it. It is said that an Englishman "arrived at the 'Fifty-fifth Avenue Hotel' after a rough passage over; feeling a powerful appetite he looked at the programme and noted the hours for meals; he observed that breakfast was served from seven to eleven o'clock, lunch from one to two, dinner (*à la carte*) from two to five, dinner (*table d'hôte*) at half-past five, tea from six to nine, and supper from nine to twelve—seventeen hours of copious refreshment. The new arrival, after careful consideration, struck out a plan of action. He was not a mean man, but thought himself bound to get the better of the hotel proprietor. He was up soon after seven in the morning only with the appetite of a cormorant who had swallowed a bottle of Angostura bitters.

"Being properly posted, he began with a melon with pepper and salt, and a few tomatoes cut up with cucumber and onion, and then took kindly to his hot rolls, his Graham bread, a slice of Spanish mackerel, a bit of beefsteak, a few eggs *au miroir*, a little broiled ham and some fried potatoes, a taste of smoked beef and eggs and a broiled chicken—winding up the whole performance with a heap of rice cakes, a couple of peaches, tea, coffee, and other fixings. He walked down town in high glee, and came up smiling to lunch, making awful havoc among the raw oysters and the stewed oysters, the fried oysters and the pickled oysters, the cold chicken, ham, and tongue. At dinner he was again to the fore, looking happy and hungry, but was rather streaked at the bill of fare, which included two soups, two fishes, seven cold dishes, six *relevés*, ten *entrées*, seven roasts, eighteen vegetables, nine varieties of pastry, eleven kinds of fruit, lemon and rum ice, creams and coffee. He was equal to the occasion; beginning gently with tomato soup, he next attacked the boiled bass and the broiled white-fish, and after a

little boiled chicken and ham fell upon the *entrées* like a lion. He despatched in quick succession fillet of beef larded, with mushrooms, oyster patties, sweetbreads with green peas, lobster à la Valenciennes, and rice birds in cases with champagne sauce, roast turkey poult and roast grouse, followed by lobster salad. At intervals my friend tasted at my solicitation sundry of our national vegetables, such as green corn, baked and stewed tomatoes, red beets, succotash, sweet potatoes, squash, Lima beans, and fried egg-plant. Through all this he worked heroically, but weakened on the pastry, paying little or no attention to the peach pie, the orange pie, the 'punkin' pie, the sliced-apple pie—we are great on pies in my country—the puffs and jellies and custards; but brightened up at dessert among the grapes and raisins, English walnuts and American pecan nuts, citron melons and rosy-hearted water melons. He pulled through, he did, and arrived at the ice cream and coffee, tired perhaps, but not cloyed. As we did not get through dinner till about seven o'clock, he had only time to get a cup of tea and a slice of cake in the tea-room before we went to Booth's. After the theatre he showed up, but with diminished vigour, at supper among the cold chickens and ham, the cold tongue, and the oysters hot and cold, raw and fried; and then owned up fair and square that no such board and lodging could be got anywhere else in the world for the same money—about 13s. or 14s. a day all told, and no extras."

One feature of American hotels is very praiseworthy, namely, that there is little apparent drinking in them. It is the exception, not the rule, to see wine or beer taken at meals, and in this connection I may add that open intemperance in the States is far less observable than in our own country. Gin drinking and sherry-cobbling are vulgarities confined to the bar-room, which is generally kept out of sight, in the ground-floor. The very first thing placed before a guest in every hotel and restaurant is a glass of iced water, and in the hot weather I experienced immediately on my arrival in the country, the thermometer registering 80° in the shade, this cold beverage was very acceptable. Iced water is provided in abundance in every railway carriage and station, and in the hotels you can obtain iced tea, iced milk, and a variety of other drinks, treated in a similar way. The strawberries I had for dessert on many occasions, with sugar and iced cream, were very pleasant and refreshing; also a tumbler of milk, with a piece of ice in it, was a luxury after breakfast or tea.

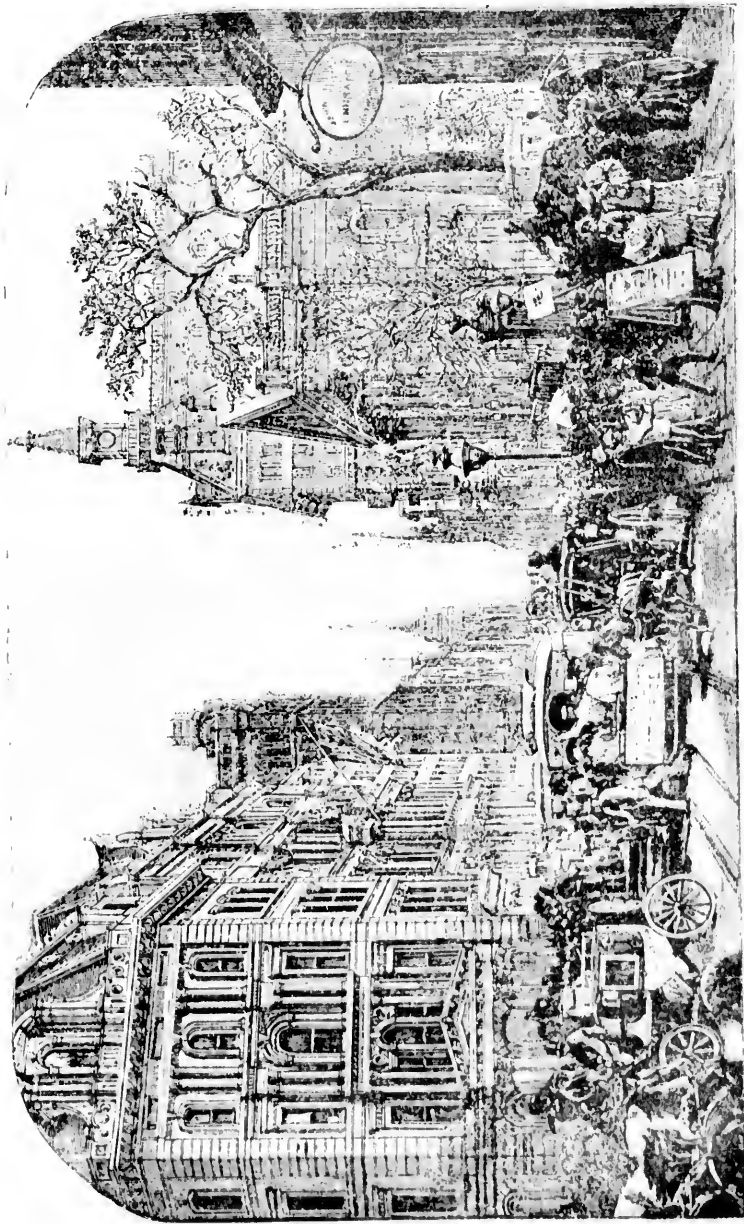
After luncheon we took a stroll along Broadway, the principal street of New York, and a splendid thoroughfare it is. We went towards the Battery, passing the Post Office and many other important public buildings. We looked in at Trinity Church, the Westminster Abbey of New York, a most interesting sanctuary. The parish is the richest in America, having revenues of £100,000

a year. It was founded in 1697, receiving from the English Government a grant of its present site. Some singular gifts have been given to it, from time to time. It received a fund for relieving Christian slaves out of Salee; was granted all wrecks and drift whales on the island of Nassau, and the communion services were given by William and Mary, and King George. The present church was built in 1846, and is a handsome specimen of Gothic architecture. It was a wonderful contrast, to step from the uproar and turmoil of the busy street, and find ourselves in this quiet spot, from whence the stillness was only broken by the hushed and apparently distant rumbling of the incessant traffic in Broadway. The gray tint of the groined roof, and the rows of carved Gothic columns, mellowed by the subdued daylight which comes through the stained glass windows, and the altar and reredos, both exceedingly beautiful, form an artistic effect well worthy of our admiration. We spent a short time in the ancient churchyard, where are to be seen many memorials of interest. Here is the tomb of Captain Lawrence, whose last words, as he lay on the bloody deck of the Chesapeake, "Don't give up the ship," is a well-known lesson in American history. Another striking monument is erected to the memory of "Patriotic Americans who died during the Revolution in British prisons." In walking around this "God's Acre," we were forcibly reminded of similar resting-places in the old country, for we were surrounded by many venerable moss-covered tombstones, with their ancient inscriptions, some of them very quaint and curious, appealing to our antiquarian sympathies. The situation of the graveyard is somewhat unusual, being close to the fevered life of the street—the great artery of New York life and traffic.

We next visited St. Paul's Church, in Vesey Street, and were surprised to find the interior quaint and old-fashioned to a degree. We had pointed out to us the pew of Washington, marked with his initials. Dr. Auchmuty used to read prayers for the King in the chancel, until the drummers of the American garrison beat him down with the long roll in the central aisle. We saw in the graveyard the monuments to Emmett, the Irish patriot, and George Frederick Cooke, the celebrated English actor. The monument to Cooke was built at the expense of the great Edmund Kean, and has since been restored by Charles Kean, and Edward Sothorn, the well-known comedian.

Proceeding on our way, we cannot but notice the many varieties of street architecture, for, although new enough, they are worthy of admiration. There is certainly sufficient variety in styles and material to suit all tastes—edifices in marble, in iron, in free-stone, in granite, in brick; edifices in the Egyptian, in the Greek, in the Norman, in the Gothic, in the Renaissance, in the Italian, and in unknown styles. Equally noticeable with the architecture is the appearance of universal activity, for the roadway is so

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Broadway, New York.

Post Office.



packed with carriages, drays, trucks, cars and other vehicles, and the pavements so thronged with a hurrying, bustling concourse of people, that one soon realizes the fact that New York is not a place in which to be idle. The street was, indeed, so dangerously crowded with traffic, that it would seem as if accidents must be of frequent occurrence. The aspect of Broadway at this point, I was informed, may be taken as a true key to the character of its population as a most energetic and restless people.

As we continue our walk the traffic becomes less in volume, and the street soon comes to the Bowling Green, a triangular space about half an acre in extent, having a small oval park and fountain in the centre. This place, in the old Colonial days, was the Court end of the town, surrounded by the residences of the proudest of the Knickerbockers. On the site of the Washington Building, in 1760, a collector of the port built a large house, which afterwards became the headquarters of Lords Cornwallis and Howe, Sir Henry Clinton and George Washington. Here also Talleyrand made his home. The space to the southward, now a row of old-fashioned houses, was the site of the old Fort Amsterdam and Fort George, the official residence of the Dutch and British Governors.

On our return walk we made a detour into Wall Street, and saw the Custom House, with its long granite colonnade, where the Government collects the largest part of its revenues. We are now in the financial centre of the Republic, but the stress and strain which is to be met with here during the early part of the day have ceased, and the street is comparatively deserted. The stately United States Treasury is a fine building on the site of the hall in which Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States. It is built in partial imitation of the Parthenon at Athens; is of marble, with granite roof. It took eight years in building, and cost £400,000.

Returning to Broadway, the immense buildings of the Bank of the Republic, the Metropolitan Bank, and the Equitable Life Insurance Company are passed; also the magnificent ten-story edifice of the Western Union Telegraph Company, with its tower 230 feet above the pavement. A few steps further bring us to the Post Office, a granite structure of immense size, costing £1,400,000, and whose broad surmounting dome and tower make it a landmark for miles around. The granite columns and blocks in this erection were cut and carved ready for their places by 600 men at Dix Island, on the coast of Maine, and the building is said to be absolutely incombustible. We are now in City Hall Park, a triangular space, on which stands the Court House a massive Corinthian structure, which has attained no little notoriety as the building used by the "Tweed Ring," which governed New York twenty years ago, for extracting £3,000,000 from the Treasury on fraudulent bills.

The City Hall is also in the Park, a much older and less pretentious building than its neighbour, constructed of white marble. We made an inspection of the interior, and saw the Governor's room, which is adorned with portraits of the Governors of New York, and Revolutionary heroes, also a fine portrait of Columbus. We saw, too, Washington's desk and chair, which he used when President. Having dined at our hotel, we spent the remainder of the evening in a visit to Barnum and Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth," and were much amused and entertained by the performances.



City Hall.

APRIL SIXTEENTH.—This morning we went to the Barge Office, near the Public Park, a popular recreation ground, thirty-one acres in extent, nicely laid out, well shaded, and open to all the sea breezes. The Barge Office, though erected for Customs requirements, is also used as the depot for landing of immigrants, until the new buildings on Ellis Island are completed. Into this spacious building all the immigrants are brought and cared for until they leave New York. Sometimes as many as 25,000 new arrivals are brought in one week. We were very anxious to look over the depot, for we had been informed that it was one of the "sights" that should not be missed. We went to the entrance, and enquired of the janitor if we might be allowed to inspect the different departments, but we were met with a peremptory refusal. We then asked if a permit could not be obtained from some authority, but we were again informed that admittance was not granted to strangers. As a last resource, I intimated that it was my intention



to give an account of my visit to the States, and the emigrant depot was one of the places I should like to say something about. This had the desired effect, and an intelligent official was placed at our service, to explain the *modus operandi* of the reception and distribution of the arrivals. We were conducted to the landing stage, where twelve hundred immigrants were leaving the tug which had brought them from the ocean steamship. They were at once passed on, in single file, into the registry department. This was slow work, as a record was taken of each person. The record includes the name, age, class, nativity, destination, occupation, amount of money brought, and an answer to the question whether the immigrant had ever been in a workhouse or prison, or is under contract to work in the States.

The registering officers are wonderfully expert, and can with almost unerring certainty detect objectionable immigrants. Whenever a doubt arises regarding the truthfulness of the answers given, the immigrant is compelled to make oath to his or her statement. When it is borne in mind that from 3,000 to 4,000 immigrants land in a single day, one may obtain an idea of the expedition and celerity with which the work is performed.

Any suspects who fail to pass muster are "sent inside" at once for further examination. This means that they are sent to a separate enclosure, where they are detained until their statements can be verified. If, for instance, an immigrant who seems to be too old to be self-supporting is "sent inside," and there informs the officer that he has a relative who will support him, he is asked for the address of that relative, and a telegram is immediately sent to the latter notifying him of the arrival of the immigrant. If a satisfactory response is received the detained immigrant is permitted to proceed, but only when his statements have been verified.

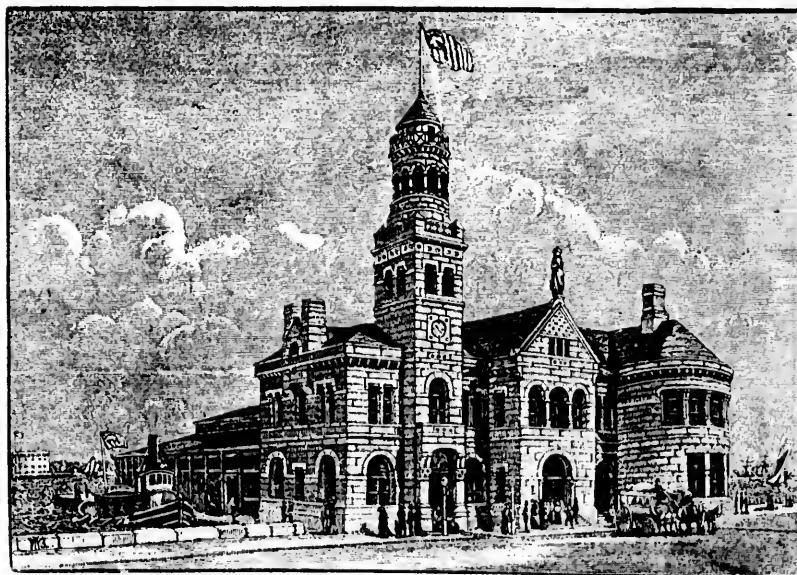
Again, if an infirm person appears and no one claims him, he is detained until some one appears who is willing to give bonds that he shall not become a public charge. All the cases not thus disposed of are finally sent to Colonel Weber for decision. Affidavits are taken, and when it is found that the persons are not self-supporting, or that they are objectionable for any reason, they are returned to the steamer which brought them and sent back. Out of sixty thousand arrivals during April and May, 1891, about one per cent., or six hundred, were returned. Nearly all of these were Italians, probably nearly ninety-five per cent. They were mostly returned because they were without means, over age, or decrepit.

One can readily see that in such an office, where no fixed rules exist, judgment and discretion must prevail. And the judgment must be very prompt, as detained immigrants must be sent back on the steamers that bring them, and these steamers seldom stay in port longer than three or four days. If there were delays in the

adjudication of cases, the limited quarters of the Barge Office would speedily be overcrowded, and the Government would be obliged either to release the detained persons or support them for an indefinite period. As steamers land on all days, Sundays included, there is a constant rush of work, and particularly a rush at this season of the year, for the largest immigration is between the first of April and the first of June.

Every accommodation is given the immigrants that can possibly be provided in the limited quarters of the Barge Office.

The various railroad companies have their agents to sell tickets, provisions of the plainest kind are sold at fixed prices, and an office



The Barge Office.

for the sale of postal orders and postage stamps, as well as an office for the exchange of money, is furnished. The rates of exchange are fixed daily.

The Italians, I was informed, bring the most vices and the least cash. The Germans are the most thrifty. There were over 200,000 transactions at the Exchange office during 1890, and only three complaints were made, all of which were readily adjusted. The American system of checking baggage is also utilized, and though nearly a quarter of a million of pieces were handled during 1890, only five pieces went astray.

From conversations I had with persons who take an interest in the immigration question, I learnt that large numbers of people who come to the country to seek a living, do not succeed

because they plunge into things of which they have no knowledge or physical adaptability, and by far too many clerks, shop assistants, and know-nothings arrive at the Barge Office, when only first-class workmen and female servants are really wanted. The last-named easily find places at good wages. But, as to wages, I would warn intending emigrants that "all is not gold that glitters," and it is well to remember that the value of a man's earnings is not the amount he receives, but the purchasing power of that sum. Though under the system of protection they claim to pay high wages in America, yet, on the other hand, living is much higher, and the strangest thing is that American produce, of better quality than is to be had in New York, can be bought cheaper in England than in the States. Then taxes are high and plentiful, for there is a poll tax of two to three dollars per annum; a tax on household furniture, and property in the city pays two taxes, one to the city and the other to the state and country. And rents in the country are also very much higher than in England. Another thing to be remembered is that a workman is not expected to shuffle or loiter at his employment; everything is go ahead, and there is no weekly half-holiday, and very few regular holidays. And yet, I was told, and can readily believe it, that the road to success in America, though uphill it may be for a time, will, if the man has grit to hold on, lead to success, but this means work, work, and still work, and careful watching at all points, with strict temperance habits. I was told further that a person given to drinking has no chance whatever, but to a steady, sober man wishing to work, there is a good prospect of his being able to better his condition, and eventually make a good position for himself.

During my visit to the States I found that there existed a wide spread desire for the adoption of some legislation by which the immigration from Europe could be restricted, but no feasible plan seemed to be hit upon. Some newspapers suggested that an education test should be applied, under which all immigrants should be required to be able to read and write the English language. Others suggested the imposition of a heavy head tax, and still another proposed that all immigrants should be required to possess a certificate of good moral character; and it was also mooted that they should have a monetary qualification of £100. None of these propositions would answer the purpose, except so far as to almost put a stop to immigration, for under the educational test it would be confined to British subjects, and under the head tax, and monetary qualification, nine-tenths of the best class of immigrants would be excluded. To my mind, the existing laws, as explained to me by our cicerone at the Barge office, are quite sufficient to keep away undesirable arrivals. These laws provide for the exclusion of all persons who have been convicted of any offence involving moral turpitude, all persons who are likely to become a public charge,

and all persons who are afflicted with any dangerous disease. It seems as though these restrictions would insure that all the immigrants would be healthy, industrious, respectable, and these are as good qualifications as anyone might be expected to possess. Still my informant said that the question of immigration was becoming a serious one, and *would* have to be dealt with in some practical way. He further said that more than half a million immigrants would land in the United States this year, and I could not help expressing my astonishment as to where and how they could all find means of subsistence, and that too, in a majority of cases, directly after their arrival, for certainly the bulk of those I saw land on this occasion, as also the thousand emigrants who

came over with us on the *Majestic*, appeared to be very poor indeed. A writer has well said that "a visit to the Barge office is a revelation. Here can be found the rarest opportunities for the exercise of religious, philanthropic, and charitable effort. Here is the beginning of citizenship, the foundation of the future. Lines of anxiety and hope are seen on every face. The young and the aged, the strong man and the weak, crowd at the gate of opportunity, waiting for an entrance. The seething, struggling



Col. Weber.

tide of humanity that comes with accelerating flow into this country, and that never ceases to surge at the granite gates of the Battery."

The immigration into the United States from 1820 to 1890 is the subject of a special report which has been prepared by Maj. Brock, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, but is not yet published. No official record was made of the influx of foreign population to this country before 1820, but the

immigration from the close of the Revolution to that time is estimated at 225,000. The arrivals of immigrants from 1821 to 1890 have reached 15,641,688. The arrivals from 1821 to 1830 were 143,439; from 1831 to 1840, 5,995,125; from 1841 to 1850, 1,713,250; from 1851 to 1860, 2,598,214; from 1861 to 1870, 2,466,752; from 1871 to 1880, 2,964,295; and from 1881 to 1890, 5,176,212.

The arrivals from 1871 to 1890 were 8,120,907, or 50.92 per cent. of the total arrivals from 1821 to 1890. The proportion of arrivals from Europe has increased from 68.89 per cent. of the whole immigration in the decade from 1821 to 1830 to 91.67 per cent. in the last decade, from 1881 to 1890.

The following figures give the arrival of each nationality during the entire period from 1820 to 1890. Germany, 4,551,719; Ireland, 3,501,683; England, 2,460,034; British North American possessions, 1,029,083; Norway and Sweden, 943,330; Austria-Hungary, 464,435; Italy, 416,513; France, 370,162; Russia and Poland, 356,353; Scotland, 329,192; China, 292,578; Switzerland, 176,333; Denmark, 146,237; all other countries, 606,006.

Of the arrivals during the ten years from 1881 to 1890, 3,205,911, or 61.1 per cent., were males, and 2,040,702, or 38.9 per cent., were females. The greatest proportion of females, 40 per cent., has come from Ireland. The smallest percentage of females has been 20.6, from Italy, and 26.2 from Hungary. The ages of immigrants arriving during the past ten years show that from 62.2 per cent. in the case of Germany to 78.6 per cent. in the case of Ireland are between 15 and 40 years of age. Of those under 15, the largest percentage, 86.6, came from Germany, and the smallest percentage 14.1 from Ireland. The smallest percentage of those over 40 years of age, 7.3 per cent., also came from Ireland, and the largest percentage, 15.5 per cent., came from Italy.

The classification of the character of the immigration during the past decade shows that only 26,257 males were of the professional classes, and 514,552 were skilled labourers, 1,833,325 were of miscellaneous occupations, 73,327 made no statement in regard to occupation, and 759,450 were without occupation. Of the 2,040,702 females 1,724,454 were without occupation.

From the Barge Office we went to the Stock Exchange in Wall Street, where the excitement was even more pronounced than we found it when surrounded by the Babel of sounds furnished by the immigrants of all nations. We took our places in the seats appropriated for strangers, and the noise below was so deafening that conversation in the gallery was all but impossible. The turmoil of this "bear garden," must be heard to be appreciated, for it is impossible for me to describe it. The most striking feature, however, to me, was that, notwithstanding the incoherent shouting and violent gesticulations, no one seemed

to be paying any particular attention to the business on hand. And yet the transactions which are taking place are wired to all parts of the civilized world, and the business interests of the American nation pulsate in unison with it, for a panic in Wall Street means disaster everywhere in the Republic. I was much interested in watching the countenances of the men who had their attention fixed on the famous "tickers" which were stationed all round the room, and which were incessantly running out their paper ribbons of quotations, giving pleasure or pain, according to the information which the message conveyed to the speculators who were consulting it. The visitor to New York must on no account miss paying a visit to this interesting spot.

Leaving the Exchange, we re-enter Broadway, and make our first acquaintance with the street cars, and here I must express my admiration of the manner in which the passenger traffic of New York is dealt with. The tramcars are most comfortable conveyances, and travel along very smoothly, the only drawbacks being, that there are no outside seats, and no limit placed upon them as to the number of passengers they may carry. There is always room, however full the car may appear to be. When the seats are full, the late comers stand in the passage between the seated passengers, holding on firmly to the straps which hang from the top of the car. Then the footboards are utilized and it is said that "persons may occasionally be seen holding on to the car by their eyebrows, whilst they fish up the nickel from their pocket, with which to pay the fare." Although this is an exaggeration, it does seem difficult to realize how a vehicle which can seat only thirty persons, should often carry double that number from one end of Broadway to the other. In all the cities I visited while in the States, I met with tramways, for the Americans evidently believe in riding whenever possible. The cars are propelled by different methods; in New York, horses are employed, in Milwaukee, mules, and electricity in Salem, Minneapolis, Toledo, Detroit, and many Western cities. The last named system is by far the most satisfactory, the cars moving along with a smoothness not attained by any other method. I may add that in no place did I see steam employed as the motive power for street cars. This is attributable to the fact that the streets are almost everywhere level, so that there is not much difficulty in drawing the cars. For every fare the tramcar conductor receives, he pulls a string, stretched the length of the car, which moves the dial of a registering machine, numbered from one to sixty. This appears to be a safe method of checking the receipts, though it has been said that "hitherto no system has been invented which will prevent a Yankee car conductor from taking a larger share of his employers' receipts than is represented by his weekly salary."

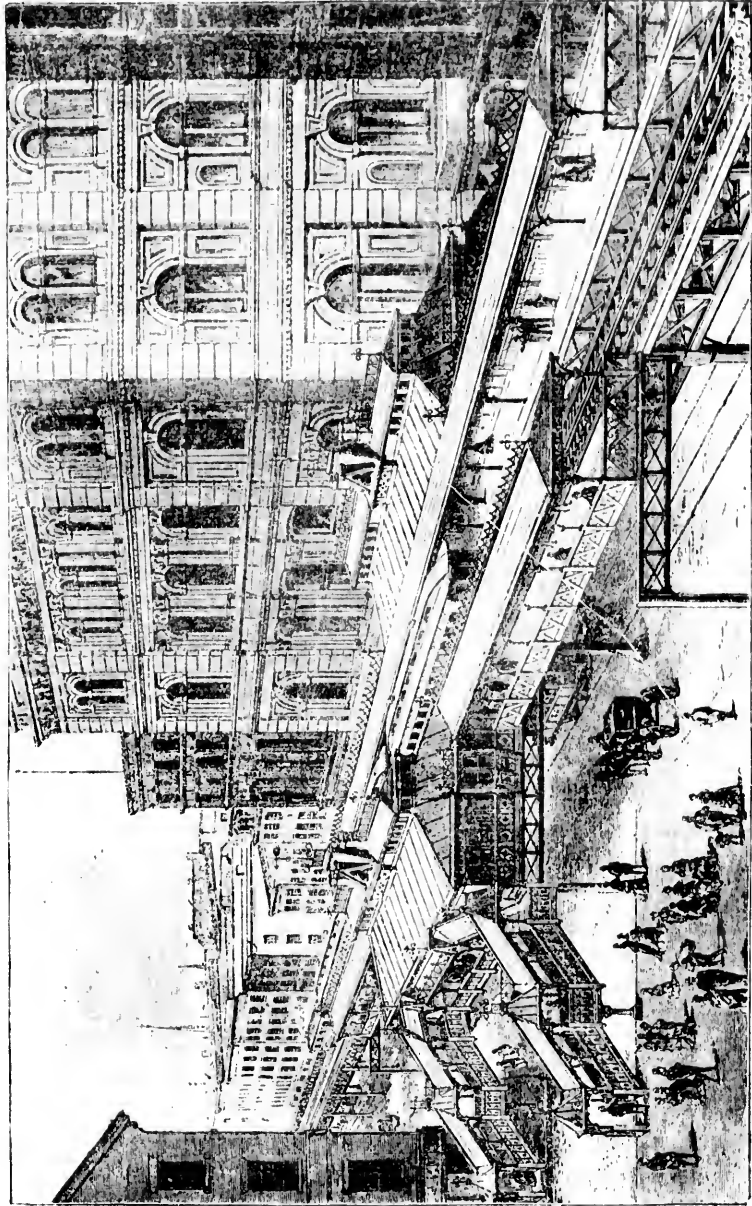
The omnibuses are also much used, and far surpass ours in points of elegance and comfort. Instead of entering a damp, straw-covered, ill-ventilated vehicle such as are to be found in Leeds, London, and nearly all English towns, you find a light, clean, carpeted conveyance, commodious and airy, with agreeable plush or velvet cushions, and handsome frescoes or paintings between the panels, in lieu of the ugly advertisements that are to be met with in England. These omnibuses have no conductors to receive the fares. The whole business is managed in a simple manner by the driver. You give him the signal in the street, and he stops, and relaxes a long, leathern strap, which passes from his arm along the top of the interior of the 'bus to the door. So soon as you open and enter, he again pulls the door, and you are then expected, before taking your seat, to place the amount of your fare in a little box fixed in the vehicle for the purpose. When the money is deposited, it lies exposed to the eye of the driver, who, having checked it, lifts a spring and lets the coin drop into a lower box, where it remains until the journey is completed, when the box is emptied by a duly authorised collector.

Another, and perhaps the most important of the systems by which the passenger traffic is regulated, is the Elevated Railway, which is now a great feature in the streets of New York and Brooklyn. It is an excellent and ever ready means of conveyance in and about the two cities, and though the effect in the streets is neither picturesque nor beautiful, the drawbacks are more than counterbalanced by the facility the railway affords for shortening the long distances which are common to both cities. The rail tracks are lifted to a height of thirty feet, and in some cases to sixty-five feet, upon iron pillars, and to prevent accidents by the train slipping off the metals the rails are laid on sleepers in a deep groove cut out of long pieces of timber, which are firmly bolted to the sleepers. Underneath the railway is the roadway for horses and carriages, and the lines of the rail for the tramcars. It is a novel experience to sit in the car on the "L" road, as the New Yorkers call it, and be able to inspect the interiors of the sitting rooms on the first floors of the residences along the route. In some places I observed that the streets were so narrow that the cars were within a couple of feet from the walls of the houses, and at other points the carriages were on a level with the third story of the dwelling houses, and I could see the sleeping arrangements, which cannot be very pleasant, I should imagine, to the occupiers.

From the extensive patronage accorded to the Elevated railway, the shareholders of the company receive very handsome returns from their investments. The trains run quite as frequently as those on the "underground" in London; one company (for there are three separate companies) runs daily 840 trains (420 each



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Elevated Railway.



way), up and down their line, between 5 a.m. and 12 p.m., no fewer than 70 trains per hour being run during the busy portions of the day, when business men are going to or returning from, their work. The fare is 2½d. for any distance, so that, if you feel disposed to have a good look at the busy life in New York streets, you can take a ride of ten or more miles for this small sum, and this, too, without changing cars. The trains run very quick, and little time is lost at the stations. The cross tracks are very few, so that there is no fear of danger from collisions, but there are sharp curves, which require great care to be used, else the cars would never get round them. I was much indebted to the "L" railway, which carried me over far more ground than I could possibly have covered under other circumstances, and as I had seldom any waiting, or delays of any kind, I could make appointments and keep them with perfect regularity.

There are other ways of getting about New York, such, for instance, as the "hackney carriages" offer, but I had received so unfavourable an account of the "cabbies" and their charges, that I carefully avoided making their acquaintance. I did, however, on several occasions make use of the ferry-boats, which ply between New York and Brooklyn, Jersey, and Staten Island. These boats are of immense size, as may be readily understood, when it is known that they carry as many as 1,000 passengers at one time, besides public and private conveyances in great numbers. These latter take their stand under cover, in the middle of the boat, whilst the passengers are in "saloons" on each side.

Having taken an early dinner in one of the Broadway restaurants, we went to the wharf from whence the ferry boat departs, which is in connection with the Pennsylvania Railway, on the Jersey side of the water. Here I bid good-bye to my son, who was returning to his duties in Philadelphia, while I retraced my steps to Broadway, intending to pay a visit to an old and dear friend, a fellow Yorkshireman, whose personality is known throughout the length and breadth of the States, as it is known everywhere in his native county of Yorkshire.

The desire had been with me for years, that some day I might have the pleasure of seeing this great preacher in his own home, and now my wish was about to be realised. Entering a street car, I was in due course put down at 52nd Street, which is but a step from Broadway, where, in one of the handsome apartment buildings, known as "The Strathmore," Dr. Collyer has his home. The front entrance is grand and imposing, as befits a structure of such magnitude. On entering the vestibule, a negro attendant is waiting to direct visitors, to take charge of parcels and messages, and to accompany you in the "elevator." I was soon whisked aloft to the eighth story, "up among the clouds," to the company of my friend, who was entertaining a Congregational minister from

Lancashire, who had found his way, as do scores of others during a twelvemonth, to the agreeable society of the Doctor and his family. I received a warm welcome, and was soon made to feel perfectly at home. I was pleased to find that, though several years had passed since I last saw the preacher, in my own home in Yorkshire, he was looking as though time was dealing very gently with him. There was the same leonine head, with its wealth of gray hair, perhaps a shade whiter, and there was also the broad, good natured, completely human face, which it does one good to look at, as being the countenance of a man whom even a little child could trust implicitly. Dr. Collyer is indeed one of the noblest and one of the gentlest of men. He has the delicacy of a woman, and the strength of a man. His physique is magnificent, large, and well-proportioned, and as I have already intimated, with a fine, manly face, full of expression.

As all who have ever come in contact with the Doctor will know, he is a ready and interesting conversationist, bright, full of anecdote, and abounding in illustrations and quotations of the most *apropos* kind. His wide reading, large experience of life, and constant association with men and women of superior culture and education, furnish him with choice materials for conversation, which he knows how to use with telling effect. To a brother Yorkshireman, he is a mine of information, for though at so great a distance from the "county of broad acres," there is little of real interest that passes within its borders of which he is not cognizant. I "guess" there are not many, even amongst scholars and writers, in the county, who have a larger or more choice library of Yorkshire literature than can be found in the Doctor's study in Broadway. From these volumes he, no doubt, gathers much that gives an Old World flavour and piquancy to his sermons and writings.

The story of Dr. Collyer's life, though so often told, is still worth the repeating, as being both instructive and romantic, showing how the factory boy and blacksmith's apprentice has, by dint of "clear grit," come to take one of the foremost positions among American divines, and to rank high among the literary and intellectual men of the New World. Robert Collyer was born at Keighley in 1824, but he was only nine days old when his parents went to reside at Blubberhouses. At four years old he was sent to school to Fewston, two miles away. The schoolmaster was a cripple, for, in those days, all cripples were fiddlers or teachers, and Willie Hardy was one of those pedagogues who, using the rod and the lesson book in about equal proportions, instilled into the minds of his pupils some slight knowledge of the merest rudiments of learning, and these lessons he emphasized by a liberal application of the hazel rod, which was ever ready to his hand. It is said that Hardy was a great marksman with the "corrective," and with him there was no use of dodging, for, if you did, the rod would find you

out, and punish you all the more. Collyer and his young companions swore solemnly to thrash *him* when they grew to be men. Twenty years ago, the old scholar, with a friend, went to Fewston, and they found the old schoolmaster, thrashing his pupils, just as they had left him. Crossing the worn threshold of the ancient schoolhouse, they very sternly enquired, "Is this Willie Hardy?" "And if it is," said the old man. "How are you getting along, sir?" said the strangers. "I'se weel enuf, but I doant knaw ye." "We used to be your scholars, sir, and we've come to give you back your thrashings." "Noa, noa—and ye weant," shouted old Willie at the intruders, his hand instinctively grasping the hazel rod. Then they made a rush at him, telling him who they were, giving him a great hustling, until he purchased freedom by a promise to play for them a tune on the old fiddle then and there; and he gave them "Home, sweet home," until there was not a dry eye in the little, low school-house.

When Collyer was eight years old he was sent to the factory, where he had to work from six in the morning to eight at night. At this drudgery he remained for six years, and at fourteen he was apprenticed to "owd Jackie Birch," the village blacksmith, at Ilkley. At this time he formed acquaintanceships which had much to do with shaping his future. John Dobson, Tom Smith, John Hobson, and the "'prentice lad," Collyer, became friends, and formed resolutions about books, reading, and study. Every spare hour they could command found them reading aloud, exchanging ideas and aspirations, and all of them grew into the possession of noble, self-reliant manhood. Before his apprenticeship came to an end Collyer had joined the Methodists, being led to do this by a sermon from a local preacher named Bland, now in Quebec. He soon became class-leader, and in a little time they made him a "local preacher." His first sermon was a great event in the district. It was preached at Addingham, a little hamlet three miles up the Wharfe from Ilkley. "Oh, I thought I had a capital sermon, though!" Mr. Collyer once said to a friend. "It was in three parts, each, of course, essential to the others. They didn't allow a fellow paper in those days, either. Their curious eyes were all wide open; and I thought I had done splendidly. But half way back to Ilkley I suddenly remembered I had left the 'secondly' out entirely. I was quite overwhelmed about it. But the joke of it all was that I had bodily stolen my 'secondly' from a fine sermon preached by a good Presbyterian brother. I felt the weight of that judgment on me so heavily that I have never stolen a sermon since!" Then they must hear him at Ilkley. All the boys and girls were there; and the young blacksmith thought he had made a great impression. While this was glowing in his mind on his way to the forge the next morning, the old village cobbler called out to him from where he was hammering away underneath

his porch : "I say, lad, come here, I ha' summat to say to ye. I heard thaa preach last night." There was a broad grin on his face. "Did ye, though?" returned the blacksmith, proudly. "I did, and I think thou'lt ne'er mak a preacher as long as thaa lives, Bob." He was stunned by this, for the cobbler was the village oracle. The latter saw how sorely he had hurt him, and kind-heartedly added : "Now, doant mistake me, Bob. Thou wants to *reason* too much. Thaa may'st lecture ; but thaa can never be a preacher !"

This prediction has completely failed, for "the personality above all others, that links the American heart of to-day to old Yorkshire, is one that America has held in loving regard these forty years, the great-hearted man who, at Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York, has made other men, Romanist or Protestant, orthodox or heterodox, better and happier for his ministry among them ; grand, gray Robert Collyer, who, when he passed from the iron to the spiritual anvil, knew no change in the real man, which made a great preacher and teacher out of the 'Yorkshire Blacksmith.'"

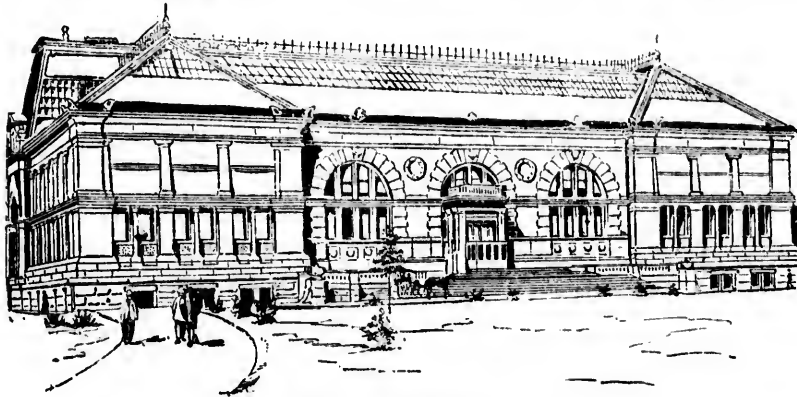
From his home among the picturesque scenery of Wharfedale, Robert Collyer emigrated to America, and became a worker in a hammer factory near Philadelphia.

In 1859, Chicago needed a preacher to help on her growth in greatness, and, when she realised this need, lost no time in discovering the man. "She hunted up an obscure blacksmith down in Pennsylvania, who was working for six shillings a day, six days in the week, and preaching for nothing on the seventh. It didn't matter to the seekers that this begrimed, hard-fisted Yorkshireman was not college bred ; nor did they mind that he thought himself a Methodist. They knew genuine metal when they saw it ; they knew this man and his religion better than did the man himself. Thus it was that Robert Collyer went to Chicago. There it was that he grew into the full flower and fruitage of his power, until the whole civilized world came to know and love the man and admire his work."

During his residence in the city, he was chosen by an unanimous vote, at a public meeting of his fellow-citizens, to go to the scene of the terrible Iowa tornado, and distribute their benefactions there. He afterwards held a commission, together with Mr. Moody, of Revivalist fame, from the city of Chicago, to carry relief to those wounded at the battle of Fort Donaldson. In 1871, Unity Church, the centre of his ministerial labours, was entirely destroyed in the great fire. The church had only been in existence two years, had cost £42,000, and when it was opened in June, 1869, the offertory amounted to £11,500, probably the largest ever made in any church in the world. A new church was built, larger but not so costly, and in this he ministered until 1879, when he accepted the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah, New York.

APRIL SEVENTEENTH.—Spent this day in company with the Doctor, visiting some of the sights of the city, first calling at his study, in a large building in Broadway, occupied by artists, and gentlemen engaged in various other professions. The room occupied by the preacher is located away from the noise and turmoil of the street, and here, safe from the intrusion of callers and domestic worries, he prepares his sermons and attends to his correspondence. On the walls are shelves from floor to ceiling, filled with books, and unlike the libraries of some literary men, there is no litter of papers and disorder of books.

Taking a street car, we alighted near the Metropolitan Museum of Art, situated in the Central Park, but were disappointed to find the Museum was closed for cleaning. I had an opportunity, subsequently, of going over the different departments, and was much

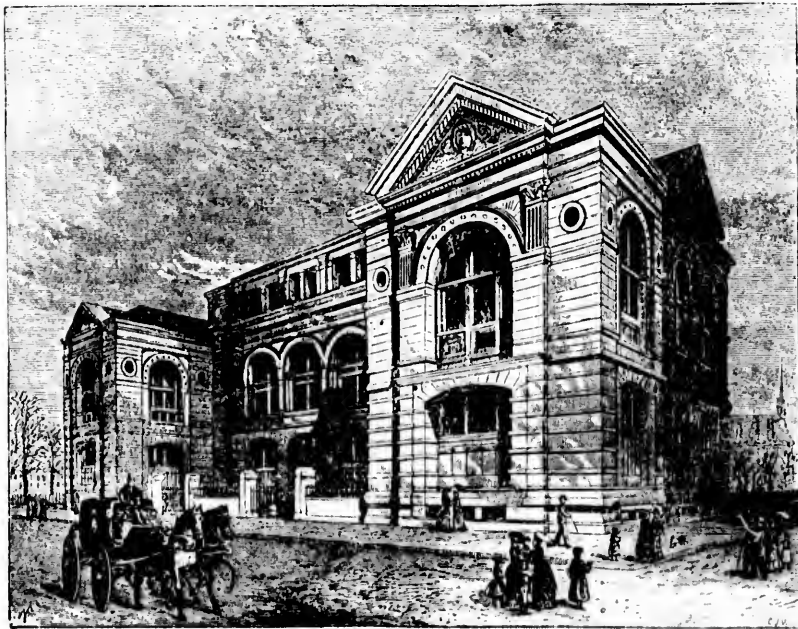


Metropolitan Museum of Art.

pleased with all that I saw. This is at present the most important institution of the kind in the States, though in wealth and variety of collections it cannot compare with our British Museum. Yet, considering its recent formation, its growth up to the present time is most remarkable. The collections comprise Egyptian Antiquities, Greek Vases, the famous Cesnola Antiquities, Statuary, Inscriptions and Bronzes, Terra Cottas, Sculptures, Pottery, Glass, Paintings, Drawings and Etchings, Engraved Gems, and American Antiquities. The object of the promoters of this museum is to make the collections they possess complete of their kind, and it is said that, in some details, it surpasses all other similar institutions. I have not the space to tell of the beauties of these varied and extensive collections, and can only add that the European visitor, when in New York, should not fail to make an examination of the treasures here deposited.

From Central Park we took car to Lenox Library, which occupies a commanding site on Fifth Avenue. As will be seen

from the engraving, the building is grand in mass, though simple in construction, and admirably proportioned in the relation of parts to the whole. It has a centre with two wings; the object being to leave as much light as possible for the library room and galleries, an arrangement which is entirely successful. The library was built at a cost of £200,000, and afterwards liberally endowed by the late James Lenox, a bibliophile of fine taste. The collection of rare books is the finest in the country, and is especially noteworthy in Bibles. I was much interested in the Burns MSS., being the largest collection to be found in any library either in the Old World or the New. This remarkable series of letters and MS. poems of the Scottish bard was purchased in Scotland last winter and presented by the owner to the Library.

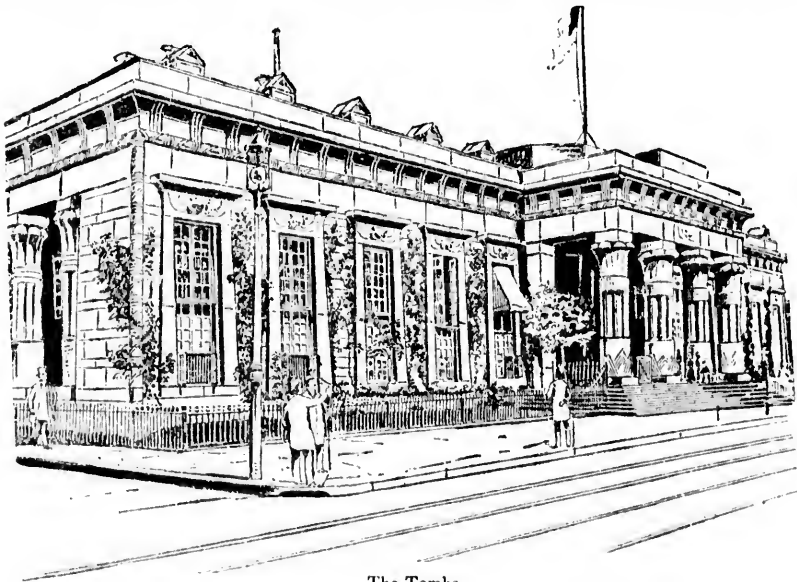


Lenox Library.

More interesting even than the Lenox Library was our inspection of the treasures to be found in the rooms of the New York Historical Society. It is to be regretted that this magnificent collection of pictures, statuary, and curiosities, the finest in America, should not be accessible to the public, except on introduction by a member. This society was founded in 1804, and has now upwards of 1,000 pictures, 75,000 volumes of books, and 3,000 bound volumes of newspapers issued in America from 1704 to 1890.

It was now time for lunch, and my companion suggested that we should adjourn for that object to the fine rooms of the "Century Association." This club is composed chiefly of *litterateurs*, artists, and connoisseurs of literature and art.

After lunch I parted with my friend, and made my way to Franklin Street, to see "The Tombs," the most famous of New York prisons. The building is a fine example of Egyptian architecture, and is fittingly dark, gloomy, and repulsive looking. I was just in time to see the departure of the friends and relatives of the prisoners, and the sight was most sad and depressing, many of the women being in tears and deep trouble. "The Tombs" has been an abode of misery for half a century. It is not only a gaol,



The Tombs.

but in its various departments exhibits the machinery of the criminal law in full operation. I was too late to gain admission to the cells and workshops, but I saw into the Courts where prisoners are tried.

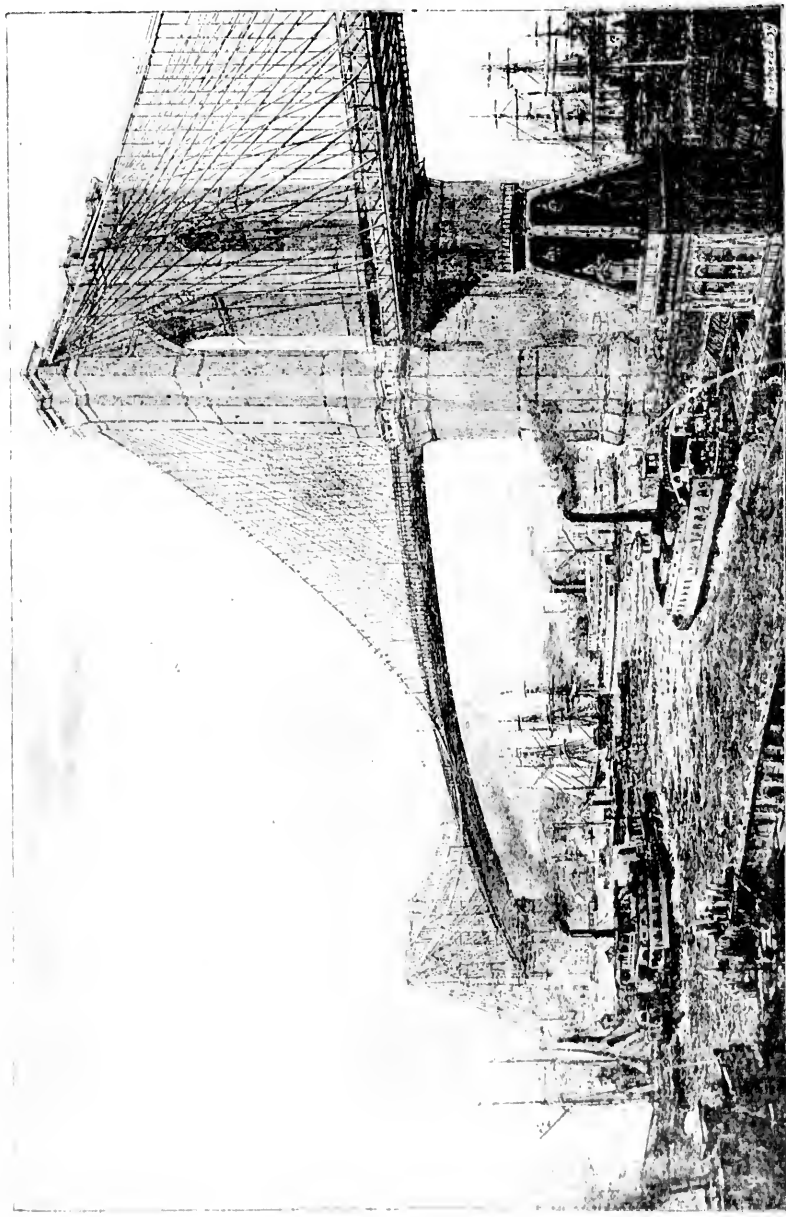
It was now time for me to cross over to Brooklyn, where I purposed staying for a few days, and in order to see the Brooklyn or East River Bridge to advantage, I decided to cross by the Fulton ferry, and in doing so had a good view of this marvel of engineering. I have seen many famous bridges in my time, but not one that can compare with this, the most imposing public work in the States. It is the largest suspension bridge in the world; so grand and yet so graceful that it is impossible to convey a sense of its beauty in words. The length of the bridge is 5,989 feet, the



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Brooklyn Bridge.



width is 85 feet; the span from pier to pier is 1,595 feet, and the height of the piers is 277 feet. It is suspended by four steel wire cables, each 16 inches in diameter. From the under side of the bridge, in the centre, to the water, is 153 feet. The bridge is divided into five parts; on the outside are the roadways for vehicles; on the inside of these roadways are the tracks for the railway trains, which are run on the cable system, and between these road-beds, that is, in the middle of the floor, is the walk for foot passengers. The fares are, for vehicles, 2½d.; by train, 1½d.; foot passengers, free. The bridge cost £3,000,000, and the number of persons who cross it annually is over fifteen millions.

From the ferry I took the Elevated railway to Franklin Avenue, where I alighted, and a short walk brought me to my friend's house in Greene Avenue. This avenue, or street as it might more fitly be designated, is of a piece with the prevailing character of Brooklyn domestic architecture. It is a long stretch of four-story brown stone houses, ranged in line, but the uninviting and sombre features of the outsides of the dwellings is no criterion of the comfort and cheerfulness that is to be found within. At No. 420, Will Carleton, the author of "Farm Ballads," and many other works, lives in elegant style, and receives his friends with a generous hospitality. On entering his home, I was ushered into the drawing-room, to the left of the hall-way. This room is tastefully furnished with easy chairs and lounges, paintings, engravings, and a sweet toned grand pianoforte. Disposed about the apartment were odd and precious bits of bric-a-brac, gathered from a wide circle of travel. The *portière* at a wide doorway at the back of the room, gave a pleasant glimpse of the morning room, cheerful and sunny, adorned with flowers and plants, offering a delightful retreat for conversation or amusement. A valuable article of furniture in this room is an old-fashioned mahogany table, once the property of Washington, "the father of his country." A veritable "grandfather's clock" occupies a prominent position, and books are here in profusion, as in every other room in the house.

The library proper is at the top of the building, in the front; workshop and study combined. Round three sides of this room are shelves, lined with books. All the implements of the poet's toil are close at hand, and an idea of the range and extent of his reading may be gathered by looking over some of the volumes of sound and suggestive literature. Mr. Carleton has a large library, and one can gather from his conversation, as well as from his published works, that he knows something of the contents of his collection of English and American literature, and especially of the writings of the poets of all countries. He has evidently realized the obligations which have come upon him in laying the foundation

of a successful literary career, and has made a course of reading and study, valuable helps to the comprehensive knowledge of human nature, gathered in his early years. Many were the delightful hours we spent in this quiet retreat, for it was a great pleasure to listen to the conversation of my host, so full of instruction, racy with anecdote, and sparkling with repartee.

Whilst spending many days in this hospitable "home from home," during my visit to the States, I found it very pleasant and attractive, for everywhere in it could be seen the cultivated taste which has the art and secret of giving an air of grace to whatever it touches. Much of this is due to the poet's wife, a delightful and accomplished woman, to whom he attributes much of the inspiration which has enabled him to do some of his best work. Mrs. Carleton is descended from that sturdy New England stock which has produced America's greatest men and women. Her family have been for two hundred years a race of literary men, sturdy yeomen, and zealous divines. She obtained, when young, a superior preliminary education, which has since been the basis of her thorough intellectual and heart culture. Among her present accomplishments, which include the usual ones of the day—especially in art—is the rare one of speaking and writing with ease and fluency one of the most difficult languages of India. When twenty years old, she went on a special errand of missionary work to British Burmah. For several years she remained there labouring among the Karens of that country, where to-day stories of her self-denial and devotion, her sweetness of disposition, are among the legends of the land. Among the luxuries which she now allows herself is the supporting of a native missionary in that country. It was through her influence that the money was raised for the printing of the Pwo Karen Bible. In 1880 she was married to Mr. Carleton, and since that time has seen her gifted husband, stimulated by her encouragement, scale most successfully the ladder of fame. Mr. and Mrs. Carleton, and the poet's venerable and sweet-faced mother, are the only members of the household.

I shall make no apology for giving a brief sketch of the life and work of America's most popular home poet. In England, as a rule, we know far too little of American literature and American authors. We have read, perhaps, the works of Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Twain, and a few other writers, but we are mistaken when we suppose that these gifted men are the only ones who are providing rich intellectual repasts for the reading world. Among the younger men who are successfully striving to gain a foremost place in the ranks of literature, the name of Carleton holds a conspicuous position, his ballads of home life, by their genuine pathos and quaint humour, having gained a popularity in his own country which is not excelled by the productions of any of those whose names we have mentioned.

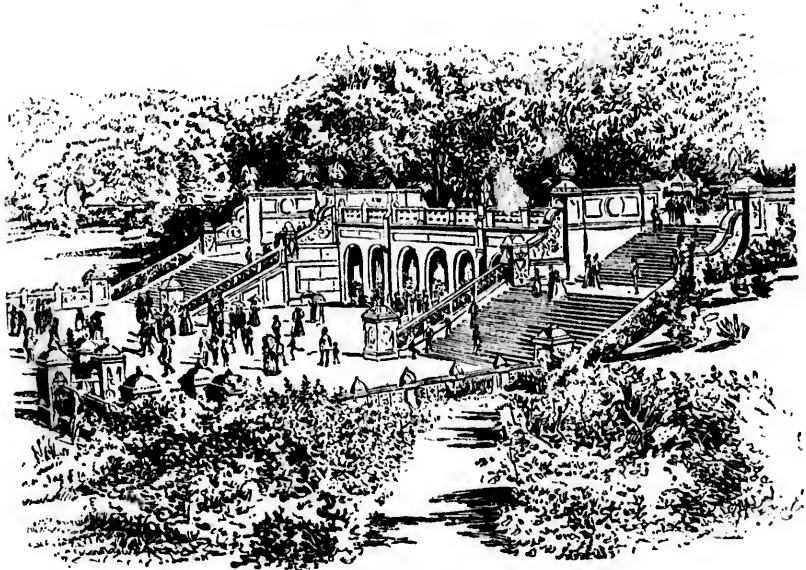
Will Carleton was born October 21st, 1845, near Hudson, in the State of Michigan. As a boy he worked on his father's farm, but was engaged in teaching at sixteen years of age. He was in the district school during the winter, and on the farm in the summer. In 1865 he entered Hillsdale College, at which he graduated in 1869. He then entered the ranks of journalism, and soon made his mark as a writer of considerable merit. During this time, he wrote his famous poem of "Betsy and I are Out," which was published early in 1871, in the *Toledo Blade*, and few single ballads in English literature have obtained a wider meed of praise. It was reprinted in nearly every newspaper in America, and has been copied into every volume of "Excursions" or "Penny Readings" which has been published in England. In 1873, Carleton published his first volume, "Farm Ballads," which has been followed by "Farm Legends," "Farm Festivals," "City Ballads," and "City Legends." In 1876, the honorary degree of M.A. was conferred upon him by Hillsdale College, his *Alma Mater*. Without entering into an elaborate analysis of his writings, we may quote his own words as to the aims and objects he has sought in his verse. Carleton says that "he has endeavoured to give expression to the truth that with every person, even if humble or debased, there may be some good worth lifting up and saving; that in each human being, though revered and seemingly immaculate, are some faults which deserve pointing out and correcting; and that all circumstances of life, however trivial they may appear, may possess those alternations of the comic and pathetic, the good and the bad, the joyful and sorrowful, upon which walk the days and nights, the summers and winters, the lives and deaths of this strange world."

Mr. Carleton has achieved a remarkable success as a lecturer, not only in his own country, but also in England, during a too brief visit which he made a few years ago. He is an elocutionist of the highest order, and his lectures are unique, in that they take the form of a poetical monologue of varying metre, interspersed with selections from his own poems. Mr. Carleton has been lecturing almost every night for the past ten winters, in almost all parts of the States, and it says something for the reality of his power that after lecturing in hundreds of the cities and towns of the Republic, he is still one of the most popular lecturers in the country. I was delighted to obtain from the poet a promise that he would visit England in the autumn of 1892 for a lecturing tour.

APRIL EIGHTEENTH.—My friend decided that we should spend the early part of the day in a ride in his buggy (gig, as we should call it) over the Brooklyn Bridge, to Central and Riverside Parks, and along the entire length of Fifth Avenue, in order that I might get a good idea of the extent and wealth of the city, and also see the residences of the millionaires, as well as the many fine

churches, which help to minimise the evil resulting from the greed for the "almighty dollar" which everywhere prevails. From our elevated position as we crossed the Brooklyn Bridge, we had a noble panoramic view of the great city before us, a plain of roof tops, pierced by innumerable towers, spires, and chimneys.

We entered Central Park, the pride of New York, from the Fifth Avenue, and drove past pretty lakes and lovely greenery to where the Mall or promenade is reached. The park is essentially a democratic place, and the people take full advantage of the opportunities for recreation which it affords. It is a pleasure ground upon which has been lavished all that art and



The Mall, Central Park.

expense can accomplish. It is in the form of a parallelogram, two and one-half miles long, and a half mile wide, and covers 840 acres, of which 43 acres are water, divided into six charming lakes and ponds. There are thirty buildings of all kinds in the park, and seats to accommodate ten thousand persons, a large number of these being under shady trees. There are numerous statues and busts in the grounds, which give an air of dignity and public interest to the park. Amongst others I noticed figures of Burns, Scott, Shakespeare, and Tom Moore, and a fine statue in memory of the Seventh Regiment men who died in the Civil War. We saw the Esplanade, in which stands the famous Bethesda Fountain, made at Munich, and representing a

lily-bearing angel, descending, and blessing the outflowing waters; the reservoirs of Croton water, vast granite walled structures, containing 1,200,000 gallons of water; the Menagerie in the old Arsenal, a castellated brick building, and the obelisk, presented to the city of New York by the late Khedive of Egypt. I was delighted with the many charms of this great pleasure ground, which uniting art with nature, its Italian terrace, placid waters, rustic bridges, towers, statues, and trees, give it a front place in the parks of the world.

From the Central Park, we drove a distance of two miles



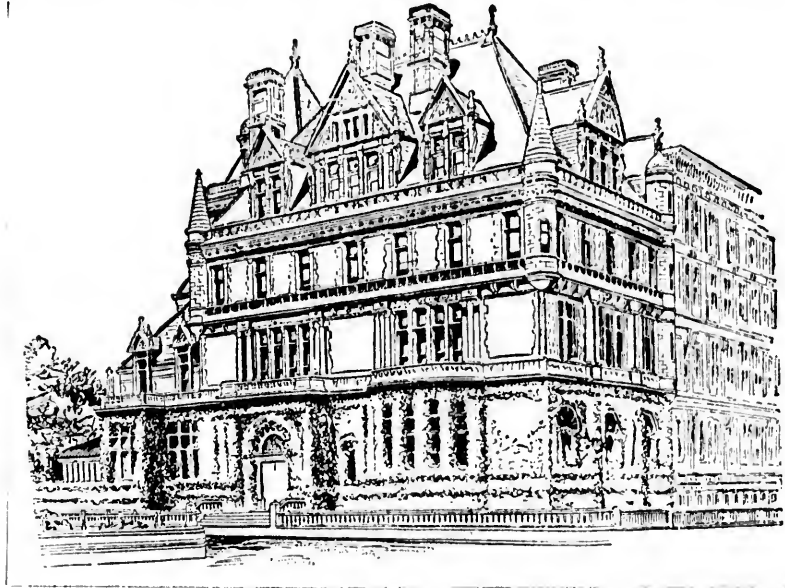
Dr. John Hall.

along a broad avenue, laid out with a road, sidewalk, and bridle path, to Riverside Park, striking features of which are the beautiful views of the Hudson river which it affords. At the upper part of this park we saw the tomb of General Grant, a small round-topped mausoleum, standing somewhat solitary among the trees. The present structure is to be replaced by an imposing architectural memo-

rial, the foundation stone of which was laid in June last, and the cost is to be £100,000.

We now returned into Fifth Avenue, calling at Dr. John Hall's church, one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in the city. It is said to have cost £200,000, and that men representing four hundred millions sterling attend it. We next saw the Vanderbilt mansions, two elaborate brown stone dwellings, with fine ornamental fronts; the two houses being connected by a covered passage. These are the homes of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's daughters, but these palaces are exceeded in magnificence by the one occupied by W. K. Vanderbilt. Another

magnificent structure is owned and occupied by Cornelius Vanderbilt. These four erections cost three millions sterling, and were built, decorated, and furnished to outshine any other houses in the city. We next passed in succession, the mansion in which lives Jay Gould, the Napoleon of finance; the residence of Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central Railway; the temple Emanu-El, the great Hebrew Synagogue, a splendid specimen of Saracenic architecture, having minaret-like towers and delicate carvings; the lofty and quaint Union League Club house; the fashionable Christ Church, famous, and justly so, for its beautiful frescoes, and then we came upon a little surprise, in the picturesque church of the Transfiguration,



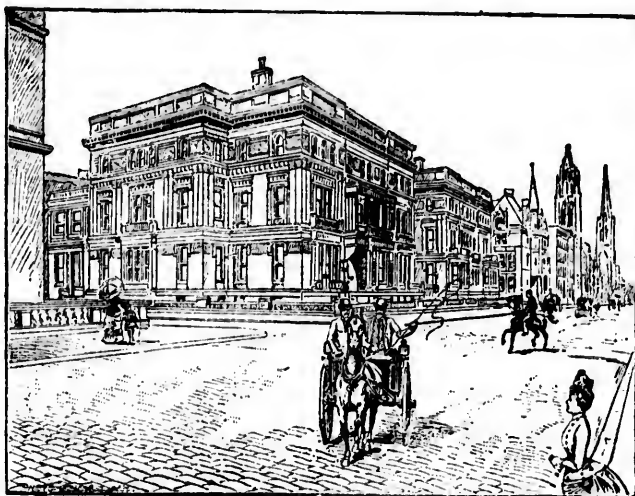
Residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

generally spoken of as "The Little Church round the Corner," where many actors are buried. There is a charming bit of green lawn, over arching trees, and a mantling of ivy, presenting a bright and cheerful contrast to the surrounding mass of stone and brick. This church received its name from the circumstance that a lordly prelate when asked to say the last prayers over the dead body of an actor, sent his sorrowing friends away, saying he would not thus pray for the ungodly, but that they might be willing to do it at the little church round the corner. The minister of the Episcopal Church performed the last sad rites in the presence of an overflowing congregation, and ever since

the building has been popularly known as "The Little Church round the Corner."

During our ride along the avenue, it was full of life and animation, and nowhere else in my journeyings did I meet with such beauty and gaiety as could be seen in the perfect costumes of the promenaders, the dignity of the equipages and their fair occupants, the variety of taste displayed in the domestic and ecclesiastical architecture, the brown-stone and marble palace-houses of incalculable wealth and splendour, and the handsome shops, art galleries, and decorative establishments.

This evening we attended a "Musical Evening" in the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn, a fine and commodious building. The concert was a great success, and at its close I had an introduction



W. K. Vanderbilt's Residence.

to Mrs. and Miss Talmage, who gave me a cordial invitation to call upon the Doctor, and also to attend the inauguration services in connection with his new *Tabernacle*, which were to be held the following Sunday week. I was sorry, on account of having to leave the city, to be compelled to decline both the invitations.

APRIL NINETEENTH.—My first Sunday in America was a most enjoyable one. In the forenoon I went with Mr. Carleton to the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, pastor, Dr. Chadwick, but the pulpit on this occasion was occupied by my friend, Dr. Collyer, who preached a sermon of elaborate beauty, to a large congregation. The service opened with the hymn "O, worship the King," and the preacher asked the people to "all sing together, go on and sing well." The first lesson was from Job, chap. 33, and reading the passage "I will teach thee wisdom," the preacher



remarked that, "he might more fitly have said, I will try, as it was no easy matter teaching wisdom in Job's circumstances." The second lesson was "The sermon on the mount." The Doctor took as his text the second verse of Psalm 131: "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother; my soul is even as a weaned child."

"David," said the preacher, "was far on in life, when he touched this tender strain. It was no mere play of poetic fancy, but a cry out of his own life. When I read what is written, I see an old man sitting in the sunshine with that sweet content he had attained, counting the loss and the gain. It was his own human experience, not a dream, born of a genius which has never had to fight his way. Our life is not woven of imagination and fancy. The poet here sings to us of what he saw on the heights of genius on which he sits. Old memories are stirred up as he sits musing on the things hidden in the psalm.

"He had his reasons for such a confession of his acceptance of the designs that an almighty Providence had seen fit to make on his behalf. He was weaned from the memories of a once regretted past; from the recollection, perhaps, of his love for Jonathan, whose soul had been knit to his in the bonds of an indissoluble friendship. When the Prince fell on the field of battle, David in his grief, cursed the place of his death. From this sorrow God had drawn him away.

"Then came the sad experience of his unhappy marriage with Michal, Saul's daughter. After her death, he saw wherein he had misjudged her, and he mourned bitterly when the fires of death had burned up the dry stubble of her life and left only the fine wheat of her devotion and self-sacrifice.

"There might have followed, too, his grief for the loss of his little child that passed away just as it was beginning to know him, or his deep sorrow at the fate of his handsome boy, the wayward Absalom, who fell with the sin of his rebellion fresh upon him.

"It is a hard strife in this life to master such troubles and to rise again, renewed and hopeful, from the rocks of dead griefs."

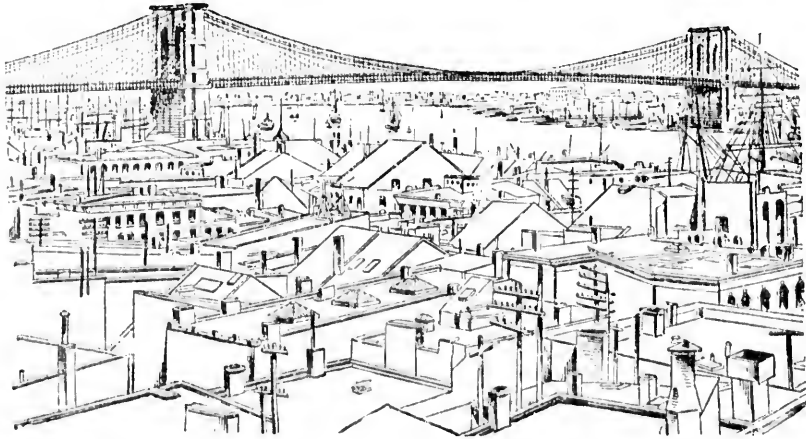
Such is an imperfect outline of a sermon, full of poetic fancy and practical common sense, and in which were embodied many charming reminiscences of his home in the old country, and his own experiences in the valley of the Wharfe.

APRIL TWENTIETH.—Went with my friend into New York, to visit Harper's printing establishment. We took the "L" road to Brooklyn Bridge, which we crossed on foot, and from our elevated position on this mighty structure we had a splendid view, up and down the river. The river streets of both cities were lined with shipping of all kinds, and the river itself was alive with every variety of craft. We alighted in the City Park, in immediate proximity to Printing House Square, not like its namesake in



London, confined to one journal, but occupied by the offices of several newspapers of world-wide celebrity. There is the large and fine building of the *World*, with its gilded dome; the *Tribune* office, conspicuous by reason of its tall tower, with the statue of Greeley in front of the building; adjoining the *Tribune* is the *Sun* office, and at a short distance is the handsome Romanesque structure of the *Times*, an architectural effort of great merit.

The Harper's printing works in Franklin Square is an immense establishment, and in it the manifold operations of making a book are all carried on so near to each other that in a very short time one may there gain a tolerable idea of the whole, although a person of a mechanic'd turn may profitably spend hours in studying the working of the complicated machines by which no small part of the labour is performed.



Brooklyn Bridge.

From 1825 to 1869 the firm consisted of four brothers: James Harper, born in 1795; John, born in 1797; Joseph Wesley, commonly called Wesley, born in 1801; and Fletcher, born in 1806. James died March 17th, 1869, from injuries received by being thrown from his carriage; Wesley died February 14th, 1870; John, April 22nd, 1875; and Fletcher, May 29th, 1877. The firm now consists of sons of the original members.

The establishment occupies a plot of ground extending from Pearl to Cliff Street, with a front of about 120 feet on each, and a depth of 170 from street to street, comprising an area of ten city lots, or about half an acre. There are two buildings, one fronting upon each street, with an open courtyard between them. It was determined that the entire structure should be fire-proof, strong, well lighted and ventilated, and handsome. It is believed that no

structure in the country, erected before or since, more fully meets all these conditions.

The Franklin Square building is used mainly for offices and warerooms. It consists of five stories above the level of the street. The front, which is wholly of iron, has 21 ornamental columns to each story. The side and rear walls are of brick or stone. To gain a firm foundation for a structure so massive, and to be so heavily loaded, it was necessary to excavate to a depth of nearly 30 feet. This space is utilized by throwing it into two subterranean stories, the lower one forming a series of vaults with massive walls and arches, used chiefly to store the numerous and costly electrotype plates.

The level of Cliff Street is considerably lower than that of Pearl Street. The Cliff Street building, used principally as the manufactory, is of brick, six stories above ground, with a basement story. To obviate the monotony of such an extent of flat wall and uniform windows, there are pilasters of the entire height; the upper windows are arched, and there is a heavy cornice.

We first visited the "composing room," where the operation of "setting up the type" is carried on, and here I observed that many females were employed as compositors. From this room we visited the other departments, in the following order, viz., electrotyping, printing, drying and pressing, folding, stitching and binding. We then saw the rooms of the artists and engravers, and the various methods by which illustrations are produced, such as lithography, copper, steel and wood engraving, and process work.

The productions of this well-known firm, notably, *Harper's Magazine*, *Bazaar*, *Weekly*, and *Young People*, are circulated by hundreds of thousands yearly, and the firm have also an extensive publishing connection amongst authors of eminence.

In the afternoon we drove to Greenwood Cemetery, and obtaining the services of a guide, we spent several hours in examining the monuments and grounds. The entrance is by an elaborate brown-stone edifice, highly ornamented, and the grounds spread out in beauty before us, as soon as the gateway was passed. The cemetery is an alternation of hills and dales; the hill sides are used for vaults, and splendid monuments crown the hill tops. Some of the mausoleums are constructed upon a scale of magnificence unequalled elsewhere. One of these is a large marble church that would hold a numerous congregation. Equally interesting as the ten thousand sepulchres, are their surroundings, for the lakes, valleys, delicious foliage and flowers, and the delightful scenery on every hand, make Greenwood as much a park as a cemetery. It contains 413 acres, traversed by 24 miles of winding paths and carriage drives. The guide pointed out the graves of Barney Williams, the Irish comedian, Burnham, a button maker of New York, whose monument cost £10,000; Horace Greeley, the founder

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of the *Tribune* newspaper ; the great De Witt Clinton ; the erratic Lola Montez ; Henry Ward Beecher, the greatest preacher of his time ; and the memorials to the Bennetts, the Steinways, the Scribners, and the Harpers. I might particularise indefinitely, but I leave the "God's Acre" with the intimation that days might be spent in the examination of its charming walks and suggestive memorials.

Being much interested in the work of fire brigades, I went this evening to the principal Brooklyn Fire Engine Station, and met with a most courteous officer, who explained to me the various operations in case of an alarm of fire. In the centre of the ground floor of the station stands a powerful steam fire engine, behind which are four horses, heads outwards, loose in their boxes. Eleven men are in their beds in the room overhead, and one is below on the watch. Two round holes are cut in the bedroom floor, and brass poles go from the ceiling to the floor beneath. These are for the men to slide down into their places on the engine. The instant that the electric bell sounds, giving the alarm, all the gas is turned on, the big doors fly open, the horses (trained to the sound) rush to their places in front of the engine, the harness is dropped down and is instantly fastened. The firemen in the room above, who sleep in their underclothing, with their boots and trousers attached together close at hand, hearing the bell, jump into their garments, slide down the poles, finding their coats and hats on the engine ; fastening their outer clothing as they go, and in twenty to thirty seconds the engine is thundering away to the scene of the fire. The shortness of the time occupied seems almost incredible, but I was assured that from twenty to thirty seconds is amply sufficient.

To save time every American town is divided into fire districts. Each district has its fire brigade ready to turn out to a fire within its own limits. The other brigades turn out also, but will only go as far as their own boundary lines. There they will wait to see whether any help is needed from them, and as soon as they find that the fire is likely to be a small one, back they go to their own head-quarters. When, however, a general fire alarm is struck they all make for the spot where the danger is, each brigade or company obeying the order of its captain, and each captain in turn following the instructions of the officer in full charge, who is known usually as the Chief Engineer. Where the towns are large and prosperous the firemen are paid, and are continually on duty. In smaller places the brigades are made up of volunteers, who meet for drill at stated intervals, and who sometimes turn out on parade in gay uniform, with their engines beautifully polished and decorated with flowers, but ready for action. In addition to the alarms sent in to the fire-stations, the alarm will often be sounded on a great bell from a central tower. This is for the information of the public. By listening to the number of taps on the bell, and the time taken between

each, it is easy to tell the neighbourhood in which the fire has broken out, and whether it is in the centre of valuable property or not.

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST.—This morning paid a visit to the new Tabernacle which has been built for Dr. Talmage. It is an immense structure, will seat several thousand persons, and the organ which was being erected is to be the largest in the country. The Plymouth Church, which we next visited, is a plain brick erection, without ornament of any kind, and yet a few years ago it was the most famous church in Brooklyn, its pulpit being filled by that prince of preachers, Henry Ward Beecher. I stood upon the platform from which the great Puritan divine was wont to deliver those wonderful expositions of Christian truth, and severe denunciations of all hypocrisy, time serving, and oppressions of every kind.

We went along Fulton Street, five miles in length, full of attractive shops, passing the City Hall, County Court Houses, the statue of Beecher, still unveiled, and many fine public buildings. We also saw the famous building know as "The Church of the Pilgrims." This edifice has a massive tower and spire, and let into the lower part of the tower is a small rough-hewn piece of the "Plymouth Rock," brought here from the original rock where the Pilgrims landed. This relic is held in as great reverence as the "Coronation Stone" in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Storrs, the minister of this church, is well known on both sides of the water as an author, lecturer, and preacher of great power and originality.

Before lunch we went to Prospect Park, in driving through which we spent a delightful hour. My friend, a true Brooklynite, was justly proud of this "breathing space," and claimed for it an equality at least with its neighbour, the Central Park in New York. The park covers nearly a square mile, and if art as yet has not done much to beautify it, it has the perfection of Nature, in forest and plain, hill and dale, fine old trees, winding roads, woods and meadows, everything, in fact, which can be found in the charms of a perfectly natural landscape.

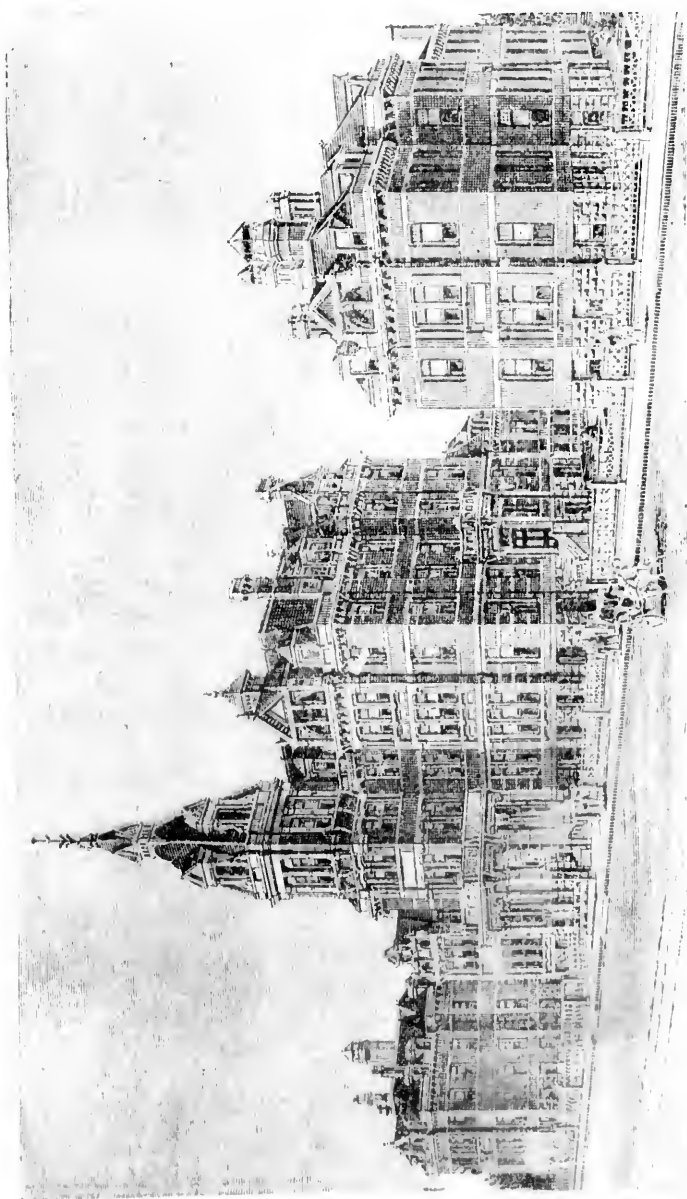
We left this attractive spot by the main entrance called the Plaza, a large oval enclosure with a magnificent fountain in the centre, and shortly afterwards entered the "Coney Island Boulevard," a splendid road 200 feet wide, planted with six rows of trees. This road is laid out in a straight line from the park to Coney Island, three miles away. It is the "Rotten Row" of Brooklyn, and here may be seen all the handsome equipages and plainer "turn-outs" of the Brooklyn citizens, and as we returned to the city we saw some of the fast paces of the trotting fraternity; double-horse conveyances of the neatest and lightest construction; buggy, sulky, and saddle, all travelling along by trotters or pacers at a tremendous speed. On another occasion when we were whirling along this grand thoroughfare at the heels of my friend's high stepper, amidst clouds of dust, we were many times startled

by the confusion caused by the numerous riders and drivers who were anxious to lead the procession of health and pleasure seekers.

We found Coney Island a comparatively deserted place, though when the season is in full swing it is full of life and animation. Preparations were going on for the advent of the summer pleasure seekers, for it is the favourite seaside resort of the millions who populate the metropolis and its environs. A few facts regarding this place may give some idea of its popularity. "It stands pre-eminent as the greatest watering-place in the world, for there are often poured into it half a million people in a few hours. The great Coney Island aggregation of wooden structures, some of magnificent proportions and decorations, represents, with the means of getting to them and the general improvements, an expenditure of over £6,000,000. A season is poor indeed which does not have ten million of visitors. The expenditure on the island during the season reaches the sum of £3,000,000, and some of the huge hotels lose money unless they take over £1,000 a day. Five thousand waiters are employed in the hotels and restaurants." Our visit was made too early in the season to enable us to mix in the dissipation of this Brighton, Scarbro', and Blackpool combined, watering-place.

In the afternoon, went with my friend, Mr. Carleton, to inspect the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Brooklyn. We were kindly received and shown over the premises by the Superintendent, Rev. J. S. Breckenridge. Although under the superintendence of the church whose name it bears, it has been erected and equipped for the purpose of providing attendance and care for the sick, without reference to religious belief or race. From the annexed view of the buildings, it will be seen that they are of considerable extent, though, to finish the hospital according to the original plan, there are six smaller edifices yet to be reared, when the Institution will then be able to accommodate three hundred beds, and be able to care for from three to four thousand sufferers annually. A course of systematic training in nursing is carried on in the hospital, the course for which extends over two years, and includes the outlines of Anatomy and Physiology, Hygiene, General and Special Medical Nursing. After inspecting the various rooms, and watching a delicate operation by two of the surgeons in the operating room, while the patient, a child of nine years, was under the influence of ether, we visited the women's ward, and my companion, to the great delight of the patients, recited in his inimitable manner two of his own poems, "Out of the old house, Nancy," and "Farmer Stebbins at Ocean Grove." The enthusiasm was great, and a strong desire was expressed that the experiment might be repeated as early as possible. A similar visit was made to the men's ward, and the poems recited were "How we kept the Day" and "Farmer Stebbins at the Skating Rink." I was pleased to learn that when

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Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Brooklyn.

opportunity offers the poet visits this and similar institutions in Brooklyn, that he may help to lighten the load of sickness and suffering, and brighten the lives of those who are shut out from companionship with the world.

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND.—After breakfast, went into New York to call upon George H. Daniels, Esq., the general passenger agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railway, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He received me most kindly, and by his assistance and that of other officers of the company I had the opportunity of inspecting the offices and seeing something of the working of this great railway organisation. The traffic from the Grand Central Station is enormous, more than ten million persons a year—thirty thousand a day—pass in and out of the doors of this great structure. I watched with much interest the arrival and departure of several trains, and though there were hundreds of passengers by each train there was no crushing, crowding, or confusion. Everything was in striking contrast to what I saw in August last in the station at our "Yorkshire Queen of Watering Places," when the shriek of the locomotive, the hiss of escaping steam, the rattle and confusion caused by the many porters as they wheeled their heavily laden trucks in and out amongst the passengers, the crowding of friends around the carriage doors to say good bye, and the anxiety and questionings of the departing passengers as to the safety of their belongings, all made up a Babel of sounds and a scene of disorder, which might easily be avoided if the traffic was regulated on the American system. If the confusion and noise common to our larger railway stations in England were in existence here, it would be difficult for the five hundred employees within the walls of the Grand Central Station to perform their daily tasks: the accountant to go correctly through his endless column of figures, and the clerk to enter the statements that every morning's mail brings from all the stations on the lines of this great corporation.

If the "baggage system" which is in operation everywhere in the States, was in vogue on our English railways, much annoyance and confusion at our railway stations would be done away with, and we should have no frantic passenger, first seeing that his luggage was labelled, then seeing it put into the van, watching its career at the various junctions, and finally, at the termination of his journey, being hustled about in his endeavours to pick out his goods from among the belongings of other travellers. I had no such experience as this in my six thousand miles of travel in the States. On taking my portmanteau to the baggage office, I received a small metal check, numbered, its counterpart being affixed to my luggage, and for this there was no charge, and I had no further trouble till I arrived at the end of my journey, when I found my portmanteau quite safe; unless I wished it to be delivered



at some hotel or house in the city, when I had merely to hand my check to an official of the Company, who, walking through the cars before we arrive at our destination, asks each passenger in turn whether he has any luggage he wants delivered. If he has,



A Corner in the Waiting Room.

the official takes his name and address, and the luggage will be found at its destination when the traveller arrives.

A good story is told of the American Exhibition Commissioners, in connection with their visit to England in July of the present



year. The Commissioners had arrived at one of the great London termini, and were engaged, with the assistance of Sir Trueman Wood, who had been deputed to meet them, in sorting their luggage from the pile upon the platform. The task was not an easy one, and the Commissioners waxed impatient under the infliction. At length one of them, turning to Sir Trueman Wood, said, "Sir, in my country you can travel 4,000 miles and never be



Private Office of Chauncey M. Depew, President.

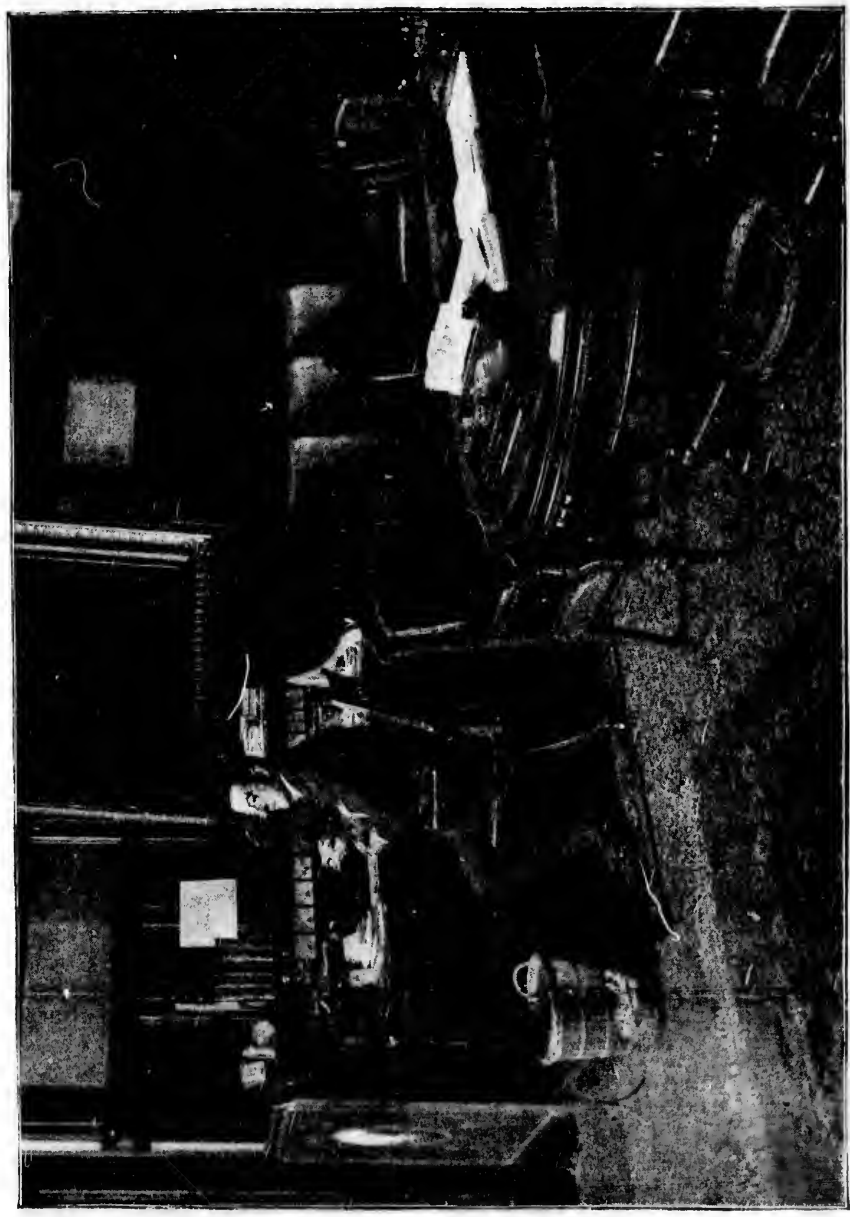
troubled about your baggage from beginning to end of the journey. How is it you can't do it here?" "Because we haven't got 4,000 miles to travel," replied Sir Trueman promptly, to the amusement of the bystanders and the evident discomfiture of the questioner.

The entire range of offices in the two stories of the Grand Central Station above the waiting-rooms and baggage rooms of the

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The Room of Cornelius Vanderbilt and the Board of Directors.

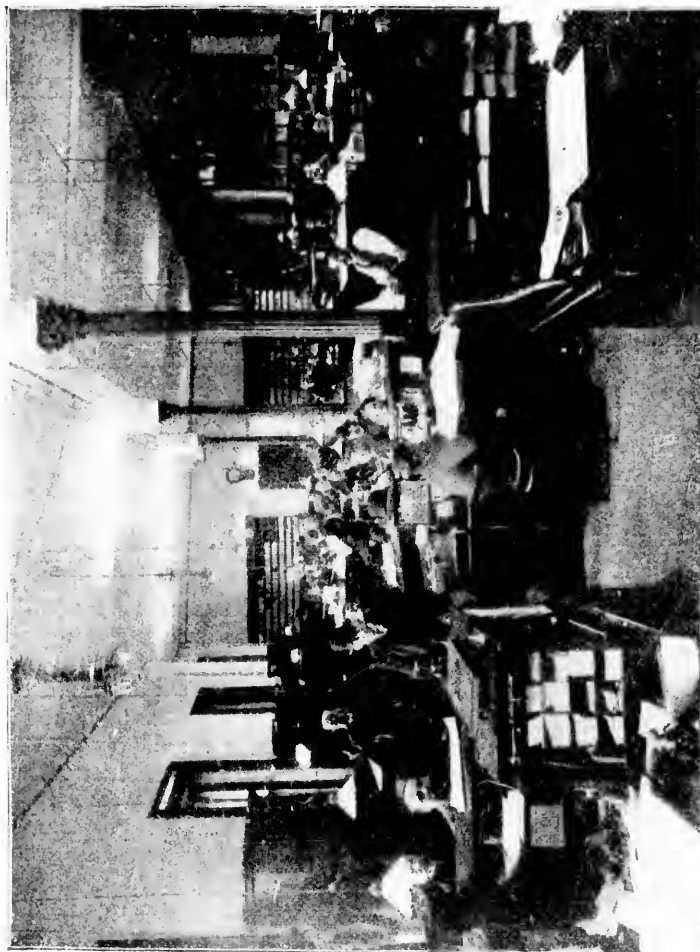
New York Central and Hudson River, and the New York and Harlem railways, is devoted to the use of the officers and clerks of these two Corporations. The main entrance to the offices is by a large door on Vanderbilt Avenue. A flight of broad, steep stairs leads to a corridor of apparently interminable length, having on its left, doors fitted with large ground-glass panes, on which I read the designations of the officers occupying the rooms. In room



H. Walter Webb, third Vice-President, giving orders.

No. 1, is the president's office, guarded by a porter, to save Mr. Depew from the incursions of "inventors, subscription agents, cranks of all kinds and types, and thousands of honest-meaning people who think that the business they have in hand can only be transacted by the president." A door leading from the president's room communicates with Cornelius Vanderbilt's room, where all the meetings of the board of directors are held. This room is

furnished in a plain, substantial manner, in English walnut and leather, with oil-paintings in life-size of Commodore Vanderbilt and his son, W. H. Vanderbilt, and a long table, around which gather at stated periods not only the men who control and guide the fortunes of this great line, but of the many lines that are



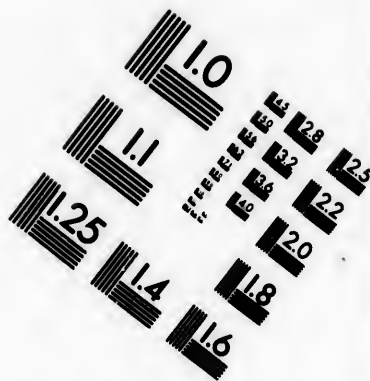
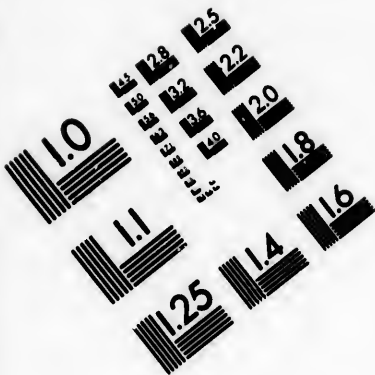
Department of the Auditor of Passenger Accounts.

controlled or operated by it. Other important offices I saw were those of the first vice-president, whose business is the supervision of the finances of the company; the second vice-president, who has the management of the enormous freight and passenger traffic of the line—a traffic that in 1870 produced gross earnings of

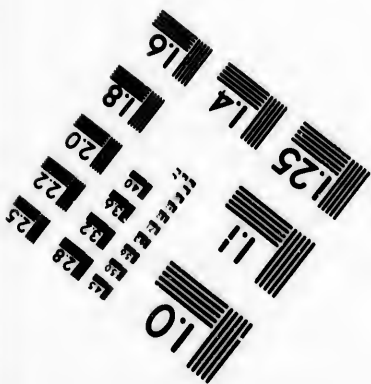
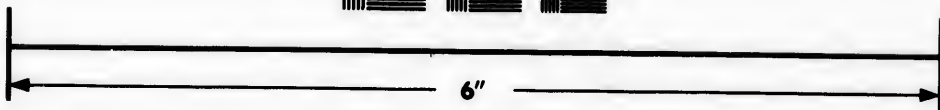
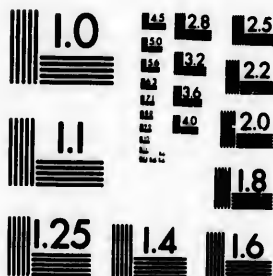
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£4,400,000, and has increased to £7,400,000 in 1890; and the general passenger agent with his assistants. In the auditing department there are a vast range of rooms crammed with desks, and at every desk a clerk buried in papers. There are two hundred and eighty clerks in the controller's department, and of this number twenty are young women, who, I was informed, are excellent workers, faithful, and attentive. Female employment in the broader fields of labour is becoming general in the States, and I saw women employed as compositors in New York, as book-keepers in the Merrimac mills at Lowell, as type-writers in every city I visited, as doctors in Salem and other cities, and as editors and journalists in Boston.

The New York Central Railway reaches by its immediate connections, the principal health and pleasure resorts of America, and is the direct line to Saratoga, Adirondack Mountains, the Thousand Islands, Catskill Mountains, and the great Lakes of New York. It is the only railway in the States having four lines of rail, two for freight and two exclusively for passenger trains, thus assuring express speed with safety.

After luncheon, I went to the rooms of the Young Women's Christian Association, in East Fifteenth Street, where, in the hall of the Association Building an "Authors' Reading" was to be given. Before entering the lecture room I had interviews in the ante-room with the gentlemen who were to entertain us, and it was a great pleasure to me to make personal acquaintance with S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), King of American humourists; Frank R. Stockton, author of "Rudder Grange" and other delightful works; Professor Boyeson; R. U. Johnson, and John Kendrick Bangs. Mr. Clemens invited me to visit him at his home in Hartford, but I was unable to accept the invitation, on account of sickness in his family at the time of my projected visit. This, I need scarcely say, was a great disappointment to me.

The lecture hall was filled by a large and sympathetic audience. Hamilton W. Mable, of the *Christian Union*, presided. Professor Boyeson read a short sketch, "The Little Chap." Mr. Johnson, three poems, "A Spring Prelude," "As a Bell in a Chime," and "Love's in the Calendar," and Mr. Bangs an amusing selection from an unpublished work called "The Idiot at the Breakfast Table." Mr. Will Carleton's recitation of his poem "The Death Bridge of the Tay" was loudly applauded, and Mark Twain told the story of "A Scotch-Irish Christening" with such effect that he was forced to tell another story to satisfy his hearers. Mr. Stockton closed the afternoon's programme by reading a scene from his story "The Squirrel Inn," which is now appearing in the *Century Magazine*.

Twain is fifty-five years of age, of medium stature, and having a face and head, which once seen can never be forgotten.

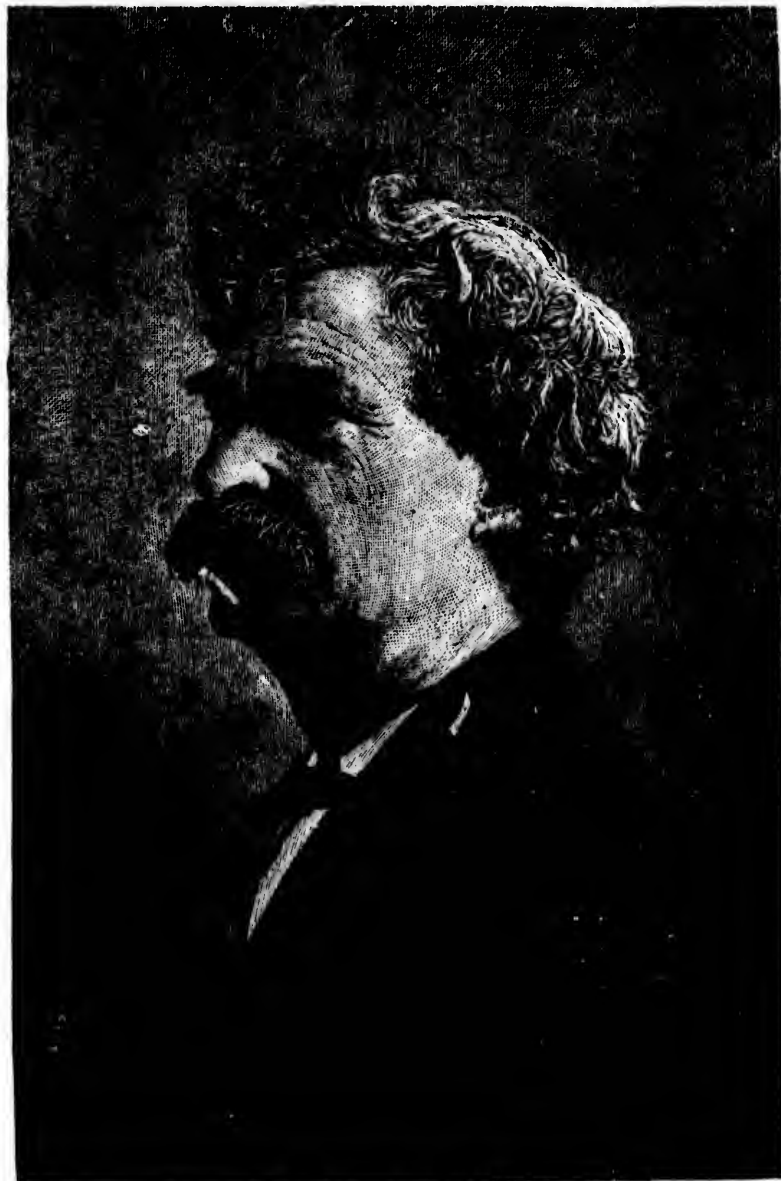


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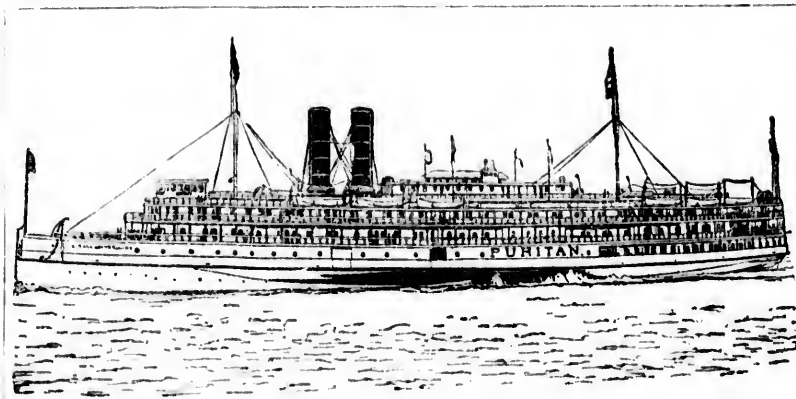
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Mark Twain (S. L. Clemens).

The features are well defined, yet have in them no signs of gentleness or humour, on the contrary it is a somewhat repellent face, grave and severe, and certainly not so attractive as to win the confidence of a stranger at a first glance. The profile is neither American nor English, lacking the lankness of the former, and the rounded fullness of the latter, and perhaps it may best be classed as Jewish. What his eyes are like I failed to discover, as he kept them closed during most of the time he was speaking, or they were hid under the heavy, bushy eyebrows. A thick head of hair, which has been described as looking, at a short distance, like a crow's nest, covers a well shaped head.

When speaking, there is not much charm in the tones of his voice, but when he has fairly warmed to his subject he is fluent, with the most eccentric movements of head and hands, and in spite of yourself he convulses you with laughter. It was a genuine treat to spend even this brief period of time in the company and under the spell of an author whose writings



"Puritan" Steamer.

have earned for him a world-wide reputation, and the honour of being designated "the first humourist of the age."

On leaving the hall, I went by the "L" road to the station of the Fall River line of steamboats, in order to travel by the night boat to Fall River, *en route* for Boston. The vessel by which I travelled was the *Puritan*, an example of marine architecture and contrivance which I have never seen surpassed. After inspecting it thoroughly, I could well understand that it had been described as "a marvel of marine construction and capacity, a wonder of the world as an agency in passenger transportation, and the delight of countless thousands of local and cosmopolitan travellers who have found in her services the perfect realisation of comfort, convenience, and pleasure in traversing a great highway

of the country.' Her dimensions are, length over all, 420 feet; length on the water line, 404 feet; extreme breadth, 91 feet; whole depth from base line to top of house over the engine, 70 feet. She is fireproof and unsinkable; is divided into 59 water tight compartments; has a compound vertical beam surface condensing engine of 7,500 horse power. The high-pressure cylinder is 75 inches in diameter, and 9 feet stroke of piston. The low-pressure cylinder is 110 inches in diameter, and 14 feet stroke of piston. The surface condenser has 15,000 square feet of cooling surface and weighs 53 tons; of condenser tubes of brass there are 14½ miles in the *Puritan*. Her working beam is the largest ever made, being 34 feet in length from centre to centre, 17 feet wide and weighing 42 tons. The shafts are 25 inches in diameter, and weigh 40 tons each. The cranks weigh 9 tons each. She has 8 steel boilers, containing 850 square feet of grate surface and 26,000 square feet of heating surface.

The hurricane or extreme upper deck, instead of being shut off from the use of patrons, is open for passengers, and has a promenade entirely around its outer edge; this promenade furnishes a continuous walk of upwards of 600 feet. There are six stairways additional to those found in other steamboats of the line from the main deck to the hurricane deck. On the saloon deck there is a continuous promenade entirely around its area, outside the wheels. The outer promenade space of the hurricane deck is 10 feet wide and 42 feet above the water-line. From this deck the most magnificent outlooks are afforded upon the rapidly shifting and beautiful scenes extending for many miles around, while entering or leaving any harbour of the route; and it will accommodate with perfect ease hundreds of passengers at one time, allowing plenty of space for movement and stand-points for observation to groups or individuals.

From stem to stern, and in every nook and corner of the ship, the electric wire is to be found. In all, there are twelve miles of this wire, and twelve thousand feet of steam pipe. There are capacious gangways, grand and imposing staircases, heavy with brass and mahogany, lofty cornices, and ceilings supported by tasteful pilasters, the tapering columns of which, in relief, flank exquisitely-tinted panelling throughout the length of her grand and minor saloons. And over all this artistic work and exuberant colouring the incandescent electric light sheds its soft rays. Every convenience known to civilization and which can contribute to the ease and comfort of the traveller on land or when afloat, is included in the internal arrangements of this caravansary.

The *Puritan* has in all 364 state-rooms. These are in double tiers for the entire length of the main saloon and gallery decks, and upon the main deck there are 139 rooms. On the gallery deck there are 152 rooms, and for considerable area on this deck the

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state-rooms are in treble tiers. This is made possible, as the top of the wheels reach only to the base of the gallery deck, and thus 30 additional state-rooms on either side are secured. In the social hall there are 33 rooms, and on the dome deck 10 rooms. The finish of these rooms, especially of the great rooms on the main saloon and gallery decks, is superb.

We reached Fall River in the early morning, and exchanged the steamer for the train, and were soon being carried along towards the Yankee metropolis. Fall River is an energetic manufacturing town of 60,000 people, and sloping down from the hill-sides to the bay, are many mills, having in them more spindles turning in the manufacture of cotton cloth than any other town in the States. I was struck with the solid and substantial appearance of these factories, which I was informed were built from granite obtained from the neighbouring hills. Across the water can be seen King Philip's ancient home upon Mount Hope. Beyond this point at Dighton, on the opposite shore, is "Dighton Rock," a mass of granite half submerged by the tide, with rude inscriptions upon it, in the Norse language. We soon pass the town of Taunton, with its pretty frame-houses and gardens, another busy manufacturing centre, noted for its locomotives, copper ware, stove linings, and screws. Northward the railway runs among the hills and rocks, through the farming villages of Raynham and Easton. "At North Easton are made more than half the shovels used throughout the world in the great Ames factories." We next reach the classic town of Quincy, with a population of 13,000 engaged in agriculture, noted as the home of the great families of the colony of Massachusetts Bay,—Adams and Quincy. John Adams and John Quincy Adams, father and son, both American Presidents, are buried near the old church, known as the Adams Temple. John Hancock was also a native of Quincy. Near the town are the Blue Hills of Milton, which are of granite of fine quality, which has been used in some of the finest buildings of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The Blue Hills cover twenty square miles, and are older than the Alps or Pyrenees.

The line runs into the southern suburbs of Boston, skirts the harbour and south bay, and crosses the narrow Fort Point Channel, separating South Boston from the city proper, and beyond, enters the terminal station.





### CHAPTER III.

#### BOSTON AND SALEM.



APRIL TWENTY-THIRD.—It was nine a.m. when I left the railway station at Boston, and a few steps brought me to the Common, of which, I was told, the Bostonians are very proud. It is, indeed, a park of great natural beauty, though plain and homely in character; but the fine old trees were putting on their summer costume and giving promise of an abundance of over-arching foliage, with its pleasant shade. The Common has a most interesting history. When the peninsula of Shawmut (now Boston) was bought for thirty pounds, in the year 1634, this tract was reserved by the colonists for a training ground and pasture. Between 1656 and 1660 several persons were executed here on the charge of witchcraft, and for one hundred and fifteen years after, executions took place on the Common. In 1675 an English traveller gives the following notice of this spot:—"On the south there is a small but pleasant Common, where the Gallants a little before sunset walk with their *Marmalet*-Madams, as we do in Moorfields, etc., till the nine a clock Bell rings them home to their respective habitations, when presently the Constables walk their rounds to see good orders kept, and to take up loose people."

Formerly, there stood on the Common an old elm tree, which was the oldest known tree in New England, and ante-dating the foundation of the city. In 1860, a gale broke off a great branch, on which could be counted two hundred rings, making its age to be close upon two hundred years. A gale in 1832 caused the tree much injury, and the limbs were restored to their former places, and secured by iron bands and bars. Further serious damage was done to it by gales in 1860 and 1869, and in 1876 what was left of the venerable landmark was blown down. In 1749, George Whitfield preached to 20,000 persons in one audience on the Common.

I sauntered along the malls and paths; saw the Frog Pond, with its fountain, and admired the elaborate Soldiers' and Sailors'

Monument, the most prominent feature of which is the statue of America, eleven feet high, symbolized by a female figure, clad in classic costume, and crowned with thirteen stars. In one hand she holds the American flag, in the other a drawn sword and wreaths of laurel. The monument bears the following inscription: "To the Men of Boston, who died for their country on land and sea, which kept the Union whole, destroyed slavery, and maintained the Constitution, the grateful city has built this monument, that their example may speak to coming generations."

Near to the Common is the Public Garden, which was gay with a profusion of spring bloom, and much care is evidently bestowed upon the arrangement and cultivation of the flower beds.



The Old Elm, Boston Common.

I was much interested in the various works of art which I met with here, foremost amongst them being a small but very beautiful statue of "Venus rising from the Sea," the fountain connected therewith being so arranged as to throw, when it is playing, a fine spray all about the figure, producing a remarkably pleasing effect. Another monument is to "Commemorate

the discovery that the inhaling of Ether causes Insensibility to Pain," and a fine statue in bronze is to hand down to posterity the name and works of Edward Everett. The finest and most conspicuous of all the works of art in the Garden is the equestrian statue of Washington. The extreme height of the pedestal and statue is thirty-eight feet, the statue itself being twenty-two feet high.

From the Garden I went to Park Street, and visited the Park Street Church, the old Puritan meeting-house, said to be "the citadel of Orthodoxy," now one of the leading churches of the Congregational denomination. It was formed in 1809, and has had

for pastors many able men, among them the Rev. W. H. H. Murray and Dr. David Gregg. I next visited the Public Library, and was shown over the building by the courteous and obliging librarian. This beneficent institution illustrates in a remarkable manner the public spirit and liberality of the citizens of Boston. It is open to all, without fee, and if a purchaseable book not in the library is asked for, it is ordered at once. The library now numbers nearly 500,000 volumes and over 200,000 pamphlets. The annual circulation amounts to 1,400,000 separate issues. Many handsome bequests have been made to the library, notably the collections of books belonging to Theodore Parker, Ed. Everett, and G. Ticknor, while Mr. Bates, a native of Boston, who, from a very humble position in life, became the head of the Barings' banking house in London, presented £10,000 for the erection of a new wing to the library building, and also £10,000 worth of books. The grant from the municipality amounts to £24,000



Park Street Congregational Church.

yearly, and a sum of £1,400 is derived annually from endowments. The staff consists of 200 librarians and assistants. The reading-room is open every day in the week, including Sundays. I was shown over the new building which is nearing completion, and when finished, and the transference from the present building is effected, the Boston Free Library will be the handsomest and noblest Public Library in the world.

After lunch, I took the car to the south side of the city, in order to visit one of the admirable school buildings for which Boston is celebrated. Nothing pleased me more when travelling in the States and Canada, than to see the abundant facilities every-



where provided for the free and thorough education of all classes of the people. Not only is the education free, but school books and other appliances are supplied gratuitously. In addition to the primary schools, there are High Schools, equivalent to our Grammar Schools, Colleges, and Universities, in almost all cases maintained by public benevolence or supported by the State. I had several opportunities of seeing a little of the work done both in the Primary and High schools, and shall have something to say thereon hereafter.

The Latin and High School building I was now visiting is an imposing structure, of brick with sandstone facings, and exterior ornamentation. The school-rooms are forty-eight in number, thirty-six of which occupy the street fronts. There are large library rooms, lecture halls, and assembly halls. In the main vestibules are many choice pieces of statuary. The building was dedicated in 1881, and the cost up to that time was £150,000.

It was now nearly time for me to take the train to Salem, where I was expected to spend a few days, and I made my way to the station of the Eastern Division of the Boston and Maine Railway, on Causeway Street. Shortly the cars moved out over the network of railway bridges that cross the Charles River. We pass the grim State prison of Massachusetts, frowning down upon us in its cold granite sternness, and then the hills of Charlestown appear, and bear us company for a long distance. Our route lies through Somerville, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, and on the west we can see the low black dome of the Insane Asylum. We next reach the little suburban town of Everett, a "roosting place" for many of the business men of Boston. Past the city of Chelsea, with its thirty-five thousand inhabitants and famous potteries. On our right is the United States Hospital, and on our left stands the Massachusetts Soldiers' Home, a noble building.

Beyond Chelsea we come upon picturesque Oak Island, given over to picnics and *al fresco* entertainments, and our train speeds along through its pleasant surroundings to the open levels beyond. After crossing Saugus River, we reach the great city of shoes, and stop at the station of Lynn, one quarter of whose fifty-five thousand inhabitants are engaged in the making of these useful articles.

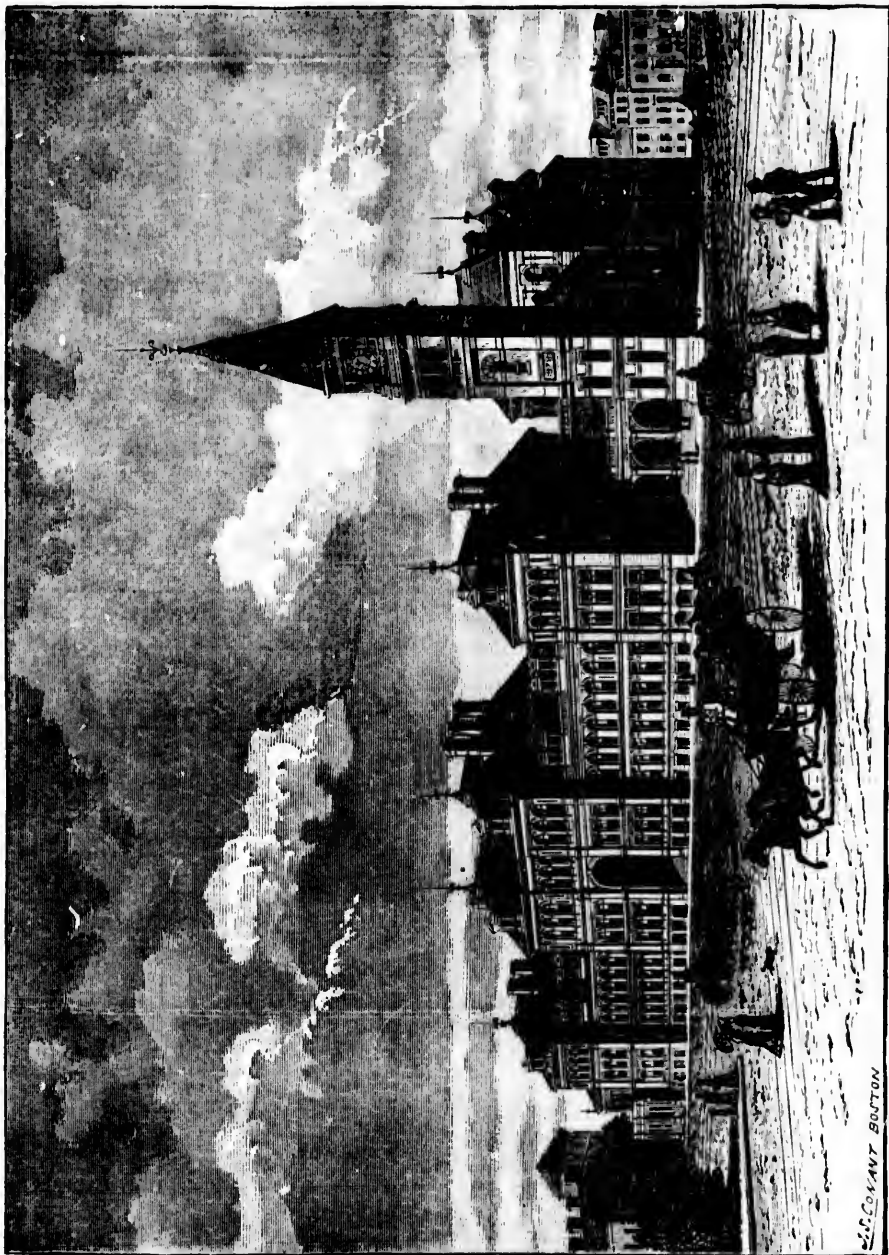
A few more miles are got over quickly, when we come in sight of the gray old houses of Salem, the mother-city of the Massachusetts colony. I looked upon the city with a real interest, having read much of its history, which embraces the romance, legends, and traditions of two centuries. Edmund Gosse, the English poet and critic, wrote "I had a wonderful day at Salem. A soft sea-mist hung over the town as I wandered about it. I was deeply impressed with the strange sentiment of the place, and walked about the streets until I was thoroughly soaked with the 'old Puritan spirit.'" With some such feelings as these I left the train to spend a brief period in this pleasant and suggestive city.

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Latin and High School, Boston.

W. J. CONANT BOSTON

On arriving at Salem I was met at the railway station by Mr. H. M. Brooks, the genial antiquary, and respected Secretary of the Essex Institute. For many years I had been privileged to have correspondence with him on subjects in which we took a common interest, and now I was conducted by my friend to his pleasant home upon one of those typical New England streets of which I saw so many during my travels. The long and stately rows of over-arching elms gave pleasant shade to the pedestrian, and the cosy homes, in ample and well laid-out grounds, which bordered this attractive thoroughfare, gave evidences of worldly prosperity and home comforts. This was not, however, a typical Salem street, for further explorations proved to me that many crooked streets existed in this, as in all old cities. This is accounted for in the present instance, from the circumstance that "the people who built Salem were navigators, men of the sea, who often got blown out of their course by contrary winds when afloat, and couldn't stick to right lines; had to go by dead reckoning in many cases as to distance, and had no good lights to steer by." It is more than probable that the course of the river and the disposition of the wharves upon its banks, had more to do with the crookedness of the streets than the "old salts."

Salem is a staid and quiet city, and yet an interesting subject for the pen of the historian. It is the oldest town in Massachusetts, after Plymouth; her first house having been built by Roger Conant and his companions in 1626. The place was at that time called Naumkeag, which is said to mean the Eel-land. The Plymouth settlers gave a grant for the colony to old John Endicott, ancestor of the wife of Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. for Birmingham. The first Puritan church in America was established here in 1629. It was in the year 1692 that the fanatical delusion of witchcraft seized Salem like a contagion. From an interesting account of this period entitled *Salem Witchcraft in Outline*, by Caroline E. Upham, we learn that in the year during which the contagion lasted, "the prisons of Salem, Boston, Cambridge, and Ipswich were full, and had been for months. No exact knowledge of how many were imprisoned can be gained, but hundreds must have been committed, for when the prison doors were opened one hundred and fifty went forth. Twenty came to death, and we know death came to two in prison, and probably many more, by grief and hardship escaped the gallows." During the excitement of witchcraft, trials, conferences, and sessions of the Grand Jurors were held at the house of Judge Corwin, which landmark is still standing on the corner of Essex and North Streets, in the heart of the city. It is a two storey frame building, weather beaten and worn. It is a significant fact that the zealous historian and divine, Cotton Mather, was among the leaders in bringing the witches to justice.

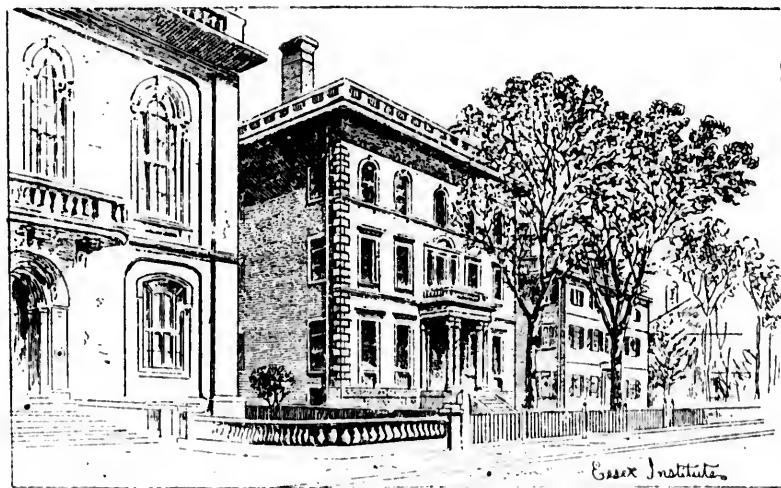
Salem has a trading history in which a world-embracing commerce finds a place, and it has been well said that "the achievements of its sea-kings form one of the most glorious chapters of American history. Here were the very first vessels to open our commerce with Calcutta and Bombay, Arabia and Madagascar, Batavia and Australia, Para and Monterides, Zanzibar, Sumatra, and the ports of China." Salem launched out until she became one of the largest mercantile ports of the day. It sent out, in 1785, the first American vessel that doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and for a half century held almost a monopoly of the East Indies and China trade with America, at one time having fifty-four large ships engaged in it. Trade was also opened with Japan, both coasts of Africa and South America, so that in the early part of this century it was in the front rank of American ports, its harbour being deep, convenient and commodious. It was my privilege to come across some of the descendants of the staid old Indian and China merchants, who, having "feathered their nests" in the "good old times," left their children to spend their days in ease and comfort in the stately mansions that surround Salem's attractive common, a green oasis, enclosed by rows of bordering elms.

It was in Salem, on the fifth day of October, 1774, that the first Provincial Congress assembled, and passed, during its sittings, a vote renouncing the authority of the British Parliament. In February following, the citizens offered the first armed resistance to the English Government, in assembling at North Bridge and forbidding the progress of Col. Leslie and his body of British soldiers. During the Revolutionary War, Salem contributed its full quota of men to fill the ranks of the army, and fitted out 158 vessels as privateers. In the war of 1812, the whole country furnished 250 armed war vessels, 50 of these being sent by the citizens of Salem. During the war of 1861-5, more than 3,000 men entered the ranks of the Union Army from Salem, of whom more than 200 were killed.

Incidents in the history of Salem might be multiplied indefinitely, but as these may be found in the writings of Felt, Upham, Osgood, Batchelder, and the "Historical Collections" of the Essex Institute, I will proceed to describe the places and persons I visited in this ancient and deeply interesting city. With my companion and host, who was at once "guide, philosopher, and friend," I had what in American parlance would be called "a real good time." To one fresh from a county and a town in the Old World, where the old Puritan feeling is still strongly maintained, it would be matter for surprise if I had not felt a peculiar pleasure in visiting places made memorable by incidents and actions in the lives of men who, though often mistaken in their modes of thought and procedure, were yet pioneers in the work of the world's progress.

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH.—The Essex Institute, with which my friend had been officially connected for many years, was the

starting point of our perambulations. The building in which the Institute is located is of handsome design externally, and internally is well fitted for the work it aims to accomplish. The office of the society, to the left as we enter, contains many excellent portraits of the officers of the Essex Historical, and Essex County Natural History Societies, the forerunners of the Institute, and a complete set of the publications of the society. Passing through an ante-room hung round with old prints and silhouettes, we reach the Historical Museum, containing a very large number of interesting relics ; a larger room beyond is hung with historical portraits by Copley and other eminent artists, and contains a valuable store of antique furniture, local curiosities, and military costumes. I was much interested in the valuable collection of MSS. which are kept in a fireproof room in the rear of the building. Returning to the



Plummer Hall.

Essex Institute.

secretary's room, we re-enter the hall, and passing up the main staircase, which is lined with portraits, we find ourselves in the commodious library and reading rooms, where some thirty thousand volumes are stored, and where all the leading periodicals of the day are to be found on the tables. The library contains many literary treasures, the gifts of wealthy citizens of Salem, as for instance, 8,000 volumes of English, Greek, and Latin Classics, given by Judge White ; a collection of 300 Bibles, presented by Rev. J. M. Hoppin ; some hundreds of volumes on China, and works on Art, the gift of F. J. Hunt, Esq. ; 400 log-books or sea-journals, and the proceedings of 266 societies, scientific, historical, and literary, with which the Institute exchanges publications.

From the Institute a covered passage leads us into Plummer Hall, on the site of Gov. Simon Bradstreet's house, and William H. Prescott's birthplace. The Hall was built in 1857 for the Salem Athenæum (founded in 1810), and contains rich portraits, historical paintings, relics of the Puritan pioneers, autographs and medals, and a noble library and lecture hall. One could only regret that time did not permit of our enjoying to the full so much that deserved our careful attention, for in the pleasant rooms of these two institutions were gathered such an accumulation of antique treasures, that days might have been profitably spent in their inspection. On the walls were counterfeit presentments of men who had made their mark whilst living, including an admirable portrait of Oliver Cromwell, looking as stern and truculent as was



First Puritan Church, Salem.

his wont when matters went awry. The daily home life of the great men of the past, whose portraits adorned the walls, was here illustrated by specimens of their household furniture; their pursuits in the house and a-field; their dress, and their amusements.

On leaving Plummer Hall we must needs visit in the grounds belonging thereto, perhaps the most interesting building in Salem, namely, the "First Puritan Church," to which reference has been already made. The structure stood on the site of the present First Church edifice. On the erection of the second building in 1670, the original one was given to the town, "to be reserved for the town's use to build a skool house and a watch-house." In 1760, the old building was disposed of, and was bought by one Thorndyke Proctor, who converted the oldest portion into a tavern. It sub-



sequently fell into decay, and was taken down in 1864. The frame was carefully preserved, and restored to its original mortises and placed within a good external covering. It was then set up in the rear of Plummer Hall, surrounded by well kept grounds, where it remains at the present time, an object of veneration and pious pilgrimages. The interior of the ancient edifice is full of many interesting relics, belonging to the Essex Institute.

My attention was called to three ancient desks, which, though having no connection with the church itself, are yet objects of interest to the antiquary and historian. These desks originally belonged to three former prominent citizens of Salem, all eminent men, but of widely different talent and occupation. Mr. Brooks has placed on record the history of these desks and their owners, and I shall reproduce the story for the benefit of my youthful readers. "These three special relics strongly appeal to the imagination. The oldest of the three was used for many years by that well-known merchant of the latter part of the last century, who was familiarly spoken of as 'Billy Gray.' 'Billy Gray' owned at one time sixty sail of square-rigged vessels, and was then supposed to be the largest ship-owner in America. He was born in Lynn in 1750, and at the height of his prosperity must have been one of the wealthiest men in the country. When he left Salem in 1809, he was reputed to be worth at least three millions of dollars, which was a large sum for those days. For political reasons he left Salem and pursued his business in Boston for a number of years, but not with the same success as in Salem. I once heard an anecdote of this princely merchant which was characteristic of the man. On one occasion a labouring man in his employ having been censured by Gray for some neglect of duty, was so offended that he took his hat and left, saying in a loud voice, 'Old Billy Gray! who cares for you? You were only a drummer in the Revolution!' 'Yes, yes,' said Mr. Gray, 'I know that! but didn't I drum well?' The old pine desk seems hardly fitting for the use of a great merchant, according to the notions of our extravagant times; but it answered its purpose as well as if it had been mahogany or rosewood. It was made more than a hundred years ago.

"The second desk is one used by the distinguished Nathaniel Bowditch, who was born in Salem in 1773, and died in Boston in 1838. At the age of ten he was taken from school and placed with a firm of ship chandlers in Salem, and at 21 went to sea, and soon became master and supercargo, and in 1800 issued his *Practical Navigator*, which has always been considered one of the most valuable books on the subject of navigation, superseding the works of Moore, and other English authorities. Upon this little desk, with its lid covered with green baize, he wrote the first entire translation of La Place's celebrated *Mecanique Celeste*. He began his task in the year 1815, and continued it during the rest of his



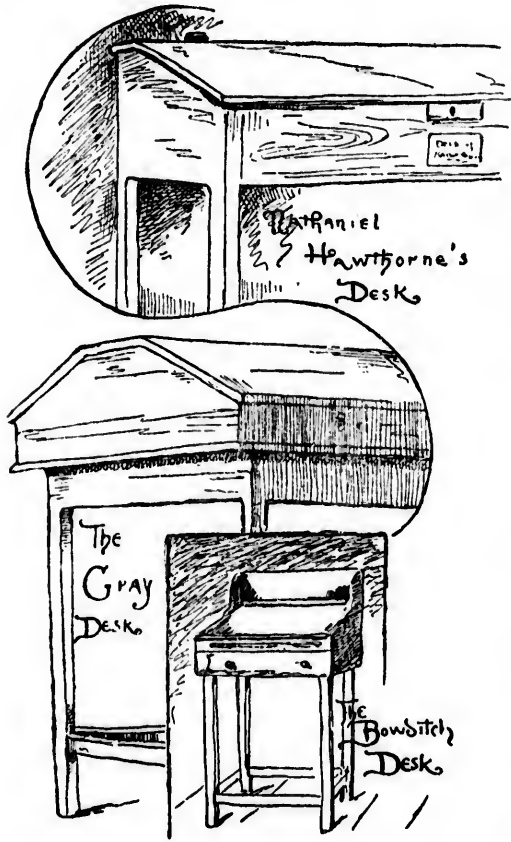
life, in such hours as he could spare from his business, finding his recreation in the task.

"The third desk will perhaps interest more of the present generation than either of the others. It is an unpainted pine affair, and it stood in the Salem Custom House for years; it has now become historical, for it is the desk used by Nathaniel Hawthorne when surveyor of the Port of Salem, and upon which he wrote portions of *The Scarlet Letter*. During Mr. Hawthorne's

residence in Salem he was a very reserved man, and had but few acquaintances. I have often seen him walking alone about dusk, or even later in the evening, and when the weather was cold he was wrapped in a dark cloth cloak; he rarely looked up, and was apparently in deep thought, hardly noticing passers by. He was strikingly fine-looking. In his office at the Custom House he was a very silent official; signing papers brought to him, but never offering a remark to a stranger or any one with whom he was not on terms of intimacy."

We next visited Hawthorne's birth-place at 21, Union Street, an object of

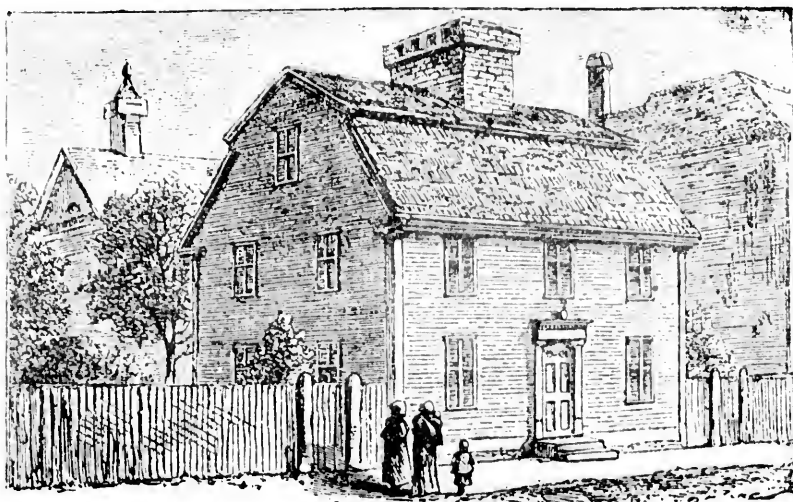
interest to all visiting sight-seers. The house is more than 200 years old, and is a typical Salem house of the first half of the seventeenth century. It is a well-preserved building, two stories high, with a gambrel roof. It has one big chimney in the centre, in the style that prevailed over a century ago, when the chimney was as large as any room in the house. The front door is in the centre of the house, and opens into a small passage. From



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the latter open, on the right and left, doors to a room on either side, while a stairway leads to the next floor. In the small room on the north-west corner Hawthorne was born.

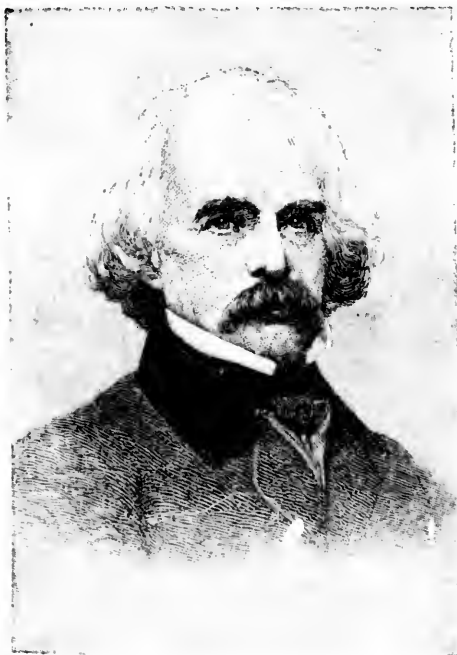
A few days previous to my visit to Salem, a syndicate of gentlemen, mostly connected with the literary and scientific institutions of the town, had endeavoured to purchase the premises, with the patriotic desire to retain and preserve a house and estate to which so much historic interest attaches, because of the illustrious author's birth there. This step had received further impetus, in consequence of an effort which was being made to have the building removed to Chicago, to add interest to the World's Fair in 1893. The newspaper press resented this attempt at removal, and declared that "the people of Salem will never consent to part with the



Hawthorne's Birthplace.

house, except by conflagration that cannot be controlled. It will be more and more sacred to persons interested in letters as time goes on, and pilgrims will visit it with the same reverent affection with which they now journey to Concord to see the home of Emerson, and to stand by the graves of Emerson and Hawthorne. It touches us to the quick to think that this Salem birth-place is in danger. It ought no more to be within the possibilities of destruction by the greed of money makers, than the Salem witch pins ought to be taken away, and exhibited for pay in different parts of the country. It ought to be preserved as sacred to the memory of Hawthorne, and if possible, as a museum for things of interest that were connected with his career. The homes of our great

American authors cannot be too vigilantly guarded or too carefully preserved." In 1873, the house was sold by auction, and realised 2,375 dollars. The sum of 15,000 dollars was first asked by its present owner, but later on this amount was reduced to 10,000 dollars, but this price is considered far too high by the syndicate named, and the matter of purchase was in abeyance at the time of my visit. I have no doubt, however, from conversations which



*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

I had with several leading citizens, that the many admirers of Hawthorne's genius, and those who are proud that Salem produced one of the greatest literary men of this, or any age, will see to it that no harm comes to the home of his birth. Salem has need to be proud of her gifted son, for "the city's outward aspects and inner life, her romance and her commonplaces, and above all, her peculiar atmosphere, tinged with recollections of Puritanism and superstition, are best reflected in the writings of the illustrious genius she gave to American letters—Nathaniel Hawthorne."

As we looked at the insignificant room in which he first saw the light, we

could fancy the gifted author seated at his desk, after many years of absence from the old home, and penning these words, in the solitude of his chamber, "Here I sit, in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. Here I have written many tales. If ever I have a biographer he ought to make mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because here my mind and character were formed; and here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, at least till I were in my grave." Hawthorne's character as an author has been well defined by one of America's living writers, Will Carleton, who says of him, "He was a sensitive, shrinking

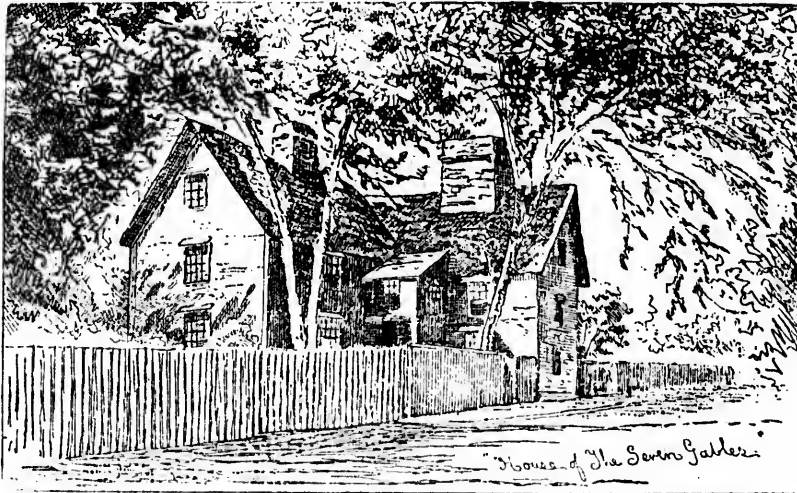
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man, but with a mind like a scalpel. He dissected the human heart, and threw upon it the weird electric light of his genius; he branded fallen virtue with the scarlet monogram of disgrace, and then threw over it the cloak of his manly pity and protection; he pursued clerical hypocrisy into the pillory of scorn, and then covered it with the robe of sweet Christian charity."

A few days prior to my visit to Salem, there occurred an event of no little interest, namely, the death of that immortalized individual, the "collector's junior clerk," referred to in *The Scarlet Letter*. The young gentleman, who, it was whispered, occasionally covered a sheet of Uncle Sam's letter with what (at the distance of a few yards) looked very much like poetry, and who used now and then to speak to the Surveyor Hawthorne of books, as matters



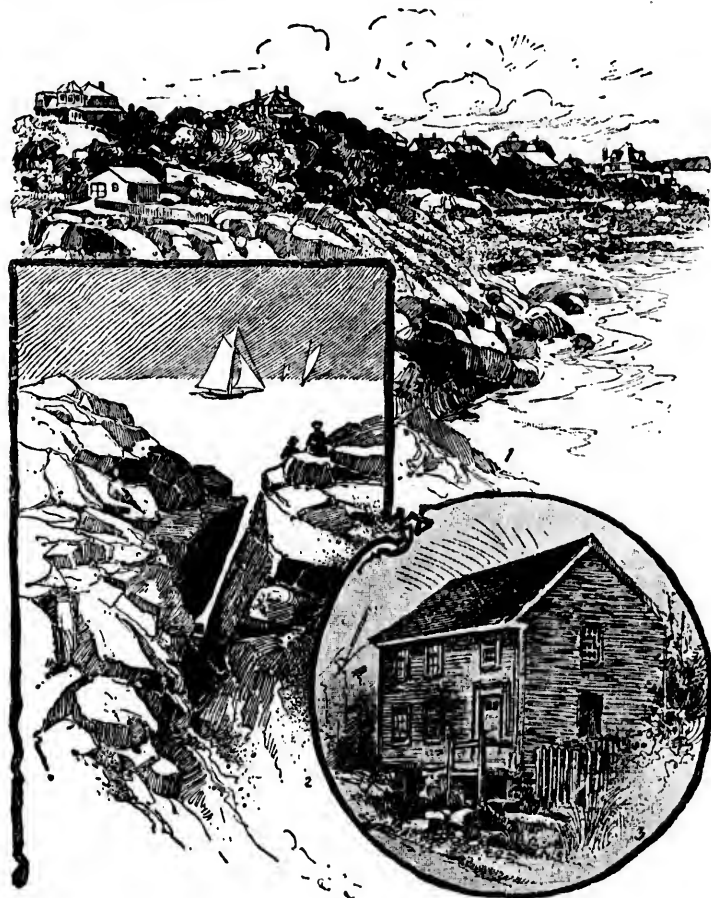
House of the Seven Gables.

with which he might possibly be conversant, died at the age of 64. To this man, Joseph Linton Waters, was intrusted the guardianship of the orphan children of the brother of Charles Dickens.

In the afternoon we went to Marblehead, five miles from Salem, a famous old seaport, with a snug little harbour, which hundreds of yachtsmen make their summer head-quarters. This ancient town is the scene of Whittier's poem of "Skipper Ireson's Ride." "Many years ago Captain Ireson refused to take off some of his townsmen from a drifting wreck, because of the expense of feeding them all the way home. On his return the citizens tarred and feathered him, and rode him in one of his own boats to Salem and back, he remaining silent and unresisting, hence the refrain." Many other poets have found their inspiration on this rocky strand,

and in this quaint and dreamy old place, full of memorials of the distant past.

We saw, in close proximity to the railway station, many signs of the devastation caused by the great fire of 1888, when a large district in the town was reduced to ashes. We soon found ourselves wandering in and out of the strange, old, and crooked



1.—Peach's Point, Marblehead. 2.—Chasm, Marblehead Neck. 3.—Tucker House, built 1640.

streets, which wind around the hill sides. I could well have spent a week in this maze of antiquity, for, at every turn, we came upon some venerable building or historic landmark. We made an inspection of the Abbot House, the most conspicuous building in the

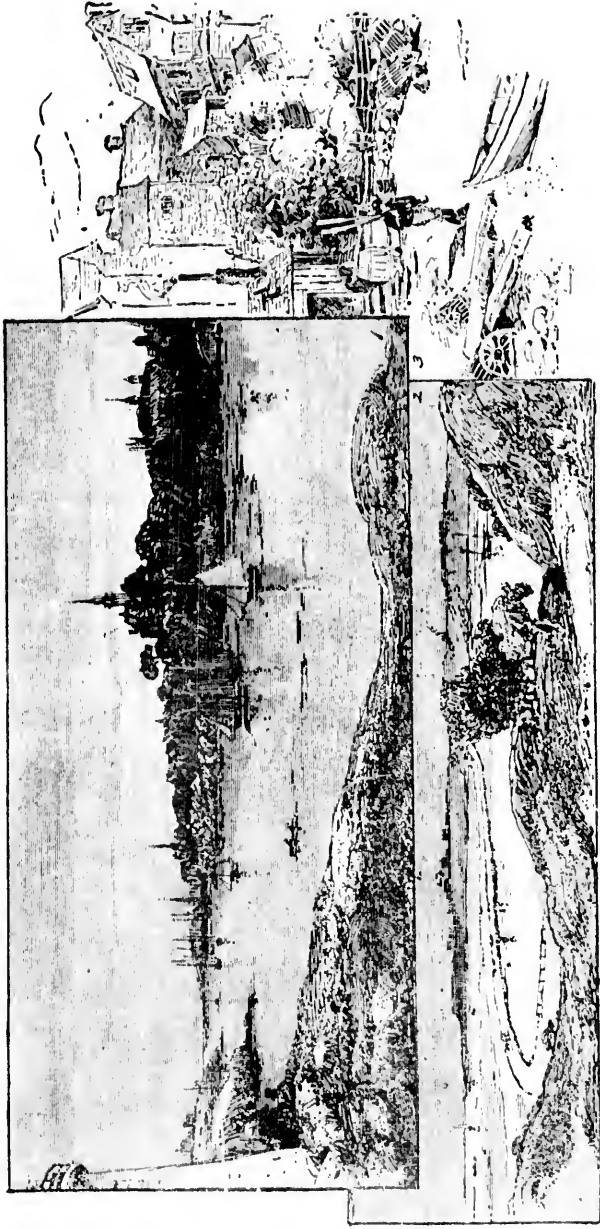
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IN AND AROUND MARBLEHEAD.

- 1.—Marblehead Harbour, with the point of the Neck.
- 2.—Causeway, connecting Marblehead Neck with the mainland.
- 3.—In the old fishing-town.

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place. On the ground floor are the town offices, and also the public library and free reading room, and on the second story, a large assembly hall. I was more interested, however, in visiting the mansion built by Col. Lee in 1768, with materials brought from England, and at a cost of £10,000. In this house Washington, Lafayette, Jackson, and Monroe were honoured guests on many occasions. We also visited the Old Town Hall, built in 1727, where, in April, 1861, the very first company of militia assembled, before going to Boston Common, to report for duty in reply to Lincoln's call for troops.

We had lunch with Mrs. Oliver, the authoress, in her elegant sea-side villa, with its delightful outlook beyond at the crags and promontories; the coves and bays between, and out at sea to Lowell Island, with its sanitarium, and still further, though plainly visible, to the extended North Shore, with its summer resorts. There are many other red-roofed villas, of attractive construction, perched on the rocks all about this quaint yet charming place. It is said that "when George Whitefield visited Marblehead, he gazed in astonishment upon its superabundant rocks, and in surprise, asked, "Pray, where do they bury their dead?" There is much to interest the student of history and nature in the old town, though judging from a walk in its streets, it is a quiet, unobtrusive place, whose inhabitants are said to be "remarkable for their sturdy independence, thrift, and primitive manners."

On returning to the railway station, we called at Old St. Michael's Church, built in 1714, of materials brought from England, and the staunch oak timbers from the mother land still support the edifice, which was restored in 1888, and enriched with some fine stained glass windows. The chandelier was given by "John Eldridge, Esq., of ye city of Bristol, 1732"; the reredos in the chancel was given by English friends, and some of the trees in the churchyard were brought from Canterbury. When the Declaration of Independence took effect, the royal arms were torn down from the reredos, and destroyed by Marblehead patriots, who also rang the church bell until it fell to pieces.

On the evening of my first day in Salem, I had the gratification of being present at the closing concert of the "Salem Musical Festival, 1891." The festival was held under the management of the Salem Oratorio Society, which was organized in 1868, with a membership of about 300 persons, gathered mainly by the personal efforts of Mr. Francis H. Lee, an amateur, and an enthusiast in musical matters. Salem, I was informed, had always been noted for its musical talent, and its devotion to musical study and practice, and the Oratorio Society had for many years rendered the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, in a manner to excite the praise of the severest musical critics,—one of whom, in a leading musical journal, declared that there had never

1.—Marblehead Harbour, with the point of the Neck.

2.—Causeway, connecting Marblehead Neck with the mainland.

3.—In the old fishing-town.



been heard in America such marvellous chorus singing. The programme on the evening I was present, comprised selections from the *Creation*, *Judas Maccabeus*, and *Tristram*. The performance was given in the Cadet Armoury, which had been fitted with seats and tastefully decorated for the festival. The acoustic properties of the hall were excellent, the attendance large, every one of the fifteen hundred places being occupied. The selections were rendered, it was said, in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the society; the soloists being in every way equal to the task allotted them, and the band and chorus, numbering 300, responding most efficiently to the baton of the conductor. In looking over the vast audience from my place in the gallery, I was struck by the resemblance it bore to any similar gathering in the old country; the features and dress of the people having an unmistakably English appearance.

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH.—My second day's perambulation in the venerable city included a visit to the City Hall, on Washington Street. It is a plain but substantial structure, and contains all the accommodation required for those who have the municipal government of the city in their hands. We were shown over the various departments, and were particularly interested in seeing the old town records, which were exhibited to us by the City Clerk. In the Aldermen's room we noticed a fine portrait of Washington, and also one of the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, the first Mayor of Salem. In one of the rooms is a "Teachers' Library" of educational and standard works, owned by the teachers of the public schools.

Our principal reason for visiting the City Hall was to pay our respects to the Mayor, R. S. Rantoul, Esq., a name honoured and revered in Salem for many generations. We found him in his room and we were received most kindly, and in a long conversation elicited much valuable information regarding the government of the city. As a guardian of the poor I felt interested in learning something as to the manner in which relief to the poor was administered in the States. I gathered that here, as in the Old World, the recipients of relief were mostly persons who were too idle to work, and in their best days, if they could be said to have had any such, were of the "shiftless" order, and never dreamt of the necessity of laying by for a rainy day. These were supplemented by the lovers of New England rum, bringing in its train all the sad consequences, of which one sees so many examples in England. In one case out of ten, perhaps, the poverty might be traced to real misfortune, and though, as I was told, the training in New England generally inculcated habits of thrift, yet there were always some who had hard work at all times to keep their heads above water, and, when old age came, had to depend upon public charity; and for such persons provision was humanely and satisfactorily made in Salem. A novel method of dealing with the

poor formerly existed in the neighbouring state of Connecticut, where it was the custom to put the poor up at auction and knock them off to the one who would board them the cheapest. This handy method of getting rid of the responsibility of looking after the waifs and strays of humanity has given place to a more christianlike way of handling these unfortunates. In Massachusetts there are two ways of dealing with the poor, viz., sending them to the state institution, or to the various town and city poor-houses. The latter is generally adopted, and is considered by far the most satisfactory. In Salem, the poor-house, a well-built, substantial building, accommodates 120 persons, 50 of whom are mildly insane, who are there for safe keeping. The population of the city is 30,000, and in addition to the paupers in the "house," the number aided outside aggregated 648; of this number 294 were under 16, and 354 over 16 years of age. There were among this number 155 lone women and 16 men without family. There were 26 families composed of man and wife; 58 composed of widows and deserted women with their children; and 44 of man, wife, and children, making 128 families in all.

I was pleased with the Mayor's information to the effect that this giving of out-door relief to the poor was the outgrowth of a public sentiment, well defined, and which had made Salem famed for her generosity and liberality to the poor. The policy of the State and the larger cities in it is the same as finds favour in England, and, in our opinion, it is a very mistaken policy, viz., to refuse permanent aid outside of a poor-house. This is intended, we suppose, to reduce or discourage pauperism. But, whilst it might in some degree minister to this end, "it would," said the Mayor, "be a radical change of policy so far as they were concerned, and would involve a risk of breaking up many families; would create a large increase in the number of children to be placed in an asylum; it would disturb very many aged people, who cannot long burden the public; and its immediate effect would be likely to increase the expenses, or, perhaps, cause enforced privation among some families who have a horror of life in a poor-house." One method of reducing pauperism, which can be safely recommended for adoption in smaller English towns, is the work of the Salem Relief Society, which is in the direction of discouraging public relief, and which saves more money for the ratepayers than can be measured by the contributions made to that object. By their methods of work and their ability to relieve those who are in temporary need, they prevent in many cases applications being made to the parish authorities, which would largely increase the number of chronic cases.

During our conversation with the Mayor, the Public Schools came under review, and we were informed that the educational requirements of the city were amply met by 1 High School, 5

Grammar and 12 Primary Schools. The cost of the education in these schools for the year 1890 amounted to £17,728, and the appropriation by the municipality to £17,960. In addition to the above-named there is a State Normal School, for girls, a handsome building of brick with stone trimmings. This school is regarded as one of the most successful institutions of learning in the State. It has a library of 9,000 volumes, and complete sets of chemical and scientific apparatus. Tuition is free to those who comply with the condition of teaching in the public schools of Massachusetts.

Thanking the Mayor for his courtesy, we leave the City Hall and hasten along Essex Street to the Free Public Library, passing on our way the home of W. C. Endicott, Secretary of War for the United States during President Cleveland's administration. We were received by the librarian, and conducted by him through the various rooms of the building, formerly a mansion belonging to Captain John Bertram, whose heirs presented it to the city for the purposes of a Free Public Library. The building is particularly well situated, of substantial appearance, and is equally well adapted internally for the purposes for which it was given. We were informed that the people of Salem use the library and appreciate its value, more than 500 volumes being taken out daily. All classes of inhabitants take out the books, and the reading room is also extensively patronised. I was pleased to learn that the reading room is open every Sunday, from 2 to 5 p.m., and in winter time especially is always filled with attentive readers. It will be a great boon to English as well as American citizens when a free library shall be found in every village, town, and city, which shall offer similar facilities to the "street corner" frequenters, who, having no taste for church or chapel going, find their present enjoyment in walking the thoroughfares, or frequenting the public-house.

The rest of the day was spent in a visit to the Court Houses, and the Peabody Academy of Science. In the first named we were shown a large number of witchcraft documents, including the death warrant of Bridget Bishop, the first person executed; also, the "witch pins" with which the "afflicted ones" claimed to be pricked. We also saw many curious deeds, the earliest in the country, which are deposited in the office of the Registry of Deeds; and the fine library of the Essex Bar Association. In these buildings are held, yearly, Sessions of the Supreme Court, Superior Court, and Probate Court.

Of the Academy of Science, founded by George Peabody, the London philanthropist, who was a native of Peabody, near Salem, I can write but little, for my space is altogether inadequate to do justice to the remarkable collections which are gathered within the walls of the East India Marine Hall. "Here is a collection illustrating the orders of the animal kingdom, arranged in their proper

sequence from the lowest form to the highest. The most striking features are the corals, reptiles, birds, and the Australian marsupials. In one part of the hall is a complete assortment of gods—Hindoos, Chinese, and Polynesian. The models of naval architecture are very numerous, and mark the progress from the rude Esquimaux canoe to the model of the stately and heavily-armed Salem East Indiaman, the *Friendship*. Nearly every species of the flora and fauna is represented in the collections of birds, those from the native woods being especially fine. The museum is open free to the public, and is visited by thirty to forty thousand persons annually."

In the afternoon we took the car for Beverley, two miles—a town of eight thousand inhabitants, settled in 1630. The first



Peabody Academy of Science.

cotton mill in America was established here, and the first naval vessel, sent out in 1775 by the Continental Congress, was the *Hannah*, of Beverley. Like Lynn, it is now a place of shoe factories, in which the workpeople earn good wages, if one may judge by their homes and pleasant surroundings.

I was anxious to pay my respects to Lucy Larcom, whose home is in Beverley, but on calling there, I found to my great disappointment that she was away at Roxbury for a short visit. Miss Larcom's poems have won for her much praise from the critics, and she justly occupies a foremost place amongst the religious verse writers of America.

From Beverley we went to Peabody, the birthplace of George Peabody, whose princely munificence, both in England and

America, has caused his memory to be revered on both sides of the Atlantic. I saw the modest frame house in which he first saw the light, and I was shown over the Institute which bears his name. The great benefactor was not only born here, but at one time kept a store in the town, in which he sold rum and other liquors.

The Peabody Institute is a handsome and well-endowed building, with a library of 30,000 volumes of useful and standard books, and a commodious lecture hall in which are delivered regular courses of high-class lectures. In the library is a fine portrait in oil of Mr. Peabody, and also the portrait of Queen Victoria, given by her to the philanthropist, for whom it was expressly painted. It is 14 inches by 10 inches in size, painted on gold and adorned with rich jewels. It cost £5,000. Near to the picture was the autograph letter of Her Majesty to Mr. Peabody, expressing her warm appreciation of his princely gift to the poor of London. The custodian also showed us the large gold medal, struck specially by the American Government in recognition of the munificent gifts of Mr. Peabody for educational purposes in the States.

It was my privilege to enjoy in the evenings the society of several prominent families in the city, and, in this way, to see what social life in Salem was like. I shall not readily forget the "social evening" spent at the charming home of one of New England's distinguished writers. The works of Mrs. Grace A. Oliver are chiefly biographical, and include *A Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld*; also, *A Study of Maria Edgeworth*, and *Arthur Penrhyn Stanley: His Life, Work, and Teachings*. A leading critic says that "Mrs. Oliver has struck out for herself a line of distinctive literary work that is one of especial interest both in itself and relatively to the literature of the day." Our party consisted of a score of ladies and gentlemen, in about equal numbers. The conversation was simply delightful, as nearly all present were good talkers, and had something to say that was worth listening to. During the evening a most instructive paper was read by Mrs. Pinkham, the wife of a Lynn physician, on the "Ober-Ammergau Passion Play." The lady had witnessed the representation of the drama, and her criticisms thereon were of a most interesting character. Our hostess has a well-furnished and cosy home, books having a predominance; a large circle of friends, to whom, I was told, she is ever ready to show the graces of a generous hospitality, and she proved herself to be a typical converser among many who talked well, her well-stored mind sharing its treasures with all with whom she came in contact. She evidently devotes much of her time to the acquisition of sound and varied knowledge, and, afterward, has a real pleasure in bestowing it upon others in the form of instructive conversation or in most readable books.

On returning from the "social" to my friend's house, I had my attention drawn to the lighting of the streets by electricity. I

could not but express my satisfaction at the brilliancy of the light, and its evident superiority to that which is supplied to our towns and villages by the gas companies of the old world. On asking whether the cost was not much higher than by the old system of lighting, I was told that this was counterbalanced by the extra protection it afforded to property. From a pamphlet which was given me, being a history of the "Salem Electric Lighting Company," I gathered some information which may be of interest to those authorities who have to do with the lighting of the streets in my own country.

In January, 1883, the first negotiations looking to street lighting were begun, and after some time five city lamps were put in operation, burning six nights in the week to midnight only, the price paid by the city being 2s. 6d. each. The number of street lamps was subsequently increased to twenty-five, for each of which 2s. 5d. was charged. The first incandescent lamps were put up in June, 1885, the "distribution box" system being used. This was superseded by the "direct" incandescent system in 1887, and this method has been in successful use up to the present time. In the future the apparatus used will be the "alternating," by which system light can be furnished satisfactorily at a distance of five miles from the station. In the summer of 1886, the city authorities expressed a desire for a general system of street illumination by arc lamps, and in November of that year, a two years' contract was entered upon for one hundred or more lamps, the rate to be paid to be 1s. 11½d. per lamp per night for 100, and 1s. 10½d. for all lamps over 100, the lamps to be burned from dusk to daylight. In December, 1888, a three years' contract was made with the city of Salem for one hundred and sixty lamps as the minimum number, at a price of 1s. 10d. each per night. This price is the lowest in the State for all-night lighting by 2,000 c. p. lamps.

Professor Farmer, who lived on Pearl Street, Salem, between the years 1850 and 1870, was a great authority upon all electrical matters. As far back as 1859 he illuminated his house by divided electric lights. The first electric light in a dwelling-house in the world is said to have been used at No. 11, Pearl Street, Salem, a parlour of which was lighted every evening during the month of July, 1859, by the electric light, and it was subdivided, two lamps being used, either of which could be lighted by turning a little button to the right. The electricity was from a galvanic battery of about three dozen six-gallon jars. The cost was about four times that of gas light. Mr. Farmer told my friend Mr. Brooks, in 1855, that if he lived to be 75 years old, it would be possible for him to stand in Boston and talk with a man in New Orleans, and each would recognise the other's voice.

Salem is also honoured as being the place where the telephone, one of the most wonderful instruments of modern times, was to have

its first demonstration and trial. Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, whose name has of late years stood so prominently before the public of the civilized world, is certainly entitled to be remembered in time to come by Salem people, who take any interest in their place of residence. Professor Bell's lecture on the telephone, the first on the subject, in that country at least, if not in the world, was delivered before the Essex Institute, Feb. 12th, 1877, before a large and enthusiastic audience in Lyceum Hall.

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH.—In the forenoon attended service at the First North Church, on Essex Street, of which the Rev. E. B. Willson, an able preacher, is the minister. Heard an excellent sermon on "Music," which was well supplemented by the choir, an exceptionally able body of musicians. The church has a somewhat heavy appearance, relieved a little by its vine-covered front. It was built in 1836, and the society worshipping here is the successor of the congregation that, headed by its pastor, left the church on Sunday afternoon, February 26th, 1775, and hurried to the North Bridge to assist in repelling the invasion of Salem territory by British troops.

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH.—Went into Boston to spend the day, and under the able guidance of Abner C. Goodell, Esq., of the State House, I saw many interesting places, some of which are not usually accessible. The State House first claimed our attention, and my friend led the way to his editorial rooms, where, with a staff of female assistants, he is engaged in the important work of editing the City Records of two centuries ago. These documents are of great value, and are being edited, printed, and bound in the most careful and substantial manner.

The State House building, situate on the summit of Beacon Hill, is a prominent object in the city. It is surmounted by a noble dome, gilt over its whole surface, reminding one of the dome of the Invalides in Paris. The view from this elevation is both extensive and picturesque, for the entire city can be seen, and the harbour, with its islands, jutting rocks and promontories, and vessels of all kinds and sizes. One could readily believe the statement that the country for fifteen miles around Boston, as a whole, surpasses in the beauty, good taste, and attractiveness of its residences, parks, and gardens, that of any section of equal size in America.

We visited the House of Representatives, which was in Session, within the building. The room in which the members meet is light and airy, but in no sense elaborate; on the contrary, it is a plain and somewhat crowded hall, with a carved cod-fish hanging from the roof, as emblematic of a prolific source of the wealth of the State. During the time we were listening to the debates, the following subjects were under discussion, namely, a Bill raising the compulsory school age to fifteen years; a Bill to restrict the height of buildings in cities; and a Bill to establish a commission to pro-

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mote a rapid transit for the city of Boston and its suburbs. The mode of conducting the debates was not, in my opinion, so orderly as it might have been; the noise and confusion being such that it was with difficulty we could hear what the speakers were saying. Yet there was an earnestness and determination about them which was highly commendable, and as I looked down upon the scene from my place in the gallery, I formed a very high opinion of the delegates, most of whom were men in middle life, bright and intelligent-looking, and also noticeable for their physical appearance, which was suggestive of good health and a sound constitution.



State House, Boston.

We next visited the rooms of the New England Historical Society, which contain a valuable library and a rare collection of antiquities. The rooms are not open to the general public, but are accessible to all students of history, and are in constant use. We spent some time in the Old State House, which has been restored and dedicated as a museum, and contains many colonial pictures and other relics, all of interest in connection with early Boston history. This building was formerly the headquarters of the Provincial Government. In the street, on its eastern side, took

place what is known as the "Boston Massacre," when the troops fired upon the populace, after which Samuel Adams, voicing the indignation of the town, made his memorable and successful demand for the removal of the soldiery outside the city.

A few yards from the old State House we came upon Faneuil Hall, the American "Cradle of Liberty." This is a most interesting structure. The town's meetings were held here in the last century, and in 1800 it was enlarged to its present size. It is a very plain rectangular building with cupola. In this historic place are held the gatherings of the inhabitants when anything special stirs the public mind, and it is then crowded by standing audiences, there being no seats.

I was much interested in the Old South Church, the shrine of Boston. It was built in 1729, on the site of a cedar wood church, which had been built in 1669. At one time the most famous church in Boston, it is now a museum of revolutionary antiquities. The old church is a quaint building with a tall spire and clock; the interior is square, with double galleries on the ends. In this church were organized the preliminaries that led to the march of the disguised men who went down to the wharf and poured the tea overboard. Through the window behind the pulpit climbed Joseph Warren, in 1775, to make the oration on the anniversary of the "Boston Massacre," which, it is said, helped on the final departure of the British soldiers that culminated in the battle of Lexington. Benjamin Franklin was baptized in this church, and George Whitefield preached here. As an historical relic it deserves a visit, standing as it does, "a landmark of the colony, amid the surging throngs about it, who make up the daily life of Boston."

From the old South Church we went to King's Chapel, where a mid-day service was to be held. The preacher was the Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., the eminent author and divine, sometimes called the "Kingsley of America." It was indeed an extraordinary man that I had the pleasure of listening to on this occasion, a man of great individuality, with a dark and expressive face, bearded and tanned, and full of deep wrinkles and furrows; such a face, as we sometimes say in Yorkshire, "might have been hammered out of old penny pieces," so worn and battered-looking, with eyes that seemed not to be fixed on his congregation, but to be gazing inward or far away, and a voice of great power, and yet full of gentleness and pathos. The sermon was delivered in a conversational tone and style, and rivetted the attention of his hearers so that, whilst outside the walls of the church the busy life of Boston was in full swing, inside we had the quiet and calm of the Sabbath.

At the conclusion of the service, the preacher kindly accompanied me round the interior of the building, pointing out the various memorials to departed worthies fixed on the walls, and giving a brief *resumé* of much that was interesting and helpful in

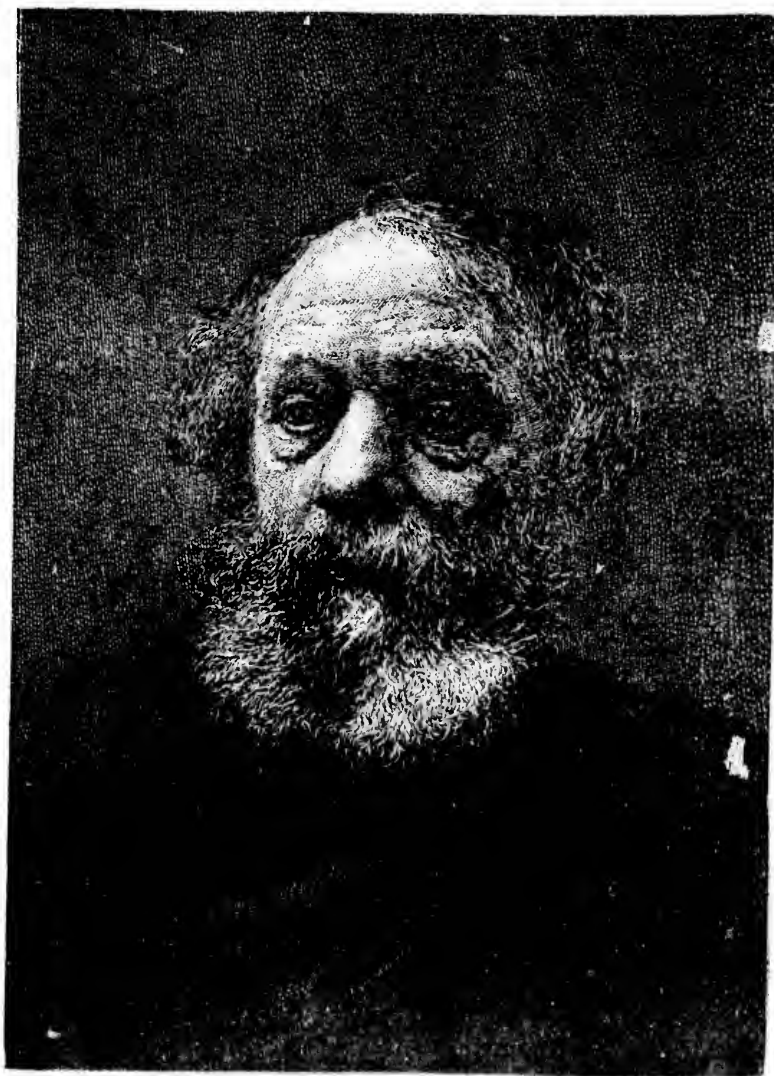
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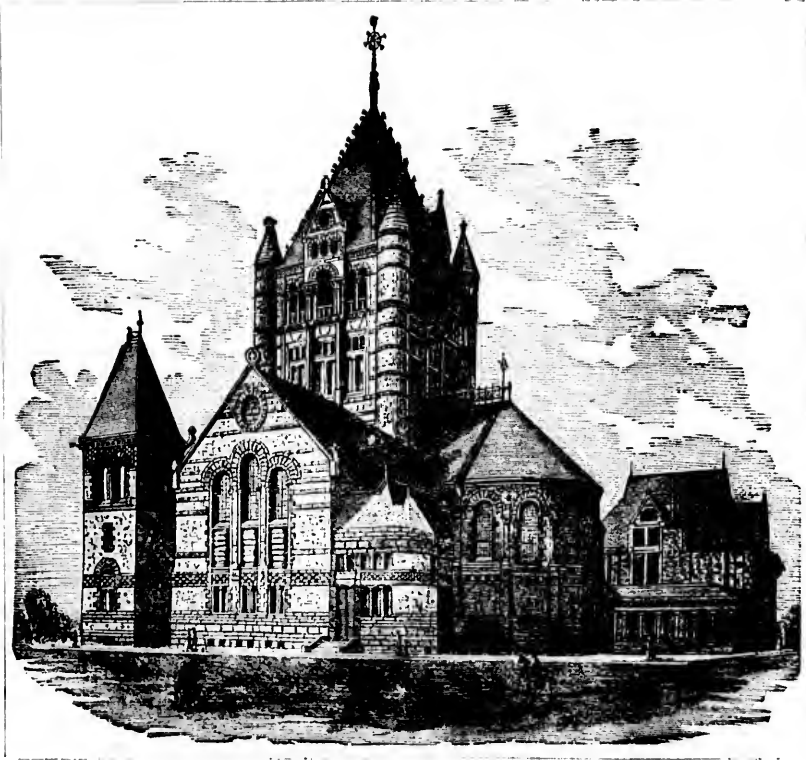
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Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D.

their lives and actions. Dr. Brooke Herford, formerly of Manchester, England, accompanied us, and invited me to lunch with him on the following day.

I could not resist the temptation, as we went to dinner at the Union Hotel, to have a peep into the "Old Corner Book Store," known for generations as the noted book shop of this literary community. Its gambrels and old fashioned gables recall a style of architecture that is all but extinct.



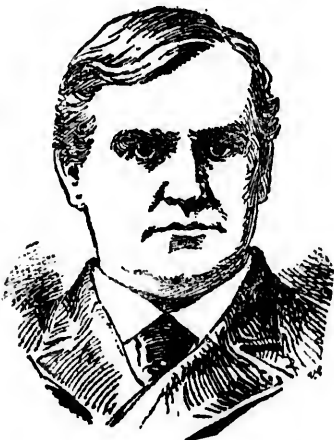
Trinity Church, Boston.

After dinner I visited Trinity Church, a peculiar looking building, as will be seen from our illustration. It is a huge pile of red brick, with a lantern rising from great piers, and it cost, with the land upon which it stands, one hundred and sixty thousand pounds sterling. The sexton accompanied me in my inspection of the interior. It is beautifully decorated, an enormous quantity of gilt being used. It contains many rich stained windows, and a massive circle of brass goes round the sounding board of the pulpit, and a lamp hangs down like a brazen pitcher from it. The pulpit

is roomy, as it needs to be, to accommodate the portly form of the preacher. The interior is finished with black walnut, and is lighted by many brilliant pictured windows.

We went into a beautifully finished chapel, connected with the church by a handsome cloister. In this room the social meetings and week-day services are held. Under this is a room for the young people's meetings. I was sorry that I had no opportunity of hearing a sermon from Dr. Brooks, who is, perhaps, the greatest preacher America possesses at the present time. "Truth through personality" is his description of preaching. It is said that "while in the pulpit the Doctor likes gravity, he is sarcastic in speech concerning the 'merely solemn' ministers." He says they are "cheats and shams." As they stand with their "little knobs of prejudice down their strait coats of precision," he likens them to

the "chest of drawers which Mr. Bob Sawyer showed to Mr. Winkle in his little surgery: 'Dummies, my dear boy,' said he to his impressed and astonished visito:; 'half the drawers have nothing in them, and the other half don't open.' Such a description is very, very far from applying to the satirist himself.

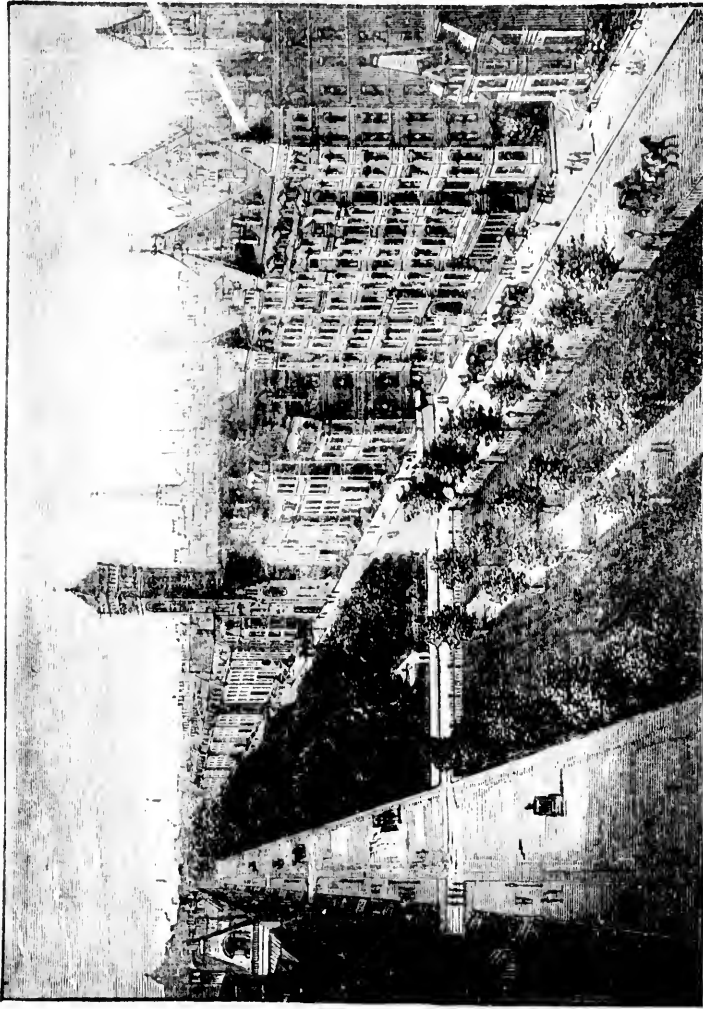


Bishop Phillips Brooks, D.D.

Dr. Brooks has long been known as the best pulpit orator of the Low Church Episcopalians in America. He was born in Boston on December 13th, 1835, of an old New England family, being one of six brothers, four of whom became honoured clergymen of the Episcopal Church. He received his early education at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., founded by an ancestor of his; pursued his studies at the Boston Latin School, entered Harvard, was graduated there in 1855, and studied theology at the seminary in Alexandria, Va., after which, being ordained in 1859, he was called to the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia as assistant to his old pastor, Dr. Vinton.

In 1862 he became rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia. Very young for so onerous a charge, he sprang at once to the position of a famous preacher, and crowded congregations listened with delight to the eloquent simplicity with which he presented the truths of the Gospel. It was there, in the first months of the war, that he preached with magic force against slavery, and his eloquence was widely recognized as one of the potent factors in fanning the flame of patriotism which sent Pennsylvania's sons in thousands to the front to fight for the Union.

After a most successful pastorate of seven years in Holy Trinity he accepted, in 1870, the rectorship of Trinity Church in Boston, and, at the age of thirty-five years he entered upon the



Commonwealth Avenue, Boston

work which has proved of such unique and telling influence on church life and general religious thought in that city. Men of all classes and creeds are there his constant listeners, and the edifice is always crowded.

He recognizes every phase of Christian activity if it is earnest and helpful, and has always shown himself glad to preach the Word of the Master in the churches or halls of Christian organizations other than his own. It is this broad sympathy with every Christian effort which has made Dr. Brooks more popular than any other Episcopal minister in the country. Since he became rector of Trinity Church he has declined many calls elsewhere, among them a professorship at Harvard and the office of Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, to which he was elected in 1886, but has now accepted the Bishopric of Massachusetts, which necessitates his leaving Trinity Church.

Dr. Brooks is well known in England, having preached on many occasions in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and before the Queen at the Chapel Royal. The preacher's home, a uniquely designed edifice, is in proximity to the church, on Clarendon Street. When I called there, I was informed by the old lady who came to the door, that the Doctor was attending the Episcopal Convention, then being held in the city. I may add here, that on the day following my visit, the eminent divine was elected Bishop of Massachusetts. I should have liked a brief interview with this great preacher, who stands head and shoulders, physically, mentally, and spiritually above nearly all his compeers.

I have at various times received from the Doctor a volume of his writings, and also a promise that some day he hoped to visit the ancient town in Yorkshire in which my life has been spent, but I "calculate" that I shall have to absolve him from the promise, at least until the calls upon him are fewer and less urgent.

From Clarendon Street it is but a short distance to the home of the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in Beacon Street, in the aristocratic Back Bay district of the city. Having corresponded with Dr. Holmes for many years, I had no misgivings as to the nature of the reception I should meet with from the poet. I therefore caused the bell to ring with no uncertain sound, and in a few moments I was ushered into the reception room, to wait while my card was taken upstairs to the Professor. In a few minutes he appeared at the head of the stairs, and, calling me by name, desired that I would come up into his library. I shall never forget the cordial greeting I received on entering the charming room, with the intimation also that it was indeed an unexpected pleasure I was giving. The library is at the back of the house, a large and pleasant retreat, with an immense bay window, which the poet calls

My airy oriel on the river shore.

Before I could be seated, the poet took me to see the view from this window, which overlooks the Charles River, and pointing to Cambridge, which lay on the other side of the water, he said, "Yonder is my birth place, also the college in which I was trained, and the cemetery where many of my friends and relatives are buried,

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and where I hope to rest." I replied that "I hoped the world might yet be favoured with many more contributions from his pen, and that the day when he should leave us might be far distant. We had breakfasted and taken tea with him, to our infinite delight, and if we were spared to sup with him, the pleasure would doubtless be intensified."

"I am afraid," said the poet, "that I cannot promise myself to do more than perhaps send an occasional article or poem to the magazines, for I am not so eager for work as I once was, though



*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

I have fairly good health and enjoy life as much, I dare say, as any one can be expected to do, when over eighty years of age."

The poet attributes his good health and the remarkable vigour of his intellect, to the constant care he has long taken of himself. Though never a very strong man, he was nevertheless wiry in his younger days. The rooms that he daily occupies are furnished with barometers, thermometers, ærometers, and other instruments,

to prevent his incurring the least risk of taking cold. His time is carefully portioned out, so much to reading, so much to writing, so much to exercise, so much to recreation. His meals are studies of prudence and digestion. All this seems congenial to the doctor, and with such methods he indulged the hope sometimes that he would attain 100 years, which he said, "I would dearly like if I could remain in possession of my faculties." We trust that the veteran poet may realise his wish, and become in due course that *rara avis*, a centenarian.

With regard to the river upon which we were still looking, he said "It is indeed a pleasant outlook, and deserving of any one's interest for its suggestiveness. This river has been beloved and written about by some of our best authors, and one cannot look at it without being reminded of them. I can also, if I desired it, step from my own grounds into a boat and reach almost any part of the civilized world without change of vessel or leaving the water."

The Doctor now desired me to be seated, and took his place near his writing table. On it was a pile of letters, and I ventured to hint that his work in the way of correspondence must be considerably heavy, when he replied that he could manage to get through it with the aid of his secretary, but, his trouble was with the ladies, "who call upon me in season and out of season, at almost all hours of the day, and oftentimes on the most frivolous pretexts, and thus much of my time is wasted." I was about to condole with him on the inflictions which he had to endure, when a rap came on the library door, followed by a message from the maid that "Mrs. X—— would like to see the Doctor." It would have done my reader good to see the merry twinkle of the aged poet's eye as he passed out of the room to answer the summons. After a few minutes he returned, and said that, "the illustration to the observation he was making had come rather sooner than he had expected it, and while he was ever anxious to oblige his many friends, either in the writing of an autograph, or answering letters, it was too bad to take up his time with matters of little or no moment."

During the Doctor's absence from the room, I glanced round, and saw books on every side, and on the walls a fine painting by Copley; the original picture of her whom he has immortalized as "Dorothy Q," and also two portraits of winners of the Derby. The writing table stands in the middle of the room, is large, and has a flat top, on which both the Doctor and his secretary find room to work. Everything upon it was in scrupulous order.

On the right of where I was sitting, was a revolving book-case filled with dictionaries, encyclopædias, and other works of reference, and on my left, a corner filled with books, on one shelf of which, in their conspicuous scarlet covers, stood some volumes having reference to the history of the county in England in which I take a special interest. The Doctor in the kindest manner expressed the pleasure these volumes had given him, saying, "I feel I know Yorkshire and the old English life, since reading those books. I keep them handy, and often take them down, always to find something of interest in their pages."

I mentioned his visit to England, and the pleasure it must have been to him, and he replied "It was indeed a most enjoyable visit," and then he made reference to some of the places he had visited in the Old Country, and the people he had met with.

I told him of my visit to Whittier, the grand old Quaker poet, and the Doctor said how pleased he was to hear so good an account of his health, and "he trusted that he might yet be spared to the world for many years. Whittier was a man who was beloved and revered by every one, although there was about him a certain reticence."

The Doctor further remarked that "pretty much all my friends are dead. Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Freeman Clarke, and many more. I miss them very much." Since my visit to Boston, another of the Doctor's intimates has left him, the poet, critic, and diplomatist, James Russell Lowell. In drawing our interview to a close, the poet expressed his delight at the English appreciation of his books, and said he should never forget the many kind and sympathetic letters he had received from his many admirers in the Old World.

One more incident of my visit, and I have done. The Doctor would insist on my acceptance of any volumes of his writings that he had not already sent to me, and I came away with an intimation that when he had added his autograph to the books, they would be forwarded to New York to await my pleasure. Amongst those sent was a medical work bearing date, 1838, indicating pretty nearly how long the author has been writing for the public, and yet he retains as high a place in the affections of his readers as ever he did. Nearly sixty years of work from his pen, and it is not yet idle.

As Dr. Holmes opens the door for us, we feel that we are bidding farewell probably, to one of the gentlest of autocrats, and most genial of men, one who has "adorned every branch of literature which he has entered, by his scholarship, his genuineness, and his originality."

In the evening I went to a reception at the Parker House, which has for years been one of the most prominent of the leading Boston hotels. The house is elegant externally and sumptuously furnished within.

This was the only occasion which afforded me a view of the New England ladies in society. The party was a large one, more than one hundred and fifty persons being present, three-fifths of whom were ladies. There were many handsome women present, and I was given to understand that all of the fair sex were connected in some way with literature, journalism, music, or the fine arts, so that it was quite a representative assembly. My impression of the New England women, in the intercourse I had with them, here and elsewhere, is, that they are bright, lively, intelligent, somewhat inquisitive, yet withal very amiable and attractive specimens of their sex and nationality. The following abridged account of the proceedings, which were, I was informed, typical

of the social and public life of the city, is taken from one of the leading Boston journals :

"Mrs. Sallie Joy White, one of the best known women journalists of the country, for five years president of the New England Women's Press Association, and now its first honorary vice-president, completed this month her 21st year in journalism, and the anniversary was marked by a brilliant reception and banquet given in her honour by the Women's Press Association, last evening, at the Parker House.

"The occasion was a notable one, lovingly planned for and brought to success by the women of the New England press, who

feel their indebtedness to Mrs. White, who, as the first woman on the Boston press, opened the door for the many who followed, until to-day there is no newspaper of any standing which has not one or more women on its staff.

"Mrs. White began her career as a 'newspaper-woman,' 21 years ago, on the *Boston Post*. After some



Parker House, Boston.

years of good work on the paper, she was invited to a position on the *Boston Advertiser*, leaving it to go to the *Herald*, where she has been one of the most valued workers.

"Among the 150 or more guests assembled to honour Mrs. White were many of the leading literary, artistic, and musical people of the city, members of the staff of nearly every newspaper in Boston, and representatives of every profession. Nearly all of the leading women's clubs were also represented.

"The reception, which was held in the crystal parlour, began at 7 o'clock, the guests being presented to Mrs. White by Mrs. Merrill, president of the association.

"At 8 o'clock the procession was formed, and the line of march, to the music of the Fadette orchestra (six young ladies dressed in white), which played delightfully throughout the evening, was taken up to the crystal dining-room, where the banquet was served. Out of compliment to Mrs. White, the decorations were all in white, giving thus a most charming and fairy-like effect to the room. Upon each of the six tables were magnificent centre-pieces of callas and Easter lilies and ferns. Hundreds of hydrangeas and white spireas bloomed and blossomed among the fruit and bonbons, and white carnations and delicate ferns were thickly strewn over the tables. Silver candelabra bearing white candles glistened among the flowers, and at each plate was laid a dainty menu, tied with white ribbon, and bearing on its front page in silver letters, the following inscription:—'To Mrs. Sallie Joy White, in honour of her 21st anniversary in journalism.'

"On the second page was the sentiment:

Let sallies of wit, abundant and bright,  
And joy unconfined be ours to-night;  
To make this white dinner a lasting delight,  
In honour and love of our Sallie Joy White.

"After an hour and a half spent in discussing the elaborate menu, Mrs. Merrill rapped to order with the association's gavel of ebony and silver, and after a few graceful words of cordial welcome introduced Miss Catherine Eleanor Conway, of the *Pilot* editorial staff, well-known as a poet and critic, who gave the salutatory in verse.

"Mrs. Merrill then voiced the feeling of the Woman's Press Association, that the notable anniversary should be commemorated in some lasting form—some souvenir of the occasion which should always recall to Mrs. White the affection which has crystallized around her from the women who have followed in her path—and called upon Miss Winslow, the association's treasurer, to give to Mrs. White the association's loving gift.

"Miss Winslow made a touching speech, full of gratitude for Mrs. White's pioneer work, and then presented her with the jewels, which were the gift of the club. They consist of a beautiful diamond star for the corsage, and diamond ear jewels.

"Addresses were given by Ex. Gov. Long, Mr. Frank J. Bonnelle, of the *Sunday Herald*, Mrs. White, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and original poems recited by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, Miss McBride, and Mr. Henry O. Meara, of the *Boston Journal*." The happy evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and it was getting near the small hours when I reached Salem with my friends.

APRIL THIRTIETH.—Went into Boston, and visited the City Hall, a handsome structure, erected in 1862, at a cost of £100,000. I was shown the City Records by their custodian. The volumes,

of which there is a very large number, are kept in fire-proof rooms, under very strict regulations. In the lawn in front of the Hall, stand on one side the bronze statue of Franklin, and on the other, that of Josiah Quincy. The County Court House is at the back of the City Hall, near to which a new building of a most elaborate character is in course of erection, intended to supplant the present gloomy looking structure.



City Hall, Boston.

I next visited the Museum of Fine Arts, a magnificent edifice, with a projecting portico in the centre, enriched with polished marble columns. It would take months to adequately understand and fully enjoy the collections which are gathered here, and which excel those of any other institution I saw in the States. The ground-floor is devoted to statuary, antiquities, etc., the second floor to paintings, engravings, productions of industrial art, and bric-a-brac. The Egyptian room contains a fine collection of antiquities, and the other apartments on this floor are filled with casts from the antique, forming the most complete collection in America. Upstairs are the picture galleries, containing an excellent collection of paintings.

I was greatly interested in the Japanese collection of pottery, etc., which is loaned to the Museum by Professor Morse, of Salem, and is valued at over £20,000. It comprises several thousand specimens, many of them being rare and of great value. Other rooms contain choice collections of porcelain, majolica, and Sèvres ware; all manner of carved ivory and precious stones, mediæval religious jewellery, medals, and vases, ancient weapons, and fine laces. The stranger in Boston must not neglect paying a visit to this storehouse of antiquities and other treasures.

Went to luncheon at Dr. Brooke Herford's, in Chestnut Street, and enjoyed very much the society of the worthy doctor, his wife, and three intelligent daughters, all of whom had many questions to ask about the old country, and also as to how I was enjoying my visit to the States, and what I thought of America; queries which I had already had put many times since I landed in New York. I easily evaded the questions, on this as on other occasions, by intimating that it was my intention after my return to England to place on record my impressions of both country and people, and in the meantime preferred not to commit myself to a premature opinion which might require modification.

My next visit was to the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, in a building near Boylston Street, a structure architecturally fine, and in its internal arrangements most complete. I was shown over the building by the secretary, and saw the reception, reading, and conversation rooms, lecture hall, and an ample and well-equipped gymnasium. The Association was founded in 1857, and is the oldest of the kind in the country. It meets all the requirements of young men coming to the city as strangers, providing for them an attractive resort, pleasant companionships, and Christian influences. It has a very large membership, and its work is varied and extensive.

From this centre of intellectual light and leading I went to another of a somewhat different character, namely, the publishing offices of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in Park Street. I had a letter of introduction from Dr. O. W. Holmes to Mr. Garrison, son of Mr. W. Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, and on presenting this I was greeted most heartily by this "worthy son of a worthy sire," who shortly introduced me to the head of the firm, Mr. H. O. Houghton. This gentleman is the founder of the publishing house which bears his name, and which is one of the first concerns in magnitude, not only in Boston, but in the States, having offices in Chicago, New York, and London, England. Before I parted company this day with my host, I was quite prepared to credit the statement that the "firm of H., M. & Co. stands in the foremost rank, both in the magnitude of its business, and the high mechanical and artistic quality of the productions of its press."



I was much pleased with my interview with Mr. Houghton in his historic room at No. 4, Park Street, where so many important business consultations must have taken place between the publisher and the eminent men in literature, science, and the arts, who have written during the last thirty years, and whose works have been introduced to the reading world through the medium of this firm.

The early history of the head of the firm is worth attention. He was born in a little Vermont village in 1823, became an apprentice to the printing business at the age of thirteen; his evenings



Young Men's Christian Association Buildings, Boston.

and other spare moments being devoted to study. At nineteen he entered college with sixpence half-penny in his pocket, but with a substantial preparation and dauntless resolution. He graduated in 1846, and in 1849 commenced his life-work as a master-printer in Cambridge, three miles from Boston. The "works" were a dwelling house of moderate dimension, situate near Harvard College. Three years later a removal was made to the present site on the banks of the Charles River, where the "Riverside Press" has advanced from one stage of progress to another, until the present



*James D.*  
*W. H. [unclear]*

imposing group of buildings testifies to the success of the purpose for which they were reared, namely, "to do the best work that could be secured anywhere, and to make books that should satisfy the artistic feeling as well as the literary sense." A glance round the shelves of the main office in Park Street will prove how well this last stipulation has been met, for here are fine illustrated editions, alongside less costly productions, but all of the best, both in literary quality and detail of manufacture.

The eminent publisher entertained me with many reminiscences of his connection with literature and literary men, notably with



General Office, Park Street.

*The Atlantic Monthly*, which has been published by the firm since 1873, when its contributors, with whom he was in almost daily contact, were such men as Longfellow, Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, Jowett, and others

equally famous, whose portraits adorn the walls of the room in which we were sitting.

This, however, was not the room in which the editorial work of *The Atlantic* was done, but I saw that interesting spot subsequently. From that sanctum were sent forth several most popular works, not the least noteworthy being *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, though this was by no means the only classic which first appeared to the public through the columns of the magazine. Other magazines, well-known in both England and America, are sent out from Park Street; one, *The Auker Review*, which is for religious

readers, and *The Journal of Folk-Lore*, a work for antiquaries and philologists.

Mr. Houghton, having invited me to accompany him to Cambridge in order that I might see the company's printing works, Harvard University, Longfellow's house, and other objects of interest, we entered his carriage and drove through a new and fine suburb of the city until we came into the neighbourhood of the business part of Cambridge, for the city has in it at the present time, some of the largest and most completely furnished printing offices in America. It is noted as being the first place in the States where a printing press was set up in 1639.

On entering the offices at the "Riverside Press" we were received by Mr. Mifflin, who was in high spirits, having in his



Editorial Room of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

hand a volume just fresh from the binders, and on which he had expended much thought, and was rewarded by the perfect success of the invention, namely, a method adopted in the binding by which a remarkable combination of strength and flexibility was secured. The book opened as if to invite reading, yet was so firm that one had no fear that it would fall to pieces. From my examination of it, I felt that this new process of binding would com-

mend itself to all readers as filling a long-felt want.

I shall not attempt a description of the buildings of the "Riverside Press," as a good idea of these can be obtained from the accompanying illustration. The internal arrangement is such that the work of book making is carried on, from beginning to end, in rooms that are models of tidiness and cleanliness. The employees number six hundred, half are males and half are females. My inspection ended in the store room, where great piles of books are on every hand—"infinite riches in a little room."

On leaving the place I could not but echo the sentiments of another visitor, who says of it: "It is hard to exaggerate the influence for good which this establishment has exerted upon the world of letters, and consequently upon the world of men. We find in the growth and achievement of the Riverside Press a

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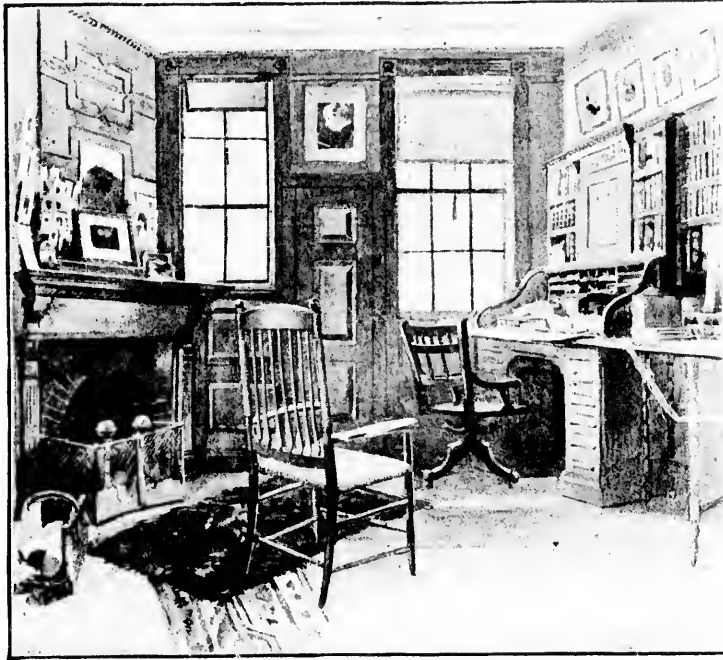
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"Riverside Press," Cambridge.

special incitement to young men to make the most of themselves in whatever department of life they are placed. There is always room for better things than have yet been done. Pluck, providence, perseverance, and the progressive spirit will work greater things than anybody has yet accomplished. This is the lesson which young men may learn from the history of the Riverside Press, and from the history of every establishment which has made a leading place for itself in the world."

Re-entering my friend's carriage, we visited the main buildings of the great Boston University of Harvard. This is in the centre



Mr. Houghton's Room, Park Street.

of Cambridge, occupying grounds covering twenty-two acres. The college yard is full of buildings of ancient and modern construction, some of them being of large size and beautiful architecture. Harvard was founded only ninety years later than our own Cambridge. The graduates number thousands of the most famous Americans. There are 1,500 students with 60 professors, and many tutors and instructors.

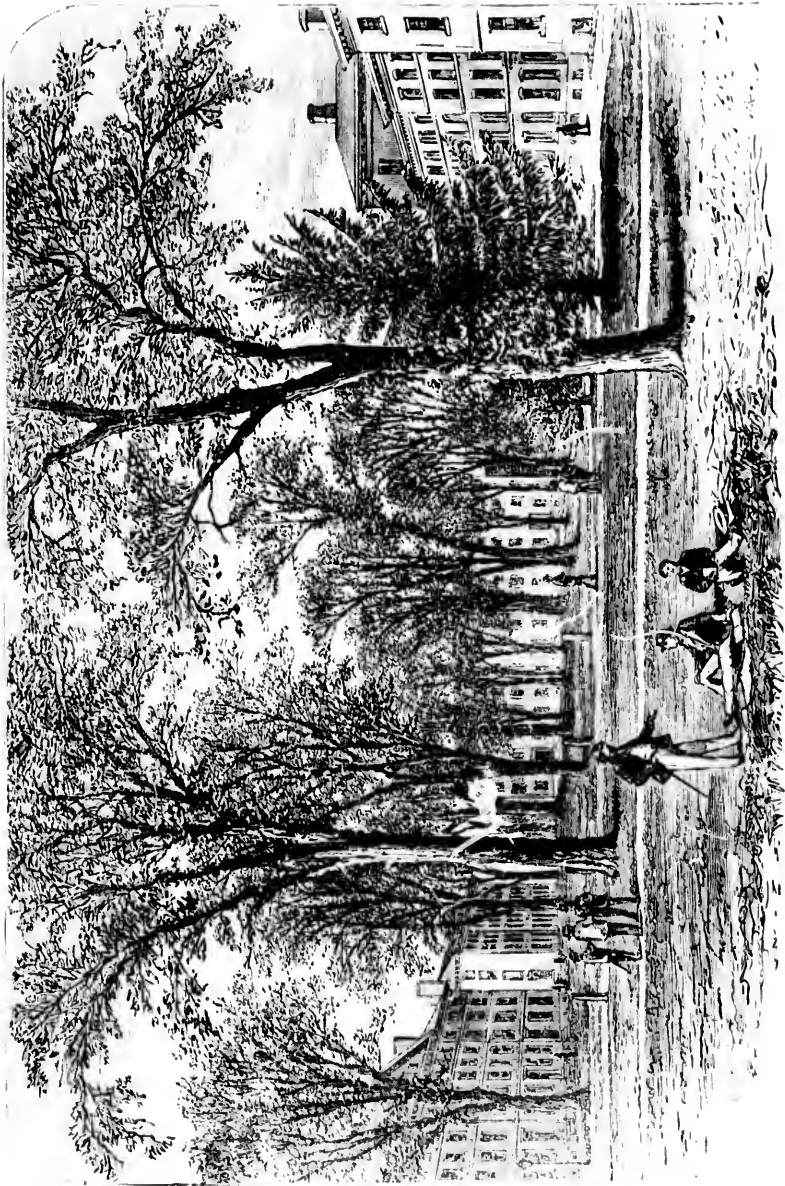
We inspected the Memorial Hall, a magnificent structure, costing £80,000, built in memory of the graduates who fell in the



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Harvard University (The Quadrangle).



Civil War. We entered the vestibule, which divides the building internally. It has grand windows of stained glass, through which poured the mellow light, a marble floor, and a splendid vaulted ceiling of ash. On one side is the Sandar's theatre, seating 1,300 persons, used for Commencement days and other large gatherings. On the other side of the vestibule is the Great Hall, used as the refectory, 160 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 80 feet high, with an impressive roof of open timber work. The walls are nearly filled with portraits and busts of distinguished graduates and benefactors of the University.

It was within a few minutes of the dinner hour, and the tables were set in order, ready for the thousand students who



*Henry W. Longfellow*

would file in presently, while the ebony attendants stood round in readiness to do their bidding. Horace E. Scudder says of this place, "It is this building which holds the choicest hope and the bravest memory of the University. . .

The lofty vestibule, by silent iteration, bids one lay deep the foundation of a scholarship upon national well-being, connecting as things inseparable the heroic sacrifice and the heroic devotion to learning. The great dining-hall is at once the meeting-place of hundreds of young men, bound together by all that makes youth glad, and constantly before one are

the faces of that long line of men, and of women too, who have joined the college by a thousand ties to the New England of history. The stern ancestry of New England days, the opulent men and women whom Copley and Stuart painted when the colonies were consciously and unconsciously husbanding their strength for the approaching autonomy; the familiar faces of

presidents and professors, whose devotion to learning remains as a precious legacy; the younger, nearer face of the hero of young Harvard, brave, generous, dying with the halo of obloquy,—all these forms and spiritual presences fill the air of the great hall with something more than an academic glory. . . . Here is the centre of the University of to-day, binding the past and the future, making great things possible, because it holds and records great things achieved."

We visited many of the other halls, and the University Library, and then drove to Longfellow's house, once the headquarters of Washington, but occupied from 1837 until his decease in 1882 by the famous New England poet. It is a large mansion, painted white, standing on a gentle eminence, partially screened from



Residence of H. W. Longfellow.

the highway by a grove of elms. That the master spirit who once dwelt here was gone for ever, and could no longer welcome the pilgrim, was a thought that gave a tinge of sadness to our visit.

We saw Elmwood, the home of James Russell Lowell, and should have called upon him, but my companion, his neighbour, said that he was too unwell to receive visitors. Since my visit to Cambridge the poet has departed this life, much to the regret of his thousands of admirers, in both hemispheres.

We passed by, but had not time to visit Mount Auburn Cemetery. We saw the massive granite entrance-gate of Egyptian architecture, on whose outside is carved, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

We shortly reached the pleasant home of my host, at this time, however, shadowed by a great calamity, namely, the loss of his partner in life, which had happened but a few days previous to my visit. I was pleased to find that he was not left in loneliness, for three amiable and accomplished daughters were there, to minister to his comfort and happiness.

I returned to Salem in the evening, and next morning passed through Boston, on my way to Spencer. Before bidding good-bye to the "Modern Athens," I would say how greatly I enjoyed my visit to this city, where the public spirit of its citizens is seen on every hand. Well may the Bostonians be proud of it; of its high rank in the country; of its culture and energy; its history, and all that it has accomplished. What numbers of proofs I came across, of the love for it, by living and deceased sons, who have devoted their fortunes to it, by giving statues, fountains, libraries, halls, and best of all, educational endowments, some of which are of a princely character. It seemed as though I should have to spend months in the city, if I wished to see all its schools, libraries, colleges, museums, scientific and art collections, and other educational institutions. And yet, Boston is not without its drawbacks.

"Boston," Trollope tells us, "was a Puritan city, in which strict old Roundhead sentiments and laws used to prevail, but now-a-days ginger is hot in the mouth, and in spite of the war (1861-65), there were cakes and ale. There was a law passed in Massachusetts in the old days, that any girl should be fined and imprisoned who allowed a young man to kiss her. That law has now fallen into abeyance, and such matters are regulated as in other towns eastward." Are they, Mr. Trollope, and is the law in abeyance? I fancy not. During my visit to Boston occurred an incident which contradicts your conclusion, and also tramples on the assertion that America is "the land of liberty," where the freedom of the subject is a matter of infinite concern.

A Boston young man of good family and of excellent position in society, was standing, late at night, with his wife in a doorway waiting for an East Boston car. East Boston cars come slowly up that way, and, since his wife was young and pretty, he naturally, to beguile the time, slipped one arm about her waist, and "kissed her two or three times." But the proceedings were seen by a police officer, who was in a doorway on the opposite side of the street, and who promptly arrested them and took them to the station-house on a charge of disorderly conduct. The next morning the Boston judge reluctantly discharged them on account of their previous good character, but with a warning not to do it again. It is the understanding in Boston now that there must be no more kissing in public, and the pleasant pastime has been abandoned throughout the city.

A few days later, when in Philadelphia, a somewhat similar incident happened. Isaac Purnell and Sallie Senseman, young people who hope soon to be married, were wandering hand in hand along a quiet street in Philadelphia at about nine o'clock in the evening. The street was deserted, as is usual with Philadelphia streets. The affection between the young folks was strong, and they stopped in the shadow of a large tree and kissed each other once. They did not know that a police officer was infesting the neighbourhood, but he was, and he arrested them and took them to the police station. There the learned magistrate held them for the grand jury. The next day this able body of citizens indicted them for assault and battery upon each other. They insisted that they had done nothing of the kind, but the State of Pennsylvania insisted that they had, and when I left the city the Philadelphia papers were gravely and unfeelingly speculating as to the term of imprisonment that the lovers will probably have to undergo.

It seems to us that this is too Puritanic for the latter half of the nineteenth century, and we should not be surprised, if the Boston and Philadelphia idea spreads and becomes general, if the young people of the United States emigrate to England, or to some other comparatively free country, where the right to kiss and to be kissed is not questioned.

Certainly the latter-day state of kissing in America is one not to be envied, and as one of the Boston journals said, "We need not stop to trace the history of kissing from the first efforts in that direction on the part of Adam and Eve down to the present time—indeed, it seems to have but little history—it has always been the same and has always been generally indulged in. Kisses may be divided into several classes, as, the mother's kiss, the sister's kiss, the conjugal kiss, the lover's kiss, the young woman novelist kiss, and so forth. Of these, all are entirely proper except the young woman novelist kiss, which should never be indulged in except on paper. The others have never been prohibited by a civilized people. That is, never till within the last fortnight, and then only in Boston and Philadelphia, but it none the less needs the severest condemnation; indeed, to prohibit kissing in Boston and Philadelphia, where existence at the best is dreary, is the height of cruelty."





## CHAPTER IV.

### LAWRENCE AND LOWELL.

**A**PRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH.—Left Salem by early train for Lawrence, calling at Danvers, to see Mr. Whittier, the Quaker poet,—one of the men in all the country I was anxious to meet. On leaving the railway station at Danvers, I was at once confronted by the handsome memorial erected to commemorate the names of the inhabitants who were killed in the Civil War. The inscription on it reads thus:—"Erected by the Citizens of Danvers in memory of Those who Died in Defence of their Country during the War of the Rebellion, 1861-65." Near by was the Town Hall, and in Peabody Park, I saw the Peabody Institute, with its public library and commodious lecture hall. I did not, however, devote much time to these places, for I was anxious to see the man whose verse had done so much to help on the emancipation of the slave, and cheer the hearts of thousands of the downtrodden sons of men.

In my own library in Yorkshire, amongst many similar literary treasures, I have a beautiful volume of poems by Whittier, which was given to me many years ago by the tribune of the people, John Bright, and from that pure well of undefiled verse I have drawn inspiration and pleasure at will, and I determined that if I ever visited America, and the poet was living, I would call and return him my thanks for all the delight his writings had given me.

Mr. Whittier resides at Oak Knoll, about a mile and a half from the railway station. His home is with some cousins, whose delight it is to make the aged poet's declining years as pleasant as possible. The Oak Knoll estate occupies about sixty acres, all well laid out and adorned. The mansion is just such a structure as is meet for a poet's home. It has porches and porticoes, with charming lawns and groves in close proximity, and while the grounds are spacious they are also secluded, shadowed by grand old oak trees, and having that woodland character which birds and game of various kinds must always give.

It was a bright April morning when I sauntered through the principal street of sleepy-looking old Danvers, into a country road beyond, and then turning off to the right, ascended the hill for a quarter of a mile until I came to the entrance to the poet's domain. Putting aside the wicket gate, I found myself in a winding carriage-way, which leads up to the house.



*John Greenleaf Whittier*

The sun was shining down most brilliantly as I climbed the somewhat steep ascent, and I lingered in my walk to take in views of the lovely scenery which gradually unfolded before me. Directly in front of the house, and at the termination of the curving approaches, is a picturesque knoll, on which the soft, mossy grass made a carpet of the most luxurious kind. On the summit of the knoll are two magnificent trees, an oak and a hickory. I observed that the ground on three sides of the house sloped away in an irregular manner, yet so as to give additional beauty to the landscape in each direction. The trees and shrubs on every hand had evidently been planted with careful reference to artistic effect.

I was surprised at the great variety of trees, including English oaks and English elms, Norway spruce, pines, chestnuts, and many other varieties, and, strangest of all, a fine purple beech, the only specimen I saw in the country, though I looked for them in the parks of New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities.

At a short distance from the house is a large circular flower garden, with an English-trained hedge around it, and great green

archways as entrances. This, also, was the only hedge of its kind that I saw in my travels. In the centre of the garden is a fountain sending up its feathery spray to a considerable height. This garden, I was informed, is indebted for much of its loveliness, and the neatness of its beds and walks, to the care bestowed upon it by the poet, who, whenever health and weather permitted, might be seen at work in the early morning, with rake, hoe, and broom.

From a conversation I had with a neighbour of Mr. Whittier's I gathered that the poet is no ascetic, but enjoys life quite as



Oak Knoll, Danvers.

much as do many younger men. He spends much time out of doors, and until recently was an adept at both riding and driving.

Having taken stock of the grounds, I turned my attention to the house, which fronts the south, and has a couple of stately verandahs with lofty pillars, from which can be seen all the beauties of the landscape. Timidly ringing the bell, I awaited with some trepidation for the response, which soon came, and I was ushered into a cosy reception room, where, in a few moments, I was greeted by the poet himself, who, with outstretched hand and smiling countenance, bid me a hearty welcome. He then led the



way into a little library, with a glass door, opening on the western portico. This was the *sanctum sanctorum* of the poet, for whom it had been specially added to the house years ago. I was pleased to see a cheerful fire in an open grate, this being a novelty in American houses, where stoves are all but universal. The poet's desk, a few chairs, including, of course, a rocking-chair, an indispensable article of furniture in every American home, a



choice but small collection of books, photographs of Joseph Sturge, Starr King, and other abolitionists hanging on the walls or adorning the mantle-shelf, with some choice paintings of scenery in the region of the White Mountains; these furnish and decorate the small but comfortable writing room.

I had been told that the poet was very reserved to strangers, but I found him just the reverse, and we were soon engaged in conversation upon various matters in which he seemed to take a great interest; amongst other topics were Mr. Gladstone, Mr.

Parnell, and the Home Rule Question, the Drink Traffic, the Abolition of Slavery, and tender recollections of his intercourse with Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, and some of his living associates.

I asked why he had never visited England, where he would have received so warm a welcome from his many admirers, and his reply was that, in his manhood days he was engaged in that long, fierce struggle against slavery, which admitted of no respite, and when emancipation came he felt himself to be too far advanced in years to undertake such a journey. He expressed the pleasure it would have given him to see Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, for he had watched the career of our "grand old man" with ever increasing admiration, and there were many others of my countrymen that he would have been pleased to meet in the flesh. He gave me many interesting reminiscences of his intercourse and correspondence with Joseph Sturge, W. E. Forster, and others. He also spoke in terms of admiration of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, "who," said Mr. Whittier, "gives promise of rendering useful service to the State, though he cannot hope to rise to the prominent position which is held by his father." He also expressed his deep sorrow at the action of Mr. Parnell, by whose conduct justice to Ireland was likely to be retarded for some years. Of Mr. Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, and others of his own countrymen who assisted in the crusade against slavery, he spoke in terms of the greatest respect and praise.

I thanked the veteran poet for the hymns which he had contributed to the services of the sanctuary, and which were much admired, and had been adopted into the hymnals of many denominations of Christians in England. He answered that it was somewhat singular but he had never written a hymn in his life, though some persons had taken verses out of his poems and reproduced them in the form of hymns. Not until after he had arrived at man's estate had he ever seen a hymn book, the Friends, of whose body he was a member, not making use of this form of worship. Our conversation now drifted into a survey of the liquor traffic and its disastrous consequences, which he deplored exceedingly, "sapping," as he said it did, "the very foundations of social order and good living, and ruining the lives of many of the youths in both hemispheres."

Mr Whittier is 84 years of age, tall, erect, and well formed, with dark and flashing eyes, white hair and beard. He must have been a fine-looking man in his younger days. It is said that with regard to his writings, he is not over self-satisfied, "fancying the songs he has not sung are sweeter than those he has, and he begs his friends to read between the lines,

"The larger grace of unfulfilled designs."

Before leaving, the poet begged my acceptance of a small volume of his poems, privately printed, entitled "At Sundown"; also a set of the last edition of his writings, in seven volumes, and his photo-

graphic portrait, under which, in a neat flowing hand, he inscribed his name and the date of my visit.

When I expressed my intention to depart, the grand old poet accompanied me to the door, and with a fervent "God bless thee, my friend," shook hands and left me to take my way down the road, which I did, thankful that I had been privileged to spend some little time in the company of this poet of the people, "whose genius has found vent and blossomed in clustering songs of undying grace."

The route to Lawrence from Danvers is by way of Georgetown, a bright and busy-looking town in which shoes are made. George Peabody was employed in this town in 1812-13, and has evinced his pleasant memories of it by presenting to its inhabitants a fine public library with an endowment fund. A memorial church is also here; another monument of the philanthropist's filial regard for the place. Oh! how I often wished that we had a Yorkshire Peabody who would plant in our smaller towns such valuable helps to knowledge.

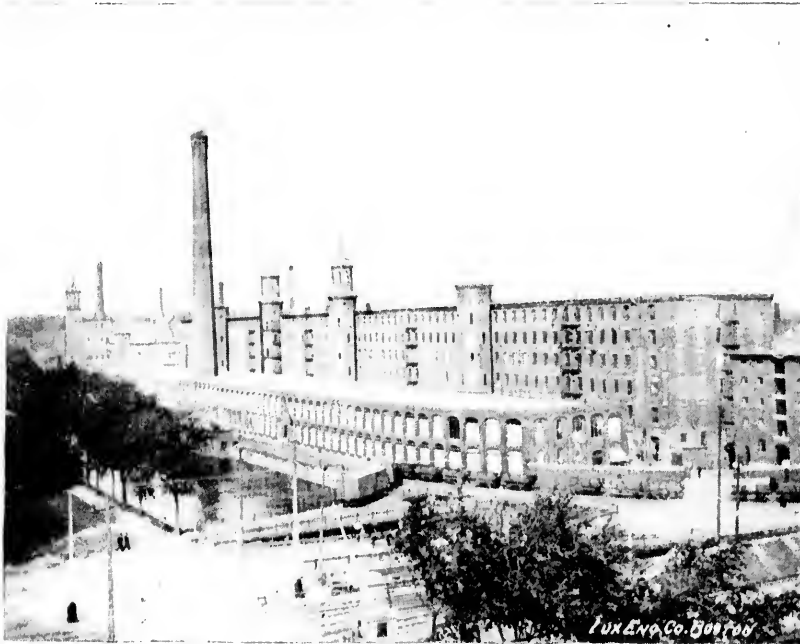
On reaching Andover I had to wait an hour for the train to Lawrence, and this gave me the opportunity of getting a hasty glance at the ancient academic city, which is famed for its schools. I was most interested in seeing the Theological Seminary of the Congregational body, which was founded in 1808. This institution has prepared for their work some of the ablest divines of the Congregational Church in America. It has nine professors and forty students. Though the college buildings are very plain, the situation is one of extreme beauty, and the grounds are reposeful and abounding in trees.

Time did not permit of my calling upon Miss E. S. Phelps, whose "Gates Ajar" and other well-known works have all been written here. The town received its name from its first settlers coming from Andover, in England.

After leaving Andover I was soon in the city of Lawrence, a great manufacturing centre. In 1845 it contained a population of 100 persons; to-day it numbers 48,000. The city is beautifully situated, and in this respect presents a marked contrast to our Yorkshire and Lancashire manufacturing centres. My object in visiting Lawrence was three-fold; to see several Yorkshire people, amongst whom were a few from my own Yorkshire town; to go over the immense Pacific mills, and to see the condition of the labouring population. I had the assistance in my mission of Messrs. Wardrobe and Tetley, the former of whom has held a responsible position in the mills for over a quarter of a century. It was a treat to me to find myself in close proximity to smoky chimneys and the clatter of machinery, for it reminded me more of home than did the classic groves of Harvard, or the drive in the Central Park in New York

Just as I entered the city the "hands" were leaving the mills for dinner, but there was little to show that these people had been in the factory. There were no men in "greasy smocks" with short pipes stuck in their mouths, nor noisy girls with shawls on their heads. They do not care to let everyone know the nature of their employment, and whilst they work hard when indoors, they leave it within the factory gates.

I spent the rest of this day, until work ceased, in a tiring inspection of the Pacific Mills, said to be the largest in the world. Though it was only in 1852 that the incorporation of the vast



Pacific Main Mill, looking West.

manufacturing interest of these mills was effected, and the forty years which have nearly intervened is but a comparatively brief period of time, it has been sufficient to show a marvellous growth in this enterprise.

The first product and the general line of manufacture mapped out by the projectors of these mills, was fine cotton lawns, which style of product was adhered to, until the introduction of woollen and worsted machinery some years later, when a gradual change made its way into the working *ensemble* of the mills and worsted goods were added. The eager absorption by the markets of the country of the product of the Pacific Mills, forced an enlargement

of capacity, and in 1865, what are now locally designated as the Lower Mills were started in the shape of a one-story building. Each succeeding year brought its unceasing prosperity, increased facilities, and greater product. The dreams of necromancers pale before the vision of reality when paralleled with this textile manufacturing plant. Let us look at a few figures

They require 12,000,000 pounds of cotton annually, and 4,000,000 pounds of wool, producing 100,000,000 yards of material, enough to give every man, woman, and child on the American continent nearly two yards each. To make this cloth, 200,000,000 miles of yarn are required. To do this work 2,500 females and 2,500 males are employed, and the amount paid in wages yearly is £360,000.



Spinning Room, Lower Pacific Mills.

The internal domestic economy of this firm shows that it requires 36,000 tons of coal annually, to run 50 steam engines of 5,000 horse power, and 50 steam boilers aggregating 5,000 horse power. The lighting up season of the year calls for 9,500 burners, which cost £7,200. The number of mills and buildings is 30, covering 450 acres of floor space.

The Pacific Mills Library contains 9,000 volumes, and has a fund of £2,200, and a relief society, organized for the benefit of sick and disabled workpeople, has expended during the last fourteen years £14,000 in relief, and has in hand £1,000.

The products of the mills consist of calicoes, sheetings, lawns, delaines, armures, alpacas, cobourgs, serges, and other worsted dress goods.

I was glad when my inspection of these extensive works came to an end, for not having the assistance of the "elevator" it was a wearisome task, and as I walked through room after room, and plodded up story after story, I did not see much that differed from similar factories in Yorkshire and Lancashire, except in the neat, and indeed smart appearance of the employees, and the cleanliness and order visible in every department. A notice in the works reads as follows:—"Regular attendance at some place of



Weaving Room, Upper Pacific Mills.

worship, and a proper observance of the Sabbath will be expected of every person employed."

With regard to the factory workers, I did not find that they are very much better off than our employees in Yorkshire. The average earnings in the Pacific Mills, I was informed, is, for men and boys five shillings per day, and for women and girls three shillings and ninepence per day, and to set against this is the fact that though food is much about the same price as in England, house rent, coals, clothing, and taxes are much higher. Still, I came in contact with many Morley and other Yorkshiremen, who expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with their condition, and that such is the case may be judged from the fact that there

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Pacific Main Mill, looking West, Lawrence.



are hundreds of Englishmen employed in Lawrence, who have been there ten, fifteen, and twenty years.

In the evening I went about the city with my friends, and was much pleased with all that I saw, for Lawrence is a go-ahead place. The streets throughout are lighted by electricity; it has one of the most efficient fire brigades in New England; a water supply from three reservoirs, with a total capacity of 42,000,000 gallons; a morning and an evening daily, four weeklies, and a Sunday newspaper; free library with 35,000 volumes; thirty churches, representing all denominations; twenty well-appointed schools; numerous charitable institutions; eighty miles of streets, well laid out, and admirably shaded with fine trees; four parks; convenient street tramways, and above all these advantages, a labouring population, reliable, efficient, and little inclined to strikes and agitation. Such is a summary of the main features of this great manufacturing centre, of which an enthusiastic citizen has said that "it is a beautiful city, girt about with hills, thoroughly drained, and far enough inland to escape the harshness of the Atlantic east wind. Wide streets, magnificently shaded with elms of forty years growth; beautiful parks; unsurpassed country drives, through the very heart of the ancient and historic county of Essex; every educational advantage, healthy and sunny homes, and all in the midst of an orderly and industrious community."

On our return to Mr. Tetley's home, where I was to spend the night, quite a party of factory workers, of whom I had some previous knowledge, had assembled, and I learnt from them something of their habits and home life, and as to how they liked the country. The unmarried ones, I found, stayed in some one of the many boarding houses in the city, whilst the married people lived in their own homes, generally a wood house, consisting of two or three rooms, in many cases the lower floor of the building being occupied by one family, and the upper floor by a second, not always giving the privacy that could be desired. Most of the houses have gardens attached to them, in which almost anything will grow. For a house of three small rooms a rent of eight shillings weekly was paid.

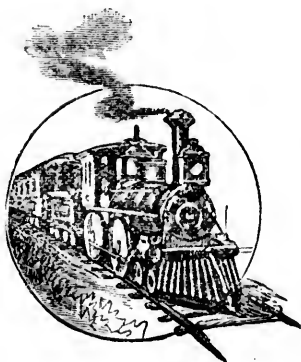
APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH.—Took train for Lowell, twelve miles distant, a town to which Dickens devoted a chapter of his *American Notes*, and of which Frederika Bremer writes, about the "glorious view from Drewcroft Hill, on a cold winter evening, of the manufactories of Lowell, lying below in a half circle, glittering with a thousand lights, like a magic castle on the snow-covered earth."

On reaching the city, I made my way to the Merrimac mills, only second in importance to the Pacific mills at Lawrence. The mills are situated alongside the Merrimac stream, and present an imposing front to the water. I contented myself with a more

superficial inspection of the various processes in operation here, as they varied in no way from my previous day's experience. One feature I noted particularly, viz., that the mills were worked mainly by Irish and French Canadians, in this respect being entirely different from the Lawrence mills, where the English element is predominant. I had not time to inspect the Corporation boarding houses, in which large numbers of the workers live, so cannot describe the system adopted in these places—a distinctive feature in both Lawrence and Lowell. I may, however add that, these have been fully detailed in *American Notes*, Trollope's *North America*, and also in Burnley's *Two Sides of the Atlantic*, and I have reason to know that no material change has taken place since the last named work was written.

One thing that attracted my attention in Lowell was the sight of a two-story wood house, apparently standing right across one of the principal streets. When I came close up to it I found that it was in process of removal to another site, on the street opposite to where it had been located. By means of screw-jacks, levers, wedges, and other appliances, the building had been lifted bodily upon rollers, and was slowly travelling to its new quarters. This house-moving I had read of as being quite a common occurrence in America, but this was the only instance which came under my own observation. It is not only wood houses that are thus transplanted, but large stone buildings are dealt with in like manner.

I left Lowell by an early evening train for Salem, which I reached in due course, and was met at the railway station by some friends who had arranged a "surprise party" for my benefit, and which I enjoyed very much.





## CHAPTER V.

### HARTFORD AND NEW HAVEN.

**M**AY DAY.—This was a day to crown May a queen among the months, for the fields were arrayed in fresh and living green, the trees were blossoming, the birds were singing, and everything was in harmony with the traditions of this festal time. It was indeed May Day with all that the name implies, as I travelled between Boston and Worcester, on what is known as the most popular and pleasant of the lines of railway between these cities and New York.

It was early in the morning when I left Boston, and we soon had the Charles River on our right, and a fine view of the more ancient parts of Boston, crowned by the gilded State House dome. At the end of the lake-like windings of the river, the populous heights of Charlestown are seen, while Cambridge lifts her spires on the nearer western shores. Our first stopping place was Brighton, celebrated for its great cattle market; then on to Natick, with which is connected a romantic history. "In 1651, the Christian tribe of Nonantum, which had embraced the faith after the preaching of Eliot, removed to Natick, where they formed a government based on the 18th chapter of Exodus, with rulers of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens. The village consisted of three streets, lined with gardens and huts, a building for a church and school, a large circular fort, and a bridge over the river. The Bible was translated into their language by Eliot in 1663, whose title-page read as follows: *Mamusse Wunneetupanatamwe Up Bidlum God Nanceswe Nukkone Testament Kah Work Wuska Testament*. But despite the tender care of the colony, the Indian church and tribe died out from the operation of internal causes."

Equally interesting is the town of South Framingham, which is near the great Methodist camp-meeting ground, the Sunday school assembly, and the fort and camp-ground annually occupied by the brigades of the Massachusetts militia.

After skirting Lake Quinsigamond, a deep and narrow loch four miles long, with twelve islands, boat-houses, villas, restaurants, etc., all in full view, we soon afterward reach Worcester, the second city in wealth and population in the Commonwealth. Its railway station is the finest in New England, and it has a noble soldiers' monument on the Common. This city has had a somewhat chequered career, the Indians driving the early settlers out, until they built a fortress-like church, where each man attended the services on Sunday carrying his loaded musket. These dauntless colonists were Puritans, and when the Scotch Presbyterians set up a meeting-house in 1720, the "hard-heads" declared it a "cradle of heresy," and pulled it down. In 1775 numerous exiled Acadians were sent to Worcester, and soon after the *Massachusetts Spy* newspaper began to fan the flames of revolution. It was at a banquet given in the city in 1776 that the celebrated toast was proposed: "May the freedom and independence of America endure till the sun grows dim with age, and this earth returns to chaos; perpetual itching, without the benefit of scratching, to the enemies of America."

I went along Main Street, two miles long, containing the principal business houses and hotels, until I came to the Common, and visited the Old South Church and the City Hall, neither of which buildings possess any features of special interest. I turned into Salisbury Street to look at the house where George Bancroft, the distinguished historian, was born.

In my walk through the streets I came upon many well-dressed children with happy and joyous faces, filling the air with melody and laughter, and evidently bent on having a day's enjoyment. On enquiring the reason for this display, I was told that May Day is the children's holiday in America, and though they have no maypoles in the public squares or market-places as in the old country, the maypole is carried to some favoured picnic ground, the scene of the day's festivity. They also have a "Queen of the May," and occasionally for a diversion, there is a King. When the German-Americans take part, as they oftentimes do, in the "Mai-Fest," the gathering is made up of both old and young, the children, however, taking the most prominent part. The First of May is kept as a holiday by all the American schools. I was pleased to see the children so happily engaged, for I like to see the little ones have all the harmless joys of childhood, the freedom of the blessed air and sunshine, and all the joyous and safe amusements and little excursions possible. They can be young but once, and therefore I would make their memories as pleasant as possible. In the homes of the American people where I was privileged to be a welcome guest, I saw that in the child-life of America there is much vivacity, or, what we in England should probably designate as precocity, but we must bear in mind that children in the States become men

and women in knowledge before their time perhaps, for the reason that they soon pass from the joy of youth into a life of intense activity, from which there is not much escape until body and mind are alike incapable of further work.

Yet, while the children are children, and not premature men and women, their years are delightfully spent, and it is quite a common occurrence for the heads of an American household when "doing the grand tour," that is, spending some months in Europe, to be accompanied by one or more of the younger members of the family, who evidently enjoy the trip as much as do their elders, and from conversations I had on the *Majestic* with several of these



Public Library, Worcester.

youthful travellers, I judge that travel is a very important adjunct to their school life. It is also a discipline in manners, for I saw little or no rudeness or ill-behaviour; on the contrary, children and young people in America are, as a rule, polite, considerate, and orderly.

I called upon the librarian at the Free Library, and we went over the commodious new structure which had recently been opened. It is in connection with the older library building, and

the two combined provide a splendid storehouse for the treasures of literature and art which have been gathered together. The style of the new building is Romanesque ; the material is Pompeian brick, rock-faced granite, and brown stone, enriched with some carving, and a special feature in red terra-cotta. At one corner of the building is a square massive tower with a pyramidal roof carried only a little above the main roof, the basement story of which makes the main entrance through a wide, semi-circular archway, into a broad and deep open porch with tiled floor. The entrance arch is flanked on both sides by enriched pilasters supporting a heavy cap and terminated with a large brown stone carved owl over each pilaster. Above the entrance a curved oriel window is carried up through two stories, giving a pleasant outlook up and down the street, from the tower rooms. At the north-west corner is a private entrance to the basement and reached by a flight of outside steps.

The façade between the entrances is pierced with windows as large as the construction will allow, four to each story, and over each a semicircular arched panel in red terra cotta, of Romanesque conventional ornament, encircling a medallion portrait of heroic size, in bold relief. These are intended to be representative characters of different ages, different nations, and different departments of literature, of course very general in their way, as there are only four of them ; thus, ancient Greece and History are represented by Thucydides ; later Rome, Oratory and Philosophy, by Cicero ; the Elizabethan age, England and Literature, by Shakespeare ; and our own time and country, Natural and Applied Science, by Franklin.

My principal reason for visiting Worcester was to see the excellent museum and library of the American Antiquarian Society, and I was amply repaid for the journey, for, in these valuable collections are to be found 80,000 volumes of choice literature ; ancient portraits of old Puritan divines ; ancient black-letter MSS. on vellum ; manuscript sermons, the work of the old Puritan pastors, of such microscopic fineness that I was unable to decipher them ; missals on vellum, and a superb copy of the *Koran* in Arabic, brilliantly illuminated.

From Worcester to Spencer is about ten miles by rail, through a picturesque region of ponds and streams and rocks. The town of Spencer is noted as being the birthplace of Elias Howe, jun., the inventor of the sewing machine. To me its greatest attraction was its being the home of a brother Yorkshireman from my own locality in the old country. The career in life of this "Yorkshire worthy" has been admirably sketched by Dr. Robert Collyer, of New York, and for the lessons it teaches, and as an incentive for other Anglo-Americans to "go and do likewise." I will let the Doctor tell his own story. Referring to the opening of a new Free

Library in Spencer in 1889, he says : " It was my good fortune in mid-August to take some part in the dedication of a very beautiful structure, the gift of Richard Sugden to his town of Spencer, in Massachusetts, for their free public library, and I want to tell of the giver and his gift, because he is a Yorkshireman by birth and breeding, and of the fine sturdy stock we are all so proud of wherever we find them.

" He came to this country in 1845 from the town of Idle, where he had lived some seven years, but he was born nearer Bradford, and began to learn the use of ' I and me ' on Atherton Moor-side, among the coal pits. They were very poor, and lived, as we all did who were of the rank and file from sixty to seventy years ago, very much on oatmeal porridge and havercake, and what we used to call ' sike like ' a few miles to the northward ; while little Dick was put to work very early in the twenties—for he was born in the Waterloo year—to help earn the living. But you can see as you glance at his fine, ample head, and grey, gleaming eyes, that havercake, with the rest of it, could not content him. He must have food for the inner lad as well as the outer. And here it was in the small cottage waiting for him in the Bible, Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, and Baxter's *Saints' Rest*. But these only set an edge to his hunger, and so he presently made friends with an old Welsh cobbler who had half a hundred volumes close by his bench, and was glad to lend them to him, with due caution, a volume at a time ; and these he read through, in the course of a year, to his own and the cobbler's delight. So he waxed also, and began to feel his way into the wider world of thought and opportunity ; got hold of Cobbett's *Grammar*, and would fain have learned the rules, but broke down over them, and feels towards the book very much as John Bright did toward Lindley Murray. He found also that he was drawn greatly into sympathy with the Reform movements of those times that were ripening towards the Reform Bill of 1832 ; and finding six more lads like-minded, these seven clubbed each his penny a week and subscribed for the *Leeds Mercury*. They read with the care which comes with cost, for pence were not plenty, and so he sat at the feet of its first great editor for some years, to such a purpose that the memory still abides in our Richard's heart, and he speaks of ' Owd Neddy '—the fond title the folk gave him—as of one who had no peer. He had made up his mind early, and ' for good and all,' that he would emigrate to the United States, but had to wait and work hard to save the money for his great adventure, so that he was thirty years of age before he was ready to set sail, when some book, lent him by a comrade, led him toward Massachusetts as the best point to enter on his new life ; and so he came to Worcester, and presently found work at his trade of a wire drawer. He read a notice in New York as he was waiting to go on, ' No dogs or loafers allowed here,' and, asking

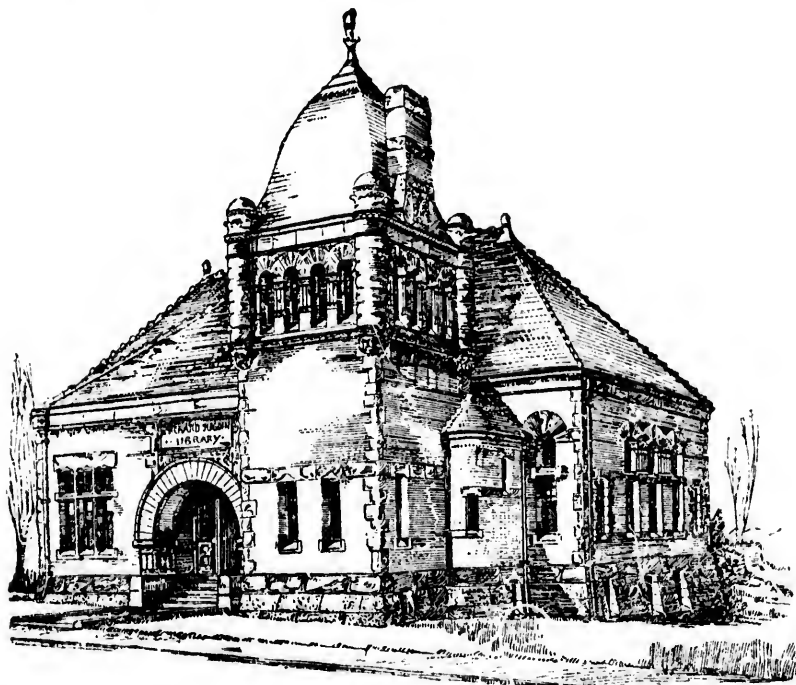


whether a loafer was some sort of a beast he had not seen, learnt it was 'a feller what wouldn't do noth'n but jest stand round.' Richard was no such man; he went to work with a will, for very small wages, for he was by no means what we call a master workman; but he learned our ways, fell in kindly with the new and strange life, saved money out of his small wages, was worth more presently, and got more, but then said, 'I must be worth more to myself than I am to my boss,' and finding a man of his own sort, with a good head and hands, they moved to this town of Spencer, and went to work at their trade of wire-drawing. His partner retired some years ago with a very ample fortune, but Richard loves the craft for its own sake as well as for the 'brass' there is in it, and so he has held on watching his business grow, making wire which, as 'Sugden's wire,' holds its own noble place and brand in the market; while he has won the love and esteem of his town and of all who know him as one of the finest factors in their life.

"So runs the story of his life in England and America, but for this reason alone I should not care to tell it after all. I had a friend in the West who grew very rich indeed, so that his fortune was counted by the millions, but who always said it was not fair to presume that the man who made much money should also give much, because the hand which gathered drew all the strength away from the hand which ought to give. He got over this 'most lame and impotent conclusion' before he died, in part, as I fondly believe, through the good, sound preaching he heard, for I was his minister. But Richard Sugden needed no preacher to tell him not to let the right hand know what the left hand doeth, because there is nothing to tell. He had a good grip on his wealth, as became an old Yorkshireman, but it was not, as we shouted in our boyhood when we had lighted on some treasure trove of nuts on the Washburn, 'all o' me oan, and noan o' me nabars.' They have had a public library in Spencer these many years, but no place for it worthy the name or the town, and so he made up his mind that the giving hand must give forth, not as the sponge does because you squeeze it, but as the honeycomb when you touch it; and not the dead hand but the living. So the work was done, and we came together that day to the ceremony of gift and dedication.

"It is a beautiful structure of fine brick and brown stone, with a noble Saxon doorway well carven in arch and pillar, and true to the ancient style. There is room for ten thousand volumes on the shelves, and land for a large extension when the town needs one; a museum of the simple antiquities we set store on in such towns of no great age, but full of interest, and room for pictures on the pretty walls, with a noble carven fire-place for an open fire of logs—the sort of fire we love best—where you can sit and toast your toes in the bitter winter weather and read your book or

journal. There was not room enough in the library for the great gathering of the citizens, so we met in the Town Hall, and it was a very choice time we had, in despite, as some might think, of the fact that all the ministers in the town were there, with some from other towns; and we must all have our say, including a jolly Catholic priest, who made, perhaps, the best speech of the lot. But better than our speeches was the ovation they gave their old neighbour and good friend of so many years, who had gone in and out before them and crowned his life's work by this good gift. He must have



Richard Sugden Library, Spencer.

his say also, else what were we there for; and it was worthy the old man.

“‘I wanted to do something for the town,’ he said, ‘where I have lived so long, and thought I could not do better than by this free gift, to which I have made but one condition, that the reading-room shall be kept open every day in the year except on holidays. I well remember when I was a young man with no home but a cheerless boarding-house, what a boon such a place would have been to me, and especially if I could have gone there on Sundays. And I think there are a good many young men in Spencer who are

in the same situation, to whom Sunday is a day of temptation, and this place may be to them a place of rest and recreation, while I know when they are here they cannot be in any evil place or society. So it is my earnest wish and hope that this may be a great help to the welfare and happiness not only of this generation, but of those that will come after us; and if you can have as much pleasure in receiving it as I have in giving it, that will be my ample reward.'

"In these forty-five years in America the old man has not forgotten the turn of his native tongue. If I had happened to look in by chance, knowing nothing of what was afoot or of the speaker, I should have gone up to him when he was through and said, 'Ye are Yorkshire, fra somewhere about Leeds.' Plenty of chest room still, and the lovely old rolling of the vowels I halt to hear again now and then as I walk on Broadway, and pass a man talking to his comrade in the old, sturdy garb and 'booits.' But I must have done."

I visited the library in company with the donor, and afterwards was delighted in listening, in his own home, to his reminiscences of Yorkshire life when he was a youth. He was pleased to entertain me, and would fain have me delay my departure for some days. On the following morning I left the city, with the knowledge that the world was better for Richard Sugden having lived in it, and that the good he has done will keep his memory green in the minds of a grateful people while Spencer is a city. He is a practical philanthropist, not deferring until after his death the carrying out of his beneficent designs. His name is on the nobler roll of those "who love their fellow-men," for his wealth is used for the advancement and betterment of his kind, rather than for personal indulgence. James Russell Lowell says, "There is no way in which a man can build so secure and lasting a monument for himself as in a public library. Upon that he may confidently allow 'Resurgam' to be carved, for, through his good deed he will rise again in the grateful remembrance and in the lifted and broadened minds and fortified characters of generation after generation. The Pyramids may forget their builders, but memorials of this character have longer memories."

MAY SECOND.—From Spencer I took train to Springfield, a handsome city, with 40,000 inhabitants. Visited the United States Armoury, also the Arsenal, in which 175,000 stand of arms are stored, which rival in their symmetrical arrangement the similar collection in the Tower of London.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,

Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;

But, from their silent pipes no anthem pealing

Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise—how wild and dreary—

When the death-angel touches those swift keys!

What loud lament and dismal Miserere

Will mingle with their awful sonphonies.

The manufacture of fire-arms is a great industry in Springfield, and I was informed that the productions of the various establishments find their way to all parts of the world. The United States Armoury, which makes arms for the American army solely, occupies an extensive enclosure, on Armoury Hill, and from the grounds I had an admirable view over the city. The buildings are ranged around the four sides of a quadrangle, which is a pleasant expanse of green sward, with trees planted in regular rows across it. In the workshops were hundreds of men busily employed, assisted by automatic machinery, evidently of a very perfect kind. The prosperity of Springfield depends largely upon this armoury, which has been in existence since colonial days.

After spending a few hours in the city, I left for Hartford, and the journey by rail was most interesting. We passed through the town of Longmeadow, deriving its name from the long meadows by the Connecticut river. We had now entered the State of Connecticut, and our next stopping place was Thompsonville, where carpets are manufactured to a prodigious extent. A short distance south of the town is the village of Enfield, where the Shakers of that name have a large settlement. The river scenery from here to Windsor Locks is of the most attractive character, and the valley on either hand is a fertile tract of good land, which must furnish large supplies of produce to the neighbouring agricultural town of Windsor.

From the last named town to Hartford is but a short run, and my stay in the "Queen City of New England" was limited on this occasion to my taking luncheon at the railway buffet, for I was expected at Simsbury to spend a few days with an American gentleman, Mr. R. H. Ensign, and his family, whose acquaintance I had made on the voyage out.

The fair and fertile valley we travelled through, on our way to Simsbury, was the Tunxis of the Indians, who dwelt here in great numbers. Farmington and Avon, two pretty villages where "remnants of primeval New England customs have been found," are passed ere we reached our destination.

The beautiful valley in which Simsbury is located, and through which the Farmington River winds its course, was called by its original occupants, Massaco. The valley lies between two mountain ridges, stretching in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction, called by the early settlers, respectively, East Mountain and West Mountain. The town was incorporated in 1670, when Simon Wolcot was a prominent man in the colony. This pioneer was only five years old when his father emigrated to America in 1630, and in 1640, when Simon was fifteen years old, he followed and joined his kindred in the new world. He was first married in 1657, but lost his wife in the year following. The facts connected with his second marriage are romantic. In 1659 a gentleman of standing and

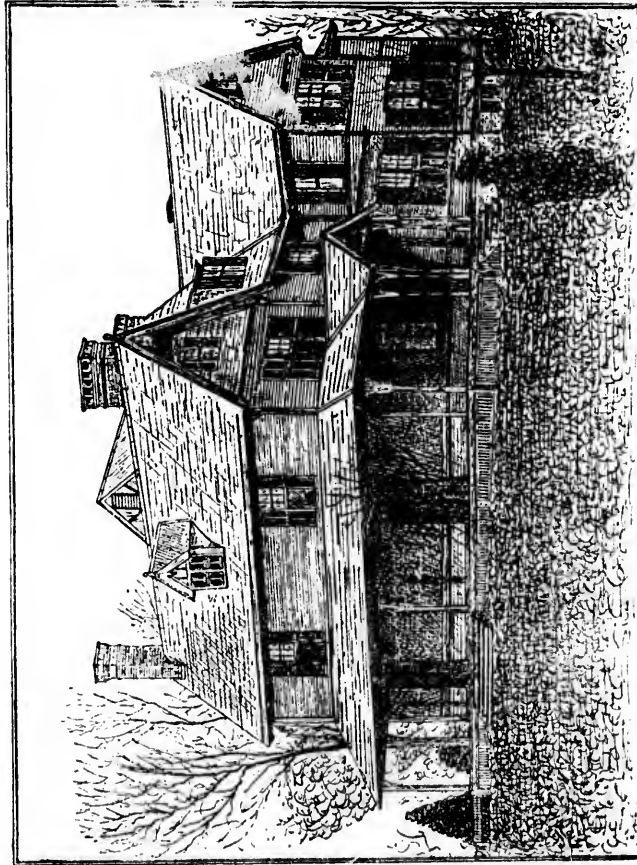
character went over from England and settled in Hartford. His name was Pitkin. Two years later his sister went from England to pay him a visit ; a fine woman, twenty-two years of age, attractive in her person, of accomplished manners and fine culture. The men and women colonists consulted together in order to contrive a plan by which she might be kept in New England. A writer says "This girl put the colony in commotion. If possible she must be detained, the stock was too valuable to be parted with. It was a matter of general consultation what young man was good enough to be presented to Miss Pitkin. Simon Wolcot was fixed upon, and, beyond expectation, succeeded in obtaining her hand." Simon figures largely in the history of Simsbury, and in 1671, the year after the incorporation of the town, "the General Court, as a mark of confidence and recognition of the integrity and trustworthiness of Mr. Simon Wolcot, grant to him liberty to retail wine and liquors (provided he keep good order in the dispose of it) until there be an ordinary set up in Simsbury." The liquor traffic in this early settlement (as it has ever had to be there and elsewhere) was hedged about with restrictions and limitations.

Simsbury is a picturesque village, chiefly spread along one broad and handsome street more than a mile in length, canopied over its entire stretch by an arch of stately trees. These are utilized for lighting purposes, brackets being fixed to the trunks of the trees from which are suspended kerosene lamps, gas and electricity not having as yet found their way to this secluded spot. This quiet and sedate settlement, I should imagine, retains much of its primitive character before the great impetus of manufacturing industry had been felt in the Connecticut valley. There is no hurry and "hustling" here, and the two thousand inhabitants within its borders have to jog along without many of the advantages possessed by their neighbours in Hartford.

This little town furnishes us with a picture of the difficulties the early English settlers had to encounter in their efforts to make for themselves homes in the New World, and as the experience of Simsbury was that of hundreds of other places in America in the seventeenth century, I hope my readers will pardon me if I take a leaf out of the old "town's records," which are full of interest as illustrating the indomitable spirit and perseverance of our English ancestors in their efforts to colonise the American continent.

In 1675, only five years after the town had been incorporated, what is known as "Philip's War" broke out, and in the year following attacks were made by the Indians upon several of the towns in the colony, and Simsbury, being a frontier town, was peculiarly exposed to danger, and its inhabitants were compelled to flee to the plantations for safety and security. It was a rush for dear life, and as they had no bridge or ferry across the river, or cart-path through the forest, they had to carry their goods upon

their backs. A vivid description of this scene has been given by a writer as follows: "The fearful apprehension of being suddenly murdered by savages sent the people away, with sheep and cattle, and such utensils as their short notice and hasty flight would permit. They hid their heavy articles at the bottoms of swamps and wells. After the inhabitants had spent a day or two in their retreat, the men under arms were sent back for the purpose of making



A Sims-bury Home (Residence of R. H. Ensign, Esq.)

discoveries. They came to the highest eminence, and saw to their surprise and sorrow, their habitations were become a desolation, and every house burnt to ashes." The date of this disaster was the 26th of March, 1676. It was a Sunday. "A band of Philip's warriors visited the deserted town and applied the torch to the thatched roofs, and forty dwelling houses with barns and other

buildings were consumed. The ruin was complete, not a house or a building was left. In 1677 the settlers returned and began to build again their habitations."

The homes of the people, at the present time, consist mainly of substantial frame houses, of varying dimensions, but all having a comfortable and home-like appearance, and look as if they sheltered happy people whose hearts beat in unison with those around, even though their positions in life may differ greatly. Nor is the beauty of these homes confined to their exterior. I saw into several of them, and found them furnished in exquisite taste from basement to attic. Chairs, tables, carpets, upholstery, and pictures, had evidently been selected with a discrimination and correctness of judgment not often excelled by city folk. In the matter of books, too, there was solid mental food available, as well as a sprinkling of poetry and lighter literature.

In the afternoon my friend took me for a drive in the neighbourhood of the village. Our route lay through pleasant pasture lands, into the woods beyond, and then to the top of a high hill, from whence we had a fine view of the landscape around. We saw the village, nestling in the bed of the valley, hills of great height rising on every side, clothed with spreading trees, though these latter do not present such a full and satisfying an appearance as they do in the old country. The foliage is more straggling, the leaves not spreading themselves out full to the sun, as with us.

We drove through the beautiful and flourishing village of Tariffville, where my friend's factory is situated, for he combines manufacturing with agriculture, and has an extensive mill, which is driven by water power, this village possessing one of the largest and best water powers of the State. In our drive through the woods we saw squirrels, and green snakes—the latter of a non-venomous species.

During the evening I made an inspection of the farm buildings belonging to a gentleman largely engaged in agriculture, and I was informed that these were a fair sample of what one would meet with in many of the States of the Union. The buildings were on a large scale, and surrounded with evidences of wealth and taste. Between the main street and the dwelling-house was a lawn, unfenced, planted with trees and shrubs, interspersed with groups of flowers. The house was imposing, with the great extent of its piazzas, and the large number of windows in its three storeys. Within, the furniture and fittings indicated a measure of prosperity which would have been enviable, if it had not been discounted by the affirmation of the owner that agriculture in New England was "not what it used to be," and "if he had not a good balance at his bankers he would soon go to the bad." To the right of the dwelling-house, and at some little distance, was a building of great length, and four stories in height. Here I found the cow stable, the

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horse stable, and the barn, all under one roof. On entering I saw an enormous space, sufficient to shelter the harvest of two or three hundred acres, and a large number of agricultural implements. In the basement were some thirty cows, in a single row, and a number of superior-looking horses, for agricultural and other purposes.

MAY THIRD.—Attended the Wesleyan Chapel, and heard an excellent sermon from a young minister who was "on trial," the pulpit having become vacant by the death of the pastor. The chapel is neat and comfortable, carpeted throughout, and has a small organ. It will accommodate two hundred persons, and was well attended.

Not far from the chapel is the cemetery, on the slope of the hill, full of ancient headstones, standing askew amid clumps of evergreens, and showy modern monuments beyond. These are sunny, silent homes, but not much more so than those silent homes of the living scattered about the old town. In my walk after the service, I saw nothing but unbroken lines of seeming industry and comfort over the whole place; no signs of poverty were to be seen anywhere, nor indeed, many signs of life, and I could not help remarking, "What calm and blessed people these must be!"

MAY FOURTH.—Left Simsbury with my friend by early train for Northampton. We soon passed through Granby, at one time the location of Newgate Prison, a grim pile, where the prisoners were confined in the cavernous shafts and passages of a copper mine—abandoned in 1760. Some of the convicts lived twenty yards below the earth's surface, amid unceasing darkness. The mouth of the principal shaft was covered by a massive stone building, and the prisoners were guarded by twenty soldiers. This American Bastille was in use from 1775 to 1827.

Shortly after leaving Granby we entered the State of Massachusetts, and sped along past the picturesque mountain town of Granville into the lowlands, and on to Southampton, under the shadow of high hills. Thence through Easthampton (the seat of Williston Seminary, endowed with £50,000 by the Hon. Samuel Williston), and by the great bend of the Connecticut river, to Northampton. Our object in visiting this historic village was to call upon one of America's gifted sons—George William Cable, the author of many works of abiding interest and power. Northampton is worthy of a visit, apart from any special mission, for it has been happily styled "the frontispiece of the book of beauty, which Nature opens wide in the valley of the Connecticut," and an English writer says that "it is the most beautiful village in America." And as we drove along its broad and shaded streets, placed in a rich tract of intervale, we were constrained to give much credence to these eulogiums. Historically the town is full of interest. It received its name from the circumstance that many of its settlers came from the English town of that name. It was

bought from its Indian owners in 1653, and in 1655 its first church was built at a cost of £14, and was 26 feet by 18 feet. The Christians were called to meeting by the blast of a trumpet :

Each man equipped on Sunday morn,  
With psalm-book, shot, and powder-horn,  
And looked in form, as all must grant,  
Like th' ancient true church militant.

Jonathan Edwards, the greatest metaphysician and preacher of his time, was pastor here, 1727-50, and was "dismissed for insisting on a higher and purer standard of admission to the Communion table."

We went through the grounds of Smith College, endowed in 1871 by Miss Sophia Smith, for the higher education of women. The buildings, which are secular-Gothic in design, and very handsome, have cost £105,000. From the summit of the hill, near the College, we had a glorious panorama of the noble heights of Holyoke and Nonotuck, in the Mount Pom range, with the river flowing between them. Turning to the left, we entered Paradise Road, fitly named, and driving along the quiet country lane for a short distance, we came to the home of the Southern romancer, a three story brick building standing away from the street, and half covered with greenery. Around the house are velvet lawns, bright-looking flower beds, fine elm and other trees. "Sloping down from the carriage-drive lies 'Paradise,' a stretch of woods bordering Mill River. No more appropriate name could be given to it, for if magnificent trees, beautiful flowers, green-clad hill and dell, and winding waters, and, above all, the perfect peace of nature, broken only by bird-notes, can make a Paradise, it is found in this corner of Northampton, itself the loveliest of New England towns."

The friend who accompanied me was an intimate of the Cable family, so, as we crossed the threshold of the house, we were received with great cordiality by Mr. and Mrs. Cable, and two of their charming daughters. Our author is the happy possessor of seven pretty children, the youngest, just two years old, being anxious to make acquaintance with the old country through its representative. It was a great pleasure to me to find myself in such congenial surroundings—a gifted writer, kind and genial in manner, with a fine and poetic nature; a woman, thoughtful and with a gentle presence; an elder daughter, gifted with great artistic taste and feeling, and half-a-dozen other olive branches, bright, intelligent, and full of activity and joyous life. All around me were evidences of home comfort and happiness.

I was invited by our host into his study behind the parlour, a cosy and delightful corner, in which are stored round the walls many books and a few choice pictures. In the centre of the room is a handsome cherry-tree table, at which the author sits while writing.

It was quite covered with papers, letters, and sheets of manuscript of a new work upon which he is engaged. Whilst seated in the large easy chair—a feature in the room, I had time to take a mental portrait of Mr. Cable. In build he is small, slight, and fragile-looking, with chestnut hair, beard, and moustache; eyes of hazel hue and full of expression. Though only forty-seven years old, his life has been very eventful, for, at fourteen years of age, through reverses in his family, he had to leave school and help bring in the living. At eighteen he entered the Confederate army, and proved himself a good soldier, brave and conscientious. He subsequently studied civil engineering, and followed the profession for some time, and afterwards he was a book-keeper for several years, and also a clerk in a cotton firm. In 1877, he left this employment and sent forth his first work, "Old Creole Days," and at once established his reputation as a novelist. Since that time many able works have appeared from his pen, notably "Dr. Sevier," "Madame Delphine," "The Grandissimes," along with stories for the magazines.

Mr. Cable has also been a most successful lecturer, in company with Mark Twain, each reading in turn to crowded and delighted houses in almost all parts of America, selections from their own writings. Mr. C. has never visited England, but he may rely upon receiving a warm welcome should he decide to come on a lecturing tour in the Old World, where his writings are as well known as are those of almost any other of his countrymen.

Mr. Cable is good as well as gifted. He is a constant worker in the church, allowing nothing to interfere with his Sunday School and Bible Classes, and in all his books a religious tone is observable, for he is not afraid or unable to give a reason for the faith that is in him.

We had conversation on matters literary and bookish, and the time passed away all too quickly, for I would fain have enjoyed for some time longer the society of this happy family. Mr. C. accompanied me for some distance on my way to the railway station, pointing out the beauties of the scenery, and anon descanting on the merits of some of our best living English writers.

Leaving Northampton, the train passes Mount Tom on the left, and Mount Holyoke on the right, the line running between the river and the long range of Mount Tom, until the town of Holyoke is reached. This is the chief paper-making place in the world, more than 4,000 men being employed in this branch of industry, and there are also extensive cotton and thread mills. The population is 35,000. Close to the town are the Hadley Falls, which furnish the greatest water power in New England. Timothy Dwight speaks of "the fantastic beauty and sublime majesty of these Falls." The land between Holyoke and the town of Williamsett, our next stopping place, is used for the cultivation of

tobacco. Beyond this last named town is Chicopee, a busy manufacturing place of 13,000 inhabitants, with immense cotton mills, and the Ames Manufacturing Company, who turn out large quantities of machinery, brass cannon, fine swords, and bronzes. Many of the public statues and monuments in the States, and the splendid doors of the Senate at Washington, were cast here.

I was much pleased with the country between Northampton and Springfield, for this valley of the Connecticut is one busy hive of industry, and the numerous artisans have the great advantage of living amid some of the finest scenery in Yankeeland. The river winds in and out in the most picturesque fashion, receiving its tributaries and giving out its wealth of waters to the many factories on its banks. Near Holyoke the scenery is charming, for the mills come near to the river and abruptly rise to the importance of mountains. I had a good view of Mount Holyoke, and the mountain railway which goes up to the summit. This line is three quarters of a mile in length, and in its 600 feet of incline, rises 365 feet perpendicular. I had not time to visit this peak, from which it is said "is the noblest view in New England, if not in the States."

On reaching Springfield I had to change for the train to Hartford, and after a brief delay, we were on our way to the "Queen City," passing Shaker station, where we made a call. The Shakers have built the handsome station-house, and some of their number are farmers in the vicinity, still keeping their peculiar theological ideas, living unmarried, and by their industry showing the most systematic and profitable agriculture in New England.

On reaching Hartford, the capital of the State of Connecticut, I went from the station to Bushnell Park, in which is the State Capitol; several fine bronze statues, a fountain, and many graceful elms and other trees. The Capitol is a magnificent building in white marble, with a fine gilded dome in the secular-Gothic style of architecture, three hundred feet long, with its fronts enriched with columns, arches, galleries, and a profusion of commemorative sculpture. It is built on the top of the hill, and commands a superb view, and in its turn, the Capitol itself is visible from almost all points of the city.

An official of the Government kindly volunteered to show me round the building, and we entered the fine hall, coming at once upon the statue of Nathan Hale, who was executed during the Revolution as an American spy. The figure is very striking, and with its outstretched hands appears as though addressing the spectator in his memorable words, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." This generous avowal is carved on the front of the pedestal. I was next shown an interesting relic in the old, ill-used, and weather-beaten gravestone that at one time covered the grave of General Putnam. This is kept with great

care, and by its side are cases containing the Connecticut battle flags.

We visited the gorgeous Hall of Representatives, in which the law-makers of to-day legislate in a more humane and merciful manner than did the rulers, when the stern Puritan pastors of two centuries ago influenced their decisions, and a code of severe penalties came into existence, including the punishment of death for the crimes of idolatry, unchastity, witchcraft, blasphemy, murder, man-stealing, beating parents, and heavy penalties for Sabbath-breaking and the use of tobacco.

I should have gone to see the "Charter Oak," only it is no longer in existence, having been blown down in a storm nearly forty years ago. It was this noted tree that concealed the original royal charter of the colony, when its surrender was demanded by Gov. Andros, in 1687. I saw the spot on Charter Oak Hill on which the tree stood, and which is now marked by a marble slab. The tree was utilised after its fall for the manufacture of mementoes, and Mark Twain, who lives in Hartford, and should therefore be an authority on the subject, says, that "he has seen all conceivable articles made out of this tree, and amongst other things, a walking-stick, dog-collar, needle-cases, three-legged stool, boot-jack, dinner table, ten-pin alley, toothpick, and enough Charter Oak to build a plank road from Hartford to Great Salt Lake City."

After lunch I engaged a carriage and drove out to Farmington Avenue, a mile and a quarter from the city, in order to see three homes, in which reside authors of world-wide celebrity. On my way I called to have a look at the mansion long occupied by Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess. The first house on the avenue to which my attention was drawn is the home of Mark Twain, a large and picturesque building in red brick, with light trimmings, Gothic in style, and surrounded by porches, trees, a river, and a charming landscape. I did not see the interior, for the reason already given.

Close by the home of Twain, and separated from it only by the river and great forest trees, is the beautiful residence of Charles Dudley Warner, a successful man of letters, whose works are read with pleasure by his many thousands of admirers in both hemispheres. The house is a two-story brick building, Gothic in style, and having a broad piazza, on which were placed most invitingly, a hammock and several rocking and other easy chairs. The author was in Europe at the time of my visit, and I could not therefore accept his kindly invitation, received in England, to call upon him whenever I visited the States.

Near to Mr. Warner's house and adjoining the grounds of Mark Twain is the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is a small and unpretentious dwelling of the cottage style. The grounds are only a few rods in extent,

though well covered with shrubbery and some lively flower beds. I should have been delighted to see and speak with the most celebrated of American women, in the home in which, attended by her daughters, she is passing the evening of her days, but I had seen and conversed in Simsbury with her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, who informed me that her health had failed so much that she was not able to receive visitors.

Hartford is noted for its Insurance Companies, having no fewer than twenty-one doing business in all parts of the world. Their buildings are amongst the finest in the city, one of them, the Charter Oak Insurance Company, being located in a granite palace which cost £120,000. From the roof of these offices I had a magnificent view over the city and its environs. There are also here seventeen banks, extensive book-publishing houses, charitable institutions, twenty-one temperance societies, and superior educational foundations, notably, Trinity College, a fine building 1,300 feet long, in grounds covering eighty acres.

We drove to the "Colt Mansion," at one time the home of Col. S. Colt, the inventor of the "Colt's revolver." The house is a large and ornate structure, standing in the centre of spacious grounds adorned with groves, lakes, statuary, conservatories, and a deer park.

A visit to the Wadsworth Athenæum, in which are the rooms of the Connecticut Historical Society, filled up the remainder of this day. Besides a large library, many interesting curiosities are kept here, such as King Philip's club, gold pen used for many years by Washington Irving, Standish's dinner pot, Farmington church drum, the first telegraphic message sent in America, the first number of the first newspaper in America, and hundreds of other equally interesting old-time relics.

MAY FIFTH.—Left Hartford by early train for New Haven, the "Elm City," so called from the large number of noble elms which rise grandly in stately rows in every direction. These grand foliage-arched streets, squares, and avenues, are a striking feature in the city, and make a lasting impression upon the casual visitor. Henry Ward Beecher once said that "the elms of New England are as much a part of her beauty as the columns of the Parthenon were the glory of its architecture." The elms in New Haven give a charmingly rural aspect to the academic city, and are its pride, as they are evidently its constant care. Nowhere in the States did I see a more beautiful arrangement of trees, for in many of the avenues the branches had united, forming Gothic aisles of rich green and sunlit interlacing bows.

In addition to the beauty of its trees, New Haven is famous for the possession of Yale College, which, though younger than Harvard and not so wealthy, is held in the highest estimation for the thoroughness and breadth of its classical, scientific, and

theological culture. This college was begun in 1701, and during the first year had only one student, now it has eleven hundred students with one hundred and ten professors and instructors. The buildings are of various ages and many styles of architecture, the oldest erections being of plain brick, without ornament, but the newer structures are very elaborate and dignified.

I went over the Peabody Museum, the Sheffield Scientific School, the Art School, the Divinity School, and the Gymnasium. I saw also the library of nearly 200,000 volumes, and visited some of the class-rooms during college hours.

Much might be written, if space permitted, about this ancient seat of learning ; of its inception and early struggles in Saybrook, where it had its first home, in a long and narrow one-story building, which was afterwards removed to New Haven, when the college was transferred in 1717 to that city ; of its founders, who drew up in 1708 what is known as "Saybrook Platform," declaring that "the churches must have a public profession of faith, agreeable to which the instruction of the college shall be conducted"; of its distinguished presidents and professors, many of whom have enshrined their names and works in the hearts of their countrymen. One instance of the bravery of these distinguished scholars is worthy of record. In 1779 the fort and town was taken by a party of Hessians, who plundered and partially burnt the city. The Rev. Dr. Naphthali Daggett, President of the College, was captured by them with fowling-piece in hand, and forced to guide their columns. When well-nigh dead from mortification, and sore with repeated bayonet wounds, he was asked "Will you fight again?" The militant divine answered "I rather believe I shall if I have an opportunity." He, or another pastor of the town, was forced to pray for the king, which he did as follows: "O Lord, bless Thy servant King George, and grant him wisdom, for Thou knowest, O Lord, he needs it."

Being in New Haven I could not resist the temptation to call upon "the farmer of Edgewood," the author of "Dream Life," "Reveries of a Bachelor," and other delightful books. I had already seen his home, mentally, as pictured in his writings, but I was anxious to see both "nest and bird," so I took the tram to the little village of Westville, which lies snugly ensconced at the foot of West Rock. I had seen from the guide books that the grounds of Edgewood were free to the public on two days in the week, but having only a short time to stay in the city I could not conveniently take advantage of this limited permission, so, on the strength of my nationality, and a kindred love for nature and books, I ventured to call upon the farmer-author.

After a few minutes' ride I left the tram at the terminus of the line and enquired my way to Edgewood, which I was told was about a mile away. I entered a country lane, and crossing West River



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Donald Grant Mitchell (Ik Marvel).

on an iron bridge, went straight along until I came to a fork in the road and turning to the right I ascended the hill a short distance and then came upon the home of Donald G. Mitchell, better known by his *nom-de-plume* of Ik Marvel. A couple of dogs lay basking in the sunshine near the wicket gate, as if keeping guard, but made no demonstration as I entered the grounds.

On being admitted within the house I was shown into the drawing room, which opens upon a verandah to the south, and this upon a charming bit of landscape gardening, which comes as a surprise to the visitor who has only seen the grounds from the public road. The lawn in front of me as I looked out of the French window, if not very extensive, was singularly attractive, for the trees and evergreens were so admirably disposed that one appeared to be looking upon an unending vista of gentle eminences and undulations, with choice and richly-varied foliage all around. Beyond these, to the right, on the slope of the hill, were coppices of birch, hazel, and other shrubs, grown almost into trees. I was not surprised to learn from the lips of the master that landscape gardening was more his occupation than the writing of books, for everywhere about this domain there were traces of the handiwork of the skilful landscape artist and lover of rural life.

After a brief interval I was joined by a daughter of Mr. Mitchell, who informed me that her father was somewhat of an invalid, having a short time previously met with a serious accident, from which he was just recovering. He would, however, be glad to see me in his library, to which she led the way, and I found myself in a large and well-furnished room, with a broad, low chimney opening, in which a log fire was smouldering. Seated in a capacious arm-chair, surrounded by books, manuscripts, and all the paraphernalia of a scholar's workshop, was the veteran author, a fine-looking specimen of the tribe of "scribblers," tall, broad-shouldered, and squarely shaped; a complexion pale as if from his recent illness; the nose slightly aquiline; a kindly eye, and dark gray hair, worn in careless fashion.

The library was adorned with many choice pictures and engravings, framed most artistically with bark and choice woods by Mr. Mitchell in his hours of relaxation from books and gardening. There were books everywhere, ranged on shelves, piled on the writing table, and crowding the wide mantel.

We sat and talked on matters, English and American; of the visits which my host had made to the old country in 1844, nearly fifty years ago, when, in search of health he went to Torquay, and subsequently tramped over England and Scotland for six months, and in like manner spent eighteen months on the Continent of Europe. The remembrance of those happy days was still fresh, and if the lapse of years did not remind him of failing powers, he should be glad to renew his acquaintance with the ever-varying charms of

English country life and scenery. He indulged the hope sometimes that in the coming days he would again be found driving with a few friends along the country lanes, and resting at the old-fashioned hostelries in the old land, than which nothing could be more enjoyable.

After lunch, taken in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and their three amiable and gifted daughters, my host invited me to accompany one of the latter to the top of the hill behind the house, which rises steeply to the height of some hundred feet, that I might see the view from that point. I was amply repaid for the exertion it entailed, for across the flat below, checkered with the various crops, I could see the spires and roofs and tree tops of New Haven, and the green Fair Haven hills in the eastern horizon. Following the line of the river and southward were the waters of the harbour and the lighthouse on its point of rock. Northward was the precipice of West Rock, and north-eastward, beyond the city, the sister eminence, East Rock, rising over four hundred feet from the plain. Reared upon the topmost crag of this hill is the noble monument erected by New Haven to the soldiers who fell in the Civil War; a magnificent shaft, overlooking the city and seen from afar. Right before me, and distinctly visible, I could see the glistening expanse of the Sound, and the sand hills of Long Island.

In returning to the house we walked through the neatly-kept kitchen garden, with its rows of currant and gooseberry bushes, its box-edged walks, and, for a fence, a tall hedge of hemlock, clipped to a dense, smooth wall of dark green, set off with the lighter points of the spring's growth.

Mr. Mitchell, in 1853, was appointed Consul for the United States to Venice, but resigned the position in July of the following year, when he purchased Edgewood, and has since that time led the enviable life of a country gentleman, with an occasional excursion into the realms of literature and journalism. He was one of the judges of industrial art at the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876, and Commissioner from the United States at the Paris Exposition of 1878.

I left New Haven for New York by an afternoon train, and saw *en route* the town of Milford, settled 250 years ago by a colony from Milford, in England. This is a pretty village, with a long and pleasant green, neatly enclosed, and wide streets, lined with arching elms. Our next stopping place was Bridgeport, the birthplace of Tom Thumb, and for many years the home of Barnum, the showman, who died here a few days before my visit. I saw the immense factories which give employment to thousands of artisans, for, in this town of nearly 50,000 souls, are some of the greatest establishments in the world for making sewing machines and firearms. The well-known firms of Wheeler and Wilson, and Howe, are here, and also several noted cartridge and rifle manufacturers.

Passing the ancient village of Fairfield, dreamy and tranquil-looking, embowered in trees, we reach Greenwich, a favourite suburban retreat for New York merchants, who live here in large numbers. We then go on to New Rochelle, where lived and died Tom Paine, the noted infidel. Skirting the edge of Woodlawn Cemetery, where Jay Gould, the railway magnate, has built his final home, a magnificent mausoleum, we shortly reach the grand central station of the Vanderbilt lines in New York, and, taking the elevated railway, I was soon settled in my temporary home in Brooklyn.



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## CHAPTER VI.

### PHILADELPHIA AND GERMANTOWN.

**M**AY SIXTH.—Left New York by the ferry boat of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, which carried me over the Hudson river to the station at Jersey. This boat, like many others plying on this river, is an immense Noah's Ark, that can carry an almost unlimited number of passengers and scores of conveyances on a single trip. It is flat-bottomed, broad-decked, and propelled by huge paddle wheels; is also a double-ender, sailing with equal facility either way. We landed in a "slip" under cover, so that bad weather need not be feared. A timber bridge, moving up and down at the outer end as the tide rises or falls, connects the boat with the land, and it is guided directly into its place by the long sides of the "slip," which project into the water.

On this occasion, as on others, I fought shy of the "gents' cabin," for the floor was so deluged with tobacco juice, and the air so impregnated with the vile odour of bad tobacco, that I was glad to find refuge in the "ladies' cabin," a commodious and comfortable room, with tiled flooring, mirrors, and capacious seats, half of whose occupants were of the sterner sex, who, out of regard for their health, had avoided their own special quarters.

The passage across was soon accomplished, and our crowd of passengers emptied into the waiting room at the railway station, from whence the train starts that is to carry me ninety miles, to the "Quaker city." Jersey city, our point of departure, was originally a stretch of flat farming-land, and at the beginning of this century its population was only thirteen persons, living in a single house; to-day its inhabitants number 163,033. Its great and rapid growth is due to the development of the railway system during the last quarter of a century.

Our train now moves swiftly out of the city, passing through some deep rock cuttings, on emerging from which I had a good

view of the harbour and the Statue of Liberty, a very prominent object. We soon reach Newark, a busy manufacturing city, to which place some of our Yorkshire manufacturing firms have within the last few years transferred their business, and are now carrying on extensive works, with the assistance of many of their employees from the old country.

As we speed along I take note of the American system of railway travelling, as seen on this typical train, which has much about it that strikes me as foreign to our English travelling conveniences. It is a fast train, accomplishing the distance, ninety miles, in exactly two hours. Many of my own countrymen who have visited America, whilst admitting the superiority of the accommodation and comfort when travelling in the States, set against these the difference in the speed, which is generally thought to be much slower in America. My own experience on this journey, as on others, was that a speed of forty-five miles an hour is quite sufficient to ensure safe travelling on lines of such length and construction as are to be found in a country where you can take a continuous journey of 3,000 miles.

I may add that England does not have a monopoly of fast trains. True that the London and North-Western Railway Scotch mail averages a speed of 51·6 miles an hour; but the Royal Blue Limited Express from New York to Washington—a distance of 229 miles—makes 52·8 miles hourly, attaining a maximum rate of 74 miles in 60 minutes during portions of the journey.

If George Stephenson, when he placed the first locomotive on the rails and guaranteed it a speed of six miles an hour, could have foreseen that in less than eighty years the successors of his rude machine would be travelling at the rate of seventy miles an hour; climbing the sides of mountain ranges, piercing gorges hitherto deemed inaccessible, crossing ravines on bridges higher than the dome of St. Paul's, and traversing the bowels of the earth by means of tunnels, no doubt his big blue eyes would have stood out with wonder and amazement. But he foresaw nothing of the kind; the only problem present in his mind was how to get goods from the seaports in Western England to London as easily and cheaply as possible, and to do this he substituted for horses, which had for 150 years been drawing cars along wooden or iron rails, the wonderful machine which has revolutionized the freight and passenger traffic of the world.

During my five thousand miles of travel by rail in the States, I met with few drawbacks and many advantages, and to some of the latter I will now refer. First as to purchase of tickets, which can be made at any time and at a good many places, in all the villages, towns, and cities, and it is a somewhat anomalous fact that they can often be bought cheaper at hotels and shops than at the booking office of the railway. They need not be purchased

just when wanted as, not being dated, they are available at any time. If you enter the train without ticket there is none of the haughty, overbearing cross-questioning we have to submit to in England from the ticket-collector; on the contrary, when the conductor of an American train asks for tickets, you simply say "Ticket for ——" and it is handed to you. There is no dispute as to how far you have travelled, because the conductor goes through the carriages immediately after the train has left the last stopping place, and examines the tickets of fresh passengers. Another advantage connected with the "ticket system" is that if a passenger wishes to alight at any intermediate station he has simply to ask the conductor for a "stop-off" ticket, which is at once handed to him without any charge. His original ticket enables him to stay at any place as long as he likes, and is available for the rest of the journey whenever he may feel disposed to take it.

I have already made mention of the "baggage system," which is a decided improvement upon the English style of transporting luggage, as we term it.

And now I will make reference to the carriages, which differ materially from ours in their internal arrangements. A platform at each end gives access to a long, lofty, and handsome apartment accommodating sixty passengers, seated two together on seats on each side of a passage that extends the whole length of the carriage. The seats are reversible, so that a party of four can sit facing each other, and, if it is desired, a table will be fixed between the seats, so that those who wish may take a hand at whist, or join in other games. The seats are well stuffed, covered with velvet plush, and are easy to luxuriousness. The windows are made to lift, not to drop, as with us, hence there are no unsightly straps hanging down. They are also fitted with Venetian blinds, which can be opened or shut at pleasure, and the direct rays of the sun excluded at will. It is a mistake to suppose that there is only one class of carriage in the States, where all are supposed to be equal, though this is true as a rule. For the ordinary traffic and short distances the carriages are all alike in appearance, though special provision is made for smokers, ladies and children. But special carriages are provided, with special rates, for long journeys in "fast" and "through" trains. Of these magnificent and ingenious conveyances I shall say something hereafter, but I may add that they come as near perfection in travel as can be hoped for, though great as American achievements have been in carriage building, improvements are ever going on. Since I was in the States a palatial car has been built in Massachusetts for the Montreal and Toronto line of the Canadian Pacific. It is 66 feet long, the central "drawing-room," which is turned into a dormitory at night, is 32 feet in length, 9 feet in width, and 10½ feet in



height, and is furnished with a dozen easy chairs. The ceiling is frescoed with a beautiful design representing the four seasons; and one of the most striking novelties consists of six bay windows; Besides this apartment there are lavatories—where a quantity of powdered soap slides into the basin of water on pressing a button,—a kitchen, a safe for valuables, an “observation room,” a private state-room, a library, with writing desk and medicine chest, and other conveniences. The carriage is ventilated by compressed air, and heated by steam from the engine.

A few minor advantages in railway travelling in the States are worthy of mention. When tired of sitting, the traveller can walk the length of the train, and change his seat from one carriage to another, or stand on the platform outside and breathe the fresh air, at the same time obtaining a better view of the surrounding scenery.

If the passenger is of a literary turn of mind, his wants are met by the news-boy, who travels with the train, and who, soon after you have started on your journey, passes through the carriage with a stock of newspapers. Later on, he comes along with an armful of books, of the “shilling dreadful” type, with a sprinkling of more solid reading, and books of views. One of these he puts on your knee, or by your side, and in a few minutes he comes round and collects the books, or the money for those that are taken. His next visit is of a more succulent character, as he appears as a vendor of sweets, figs, peanuts, oranges, and bananas. This peripatetic individual is a very useful institution on American railways, for, in addition to the services I have named, he will supply you with cigars, or fans, and also point out the points of interest you pass on the journey.

I must now say a word for the conductors, who rendered me great service, and, on many occasions, gave me much useful information. They are smart and dignified in appearance, courteous in their behaviour, and what is most surprising, proof against “tips,” the offer of which would be regarded as an insult. They have the charge of the entire arrangements inside the carriages, and when any difficulty occurs, they appear to know exactly how to settle it.

During this journey I purchased several New York and other papers, which furnished me with much entertainment, not on account of the value or importance of the articles which they contained, but from the way my attention was drawn to them. An American journalist is nothing if not sensational, and whatever the news in the paper consists of, it must be introduced by striking head-lines, which at once arrest the attention. Here are a few I have selected at random:—

A disturbance amongst the soldiers at Folkestone, England, was announced with the heading—

**TURBULENT TOMMY.**

A murder in Kentucky was headed, in large letters—

**KENTUCKY'S LATEST BLOODY TRAGEDY.**

An article on the probable failure of the Russian wheat crop appeared under the head-line—

**BAD FOR THE BABY.**

A fashionable marriage in New York was chronicled under the heading—

**LITERATURE WEDDED TO BEAUTY AND GOLD.**

A description of the funeral of a celebrated author was entitled—

**ALL THAT IS MORTAL.**

Another feature of these newspapers are the advertisements, which, under the heading "Personal," occupy a large space in almost every issue. Here are a few:—

**BILLIE WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU: MAKE APPOINTMENT.**  
**GEORGIE, box 112 Herald Uptown.**

**I KNOW THAT YOU WILL LOOK SO BEAUTIFUL AND BE SO**  
**sweet to me to-day. TURQUOISE.**

**LADY (33), AGREEABLE AND ACCOMPLISHED, SEEKS AC-**  
**quaintance of appreciative gentleman, willing to assist her financially at once.**  
**EXCLUSIVE, box 159 Herald office.**

**MR. B.—MEET ME AT THE CORNER OF 7TH AV. AND 24TH ST.,**  
**Friday, at 1 o'clock sure. W. E. G.**

**MRS. HALL.—COME IMMEDIATELY. GLOVER.**

**PANSY LAKEWOOD.—WHAT HAS YOUR BAD BOY DONE THAT**  
**you do not write him to his office and make appointment as before.**

**STRICTLY HONORABLE GENTLEMAN WOULD LIKE TO MEET**  
**high toned lady; none others noticed. Address FIDELITY, 361 Herald.**

**"SAPHO."—ONE AT MADISON SQUARE FOR YOU: USE MY**  
**name; send or call this afternoon. N.**

**THE FRIENDSHIP OF A LADY OF MEANS DESIRED BY YOUNG**  
**gentleman, stranger. HONORABLE, 121 Herald Uptown.**

**"TRUE BLUE."—PLEASE MEET "COMPANION" MAY 1, 6 P.M.,**  
**between Broadway and 5th av. on 21st st.**

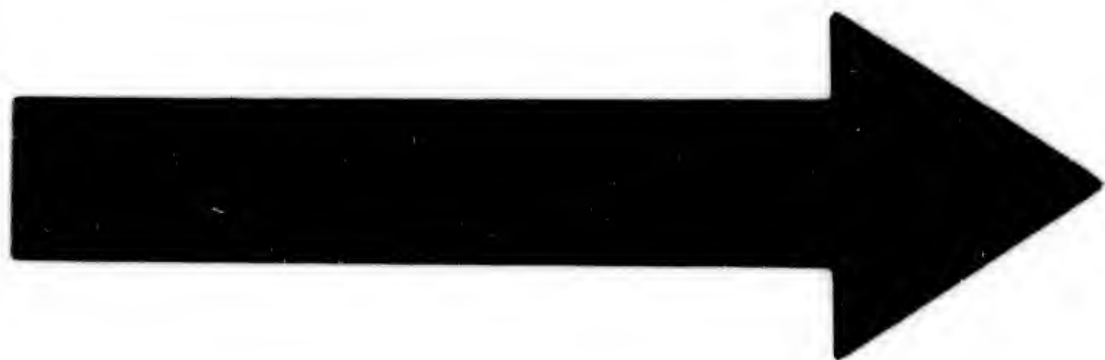
**V. M'D.—MEET ME AT SOUTH FERRY, NEW YORK SIDE,**  
**Monday, at 2 P.M., rain or shine. J. E. S.**

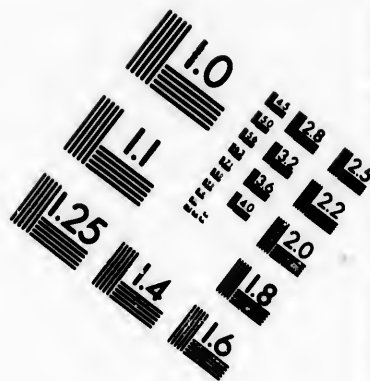
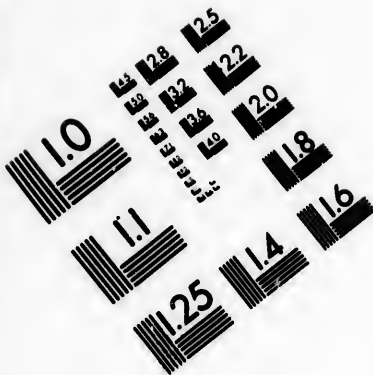
**WILL AMY C. BUSBY KINDLY SEND HER ADDRESS TO THE**  
**editor of the Herald?**

**WRITE AGAIN SAME ADDRESS; MAKE APPOINTMENT, IF**  
**possible, near 5th av., Central Park. J. J.**

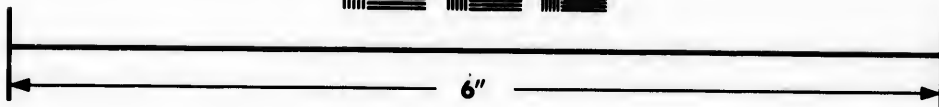
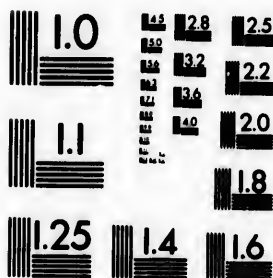
**6TH AVENUE "L," 23D ST., NOON.—LADY IN BLACK CONFER**  
**favor by addressing PENCIL, 170 Herald office.**

Under the heading of "The Man about Town," will be found gossip, of a private nature, and which can only be intended to





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

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minister to the vanity of the parties interested. Here are a few samples taken from a Wisconsin paper :—

—Miss Gay Ackley is visiting in Chicago.

—Mr. Elijah Parsons is out upon the streets once more after being confined to the house most of the winter.

—Henry Zimmerman and wife of Burlington were here with Mr. Z's parents over Sunday.

—Mrs. W. M. Jones and son Willie have returned from a two weeks' visit in East Troy and vicinity.

—An elegant new walk has been put in front of Wilsey's.

—The FREE PRESS is indebted to J. T. Bartlett for beautiful cut flowers.

—D. H. Grover has been visiting his family for a day or two. He has accepted a position as travelling salesman for a Chicago jewelry firm. He left for the city Thursday evening.

—Ed. Brown, of Whatcheer, Iowa, visited his cousin, F. E. Brown, over Sunday.

—Mr. Wm. E. Ennessy of Chippewa Falls visited at P. Fitzgerald's this week.

—Harry Falltrick, the Waukesha cigar manufacturer, was in this city Wednesday.

—The tenants of Edgemoor, the family of John Dupee, Jr., arrived Thursday afternoon.

Whilst we have been indulging in these comparisons between American and English travelling, and the methods of journalism in the States, the train has carried us on to Elizabeth, another rural suburb of New York, largely colonised by the merchants of that city, who have their handsome mansions in its broad and shady streets. This is an ancient town, as antiquity is reckoned in the States, having been settled in 1665. Its principal manufactory is owned by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. The train runs right through the heart of the town, and then in its onward course passes station after station, with smart frame buildings, well-kept lawns, and attractive flower beds. It would be a reproof, as well as a lesson, to the directors of the lines which traverse the great Yorkshire county, England, if they could see the very superior station accommodation on this American railway, to that which is provided for the travellers in the greatest shire of the old country.

We next pass much forest, and bog, but very few stations, the land here being but sparsely settled, until we reach Princeton, a small town, but noted as the location of Princeton College, with its magnificent buildings and liberal endowments. This is one of the great seats of American learning, taking rank with Harvard and Yale, and is a powerful factor in the development of American thought and philosophy.

A few miles further, and we arrive at Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, a thriving city, chiefly famous for its battle-ground, now covered with modern erections. It is also noted for its potteries, which produce a superior china ware, with the finest and

most delicate ornamentations. Crossing the Delaware river bridge, we enter the "Keystone State" of Pennsylvania, and are now in the county of Bucks, which, like its namesake in England, is a rich agricultural region.

When nearing Philadelphia, my attention was drawn by a fellow-passenger to the working-men's dwellings, which were on both sides of the line. There were thousands of these comfortable residences, within a few miles of the great city, and one could see that the artisans here are far more comfortably housed than their fellow-labourers in New York, where "tenement houses," of a repulsive character, are almost the only kind of homes provided for the workers.

We now get our first view of the pleasant surroundings of the "City of Brotherly Love," as we cross the Schuylkill river, and Fairmount Park. The river runs between tree-clad sloping banks, and on either shore are well-kept park roads, which are well patronized by the citizens who are out for an airing. Our train now slackens speed, and we obtain delightful views of the groves in the higher parts of the grounds, while on our left are the umbrageous regions connected with the Zoological Gardens. The view is filled up by the domes and spires and towers of the city, and its mass of buildings spreading over a large area, for Philadelphia is a city covering more surface than any other in the States. We are soon carried over an elevated portion of the line, amongst the house tops, right into the heart of the city, and in a few minutes find ourselves in Broad Street Station, where my son is awaiting my arrival.

On leaving the terminus we came at once into "City Hall Square," in which stands the municipal palace in white marble, which has been in course of erection for the past twenty years, and is even now, in its unfinished state, one of the finest buildings I have ever seen. It is without the tower, which is to be taller than any other steeple in existence, and when finished is to serve as a landmark in approaching the city from every direction. It is already 300 feet high, and when completed will be 557 feet, and surmounted by a statue of William Penn, 36 feet high.

We entered the building, and went over it with the custodian, who gave us much information about it. The hall is the largest building in America, having over fourteen acres of floor space, and five hundred and twenty rooms. Its cost is estimated to be £3,000,000, which is being paid for out of the rates, a sum of £130,000 being appropriated yearly. The rooms are finely decorated, more especially the chambers of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and the other Law Courts and the Municipal Offices.

Within a stone's throw of this edifice, on the northern side of the square, is the Masonic Temple, the finest Masonic building in





City Hall, Philadelphia.

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the world. It is in granite, in the pure Norman style of architecture, and has cost with its furniture, £300,000.

Before leaving the Square, we visited the immense establishment belonging to John Wanamaker, Postmaster-General of the United States, and the largest retail shop-keeper in America. Here is an aggregation of shops covering an entire block of four acres, and rivalling in all respects its prototypes, the "Louvre" and "Bon Marché" in the French capital. Twelve hundred employees were busily engaged in supplying the wants of the thousands of ladies who thronged every available inch of ground. It is the "Ladies' Exchange" too, for the place was evidently being used



Theodore Thomas (see next page).

to keep appointments, to hear the news and gossip of the day, and for many other purposes than barter. The owner of this mammoth trading establishment has other large business places, and in addition to his duties as Postmaster, is superintendent of the largest Sunday School in the city, a director of the Reading Railway, and devotes much time to art and financial matters. He is the owner of Muncasky's celebrated painting, "Christ before Pilate," for which he paid the sum of £24,000. Mr. Wanamaker began life poor, and has amassed a large fortune, though yet only in middle life.

In the evening we went to the Grand Opera House, to hear a performance by Theodore Thomas's celebrated band. The magnificent spaces of the great auditorium gave the music full scope, while its perfect acoustic qualities enabled the softest notes to be heard in the furthest parts of the house. The audience was a large one, and it was with difficulty we obtained a seat at the rear of the building, but suffered no inconvenience on that account, for the masterly handling of the orchestra by the talented conductor, enabled us to enjoy the performance as well as those could who were in front of us.

The programme included Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, and an act from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and seldom, I should imagine, has a performance of this favourite symphony been given with so much smoothness and accuracy, so much feeling and expression. The soloists were Mademoiselle Selma Koert-Kronold, a singer with a powerful voice of good range, and Monsieur A. L. Guille, a tenor of exceptional capacity.

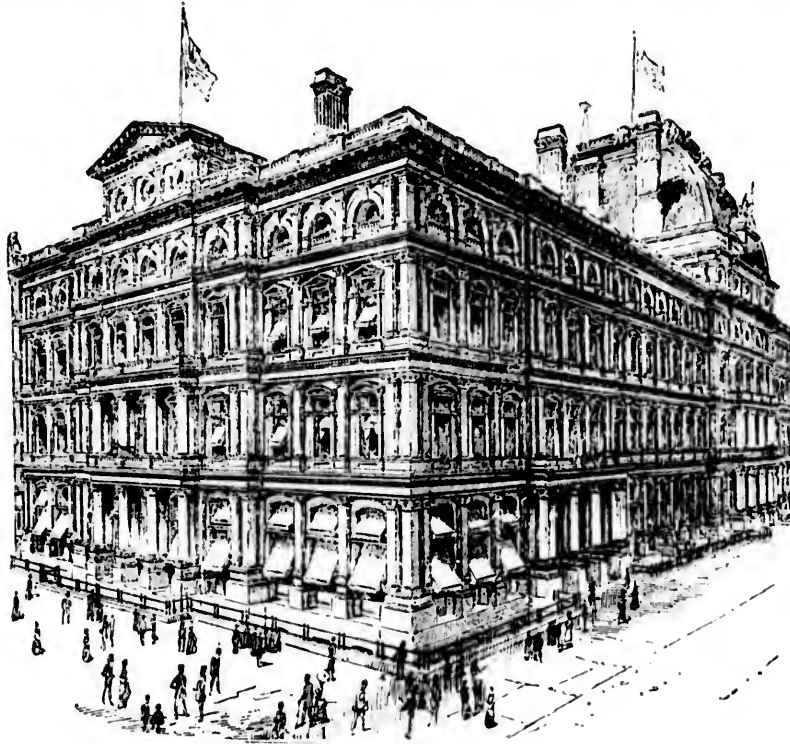
MAY SEVENTH.—Spent the day visiting some of the interesting buildings in Philadelphia; amongst others, the Academy of Fine Arts, a structure in the Venetian style of architecture, with a highly ornate and striking façade. This costly edifice contains one of the most extensive and, historically considered, the most interesting collection in the States, comprising hundreds of fine oil paintings, and numerous bronzes, marbles, and sculptures, with some thousands of engravings. There was also at the time of our visit a loan exhibition of paintings on view. In addition to its collections, the academy embraces a system of schools for students who intend to become professional artists.

From the academy we went to the Post Office, so called, but in reality containing also within its walls the United States Court Rooms, the offices of the Geological Survey, the Light-house Board, the Secret Service, and the Signal Service. Including the site, £1,600,000 has been spent upon the erection of this massive structure.

Passing along Chestnut Street we came upon the statue of Benjamin Franklin, and a little further down is another to George Washington. We now turned into Independence Square, tastefully laid out in flowers and lawns, with spacious and well-shaded walks. On one side of the square was the one building in the city I most desired to see, namely, Independence Hall. It is an unpretentious brick edifice, claiming no attention on account of its architecture, but its historical associations make it incomparably the most interesting object the city contains. It was in the principal hall of this house that the most important occurrences connected with the establishment of the United States Government took place. *First*, was the meeting of Congress at which it was resolved "That these united colonies are, and ought to be free and independent

States; and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved." *Second*, It was in the same hall, in secret session, on July 4th, 1776 (a memorable day), that Congress adopted the immortal Declaration of Independence, which on the 8th was publicly read to the assembled citizens in the State House yard, now known as Independence Square.

On entering the Hall and ascending the staircase in order to reach the room in which the City Councils meet, my attention was



Post Office, Philadelphia.

arrested by the most venerated object in the States—the "Independence Bell," hanging from the roof above the entrance hall. This bell was cast in England and sent to Philadelphia to be hung in the steeple of the State House. Whoever gave instructions to the founder, and supplied the inscription for it, must have had a prophetic vision of the uses to which it would be put. Around the upper part of the bell is the motto "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." It rang out its brazen notes right merrily

when proclaiming the news of the signing of the Declaration of Liberty. It had been rung on many anniversaries previous to the year 1830, when it was unfortunately cracked. It occasionally makes pilgrimages under a careful guard to the great cities of the country, when international and other exhibitions are being held, and is everywhere received with due homage. It is now hung over the heads of the people, but in full view, for when accessible it



Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

suffered at the hands of relic hunters, who broke off portions to carry away with them. We went into the City Council's chamber in which Washington delivered his "Farewell Address" when closing his term of office as first President.

On the ground floor we visited the eastern room in which the Congress met, and which is preserved in much the same condition as it was on those occasions, even to the old chairs, tables, and

other furniture. On the walls are fine portraits of the signers of the Declaration, and also the original "Rattlesnake Flags," with their expressive motto, "Don't tread on me." These were the pioneer flags of America, taking precedence of the Stars and Stripes.

The western room is full of objects of interest connected with the Revolutionary period. A fine portrait of King George III. by Allan Ramsay is here, also portraits of many other English Royalties, and a valuable collection of autographs and letters written by them. Numerous cases are fitted with ancient weapons, books, paper money, crockery, and clothing. The old hall is indeed a happy hunting ground for the historian and antiquary.

On leaving the building we went to North Fifth Street, to the Friends' Burying Ground, where Benjamin Franklin and his wife

Deborah are interred. The remains lie under a flat stone just inside the ground, which can be seen through the palisade railing set on the brick wall.

After lunch I went to Germantown, noted for its woollen manufactories, situated about seven miles from the city. I was anxious to see some Yorkshiremen who were engaged in the mills; and also to see the processes of manufacture. The road from the railway station into the town was at least a mile in length, bordered on each of its



Franklin's Grave.

sides with large elm trees, and having many handsome residences standing back from the footpaths, giving one the idea that the town was the fashionable suburb of the "Quaker city," where its merchants find ease and quiet after the cares and anxieties of the day. Beyond this attractive portion is the business quarter, in which are situated many large woollen mills. I made enquiries at several of these places for the persons of whom I was in quest, and in each case I was met with the query, "Eh! ye're through (from) Leeds or Huthersfield (Huddersfield) way?" I had to admit the correctness of the guess, and I was soon sur-



rounded by a number of "Yorkshire Tykes," who greeted me cordially and plied me with no end of questions about the Old Country, and in conversation said that with regard to the woollen manufacture in England it was a long way ahead of the States. I saw inside two of the mills and watched the preparatory processes of scribbling, etc., and from a practical knowledge of the business, and taking these works as a fair sample of the American factories, as I believe they were, I came to the conclusion that the reason why the American manufacture does not come up to the standard of excellence in foreign woollen goods is owing to inferiority of designs, of colour combination, and inferior factory work. I also learnt whilst here that one drawback to the satisfactory progress of the woollen manufacture in the States is that many of the largest concerns are in the hands of companies, with managing directors who have little or no technical knowledge of the business. As a natural consequence of this condition of things, little is done to improve the make, quality, or appearance of their goods. If these find a sale at a profit they are content to go on without effort to improve, having no art principle in the manufacture. This is due largely to the want of good technical schools in which the mechanical art of manufacturing should be taught. This view of the present condition of the woollen manufacture in America was confirmed by many artisans, as well as by members of wholesale clothing firms, with whom I had conversations in different parts of the country.

A well-known importer, the representative of several of the largest woollen mills of Europe, writing to the papers whilst I was in the country, said that America could and would gain a far greater advantage from the establishment and maintenance of schools for technical education and training than from her exorbitant tariff laws.

"Of the value of this technical training in the productive industries of the country there is as yet only the dawning of a perception; but the present conditions of trade are beginning to impress manufacturers with reasonable ideas on the question. In some of the productive arts, notably in silverware, carpets, wall paper, and machinery, this principle of beauty in design and finish has been long and profitably recognized as the most valuable of all the principles of production.

Manufacturers in these lines have found that consumers are willing to pay larger profits to them for goods in which the principles of beauty have been emphasized than for the same quality of materials made up in inartistic designs. The same thing is true of the fabric goods industries, but notwithstanding their vast importance, exceeding that of all the lines I have specified, there is less originality and artistic skill in designing, and less perfection in technical work than in almost any other line of industry. The reason is obvious. We have until very recently had no good schools of



design, and have as yet no technical schools in which the main principles of mechanical art in manufacture is taught.

The mills were originally started in a small, crude way, and have been added to and extended from time to time as business has grown. Most of them were incorporated as soon as they were big enough to bear a corporate name, and were placed under corporate direction. Their superintendents are usually the only men about them who understand the technical work of manufacturing goods, but they are not skilled manufacturers, knowing and appreciating the value of design.

The foreign manufacturer is, ninety-nine times in a hundred, the proprietor by descent from a father or other relative, and his mill is owned and operated as a firm of individual property, and is not incorporated. His early education is directed with special reference to his future employment. If he takes a college or university course it is only the better to prepare him for the work of his life. He is given the advantage of technical training in his business in some one of the numerous first-class technical schools with which Europe abounds, and after that is put to work in the mill in the lowest operative capacity and is compelled to learn every branch and detail of the business from the bottom to the top. During all this preparatory period he is impressed upon every opportunity with the necessity of catering to the art, sense, and taste of the consumers of his wares."

I called upon Thomas MacKellar, Esq., in his beautiful home on Penn Street, and found that he was seriously ill with *la grippe*, and was not expected to recover. This was a great disappointment to me, for Mr. MacKellar had shown me many kindnesses, and I would have been pleased to have the satisfaction of thanking him in person. Mr. MacKellar is a poet of no mean order, his *Rhymes between Times*, and religious verse, are read with pleasure by his many admirers in both hemispheres. I am pleased to add that he has been spared to his family and friends.

In the evening we went, on the invitation of Augustin Daly, Esq., to the Arch Theatre, to witness a performance by the Daly Company of Comedians of "The Last Word," an adaptation of a German play. Before the performance I had an interview with the popular manager, who had at various times favoured me with copies of his works, and invited me to call upon him in America. He received me most cordially, and in the course of conversation expressed the greatest satisfaction with his receptions in England on the three occasions on which he had visited the Old Country with his talented company. His opinion was that the English were more of a theatre-loving people than the Americans, though the latter were good supporters of the stage. He was proud of his company, with whom he was now getting to be very old friends, some of them having been with him since 1868, and Miss Ada Rehan had been leading lady for ten years.

Mr. Daly was born in 1838, and received most of his education in evening classes in New York, after which he hankered after a literary life, and before he was twenty-two he had written five plays and done much journalistic work. Eventually he became a theatrical manager, and rented various theatres in New York, until in 1879 he took the leading theatre in that city, which temple of the drama has since that time borne his name. He has taken his company all over the States and a great part of Europe, and is at the time of my writing this, at the Lyceum in London, this being his fourth visit to the Old Country. During his present visit to England, Mr. and Mrs. Daly and Miss Rehan were the guests of Lord Tennyson, at Aldworth, when the veteran poet read to them a new comedy which he had just completed—the first work which he has designed expressly for stage representation. It is to have its initial production at Daly's New York theatre next winter, and it will not be published until after it is acted. Mr. Daly gave me a pressing invitation to stay with him at his home near New York before my return to England, but this I was unable to do.

MAY EIGHTH.—Went by train to Media, fourteen miles from Philadelphia, to visit some Yorkshire friends. This town is one of the prettiest I have met with so far in my travels. It is situated amidst mountain scenery on a small scale, while its high and healthy location, its pure air, and wild roads near wooded streams, make it a favourite summer resort for the denizens of the great city. Nowhere else, I should imagine, can a small town of four thousand inhabitants be found which possesses greater advantages than belong to this highly favoured spot. Thirty trains pass each way daily between town and city. It has a spacious Court House, containing the offices of the Criminal Court, the Recorder of Deeds, the Sheriff, the County Treasurer, and Superintendents of County Common Schools. It has a prison, two National Banks, gas and electricity, and water in abundance. It has further, stringent clauses in its Charter, which provide “That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to vend or sell vinous, spirituous, or other intoxicating liquors within the limits of said borough, except for medicinal purposes or for use in the arts; and it shall not be lawful for the Court of Quarter Sessions to grant any license or licenses therefor to any inn or tavern within said borough. If any person or persons shall, within said borough, vend or sell, or caused to be vended or sold, any vinous, spirituous, or other intoxicating liquors to any person (except as provided in this section), such person or persons so vending or selling shall be liable to indictment, and on conviction thereof shall forfeit and pay for such offence a sum not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars, at the discretion of the Court; *Provided*, that it may be lawful for the Court of Quarter Sessions of said county to license inns or taverns in said borough, without permission to vend or sell intoxicating drinks:

*And provided,* Such license may be granted without the publication of any previous notice, as is required for other taverns."

In addition to the above named conveniences, it has eight places of worship, Institute of Science, Charter House, an insurance company, several public halls, and other buildings, all substantial structures adapted to use rather than ornament. It has public and private schools of great excellence, and taking it altogether, it is a model town of which any country might well be proud. That it is appreciated, is shown by the large number of fine villa residences scattered over its elm-shaded area.

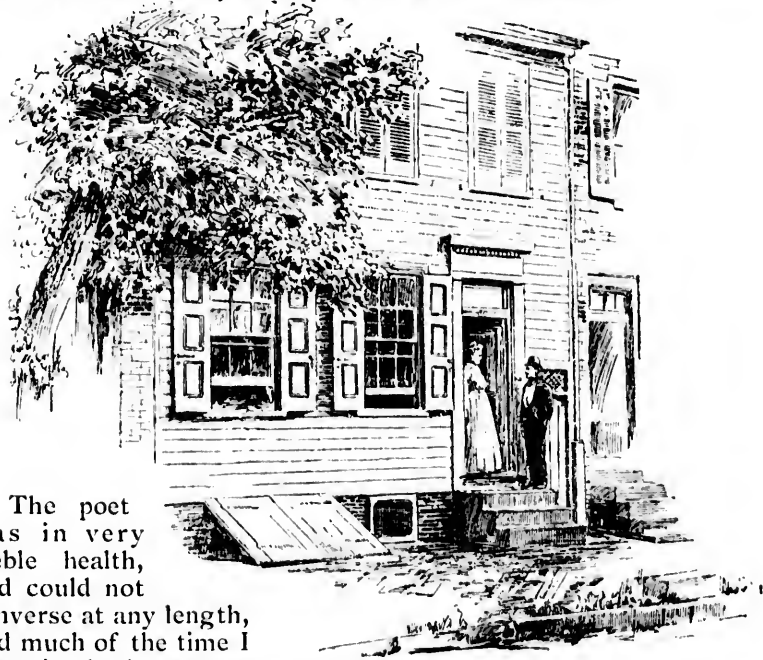
I spent a very pleasant day with these new-found friends, who drove me seven miles to West Chester, another flourishing town in this beautiful Delaware country, from whence I returned to Philadelphia in the evening.

MAY NINTH.—Visited in the forenoon the offices of the Reading and Pennsylvania Railways, in Fourth Street, two enormous buildings, one of brown-stone, the other of granite. The presidents of these railways are said to govern more men, control more active capital, and wield more real power than any other officials in the country. I made a call upon Captain Green, one of the vice-presidents of the Penn. Railway Co., and was received with great kindness, and obtained from him much information respecting the company. The Pennsylvania line traverses twelve of the American States, and has upwards of 7,500 miles of railway, and employs no fewer than 70,000 persons. It has a share capital of £22,000,000, largely held by English investors, and its annual traffic receipts reach the sum of £24,000,000. At Altoona the company build their locomotives in shops covering 42 acres, whilst the carriage-building shops in the same town cover 76 acres. The men employed in these works are well cared for and well paid, and I was told that most of them own their houses, which I saw afterwards were comfortable dwellings, and it is the laudable ambition of the head of each family in Altoona to be his own landlord. The offices in Fourth Street swarm with officials and clerks, of whom there are several hundreds, and yet everything appeared to be done with the greatest order and regularity.

I also visited the Philadelphia Library, the Cathedral, and the world-famous Baldwin Locomotive Works, which occupy over nine acres of ground, employ three thousand men, and have a present capacity equal to twelve locomotives a week.

After lunch I went by the ferry boat to Camden, New Jersey, to pay a visit to the veteran poet, Walt Whitman, whose *Leaves of Grass* I had tried to read and understand some twenty or more years ago with only indifferent success, but in whose writings since that time I have met with much to admire. I found without any difficulty, the poet's home in Mickle Street, a small cottage of the most modest type. The poet was in his own room on the second

story, a comfortable apartment about six yards square. The furniture is of the "antik" style, scarcely anything of modern make being in the room. There was a stove in which he keeps a good wood fire when necessary, a bed of firm construction, plain and old, three or four capacious chairs, and several heavy boxes in which he stores his own works. Around him is a litter of books, letters, papers, magazines, memorandum slips, all in the greatest confusion. Here he sits, and when writing, does it on his knee, a tablet being his constant companion. Friends see to it that his table is never without flowers. As he is unable to walk about without assistance, he has abandoned any attempt at order and neatness.



The poet was in very feeble health, and could not converse at any length, and much of the time I spent in the house was in one of the lower rooms with Dr. Bucke, his confidential friend and medical adviser.

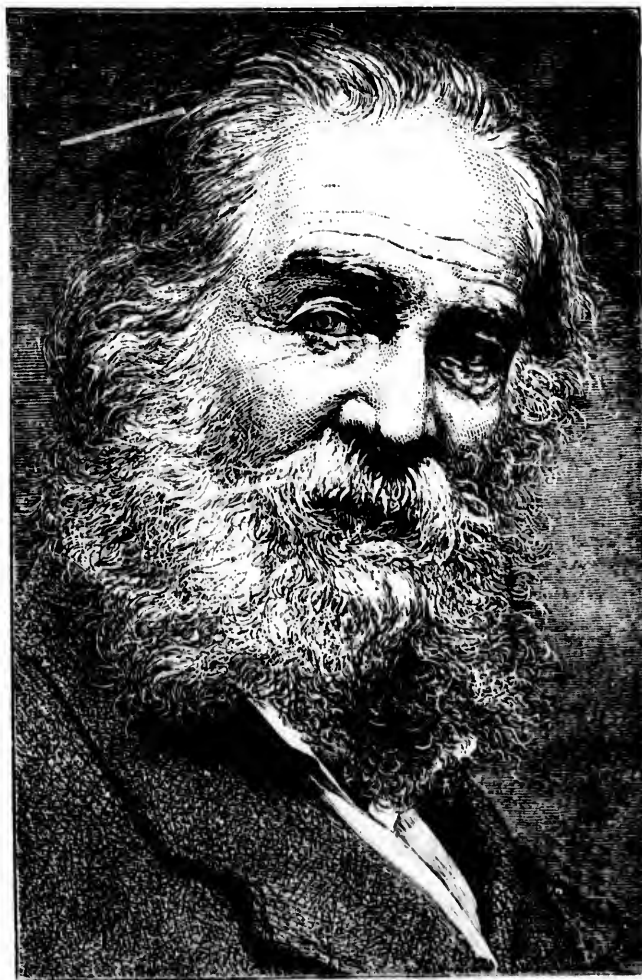
Walt Whitman's Home, Mickle Street, Camden.

Whitman is a large man, as can be seen even when he is sitting; standing six feet, broad of build, symmetrical, and his head and face give an idea of great power and fortitude. "His voice, full of music, charms ear and heart. He has an exceedingly large ear, set at an unusual line. His hand is the hand of labourer and scribe, large in bone and sinew, and shaped for liberal ends. It is almost superfluous to add that 'the good gray poet' is no misnomer; the silvered hair and beard, the customary suit of gray, and the wide brimmed soft gray felt hat, combining to preserve the integrity of the term."

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Dr. Bucke informed me that the poet has a great fondness for children, though his great figure and long shaggy beard are obstacles to immediate intimacy, but once children know him they never fear him again.

An interesting sketch of his life has appeared in *Great Thoughts*, from which the following is taken:—"On the 31st May, 1819,



Walt Whitman.

was born in the family of Walter Whitman, a farmer living on his farm at West Hills, Long Island, in the state of New York, a boy to whom the name of Walt was given.

Until he reached the age of eleven he divided his time between gathering the little knowledge that was to be obtained within the walls of a diminutive school-house, and rambling alone and thoughtfully over the fields and hills on his father's farm, unconsciously drinking in experiences that were afterwards to be of so much worth to others as well as to himself. But when the school-days were over, and

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the necessities of poverty compelled him, young as he was, to find work, he went at the age of twelve to the office of a lawyer, which he soon exchanged for the surgery of a doctor. Two years later he stepped into the composing room of a printer, where, as ever, he kept open eyes, ears, and mind, to glean and save all that was worth the trouble. In 1836, when he was seventeen, he acted as teacher in the country schools of his native island, living meanwhile at home, delighting in the pictures and music of nature. Often he walked to the summit of Jayne's Hill, a mile or two distant, whence over the woods and fields he could catch a far glimpse eastward of the sunlight on the rolling Atlantic; whilst westward he could see close at hand the salt marshes, the rabbit warrens, the surf-rollers dashing on the sand, and further away the purple outline of the coast of the American mainland. In this freedom of his spirit he imbibed a deep sense of the Infinite, of the Power that rules the universe. Many times he started out in the early summer morning with a hunch of bread, a towel, and a book, and walked far along the shore, reading, swimming, musing, just as the mood swayed him, becoming thoroughly saturated with the love of nature, and of the beauties of God's earth; and never returning homewards until the twilight sank over the world, when he trod the fields in 'the huge and thoughtful night;'

The night in silence under many a star,  
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,

bearing him company till he raised the latch of his father's door."

This pleasant life came to an end in 1840, when he left for New York, where for five winters he worked at the compositor's case. Serious work called him, in 1846, to Brooklyn, where he became editor of the *Eagle*, afterwards, in 1848, exchanging that position for one on the staff of the *New Orleans Crescent*. On his return to Brooklyn in 1850, he joined the *Freeman*, which he shortly afterwards left to commence operations in wooden house building. At this he continued until 1854, when he began the great work of his life—the composition of his poems.

After an interval of hard work, he issued in 1855 a little book, nothing, in fact, more than a pamphlet, bearing the title, *Leaves of Grass*. This he, with his own hands, set up in type and printed. No notice was taken of the work, which eventually filtered down lower and lower into that cemetery of literary aspiration, the outdoor box of the second-hand bookseller.

Nothing daunted by this want of reception, Whitman in 1856 printed a second and enlarged edition. Emerson, pleased with the work, called on the author, who, after an afternoon's conversation with the philosopher, became more firmly convinced than ever of the importance of the truths he felt capable of delivering. Carlyle, having received a copy from Emerson, accompanied by a



warning as to its strangeness, intimated in his characteristic manner that the writer of the book was mad or divine.

Whitman, thus encouraged, printed a further enlarged edition in 1860, and was considering the form which he should give to the work on its next appearance, when "the war" broke out. Casting aside all thought of aught else, he started for the front. Not for him was the fighting. His share of the work was the quieter but more truly heroic and glorious task of tending the wounded, dying, and dead; this he performed till the wild struggle ended in 1864. The experiences he passed through, the sacrifices he made, and the Christ-like heroism he displayed are to be found noted in the simplest and least ostentatious manner in the earlier paragraphs of "Specimen Days," and in that portion of his poems headed "Drum Taps."

From 1865 to 1870 he was employed in the Government offices at Washington, but on the suggestion of one of the secretaries, he was dismissed the service, on the ground that his writings were not conducive to order as administered by the Government—a groundless accusation.

His spirit, however, was not to be broken by any ingratitude of this description. He felt that *he* was doing right, and, upborne by this feeling, he continued to press forward his work, and produced a fifth edition in 1871, to which he was constantly adding until 1873, when a disease, the seeds of which had been sown in him ten years before beside the beds and litters of hundreds of shattered men, came to its maturity. Hospital malaria gripped him, and after a long wrestle left him partially, but permanently, paralysed. To add to his burden of suffering, his mother, whom he loved almost as a wife, died suddenly while he was yet weak. The greatness of his grief, however, did not overwhelm him; his love for the dead, large as it was, did not overcome his love and duty to the living; and after a poem to his mother's memory, he wrote on as before, but more majestically and calmly:

As at thy portals also, death,  
 Entering thy sovereign, dim, illimitable grounds,  
 To memories of my mother, to the divine blending, maternity,  
 To her, buried and gone, yet buried not, gone not from me,  
 (I see again the calm benignant face, fresh and beautiful still,  
 I sit by the form in the coffin,  
 I kiss and kiss convulsively again the sweet old lips, the cheeks, the closed  
     eyes in 'the coffin :)  
 To her, the ideal woman, practical, spiritual, of all of earth, life, love, to  
     me the best.  
 I grave a monumental line, before I go, amid these songs,  
 And set a tombstone here.

In 1876 Whitman published the centennial edition of *Leaves of Grass*, followed in 1881 by another edition. The years 1882-3 saw the production of the eighth edition of the poet's *magnum opus*,



together with a book of prose, *Specimen Days and Collect*, which consists of jottings from his diaries and note-books, of scenes and incidents of the American War and of his own life, together with his essay, *Democratic Vistas*. He still writes at intervals, which grow larger and larger, and only as lately as the wane of the year 1889 he issued a few more poems and prose sketches, collected under the pathetic title, *November Boughs*.

MAY TENTH.—Spent the forenoon in Fairmount Park, which includes 3,000 acres, and its wood and water views, and its natural formations of hill and dale give it unrivalled advantages in beautiful natural scenery. We entered the grounds by Fairmount Hill, passing a noble bronze statue of dear "Old Abe," with surrounding fountains and flower gardens. We had a look at the ornamental boat-houses on the river bank, and then climbing the hill, a hundred feet above the river, we came upon a glorious landscape. The calm and peaceful river was at our feet, and as we trace its course up stream, we see it curving towards the left, with green hills on either hand, richly clothed in verdure. This is a lovely bit of wood and water scenery which we are loth to leave, but descending the hill, we cross the stream and mount the opposite bank, and reach Chamonix—not, however, rivalling its namesake. We went on to George's Hill, on the western limits of the park, and here were abundance of flower beds and shrubs, and a broad space laid out with the roads, statues, and ornaments of the park. Here also is the "Memorial Building," which was the "Art Gallery" of the Exhibition in 1876.

In the park, and near to Belmont, is the little stone cottage, with overhanging roof, where tradition says that Tom Moore lived when in Philadelphia, in 1804. His ballad beginning—

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,  
And I said "If there's peace to be had in this world,  
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."

is said to have been written at and about this cottage. The view across the river from this cottage is of the tombs in Laurel Hill Cemetery, of 200 acres, which is one of the most beautiful burial-places in the country.

We spent the afternoon and evening at the home of an old Yorkshire friend, who, leaving his native county a few years ago, has already made for himself a name in the musical world of Pennsylvania.



## CHAPTER VII.

### BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON.



**M**AY ELEVENTH.—Left Philadelphia for Baltimore and Washington by the Pennsylvania route, which follows the banks of the Delaware river; it afterward crosses the Schuylkill, and then enters a region of market gardens, which extends for many miles. We cross many streams which flow into the Delaware, and have upon their banks numerous disused mills, with their ancient water-wheels covered with weeds and slime. We soon come to the neighbourhood of the earliest settlement upon this river, colonised by Swedes long before Penn made his appearance. The site was then known as Upland; now it has upon it the flourishing city of Chester, a busy manufacturing place, at one time a centre of the iron ship-building industry. This was carried on for a long time by one, John Roach, an Irishman, who, when a boy, left "Ould Oireland," penniless and friendless, and by his industry and carefulness, American "hustling" and Irish determination, became the most noted ship-builder of his time; but, with an experience sadly too common, he met with enemies and misfortune, and his troubles finally brought him, an ill-used man, to a premature end.

Fifteen miles from the "Quaker City" our train enters the "Diamond State" of little Delaware, then crosses Brandywine Creek, a picturesque stream, and enters the Chester valley, where prolific dairy farms and good butter are to be met with in abundance. Delaware is an insignificant State as regards size, being the smallest in the Union, yet is reckoned amongst the most powerful because it is always represented in Congress by the most eminent statesmen.

Wilmington, an important city in the State, has 65,000 inhabitants, engaged in manufactures of various kinds. Within the town and on the railway side we saw the little ancient Swedish church, with its graveyard crowded with time-worn memorials.

The first Swedish immigrants landed in 1638, and made their settlement in the valley of the Delaware.

On leaving Wilmington station we enter upon an uninteresting district, with a few villages scattered here and there, until we cross from Delaware into Maryland, and sixty miles from Philadelphia reach the Susquehanna river.

The Chesapeake Bay is the greatest inlet in the Atlantic coast of the States, and the largest ships can make their way to the mouth of the Susquehanna, which is its chief tributary, although several other important streams flow into it. The sportsman can have a "good time" here, for its oysters, fish, and game have a wide celebrity. Beyond this point the flat country, varied only by the arms of the bay, shallow and slow, is void of interest, and it is a relief when the line reaches Baltimore and turns westward in order to pass round and under the city. We go through several tunnels, which were made at a cost of a million pounds sterling; one of these tunnels being close upon a mile and a half in length. We enter the "Monumental City," as it is called, by North Charles Street, and from the station we had a full view of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, a noble charity, located in fine and substantial buildings.

We were reminded when looking out upon Chesapeake Bay that it was the scene of an event which possesses much historical interest, redounding as it does to the prowess of the English nation. I had been reminded on two or three occasions, in a jocular manner, of events which happened during the war of Independence, and which told of defeat and disaster to the British, or was derogatory to the character of Englishmen, whose bravery and courage were said to have been marred by acts of cruelty and dishonour. I had read beforehand also that American history, as taught in the public schools of the States, encouraged this feeling against the Old Country, and I felt anxious to know how much truth there was in the statement; but I was pleased to find no confirmation of it, and everywhere in my travels I met with expressions of the greatest respect and admiration for the mother country; and if in pleasantry I was told now and again that we were growing effete and worn out, I could pass over the remark when remembering that it came from a citizen of a country whose people have indeed much to be proud of. When I thought of their gallant and successful struggle for independence, their bravery in the great Civil War, their inventive genius, proofs of which are on every hand, the marvellous growth of their country in population, wealth, industry, education, and power, I felt that I could excuse the American indulging in a little "high falutin'," even at the expense of my own land. It was only necessary to remind them that for much of this progress they were indebted to British pluck and energy, which is everywhere apparent to-day in the great cities as well as in the Far West.

One cheering thought stood connected with this part of the States, namely, that whereas Delaware and Maryland were at one time slave-holding States, now the injustice of man holding property in man had been entirely swept away from this fair portion of God's creation.

Baltimore is ninety-six miles from Philadelphia, is the chief city of Maryland, and the first port of Chesapeake Bay. It is the seventh city in population of the United States, having 434,339 inhabitants. From the harbour long and narrow docks extend up into the city, and the highway along these docks has become historic ground from the circumstance that it was the scene of the first bloodshed of the American Civil War. The Northern troops on their way to Washington were marching through Baltimore, from one railway station to the other, on April 19th, 1861, when a number of the inhabitants, who sympathised with the South, attacked them in Pratt Street. Eleven men were killed and twenty-six wounded, and the Government were compelled to adopt severe measures to maintain authority in the city.

Baltimore is a picturesque city, and Anthony Trollope said that he should prefer it to any other city as a place of residence, except Boston, which he considered the most desirable in the States as a residence for Englishmen. I do not agree with the celebrated novelist, as I saw many cities far preferable. The city is laid out on the rectangular plan, common to nearly all American cities; has streets of great width, and the residential portion is occupied by elegant houses, which represent to the casual observer much wealth and home comfort.

We had not time to visit the many objects of interest which the city contains, notably, the Exchange, Maryland Institute, Peabody Institute, the churches, and the numerous literary and charitable institutions. Nor could we obtain a look at all the beautiful monuments which adorn the place, and from which it derives the name of the "Monumental City." One of these memorials is erected to Washington; a Doric shaft of white marble, 160 feet in height, with his statue on the summit. It is a handsome monument, on a broad avenue at the top of a hill, with a terraced walk leading up to it, a fountain in front, and surrounded by lawns and flower gardens. We saw also the "Battle Monument": a marble shaft, 53 feet high, which was raised to the memory of the brave men of the city who fell during the British Invasion of 1814. This monument can give no pleasure to a right-minded Englishman, for it commemorates a warfare against the States which was not called for, and, indeed, was a wanton and annoying attempt to destroy a national edifice, which hitherto had been respected in contests between civilized nations. It is said to have "revived and perpetuated in America the bitter war spirit caused by the Revolution, which was beginning to fade away."

We saw the City Hall, which is here, as it is generally in the cities of the Republic, the finest building in the place. It is a marble structure, covering an entire block, and erected at a cost of £400,000. From its dome, which rises 200 feet, there is a fine view over the city and harbour. We should have enjoyed a visit to the Park if time had permitted. This is a pleasure-ground of 600 acres, left much in its natural condition, not having needed lavish adornment at the hands of the landscape gardener.

After lunch we completed our journey to Washington, a distance of forty miles, and long before we reached that city we could see the magnificent Capitol; a pleasing and prominent object in the landscape. In Philadelphia we had seen much of the negro element, 150,000 of those happy-looking, coloured Southerners being resident in the "City of Brotherly Love," but when we got into the railway station at Washington we were surrounded by ebony porters and hackmen, vociferating most loudly and persistently. Sambo has a "high old time" of it in this city, for he is almost ubiquitous, being employed in many capacities, and doing most of the work and a lion's share of the talk.

The railway station is an ornamental structure of large dimensions, and is interesting as being the place where President Garfield was shot by Guiteau. The President had just entered the waiting-room, to pass through to the train, when the assassin, who had followed him closely, fired his revolver. We saw the small star which is in the floor and marks the exact spot where Garfield fell; and also the tablet on the wall, which records the crime and its date, July 2nd, 1881.

From the station, a few steps brought us to Pennsylvania Avenue, the main street of the city, 100 feet in width, and a mile in length in a perfectly straight line, with a noble building at each end, closing a vista of much beauty. The road is perfectly smooth, and on either side are planted rows of trees, whose shade was most acceptable in the burning heat of the mid-day sun. There are two lines of tram roads in the centre, and wide carriage drives on either side, and nowhere else in the States did I see more cleanly-kept or better formed roads than in Washington. This avenue is the triumphal parade ground of the new President after his inauguration, when he is escorted from the Capitol, where he has taken the oath, to the Executive Mansion, known as the White House. Thousands of politicians have doubtless walked along this magnificent road, fired with the ambition that some day they would go from their place in the Senate to the "White House" at the other end of the avenue. Like the French soldier, who is said to carry the *baton* of a Marshal in his knapsack, so in America every boy can indulge the hope that sometime he may become the President, the office being open to all men born within the States. It is no doubt true that "many a prominent man sits in Congress to-day,

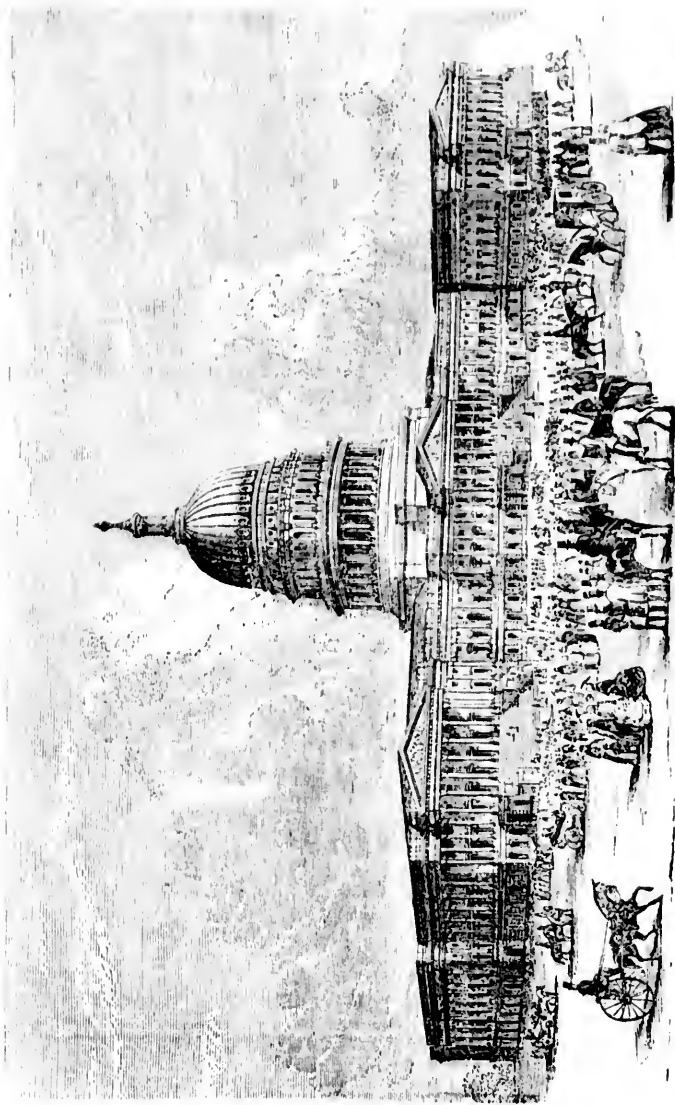
who, as the Americans say, has 'the Presidential bee in his bonnet,' and longs for the time when his party may find it necessary to call him to the highest post."

We stayed at the Hotel Fredonia, a comfortable and well-appointed place, in the residential quarter, and not far from the Government offices. In the evening we attended a "social" held in the hotel, at which about fifty of the visitors were present. A programme, consisting of music and recitations, was gone through, several professionals being engaged to assist the amateurs.

MAY TWELFTH.—This morning, soon after leaving our hotel, we were mounting the flight of broad steps of white marble which lead to the Capitol. These steps are broken in their continuity by handsome terraces, adorned with shrubs, statuary, and fountains. On looking back, after reaching the upper terrace, we were not surprised that Washington should have fixed upon this as the site of the Capitol of this mighty Republic. We had lovely views in every direction, for, immediately below us, on our left, were the charming Botanical Gardens; right in front, the magnificent Pennsylvania avenue, which has the Capitol for one terminus, and the White House for the other, whilst right and left we could easily distinguish, with the aid of a plan of the city, the most important public buildings, notably the Post Office, the War and Navy Offices, the Patent Office, the City Hall, the Court House, the Treasury, and away at some little distance, the Washington Monument, 555 feet in height. Still further away was the city of Georgetown, and on the opposite side of the Potomac river, the heights of Arlington, crowned by the Soldiers' Home, and the Cemetery in which are interred many thousands of the Northern and Southern soldiers who fell during the War of Secession.

The Capitol itself, to which we now turned our attention, has been erected at a cost of three millions sterling. With the exception of the City Hall in Philadelphia, it is the largest edifice in the States, covering nearly four acres. It has a frontage to the west of 750 feet, with a depth of 324 feet, and is about 80 feet above the level of the city, while its large and beautiful dome rears its lofty lantern and statue of Freedom to the height of 400 feet. I was not surprised to hear that the Washingtonians, as well as Americans generally, are proud of this grand Republican palace, which is indeed a noble landmark, visible from almost every part of the city, and from a long distance beyond the city limits, and always to be looked upon with pleasure, for its white marble gleams most grandly in the sunlight.

We ascended by a staircase of 290 steps to the Dome, the view from which is pronounced by all travellers to be one of the grandest in the world, and certainly we were amply repaid for our toilsome ascent, by the extensive view obtained of the city and its surroundings. On descending into the Rotunda, I walked outside



The Capitol, Washington.

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the building, to see the eastern front, and stood for a little while under the grand Corinthian portico, and endeavoured to realise the scene which is here presented on the 4th day of March in each leap year, when the President delivers his inaugural address from this spot, after he has been sworn into office by the Chief Justice. With Congress seated behind, and the populace before him, the gathering must be very impressive. Re-entering the Rotunda, I examined its decorations, the extensive canopy under the roof being ornamented with fine frescoes, whilst elaborate panelled paintings are on the walls, and numerous large spittoons on the floor.

We next visited the Supreme Court, which was sitting, and listened while the Judge decided the cases of George Wood, the negro, and Shibuya Jugiro, the Japanese, sentenced to death in New York State by means of electricity.

In Wood's case a writ of *Habeas Corpus* was asked for, because the negroes were excluded from the juries which indicted and convicted him. The Court held that there is nothing in the law of the State of New York excluding citizens of the African race from juries, and if the judge believed negroes had, as a matter of fact, been excluded because of their race, the question should have been raised in the trial court, and could not now be brought up.

In the Jugiro case, the Court said it saw no reason for bringing the case there, save to delay the execution of sentence. As to the question raised that the New York Court re-sentenced Jugiro after his former appeal had been denied by the Supreme Court of the United States, but before the issuance of a mandate, the Court said it would have been more in accordance with the proprieties to have awaited this mandate, but that as a final judgment had been rendered, this fact cannot vitiate the proceedings of the lower court. The exclusion of Japanese from the jury, it said, is covered by the decision in the Wood case.

We visited the Representatives' Chamber, which is 130 feet in length, by 93 feet in width, and lighted by a transparent roof. I seated myself in front of the marble desk of the Speaker, and had for companions in the silent chamber Washington and Lafayette, one on either side. The House, when sitting, usually meets at noon, holding most of its sessions by daylight.

The Senate Chamber is smaller than the House, but its surroundings are vastly superior, fine marble staircases leading up to the galleries, and apartments, lavishly decorated, are set apart for the President and Vice-President, and, grander even than these rooms, is the "Marble Hall" in which the Senators give audience to all who wish to consult them.

One other department we visited, which had for me a special interest, namely, the Library of Congress, which is the largest in America. It has its home in a marble wing of the Capitol, and by

the courtesy of the librarian, we saw over the various rooms. The collection of books now numbers 550,000 volumes, and as the American law requires copies of all copyrighted books to be deposited here, the library is growing at a very rapid rate.

It was part of my plan in going south to visit Mount Vernon, which was the home, and is now the resting-place of George Washington. To this end, on leaving the Capitol, we took the tram to the wharf on the Potomac, from whence the steamboat starts on the pleasant trip down the river. The Potomac forms for a long distance the boundary between Maryland and Virginia; below Washington it gradually expands into an estuary, being two miles wide at Mount Vernon, and finally reaching a width of ten miles, falls into Chesapeake Bay after a course of about 400 miles.

Mount Vernon is seventeen miles from Washington, and the trip to it is very enjoyable. We had a large party on board, some of whom were on a picnic to Alexandria, the remainder on a pleasure excursion to the grounds at Mount Vernon. Shortly after leaving the pier we were opposite the nicely-kept grounds of the Government Arsenal, afterward making our first call at Alexandria, on the Virginia shore, an old town upon which Ichabod may be inscribed, for whilst at one time it was a place of great importance, it is now in a deplorable state of decay, signs of which were visible from the vessel. The wharves were crumbling away, the warehouses were windowless, and the few negroes on the pier and about the docks were idling away the time in the most listless fashion.

The Maryland shore has many steep, projecting bluffs, which were used for fortifications to protect Washington during the Civil War. These are now dismantled, but at Fort Foot, thirteen miles down the river, on the top of a steep bank, is an old stone fort. There is no garrison here, but the fort appeared to be in good condition.

Soon after passing this point we had our first sight of Mount Vernon. The house was in full view, standing among trees on an eminence, about 200 feet above the river. On nearing the landing place the bell of the steamboat was tolled, a mark of respect always observed when nearing or passing Washington's tomb. A British officer was the first person to pay this tribute to the memory of the great legislator. In August, 1814, during the invasion of the American capital, Commodore Gordon sailed past Mount Vernon, and, as a mark of respect for the dead hero, ordered the bell of his ship, the "Sea Horse," to be tolled.

The house and grounds at Mount Vernon were bought in 1856 for £40,000, this sum being raised by the energetic efforts of some patriotic ladies, who since that time have restored and beautified the place, and it is now kept in perfect order, as a heritage of the American nation and a shrine for hero worshippers of all nationalities

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On landing, the path, which rises gradually to the tomb, was through a well-kept wood, and on each side we noticed several large weeping willows, which we learnt had been originally brought from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena. The tomb, which is built of brick in the plainest style, has a wide arched gateway in front and double iron gates. Over the entrance is a marble slab with the inscription "Within this enclosure rest the remains of General George Washington." The interior of the vault is about three yards square, and the two large stone coffins within it can be plainly seen. The one on the right contains Washington, and that on the left his widow, Martha. Another vault in the rear contains the remains of numerous relatives, and in front of the tomb are several marble monuments recording their names and dates of their death. There is no monument to the great General, and his coffin bears only his coat of arms and the single word, "Washington." On leaving this most interesting spot we visited the original tomb where his remains were laid for thirty years after his death. It was to this spot that Lafayette came in 1824, attended by a military guard, that he might pay homage to the ashes of his dead friend.

Our steps were now directed to the mansion, which occupies a commanding position, having a fine view of the river and the Maryland shore beyond. The house is a wooden one, two stories in height, "as plain as a pike-staff," as a Yorkshireman would say. It is thirty yards long and ten yards wide; contains eighteen rooms, and has a large porch in front supported by eight large square wooden pillars. At the back of the house, on either side, are curved colonnades which lead to the kitchens and the outbuildings beyond.

We entered the house at the front and came at once into the entrance hall, of small dimensions. On the wall at the foot of the stairs leading to the upper rooms, was the most precious relic the house contains—the key of the Bastille, enclosed in a glass casket. This was a gift from Lafayette to Washington, and was sent to Mount Vernon soon after the destruction of the notorious French prison in 1789. Lafayette, when sending it, wrote "It is a tribute which I owe, as a son, to my adopted father; as an aide-de-camp, to my general; as a missionary of liberty, to its patriarch." "Tom Paine" was entrusted with the delivery of the key, but sent it by a messenger with the message "That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted, and therefore the key comes to the right place."

I have not space to describe all the Washington relics which fill this building, consisting of portraits, busts, furniture, arms and armour, uniforms, books, autographs, and musical instruments. Of special interest, however, is an old arm-chair which came over in the *Mayflower* with the Pilgrims; the bed and room occupied by the General until his death, and left in the same condition as it was then, and the elaborately carved mantel of Carrara marble in the

drawing room, sent to Washington by an English admirer. It was made in Italy, and shipped thence, but on the way it was seized by pirates who, being told that it was a present to the General, sent it along without ransom and uninjured.

Our return to Washington was made in the evening, and the run up the river was full of interest and beauty. This was indeed a day to be remembered with feelings of pleasure, for, one portion of it had been spent in the finest building in the most beautiful and interesting city in the country, and the other portion in a pilgrimage to the Mecca on the banks of the Potomac, which was the home of the greatest man that America has ever known.

MAY THIRTEENTH.—This morning I called upon the Hon. Horatio King, to whom I had a letter of introduction from my friend Mr. Carleton. The eminent politician, who was for some time Postmaster-General under President Buchanan, and has held other important public offices, received me most cordially, though I had called upon him at an inopportune moment, for he was engaged in penning a poetical birthday epistle to an old friend, Mr. Winthrop, a distinguished citizen of Massachusetts, who, like his correspondent, was an octogenarian. I turned into the library, and waited until the complimentary missive was despatched, and then in Mr. King's company sallied forth to visit some of the principal sights of the city. During our perambulations I found my companion to be a most entertaining cicerone. Though over eighty years of age, he was much more nimble and active than his guest, and I gathered that he was just as fond of literary and social life as he had been in his younger days. I thought this a favourable opportunity to learn the secret of a long and happy life, so enquired as to his habits of exercise and mode of living. He said, "I am a great believer in walking, and I think one of the secrets of my good health is in that I have never owned a horse or carriage. I walk until I get tired, and then if I have not reached my destination I take a street car. As to my other rules of life, I don't really know that I have any except those of ordinary temperance. I have always been accustomed to plain living. My father was an independent farmer in New England, and I was brought up on a farm. We had plenty of potatoes and meat, and good bread, and this was enough for us, without over-loading our stomachs. We were not very particular as to what we drank, but only took it in strict moderation. Well, I have kept up my love for plain living all my life, and I suppose my health has been the better for it. I enjoy life now, and I have always done so. I keep no regular hours, go to dinners and receptions and enjoy them, and I used to smoke tobacco and was very fond of it. I found, however, that it was not good for me, and I gave it up."

We first went to the White House, the official residence of the American President, and we were at once shown over the principal

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apartments ; though the east room, used for receptions, is the only one to which strangers are usually admitted. We were accompanied in our tour of inspection by an old and faithful servant of the Republic, who told me that he was the last person at the White House spoken to by Lincoln and Garfield, before they went away to meet their death at the hands of assassins.

We saw the grand reception room of the President, the blue room, where he receives the foreign ambassadors, the red room, used as a reception parlour by the ladies of the President's family, the state dining room, and other elegant apartments. Whilst admiring the elegance and tasteful furnishing and decorations of these rooms, we were equally pleased with the delightful and extensive views we obtained from the windows. "The three first named rooms are directly in front of the main entrance, the windows fronting south and overlooking the beautiful view, beginning with the lawn and fountains of the house, past the President's parade and the tall white shaft of the Washington Monument, and stretching away to the waters of the Potomac. The vista is enclosed by the hills of Maryland and Virginia on either side, the whole forming a picture of entrancing beauty." The White House has two fronts, north and south, but no back door, a circumstance created, it is said, by the departure of an ex-President by the front door to cause a newly-made President, to whom he was unfriendly, to enter by the rear, which at once became the principal front, a distinction since maintained.

We subsequently visited the Smithsonian Institute, a gift to the United States by an English gentleman, who desired to found at Washington "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

We went to the Government Museum, and were much interested by an inspection of many historical relics, not the least noteworthy being the original "Declaration of Independence," preserved in a glass case. This is undoubtedly one of the most important historical documents in the world. I examined with great interest the old worm-eaten printing press, at which Franklin worked when a journeyman printer in London. This, too, is enclosed in a large glass case. Another frame contains portions of the hair of all the Presidents of the United States, with their autographs. An early number of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* is preserved, with this curious advertisement:—"Printed by B. Franklin, who will give ready money for old rags, and sells glazed, fulling, and bonnet papers."

We next went to the most splendid of all the Washington Departmental buildings, devoted to the State, War, and Navy Departments. My companion was anxious that I should meet the heads of those establishments, but on enquiry we found that the Secretary for War and the Secretary of the Navy were both away

from the city. President Harrison was also on a tour in the Western States, and Secretary Blaine was ill in New York, so that I was disappointed in missing these gentlemen. We waited upon General Casey, chief engineer in the Navy Department, who designed and carried out the erection of the Washington monument, and he received us kindly, and in conversation we discussed the probabilities of a war with Italy, which was then talked of, in connection with the lynching of Italians at New Orleans. The General rightly thought that nothing serious would arise out of the dispute, but if there should, Italy would come off second best, and find that she had reckoned without her host, should she attempt any hostile proceedings by sea. Also that Italy derived too considerable a revenue from American tourists who visited the country, to readily rush into a broil that would cut off, for some time, this source of income.

This Government building covers a surface of 567 feet by 342 feet, and has cost nearly two millions sterling. The audience chamber of the Secretary of State is a splendid room, and the library rooms are also elaborately fitted and very extensive. The collection of books numbers 50,000 volumes. We visited the Corcoran Art Gallery, given by Mr. Corcoran to the city. It cost £50,000, and he gave to it paintings and statuary valued at £20,000, and an endowment fund of £140,000. We also saw some other interesting places, and then the time had come when we must leave, to return to Philadelphia, but we left the city with great reluctance, to find new scenes and fresh experiences.

But before bidding good-bye to this favourite place of pilgrimage for all intelligent tourists, I would reiterate my opinion, that no more beautiful city can be found in the States, pleasing alike from the beauty of its streets and parks, the architectural proportions of its massive and many public buildings, and the numerous statues and hundreds of other objects that interest the traveller.

I have now spent a month in this country, and nothing but courtesy has been shown me on every hand, and every man of whom I have asked a question has seemed to make it his business to give me all the information possible. And here in Washington I have received nothing but kindness, and in return for this I would leave my testimony that its Capitol surpasses anything I have ever seen, and I have been in many of the chief cities of the continent of Europe. Until I saw this building I had given the palm to the Palace of Justice in Brussels, but the Capitol at Washington stands out boldly as the grandest piece of stone work in the world, at least so far as I know. It is rarely the case that you find a building in which there is not something to mar the general effect, but I saw nothing of that kind here.



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## CHAPTER VIII.

### CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.



**M**AY FOURTEENTH.—Left Philadelphia at twelve noon, by the "Chicago Limited" express train on the Pennsylvania line, for Chicago, a distance of 822 miles. This train is timed to reach its destination at 10 a. m. the following day, the local time there being one hour later than New York. It is what is called a "limited" train, which means, that it consists of four Pullman sleeping cars, a smoking car, a dining car, an observation car, and a composite car, the last named having a compartment for luggage, a place for the mail bags, and sleeping berths for the conductors. The smoking car has a reading room for the passengers, library, easy chairs, writing and card tables, and a barber's shop, for without the latter it seems as if life would be hardly worth living in the States. If the traveller desires to present a respectable appearance when met by his friends at the end of the journey, he can have his hair cut, curled, and shampooed for half a dollar (2s.), a shave for a quarter (1s.), or a bath, at the rate of forty miles an hour, for 75 cents (3s.) The cars or carriages in the train are designated "palace cars," and they fully deserve the title, for they are indeed travelling palaces, where one can obtain all the comforts of home. They are homes for the English wanderer, when he visits Brother Jonathan, and whilst endeavouring to take a survey of some portion of his relative's extensive dominion.

*The Illustrated American* has described this wonderful railway travelling convenience in perfectly true, if somewhat glowing language, as follows:—"It is a flying hotel in which you find yourself—a hotel with a long series of rooms, all open to you if you want them. Here are your drawing-room and state room, your sleeping car, your dining car, your smoking car, your observation car. The first-named is a spacious apartment handsomely furnished, the upholstery and finishing being rich and tasteful. Note how



handsomely it is carved. See how cunningly the exposed surface of the upper berths is inlaid with delicate tracery, or covered with appropriately tinted embossed velvet. You will appreciate all this best at night, when the clusters of electric lights shed mellow radiance over the exquisite workmanship which they illumine. In the dining car you can feast your eyes upon the rich furnishings—the mahogany tables, the plush chairs—which adorn it. But you can do more than that. You can accomplish the object for which a dining car should be provided; you can feast your stomach and tickle your palate with viands cooked and served in the most approved style, and when you have finished, you may cry, with Sydney Smith :

‘Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.’

“No long-distance traveller can fail to appreciate the regularity with which meals are served, and the almost unlimited time allowed for taking them. The serving of meals is not dependent on the arrival at a certain station, nor is the limit for eating them confined to the dyspepsia-breeding period of twenty minutes. There are ten tables, off which forty persons can dine with the utmost comfort. At the farther end of the car is the kitchen. There are four cooks and four ranges, and at the same forward end there is a storage room for provisions, ice chests for wines, china closets, linen lockers, and the entire outfit of a large restaurant.

“An excellent idea is the observation car. It brings up the rear of the train. Here all are welcome. But if in your masculine grossness you have lingered too long over your meal, you will find all the choice seats taken by the ladies and the children. It is the paradise, indeed, of these, the choicest products of humanity. The latter half of the car is an open drawing-room, with large plate-glass windows, fitted with easy chairs. The rear door, all of glass, and open to the floor, affords an unobstructed view of the passing scenery. The rear platform is arranged as an open-air observatory, and when the weather allows of your sitting out here, this is the most delightful part of the train.

“The smoking car is an important adjunct. It has luxurious chairs, a sofa, a library, and a writing desk. Broad plate-glass windows, slightly bowed, admit a great volume of light, and suffer the occupants to gaze on the passing panorama. Besides the stationary electric lights, there are also movable electric lights, attached by insulated wire to the sides of the car. These may be shifted to any position—a great boon to the reader. In front are the gentlemen’s bathroom and the barber’s saloon. A buffet, where exhilarating beverages are dispensed, forms an additional charm. The entire train is heated by steam, and at night is lit up by movable and stationary electric lights.

“A stenographer and type-writer awaits your commands, to write your commercial or other letters, so that you need not even

leave your business behind you. The Stock Exchange reports are received three times daily, and posted on the bulletin boards in the train."

Having now furnished my reader with a description of the mode of travel, I will proceed to say something about the journey itself. The excellent construction of the road-beds and the carriages, makes the movement of the train very steady. The speed varies from 30 to 50 miles an hour, according to the grades, for soon after leaving Philadelphia the country is mountainous, rugged, picturesque, and on either hand are the marks left by terrible struggles between man and nature. But we go steadily along over river and mountain, amidst the pleasant scenery of the Alleghanies, past mine and mill, foundry and forge, over the farm and through the forest, along level valleys jocund with fruits and flowers, and in and out of village and town. In the evening, we had the novelty of having dinner in the train, when flying onward at the rate of fifty miles an hour as we sat at the flower-decked tables.

We reached Harrisburg at 3 p.m., and soon afterwards came upon the beautiful valley of the Juanita river. Then the line approaches the great wall of the Kittatinny mountain range, and long ridges of rounded-topped and tree-clad peaks are seen stretching far across country. We cross the Susquehanna river by a bridge two-thirds of a mile long, from which we have magnificent views both up and down the stream. A little beyond this point, our line sweeps around to the westward, and begins the mountain passage and carries it along through 200 miles among and across the various Alleghany ranges. We shortly part company with the Susquehanna, and make friends with the beautiful blue Juanita, which has been the theme of more song and romance than almost any other American river.

For one hundred miles this water, with its splendid scenery, flows from the eastern face of the principal Alleghany mountain, and gives us a delightful panorama of landscapes and mountain views. The river, in its course amongst these mountain ranges, passes through and opens out much of the geological formation of the district, for the water cuts through a rock stratification six miles in thickness.

The oldest and largest town on the Juanita river is Huntingdon. It was the ancient "standing stone," where the Indians for centuries held their grand councils until the pioneer white men made their appearance in 1754. This "Stone" of the Indians was a granite column, about 14 feet high, and six inches square, covered with their hieroglyphics.

Late in the afternoon we reach Altoona, the capital of the operating department of the Pennsylvania Railway Company. It has a population of 25,000, all dependent upon the railway for

a living. This mountain city occupies a prominent position in the commercial world, for it is the location of the largest railway manufacturing enterprise in the States. One hundred and forty acres of ground are covered with the immense works necessary for turning out all the locomotives, passenger carriages, freight and coal trucks, and the necessary repairs required for its rolling stock by this great corporation. The repairs alone amount to work upon 3,000 carriages per month, and the Company build some 130 new locomotives and 5,000 carriages yearly. They have in constant use 2,700 locomotives and 100,000 passenger and goods conveyances.

Some interesting statistics may be gathered here, relating to present-day locomotion, as provided by this leading railway organization. These works are constantly building locomotives weighing 60 tons, and goods wagons that will carry a load of 30 tons. Some of the engines run 100,000 miles a-year, and the average mileage is 70,000 for passenger traffic, and for goods traffic the mileage is 50,000.

This railway town is situate 1,160 feet above the level of the sea, and from it the train starts upon a gradient of 90 feet to the mile, to climb to the summit of the Alleghanies. To secure the necessary distance to overcome the elevation, the line is carried up one side of the indented valley to its head. Having ascended this, the railway, by a bend crossing each of two small glens by curved embankments, is made to double upon itself, and to mount still higher but running out upon the opposite slope of the valley. This splendid piece of engineering is known as the famous Pennsylvania "Horse Shoe Curve," and more wonderful still is the fact that here is the heaviest grade of the ascent, 97 feet to the mile, and I felt somewhat excited as our carriage turned the corner and I could see the latter part of the train over on the other side, and a yawning gulf between. Just beyond this point is a smart signal station, noticeable in this wild region for its picturesqueness—a little Swiss chalet, with lawns and flowers—a small oasis in this region of rocks and stunted trees on the mountain side.

On we go, climbing the southern slope of the indented valley, out upon the edge of the mountain, and rounding this, enter a still higher gorge pierced into the ridge, and here the outlook is of the finest, over the mountain ranges for miles away. Thus we come to the highest point, and vanish into a long tunnel 2,161 feet above the sea, pierced through the ridge 2,400 feet high.

We travel along this marvellous roadway until we reach Cresson Springs, a popular summer resort. Superb climate, pure air, and pure water form the trinity of blessings which have made the name of Cresson famous in the land. The summer temperature is not only far lower than that of ordinary high ground, but it possesses a freshness and bracingness which seems intensified by the

clearness of the sky and the translucency of the atmosphere. Invigoration is the prime constituent of every breeze, and the glow of health appears responsive to the touch of every mountain-born zephyr.

Our train speeds along through wild gorges, around sweeping curves, over high embankments, and into deep rock excavations, down into the Conemaugh valley, and on to ill-starred Johnstown. To the north-east of Johnstown, about three miles distant, was the largest reservoir in the States; in the South Fork, forming a lake covering about four square miles. A dam, 700 feet wide and 100 feet high, held the water at a level of 200 feet above Johnstown. After three days of heavy rain, the last three days of May, 1889, the dam gave way and the work of destruction began. For a distance of twelve miles round Johnstown the flood swept out every town and village, and destroyed all the railways, telegraphs, houses, and mills. The disaster at Johnstown was aggravated by fire in addition to water; 10,000 persons lost their lives, of whom 8,000 were drowned or burnt to death in the town. Not a house was left standing; hundreds of them were turned on their sides. The loss of property amounted to £8,000,000.

Beyond the Alleghany mountains we reach the "Black Country," where coal pits and furnaces abound, and here we come upon that wonderful natural gas-producing region. Village after village was passed where this singular product was illuminating the streets and lighting up the houses. During the past seven years it has been made to supersede coals and coke in generating steam, and in the manufacture of iron, steel, and glass.

The gas torches we saw in the streets give a good light, and the gas can be kept perfectly under control as to quantity consumed and distribution, and it is so free from sulphur, etc., that it is now considered as the best and the cheapest fuel. I was told that for dwelling houses it was far preferable to coals, at about half the cost.

After leaving Pittsburg we travel along the Ohio River, amid the beautiful scenery of its bordering hills. This river is the largest branch of the Mississippi, and drains an area of over 200,000 miles. During the night we pass Fort Wayne, a leading town, with 40,000 inhabitants, and when I pull up the blind in my berth in the early morning I see that we are speeding along through broad and densely-wooded prairies, and on through the level country, until we reach Chicago, the great lake city, and the greatest railway centre in the country.

MAY FIFTEENTH.—I was prepared to find Chicago a thriving, bustling city, with a quick-stepping people, and everything on a grand scale, and I was not disappointed in my expectations. No sooner had I left the railway station, and entered into the busy life of the streets, than I felt myself to be out of place. It appeared as though mere sight-seers were not wanted; as if the thoroughfares

were already too crowded with those who were intent on winning fortune or fame, to admit of mere loungers or passing tourists to step between them and the goal to which they were hastening. I had letters of introduction, however, and these I made speed to deliver, that I might have the services of someone who was familiar with both place and people.

My steps were first directed to the hospitable home of E. Ryerson, Esq., to whom I had a letter from Mr. D. G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel). I was received with great kindness, and during the limited time that I could stay in the city, received every attention, and was taken to several of the principal sights.

What a marvellous history this city of Chicago has already had? When the writer of this was born it had no existence whatever, for it was not till after 1833 that the town was organised. Though not sixty years old it is now, for population and extent, the second city in the States, whilst for "hustling" and "go-a-headism" it may surely be reckoned as first. An early settler, at the time to which we have referred, paid ten shillings an acre for 160 acres of Government land; to-day that land is valued at six millions sterling.

My readers will remember that in 1871 the city was nearly destroyed by fire. My friend, Mr. Ryerson, was at that time living in the city and well remembered the calamity, his parents having lost their home and everything that it contained, and was twice subsequently burnt out of the homes of friends who had given them shelter. The people, my friend said, had to fly for their lives, and even then did not always escape, for no fewer than 250 persons perished in the flames. Five square miles of the city were laid in ashes, and the ruins extended in a direct line for seven miles. Twenty-five thousand buildings were destroyed, and nearly 100,000 persons rendered homeless, whilst the loss of property was estimated at the sum of sixty millions sterling. The city at the time of the fire was mainly built of wood; to-day it is nearly all stone, marble, or iron.

As we walked in the streets of the city, I was much astonished to see the wholesale demolition which was going on of substantial buildings, comparatively new, that were being removed, I was told, to make way for larger erections, varying from ten to twenty stories in height. The "big fire," it seems, marked an era in the history of Chicago, which local admirers are wont to refer to fondly, as one in which the city rose Phoenix-like from its ashes. If the incinerative bird is taken as the incarnation of rejuvenated beauty, then it is difficult to say what sort of a bird Chicago will be at the time of the Exposition, two years hence.

It can scarcely be said that these buildings which are now being demolished, have much of a history, because they have all been erected since the fire. Yet two decades in a metropolis like this form a remarkable period. I was informed that all the structures

that are now vanishing were marvels of beauty and arrangement in their day, but so fast has been the march of progress, and so radical the revolution in construction, that they have become antiquated as office buildings in the brief space of twenty years.

I was told repeatedly that this marvellous city of the West is to become not only the largest city in the States, but in the whole world, and if one may judge from the boundless energy everywhere apparent, and the great accumulation of wealth, as well as the amazing development in all directions, it is certainly within the bounds of possibility that some day New York, Paris, and even London, may have to take a "back seat" in competition with this wonderful city.

During my visit I was presented by the publishers (Flinn and Sheppard), with an excellent and exhaustive "history, encyclopædia, and guide," to Chicago, just published, the first ever issued, and which certainly contains facts and figures of a most sensational character. To those who contemplate a visit to the Exposition, in 1893, a more useful companion than this comprehensive and exquisitely illustrated guide, could not be wished for. The volume has the following dedication:—"To the children of Chicago in general, and to my own little children in particular, who, if the Lord spares them until they shall have attained the allotted span of life, will see this city the greatest metropolis on the face of the globe; this volume is affectionately inscribed by the compiler." The volume opens with a pæan extolling the "Marvellous City of the West," as follows:—"Not in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, though bathed in all the glorious colourings of oriental fancy, is there a tale which surpasses in wonder, the plain, unvarnished history of Chicago. It is one of the wonders of modern times. Her progress amazes mankind. There is not on record an achievement of human intellect, skill, and industry that will bear comparison with the transformation of a dismal swamp, in the midst of a trackless desert, within the span of a human life, into one of the mightiest and grandest cities of the globe."

The reader of this volume will gather from it, that instead of being, as is generally supposed, a large, over-grown, uncultivated Western city, Chicago is a great metropolis, whose people have within their reach all the elevating and refining influences which can be found in cities ten times its senior in years.

We made our first call upon Captain Burnham, Chief Constructor of the works in connection with the forthcoming Exposition in 1893. We were shown the plans and finished drawings of the various buildings which are in course of erection.

More than two years ago, a movement was set on foot in the United States for celebrating in a suitable manner, in 1892, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, the great navigator having landed on one of the

Bahama Islands, on October 12th, 1492. That celebration is to take the form of a "World's Columbian Exposition," the site chosen being Chicago. The selection was made by the United States Congress, and no little difficulty was encountered in settling the question. There are at least five cities in the United States of metropolitan rank—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and St. Louis—each entitled to the distinction of holding such an important Exhibition. Satisfactory proof having been furnished that adequate grounds, buildings, and funds had been provided at Chicago, her claim was finally admitted, and the Exhibition is to be held there from May 1st, 1893, to the last Thursday in October. It was found impossible to open the Exhibition in 1892 from want of time, but to commemorate the 400th anniversary a solemn dedication ceremonial is to take place on October 12th, 1892.

Chicago itself is a typical American city in age, extent, and growth. Sixty years ago the population of Chicago, according to a Government report, consisted of three families occupying log cabins. At the present day it is the second city of the United States, having a population of 1,250,000, which number entitles it to the rank of seventh among the large cities of the globe. It is growing at a rate of increase about equal to that of London—1,000 persons weekly. The three log cabins in existence in 1832 have been multiplied into a city possessing over 2,000 miles of street frontage, a river frontage of nearly 50 miles, and a lake frontage of nearly 20 miles. Condemned half a century ago as an unhealthy swamp, the Chicago of to-day has a fair sanitary record, its rate of mortality averaging 17.49 per 1,000. A little over 50 years ago Chicago was barely deemed of sufficient area to be admitted to the dignity of a city. To-day its municipal limits encompass an area of upwards of 170 square miles. Last year, 11,608 new buildings were erected, having a street frontage of over 50 miles, and costing £9,464,400.

A site has been chosen for the Exhibition, comprising fully 1,000 acres, on the shores of Lake Michigan. Jackson Park, in the southern section of Chicago, has been selected as the site for the main Exhibition; the Lake Front, near the centre of the city, for part of it; and the Midway Plaisance and Washington Park, adjoining Jackson Park, as reserves for possible other sections of the Exhibition. The work of erection of the various buildings is now in progress. Ground was broken on January 27th last. A noted feature of the Exhibition is to be a pier projecting into Lake Michigan some 1,500 feet.

From the designs submitted for our inspection, and from my acquaintance with many of the previous International Exhibitions in England and on the Continent, I was convinced that the Chicago Exhibition will be on a scale and of a magnificence unrivalled by any previous undertaking of the kind, and it will worthily



commemorate the discovery 400 years ago of the American Continent.

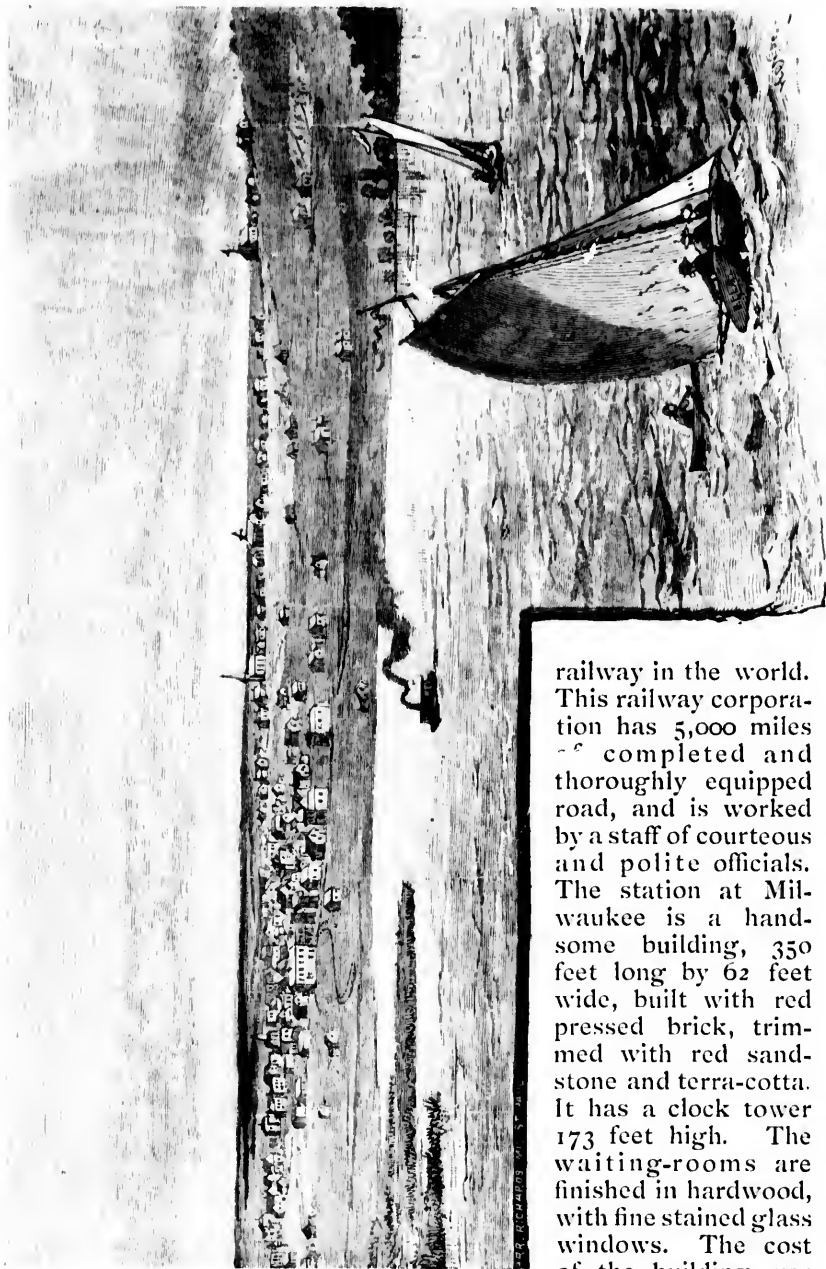
We visited Lincoln Park, the first of an extensive series of beautiful parks, which are connected with each other by boulevards, and these combined stretch completely around, from the shore above to the shore below. The Drexel boulevard, 200 feet wide, is one of the finest of these avenues, having a magnificent drive on either side of a central walk for pedestrians, the latter winding among pretty gardens, and the whole well-shaded with trees.

We spent the rest of the day in a general survey of the city, which, however, did not please me very much. Its mammoth buildings make the streets appear narrow and crowded, and the building operations, which were in progress in every principal thoroughfare, interfered very much with the traffic; and the only impression created in one's mind was that the city was immensely wealthy, and had an industry phenomenal in its character and extent. Even the river, which we crossed several times over the swinging bridges, testified to the pressure of trade. There are a great number of these conveniences, as also two tunnels carried under the water.

With all these appliances I could not but wonder how it was expected to deal with the additional traffic in 1893; for having neither "underground" nor "elevated" railways, it seems impossible that any extra pressure upon the street traffic can be met. Though many of the principal streets are 80 feet wide, they were most uncomfortably crowded. We visited many of the great business structures, which soar skyward; in many instances eighteen stories above the street and are filled with offices; where both visitors and customers are whisked aloft to the upper regions by the ever-travelling lifts, or "elevators."

We had not time to visit the "Stock-yards," one of the "lions" of the city, but some idea may be formed of the trade done in that locality from the following figures:—During the year 1890, 3,847,300 hogs were killed and packed at Chicago. Messrs. Armour and Co., who are the largest packers in the world, killed last year 1,450,000 pigs, 650,000 cattle, and 350,000 sheep. This firm employ upwards of 6,000 men.

In the evening I left Chicago for the "Cream City," ninety miles distant. The carriages on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railway are exceptionally comfortable, and lighted in a novel manner by electricity. In addition to the lights from the roof of the carriage, a light is fixed behind the passenger when he is seated, so that when reading it falls directly upon his paper or book. When the seats are turned into sleeping berths the light is still convenient for reading purposes in bed, and can be turned on or off at pleasure. This company have forty-two cars lighted in this manner by electricity; more, it is claimed, than any other



View of Milwaukee in 1836.

railway in the world. This railway corporation has 5,000 miles completed and thoroughly equipped road, and is worked by a staff of courteous and polite officials. The station at Milwaukee is a handsome building, 350 feet long by 62 feet wide, built with red pressed brick, trimmed with red sandstone and terra-cotta. It has a clock tower 173 feet high. The waiting-rooms are finished in hardwood, with fine stained glass windows. The cost of the building was £80,000.

It was ten o'clock when I reached Milwaukee, and was met at the station by an old and valued correspondent, one of the early settlers of the place, who, leaving Yorkshire in 1846, made his way to the "Far West" of that day and pitched his frame-house on this spot, then but sparsely populated. This house, which he still occupies, was put up on a plot of land far away from what is now the centre of the city, but at the present time the humble homestead is surrounded with handsome residences and important thoroughfares.

In my friend's early days, along with two or three companions, they "kept house" together, and one or two head of cattle, and had to watch the latter at nights in turns, to protect them from wild animals.

During my sojourn in Milwaukee, my friend oftentimes entertained me with an account of his pioneer experiences, which were very interesting. Mr. Mortimer still maintains his love for the Old Country in which he first saw the light, and his pleasant home in Milwaukee is enriched with a splendid collection of Yorkshire books, of which he is justly proud; many of these treasures having, on occasions, been obtained at a sacrifice of some of the comforts and conveniences of life.

MAY SIXTEENTH.—Early this morning we set out to visit the more important of the sights of this beautiful city, and made our way first of all to the coast line, and had a splendid view over Lake Michigan. The vast expanse of water spreads over an area which to the eye seems boundless, and in this respect seems more like a sea view than the view over a lake. The colour of the water is bright, and as we walked along the hill, from which we could see the lake and the shore below, the prospect was most pleasing.

One of the features of the Lake-shore, or Juneau Park, is a fine statue of Solomon Juneau, who was the founder of the city. In 1820 he set up in business, and built a log-house on the east side of the river. From this time until 1833, Juneau and his family were the only white inhabitants living in Milwaukee. This pioneer's name became known far and wide as a synonym for uprightness and honesty in dealings with all men of whatever race, and his influence over his Indian neighbours was unbounded. He ultimately, through his open handedness and generosity, together with his unlimited confidence in his fellow-men, had serious trouble, and died poor, in 1856, among the Indians in the northern part of the State.

In our walks about the city we did not find much of interest to the historian or antiquary. It has no ancient buildings; no ruins of fort or castle; no time worn cathedrals, or battle fields; in fact, its history is but the record of the peaceful conquest of a virgin soil. But, for the emigrant it has many natural advantages, which have

since been added to, by public and private enterprise, so that now it is a thriving and prosperous city, with upwards of 200,000 inhabitants, and so far as I can judge, the homes of this large population will compare favourably with those of any city I have hitherto seen.

I was informed that no city in the Union, in proportion to its population, has so many little homes owned by those who live in them, and a striking feature of these dwellings is that they have no fences separating them from their neighbours, though nearly every house has its flower bed in front. A world-wide traveller was asked on his return to Europe, what he had found interesting



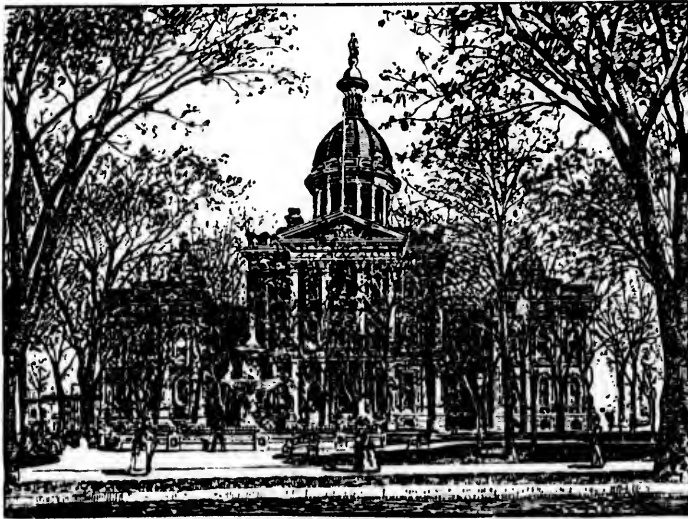
Solomon Juneau's Log Hut, 1820.

or specially noticeable in Milwaukee?—"Well," said he, "every man seemed to live in his own home, there was sure to be a pot of flowers in one window, a canary-bird in the next, and a baby's face in every other one."

We visited in succession, the Catholic Cathedral, a large and ornate building; the Court House, where from the dome of the structure we had a magnificent view over lake and city; the park in front of the house, with its flowers and fountains, a pleasant resting place; the Schlitz Hotel, a mammoth establishment; the Layton Art Gallery, the munificent gift of Mr. Layton, one of its earliest settlers and highly respected citizens. We also visited the

Milwaukee Industrial Exposition building, one of the finest in the country. It occupies an entire block, and is built of yellow and red brick, with carved stone facings. It has in it an art gallery, as well as the usual features of industrial exhibitions. We made calls upon General Hobart, who greatly distinguished himself during the civil war, and upon Mr. Buck, the historian of Milwaukee.

On our visit to the Public Library, we were received most courteously by Mr. Linderfelt, the librarian, a scholarly and cordial mannered gentleman, well fitted for his post, who gave us much information as to the working of the library, etc. The reading room attached to the library is an unusually pleasant retreat, and contains files of the leading European and American journals, and daily papers from all the large cities of the Union, and to this room all strangers are made welcome.



Court House, Milwaukee.

The afternoon of this day was spent in a visit to the Pabst Brewery. The brewing of lager beer is the greatest industry in the city, and the one which has made her name known in many European cities. The brewery we were now visiting is the largest in the world, over 20,000 persons being dependent on it for support. The floor space occupied is over 30 acres in extent. Five hundred persons are constantly engaged in bottling and packing the beverage. The sales of bottled beer for the year 1890, amounted to the enormous number of 15,000,000 bottles. To manufacture this quantity of beer it required 420 tons of hops, 1,280,000 bushels of malt, 2,000,000 lbs. of rice, and 26,000 tons of coal. We saw

the splendid engines, the immense vats, the ice-producing machinery, which turns out 400 tons of ice per day; the store rooms, the stables, and after a wearying round we visited the offices, which are of large extent and elaborately fitted and furnished.

MAY SEVENTEENTH.—Attended service at St. Paul's Church, a handsome edifice built of red sandstone from Lake Superior. The windows in this church are especially beautiful. The sermon was a masterly exposition of the Pentecost, and was delivered with much feeling and animation by the vicar, the Rev. Charles Stanley Lester.



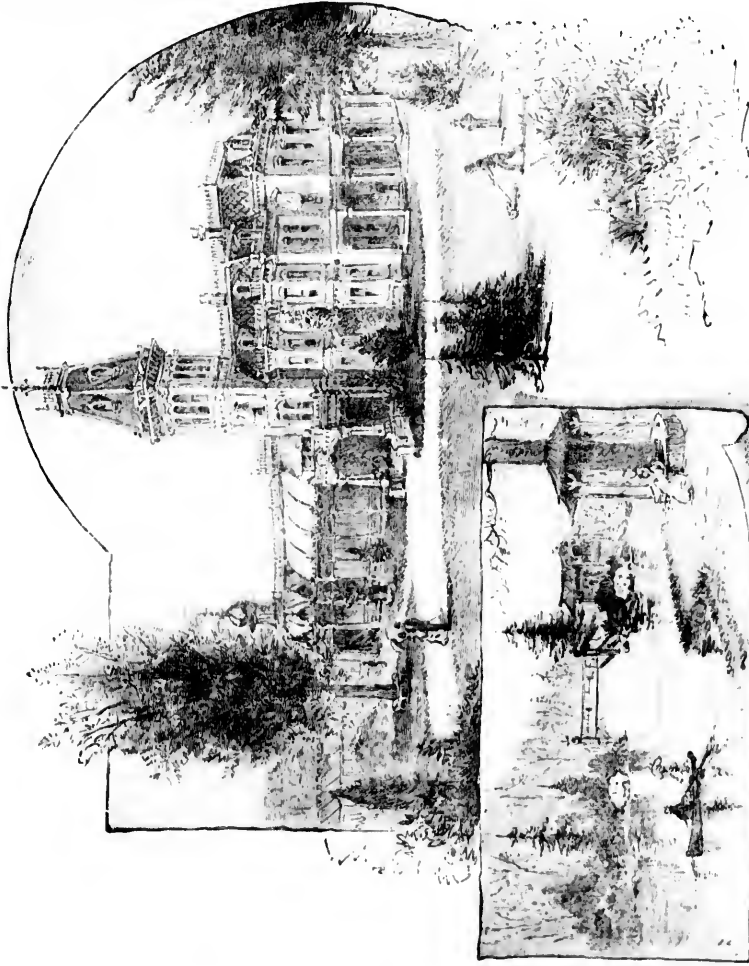
Public Library, Milwaukee.

In the afternoon we went to Forest Home, the cemetery, a beautiful place of rest, and wandered amongst the blooming parterres, the leafless graves, fountains, and evergreens, monuments and memories. The sands of visitors were in the spacious grounds, and the streets leading to the Home were crowded with people on foot and in conveyances, all bound for the delightful "God's Acre," which presented an appearance of gaiety and pleasure seeking, hardly in keeping with the character of the place and its surroundings.

MAY EIGHTEENTH.—Spent the day in a visit to the Soldiers' Home, and the country around this national asylum. We drove



to the Home by way of Grand Avenue, a delightful experience, and then on to the limits of the city. Here we find large summer pleasure gardens, with well kept lawns and flower-beds, with walks and fountains, furnished with tables and benches, at which refreshments are served.



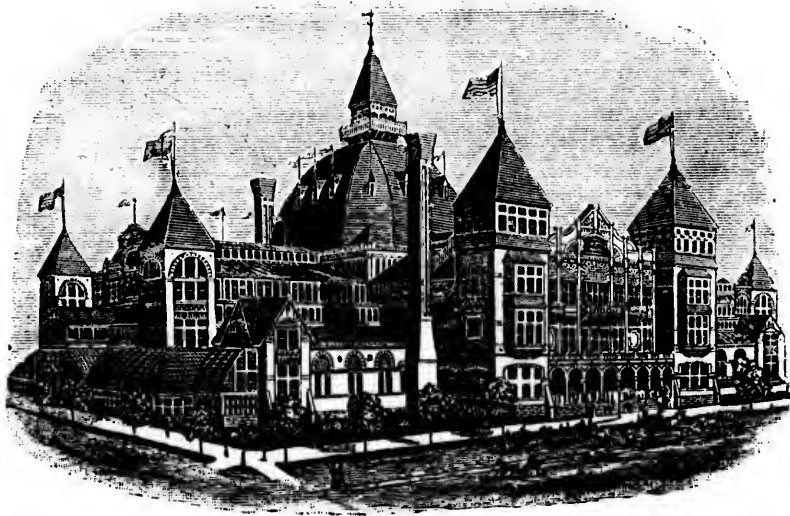
Residence of Hon. Alexander Mitchell.

Grand Avenue is lined on both its sides by fine mansions, of which we give in our illustration a good specimen. This is the home of the Hon. Alexander Mitchell, a gentleman prominently connected with the banking interests of the State. He was born near Aberdeen, in Scotland, in 1817, and went to Milwaukee in 1839, where his marvellous genius as a financier soon made him a leader



in the business circles of his new home. His sagacity and enterprise have been of immense service to the city, and he has been connected with every business venture of importance for the last half-a-century.

A mile or two beyond the city's limits and we see the national flag waving at the top of the tower of the "Soldiers' Home," our objective point. On an eminence stands this retreat for the disabled pensioners of their country, a stately building of splendid architecture and magnificent proportions. Passing through a rustic gate, we enter a Park of several hundred acres, with natural hills and dales, a miniature lake, beautiful drives in every direction, and a little cemetery in a retired part of the grounds, containing many well-kept graves, each with a modest marble head-stone, recording the name, age, and date of death of its occupant.



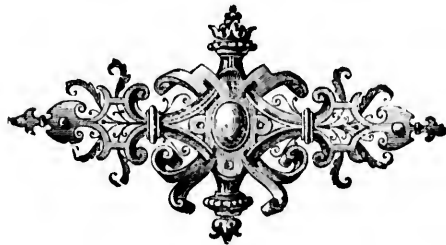
The Exposition Buildings, Milwaukee.

We entered the "Home," and after writing our names in the visitors' book, were taken in charge by a gentlemanly retired officer, and were most politely conducted through the spacious halls into the dining room, library, etc., and into a few of the rooms of the inmates. The latter were all carpeted, and though devoid of ornamentation were very comfortably furnished and scrupulously clean. We then ascended the tower and had a glorious view of the surrounding country. The "Home" had over one thousand inmates at the time of our visit, and in conversation with several Yorkshiremen whom I found amongst the number, I was told that this place is indeed a *Home* in the fullest sense of the

word, everything in and about it is theirs, for them to enjoy. All who are able follow some light employment, but nothing in the nature of task work, and their appreciation of the "Home" is seen everywhere in the excellent condition of the drives, the never ceasing care bestowed upon the lawns and gardens, and the general state of perfection in which every part of the grounds is kept. All this is the work of the soldiers, who seemed delighted when we expressed our admiration with all we saw.

It was an exceedingly pleasant day when we visited the place, and this had attracted a large number of the pensioners as well as many visitors to the locality of the band-stand, where excellent music was being discoursed by the military band, composed of members of the Home. The band plays twice daily, and the audience on each occasion is a most interesting one, many of the veterans wearing uniform, and all seeming happy and contented. Bidding adieu to the Home and our guide, we re-enter our buggy to complete our inspection of the grounds, returning to the city by another route, every turn of which presented new features to admire.

It was now nearing the time when I must prosecute my journey still further west, but before doing this, I would express the pleasure I had in visiting this wonderful city, which is said to be "one of the richest cities in the Union in proportion to its population, which is intelligent and enterprising, composed of the better elements of each nationality; without a monied aristocracy, and without paupers. Containing few palaces and fewer slums and shanties, the homes of her people, rich or poor, are models of cleanliness, good taste, and comfort."





## CHAPTER IX.

### MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL.

**M**AY EIGHTEENTH.—Left Milwaukee in the evening, by the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway, for Minneapolis, 340 miles distant. This railway has long since taken its place as one of the great iron roads of the world. Its ramifications extend to portions of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Iowa, and Missouri. It has nearly 6,000 miles of tracks, in the very heart of the great grain-producing section of the States.

Our route lay through the lake districts of Wisconsin, but as I visited these charming resorts later on in my journey, I shall defer any description of them until I arrive at that stage of my travels. The ride to Minneapolis was mainly in the night, so I saw nothing of the scenery along the line. I had not been in the train more than a couple of hours, when "Sambo" began his duty of "fixing up" the sleeping conveniences. Divesting himself of his jacket, and donning a light blouse, he looked around the car for orders, and on giving him the signal, he at once commenced operations on my section of the car. A "sleeping section" is made up of two green velvet covered benches, containing four seats at right angles to the walls. As one is resting on these comfortable seats it never strikes us that they can be so readily transformed into very superior sleeping berths. Yet, by the time the negro has been at work for ten minutes the transformation is complete. From a receptacle below the seats he draws out the pillows, and the next operation is with the aid of a screw-key, with which he lets down the roof, which stops half-way in its descent, when he pulls out mattresses, blankets, counterpanes, etc., for the upper and lower berths. Then walking to the end of the car, he opens the door of a closet, from which he takes the whitest of white bed linen. Everything about the furnishing of these temporary lodgings is spotlessly clean. Heavy tapestry curtains, buttoned down the front, hang from the roof of the car to the floor, and within these the traveller

has to undress, with only the narrow passage-way for the operation. How the ladies managed the business in the limited space is, as Lord Dundreary would say, "One of those things no fellah can understand." I found the sleeping cars of great service, for, if I had not travelled by night, I should have lost much time. About six a.m. I awoke, and made my toilet in the well-appointed lavatory at the end of the car.

MAY NINETEENTH.—At eight a.m. we reached Minneapolis, and I left the train, quite refreshed, and ready for a day's sight-seeing. This is a charming city, though, from my brief stay within its borders, I am unable to describe fully the wonderful growth, energy, and achievements of the community which has settled about the Falls of St. Anthony. The city has an empire of territory to draw from for the cereal products that are manufactured in her mills, and to supply with the fabrics, the foods, fruits, and manufactures of the world, for Minneapolis is one of the leading distributing centres of the States.

It is a cosmopolitan city, its population coming from all parts of the country and Europe, and from what I saw of the people, I was convinced that its business men are alert, active, enterprising, and prosperous. I saw during my visit the Pilsburg Flour Mills, which are described by their owners in the following laconic manner:—"Mill A is the eighth wonder of the world. 2. It grinds 10,000,000 bushels of wheat yearly. 3. It has a capacity of 8,000 barrels daily. 4. It makes more flour than any other two mills on the globe. 5. The Pilsburg Mills could feed two cities as large as New York." The Company have four mills, and the flour made in them goes through four hundred operations before it is ready for use.

The mills of Minneapolis grind into flour annually about 25,000,000 bushels of grain, while the entire wheat crop of Minnesota is upwards of 40,000,000 bushels. Thus nearly two-thirds of the wheat grown in the State is converted into flour by her own people. Minneapolis is a city of rapid growth.

"In 1838 Franklin Steele owned the only house on the east side of the Mississippi at the Falls, and the old Government house and mill was the only building on the west side. The land on the west side was embraced in the Fort Snelling military reservation until 1855. St. Anthony at this time had hotels, a public library, a school system, several churches, sawmills, newspapers, and the University of Minnesota, and was incorporated in 1860. It was connected with the west side by a ferry. In 1855 the first suspension bridge was erected. Col. John H. Stevens took a claim on the west side, including the present site of the Nicollet House, and built a house in 1849, while the territory was still embraced within reservation limits.

"Then came population on both sides of the river, and more houses, mills, newspapers, schools, and churches. The mediums of communication with the rest of the country comprised a stage line from Prairie du Chien to the Falls, extending to St. Cloud and Fort Abercrombie, and the boats of the Mississippi river ; with the

magnificent possessions of the British Government connection and traffic were had by means of the historic Red River carts trailed along the empire that lies between by Esquimaux dogs. St. Anthony was



Old Fort Snelling.

incorporated as a city in 1866, Minneapolis in 1867, and the two cities were consolidated as one under the name MINNEAPOLIS in 1872, with a joint population of less than 20,000. The nineteen years that have elapsed since the consolidation have been crowded

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with events of outbursts of speed in growth, one after another, of enterprise, achievement, and advancement in all the characteristics of metropolitan life and progress. There has scarcely ever been a parallel to Minneapolis. She has but one peer, Chicago, and her onward march to supremacy is unchecked as she distances one after another of the great cities of the United States in the column of population.

"The city of Minneapolis, Minn., has 164,738 inhabitants. Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee are the only cities that surpass it in population in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and Missouri. It is located in the Upper Mississippi Valley, at the point where converge sixteen lines of railway, traversing the entire north-western country between Chicago on the east, the British possessions on the north, St. Louis and Kansas City on the south, and the Rocky Mountain ranges on the west. Minneapolis has the most intimate railway connections with all the trunk railroad systems of the United States and Canada, east and west, and with water communications *via* the great lakes."

During my stay in Minneapolis, I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Harrison, whose generous hospitality and personal kindness I shall ever remember with pleasure. Alas! after so short an interval, that death should have been so busy, for, on August 13th, my kind host was called away from his family, and the city of which he was an old and valued official. The following tribute to his work in Minneapolis appeared in the local journal:

"Mr. Harrison was an old resident of Minneapolis, having lived here nearly 32 years. Born in Bellville, Ill., April 23, 1822, he was educated at McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. Accompanied by two brothers, he came to Minneapolis in 1859. Since then he has been closely connected with the city's growth. He was an original stockholder in the First National Bank, of St. Paul, and in the Minnesota Central, now the Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the St. Paul and Sioux City railroads. He was the second Mayor of the city. For many years he was a member of the School Board, and was also the administrator of the Spencer estate, which became the foundation of the public library. He was first director and treasurer of the Exposition, and when he died was vice-president of the Minneapolis Trust Company, and also President of the Security Bank of Minnesota. Mr. Harrison was an exemplary Christian, and his benevolent work among the churches and in the cause of charity was great."

After breakfasting with my friends, we drove to the Falls of Minnehaha, about four miles from the city. The cascade is neither broad nor high. A sparkling stream goes meandering through the meadows, until, coming suddenly upon its plunge, it widens its skirts to their fullest extent, and glides over the edge of the smooth and crescent-shaped rock with a grace most beautiful and rare.

We went to the foot of the Falls, and behind it, where a gallery has been formed by the crumbling of the softer second stratum of



The Falls of Minnehaha.

rock, and as we pass under to the other side, it is as if an immense sheet of plate-glass intervened.



We walked in the ravine below, amid those secluded shades where lovers and newly-wedded couples are most at home, and returned to the summit of the hill by the long wooden stairway. The scenery in the neighbourhood of the Fall is attractive, but had it not been for the magic power of poesy, it is likely that Minnehaha would have had but few visitors. It was a happy circumstance that led young Hiawatha to this spot.

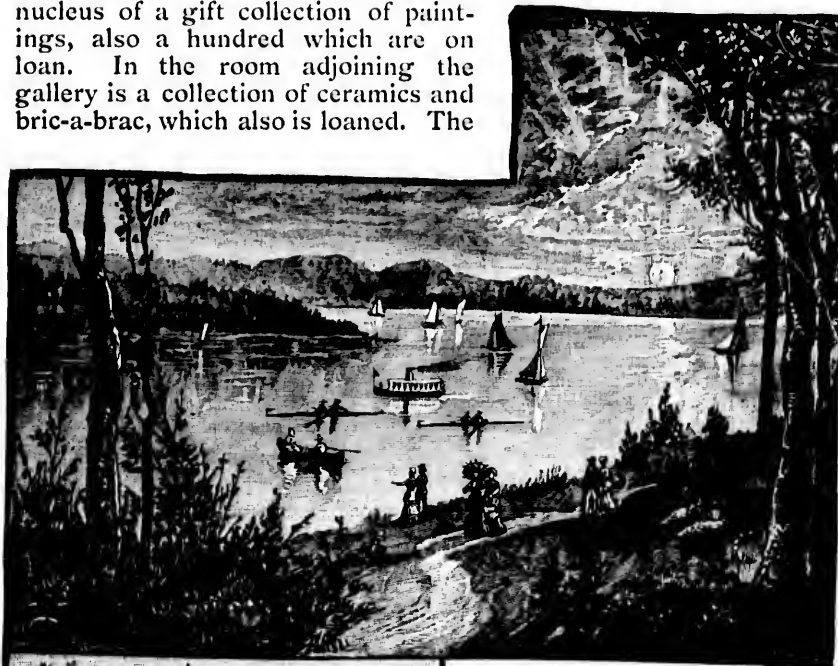
“ That my Hiawatha halted  
 In the land of the Dacotahs ?  
 Was it not to see the maiden,  
 See the face of Laughing Water  
 Peeping from behind the curtain ?  
 Hear the rustling of her garments  
 From behind the waving curtain.  
 As one sees the Minnehaha  
 Gleaming, glancing, through the branches ;  
 As one hears the Laughing Water,  
 From behind its screen of branches.”

On our return to the city we visited three of those gems of inland seas for which this region is famous, where every provision has been made for the enjoyment of the thousands of citizens who are brought to these lovely lakes by tram and train. There is here plenty of room and plenty of welcome for all who feel the need of rest and recreation, or desire the sport of fishing or hunting.

After lunch I visited the High School, a finely equipped educational institution. I was informed, and could readily believe it, that “ Minneapolis has a school system, which in amplitude of equipment, in safeguards for the hygienic welfare of its pupils, and in advancement of method, stands second to none in the United States. She has, notwithstanding her western disadvantages, spent lavishly upon her provision for the education of her rising generation. She has a completely graded set of machinery, from the lowest primary through the grammar, and the High School (with its admirable technical departments) up to the more specialized work of the State University itself.

From the schools I went to the Free Library, where I was courteously received by Mr. Putnam, the librarian, who accompanied me in my inspection of the interior of the building. The structure stands on the south-west corner of Hennepin Avenue and Tenth Street,—one of the broadest avenues and one of the widest streets in the city. In no other city did I see a library building which was better fitted for its purpose, and every care must have been used to produce an edifice so well in keeping with the object for which it was required. There is abundant space for books, plenty of light, adequate means of ventilation, and ease and economy of supervision. This is a four-story structure of symmetrical proportions, and the rich, brown sandstone with which it is built gives it a noble and dignified appearance.

There is a museum in the building, which is well filled with a natural history collection, in solid oak cases. Over the museum is the Art Gallery, containing the nucleus of a gift collection of paintings, also a hundred which are on loan. In the room adjoining the gallery is a collection of ceramics and bric-a-brac, which also is loaned. The



"Lakeside" and Cottages.

Lake Pewaukee.

cost of the library building was £65,000, principally raised by taxes, the remainder, £12,000, being individual subscriptions.

MAY TWENTIETH.—Went by early train to St. Paul, a very flourishing and beautiful city, built on a series of terraces, on the left or eastern bank of the great "Father of Waters," over which it commands magnificent views. It has 133,156 inhabitants, 260 miles of

streets, and is one of the most important commercial centres

of the north-west. The city is well built, many of its business streets comparing favourably with those in the older cities in the eastern States. I visited the Grand Opera House, a stately building, handsomely fitted, and lighted by electricity. Left St. Paul in the evening for an all-night ride to Milwaukee, which was reached at seven a.m.

MAY TWENTY-FIRST.—Went with my Milwaukee friend for an excursion amongst the Wisconsin Lakes. Nineteen miles from the "Cream City" we came to Pewaukee, a most attractive summer resort.

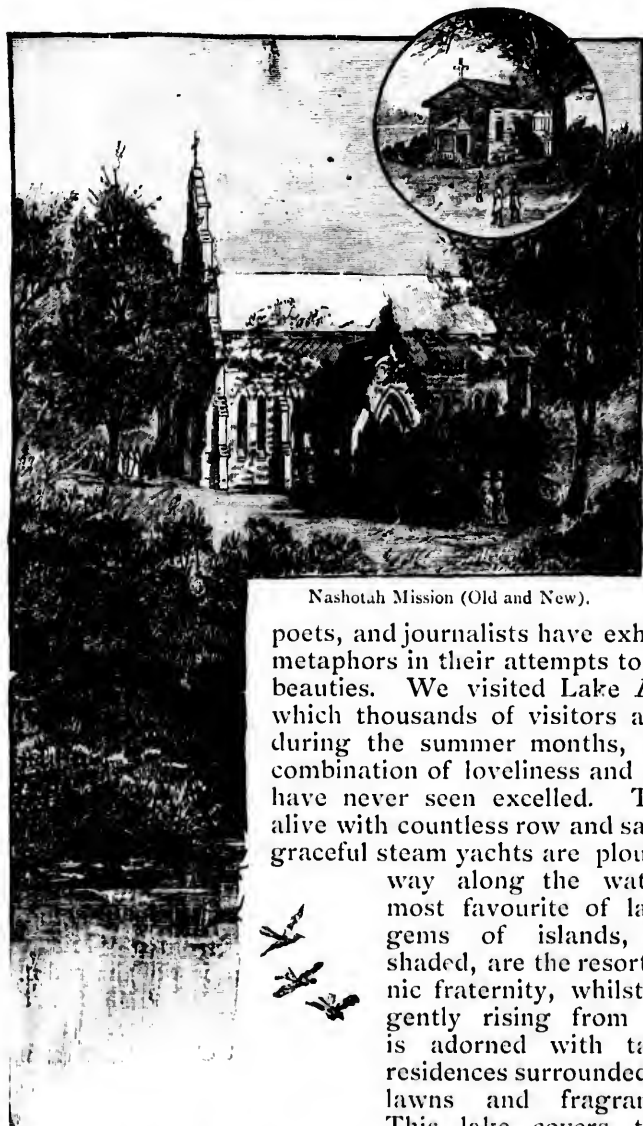
"Lake Pewaukee—'Pewaukee-wer-ning'—as prehistoric sages and the Indians called it—meaning 'Lake of Shells'—is the eastern link of the famous lakes of Wisconsin's 'Lake Regions.' The scenery of its shores is just charming—wooded, pastoral, and rocky. Two renowned mineral springs, whose waters are a panacea for the ailments of people of sedentary habits and too high living, are located here. The lake affords royal sport for the fisherman, and, with game of the field and wood, dainty food for the epicure and delicious morsels for the delicate. It is an extensive body of water, and therein it is a perfect gem. Steam, row, and sail boats, and all the variety of craft usually found on internal seas, are on its surface, and the individual who cannot here find physical and mental health and pleasure, must be 'past praying for.' The spiritual, as well as temporal, wants of visitors have been provided for—Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, and Catholic churches, with a cordial welcome to all on Sundays; and, between times, pickerel, pike, perch and black bass, canvas-back, teal, mallard, and woodchuck, woodcock, snipe, and pheasant, will keep wicked thoughts from the true sportsman's mind—*verbum sat*.—for the skilful angler or the good shot."

We next enter Waukesha county, and reach the town of that name, with a population of seven thousand souls. This place is beautifully situated in a hilly country; it has many hotels, renowned for their elegance and superior character, one of these summer houses having accommodation for one thousand guests. Its mineral springs, ten in number, are under the control of a company, who have made the sale of the waters into a large and lucrative business.

Our next stopping-place was Nashotah, with its theological college, of some reputation, which has sprung from a "Mission" established here for the civilization and conversion of the red man, who was "boss" in these parts half a century ago. The "Mission House" is situated in a charming spot near to the lake, in a well-wooded country, surrounded by high hills and picturesque ravines. Lakes by the score are to be met with within a short distance of Nashotah, whilst smaller sheets of water, creeks, and streams are on every hand. The landscape is one of singular beauty, full of green pastures, with numerous flocks; lofty hills and singularly

formed rocks rise here and there, and the comfortable homesteads, small and large, make up a delightful feast for the eye.

We made a long stay at Oconomowoc, where some farmer



Nashotah Mission (Old and New).

friends from a neighbouring village joined us at dinner, and in a survey of the district. No finer situation for a spa resort could be found anywhere, and it is impossible for me to do it full justice. It has been lavishly

praised by poets, and journalists have exhausted their metaphors in their attempts to describe its beauties. We visited Lake *La Belle*, to which thousands of visitors are attracted during the summer months, and such a combination of loveliness and grandeur I have never seen excelled. The lake is alive with countless row and sail boats, and graceful steam yachts are ploughing their way along the waters of this most favourite of lakes. Little gems of islands, beautifully shaded, are the resort of the picnic fraternity, whilst the shore, gently rising from the water, is adorned with tasteful villa residences surrounded by verdant lawns and fragrant flowers. This lake covers two and a

half square miles, and has on its banks many good hotels, each with a bath-house in the lake. One of these is the celebrated

Townsend House, and the other is Draper's Hall, both well-known and favourite host-eries.

After dinner we had a drive into the country, and visited another of the lakes,



where on its shore we met with a mysterious mound or earthwork, which is supposed to be one of many found in this locality, that were constructed at a period long before the red man obtained possession of the country. It seems almost



Mountain Springs and Hotel, Nashotah.

impossible to tell correctly when and by whom they were built, or for what purpose they were designed. Many theories have been advanced, but no agreement on any one of these has been arrived at.

During the afternoon we made a call upon Mr. Hurlbut, the genial editor of *The Oconomowoc Free Press*, and a solicitor of good practice in the town, who was pleased to find an English traveller who had not left Wisconsin without seeing some of the charms of this delightful region. Of Oconomowoc,

as a pleasure and health restoring resort in the summer months, a writer has given the following

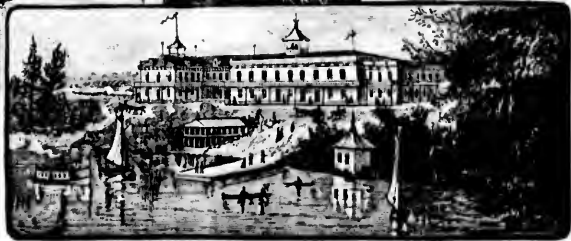


Townsend House.

epitome of its advantages:—

“The country here is high and rolling, the view, more charmingly adorned by Nature with her beauties, produces a more enlivening effect than the long sweep of vision greeting the eye in the drives in the neighbourhood of

Newport. The drive south-west, leaving Oconomowoc at the southern end of Lac La Belle, leads us through a lovely country in fine view of Oconomowoc and numerous smaller lakes, or among delightful groves through the gateway of Upper and Lower



Draper Hall.



Nashotah Lakes  
to Delafield.

"After a few  
hours passed in  
making observa-  
tions about the  
quaint village,  
we return via  
the Nemahbin  
Springs, drink  
of their life-giv-  
ing water,  
drive on  
now west-



Oconomowoc  
RIVER

Oconomowoc River.

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ward, crossing the divide separating Twin or Nemahbin Lakes, thence by Crocker and Otis, and north by Silver Lakes over the Oconomowoc River, re-entering the town on the west side. Tomorrow we drive east via Gifford's on the north shore of Oconomowoc Lake to Nashotah Station, and thence between Pine and Okauchee Lakes, as far as North Lake, slaking thirst at a fine mineral spring there, returning between Pine and Beaver Lakes to the main road, and back to Oconomowoc. These are but two of the many delightful drives which this country affords.

"I shall not soon forget my first morning's walk here. All Nature seemed conscious of her charms, the strong west wind bringing delicious and exhilarating odours of summer. The hotels are well filled with guests, while the cottages and boarding-houses, excellently managed, are generally filled to their utmost capacity. The simplicity of society manners and society dress is charming beyond expression, elegance, ease, and refinement adding to the charm. Here jollity, mirth, music, dancing, splendid yachting—steam or sail—capital rowing, magnificent drives, equestrian roads, the greatest abundance and variety of the finest of game for gamesters and fish for anglers, are pleasure's perfections and health's ingredients. Nor are there here parades for pomposity, museums for fossilized humanity, 'orders' for society's exclusion or regulation, need of memorandums for extortionate charges, or legal esculapians to remove offensive and officious leeches and lackeys."

This was a day long to be remembered, as having been spent in a district so rich in natural beauty and so exquisitely varied in charming situations. I saw the beautiful land while the season was gay with the bloom and freshness of the spring-time.

But I must bid good-bye to both people and scenery; yet, ere leaving, I would ask my reader's attention to the invitation given by an American admirer of the "Golden North-West" to European travellers to pay them a visit, when sick and weary of seeing the sights in the forthcoming Columbian Exposition. The lake region of Wisconsin is only a little over one hundred miles from Chicago, and including a visit to Milwaukee, "the blonde beauty of the west," no more enjoyable trip from "the metropolis of the lakes" could be made.

"Let it be recorded on tablets of enduring marble that this country possesses a fund of wealth in that which is of interest to the kind of people constituting the true representations of the true American idea, which they cannot afford to forego for the sake of acquiring all the treasures of lands whose greatness is chiefly in their mementoes of a once grand but now decayed State. Nor can a live man afford to spend time in contemplating ruins of ancient structures or hob-nobbing with dilapidated descendants of ancient families, until thoroughly acquainted with the greatness

and grandeur of American institutions, works, scenery, and men. How many thousands of our people go on pilgrimages to tombs of European celebrities, who know not before or after their visit what they are celebrated for, save what some other ignoramus has told them, and who, if the names of Americans whose fame is world-wide were mentioned, would declare, with a contemptuous shrug, that they did "not move in their set." Yet they go abroad with all the assurance in the world, and are content to flaunt their ducats in place of that which they have not, viz.: brains, culture, and good breeding."



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## CHAPTER X.

### DETROIT AND CHATHAM.

**M**AY TWENTY-SECOND.—Left Chicago at 9 a.m. for Detroit, by one of the finely-appointed express trains of the Michigan Central Railway. Generally, on leaving by rail one of the great English cities, such as London, Manchester, or Leeds, one sees but the seamy side of them, but this is not the case on leaving Chicago. As soon as the station is left behind, and for many miles on the way, the view from the window of our carriage is very fine, for, on one side is the lovely lake, at present in a somewhat disturbed mood, while, on the other, is a succession of verdant lawns and blooming parterres, large mansions and picturesque villas, almost hidden in trees and shrubbery, indicating that, amidst all the hurry and scurry after wealth by their owners, they have found time to provide themselves with pleasant retreats away from the toil and moil of the great city. We soon pass the charming suburbs of Hyde Park and Woodlawn Park, and then come upon the model manufacturing town of Pullman, on Calumet Lake. This town derives its name from G. M. Pullman, the originator of the sleeping car. He came to Chicago from New York, and was originally a cabinet-maker. His first work in the "metropolis of the lakes" was to devise and carry out a method for raising the buildings of the city, so as to secure a proper drainage. He raised them all from six to eight feet by the use of hundreds of screw-jacks, which he put under them, while trade went on as usual. He next turned his attention to the construction of a sleeping car, and his first experiment was made in 1859, when he placed a car upon a train travelling between Chicago and St. Louis. He charged 2s. per berth, and the first night's receipts were 8s. When he began this business he had a capital of £1,600, and thought himself a very wealthy man.

At the present time, the Pullman Palace Car Company has invested in its works and carriages upwards of six millions sterling;

are the greatest railway carriage builders in the States, besides having 1,500 of their own palace cars running, to carry the first-class passengers upon nearly 100,000 miles of American railways, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Quebec to San Francisco, as well as upon many of the railways in Europe. The Company earns 8 per cent. dividend, has a very large reserve fund, and derives a yearly income of upwards of a million and a quarter sterling from its cars.

The town of Pullman is the outcome of an idea of the inventor's, by which he intended, while working on strict business principles, to show a spirit of broad philanthropy towards the workman. More than £1,700,000 has been invested with this purpose in view, and all the capital is made to return an income.



Leaving Chicago.

The work-people receive their wages fortnightly, and it is said that no other community of artisans has so good an income, averaging, as it does, £120 per annum (exclusive of the salaries of the higher paid officers). There are 5,000 operatives, and the amount paid in wages is £25,000. More than £800,000 has been spent upon the workshops, while a still larger sum has been invested in building the residential portion of the town, the public edifices, and laying out of the town.

Twelve years ago the site was a barren tract of land, without a single inhabitant, and now it is one of the most attractive of towns, spreading for almost two miles, with fine streets, splendid shops, well laid out parks and other ornamental grounds, and comfortable homes for the operatives. It has a population of 12,000, with numerous churches, theatres, and other places of amusement. It is, indeed, another of the wonders of the West. All the shops are together, in an elaborate structure called the Arcade, and it has also a large covered market. There are no public-houses in the town,

The work-people receive their wages fortnightly, and it is said that no other community of artisans has so good an income, averaging, as it does, £120 per annum (exclusive of the salaries of the

for no one is permitted to sell liquor, and the land around the outskirts of the place belongs to the Company ; so that, a man who fancies that he cannot exist without beer or spirits has to go a mile over the border to get it. The annual death-rate is 8 in 1,000, compared with 18 in Chicago. There are many other interesting features in this model town, and visitors to Chicago in 1893 will find themselves amply repaid by a visit to Pullman.

Speeding along on our journey, we reach Michigan City, fifty-eight miles from Chicago, and here we have a glimpse of the lake and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbour. We lose the view of the lake at New Buffalo, and at seventy-five miles reach Three Oaks, a handsome, wide-awake village ; and then, still further on, we come upon Diamond Lake, a summer resort with a natural beauty of its own, namely, a green isle rising from its crystal depths. As



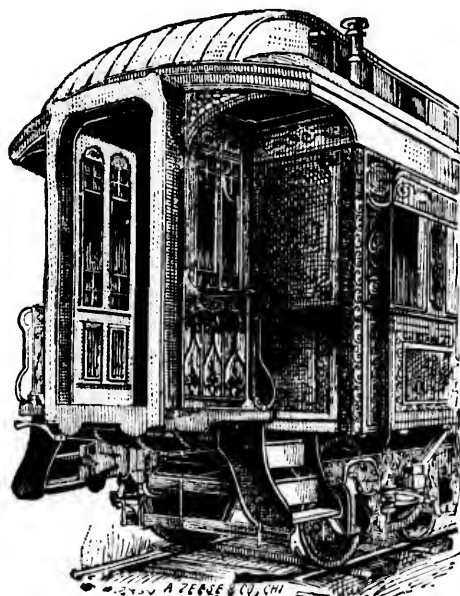
we ride along, through Michigan, we find it to be a picturesque State, full of fine and fertile farms, pretty villages, and prosperous towns, with neat stations on the line. Our next stopping place was

at the city of Kalamazoo, with 15,000 inhabitants engaged principally in manufactures. The State Lunatic Asylum and Baptist College are located here.

Twenty miles further on is Battle Creek, a well-built city, famous for its manufacture of agricultural machinery, particularly of carriages, waggons, threshing machines, etc. It is also noted as the home of a religious sect known as "The Seventh Day Adventists," who have here a large printing establishment, where books, newspapers, and periodicals are sent out, printed in a dozen languages.

Between Battle Creek and Marshall is a great wheat district, and it is also celebrated for its fine stock-farms, where magnificent thorough-bred horses are a speciality.

We now pass from our parlour car to the dining car, where I find my next enjoyment in discussing, at ease and in comfort, as varied and wholesome a lunch as could be obtainable at a first-class hotel. This company is said to have realised the difference between feeding and dining, hence, they furnish their patrons with choice viands and good service, the former prepared by an experienced *chef*, and the latter served by nimble black waiters, who place before me the different courses served upon dainty crockery and snow-white linen. It is indeed a luxury to feed so luxuriously, whilst taking in from time to time the pleasing scenery that is flitting by the window of the car. The charge for lunch is one dollar.



End view of a Vestibule.

Soon after lunch is over, we come to Ann Arbor (248 miles), built on both sides of the Huron river. The city is noted as being the home of the University of Michigan, one of the leading seats of learning of the West. Its students come from all parts of the country, and are of both sexes, who pay very low fees and yet secure a high standard of scholarship. The University is situated in fine grounds, extensive and well

wooded. Ann Arbor has other pretentious buildings, notably a new fire-proof library, large and valuable museums, and an observatory. It has also mineral springs, a water-cure establishment, an opera house, and several handsome churches.

After an hour's ride from Ann Arbor, we reach Detroit (285 miles), a flourishing city of 205,876 inhabitants, where I stay the night. This is a beautiful as well as a prosperous place, for it has seven miles of water front, lined with shipping; scores of miles of well-shaded avenues, streets well-paved and of good width; fine business blocks and palatial residences, all of which go to make up a *reclange* of natural and artificial wealth and of diversified means of enjoyment, not excelled by many other cities in the States.

I spent the evening and part of the following day in the company of one of the librarians of the Free Library, a well-informed and withal communicative gentleman, who assisted me in my visits to many of the interesting places in the city, amongst others the Campus Martius, where stood the old frontier fort built in 1701, and in which Pontiac besieged the English for eleven months; the City Hall, a handsome structure in the Italian style;



Interior of the Dining Car.

the monument to the memory of Michigan's dead who fell in the Civil War, and to Belle Isle, the city's beautiful island park.

In the city of Detroit, as in many other cities in my travels, I ascended the tower of the City Hall, that I might obtain a panoramic view of the country, and was well repaid for the labour. I had a bird's-eye view of the surrounding parks; the river with its busy wharves; the opposite shore of Canada, the swift-sailing lake craft; the

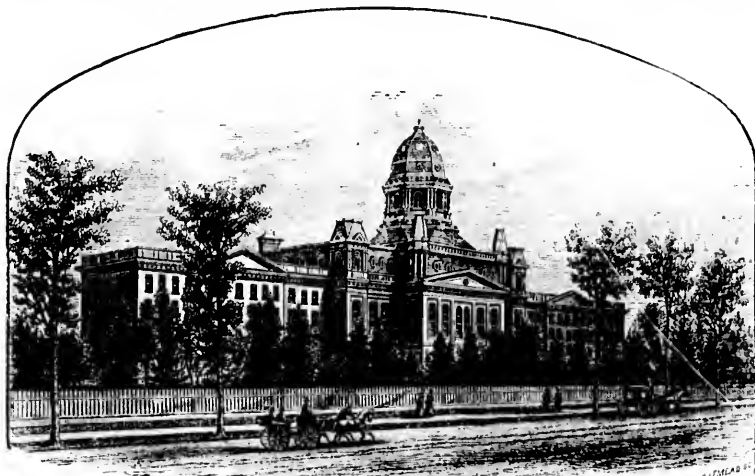
grand avenue stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and many other sights, all indicative of American enterprise and progress.

MAY TWENTY-THIRD.—I had a new experience in Detroit, in the passing from American soil to that of Canada, which was accomplished in a novel manner, on a gigantic ferry-boat of steel, propelled by a most powerful engine. On this we crossed the



river, about half a mile, in the railway carriages, during which the customs officers examined the luggage in a very superficial manner, and when our train leaves the ferry-boat, we are at liberty to pass through Her Majesty's Dominion without let or hindrance.

It was two o'clock p.m. when I reached Chatham, fifty miles from Detroit, and was met at the railway station by a near relative, whom I had not seen for more than forty years. To him and his family I am indebted for much personal kindness shown to me during my brief stay in Chatham. This was my first introduction to Canada, but I should fail in my duty to my friends in the Colony, if I did not say, that no words of mine can express the warmth with which I was welcomed everywhere in the Dominion, as representing the mother-country. I was told that three-fourths or more of English travellers who visit the States, never dream of



University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

crossing over into Canada, hence the Canadians are doubly pleased when some "better-informed Englishman takes the opportunity of seeing what his fellow-subjects have done and are doing in this great country, greater in extent than the Republic itself."

Chatham is not a very large city, but seems fairly prosperous, and so far as I had an opportunity of judging, is thoroughly loyal to the Old Country.

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH.—Attended the Wesleyan Chapel in the morning, and in the evening went to church, where a special service was held in connection with a Friendly Society known as "The Sons of England." The procession of the members of the order numbered 160 persons, all Englishmen, of course, and several of them from my own county. They were accompanied by a brass

band, and much interest was taken in the demonstration, the church, which was prettily decorated, being filled to its utmost capacity. The preacher was the Rev. J. Murphy, an Irish-Canadian, who delivered a most stirring appeal to the members of the order, that they might prove at all times faithful to themselves, to their fellow-men, and especially to their country and Queen. No more loyal address was ever delivered in the Dominion, I should imagine, and at its close all joined most heartily in singing the National Anthem. After the service I went into the vestry and thanked the vicar for his splendid discourse, saying that if a rebellious spirit should show itself in that part of the Dominion, he, at least, would have discharged his duty as a faithful minister, and a good subject of Her Majesty. Nowhere in the colony did I meet with any strong feeling in favour of annexation to the United States, though one cannot be in Canada long, without seeing that in point of business enterprise and progress, it is a long way behind its neighbour. With the exception of Toronto and Montreal, there is a lethargy and deadness in the cities, which is, to me, somewhat unaccountable.

The census returns recently issued have been sadly disappointing to the friends of the Dominion, for they show, that while the population of the United States has doubled itself every thirty years, the population of Canada has not doubled itself in forty years. The *Toronto Globe* (Liberal) writing about this, says:—

“The percentage of increase in the population of Canada during the last ten years has been less than 12—some overcrowded European countries have often done better—while the percentage in the United States from 1880 to 1890 was 24·85.

“In the United States the gain by natural increase was 14·40 per cent., and the gain by immigration 10·45 per cent. so that our neighbours gained more by natural expansion alone than we have by natural expansion and immigration both put together.

“The increase in the population in the Dominion during the last ten years has been under 500,000. Yet, if the Government returns are to be believed, we received during the decade 850,000 settlers through immigration from Europe. In two years, 1883 and 1884, no fewer than 238,000 immigrants are said to have come in.

“What has become of them all, and of the natural growth of the population in Canada itself, seeing that the apparent gain is only five hundred thousand? If the reader comes, as he probably will, to the conclusion that the exodus has done it, let him ask himself why there should be such a wholesale flight of population from a land like this.

“Does the phenomenon sustain the theory that we are living under the best of all trade policies? The gravest question for Canadians to consider is how to keep the population from going out of the Dominion after we have reared it, and educated it, and provided it with all that borrowed money can buy or build.”

The *Empire* (Conservative), referring to the census, says:—"Canadian expectations, like those in Great Britain and the United States, ran ahead of realization, and our census returns are marked by very much the same general characteristics as theirs were.

"The populations of all three countries fall below the figure which was estimated on the gain of the last decade, the proportionate increase not having been maintained. As there was disappointment in Great Britain and the United States at the results there, the same feeling may prevail in Canada, the general hope having been that we had turned the corner of five millions."

The *Montreal Gazette* also, in writing of the census returns, says:—"The total population is 4,823,344; we had been flattering ourselves with the hope that it would reach five and a quarter millions. Knowing the care taken to secure an accurate enumeration, it is not in order to assail the correctness of the figures given. With the evidences of expansion all about us, however, it is hard to admit that the country over the growth has been less between 1881 and 1891 than between 1871 and 1881. Yet such is shown to be the case by the figures. The cities have apparently absorbed the increase. The growth in population of Montreal and Toronto and their suburbs will account for the largest share of the increase in Quebec and Ontario. In some of the rural communities there must have been a decline. In this respect Canada is but repeating the story of England, of France, of Germany, and, to a large extent, of the United States as well. This movement can be set down as flowing from a general cause, aggravated, doubtless, during the past three years by the poor harvests that have rewarded the farmers' toil."

I talked with many leading men in Toronto, Kingston, and Montreal, and the impression made upon my mind was, that, however desirable it may appear to some of the people of Canada, that they should link their fortunes with the United States (and this feeling has been intensified in some quarters since the passing of McKinley Tariff Bill), the country is not ripe for it as yet, though I have an opinion that the time will come for such annexation, or that Canada will become an independent republic.

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH.—This day, kept this year as the Queen's birthday, is recognised here in a far more loyal manner than by the people in the Old Country. The day is observed by a general holiday, and flags and banners are to be seen everywhere on the private and public buildings of Chatham. Bands are playing, and processions are filling the streets, and a more distinctive holiday I never remember to have seen.

In the afternoon, I returned to Detroit *via* Windsor, from which place I crossed to Detroit in one of the large ferry-boats, and from the hurricane deck of the vessel had a magnificent view of the river and the city.



## CHAPTER XI.

### BUFFALO AND NIAGARA.

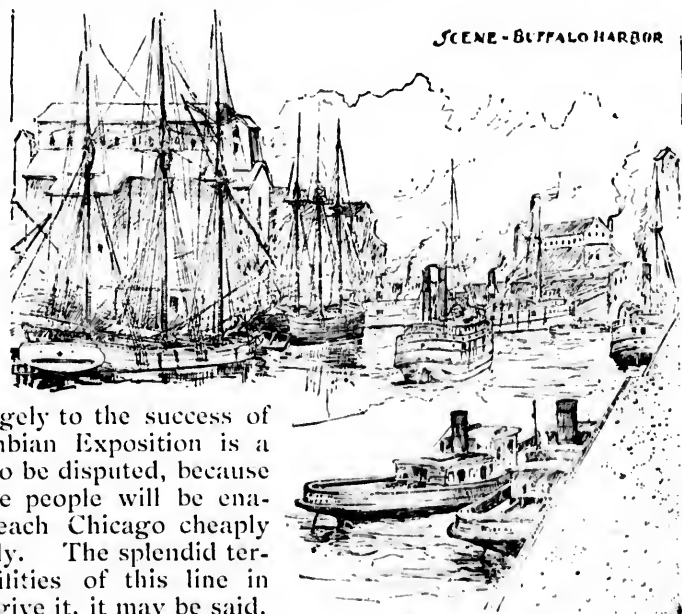
**M**AY TWENTY-FIFTH.—Left Detroit at 3 p.m. for Toledo, situate on the west bank of the Maumee River, four miles from Lake Erie, a large city and thriving port. Some of my readers will have become acquainted with this place through its lively newspaper, *The Toledo Blade*. I spent five hours in the city, during which time I visited the principal business streets and the Free Library. At 10 p.m. I left for Buffalo, passing on the way Lake Erie, 210 miles long, and covering an area of 10,000 square miles. On to Sandusky Bay, upon a long trestle bridge, and then to Cleveland, the chief city of Northern Ohio, 620 miles from New York. It is called the "Forest City," being embowered in trees, including many fine elms. In this city is located the works of the Standard Oil Company, one of the most powerful corporations in America, controlling the vast petroleum trade. The company have a monopoly of this business, and the 60,000 oil wells of Pennsylvania and elsewhere are constantly producing for the owners a princely revenue.

After leaving Cleveland, where President Garfield is buried, we pass Mentor station, where, in a small house near the railway, the unfortunate President lived for some time. Through a region of orchards and vineyards we pass across a narrow strip of the State of Pennsylvania to the border line of New York State, and enter Chatauqua county. Here is the well-known Chatauqua Lake, a delightful sheet of water, 18 miles long. The town is a popular summer resort, also noted for its annual "Assembly," and the "Summer School of Philosophy,"—a college of the liberal arts, with a staff of professors gathered from the leading American universities. As many as 50,000 people attend during the summer season. The Assembly enclosure has a position fronting the lake, and includes, in addition to a large hotel, 1,500 tents and cottages of all kinds.

The line of railway between Toledo and Buffalo is the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, a road which has long been noted for the beauty of its scenery, and the elegance and comfort of its equipment. The main line is 540 miles in length, and connects the cities of Chicago and Buffalo with branch lines to the oil regions of Pennsylvania, Fort Wayne, Ind., and to the flourishing cities of Detroit, Jackson, Lansing, Kalamazoo, and the Grand Rapids in Michigan. The equipment of its trains is, indeed, of a very high order of excellence. The sleeping, drawing-room, and dining cars are of Wagner build, and nothing which the ingenuity of man could suggest for the comfort and welfare of passengers is omitted in their make-up. The Lake Shore enjoys the distinction of being the line selected by the United States Government as the route of the

fast mail trains — three daily trains being devoted almost exclusively to this branch of business. That the Lake Shore will contribute largely to the success of the Columbian Exposition is a fact not to be disputed, because by this line people will be enabled to reach Chicago cheaply and quickly. The splendid terminal facilities of this line in Chicago, give it, it may be said, the key to the World's Fair site, as the palatial passenger station on Van Buren street, used jointly by the Rock Island and Lake Shore, occupies a central position in the city.

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH.—Reach Buffalo at 9 a.m., a city with 255,664 inhabitants, where the Rev. E. E. Chivers, pastor of the Prospect Avenue Baptist Church, is my host, and where I also met and was entertained by Mr. Robson, and other Yorkshire friends. The last-named gentleman drove me to the park, the cemetery, and other places, and my host also accompanied me in a drive along many of the fine avenues with which the city is favoured



SCENE - BUFFALO HARBOR

Buffalo Harbour.

Buffalo has upwards of eighty miles of asphalted streets, level and smooth as a bowling-green, where, in the evenings, during the time I was in the city, bicyclists were thick as mushrooms. Wheels of all patterns, from the old style header-taker to the most improved safety, shot along these pleasantly-shaded and electrically-lighted thoroughfares. A large proportion of the riders were of the gentler sex, and the pretty colours of the dresses, the laughing and chaffing indulged in, and occasionally the sight of dashing wheelmen and wheelwomen relieved by the sudden appearance of some club, filing along duck-fashion, with the club colours flying from the handles of each wheel, made up a picture of real and harmless enjoyment.

Buffalo covers 42 square miles ; is lighted by 4,500 gas lamps and 1,300 electric lights ; is drained by 226 miles of sewers ; has 280 miles of water pipes, and when I was there, was just completing a new reservoir to accommodate 125,000,000 gallons of water. The waterworks earn a revenue to the city of £100,000 a year, a sum that at 6 per cent. would pay the interest on an investment of £1,650,000, or nearly twice the value of the works. The cost of water for manufacturing purposes is  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per 1,000 gallons, more than twice as cheap as that of any other large city in the Union, except Milwaukee, which charges  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per 1,000 gallons.

In the supply of education for the people, the city has invested in school buildings £360,000, and pays for their yearly maintenance £170,000 ; it has also 700 teachers employed, in addition to which it has upwards of fifty private schools and colleges.

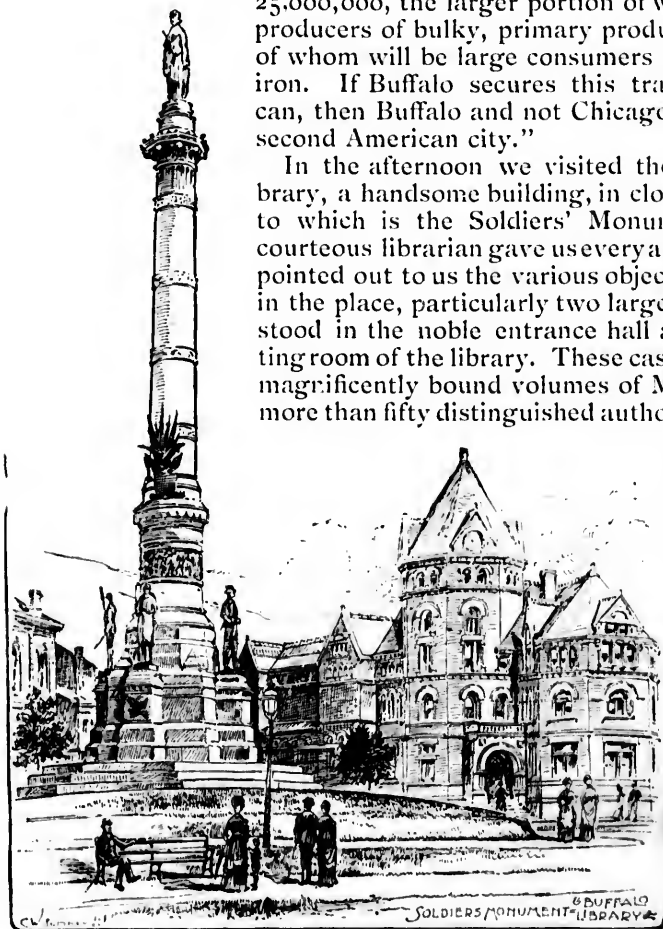
Buffalo is a great railway and maritime centre, having a fleet of 300 vessels, with a water-front of lake, river, and ship canal, of twenty miles, with twenty-five lines of railways, leading from the city in every direction ; indeed she is one of the greatest railway centres in the world, having more than 660 miles of rail track within the city limits, and 250 passenger trains daily. There are many other interesting features of the city, in regard to which she has no rival in the world, notably, as a coal distributing centre, a sheep market, fresh-fish market, lumber or timber market, and she stands up proudly as having the second largest cattle and wheat markets. It is also the local distributing point for a district inhabited by 1,500,000 people, and bids fair to become one of the greatest cities on the American continent. A somewhat sanguine writer has predicted that Buffalo is destined to have a glorious future :—

“ Every furrow turned on Dakota's plains, almost every blow struck with keen-edged axes in the forests that stand on the rugged Lake Superior region ; the ceaseless hammering of compressed-air drills in the Lake Vermilion iron mines ; the work of thousands of Pennsylvania coal miners—in short, almost every blow struck in primary productive industries in the region tributary to the lakes, adds to the prosperity of Buffalo.

"As I look forward to Buffalo's future, I am not at all certain that Chicago will be the largest city on the lakes. I strongly incline to the belief that the Erie Canal will eventually draw to Buffalo the commerce of a region which living men will see inhabited by 25,000,000, the larger portion of whom will be producers of bulky, primary products, and all of whom will be large consumers of coal and iron. If Buffalo secures this trade, and she can, then Buffalo and not Chicago will be the second American city."

In the afternoon we visited the Public Library, a handsome building, in close proximity to which is the Soldiers' Monument. The courteous librarian gave us every attention, and pointed out to us the various objects of interest in the place, particularly two large cases which stood in the noble entrance hall and distributing room of the library. These cases contained magnificently bound volumes of MS. works of more than fifty distinguished authors, including

Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, Trollope, etc., etc. These had been collected by a wealthy citizen, who had them uniformly bound and lettered, and then



The Soldiers' Monument.

generously presented them to the library of his native town.  
 MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH.—This morning I had the opportunity of seeing some of the work which is being carried on in the public free schools of the country. Mr. Chivers took me to the Buffalo High School, a building of magnificent proportions, and thoroughly well-equipped in all its departments. My friend conducted the preliminary exercises in the large hall of the building. The commodious, airy,



and comfortable room was quite filled, by seven hundred pupils and some twenty or more teachers, male and female in about equal proportions, the scholars ranging from 14 to 20 years of age. It was a beautiful sight, all present being neatly dressed and scrupulously clean, a point never overlooked in American schools.

After a hymn had been sung, a chapter of the Bible read, and prayer offered by Mr. Chivers, the pupils were dismissed to their respective class rooms. I was informed that the scholars were drawn from all classes of society, the occupations of the parents including merchants, tradesmen, farmers, masons, lawyers, labourers, and almost every other handicraft. A praiseworthy feature of the school is the keeping of a visitors' book, for the practice of visiting the schools in America is very common, and said to be very beneficial. Parents take their friends, and even business men when they can spare half an hour, go in and listen to the lessons, and say a word of encouragement. It would be well for our English schools if, now when they are made accessible to every child in the country, some such acknowledgment of the important work of the day school was shown by the people, for here, as in America, it would have the effect of stimulating the teachers and encouraging the scholars to regular and active preparations.

We visited the various class-rooms, which we found to be lofty, well-lighted, and well-ventilated apartments. The scholars, of both sexes, were seated in a mixed manner at their convenient little desks—each scholar having a chair and desk—the latter having a slate rack, a groove for the pencil, and a small cup for the sponge, with which to rub out the figures. The first room we went into was occupied by the class in physiology, the teacher being a young lady M.D., who, with a divided skull in her hand, was demonstrating to her fifty pupils the functions of the brain, the diseases to which it was liable, and the means to be used to keep it healthy and in good condition for its work. With a fluency and clearness of exposition which were remarkable, she gained the unflagging interest of her class, which she subsequently examined on the points to which she had been directing their attention.

We went into other class-rooms, where were other young ladies as comely as they were efficient, and in one of the rooms, devoted to reading and spelling, I was much struck with the great care which was taken to give the scholars a clear and sharp articulation, an accomplishment in which the cultured American excels.

I visited the class in geology, presided over by an eminent professor, who made his lesson most interesting and instructive by means of specimens and maps. With a head master so able, and teachers so accomplished, and scholars so wide-awake and apt as those I saw to-day, it was clear to me that the people of Buffalo have reason to be proud of this educational institution, and the work it is doing. At certain seasons of the year, graduating

exercises are held in connection with the American High Schools, and the pupils, after certain examinations are successfully passed, are drafted off to the various universities in the States, and from this particular school the percentage of successful pupils is very high, which testifies to the sound training which is imparted to the youths and maidens who are privileged to get their education within its walls.

It was oftentimes a subject of discussion with the company I was thrown into, as to the wisdom, or otherwise, of training boys and girls together, but the preponderance of opinion was in favour of the American system, as, being a continuation of the home life, where the influence of brother and sister is mutually helpful and beneficial. Certainly, during my visit to the States, I saw thousands of pupils in mixed schools receiving their education in the most pleasant and orderly manner, without any sign of levity or objectionable behaviour, and an eminent professor, on being asked if the practice did not lead to love-making, said, "There is less of mere flirtation here than amongst any equal number of young men and women brought up under different conditions. But the male and female students come to know each other, and if the friendships formed in school or college should lead to marriage afterwards, as is often the case, we see nothing in that to be deplored. The marriage is likely to be all the happier that the youth and maid have become so familiar with each other's tastes and abilities."

My friend told me that the effect of this joint education on the young men was in many respects exceedingly beneficial. The presence of the other sex was a great stimulus, as the boys did not like to fall behind the girls in their studies. It had also a refining influence on their manners. As to how it affects the girls is not so easily defined. Whether they retain the modesty and refinement which are amongst their best charms, I cannot pretend to say on so superficial an acquaintance as I made with the system, but I may be allowed to give the opinion of a college student who married a young lady from the same college. "The idea," he said, "of kissing a girl who has studied anatomy and knew quadratic equations, alarmed me at first, but after making the experiment, I found the kiss the sweetest I ever got in my life." In nearly all the public schools of America, the practice of educating boys and girls together is all but universal.

On leaving the High School we went to the railway station and booked for Niagara, which interesting region we reached in little more than half an hour, a journey though much shorter than many others I took in my travels, compressing within it more eager anticipation than all the rest put together. To have the dream of a life-time realized, and to have before one the actual scene, in all its grandeur and sublimity, which has never yet been fully depicted by poet or painter, much less by the prosaic scribbler, was

indeed sufficient to put both mind and body in a somewhat frenzied condition. Long before we reached our destination, I was listening intently for the roar of the cataract, but in this I was doomed to disappointment, for no sound beyond the rumble of the cars fell upon my ear.

On leaving the station at Niagara, eager to see the world's wonder in quiet and thoughtful mood, we were sadly annoyed by hackmen and hotel touts, who bawl and vociferate in the most discordant manner, and though my companion was acquainted with all the dodges of these noisy and importunate fellows, it was with difficulty we got them to accept the decisive "No, thank you," which we launched at them. My friend, who accompanied me on this trip, is a pretty constant visitor at the Falls during the summer months, and might have fairly appropriated to himself the lines :--

"Come with me,  
And I'll your guide and mentor be,  
For I the points of vantage know,  
The mazes of the woodland glades,  
And many a secret mother nature keeps  
Only for those whose love for her ne'er sleeps."

Under his guidance I felt sure that no important point would be overlooked, and his experience had convinced him that no better plan of seeing the Falls can be desired, than to walk over the ground from point to point, and thus make a leisurely examination, without being harassed by guide or conveyance, both quite unnecessary to a full and satisfactory tour of the Falls district.

Our first steps were directed to the Rapids, which we see as we cross the bridge to Goat Island. This is on the American side of the Falls, and is situate in the centre of the turbulent Niagara river. As we stood upon the bridge, some six feet above the water's level, we could not watch without a strong feeling of awe, the wild sweep and whirl of the waters about us, in their rushing, foaming, hissing, and relentless onward course to the edge of the mighty precipice below.

What a contrast is here presented to our view, in the noisy and turbulent river sweeping over and around the gigantic rocky projections in its bed, threatening to destroy everything that comes within its reach, and the calm and placid ideal river which glides peacefully along through glade and dell in my own country. Below, this terrible conflict of rock and water ceases, and the latter becomes smooth as a lake, ere it disappears from sight, in the gorge, a few hundred yards distant.

Before proceeding further, a few words of explanation regarding the Falls may be advisable. "They are caused by a sudden breach of the Niagara River, which is the outlet of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie. The river connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, the distance between the two lakes being 36 miles.

At about 22 miles from the former, and 14 from the latter, the Niagara, which is here a mile and a half wide, meets with an island (Goat Island) 62 acres in extent, and divides. Descending thence in rapids, with a velocity of 30 miles an hour, part of the river is discharged over a precipice, 164 feet in height, with a



The American Fall.

width of 1,200 feet, and part—its main volume—is precipitated 158 feet, with a width of 2,400 feet. The former of these cataracts is called the 'American' Fall, as it lies wholly in the United States, and the latter is known as the 'Canada,' being in the Dominion." It is computed that 100,000,000 tons of water pass over the Falls

every hour. "The drainage of half a continent pouring over a single wall of rock."

We leave the bridge, with its clear, pure, cold, green flood of waters beneath and around, and step on to Goat Island, with our minds already subdued with a sense of the grandeur and beauty which is everywhere about us, and now we are in the midst of nature's handiwork, as seen in the green and mossy turf of this island, in the trees and flowers, fragrant with the freshness of the spring, in the delicious atmosphere, with the sun shining brilliantly over it all. This island of the Rainbow, as it is sometimes poetically called, is well timbered, with fine old maples and elms and smooth trunked beeches scarred and disfigured by vandals, who must needs try to immortalise their puny existences by carving their names on the trees. I was delighted to find that time and nature were in many cases healing the wounds which had thus been made.

The grand and stately woods offer all the requirements for a delightful ramble, yet, ever and anon, we come upon an open space, where there are rapids, frightful to look upon; wildly magnificent, where can be seen the silvery white foam of the waters as these are shattered by the rocks, the pale green changing momentarily into emerald in the water's deeper masses, and dark and cold in its deepest shadows. "These cool, quiet forest aisles—silent but for the twitter and song of birds, the scampering of frisky squirrels, and the music of the great cataract—are carpeted by a wonderfully varied flora, and one can readily imagine himself far from the busy haunts of man."

We now suddenly come upon the plank road which unites this island to Luna Island, and stepping upon an immense rock upon which the fragile planks rest, we are close to the American Fall, so near, indeed, that I can lave my hand in the stream, and its spray comes dashing into my face. We have now on our left the seething, boiling mass of waters, tumbling headlong as if in fright to the depths below, whilst right in front is the green background of Prospect Park, with the village of Niagara Falls on our right. It is but a hasty glance that we give to the landscape, our attention being riveted on the Fall itself, of which, however, as we look over into the abyss we can see but little, except the sparkling and wreathed mist and spray, "the sweat of its agony." I felt as if transfixed to the spot; indescribable feelings and sensations rushed through my mind, and at times I felt as though near to some terrible destruction, and a deadly peril, but these feelings of awe and danger gave way to one of intense admiration. Water has for me at all times a great fascination; now, and here, it seemed as though I would be willing to remain for an indefinite time, watching the water as it plunges into mid air, and listening to its roar, which I was surprised to find was not so deafening as I had

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The Horse Shoe Fall.

expected it to be, for we were able to converse with each other without any difficulty.

We did not, however, have much conversation, for this was not the place or the time for talk ; on the contrary, silence seemed to me the fittest recognition of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. We have left the rocks and boulders of the rapids behind us, and now, free from all obstruction, the mighty flood of waters, calm and peaceful for a little while, flow past us, to take its wondrous leap, and fling itself down upon the rocks beneath, whence the spray rises in immense white clouds, sparkling and dancing in the sun "like an atmosphere of diamonds."

Leaving this enchanting spot, and returning to the island, we gain another "coign of vantage," from which we obtained a finer view of the extent of the Fall, and also saw the rainbows, three in number, on the spray as it rises from below, painted in colours clear and strong, beyond what I ever saw elsewhere.

We next visit the Sister Islands, three in number, with swift rushing streams and charming cascades between, spanned by light and graceful bridges. We have just left the greenest of verdure in the trees that lean over the Rapids in the friendliest manner, their newest leaves dipping in the waters, and thrilling as they come in contact with the living and turbulent river ; here, the trees are storm-beaten and rugged, twisted and bent, whilst the rocks on the fringe of the stream are bare and



worn by the friction with ice and flood during the centuries.

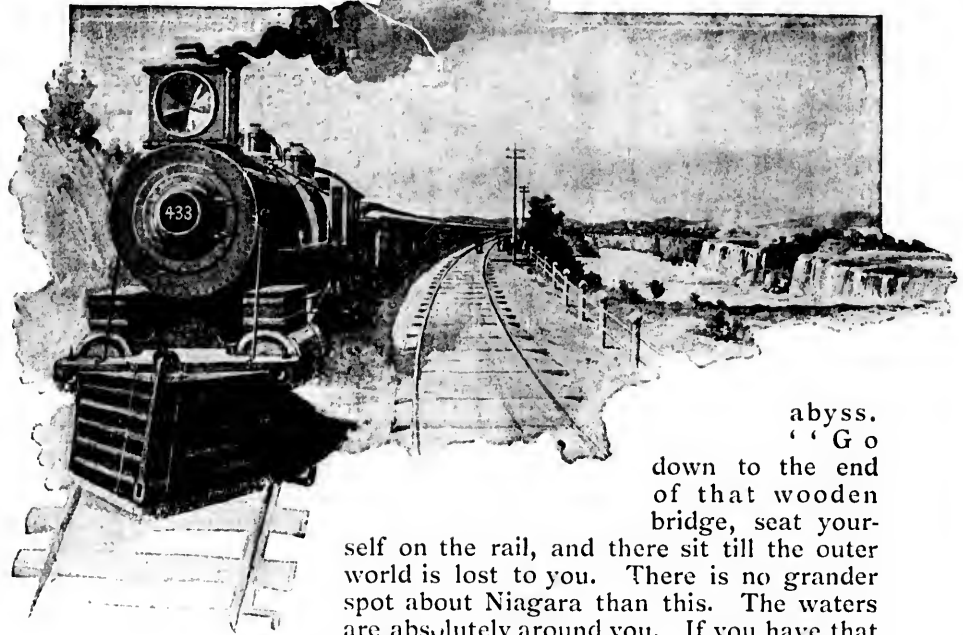
We soon reach the furthest or outer island, and scramble over the rocks until we are fairly in the swirl of the waters, and from this apparently dangerous position we obtain the very finest view of the Rapids, reaching away over to the Canada shore. Here we sit enjoying the charm and fascination of these small yet beautiful islands and their surroundings, and hold communion with the power, immensity, and grandeur which is on every hand.

Time, and not inclination, warned us that we must leave this delightful region, and continue our survey of the Falls themselves,



And to use Trollope's language, "we will go at once to the glory and the thunder, and the majesty and the wrath of the upper hell of waters." We get near to the end of the island, and then go down to the edge of the Horseshoe Fall, and from hence across to the Canadian side the cataract continues itself in one unabated line. But the line is very far from being direct or straight. After stretching for some little way from the shore to a point in the river, which is reached by a wooden bridge, the line of the ledge bends inwards against the in, till one is led to of that horse shoe is that he can scarcely

flood—in, and in, and think that the depth immeasurable, and trace the centre of the



abyss.

“Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat your-

self on the rail, and there sit till the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye-control which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery, you will

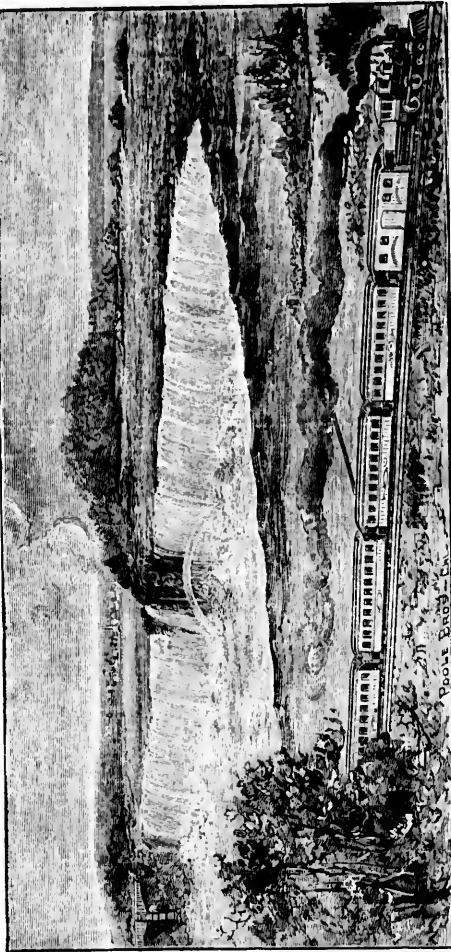
see nothing but the water. You will certainly hear nothing else; and the sound is melodious and soft withal, though loud as thunder.”

We now return to Goat Island, and descend by the inclined railway to the foot of the cliff; on reaching which, we climb the rocks close to the American Fall, and the wind being in the right direction, we were favoured with a glorious view of the great white flood, “pouring down as if from the very heavens.” On leaving this point we returned to the wharf, and went on board the *Maid of*

*the Mist* for a trip, which should by no means be omitted by the tourist. Having been enveloped from head to foot in an oilskin suit by the steward, we took our places on the hurricane deck. Very slowly the smart and taut little vessel stems the boiling current, passing right in front and amidst the spray of the American Fall. It would have

been strange, if, on such an apparently fragile boat, with the mighty cataract in front, the whirlpool behind, and sheer rocky precipices on each side, we had not experienced a slight tinge of nervousness.

We proceed very slowly against the stream, until, looking up through the whirling clouds of spray, we find ourselves nearing the great emerald sheet that pours over the Horseshoe. We can only get a momentary glance at the glorious vision before the curtain of spray hides it from view again. We are now in the roar and rush and spray, with our boat struggling with the boiling, foaming waters, and just at the moment when we are fairly enveloped with the blinding, white, suffocating mist of the cataract, our vessel wheels about, and almost flies down the stream with the swift current. It is a wonderful experience—this trip



Niagara Falls as seen from the Railway.

on the little *Maid of the Mist*, which goes dancing up to the very "foot of the Falls, wrapping herself securely in the rainbow robe of its own mist."

Returning to the island, we went into the village for lunch, after which repast we took the train to visit the Whirlpool Rapids, two

miles below the Falls. After leaving the car we crossed the Suspension Bridge, which connects the American and Canadian shores. It has a span of 800 feet from tower to tower, and is 24 feet wide. It has two platforms, the uppermost for the railway and the lower



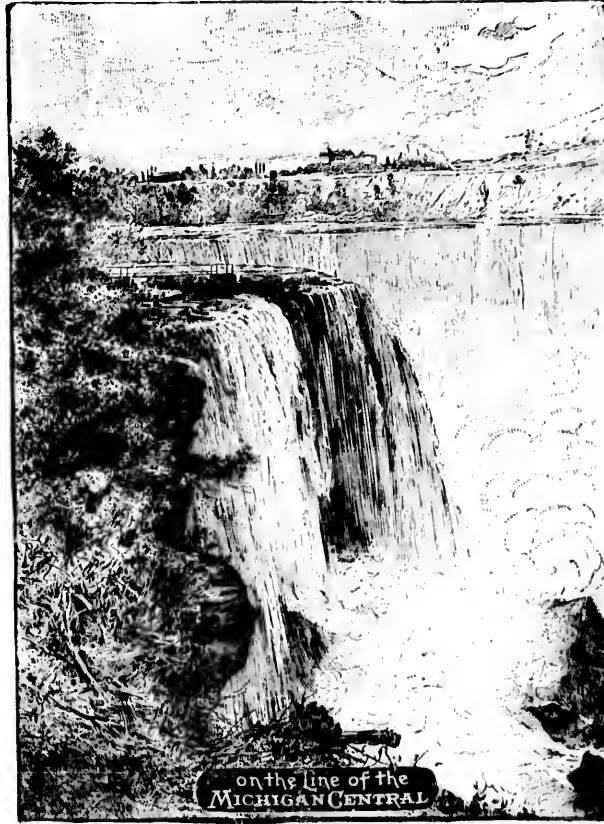
The American Fall below Goat Island.

one for the carriage and footways. On reaching the Canadian side, we descended into the ravine by the inclined railway, and then walked along a plank road to a shelter built exactly at the

point where the waters are compressed into the smallest limits, and where also Captain Webb was last seen in his foolhardy attempt to swim the rapids, which cost him his life. The channel here is 600 feet in width, and through this narrow gorge all the water from the Falls rushes at the rate of 40 miles an hour. The torrent, said to be several hundred feet deep at this point, went roaring past us in a very tempest of wrath. Many of its waves

reach a height of 20 feet, and it has been ascertained that the middle of the stream is ten feet above the sides.

A mile and a quarter above the Suspension Bridge, in the direction of the Falls, is the Cantilever Bridge, the longest one of its kind ever erected; a light graceful structure, 1,200 feet in length, which is suspended 190 feet above the water. The depth of the channel here is 200 feet.



The Horseshoe Fall.

From the Suspension Bridge, on the Canada side, a well-formed carriage road leads to the Clifton Hotel, which stands in a commanding position on the edge of the cliff directly in front of the American Fall on one side, and the Horse-shoe Fall in full view. From the hotel a footpath leads to several points from which grand views of the Falls may be obtained, notably, Ramblers' Rest, Inspiration Point, and Table Rock, at the very end of the Horseshoe Falls. By taking

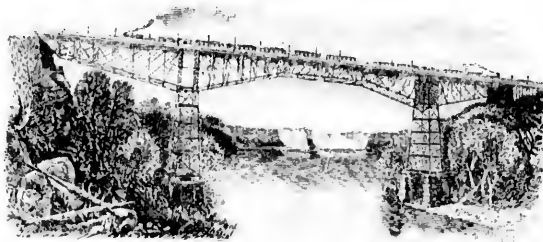
this route, ever-varying views are obtained, all beautiful and grand. With the sunset on our back, the spray was lit up with a sparkling brilliancy, and prismatic rainbows gilded the scene.



The Whirlpool Rapids.

Amongst other interesting spots to be seen on the Canada side, is Queen Victoria Park, Cedar Island, Dufferin Islands, and the view of the Rapids from the Cascades Platform.

In drawing my lame and impotent sketch of this day's work to a close, and in order that my readers may be better enabled to fully realise what was comprised in our visit to Niagara, I will quote the words of writers who have spoken with some authority on this wonderful natural phenomenon. Anthony Trollope says :—  
 “Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see—at least all of those which I have seen—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights, I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of His creatures. I know no other thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful.  
 \* \* \* \* \* That Fall is more graceful than Giotto's tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not so astounding in their solitude. The valleys of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica are less green. The finished glaze of life in Paris is less invariable, and the full tide of trade round the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful.”



Cantilever Bridge.

Charles Dickens writes :—“It was not till I came to the Table Rock and looked—great heavens!—on what a fall of bright green water!—that it came upon me in

its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of mind—tranquillity—calm recollections of the dead—great thoughts of Eternal Rest and Happiness—nothing of Gloom or Terror; Niagara was at once stamped on my heart as an Image of Beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible until its pulses ceased to beat for ever.”

Dr. William Morley Punshon writes :—“On my way from Buffalo to Toronto I caught the first sight of that wondrous vision which it is worth a pilgrimage from England to see. I have since had an opportunity of making it a study, and my conviction is, that if there is anything in the world which defies at once description and analysis, and which excites in the beholder by turns ideas of grandeur, beauty, terror, power, sublimity, it is expressed in that one word ‘Niagara.’ I have seen it in most of its summer aspects. I have gazed upon the marvellous panorama from the rapids above to the ‘whirlpool,’ two miles below. I have looked up to it from



the river, and down upon it from the Terrapin Tower. I have bathed in its light, and been drenched with its spray. I have dreamed over it through the hot afternoon, and have heard it thunder in the watches of the night. On all the headlands, and on all the islands, I have stood entranced and wondering while the mist has shrouded it, and while the sun has broken it into rainbows. I have seen it fleecy as the snowflake; deepening into the brightest emerald; dark and leaden as the angriest November day—but in all its moods there is instruction, solemnity, delight. Stable in its



perpetual instability; changeless in its everlasting change; a thing to be 'pondered in the heart,' like the Revelation by the meek Virgin of old; with no pride in the brilliant hues which are woven in its eternal loom; with no haste in the majestic roll of its waters; with no weariness in its endless psalm; it remains through the eventful years an embodiment of unconscious power, a lively inspiration of thought, and poetry, and worship—a magnificent apocalypse of God."





## CHAPTER XII.

### UTICA AND TRENTON.

**M**AY TWENTY-EIGHTH.—Left Buffalo for Utica by an early morning train on the New York Central Line. This great railway has its steel road for double sets of rails from Buffalo to Albany, 297 miles, and then along the bank of the Hudson River to New York, an entire length of 440 miles. With the Lake Shore Line in connection, it makes a through communication with Chicago, a total distance of 980 miles. A marvellous feat in rapid travelling was performed in September last on this line. A train left New York, and accomplished the distance to East Buffalo, 436 miles, in 439 minutes, or at the rate of 61·9 miles per hour, without allowance for stoppages.

Here are some previous records for long distance runs:—A London and North-Western train, in August, 1888, made a trip from London to Edinburgh, 400 miles, in seven hours and fifty-two minutes, which is a gross speed of 50·9 miles an hour. It made three stops, and the actual running time was seven hours and thirteen minutes, or 55·4 miles an hour. There were four cars, and the engine, tender, and cars weighed less than 130 tons.

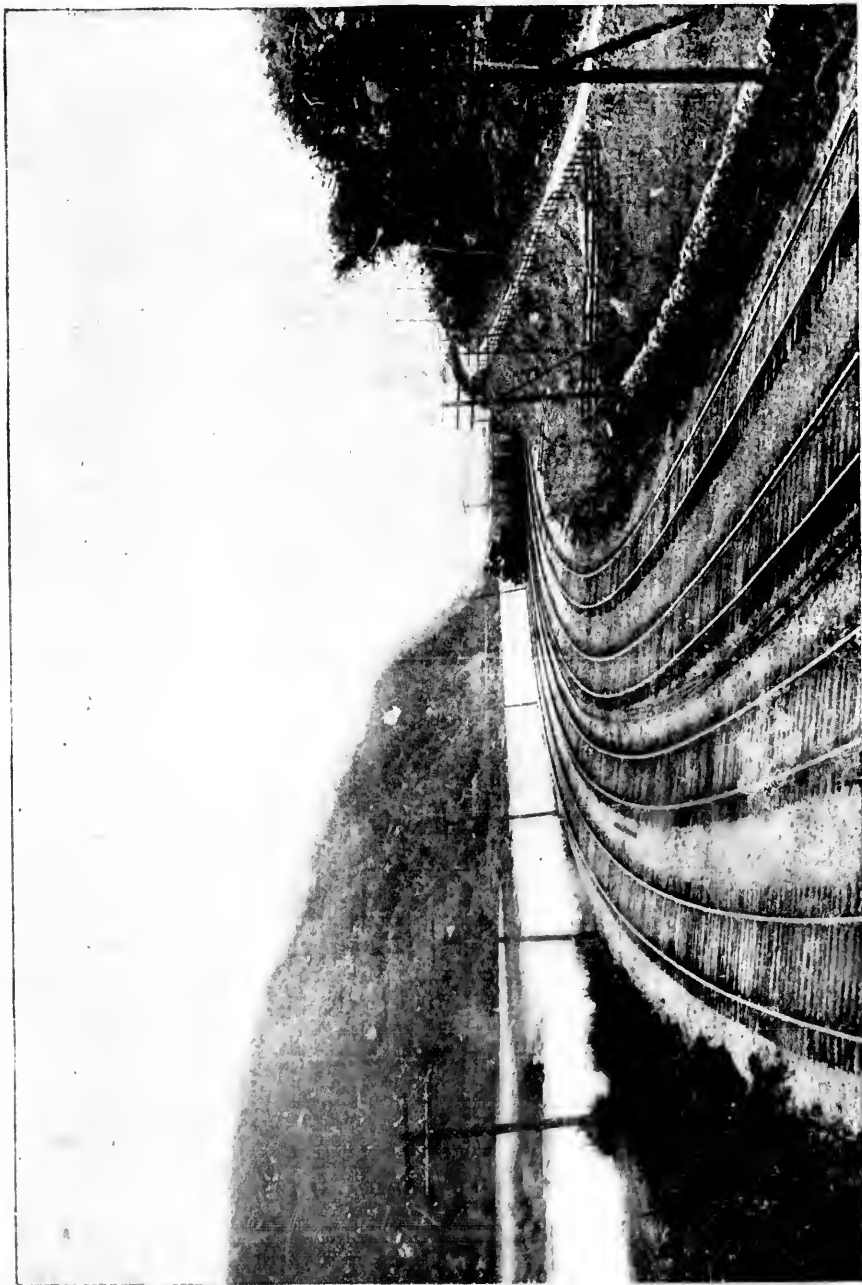
A West Shore train, in July, 1885, soon after the road was opened, made a run from East Buffalo to Weehawken, 422·6 miles, in nine hours and thirty-three minutes, at a speed of forty-five miles an hour, not counting stops. A newspaper train on the New York Central, in May, 1886, made a fast trip from New York to Buffalo, but it developed a gross speed of only 45·3 miles an hour, without allowing for stops. The Baltimore and the Ohio and the Pennsylvania have made very fast special runs, but none of them have come up to the run of the Scotch express for a distance of over 400 miles. The Baltimore and Ohio, however, in conjunction with the Reading and Jersey Central, has the fastest scheduled train in the world for a distance of over 200 miles. The Royal Blue Limited, between Jersey and Washington, makes the run at an average



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New York Central Four Track Road.

actual speed of 52·8 miles an hour, and does it every day. The Scotch express between London and Edinburgh follows closely, with a speed of 51·6 miles an hour.

It is likely that there may be a rivalry of fast time between the great trunk lines in anticipation of the World's Fair, and it may be the idea of the Central people to see just what they can do. They have shown conclusively that they can knock one-third off the time that it now takes the fastest regular train to make the run from New York to Buffalo. The fast train takes less than twelve hours. The train we have referred to made it in less than seven-and-half hours. And how about Chicago? The Lake Shore is credited with having one of the best road-beds in the country. A corresponding deduction of time on that road would admit of a trip from New York to Chicago in less than seventeen hours.

Our first stopping-place was Batavia, 68 miles from Buffalo, and without any striking features in the landscape, we travel on to Rochester, situated on Genessee River, one of the leading manufacturing cities of the country, surrounded by nurseries and market gardens, with 4,000 acres of fruit trees. I was sorry not to have time to spend a few days in visiting Genessee Falls and the charming district around Rochester. This city is on the site of the "Hundred Acre Tract" planned out as a settlement in 1812, by three persons who came from Maryland; Nathaniel Rochester, who gave the name to the place, being one of the three adventurous spirits. One of these settlers writing of this time in his history, says:—"In the year 1814, I cleared three or four acres of ground on which the Court House, St. Luke's Church, First Presbyterian Church, etc., now stand, and sowed it to wheat and had a fine crop. The harvesting cost me nothing, as it was most effectually done by squirrels, coons, and other wild beasts of the forest. Scarcely three years had elapsed before the ground was mostly occupied with buildings."

Between Rochester and Syracuse we pass Palmyra, near to which is "Mormon's Hill," from which the founder of Mormonism claimed to have dug the sacred golden plates from which the first Mormon Bible was printed, and also to have found the stone spectacles through which he interpreted the signs written upon them. We now travel on, uncertain as to whether we are in the Old World or the New, for the stations along the route bear the classic names of Memphis, Macedon, Jordan, Pompey, Virgil, and Ulysses, whilst in the immediate neighbourhood are the towns and villages of Aurelius, Marcellus, Homer, Nineveh, Verona, and Rome, the whole district combining the classics of the Old World with the business enterprise of the New.

We reach Syracuse, 149 miles from Buffalo, to find ourselves in the great salt region, and at the great distributing point for coal from the Pennsylvania region. Syracuse is one of the handsomest

cities in New York State, having fine, broad streets, many of them 100 feet wide, bordered by ornate houses in arple grounds, and shaded by magnificent trees. The paths are all in greensward, with broad lawns and flower-beds stretching back to the houses, all open, as in New England, for the Americans do not believe in building high fence walls to hide the beauty of their homes from the passers-by; on the contrary, with good taste and commendable generosity, when their wealth enables them to have the most delightful surroundings, they are pleased to let their neighbours and visitors see them, and in this way many of the large towns, as well as smaller places, are made park-like in their appearance, and I was informed that, in this matter, people vie with each other in having their grounds in the best taste, by which all are the gainers, for if "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," it is equally appreciated by the masses, for everyone likes to look at pleasant homes.

Another feature of these dwellings is that they are usually adorned with verandahs of various and fanciful designs, covered in summer with rich and abundant creepers, and having chairs and other conveniences for enjoying the cool atmosphere of the declining day. With the houses constructed of wood, painted in bright and cheerful colours, and surrounded with flowers and shrubs, the residential portions of many of the cities of America, particularly in New England, are, in almost every instance, pleasing, and in some cases very delightful.

Early in the afternoon we reach Utica, where I had relatives settled, who left the Old Country some thirty-five years ago. I received a hearty welcome, and after lunch was taken to see some of the sights of the place. Utica is the leading city of the New York dairy region, and the head-quarters of the American cheese trade. It has a population of 50,000, and is beautifully situated upon a slope extending with gentle ascent southward from the Mohawk river, until it reaches about 150 feet elevation. The leading public institution in the city is the State Lunatic Asylum, which we visited. We were shown over the various departments by Dr. Wagner, and, from a thorough inspection of the place, which I was informed is a fair sample of similar institutions throughout the country, I was convinced that a high order of dealing with those who have to depend upon such provision for comfort and alleviation of sorrow, is a pleasing feature of the State government. In this asylum, with its 400 unfortunates, the sheltering care and protecting hand were everywhere visible, and the inmates have provided for them cheerful, home-like surroundings, with not only the comforts, but many of the luxuries of life, and the best ministry to their disordered intellects which experience can suggest to the able staff of experienced physicians who have made mental maladies their special study.

Forty or more years ago, I made an inspection of a similar institution in a Yorkshire town, and the visit was a painful experience,

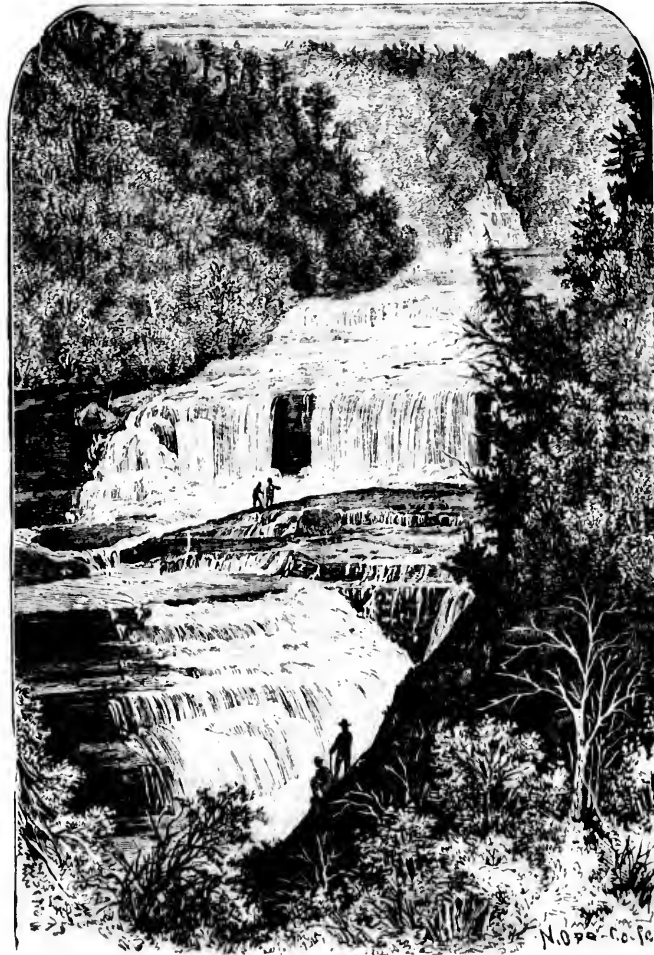
for, at that time, many cruel features of "life in an asylum" were to be seen, but here as in England now, these are abolished, and hygienic and other appliances are kindly and skilfully used. The asylum is built on a most suitable site. A long steady rise from the city by degrees took us to a broad plateau whereon the various buildings stand. The well laid-out grounds, with the gardens in which many of the inmates are working, are used for recreation, and a cricket match for the inmates was in progress, whilst the fine old trees scattered about furnished a grateful shade, and under the branches a number of the patients were lounging, some with books, and others oblivious of the cares of life were sound asleep.

The genial and obliging doctor explained fully the methods of receiving and treating the inmates, the care with which each separate case is watched, and the records, most full and complete, of every patient that is received into the asylum. After thanking the gentleman for his courtesy, we left the place and made our way back to the city, calling at "Utica's School for Young Ladies," a well-known training ground in the higher branches of education, which Mrs. J. C. G. Piatt and a capital staff of assistants is now conducting with marked ability. The "Seminary," as it is called, is a four-story commodious structure, containing all modern conveniences, arranged in strict accordance with the correct laws of health, comfort, and refinement. The class-rooms are large and cheerful, and the sitting and bedroom combined of each pupil present all the attractions of home comfort. I visited several of the class-rooms, and so far as I could judge, the education which was being given was of the most thorough character. On the day following my visit, I met with the class in geology, fourteen in number, with hammers and satchels, prosecuting their studies practically at the Falls of Trenton, some 21 miles from Utica.

MAY TWENTY-NINTH.—Went with my friends to see the Falls whose praises have been sung by many gifted writers. After seeing Niagara so recently, I was afraid that I should be disappointed in visiting the lesser attraction; but I had read an account of the Trenton Falls, which induced me to pay them a visit, and I can now fully endorse the encomiums of the writer, who says:—"It matters little when you see these Falls, whether before or after Niagara. The charm of Trenton is unique, and you will not scorn the violets and lilies because you knelt to the passion-flowers and roses. A day at Trenton, because of its rare and picturesque, but harmonious attractions, is like a feast of flowers. In some choice niche of memory you will lay it aside, not as a sublime statue, nor a prophetic and solemn picture, but as a vase most delicate, symmetrical if slight, and chased with pastoral tracery."

A railway ride of eighteen miles and a waggonette ride of three miles brought us to Moore's Hotel, a large and well-appointed

house near the Falls. Leaving the hotel we pass through a lofty wood for a short distance, and reach the top of what is known as the lower stairway, which we descend by means of 127 steps. At the bottom of the flume on either side, as if laid by mason's hand,



Trenton Falls, from the Pinnacle.

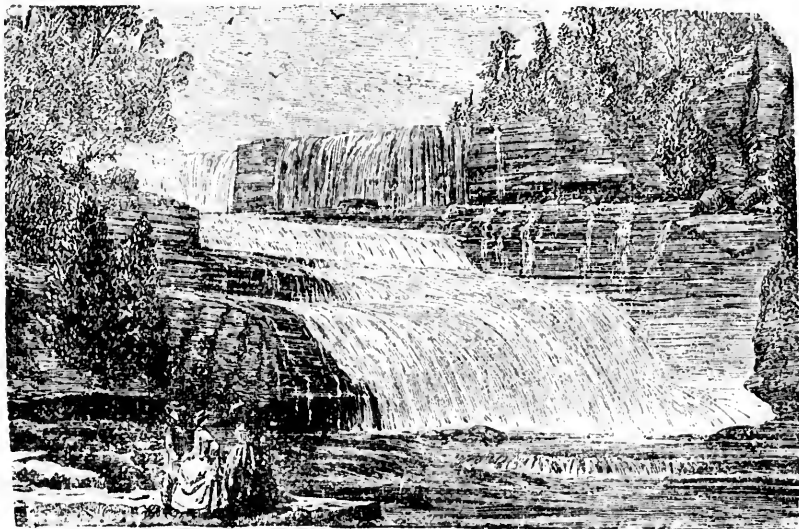
the walls of Trenton limestone tower 30 yards or more above. The blackened rocks are crowned with hemlocks and cedars, and their branches hang over the abyss; while far below, the tumultuous torrent rushes across the broad flagstones which form its bed. We pass along a smooth pavement laid by Nature herself, carefully levelled and squared with the furious rapid in front that

has cut more deeply into the rocky layers. We go along the left bank on a path blasted from solid rock, and protected by chains, a narrow ledge with the water whirling and foaming beneath, until we reach the first large Fall, called the Sherman Fall, which has made for itself a semi-circular alcove, into which it leaps a depth of 40 feet.



We now reach a point where we have the finest view of the Sherman, and can see the amber-coloured waters boil furiously in the abyss into which they first fall, and the clouds of spray which rise from them. There was an enormous volume of water at the time of our visit, and the grand sheet of brown water was made still more enchanting by a gorgeous rainbow which spanned it.

Above this Fall the torrent comes down through a succession of rapids, and the chasm broadens and the rocks on either side attain still greater altitudes. We now crawl along a slippery and uncertain footpath, until we round a point in our walk, where, instantaneously, we are delighted with the sight of the High Falls.

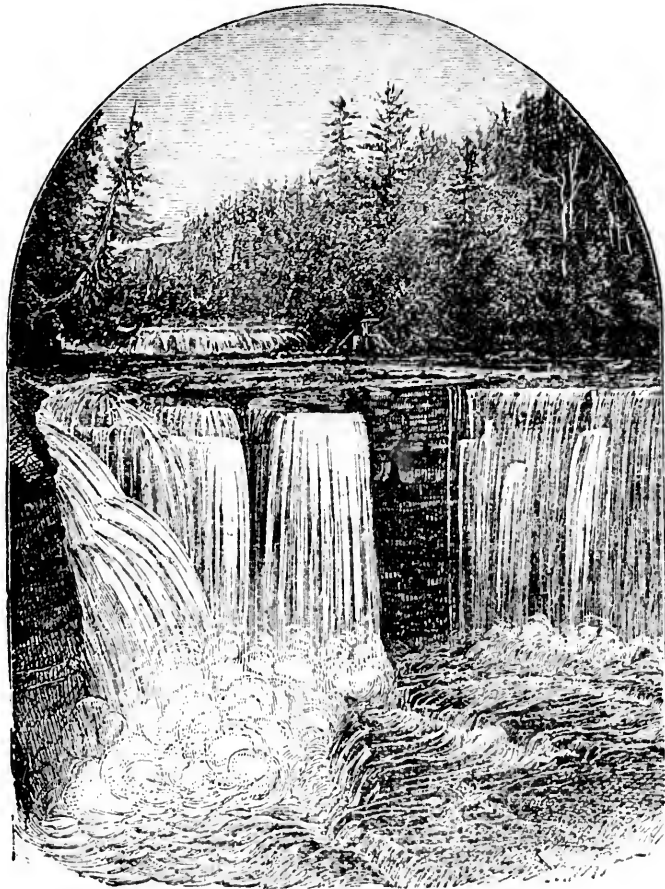


High Falls, Trenton.

With feelings of awe, as well as admiration, we stand and take in the marvellous view. No painter in water-colours could produce a more perfect picture, for the stream is framed in rock, fringed with evergreens and shrubbery, spangled with wild flowers, and canopied by the blue vault of heaven. The Fall is triple, and has a leap of seventy feet. "It begins with the colour of melted topaz, while the cedars and hemlocks of the forests above impart the amber hue to the torrent. As it descends the water becomes gradually lighter, until the brown turns to a creamy white, which is finally lost under the cloud of spray. These varied colours were singularly beautiful, as the sunlight fell with delicious effect upon the waters."

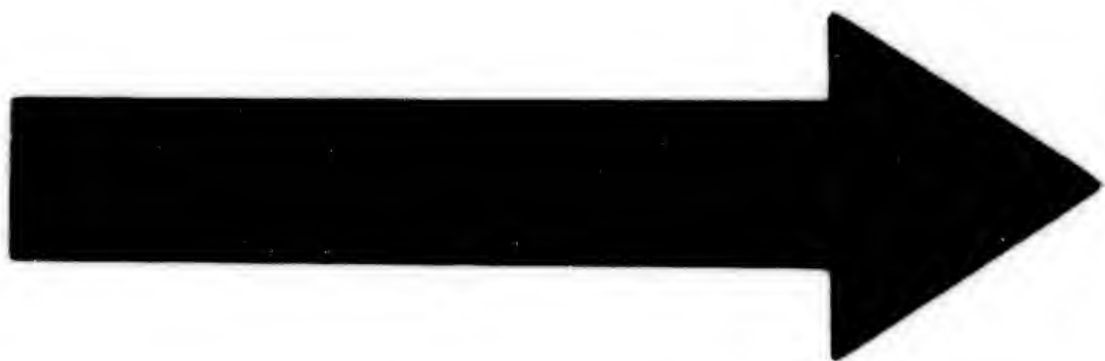


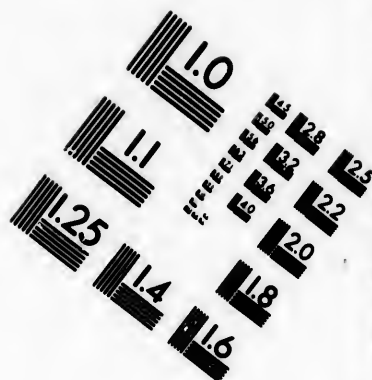
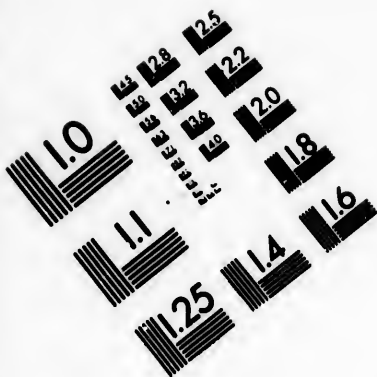
Mounting still higher we come upon a small building intended as a resting place, but it was closed, and we had to content ourselves with the outside seat in front. Some girls in the ravine far below us look like pigmies, as they toil along the rough road leading to the Fall. Here, under the densely foliated trees, we sit and muse and drink in the beauty of the scene, until we are



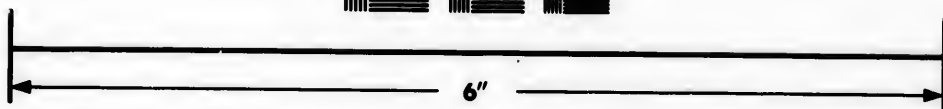
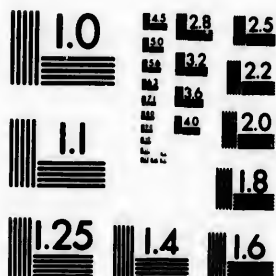
Part of High Falls, Trenton.

reminded that there is still much more walking to be done, so we travel on to the Mill Dam Fall, and a few yards further to the Alhambra Cascade, a place of such romantic charm, that it is the despair of artists. "All this region is a geological mine of inestimable knowledge, and is in reality a Titanic fissure cracked through





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the crust of mother earth, down which roars and dashes a tremendous torrent. Its place among American wonders ranks closely after Niagara. By no means as grand as that peerless waterfall, and constructed on a smaller scale, yet its unique character and attractions of cataracts, rapids, and gorge, all framed in a most beautiful setting, as romantic and picturesque as it is sublime, make it worth the while coming as far to see."

Beyond the Cascade, walking on we pass through the Rocky Heart, a beautiful sight to look upon, and thence on until we climb the steps of the upper stairway to the cliff. A mile beyond this, at Prospect, is another fall, entirely different from any we have passed. Over the face of a solid wall of rock, fully one hundred feet in width, passes the water, behind whose veil-like thinness the layers of Trenton limestone are distinctly seen.

Retracing our steps, we take the upper path through the native wood which skirts the long chasm, back to the hotel for rest and refreshment, as well as to think over the beauties of this,—one of nature's masterpieces in the magnificent work with which her galleries are adorned. Lovers of the beautiful and picturesque in nature should not pass unvisited these lovely Falls.

MAY THIRTIETH.—This is Memorial Day, the day in the States which is devoted to the memory of the men who fought for the cause of their country, and who sleep beneath the sod. To-day their graves are to be decked with flowers, their deeds to be recounted, and their praises to be sung. This custom of decorating the soldiers' graves, is in my opinion, one well worthy of perpetual observance. The men who so readily went to the front for their country were patriots, whose memory a grateful people ought always to be willing to honour. To set apart one day in the year for that purpose is none too much. The nation owes its present unexampled prosperity, and the still higher position it will occupy in the future, to the result accomplished by the war. To honour those who were patriots, and who were loyal to the Republic when it stood in need of defenders, is the surest way to inculcate a love and respect for loyalty and patriotism. To honour heroes is a certain way to raise up other heroes worthy of honour. Great achievements bear fruit for all time.

The greatest principle in the purest life of the world is sacrifice. This gives to Christianity its power, and is the law which speaks in every cross and altar. The greatness and beauty of sacrifice are seen in the act of those who gave up their lives for their country.

"If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in this solemn trust, ours shall keep it as long as the light and warmth of life shall remain in us." This was the sacred pledge formulated by the Grand Army of the Republic twenty-three years ago, and the loyal fidelity with which it has been kept is attested every 30th of May by the long processions marching through city, town, and village, to do honour to the memory of the departed ones who wore the blue.

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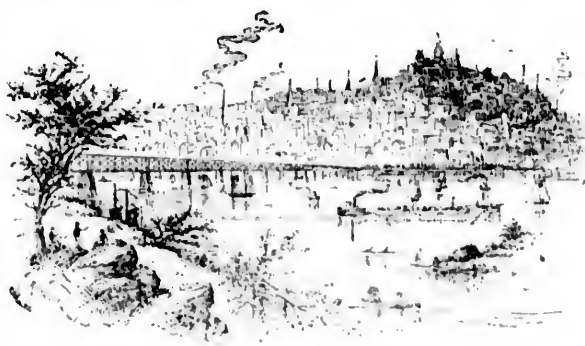
Until the terrible lesson of the war of the rebellion shall be forgotten, Memorial Day will continue to be dear to the hearts of the Northern people, and it will be remembered as long as

“ The grass is green where they calmly rest,  
 Those veterans true and brave ;  
 Their memory shines like a radiant star  
 O'er the land they died to save.”

We leave Utica snugly ensconced in the rich and picturesque Mohawk valley, and we continue its descent until we reach Little Falls, a manufacturing centre well-known to Yorkshire employees, and then we go on to Schenectady, 280 miles from Buffalo. From the train we get a good view of the Edison Electric Works, an immense pile of buildings; also the locomotive works and the sheds of the Gilbert Car Manufacturing Company. Historically, this city is one of the most picturesque in the valley.

On the night of February 9th, 1690, occurred the burning of Schenectady by a party of 250 French and Indians from Canada,

whose purpose was to rout the Dutch and get control of the entire province of New York. The town and “ Fort Scanecthade ” was burned and the inhabitants murdered.



Albany.

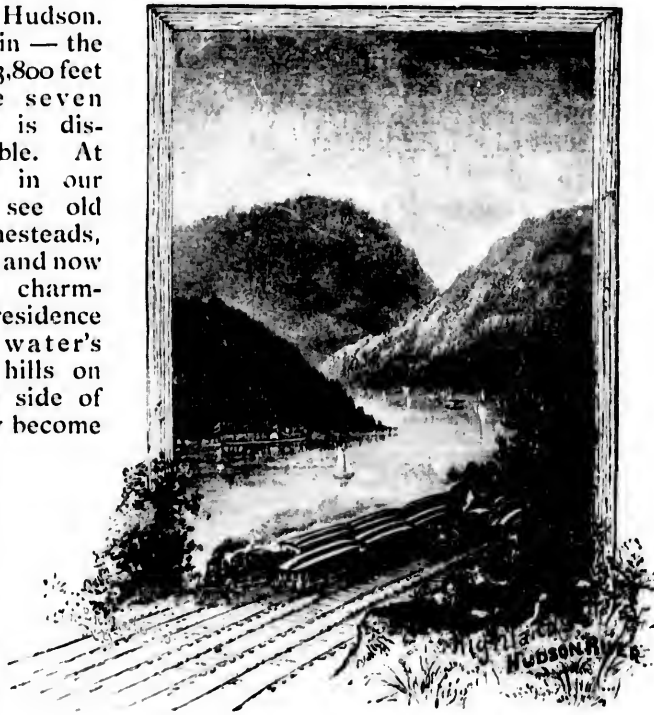
Half-an-hour after leaving the old Dutch

city, we roll into the quaint old city of Albany, the capital of New York State, with a population of 110,000 persons. It is finely situated, for the city is built over the face of a lofty and steep hill, on which is located the capitol of the State, a large structure, covering an area of nearly three acres, being 300 feet wide and 390 feet deep. Its cost up to the present time is £4,000,000. Albany is a busy and prosperous place, and occupies a prominent commercial position, being located on the Hudson River and the eastern terminus of the Erie Canal. It is also a great railway centre to which many important lines converge, and the American Rhine is at its feet, and as a whole the city is full of interest to the traveller, and worthy of a much longer visit than I was enabled to pay it.

We now commence our journey along the bank of the Hudson River, and find the travelling on this great four-track route very

enjoyable, from the smoothness of the road and the ever-changing panorama with which we are favoured. For 150 miles we follow the course of this noble river, through scenes of rural beauty, ever-varying but always interesting. At first the river is shallow, with many islands dotted over with white groups of ice-houses, bordered with broad meadows and fringed with jetties and breakwaters, to keep within proper bounds the waters that would otherwise overflow the channel.

At Hudson the river has widened, and beyond it we can see the beautiful panorama of the Catskill Mountains, the landing place for which is a few miles beyond the Hudson. One mountain — the Round Top, 3,800 feet high, some seven miles away, is distinctly visible. At other points in our journey we see old Dutch homesteads, fertile farms, and now and again a charming villa residence near the water's edge. The hills on the opposite side of the river now become greater in height and grander in appearance. The river expands into lake-like bays, dotted here and there with craft of various kinds.



We halt at Poughkeepsie, of which, however, we can see but little from the car, and then we run on to Fishkill, where we can see on the opposite bank the handsomely-built and delightfully-located city of Newburgh, in which is an old gray stone house, at one time Washington's head quarters. Beyond Newburgh Bay we come to the famed Highlands of the Hudson, and for many miles now we have a succession of scenery, romantic and grand in the extreme.



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Washington Bridge.

At West point we get a view of the National Military Academy, and then we travel on and pass in succession Peekskill, Sing-Sing, where the State Prison is located ; Tarrytown, celebrated in Revolutionary history ; Irvington, named in honour of Washington Irving ; Yonkers, a large and important manufacturing city, and at one time the home of Mary Phillipse, the first love of George Washington ; and Spuyten Duyvel, 11 miles from New York, where our train leaves the Hudson and follows Spuyten Duyvel Creek, a locality famous in song and story. Of all these places, and others on the Hudson, I may write further when I have sailed down its entire length on one of the magnificent Hudson river steamboats.

Six miles from New York we come to the "High Bridge, so-called, but which is in fact a viaduct for carrying the waters of

Croton Lake into the city. This bridge crosses the Harlem River at an elevation of over one hundred feet, and is composed of eight columns of granite, surmounted by arches of eighty feet span. A few hundred feet north of High Bridge is Washington Bridge, a massive iron and



Grand Central Station, New York.

stone structure composed of three graceful arches, connecting Manhattan Island with the mainland, and said to be one of the most beautiful bridges in the world."

Late in the evening I reached the Grand Central Station, New York, and without much difficulty found my way by means of the Elevated Railway to my home in Brooklyn.

**MAY THIRTY-FIRST.**—Went in the morning to the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, and listened to an excellent sermon by the Rev. Edward Braislin, D.D.

**JUNE FIRST.**—Left New York at 10.30 a.m. for Buffalo, travelling over again by way of the Hudson River, the 440 miles to the last named city, which I reached at 9 p.m. somewhat wearied with the journey, though I had made it in one of the handsomely-appointed parlour-cars of the New York Central line. Found rest and a welcome at the hospitable home of my friend the Rev. E. E. Chivers.





### CHAPTER XIII.

#### TORONTO AND KINGSTON.

**F**UNE SECOND.—Went with my friend and three other Baptist ministers to a Tuscarora—Indian Reservation, thirty miles from Buffalo. Alighting at Irving station, we were met by one of the Indians, who, with a primitive-looking conveyance and two horses, was waiting to take us to the Reservation, three miles away. Seventeen hundred of this Indian tribe live upon the territory, which is fifteen miles long by three in width, and consists of good farming land, deserving of better treatment than it obtains at the hands of its owners. There are two churches on the Reservation, a Baptist and a Presbyterian, and our mission was to attend a conference in connection with the first-named body, and to put matters straight which had somehow got awry. There is also an Orphanage on the estate, with accommodation for 200 children, and eleven Common Schools, which are fairly well attended.

We were driven along a roughish road by our Indian guide, who, by the way, was a fine specimen of the tribe, quick-witted, with a piercing black eye and a determined look. He was, however, one of the leading members of the Baptist congregation, and evinced great interest in our mission. Just before we came in sight of his home, a farm-house of moderate size, but poorly furnished, we could hear the toll of the chapel bell, calling the people to the service, which was to commence at 10.30 a.m., and for which we were just in time. The chapel was a neat but plain little edifice, painted white, with tower and bell. Inside, the walls and ceiling were papered throughout, and there was a chandelier suspended from the ceiling with four oil lamps attached. Two stoves, with the piping carried the length of the place over the heads of the people, furnished the necessary warmth in winter. The chapel would accommodate about 150 worshippers, but on this occasion the congregation numbered some 15 men and 25 women, the two sexes sitting apart, clad in civilized attire, but of the plainest material.

I was not enamoured of their appearance, so far as cleanliness was concerned, for all looked as if a liberal application of soap and water would be beneficial. They were indeed of the real Indian type, especially the older members, who, if they had been in their normal dress of paint and feathers, would have certainly given a true representation of the wild Indians who figured in the books of travel we read in our childhood.

I cannot say that I was much impressed with the religious devotion displayed, for, as it subsequently appeared, there were some grievances to be settled, and this state of matters did not tend to that calmness of spirit and feeling necessary for a full enjoyment of religious exercises. One of our deputation presided over the deliberations, and another played the harmonium. The service opened with the hymn "O, to grace how great a debtor," and the effect of part of the congregation singing in the Tuscarora language and the remainder in the English tongue, was certainly novel, if not very harmonious. Prayer was offered in English, and a second hymn "Jesus, lover of my soul," was rendered in the same dual manner.

At the conference Austen John and Blue Sky acted as interpreters, and Mr. Jackson, another Indian, was appointed to act as clerk, and gave the following statistics:—No. of members on church books, 136, and the average attendance at the Sunday services, 30. There was no Sunday School, and on account of jealousy amongst the leaders, the cause had declined. They had sent a petition to the Baptist State Convention, asking for a pastor to be sent amongst them, basing their application on the fact that at one time America belonged to the Indians, and they still considered they had some claim upon the new comers. The discussion was carried on in the Tuscarora language, and lasted for three hours, after which we were invited to dine with our Indian friend, who subsequently drove us to the railway station in time to catch the evening train for Buffalo. Notwithstanding some drawbacks, this was a day to be remembered for its strange and novel experiences amongst a fast-decaying people.

**JUNE THIRD:**—Left Buffalo in the forenoon for Toronto, via Niagara and Lewiston. The last-named town is on the Niagara river, seven miles below the Falls, whence the steamer starts for Toronto. On this short but somewhat exciting railway ride, we obtained occasional glimpses of the river, which here runs between perpendicular cliffs for three or four miles with great force, sometimes taking the form of rapids, and at other places eddying in whirlpools. It was raining hard when we reached Lewiston, and we at once boarded the steamer "Cibola," which soon got under weigh, and carried us past Kingston Heights on the Canadian Shore. We now came in sight of two forts and settlements; on the west a British, and on the east an American, and between them

the broad deep channel of the transparent river, and its precipitous banks.

From Lewiston to Toronto across Lake Ontario is a distance of thirty-five miles, and this we accomplished in a little over two hours, the rain bearing us company all the way, and on our landing in Toronto it was coming down in torrents. Mr. J. L. Nicholls, and other Yorkshire friends, were on the landing stage to give me welcome, and we were soon safely sheltered in the comfortable rooms of the Reform Club, where at lunch I was introduced to the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, several of the City Councillors, and other citizens.

I was highly pleased with Toronto, and the district around, which is very beautiful. Charming villas, surrounded by well-kept gardens in Rosedale and its neighbourhood, reminded one continually of the Old Country. The city is indeed the "Queen City of the Lake," and is a healthy and vigorous English offshoot. It is favoured with a trinity of blessings—situation, climate, and soil, all alike of a satisfactory character. The shops in King Street, the principal thoroughfare, two miles in length, are equal to anything I saw in the States, and with every sign of prosperity in the city, I was not surprised to learn that property and land are increasing enormously in value.

Toronto was the "city of refuge," for the fugitive slave, in the old slavery days. It is now, for a city of little more than fifty years growth, a wonderful place, with a thriving and industrious population of more than 200,000 souls. It abounds with parks and squares, pleasant "breathing-spaces," and its climate is both invigorating and salubrious, resulting from the influence of Lake Ontario, which bounds it on the south. It has sometimes been styled the "City of Churches," and the title is well deserved, if one may judge from the number and beauty of the sacred edifices I saw in my drive through the city. It is also the political, commercial, legal, religious, literary, and educational centre of Ontario, hence, it has many clubs, banks, law-courts, libraries, and schools.

The weather having improved, we drove in and about the residential portion of the city, where beautiful residences are on every hand, all testifying to a high ideal of domestic life. Here, too, as in New England, I was pleased to find the English system of enclosing private grounds finds no favour, on the contrary, reliance is placed upon moral defences for the protection of property, and every confidence (which I was informed, is seldom abused) is put in the civility and good-will of the public. This is a phase of social progress not yet realized in the Old Country.

In driving about the city I was much impressed with the English appearance of both place and people. I met with English speech and ways everywhere, and even in the names of the streets and shops this peculiarity was observable. If there is one draw-

back to the attractions of Toronto, it is in the fact, that it is built on a flat plain, with only one slight elevation to the northward, but, if in this respect it is not so picturesque as Montreal or Quebec, it is beautified by its many fine public buildings, many of them of a pleasing English style of architecture. This is seen in the handsome villas, churches, banks, and other financial establishments.

Dismissing our "cabby," we took the ferry-boat to Hanlan's Island, a delightful summer resort of the citizens, where we found a large hotel, many cosy cottages, a light-house, and every convenience for sailing, rowing, or steaming on the bay. From this island we had a fine view of the magnificent water-front of the city, the chief attraction of the place.



Toronto University.

**JUNE FOURTH.**—Took a carriage drive across the Rosedale Ravine, connected with the city by two ornamental bridges, to the charming suburb beyond, and then to the University, a grand Norman pile recently restored, after being burnt down, except the outer walls and noble front. We were pleased with the beauty and solidity of the structure, the harmony of the design, and its charming situation in spacious and well-kept grounds. Near to the University we saw Wycliffe College, and the splendid hall of the University Young Men's Christian Association.

We next visited High Park, the pic-nic grounds of the Torontonians. The grounds are 320 acres in extent—a magnificent stretch of hill and dale, with fine grown trees and shrubbery. The Park was given to the city by J. G. Howard, an old resident, who is buried within its borders, along with his wife, in a massive



stone mausoleum erected in the grounds during his life-time. The railing surrounding the tomb I had seen many times before, it having at one time formed part of the fence around St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Another feature attached to these railings is that on the passage out the vessel was wrecked, but Mr. Howard was not to be disappointed in his desire, so he had the rails recovered from the bed of the St. Lawrence river by the aid of divers, and thus carried out his original design.

Having an appointment with the Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.B., M.P.P., who had kindly volunteered to show us over the Normal School, we proceeded to that educational institution, and were welcomed by the Minister, who is a man of many parts, and though unaided by fortune, has attained a very high and honourable position in the Dominion. He is lawyer, politician, cabinet minister, and the administrator of the Educational Department of Government. It is said that "he brings to his work the powers of a vigorous mind, a store of practical experience as a teacher, and much enthusiasm in the cause of popular education." In the House and on the platform, Mr. Ross is a forcible and eloquent speaker.

The Normal College is built upon one of the most pleasing sites in the city. The buildings include, in addition to the School, the Education office and the Depositories and the Educational Museum. The buildings are in the centre of an open square, about seven acres in extent. In front of the school is a fine bronze statue to the memory of the late Dr. Ryerson, whose untiring efforts in the cause of education are thus perpetuated. The Educational Museum contains specimens of Canadian and Natural History, and the best varieties of maps, charts, diagrams, philosophical apparatus, and school furniture.

The School is for the training of teachers, and the work carried on is mainly professional, the studies embracing the History and Science of Education, the Principles and Practice of Teaching, and School Organization and Management. We visited the various class-rooms, in which Hygiene, Chemistry, Drawing, Physics, etc., etc., were being taught, also the Model School, which has its home in the building. We saw also the exercises of the scholars of the Kindergarten School, which were highly interesting.

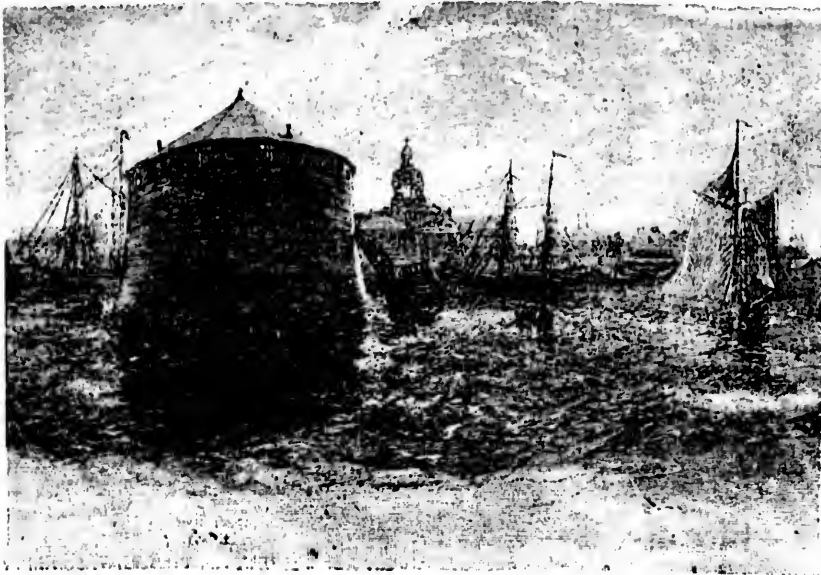
We went to the Collegiate Institute, ably presided over by Mr. A. MacMurchy, M.A., editor of the *Canada Educational Monthly*, and a Scotchman by birth. We saw over every department of this excellent institution, and had the course of study explained to us by the Rector, who has won for the institute a high and honourable repute, and from it, we were informed, thousands of young men had been sent, who, in many different walks of life, have made their mark, and are worthy citizens of the Dominion.

Should any of my readers intend visiting Toronto, let me advise them to obtain beforehand an exhaustive and superbly-



illustrated volume, on *Toronto, Old and New*, published by the *Mail Printing Company*, and from the mass of statistics and other valuable information, as well as from the hundreds of photo-illustrations which the work contains, they will be better enabled to appreciate the many beauties of the "Queen City." During my brief stay in the city, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. Cockin, and others, showed me no little kindness.

I left Toronto at 8.30 p.m., for Kingston, formerly the capital of Canada, but that honour is now given to Ottawa. This railway journey was the most uncomfortable of any that I took during my trip, for there was no sleeping-car on the train, and the time dragged wearily along until 2.30 a.m., when we reached our des-



Fort Henry, Kingston Harbour.

tinuation. I "put up" at the Hotel Frontenac, near the station, a very comfortable hostelry.

**JUNE FIFTH.**—After breakfast, I called upon Mr. Henry Folger, to whom I had a letter of introduction from my friend Mr. Carleton. I was given a hearty welcome to the stately and antiquated city, and we were soon driving through the principal streets to my host's charming villa on the lake shore.

Kingston occupies a very picturesque site on Lake Ontario, its principal buildings resting on a peninsula between the St. Lawrence and the Rideau Canal. This peninsula is a gentle slope, on which the town rises from the shore. On the other side of the

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canal is Fort Henry, a strong fortress, and on other strips of land between the town and the Fort are other buildings, having communication with the town by long bridges.

Kingston is a very old place, and has played an important *rôle* in Canadian history, both as a military post and a political centre. The French had at one time a fort and village here, Fort Frontenac, traces of which are still visible. Most of the public buildings are of blue-grey stone, which gives an air of solidity, as well as of melancholy, to the city.

At dinner I met Principal Grant, D.D., President of the Royal Society of Canada, and Professor Watson, LL.D., of Queen's University, and had much interesting conversation regarding the probable future of the Dominion. Later in the evening I accompanied my host and his family to the Opera House, to witness a representation, by ladies and gentlemen of the town, of Goldsmith's evergreen comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." The performance was given in aid of some charitable institution, and the performers acquitted themselves very creditably.

JUNE SIXTH.—Went with Mr. Folger to the Penitentiary, a massive block of buildings situate about two miles from the city. We were shown over every part of the establishment by the chief warder—an Irishman. We saw the cells, rising in tiers one above the other, with a separate corridor for each tier; the workshops, the provision stores, the chapel, and schools. We also saw—a most painful sight—several prisoners who were being visited by their wives and little children, a privilege granted twice a year, the interview lasting for an hour on each occasion.

In the afternoon I went by one of Mr. Folger's boats through the Thousand Islands to Alexandria Bay. To my host, his amiable wife, and three sons, I must here return my obligations for many kindnesses shown to me whilst I was at Kingston.





## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

**F**ROM the hurricane deck of Mr. Folger's well-appointed steamboat, bound for Alexandria Bay, I look down upon a multitude of Saturday afternoon pleasure-seekers who crowd the deck below us, and who are evidently bent on having a "good time" whilst taking the excursion to the Bay and back. For a couple of shillings, they are enabled to enjoy a sixty miles sail amongst the loveliest river scenery on the American Continent.

We had not left the fortified harbour of Kingston, with its forts and Martello towers, far behind, ere we saw that the lake had contracted into the funnel-shaped head of the St. Lawrence, enclosing the uncounted islets, small and great, which are known by the name of the Thousand Islands.

We are now on the wonderful St. Lawrence river, sometimes called the Grand River—*La Grande Rivière*—as the French delighted to call it; and who, indeed, can describe its many beauties? Where so many writers of acknowledged literary merit have failed, it were hopeless for me to attempt the task. But since I have seen something of its charm, I may venture to give my little experiences for what they may be worth.

The St. Lawrence is, in my opinion, one of the most interesting water-ways in the world, combining in its course varied and infinite beauties; sometimes her waters are wild and tumultuous, rushing headlong, as it were, into the sea; at other times moving jubilant amid her thousand isles, then expanding into fair lakes and pleasant bays, and now and again sweeping past in her majesty large and populous cities, but, in her every mood, grand and beautiful.

The borders of the St. Lawrence river are full of interest, romantic and otherwise, for, on four separate occasions they have been the theatre of war between contending nations, first between the Algonquins and the Iroquois, two tribes of hostile Indians;

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next, between the French and English, and twice between the English and Americans. The river was discovered by Jacques Cartier in 1535, on St. Lawrence day, hence the name. The first steamboat on the river was the *Oneida* in 1817.

The first mention of the Thousand Islands was by Samuel Champlain, in 1615. It is said that the name, "*Milles Isles*," or Thousand Islands, was given by some French explorers about 1630. Since that time, poets have sung their praises, and novelists



The Thousand Islands.

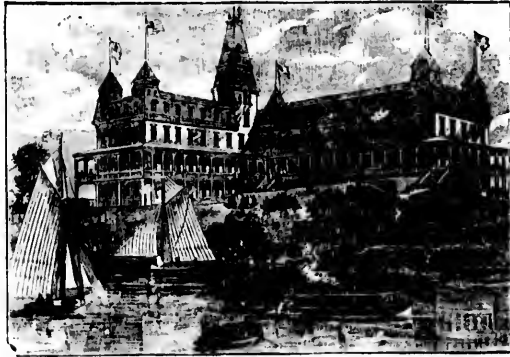
have woven their charms into fiction. It is said that Tom Moore, the Irish poet, wrote on Hart's Island, Alexandria Bay, the "Canadian Boat Song," commencing—

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time."

We have now got fairly amongst the islands, which vary in size from an area containing many acres to that of a mere rock,

with about sufficient soil to feed a single tree or a few green tufts of grass, a handful of violets or a few wild hyacinths. I felt anxious to approach nearer to them, and find repose and rest amid their silence and solitude.

Within a few miles of the point we are now passing are thousands of places, rugged and solitary, among which a boat can glide silently, while its occupant may sit, happily indolent, and dreamily revelling in the pleasure of doing nothing. There are scores of little bays, almost land-locked, where the fragrant odours of hemlock and pine fill the air, "and the whispers of nature's unseen life serve but to make the solitude more perceptible." At times the steamer runs so close to the islands that we might almost step on to the shore; whilst right ahead of the vessel it seems as though further progress was impossible, when rounding the point amid widening passages and bays, the course is gradually opened



The Crossmon Hotel.

before us. At our approach the seeming obstruction disappears as if by magic, and a hundred little isles appear in its place. Our trip to Alexandria Bay lasted for three hours, and for scenic effects and variety of picturesque views stands unrivalled in my experiences of travel. On landing at the Bay,

I went to the Crossmon Hotel, a fine structure of five stories, surrounded by wide verandahs and traversed by spacious halls. It is charmingly situated, close to the river on the north, and from my bedroom window I had a most extensive and enchanting view of the river and the islands. After dinner I joined a party who were about to leave for a sail on the river in a small boat. It was now twilight, and the broad surface of the majestic stream, with its incomparable and picturesque islands, was unruffled. There was no sound save from the splash of the oars. We went in and out of the quiet and inviting little bays, past the gaily-painted boathouses, and the still more handsomely decorated villas perched on the emerald isles, surrounded in many instances by trees of rich foliage, but of stunted growth, many of which stand close to the water's edge, and will, during the heat of the day, afford cooling shade to passing boatmen.

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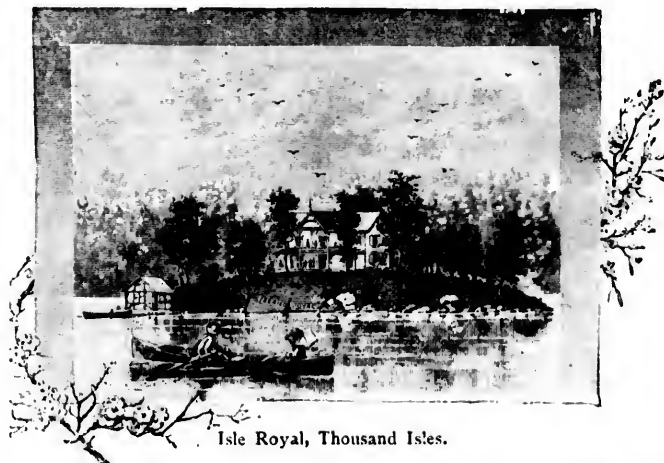
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The shadows soon began to gather and shroud the foliage of the islands in a misty gloom, blending the isles with their reflection in the water, until the real and apparent can scarcely be distinguished. The declining sun has kissed the clouds until they blush a rosy red. Twilight creeps on, catching the rosy tint of the sky, and blending with it the green of the trees, until the distant colouring is hid from view. Nature is in one of her gentlest moods.

The gloom deepens, and we are still rowing our frail boat amongst the rock-bound isles, some of which have towering cliffs looming down upon us, and I begin to feel some anxiety lest we should make our trip, enjoyable as it was, too long for our safe return to the hotel. Passing up and down the stream are numerous steam yachts as if moved by supernatural means, so easily and so gracefully do they ride the water. Many of the island homes are



Isle Royal, Thousand Isles.

now lit up with different coloured lights, and an electric light some distance away is sending across the water its rays of brilliancy.

"This archipelago," says an enthusiastic visitor, "is the spot of all spots for the pleasure-seeker and admirer of the works of nature. Nowhere is the scenery more enchanting and picturesque. Nowhere are the breezes more invigorating. All summer resorts pale in comparison with the Thousand Islands, which are destined to be one of the greatest watering-places on the face of the globe, not only for the scenery, but for the health-giving property of this majestic stream, and its excellent fishing grounds."

It was too early in the season for me to see the islands at their best, when the summer-night scenes at the Bay are said to be "weirdly enchanting, and European travellers say they remind them of the night scenes at Venice, and are quite as beautiful. The illuminations extend far up and down the river on gliding

yachts and steamers, on the islands, along the grounds, and in the windows and towers of the hotels, and nightly displays of Chinese lanterns, Roman candles, rockets, and other fireworks."

A maze of isles in wondrous beauty planned ;  
A thousand times the torrent laves a strand.  
Unnumbered channels—seeming each the way,  
Till trying all, the parted waters stray  
To murmur softly at each lovely shore  
That smiling bars the path, half lost before.

Oh ! mighty river, all thine inland seas  
With all their marvels, boast not match for these  
Thick clustered beauties—as though hand had brought  
Earth's fairest fragments to the common spot,  
Or Nature's richest chest of jewels rare  
Perchance had fallen, burst and scattered there.



Inlet to the Lake, Alexandria Bay.

JUNE SEVENTH.—Left Alexandria Bay at seven a.m., by lake steamer for Montreal, 170 miles, and now I was to have a still more novel experience, in the "Shooting of the Rapids." These are situated at different points on the route, and are known as the "Gallops" (four), the "Plate," "Depleau," "Long Sault," "Coteau," "Cedars," and "Lachine." Before coming to the first of these, we pass through the most fashionable part of the Thousand Islands group. The summer residences on these islets are elegant in style and of costly construction. The names of the



villas are painted upon sign-posts fixed near to the water's edge. "Eyrie," "Bonnie Castle," "Devil's Oven," "Isle of Pines," "Silver and Moss," and many other fanciful designations can be read as we sail along. The last of the islands are called "The Three Sisters," from their resemblance and proximity to each other.

In leaving the fairy region behind us, and bidding it, as we hope, only a temporary good-bye, we would echo the words of a writer who had preceded us in a visit to these islands, and says of them:—"Pleasant are the recollections of the place for all reasons; pleasant as a centre of watering-place life; pleasant for hours of fishing, and doubly pleasant—delightful—for hours of silent, solitary communion with nature in tranquil bays and spicy cedar woods—communion as uninterrupted as though we belonged to a different sphere than this earthly one of hurry and bustle; a place of legend and romance, of old associations, an unfailing fountain of interest, both in itself and its surroundings." In such a place one can realise the striking expressiveness of one sentiment in Bailey's *Festus*:—

Life, so varied, hath more loveliness  
In one brief day, than hath a creeping century  
Of sameness.

Bidding adieu to the justly famed islands, with their enchantment of verdure and repose, we soon come in sight of the glittering roofs and spires of the town of Brockville, called the "Queen City of the St. Lawrence," and certainly, as seen from the vessel, it has a handsome appearance, having, in common with other Canadian cities, its church spires covered with a white metal, which retains its brightness in a remarkable degree, owing to the purity and dryness of the atmosphere.

Soon after leaving Prescott, we get our first inkling of the great feature of the trip, in the increase of the current, and anon the steamer enters the first rapid, which, however, excites no great amount of interest, except as a prelude to what is to follow. Following the descent of the Gallops, another rapid is passed almost immediately, the *Rapide de Plat*. The descent of these is made under a full head of steam, and there is but little to indicate that we are not pursuing our smooth and even course until, passing Morrisburgh, we find that our speed has rapidly increased, and we are now nearing one of the fascinating events of the trip, the passage of the Long Sault Rapids. These extend for nine miles, divided in the centre by an island. These rapids rush along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and as soon as we entered them the steam was shut off, and we were carried along by the force of the current alone. The water presents a beautiful appearance, as of the ocean in a storm, and the steamer, large as it is, labours and groans, and this going rapidly down hill by water, is, to say the

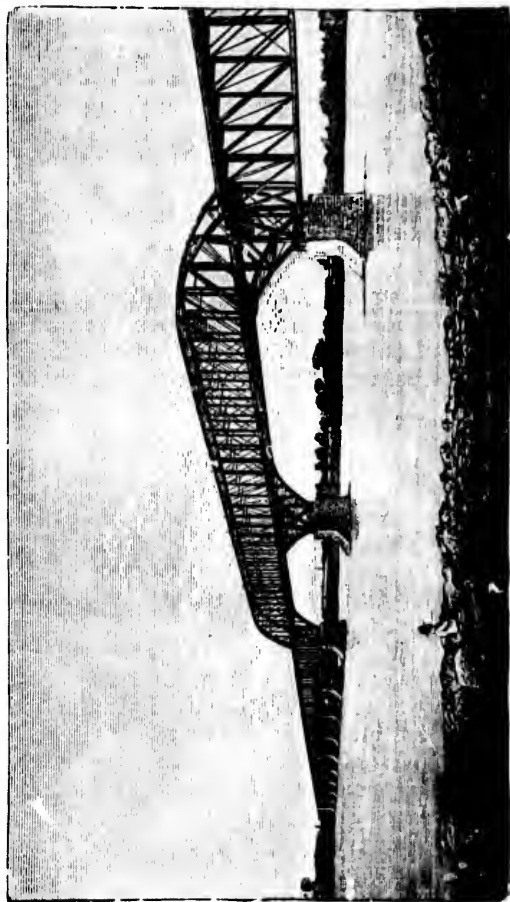
least, a novel sensation, with just a spice of danger. Some idea may be gained of the force necessary to keep the vessel steady while descending a rapid, when it requires four men at the wheel and two at the tiller, to ensure safe steering. The vessel must be kept straight with the course of the rapid, for the least divergence would cause her to be instantly capsized and submerged.



Descent of the Lachine Rapids, St. Lawrence River.

After half-an-hour's pleasurable excitement in the Long Sault Rapids, we enter lovely Lake St. Francis, and are in smooth water once more, and as we shall keep on in this course for the next twenty-five miles, I make an excellent lunch in the comfortable

dining room of the boat. Coming on deck once more, I take my seat in the bow of the vessel, and await with somewhat excited feelings for the approaching of the more dangerous rapids. The first intimation of anything unusual was in running the "Cedars," where, at one point, the vessel appeared to stagger, and then as suddenly to settle down, as if our journey was ended, owing, I was



St. Lawrence River Bridge, Lachine, near Montreal.

informed, to a fierce undercurrent catching us as we slide from one ledge of rock to another. It is said that there is no danger, but the sensation is, after all, more surprising than agreeable. We were no sooner out of this seeming danger than we encountered another in the passage of Split Rock, where it appeared as though we were about to strike thereon, when a turn of the wheel sent us safely past what, at one time, looked very like disaster.

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Descent of the Lachine Rapids, St. Lawrence River.

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About five p.m., we were in sight of what was to be the crowning exploit of the trip—the descent of the far-famed Lachine Rapids, situate nine miles from Montreal. Before reaching them, however, we pass the Indian village of Caughnawaga, with its miserable huts, lying on the south bank of the river, the village deriving its name from the converted Indians, who were called “Caughnawaga,” or praying Indians. This quaint old place was at one time the home of the once all-powerful Iroquois nation, and from here came the dusky warriors who have spread the fame of Canada’s national game, Lacrosse, far and wide. Shortly after passing the village, we came in view of the magnificent new steel bridge, built by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, over the St. Lawrence. This is justly considered to be one of the engineering triumphs of the century. It is about a mile long, and each of the channel spans is 408 feet in length, and lofty enough to allow the passage of large steamers. The cost of the bridge was over £200,000.

We are now nearing the Rapids, which look extremely dangerous, from the huge rocks which frown above the water, as well as from those which are ambushed under the snowy foam. In a few minutes the steamer begins to pitch in a frantic manner, and the force of the water against the sides is terrible. From my position on the bow of the boat I have a clear view ahead, and am unable to discern a single point where it is likely a clear passage can be made, so numerous and so irregular are the rocks on every hand.

The moment we entered the Rapids the steam was shut off, and the vessel left to the current and the care of the helmsman who had to steer us through the rolling, tumbling, maddened waves, which all around us were dashing over immense rocks, with but a narrow water-way for our passage to the calmer waters ahead. The passengers, who had gathered in the bow of the vessel, now held their breath while the final plunge was made, and then a sigh of relief escaped their lips as the interesting adventure came to an end. I enjoyed the experience immensely, and would willingly go all the distance from Yorkshire to Canada to spend a week in the Thousand Islands, and another hour on the St. Lawrence Rapids. For protracted grandeur of emotion, there is nothing in travel commensurate with a descent down the long Rapids of the St. Lawrence river.

“And we have passed the terrible La Chine,  
Have felt a fearless tremour through our soul,  
As the huge waves upreared their crests of green,  
Holding our trembling bark in their control,  
As a strong eagle holds an oriole.”

After passing through the Rapids, we got into smooth water, and in half an hour we pass under the Victoria Bridge, another

great engineering feat, which connects the Grand Trunk Railway with the Island of Montreal and the south shore of the St. Lawrence. The bridge is built of iron, on the tubular principle, with two long abutments and twenty-four pieces of solid masonry. Its length is two miles, and the tube through which the railway lines are laid is twenty-two feet high and sixteen wide. The total cost of the structure was £1,420,000.

On leaving the steamer, I took my seat in the St. Lawrence Hall 'bus, and found the accommodation at that hotel, during my stay in the city, thoroughly satisfactory.





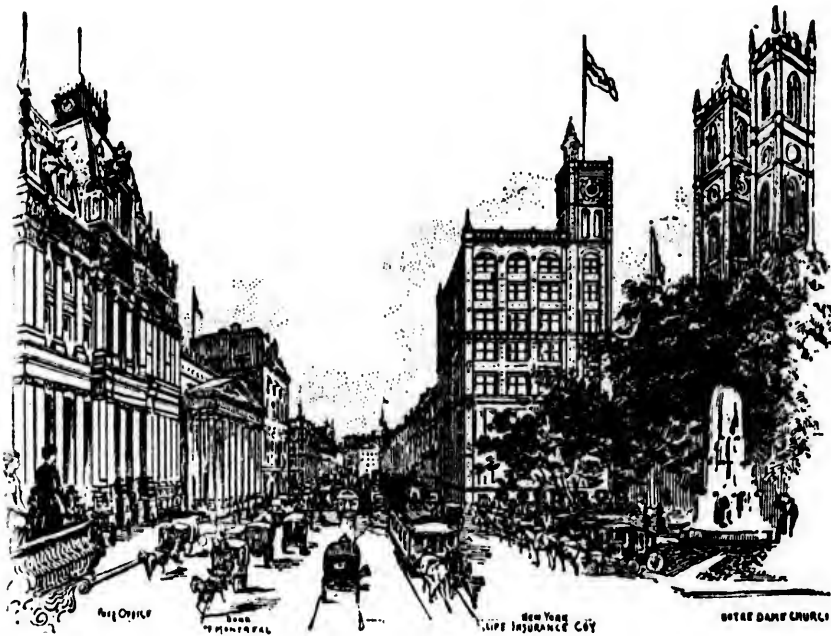
## CHAPTER XV.

### MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

**ONE EIGHTH.**—On entering the vestibule of the St. Lawrence Hall this morning, it was at once apparent that something serious was agitating the public mind. One name was on every person's lip, only to be spoken in whispers and with reverence. The common conversation was not of stocks or shares, of buying or selling, but of the demise of Canada's noblest son, her most distinguished citizen. The empire was weeping its departed statesman; the nation mourning a nation's hero. Sir John Macdonald was dead: the "Father of his country," as he was now designated. In driving about the city I saw everywhere signs of mourning and sorrow. Scores of Canadian ensigns were fluttering, half-mast high, upon the ships in the harbour, and upon the Parliament and most of the other public buildings, whilst mourning emblems were noticeable in every direction; and the sole topic of conversation was about the great and irreparable loss the country had sustained. The difference of political opinion, that must ever exist where representative government is established, was forgotten for the time, and Conservative and Liberal alike were ready to say something good of the great statesman who had been removed.

My first visit in the city was made to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, built after its namesake in Paris. It is a noble building, and the largest edifice of the kind in America, except the Cathedral of Mexico. It has two towers, each 227 feet in height, and a peal of eleven bells. I ascended the western tower by means of the elevator, and saw the great bell, the "Gros Bourdon," one of the five heaviest bells in the world: it weighs 24,780 lbs., is six feet high, and at its mouth measures 8 feet 7 inches in diameter. The view from the tower is varied, extensive, and picturesque, embracing the blue hills of Vermont; a magnificent plain stretching for many miles on either hand, covered with cultivated farms; the beautiful river St. Lawrence, nearly two miles wide, crossed by the tubular

bridge, stretching away like a silver thread in the far off distance. The church is 255 feet long and 135 broad, and cost £200,000. I walked round the interior, which is decorated in a most elaborate manner, the high altar being especially fine. The ground floor is covered with pews capable of seating 10,000 persons, and the gallery will hold 3,000 more. The square in which the church stands is called the Place d'Armes, and is the original "God's Acre," where the first pioneers were buried; then it became the great square of the walled city; and is now a handsome railed enclosure, bright with shrubs and flowers, surrounding a tasteful fountain.



Public Buildings, Montreal.

From the cathedral I went with a Yorkshire friend for a drive through the city to the summit of Mont Royal. We saw everywhere indications that Montreal is a busy and prosperous place, in a fine situation, and with every prospect that it will attain still further greatness in the future. The city stands on an island at the confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers, the latter having a width of one mile and a half opposite the city, and its whole river front lined with substantial quays of grey limestone, said to be unequalled elsewhere, except at Liverpool and Paris. The population is divided into French and English speaking



peoples, the former occupying the east of Main Street, the principal thoroughfare, and the latter the western portion. The English section is not so great in numbers as the Scotch; the south-western portion is occupied almost exclusively by the Irish.

We called at the Bonsecours Market, and the quaint old Bonsecours Church, the Court House, the City Hall, St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the Church of the Jesuits. We saw also many other fine public buildings, such as the banks, post office, colleges, hospitals, etc., all giving the impression of solidity and permanence. The upper part of the city is very attractive; the streets are wide; the squares are neatly laid out and well kept; the houses well-built, large, and commodious, generally of grayish-blue limestone, roofed in many instances with tin and sheet-iron, which, glittering in the sun, give them a somewhat imposing appearance.

We continued our drive to Mont Royal, passing the Exhibition buildings, along the dusty roads, bordered by gardens and ornamental enclosures, till we entered the park, which is, in the language of Lord Dufferin, "the finest park in the world." The Mountain Park was planned by Mr. Olmsted, the designer of Central Park, New York. "The view from Mount Royal is very beautiful. Suddenly, after an easy ascent by a winding road, we are looking forth on the city with its spires, its gardens, and avenues; beyond is the broad flowing St. Lawrence, with the Victoria Bridge and the Lachine Rapids just visible in the distance; fading away toward the horizon are the hills of Vermont, many miles away. The drive round the mountain is one which it would be difficult, for natural beauty, to surpass. On a clear day the view is magnificent; several hundred feet below is spread out a gorgeous panorama of ever-varying beauty, affording commanding and attractive views of the Canadian metropolis and the great river of the north. Well-stocked and highly cultivated farms, comfortable homesteads, nestling 'mid a luxurious growth, dot the landscape; here and there broad belts of forest shade the view; looming up, faintly shadowed in the distance, the far-off hills of Vermont rear their summits, while, winding through the valley, the majestic St. Lawrence flows onward to the sea."

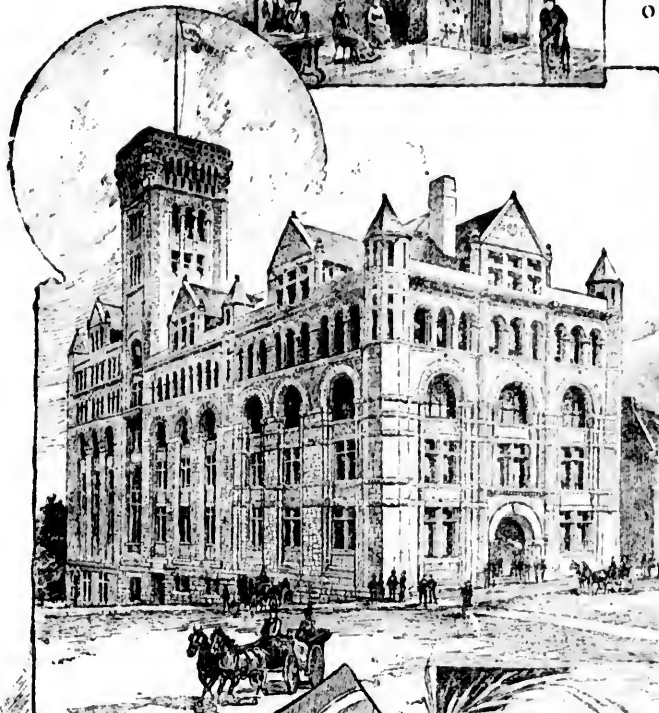
We returned by the east side of the mountain, through the Mont Royal Cemetery. On entering from the highest point in the grounds the eye ranges over a most enchanting picture of rural scenery; behind us is the mountain park, clothed with its primeval forest, whilst immediately below lies the most finished and beautiful portion of the cemetery, with its numerous costly granite and marble monuments, or more humble stone tablets. Trees are here, growing in all their natural wildness, and their deep shadows spread a refreshing coolness around, which, on this scorching day, is doubly agreeable. This resting-place of the

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Protestant dead of Mon- beautiful spot, and will favourably with the cemeteries of the States, Old World. We saw, ing to the city, the im-



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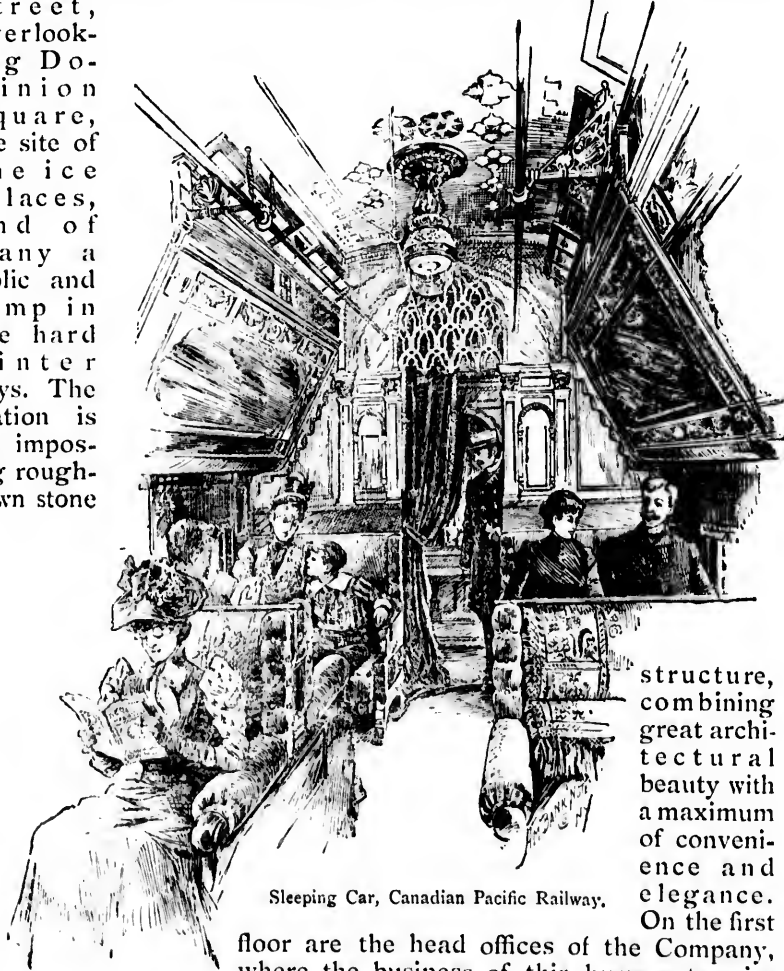


mountain side, which are hewn out of the solid rock, and from which the inhabitants draw their daily supply of forty million gallons.

After lunch, I called upon D.

Windsor Street Station, Montreal, Canadian Pacific Railway.

McNicoll, Esq., the general passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and was received most courteously, receiving from him much interesting information respecting this great railway corporation. Mr. McNicoll is located with the other officials of the Company in the handsome station buildings in Windsor Street, overlooking Dominion Square, the site of the ice palaces, and of many a frolic and romp in the hard winter days. The station is an imposing rough-hewn stone



Sleeping Car, Canadian Pacific Railway.

structure, combining great architectural beauty with a maximum of convenience and elegance.

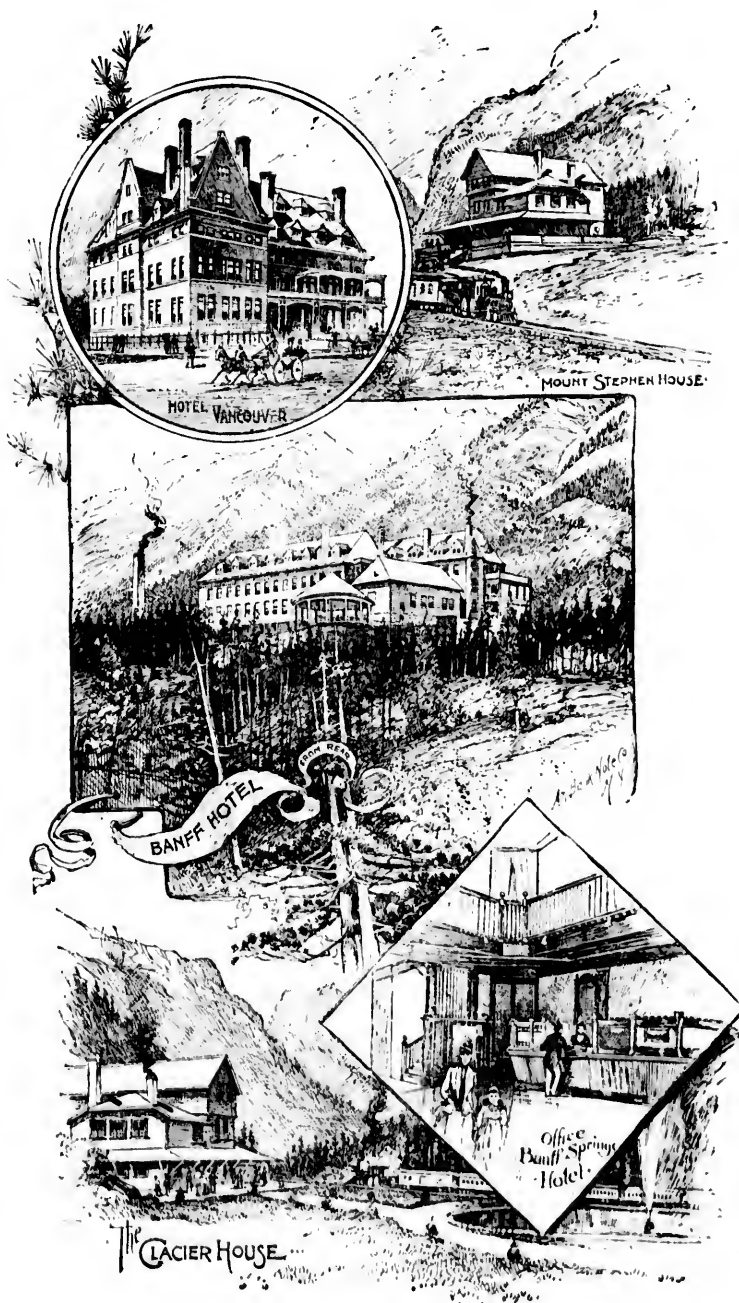
On the first floor are the head offices of the Company, where the business of this huge enterprise is carried on, and on the ground-floor is the general waiting room, with its noble arches and massive polished granite columns; the ladies' waiting room, a most luxurious and comfortable apartment, and a dining room, unique in the way of decoration.

The Canadian Pacific Railway stretches from the tide water of the Atlantic to that of the Pacific, a distance of 3,000 miles,

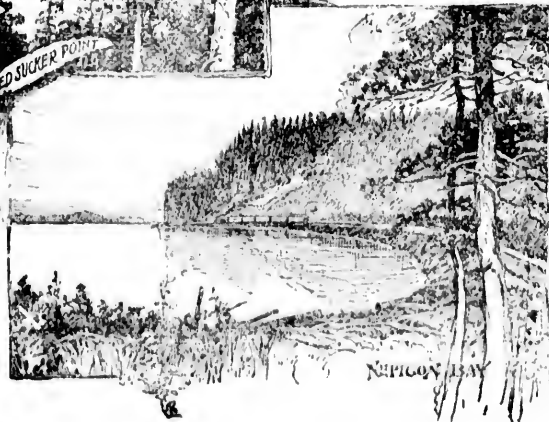
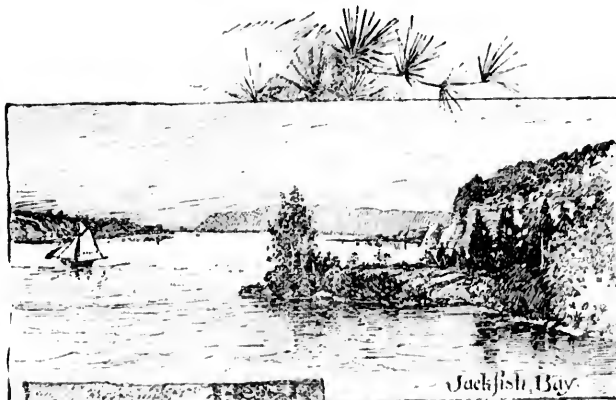
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Canadian Pacific Hotels.

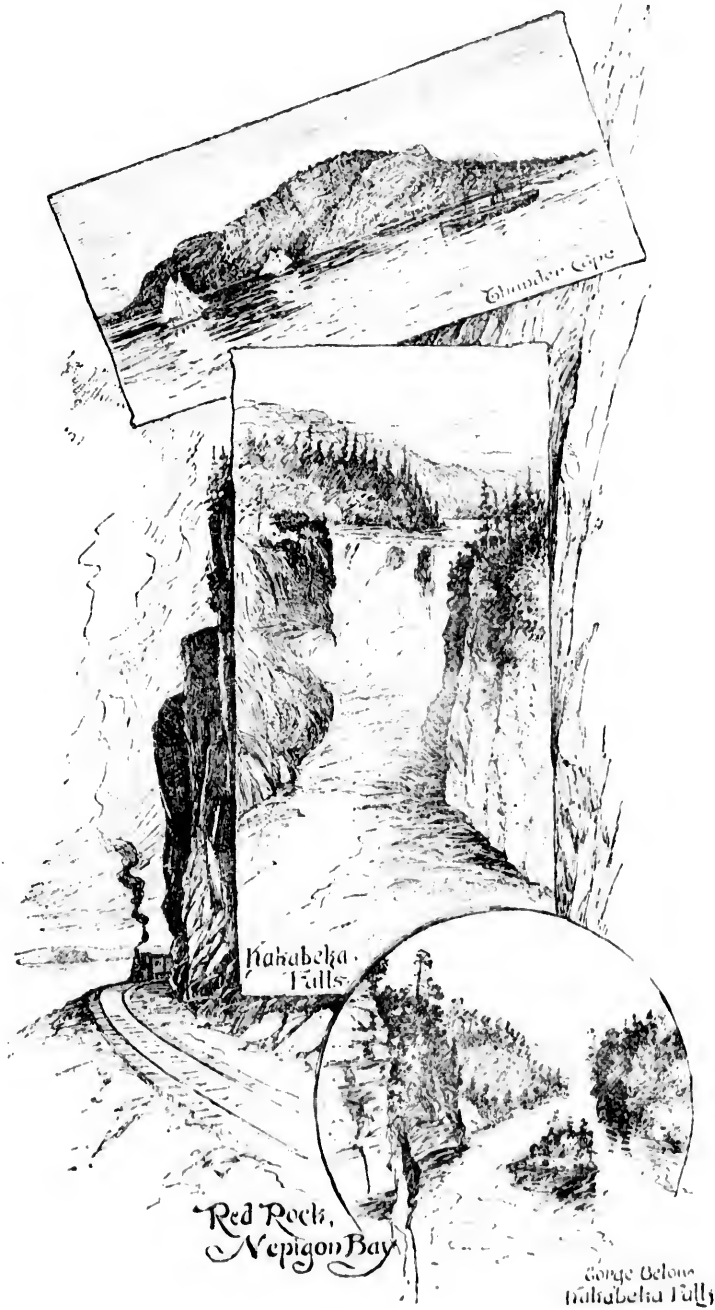


through a country much of which, only a few years ago, was altogether unexplored. The line to Vancouver and Victoria is carried

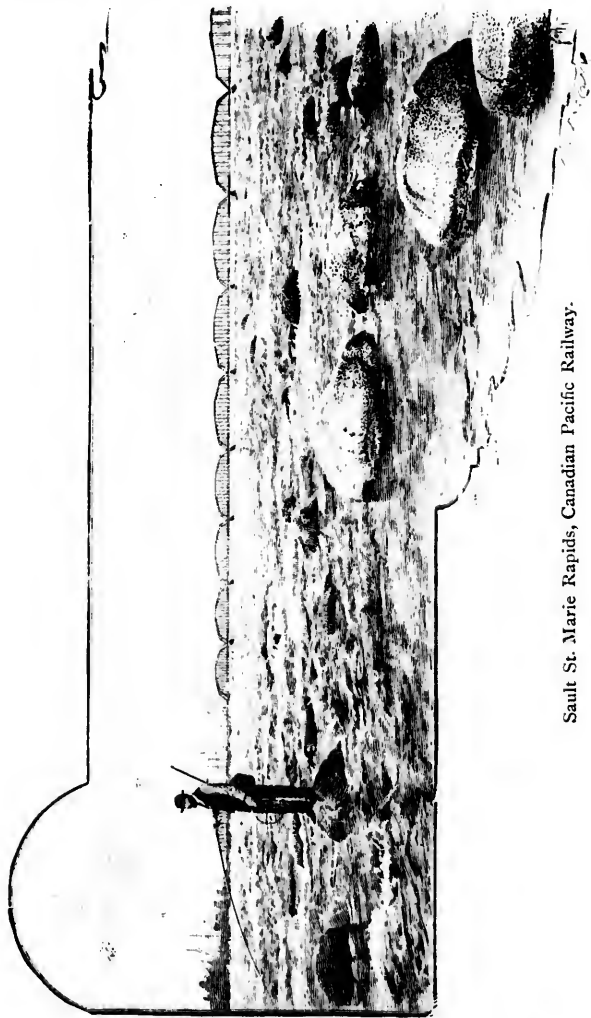
through a succession of surprises in scenery. After leaving Montreal, the old French settlements are passed, consisting of pretty residences and long and narrow well tilled farms. Beyond these are hills and distant mountains on one hand, and the broad and beautiful Ottawa river on the other. The first important stopping-place is Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, picturesquely

situated at the junction of the Rideau river with the Ottawa. Leaving this important city, the railway follows the south bank of

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the river for a considerable distance ; then on to North Bay, a new town on Lake Nipissing. From North Bay the line is continued to Heron Bay, on Lake Superior, through a comparatively wild region, where forests, meadows, lakes, and rocky ridges alternate



Sault St. Marie Rapids, Canadian Pacific Railway.

Bears and other animals abound in this region. For sixty miles after leaving Heron Bay the line is carried through the bold promontories of the north shore of Lake Superior, amongst the most wonderful scenery, one feature of which is the great sweep around Jackfish Bay. Then Nepigon Bay is reached, the constantly

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changing views on which are said to be very delightful. Three miles beyond this point the railway turns around the base of Red Rock, a bright red cliff, and takes a straight course for Port Arthur, obtaining, on the way, charming views of Thunder Bay. Fifteen hundred miles having been accomplished, Winnipeg is



The Glaciers, Canadian Pacific Railway.

reached, a handsomely-built city well known to English emigrants on their way to the Far West. This place, but a few years ago only a small trading post, is now a city of 30,000 inhabitants, with all the appliances, comforts, and conveniences to be found in cities of a century's growth. After leaving this flourishing place, the

train passes right into the heart of the wilderness, and on reaching Brandon the prairies are encountered, and the monotonous uninteresting region is continued until the Rocky Mountains are reached, at Crowfoot Station. Banff Springs are passed, and two hours beyond this point the summit of the Rocky Mountains is attained, just a mile above the sea. After the Fraser river has been crossed on a massive bridge of steel, the gold region is seen, and Mount Baker, sixty miles away, and 14,000 feet in height, is discernable. After passing through forests of mammoth trees, the tide waters of the Pacific are reached, and the train enters the station at Vancouver, having covered a distance of 3,000 miles.

Through shady echoing forest halls,  
Where countless plunging torrents roar  
Along the Titan-built walls  
Of broad Superior's northern shore ;  
O'er leagues of plain, through seas of grass,  
Then 'mid grim mountains hugely grand,  
By gorge and glacier, peak and pass,  
To fairest scenes of Sunset Land !

The sleeping car attendants are the only employees of the Company who go through the whole distance with the "express" trains between Montreal and Vancouver. They travel the 3,000 miles without a break and are on the road six days—a pretty hard life. At Vancouver they stop over for two days, sleeping, however, in the train, occupying it all the time for the round trip. When they return to Montreal they have been away fourteen days. They each receive four pounds per month as wages, and expect to receive as much more in "tips." All of them are coloured men from the States.

Such is a bare outline of this wonderful trip on this marvellous highway to our possessions in the East, as given to me by Mr. McNicoll, to whom also I am indebted for the illustrations which accompany the narrative. What this iron highway will do for England in the future it is impossible even to conjecture, but already it has given a mighty impulse to the business enterprise of the colony, and has developed in its people great plans, hopes, and aspirations. It has also opened up a grand field for the tourist and the sportsman, for the former can, without hardship or difficulty, danger or annoyance, travel over an unequalled pleasure ground, and see mighty rivers, illimitable forests, boundless plains, stupendous mountains, and wonders innumerable, and the sportsman can meet with unlimited opportunities and endless variety, with no one to dispute his right to shoot or fish at his own will or convenience.

At 10 p.m. I left Montreal by night express for Quebec, 180 miles. Retired to rest in the sleeping car, and soon after waking in the morning found myself, at 6 a.m., in the "Gibraltar of America." The exterior of the railway station was heavily

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festooned with black cloth and crape, as were also many of the public buildings.

JUNE NINTH.—In the grey dawn of the morning I walked through the lower town, which extends along the base of the precipice, near the summit of which the upper town is built. I was disappointed with my first experiences of Quebec, for the houses were here huddled together in narrow streets which were abominably dirty. I was in the neighbourhood where the emigrants land, and a most unsatisfactory introduction to their new life they must surely find it, when turned into such unwholesome dwellings and surroundings as the lower part of this city presents.

Quebec is situated on the slope of an elevated promontory or table-land, called Cape Diamond, from the numerous quartz crystals found in its rocks. The upper town is surrounded by a wall two and three-quarter miles in circuit, mounted with cannon, and having five gates. In striking contrast to the district I had just left, I found here fine hotels, handsome shops, theatres, Parliament House, Court House, City Hall, and fashionable residences. The steep cliff, from the lower town, has steps for streets, and one uninviting way to reach the upper town is by a tortuous passage known as Breakneck Stairs, only used for foot-passengers.

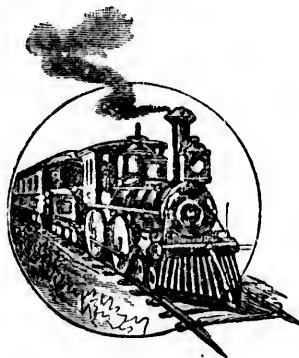
In walking along the lower town streets, I came at length to the Market House, opposite to which I observed a notice of a "lift" by which the heights could be reached, and I gladly availed myself of this relief from what would otherwise have been a toilsome ascent. On landing I was in close proximity to Dufferin Terrace, 200 feet above the river. From this elevation I obtained a view of surpassing beauty. At the foot of the cliff were the sinuous streets which I had just traversed, with the wharves in front, projecting into the water. Vessels of all classes and sizes were at anchor in the stream. The terrace, at that early hour, was entirely deserted, save by the solitary Englishman, and I could enjoy the outlook without let or hindrance, though during the after part of the day it is the favourite resort of the inhabitants, and presents a gay and pleasant scene. The terrace extends for a quarter of a mile to the base of the citadel, making it the longest place of the kind anywhere. Sir Charles Dilke says :—"There is not in the world a nobler outlook than that from the terrace at Quebec. You stand upon a rock overhanging city and river, and look down upon the guard-ship's mast. Acre upon acre of timber comes floating down the stream above the city, the Canadian boat songs just reaching you upon the heights, and beneath you are fleets of great ships—English, French, German, and Dutch, embarking the timber from the floating docks. The Stars and Stripes are nowhere to be seen."

I breakfasted at the St. Louis Hotel, and then went to the Citadel by the Dalhousie gate. On entering the grounds a soldier

was told off to accompany me in my inspection of the immense fortifications, which cover 40 acres. My guide, who was an Irishman, was very communicative, and informed me that on that particular day the soldiers in garrison were about to take their final march through the city, preparatory to quitting the fort for duty elsewhere. We walked along the ramparts and to the Governor's house, and also to the point where a terrible landslip occurred a year or two ago, causing a serious loss of life and property. I stayed to see the drill and march from the grounds of the whole regiment, with field-pieces, and the fine band at the head of the procession. I subsequently called on Mr. Gooch, the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, and was very kindly and hospitably entertained by that gentleman.

In the afternoon I went in a *caleche* to visit the Falls of Montmorency, 8 miles from the city. These Falls are 250 feet high and 50 feet wide—a beautiful and compact mass of water, dashing over a precipice of black rock, with clouds of mist and a deafening roar. I went to a point low down on the shore, which if omitted by the traveller, deprives him of by far the best view of the Falls, for from this position the stupendous plunge can be seen to perfection.

I was much struck by the foreign aspect and language of Quebec, for, out of 80,000 inhabitants, only 5,000 are Protestants, the rest being Catholics, and mainly French, that language being generally spoken in the city. I visited Morrin College, and the library of the Historical Society, and in the evening attended a *conversazione* at Y. M. C. A. rooms. I left Quebec at 10 p.m., reaching Montreal at 6 a.m. the following day, when, crossing the city, I went to the station of the Grand Trunk Railway, and took train for Saratoga, the Harrogate of America.



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## CHAPTER XVI.

### LAKE GEORGE AND SARATOGA.



**D**UNE TENTH.—Left Montreal at 7.30 a.m. for Saratoga, via Lake George. The first part of the journey was by rail to Rouse's Point, 50 miles. I am still in the province of Quebec, and midway between Montreal and Rouse's Point, we pass St. John's; with its grass-grown fortifications and ancient houses, telling in their architecture of Colonial times, and in their thick, low walls, diminutive windows, and high-pitched roof betokening provision against the rigours of the Canadian winter.

From Rouse's Point the railway skirts the shore of Lake Champlain, which comes into view at many points before we reach Baldwin. Here we take the boat on Lake George, for a sail on this matchless sheet of water, 33 miles long, and from 1 to 4 miles wide, sometimes called the "American Loch Katrine," and at other times designated the "Como of America." It is considered to be the finest of all American lakes, and it is also historically interesting as having been the scene of many encounters in the frontier wars of Colonial times. All this country was the land of the Mohicans, and from it Cooper drew the stirring pictures in his tale of the "Last of the Mohicans."

Lake George is embowered among high hills—a dazzling mirror set in the midst of cliffs and forest-clad mountains, whose rugged sides have their wild features reflected in its clear water. Its scenery is unique, in that it combines the soft and gentle with the bold, picturesque, and magnificent. The lake is divided by clusters of islets, so as to give the impression of a series of lakes, five in number. George Bancroft, the historian, says of it, "Peacefully rest the waters of Lake George between their ramparts of highlands. In their pellucid depth the cliffs and the hills and the trees trace their images, and the beautiful region speaks to the heart, teaching affection for nature."

Soon after leaving Baldwin we pass Prisoner's Island, where the English kept the prisoners taken in the Colonial wars, and beyond this is a point of land which projects into the water on the western side, and is called Sabbath Day Point. "Here Abercrombie, who was commander-in-chief of all the British forces in North America, mustered an army of 15,000 men, in 1758, to attack Fort Carillon. He advanced up the lake in a grand flotilla of 1,000 boats, and upon a Sunday morning landed at this point to rest and refresh his forces before making the attack."

We are now approaching the most picturesque part of the lake, and are nearing the islands, which the boatmen count by the days of the year, and speak of three hundred and sixty-five. The hills now extend far into the water, and it becomes the "Narrows," whilst around the Black Mountain, the highest of the peaks, are the boldest portions of the banks of the lake. Here, the space between the banks is crowded with islands, reminding one of the bewitching scenery of the Thousand Islands, of which it is a miniature reproduction. No pleasanter vision can meet the eye than is afforded by the charming intricacies of an island-studded lake. It is a series of enchanting surprises, an ever-changing vision of beauty, made still more beautiful by gleams of light and shadow that are positively delightful. "For a moment the islands may sleep under the cloud-shadow, and then the sun breaks brightly over them; they present a foreground of rough rocks, or of pebble and shingle-covered beach, or an Arcadian bower of rustic beauty, while the scene is filled up with the spreading waters and the distance-tinted hills."

On the shore is to be seen Shelving Rock, a semicircle of lofty palisades, above which towers the bold, prominent, and ever-visible object in the trip,—Black Mountain, to a height of nearly 3,000 feet. We can also discern the many summer hotels, which are built upon Green Island and on other favourite positions along the shores of the lake. The steamer now rounds in at Bolton, a small village with a grand outlook over the broadest expanse of the water.

We were a merry party, some thirty in number, on the deck of that little steam-boat, on that lovely, blue day, and enjoyed immensely the view of these pleasant and peaceful waters from the bow of the vessel. We had with us two or three newly-married couples, whose choice of scenery amongst which to spend a portion of their honeymoon we could not but approve, though at times it seemed as if even the beauties of this enchanting region were neglected by them for more personal and commonplace forms of recreation; yet their happiness seemed complete, from whichever source it was derived, and they expressed their deep regret at the brevity of the day's enjoyment, as I bid them good-bye and wished them much happiness in their new start in life.

After a three hours' sail on this lovely lake to Fort William Henry Hotel, at its head, we saw its wide piazza crowded with people, and the railway station close by, also full of life and animation, for this is a centre of travel for hundreds of visitors who come to get a touch of nature in its most beautiful and winsome aspects.

From Caldwell our landing place to Saratoga, is a railway journey of thirty miles, through a fertile and prosperous portion of the State. We now reach the Harrogate of America, with much in it to remind one of our fine inland Yorkshire watering-place. It is not a large town, but, so far as I could see, intensely fashionable, and merits its title of "Queen of American Spa Resorts." I was much pleased with my walk through the streets, which revealed on every hand that all had been done that wealth or taste could accomplish to make Saratoga worthy of its premier designation; one feature being the great number of large and luxurious hotels, which provide accommodation for 20,000 people, and during the busy part of the season are said to be taxed to their very utmost. I went into the United States Hotel, which has a frontage of 600 feet and a depth of 240 feet, the accommodation being equal to 1,500 guests at one time; and yet this provision is excelled by newer hotels, which had not opened their doors for the season when I was in the town. Besides these large places there are many large and handsome boarding houses, as well as several commodious hydropathic establishments.

I went into the valley and saw the Springs which have gained for the place its popularity, and around which the settlement is clustered. Crossing the valley is Broadway, the main street, 150 feet wide and two miles long, bordered in its entire length by magnificent forest trees, chiefly grand old elms, whose ample and luxurious foliage fenced off the burning rays of the noon-day sun. On this street is the Grand Union Hotel, which was in the possession of the decorators, who were busy painting and garnishing the premises, ready for the season which would commence a few days after my departure. This building is 800 feet long, has broad piazzas on three of its sides, and is the largest watering-place hotel in the world; receiving no guest for less than a guinea a day. A park and garden are part of its attractions, and a fountain and a band play for the delectation of the hundreds of onlookers seated on the piazzas. I saw into the dining-room of the hotel, a most sumptuously decorated apartment, 60 feet by 275 feet. The ball-room and other large apartments were all on a similar scale of immensity and splendour.

The Springs of Saratoga are reckoned amongst the natural curiosities of the world. There are 28 within the town limits, no two of which are exactly alike in their composition. Some of them are chalybeate, others sulphurous, and all are highly charged with



carbonic acid gas. I tried the Congress Spring water, a muriated saline with a temperature of 50° Fahrenheit, and I found it nearly tasteless and but little different from ordinary soda water. I had intended to have tasted the Geyser Spring, but it was not "on tap." This water is so highly charged with carbonic acid gas that when drawn it foams like soda water.

Judging from the appearance of the visitors that I saw in my walks, I should imagine that the waters are not the greatest attraction, but rather a desire to see and be seen, to enjoy the "life," and to have a "real good time." Music, promenade, driving, and gossip are the leading features of the daily life of



Saratoga.

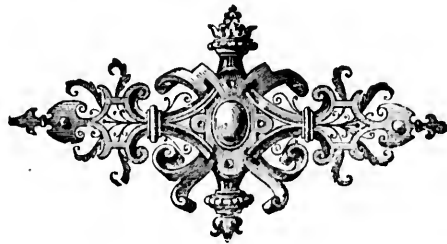
Saratoga, and the rule of the place is said to be that "every one may do as he pleases so long as he is not interfering with others."

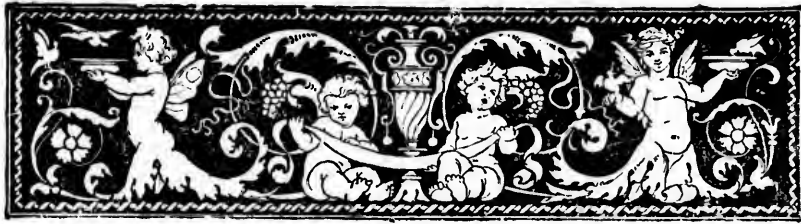
I saw during my brief visit a wonderful display of fashion, beauty, and wealth, in the cosmopolitan throng which had already assembled at the Springs, and I saw how fully the days are given up to ease and amusement and the nights to mirth and pleasure. I also saw one of the great gatherings for which Saratoga is famous, for the American Sunday School Convention was in session for a week, and the delegates were to be seen everywhere, between the exercises,—in the streets, at the rooms of the Y. M. C. Association, and other public places of resort. I had several invitations to attend the evening conference, but I preferred the cool atmosphere

and the gayer life of the streets to a crowded assemblage in a meeting house. It is said that there is nothing an American loves so much as to belong to some association that has an excuse for holding an annual gathering in some attractive centre. It is further said that "whenever in any part of the world half a dozen Americans happen to meet, they forthwith proceed to hold a convention"; and Saratoga is a favourite rendezvous for these assemblies. Lawyers, bankers, physicians, railway managers, scientists, etc., have yearly gatherings in this town.

"Saratoga," says G. W. Curtis, "is a place for pleasure. It is our pleasant social exchange. There we step out of the worn and weary ruts of city society, and mingle in a broad field of various acquaintance. There, too, men mingle and learn from contact and sympathy a sweeter temper and a more Catholic consideration, so that the summer flowers we went to wreath may prove not the garland of an hour, but the firmly linked chain of an enduring union." I retired to rest this night at the close of a day which will live in my memory; but when morning comes I must away, for

"To-morrow, to fresh fields and pastures new."





## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE HUDSON RIVER.

**F**UNE ELEVENTH.—I should have much enjoyed a longer stay at the favourite watering-place of Saratoga, but being due in New York this evening, I took the early morning train to Albany, 30 miles, the journey being very uninteresting. Getting on board the large steamboat, I had a fine view of the city, its wharves, warehouses, public buildings, and churches, rising terrace above terrace up to the Capitol.

We commenced our trip down this noted river, but for some distance the scenery was monotonous, and gave no promise of the beauties which were to be unfolded. As we pass Coeyman's, we get a glimpse of the Heldeberg Mountains, and on the west shore Beeven Island, on whose rocky summit once stood the Castle Renselaerstein, and the next most important station we pass is Hudson, with the Catskill Mountains looming ahead, grey in the distance. These lend a great charm to this part of the Hudson; lying back five or six miles from the river, they run nearly parallel with it for about 25 miles. It was at Sleepy Hollow, in this region, that Rip Van Winkle had his famous sleep. It was amongst this glorious scenery that Cole, the artist, lived and painted some of his most celebrated works. As we were nearing Hudson City, my attention was called to a peculiar phenomenon in connection with the Catskills, which here present the appearance of a giant lying on his back. All the features of forehead, nose, mouth, chin, breast, and knees are distinctly visible.

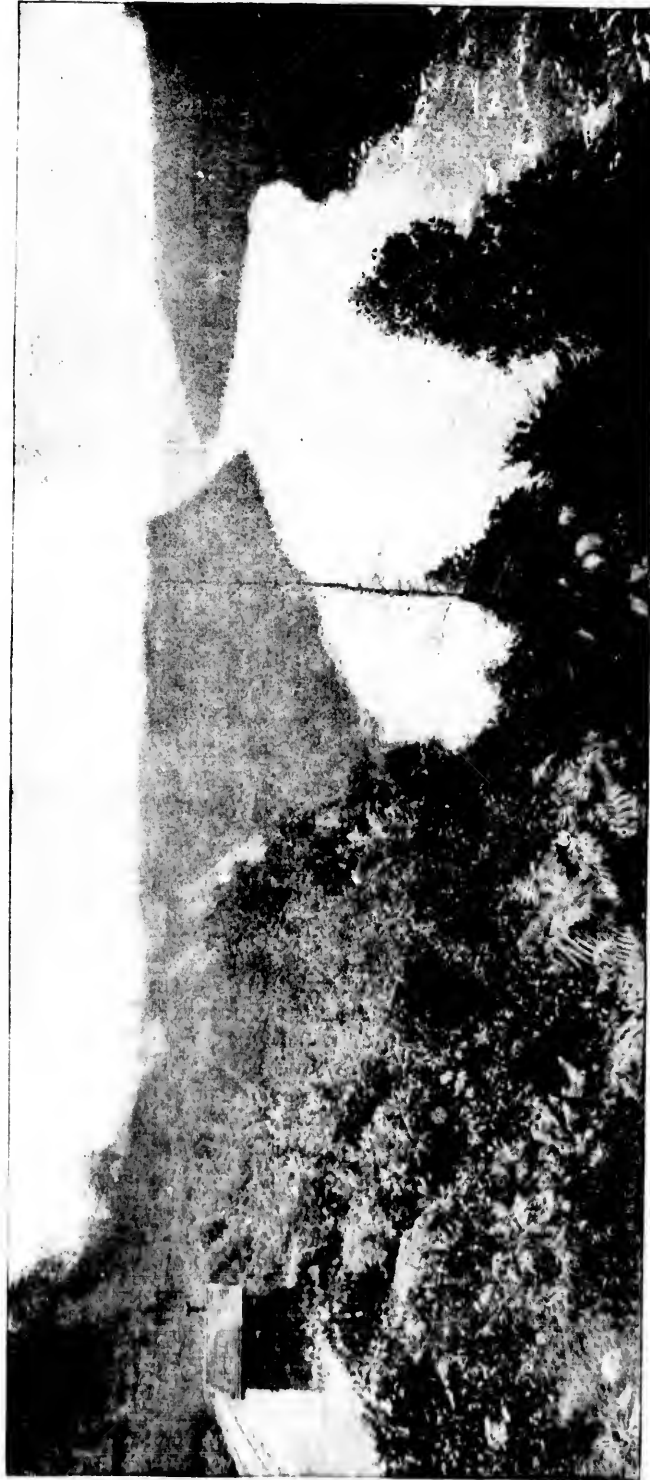
From the vessel, as we approach Hudson, we can see the red lighthouse of Chaney Tinker, mounted on its crag, rising over 100 feet above the river. To the southward is Mount Merino, adding a new charm to the view, the hill being cultivated to its summit. We are now at the head of ship navigation on the river, and it was at this point that Hendrick Hudson, who gave his name to the stream, dropped the anchor of his yacht *Half Moon*, on the



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New York Central Railway on the Shore of the Hudson.

20th of September, 1699, when he first explored it, the sandbanks above hindering further explorations.

A green island fronts Hudson, and opposite is Athens, a small but thriving place. This little town of Hudson once owned more ships and had a greater commerce than New York. As we move below Catskill, the mountains appear in all their grandeur, spreading behind the western bank, the highest peak rising 4,000 feet. Upon the tops of the mountains, right at the edge, are planted two or three great summer hotels, with chain cables to anchor them in the high winds. The principal hotel is the Kaaterskill, crowning the summit just at its eastern verge, 3,000 feet high. Nearly £200,000 has been expended on this gigantic establishment, with its immense park of mountain tops and gorges covering several square miles.

On the eastern shore of the river, we now come upon a succession of handsome residences, extending for more than thirty miles, the estates belonging to the descendants of the historic families of Astor, Livingstone, De Peysters, and others. The Livingstones were of the family of the Earls of Liniithgow of Scotland, and went from that country in the seventeenth century. One of the name, by exchange with the Indians, got extensive tracts of land, and in 1710 obtained other lands, which were all combined under one patent from the Crown, which gave him 162,000 acres for "an annual rent of 28s. lawful money of New York," equal to 15s. sterling.

Seventy-five miles from New York is the town of Poughkeepsie, well known as the residence of Professor Morse, the electrician; also, as the "Queen City of the Hudson," and further, as the site for the School where the great modern experiment of higher education for women is being carried on in Vassar College, the gift of the late Matthew Vassar, who has expended upon it £200,000, of which nearly half the amount was spent upon the building. The College has several hundreds of female students, and has already sent out a large body of graduates.

We are now approaching the Highlands, a mass of mountains covering a surface of twenty miles, and respectively known as the Highlands, Anthony's Nose, Sugar Loaf Mountain, Crow Nest, and the Storm King. As we pass these, every few minutes of our sailing opens up some fresh scene of beauty or of wonder. We get a fine view of Newburgh, a busy city of over 17,000 inhabitants, built upon a series of terraces on the slope of the hill.

In this district, and fully exposed to the gaze of the tourist, is West Point, where stands the renowned Military Academy, in which many of the most able officers of the American Army have received their training. The discipline and examinations are very severe, and none but clever youths can hope to become qualified for the higher posts in military service. A very prominent element

at West Point is said to be the large number of young ladies who visit it, and the life of the cadets is made joyous by innumerable picnics and evening parties. We saw some proofs of this in the number of happy-looking couples who were at the landing-stage, as



The Highlands of the Hudson.

we stopped to set down and take up passengers, and whose ranks were added to by fresh recruits from the neighbouring pathway, known as "Flirtation Walk," a favourite promenade of the cadets and their sweethearts for many generations.

At Peekshill we bid good-bye to the Highlands, and at this point the river passage has narrowed until it is barely 600 yards wide, and broadens again at Haverstraw Bay, where the spurs of the Highlands disappear to the westward. We soon reach Sing-Sing, the State Prison, where 1,600 convicts are usually employed in the marble and limestone quarries, who are carefully guarded by sentinels and patrols. On the eastern shore of the river is Tarrytown, where Washington Irving is buried. "Sleepy Hollow" is between this town and Irvington, just below. When passing the last-named place, we saw the splendid white stone villa on a lofty eminence, with most attractive surroundings, which is the summer home of Jay Gould, the millionaire. He goes from here to his duties in New York in his beautiful yacht, which brings him back in the evening to this lovely retreat.

The river now widens into lagoons and lakes, sometimes two miles in width between the banks. We now reach the Palisades, so called from their columnar formation, not unlike the amphitheatres surrounding the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. These extraordinary rocks rise from 300 to 500 feet, and extend for nearly twenty miles along the river bank. The opposite shore of the Hudson is a continuous line of villas and fashionable resorts of the New York citizens, who come out here to get rest and recuperation after the season's dissipation. Many of the homes are of a very costly kind, and immense fortunes have been spent upon their construction, elaborate decoration, and their ornamental grounds. Many of these mansions are unique in their architecture, being built to represent palaces, churches, castles, old manor-houses, and other fanciful places. They form a very picturesque panorama, some being almost lost among the trees, others overhanging the water, and others perched high up on the slopes.

In the midst of a galaxy of these castellated dwellings is Yonkers, where an amphitheatre of hills surrounds a flat depression, where the town is built. It was here, in 1850, that Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, built his home, with moat and drawbridge, but sold it subsequently to the Sisters of Charity, who converted it into the Convent of Mount St. Vincent.

We now approach New York city, and are nearing the termination of this delightful trip, which must be reckoned as a glorious finish to my six thousand miles of travel in this wonderful country. I cannot say that the Hudson rivals the Rhine in the scenery on its banks, but in other respects it far surpasses it. The glory of the Rhine is concentrated in a comparatively short stretch of the water, but in the Hudson the beauties are ever present for nearly all the length of the river. I can fully endorse the comparison between the two streams given by G. W. Curtis in his *Lotus Leaves*:—"The spacious and stately character of the Hudson, from the Palisades to the Catskills, are as epical as the loveliness



of the Rhine is lyrical. The Hudson implies a continent beyond. For vineyards it has forests. For a belt of water, a majestic stream. For graceful and grain-goldened heights it has imposing mountains. There is no littleness about the Hudson, but there is in the Rhine. Here everything is boldly touched. What lucid and penetrant lights, what broad and sober shadows! The river moistens the feet, and the clouds anoint the heads, of regal hills. The Danube has, in parts, glimpses of such grandeur. The Elbe has sometimes such delicately pencilled effects. But no European river is so lordly in its bearing, none flows in such state, to the sea. Of all our rivers that I know, the Hudson, with this grandeur, has the most exquisite episodes. Its morning and evening reaches are like the lakes of dreams."

JUNE TWELFTH TO SEVENTEENTH.—I spent my last few days in the States with my friend Mr. Carleton, in Brooklyn, with occasional visits to New York, but these latter were made under exceptionally trying circumstances, for the weather was a record-breaker, and not since the Signal Service began to take official note of the different kinds of weather which visit New York in the course of a year, had there been such a hot week in June as the present one. "Not in the archives of the Service is there to be found the history of a 16th of June which can compare in thermometrical achievement with the 16th of June, 1891. Apollo showered sun darts on Manhattan Island fiercer than those which melted the wax wings of Icarus when that misguided youth flew within easy range. If Icarus had been a New-Yorker and had shown off his wings yesterday in the Broadway parade, they would have melted before he had a chance to fly from the sidewalk. And when Apollo had had his turn, Jupiter, with thunder and lightning and rain, ushered in a cool evening. Altogether it was a day to be remembered, whatever the explanation of it—playfulness in Olympus, or the McKinley bill; the new spots on the sun, or Sergeant Dunn's cold, calm, matter-of-fact: 'Due to a high pressure off the South Atlantic coast and a very low pressure in the Lake regions.'"

Many persons were prostrated by the intense heat, and four deaths from sunstroke happened in Brooklyn the day before I left the city, in one instance the person becoming in a few minutes after being struck, a raving maniac. Humane teamsters and truckmen fixed fancy little awnings to the headgear of their horses, while others screened the animals' heads with leafy sprigs cut from trees.

When in New York I called at the *Century* office to see Dr. Palmer, one of the editors of the *Century Dictionary*, a gentleman of great literary ability, who has shown me many kindnesses, and whose friendship I value very highly. He received me very kindly, and would fain have shown me other courtesies, if climatic influences had been favourable to their acceptance. The home of the

*Century* publications, in Union Square, is a tasteful and commodious building, equal to the requirements of a monthly whose circulation exceeds a quarter of a million copies. The offices, in one of the upper stories of the lofty building, are beautifully fitted, and adorned with the original drawings of some of the illustrations used in the magazine. The editorial rooms are handsomely decorated, and everything about them speaks of refinement, artistic culture, and success.

Dr. Palmer is a writer of delightful sketches of Oriental life, which are exceedingly spirited, faithful, and picturesque studies, and the accuracy of his descriptions are vouched for by all Eastern



The Produce Exchange, New York.

travellers. During the Civil War he was warmly attached to the South, and served it in several capacities. Under the *nom de plume* of John Coventry he has recently published a novel, "After His Kind," of which a critic says: "The quaint idyllic grace of the writer is beyond praise, and the description of the mellow, rounded beauty of English midland scenery is but one of the many manifold charms of the book."

Whilst in New York, I also visited the Produce Exchange, in order to obtain a view of the city from its tower. This building is of red brick and terra-cotta, with a frontage of 307 feet and a depth of 150 feet, and a clock tower at the easterly end, which

assumes the general form of an Italian Campanile and is 200 feet in height. The building affords office room for 200 firms.

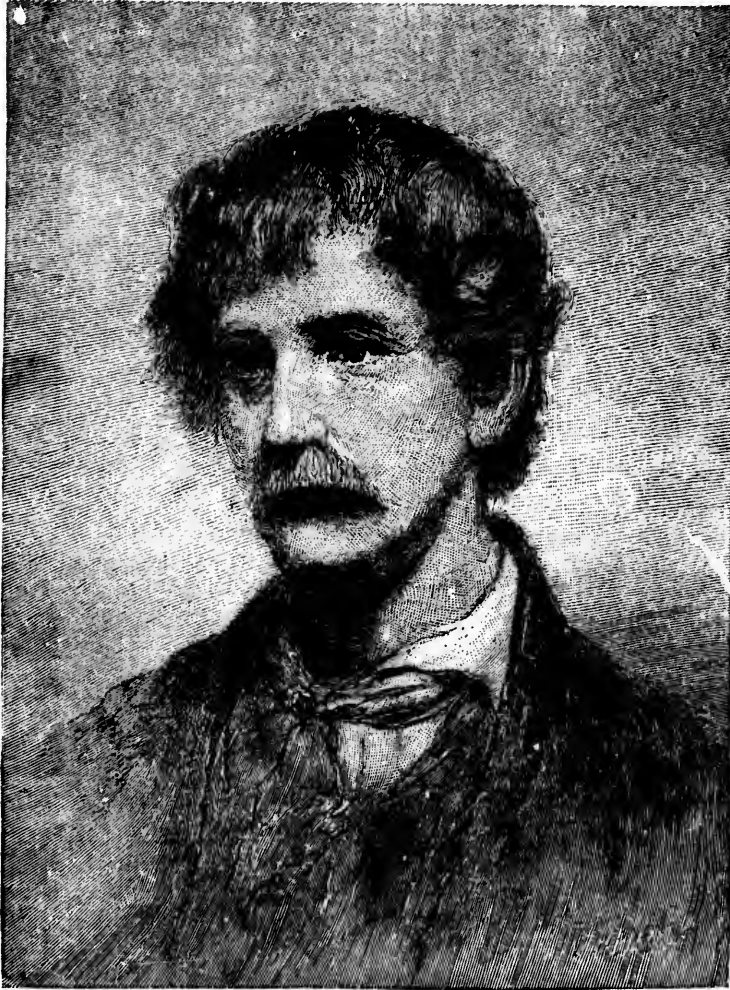
In Brooklyn I visited, in company with Mr. Carleton, the Baptist Home, which exists to "provide support, employment, medical treatment, religious and church privileges, to infirm and needy members of the Long Island Baptist Association." This is but one of many similar institutions in the country, connected with nearly all the religious organisations of the land, and it is much to their credit that such "homes" are so plentiful and so well supported. This we are visiting provides more than a shelter for some fifty deserving persons of both sexes, who here find a "home" for the remainder of their days without the feeling of being paupers. I had a talk with the old ladies, several of whom were the widows of English ministers who had settled in the States. They had many questions to ask about the Old Country, and I quite appreciated their conversation, and was also delighted to see how thoroughly they enjoyed the recitations of my friend, who entertained them for an hour, to their infinite delight. I left the institution very much impressed with the *home-like* character of the place, and the gentle care and thoughtfulness for the welfare of the inmates everywhere observable. Free from care and anxiety these old ladies and gentlemen go down the hill of life as pleasantly as if they had plenty of money, and, so far as I could see, cheerful, contented, and certainly chatty, awaiting with serenity the final change.

We also visited the Home for Consumptives, another excellent charity for "providing a comfortable home for invalids, and especially for consumptives." Brooklyn is a city of manifold charities, and this is one of the best of them, and appeals for support on the ground that "no one can tell when the warmth that a generous heart casts around it stops; one might as well attempt to measure a sunbeam." This Home is well cared for by thoughtful friends, and I was informed that scarcely a day passes that the inmates are not the recipients of some good thing, either fruit, flowers, books, or clothing.

One of my last evenings in the country was devoted to a visit to William Winter, the poet and critic, and a valued correspondent of many years standing. This charming writer, whose word pictures of English scenery are not excelled by those of any other writer, lives in a delightful villa at Tompkinsville, on Staten Island. I found the poet in the midst of his family and books, and was introduced to his study, a small room at the top of the house, enjoying a magnificent view of the bay of New York. The room is devoid of ornament, its furniture is simple, and the bookcases are of the plainest sort. The shelves are stored with many volumes dealing with the drama from every point of view, and in this small and cosy room he has written his poems and those books of travel

which interpret the "august memories and venerable sanctities" of the Old Country in a most captivating manner.

His chapters on "Shakespeare's England" are unique, and the



William Winter, Poet and Critic.

*Saturday Review* justly said of them that "in the whole literature of the subject we can recall no more brilliant picture than the present, so sharp and vivid are the impressions." His praise of

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the Old Country is the praise of a refined and cultured imagination. John Strange Winter says of Mr. Winter's books: "They are all exquisitely written, dainty and delicate to a degree, and breathing a passionate, and yet subdued tenderness from the heart of a son of the New Country over the historic associations of the Old."

In this quiet retreat, overlooking the river, Mr. Winter has a complete immunity from noise and interruptions of every kind. The lower rooms of the poet's dwelling are furnished with much taste, and there is a peculiarly home feeling about them, and the literary treasures which are scattered about everywhere, lend an additional attraction to the house. Mr. Winter has been on the staff of the *Tribune* for the last quarter of a century as dramatic critic, and during that time has, in connection with this and other literary work, come in contact with the best men and women of his time. This visit to one who has won for himself so proud a position in the literary world will ever remain with me a pleasant memory.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE JOURNEY HOME.

**ONE SEVENTEENTH.**—Having made a few parting calls upon friends in New York, and taken lunch with Dr. Collyer at the Century Club, I went by the Elevated Railway to the pier of the White Star Line, for the return journey to England by the steamship *Majestic*,\* which in April had brought me safely to the New World. On arriving at the pier, I found myself in the midst of a multitude of persons, two thousand strong at least, of both sexes and all ages, who had come to take leave of departing friends, and wish them *bon voyage*. The *Majestic*, herself, large as she is, was crowded in every part by a noisy and inquisitive throng, whose incessant chatter was not always appreciated by the officers of the ship, who had much difficulty in giving out their orders on account of the noise and confusion. Much astonishment was evinced by those visitors who had not previously seen the excellent accommodation and complete appointments of this last addition to the magnificent fleet of White Star steamers.

The tables in the saloon of the vessel were literally loaded with flowers, the parting gifts of the friends of the passengers, and when I reached my "state room," some kind friend had been there before me, and placed in it a lovely basket of roses, which was duly appreciated by the recipient of the friendly token. At a few minutes to 2 p.m., the vessel was cleared of all but actual passengers, and punctually at the hour the ship moved gracefully out of the dock, and as I could now move freely about, and look around me, I saw that every available place on the pier and in the

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\* I would here correct one or two slight errors which have crept into my account of the outward voyage. First. The saloon of the *Majestic* being placed exactly amidships, there is no inconvenience whatever arising from the screw, which is not near the saloon. Second. The number of furnaces in the *Majestic* is 76, and not 146, as stated, though the last-named figures were given to me on the vessel at the time of my inspection.

landing-place, was occupied by an immense gathering of interested lookers-on, who, when we were fairly started, cheered us again and again, and this was continued as long as we remained in sight.

We were soon out at sea, with a gentle breeze, a brilliant sun, and a cloudless sky. The passage was fairly calm and uneventful, except, indeed, that we lost one of the passengers by death on the fifth day out, and brought him on to Liverpool, there to be met by sorrowing relatives. Beyond this sad episode, nothing occurred of special interest until the early morning of the last day of the voyage, when, at 2 a.m., the harbour of Queenstown was reached, and as it was impossible for me to sleep with the noise and racket overhead, I got up and went on deck to see the mails put on the tender, and also the departure of 150 of the passengers, who were leaving us at this port. Many of the latter were Irish girls, who were on a visit to their parents in the Old Country. These fine-looking specimens of the women of the Emerald Isle were engaged as servants in the States, and taking advantage of the absence of their employers during the hot months of July and August, were coming to spend a few weeks in the old cabins in Ireland.

The scene at this early hour was picturesque in the extreme, the electric light shining down on faces lit up with excitement and curiosity. There were many leave-takings of a most affectionate nature by those pretty American girls who were on their first visit to Europe, and who, making Ireland the starting point of their tour, were taking leave of their friends who were bound for Liverpool; but it was understood that they would meet again, say, at Paris, Interlachen, Rome, or Naples; and I quite enjoyed this scene, listening to the shrill, nasal American accent, and the curious, quaint American phrases, all under the cold electric light, in this lonely spot of ocean. It was the first breaking up of what one almost felt to have become a family party.

The mails, which had been heaped up on the deck during the night, were now shouldered and carried down the gangway on to the tender, and it was a weird sound that fell upon the ear, as the "eight, nine, tally" of the officer was constantly repeated, amongst all the shrill and querulous American voices. The next event of importance was taking place in the saloon, where letters and telegrams, brought from Queenstown by the tender, were being overhauled by many anxious passengers, who had remained up all night, or had risen on hearing the commotion which was going on upon deck.

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH.—At breakfast this morning everyone was wearing a smiling countenance, and the many Americans on board who were on their first pleasure trip to the Old World, looked as happy as school boys at a breaking-up. For six days they had been living on anticipation, and many of them on very little else, and now everything is new, and strange, and pleasant.



So soon as we got into the Mersey, their joy became unconfined, and they commenced to give their impressions of the country as seen from the vessel. They were full of enthusiasm and curiosity, and admiration, which I "guess" would have subsided a little by the time they had seen Mont Blanc, Milan Cathedral, the Colosseum, the Alhambra, the Pyramids, the Bon Marché and the Louvre in Paris, and the time has come when they will again be crossing the ferry.

In the afternoon we came to the estuary of the Mersey, and to the broad ridge of sand known as "the Bar," which seriously interferes with the navigation of the river. Before reaching this place we had to put on extra speed in order to cross the Bar before the tide went down, which if we had failed to do, would have caused us a delay of some hours. Vessels like the *Majestic* cannot go over the Bar except for a couple of hours before and after high water, and if we had not seized this favourable opportunity we should have had to "lie to" until the tide had risen sufficiently to allow us to cross. This bar is a great obstruction to the navigation of the river, and an effort is now being made to remove it. After less than a year's work, upwards of 350,000 tons of sand have been removed. "The original estimate was that the removal of 800,000 tons of material would, provided there was no re-deposit, effect a deepening of 6 feet 6 inches below the shallowest depth then found, viz., 11 feet below low water spring tides, for a length of channel of 3,000 feet, with a width of 1,000 feet. The amount removed up to date, viz., 350,000, is equal to seven-sixteenths of this whole quantity. Comparing the most recent soundings with those taken at the commencement of the operations, it is noted that in the immediate proximity of the line on which the dredging is proceeding there were originally several soundings showing a minimum depth of 11 feet below low-water spring tides, whereas at the present time the shallowest soundings in the immediate proximity of the line show depths of 13 feet and 15 feet below the same "datum," the deepest soundings being some 300 feet northward of the leading line, where depths of 15 feet and 16 feet are indicated."

It is now 4 p.m., and we embark on board the tender which has come alongside the vessel, and in a few minutes we are once more in communication with home, and at the place where our ocean voyage ends.

FINIS.



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Compiled by the Author.

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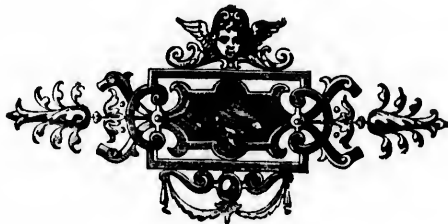
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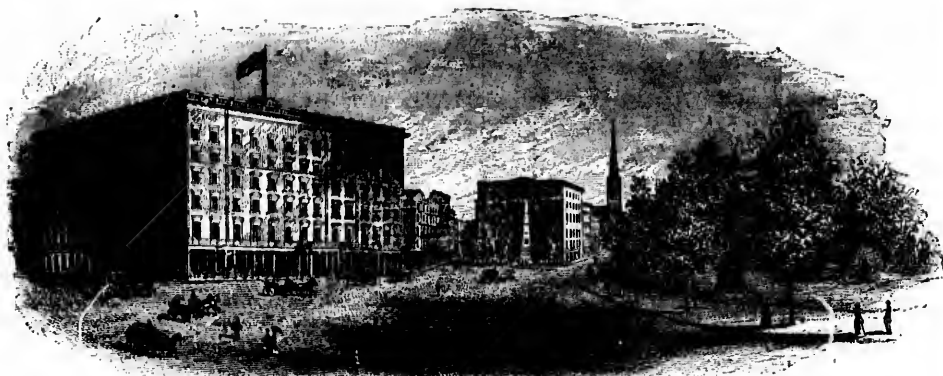
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