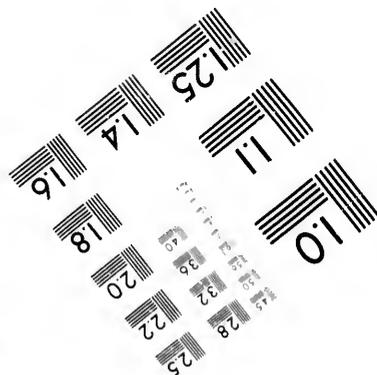
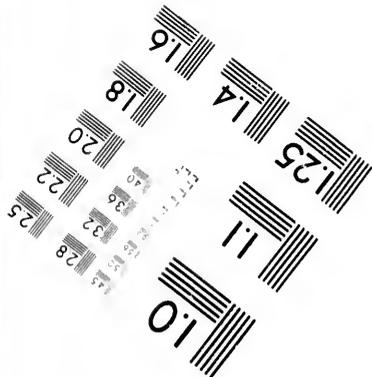
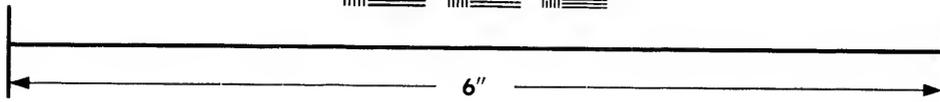
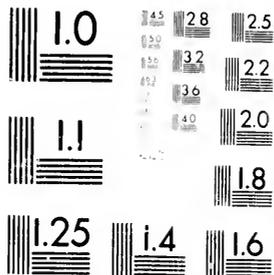


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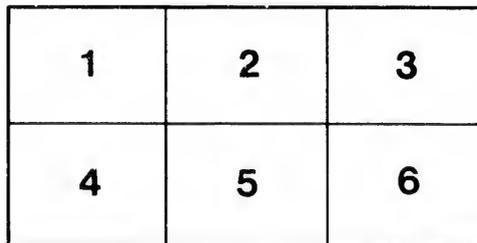
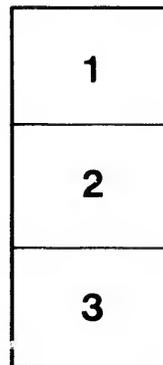
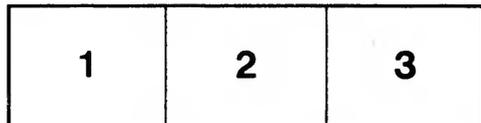
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AND  
ATLANTIC EXPERIENCES

— OR —

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and back again, the starting point being Ottawa,

IN THE WINTER OF 1872-73.

BY

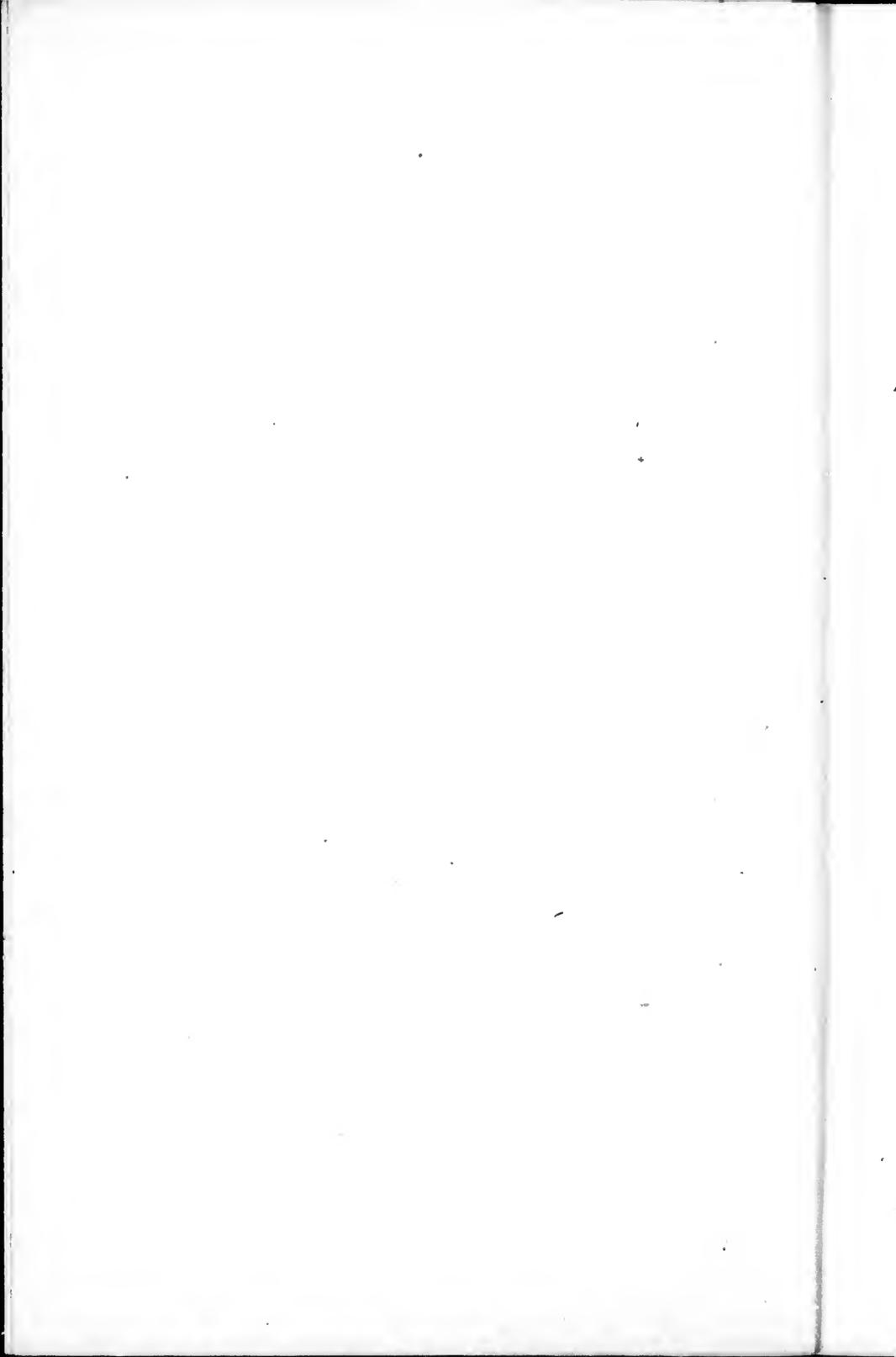
CHARLES ROGER, F. R. H. S.

*"Per mare et terram"*

OTTAWA:

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1873



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To Douglas Brynner Esquire  
a gentleman for whom I entertain  
a high respect.

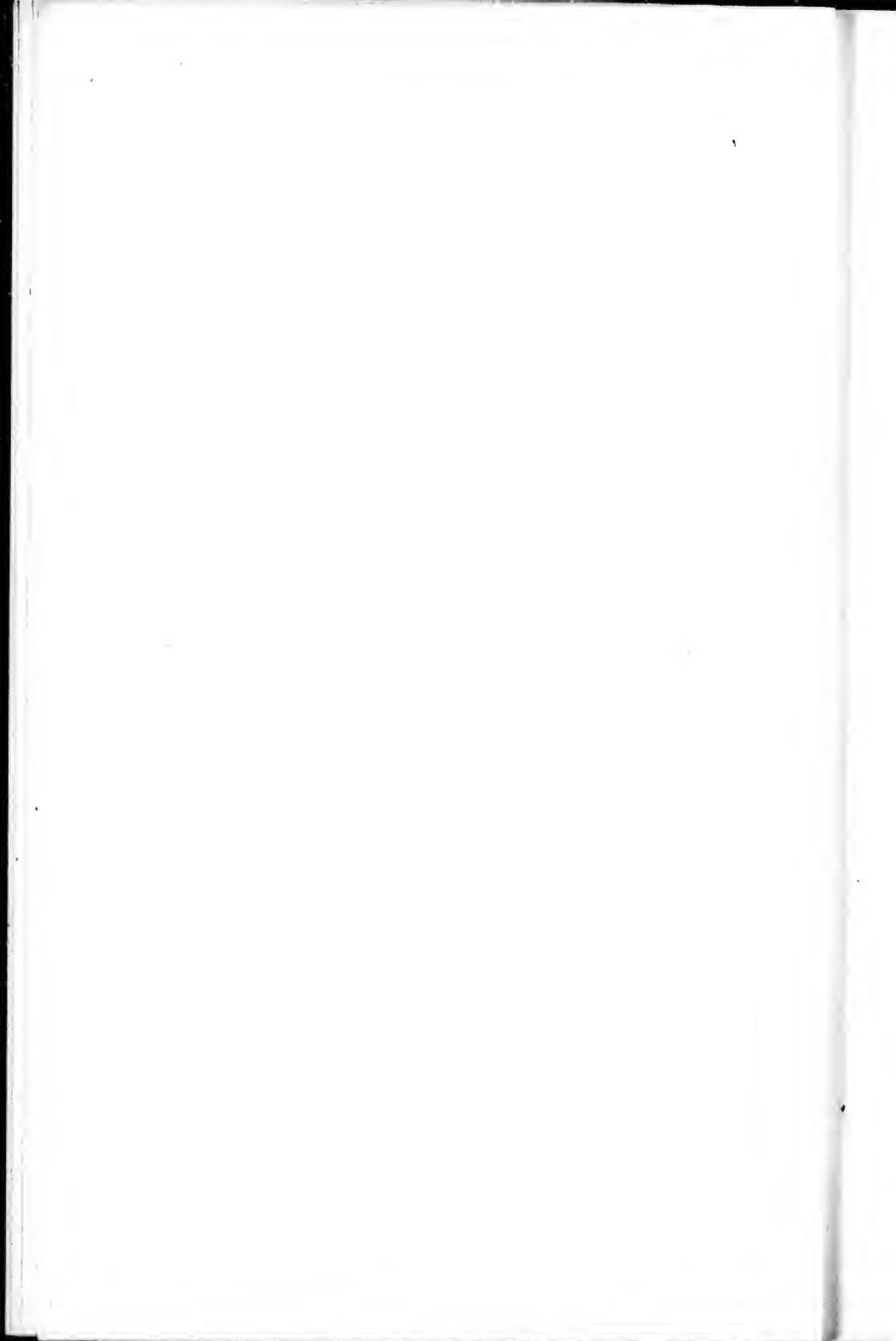
PREFACE.

(W. R. R.  
19/8/3)

At the request of some friends—and I really have a few remaining—I publish the series of letters, which, in the capacity of English special correspondent, I had addressed to the *Ottawa Times*. They are reminiscences of a visit to the great metropolis of the world. They are words of remembrance to some who passed with me over the Atlantic in its roughest aspects. They are comparative notices of matters as they are in an old and revered land, with the state of things existing in this extraordinarily progressive Canada. And they are mental photographs, which, if not well executed, may still be sufficient to awaken some lingering, longing look. Nearly forty years had elapsed from the time of my leaving England until my return to it. I left her hospitable shores when only one railroad existed in England, one in Scotland, and none in Ireland. I returned to find the electric telegraph in full operation at one shilling for twenty words from the Giants' Causeway to the Hebrides; underground and overground railways everywhere; viaducts where there had been slippery ascents; and only a very few ante-fluvial aspects of a past time; and two or three familiar faces whom it may never be my lot to see again. To my familiar spirits I leave these letters. *Vale*: in plain English, I say to them farewell—a long and possibly last farewell.

C. ROGER.

Ottawa, 18th July, 1873.



GLIMPSES OF LONDON  
AND  
ATLANTIC EXPERIENCES.

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LETTER I.

Leaving Ottawa—Montreal—General Neal Dow—Railway Travelling—Island Pond—  
The "Barber"—Departure from Portland and arrival at Halifax, N. S.

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STEAMSHIP "PERUVIAN," OFF SAMBRO LIGHT,

*Monday, 30th December, 1872.*

Cold enough it was, assuredly, the night after Christmas Day, but once ensconced in one of the sofa cars of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway, the situation was comfortable, and even pleasant. Arriving at the Prescott Junction, the passengers going east, after a good breakfast, transferred themselves to the Grand Trunk train, in which they passed onwards to Montreal on time. Never did I witness such an improvement as met my eyes in the commercial metropolis of the Dominion. Streets were widened, houses of palatial appearance had risen up replacing the old fashioned, steep roofed buildings copied from the

houses of the first French settlers in Hochelaga. Even the mercantile portions of the city showed startling signs of advancing wealth and importance: the great French Cathedral seemed to have diminished in size as the surrounding neighborhood had increased in height. There were, however, few, if any, old Montreal faces to be met with. Some I did see, and the time was pleasantly spent until the hour for starting on the Grand Trunk *en route* for Portland came. It was ten exactly when the passengers left the Bonaventure Station for that interesting city, the abiding place of the American Apostle of Temperance, General Dow, in which, by the way, lots of drinking houses—low shanties, as I am told—I had no opportunity of seeing for myself—exist. In a few minutes after leaving Point St. Charles, we passed over that wonder of the age, the Victoria Bridge. Everything went pleasantly as far as Richmond, as the conductors, and, indeed, all the employees of the Grand Trunk Railway Company are, without exception, courteous and gentlemanly in their behaviour towards travellers. Then a change came over the spirit of my dream of comfort, which ought to have been anticipated. The night passed, and the morn arose in all the glory of a Canadian winter. A bright, cloudless sky—slight biting drifts—men muffled up like Egyptian ladies—horses of whatever colour made quite white, as horses are particularly wont to be in winter time—the roads so hard, that although only creeping along, the flanges of the car-wheels being virtually annihilated by

the tenacious snow, which, at a temperature of 31° below zero, would cling to the wheels of the carriage of Jove himself—the train ran in part off the track, and there was the usual amount of screw-jacking and lever-purchasing to restore matters. This accomplished, on we went again, the train rolling slowly and deliberately to prevent accidents. Having had nothing to eat, except one little plate of oyster soup in Montreal, it was exceedingly unpleasant to be informed that breakfast was not likely to be had until we reached the Inn at Island Pond—beautifully situated, by the way, on the banks of a little lake, in the centre of which is an islet, which must be a very pretty one in summer, and from which the somewhat scattered New Hampshire Village derives its name. There was pleasantry, if not pleasantness, on board when the unwelcome news was communicated. Somewhere about two in the afternoon this desirable haven of 20 minutes rest was reached, and the passengers went up a galleys looking stairway and over a wide valley on a long bridge, stretching from under the roof of the station house to the house of refreshment for the famished travellers. They entered; dinner was announced; brandy and beer were asked for, but alas, alas, we were in a temperance State. Drinks were got, nevertheless, at 20 cents a glass, in a small cupboard somewhere between the ‘gentlemen’s walk,’ and the billiard room. There were sundry bottles of ‘epizoot,’ and those who thirsted approached the spring—I do not mean to speak irreverently—where living waters flowed—

the *aqua vite*, or "Mountain Dew" of Scotland, and the *eau de vie* of France. Every heart beat with joy; there was 'Balm in Gilead,' or 'treacle,' as the first translators of Holy Writ, make it. The thirsty drank and were comforted by a badly cooked dinner, at a cost of 75 cents each, and went away rejoicing, nevertheless. Then came, to damp this temporary joy, the news that our train was to be delayed for the arrival of the special carrying the mails for the steamship 'Peruvian.' It came in about two hours sooner than was expected—the mails being in charge of Mr. Ross, that exemplary official of the Postal Service, and in twenty minutes after the train set off for Portland. Slowly and sadly they bore us on, and slowly and sadly we laid ourselves down in our Pullman again to sleep. There was no chance of reaching the paradise of Gen. Neal Dow until Sunday morning. It was five o'clock yesterday when that far-famed place was reached, and a party of Quebec friends hastened with us towards the wharf. What a sight presented itself when we reached it. There was plainly visible the mizen mast, or rather a portion of it, of what was said to be our vessel. Her decks were a sheet of ice, and the 'barber' rising in a dense, biting, white smoke, hid foremast, funnel and mainmast from view. Descending a steep, but excellent gangway, the passengers *en route* for England *via* Halifax soon found themselves in one of the most finely fitted up, well arranged and roomy cabins that I have ever seen in an ocean-going ship. Better still, breakfast

was instantly provided, and the inner man comforted thereby. At seven in the morning steam was got up, and the splendid ship began to crush the ice which surrounded her on all sides. The 'barber' rising from the frozen portions of the harbor produced such a fog, however, that the pilot could not venture to go on, and the vessel, which had not reached the Point Elizabeth lighthouse, was brought to anchor. We seemed to be somewhere in the neighborhood of Greenland. This grey fog lifting as the sun began to shine out with wonted splendour, the gallant craft was got under weigh, and threading our way through a thousand islands, passing a square stone fort like that at which, when the American civil war broke out, there was "nobody hurt," the pilot left us in his icy dingy, and the "Peruvian" went to sea under command of that excellent sailor and accomplished gentleman, Captain Smith. She bowled along over the deep, deep sea, at eleven knots, and the swell was gentle, and the breeze bracing. The bell rang for public worship soon after breakfast, and all came down and joined. The prayers of the church were read by Capt. Smith—dressed in full uniform—with admirable effect. A sermon was also read by him on prayer, originally written by the Bishop of Exeter, hymns were sung, the benediction pronounced, and church was over. It is now Monday morning, and we are entering Halifax harbor as I write—the vessel shaking the table deucedly. In my next I shall give you a particular description of the voyage.

Now, I have time to say no more, as I must see a very excellent fellow, the Mail Officer, Mr. Bowes, and solicit from him an envelope and pen and ink.

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L E T T E R   I I .

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The Passage between Portland and Halifax—Halifax in Winter—The Halifax Museum—  
An Old Friend—The Citadel—The SS. *Peruvian*—New Passengers—The *Jumna*  
—The “Dismal Swamp”—On the Atlantic—Arrival at Liverpool.

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LONDON, *January 11th, 1873.*

The steamship *Peruvian* was making her way into Halifax harbour and approaching George's Island, when I necessarily closed my previous communication. It is a somewhat dangerous passage that between Portland and Halifax. Everywhere there are rocks, and these not always bare. Off Cape Sable, there are numerous reefs. They, indeed, extend seaward for several miles, and the red revolving light now on it, is anything but sufficient to enable the mariner safely to avoid them. A light which can be seen at a distance of fully twenty miles is much wanted, and it is altogether likely that the Hon. Peter Mitchell, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, will give the matter his best attention. Crossing the Bay of Fundy, there were strong variable currents, and it was not until 11 at night that Seal Island light

was sighted. It lies off the south west point of Nova Scotia, the Island being covered with trees, and five miles off lies the Blonde rock on which the Cunard steamship *Columbia* struck many years ago. By one o'clock in the afternoon the *Peruvian* was safely moored at the Cunard wharf, and the appearance which Halifax presented was peculiar. The harbour was filled with shipping, more particularly of steamships of the larger class, and the streets were full of snow piled up, in an attempt to clear the sidewalks, to a height of four feet in the middle of the road. Thirty-eight years had elapsed since I had previously seen the city, and in the lower town I could perceive but little change. The same dilapidated molasses depots were there. The same flour stores protruded upon the wharves. Water street was composed of the same identical class of wooden edifices that surrounded it in 1836, and only around the old Province building was there any visible sign of progress. There something had been done. The new public buildings, in which the Post Office and Customs Department transact business, and in which an admirably arranged and most creditable museum is kept and cared for by Professor Honeyman, are close by. In the museum there are the bones of the Mastodon and Megatherium; the skulls of pirates who, years ago, had expiated their offences on the gallows; relics of French losses at Lunenburg; a pyramid of Nova Scotian gold; admirably got up specimens of ornithology; the woods and rocks of the Nova Scotia peninsula; the sharks of Nova

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Halifax Museum--  
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Scotia salt water, and the trout and other creatures of Nova Scotia fresh water: all regaling themselves in spirits, were among the things met with. Leaving the museum, proud of what had been so well done, well attended and ingeniously gathered from all places of the earth, as from Nova Scotia, we proceeded to see the face of an old friend. It was a recently superannuated Customs' Officer, the father of an honorable, and the great-grand-father of a numerous progeny. The hours flew like minutes. Next morning, after visiting the citadel, which is on a very much smaller scale than that of Quebec, although decently armed, having some 18 ton guns within its walls, and shot and shell of the latest pattern, in form not unlike the cartridge of the Enfield rifle, we looked at the barracks of the Royal Artillery, and could perceive no change in either officers' or men's quarters. Where "Paddy Brough," as the gallant colonel of the period was affectionately called, once resided, there was no change whatever. Apparently not a single coat of paint had been applied for the last forty years. The men only had changed. The entities, who had with spur and sabre strutted through that square, had been superseded. It was quite the same in all the barracks, and, what was even more astonishing, in the upper streets of the city. The Cathedral is still a wooden structure, and the common houses are the meanest of their kind to be found anywhere in this vast Dominion. With her magnificent harbour, her thriving trade, and her

public wealth, it is astonishing that a Corporation could not be found to pull down such miserable specimens of street architecture and build up streets that would be a credit to the place. How differently has Montreal acted? She has spared neither money nor private feelings in widening and improving her streets. But, in Halifax, all is at a stand still. There is no push. There is nothing, in fact, but a cantankerous grumbling about being forced into the Dominion. There is dissatisfaction, even although it must be quite obvious that Confederation will ultimately benefit Halifax, and perhaps assist in rebuilding the aged and the decayed portion of what should be a flourishing place. At noon on Tuesday, to the minute, the *Peruvian* steamed out of Halifax harbour. The "Delta," of the Dominion line, which had arrived the day before, leaky, and with her wheel-house stove in, dropped her ensign; all the vessels that we passed followed suit; the *Peruvian* fired two guns in rapid succession, dipped the blue ensign of a captain of the Royal Naval Reserve; the people on the wharf raised their hats and cheered; and we were once more starting out to sea. A cold north west wind blew; but the sea was comparatively smooth and everything seemed going in our favor. The cabin passengers were, in all, about twenty; only two had come on board at Halifax, and there was only one lady passenger. A more agreeable party never sat down to dinner. There were several gentlemen from Quebec, a Spanish gentleman and his son, and a gentleman who

said he had been bear and deer hunting in Nova Scotia, and had visited India in the *Jumna*, while an officer of the 31st regiment, the master of a sailing vessel, recognised as the captain of the "Dismal Swamp" on board, and what was still to be added in the shape of comfort, there was a careful and excellent commander, who said prayers on Sunday, and sang for us on New Year's eve. The weather then was exceedingly pleasant and the ocean was becoming warmer than the air. The vessel was making 320 knots in 24 hours; and there were Penny Readings for the sake of the widows and orphans of seamen; until the barometer began to sink and the wind to blow right in our very teeth. New Year's day passed pleasantly. The compliments of the season were passed round, and there was champagne at dinner. Enclosed is a bill of fare for one day, to give you some idea of what kind of living there is on board the "Allan" steanship. Sunday last was fearfully rough and the captain of the "Dismal Swamp," who evidently was apprehensive, came below every now and then with the most doleful news. The barometer, he said, was perseveringly sinking, the gale was increasing, the sea was rising, and the ship was pitching and rolling awfully. At dinner the captain, who had been in the *Jumna* a ship of such dimensions that the 'Peruvian' could have been taken on board of her and sent down the hatchway, like an ordinary piece of merchandise and was most amusing from his affectation of speech and dirt in person, kept the table invariably in a roar, assist-

ed by the writer, who omitted no opportunity of bringing him out. He was indeed the most profound donkey who had ever escaped from Ireland in any capacity. Time, however, wore on, and the gale increased. The fore sail was split and blown out of the bolt ropes, the sea smashed in the sky-lights of the Post Office, the companion door was lashed, the temple of Agra and the "Druid" of Wales were quaking; Mr. Monboddy was apprehensive and quizzical; tarpaulins were placed over the cabin sky-lights, the water broke over the deck and swept a watch into the lee scuppers; the doctor was sicker than his patients; and people generally were knocked about endways. Even this came to an end. Ireland was sighted; we had an excellent view of the first gem of the ocean, the basalt rocks, and the isles of the ocean off the coast of Donegal, and whirling round the northernmost point were soon at Moville, at the entrance to Lough Foyle where a tender came out to meet us to carry off our only lady passenger and the mails. We dined, supped and went to bed once more; breakfasted at half-past six next morning; entered the Mersey; and by nine were in dock at Liverpool.

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### LETTER III.

Funeral of Napoleon III—Two Friends—An Officer of the Imperial Guard—New York Tribune's London Correspondent—Underground Railway—Hyde Park—The Serpentine—The Albert Memorial—The Albert Hall—South Kensington Museum—George Cruikshank—The Horse Guards—A Troop of Life Guards on the March.

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LONDON, 13th January, 1873.

Within the past four hours, I have seen twenty years of European history carried to the grave, not in "all the pomp and circumstance of war," but with an impressive solemnity far more touching. The *coup d'Etat*, the Crimea, Magenta, Mexico, the autocracy of home rule, the splendour of state ceremony, the solid triumphs of peace, the war with Germany, Sedan, captivity, exile, every achievement, every disaster, every event of a reign crowded with mighty historic incidents seemed to pass before the eye with the moving panorama of famous men. I have just returned from the funeral of Napoleon III. Dr. Charles Rogers, the well known *litterateur*, with whom I had dined, at his residence at Lewisham, on Monday, having met me at dinner again, on Tuesday evening at my present abiding place, 26 Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, Paddington, where I am entertained at the cost of Mr. J. C. Roger, barrister, requested me to meet him at New Cross, yesterday *en route* for Chiselhurst, which I agreed to do, and yesterday morning

set off, from Charing Cross station, distant from Chislehurst, about twenty miles, to fulfil my engagement. My relative, who was to come from Lewisham, failed to be on the platform, and I concluded, had come up by previous train and gone on to Chislehurst; and I went on towards the palatial house of mourning. At the station there was considerable excitement. Many of the passengers were from France, and indeed, with the exception of another gentleman and myself, the compartment was occupied by people of that nation, one of whom was a lady; and in the same train were the representatives of the King of Italy—an officer of cavalry, one of artillery and one of the line. Chislehurst, is a small, but very prettily situated village. It lies between little hills, and the road for some distance is so steep that the cabmen led their horses during the ascent. At intervals of, possibly, twenty yards, two London policemen were stationed, while others walked on in the middle of the road, singly, and at greater intervals, from the railway station to the very gates of Camden House. Here an immense multitude, well dressed and orderly, were assembled, and a lane kept open by the police from the porter's lodge to the little Catholic Church of St. Mary's, about a quarter of a mile off. A squadron of mounted police, accoutered as dragoons, but wearing the ordinary police helmet, sat on their horses behind the crowd, at the gate. I had just arrived in time. The funeral procession was approaching. A friend, who had come down with me on the

train, Mr. Du Lompray, an officer of the Imperial Guard, became fearfully excited. He wanted to break through the crowd, which of course was impossible. Then he essayed to get upon tables and forms, but for all these to his astonishment, there was a charge, and he remained on *terra firma*, jumping up spasmodically, to get a glimpse of the pale face of the Prince Imperial. The tri-color was first seen emblematically suspended, from the broken branch of a tree, borne by one of the Paris *ouvriers*, a deputation of whom had come from that city to show their regard for one, who, it well may be said, was the workingman's friend. The clergy followed. There was an Abbe, bearing a golden cross in front of his breast, and then came a number of priests, one of whom read portions of the service for the dead. The hearse came next. There was an impressive stillness. Every hat in that vast multitude, numbering some sixty thousand souls, was reverently removed. The hearse itself was only remarkable for its simplicity. On the sides were the Imperial escutcheon and cipher; on the top were *immortelles*, with the words in black letters painted on them "S M.L. Empereur du France," Napoleon III., and so forth. There were also bunches of violets, and bouquets of these flowers were thrown upon the hearse as it passed by the enthusiastic by-standers. The horses were jet black in color, and eight in number. Their heads were ornamented with large black ostrich feathers, and their backs covered with black cloth, on which were fas-

tened wreaths of *immortelles*. The leading pair were guided by a postillion; the next were led, and a coachman sat in sables upon the hammer-cloth. It was impossible for me to do more than catch a glimpse at the face of the Prince Imperial. His plain, black suit, relieved by the broad ribbon of the legion of honor, and the cloak that partially covered both, were unseen by me. I simply saw a great number of heads, evidently the heads of men of distinction, following the hearse. But it is known that among those who followed the chariot, with nodding plumes, were Prince Napoleon, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who has also a strong look of the first Emperor, Prince Charles Bonaparte and the Princess Murat, Viscount Sydney, Lord Cowley, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, Marshals Canrobert and Lebœuf, and of the present French army—General the Marquis of Fontier, Vicomte Henri Bertrand, and General de Jumac. The Queen was represented by Viscount Sydney, and the Prince of Wales by Lord Suffield. A plain, black painted, close carriage, brought up the rear of the procession, but it was impossible to discern who was in it. As there was no chance of getting into the church, I returned as speedily as possible through an arch, not dissimilar to Hope Gate at Quebec, only that it is made of brick, and over which was some years ago a water works reservoir, to the railway station, and here I could not help remarking the civility and intelligence of the London police. They directed the passengers what to do, and whither to

go. Return tickets went one road, new tickets another. Yet, so speedily was the back train filled, that I found myself compelled to take passage in a luggage van, which smelt strongly of fish. Here I met with a gentleman from the New York *Tribune*, with whom I fraternized, and learned from him that there existed an underground railway, with its terminus near the Houses of Parliament. The guide-book says this railway runs chiefly underground from Moor Gate Street to Paddington, with extensions to Hammersmith, South Kensington, Westminster, and by the Thames embankment to the city. The trains run every few minutes, and are lighted up with coal gas, which is carried in a gasometer on the top of the car, and which has an instrument for indicating when it is full and when it is approaching emptiness. This is an improvement which might be advantageously imitated by us. The English railway carriage is, however, a disgrace to the age. There is nothing comfortable or elegant about it, and it is broken up into boxes into which it would do well enough to cram pigs. The employ~~ees~~ are, however, most attentive and civil men. Indeed the underground railway carriages are ~~an~~ an improvement upon the overground carriages. For the sake of the gas-lights, the compartments only extend half way up towards the roof, and they are better cushioned and finished. The fine station-houses underground caused me very considerable surprise. At the stations there is light from heaven, and the usual blaring advertisements in

There are no  
rooms as  
railway  
stands

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every imaginable coloured ink Descending to this station, you present your ticket, which you have obtained above ground, to an official whom you meet upon the stairs, and who permits you to pass as soon as he has nipped it with his pinchers, and you give it up on reaching your destination to another official similarly placed. The distance between Moor Gate street and Paddington is about six miles, and the charge for second class—a class which everybody seem to prefer—is only sixpence. On Saturday last I visited Hyde Park for the first time, and there saw, a little beyond the beautiful Serpentine on which boats plied in considerable numbers, the Albert Memorial, erected at a cost of £240,000, the last £40,000 being obtained from Her Majesty's privy purse. It is one of the most elaborate works of art of modern times. Grand in conception, it is magnificent in execution. In a sky such as ours it would be resplendent with beauty. The tympanum of each of the four gables of the shrine contains a large picture in mosaic: the mouldings are decorated with carving, and inlaid with mosaic work, enamel, and polished gem-like stones. The intersecting roofs are covered with scales of metal richly enamelled and gilded, and their crestings are of gilt beaten metal in rich leaf work. The whole structure is crowned by a lofty spire of rich tabernacle work in partially gilt and enamelled metal, terminated in a cross which reaches to a height of 180 feet above the surrounding ground. Beneath this canopy is to be placed the statue of

the Prince in a sitting posture. The *podium* is surrounded by sculptures in *alto relievo*, devoted to painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry and music. These are the most life-like sculptures conceivable. The eyes are put in, and seem to look at you. The eyes consist of some polished stone, and may possibly be set in. The shrine is approached on all sides by magnificent rows of granite steps, and the great platform and landing of the steps are paved with stone of various colors. The columns which stand up on the four angles of the *podium*, consist of six different materials, and the plinths of the bases are of the darkest and richest variety of the red granite from the Ross of Mull. On the pedestals are groups of statuary, representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Canada and Mexico are included in the word "America." Canada is habited in furs, the features are of an English type, and on her head-dress is woven the maple leaf of the mainland, and the May-flower of Nova Scotia. In her right hand are ears of wheat, and at her feet are a pair of snow-shoes, and a branch and cone of the pine tree. There are no less than one hundred and sixty-nine figures, as large as life, sculptured on the *podium* or sides of the monument. Among these is the figure of the French architect, Mansart, who was born at Paris in 1598, and who invented the style of the roof (Mansard) which now bears his name, the most celebrated of his works being the Church of Val de Grace, in Paris; the Chateau de Maisons; the Chateau de Geres, and the Church at Chail-

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lot. I mention this circumstance particularly, the Mansard roof being at present a favorite with Ottawa architects. The *podium* has likenesses of Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, Sir David Wilkie, Sir Charles Barry, Wren and Inigo Jones, and, indeed, gives a complete epitome of the science, or rather scientific, learned, and accomplished men of a past and a present time.

Opposite this beautiful "memorial" is the Albert Hall, a very large circular building in brick, used as a Music Hall. The exterior has an Egyptian aspect, and there are figures all round it which would have done credit to that best of Pharaohetic architects, Cheops. The interior I have not yet seen. Guided by two ladies acquainted with the intricacies of London, I found myself soon in the South Kensington Museum. It is a large and beautiful building, quite as Cheoptic in external appearance as the Albert Music Hall. Entering by a temporary passage, the visitor makes his way through a turnstile, which counts the number of daily visitors. Here, there are models of some of the pulpits of Italian Churches, such as that at Milan, actual tombs of deceased knights, statuary of the greatest value, paintings, very many of which have been presented by or "lent" by H. M. the Queen, plate armour of every conceivable kind, a *black* statuesque head of Washington, the complete set of Landseer's paintings of animals, and that master piece of painting by Mr. George Craikshank, measuring apparently 9 feet by 10, in which every stage of

drunkenness is depicted with graphicness and power. (I have received an invitation from him for to-morrow, Friday evening, at 6.) One thing strikes me as ~~quite~~ an innovation, but a very good one, the paintings in oil are covered over with glass. Even the large scriptural paintings lent by Her Majesty, and covering almost the whole side of a room, are thus dealt with. It would tire your readers to enter into detail, and I shall not do so, but hurry off to Hyde Park to interview Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, the different monuments, the Horse Guards, the Houses of Parliament, the Thames embankment, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland House, Park Lane, and other such notable things. The number of vehicles that traverse Hyde Park is something wonderful. They are of all descriptions, except carts, and the liveried servants, the manservants and the maidservants, indeed, are marvellously numerous. There are life or horse guards, foot guards, soldiers of the line, innumerable policemen, the humble and aristocratic civilian moving about on foot. Everything is exceedingly clean and well kept. London streets even, notwithstanding the astonishing traffic, are superlatively clean. The omnibusses are innumerable, and there are hansom and every other imaginable kind of cab passing each other with a dexterity which is inconceivable when the number of laden vehicles which move slowly, and through which the rapid vehicles must thread, is taken into consideration. Passing over to the Horse Guards—the two mounted sen-

tries, who do not sit like statues, but shake their heads, move their feet, and raise their hands, as man and beast occasionally must do—I may mention that in passing down the Circus a troop of this richly attired corps came up or down the Circus, as one part of Regent street is called. They were preceded by the usual advance guard, a trumpeter, with the Royal flag attached to that silver instrument employed to make music arise with its voluptuous swell, and with their gilded helmets, brightly polished cuirasses, long boots, leather breeches, breech-loaders, sabres, and black horses, presented a dazzling appearance. I shall stop for the present. In my next there will be a description of the Tower and of “the new palace of Westminster.”

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#### LETTER IV.

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London, Men, Women and Donkeys—The Tower—The “Beef-eaters”—Interior of the Tower, and who lived and died there—The Regalia—The Judges in England—Roger Tichborne—The Houses of Parliament—The tombs of Dickens and Lytton, and the Statue of Palmerston in Westminster Abbey—St. Paul’s Cathedral, the Crypt, Nelson and Wellington—A fog—The Middle Temple.

LONDON, JAN. 24.

Today I have met men and women, girls and boys, in the streets of this wonderful city, either in charge of donkey carts or with baskets on their heads, making use of

language which, without the aid of an interpreter, I could not have understood. A rosy cheeked girl, with a little donkey attached to a little cart, is selling flowers in pots. Her voice is pretty and decidedly musical, but I cannot make out what she says. It is not Italian nor Spanish, French nor German, and it may be Hindostanee, Arabic, Sanscrit, or any other of the not-too-well known tongues. Being interpreted, it is "Flowers all a-blowing and a-growing." A man has a basket on his head in "Clifton Gardens," as a row of aristocratic dwellings are termed, containing vegetables, turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, and such like garden stuffs. His voice is neither low nor sweet, like that of Annie Laurie, but still his language is incomprehensible to me. Listening intently, I make out something like "Coolleoflowyers." But, setting such matters aside, let me take you into the tower, situated on the northern bank of the Thames, a little below Temple Bar, and the great Church of St. Paul's, wherein rest the ashes of Nelson and Wellington. The keep or citadel of the fortress is seen rising conspicuously above the rest of the pile as you approach. At the entrance there are a number of the "wardens," or, as they are somewhat irreverently termed, the Queen's "Beef-eaters," most fantastically dressed. The hat is of green cotton velvet, plaited and having pieces of red, white and blue narrow satin ribbon stuck loosely round the band; and the coat appears to be of a greenish material, with the Royal arms traced upon it in reddish coloured

*not irreverently. The proper name is "Buffets"  
adapted to "Beef-eaters".*

cloth. This is the undress of the warders; full dress is scarlet and gold, and seems to be magnificent. Originally the servants of the Constable of the Tower—an office once held by the Duke of Wellington—the warders were in Edward VI's time appointed extraordinary yeomen of the guard, and the appointment now is a reward for distinguished or exemplary conduct to non-commissioned officers of the army. Entering an office in Lower Thames Street, the visitor obtained a ticket of admission, for which he pays one shilling, and must wait in the ante-room until a party of twelve is assembled, when one of the warders takes the party in charge and proceeds towards the armouries, the "Bloody Tower," "Bell Tower," "Beauchamp Tower," "Devereux Tower," "Flint Tower," "Bowyer Tower," "Brick Tower," "Jewel Tower," "Constable Tower," "Broad Arrow Tower," "Salt Tower," and "Record Tower." Crossing the bridge over the moat or ditch—now made into a parade ground, having for sanitary reasons been dried up—in which there seems to be stationed a very considerable number of soldiers of the Artillery and Foot Guards, we are within the walls. It has well been remarked that "no one in whose breast an interest in the annals of his country has been awakened, can approach with indifference this royal castle of our forefathers."

The hoary walls rise before us amidst the surrounding mass of more modern buildings, grim witnesses of a by-gone age, symbols of the rugged time when, amidst the

struggles resulting from ill-defined rights and uncontrolled passions, were laid the mighty foundations of Britain's present prosperity and peace. Dark shadows of the past enshroud the gloomy fabric; but they serve to throw into stronger relief the justice, the liberty, the intelligence, and the refinement which illuminate our day. Here Queens, Princes, and nobles have perished on the block, while others have died, wearied of life, within the dungeon recesses of some "Bloody Tower." Here was immured Sir Walter Raleigh. Here perished the young victims of the Third Richard. Here died some of the wives of the Eighth Henry; and here are contained all the weapons of warfare ever used in England, cross bows, arquebusses, spears, lances, two handed swords, halberds, glaives, and ranseurs, to the present breach loading rifles, swords, ram-rods and bayonets, being formed into the appearance of sunflowers, roses, lilies, the Order of the Garter, and so forth, with great artistic skill. The Kings of England, from the earliest times to that of James the Second, when the use of armour seems to have been discontinued, are represented in effigy on horseback, armed *cap-a-pie*; and the dress worn by the Duke of Wellington when he was constable of the tower; the sword and coat of his Royal Highness the Duke of York when commander of the forces, arms from the East Indies of great value, and shot and shell, breech-loading pistols, attached to a shield having a grated opening through which to take aim, chain shot,

implements of torture, the block, with the mark of the headsman's axe still upon it, and an effigy of "Good Queen Bess," *en route* in her Royal robes to St. Pauls to return thanks to God for the destruction of the Spanish Armada, are among the many things contained in the White Tower, measuring 116 feet from north to south, 96 feet from east to west, and having a height of 92 feet, the external walls being 15 feet in thickness. This tower was built by William the Conqueror, in 1079, and is a magnificent specimen of Norman architecture. The *newel*, or circular column, around which the stairs wind, is a curious specimen of ancient masonry. Over what is termed "Queen Elizabeth's Armory," is St. John's Chapel, one of the first and most perfect specimens of Norman architecture to be found in England. On entering the chapel the visitor is requested to remove his hat, as the building is a consecrated one, a request which is, of course, instantly complied with. The chapel has a semi-circular termination at the eastern end, and the twelve massive pillars which divide the nave from the aisles are also arranged in a semi-circle at the eastern end. The pillars are united by arches, which admit the light into the nave from the windows in the southern aisle, and a gallery with arches corresponding to those below is above the pillars. The column and arches are all faced with well finished stones, retaining the marks of the tool, and laid in courses with thick joints of mortar. The floor is of stone, in a kind of Mosaic, and there are three

windows of stained glass which were added to the chapel in 1240 by Henry III. There is, however, no church furniture of any kind remaining in the chapel. The upper room of the White Tower was once the council chamber, and it was in this chamber that the Protector Richard, Duke of Gloucester, ordered Lord Hastings to instant execution in front of St. Peter's chapel. The party of visitors were next shown into the lesser towers with their secret passages, torture rooms, and dungeons. But the Tower was not only a prison. It has been a palace, a fortress, and a prison; and is now an old curiosity shop. Until the time of Charles II, all the sovereigns of England occasionally held their court in the Tower. A grand suite of apartments, appropriated to the Queens of England, extended from the Southern Tower to the south-east angle of the White Tower, in the vicinity of which was a magnificent hall, the scene of the wedding festivities on the occasion of the marriage of Henry III. to Eleanor of Provence. At this palace landed the beautiful Lady Anne Boleyn, amidst a great melody of trumpets and divers instruments, and a mighty peal of guns, in 1533, as the wife of Henry VIII; from this palace the Queen proceeded arrayed in silver tissue, 'with all the pomp of heraldry and pride of power,' and a mantle of silver tissue lined with ermine, her dark tresses flowing down her shoulders, and her head encircled with precious rubies, to Westminster. Three years afterwards she was accused by Henry of inconstancy, and

re-entering the Tower in charge of jailers, on the 19th of May, 1536, was on her way to Tower Green, where, laying her head upon the block, the executioner, with one stroke of his sword, severed it from her body, and the remains of one of the most beautiful women that the world has ever known was thrust into an old oak chest, and were immediately placed in the vaults of the chapel, in front of which the scaffold was erected. The only words which this noble lady uttered on the scaffold—this lady who was tall and slender, whose face was oval and hair black, whose complexion was pale, and her figure and features symmetrical, beauty and sprightliness sitting on her lips—were “Oh, Father! Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life! Thou knowest I have not deserved this death.” The Crown Jewels are kept, under glass, in what is termed the Jewel Tower, a sentry of the Foot Guards being at the door. Only one party of visitors is permitted to enter at a time, and the apartment in which the jewels are held is superintended by a lady, who explains everything with an ease and fluency, and correctness of language highly creditable to her good taste. All sticks and umbrellas are left below, and returned to the owners on leaving the tower. The first object of attraction in the glass case is Queen Victoria’s crown, the cap of which is of purple velvet, and which is enclosed in hoops of silver, surmounted by a ball and cross, all of which are resplendent with diamonds. In the centre of the cross is the “inestimable sapphire,” and

in front of the crown is the heart-shaped ruby, said to have been worn by the Black Prince. The next is St. Edward's crown, the form being familiar as that which is represented in the Royal Arms and on the coin of the realm. This crown is made of gold, and is embellished with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls and sapphires. Then comes the Prince of Wales' crown, of pure gold, unadorned with jewels, which is placed before the seat in the House of Lords occupied by the heir apparent. The fourth article of note is the ancient Queen's crown, used at coronations for the Queen Consort. Another object of interest is the Queen's Diadem, made for the consort of James II, Marie D'Este, and which is richly adorned with large diamonds and pearls. The sceptres are St. Edward's Staff, the sceptre with the cross, placed in the sovereign's right hand by the Archbishop of Canterbury at coronations, the Rod of Equity, the Queen's sceptre, the ivory sceptre, and a richly wrought golden sceptre, supposed to have been made for Mary, Queen of William III, of "glorious, pious and immortal memory." And this is not all. There is also, under cover, the curtana, or pointless sword of mercy; swords of justice, temporal and ecclesiastical, borne before the sovereign at coronations; the coronation bracelets and spurs, the anointing vessel and spoon, the golden salt cellar, the baptismal font used at the christening of the Prince of Wales, and a beautiful service of sacramental plate used at the coronation. Enough for the Tower. On

the following day I visited the Court Room, in which the Roger Tichborne case is even now attracting some attention; the judges, including the Lord Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn, having fined two members of Parliament for contempt of court, in commenting, at a public meeting, on the judicial proceedings already had in this most extraordinary case. There were four judges on the Bench in their sergeants' wigs—wigs which give these really line-looking men the appearance of being arrayed in one of Sarah Gamp's night caps. The court-room is small, and not at all suited for the purpose for which it had been originally intended. There are, however, new Courts of Law in course of construction. Immediately on entering Westminster Hall, in which there are some fine statues of the Kings and Queens of England—a truly magnificent specimen of architecture—I proceeded with my *compagnons du voyage*, two ladies, to view the Commons House of Parliament, or rather the two Houses, but only could gain admittance to the Lower House. Architecturally, everything was palatial, and there were magnificent paintings in oil, covered with glass, upon the walls of the passages, representing scenes in the chequered life of the first Charles Stewart of England, whom Cromwell and Willie Goff, with about a dozen others, deprived of his head before Whitehall some few years ago. The House of Commons is not nearly so large nor so convenient as that of Canada, and there is no open gallery for the ladies, but simply peep holes through a grating behind the speaker's

chair. But further particulars must be reserved for another letter. I have been in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, have seen the tomb of Dickens, the statues of Mansfield and Lord Palmerston, have seen Lord Lytton buried and have been down in the crypt of St. Paul's, viewing the tombs of Nelson and of Wellington, seeing the funeral car of the latter, now standing in the crypt, and having upon it the Duke's coronet and baton.

How terribly foggy it was yesterday! St Paul's was invisible at a distance of twenty yards.

The weather to-day is slightly frosty.

I go to-night to be present at a "call" in the Middle Temple.

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## L E T T E R V .

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The Grave of Oliver Goldsmith—A Call to the Bar—The Houses of Parliament—Lu-Lu, the Female Acrobat—A Fog that was a fog—Departure from London—Appeal from a horse—The Sydenham Crystal Palace—Liverpool, and "Holy Joe."—Lieut. Smith, R. N. R.—On sea once more.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 26, 1873.

The Middle Temple and the grave of Oliver Goldsmith are something to be seen in one night. A call to the bar seems to be something of a farce. The names of sundry young gentlemen are apparently called over, and they are crowned

with white wigs, made of horses' hair. The Hall of the Middle Temple is, architecturally speaking, in fine taste. There are busts in armour of all the great legal worthies of the realm, and the roof and gallery as specimens of ancient wooden carving are very fine indeed. The spectators—specially admitted—sat in the gallery, and were permitted to gaze, through crevices in it, at the be-wigged "beef-eaters," who sat below feasting sumptuously. There is something ridiculous in the class exclusiveness of so great a country as England is, with her magnificent Universities and grand Inns of Court. It was night when I saw the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, near the residence, if my memory serves me, of the Master of the Middle Temple. It is a stoned up grave, the name being sculptured upon one of the sides—nothing more. My stay in England was drawing to a close and did close after I had seen among other matters the palace of Westminster, and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The first named palace is familiar to most people, as being that used for the accommodation of the Houses of Lords and Commons. Of elaborate workmanship exteriorly, with its two magnificent towers, and its beautiful situation, there is possibly no edifice, even in Paris, to rival this in grandeur of design and execution; but the damp, dull, dismal, dreary atmosphere spoils all. The building was most visible at night. In the daytime, the fog obscured the view. Only occasionally could the splendid edifice the creation of Barry's fancy—be seen when it was supposed to

he day Nothing can fairly convey an idea of a London fog, not even Hood's 'no sun, no moon, no morn nor noon' of a dark day in November. People sometimes go to theatres. I do. Having a leisure evening, I went to visit 'Lu-Lu,' a female acrobat, at the Metropolitan, to see a play performed and witness a ballet in true Regent Street style. 'Lu-Lu' went up, as if by magic, a distance of 25 feet, alighted on a platform, threw a somersault and came down to the stage again. The ballet was very fine. The *danseuses* were superbly got up, and used their limbs to perfection. A peculiarity of the place was that there were tables in the whole lower portion of the building, occupied, paradoxical as it may seem, by the upper classes, at which people drank wine and smoked cigars. A dense atmosphere filled the house, which, in my extreme innocence, I attributed to the tobacco smoked by such a multitude of people. At midnight I left the Hall of Assembly and found out my mistake. I was in the midst of a London fog. I could see a light, that of gas not brilliantly burning, but doing its best to throw a weak reflection of itself upon the surrounding gloom. There was no lantern to be seen. There was no human being near within eyesight, except Mr. Du Lompray, who hung upon my arm. Wheels rattled, and horses' hoofs pattered, cabbies shouted to each other, and my friend and self waded through the darkness. Assuredly had I been alone the Regent's Canal would have been passed by me else I should have fallen into it and my expenses to

Liverpool by rail whether I am drifting would have been saved. Accompanied by Mr. George Cruikshank, one of the most distinguished men in England, and some of my relatives, I left the Euston Square station, *en route* for the bright skies, the gorgeous sunsets, and the calmer air of Canada, the land not of my fathers, but of my children. How wet England was! The canals were overflowed and the fields, in many parts, almost completely covered with water. But setting aside the antiquated railway carriages, the little canals with their horse-towing paths attracted most particular observation. In Canada one small steamer is employed on a canal to tow a dozen large barges. In England with its immense wealth, and towering civilisation, a horse—large but bony—don't put in two *n's*—followed by a man and a whip, tows on a sidewalk a solitary barge. England, with all thy faults, I love thee still; but this state of things is surely too bad. With great institutions for the aged, the sick, the destitute and the orphan, and with an extraordinary large heart in favor of the persecuted or afflicted it is pitiable that England shows no mercy for the canal tow-path horse. Let me speak for that poor brute. Let me commiserate his sad condition. Let him be taken into the humane consideration of the English people, as they nobly did the condition of the survivors of the 'North Fleet,' and ever do the condition of those even only seeming to need their aid. England, I repeat, with all thy faults, fogs, trees in mourning, and drenched lands, I love thee still;

but for goodness gracious sake, get rid of that canal horse. The Sydenham Crystal Palace has been nearly forgotten. In my hurry to get away from a London fog, I have almost omitted the brain creation and handiwork of a gentleman, Sir Joseph Paxton, who, like Adam, was a gardener. A series of pretty toyshops are the first objects of attraction; but, proceeding inwards, and upwards, and through and beyond, hither and thither, the works of art become grandly conspicuous and the "courts,"—Pompeian and otherwise—are very fine. That which I liked most to see was the aquarium, with its crabs and codfish, clinging to rocks in their native element or swimming about in it. The now celebrated—well known author—Dr. Charles Rogers was with me, and after viewing the images of certain illustrious personages, peers of the realm—statesmen of by gone days. Pitt, and Burke, and Fox, and my friend George Cruikshank, whose bust seems to be everywhere in London, I dined in the palace sumptuously. of course at Dr. R's expense.

But I must stop. Fancy that I have reached Liverpool. Here I met, after a night's stay at the Alexandria, on the Princess's Landing stage an old and esteemed friend, well known in Quebec, with his sister, estimable daughters, and a nice little red coated lady of a niece. These, with other excellent people, to the number of 200, were bound for Canada, or the adjacent portions thereof—the United States. On that stage, I met the gallant and most excellent comander of the "Peruvian," who told me with

his usual *naivete*, that the "Prussian," then lying in the roads, and in which I was to sail, was commanded by "Holy Joe." I soon discovered that Captain Dutton, an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve, whether religiously or otherwise tainted, was a most excellent man in reality and a splendid sailor.

I shall reserve an account of the trip over the Atlantic backwards, and my own pitch into the dog-basket, with your permission, for another letter.

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## LETTER VI.

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My fellow passengers—Ireland at a distance—Sea Sickness—A kicking ship—Heavy weather—Church Service—Captain Dutton, R. N. R.—Thoughts at Sea—Cabin passengers feeding in an Allan Steamship—Lectures, Readings, Concerts, &c.—The "dog-basket"—Genesis—Arrival at Portland.

OTTAWA, April 11th. 1873.

The "Prussian," a vessel of 3,000 tons burthen, is one of the finest of the Allan line of steamships. The dock porters having attached the luggage of the passengers, and placed it on board of the tender, lying at the Princess' landing stage, and the passengers having gone on board of the little steamer were soon on the deck of the "Prussian," having the blue ensign at her peak, and blue Peter at her fore. It was a beautiful afternoon and

the Mersey was placid. Dining immediately after getting into the ship, and secondly arranging my necessary travelling traps in No. 33, I almost immediately found myself as it were at home. There were all nationalities among the cabin passengers and nearly all religions, if the disciples of Mahomet be excepted, but a more agreeable number of people could not have been gathered together. Even before the vessel had reached Moville, in Ireland, which she did not do on the day after leaving Liverpool, the weather being remarkably fine, and Scotland showing her snow clad hills as we passed the Mull of Kintyre, the notes of the piano were heard and the sweet voices of the ladies—the womanly influence has a fine effect on shipboard as it has everywhere else—melted into song. Ireland showed patches of snow but the land around Lough Foyle was green enough to maintain for that fine country, in which the most hospitable people, almost in the world dwell, the title of the Emerald Isle. There was the village church upon the hill, a nice residence near the water's edge, a seemingly half-fortified barracks, and there were cows, and pigs, and horses in the fields. The gangway was opened, the platform and descending stairs put out; a boat came off from the shore, and, while the tender which had come off for the mails and was to bring back a mail, had gone to Derry, many of the passengers went ashore to have a ride in an Irish jaunting car through the pleasant village or town of Moville. It was evening before the ship left

the Foyle, and then the flag-pole at the extreme end of the stern was unshipped and stowed away. Seemingly the despot on board, as Captain Dutton styled himself, apprehended foul weather. He was not, by any means, in error. Scarcely had the ship got fairly away from Ireland than the sea raged and the wind blew. The top of the waves were very white and as the mountainous masses of salt water raised themselves against the huge fabric of iron-work, passing through them at considerable speed, they exhibited a bright greenness under the white-caps exceedingly pretty to look upon. Then came a crash of water over the bows, over the sides, any where, everywhere, and the vessel, stout as she is, fairly trembled. And the wind rose that night. And the ship rolled and tossed. And the passengers sickened and were afraid that they should die. And the ship still rolling, pitching and tossing, such as were sick wished that they might die. I got up as early as possible took my seat at the breakfast table, ate, and was satisfied. There were not many there. One lady, who had frequently crossed the ocean, some of the officers of the ship, and one or two gentlemen only ventured down to breakfast. The roughness continued, and the wind blew, to use a nautical expression, dead a-head. It did surely blow. The ship gave first a pitch and then the funnel gave a snort. She ascended and descended wonderfully. She rolled first on one side and then on the other. There was no sail to steady her, and the masses of water pitched into her on all sides

and made her kick. Pitching and rolling are bad enough in their way, but they are nothing in comparison to a ship's kick. A kick has the effect of making everybody on board, believe that a whale has run into the ship, or some other substance equally immense. A kick lifts people off their feet and pitches them everywhere and anywhere. Sea-legs are valueless when the ship kicks. Then the only possible thing to be done is to grasp at a solid substance and hold on to it. A kick is felt all over the ship, on deck, between decks, in the cabins, and in the engine room. Under such circumstances the progress made was not great. On Sunday, 2nd of March, at noon, it was ascertained that only 120 miles had been made in the previous twenty-four hours. The bell tolled for the usual church service at eleven, but the attendance was not particularly large. It was much too rough for that. With great unction, Captain Dutton dressed in full uniform as an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve, read prayers, and a chapter from the bible when a psalm having been sung service was concluded. There is something most impressive about these religious observances at sea. The dangers of the deep so specially alluded to in the Book of Common Prayer, and the actual tossing about of the vast ark in which the listeners are seated, taking part in the service, cannot but have a powerful effect on the dullest imagination. These circumstances do lead to serious thoughts at the moment although such is the mental organization of a human being that the feeling is only momentary, and the

slightest accidental change of idea proceeding from some commonplace conversation, or arising from matters taking place on deck, obliterates it. The change that had come over the spirit of the dream was visibly seen at dinner. Pea soup, cod and soles, with oyster and anchovy sauce, roast beef and baked potatoes, roast mutton and onion sauce, roast lamb and green peas, pig's cheek and cabbage, with the curried and other concomitants down to puddings and pastry and the *etceteras* of a first class hotel dinner completely change the peculiar feeling aroused by attendance at church on shipboard. Having partaken of supper in the shape of a salt herring with boiled potatoes, a Welsh rabbit or sandwich—by whomsoever desired—the passengers retire to rest at the usual time of "out lights," and the ship plunges on her way, on Sunday as on week days. On week days every passenger does his best to contribute to the enjoyment of the others. It is not an easy matter to do much in this way during a gale, and one day, Saturday, the eighth of March, the "Prussian," had only made after twenty-four hours steaming, one hundred and ten miles. People cannot well sing when they are sick, but as the weather slightly moderated, there were readings and concerts, speeches, and lectures, both in the cabin and in the steerage. Captain Dutton was especially amusing. He sang and played on the piano and delivered a lecture on "the whale," having before him representations on canvas of that warm-blooded seagoing monster, one the inhabitant of the Arctic, and the other of the equatorial seas. He

was graphic in his portrayal of the Sperm whale, which it appears can bite, and described several startling incidents in the course of his lecture which had come under the course of his personal observation. It was a capital lecture, and Mr. Abraham Joseph of Quebec proposed a vote of thanks which the writer was called upon to second, and did. One Scotch lady on her first trip over the Atlantic bound for Miramichi with a gentleman to whom she had very recently been annexed devoted herself to the task of amusing her *compagnons de voyage*, with indisputable success. She played and sang well, and it seemed to be her particular desire to make herself agreeable to all. but she did not alone play, there was another lady who played admirably, but who could scarcely be induced to take part in the concerts, preferring as all the other ladies did to be listeners. It is a pity, and "pity 'tis 'tis true" that she is a Montrealer, could sing, and would not do it. Music with its "voluptuous swell" could not be extracted from any of the other ladies, but some gentlemen sang and the captain sang and played, whenever his duty permitted, without the slightest hesitation. Day after day passed in this way; but there were some days when it was difficult to eat soup. When the ship was in a kicking humor and took it into her head to pitch a steerage passenger down stairs violently, walking, even with good sea legs, became a matter of difficulty. One gentleman, walking with the chief steward in that space between the after and intermediate first-class cabins—the eighteen and fifteen guinea cabins to be more

explicit—was lifted from his legs by a sea-kick, and pitched almost headlong into the dog-basket. Although a person may be severely bruised, and sometimes receives worse injuries, such catastrophes ordinarily only provoke laughter. It was so in this case, and, luckily, there was no need for the services of the doctor, and quite needless to rub the injured man with paregoric, or soap liniment. Even these amusements, however, must come to an end, and a very religious commander of a ship, who believed firmly that Moses wrote the whole book of Genesis, may be taught by the professor of oriental languages in the university of New York City, although refusing to believe that which has been told him by a passenger that that book is fragmentary and contains several different accounts of the creation within the first fifteen chapters, although the purport of all is precisely to one effect. On the second Sunday at sea, the attendance at the church service was very considerable. The sailors and steerage passengers were nearly all present, as well as the cabin passengers in the saloon. Not only did the gallant commander read the church services, but he preached an *extempore* sermon, which, however, he seemed chiefly to address to the steerage passengers, who were all assembled on one side of the saloon. It was well meant. Sea, voyages must, however, come to an end, and after, I think, seventeen days of heavy sailing, the last two days excepted, as were the first twenty-four hours, the 'Prussian' arrived at Portland, without accident or loss.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

OTTAWA, 15th July, 1873.

CORRESPONDENCE FOR WEST INDIES.

1. The rates of postage upon correspondence for the West Indies will, until further notice, be as follows:

*Via New York.*

	Letters per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Newspapers, each.
Cuba.....	} 10 cts.	4 cts.
Jamaica.....		
West Indies (Danish).....	13 cts.	4 cts.
West Indies except as above specified....	21 cts.	6 cts.
Demerara (British Guiana).....	21 cts.	6 cts.

*Via Halifax, Nova Scotia.*

Bermuda.....	6 cts.	2 cts.
West Indies British and Foreign.....	12 cts.	2 cts.

POSTAGE RATES TO AUSTRALIA.

2. The Mail Service by direct Steamer between San Francisco and the Australian Colonies having been discontinued, all correspondence for Australia will, in future, be forwarded *via* England.

3. The rates of postage *via* England will be:—

For letters <i>via</i> Southampton.....	16 cts. per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
For letters <i>via</i> Brindisi.....	22 cts. per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Newspapers <i>via</i> Southampton.....	6 cts. each.
Newspapers <i>via</i> Brindisi.....	8 cts. each.

MONEY ORDERS ON BRITISH INDIA.

4. From and after the first instant, all the Money Order Offices in the Dominion have authority to issue money orders payable at any place in British India, and *vice versa*, to pay money orders drawn by the Money Order Office of British India upon them.

5. The rates of Commission are as under, and no one order can be drawn for more than £10 sterling, but any sum may be obtained by means of two or more orders.

RATES OF COMMISSION.

For orders under and up to £2 sterling.....	30 cents.
For orders over £2 and up to £5 sterling.....	60 cents.
For orders over £5 and up to £7 sterling.....	90 cents.
For orders over £7 and up to £10 sterling.....	\$1 20 cents.

6. Special care will be required in regard to the particulars entering into the advice, but all the necessary information will be supplied by the Postmasters.

## MONEY ORDERS ON MANITOBA.

7. From and after the above named date also, money orders may be issued at all Money Order Offices in the Dominion, on the Post Office at Fort Garry, Manitoba, at the same rate of Commission, and on the same conditions as orders are now granted, payable within the other Provinces of the Dominion. In like manner, Fort Garry will issue orders on any Money Order Office within the Dominion.

## POST CARDS TO AND FROM THE UNITED STATES.

8. From the first instant, the Post Cards of Canada may be addressed and mailed from Canada to any place in the United States, and will be delivered there without charge, if pre-paid two cents each, by affixing an ordinary one cent Canada postage stamp in addition to the one cent stamp impressed on the card.

9. Unless so prepaid Post Cards addressed to the United States will not be forwarded.

10. United States Post Cards posted here for Canada prepaid two cents, will in like manner be delivered at destination in Canada without further postage charge.

## POSTAGE UPON BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, &amp;c.

11. The rate of postage to be charged on books, pamphlets, occasional publications, printed circulars, notices current, handbills, book and newspaper manuscripts, printer's proof sheets whether corrected or not, maps, prints, drawings, engravings, photographs when not on glass, or in cases containing glass, sheet music whether printed or written, packages of seeds, cuttings, bulbous roots, scions or grafts, patterns or samples of merchandize or goods, posted in Canada for delivery within the Dominion, will in future be one cent for two ounces or fraction thereof; provided, however, that no letter or other communication intended to serve the purpose of a letter be sent or enclosed therein, and that the same be sent in covers open at both ends or both sides, or otherwise so put up as to admit of inspection, postage to be prepaid by postage stamp in all cases.

## POSTAGE TO EGYPT.

The following are to be the rates for prepaid correspondence (Letters, Newspapers, Book Packets) passing between Canada and all places in Egypt, *except Alexandria and Suez*:

For letters by Canadian Packet, from Quebec, 20 cts. per  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. or fraction of  $\frac{1}{2}$  an oz.

For letters *via* Halifax, 21 cts. per  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. or fraction of  $\frac{1}{2}$  an oz.

For every newspaper not exceeding 1 oz. in weight, whether sent by Canadian Packet *via* Quebec or *via* Halifax, 6 cents.

For Book Packets and Patterns, 2 cents per rate over and above the rates now charged to Alexandria and Suez, as laid down in the last table of rates furnished to Postmasters.

Letters, Newspapers, Book Packets and Patterns will not be forwarded unless prepaid.

Letters for places beyond Assiout must be prepaid at the foregoing rates, but will be liable to an additional charge on delivery.

There will be no change in the rates for correspondence to and from Alexandria and Suez.

JOHN O'CONNOR,  
*Postmaster General*

# The St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway.

THE OLD RELIABLE LINE.

The Shortest Route to and from Montreal  
AND ALL POINTS EAST,  
BY 35 MILES,  
AND TO AND FROM ALL POINTS WEST  
BY 9 MILES.

FOUR TRAINS EACH WAY DAILY

Making Certain Connection with Grand Trunk Trains,  
AND WITH THE STEAMERS OF THE ROYAL MAIL LINE.

## GOING SOUTH.

Total Distance.	STATIONS.	No. 2 Steam-boat Express.	No. 4 Express.	No. 6 Express.	No. 8 Accomo. with Sofa Car.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
52	Ottawa .....	7 15	10 30	1 45	1 30
54	Prescott Junction.....	9 35	12 45	4 00	00
	Prescott Wharf.....	9 45	12 55	4 10	10
			P. M.		M.
	G. T. R. } Toronto Arrive.....		P. M. 11 30	P. M. ....	A. M. 11 30
	G. T. R. } Montreal do .....			P. M. 9 30	A. M. 10 30

## GOING NORTH.

Total Distance.	STATIONS.	No. 1 Express.	No. 3 Mail.	No. 5 Express.	No. 7 Accomo. with Sofa Car.
		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	G. T. R. } Toronto Depart.....	.....	7 30	6 00	.....
	G. T. R. } Montreal do .....	8 00	.....	.....	9 00
		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
2	Prescott Wharf.....	1 10	5 30	4 10	1 25
54	Prescott Junction.....	1 25	5 50	4 20	3 40
	Ottawa.....	3 45	8 20	6 35	6 00

Comfortable SOFA CARS by Night, and PALACE CARS by Day.

NOTE—Passengers leaving Montreal or Toronto by Saturday Night Trains reach Ottawa Sunday Morning.

20 Minutes allowed at Prescott Junction for MEALS,  
**Ask for Tickets via Prescott Junction**  
To be had at the principal Agencies and Stations of the Grand Trunk Railway.  
BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

THOS. REYNOLDS,

Managing Director.

Ottawa, 9th June, 1873.

Railway.

TE.

Montreal

VEST

DAILY

MAIL LINE.

No. 6 Pass.	No. 8 Accommo. with Sofa Car.
P. M.	P. M.
45	1 30
00	00
10	10
	M.
M.	A. M.
...	11 30
30	10 30

No. 5 Pass.	No. 7 Accommo. with Sofa Car.
P. M.	P. M.
00	9 00
...	
M.	A. M.
10	1 25
20	3 10
35	6 00

Day.  
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