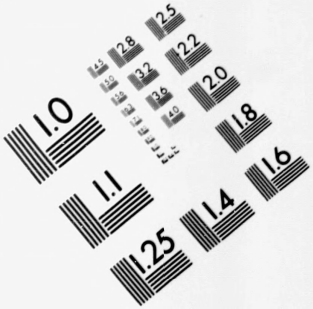

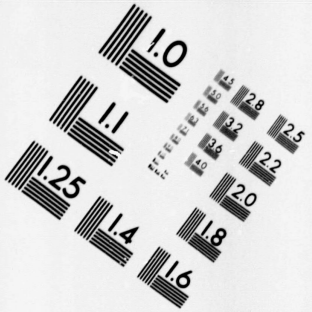

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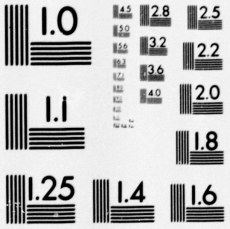

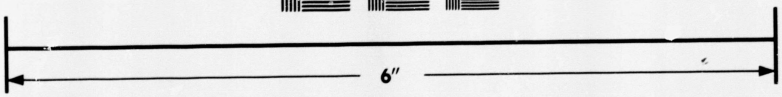

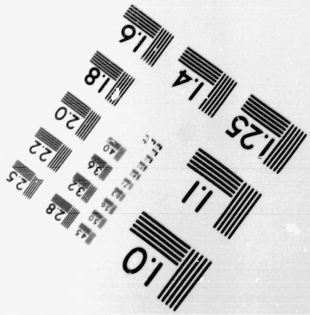

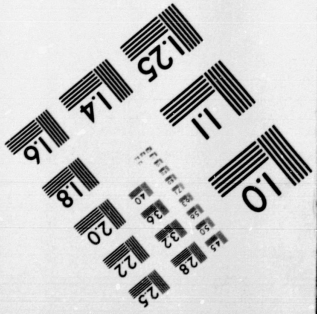

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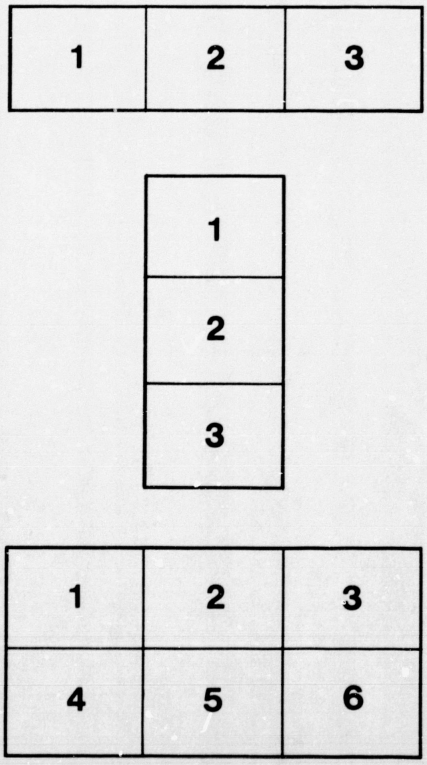

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THE THREE BROTHERS.

YO SEMITE VALLEY.

A FIGHT WITH DISTANCES

THE STATES

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

CANADA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CUBA THE BAHAMAS

BY

J. J. AUBERTIN

TRANSLATOR OF "THE LUSIADS," AND "SEVENTY SONNETS OF CAMOENS"
AND AUTHOR OF "A FLIGHT TO MEXICO," "SIX MONTHS IN CAPE COLONY," ETC

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS AND TWO MAPS

LONDON
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1888

I DEDICATE

THIS CONVERSATIONAL RECORD

OF

MY LATE WIDE RAMBLE THROUGH THE WEST

TO ALL THOSE WHO

FROM TIME TO TIME CONTRIBUTED

BY THEIR FELLOWSHIP

TO RENDER IT BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS.

April, 1888.

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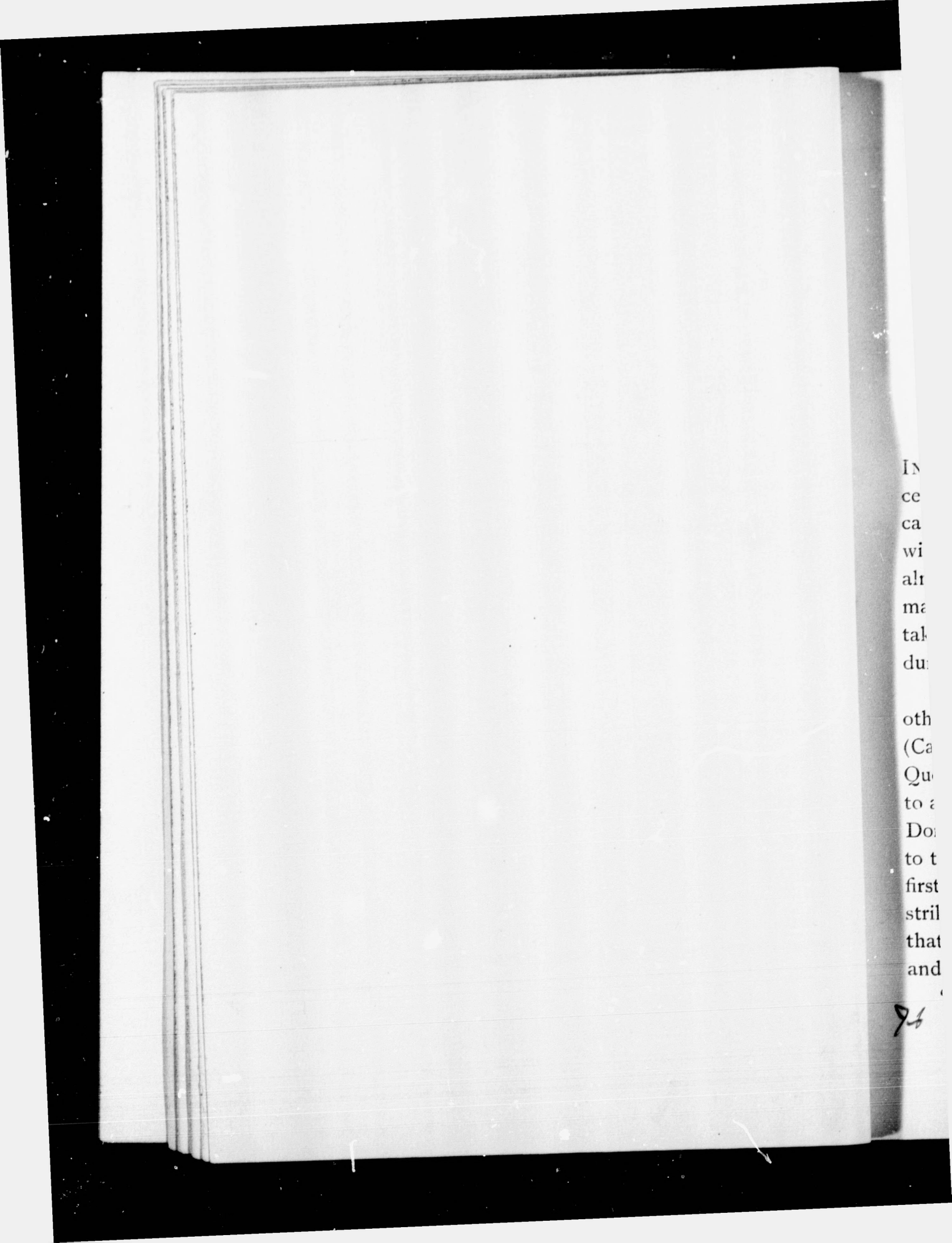

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the calendar of life, while recalling memories of certain impressions and events, we are at liberty to carve out our own complete space of twelvemonths without being bound to the rigid tables of the almanac; and, availing myself of this privilege, I mark exactly one year, dating back from my now taking up my pen for recording my experiences during that period.

It was the 10th of June, 1886, when, with many others, I sailed from Liverpool in the S.S. *Parisian* (Captain J. Wylie), of the Allan Line, bound for Quebec, with the intention of taking a long course, to and fro, in the States, beginning with a visit to the Dominion; and though, when we sailed out of port to the distant West, I was very far from making my first voyage at sea, yet I must confess to have felt a striking sense of novelty and strangeness in the idea that I was at last going to realize great North America and the great States, across the great North Atlantic.

"You ought to have visited the States long ago,"

I have had said to me; but I nevertheless feel that I was not a day too late, and, moreover, that in a very short space of time, unless I can go there again, I shall believe that I have been too soon. Every hour, as it seems, makes a step towards surprising developments in this still young, though vastly grown country.

I had at first thought of a journey round the world, continuing from San Francisco in our west through our colonies to our east, but I soon found that I had plenty to compass by remaining on the great continent where I found myself; and, moreover, I felt there would be a strange mixture of confused impressions, incongruously mingled in the mind, had I combined the old peoples and majesties of India and China with the newest development of imported mankind in North America. It is true, however, that from San Francisco I managed a passage to the Sandwich, or more properly Hawaiian Islands, where I spent the month of September, visiting their large active, and their still larger extinct, volcanoes. These islands, however, with now only one week's sail from the western coast, belong almost geographically, as indeed almost sympathetically, to the States themselves.

When the wanderer's round is completed, and he is at home again, it is not an ungrateful occupation to open the map and trace out the whole course of his journey, while sitting at ease and released from all the toil that his curiosity entailed on him for its satisfaction. This I am now tempted to do.

First, then, I landed in Quebec; visited Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto. Thence I crossed Lake Ontario to Niagara Falls; and from the Falls I went on to the States, entering at Detroit, in Michigan, and stopping at Chicago. Thence I struck upwards to the two already flourishing and still growing rival cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and on my way to Portland, Oregon, stopped at Cinnabar for a visit to the Yellow Stone Park. From Portland I travelled northwards to Victoria, in Vancouver's Island, going over the mountain ranges of the Canadian Pacific railway to Calgari, in British Columbia, and returning. Once again at Portland, I took steamer for San Francisco, whence I visited the Yo Semite Valley, and on my return sailed for the Hawaiian Islands. Once again at San Francisco I started for Salt Lake City, and continued through the gorges of the Rio Grande and Delver railway, stopping at Manitou to see Colorado Springs and to make the ascent of Pike's Peak in the Rockies. Hence I made the best of my way by the Burlington Route to Chicago, towards the New England States, a visit which I had purposely delayed till now, in order that I might realize the surpassing beauties of their autumn tints. Having seen the two cities Albany and Boston, I came down the beautiful Hudson to New York, and, after a due sojourn in that city, continued southwards to Philadelphia and Washington, passing through Florida, after visiting on my way the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky. Eventually, I left the States at

Tacoma for Cuba, returning by the Bahamas to New York; and sailing thence by the Cunard boat *Servia* (Captain McKay) for Liverpool, arrived there on a downright raw day on the 3rd of April, 1887, having been absent just ten months.

Not so very long ago travel like this would have astonished, and its particulars have been studied with avidity; and though it is not quite commonplace even now, yet the world is growing every day so much smaller and so much more familiar to all, even to those who stay at home (the number of those who move about constantly increasing), that the appetite of curiosity has been already fed by many caterers, and it may be asked where are we to look for sufficient novelty to engage attention, even in coursing over the globe? In some sort, Heligoland and Galápagos Island might excite more interest than New York itself, whither men of business, day after day, cross the Atlantic almost as familiarly as they cross the Channel to France. In proportion, however, as it has become more easy to see the world, the world has had more to show—a result of people having made their way, and opened the way, to formerly untrodden scenes, and established life in all its varied activity where mere curiosity had blankly gazed before.

Still, it is not only novelty that can please, for though "the first time" has always a charm peculiarly its own, either in seeing or hearing, so also is there great satisfaction in a revisit, or in reading

an account by another's pen of scenes where we have already wandered. Return you whence you may, it is a fact that you are sure to be met by many questions; so that it would seem the traveller's tongue or pen should be always welcome or unwelcome by his own fault only.

I am quite sure I could not say how many times the question has been put to me, "And what do you think of the States?" How could one answer this very usual form of examination? If your travel has afforded no materials beyond those which would supply a corresponding offhand answer, you would indeed have very little to think, or even to talk, about. And so many things there are to think and talk about after a visit to the New World—still the New World, even to its own self, notwithstanding all its astonishing achievements—that it is difficult to know where and under what title to begin relating one's experiences and impressions. Certainly I shall not attempt to be too profound—a very safely taken resolution, perhaps. But it is, nevertheless, necessary to establish this condition, for no one knows what some people may expect as the fruits of a few months' sojourn. I was, in truth, nearly knocked down by one question, the form of which I remember with some exactness, "Now that you have been there, what would you say was your opinion of the effects of republican institutions upon the morals, intellect, and genius of a young and aspiring nation?" When I had recovered, I replied simply (in more senses than

one, my interrogator may possibly have thought), "My good sir, whatever the subject I may chance to touch upon, I shall paint it only as a sketch."

And now for my title. It is easy to single out a text and preach up to it; it is not always so easy to give a title to a book. Sterne says somewhere, in his usual flippant style, that if you chose your subject well, and treat it well, "Phrygia and Pamphylia" would be just as good a text as any other. Scarcely daring to be able to satisfy the above two conditions, I have resolved to register a very abiding impression that remains with me on my return, and therefore entitle my book "A Fight with Distances." On mentioning this to some Americans, they were much amused, and one of them, taking up the thought, suggested, "Distances and Dust."

CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL TO QUEBEC.

WE sailed from Liverpool on Thursday, the 10th of June, 1886, touching at Moville, Lough Foyle, for the mail, from Holyhead to Dublin, of the previous night. There was nothing to remark upon as to weather, save, indeed, that the wind, which on land had been long and steadfastly blowing from the east, imparting to our "gentle spring" that peculiar "ethereal mildness" which is now that delightful season's usual blessing, suddenly veered round at sea to the west, and continued to blow steadfastly and coldly from that direction during the whole passage, now and then making the vessel pitch and the screw race. She went along, however, well, and very steadily, this last feature being attributed (as I understood) to her double flange at or near the keel.

When fairly out at sea we were formally placed at table, and I at once realized the fact that we can scarcely be anywhere without finding or being found out, for, by mistaking one end of the table for the other, I went to claim my seat at the wrong side, and

by doing so stumbled upon a passenger whom I had never met before, but whose grandmother proved to be my godmother! This was Colonel Ravenhill, of the Artillery, who, with Colonel Philips of the 4th Hussars, was going out to Canada, commissioned by our Government to buy horses, accompanied by Veterinary Surgeon (First-Class) Mathews of the Blues. Colonel Philips was sitting opposite to my real place, and in his case also we soon discovered that we had common acquaintances.

It was a lady's seat I was about to claim wrongfully, and she turned out to be a Mrs. Bird, who was employing her life in educating English children, and bringing them out in groups from time to time for gaining their livelihood in Canada. She had some of them on board at that moment, and the distinguishing feature of her system, she informed me, is that she does not, like others, find them and propose to them to come out, but educates them in England first, with the express purpose of emigration. She has what she calls "Shelter Homes" in Liverpool, and a "Distribution Home" in Canada, "very near Montreal." "How far off?" I asked. "Could I visit it?" "Only some seventy-five miles." Thus it is that they measure "very near" in vast Canada. She registers all their names, and all their movements from place to place and occupation to occupation, until they are twenty-one or are married; and there appears to be a constant inquiry for her "shipments" at the farmhouses and on the farms. Surely this seems, on

more accounts than one, an excellent undertaking, and the individuals who thus devote themselves should be esteemed philanthropists—not sentimental merely, but practical. Of course, it may be suspected that they have perhaps thrown aside and are neglecting more immediate and less ambitious duties for these "higher calls," as they are termed. "Higher calls" are now and then allowed to put lower ones aside that ought to be the first attended to. It is very difficult to resist the proneness of our dispositions, and equally so to confess to ourselves that, even in our higher aspirations, we are, after all, only feeding a natural propensity. As regards Mrs. Bird's system, it has this great advantage over some others of the like class: she knows everything about the children she brings out. They are virtually her own when they come, and look on her as in some sort a mother; and a motherly sort of person she appeared to be.

And how can I omit to mention one other passenger, who from time to time kept company with us even to Niagara? always cheerful, always looking out to do some good act in his own sphere, and with an eye of resistance and command which now and then stood us in good stead on shore—I mean the Rev. E. A. Pitcairn Campbell, of Vicars' Cross, Chester. Long may he live! and may we meet again!

In the course of the voyage, conversations struck up with various people, either of first or second class. One of the latter I remember as a very intelligent

individual, who, according to a rather vulgar phrase, "gassed" about everything colonial in the well-known style. It conferred no benefit on the river St. Lawrence that he did so, for I was led to expect a great deal more than I found. The scenery on both sides was to surpass anything anybody ever heard or thought of, and people who had seen all the rivers in Europe had told him they were a mere nothing. What I really found the St. Lawrence to be, to my own quiet capacities of judging at all events, I will presently say, but one little item of our conversation I cannot pass over. It was not only his river he was so proud of.

"What part of our country do you belong to?" he asked.

"To no part," I replied. "I come from England."

"Dear me!" said he; "I should never have supposed that."

"Why not?"

"Because of your mode of talking."

Here I felt somewhat humbled, but ventured a dangerous question, and asked, "Don't I speak correctly, then?"

I felt reinstated at once.

"Oh yes! that's it. You talk so well;" but then he added, "*you talk like us.*"

I was almost going to say that I felt as if I had been knocked down, and then picked up, and then knocked down again. My friend had no particular twang in his enunciation, but certainly showed no

signs of superior education, and I was tempted to ask him what were the defects of English talkers. He thought that they did not know much of their own language; and his answer on one point was a rather curious one, and afterwards became particularly so to me, because I heard it so often repeated in different parts of the States—"All the English that come over here leave out their *h*'s." It is a seemingly bold accusation.

In the course of our passage we were subjected to sea-fogs, and in those latitudes in June it is well known what these mysterious visitors serve to shroud. Accordingly we came into the neighbourhood of icebergs—objects totally new and marvellously interesting to me—those strange, huge, ghostly masses of fresh-water ice that break away in gigantic volume from the far-away solitudes of the glaciers and ice-sheets that cover Greenland and Spitzbergen, and other polar lands, and sail out southward to sea, to be gradually melted by warmer airs and oceans.

Fortunately these intruders on our course were few, and could be realized and enjoyed without the threat of danger. This is always great when icebergs are near and numerous; for the vast proportion of their ice below water compared with that above—being given as eight, and indeed nine, to one—and the extremely irregular shape of them, as well as their continual change of equilibrium from the rapid

melting under water, serve to make the apparent distance of their hidden bulk deceptive, and to render them liable to heel over suddenly and crush.

It was on the early morning of Wednesday, the 16th of June, that the foggy wind blew very cold, and that the proximity of some of these masses was conjectured. Accordingly, about noon, when all was again bright and clear, a low distant form was visible to our south, off our port bow, and by-and-by a very much larger one hove in sight in the same bearing. To this latter one I owe my appreciation of what an iceberg really is. It was some six miles distant, and was pronounced by the captain to be a large one. The distance was not so great as to detract materially from its volume; on the contrary, it was just great enough to bring it into good focus, and permit the indulgence of imagination, in conjuring out its mysterious form. It was a beautiful object, particularly when viewed through a binocular, and must have been of great height. It was glittering and sparkling in full sunshine, and I now first realized that peculiar glitter in sunshine of ice and snow, pure and simple, standing out high on water in brilliant air, against a spotless blue background of sky, and presenting half-transparencies. This iceberg's varying shapes as we approached, came abreast of it, and then left it to its melting fate behind us, were marvellous. At first it looked like a vast, jagged, towering rock, crowned with a feudal castle, where a large white flag was flying. How strange to be able to imagine thus of

life where all was mere frozen solitude! Then as we breasted it, still distant, the hinder part of the rock discovered itself, deeply honeycombed to the eye from base to summit; a long, rough flat extended thence, and eventually ended in a smaller rock at the stern. And over this vast flat we now saw the breakers wildly dashing from the other side, throwing up immense clouds of spray, and of course rapidly destroying the huge invader. From such breakers, it seems, the presence of an iceberg is most readily discovered in dark hours or misty weather. At last, the various features of our monster clubbed together; but even in the far distance, and to the last, it still glittered, white with its own peculiar whiteness.

These sea-fogs from time to time brought us to a standstill, or to very slow movement, and the dreary and portentous fog-horn sounded more than once to disturb and warn the night. This cost us several hours, and, moreover, we could not pass by the strait of Belle Isle—first explored by the Allan Company—to enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the north of Newfoundland, on account of the ice, but had to make a deviation to the south, entering by Cape Breton Island, thus adding more than a hundred miles to our voyage, and bringing up the total distance from Liverpool to Quebec to very nearly three thousand. In these regions the fogs were very heavy, and the fog-horn very constant, and this state of affairs is characteristic of Newfoundland. On the afternoon of Friday, the 18th, we left the island of

Anticosti to our north, and in the course of the following morning were fairly in the vast river St. Lawrence itself.

"Good morning, sir!" exclaimed a passenger with a frightful twang, with whom I had talked before and taken for an American, though he was a Canadian, and who challenged me the moment I came on deck —"good morning, sir!" he twanged out with great off-hand rapidity. "Too late, too late; lost all the best of the scenery."

"Lost it all? Where and what was it all, then?"

"About fifteen miles down stream."

"Was it *very* fine?"

"Don't know at all, sir; didn't see it myself."

This is the way so many of them talk. I am well persuaded nobody had said a word to him on the subject.

The St. Lawrence was now fairly before me, and we were sailing up that noble breast of water, the grand entrance to Canada, and the outlet to all the six vast lakes above, which contain the greatest body of fresh water in the world.

And this is the splendid St. Lawrence. In what does its splendour consist? It mainly consists in the breadth and volume of its own magnificent bosom; and not only so, but in the bright, clear sparkle of its continuous mighty stream—no taint, no stain; all crystal. But this very breadth of water has an opposing effect. It serves to minimize the scenery of the banks—features so vital to the beauties of a

river. The hills are not, for the most part, particularly high, and they are some miles away from you. From the real entrance to the river proper, which is marked as ending between Pointe des Monts and Cape Chat, up to Quebec, the width of the stream is said to vary from ten to thirty miles, that distance being about six hundred. And here, again, one is wonderfully impressed with the reflection that the great steamer you are sailing on can not only reach Quebec, but steam up to Montreal some two hundred miles above. Virgil had not seen the St. Lawrence when he wrote "Fluviorum Rex Eridanus."

To say that there is comparatively nothing to see on either side of you would be to exaggerate in an opposite direction from those who descant too largely in the usual style of scene-describing sentences. But if any one who had beheld the Columbia and Hudson were led to expect the same class of beauty on both sides of the St. Lawrence, proportionate with the huge waters, he would be disappointed, and would be looking in the wrong direction for the really grand feature of the scene.

But apart from all these considerations, and above them, are the sensations of the beholder, "for the first time," in finding himself, after many days of blank ocean, gazing on all about him in a still really New World, far distant from the old familiar nest of European countries, and occupied in all its vastness by one people under one crown. All is distant, all is new, all is vast, and all feels free.

It was early on the morning of Sunday, June the 20th, that the well-known Cape Diamond, rising 340 feet above the river, gradually rode out into the view, and formed the great centre object in the perspective. Looking towards its towering and increasing form as we moved along between the banks, the effect was grand. Surmounted by the citadel of Quebec, it stood over Quebec itself, which with its upper and lower towns spread down to the water's edge below, and occupied with its wharfs the point that is there formed by the confluence of the St. Charles with the St. Lawrence. Familiar history, and a well-known painting (rather more fanciful than historical), came to the mind simultaneously with this great object to the eye; and it seemed to me that such associations could be more readily evoked while gazing on the whole at this distance than by wandering over the actual ground with every evidence that all had been long since changed. Bold shores surround, and the Isle of Orleans, which divides the stream, enhances the beauty of the scene, and forces your vessel to take a course which best serves to display its varied and impressive attractions.

CHAPTER III.

QUEBEC TO NIAGARA.

So here we are in Canada. And on landing at Quebec, you at once realize what you have to pay for the pleasure of gazing on a noble rock. The Colonels, the Divine, and the non-Divine, we all clambered up through dust, and certainly not much architectural beauty, to the St. Louis Hotel. It owns a good entrance-hall, but we all know what old-fashioned buildings in cities like Quebec must be; the rooms are necessarily all small, and some of them curiously shaped, but we fared very well altogether. One article we experienced in overflowing abundance —that utterly intolerable and unclean nuisance called the house-fly. This was inside the house, while on the outside, immediately at the entrance, was another —the fly-men. They all want you to be always wanting a fly. You go across the street for something and come back—twice you are tormented; so that I came to say, at last, that I knew not which were the greatest nuisance, the fly-men or the flies.

At the landing I somehow managed to be behind

my friends, and was nearly lost with my driver there. The province of Quebec is mainly French—the numbers given are 1,200,000 against 300,000 in a population of a million and a half—but not one word, or perhaps just one, could I understand among the many that crowded round me and my portmanteau to engage me for the hotel. Though rather irritating, the glorious babel was, nevertheless, grotesquely entertaining, and it was not till I came to talk at the post-office and other recognized centres that I was able really to understand why the people are called French. However, there is, of course, a good deal of English, good, bad, and indifferent, spoken all around. The nominal charge for board and lodging at the hotel was four dollars a day, but the extras were almost as tiresome as the flies.

On the following morning the Colonels invited me to accompany them on a visit to Colonel Turnbull, commanding the cavalry, and we afterwards lunched with Colonel Duchesne and the officers of the Quebec garrison. The forenoon was occupied in driving over the heights, under Colonel Turnbull's most courteous guidance, and in realizing some of the extensive views of the river and country round. The chief characteristic of the scenery appeared to me to be its vast extent. While on the heights—the Heights of Abraham—it was again impossible not to recall those events of which they were the scene in 1759, when Wolfe, after a bold and brilliant assault, took and kept possession of them against Montcalm, and died

where he had conquered. And in recalling these, my own personal remembrances reverted to my recent visit to the Amajuba Mountain, and the scenes of a far different character that took place there, as recounted in my "Six Months in Cape Colony."

In the afternoon we took a carriage to visit the Falls of Montmorency, which we had seen on the distant bank on our passage up the river. The beauty of this drive has been much exaggerated, but, if the traveller is in a pleasant humour, all that is new is for the most part pleasing. The Falls are grand. Their dimensions are given as of fifty feet in width, and two hundred and fifty in height. They therefore take their place among large and imposing waterfalls; but the picture they present is not, to my mind, of the first class, because they are, comparatively speaking, naked Falls. The rock over which they pour is flat and but little clothed. Nevertheless, the scene may be fairly called grand, and no one possessed by ordinary curiosity would dream of visiting Quebec without an excursion to realize them. An immense framework of steps has been constructed opposite to them, in order that visitors may see them almost from the level of the river; but I think we all agreed that the best effect was obtained from the top. Within an easy walk the river above has worked out a rather curious passage of "steps," and these Colonel Philips and Mr. Mathews went to see, joining us on the road afterwards.

As regards Quebec itself, after coursing it about,

I cannot speak of its great beauties. And one feature seemed to me to be offensive—the spurious glittering of tin roofs over many of the houses, and even of some otherwise solidly put together. The effect of this metal is even worse than that produced by corrugated iron. If you would insist on metal roofs, they should be of copper, both for durability and beauty. Copper lasts well, and soon takes on a most picturesque olive-green tint. A very striking effect of copper roofing may be realized in a view of Moscow, something very different indeed from that produced by the tin roofing of Quebec. Though I heard nothing but curious English and curious French among the general frequenters of the streets, yet there was something among many of them that reminded one, in their look and gait (though not particularly in their brogue), of Tipperary men.

Having resolved on finding my way gradually to Victoria, in Vancouver's Island, I applied, before leaving Quebec, to the great land navigator, Cook (who follows at some faint distance, as he will allow, our Captain Cook, the greatest navigator the globe ever produced for itself), for information and assistance in the matter, and obtained all I required with the usual exactness; and, armed with the necessary book of railway passports, I started, with the two colonels and Mr. Mathews, at five o'clock, on the afternoon of the 22nd of June, by water for Montreal. We spent the time very comfortably on board the paddle steamer *Quebec*, of the usual capacious Ameri-

can construction, and covered over a hundred and sixty miles by an early hour on the following morning.

The first view of this great city from the river struck me as being flat and smoky, and particularly so as coming immediately after Quebec. But this deficiency in aspect proves its superiority as a living and still growing city, the first sign of which is seen in its magnificent stone quays and its lines of warehouses. The immense quantity of wood, planked and stacked for sale, may be a common feature to a good many persons, but it was most surprising to me. We landed and found our way to the great Windsor Hotel, an enormous house, and here we found evidence of the *Parisian* having safely arrived before us by the presence of Captain Wylie, looking very bright and jolly, and very glad to see us.

At this hotel I first realized the general features of the great hotels of the States, of which I shall have to speak by-and-by, so that I will not enter into particulars on the subject here. And if I were to begin to show how Montreal is a fine large city with fine large buildings, and with a very great number of churches, I might be met with the remark, "Of course it is." But among the buildings most spoken of, I must confess that the yet incomplete Cathedral of St. Peter presented to me nothing that could recall what it is declared to intend to represent on a somewhat smaller scale—the great Basilica at Rome.

If you would desire a fine and impressive view

of the city, you must ascend Mont Real (or Mount Royal) behind, and survey the impressive scene, reflecting on all the wealth and commerce that is in active and constant movement among the thousands below, belonging to the largest and most important city of the Dominion. The well-wooded sides of the mountain itself, rising 700 feet above the river, are beautiful. Nor is it possible to overlook in the varied and extensive prospect the vast Victoria Bridge, striding across the river and connecting the city and Lower Canada with the New England States and New York—a connection which formerly was carried on by Lake Champlain and the Hudson. The name of the city as at present written shows a curtailment as well as a corruption of its original one, the full name having been La Ville Marie de Mont Real. But the pronunciation of the name emphasizes the corruption, for the last syllable must be broadened out (as we all know) to "all"—Montreall!

The city itself was of course duly traversed, and our engagements were varied by a visit to the Kennels of the Montreal Hunt Club, whither the M.F.H., Mr. Hugh Paton, drove us gaily out in his four-in-hand, Colonel Philips driving us back. I don't think any of us were quite prepared to find things showing so sportsmanlike an appearance as we witnessed, all of which it was very cheering suddenly to come upon so far away from those scenes with which hunting is so intimately associated.

Among the inhabitants, French and English, there

are naturally many Irish, and I could not but be amused at a curious scene I encountered at a tailor's. I went there—it was a leading shop—to have a safety button-hole for my watch-chain cut in my waistcoat, and for some small matter besides. This involved waiting for a short time, and a little innocent conversation set in. Presently, however, one of the assistants very politely asked me if I had seen the morning's paper, and handed it to me. The very first heading that happened to catch my eye was "Home Rule" in large letters. "So," said I, without thought, and laying the paper down, "do you discuss 'Home Rule' here?"

Instantly the tall, strong young Irishman who was helping me to adjust the alterations that had been made for me, and was speaking in the blandest style of the obliged tradesman, assumed that of the independent politician, and burst forth with a loud patriotic voice and gesture, "*Yes, sir, and mean to do so!*" Then, obsequiously again, as tradesman, "A little higher, if you please, sir; thank you, sir." Then loud as a patriot, "*And Ireland will have it, sir.*" Then obsequiously, "Oh, we should not think of charging you anything for that, sir!" Then furiously, "*Mr. Gladstone has repented, sir, and is a great man, sir.*"

I could not but be vastly amused, but I in my turn repented also in having unwittingly (to use an elegant phrase) "put the fat in the fire." I could not but say something in turn, but, the tailoring being

over, and there being, therefore, no chance of any more lucid intervals, I diplomatized a swift "Good morning," with thanks, and came away with the memory of a tradesman's smile and a Home Ruler's frown, but I fear the frown was last.

We were all bound for Ottawa and Toronto on finally leaving Montreal, after which (save a chance at being together at Niagara) I should have to take my western track alone. But before bidding final adieu to the "City of Churches," we were to make a return excursion higher up the river, going about one hundred and seventy-two miles by railway to Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario, for the purpose of taking boat thence down stream again to Montreal, and passing through what is called the Archipelago of the Thousand Islands, immediately below Kingston, and the well-known Lachine Rapids immediately above Montreal, which latter may be readily visited by joining the boat at Lachine, should the distance to Kingston for the whole excursion be inconvenient.

My land navigator's book of tickets was a little thrown out of its reading by these arrangements as far as Toronto; but it should be known that in such case all unused tickets are allowed for at the New York head office, at a fair percentage of reduction, and I will say here at once, that on my whole volume I was readily reimbursed in Broadway, in a sum of very nearly £5.

We were to go by the Grand Trunk Railway to Kingston, and accordingly, at 8.30 on the morning of

the 26th of June, "rendered ourselves"—why not that French phrase, among others we are now so ridiculously translating into false English?—to the station of that well-known but not so well-favoured line, to get our tickets. I have no pleasant associations with this proceeding, for first I found the station about the darkest and the dirtiest I ever entered; then there was permitted an indiscriminate rush into the cars, and when we had squeezed, or rather been squeezed, into what we were erroneously told was ours, we were all turned out again. And there came upon me the vulgar discovery that, in the squeeze, some one among the heterogeneous had squeezed out my pocket-book from a side pocket.

"Impossible!" said my friends. "Of course!" said an American or two. "How could they pick the inside coat-pocket?" said my friends. "That is just what they do pick," said the Americans. My chief loss, however, was not money, for that I always carry in an inside waistcoat-pocket; but I lost private memoranda enough to make me angry enough to record the incident. And all joking and all spleen apart, I cannot but say that we all thought the then condition of that station little less than vile. There was another "of course" in the matter—new arrangements and improvements were about to be made. It is a public question.

We started at nine o'clock. Our course lay through a fertile but uninteresting country, wholly naked of the copses and hedgerows that sweeten

our English scenery. This total absence of hedge-rows throughout what I saw of Canada and the States is a remarkable feature. I do not, however, mean mere want of fencing, which is familiar to us all in France and Germany, but open, rough, loose, ragged timber fencing instead, put up as if in a hurry and with scant hands, and yet all holding well together. It illustrates, in some sort, free and exploring man taking new possession of regions destined to be subdued and fairly populated, but only in a yet far-distant future, and gives a certain curious look of liberty to the landscape. From time to time we passed spreads of growing crops, with large stumps of trees yet remaining all over the surface, which at first created certain remonstrative observations from Colonel Ravenhill, but which, as it happened, were far from new, and far from being matter for blame, to myself, who had seen the fight with the forests of new coffee and maize planters in Brazil. The wide extent of this aspect gradually revealed to my friend the fact that to refuse to cultivate till these stumps were torn out would be to refuse for ever. True it is that a machine has been invented for forcibly tearing out the monsters, and here and there we saw one at work, the fencings being composed of the vanquished roots, subsidized for that purpose; while everywhere else the rudely fashioned bones of the trees themselves had served for constructing the large, loose, zigzag divisions that now adorn the landscape with an appearance so uncomfortable to the

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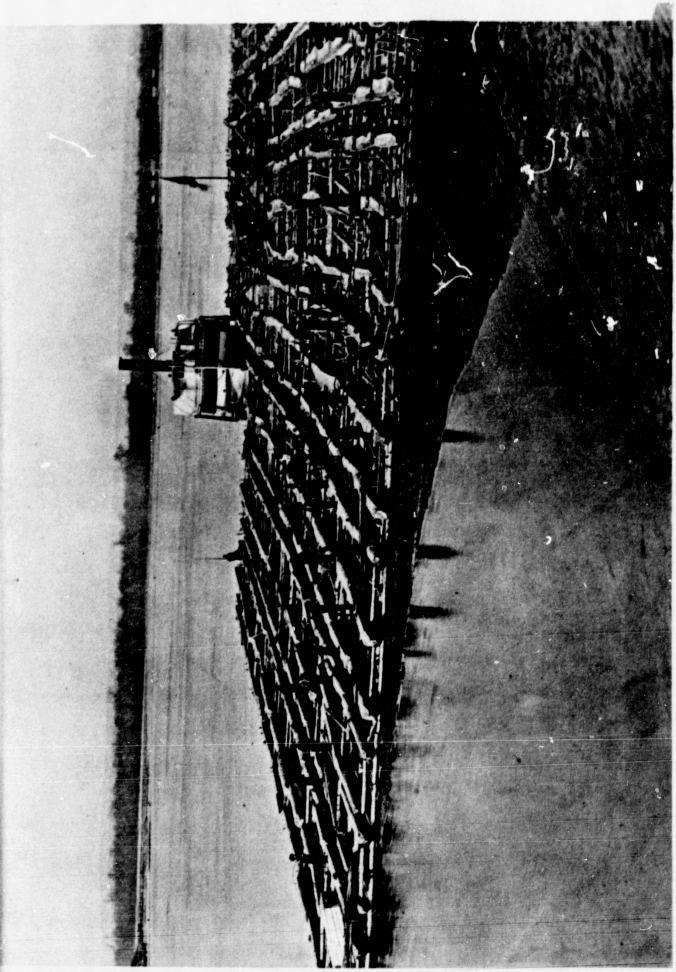

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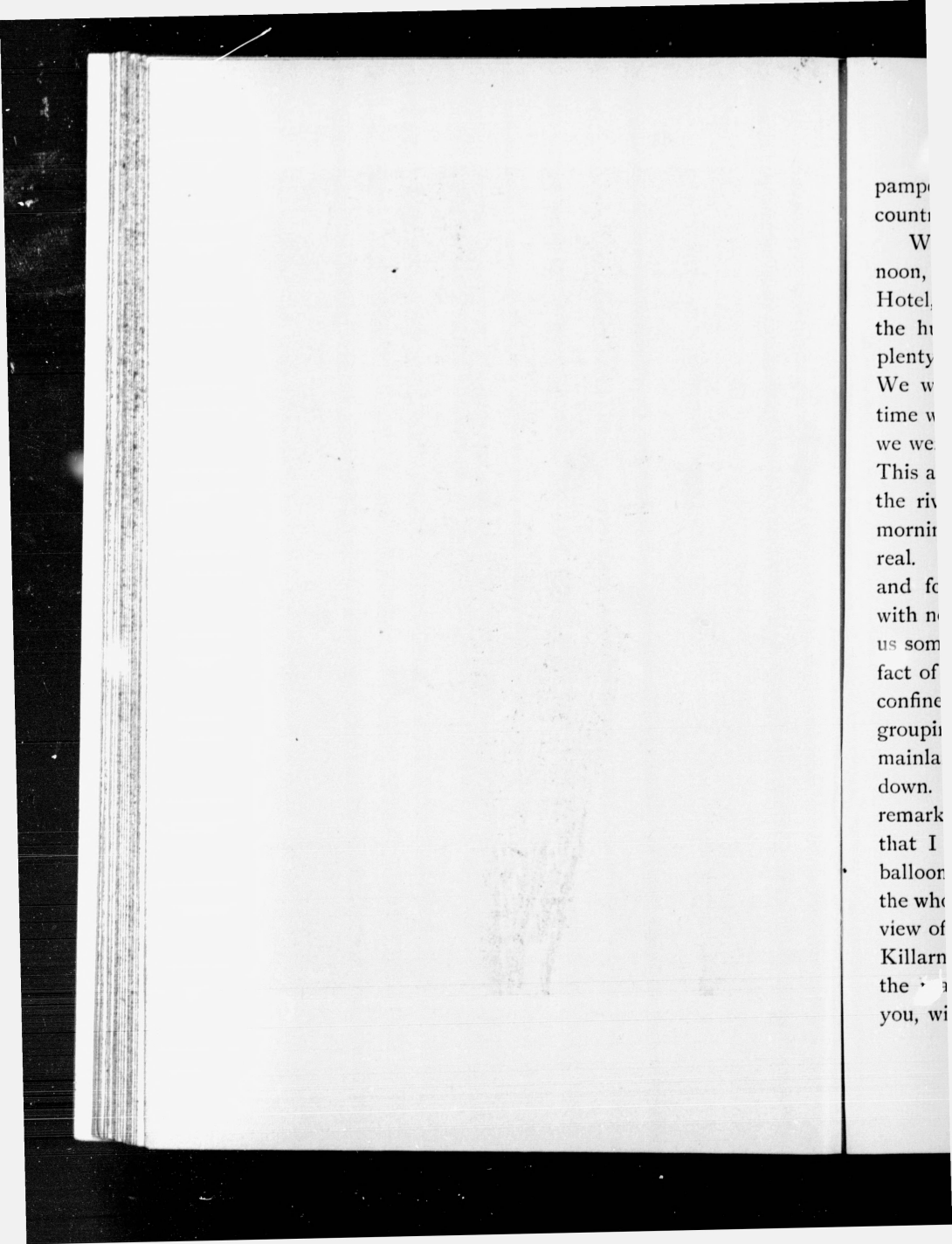

pampered eye of dwellers in small and over-populated countries.

We reached Kingston at four o'clock in the afternoon, and found our way to the "British-American Hotel," where a quaint landlord seemed to combine the humour belonging to both those adjectives, with plenty of the cheerful independence of the latter. We were fairly fed and lodged, however, so far as time would permit, for at four o'clock in the morning we were called to be on board the steamer by five. This agony was encountered and overcome, and down the river to a fine newly risen sun on this Sunday morning we steamed for our day's course to Montreal. We were soon in the midst of the Archipelago, and found the islands all more or less very pretty, with now and then an attempt among them to show us something approaching to a rocky shore. But the fact of being on the level of the water among them confines the vision. You cannot at all realize the vast grouping, and island after island appear merely as the mainland shores of some narrow you are coursing down. The only mode of realizing the doubtless remarkable features of the scene in their full effect that I can suggest, would be to mount in a captive balloon and obtain a not too lofty bird's-eye view of the whole display. Who does not know the exquisite view of this class, looking on the enchanting Lakes of Killarney, where they first break upon the sight on the road from Kenmare? There they lie far below you, with bosses of islands on their waters, thickly

wooded with soft wild arbutus and graceful birch. Some of the smaller islands, with their green carpet and graceful timber, might be called, in the phrase of delighted travellers, sweetly pretty, and are farther adorned with graceful villas, an entire island of itself being now and then rented by the dweller. Many spots of the main banks of the St. Lawrence are also pleasing in this respect, and it was curious to reflect that we were looking on the margins of the United States on the right bank of the stream.

After passing through these 1000 islands, the next subject of excitement and attraction is the shooting of the various Rapids. Of these the chief are only about nine miles above Montreal, near the village of Lachine, which gives its name to them; and this name, La Chine, is said to have been given by the first settlers, who thought, when they came to this spot, they were on the road to China! Whether this tradition is connected with that relating to Columbus, who mistook the east coasts of America for those of Asia, I know not; it is between Lachine and Montreal, however, that the chief rapids are passed, where the Lachine canal, of eight miles' length, and with five locks, has been cut for purposes of navigation.

Before coming to these, there are, I may say, several. But the really important ones are those called the Long Sault Rapids. They are nine miles in length, and are flanked by the Cornwall Canal, eleven miles long, with seven locks. When, however,

their force and rapidity are estimated as capable of carrying a raft through in forty minutes, no very fearful velocity is presented, and it is not very difficult to believe (as you are assured) that no fatal accident has ever occurred in the passage.

As you approach these Rapids you see a vast mass of very turbulent waters before you, and you scarcely know what sort of sensation you ought to expect on entering them. But when our vessel did so, all of our own party agreed that we experienced no real sensation of descending, but simply that we were in very rough water, which made the movement of the steamer peculiarly choppy and unpleasant. When the waters are more unruly than they are in June, it is very possible that the passage may be more impressive—it is possible it may be exciting; but I am quite sure that upon our own occasion disappointment at not feeling alarmed was the real sensation. For myself, I immediately recalled the feeble picture of the descent of the first cataract of the Nile in a Dahabeeyeh On board, one looked at the other (and we were a tolerably full number) with an expression of face that mutely said, "Is this all, after all?" and one good stout lady quietly, and wholly without sarcasm, said to some one in ship's uniform, "Ought we to be sea-sick?" The last of the Rapids, the Lachine, are by far the most impressive; but we found them so much more so from the remarkable mode in which the steamer must be guided down, than from anything that could justify the monstrous

language that writes of a "feverish degree of excitement, terrible to the faint-hearted and exhilarating to the brave."

Before reaching them we came to a standstill, and a little boat put off from the right bank with a certain Indian on board, who, we understood, was the first who ever managed to shoot them. That first venture must have been a daring and an able feat indeed; but the exploit has been now so often and often repeated, that the captain of the steamer ought to be, and no doubt is, able to steer through safely. But it is only fair to keep up appearances, so the Indian boards us and takes his place by the wheel on high. Our passage presented much more of the strange than of the terrible. When we began to descend—and this descent was plainly perceptible—we put our nose directly towards a great black centre rock, and naturally before reaching it found ourselves quickly turned side-ways from it and carried in a particular manner round it; then by the help of a particular rush of the water, into which we were carefully steered, we performed a large curve, and came into the everyday stream of the river below. What the descent is I do not know, but, at all events, it does not represent that of the Montmorency Falls, and when it was all over, so small had been the excitement caused (though, were I to revisit Lachine, I confess I should try this particular descent again) that when some one on board, being one of the number of those who delight to express their joy by row, called for

"three cheers for the Indian," his initiatory holiday howl found itself unsupported, and ignominiously subsided.

Thus we steamed along, leaving all terrors behind, and came in close sight of that gigantic structure, the Victoria Bridge, under whose iron tubes we passed, sixty feet above us, and covering, with the huge abutments and twenty-four piers, a length of more than a mile and a half. Then came the city of Montreal, where we landed in the evening, and settled in the Windsor Hotel again.

The Colonels' duties commanded their departure for Ottawa on the Monday night. I was able to wait for the more convenient nine-o'clock morning train of Tuesday, the 29th, for the hundred and twenty miles thither. From Montreal to Toronto I travelled by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and was particularly struck by the far superior arrangements of this company compared with those of the Grand Trunk line, especially with the difference between the two stations at Montreal. The journey of the hundred and twenty miles was quite eventless, except that I fell into conversation with a passenger, who struck a small chord already strung in my mind, but not yet drawn up to tone—a thought to visit Florida. He was young, and enthusiastic about orange-groves, and was destined for that sandy delta with hopes as certainties; and not then knowing enough of Florida to be able to damp his ardour, his own was the better qualified for exciting mine.

As, when I realized Montreal, I wondered why that city had not been chosen as the seat of government, so, when I realized Ottawa, I wondered how and why it had been. High in the air, in the distance, I first caught sight of the elaborate and pretentious Government Buildings, and presently came to compare with their somewhat garish style and highly finished precincts the strangely opposite aspect of the city below and around them. Ottawa is vulgarly called "Slab Town," and, disavowing for my own part the slightest possible of sneers which the name might be thought to convey, I cannot pretend to wonder at its application. Was there ever such an overwhelming labyrinth of heaps and stacks of lumber—that is, timber sawn for use—to be found anywhere else? And if you wish to view a scene of sawing industries that produce all this profusion, go to the Chaudière, or Caldron Falls, and behold and hear the army of saws that are set in motion by the impatient waters of the Ottawa river, here narrowed by islands to a width of some two hundred feet, and rushing down for some forty feet over the brows of a rugged slope of rock. This busy, noisy scene of saw and water is sufficiently impressive both to eye and ear, but all the natural wild and boisterous beauty of the Rapids is completely suffocated by the practical uses they are put to. In this point of view, the scene reminded me of Trollhättan Falls, on the river Gotha, in Sweden, the wild beauties of which are likewise entirely spoiled by the invasion of the surrounding saw-mills.

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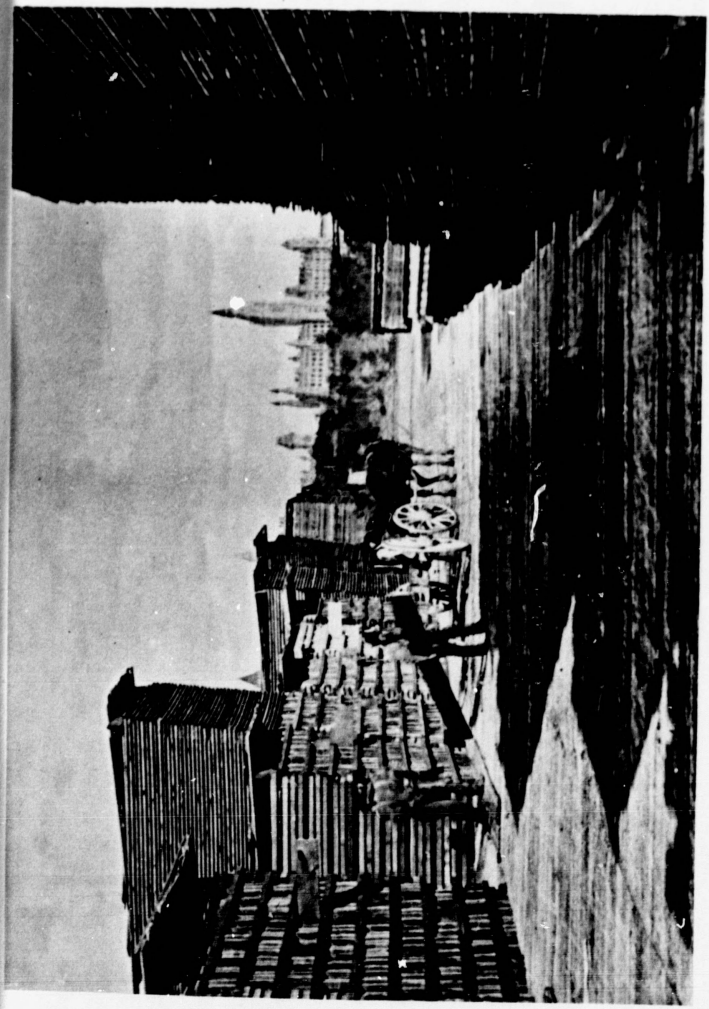


OTTAWA

I was comfortably lodged at the Russell Hotel, where the large hall appeared to be much frequented by lumber merchants, discussing business affairs, and crowding round the entrance, where a large lettered request was printed, begging them "respectfully" not to do so. I was of course shown over the Government Buildings and through the gardens; but there was little more to detain me, and therefore, on Wednesday, the 30th of June, I left the city for Toronto, and, driving to the Queen's Hotel, refound my two "commanding officers" busied in their important commission. The next day, July 1st, was Dominion Day. All the world was lively; races and other public entertainments animated the day, and the bright variety of girls' and mothers' hats (aunts' and grandmothers' too) outshone, as poets would say, the rays of Phœbus, though, as prosers would say, without his rays they would not have shone at all.

Toronto already boasts a population of some 120,000, and is an active and fast-advancing city of extensive commerce. Mr. W. J. McMaster, to whom I had a letter of introduction, took me to see the Secretary of the Board of Trade of the province of Ontario, which title is given to the Commercial Assembly; and he informed me that in a total number of 1960 members, Toronto is represented by 900. If I mention that I lunched at the club with Mr. McMaster, it will be to make a note of a most excellent fish called the "Muscalonge," a name which all who know Toronto will doubtless recognize.

While there I found the breezes from Lake Ontario exceedingly refreshing in the heat of the day; and it is obvious that this body of fine water must be a great boon to the city in the summer. The province of Toronto is the most populous and wealthy of all the Dominion, and looking back again at Ottawa, the question once more arises, If not Quebec, nor Montreal, why not Toronto for the seat of the Dominion government? But of course there were reasons invisible to overrule the visible, because a more geographical centre is no sure guide as a practical one.

On Friday, the 2nd of July, my last day at Toronto, two bright eyes, attended with a bright voice, suddenly reappeared before us. They belonged to our Divine, whose re-appearance gladdened the scene. And more; some little difficulty arising at the dinner-table, the eye blazed, the voice sounded, and the waiters flew to obey.

I was now to leave Toronto for my visit to Niagara, there to realize the world-famed Falls of the river St. Lawrence, whose stream I had traced up thus far from its end in ocean. Accordingly, at two o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 3rd of July, I took the usual steamboat across the bright water lake to the "Niagara station," on the Michigan Central Railway. My destination was the Clifton House Hotel, on the Canadian side of the river, where I should have arrived a full hour earlier than I did, but for that period's delay employed in the well-known game of "kicking one's heels" at the station.

I was alone, having left my friends behind at Toronto, so that, while thus waiting, I set my mind on fancying what I was to see; whether I should be surprised, satisfied, or disappointed. At all events, I had made up my mind thoroughly to realize the gigantic phenomenon of the Falls as much as possible according to my own impressions, without being warped by the gigantic quantity that has been written about them. This was, perhaps, a little difficult. Sense and nonsense, obvious on the mere reading, have found their way into print, and some writers have but too evidently set themselves to work to see how much they could say, what cataract of words, in short, they would pour forth, rather seeking to outvie one another in this not very facile contest, than to analyze and honestly describe their own impressions. Exaggeration in the description of scenery or in the feelings excited on the spot give no proof of superior powers of appreciation while viewing Nature's pictures, either pleasing or sublime. As regards Niagara, it has sometimes seemed to me that writers have made use of the Falls merely to advertise their pens. Far be it from me, however, to manifest the very slightest sympathy with those who affect, or (what is worse) really feel, indifference to Nature's wonders. Such indifference constitutes a positive mental defect. But each visitor to Niagara must speak for himself. Dickens wrote, among other high-flown phrases, that "he felt near his Creator:" why or wherefore I do not understand. Mr. Froude, in his "Oceana,"

who gives many more than one evidence of feeling quite tired and wishing to get home when once homeward bound, can be quoted on the subject only in a negative sense, for he writes, "I did not even turn aside, though it would have cost but three or four hours to see Niagara." This may be pardoned perhaps; but I think it must be regretted that among his many witty anecdotes he should record the merest cockney nonsense of some "American host," "Why is it wonderful that water should fall? The wonder would be if it didn't fall." Against this way of talking may be quoted, even as far superior, that other American's recorded observation, who, after gazing in silence, stupefied apparently with wonder, to the delight of his guiding friend, suddenly stunned him more than the noise of the Falls themselves with the simple observation, "A marvellous water privilege to possess!" But for splendour and sublimity of exaggeration, what says the useful guide-book for which I paid fifty cents, entitled "All-Round Route"? "Who can forget his first view of this grand and stupendous spectacle? The roaring is so tremendous that it would seem that if all the lions that had ever lived since the days of Daniel could join their voices in one 'Hallelujah chorus,' they would produce but a whisper in comparison with the deep diapason of this most majestic of all Nature's pipes or organs." Is not that altogether worth the money?

While casting all these things in my mind, the

starting of the train for the Niagara Falls Station cast them out of it, and with fourteen miles' run we were there. Fortunately, I got into a carriage with a companion who already knew Niagara, Mr. Arnold Budgett, of Cotham House, Bristol, and for the next day and a half we made companionship together for my introduction to the mighty scene and the excursions round it. Shortly before reaching the station, he startled me by saying, "There is the first view of Niagara." On looking out, I caught sight, as we passed, of the white ridge of a broad waterfall; but this I knew at once could not be the grand Horseshoe Fall, for the whiteness of the water showed a want of depth and volume. It was the American Fall; and presently we were on the omnibus that would take us to the Clifton House Hotel, on the Canadian or left side of the river. On driving up to the front of this hotel we came into full view of the whole scene, and this was one indeed for the hearing as well as for the sight. But I have nothing to say about "thunder" in speaking of the sound. I do not trace the remotest analogy between the two. There it invades your ears—a full, uniform, sustained, unintermitting, solemn, deep, monotonous, and even slightly moaning roar; and yet, again, it is not a roar, for withal it is mellow: it is the voice of Niagara—the solemn, deep, majestic, somewhat mournful tone in which the vast river's waters resign themselves to the lower level. And thus only can I give my own description of it, though I may be reminded that we translate

that old Red Indian word as "the Thunder of Waters."

Before moving from the front of the hotel, these were the first impressions that possessed me, while still in only comparative full view of the whole scene. Then we went on to the beautiful Suspension Bridge, which crosses the river a few paces down stream from the hotel, and greatly adds to the general effect. Here we stood in the middle. Hence the picture is perfect for a first view, and for any other number you please, and indeed for a last, independently of all other chance and chosen points of observation. Your height from the water is given as 190 feet, and the wide, well-wooded gorge, worn out by the river itself, up which you look to the Great Fall, runs at harmonious though varying altitude. On your left hand, or the right hand of the river, at a distance up stream of about a furlong, there rolls over the white American Fall, which I had caught sight of from the railway. To this a height is given of 164 feet, with a width of rather more than 900 feet. Then comes the long side of Goat Island, and beyond, perhaps at about double the distance of the American Fall, or a little more altogether, there faces you, straight in front, the great centre figure of the scene.

The height of this giant is given at not more than 158 feet, and the width as 1900; but this measurement must follow the curve; the river immediately below is called 1000 feet wide. Do not suppose that your object is at too great a distance. All is

in perfect focus, and the noble water gorge does not intrude on either side on the width of the river. Again, do not imagine that the great breadth must necessarily cause disappointment as to the height, for this breadth imparts great dignity and majesty to the Fall. I have spoken of the whiteness of the American Falls. Now here observe the difference in colour that bespeaks the depth and volume of the water. On either side there is the same white aspect, denoting the quick breaking up into particles; but from the middle depths there shines forth one of the most lovely semi-transparent greens that any eye has ever rested on. In all this scene you may revel until your first view is satiated; and you may go away and come again, but still the water will be as huge before you, and still the same unceasing water-voice will be sounding. And so for centuries it has been, and so for centuries it will be.

I could not at all associate Niagara with the general group of waterfalls that I have visited in various regions. Though belonging to the family, it stands quite alone. Nor do I find it possible to coincide with the ideas of those who represent a waterfall as an invading and attacking power, albeit we all know its destructive power well enough; but I mean, for example, that I do not rank it with fire. There we have indeed an invading element, which mounts, attacks, grows and spreads, devouring where it finds aught to devour. But in a waterfall, however great, and even in Niagara, there has always appeared

to me to be manifested a certain submission ; a certain succumbing to an inevitable condition ; and therefore I have never quite appreciated the application of epithets to waterfalls that seemed to me rather to belong to fire. I have already said that in all the sounds of Niagara I always seemed to hear an inward moan. Thus we passed our first afternoon, and when night came on, and we went to bed, the wind was blowing from the Fall, and brought the sound-wave against our doors and windows, which kept up an intermittent tremour, at about the intervals of the ticking of a church clock, under the mellow booming of the waters.

I was in good luck, or bad, as regards celebration days. Dominion Day had taken place in Canada, and when we woke the next morning, Sunday, the 4th of July, we were soon reminded that it was Independence Day in the States. Niagara, like North Cape in Norway, where I had some time since the satisfaction of landing with the captain only, should be visited in silence. But this interruption was to be easily forgiven, as I had two days more to spare, expecting the Colonels and the Divine. So that I was well content to have witnessed Dominion Day in the Dominion, and Independence Day in the Republic. The opposite shore, on the American side of the river, was crowded with all the gaiety that hats, dresses, and merry faces and dispositions could display ; and in the variety of design and colouring I think the States outshone Canada.

Before going on to Goat Island, and over all the various points above the Falls which American ingenuity has already succeeded in opening to the curious, we walked down the bank and got on board *The Maid of the Mist* small steamer, which fights its way up stream several times a day to the nearest possible point of approach, towards the Horseshoe Fall. The chief enjoyments of the crowd of which we formed two items seemed to lie in the putting on of the oilskin coats and caps, and, with that comparatively but not positively safe armour, courting the splashing of the mists, driven high and wide by the wind created on all sides by all the Falls. This excursion is, of course, one of the "things to be done," but it is little more than a childish amusement. The huge spray as you pass under the American Falls, cardinal and supplemental, on your left, permit you to behold them coming down from above into all the mysterious confusion that they cause below; but, as regards the Great Fall, all we could make out was how intensely blinding can be a great mist and a great wetting.

The real interest of our day consisted in our visit above. We afterwards crossed by the ferry, and went up the inclined plain by steam, and thus to Goat Island. Here there is abundance of charming woodland scenery, and on this occasion all was enlivened by the Independence holiday-makers. Here you can indulge in all varieties of views of the two Falls, and going to what is called The Ledge, you can stand

at the very corner of the cataract as it pours over. Bridges, shorter or longer, are laid between points of rock here and there, and all the rushing of the Rapids that takes place before the great catastrophe occurs may be truly realized. Detail would only confuse, and not only so, but it would detract from what should be kept in view in these great scenes of power—the General Effect. Go and see and survey and contemplate it all, and fail not to note one particular feature which forcibly struck us both—the sharp, shrill, angry, impatient cries of these rushing upper waters, contrasted with the solemn, patient, and majestic tone in which the mighty mass of river resigns itself to its tremendous fate below. They occupy a length of three-quarters of a mile, with a descent of fifty-two feet. After their fall the waters seem to be themselves stunned and confounded, and the current below cannot compare with that above.

When we had satiated ourselves with our wanderings and wonderings, we made a long walk back by the Suspension Bridge, resolved that next morning we would visit the Cave of the Winds, under the American Fall. No one now spoke of going under the Great Fall—that marvellous journey seems to have become impossible. On the Suspension Bridge we loitered for some time, and again appreciated the whole scene, with the bright green colours on the centre object, not uniform, but broken, and graduated; and intensified in the very centre.

The cliffs on both sides of the river are well

wooded, and the whole picture is well framed. I know not who can have so utterly misled Mr. Froude as to induce him to talk about "rocks painted in gigantic letters, with advertisements of the last quack medicine, or the latest literary prodigy." There is nothing whatever of the kind, and, what is more, the Americans have on their side done more to sanctify the scene than Canada has yet been able to do, though the Canadian Government have secured their right (subject to existing interests) to remove every building, when the proper time comes, that, even to a small extent, may be thought to mar the scene. If exaggeration of appreciation is absurd, may not exaggeration of indifference be equally or even more so? It is recorded, among the anecdotes of Carlyle, that he lay in wait (probably from indigestion) at a dinner-table, while some one was describing a very large meteor that had astonished all vulgar minds, and which he had seen, and then came forth the unsocial sneer, "all about something composed of merely this, that, and the other gases and metals." The answer to this should have been, "And of what, sir, is your own mighty self composed?"

In the afternoon I drove down some two miles to the "whirlpool." The might of noisy waters here is, of course, astonishing; but I found there also a noisy photographer, at the bottom of the "elevator" by which you reach the level of the river, so that my attention was divided by his importunities. Nor was he very diplomatic in his appeals to me to sit for a

portrait, for the only inducement that he kept pressing on me was "the beautiful background!" Joking apart, however, I can scarcely say more than that the scene is worth visiting; though one feature in the hurly burly of the waters is most peculiar. Their centre is driven up higher than their sides. On being "elevated," I found myself in company with two stout, buffalo-looking men, who, indeed, declared themselves to be from Buffalo. Only a very few observations had passed between us, and they walked on at the top. I was delayed for about five minutes by the driver before starting, and, on overtaking them in the carriage, one cried out, with easy familiarity and apparently in all good fellowship, "Good-bye, old man! Taking it easy!"

And here are the Colonels and the Divine at the hotel, and here we are all again at dinner—Colonel Philips still objecting to the inveterate habit of the blacks, of filling up the iced water in the tumbler for every drop you sip; and the Divine smiling and cheerful, and sometimes commanding with a word and a look, and often with only a look, and being obeyed upon the instant.

On Monday, the 5th of July, Mr. Budgett and I again crossed the Suspension Bridge to the station of the Cave of the Winds. We had to take off everything and dress ourselves entirely in river-garb —rough woollen underclothing throughout, and huge oil-cloth covering over all—and down the deep stairs

(called Biddle's Stairs) we went. The fight began immediately, and at about the first step forward we were wet completely through. Among boulders, and afterwards over flat steps of rocks we passed, beaten about with heavy sprays, and realizing a certain feature of a large waterfall not contemplated until experienced—the high, and even boisterous, wind that the stormy water sets in buffeting movement. We found our enterprise novel, surprising, and exciting to the last degree—one of those experiences that serve to variegate memory in after-life. The most impressive of the effects, so far as I was concerned, and to which I particularly called my companion's attention, was the looking up and seeing the forward curving of the water over the edge. This was very grand; but do not suppose you can calmly contemplate it—prepare for splashing of the eyes. After walking through some pouring yards, we passed over to a number of bridges, built from rock to rock, before returning to the stairs. This is merely schoolboy fun, but so exciting did Colonel Philips find it next day that he did it twice out of mere enjoyment. Drenched to the skin, we mounted and came to be dry animals again; but, after all, we had been under only the southern supplement of the American Fall, which, however, some call the Central Fall.

Mr. Budgett left in the afternoon, and the rest of the day and the next were spent with my friends, driving about and realizing various points of view, and, on the Tuesday's sunset, we were counting—

really having to count—the various rainbows that adorned both Falls. A drive should be taken through what is called the Private Park. On this excursion you can obtain a long view up stream, and see where the waters above Rapids seem to lie as quiet as if they were asleep. In this park there is also to be seen the lighting of natural gas. I looked down a hole, and I saw a sort of rushlight in a tub. There are also some hot springs, and—there are polished agates to sell. Whence come they?

Thus I had now realized Niagara, after so many years of hearing and reading about its wonders. It has proved, as often happens, a reality quite different from what I had supposed; but disappointment I did not once dream of, even for a moment. And if, even now, with railways and hotels and all the vulgar conveniences of travelling, the scene can work strongly on so many imaginations, what must have been its influence on its first solitary exploring discoverers? You may fancy a wanderer and listener in the forests hearing a distant, portentous sound, and drawing nearer and nearer, and coming at last upon the full display, in the days when the wild Indian occupied alone, and chased the bear and the buffalo through the wooded wilderness.

In "Lyell's First Visit to North America" there is a highly interesting allusion to the impressions of the French missionary, Father Hennepin, who witnessed the scene in 1678, with a *facsimile* of his quaint drawing; and also an elaborate consideration of all the

geological features, and of the probable changes, past and to come, as regards the position and character of the Falls themselves. As regards these, while at the hotel, a man of a certain age assured me he could point out a difference that had taken place even within his own time on the Canadian side of the Great Fall, the water having been drawn in towards the centre by the falling away of some of the centre rock. Strictly speaking, the form is no longer that of a perfect horseshoe, for the centre has become an angle.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STATES—CHICAGO—MINNESOTA.

THIS morning (Wednesday), the 7th of June, I left my friends and Canada for the States, which I entered at Detroit, the capital of Michigan, and lying on the west side of the channel which connects the two lakes of Erie and Huron, at a distance of 225 miles from Nicaragua Station. I had at first thought of going through Canada direct, by the Canadian Pacific Line to British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, but, on reflection, preferred seeing more of life and movement in my journey than this course could have shown me, and therefore took my course towards the west by Chicago. Moreover, I was to see the Yellow Stone Park on my way, and the Northern Pacific Railway was the proper direction to take for that purpose.

On arriving at the station, and arranging my passage by showing my Cook's ticket book, I remarked that it was nearly nine o'clock, and I supposed the train would soon be there.

"Yes," replied the booking-clerk, "the train will be to time; but it is only eight by railway time."

"How can that be?" I asked.

"Because you begin 'Central Time' here."

I then came to know that, in conducting traffic over their several thousand miles directly westward, the Companies had been obliged to divide their time into four different spaces of fifteen degrees each, each of these spaces containing one arbitrary hour: Eastern Time, by which I had been travelling; Central Time, into which I was about to enter; Mountain Time, again, beyond; and Pacific Time, again, beyond that—these several spaces being separately counted as they stand at five, six, seven, and eight hours behind Greenwich time. Such is the ingenious mode adopted to meet the difficulty of running to and fro with time and steam from east to west, and west to east, across an immense territory—a difficulty which we in England have never been called upon to meet. Having calculated my hours on the line by marking the hour we were advertised to arrive, I thus had to content myself to submitting to one hour more upon the road, being bound to count from eight o'clock instead of nine. Nor was this a very agreeable reflection, for the day was about to be very hot, and I had been forewarned that it would be dusty too.

On getting into the car, I made these observations about heat and dust half to myself, and immediately heard two words behind me which sounded very like "You bet." Not quite able to attach a direct meaning to such a phrase, I opened the usual form of interrogation as to whether I had been spoken to.

"Oh yes! you spoke of heat and dust, and I said 'You bet,' for we'll have both pretty much, I guess."

So the meaning was that I might lay odds on my prognostication, and this I soon found to be a very frequent mode of concurrence with any observation.

"You bet" turned out to be (as many others did) a very pleasant travelling-companion, and I will here at once remark that, through all the thousands of miles that I eventually travelled over in the States, I never met with anything but great civility and good feeling, and, indeed, in some cases with attention and courtesy. These last offerings might perhaps have made me (as it might others) begin to think there was something more than usually engaging in my own manners; but one fine day a certain observation led me to suspect the colour, or non-colour, of my hair might possibly have something to do with it; and had I propounded this misgiving to some one like my first companion, it is not altogether unlikely he might have replied, "You bet." For on the occasion I refer to, the passenger who had showed me almost marked attention as regards stations, seats, and other information, at last, benevolently gazing at me in the face, politely said, "Time has been growing rather familiar with you, sir, of late?" "That inexorable pursuer," I replied, "intrudes upon us all. But never mind; so long as I am young enough to move about, I am content to be old enough to receive benevolent attention."

We had come by the Michigan Central line, and

the train was politely stopped at the Falls, for a short view. A two hundred and twenty-five mile course took us to Detroit, where we passed over the water with the whole train, divided into two parts, side by side, on an immense steam ferry-boat; and where the custom-house officers, noting at once that I was what I professed to be, passed me through with civility. Hence we travelled over another 311 miles, making 536 in all from Niagara Falls Station to Chicago. This long journey gave me my first introduction to the system of railway travelling in the States. It had been the same in Canada. The long car carriages, with side seats and a passage down the middle, are already well known in England, though used among us only as what are called "Pullman" or sleeping-cars. In the States, we also know, there are only these carriages in use. At each end there is a platform, and thus any passenger, so inclined, may walk through the carriages from end to end of the train. At each end there are also "toilet" arrangements. Then comes the feeding question, and this is managed by breakfast, dinner, or supper cars being put on at and for so many hours, as may be convenient. The penalty of early dinners and their inevitable consequences of suffering afternoons (particularly in hot weather) must be endured; and at the usual hours of nine, twelve, and six, the conductor walks through with a warning voice to declare that the given meal is ready. There are always two "calls" for every meal, with an interval of one hour

between each. Sometimes the voice is quick, "Dinner! dinner! dinner!" and sometimes it is "Din—ner's rea—dy!" in a voice that threatens loss of it if you don't get up and go—something like "Mis-sus is a-coming!" among servants.

I have now sufficient experience of day and night travelling in the States to say—for myself, at all events—that it would be impossible to bear it all over their long distances unless you could thus move about, and stand now and then on the platform for a change, or sit down, as so many do, in the small end compartment and smoke for a while. These platforms, also, give great facilities for getting off or on to a train at stopping or starting-time, for they are very broad, though now and then the steps are rather high. But it must not be supposed that all is comfortable. In the first place, each side is made for two, without division; in the next, the back of the seats is always too low for real rest, which in the sleeping-cars (of which anon, when I have proved them) is especially essential. Again, there is a constant to and fro in the centre passage, and the tyrannical habit of banging the doors at every entrance and exit; and this constant passing up and down of all sorts sometimes becomes intolerable, particularly when (as seems almost always to be the case) the conductors are in a hurry. I could wish, also, that the fastenings of the window were not quite such ingenious puzzles, and that when these are pushed up the better to view any object, the bottom of the frame did not fix itself so precisely in the sight-line.

I mention all these apparently inevitable inconveniences as reasons against our hastily throwing up our own carriages in our short distances. An American clergyman, a great traveller and a repeated visitor to England, told me how much he missed the luxury of having his own separate seat, and being able to lay his head quietly against the cushioned division when only tired or when going to sleep. In certain "drawing-room" cars, it is true, each has his separate chair, which wheels upon a pivot, and here there is more comfort.

Apart from all these considerations there is a certain special consequence of this uninterrupted passage all through the train. Vendors of books and fruits buy the privilege of passing up and down and pressing their goods upon you; and the essentially advertising propensities of the American tradesman are everywhere alive. As regards books, the custom cannot be wholly unpopular, for I was told by one of the salesmen that the great News Association or Union News Company of New York pay very heavy annual sums for the privilege in question; moreover, that the publishers pay these itinerants a very liberal percentage, for that so many copies of books are thus sold, that even when certain volumes get worn out by being offered, new ones are readily given in exchange for them. Considering what a nuisance books are to carry about with you, it is not every one who would feel inclined to furnish his library between New York and San Francisco and back again; but

one would almost suppose such an intention might be counted on, for if you have been asleep, or have been standing out on the platform, when you return to ocular capacity you may find a heap of volumes "left upon approval." They are funny wags to talk with, some of these itinerants, and would sometimes seem fain to persuade you that the "Novum Organum" is nice light reading for a railway car. If, after two or three to's and fro's, the books have not been touched, they are quietly taken up again. But it is not the books; it is the walking to and fro. Stale apples, at the modest price of six cents a-piece, will sometimes tempt a languid traveller; and fancy goods of the most ridiculous hideosity need not despair of finding a happy destiny with some unpretending family group. Herein lies a peculiar failing which I have observed among both Canadians and Americans: they cannot (in my own phrase) leave things alone; they cannot bear a straight line; they must look for art in distortion; and this in everything. I have brought with me, as a small example in point, an illustrated advertisement of Sohmer's pianoforte manufactory, at New York. I need not doubt that the instruments are good; but, were the drawing before you, I would say, look at the form, look at the over-curved lines, and, oh! look at the legs and pedals, and ask yourself whether the drawing does not suggest to you some harmonious young lady sitting down, and suddenly getting up with wounds in the knees from all the projecting beauties of the design! But if this be

the national taste, Sohmer and the rest are in their rights.

Heat and dust were our faithful companions, but not our only trials, for we were delayed more than once by hot bearings, and thus came into Chicago late, but in the cool. The usual "express" agent was "on board" to pass checks for claiming and delivering baggage, for which purpose I handed over mine to him and received his. Throughout my thousands of miles I experienced great convenience and found great exactness in the whole of this railway and agency cheque system. At Chicago I went to the large hotel, the "Grand Pacific," and, as it was then something like ten o'clock, I went to bed and, I believe, to sleep.

CHICAGO. That is a well-known name, and here is the well-known city that owns it. Samuel Rogers, in that somewhat faint but pretty book of his called "Italy," says that when he waked in Rome he said to himself, "I am at Rome!" Let me be supposed to have said, "I am at Chicago!" The difference, I will confess, is very great, the sentiments aroused very opposite. But in this case Chicago may serve as a foil to the word "Rome," and thus be all the more vividly shown forth for what it really is. A raw, crowded, noisy, daring, busy, bustling, thriving young republican city, affording a splendid scene and flourish of trumpets for the first drawing up of the curtain of a visit to the States. In this respect it

is far more to the purpose than New York, which is upon the sea and at the very doorway of the country; whereas Chicago is some thousand miles inland from that city.

My first step on my first morning in this seething city was to pounce into the very centre of its whirlpools. I had a letter of introduction to Mr. George Grove, the Secretary of the "Board of Trade" (or what we should call the "Chamber of Commerce") of Chicago, and I found that the great structure bearing that name was only across the street from the Grand Pacific Hotel; so thither I betook myself after breakfast at once. It is stated to have cost some £350,000 in building, and, with all the noise and movement going on among all people and about all things, it might almost be said to fill you with 350,000 impressions. The Great Hall is clamorous with business, and everybody is running a race with that very fast runner, Time. There is a gallery for ladies to survey all this; but, on showing my letter for Mr. Grove, I was allowed to pass in to buffet with the waves of movement and hear the loud winds of business. Two things also there are which I shall not omit to mention: two stout women at each side of the entrance, with bucketfuls of genuine lemonade for fevered business men. Mr. Grove's rooms were on an upper floor, which I had of course to find with the almost only recognized American staircase, the elevator. There is a row of these elevators here, and they are constructed like open iron cages. They are

all run up and down the whole day long, and open and shut with a metallic twang.

"Going up, sir? Come in"—twang. Then, presently, "What floor?"

"Mr. Grove's."

"Passed that. Leave you coming down."

So up you go to the moon, and, almost before you know where you are, you are down again. With the rapid movements and the constant twangs "Mr. Grove's floor" sounds, and out you go, the hinder foot being already an inch or two on the descent before you can pull it off the floor of the cage. And thus it is twang, twang, twang, with all the various ascendings and descendings, side by side, of the several elevators.

I found Mr. Grove in his room, and was received with all courtesy and attention. After two or three interviews and conversations, he presented me with a book containing the twenty-eighth "Annual Report of the Trade and Commerce of Chicago," for the year ending December 31, 1885. It is a remarkable volume, loaded with millions of figures, representing millions of monies and measures.

As to the teeming city itself, it is in some places scarcely less perplexing than the Board of Trade, and I must leave it to describe itself by its well-known name: it is Chicago. You may readily traverse it, for there is an extensive construction of the endless cable tramway system, the steel rope being in constant movement, and the cars being moved or stopped by clipping or unclipping con-

nection with the chain underneath, in the centre of the road, and running in an open groove. A very large post-office—all in movement, of course—holds its place in the city; and there are wide streets and narrow streets, and large buildings and small buildings; and (while I was there) every sort of advertisement, including, very ostentatiously, those of rival railway companies, competing one against the other at incredibly cheap fares for great distances, such as some of us may remember, but on a somewhat smaller scale, in the early days of our own English railway system.

Chicago appears to deal in the superlative in all matters. Some fifty years ago, it was only a small Indian town. Going as far back as 1830, the report I have referred to gives its population as only 70. In 1850, it was 29,963. In 1885, it was estimated at 727,000. And this, in spite of two conflagrations: that of 1871 one of the most destructive on record anywhere. Its grain elevators and depôts are marvels. The water-works have been called one of the wonders of the world, and its parks are of magnificent extent. They are ten in number, and contain altogether more than 2000 acres, with many miles of carriage drives, besides those along the extensive boulevards. It claims to be the third manufacturing city in the States; stands next to New York in general commercial importance; and to be the greatest grain, live-stock, and lumber market in the world. Yet, says the report, "considering what

must be the development of the vast States and Territories, not yet really populated, which must depend on Chicago for the outlet of their produce, we must stand amazed at the future which is spread out before this favoured city situated at the head of a mighty chain of inland seas . . . . . a highway along which to distribute the multiform products of an immense region, and by which in return to supply the varied wants of an increasing civilisation." Already twenty-six railways converge in the city.

But what, after all, do we most hear of about Chicago? It is about the pig-killing. Did I go to see the pigs killed? Yes, I did go to see the pigs killed, and made a point of it, for it is as well to see all things whatsoever in their gigantic scale, even though this may be sometimes disagreeable. It serves to help us to realize what we human beings are, what we are doing, and what position we occupy among other animals. We are by far and far the greatest slaughterers in the world; we illustrate beyond all others that death must be suffered by some in order that life may be preserved in others; we are the only animals who make an art of killing and eating, and we hold our chief rejoicings when our tables are most crowded with the results of our slaughter. So let us go and see the pigs killed in shoals upon one small spot; a speck and a mere small item, after all, compared with what is going on everywhere, but still all this in one spot. And let me further add that, July not being the full slaughter

season, I saw only one man at work instead of a row of three.

Armour and Co. is the title of the great pig and bullock killing establishment, which lies some short distance out of the city. The bullocks are shot in the forehead with a rifle—a vast improvement on the horrid pole-axe—but I did not think it worth while to witness their execution. The rapid destruction of the pigs conveyed a more vivid impression of what keeps going on everywhere. Mr. Grove gave me the necessary letter of introduction, and, having found my way to the end of the tramway that led towards the premises, and being rather at a loss how to continue my road, a trotting-waggon came by which proved to belong to the firm, and I availed myself of its wheels to transport me to the scene. An order being at once given, I was conducted to the chamber of these incarnadined performances. The squealings (but not of agony) might have guided me. A large pen of pigs is kept in continuous repletion, and pig after pig is hauled up by a rope attached to one hind leg; hence the squealing; the animals are thus passed along in line on pulleys, in close groups of sixes, and thus come within reach of the executioner. He, standing on scarlet floor, pulls back one of the fore legs and strikes in his knife. There is no stopping to do this; it is stab, stab, stab, and all keeps moving on. Beyond him is a large, long tank of scalding water, and souse into this pig after pig falls from its pulley when it reaches the end of the bar, *exanimisque*

tremens. Rolling over in the water, its body is in its turn clutched by a huge hook and drawn under immense brushes (all being, of course, moved by steam), on the other side of which it comes forth denuded of all its hair, and white. Other necessary processes then go on, and gradually the pig (now pork) is passed on to its new world, washed and made clean, and transformed into that new state which any good jolly housekeeper might admire as "a beauty of a pig." Lines and lines of these carcases hang up to cool, and are then cut in half, and then comes the freezing cooling-room, whether for all cases or not I cannot say; but if you go upstairs you may see your barrels of joints, your machines for making sausages, the girls finishing the tinning up, pasting the labels, and, in short, an apparently interminable system of rapid mechanical manual labour. Among those who are fond of pork the revolted humanitarian from the slaughter side of the house would become the approving epicure on this, and, accepting the inevitable conditions of his having to kill and eat in order to live, might be pardoned for thinking, if not speaking, that inimitable French phrase, "*Que voulez vous?*"

"It seems terrible, after all," said an American clergyman to me, "though we are all so fond of pork, and pigs must be killed to be eaten."

"And do you know what passed in my mind at the time?" I asked.

"What was it?"

"That it's all for the Christian."

I have a business card of Armour and Co. for 1886 in my hand while I write, in which appears an item, "Hogs killed, 1,133,479"—consider the squeakings! Also another, "Canned meats all kinds, 33,696,460"—consider the girls pasting the labels! Several other items of millions occur: while in the Chicago live stock statistics we find, "Hogs received in Chicago (live) March, 1885–6, 6,863,678; cattle, 1,902,818; sheep, 1,003,598."

Such are some of the statistics of Chicago, and such are the features of Messrs. Armour and Co.'s establishment. The idea, however, that the animals are made into sausages offhand is an exaggeration. Even here Time insists on being in some sort attended to.

It was easy to conclude at Chicago that the weather could be extremely hot and oppressive; but for the two days that I was there the wind blew from Lake Michigan, and the most delicious, refreshing brushes of air continually modified the temperature. In winter the effect must be of an opposite character. How comes it that Chicago is not the capital of the State of Illinois, considering its vast importance and population? Because long before it began to exist Springfield had been already so designated. But Illinois was not one of the original Thirteen States. It was organized as a Territory in 1809, and was admitted as a State in 1818.

Now, as the Grand Pacific Hotel was the first large American hotel at which I sojourned, it occurs

to me to speak of general hotel life in the States, for there is more or less of identity throughout, the hotel at Montreal being, as already observed, conducted on the same plan. A dissertation on this subject is not one of very abstract profundity, but it touches a very vital question, no less than one of existence itself, and forms a very considerable element in the question of travelling, which cannot be indulged in for our own or other people's benefits without means of refreshment. Pope was not ashamed to express a certain disappointment, on visiting the Duke of Marlborough's house at Woodstock, because they showed him only all the grand features of the building, but nothing of its comforts:

> "'Thanks, sir,' I cried, 'tis very fine;
> But where d'ye sleep, and where d'ye dine?
> I find, by all you have been telling,
> That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.'"

The large hotel system was invented in and has been imitated from the States. The first feature is a well-built house; then a large entrance-hall, where people stand about or sit, smoke—chew and spit, alas!—and discuss their affairs; and all this without necessarily being lodgers there. There is always a good bar for "drinks," which effectually contributes to this habit of meeting and talking. There is almost always a news bar and a cigar bar, and a railway bar where all information and any amount of railway tables can be had gratis; and what is called the "toilet" is large and extremely well arranged. Lifts,

or elevators, are of the most matter-of-course arrangements, sometimes in pairs; and even for the first floors the staircase is scarcely ever made use of. Up and down, up and down, the passengers go, and workers are employed in turn for a stated number of hours. The eating-room is large, sometimes very large, furnished with numerous separate tables, each of which may serve for a family or for two or three, strangers to one another. The waiters that are running about are generally coloured men, and often serve under a head coloured man—sometimes more than one—who struts to and fro, with becoming pomposity and politeness suited to his position. On your appearance at the door, he waves his hand towards you, and walks you through a labyrinth of occupied tables to any one he designs for you, the particular reason for which you cannot trace. You then have handed to you by a black, or a brown, a large bill of fare, which is always on the table, and which it would be impossible to fulfil unless it was the same every day, according to given seasons. There is so much variety, however, in the sameness that no one can reasonably complain on that account. Then your glass is forthwith filled with iced water, and if you sip a little out of it, it is presently filled up again. This, or iced tea, or iced milk, are the general drinks at meals, whether the season be hot or cold. Survey the vast group over the whole room. If you happen to catch sight of a bottle or two here and there, you may be next to certain that there

are foreigners dining there. Total abstainers may consider this state of affairs very satisfactory, but for two reasons it is not so: one which they might feel inclined to dispute; the other which they would at once admit, and which, as it seems to me, springs from the very abstinence they approve of; but this suggestion they perhaps would dispute. Take this last reason first: it is that drinking "drinks" or what are called "cocktails" between meals, on the empty stomach, has become a constant habit and has taken the place of a wholesome glass of wine, or wine and water, or beer, with food, when not only these things do not disagree, but (as in so many thousand cases) do good. The first reason is, that so much drinking of iced liquids during eating is very injurious to the digestive powers, and serves to paralyze the stomach. It soon becomes a very enticing habit, and, indeed, these liquids are themselves in a certain sense intoxicating, for they are so in the sense of being exciting and provocative by the cold produced by the icing of them. This is necessary to make them as palatable as they are. Were they not so iced they would not be so much drunk, and (paradoxical as it may seem to say so) ice-drinking is, in its way, nearly as deleterious as spirit-drinking. The Americans cannot claim to be mere plain water-drinkers, for they stimulate their plain drinks with ice, and thus create a craving for drink.

At most hotels the eating is good, but there is great difference in the meat. I do not like the mode

of serving. Everything comes in in portions, in small oval dishes, and from these you help yourself, now and then to all, and now and then to only a part. I never could relish meat thus served. But the general mode of ordering is curious. The whole dinner is recited off at once, and the waiter seems to expect this to be done, so that he may go and come once for all. There seems to be no popular objection to things getting cold, as they must do when the apple-pudding, for example, comes in with the soup, and the semicircle of small dishes is displayed before the eater; a sight that would serve me, of itself, for dinner. I have not perceived that the Americans eat much faster than other people, but I have often perceived that they do not understand intervals. I was talking to one about this habit of complete ordering. He agreed with me about it, but stated his own way: "I have my own list in my hand, and always order the next following dish when I begin the one in hand, so that I go right straight away through without waiting." All that was too quick for me. When the black wanted to know "Which next?" I always replied, "I don't know till I've eaten this;" and many a black brain was no doubt astonished at so ignorant a mode of devouring. In harmony with these two modes of ordering and eating, there is also a waiter's well-known question, which I must confess I could never learn to tolerate—"Are you through?" That means, of course, "Have you finished?" But the former is the more appropriate, perhaps, for the idea in eating

seems to be exactly that—to get through—not necessarily in a hurry, but without pause.

In the hall you will find a row of greater or less length of servants, sitting down till summoned. These are what are called "Bell-boys," none or very few being really boys; some white, some brown, and some black. They are summoned when any bell rings, and have to find their way up to any given room at once. They are, in general, very active and attentive, and the electric summons is rarely neglected.

As to the cost of living, you cannot count on less than four dollars a day, board and lodging—sometimes four dollars fifty cents; and in San Francisco, and in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I paid five dollars, and with a room on the top floor—a very good ride indeed in the elevator. This sum includes breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper; sometimes, in the too-frequent early dinner system, lunch and dinner go together. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel, luncheon runs on into dinner without stopping. Wine is, of course, an extra; dear and generally very bad, for scarcely anybody drinks it. The best I ever found, by the way, both for honest quality and honest price, was a native wine of California—the red Zinfandel. The so-called hocks, clarets, and burgundies are so by ticket and by price only.

But at all these hotels there is one serious and curious extra, one which is never thought of as such in England, or elsewhere than in America that I ever heard of—boot-cleaning! It forms no part or parcel

of hotel life in the States that you should walk about in anything but rusty or dirty boots. If you are otherwise disposed, you must seek the separate boot-cleaning room, to that purpose specially provided, and let to the artists in that line at a sufficient rent; and, what is more, you must take your boots there on your own feet. There you sit upon a throne—in the leading hotels, sometimes three kings in a row—and the most elaborate proceedings go forward. The polish is resplendent as a rule; but the most resplendent of all in my experience was at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, while the worst, laziest, and dullest was at the Delavan at Albany. Of course, this involves an extra item of expense, for which you have to pay a piece of silver of the value of ten cents, or say five-pence, if content with only one cleaning a day. In the streets the work is done for five.

I heard one or two jokes upon this subject. In one case, on a visitor asking whether he could leave his boots outside his door, he was surprised by the unexpected answer—

"Oh yes, sir; nobody will touch them."

But I myself read a notice on the subject at one of my hotels in this very different form—"Visitors are cautioned that the proprietor is not responsible for boots left outside the door." Then comes the best, attributed to the historic character of many witty sayings, the late President Lincoln. A friend of his, in early life, paid a visit to England, and on returning naturally told of many matters, small and great.

"Do you know," said he, "that no one cleans his own boots in England?"

"Doesn't he?" said Lincoln; "then, whose boots does he clean?"

It really seems that, unless this domestic process is raised into a separate and comparatively expensive trade, it is considered a degradation, and one American in a common station of life told me that at a small tavern he had unwittingly offended the landlady by asking if the boy (her son as well as servant, as it happened) could "give his boots a rub over"! But as they all still consent to pay war taxes in time of peace, so they consent to pay ten cents for boot-cleaning, or clean for themselves, or go about rusty, or wear polished leather.

So much for hotels.

At a short distance outside Chicago is the great Pullman establishment, large and important enough to give a name to a town—Pullmanstown—where so many hundred hands are at work on skilled labour. In my now-coming journey to St. Paul and Minneapolis, in Minnesota, I was to make my first experience in the sleeping-cars. The long distances to be travelled over through the States, as their gigantic system of railways was pushed forward, soon made sleeping accommodation of some kind or other necessary, and great prosperity has rewarded great invention and energy. You must travel through the States to be able to appreciate the utility and vastness of this enterprise.

So on Friday afternoon, July 9th, I began to

prepare for my departure for my four hundred and fourteen miles of night journey to St. Paul; and after all the material, noise, and tumult of Chicago, I left it at last adorned with a philosophical discussion in a quarter where I least expected it. It was not very prolonged, but is worth remembering as a psychological fact. It was not held with any learned professor, but with one of the bell-boys—a well-grown black, quite in his thirties, and very intelligent—and it was inaugurated by him. I may here observe that I found the coloured race, such as I came in contact with, of a very different class from those with whom I had held so many years' acquaintance in Brazil. A great many of them seem to have imbibed some of the mental energies which belong to the white race they are among, and this man was an example. Among my luggage—or baggage, as you must always call it in the States—there were several books, and as he took them up one by one, he now and then cast a glimpse at the inside, turning now and then to ask questions about various matters. At last he took up one and asked me pointedly whether *that* was mine.

"No," I said; "that belongs to the hotel. It is a New Testament."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, sir; but I suppose it *is* your book too?"

"What do you mean?

"Why, sir, I see you haven't got one with you, but I suppose you have one at home?"

He was provoking a disquisition with an evident veneration for what he had been taught, but with an equally evident tendency (having now a free body) to that awful abomination, a free mind: or to use the true, frightful phrase—free thought. I need not, indeed cannot, remember all that passed, but I was too much entertained, though busied with my portmanteau, by many of the stalwart fellow's shrewd but timid observations to stop him. At last I said—

"Well, my good fellow, we have not much time for talking on these matters; what do you mean to say you make of it all?"

His answer was highly suggestive, particularly as coming from a negro, and might be advantageously remembered by many a preacher, particularly a volunteer one. "Well, sir, to tell you the real truth, when I try to think of all we are told by one and the other, I find I begin to get pretty considerably mixed up."

And this was my last conversation in Chicago, which served me from time to time afterwards, among other matters, to reflect on the possible future of the black race in North America.

The train left Chicago at half-past seven in the evening, and we arrived in St. Paul at eight o'clock on the Saturday morning, where I put up at the great Ryan Hotel, having had my first night's experience in the Pullman car. It seemed very strange to me, at first, to be all mixed together, male and female; but an imperative law of nature, such as sleep, very

soon puts to flight any conventional artifices, and, besides this, there is a vast deal of curtaining. Each pair of persons who occupy a given seat, side by side, take the two beds belonging to it: one is made up out of the seat, and the other is opened above; in front comes the great curtain, and when all the beds are made up, there is a curtained avenue for the night. You have the option of choosing your hour (in reason) for "going to bed." In the morning you get your turn at the two washing basins at the end of the car, with all the completeness that the jerking of the train and the agitated water will permit of. The inconveniences ought to be assuaged by the consideration that you are, at all events, not losing time. I generally took the top bed, as being furthest removed from the wheels; the only objection to this being the difficulty of getting up and down. No doubt there is a hand ladder, but it cannot be always at call, so the stout metal curtain-rail that runs along can be grasped as occasion may require for easing yourself down. It is now some few years ago that, travelling about on board ship, I was induced to sleep in pyjamas, thus being able to come up off hand on the fresh breezy deck on those many bright lovely mornings that sweeten a long ride over the sea; but I never even then found this dress so admirably convenient as I found it on board a sleeping-car!

On this occasion I was only one night on board, but I have had to pass two. By looking out a little

and speaking to the conductor, and not stickling as to whether I was the upper or the under sleeper (or say bed-occupier), I never experienced any shrinking influences as regards my companion above or under me. Once only, after having been almost assured of a whole division to myself, I was politely warned that a telegram had been received at the last "depôt" that my second berth would be required at a given spot.

"By whom?" I timidly demanded.

"By a lady," was the sentence pronounced upon me.

Nor was there any hope of escape, for there was one lady in every division, except where there were two, and where some friends of three were occupying one division among them. Vainly endeavouring to persuade myself "there was nothing in it"—nor would there have been the second time—I had not resigned myself to my impending fate, though it appeared inevitable, before we came to the dreaded station. There was the general moving about in and out, and in due time the conductor cried, or rather said, "All aboard!" This, by the way, is the only notice you get of going on. If you wait for anything like the piercing "En voitu—re messieurs, s'il vous plait!" you will be left behind, though any one of the platforms that happens to be nearest will serve to take you to your own carriage. When I came back to my seat, behold I still found myself alone, and on inquiry of the conductor, he replied with amusement—

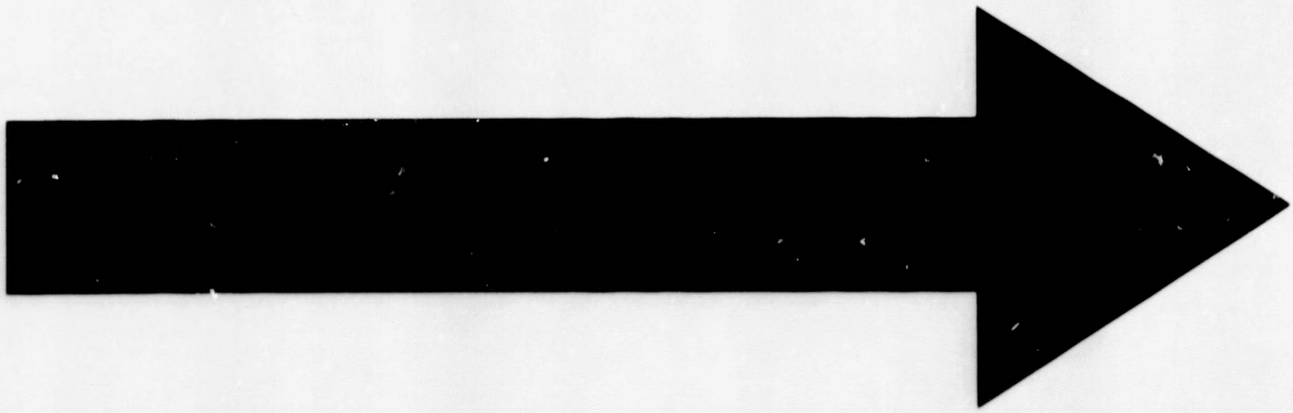
"All straight, sir; she wouldn't have it."

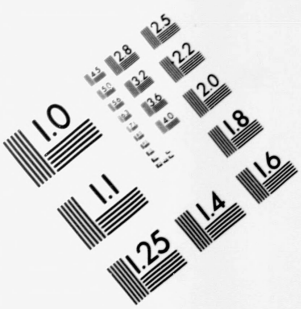
I then remembered having seen a stout, middle-aged, independent sort of female, who looked as if she could manage two or three households together, march in and march out; so that this shows that even among Americans the system does now and then find objectors. I entirely approved of that feeling on this occasion. Each was afraid of the other.

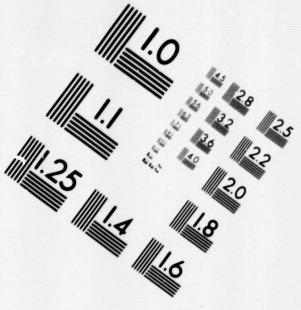
In speaking of St. Paul, I must combine with it Minneapolis, at a few miles distant, both being in the State of Minnesota; the former its capital city, and both rival and rapidly advancing cities, at rather more than fourteen hundred miles from New York. The rapidity of the growth of these two cities, as officially reported, seems incredible. In 1860, the total population of the two was but 16,222; in 1884, it had grown to little short of 200,000; when I was there, each was claiming 150,000. There are only ten miles between them, and, in spite of their rivalry, a junction is predicted of the two into one. Anything in the shape of development appears to be possible in the States. The Americans have not only introduced new modes of spelling words, but they have given them a new meaning, and a very extended one in this instance. Nature, in the States, has permitted the junction of two elements which she has been justly charged with denying in other regions: a strong race with a strong land. Here she can give all she is properly asked for, and she is tolerably sure of being asked for everything she has to give. That by-and-by she will have a great many more to give

to than she has now on her hands out here is a matter which must be left to the future to take care of. Both cities are on the Mississippi, which, in Indian language, signifies "The Father of Waters;" but it struck me that Minneapolis is the better placed of the two, because it can make more use of the mighty river than St. Paul can. I allude to the water-power at what are called the Falls of St. Anthony. It is round these falls that are constructed the gigantic flour-mills of Messrs. Pilsbury, which form the chief sight at Minneapolis, and where again figures of millions are put forward. In 1879, the millers there manipulated 7,514,364 bushels of wheat; and in 1885, the returns gave 32,112,840. Another calculation for 1885 is that the mills together are capable of delivering 33,973 barrels (of 60 lb.) per day; an amount said to be equal to the day's necessities of one-half of the population of Great Britain.

I of course visited Messrs. Pilsbury's mills, which are the largest. I contrasted the sight, the beautiful sight of grinding wheat, with that of the great pig-killing process at Chicago. All white and pure—the white against the red. Yet destruction was equally going on. The wheat had been torn from the ears, and had been ground into flour, and that flour was again about to be destroyed and turned into bread, and so forth. In short, look round on anything, however beautiful it may be, and you will trace that you have been a great destroyer to produce it. The multitudinous proceedings and the intricacies of







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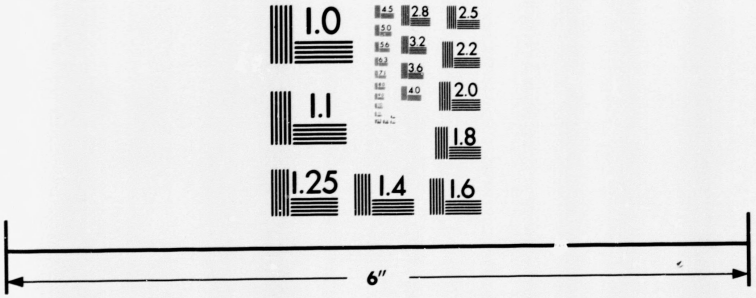

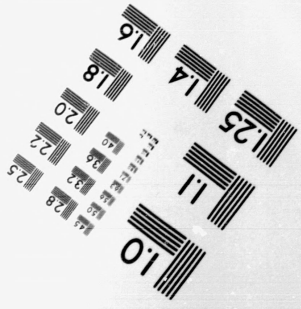

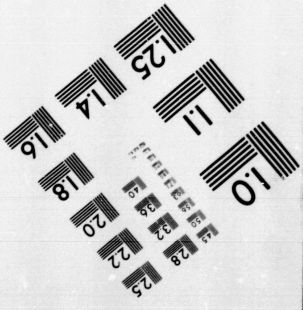

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machinery throughout could not but produce confusion by astonishment on a first visit. You often have to get rid of a great deal of initial astonishment before you can begin to comprehend.

From the flat top of the mills—and very high your elevators take you—the view is very striking. The machinery is moved by two turbines, or flat water-wheels, during summer, and by steam during winter. Large saw-mills are also planted above the falls, and seem to impede the mills' full use of them; but these are to be moved up higher, under certain new arrangements. On my asking how this could be done without loss of the water-power for the saws, I was told that in all saw-mills there is always refuse enough to provide firing for engines. Government has already laid out a good deal of money on the dam, and, in view of the vastly extended advantages yet obtainable from the river, are proposing to lay out a good deal more.

St. Paul, with all its large commerce, boasts of its ornamental buildings. On putting a quiet question on the subject at the hotel office, as to whether there was anything worth seeing, a townsman, as I suppose, blew a good thorough American trumpet-blast.

"Worth seeing? If you're going right straight round for a drive, I guess you're going to see something that you never before saw in all your life!"

This was necessarily true in a literal sense, and I was about to see it all, for a Mr. Heneage, an Englishman at the hotel, had very kindly asked me

to accompany him. We were under the guidance of the coachman, who took us to a point whence we enjoyed a fairly striking view; but what seemed to be chiefly in our coachman's mind, as it evidently was in that of my trumpeter at the hotel, were the continuous rows of the most elaborately cockney dwellings, detached and semi-detached, with gardens round, in the uselessly decorated architecture of which (and of the most original, if not chaste, character) one seemed to fancy one owner had been vying with the other in proving how much money he had to throw away on bad taste. Even our present English vulgar originalities were far surpassed, which is saying a good deal.

These two cities have been called "the twin columns of the eastern gateway to the magnificent west," extending to Portland, Washington territory, and Tacoma—a figure not much more intelligible to me here than was that of Carlyle to me at North Cape, when he calls the midnight sun "a porch-lamp of the palace of the Eternal." These figures of magniloquence are, generally speaking, nonsense. As for the two cities in question, you have to pass through both of them in a line; a not very usual sort of proceeding as regards the "columns" of a "gateway" for those who are desirous of getting through. The producing powers of the State of Minnesota, and particularly of the adjoining territory of Dacota, now claiming to be admitted as a State, are enormous, and their populations are as nothing. "Scratch the

Russian," said Napoleon, "and you will find the Tartar." "Scratch the Frenchman," said Voltaire, "and you will find the tiger." Without necessarily concurring in either phrase, if all reports are true, it might be said, "Scratch Dacota, and you will fill your granaries.' These two tracts of country, in comparison with the populations they could maintain, are practically uninhabited. According to the American almanac, Dacota, in the census of 1885, contained 415,263 inhabitants, showing an increase since 1880 of 207·19 per cent. Minnesota, in 1885, contained 1,117,798, showing an increase in the same period of 43·17 per cent. According to the "Trade and Commerce Report for Chicago" for 1885, Minnesota, on 2,753,816 acres, produced 41,307,000 bushels of wheat (which you must not call "corn" in America); and Dacota, 22,330,000 on 1,540,200 acres. Minnesota, on 705,340 acres, 23,630,000 bushels of corn (maize); and Dacota, on 465,000 acres, 13,950,000. Then follow equally surprising tables of oats, rye, and barley.

Rapidity of work must be required where production is so abundant and labour is so scanty, and this is supplied by that population with which man has peopled earth—machinery. The long processions of four-horse ploughs on wheels, each armed with double shares, and driven by a man who rides, are said to offer quite a striking scene in Dacota as they sally forth. If the illustration in the railway guide is correct, it must be something like that of a regiment of cavalry going out to

battle; and battle it is, though only to tear the earth instead of fellow-creatures. I know not how many of these ploughs work together. They start in succession, each driver following the next before him at just sufficient side-distance to make his furrows coincide, and thus a long diagonal line of ploughs is seen at work. The ground is flat, and of course entirely open, and the broad expanse offers great facility for work. It will be easily understood what vast breadths of land and prairie are thus rapidly ploughed up. Nor is the reaping less remarkable. On my way along the line, after leaving Minnesota, I was surprised by observing vast stretches of standing headless straw, with wheel-marks among it, and was informed that all this wheat had been reaped by what are called "headers." These machines are horsed and driven as are the ploughing-machines, and work after the like fashion. They are armed with horizontal knives at the level of the ears, which are thus cut off and carried along and deposited for removal.

"Then, what do you do with all this straw?"

"What *can* we do with it? We leave it standing, and plough the most of it in again."

What would our farmers at home say to this?

Thus, in these enormous wheat and corn-growing districts is the inequality of forces illustrated. Earth, in her newly discovered districts, teems with abundance where there are only few to feed, and forth goes her abundant produce to other lands, where a

kindred industry labours to support itself by the price demanded for but a small produce where there are many, perhaps too many, to supply. And this apparently must go on till the new lands are peopled as the old; for the facilities of carriage and communication increase every day, and it is impossible to hinder these. We do not appear to have anticipated the enormous consequences of this comparatively new element. Only the magic wand could bring about an immediate change—convert the millions that inhabit virgin soil into tens and hundreds of millions, and they will want their fruits for themselves. Such days must gradually overtake America, and bring her into line with the older and more crowded countries.

Such a future must be far distant; its mutterings can scarcely yet be heard; yet it is somewhat interesting to note, in passing, the real importance of this farming interest to the present wealth of the States. I take the statement from one of the New York papers, published while I was in America, that of the entire exports, 84 per cent. comes from the ground, and from mines, forests and fisheries, while only 16 per cent. is the product of machinery. The cotton of the South and the grain of the West are stated to hold a dual control over the national prosperity, the loss of both which crops for one season only would create a panic throughout Europe as well as at home.

"There are in America," says the writer, "over

four million farms, large and small. They cover nearly 300 million acres of improved land, and their total value is something like 10,000 million dollars. These figures are not, of course, comprehensible. They simply convey the idea of vastness of area and equal vastness of importance. The estimated value of the yearly product of these farms is between 2000 and 3000 millions of dollars.

"What America takes out of the ground, therefore, has much to do with the prosperity and happiness of the nation. What helps the farmer helps us all, and what hurts him hurts us all. His well tilled acres are the heart of the Republic, and each pulse drives the products of the country into every market on the planet."

Congress, it appears, has been asked to establish an experimental farm in every State and Territory.

CHAPTER V.

MINNEAPOLIS TO TACOMA—YELLOW STONE NATIONAL PARK.

I HAD thus made about my first thousand miles in the States, counting from Niagara Station to Minneapolis, and was now to make another thousand, at a run, as far as a station called Livingston, on my road to Portland, in Oregon ; for at Livingston I was to diverge south for about fifty miles, to a place called Cinnabar, in order to visit the far-famed and widely lauded "Yellow Stone National Park," in the territory of Wyoming, and just verging into that of Montana —which Wyoming, by the way, must not be confounded with Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," in Pennsylvania, "on Susquehanna's side." Accordingly I joined the train on the evening of Tuesday, the 13th of July, and took my Pullman's sleeping-car ticket, in addition to my "book," for two nights "aboard."

The famous Red River of the north, which forms the boundary between Minnesota and Dacota, was crossed in the night. This river flows northward into Lake Winnipeg, and is quite navigable ; it is the river

which gives the name to the railway scheme lately successfully opposed by the Canadian Pacific Company. The first town we came to in the morning was James Town, a town built out upon the plain prairie grass, as I have seen many villages in Russia; and thence, as before, we continued our course through vast tracks of corn and wheat country, and through Dalrymple's 87,000 acres, and Ryan's 120,000. "Elevators," or warehouses of two or three stories, and flat warehouses, were seen everywhere, containing stores of wheat and corn, etc.; and while these testified to the wealth of the growths, the cheap wooden huts, one or two half dug in the ground, with a low roof peering out, showed what mere squatters were the workmen. Bismark, the capital of Dacota, appeared at a certain distance from its station, and displayed, as its principal building, a large gaol. But this did not, of course, prove that it was either full or needful. A large alkaline lake looked ugly, and much baked prairie air and prairie dust conspired to oppress us.

Our second day (our second night having been got rid of) continued hot and dusty, and showed us an Indian camp, with the strange-looking, red-skinned, straight-haired, and curiously decked people belonging to it. We also realized live and riding "cowboys." One was standing at a station, and afterwards others were seen galloping along the plains; and as we advanced towards Livingston the snowy peaks of the Rockies stretched out in line to our left. It is on

the western boundary of Dacota that the line traverses a district that is called "Bad Lands," the remarkable features of which (highly interesting to geologists) are not to be realized by a rapid run through them, and to very few could it be worth while to stay for a separate excursion. Where we saw them from the line, they presented vast ugly masses of what looked like terra cotta, with spaces of fine grass between where cattle were feeding; and many spots were smoking, being actually on fire, said to be produced by underlying layers of lignite. This strange process of smouldering heat is supposed to have been going on for some thousand years. Their full title is, "The Bad Lands of the Little Missouri."

Soon after one o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 15th of July, we arrived at Livingston Station, whence we were to take the railway to the south, for fifty-one miles, to a place called Cinnabar; and thence we were to go eight miles by coaches to the first station of the Yellow Stone National Park. We had heard enough of it on the railway from the Union News people with their books; besides which the Company had distributed a brightly coloured map of the district, with a brightly illustrated description. This description was given in the form of a very long letter, written by "Alice" to her "Dearest Edith;" and the title to the outside was "Alice in the New Wonderland," with a charming (or intended so to be) portrait of "Alice," in gay costume, and with a fine head of hair, and a binocular in

hand. Rocks and trees made up the background, and all the capital letters were duly twisted and twirled, so as to harmonize with Wonderland.

Somehow I could not bring myself to understand what sort of sights we were going to see. Alice's descriptions were, of course, enchanting; but then, we were not to be with Alice, and perhaps did not possess so enthusiastic a mind as she. Other descriptions were no doubt grand, and an extract from one of them I must not fail to transcribe. It almost vies with that about Daniel and the lions singing the Hallelujah Chorus on Nature's pipes at Niagara. "This realm of mighty marvels, within whose boundaries Nature, in frenzied mood, has wreaked her most appalling freaks and wildest phantasies, will never cease to attract thousands of yearly tourists and wonder-seekers from all parts of the world." In short, every inducement to pay a visit was prominently put forward before the "trave-ler," and who, therefore, could refuse to stop at Livingston with a railway to Cinnabar?

I had begun a cross-questioning about it all with a very intelligent railway servant at Livingston, who was not quite so enthusiastic as charming "Alice," when he presently said—

"You should ask that gentleman standing there; he has returned only this morning."

Accordingly, while we were waiting for our train, I found occasion to broach the subject. He was still in his twenties, I should say, and therefore open to

the influence of novelty; but his first observation was not exciting—

"It is very fatiguing; you have a long way to go for everything you have to see."

That was not a good start; nor was the next step much better; for, on asking whether the Park was not as beautiful as "Alice" said it was, it became evident he did not think it was.

"Well, then," said I, "do you really, after all, think the place is worth going to see, with all the fatigue involved?"

"Um-m-m-m-m—yes," said he, in reply; "oh yes; oh! it's certainly worth going to see, and particularly as you have come so far."

And with this impression I got into the Cinnabar train.

I was not quite alone, for in the course of my yesterday's journey I had made the acquaintance of a pleasant American traveller, Mr. Foss by name, who was out for a run, and was equally bound for the Park; and we kept companionship till our return to Livingston.

This line of railway follows up the banks of the Yellow Stone River. The Northern Pacific line, it should be observed, had already run for several miles along this river, which is the most important of the tributaries of the Missouri. After leaving Livingston, you presently find yourself among the mountains, but of no very remarkable character. The chief among them is called the Electric Peak, which rises

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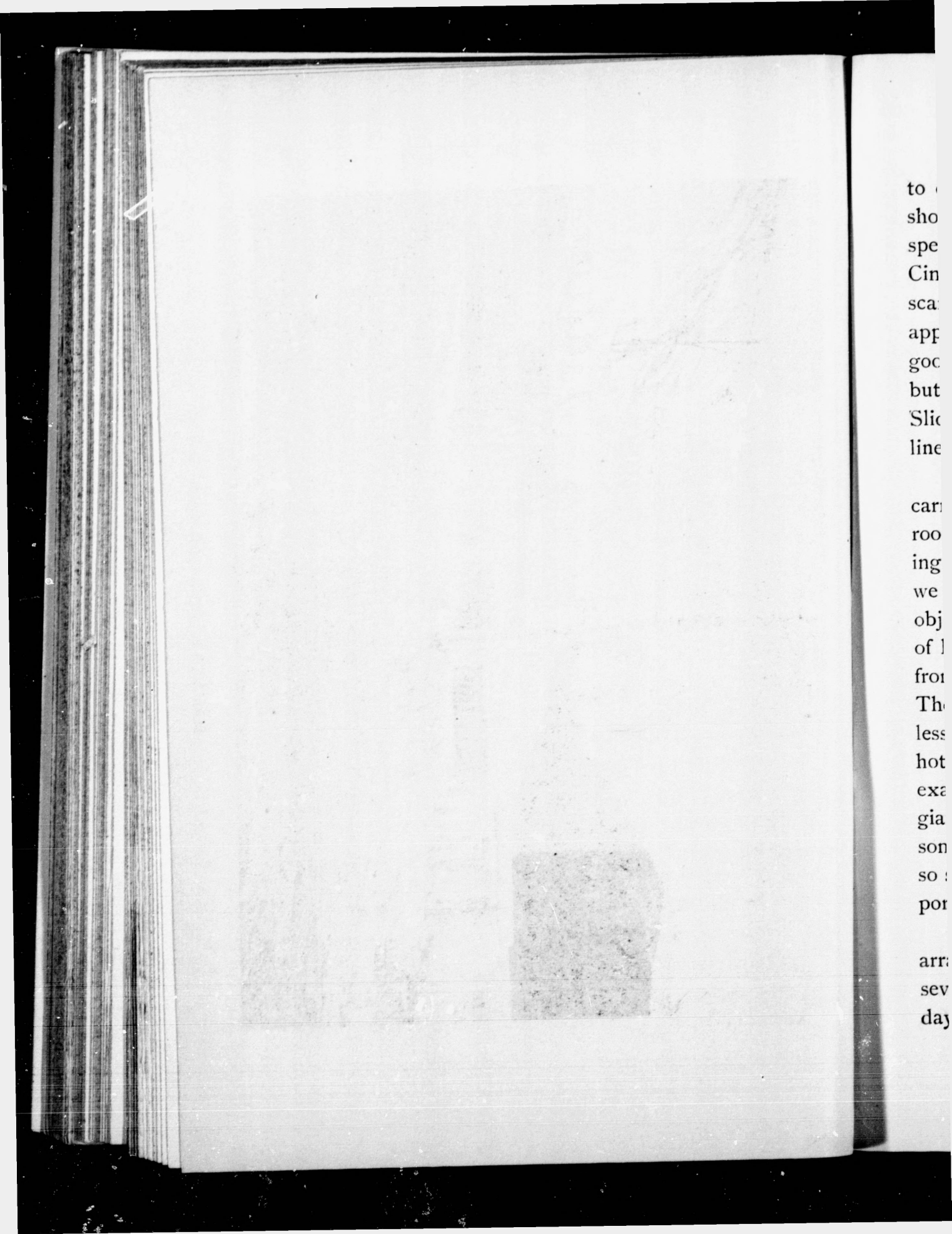

to eleven thousand feet above the sea, but, of course, shows nothing like that height from the spot I speak of, though of a rather striking form. On the Cinnabar mountain there is a strange-looking long scar from top to bottom, of no great height, and apparently a landslip. As it looks mysterious, the good people here have followed old fables, and attributed it to the Evil One. It is called "The Devil's Slide." Perhaps the most remarkable sight on the line was a most furious storm that overtook us.

At the station there was a great scramble for the carriages, and Mr. Foss and I managed to get on a roof so as to see everything. The drive was interesting but not remarkable. When we came to the hotel we were more or less among mountains, but the chief object of attention was the huge mass of carbonate of lime and magnesia, deposited through many ages from the hot springs, which still run, or rather trickle. The mass is, indeed, enormous, but somewhat shapeless and unsightly; it, in fact, gives the name to the hotel—the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel—being itself exactly that, a mammoth. We did not explore this giant till our return, but at the moment were only somewhat astonished that what we saw should look so symmetrical and so white in its photograph. But portraits are always flattering.

We found it best to fall in with the general arrangements, and to take the wide open car of several cross seats. Our "round ticket" was for six days from and back to Cinnabar, including a visit to the

Grand Cañon, or gorge, of the Yellow Stone River, and the time was best distributed by keeping to the cars. So we started on the morning of Friday, the 16th, for the upper basin of the Great Geysers, this being, as it turned out, the one only great curiosity worth the long visit, except the cañon; and whoever goes to the Yellow Stone Park must decide for himself what the real amount of interest he is likely to take in such a phenomenon. We began by a long toiling pull with our four horses, and came at last to what is called—and it is as well always to give a good name—"The Golden Gate." This represents a stream of water falling over rocks and covering them with lichens of various colours, and principally bright yellow. This object would be well worth a pleasant walk to see, but we had toiled up by a forest of insignificant pine trees, wholly uninteresting and disappointing to me and to my companion; and I will here say at once that, during the whole fifty-four miles to the Upper Geysers, only the same class of timber, all small, and many burnt barren, were to be seen, while the prairies were rough and coarse, and the hills wholly without engaging feature.

At early dinner hour we arrived at what is called Norris Basin, where we dined. Thence we went on to what is called Firehole Hotel, and here we changed everything, coachman, car, and horses. The coachman Harris, at whose side I sat, had been very civil, but had an ugly habit—it was only that of pulling a large biscuit out of his pocket and tearing off a

mouthful; but, then, that biscuit was tobacco. Of this habit by-and-by; if scarcely excusable in a Yellow Stone coachman, how abhorrent in a frequenter of drawing-rooms! Our next man—of whom anon—was called Lambert. We presently came to what are called the Lower Geysers, not worth the journey, and to what are called "The Paint-Pots," because the boiling waters in two open cauldrons are coloured by the sulphur, or what not, with which they are charged. We might have passed through what is more graphically than delicately described as Hell's Half Acre, but this was specially reserved for the next day, as we were rather late. As we came nearer and nearer to the Upper Geysers, the stunted forests showed more and more signs of having been largely burnt, and this was explained as having been an act of the so-called Indians when driven out of these fastnesses, who burned the forest behind them to prevent the pursuit of the American army.

We came to our destination at about six or perhaps seven o'clock, for supper, and, passing along part of the Great Geyser bed, stood at last on the verandah of the hotel, and had a full view of the scene before us. The enormous extent of the white formation, and the grouping of the projections whence the geysers from time to time play, must be unique in the world. All lies in front of the hotel, and it involves a very long walk to visit all the surface. The geysers, large and small, extending over this (so to speak) white territory, are said to be fifty in

number; the large ones bear the several curious names of Old Faithful, the Bee-Hive, Castle, Splendid, Grand, Giantess, Giant, Lion, Lioness and Cubs, etc., etc. But herein lies the great disappointment and drawback: they never go off altogether except in a picture. You may even lose days to see nothing but the ridiculously named "Old Faithful;" and thus the impression of this visit to what we are told is the "grandest country, spectacularly, God Almighty has made," and that it is "the Supreme Builder's own design and completion," turns out disappointing. For our own part, we were not over-fortunate; Old Faithful, of course, we saw, for he goes off every seventy minutes or so, and is scarcely five minutes from the hotel. He is the mainstay of the visit, and yet, if you want to see the others, he at last begins to be almost a sort of nuisance. For ourselves, the first thing we heard on our arrival was that the Castle had just gone off, "about an hour ago," and that the Grand had played "yesterday." On the Saturday morning we were told that the Grand and the Giant had both been playing in the night; while the Beehive was disappointing everybody, as it had never been quiet for so long an interval. All that was accorded to us was a sudden call at supper on this last day, when some one came rushing in to say the large Cub had begun, and that the little one and the Lioness were sure to follow. And so they did; but the Lioness gave little more than a growl and lay down again, while the Cubs only behaved like cubs.

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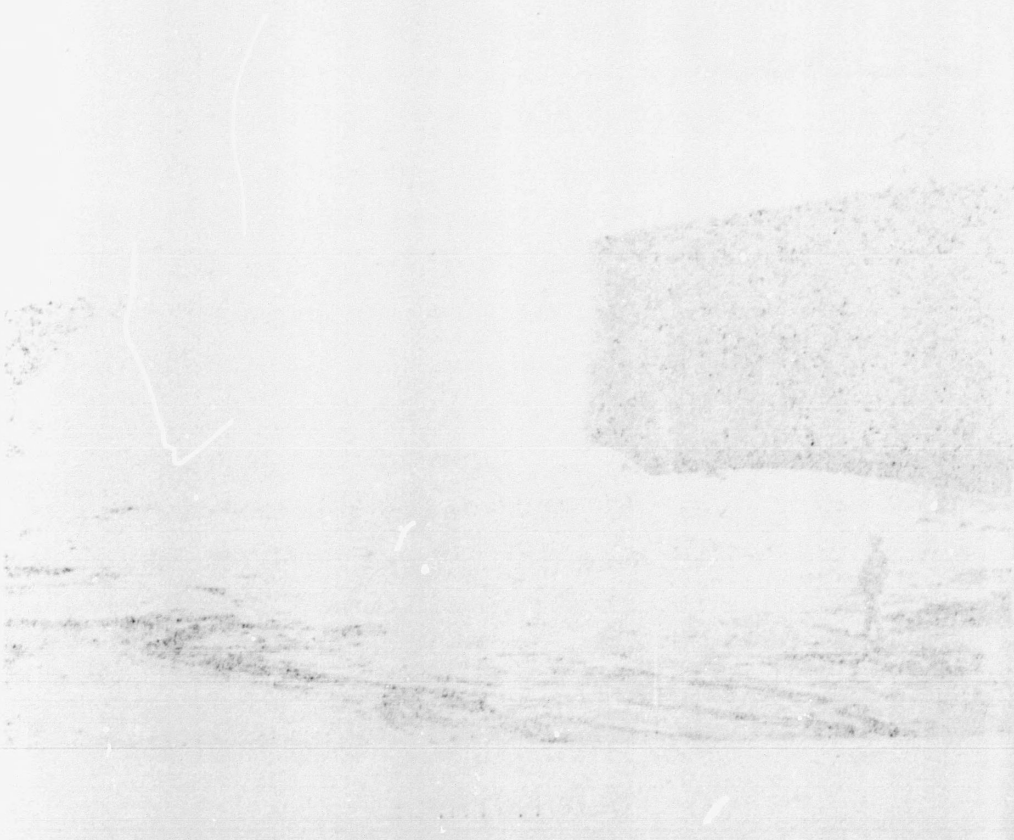

But on the afternoon of the Saturday we took a long walk over the vast formation with the deputy superintendent, Mr. Weimar, and, even without the geysers, the numerous cauldrons of water, more than boiling and clear as crystal, were most interesting and astonishing to behold. Some little movement did take place with the Castle, but not worth seeing; in the upper distance, however, Old Faithful looked remarkably well, and it so happened that one of his bursts took place just as a setting sun shone full upon him, and painted all his spray with an aërial mass of prismatic colouring.

No doubt, when you have seen one geyser you have seen all. Old Faithful rises from 120 to 150 feet, and exhibits all the characteristics of the group. Yet when you have come so far, and there might be so much to see, you naturally want to see it, or at least some decent portion of it. What a pity it is some electric current cannot be set in motion so as to set all the geysers spouting!—something like the usual dwarf at a wax-work show, who stamps his wand upon the ground and sets all the eyes a-rolling and all the chins a-chopping. But Nature gives this one severe lesson to that so great item of hers, called Man. She is utterly careless about calling attention to herself. She cares not if nobody be looking at her when she performs, and she cares not to perform when she is being stared at by Expectation.

Among those who had come at the same time as ourselves, but with his own party, was a tall man

in black, with a tall hat and narrow shirt-collar, whom I took for a "reverend" of some sort. He had seen nothing more than we had, and was going "right straight away back," without visiting the Grand Cañon, but was expressing himself as mightily pleased at "all" he had seen.

"I shall tell that to all my friends, how mighty pleased I've been."

"That man is acting up to his own preaching of content and thankfulness," I said.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Foss.

"Why didn't you hear what this parson said?"

"Parson! He's no parson; he's a railway swell, and has an interest in all our tickets to this place."

Thus was I confuted and his virtues well explained.

I remember, some many years ago, at Warwick, having been permitted to join the warm commercial room as a "foreigner," and a coxcombical little man coming in, and highly praising the tea, and talking of his "client." When he went out I said to a jolly, unaffected, redfaced linen commercial, "That man's not a lawyer."

"No such thing, sir."

"Then what does he mean by talking of his 'client'?"

"Oh, it's a foolish way he has! He's in the tea line, sir, and was praising his own goods."

Thus was tea at Warwick vaunted, and thus these disappointing geysers at Yellow Stone Park follow in the same wake. But why this ecclesiastical garb?

I understand that very warm disputes and discussions have been going on as to whether all this vast phenomenon is the result of volcanic, or only of chemical, action. Certainly the whiteness of the whole formation and the total absence of sulphur is to be noted as peculiar. One little man was there, of a dry and disputative-looking disposition, who was strongly of the chemical persuasion. He had also been much put out by the obstinate silence of the Beehive—a silence, however, which coincided with his views, as, if chemical only, the action will wear out.

"How tiresome this Beehive is," I said.

"Bah!" replied he. "The thing is done for; it will never play again."

He afterwards followed me to see Old Faithful, and while there still continued his views upon the subject, growing warmer and warmer, as if I had contradicted him, who was rather drawing him out, when suddenly the prefatory grumbling began, and the great geyser mounted, as if in derision and contradiction. This was too much for him altogether; he shook his stick and cried, "Nothing but a chemical, after all!" It appeared he was in the habit of thus holding forth to strangers. He turned away and left me, and the unabashed Old Faithful played his accustomed part and sank down for his accustomed interval of repose, certain to rise again.

Our time being now exhausted for the geysers, we started on Sunday morning, the 18th of July, for the Grand Cañon, the upper and lower Falls of the Yellow

Stone River. The weather was rainy. For this course we had to return to the Fire Hole Hotel, and ought to have seen what is called Hell's Half Acre on our way. I was inside, and Mr. Foss was on the box. How it happened I cannot say, but the coachman, Lambert, in utter violation of express arrangement, and for some unknown reason, carried us by without stopping. It was a distinct imposition, and when we arrived at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel again, we reported him by letter to the general manager, whom, however, I could not get to see. What steps were taken in the matter I know not; but I record the fact, for if travellers are liable to have these tricks played upon them by saucy coachmen, the excursion, and those who arrange it at a price, will fall into disrepute. Everybody else was very civil and obliging. This Half Acre, however, depends for its attractions upon an immense geyser which, like the rest, is very capricious in its action, while in its mere self the Half Acre cannot be otherwise than such a formation as we had already seen.

Of the drive to the cañon I cannot say more than I have done of our former one. It cost us forty-six miles, and was of the same dreary and uninteresting character. At last we came to the hotel, a wooden house in the wood. The afternoon was wet, but we mounted our ponies and rode for the river with the guide to the "points." The visit was not a satisfactory one, as more time should be allowed; but of the great beauty of the two Falls, most especially

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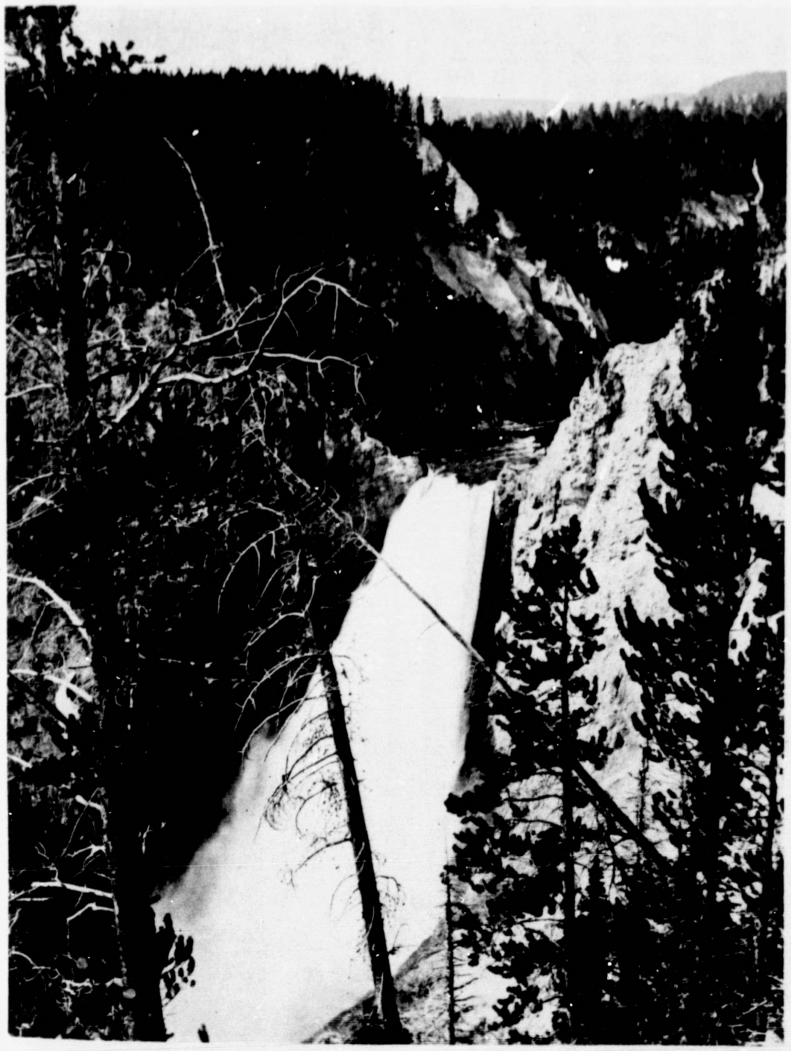


GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT FALLS.

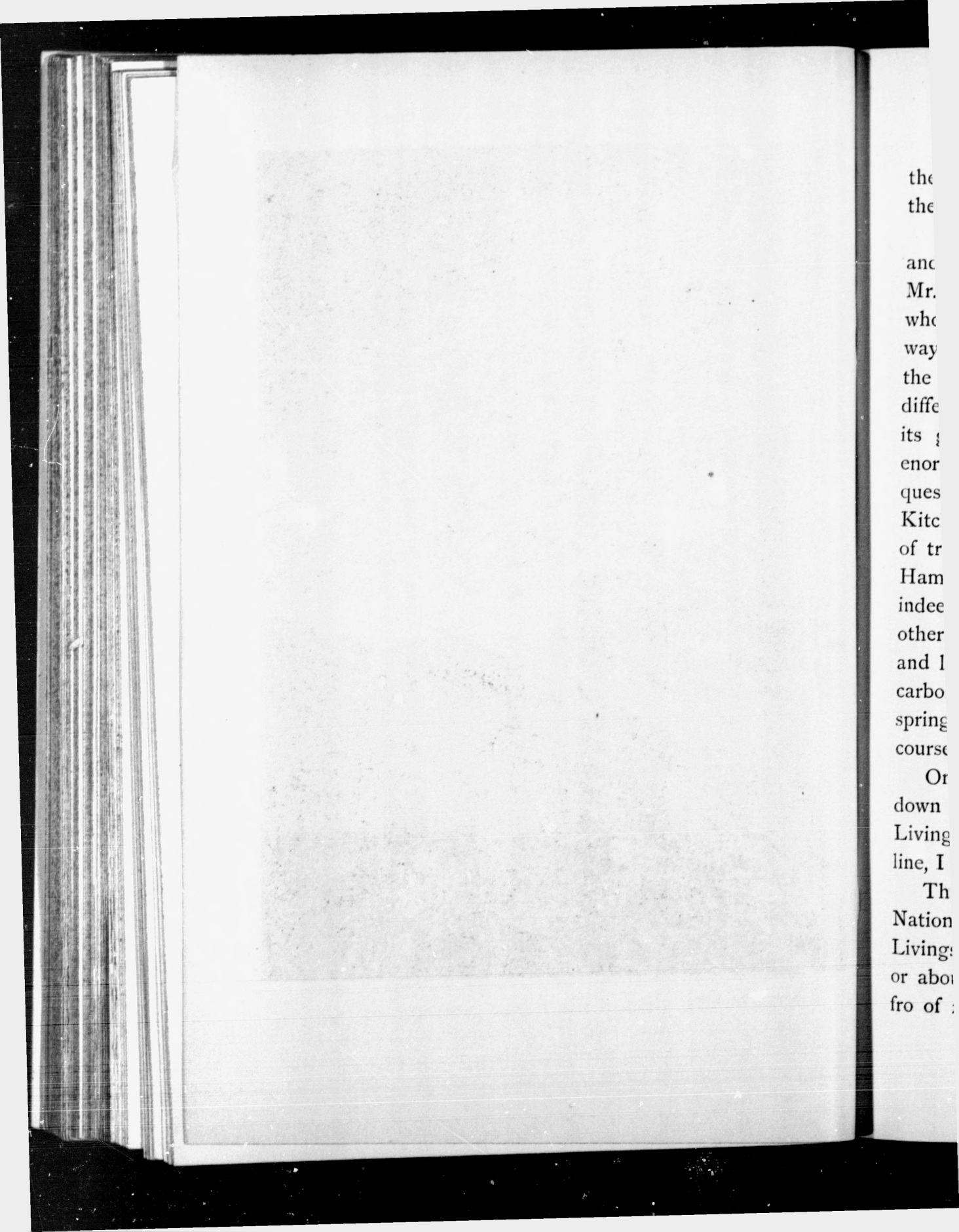
of the great Fall, there can be no question. The cañon, which is really Spanish for "a tube," consists of lofty banks on both sides of the rushing stream, composed of disintegrated rocks and earth, the precipices being some fourteen or fifteen hundred feet high, and tinted with every colour. I can give no better idea of this last particular feature than by making a comparison with the colours of little Alum Bay in the Isle of Wight. You must get off your horse and get on to projecting heads in order to look down. The views thus obtained are quite astonishing. You have a long perspective scene up stream, with the waterfall at the head, the height of which is given as 362 feet. "Inspiration Point" (an expression which is as popular as "Golden Gate" among the Americans) is the farthest point you are taken to; but, being here, I saw that a little farther on a singularly picturesque formation of integral rocks would be brought to view, and persuaded the guide to take us there, charging him thenceforth to take every one to the same spot. With a bright shining sun, with which we were not favoured, the whole variegated grandeur must be here enchanting. The rain kept interrupting us, but I could not resist drawing on the patience of Mr. Foss, who had been too patient with the saucy coachman, and at last, after a final stretch of our necks, we galloped back through the wood to the hotel. It is, indeed, altogether rather a stretch-neck piece of scenery. We did not ascend Mount Washburn, which is so much talked about, and

I feel pretty certain (at all events, according to my own ideas of viewing scenery) that you would be too high for catching the real beauties. As to the general panorama round, I cannot understand in what its enchantment can consist, considering the ugly country we had passed through, though Professor Hayden, in his report to Congress, is quoted as having written of the "throbbing heart" and "the fearless eye" and "the soul expanding" as "you look around you." The cañon itself is the speciality. However, perhaps Congress wanted waking up for the occasion of granting money for improvements, this being the object of the report.

On Monday morning, the 19th, we prepared to start in our large car for the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel again, but on coming out to take our seats, we observed that something was wrong with certain other passengers who had arrived in their own carriage. The case turned out to be that, during the night, their horses had been stolen or had strayed—a very ugly predicament indeed for people to find themselves in, and a matter which ought to be known for the caution of others.

Our twelve miles to Norris' Basin lay through a wood, the road or passage (it was not the first, and scarcely the second) having been only just cut, and full of stumps, which were outnumbered only by the mosquitos. We, however, managed to reach Norris, and thence returned to the Mammoth. I confess that, for my own part, I felt heartily glad when all

THE GRAND CAÑON—YELLOWSTONE RIVER.



these distances had been accomplished, and I was off the wheels and on my legs again.

We spent Tuesday, the 20th, at the Mammoth, and went over the huge deposit with Mr. Hornyold and Mr. Adeane, two very pleasant English travellers, who had come through America from India on their way home, and whom we had met once or twice in the Park. I don't think their estimate of it would differ greatly from my own. As regards the deposit, its great characteristic is its enormous size; it is enormous. Its beauty, however, is quite another question, or not one at all. It contains a hot "Devil's Kitchen." Mammoth is its real name. My memory of travels took me back by comparison to the baths, Hammam Meskoutine, near Bone, in Algeria. There, indeed, is beauty as well as strangeness, and among other objects one can never be obliterated—a large and lovely solid Fall, once of water, but now of solid carbonate of lime, so largely deposited from the hot springs that the waters literally stopped up their own course at last, and had to find another outlet.

On Wednesday morning, the 21st, we all went down together by coach to Cinnabar, and thence to Livingston again—my companions to join the main line, I alone for the far west still.

Thus ended the excursion to the Yellow Stone National Park. It occupied six days to and from Livingston with a round ticket, costing forty dollars, or about £8, and it involved in all a distance to and fro of 260 miles. If I were asked what I asked my

friend at Livingston before starting, I fancy the reply might be the same: "Um-m-m-m-m—yes, oh yes! it's certainly worth going to see." And this, notwithstanding the fact that, just as we were leaving, there came in a taunting telegram from above—"The Beehive is in full play."

From Livingston, accordingly, we started at 1.23 in the afternoon—I for Portland, and thence to Tacoma, for Victoria, in Vancouver's Island, another distance through of 1025 miles, being 880 miles to Portland, and 145 more to Tacoma. This involved two more nights "on board," that is to say, until after six o'clock on the evening of Friday, the 23rd. But the long journey was to be sweetened by a vast variety of very fine country, and especially by a some hours' run along the charming banks of the justly far-famed Columbia river, where it divides the two territories of Washington and Oregon, after flowing down from its far-away sources among the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia. And all through these remote western districts, while we are snatched along from beauty to beauty amidst streams and mountains with so much facility, and even comparative luxury, one's thoughts return to the two great explorers, Lewis and Clarke, who, in the now distant year of 1805, over ragged hills and rocks and precipices, over naked, sunburnt plains, hot, worn out, hungry and thirsty, and almost without resources, found their way through districts where the now comparatively pampered traveller can with ease indulge in his sport, his

curiosity, and his pleasure. For those whose object it is to loiter among imposing scenes of Nature, there is enough in Montana, Washington, and Oregon to engage attention and secure delight for months, and the two illustrated books which the Northern Pacific Railway Company put into their travellers' hands, written by Mr. Fee, of St. Paul, their general passenger agent, offer an admirably suggestive outline. This thrusting through of a railway to the shores of the Pacific was indeed a mighty enterprise ; but all, even now, is new, and the future will have a future, and again another future, before these regions will really know their powers and have made them known.

Independently, however, of being a mere wanderer among these scenes, the traveller who is whirled through them is still privileged to great enjoyment of them. If he has not dwelt minutely upon certain points and exhausted certain entire districts, he remembers at the end of his day's journey an enormous number of crowded delights, while at the same time he has had the satisfaction of being rapidly carried over stretches of country from time to time wholly uninteresting, as must occur everywhere ; and this will surely be the reflection of any one who runs through the whole course, at once, between Livingston and Tacoma.

We arrived at Helena, the capital of Montana, surrounded by its mountains, at about half-past seven in the evening. There my companions left me, and shortly afterwards daylight followed their example.

Thus we ran through the curtained night of Pullman's cars, naturally missing some of the fine scenery, the whole of which it was quite impossible to realize, until morning broke, and all was again full sunshine about a station bearing the happy name of "Paradise"—a happy valley. At Heron, however, we were put back an hour on our onward course, for we passed out of Mountain Time into Pacific Time. Thus it came to be that, after arriving there at ten minutes past ten, and staying a quarter of an hour for breakfast, we left at twenty-five minutes past nine. Let me call special attention to the scenery about the river, Clarke's Fork, and the lake called Pend d'Oreille, and take the rest for granted till we come to the choice scenery of the lower Columbia river at the Dalles, in Oregon, which we did not reach until peep of day—at half-past four on the Friday morning.

Meanwhile Thursday, the 22nd, ran on, like the train, with its heat and dust and jolting, but with well-appointed meals in the dining-cars, and pleasant passengers—all ready to oblige and full of information, and with every now and then a talk about "the old country;" for one or two had been there, and had returned well pleased with all they had seen, and with the manner in which they had been treated.

Among other passengers there was one of an evidently very inquiring and even cross-questioning mind, who, after certain casual remarks, seemed anxious to engage me in conversation, particularly on finding out that I had been to the Yellow Stone

Park, which he had not seen, but wanted to see. I could not help putting him a sort of home question as to his motives in moving about, when he declared himself to be a travelling correspondent for one of the New York papers, picking up notes on all things, seen or unseen. I told him my own opinion as already expressed, and in the course of my remarks used the word "hideous" as regarded the prairie parts, and the word "toothpicks" as regarded the pine-trees. These two expressions seemed highly to amuse him, and when I afterwards used the word "ugly," he pulled me up at once, and said—

"No, sir, no; hideous, if you please. A good word that; I like it—hideous."

Perhaps it was a strong one, but if really so, the guide-book exaggerations are to be blamed for it. Our conversation branched off into various topics. He would find, or try to find, some keen observation about everything, and had an amusing habit of screwing up his face, and winking an eye, and chuckling with enjoyment. Among other matters I mentioned to him, as belonging to the Press, the somewhat coarse mode of heading paragraphs, of which he did not seem to feel at all aware.

"Give me one," he said. "We're not so over-particular, and it is necessary to attract attention."

"Well," I replied, "in your police reports the other day I read a very funny one. A man was fined for insulting a female, and the heading was 'He hugged the wrong woman.'"

The facial twist, the winking eye, and the relishing chuckle immediately displayed themselves.

"Don't you write like that in the old country? That's spicy! Give me another."

"Butler cocks his eye."

"Good again."

One or two others of the same class followed, concerning which he more or less concurred, but still enjoyed my repetition of. But one he quite supported, and could not understand the objection. It was on the report of a case in court where an attorney had incurred the censure of the judge for his conduct of a certain suit—surely a serious subject. But what was the heading? "Judge Tulley gives an Iowa attorney a good 'going over.'" That he thought was quite "c'rrect." And of these eccentricities the American Press throughout is full. That is the point—people's attention must be attracted, and the heading is the bait, spiced for the palate. He left the train in the course of the afternoon, and I lost a very amusing companion. On bidding me good-day, he waved his hand and cried—"But remember, sir, remember—'hideous' and 'toothpicks,' 'hideous' and 'toothpicks.'" And thus, in fond appreciation, I obey him, and if he sees this book he will see these words.

At dawn on the Friday, as I have said, our train reached the Dalles, and here the grand scenery of the Columbia river begins, and lasts for some three hours, by railway. Round curves, through short tunnels,

over grand tressel bridges you are carried on, with a never-ending succession of the most impressive pictures. At the station some four or five of the passengers left us, as seems to be the fashion, to take boat upon the river itself, and rather pressed me to join them. But I declined, for, whatever the beauty of a river may be, I have long since decided for myself that if you can get a fair sloping foreground in front of you, and look down upon the bosom of the winding stream itself, illuminating all things round with that special beauty which a river peculiarly imparts, you ought not to be upon the water itself. As regards the Columbia, this is strikingly the case, for the line always runs higher than the river, and you look down upon it as a perfect object in the midst of bold and lofty surroundings. But you should be upon the platform of the car, and you should be ever ready to lean over at any given point to catch the beauties of your course. No objection can be fairly taken that you thus see only one side of the river; for the line winds about on shore, to meet the engineering difficulties of the winding stream in so serpentine a manner that you are constantly enabled to look for miles down the very centre of the current from the very spot where you stand. At the Dalles we caught sight of the snow-capped Mount Hood to our left; and further onwards, near Portland, in turn, Mounts Jefferson, Adams, and St. Helen's came into view. At Multnomah Falls station, where we arrived

at about half-past eight, the train was stopped for a certain time to allow of our walking up to the Falls, which are close by. They are well worth visiting, for they do not consist merely of a naked rush of water over a naked rock. They lie in a beautifully clothed and beautifully coloured apse of rock; the Falls are double; the highest, of seven hundred feet, descends into a lovely circular pool, the overflowings of which make the second, which roll over another dressed and variegated precipice of some hundred and sixty feet. The scene at the skirt of the wood at the bottom is exquisitely picturesque, while, to obtain a full view of the pool, an open range of wooden steps has been carefully erected so as not to interfere or offend. The Northern Pacific do well to make this special halt, but where they woefully fall short of both their duty and interest is in their neglect to put on an Observation Car at the Dalles. It is an omission that calls out loudly for remedy.

Those of us who were bound for Tacoma passed through Portland (which I afterwards visited), without stopping, and joined the train for Tacoma. Mount Adams, with all his snow, shone forth gloriously on our right in making this last journey, and we arrived at the appointed time at the large hotel at Tacoma. From this very rising, but to the stranger somewhat uninteresting town of already 8000 inhabitants, it had been my intention to start on the following day, Saturday. But there was no daily boat on that day, because at Victoria they do not like Sunday arrivals,

though they do not object to Sunday departures; and, therefore, neither thence nor hence could the return boats work on the Saturday. But on the evening of Sunday we were released, and sailed forth on Puget Sound. One object in the distance, however, there was which engaged and, indeed, monopolized my attention—Mount Tacoma. As a fine snow and glacier mountain, it stands in the very first rank of all my own mountain remembrances. Towards sunset it took on the very choicest of hues, partly owing to an atmospheric effect produced by the smoke arising from the forest fires, so frequent and so extensive in these regions at this particular period of the year. But this colouring of the air is too often deepened into gloom, and conceals rather than adorns. On my second evening, Saturday, the smoke was far too dense for the picture, and I missed my sunset gaze while sitting in the long open verandah of the hotel, yearning after the view of the Friday. This was most disappointing, but perhaps has served to render all the more vivid my one recollection of Mount Tacoma.

CHAPTER VI.

BRITISH COLUMBIA—THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

SUNDAY, the 25th of July, was a dull, heavy day, nor did the depressing view of a large, shallow salt-water lake in front of the hotel serve to enliven its hours, which hung upon us till half-past six in the evening, when we went on board the steamer for Victoria. Thus I left the States, but only to return after I had paid my visit to British Columbia. I must confess that I had not prepared myself for any fine scenery in Puget Sound, and I realized my anticipations in this respect. We passed what I should describe as merely low islands, very numerous and flat, and covered with dull dark pine trees, of no striking character in themselves. Whether the scene might have been enlivened by mountain scenery beyond, I know not, for the forest fires had spread their smoke abroad to a very disagreeable extent. We touched at Seattle on our way, and arrived at Victoria at about one o'clock in the afternoon on Monday, the 26th. Here I went to the Driard House Hotel, kept by Messrs. Redon and Hartnagel, where I found

everybody very attentive, but every room unfortunately occupied. This so happened because all the intending excursionists to Alaska were still crowded there, the expected periodical steamer not having arrived at its appointed time from Portland to take them on. Nor was it until quite towards the night that a private lodging could be found for me. Not only were the Alaska passengers a burden to the hotel, as they were, of course, to themselves, but it so happened that Sir John Macdonald was there, as well as Sir George Stephen and Mr. Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific Line. This, though an advantage in itself, contributed to the pressure of the moment; while, to soothe any impatience natural to a newly arrived traveller with his baggage, I was facetiously informed that "even the U.S. Chief Justice Waite had had to wait." While it is said that it is not unpleasant, being yourself at ease, to behold another's difficulties, this sort of feeling is not equally excited by merely knowing that you are in only equal difficulties with others, and as my—perhaps—chief object in coming to Vancouver's Island had been to course over the vast mountain ranges of the Canadian Pacific Railway, I made up my mind to get out of the pressure and to be off upon this mission as soon as possible. I therefore went to call on Mr. Alexander Munro, the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company, to whom Mr. Armitt, the secretary in London, had been good enough to give me a letter of introduction. On seeking my way there, I was labouring

under a piece of ignorance which (like so many others) travelling about has helped to remove. For forth I went with this great hunting Company's name upon my mind, expecting to find a glorious display of nothing but surpassing furs; whereas, what I found was a large storekeeper's magazine, containing almost everything, great and small. I had had no notion of the varied business carried on by this Company, nor to what extent these remote western districts were dependent on them for their manifold necessities. Mr. Munro received me with all courtesy, and, hearing of my wishes, immediately took me to the offices of the Steam Packet Company that worked to Port Moody. There I learned that Captain J. Irving, also connected with the railway, was going across on the following (Tuesday) night to meet Mr. Abbot, the general manager of the line, to whom also I held a letter, so that I immediately took my ticket to accompany him.

The whole of Tuesday being before me, I availed myself of letters which the chairman of the Hudson's Bay Company had been good enough to furnish me with, and called on Sir John Macdonald, with whom I had a long and pleasant interview, in the course of which he strongly recommended me to go as far as Calgari on the line—that is, completely through the mountain ranges, and on to the fertile plains below. The advice was excellent, and the distance six hundred and thirty miles. I don't think I did much more that whole day than gaze upon the beautiful

Olympian range of mountains, bold and sharp in outline, and of dark blue rock, decked with adorning snow. I wandered about the town, and wandered only, for there could not be much of very striking interest in Victoria, outside the interest that one must naturally take in the dawn of a far west young city, precursor of its undoubted day. The boat did not actually start till two o'clock on the Wednesday morning. I had, therefore, no more grievances to growl about as regards a settled "location," for I went on board the usual form of saloon boats out there after dinner, and passed the night in a very comfortable bed.

At about one o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Port Moody, after a passage without any incident that rests on the memory, and Captain Irving at once introduced me to Mr. Harry Abbot, who at once furnished me with a pass for Calgari. The train was also a matter of "at once," for it ran in connection with the boat, and it was a case of "Jump up, jump up!" Mr. Abbot told me, to my great content, that he and Captain Irving were coming on together the next day, and he recommended me, therefore, to stop at a place called Yale, about ninety miles on, and there wait for them to go on together to Donald, four hundred and forty-six miles, where they would stop on business. Meanwhile, my journey of to-day was brightened by the companionship of Mr. Lacey Johnson, the master mechanic of the line.

We arrived at Yale at the appointed hour, five minutes past seventeen o'clock. That is the hour

marked upon the Time Table; for the Canadian Pacific Company, in view of the long distances over which the line extends, have adopted the very sensible plan of numbering the hours all through the twenty-four, without stopping at noon to begin again. The fact is, that this last mode of counting is very puzzling in long journeys, so much so that the Northern Pacific Company and the Burlington Line have resorted to the system of printing the afternoon hours in what they call "heavy figures," the morning hours being printed in "light figures." But the system of the Canadian Line is more scientific and more convenient—a curious coincidence, by the way.

At Yale I went to the modest hotel which faces the rapidly rolling river Fraser, of which I saw more anon. On the road hither the Pitt river shows certain scenery worth observing as you pass, but you may expect more from the Fraser. Yale is now but a poor place, yet there is a good station of the Hudson's Bay Company, where I bought several small articles I stood in need of. The place (like many others) had been lively and prosperous while the railway was in course of construction, and before it was a constituted station. Since receiving its title, however, its prosperity has dwindled. During the Thursday, and until five o'clock in the evening, when I was to meet my friends from Port Moody, I walked out at some small distance to see a remarkably picturesque waterfall, at a pool at the end of a wooded gorge. The mode of getting there

was new to me. My directions were, "Go over this hill, and then go over that, till you catch sight of a flume, and then your best way is to get into the flume, and walk straight up it, till you come to the rocks and the pool, and there you will find the Fall." What is a flume? It is a very large long flat wooden trough, built on uprights at a slope, and is used for carrying down large timber by means of rushing water. When not in use, the water is diverted, and the flume is left perfectly dry. In this state I found it a by no means unpleasant path, which, when filled with rushing water bearing down rushing logs, it is easy to understand it could not well be.

Five o'clock, or rather, seventeen o'clock, came at last, and with it came Mr. Abbott and Captain Irving; and then began our journey onward to Donald. The first feature of the road was our entrance, at a short distance, into an ascending narrow gorge of the wildest possible lofty rock scenery, where we met the Fraser river tearing down below us on our right hand, a huge, frothing, hurrying, roaring mountain torrent. A certain mixture of gray strata gave a peculiar effect to the wet masses through and over which it was dashing and spreading polish. Here and there complete islands of rock opposed the waters, and again a very narrow channel chafed them into redoubled rage. Meanwhile, we puffed and snorted along with our own rattling, now in, and now out of short tunnels, realizing one of those wild scenes which are to be found on vast continents, but are

beyond the scope of our own small and modest island, and which, on railways, are rather more entertaining to the curious traveller than to the shareholder. At twenty o'clock (for, as we are on the Canadian line, you must read accordingly) we reached the Cisco station, and after passing through a short tunnel beyond, crossed the Fraser, boiling far beneath us, by a fine and daring iron bridge.

This was the first exhibition of the varied mountain and river scenery which I had come to see; nor merely to see, but also to realize, unscientifically, the amount of engineering skill, and the enterprising spirit with which this mighty line had been thrust through apparently unpracticable regions—and this not for a small distance only, but for a round six hundred miles —before reaching the level prairies. These begin with Canada proper in the neighbourhood of Calgari, and extend for some thirteen hundred miles eastward before any serious works are again encountered. One would naturally reverse this picture, and calculate from Montreal to the Rockies; but, in point of fact, the great difficulties of construction were encountered first. The line was worked from west to east, so that, instead of the streams and mountains avenging themselves on the intruders for former facilities, it was the prairies that rewarded them for having overcome the almost unparalleled obstructions of the mountain ranges.

Of these mountain ranges, the line, as it starts from Port Moody for Calgari, has to encounter no

less than four—the Cascades, the Gold Range, the Selkirks, and the Rockies; and of torrential rivers it has to encounter no less than five—the Fraser, the Thompson, the Illecillewaet (or, Raging Water), the Beaver, the Columbia, and the Kicking Horse. Though rivers are for the most part a guide to the engineer, and point out to him, like a guide, how he is to pass through by following them, yet it is necessary that this should be done with some sort of civility. Your mountain torrent gives as much trouble as it can, and often seems to say, "Follow me, if you can." There is very much of this seeming disposition among the above-named five; while as regards mountains, who are invariably surly hindrances, the above-named ranges are stalwart vindicators of their race, demanding in the Rockies, at a point called "Stephen," after Sir George Stephen, no less than a height of 5296 feet (the highest point of all), before opening a passage for the rails.

To attempt a full description of all I saw would be tedious, even if possible; and I may here candidly say, that if any intending traveller wishes to inform himself minutely upon the subject, he cannot do better than read the letters lately published by a correspondent in the *Times*, and now in brochure, wherein he will find all that can be detailed of this most remarkable railway district. I have just been reading his account, which has served to remind me vividly of my excursion, except as regards the absurdly named Kicking Horse Pass, for both

in going and coming our train passed through that district in the dark. Otherwise, I had a double opportunity as regards the rest; for in going I was in the stern car, with Mr. Abbott and Captain Irving, who put up with all my requests for particulars as Mr. Johnson had already done; and in returning, also in a stern car, I had the hind platform all to myself, my only fellow-passenger being an uncle of the late Mr. Caldecott. All, therefore, that I personally know of the Kicking Horse Pass is its name, and that I have twice passed over it in the dark. This name, by the way, seems to have been given (as many names are) from an absurd event. A certain Dr. Hector appears to have been kicked by a horse while engaged in an exploring party, and thus a noble work of art in a noble scene of nature is stamped with an ignoble name.

"How fleet is the glance of the mind!"

I am suddenly brought to "think of my own native land" in connection with this theme, where a royal incident is said to have given a name to a not noble quarter—Horsleydown. The association is by contrariety. Many years ago I was being led through that district (I believe I was still in jackets), through the astounding smells of tan yards, with their heaps of green skins, for the purpose of being shown an old-fashioned sign-board, perpetuating the incident that local legend asserts gave the original name in question. While King Charles (some say King John)

was riding through the *quondam* meadows there, his horse suddenly lay down. There the scene is painted, and thence the corrupted name springs, or is curiously supposed by some to spring.

The mind being fleet enough to get back again to the British Columbian ranges, I cannot but particularly mention the scenery about "Ross Peak Siding" and "Glacier Hotel," in the Selkirk range. It was on Friday, the 30th of July, at about half-past nine in the morning, that we began this ascent, ushered in by forests of very large pine trees, extending for many miles, and mixed with magnificent cedar trees—not the aristocratic fan-branched tree, but of another species, chiefly remarkable for vast, straight, lofty trunks. By-and-by glacier mountains began to appear, and we to ascend the great loop-line of the railway. In the lower part of this was a huge curving tressel bridge. There are five miles of loop, with a rise of about 1800 feet. When you come to the top you are at the Glacier Hotel, where we found the Company were building an extra wooden one. The mountains round are glorious; Ross Peak, Mount Hermit, Carrol Mountain, Macdonald Peak, and others, this latter (..ot too large to harmonize with the others) claiming an altitude of some 11,000 feet; while immediately in front of you, and behind the new hotel, is displayed a wide-extending glacier, by far the largest of all, and large enough to take a leading place in Switzerland. It is very easy of access, appears to be singularly free of crevasses,

and, in any well-peopled districts, would, I am sure, be constantly covered with excursionists. With all this majesty of nature surrounding you, walk back and look down into the chasm whence you have mounted. There goes the loop, folding some half-dozen times, like a long rope curving to and fro; and while I look, behold a goods train coming slowly up; and now it is passing over the largest of the many tressel bridges. What scenery could this whole scene not claim to rank with? But there are some persons, perhaps, who would rather be reading some black-letter jargon about mere brain-pictures. The summits of the Selkirk Pass I have marked as being at a height of 4300 feet.

By-and-by we come to the Beaver gorges, and, according to my notes, it is in these districts that, while that river is roaring along at a vast depth on our right, we cross one of its tributaries rushing from above, at Beaver Creek or Stony Creek, by the largest tressel bridge in the world, being 284 feet in height, and 600 feet in length. There is another even longer, but not quite so high. In short, through scenes like these, as you defiantly move along among the exciting chaos, there is a species of delight in the very confusion of the impressions that are produced, and haggling about measurements and localities appears a desecration. At last we are on the flats at Donald, and I leave my friends behind me.

Hence I started at 16 o'clock—that is, 4, by vulgar time, in the afternoon—and began the Rockies district only towards dusk in the evening. What I did see

by no means equalled what I had seen; but I will say no more, because I saw no more. We arrived at Calgari at three o'clock in the morning, on Saturday, the 31st of July.

And now, if Calgari by-and-by becomes a large city, I shall be able to say (if still alive) that I saw it in its very beginnings. I have certainly seen, in reality, a city trying to begin, and already the hotel, only partly built, is called "The Royal." There is also a newspaper, and there are stores. Plenty of the well-known corrugated iron is converted into use, if not beauty. I verily believe, from all I could gather, that this spot, situated as it is in the north-west of Canada, with almost unbounded capacities for corn and cattle around, is destined to become the focus of an immense thriving population. The grazing lands are spoken of as embracing four thousand square miles. Cattle already abound. The beef I ate from the rude kitchen was excellent. Americans are coming in to secure land, and on the very day I was there one of them arrived for the purpose of "locating" five hundred horses. They have not yet any great building which they call their Law Courts, and if they cannot have anything better than the cumbrous and inconvenient lump of ugliness that now adorns the neighbourhood of our Temple Bar, God forbid they ever should have!

I naturally did not stay long at Calgari, but took the return train, the time of which—23 o'clock—I could not control; and therefore, as before observed,

I again passed the Rockies in the dark. No scene suffered by the repetition, and that of the Glacier Station showed to greater advantage in returning. On the Sunday night we saw vast stretches of the pine forests in flames, showing fire such as turpentine can produce ; and in the course of the afternoon, being startled by a sudden furnace heat that came upon us, we presently found ourselves flying by a large burning cord of wood at the roadside. These blazing masses are very dangerous, and on one occasion some of the Company's cars were burned from this cause. The number of snowsheds, as so many of us have seen them in the Italian Passes, also struck me on my return ; not so much so, however, as the number that would to all appearances be still required. The line, also, from Port Moody to Savonas, which the Dominion Government had constructed by way of a subsidy, looked very loose and ragged in many of its cuttings, and would not, in that state, have been accepted of a contractor by any engineer. No doubt all this will be set right. A line is not made till it is finished according to all the rules of slopes, etc., which constitute safety. Since I was there the railway has been finally completed to Vancouver Town, its natural and necessary terminus, at a distance of 2900 and odd miles from Montreal. Here a late fire has afforded an opportunity of building in a becoming manner what will now be called the "Terminal City." Here, also, there is a fine and protected roadstead, surely soon to appear full of the life of commerce ; nor shall

I forget in connection with this subject that I saw the first cargo of tea from the east (their west) pass up the line in two separate goods trains, the greater part of which, I was informed to my surprise, was destined for New York. On the evening of Monday I came as far as Port Hammond, and passed a bright, quiet evening on the pretty Fraser river down to New Westminster. On Tuesday morning, the 3rd of August, I took the boat at seven o'clock, and we arrived at Victoria at about two in the afternoon, with a fine stream to run us down.

At Victoria I, of course, found all the Alaska party long gone away, and plenty of room at the hotel, where every attention and civility were paid. But Victoria is not yet old enough to offer such house accommodation as is to be found at the Montreal hotel. In this respect the traveller experiences a great falling off in more cases than one. Victoria, however, must be allowed time to grow. She has hitherto been comparatively unknown; but the Canadian Pacific Railway being now open throughout, and intercourse with the States through their north-western ports being certain to become important, a few years only should serve to create a large and prosperous city, with which a visitor of to-day, returning after an interval, would find it difficult to associate the mere infancy of to-day.

It was at Victoria that I first found the Chinese doing all the service of the hotel, instead of the negro. They are very quiet and attentive, and, among the

very mixed population of Victoria, form an important feature in all domestic requirements. That their presence should excite jealousies is very natural, but there is room for all.

It is curious to note that this Vancouver's Island, though more distant than the mainland of British Columbia, was constituted a colony nine years before the latter, the two dates being 1849 and 1858. In 1866 they were united under the name of British Columbia. This title is still held, but in 1871 the whole district, extending on the mainland of the eastern ridges of the Rockies, became a province of Canada. In a pamphlet, full of information, published by the Dominion Government, British Columbia is called "The western face of Canada." It has a coast line of about six hundred miles on the Pacific Ocean, comprising innumerable bays, harbours, and inlets, with an area of 341,305 square miles; it also enjoys a fine climate. The dimensions of Vancouver's Island (so named from the navigator, George Vancouver, who had served as a midshipman under the famous Captain Cook) are given as of three hundred miles in length, with an average breadth of sixty miles, containing an area of about 20,000 square miles. Minerals of all sorts form the chief resource of the province, and a few days after I left, the island railway to Nanaima, about seventy-five miles distant on the eastern coast, where the principal coal pits are worked, was inaugurated in the presence of Sir John Macdonald. In quality the Vancouver Island bituminous

coal is said to be superior for all practical purposes to any other on the Pacific coast; so much so that nearly two-thirds of the sea-borne Pacific coast coals received annually at San Francisco are from Vancouver's Island. An interesting excursion may be made from Victoria to the harbour of Esquimault, to the west of Victoria, used from time to time as a British naval station; and on Thursday, the 4th of August, all was alive there with a great holiday, when many of the natives displayed their pastimes, manners and capacities.

I did not leave Victoria before Tuesday, the 10th of August, but should not have stayed so many days except from a desire to accompany the next excursion to Alaska. The periodical boats start from Portland, and the company have an office at Victoria, where they always touch. But I soon found it was a sort of "touch and go" whether you could rely on any exact information there; in short, I gave up this little "voyage of discovery" as being very profitless and misleading, and commenced telegraphing to Portland. Even so, I soon found that, under the circumstances then existing, the only mode of ensuring a cabin to Alaska was not only by taking it *from* Portland, but by taking it *at* Portland. I do not care to record all the "to's and fro's," but such was my desire to visit that arctic scene of solitude and silence, and to realize the stupendous and imposing glaciers that adorn its ocean, that I would not abandon my hope until the last. And at the last

there came a telegram to say that a certain cabin had been reserved for me, with the words added, "Speak to the purser."

On the 10th the *Ancon* arrived, and forthwith I went down to "speak to the purser."

"You have a cabin reserved for me," I said.

"Yes, sir, I have," said the purser. So far, so good; but he also added words, "But I don't think you'll like it."

This from the purser himself rather shot through me. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, sir, it is very small, and close to the paddles."

"Can I see it?"

"Oh yes; but not at the present moment, for it's full of our potatoes!"

Imagine the scene! All he could say more was that, if I would wait till we were out at sea, he would try (but could not promise) to do better for me. The thought would have immediately come to any one that if I trusted to that sort of speculation I might find myself "at sea" in a double sense when it was too late to retreat, so I flung up Alaska altogether, telegraphed to Portland that their potato-cabin was an insult, and began to think more definitely of what had been smouldering in my mind—a visit to the Sandwich Islands instead. To this I had been moved yet a little more and more by conversations with Mr. Hutchinson, an American merchant of San Francisco, who had been there some years pre-

viously, and who had given me the encouraging information that the passage was one of only seven days from San Francisco, whereas I had supposed it to last a fortnight. Within the next hour, therefore, my ticket was taken for that night back to Tacoma, on my road to Portland, and I was bound for the Islands. Returning to the hotel, and further conferring with Mr. Hutchinson on my resolution, he at once suggested that I should wait for his return to San Francisco in ten days or a fortnight, when he would be able to give me letters of introduction. As I should not require ten days to see San Francisco, and as I was measuring out my time so as to be able to visit the New England States during the glories of their autumnal foliage, I settled to make my excursion to the Yo Semite Valley before Mr. Hutchinson's arrival, and he accordingly furnished me with a letter to Mr. Miller, of the "Yo Semite Tour Co."

During the few days I was at Victoria I had an opportunity of making various acquaintances, and among the number that of Mr. McLagan, of the Victoria *Times*. I had also the opportunity of another interview with Sir John Macdonald, and was, moreover, fortunate enough to meet Sir George Stephen and Mr. Van Horne, President and Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Company, to whom I had letters for delivery at Montreal, but they were absent when I was there. Their views of the future of the line were bright, and were confidently expressed,

and they both seemed to me to be large-headed men (particularly the latter), who understood what they had been doing, and what they were going to do. Hope is apt to be too speculative, but distrust is very far indeed from being always wisdom. The world could never get on with only that sort of wisdom; and, for my own part, I could not leave Victoria without feeling instinctively certain that there is to be an active and extensive development in the near future of these now newly-awakened districts of the globe. We call them remote, but remote from what? From ourselves; but we likewise were once called remote. Who does not remember the old Virgilian line?—

"Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos."

Yet we have since grown into wealth and power which were never so much as dreamed of by those who scarce would recognize us. If, then, Berkeley's theory, that the "course of empire" is moving westward, be realized, and the vast continent of North America come to be occupied by as many hundreds of millions as it could support, may it not also come to pass that Europe may be spoken of as the remote? But with all the present and still growing appliances for extending and quickening means of carriage and communication, the word "remote" will never again bear its older meaning; and the distances on this earth-ball (as the Germans call it, though, after all, it is more of a water-ball) will be practically so diminished that we shall be enabled more clearly to

comprehend the very insignificant speck indeed which it can present to its sun's really remote eye. And since my visit a grand step has been taken by the English Government, in the establishment, with a grant of State aid, of an Empire mail route to our East by the Canadian Pacific Railway—"The Queen's Highway from Ocean to Ocean"—whereby an immense commercial current will be eventually poured through these regions.

I went on board the Tacoma boat at about ten o'clock at night of the Tuesday, for it was to leave at six o'clock the next morning, which it did, and I found myself at Tacoma again at about five in the afternoon. The next morning's train left at 7.20, against which I had nothing to say, for the forest fires completely shrouded the Tacoma mountain, of which literally nothing could be seen. But there is a certain disappointment in getting up at a bustling hour of the morning for only a slow train; and the one to Portland was a very slow one, besides stopping at every station. Many of these stations evidenced a totally new country. They were cut out from forests, and what houses were visible were built on grass plains. A good deal of marsh land was visible, and signs of high-water floods. Meanwhile, imagination might indulge itself by ranging among the dark surrounding solitudes. As we approached Portland the river scenery became very impressive. We ran along the Cowlitz, and crossed the Columbia—here sometimes called the Oregon—at the junction of the two,

where a mighty breast of waters was spread before us. Then, running on to Portland over many low tressel-bridges and amid much lumber, we came to that city on the banks of another great tributary of the Columbia—the Willamette—which waters the great Willamette valley, the largest valley in the State. At about twelve miles above the confluence with the Columbia, on the west bank, Portland is finely situated, and no other city can more vividly exemplify the effects of railway development. In the year 1870 it contained a population of only 1100; by 1880, as a result of the construction of the eastern section of the Northern Pacific line, and the approaching completion of the great transcontinental system, the number had increased to 23,000. But in 1883 the population was given as nearly 40,000. Although one hundred miles from the coast, Portland is virtually a seaport, and vessels of 3000 tons may be seen loading at its wharfs; and in the busy season a perfect fleet of merchantmen is employed in shipping the great wheat crop of Oregon to Europe. The trade in tinned salmon from the Columbia is also very large; but, considering the immense destruction that is going on amidst the almost fabulous abundance of this fish in all these western waters, it seems possible that this item of commerce may not be continuously so extensive. Its position is attractive and picturesque. "It is a novel experience," writes Mr. Fee in his pamphlet, from which some of these particulars are taken, "to stand in the primæval forest which hugs the city

closely on all sides, and look down upon the bustling activity of trade and pleasure. Here are the tall pines and the dark thicket; there the masts, the smoky chimneys, and the dusty streets." From Robinson's Hill the view comprises the rivers and all the five mountains: Mounts Jefferson and Hood, in Oregon, and, to the north, Mounts Adams and St. Helen's, with Tacoma at a greater distance. There are many resident thriving merchants, whose villas bespeak their wealth and adorn the suburbs. The climate is commendable as partaking of the softness of the Pacific, in contrast with the harshness of the Atlantic Ocean; and it is customary to compare the two Portlands in this respect. Portland in Maine is of rather a lower latitude than Portland in Oregon, the former standing at about 43° north, and the latter at about 46°. But the difference between the two climates, in favour of the latter, is so marked, and was so often mentioned to me, that I offered the following distich:—

> While Portland, Maine, lies wrapt in snow,
> In Portland, Oregon, the roses blow.

The boat for San Francisco, *The State of California*, was to start at midnight on Friday, the 13th of August, and I left my hotel accordingly—the Esmond—at something earlier than that ghostly hour to get on board and go to bed. The morning of Saturday was fine, and we soon came to Astoria, where we stayed for some time, in order to ship a large cargo of tinned salmon. Here associations immediately arose con-

nected with all the events of 1811, recounted by Washington Irving in his "Astoria"—of the original founding of it under the mission of John Jacob Astor, in connection with the fur trade; of the dreadful fate of Captain Thorn and his crew off a place called Neweetee, in Vancouver's Island; and the subsequent blowing up of the *Tonquin*, crowded with natives, by Mr. Lewis, who himself fell a voluntary self-victim in the explosion. On this spot, finally agreed upon, Astoria was founded, under great difficulties and dangers, by McDougal, who obtained the title among the native tribes, "the Great Small-pox Chief," from his having successfully threatened to let the small-pox out of a bottle, which he produced, if they showed any hostility, the loss of the *Tonquin* having greatly tempted them to attack. Here, then, Astoria was founded, and here it has grown in trade to what it appears to-day. This tinning trade in salmon recalls in some sort the pork trade in Chicago, in connection with the vast slaughter of salmon that takes place, and the rapidity of the tinning. There are several tinning establishments along this lower part of the river, which presents no features in scenery that can be spoken of in comparison with those above. Washington Irving copies from the second volume of Lewis and Clarke's work an account of how the natives dried and packed their fish, the drying reminding me of what I had seen in Norway; but the figures of to-day appear fabulous. For example, I was told that in 1881, 600,000 boxes were shipped,

each containing 40 tins, and each tin 8 lbs., so that in all there were 24,000,000 tins, and 192,000,000 lbs. of salmon. What is to become of the salmon? At our own halt I thought we should never end taking in boxes, but was told that the last season had been a poor one, and that our cargo was but small!

Our passage down to Frisco (for thus is the sacred name of the Saint Francisco irreverently, though conveniently, vulgarized) lasted us till seven o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 16th of August. Our vessel trembled and shook to an unpleasant degree; but this, we were informed, was owing to the great strength of her engines, a quality not reasonably to be complained of;—otherwise it was without event.

The meeting of certain steamers, however, was an important feature of the passage, both in itself and in the reflections it gave rise to. We had been warned that large holiday parties of what is called The Grand Army were visiting California, and tnat we might find ourselves "crowded out." In every sense, therefore, we were delighted to be meeting boatfuls of these warriors, and quite sincerely responded to their retreating cheers. This Grand Army is a remarkable institution. It is composed exclusively of those who fought for the North in the late War of Secession, and has been constantly increasing in numbers, amounting now (I was told) to some 250,000. Yet, I was assured, no animosities are thus kept alive; on the contrary, good feeling seems to grow; and the following remarkable notice from Philadelphia, taken from the

Times of the 5th of July, 1887, strongly testifies to this fact:—

"The 4th of July has been celebrated with the usual patriotic demonstrations throughout the United States. A special feature of the celebration was a reunion of Federal and Confederate soldiers on the Gettysburg battle-field, the occasion being the dedication of monuments marking the positions on the field where the Philadelphia brigade of the Union troops met and repulsed Pickett's charge. Eight hundred survivors of the Philadelphia brigade and three hundred survivors of Pickett's charging column met on the field, where many thousands of spectators had assembled, and held joint ceremonies, each side testifying to the burial of animosities. Mrs. Pickett came with her husband's troops. The festivities were continued all day, both organizations being encamped on the field."

Hence it would appear that North and South both combine in this leading sentiment of to-day—Union before all things.

CHAPTER VII.

SAN FRANCISCO—YO SEMITE—MARIPOSA.

BUT if the absence of the Grand Army Detachments was a relief, the presence of something else was a great disappointment to me; for on rounding to enter San Francisco bay by the "Golden Gate"—that frequent, but here fairly applied, title—we found everything (as too often happens) in fog, and I was consequently deprived of realizing what every one describes as a very grand entrance.

The Palace Hotel is the leading one of the city and it is built like a palace. I found here the best bedrooms and baths in all the States, and, let me add, the best shoe-cleaning, though always at the standard price. Chinese were again the serving-men for the rooms. On entering the large centre quadrangle, you survey all the galleries of the inside rooms to the very top. These are all let at a lower figure by a dollar than the outside ones, for one of which, with bath, etc., I believe I paid five dollars a day, board and lodging included. So up in the elevator you go, and your baggage follows. But first, as usual, your name is

entered at the large open bar called the office, where everybody is "glad to see you, sir."

This hotel was built by a very enterprising man of the name of Ralston. He was a great speculator, and a man of high notions. His hotel shows that what he undertook to do he had the disposition to do well, and he appears to have been much respected. But he overreached himself at last, and his end was not a happy one. He has left a fine establishment behind him, which will maintain its character through many a year's increasing importance of this surprising city.

My first step was to find out Mr. Miller, of the Yo Semite, which was not difficult, for his office was but a few paces off, at the corner of the great long street called Market Street, and my first surprise was to see the number of tramcars in the wide space opposite, crossing and recrossing according to their rails, and all worked on the underground chain system. It had a most dangerous appearance, but accidents are rarely heard of. This system, I shortly came to know, is wonderfully extensive in Frisco and the suburbs, and I had the opportunity of riding out, for even several miles, up hill and down at the same uniform pace, curiously doubting now and then whether a sharp incline might not be dangerous. In no other city of the world is this system so widely adopted as at Frisco. At the Yo Semite office I found Mr. Miller, and took the usual round ticket for six days at some reasonable price which I forget; and I also went down the long Market Street to the steam-

packet office, and secured a berth for the Hawaiian Islands, to start on the 28th of August, which would give Mr. Hutchinson plenty of time to appear.

Now, the Chinese form a very important element in the population of Frisco, so three of us at the hotel arranged, with a police guide, to visit their quarters on Monday evening, the 16th. The first scene we realized was their theatre, where we paid four "bits" (the audience pay two), and were taken on to the stage, thus finding ourselves standing almost among the actors, and with a full view of the whole house. It was crowded. Now, a large mass of faces is always a curious picture to look at, but a large mass of Chinese faces was most particularly curious. The general appearance was, at first sight, one rather of stolidity, partly arising perhaps from the small eyes of the race, and the sort of absent look that attends them, to which add the flatness and yellowness of the countenance. But now and then a Chinese laugh showed that these faces were quite alive to what was being offered them for their amusement, and, what is more, we were told that they are really very critical and exacting as to what they get for their money. The performance was most extraordinary. Only one woman acted among the six or eight; for the rest, males appeared for both sexes. The faces were highly painted, and the voices entirely put on, sounding in high and rather squeaking notes. Meanwhile, there was plenty of jocose gesture, but not much movement. Singing in low notes went on almost the whole time

behind the actors, and there was a continuous accompaniment, also in a low key, of softly clanging cymbals, small drums, and half-mute violins, and there was no change of scene. The dresses were very handsome, and on being admitted into their Green Room we found some really splendid specimens, and of great value, all of which had been worked in China and imported. The whole scene and mode of performance were most extraordinary—an impression intensified by the fact that we had not the remotest notion of what was going on. We were informed that the best actors get their thousand dollars, or about two hundred guineas a year. They live below—an arrangement which made one tremble to think of, for the passages are tortuous and the structure entirely of wood.

Having satisfied our curiosity as to this exhibition, which we were given to understand we could have been permitted thus to witness only under the guidance of the police, we were then taken to the opium dens. If the wooden passages in the theatre were intricate, what shall be said of these? and if the aspect of the theatrical actors was extraordinary, what shall be said of that of the opium actors and of their dwellings? All were in unventilated and crowded places—even, say, holes and corners—in wooden divisions, each belonging to each, and lighted only by the candle that served them for melting and burning their opium. Some were fairly enjoying themselves under the best of these conditions; but others (perhaps not less enjoying themselves) were

doubled up like shrivelled rabbits in a hutch. The process of enjoyment was curious. The prepared opium is softened in the candle, and then pushed through a very small pin-hole at the top of the pipe's bowl by a needle. When full, the pipe is taken into the mouth, the hole applied to the candle, and every atom of smoke drawn closely down into the lungs by successive breathings. There it remains, till it comes out again like smoke from a volcano. This process is continued *ad libitum*, and the filling of the pipe takes much more time than the smoking: consumption is diversified with preparation. The enjoyment is intense, and many appear to the stranger as lost to everything else (as some older hands are), who, nevertheless, can work well and gain money when not lying curled up and given over to their strange delights. We were quite satisfied when we retraced our steps through the close wooden labyrinths, and I could not but reflect on what these places must be on hot nights, for our night was cold, with one of Frisco's well-known fogs.

Hence we were taken to a very opposite scene—to the really magnificent chief Chinese restaurants. The deep and elaborate gilded carvings which adorn these interiors all come from China; framed marbles of curious veinings, handsome wooden and inlaid tables, are plentiful, and the dinners that are sometimes given to friends were described to us as costly and luxurious; for there are many wealthy Chinese in Frisco among the merchants. At one of these re-

staurants we had a Chinese tea—green tea, and of the most delicate flavour I remember to have ever tasted—except on one certain special occasion, by the way, and that in London, after dining with a China merchant. Here we felt ourselves in China. There was sugar, but no vulgar milk, and no vulgar teapot—begging that most respectable article's pardon for the momentary slight. All was of the finest china. Then in what was the tea made? It was made as we make it in the teapot, but in a rather large elegantly shaped china basin, covered over with what looked like an inverted saucer, of course of the same ware. When ready, the Chinaman took the basin gracefully in his hand, and, pressing down the cover with one finger, made an opening, and poured out the tea into the cups. He offered us something to eat, but as the Chinese cannot pronounce the *r*, he called it "blead." We all agreed, however, that the flavour of the tea was too delicate to be interrupted by any other; and, indeed, the really true tea-drinker would not have permitted even the small intrusion of sugar that we indulged in.

The Chinese of all grades are numerous in Frisco; in short, the American government have at last placed restriction on their importation. They are said to number 35,000 in all, and we were credibly informed, of what seemed incredible, that there are not even a thousand women among the number. Certain it is, however, that I saw only two mothers with their infants among all. The lower classes live

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Copied from Appleton's Guide.

economically, except as regards those who indulge in opium, and their habit, in general, is to keep sending their money to China until they can afford to follow it. They crowd together in their dwellings. I scarcely could believe our guide when he pointed out a large house—it was a large one—and assured us that two thousand of them found means of living there. In the common eating-houses their eating is not elegant in appearance; and one of them, at the signifying of my request, exhibited the mode of eating his basin of rice with chop-sticks. The process would not teach me to like rice. Their shops are enticing, and we were tempted to buy some small scarfs and handkerchiefs of Kwong Shew Lun and Co. I must not omit to add that we were also admitted to their Joss House—a small interior, with a figure of Confucius, before whom, as in other and later religions, candles were burning, and incense—in this case from the joss-stick—was smoking.

And now for YO SEMITE—a name which was given to the Great Waterfall by the indigenes, and is said to mean "The large grizzly bear." Hence the name of the valley—Yo Semite Valley, which here, and here only, I write thus to secure the proper pronunciation.

We started at half-past three o'clock on Wednesday, the 18th of August, across the bay, and took the railway to a place called Berenda, where we stopped for the night, and slept in a Pullman stand-still car. At half-past six on Thursday we continued our railway course to Raymond, where we found a meagre breakfast, and mounted the open-seated four-in-hand

car, low-built, with a roof, that was to take us on to the Valley. Our length of railway, through a totally uninteresting and somewhat dusty country, was two hundred miles, and our first day's journey in the car was to be thirty-four miles farther, to Clark's Hotel, kept by Mr. Washbourne. Our car was large, and our party of excursionists consisted of some dozen or so, all of whom, I think, found room on the several cross benches; but I am not quite sure that two young Dutchmen, who intensely enjoyed everything, and whom I christened, to their amusement, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, were not upon a second car. All the rest were Americans, who christened me in turn, calling me "England." As we were all a very pleasant party, I shall put down the names as they were entered at Clark's. There was the relationship of father and daughter and, I believe, niece or young friend, among them, and these two young ladies kept up an unceasing chaff with "England" all through. The rest were of the older stamp, with whom "Time" was *beginning* "to grow familiar."

The first half of our road was dull and fearfully dusty, of which latter character I had been forewarned. Merely dry, stunted growths of the evergreen oak helped to monotonize the scene; but by-and-by the forest grew upon us, or rather, we entered it by degrees, and we reached a height of 5200 feet before getting down to Clark's. This drive down was somewhat exciting, for we went at full pace, and swept round the zigzag curves now and then, to the

alarm of some of us; but it was evident that our centre of gravity lay very low, and that our skilled coachman, George Monro, and his horses too, had been always doing the same. To have attempted anything of the kind with the top hamper of our old four-horse coaches, loaded outside, would have been to have produced the effect of tilting a loaded wheelbarrow.

We passed the night at Clark's, arriving there at evening, and here the names were entered thus: D. H. Jacob, J. S. Maxwell, Waldo S. Harwood, C. C. Park, Lissie Park, Carrie Headley, W. H. Park, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, H. J. Coster and friend (Amsterdam and Rotterdam), and must speak for themselves. But among the number I particularly remember a good lady who was a great appreciator of scenery, and was often pointing out scenes and objects well worthy of observation, whom I used to call, in my own thoughts, the Matron.

Now, it is from this same Clark's Hotel that a forenoon's excursion is made to see "the Big Trees" at Mariposa Grove. I had supposed, with others, that these were to be found in the Valley—but it is no such thing. They lie some few miles away from this spot, in quite a different direction. We did not visit them on going, so that on the morning of Friday, the 20th of August, we continued our journey for another twenty-six miles to the Valley. In this day's course we reached a height of 6300 feet, and the forest was fine, but somewhat monotonous. It may readily be understood that our mileage per hour was not very great

with these heights to reach, though counted, of course, from the sea; and change of horses were from time to time necessary. Of these I happen to remember one more than any of the others from a curious incident. We met the return car coming back, and one of our party, having gone to see whether he could recognize any one upon it, came back presently with quick, indignant steps.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Didn't you hear that fellow behind? He looked me full in the face, and said, 'Here you are! More fools, more fools, more fools!'"

So that was his idea of what he had made of himself by the excursion, and no wonder our co-passenger was somewhat thrown off his equilibrium.

It was on one or the other of these two days, also, that I was made acquainted with the mining meaning of two words, to which, in England, we attach a very different one. They have not an elegant sound, being nothing less than "grub" and "gulch." Yet these two words were largely written on the front of a roadside inn where we stopped, though not to change. "Grub," then, means to explore, or "prospect;" and "gulch" means the gulley or gorge "prospected." The innocent meaning of these two words simply indicated that there existed a partnership between the owner and the explorer, in illustration of which there was a flume to bring down water from some mining works several miles away.

We continued our road with regularity, and were

covered with dust whether in or out of the coach, and were jolted in our seats by lumps of rock in the road, but were promised a reward for all when we came to a spot marked by a name already known in these pages, "Inspiration Point." And at last, high up in the forest, and almost before we were aware of it, the coachman made a wide curve, and, bringing us sidelong upon the brow of the deep descent, fringed with trees, cried, "Inspiration Point!" I do not believe there was one of us who was not stricken with astonishment at this first view. At all events, we were all silent; no noise, happily—no exclamation. And then presently there came a quiet voice, and it was from the Lady Matron.

"Well, how any one can look at that and doubt the existence of a God, I cannot tell!"

I give this exclamation—and it was scarcely one—because it came quietly and naturally. Dickens, at Niagara, at all events, could have found no fault with it; and it serves to show that there was really something to astonish. But as Hamlet's reflections at Ophelia's grave were mingled with the gravedigger's songs, so this quiet, solemn phrase was closely followed by another, very often addressed to me while in the States—"Have you got anything like that in England?"

This "Inspiration Point" is indeed *the* point, *the* one, and the only one, whence you can take in the whole length and breadth of the Valley, and the various grand granite mountains that form its two precipitous

sides, at an average height of 4000 feet. You are yourself at a great height—about 1200 feet above the Valley—and you look completely along it, even to its end. What is the form of the Valley, so called? I had supposed it to be a wide undulating space with rocks, meadows, mountains, and waterfalls interspersed. But it is no such thing. It is a straight gorge; its floor, as it is called, running eight or ten miles in length, not counting what is called "the Little Yo Semite" beyond, and having an average width of not more than one mile. The best short description of its shape that I can give of the whole scene is that it looks as if the rocky earth had been suddenly torn asunder to a great depth, and that the Valley had gradually fertilized between the gigantic precipices, all remarkably perpendicular. This is the grand first view that breaks upon you; and they who would realize the finest impression that the excursion can impart should not be persuaded to come into the Yo Semite by any other road. We were told that the railway is to be prolonged in some way that will avoid this glorious height, whence we continued to gaze for as long as it was possible to delay the car. For my own part, I would not be persuaded to repeat my visit if I could not repeat the scene from "Inspiration Point."

The vast rock called the Capitan—there are many Spanish names—rising 7000 feet above the sea (the valley stands at between 3500 and 4000), juts forth to your left as you look down; and corresponding crags upon the opposite side seem to form together the vast

portal whence both lines of varied precipices run back, among which what is called the half-dome, 8800 feet above the sea, shows forth with especial grandeur.

When we had satiated ourselves with the first view, we were swung down into the valley, just as we had been swung down to Clark's, and (as may be imagined) all these grand objects before us continually took up new shapes, and new objects likewise came in view. Finally, we came to our hotel, which was, I believe, called Cook's. There are two or three along the valley, but their leases will shortly expire, and the Government is building a large one which will then take the place of all, and afford, it is to be hoped, ample accommodation of all requisite kinds.

We had plenty of time to take a drive round that same afternoon, crossing the Valley, which is quite flat, and is correctly called "the floor," passing under graceful foliage from time to time, and following the rippling crystal water of the river, also bearing a Spanish name, the Merced. The Yo Semite Fall lies immediately opposite to the hotel we were staying at. In the month of August its waters are, of course, at about their lowest, and, therefore, its main feature of force and volume was lost. Its effect, so far as these features are concerned, must be imposing, for the upper fall is given as of 1500 feet, its middle of 559, and its lower of 487, some 2500 feet in all; and, seen from the front, these three appear almost one. On a profile view, however, the great upper fall is said to show a distance of as much as a quarter of

a mile behind the middle one, towards which it rushes over cascades to the middle one, and thence again, after a certain distance, to the lower. But it is a naked fall over a naked rock, and for my own part I am not greatly enamoured of waterfalls of this class. But Yo Semite Fall has another characteristic when in volume, beside the rush of its waters—it roars. In a conversation I had with Mr. Hill, the well-known artist in those districts, on my return to Clark's, we spoke of this, and he told me that he attributed it to there being an immense cave in the rock behind the water, which was made to resound by the wind caused by the Fall. I remembered then the winds at Niagara, and could quite believe in the theory. Moreover, a rather aged man in the Valley told me that many years before, when quite young, he had clambered up into this cave and been overtaken by night, so that he was a prisoner till the morning. He also mentioned how the noise on the spot had confounded and astonished him. The Indians of old knew all these things, and in their mystified fear gave all their names.

This leads me to speak of another waterfall, now known by the affected name of the Bridal Veil. Its height is 860 feet, and in August the diminished waters may perhaps represent something like a long white veil. But its real character and the aboriginal name are wholly different. Its name as of old is Po-ho-no; and this name, far from being associated with brides and veils, signifies nor more

nor less than "the Spirit of the Evil Wind." Mr. Hill was again my interpreter here. In talking to him, I had mentioned having noticed a very curious spray rising every now and then, apparently without cause, at the very top of the fall, which I could not get explained to me, and he then solved the difficulty. That spray, he said, was only the very mildest exhibition in summer of what takes place in the stormy seasons; for then, by some mysterious action of currents of wind, the whole body of water is whirled into the air at the curve of the Fall, is carried out horizontally for some distance, and is then precipitated to the ground in an overwhelming mass. Hence the wild natives gave their name, Po-ho-no: "the Spirit of the Evil Wind."

We finished a very pleasing drive, and so arranged as to be at Po-ho-no at a proper moment and at a proper angle, when the setting sun showed not only a rainbow, but a large sheet of prismatic colours over the surface of the Fall, for at about half-way down, the comparatively small quantity of water was from time to time unable to resist in its descent the side force of an intermittent gust of wind, and was blown into an abounding spray.

Our next day, Saturday, the 21st, was devoted to the inevitable occupation of excursion, and we started in cars at an early hour to see the Mirror Lake, and especially the sunrise on it. The lake in itself—at all events, at this time of year—is a comparatively insignificant piece of water, but it is surrounded by

majestic precipices, rising into some thousands of feet. The water presents a clear surface, and is fairly called a mirror. The morning breaks to your right, as you stand at the lower bank where the boat is moored, and sheds its light toward the rocks upon your left, which are most beautifully reflected in the water immediately below them. This scene might compare with many spots in the Fjords of Norway, but not with those where the precipices rise directly from the water, and make it impossible, at a fair distance, to discern where rock ends and reflection begins, thus causing the charming delusion that the rock is continuous, and is displaying an opposite crest inverted far below.

You do not require the actual sun for the enjoyment of this picture, but the particular effect of the rising itself which you come to see is this: that gazing still on the lake as the sun comes up, he first appears in the water as a star of the least magnitude at the top of the darkly reflected rocks on the eastern side, and gradually becomes a splendid star before he blazes out as himself. This effect is at first observed from quite the other end of the lake, whence you see nothing of the mirror I have described, while you are waiting; whereas, if you remain near the boat, you by-and-by have the advantage of that picture, for the star will presently appear a second time at this same spot. Therefore the Lady Matron and I, and Rotterdam and Amsterdam, did not move thence, whereas all the rest of the party followed the regulation method,

and lost their time in the dark. No greater sign of their having nothing to engage their attention can be given than that they at last began to throw stones into their end of the lake—a proceeding, however, which they immediately saw the impropriety of, and stopped, on hearing the shouts of protest, male and female, that rang across the water; for, of course, with the slightest ripple, all the charm of reflection is dispersed. When they came round to us, to see the second appearing of the star, it was time to go, and they missed the mirrored rocks, which are the real sight to see. The growing star in the water, however, ought to be seen, though there may be something of a tinge of childishness in making very much of it. By remaining at the boat you see all, and the star is not worth seeing twice if you lose the mirror.

Hence we all went on horseback to the Vernal Fall, properly called Pi-wa-ack, or Cataract of Diamonds. What poets these wild men were! Here we witnessed a beautifully wooded scene, illuminated by a rainbowed Fall from a height of 236 feet. The lights and shades were exquisite, especially aided by two most brilliant mountain-peaks in full sunshine, peeping from the distance into our shrouded sanctuary. Hence we continued to the Nevada Fall, of 600 feet; but this is a bare rock Fall. We were tempted by the guide to climb and clamber to the top, whence the look down is doubtless very impressive; but I am yet in doubt whether the agonies of the climbing up and the jerking down were not rather more so.

We then sent on our horses to Pi-wa-ack, in order to walk back and meet them there, going by what are called "the Ladders." Were I ever to revisit Yo Semite, I should not do this again. I rather fancy so thought we all, and I said, "We have nothing like that in England."

The rest of the day was spent in getting back to the hotel, with another short stay at the Pi-wa-ack, where we found our horses. The sunset was of gold, and the evening of silver, and I do not forget being suddenly called from a somewhat unengaging dinner-supper by the Lady Matron, to witness an exquisite effect. Behind a dark dressing of foreground rocks a double-peaked mountain was washed by the setting sun with the very richest of rose-madder colouring.

The next day, Sunday, the 22nd, was destined to witness our departure from the Valley; not, however, by the way we came, but by the other end, passing over what is called Glacier Point, 7200 feet above the sea; and, although we were departing, this journey really constituted another leading excursion. We had to start at about five o'clock in the morning, and were in our saddles at that hour. The whole party, however, did not undertake this journey, for some returned as we had come. It would have taken much to persuade me to break my first impressions of Inspiration Point, by only gradually getting up to it again and then looking back. No; approach it and behold!

We were in our saddles, I say. I am very far indeed from ever having had a dislike to the saddle,

but in this case my only desire was to be off again. The American cavalry saddle and stirrups are a torture, and with the wear and tear of the yesterday my discomfort was redoubled. You cannot get the ball of your foot well into the stirrup—an indispensable condition for mere fatigue riding—and the stirrups are backward, and throw you forward. But there was nought else to be had, and we were soon upon what is called the Trail; that is, the steep pathway up the mountain-side. The first outlook point we came to was Union Point, whence the Valley (as I rather anticipated) is disappointing. But in front you get a full view of the lesser valley, which presents a very impressive winding mountain gorge. Further up there are positions on the precipices somewhat startling, but the two young ladies were quite at home throughout. At length we were on the "Point," and came in full view of the long distant range of the Sierra Nevada. The only drawback here was that the morning sun was on the wrong side. Evening would be the fitting hour here, with a night passed at the hotel a-top. Hence we had a long suffering ride through the forest to meet the car which was to take us back to Clark's, and glad enough indeed was one, at all events, of the party to throw his right leg to the left over his horse's back. On arriving there, the next movement on the card was to visit the "Big Trees"—a round drive, there and back, of some seven or eight miles. But the afternoon was hot and dusty; and though my declining to go till the next

morning, in the cool and at my ease, drew loud protestations from the loaded car, yet the flesh was this time too strong for the spirit, which could not be shamed into this real warfare. I remained to receive their report, and we all sat down to a late meal together on their return.

That same evening Mr. Tuttle, of Illinois, had arrived, bound for this excursion; so he and I started together at half-past five o'clock for our drive to the Mariposa forest, in the dark recesses of which are to be seen the "Big Trees." There is no other name for them, though this scarcely sounds a respectful one for Nature's prodigies. The hour was an early one, but all my former companions had been earlier, for they had left at the time marked for my own departure on the morrow, viz. three o'clock. Our drive was cool and pleasant, and, with the sand we had to traverse, I was well content with not having encountered its reflected heat of the yesterday. The road soon enters the forest, through which from time to time we continued to pass remarkably fine pines and forest cedars, such as would have excited great attention had we not been in pursuit of larger game. In due time we came upon the first and largest of the number. He stands out alone, in position as well as size, on a broad open space, and there is quite room enough to place him in fitting perspective. The size is so large that no single visit enables one to realize it, particularly as you are to do a certain round in more or less a certain time, and that you keep going on

from one point to another. The huge gnarled trunk that carries all the jagged limbs above measures thirty-three feet in diameter; the height is not given, but at ninety feet above the ground he sends out one of his lower branches—for branches they must be called—measuring six feet in diameter. His tops are bare and withered, as if his roots had finally met some soil that had affected his growth. He is called (I know not on what authority) "the Grizzly Giant;" and he is a cedar, but not of the fan-branched species that adorn so many of our garden lawns in England. His foliage is very small, and in this respect he reminded me of Montezuma's vast cedar trees at Chapultepec, near Mexico; a stroll beneath the numerous group of which is, however, far more impressive, and of which I have already spoken in my "Flight to Mexico." It is not only as a big tree that you look upon this giant. You become giddy, as it were, in trying to imagine the enormous lapse of time that it must have required to continue and complete its growth—this mighty growth, still slowly and imperceptibly going on, perhaps—and you seem carried back into the myths of pre-historic time. His trunk is scorched with marks of a lighted fire, and of this anon.

I have been particular in describing this one tree, because the description will serve for all the others. There is only a special difference as to one of them, namely, that an opening has been cut through it, through which you pass easily with your carriage and horses; but, for myself, I did not find that this arrange-

ment aided one at all in realizing proportions. By-and-by you come to a second giant; and then again to certain groups of three or four, all huge, but not so huge; and all, or nearly all, are scorched with fire, as indeed are hundreds of lesser growth, while some of lesser still have been completely burned. These large trees are grouped about the forest—how it can be called a "grove" I know not—and besides the several that give an assured measurement of some ninety or a hundred feet circumference, it is said there are as many as one hundred and twenty-five that will give a measurement of forty. We drove down a considerable distance to the log house of the forest guardian, standing in, what I should call, a large Forest Hall of Pine-tree Columns. There, specimens from the trees can be purchased. After making a round, we returned again by the giant for another view, and so departed.

Now, as regards these scorchings on so many scores of these trees. The scars were found upon the giant and the rest when the forest was first explored and the trees discovered. I have a theory myself that they were caused by those who, in years gone by, wandered and dwelt among these dark retreats, making their fires of the trees, and using the large trunks indiscriminately for their fuel. What other mode could they resort to? There are no small sticks and branches lying about, and the upright trunk, being filled with turpentine, was a ready-made log in the best of positions to make a fire of

That some of the trees were thus destroyed would be a matter of course, and need not imply mere objectless mischief; for the fire, being once lighted, could not in many cases be again extinguished, and must have been left to burn. Thus I believe all these scars to have arisen from the trees being made use of as the best fuel at hand by ancient dwellers or hunters in the forest. The rest of the day was quietly spent in Clark's, and, for my own part, in a visit to Mr. Hall's studio, and in conversations with him, two pieces of information obtained in the course of which I have already related.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 24th, the same fate that attended my companions yesterday awaited me also in turn. Before three o'clock I was roused, in order to take coach and get to the San Francisco train. It is a pity that this forced and long return should be the last impression left of the excursion. The train was forty minutes late, and when I reached the Palace Hotel, hot and tired, I found a luxury in my bed and bath-room, No. 124. The whole journey round will give a total of little short of six hundred miles. It is quite enough to undergo; but if I met any party going there, I certainly should not be coarse enough to say, nor foolish enough to think, "More fools, more fools, more fools!"

So here at Frisco I found myself again on the 25th, now pondering on my passage to the Hawaiian Islands on Saturday, the 28th. My first thought, of course, was to pay my ten cents and get my boots

cleaned, and when I had accomplished this, and was walking brilliant-footed up and down the grand quadrangle, I was met by an American whom I had seen at Portland. He was returning to New York, and asked me if I was doing the same.

"No," I replied; "I am going to the Hawaiian Islands on Saturday."

"Dear me!" said he; "the Hawaiian Islands! What a globe-trotter you are!"

"At all events," quoth I, "don't call me by that name."

"Surely it is a good one! Do you know Portuguese?—for you will find some Portuguese there."

"Well, I do; but am not very likely to be talking it to any one out here or in the Islands."

But observe! Scarcely had he left me, scarcely were these words out of my mouth, when my shoulder was tapped by some one who had run up to me, and on looking round I beheld a young Brazilian, whose family I had known from my first arrival in Brazil, and whom, too many years ago—for me, if not for him—I had remembered as quite a child at his mother's side, but who was now Dr. E. Prado. In the very language, therefore, for which I had just said I should find no use, we now cordially hailed one another. He was not only there, but was going to Auckland, and was sailing on the Saturday like myself! This was an agreeable coincidence, and forth we went together to the steamboat office, and made the best bargain we could for a cabin—cabin A

on deck—I paying for a return ticket $130 to Honolulu and back. The *Mariposa* was the boat; so that from the Mariposa forest I was transferred to the *Mariposa* steamer.

Of course I went to seek my friend, Mr. Hutchinson, who had arrived already. He furnished me with letters of introduction, and took me to call on Mr. Spreckels, the owner of the *Mariposa*, and a very large sugar-grower in the island of Maui. He gave me a letter to His Excellency Robert J. Creighton, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, which was of much value to me. Thus I was ready on all points for embarking, with just Friday on hand, which I thought I would devote to a visit to the Seal Island. This enabled me to test the rope tramway, over which I travelled up hill and down dale for some miles towards the Park, whence I continued by rail to Cliff House Hotel, where there ought to be a good view of Seal Island and of the Golden Gate. Here, for the second time, fog baulked me! Scarcely could I see the seals, a matter which did not so much disappoint me. I did just see them crowding about up and down, and standing upright now and then upon the rocks, and I just heard them barking; and came away. These fogs are constantly enveloping Frisco; a day may be three times clear and three times clouded; but there is a season, they told me, when fogs disappear.

One small fog of my own I managed to clear before returning. In the long, large lettered list of

what the hotel would furnish, I saw the to me mystical notice "Clam Chowder." But when I came to have it interpreted and saw it, another matter was quite clear—that I could not relish it. But this shellfish clam—new to me—when made into thick soup called chowder, of a mixture of biscuit, pork, onions, etc., is a very popular dish in the States, though not among other English persons besides myself; for at the hotel I saw a lady trying a clam, which had been offered her to taste, and which she was biting and swallowing, but all the while exclaiming—

"No more, thank you. Oh, dear me—very nasty, very nasty indeed!"

A matter of philology arose out of this; for on telling the anecdote to an American lady, she laughed, but said immediately, "The lady could not have been American, because we never use that word 'nasty' in that sense; it would be far too strong, a great deal too strong among us."

"What would you be likely to say, then, in such a case?"

"Well, we might say 'disgusting'!"

We in England should think this stronger still. There is another word of an opposite class which is often used, particularly in New York, as we do not use it—"elegant." You will hear that peaches are "elegant," that weather is "elegant," or that a scene or a day's pleasure were quite "elegant." So much for clam chowder; offering another example of how much knowledge we may obtain which, after all, is

of no use to us, for I never could hold clam chowder to be "elegant."

On returning to the city, after taking a circuit in Golden Gate Park, I made a longer round for the purpose of yet further realizing the vast extent of ground over which this endless chain traffic extends. It is now all taken for granted among the inhabitants; but to the stranger, if he is one who observes or thinks twice, it must surely cause surprise and admiration. The one continuous rate of movement is quite a new sensation, and the absence of horses imparts a curious feeling of relief from all notion of overworking animals. Thus, among other streets, I was enabled to descend California Street, observing at leisure the very strange aspect it presented. It is adorned on both sides with villas, and almost palaces, of the wealthy. Porticoes, fluted columns, Composite and Corinthian and Ionic capitals, abound to even crowding. And now comes the curious—all is in wood, pure and simple wood.

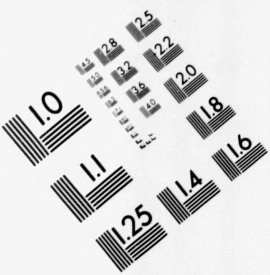
CHAPTER VIII.

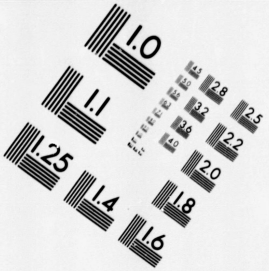
THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

TO-DAY, Saturday, the 28th of August, I again left the States, but again to return. All was ready in due time, and at half-past three in the afternoon my friend Dr. Prado and I got on board the *Mariposa*—Captain Hayward—and took possession of cabin A on deck, bound for Honolulu in Oáhu (accented only for pronunciation), not the largest island in the group, but the seat of Government, so chosen because of its harbour. Our steamer was of 3000 tons burden; the distance to cover was 2080 knots, and our average speed was counted at about thirteen knots an hour. We found our decks tolerably well lined from end to end with boxes of cargo—so far as I remember, of onions; and the entrance to the saloon below, with seats, and pianoforte, etc., round the staircase, was entitled, as I found was the general style in American steamers, "Social hall." The vessel was lighted throughout with the electric light, a great convenience for reading in the saloon, where the light was thus permitted to fall full on the table without the shadow of all those heavy ornaments usually crammed upon hanging lamps by false art—of which there is so

much about everywhere—and which serve to hinder by their teasing shadow the very use for which lamps are required. But there was no "bar" where you could apply for a glass of wine, etc., at need—a strange arrangement, especially on board an American vessel, I thought. If you wanted anything besides water you must order a whole bottle, or go without—a regulation doubly disagreeable where the wine is higher by a good deal in price than in *cru*. Music and singing were occasional during our passage, and one among the number engaged his hearers with the novelty of whistling to the accompaniment. We had on board, among the number, the Honourable Mr. Carter, the Hawaiian minister to the United States, who was visiting Honolulu on leave, whose acquaintance was afterwards of great advantage to me at Washington, and also a Rev. Mr. Peck, the Presbyterian minister of Waterville, New York, whose pleasant companionship throughout my sojourn in the Islands greatly contributed to its enjoyment.

It was with some anxiety that I looked forward to a view of the Golden Gate Harbour on this my second passage through it. But no! all was again fog, and so continued through the whole of Sunday and until the afternoon of Monday, when we were permitted (graciously, of course), at nearly six hundred miles at sea, to behold the first violet colours of the Pacific. But this somewhat uncertain atmosphere stood me in one stead on the following night. It has often been my custom at sea, when the mysteri-





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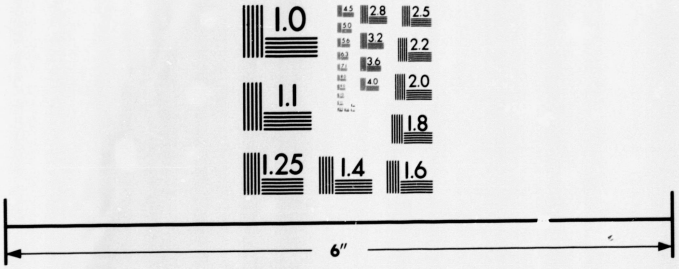

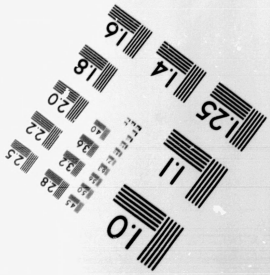

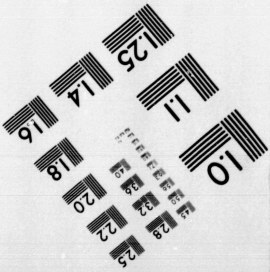

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ous dusks of late evening or night fall upon us, to trace out and conjure up ocular illusions, conversing with the clouds and waters. On this occasion, as we were moving steadily along at night, walking towards the prow of the vessel, I did not really figure to myself, but I suddenly beheld, at about a knot before us, a large forest sloping down to a large sand-bank, and a shore extending far to our right. The general aspect of the sky was indeed most strange, and the dashes of light most singularly interspersed. Dr. Prado was close by, and, on calling his attention to the vision, he was equally struck with the illusion. "I will really call the captain," I said; and forthwith to his cabin I went.

It was a bold step, for he was surrounded by a group, partly of ladies, in full conversation, as was his pleasant wont.

"Captain," I said, summoning up courage, "do you know you're running us straight (I did not say "right straight") on to a sandbank and a large forest?"

"Obliged for the information, friend."

"Do come and see."

Forth they all came, and, to my great satisfaction, were quite excited with the appearance, one lady even quickly discovering a longer trace of sandbanks than I had given myself time to look for. We stayed full ten minutes, teasing ourselves with the illusion before leaving it, and that evening, at least, was relieved by an incident.

Many a time, at many an evening or nightly

hour, these phantastic pictures may be painted in the sky and clouds, and on the very following evening my friend and I, immediately after a glowing sunset, sat conjuring out an enormous canvas of golden sands and dark rocks and sea-shrubs, a large lake and shores with islands standing out in an immense sea (the sky) beyond. It was a dissolving view changing again and again.

In our propitious passage there was no change; all went smoothly. One night, sitting talking to the captain, and making an observation on this happy circumstance as characteristic of these seas, I was struck by his reply.

"Yes," he said; "and I can talk as quietly as the sea with you, for I know all is right below."

"Is it not so always?"

"It depends on whom I have in my engine-room. I have Chinese at present, who are always docile and can always do what they are told; but if I get Irish there, I never feel sure either that they are not going to get into a fight with one another or with me as to who is to be master."

I asked him if he could not get Americans, but he said the occupation was exceedingly distasteful to them, and that in general Americans were averse to going to sea; that line of life was not a national propensity.

I did not find that our dinner-table was adorned with very first-rate food, though the fruit was, as a general rule, good. Hard indeed it would have been

to have found it otherwise in gifted California. I had the good fortune, however, to be seated opposite two very pleasant girls, evidently devoted friends, who were on their way from the States to the Islands, for the purpose of undertaking teaching as members of the staff of Honolulu college—an establishment which I had much pleasure in visiting later on with Mr. Peck, but with the displeasure of finding that the two young ladies were at that moment absent on duty, and more seriously occupied than in entertaining us.

On the night of Friday, September 3, Captain Hayward offered to have me called to see our approach to Honolulu, which he calculated would be at very early dawn; which suggestion I eagerly embraced, particularly as the weather was now bright, after our having suffered some of those heavy warm-water rains, with which I had in times past made unwilling acquaintance in the equatorial doldrums.

Exquisite was the morning air, magically recalling Gray's line in fullest sense—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn."

And exquisite was the modest colouring, gradually blooming into sunrise, as we came to Diamond Head. Here we caught first sight of Honolulu, lying in an open valley, backed by singularly green serrated and convoluted hills or mountains; and presently all seemed to wake at the actual moment of the rising of the sun, who shed abroad those lovely orange clouds peculiar to the tropics, painting his canvas of sky as only at his rising and setting even he can

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HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
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Author's Route
Longitude West 158 of Greenwich
From and to San Francisco
KAUAI I.
Waimea
NIIHAU I.
Lehua I.
Kaula I.
OAHU I.
Waianae
HONOLULU
Waikiki
Diamond Hd.
MOLOKAI I.
LANAI I.
MAUI I.
Molokini I.
Kahoolawe I.
Upolu Pt.
Waiohu Valley
Mahukona
Kohala
Laupahoehoe
Mauna Hs.
Mauna Loa
Kilauea
HAWAII I.
Kealakeakua Bay
Hilo
Kumukahi
Kapoho
Puna
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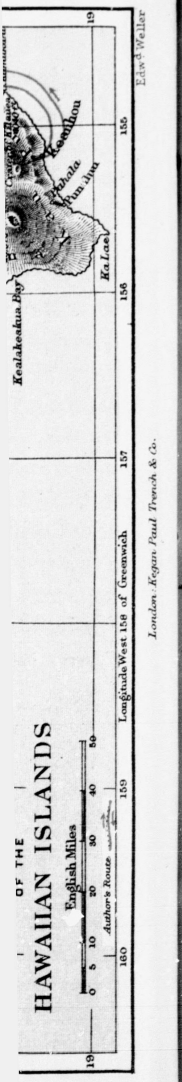


paint it. Now a wide curve to avoid the reefs; now at right angles, straight in. Breakfast on board, good-bye to the captain, bound for Auckland, and in a carriage to the Royal Honolulu Hotel, where I found a handsome building in handsome grounds. Why delay the first impressions of the city? Beautifully planted with flowering shrubs and trees already known as well as unknown, among which let me mention my old Brazilian friends, the Algaroba, the lovely Bougainville, the Tamarind, the Hibiscus, and the Ponciana. Dr. Prado had gone before, and had secured me a good room in the ground balcony, where I found myself at full leisure to sit out of doors or in, and close to the luxury of a bath.

I am quite content to be finding myself, even in memory, in the soft and balmy air of Honolulu again, for after some months' interruption of my work, I find myself now writing in the not so genial atmosphere of a London winter; and although none

> "Can wallow naked in December snow,
> By thinking on fantastic summer's heat,"

yet the mind can always help the body by its associations. So it is with pleasure that I will now walk out again with Mr. Peck, and stroll through Honolulu for a first inspection.

No one can begin his walk without being immediately struck by the somewhat vulgar object of the electric wire. These wires are running in abundance over everything, and appear incongruous amidst scenes that would naturally provoke to idleness, and

belonging to a race yet innocent of the hurry of existence. But they bespeak what you very soon come to know—that although you are geographically in Honolulu, you are morally in America. A strong atmosphere of this awakening influence pervades and still invades. It is natural and inevitable ; it is an example of Darwin's survival by natural selection, the stronger gradually eating up the weaker. These wires belong to the telephone, with which Honolulu is supplied to an extent to be envied by many a more pretentious city. It seemed very difficult to associate these things with all the fruits and trees and flowers that adorned the scene, and all the loose-robed women, with their easy hot-weather gait, dark skin, and straight black hair, lit up with the glowing scarlet of the Hibiscus. To this picture add the native men. We were soon among the flowers and fruits, and though eating at a stall would not be considered one of the politest things to be guilty of in London, yet both Mr. Peck and I attracted no attention, and felt no blush in pouncing offhand upon some tempting mangoes offered at a corner.

Our walk had not been confined to ourselves. Let me say that I had not been many minutes toiletted after arrival, when a brisk young gentleman presented himself before me in my room, as the representative of *The Daily Bulletin*, to welcome me to the Islands, and (to use a certain atrocious phrase, not yet felonious by Act of Parliament) to "interview me." This shows again the stirring

American element that pervades Honolulu. And as we three walked out together, we were met by the proprietor himself, and made a pleasant party of four. Next day we were each duly paragraphed, one as a clerical, and the other as a literary arrival; and though I involuntarily appeared as pledged to write impressions of my visit, Mr. Peck was protected by his short answer to the question whether he meant to preach—"a very emphatic No."

In the course of our conversation, it naturally very quickly transpired that we had come to see the volcanoes in the Island of Hawaii. Who comes to stay three weeks in the Sandwich Islands (forgive the old Captain Cook title now and then) without going to see the volcanoes? And our good friends at once informed us that the *Kinau*, a small steamer of the Wilder Company, was to sail at half-past four on Monday afternoon, whereupon we at once decided that by the *Kinau* we must go, for our return boat from Auckland to Frisco was expected at Honolulu on the 25th. My friend, Dr. Edouardo Prado, was bound for Auckland, and had departed; but one of our fellow-passengers, quite young, a Mr. Darren, was volcano-bound like ourselves, so on sitting down to dinner the three were one as to Monday.

On the Sunday there was a lively show of colour among the church-goers, as among the fuchsias, oleanders, and other flowering masses; and Mr. Darren was good enough to ask my company in a drive he was to make to the Pali (or Precipice),

this being the regulation excursion from Honolulu. We drove in a single horse buggy, and here again was the American element displayed in the style of the horse's going, a strained trot ; but of that by-and-by. The animal did his duty by us, and his driver by him. The drive opened to our view, before leaving the city, a succession of private dwellings, protected from the sun by large bread-fruit and other trees, and draped with flowering shrubs. Some were built in more open ground ; but if I were bound to build in Honolulu, I should first buy my group of trees, and then build accordingly. Every arrangement in these houses is made for ensuring a full enjoyment of the open air throughout, with spacious verandahs sometimes running nearly all round the dwelling. The mountain-sides to your right as you approach the Pali are sure to attract attention. They are singularly grooved or furrowed from the top throughout, and in the long hollows between the vertical ridges there grow in abundance, and in long lines, trees called Kukui. There is also a singular aspect in the foliage of those trees. It is very thick ; the leaves are large and of a dark green, but the green is full of high lights, imparting a most attractive effect. The Kukui produces a large black oily nut, of which ornamental necklaces are made, sold abundantly in Honolulu. From these is extracted oil for lamps, and hence the natives have come to call lamps kukuis.

At nearly the top of the pass you leave your

vehicle and walk up a few paces to the ridge. Here the rocks take on very varied and broken spiral forms, and suddenly the whole view opens before you, far below, and abruptly below, for the precipices are very steep. There is, however, a winding road which is traversed, horse and foot, without difficulty. The general effect must not be depreciated; it is very impressive. At the same time I should be careful of using flaming language to any one who knew some of the Swiss precipices and passes. Nevertheless, it is on an island far out in the Pacific, and one must be very dull to mental impulses upon whom this reflection fails to cause special impression.

On Monday morning, the 6th of September, I was employed in delivering my letters before taking my ticket for Hawaii. Everybody was out, but I luckily called a second time on Mr. H. A. Berger, Hawaiian Consul-General for Norway and Sweden, and found him in. I say luckily, because, on informing him of my volcanic intentions, he suggested to me that on my return from Hawaii I should stop at Maaleia Bay, in the island of Maui, and avail myself of the hospitality of Major Cornwell, who owned a large sugar estate a few miles inland, in order to make the ascent of Haliakala, the largest inactive crater in the world. I gladly accepted the offer, Mr. Berger not only giving me a letter, but also writing direct himself, so as to prepare the Major for my appearance on the return of the boat. I therefore took my round ticket for Hawaii (not, of course, including Maui),

and paid fifty dollars for the passage and all included. In the evening, therefore, at the appointed hour, Mr. Peck, Mr. Darren, and I found our way down to the wharf, and got on board the *Kinau*, where we found Captain King, a jolly Scotch captain, in command.

Mauna Kea, 13,805 feet high, and Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet high, are the two great volcanoes of Hawaii; but it is its famous crater of Kilauea that attracts the traveller to its shores. This crater, as the map will show, stands at a height of only 4040 feet; it is situated on the slopes of the vast Mauna Loa, but is nevertheless as independent and separate an existence as either of the others. Mauna Kea appears to have been a very quiet mountain, but Mauna Loa has from time to time poured forth lava, and sometimes to a very destructive extent; indeed, since our visit it has burst forth with all its well-known fury. To the crater of Kilauea we were therefore bound, of the astonishing and unique fury of which so many mouths have spoken and so many pens have written, there being no doubt that in its history it has obtained the rank of the largest active volcano in the world. We were warned, however, that we were not to expect such manifestations as would justify its full character. Its activity, like that of human beings, must necessarily be subject to intermissions; but in 1886 it was labouring under a very remarkable subsidence, connected, or, at all events, contemporary with, the volcanic eruptions in New Zealand. We were credibly informed that during these commotions the crater of Kilauea

became completely empty to the eye ; that the whole of the boiling sea of fire—for every one I spoke to concurred in that description, and confirmed Miss Bird's description of it—disappeared, and that on probing the horrible chasm to the depth of no less than 600 feet no bottom could be found. Since that period it had been gradually rising again, and such as it had come to be such were we to find it. But under any circumstances the excursion could scarcely have been declined.

Barring the captain and one or two fellow-passengers, I cannot say the passage displayed anything very agreeable. The steamer was a rolling one, and the sea was nasty. Between these islands, so justly vaunted as being gems, the seas generally are so, and in this respect they put me in mind of my passage among the famed isles of Greece in 1879—disagreeable. And on board the *Kinau* there was an extra "disagreeable," in that there was little or nothing to drink but poor coffee, and that virtuous mixture, weak tea. Prohibition is rather rampant, it appears, and a licence to sell intoxicating liquors—a term too often used with the insinuation that nobody can ever drink them without getting intoxicated—would cost the company a thousand dollars. There sat opposite to me, however, a guardian angel (for such I esteemed him), who at once proffered in all goodness of heart to pander to my vice.

"Never mind, sir," he said. "I have brought my own beer, and you shall share it with me."

This turned out to be Mr. W. C. Parke, who for thirty-four years had filled the position of Marshal of the kingdom, but who had lately retired, and is now in the enjoyment of a good service pension, of which fact I beg to express my not "intoxicated" approval.

On Tuesday, the 7th, we touched at Mahukona, and here we had a full view of the two great and the one lesser mountains on Hawaii—Kea, Loa, and Hualalai, as also of Haleakalá—the "House of the Sun"—on Maui, which we had left behind, marked as having a height of 10,030 feet. I must confess myself to have been disappointed with the aspect of all these mountains, considering their height. I had come with memories of those I had seen in Oregon and Washington, especially Tacoma, and rather absurdly had expected something of the same impressive character. But volcanic mountains are of a different class; whatever their height, their angles are generally obtuse, rising from an immense base; and in this respect I remember to have been equally disappointed with my first view of Mount Etna. Nevertheless, of the Peak of Tenerife, especially as I have lately scaled its angle, I dare not say the same. However, here I was certainly rather thrown back in my expectations, and the more so that at this period of the year there was no snow to aid the imagination. The summit of Mauna Loa—the Great Mountain—is described as being almost a flat plain, five and a half miles long, and nearly four wide. This sounds strange for one so lofty. But as regards the height

of both this mountain and Mauna Kea, Captain C. E. Dutton, of the United States Geological Survey (whose acquaintance I afterwards made at Washington), makes this remarkable observation in a lecture delivered there, that while their summits are nearly 14,000 feet above the ocean, their bases, at about thirty miles out at sea, can be traced at from 15,000 to 18,000 feet beneath; thus giving them altogether a greater height than any of the Himalayas.

We passed along the windward coast of Hawaii, and noted the most remarkable massive green precipices among which the Waipio Valley lies—a class of scenery said to be almost bewitching by its eccentric beauties. At length we came to Laupahoehoe, a place detested by even the captain, and certainly by our own party. Further on we took in Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Ross, of Hamakua, who became our co-excursionists to Kilauea.

In stopping at these several stations we witnessed great variety in the coming and going of the boatfuls of natives; and particularly picturesque some were. The Hawaiians have a poetical habit of covering their friends who are leaving them with copious wreaths of their abounding beautiful flowers. All these boatfuls were more or less so adorned. But one in particular attracted my attention. It was too full to allow of an oarsman inside, and was propelled by a man standing at the stern. The majority of the passengers were of the warm complexioned women, who, besides being copiously

wreathed, carried the Hibiscus in their straight black hair. The group made a huge nosegay floating on the blue waters.

We passed Hilo in the dark, and rounding the island by Cape Kumukahi, we stood before Keauhou, where we were to disembark at about six o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, the 8th. Then a strange scene met our gaze. It was an immense mountainous expanse of rough dark lava, and up the sides thereof we were to climb on horses that were waiting for us at the barren base. All this, however, has nothing to do with Kilauea; it is only the first part of the road to that crater. We landed in boats, and got upon our horses, and made up our minds for the ride. It was about six miles in length, zigzagging through all the harsh and hideous inequalities, and I cannot doubt that we must at last have compassed a height of some 4000 feet. We then came to a level ground, where was a station kept by a Mr. Pogue and his wife, who entertained us with some hot coffee, etc., and put us into one-horse vehicles, very low in the axle, and here called "breaks." Each held two, and Mr. Peck trusted himself to my reins. A drive of some eight miles over more or less level ground, and through a more or less picturesque wood, called Loulala Grove, brought us to our domicile, "Volcano House," a hotel standing out alone (and it was not likely to be much otherwise placed), at a given altitude of four thousand and some few hundred (variously stated) feet above the sea. The front

faces directly towards Kilauea, with a long verandah, so that you can sit and see the distant smoke by day, and the distant red by night. The excursion thither was to be made that afternoon, and there were some *pros* and *cons* as to the hour of starting, in reference to the effect by day or by night of such fire and burning lava as we were to be privileged, or only permitted, to behold. Finally, it was decided to be off after eating (generally an uncomfortable proceeding), for we were to make up our minds to wait at the crater, and to come back in the dark. So off we started, each with a lantern in his hand.

Now, I shall use the word "crater" exclusively as applied to the burning double lake of fire, and shall plainly describe our journey. At a few hundred yards from the hotel we began to descend, rather steeply, into an immense wooded hollow covered with growths of all kinds, and showing, as sides, cliffs extending for a long distance. The depth of this descent is given as 560 feet. As we approached the bottom, there opened before us what I can best describe as a vast wide, solid, wavy ocean of black lava. The walking down to the edge of it was precisely like the walking down to the breakers from a sloping shore; and, associating this most strange scene with that most common one, I confess to have experienced an almost giddy sense of illusion. On to these black solid waves we walked, following our guide, now mounting a little and now again descending, precisely as if a stiffish breeze were on a sea.

And for exactly one hour by the watch we so walked, coming at last to the edge of the crater Kilauea.

We all made a sort of last run to the brittle rocky edges, and I think we were tolerably unanimous in giving the depth as about three hundred feet to the surface of the terrible contents of the cauldron. The forewarning that we should not behold the tossing, stormy waves of burning lava that so many have seen, turned out to be as true as we had apprehended it would. We looked down, however, on a scene wonderful in itself. There was a huge crust; and crossing it in every direction were vast irregular cracks showing red hot lava underneath. Here and there small oozings took place, and there was one not large cone all brimful of fire, but not spouting. Another burning irregularity showed a very white fire, and had we not expected a chance of seeing more, we should have thought a great deal more of all we did see. We hung round with much persistency till dark and drizzle came on, and Mr. Peck and I sat down on some warm lumps through which steam kindly fizzed. At last I voted a return, to which Mr. Patrick Ross still prayerfully demurred, and scarcely was prayer (or words) out of his mouth when exclamation followed, "Look! look! look!" A sudden red light beamed all round, and on looking down we beheld two large continents (I can call them nothing else) of burning lava oozing and spreading themselves abroad. The colour was

altogether a new sensation. It stands alone. It is the colour of burning lava spread forth in a sheet Nor was the gradual cooling and transition of colouring, and the turning of the surface into ropes less remarkable. We had passed many of these rope-formations in our walk, and also masses of what looked like black hair. This is called Pele's hair; she being the unseen goddess whom Hawaiian religion has created as holding her court at this volcano, called "Halemaumau," or "The House of Everlasting Fire." This fiery burst I speak of was certainly worth staying for; but it was all the sign of its own special forces that Kilauea gave us. Its whole aspect was, of course, impressive and astonishing, and the whole excursion, with its characteristics, must be fairly taken into account. Otherwise, as regards the crater itself, I certainly was not more astonished at the sight of it (perhaps not so much) as I had been when gazing into that of Vesuvius in 1857, before that then most astonishing phenomenon had been completely broken up and spoiled by subsequent irruptions and consequent disturbances in formation. As we went, so we returned, except that we were more tired. Our walk back over Lava Sea took us again exactly an hour by the watch. It was, of course, fatiguing. We passed by one or two strange formations and one or two hot regions, and no wonder. Otherwise, there was nothing that prominently manifested itself above and beyond the general marvellous aspect of these

vast invasions from the mysterious centre of our earth. When we came ashore there was the remaining climb of the 560 feet, and one of the party, at all events, was well pleased to be carrying his shoulders on level ground again.

I have marked the next day, Thursday, as a long, wet, useless day, and such I remember it was. In the ordinary course of affairs we should have gone down and taken our steamer in the afternoon, but it had been arranged (partly, I suspect, to suit the purser's affairs) to return by Hilo, and this involved losing a day at "Volcano House," and getting up at a frightful hour the next morning. A Mr. Waterhouse, however (one of the youngest of our party), availed himself of the delay, and paid another visit with the guide to Kilauea cauldron; he went for some set purpose of exploring, but as to the scene itself, he could only report it, as from a sick-room, "somewhat better to-day." At night, however, there was great reflection, and for our comfort and satisfaction one of the company, who passed for an authority, took care to assure us that "there must be a great deal going on." So, in bidding adieu, I thought the fire at Kilauea had treated me as badly as did the water at the "Yellow Stone."

We made ourselves as merry as we could in the evening, in the course of which a party of several came in from Hilo. It is a long ride thence, and they were very tired. There were some ladies among them, and three of the worthies that accompanied

them were, between them, judges and ex-judges. I could not but look on them with amusement. They were all three on rocking-chairs; and here again was a sign of the prevailing American element, for all the judges are Americans, trained in law in the United States. Your American is very fond of a rocking-chair; and these three sat communing together with faces looking "as wise as Thurlow looked," and rocking to and fro with all the regularity of a catch—"White sand and gray sand," for example—and still they rocked and prosed, till the solemnity of the scene took me, by contrast, back to those far, far distant days, when the rocking, broad-hipped old nurse used to sing or hum—

"See saw,
Margery daw,
The hen flew over the hen-house."

The night was miserable outside—not in—and as we went to bed, in doubtful mood and weather—

"We bitterly thought of the morrow."

We were called at two o'clock, and were informed it was not raining; but when we had got up and were offered a not late breakfast of steak and onions, which some had the audacity to relish, behold! it rained hard. If it was raining hard, then, by some arrangement, we were not to be forced to go; but it stopped, though it was very dark. That, however, was not to prevent us, and, in a row of "breaks," we went off in the dark, each break having a lamp, and Mr. Peck by my side as before. By Jove! it was no

joke getting safe along with a ditch on each side of a narrow forest road. However, we all did it, and came in daylight to Mr. and Mrs. Pogue's genial welcome again. Hot coffee—warm coffee is horrible—again regaled us, and all except Mr. Peck and I got on horseback. He wished for wheels a little farther on, and I mention the fact in order to record the wonderful advantage of a very low axle over boulder roads. We were at an angle of 50 more than once, but were as far from going over on that account as we should have been on a flat Brighton road fifty years ago. So soon as we were on the horses the rain was on us—spit, spit, spit; drizzle, drizzle, drizzle! Serve you right for "leaving home." And down those six miles of steep rugged lava was worse than up; but "grácias á Dios," there lay the boat, waiting for us, and not looking much less than ourselves like a wet chicken. Mrs. Ross was as good as any of us, and better than some. As it happened, I was the first down, and was somewhat surprised to find by my side one of our companions who had passed as "the silent man." He had shown no energy whatever in either word or deed, and some of us wondered why he had come at all. However, there he was, and somehow here he was. Several people were waiting for the boat, and I declared my intention of starting off at once, and getting into shelter. He squeezed out concurrence, and we went to the jetty together. There was a disagreeable swell on, and I jumped in as best I could; he was close behind me, but so also were one or two

good fat round native women, who seemed to think it a lark to roll about like suet puddings. How they all came tumbling in together I know not; but what I know is that one of the hugest, losing her balance, and laying hold of Dry-as-dust to support her—as if a ton should lay hold of an ounce—both came down together and bowled over two other women, so that my friend lay for a few moments under a triple featherbed of all these laughing females! Still he was quite silent. At last we rolled on board, and when I found myself by his side on deck I ventured a provocative remark. He had not uttered one word all this time. It was of no use to wait for one.

"Well," said I, "here we are on board at last!"

"Then burst his mighty soul." "Yes," he replied; "and I'm not at all sorry that we've done with it."

And those "were the last words of Marmion."

When we came to Hilo the rain was pouring down in torrents, and I steadfastly refused to accompany the bishop on shore. I was sorry for this, for Hilo is so well spoken of. The bishop, however, had other calls with some of his co-ecclesiastics, and had been invited to stay some days among them, while I had invited myself to Major Cornwell's for Haleakalá. So here we parted, to meet again in the boat of Friday, the 17th, for Honolulu. We arrived at Maalaea Bay at night, and, going on shore in the boat, I was immediately called by name. Major Cornwell was going to Honolulu by this same steamer, but had arranged everything for my reception. A

two-horse public conveyance took me through the dark to his house, where a lady in charge and his cousin welcomed me to supper and repose.

In leaving Hawaii I confess to have felt some disappointment in not having the opportunity of landing at Kealákeakúa Bay, where our renowned navigator Cook lost his life. But I could not have managed this by the line of steamers that I sailed with, nor could I have availed myself of the other line, whose vessels touch there, without doubling the inconveniences of a visit to Kilauea, not reckoning the inconvenience of time. But, after all, this class of visits is often exceedingly unsatisfactory and disappointing. The scene is altered; buildings are erected where all was solitude; even a restaurant may stand on an exact historic spot. Something of the kind, I was given to understand, has taken place at Kealákeakúa Bay. Where there are visitors there must be coffee; so, altogether, I consoled myself with having, at all events, visited the island. Of the details that surrounded the catastrophe there are many versions; of the catastrophe itself there is but one. Captain Cook was killed; and at his early age of 51, England, in 1779, lost one of the four greatest navigators that the world has ever seen.

On waking in the morning I found myself in a pleasant house, the front of which looked full on Haleakalá—the object of my visit. But, again, he was no such mountain as I had anticipated. His base was of enormous width, and his head, standing

confusedly among many nearer and lateral projections, required some discernment to select it when pointed out. These features detracted greatly from the optical effect which an altitude of 10,000 feet would be naturally expected to produce. And yet he stood to the greatest advantage, because Major Cornwell's house stands but little above the level of the sea. These were my first impressions of the great extinct volcano who had lured me to Maui to scale his sides and gaze upon his gigantic, ghastly crater.

Major Cornwell's house and property are called Wairapu, near Waipuku, and lie about half-way on the neck of land that extends in a width of about fourteen miles between Maalaea and Wailuku, and nothing can be finer than the air he breathes. His occupation is that of sugar cultivation ; and from his verandah you look over his own domain, as well as over the vast spreads of that same fresh green, but unpicturesque growth, the sugar-cane, that belongs to Mr. Claus Spreckels. This same sugar is the well-known staple product of these islands, and, for more than one reason, has been a source of profit here, while it has yielded little or nothing elsewhere. In the first place, Hawaiian sugar is admitted duty free at San Francisco ; in the second place, the rate of produce surpasses that of any other country. I repeat the information given me by Major Cornwell himself, and confirmed by others of equal authority, that the average yield shows four tons per acre, and that on some acres as many as five, six, and even seven have been cropped. On this point I made

special inquiry as to whether these acres were not virgin soil, and was answered "No;" even on established properties this result had been obtained. For my own part, I could be no judge of these figures, but I take care to state my authority for them, because in a conversation that led up to the subject one day in the coffee-room of an English hotel, with some one who turned out to be a sugar-grower himself, he displayed the liveliest interest in the statement, exclaiming at first, "Impossible!" He had rarely heard of more than two tons to the acre. Yet in this bright picture there is to be introduced the cold shadow that the 150 dollars per ton in price has gradually come down to 82 or 84 dollars. The whole produce of the islands is given at about 100,000 tons.

On Sunday, the 12th, Major Cornwell's cousin took me a drive to consult with a stable-keeper of the name of Ross, as to making the excursion to Haliakalá; for this we went to Wailuku. I hope, my friend and reader, you are not puzzled with these three names. But perhaps I had better define them: Waipuku is the name of the estate; Wailuku is the name of the next town; and Waikuku is the name of the port. If I should see you putting on such a face about them as this Mr. Ross put on when I began to ask him about arrangements, I should expect to find you as puzzled as I found him. So we contented ourselves with having had a pleasant drive, and agreed to take another the next day to see a Mr. Mossman. All this will have to be borne in mind (besides the

names) by whoever goes to Wairapu, Waipuku, Wailuku, and Waikuku for Haleakalá. We did more with Mr. Mossman than with Mr. Ross, but I was hampered, nevertheless. There are two great drawbacks to visiting any remarkable spot; one is, that everybody is going there; and the other is, that nobody is going there. And, in my case, I was the only nobody. Mr. Mossman was to write to Mr. Anderson, who kept a store at a place called Macawa, to tell him to prepare horses; and I was to start from Waipuku the next morning in a carriage, to be sent thither by the puzzled Mr. Ross.

Before returning with Mr. Cornwell, I made up my mind to take a ride up the valley of Iao, lying in the close neighbourhood, and this I arranged with one "Harry" Ross, car-driver to Maalaea, who had driven me thence on the Friday night. I was amply repaid; but in one small incident not agreeably so, for very soon after we had began our course, I suddenly experienced a violent blow on the thigh, and a very heavy something rolled down upon the ground. A very natural exclamation escaped me, and I am shocked to say that "Harry" burst into a real laugh. The incident was readily explained. We were riding under some bread-fruit trees, and one of those large fruits, not yet ripe even, had managed to fall from a height at the very moment that I was passing vertically under its branch. Joking apart, I might have been lamed, besides (as I was) bruised for a few days. And this took my memory back to a

very nicely arranged little poem of Tommy Moore's, wherein he represents an atheist laughing at so small a fruit as an acorn growing on so large a tree as an oak; then falling to sleep under the tree, and having an acorn fall upon his eye, etc.! If Tommy Moore had had a bread-fruit fall upon his thigh, he would not have written that homespun and really mischievous nonsense. After a short time, and before my pain ceased, the valley narrowed into an intensely wooded mountain glen, hemmed in by vertical cliffs of what might almost be called a grotesquely picturesque form and outline, ragged, precipitous, and imposing. A stony, prattling stream rushes down the middle, which we often had to cross before reaching (as I insisted on doing) the very last practicable standing-place. Then, to add to the romance of the spot, "Harry," pointing to the mass of timbered rocks in front, told me how some explorers had lost their way among the dark fastnesses, and had been found just in time to save their lives; and how among those dark recesses there could be still found caverns with old chiefs' bones who had been buried there. The kukuis, of which trees I have already spoken, swarmed the mountains' sides, and lower down were an abundance of the guava tree, loaded with fruit, hanging close over our heads, and filling the sunlit air with their well-known aromatic perfume.

When we returned to Waipuku, it occurred to me that I might be very much at a loss if I made my mountain excursion alone, where I should not be able

to understand what was said to me, so I asked leave for "Willie" (a very nice lad, who spoke Kanaka, engaged in Major Cornwell's thorough-bred stables) to accompany me; and accordingly, when the carriage came at eight o'clock the next morning, we started together. The distance to Makawa was about sixteen miles, and the drive was uninteresting. On our way I took care to supply myself with some beer and brandy, which was sedulously brought out to me, bottle by bottle, with a certain religious interval between each delivery.

"Why don't you bring all at once?"

"Daren't, sir; it is against the (prohibition) law. Only one bottle allowed to be sold at a time to one person."

Divine legislators! How I gloated over the petty fraud that I was instrumental in creating! And do you think I would have starved upon the mountain to prevent it? So on we went, through cactus everywhere, but no timber, and at about noon arrived at Mr. Anderson's store, which we happily found full of provisions.

And what of the letter? Of course the horses were all saddled and waiting! But there was neither letter nor horse! And about a quarter of an hour after we had come, there came the letter to announce that we were coming. My idea had been that we might manage the mountain after arrival, on the same afternoon, and leave again on the following morning. Perhaps that was too bold an intention under the

best of circumstances, and certainly was impossible of execution under the worst; so the journey rested for the morrow; and altogether this was best, for, though it involved a night's ride up, it secured a superb realization of my anticipations.

The afternoon, therefore, was to be devoted to making arrangements, and afforded ample time for so doing. For everything on this score, as well as for food, we depended on Mr. Anderson, who fulfilled that office to his best; but that best (as he himself remarked) was little better than bad, for he had to deal with a dark skinned, stubborn brute about the horses, who knew me to be in his power and meant to make the best of me. Kouna was his name. Bull-headed, bull-bodied, and bull-minded, he was just one of those animals whose mere appearance would have summarily dispersed in an instant all lofty impressions with which a recent reader of Addison's soliloquy might have been inspired, and have suddenly converted "It must be so" into "It cannot be so." Three horses at ten dollars each, or none at all, and no overruling providence of competition to protect me! It wasn't the money! Oh no, of course not! Well, not the money only, but more. The creature was robbing me of just half that sum, and knew it, as he stolidly kept looking just half a quarter of an inch outside my eyes.

"I have called him every name I could think of to shame him," said Mr. Anderson.

"Say no more," said Mr. Aubertin. "Tell the

brute to bring the horses at two o'clock precisely, to-morrow morning."

At one o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 15th, Willie shook me as I lay in my plaid upon the floor, and we struggled up and out. I armed myself with two bottles of cold coffee, and some biscuits and brandy—the beer was for below—and the horses being there, we began our journey. The sky was bright and the moon was full, and the mountain lay clear before us. There was a fair road leading up to a place called Olinda, a not capacious city, for it consisted of just one house, tight closed and ghostly looking. Soon afterwards Willie's horse began to fail, and, making use of him as an interpreter, I desired him to tell Kouna that he must change horses, giving up his white one. This proceeding took place, certainly not to the disadvantage of the white, but much to that of Willie's, which, under the lump of Kouna, shortly failed altogether and left him on his legs. By-and-by our course became very rough and rugged; steep, with loose boulders and large holes. My own horse was good and clever, and the moonlight was a charm. But all so cold and silent! and a moon seems never sympathetic. Her shadows, too, are so curious. They are so black and deceptive. I believe the sun's shadows—daylight shadows—are never really black. I am sure the moon's are so; and there is this peculiarity about them also—they yield no penumbra, or half-shadow. Look before you, and all is silver-brilliant; turn and look back, and everything is dark and lost;

while it is the light of the full moon before you, it is the darkness of the new moon behind you. And the shadows of the mountain-side were as deceptive as possible. Every shrub and bush seemed to have deep holes about them; and as the day began to dawn, and that mysterious mixture of the two lights began to show, this effect became even more intensified. But my horse paid no attention to it all, and stepped into no holes, nor thought of any—proving what a hindrance is the human intellect sometimes. We passed what is called the Cave a little before five; here people sometimes sleep, and were the mountain now and then visited, and such an arrangement fairly practicable, it would be the best. We, however, had no affinity with the cave, and still clambered on. It was now broad daylight, and up and up Willie and I went, leaving Kouna and his boy with both their bad horses quite behind, and with the huge ridge of the vast volcano standing sharply and raggedly out above us and beyond us. At about the last half-hour below we also left our horses, and toiled up on foot. And at last, and at last, we reached the brink, and just as we appeared there, the rising sun appeared there too.

What did I behold? A sea of silvery cloud. The cold enormous crater, twenty-four miles in circumference, and two thousand feet deep at its deepest point, was filled throughout with white mountain mist, on which I looked down from some hundreds of feet above. This sight was in itself a glorious

one ; nor were the misty glories confined to this crater alone. On these the sun had not yet begun to shine, but on seas and seas of other surrounding mists—the tops of clouds—he was in full blaze. In the far distance, in the island of Hawaii that I had left, I saw the crests of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa standing out above their swan-downed necks against the spotless sky. We were all quite separated from the world below ; and as I gazed on these two giants, each in turn, there came to me a line from Wordsworth, not indeed addressed to a mountain crag, but to a soaring skylark—

"A privacy of glorious light is thine."

I did not experience the slightest misgiving amidst all this shroud of silvery vapour, because I felt that we had the whole day before us, and I knew from the weather, and from such mountain experience as I possessed, that all these white luminous mists must by-and-by take their way.

There is a great deal in repeating a scene. I could not do this here by time, but I could by sleep ; so when I had gazed enough on all before me, leaving my companion to do much as he pleased, I took some coffee and biscuits and brandy and dozed off into a three-parts sleep. I was waked in about half an hour by a gentle breeze that had sprung up, and, looking over the brink again, I found the sun was shining on a large extent of the crater cloud, and that the whole of that mantle was in the beginnings

of a general movement. The wind came in from the south-east or Kaupo Gap, and blew all before it very gradually towards the angle to my right, and onwards to the Koolai Gap on the north. I have never looked upon any scene of this character among mountains, so immense, so solemn, so mysterious and imposing. It seemed as if the great crater was by condescension allowing itself to be seen; not by a regular unveiling of itself, but by greater and lesser withdrawings of the veil, and then by a renewal of the concealment. But the main of the movement was to clear. At last the whole was a shining scene, and the enormous picture lay open before and below me, containing in its gigantic womb several large cones, of which one measures in height 750 feet from the unequal flooring. The deepest part was to my left, towards the Koulau Gap, and though it may sometimes be a childish act to throw stones into a great depth, yet here the dislodging a huge mass at the edge and sending it headlong down served to realize in a startling manner the actual profundity. Down went the crag, loudly vociferating at first; then softer in sound; and at last, still bounding helplessly along, visible to the eye, but wholly silent to the ear.

From first to last I stayed on my craggy throne for some three hours, gazing and dozing by turns, appealing to my coffee, and thus renewing at intervals my impressions. At last it was time to go, and Kauna and his boy having come up and gone to sleep, but with only one of their horses, we all

marched off together. I have no *pseudo*-scientific observations to make upon Haleakalá. I sought it, and saw it as a wonder; and as a wonder, and far from a mere blank wonder, it will remain with me for life.

A long, fatiguing downward ride (during which we picked up the derelict horse) brought us below Olinda, where we found relief in a good natural gallop to the store. We took some food and finished the beer with Mr. Anderson, bid him good-bye, cursed Kouna, and departed. When we arrived at Waikupu, I found Major Cornwell at home. After his explosion of indignation at the thirty dollars, we went to dinner, and fell into a long and interesting conversation about mountains and sugar, and about his horses, which we were to visit in their meadows to-morrow. "And so" to bed, without the duty of Haleakalá to summon me up at one o'clock o' the morning. On the contrary, the next day's duties were very light. The large, low prairie, with the horses and cattle and drinking-troughs, were visited. Major Cornwell is a breeder, and in his stable has one very fine race-horse. I did not go over the sugar works, for I had already seen so much of these in Brazil; but in the evening walked up the hill behind, with his two children, to see the house and garden belonging to Major Cornwell's mother. Walking back again, I was surprised to observe the improved aspect of Haleakalá. The dip of the valley was more apparent from where I stood, and he seemed to start from

lower down; a curious result that from mounting higher yourself you should thus give greater apparent height to the distant object. But so it was.

On the Friday night both Major Cornwell and myself were bound for Honolulu by the steamer *Kinau*. We were therefore driven down by "Harry" in the public car, who informed me, with much glee, that Kouna had "got drunk" with his ill-gotten dollars, and had been locked up in consequence. I expected and found on board my friend the bishop. We received each other with open arms, and I again greeted Captain King. The night was beautiful, and at seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 18th, we found ourselves at Honolulu, and made our way to our old quarters at the hotel.

The bishop and I had exactly one week before us at Honolulu before the arrival of the return boat to San Francisco, and each made the best of his time, the bishop in his own line. For myself, I had but very shortly arrived when I received another visit from the energetic representative of the *Daily Bulletin*, who called to know how we had fared, and how we were impressed with our volcanic excursion. Mr. Creighton also called on his way to attend his Majesty King Kalakoua on a royal visit to the Japanese vessel then in port, and fixed an appointment for presenting me to the Honourable Mr. Gibson, then Prime Minister, with a view to my being presented to his Majesty.

The interview with Mr. Gibson took place on

Sunday morning, and was long and interesting. He bears the name of "The Shepherd of Lanai," having been a great breeder of sheep in that small island, from his first coming to the kingdom, and he naturally dwelt upon that theme. But what took me quite by surprise was to find him speaking of a small work, intended to precede a larger one, which he had written "on that poor lone island amidst the care of flocks," and a copy of which he produced and presented to me, engaging me on the subject. He was aware (but I know not how) that I had translated "The Lusiads" into English verse, and thus I suddenly found myself, even in the Hawaiian Islands, talking of Camoens! In that small work of his he speaks of "the strifes and toils of a very chequered career," a phrase which must be held to have gained additional force since I returned from the islands, for he has been driven thence, and not only from power, but in actual fear for his life; nay, more, while these sheets are going through the press his death is announced from San Francisco.

At the close of our interview it was arranged that I should be presented to his Majesty next morning; and returning with Mr. Creighton, my already existing desire to visit New Zealand was enhanced by his showing me a portfolio of beautiful views in that island, which he had received as a present in remembrance of his fifteen years' residence there, during ten of which he was a representative. On that same Sunday evening an important event occurred; the

bishop broke his word, and cancelling his "emphatic No," he preached! Neither he, however, nor those who heard him, could find difficulty in forgiving, for he preached to a large congregation, and the approval and gratification were unanimous.

On Monday, the 20th, Mr. Gibson paid me an early call, and appointed me to meet him in the Parliament House at eleven, when he took me to the handsome Iolani palace and presented me to his Majesty, King Kalakoua. My reception and interview were extremely pleasant. The first thing that struck me was that his Majesty had a very pleasant voice; and here it occurs to me to say that all the Hawaiians have pleasant soft voices—all who ever spoke to me, and all whom I have heard speak. I mean the real Hawaiian. And what a gift this is! So many good people have unpleasant voices, which is a great drawback. I do not include loud talkers, who are exceptionally unpleasant. In short, loud talkers and bangers of doors are exceptional nuisances. The next point was his Majesty's facile English; it ran without an effort. His first observation, too, I should recall. "When I saw your name," he said, "as coming from England, I sent to inquire for you directly, but heard you had gone to Hawaii. I was anxious to see you, for I never shall forget the great kindness and hospitality with which I was received when I visited your country." The interview was rather prolonged, and his Majesty conversed upon a variety of topics, showing much general knowledge and much diplomatic capacity.

And on my departing he said he should send for me again, as he had some things to show me. Accordingly, the next morning, Colonel Curtis P. Iaukea, of his Majesty's staff, and Brigade-Major Burrell Hayley (whom I recognized as a son and nephew of two brothers, clergymen, of my acquaintance in England), called to take me to the palace, when his Majesty showed me a large collection of maps, tracing his own workings out of the geographical genealogy of the islands; also the soundings of the ocean to San Francisco, in reference to submarine telegraphic communication. He also spoke of a probable telegraphic line to Vancouver, so as to obtain a connection with England and Europe through the Queen's dominions. He then took me into the next room, and showed me a most beautiful spread of the old feather cloaks and tippets, all made from the feathers of a bird called the Oo. The delicate richness of these robes is quite unique, and the artistic arrangements of the golds and scarlets and yellows most striking, not only in themselves, but as showing a great amount of purely natural art which Europeans might envy. That art is lost, and the king told me he was making every possible effort to revive it. The mode in which the feathers were worked in from behind was as striking in its way as the front. To see these things Honolulu must be seen; they are to be found nowhere else. "Poor birds!" one is tempted to exclaim; but it is the same old story everywhere. Wherever Nature shows beauty, we grasp it at all cost, and turn it to

our own selfish purposes, covering this natural propensity by laying it to the account of a Creator who made all things for our use. And so we shall go on *ad infinitum*. So soon as I could take my eyes off these beautiful objects, his Majesty bid me accompany him to his Prime Minister's, where he was going to luncheon, and afterwards (which act of condescension I was bound to obey) drove me to the hotel.

When I returned I found the bishop, with an invitation to us both to join an evening party at the house of Mr. F. W. Damon, the superintendent of the Chinese Mission in these islands, where we met a large party, several of whom had travelled the world about and were full of information; and Mrs. Damon gave me a sprig of small leaves gathered by Mr. Damon at Camoens' Grotto at Macao. It would be difficult to find any one more earnest in his pursuit than Mr. Damon, and I should gather that he is as persuasive as earnest. But it must be a hard and trying task. I find by the "Honolulu Almanac and Directory for 1886," edited and compiled by Mr. Creighton—an admirable work, by the way—that according to the census of 1884, out of 17,939 of this nationality living in the kingdom, there were but 300 reported by Mr. Damon himself as being Christians. These Chinese form a considerable element in the population of the whole kingdom. That total is given in 1884 as 80,578, of whom 17,939, or rather more than a fifth, are Chinese. And here, again, is that same surprising disproportion between males and females

that I was almost afraid to write in reference to San Francisco, for with 17,068 males there are only 871 females. In Honolulu itself the males are given as 4,712, and the females only as 513. A Chinese baby, however, is worth a dozen to look at!

The Chinese are great gardeners; 1060 are numbered in Honolulu as agriculturists; they are also astute traders, showing 1146 as shop and storekeepers, and the Hawaiians cannot compete with them. One more leading item is that of labourers, showing 730 under that head. They are the great laundrymen also, numbering under that head 325. Their linen is sent home in charming style, as I can personally testify; but I am not quite sure they do not use some sly damaging matter. Be that as it may, Ching Wong washed remarkably well.

There is a great deal of general education going on among the Hawaiians; "there are excellent government schools with free compulsory education," and "the native Hawaiians are above the average in educational acquirements, in proportion to population." As regards other sources of instruction, the bishop and I were exceedingly gratified by a visit to the Oahu College and Punahou Preparatory School, on the invitation of the worthy president, the Rev. W. C. Merritt. It is this college that the two young ladies of whom I have already spoken came to join as teachers. The admirable school and dwelling buildings are at Punahou (two miles distant from Honolulu), a charming park-like property. The

meaning of that word is the pleasant sounding one of "The New Spring;" and the institution fairly calls itself "the highest seminary of learning in this young Hawaiian kingdom." Male and female pupils are equally educated on most reasonable terms, and teachers attend pupils at their dwellings. Every branch of education appears to have a place, and an admirable and increasing library is at the service of all. On looking over what is called the "Catalogue of the College," it would be difficult to say what branch of instruction was overlooked. The very best wishes must be entertained for such an institution as this, and the lively interest that Mr. Merritt takes in his office, is of itself sufficient to attract sympathy.

As regards political education, it is kept alive by several newspapers. Of the energetic *Daily Bulletin* I have already spoken. The *Pacific Commercial Advertizer* is graced with the pen of my friend, Mr. Creighton. Mr. Atkinson edits the independent and outspoken *Hawaiian Gazette*, and Mr. Reginald Nuttall conducts the *Daily Standard*. The government of the kingdom is, as is well known, a constitutional monarchy, and the legislative power of the kingdom is vested in the king and the legislature, which consists of the nobles and representatives sitting together in one chamber.

Since I was in the islands a great crisis has taken place, into the particulars of which I naturally do not, as a foreigner, enter, further than to say that I have had sent to me (for which I am greatly obliged) a

full copy of the new constitution, sworn to by the king on the 6th day of July, 1887, together with a copy of the *Hawaiian Gazette* of the 12th of the same month, containing much wholesome matter.

Neither king nor people will have cause to regret this new constitution accepted by his Majesty, if it proves his people, from whom it has emanated, to be strong and enlightened enough to insist on taking a worthy position among the greater nations, and correspondingly to add dignity to his crown. As regards the fundamental principle, however, to which I have referred, that remains the same as it was. At the invitation of Mr. Creighton, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, I went down to witness the session at Parliament House. Naturally associating such assemblies with our own, I was rather timid at taking the seat by the side of the Prime Minister, and only very little out of line, to which I was invited. But there I sat, appreciating the proceedings for some twenty minutes. All, as is needless to say, was conducted with great decorum ; but as there must be ever something to amuse wherever you go, I found something here. The debates are conducted in both languages, Hawaiian and English, and this fact naturally requires an interpreter. While I was there the orator of the moment was speaking in English, and when he had given vent to such an amount of matter as the interpreter could hold together he stopped, and the interpretation was delivered. Piece by piece this went on. It was curious, and I thought

must terribly hamper the orator. But what much amused me was to notice the interpreter. He was no mere schoolboy echoer, as many men are, by the way, who *read* lectures, which nobody ought to be allowed to do. He took up the parable splendidly. He spoke with gesture and cadence marked and emphatic, as if he himself had been the representative and was speaking from his heart. Nay, he much surpassed the speaker; and if I had not known what was going on, I should have supposed his unknown phrases were persistent protests against what had been said in English, instead of an adorned and emphatic repetition of it.

The scene recalled to my mind one that I remember at Brighton a number of years ago. There was then a Rev. Mr. Trocke who officiated at Chapel Royal. He read with that curious artificial, cramped monotony of voice (I don't say the present speaker did that) that some clergymen think it as most decorous and reverent to assume; while his clerk, by way of contrast, mouthed out the responses and the alternate verses with all possible, and almost impossible, turnings and twistings both of voice and eye. I am not at all prepared to say, however, that the interpreter in this case erred by exaggeration. "Action, action, and again action." It was curious to see the House of Lords and Commons, so to say, all "sitting together."

One day after our return to Honolulu a book of very beautiful readings was put into my hands. It

was a carefully prepared collection of some of the most exquisite ferns I ever saw. Yet my eyes had had some experience in these plants, though I do not presume to be a botanist; for some years ago I sent home from Brazil a very choice selection of them, which had been very carefully put together for me. The truth is that the Hawaiian Islands are unrivalled in their ferns. They even defy New Zealand. I am told there are some three hundred species of them; and among these there appear, in singular profusion, that most graceful growth, the Tree Fern. These trees are abundant in the Brazilian forests, but in certain parts of the Hawaiian Islands they would appear to constitute almost a forest of themselves.

My stay at the capital was greatly enlivened by various drives with Captain Burrell Hayley, in his four-in-hand open car; and it was a separate pleasure to see how well he kept his team together, tutored by his own hand. In one of our excursions he took me to call on H.R.H. Princess Lydia Kamakaeha Liliuokalani, heir presumptive to the throne, and married to His Excellency John Owen Dominis, Governor of Oahu, and of Maui and its dependencies, and Member of the House of Nobles and of the Privy Council of State. This was a most pleasing call. Madame Dominis, always with the Hawaiian voice, was surrounded with a variety of old national ornaments, and took pleasure in showing them and explaining them, always speaking in admirable English. In particular I remember the large feather ornaments

called kahilis, made also from the Oo, and carried, I believe, in processions. In short, so associated did I insensibly become with all I saw, that when we came away, I told Captain Hayley that he had driven me into Old Hawaii. We also called on the British Commissioner and Consul-General, Major Woodhouse; and all these gentlemen I had the pleasure of meeting at a dinner to which Mr. Creighton was good enough to invite me.

These drives also enabled me to see much of the surroundings of Honolulu, and to note the abundant horticulture. Among other cultivations is to be specially noted that of the kilo, or taro, out of which is made the great native food called poi. The plant itself put me in mind of the yam, and it is grown in flooded ground, standing in water, like rice. When gathered, however, the root is about the driest I ever saw, and seemed to me to contrast so strangely with the water melon in this respect. Grown in wet it ripens dry; whereas the other, growing (as I have seen it) in the hottest and driest of soils, ripens into little else than liquid. Poi is to the Hawaiians what pulque is to the Mexicans, which I have explained in a former book. The natives grind it and boil it into a thick substance very like thick paste. The lower classes eat it in Arab fashion. They dip their forefinger into it, and suck it off. The only person that I ever saw eating it was the native purser on board the *Kinau*, who pursued a slightly less inelegant method. He eat it off a fork, dipping that spiked

article into it and turning it quickly round on its way to his mouth, as you might with thick honey, to prevent its dropping. The food is reported as highly nutritious, and looked disagreeable enough to be recommended by the Faculty.

One of the most melancholy objects which I saw in Honolulu—*the* most, I am bound to say, and the only melancholy one, perhaps—was the small unfinished fragment of an intended Anglican cathedral. It looked so like an example of "This man began to build, and was not able to finish." Nothing, after all, is more mistaken in building than the adopting the style of a great structure for a small one. But the desolate appearance of this fragment seemed to me to suggest the question, "What do they want out here with a cathedral?" And this question might possibly seem to suggest another.

Waikiki, under the brow of Cape Diamond, was a spot to be visited, and an agreeable opportunity for doing this occurred to my bishop and myself in receiving an invitation from Mr. Hall to dine with his wife and family one evening. The spot is charming, and some strange growths of cocoanut trees, leaning and bending about as if they might with ease be broken, amused me much. The house we found most romantically built. We dined in a large verandah, and indeed room, embracing under its roof a number of huge trees, producing a most novel, romantic effect. And one arrangement was a striking example of what recourses necessity will enforce. In

the middle was a structure which I can compare with nothing else than a gigantic meat-safe, planted on the floor.

"What on earth is that?"

"Get inside; it is a large cage to protect us from the mosquitos, and here we often sit."

I may here say, in passing, that I was not particularly troubled with this irritating insect during my sojourn in the islands. But seasons differ.

It is not often that you call on a friend to do something for you because you have dined with him, but it did happen to me to behave in this fashion towards my friend, Mr. Berger. For while tasting some excellent coffee after dinner, at his picturesque Honolulu dwelling, where he lives happily, the consort of an Hawaiian lady, and with a family, I was curious to know whence it came. It was "Kona coffee" from that district in Hawaii—Kona meaning South-west—and so my mind was set on taking home this sort of remembrance of my visit. It has fully maintained its character in London, as possessing a most delicate, aromatic flavour, and it is my selfish pleasure to be able to say to somebody who asks where I got it, meaning thereby "Where can I get it?" to answer plump, "At Kona, in the Hawaiian Islands." Why is it that we derive an extra pleasure in having pleased from knowing that others can't do the same thing? This theme would well serve to provoke the well-known cut and dried phrase in the sermon, "Now, all this is very sad, but so it is."

Why more coffee is not cultivated, and why more tobacco also, I do not know. Rice stands next to sugar-cane. I wish I could have visited fertile Kauai; and had I been a doctor I might have gone to Molokai, and talked of leprosy.

The Francisco boat having been signalled early on the morning of Saturday, the 25th, I went to the palace to pay my last respects to his Majesty, and in the afternoon Major Hayley drove me down to the quay, where the bishop and I got on board the *Alameda*—Captain Morse—having bid good-bye to Honolulu and to all the good folks we had known there. This was not the last, however, for behold, I presently saw the bishop, full of smiles and flowers, shaking hands with my two young friends of the *Mariposa*, who had come on board from the college to bestow their flowery farewell. It was, of course, quite as much as I could do to squeeze in as his mere deacon, but I managed a corner, and I believe got one flower, pulled out of his nosegay for me! And, of course, again, there were mutual regrets that I had visited the college in their absence. I really believe I felt a secret pang at parting, though perhaps not such a one as those two might feel in parting from one another. If they see these pages, and see anything to contradict in them, I hope they will write to me.

Bomb! "The king is here and wants to see you." We appeared to be on shore again; so many had come off to see friends, and champagne was doing its best to stifle tears. In my turn, I bowed to his

Majesty's "bon voyage," and was presently greeted with a handshake of regret in the person of Mr. Newton, formerly Attorney-General. The regret here was mutual; that we had never met on shore. And so at last a general "Farewell" all round. Our vessel then made her first stroke for home upon the water, and at the same moment a band on shore began to play. The scheme here arranged might sound somewhat theatrical, but still it was well conceived; for. under orders, the national air of each of the nations represented by the various passengers on board was played in turn: "God Save the Queen" of course among the number. So farewell to beautiful Honolulu and all kind hospitable friends, and presently farewell to Diamond Point. But it was not only in coming and going that I had looked on Diamond Point; for many a time at about sunset I had mounted into the lantern of the hotel for the purpose of enjoying the view thence. You have the varied green apse of mountains before you, looking towards the Pali; the noble Waianae range to your left; and the noble Diamond Head to your right. The golden sun is gilding all. What a climate these beautiful islands enjoy! Between the heights and the hollows you may choose; but all is benignant, and Pomona vies with Flora.

So at sea with Captain Morse for a pleasant voyage, and not less "at sea" on the next (Sunday) evening at a volunteer lecture. Mr. Carter, the Hawaiian Minister to Washington, also returned with

us, and I had thus afterwards an opportunity of confirming an acquaintance which proved to be of the most friendly assistance to me on visiting that city.

It was on this passage that I realized for the first time, after many thousand miles of ocean, a funeral at sea; indeed, there were two. On Monday, the 27th, a man was tilted off into the waves, and on the following day an infant's body took the like course. We had not seen either, both having come on board very ill, so that the effect, so often described, of one out of a few being missed, was not experienced. But there was something of a strange sensation in looking over the bulwarks, seeing the sack half-way out on a plank below, first covered with the flag, then the flag drawn away, and at the given moment the object tilted off and going down out of sight in the dark depths of ocean.

Our passage was enlivened by many meetings in Captain Morse's cabin of an evening, discussing all sorts of matters, and on one occasion at night he also, like Captain Hayward, was called out to witness something singular—a light on our starboard side which betokened some strange "something." This time, however, the call was not successful. We all came out to see; but Captain Morse, to our disappointment, coolly remarked, "No doubt it's moving, and a little later you'll see it a little higher." It was a huge star—but not of Bethlehem; it was not Venus.

The weather had continued so fair with us that

I now felt quite sure of a grand view of the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay. Deluded man! At an early hour on Saturday morning, the 2nd of October, we entered bay and fog at the same time. So my third and last hope in this regard was gone, and I had only to get to the Palace Hotel.

"Will you tell me," I asked of a condoling American, "in what season Frisco Bay is not foggy and your railway journeys are not dusty?"

Thus, with a distance to and fro of 4200 miles, I was back from Honolulu and in the States again at Frisco. And now my object was New England, while yet in time to see her dressed in all the golden glories of her tints of autumn, or, as they picturesquely call it in America, the Fall.

CHAPTER IX.

MANITOU—ALBANY—BOSTON.

HAVING nothing to detain me on my second visit to this great American city with a Spanish name, my first object was to arrange for my journey as far as Albany, and thence to move onwards to Boston. Accordingly, I was about to address myself to the office of the great land navigators upon that subject, when a most active and energetic gentleman, Mr. T. D. McKay, "Pacific Coast Passenger Agent," presented himself, instinctively divining that I was eastward bound. The whole affair was, of course, to him no matter at all; "Come with me, sir, and it's done; I know them all, and they all know me." This was quite the fact, and away we went together to Cook and Sons, in Montgomery Street, close by. "The Burlington Route"—that was the word—"The Burlington Route." A "through ticket" to Albany was bought and paid for. All would be smooth and comfortable, and the whole distance was 3563 miles. It is of no use looking at figures that represent distances when you are travelling in the States. Besides which, you are not bound to swallow the whole dish, or drink the whole dozen of wine, at a

sitting. You have licence to stop here and there to take breath; and again I must remark upon the concentration of attention given in the States to keep everybody moving about, with all sorts of information at hand besides. Another suggestion was also made to me (and to this I shall have to refer when I speak of leaving New York for Liverpool in March) as regards my passage to England. Seeing that I had arrived by the Australian steamer, though not from Australia, I was entitled to a "White Star" ticket, if taken at Frisco, at a reduced price; and it would be good for twelve months. So I took it.

Thus fortified, I bid good-bye to Mr. Hutchinson, to whom I recounted all my success in the islands connected with his letters, and started by the Central Pacific line at 3.30 on Tuesday, the 5th of October, for Ogden, in Utah, passing through Sacramento, the capital city of the State of California. Mr. Carter was also in the train, and Mr. Brewer, of Boston, to whom he opportunely introduced me. He told me of a curious fact connected with Nevada, the first State we passed through after leaving California. The mining interest so increased its population, that in 1861 it was admitted as a State. Now, however, it is too thinly populated to justify that honour, but cannot be put back as a Territory again. This journey was to compass 883 miles out of my total; and at Ogden we were to leave Pacific Time and take up Mountain Time, thus being put forward an hour by the

clock. We passed two nights on this journey, arriving at Ogden at eight o'clock on Thursday morning, the 7th. These forty hours or so comprehended two nights, and though a home bed is better than a Pullman car bed, yet two nights in a Pullman car bed were better than two whole days and a night, for so dreary, dusty, and wearying a stretch of country I never saw before. Nothing much more than harsh, dry sage-bush appeared. If we were not within the actual precincts of what is most justly called The Great American Desert, then the district we passed over ought to be added to that ill-omened region. It is already large enough. The maps mark it just to the south of the railway, and its dimensions are given in the last edition of Appleton's guide-book (A. and C. Black, Edinburgh)—which, unfortunately for me, has been published only since my return—as of sixty miles square; not of sixty square miles only, but "about sixty miles long, and of the same width." Talk of the wilderness of Judæa! Add to this that the average rate of the train was only some twenty-one miles or so per hour, and you will scarcely be inclined to apply American magniloquent adjectives about scenery, except in a contrary sense, or in contrary language. Hence Mr. Carter went on straight to New York, but Mr. Brewer and I continued to Salt Lake City, about another forty miles, and lodged ourselves at the Walker House Hotel.

For a certain period before arriving at Ogden, and thence to Salt Lake City, there was something more

of interest attaching to the journey, in that we skirted the Great Salt Lake; properly called "great," for its measurements, according to some, show 3150 square miles of water—ninety miles in length, with an average width of thirty-five. Others give seventy-five miles by thirty. It stands 4200 feet above the sea; several streams flow into it; it has no outlet, and its waters are intensely briny. All the minute descriptions concerning its qualities, including bathing in it, coincide very much with those of the Dead Sea in Syria; but though I bathed in the former, after insisting that I would not, I kept to this insistance as regards the Great Salt Lake. Some of the mountains round are grand, but all are dry; and, large as the lake is, many striking dry margins are pointed out, which appear to show that it has been a great deal larger.

As to Salt Lake City itself, what is there now to be said of it? Suppose I were to say it was becoming quite demoralized; that would mean, in one sense, that it was losing its original character; but in another sense, that it was gaining character by losing its polygamy. That much, we are all given to understand, is the fact; nor is it to be wondered at. However honest and honourable polygamy may be among other races—and we all very well know that it ever has been so, and still is—yet among our own it is wholly strange, and indeed abhorrent, because discordant. It is a transplanted tree that must wither. There is no room for it; and, at all events, it would certainly puzzle the Chinese in the States

and the Islands to practise it among themselves. During our short stay we had neither opportunity nor inclination to talk much about it, and what would be the use of copying all that has been said already? But in short conversations the observation was constantly and emphatically repeated, that Utah will never be raised to the dignity of a State while polygamy exists within it.

As regards the city itself, it is built upon a sandy flat, with very wide, straight streets laid out at right angles to one another, and of some 120 feet wide. They are planted, and have running water on both sides. The blocks are divided into lots of about an acre each, and the dwellings are generally surrounded by gardens and orchards. In these respects, where will you find a city laid out with such care and such consideration for health and comfort?

The distinctive building is, of course, the Tabernacle, with its wonderful acoustic properties. It is oval in shape, and the great waggon-head roof is supported by an outside peristyle, of as many as forty-six very large sandstone pillars. It must be the only building which the world has yet seen in which every one of 15,000 listeners can hear what is said to them. There is also the still incomplete Temple which, when its roof and pinnacles are added, will be an imposing building; and there is, again, the Endowment House. Appleton says that the Temple is to cost $10,000,000, or more than £2,000,000 sterling.

From Salt Lake City, Mr. Brewer returned to Ogden, on his way to Boston, and I prepared myself for a journey over the Denver and Rio Grande line, where I expected to be rewarded for the dreary country I had hitherto passed through. I therefore went to the office and obtained an outline as to times and spots, and at ten minutes past eleven on Friday morning, October 8th, the train started for Denver, a distance of 735 miles. We were very soon winding among dry mountains, jagged and picturesque, but not lofty; but by-and-by we came to what is called the Castle Gate and Castle Cañon. The Gate consists of two huge pillars, standing out integrally from a huge mass of rocks behind, to a height, one of 500, and the other of 450 feet. They are of a rich-coloured sandstone, and are dressed in parts with dark fir-trees. The impression as you pass between them, if you stand on the footboard, is very striking; great effect being caused by the rushing Price river, that stream and the train crowding one another, as it were, side by side, as they both rush through. Hence during the whole afternoon the rugged scenery was constantly presenting some new grouping of interest, until sunset approached and threatened us with darkness. But sunset contributed its share to the effects.

A very remarkable dappled sky gradually grew into strong colouring, presenting, as was remarked by more than one of us, the appearance of a large Turkey carpet spread semi-transparently over the west. Then a long range of rather distant mountains

took on that very favourite colour, rose-madder, of which I have seen so much on arid surfaces, such as those on the Egyptian mountains and the Andes. I could not but give vent to the expression that we might fancy ourselves on the Nile, when a lady, suddenly turning round, said, "I was making the very same remark to my husband: we have both been there." There seems to be a peculiar property in dry and friable surfaces for producing this especial colour. Presently all these tints were transferred to a then spotless sky, and gradually died away; and so came on the night.

Early in the morning we were to wake to see the Black Cañon of the Gunnison river; and we accordingly breakfasted very early at a station called Cimarron. Here an open "observation car" was put on the end of the train. There are fifteen miles of this cañon; so that for enjoyment of all the varieties of red rock and tree, rushing water of the river running towards us so close that it seemed trying to wash us back again from our intrusion, chasms, heights, sharp curves threatening catastrophe to the astonished eye—for the enjoyment of all these varieties, there was ample time. The morning, it is true, was cold, and several of us, though unable to resist the open car, crouched as nearly as possible to the forepart, so as to get the protection of the next carriage. But, of course, this cost them a great part of the scenic effects. One saw directly that the proper place was as far back as possible (and the car was a very long

one), so as to secure a view as far forward as possible. And in taking such a place I was greatly impressed by leaning over from side to side at times, in order to lose sight of the locomotive round a rapid curve of rocks, where the rest of our train was to follow it.

At about ten o'clock we began the ascent of the Marshall's Pass, which rises at last to a height of 10,800 feet above the sea. The engineering skill displayed here is a matter of just pride, and as you look back over the curves you can see the long tressel bridge over which you have passed with more self-control than you could now command in doing so after having seen it. But it is to be observed over this part of the line that the views are much obstructed by the long galleries which it has been deemed necessary to build in order to secure safety to the service.

At Salida we came to an early dinner, after which our second great adventure in the "observation car" was to be through what is called the Grand Cañon. This Pass is eight miles in length, and in traversing it the train follows the line of the Arkansas river. We travelled against stream by the side of the Gunnison in the Black Cañon, but here we were running down stream with the Arkansas, and the effect thus produced is, in my own idea, much enhanced. Always work down a pass if you can; there is far more illusion in descent than in ascent when the path you take is dark and threatening. Here the effect of the scenery may be in general

classed with that of the Black Cañon, until you come to the lower portion, which is called the Royal Gorge. Here the passage becomes little more than a large fissure, and you descend deeper and deeper into the rocky darkness, and the river foams along between cliffs of a sheer thousand feet perpendicular height, as bare as lonely. Surely no sunshine ever penetrated into parts of these dark passages! One wonders now and then how the line could ever have been driven through, especially at a spot where a long iron bridge of a most ingenious construction hangs suspended from the beetling sides. In one sense, it might be desired to loiter through these fastnesses and dwell at leisure on their surly grandeur; but in another, there is an increase of excitement, giving double life to the journey in the roar and rapidity of the train, competing, as it were, with the roar and rapidity of the stream, and hurrying along with a defiant and victorious echo through regions that might be deemed to have boasted themselves inaccessible to the ingenuities of art. Most true it is that the whole of this day's course appeared to me to be worthy of a special journey of no mean distance in order to realize the majestic scenery that it unfolded.

I was bound for Denver, but falling into conversation with a gentleman who was travelling with his niece, and whom I afterwards overtook in the Bahamas —Sir Edward Synge Hutchinson,—I was induced by what he told me to diverge at the station of South Pueblo, and take Manitou on my way.

By his advice I went to the "Iron Springs Hotel," and there decided that I would make the ascent of a mountain called Pike's Peak, 14,000 feet high. The valley of Manitou itself, however, is already 6500 above the sea, so that I had 7500 to ascend, the journey being considered of ten miles' length.

Thus, on the following day, Sunday, October 10th, a guide and horses were arranged for me, and I started to spend the night at the government meteorological station. The ascent is not romantic. The first zigzags are wooded, but you soon come to sparse trees, and afterwards to a completely barren side, where wind is very frequent. The climb is stiff, and the air is very cold, and at the station I found snow. The view from the summit was poor, considering the height of the mountain; and, indeed, taking into account the very uninteresting country I had passed through, I was not prepared for any very gorgeous reward for my exertions. As evening drew on, the atmosphere was in keeping with the scene, and the sunset was a nothing. The government station was in the keeping of a very pleasant young German-American, and, with a fine stove and some tinned food, he made me and my guide as comfortable as he could; but I have never yet felt the effect of rarefied air as I did that night. It produced a general discomfort and a qualm, which only brandy in small doses served to alleviate. My host told me that almost everybody was provoked to vomiting, but that catastrophe I escaped. At the same height on the Andes I had not so suffered, but

then, I had not passed a night there. Yet again, at Puno, by Lake Titicaca, I had done so without suffering; at which town, though two thousand feet lower, I had (as recorded elsewhere) fallen against a wall in attempting to run. My own belief is that there is something very peculiar in the air at Pike's Peak, and that the difference in my experience did not arise from the difference of my own condition. The air at "Manitou Springs" itself is, indeed, of a very exhilarating character. It is like champagne, and one might imagine it as bubbling, like its own delicious waters. They do not have much rain there, and they have a very curious description of it when it does come; they call it "dry rain." People who ridicule (and with some show of reason) the expression "dry wine" are fairly entitled to reject this; and even the others may be startled. But the meaning is that the rains never seem to leave the air wet; a very striking antithesis to those that abound in the doldrums.

Why the mountain is called a peak, I know not; it presents no peak at all. It may rather be compared to a bristly hog's back; but certainly not at all reminding me of our own "Hog's Back," leading out of my beautiful county of Surrey into Hampshire. The roughest masses cover the whole top surface, and are of a very disagreeable character for walking; too small for stepping-stones, and just large enough to worry the ankles.

I waked very early in the morning, and was not discontented at so doing, for on looking out towards

the east I beheld a forerunner of sunrise totally new to me; and this, again, I attribute to the peculiarity of the atmosphere. An enormous space of the hemisphere was covered with long, regular, serrated clouds, and these were all profusely coloured with deep, dead, lack-lustre crimson. A savage or a Calvinist might have deemed the sight as a manifestation of the wrath of God. The very early hour and the great height may have possibly intensified my appreciation. If they did so they were still legitimate adjuncts of the moment, and the sun's gold presently dispersed this strange picture, and made me think of getting up and getting off.

The air was piercing, and, when we left, our host informed us that his instrument showed the wind as blowing at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. "We shall have it worse," said my guide, "when we are getting round the dome, and—then we shall be all right." If I myself may be taken as the "instrument," I beg to "indicate" that it must have been so, and I was very glad indeed to find myself "all right." And so I left Pike's Peak; I cannot say that I thought it "elegant," nor had it said to me, "Have you anything like that in England?"

Getting back at an early hour to the hotel, and the train for Denver not leaving till late in the afternoon, I had plenty of time to look about me. There are plenty of small excursions to be made in the neighbourhood of Manitou, but the grand one is to a scene about two miles distant, called "The Garden

of the Gods." It may be at first supposed that this is a mere fancy name, but it is no such thing. It is a solemn name, bestowed with all the awe belonging to the worship of the Unknown. These words are a translation of the superstitious or religious title given to their sanctuary by the Ute Indians; and I must confess they seem to me to have proved themselves true poets when they chose the scene and gave the name.

Impressed with all these associations, founded on information given me on the spot, and banishing, as far as possible, all mere travellers' curiosity, I hired an open one-horse carriage and sat myself by the owner's side, a Manitou man and a Manitou proclaimer, who would fain have persuaded me, in the usual style, to stay and see everything; but I have long since come to know that the exhaustive is exhausting. At the same time, if some grand object is exhausting, nevertheless, try and accomplish it, for it is galling enough to find yourself far away at home again, and "wishing you had done it."

This "Garden of the Gods" is a strange district, of which the dimensions are given as of about five hundred acres, hemmed in by Nature almost in a manner that might suggest that development of her called Art, with mountains and ravines separating it from outside scenery; and its surprising features consist of a large undulating meadow-ground, ornamented in an almost confusing manner with isolated upright rocks, all towering, and some rising to three

hundred and fifty feet. These rocks are not of dull granite, but they are of sandstone, and they display as much colouring as that material can so abundantly afford. As you bid your driver walk slowly through the strangely captivating scene, you may allow yourself to become completely rapt by your surroundings, and be brought to confess that here old superstitions were, at the least, as poetical as the new. The scenery culminated till the last, as we went out by what is called The Gate, consisting of two tremendous natural pylons of every colour.

"Why did you not bring me in this way?" I impatiently asked.

"Some *do* prefer this way," was the only answer.

How much is often lost by taking objects at the reverse! May I not add, how few appreciate the difference!

On turning round to look back upon what should at first have struck my astonished sight, I beheld a grand perspective view of the whole scene, backed by middle-distance mountains, over all of which rose Pike's Peak, yet farther still beyond; while, in the Garden, on my left, there ran a long, broad, undulating, rising line of grass, strangely bordered by integral rocks, and presenting, paradoxically, a not remote image of the gigantic ruins of some pre-historic gigantic cathedral. Well, the reverse course of my drive had, at all events, this good result; my chief impression was my last. Still, my advice to all would be, "Enter by the Gate."

GARDEN OF THE GODS AND PIKE'S PEAK.

My drive was a round one, so we continued our course, and again one small advantage of the direction we had taken turned up in the shape of a house where something could be got for sustaining the flesh, now somewhat exhausted by the spirit, whatever that may be. So we pulled up at this somewhat rare style of house in these quarters, and, among other things, I asked for a bottle of Milwaukee lager beer—the best sort in all the States. Oh yes! they had some; but the girl who had said this brought me St. Louis beer, one more in vogue, as I believe. They had no other, in truth, so I took it. She was an intelligent American young lady, and as I paid her, and was going, she looked very quietly at me, and said, "Are you folk from Milwaukee?"

On my return to the hotel, it was already time to prepare for starting on the "balance" of my journey of 3600 miles from Frisco to Albany, through Chicago. I choose the word "balance" here, as it is a familiar American phrase. At one of our railway meals I heard it used curiously. I had helped some one to a piece of meat-pie; but in doing so, the piece of crust I had cut off broke, and part of it fell back. When the plate was handed to him, he held it out again, and said, "I'll ask you for a little more gravy, if you please, and the balance of that crust." It is not every balance that can so readily be satisfied, and I confess that I felt the "balance" of my journey to be quite as large a one as I cared to have to pay, for it was likely to prove but a very uninteresting one.

We passed through Nebrasca and Iowa into Illinois, and arrived at Chicago about three in the afternoon of the second day (Wednesday), the 13th of October, without any incident worth recording, unless it be that of dining at Lincoln, Nebrasca. On the Tuesday, I horrified everybody by asking for some Milwaukee lager. The girl looked as astonied as Nebuchadnezzar. "What's the matter with her?" said an American (a favourite phrase that). "You spoke plainly enough." But she had disappeared. In her place there came the landlady, and asked me, in a tone that showed me she already knew, "what it was I had asked for." I told her it was a pint bottle of ale or beer. She had loaded her gun and marked her game by her question; so putting on the sort of countenance that you might suppose to have belonged to the sourest saint in the calendar, she squeezed out from between her compressed lips, "We have no such thing on the premises," and followed the example of the girl. Feeling I must already be a lost soul for my wickedness, I did not hesitate to commit the further sin of consenting to be guided to where I could obtain the forbidden liquor "on the sly," and I paid my guide, moreover, for thus contributing to my "demnition."

I had no motive for stopping again at Chicago, and therefore took the next fast train for the remainder of the journey to Albany, where I lodged myself at the Delavan House. So here I found myself in the capital city of the State of New York, which, after

the manner of Montreal, calls itself, not Albany, but Allbany ; a name (I know not of the pronunciation) bestowed upon it so long ago as 1664, in honour of our James II., then Duke of York and Albany, this word "Albany" being the ancient name of the Scottish Highlands.

Now, I had fought my way up into these districts with only one town besides Albany in view, and that was Boston ; not to analyze it and describe it, by any manner of means, but to see it, and in so doing to redeem my pledge of finding out my companion to Salt City. But my great and enticing object was to travel through such immediate districts of the country as would serve to show me something of its renowned autumnal foliage ; and again, combined with this, to see the Hudson River.

The first move, therefore, that I decided on making from Albany was to go to the well-known Lake George. The railway took me through Saratoga Springs, the well-known, and, perhaps, the most frequented summer resort of Americans, and of foreigners likewise. Appleton's Guide tells us that in the season its resident population of 11,000 swells to 30,000. But the season was over before my date of getting there ; the enormous hotels, the largest in the world, were closed, and I was fain (in both its senses) to forego the brilliancy of the vast moving kaleidoscope of "the height of the season" for those variegated woodland beauties that wait till these have faded before they come forth to adorn the

"Fall." But for its abounding springs, I don't think Saratoga of itself, about one hundred and eighty miles north of New York, would have attracted much attention; but by virtue of its springs it has obtained yet another title to celebrity in the well-known "Saratoga chips," a peculiarly delicately fried biscuit, or even wafer, of potato, brought to the dinner-table on a special plate, and eaten with fingers, and not forks.

No disappointment could possibly be felt about Lake George. Here, again, is a spot of great resort in the summer, and no wonder. Its length is given as of thirty-three miles, while its width varies from one to four miles. Of its waters it is enough to say that the Indians (we must for ever call them so, as we must for ever stupidly talk of Cinderella's *glass* (!) slipper) named this lovely lake "Horicon," which means "silver water." These wild tribes in every region seem to have proved themselves Nature's poets by the charming names they gave to striking scenes and objects; while, as in hideous contrast with them, in this case, comes the sycophantic snobbism of the civilized tribe of Europe, who took away this charming name, and stuck on, in its place, the vulgar one it is doomed to bear, in honour of—George II.! Its bosom is adorned with islands here and there; its wooded banks slope closely to the water, and were coloured over with all the tints that autumn can bestow, now lying in the shadow and now lighted up by the sunshine of a broken sky. When I left to

come back to Albany, and take another course, I brought with me a religious prayer that the Americans would give back the name of Horicon.

> Oh ! give me back the pristine name
> That still my Silvery Waters claim,
> Which they who loved bestowed of yore,
> Who roamed around my wooded shore ;
> For harsh, and of discordant ring
> Is name of strange, uncaring king.

Whether I should return by railway was the question ; but I was finally persuaded to take my seat by the side of an American, a Mr. Hamilton, who was on his return journey through Albany, in his open carriage with a remarkably nice pair of black ponies. I dare say I paid enough for this, but the drive was to repay me, and it certainly proved much more diversified than the line of railway. On the first day, we drove our fifty miles, stopping for the night at a hideous town, called Cohoes, a city of the knitting trade, where 45,000 people were said to be at that moment out of employ in consequence of strikes ; the "Knights of Labour"—bombastic title—being hard at work among the workers.

This was certainly a very ugly ending to a very pleasing day's drive, during which the undulating landscape was ever varying, and groupings of autumnal trees ever fascinating with their surprising tints : Maples—sugar and hard ; oaks of various species ; walnuts ; chestnuts ; hickory ; sumac ; and I know not how many more. The tint that bears the palm of all is that of the sugar-maple. I scarcely know

what to compare it with, but the nearest I can suggest is this: let any fair young girl, whose blood still bears that exquisite vermilion of real youth, hold her hand before a table lamp, and observe the colour of her semi-transparent fingers towards the tips; then she will see something like the tints of the sugar-maple when its leaves shine semi-transparent in the sun, and, moreover, gently flutter to the breeze. There will be different degrees of colour, too, on the same tree, and, of course, even more on a group of trees. These may be backed by the wonderful maroon of the oaks, and then, as if purposely planted there, a dark yew will intensify the picture. I know not why all these colours should be so exquisite, but it is true. Beautiful as are our own autumnal tints, even our known trees in America (independently of those we know not) are more gorgeously clothed in their decaying foliage than in our own England. In some of the towns we passed through there are historical records, as well as local beauties. Near Glens Falls we passed by what is called the Bloody Pond, where in years gone by the French were massacred by the Indians, having been treacherously decoyed down under a flag of truce. That was the legend as recounted to me by Mr. Hamilton. Again, at a place called by the curious name of Schauylerville where we dined, I read upon a stone, still standing firm, "British Camp Ground, 1777." As I write this (after many interruptions), our year carries three 8's instead of three 7's. And the spot—!

We followed the banks of the Hudson for miles, but farther up the river than where its beauties are displayed, which I afterwards realized; and on the stream I was surprised to observe from time to time large masses of fine floating timber. These, my conductor informed me, were all duly ticketed and directed, and found their way down stream at leisure, rapid delivery not being necessary. Some indeed had run aground, but these would get off in time. Another curious sight upon the water were from time to time perfect shoals of small cuttings of wood, driven to the sides by the stream; and these, I was informed, were the waste of several saw-mills above, thus confirming what was told me about waste from saw-mills at Minnesota, and, moreover, again exhibiting the awful waste of forces that exists on earth. Warmth for thousands lay about the waters, with no one to care to take the fuel up; while thousands elsewhere are starving with cold, and fuel is beyond means of attainment. The wanted is where the wanter is not, and waste in one district, and starvation in another, are the consequence.

One more curiosity engaged my attention on the road. Milestone after milestone we passed with figures marked upon them not coinciding with our own journey. At last, on my asking what the town indicated was, Mr. Hamilton pulled up at the next to let me read the writing. Imagine the impudence! It was an advertisement! Truly, America has taught the world to advertise. And this interesting indi-

vidual had thought, and perhaps found, it was worth his while to set up milestones along the road, indicating the distances to—his magazine.

At Cohoes, all the beauty of our road had ceased, and thence on the next morning, Sunday, the 17th of October, we passed through West Troy, famous for rough folks and prize-fighters, and came on to Albany again, where I was dropped at the Delavan House, my driver continuing on his road.

Though I was bound for Boston, I had no intention of going there direct, and my next departure was to Great Barrington, in Massachusetts, still seeking converse with the autumn colours along the Housatonic Valley and on the Berkshire hills; and, on the second day I left Great Barrington, driving across a beautiful country, through Stockbridge, to Lenox. From Lenox, on the following day, I took the public car to Pittsfield, a distance of seven miles, thus joining the railway to Boston. But I must dwell for a few lines on Lenox. Its scenery is sweet as well as beautiful; it is charmingly adorned with trees, and its air is pure and sparkling. Appleton quotes a saying of Mrs. Fanny Kemble about its graveyard, but it would not occur to me to suggest those associations, nor do I much admire the saying; but I will copy it, so that I may meet with my due censure if I am wrong—"I will not rise to trouble any one if they will let me sleep here. I will only ask to be permitted, once in a while, to raise my head and look out upon this glorious scene." The hotel, Curtis's, is

quite in accordance with the place; it has no s- and span about it, but is very good. It gives y- the idea of a house where the weary have come to vegetate, and all is quiet and intended so to be. There is a certain covert aristocracy, too, about those who resort there, and there is a certain sort of English appearance in the driving about of carriages and pairs. When I heard the station was seven miles away, I remarked that they were not very well provided with railway accommodation.

"And we don't want to be," was the reply, which immediately fixed the class of life here sought for.

"You don't want holiday-makers, with their return tickets?"

"That's just the very case."

And assuredly any invasion of that kind would totally disperse the atmosphere that pervades this favourite retreat, as well as resort. How different from Saratoga! And visitors to the one place would never affect the other.

It was a rustic "quite good enough" sort of public car that served for my drive to Pittsfield, and if in the course of my whole journey thence to Boston by the railway, I had been called upon to point out what part was not pleasing, I do not think I could have done so. I was inclined to say to myself from time to time, "If I had known all that was to be seen on this line, I think I should have been content to have come direct from Albany." Sweeping hillsides of almost blazing colours were constantly repeated as

we whirled along, so that at the journey's end I rather coarsely expressed myself as being drunk with colour. Nor were small blue water lakes here and there wanting on our left, necklaced with dipping forest trees, and bossed with wooded islands in their midst.

When I arrived at Boston, I went, as I had been recommended to do, to the Revere House Hotel, managed by an Englishman, Mr. Amos, formerly of Chester. The journey cost us five hours, for the rails were very slippery, and we were consequently late. On arriving at Boston, there was a sort of satisfaction in knowing that this great, busy, thriving city was really the capital of its state, Massachusetts; it is the chief city of the States that make up New England. I am writing now under impressions subsequent as well as prior to my visit to Boston in reference to this point. Previously to Boston, I had found Chicago, not the capital of Illinois, but Springfield; Portland, not the capital of Oregon, but Salem; and San Francisco, not the capital of California, but Sacramento. Afterwards, there was New York, not the capital of New York State, but Albany; and Philadelphia, not the capital of Pennsylvania, but Harrisburg.

Boston deserves to be a capital city, which is the fullest description of it that I mean to give. I had no intention of traversing it. Had I been so inclined, I might have found abundant opportunities for so doing in the wonderful system of tram-cars. But then, it must have taken some time, for I have never

seen anywhere else such crowded lines of these conveyances. I told somebody it seemed to me that a man might lay a wager to walk a good quarter of a mile on the tops of the cars. It all looked as if the traffic would shortly require the aid of elevated railways, in order to enable passengers to move about at average pace from point to point. A remarkable feature in the city itself is what is called the Common —a park of about fifty acres, in its very heart, undulating, timbered, and lawned, furnishing, indeed, not only a lung, but a pair of lungs.

Of course I called upon my friend Mr. Brewer, who took me out to his house at Milton, affording a charming drive, including an interesting visit to the observatory of his father-in-law, Mr. Slocum. The views above and round Boston are extensive and impressive. I have in my journal the two names, Corey's Hill and Brookline. The general view of the city that I obtained showed Boston, East Boston, Charlestown, and Cambridge, and all the harbour, and in gazing down upon the scene I could not but recall that there it was that, in defiance of England's ill-omened imposition of duties on tea, in December, 1773, 870 chests of tea were destroyed. Nor can the great obelisk, the Bunker Hill Monument at Charlestown, be overlooked. It stands 220 feet high, or nearly twenty feet higher than our Monument of London, but is no handsomer than that class of structure generally is. It is now entirely surrounded by buildings. It confesses a defeat, but commemo-

rates a fight, and recalls Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln," which I first read at school.

A more pleasing object is the great Harvard University at Cambridge.

It was at the Revere House that I realized, in its best quality, the famous maple syrup, drawn from the sugar maple. A new zest was given to it and to all the milk, cream, and butter of the house, by the name of the farm upon the bill of fare, Maple Grove Farm. This syrup is eaten with the equally famous hot buckwheat cakes, of an exceedingly light, digestible, and nutritious quality. Suppose I were to describe them by the very contradictory term of wholesome crumpets; though, at the same time, I hold the crumpet to be the object of very unfair abuse. Against the buckwheat cake, with its butter and syrup, nothing can be said. There is also a hot wheaten cake, which is not so light. The maple syrup is of a refined flavour; so much so, that one morning, taking cane syrup by mistake, a noxious flavour of rum struck me as quite offensive. The cakes are brought up like pancakes, on a covered plate, and they have given rise to one of those phrases which illustrate the sort of gallop against time that characterizes the American—"Hurry up the cakes." The bleeding of the maple for its sugar does not appear to injure the tree; and I was assured that, if not so bled, it will of its own accord throw off a quantity of its juice. So we are assured that the drawing of the turpentine from the pine, and the periodical barking of the cork tree, are not injurious to either. But

the maple would appear to ask for depletion. Rather the maple than I!

While at Boston I was anxious to send home a few presents of the renowned New Town Pippin, and Mr. Brewer took me to a very considerable apple merchant. He frankly declared he could not supply me. I was somewhat surprised at this, but rather more so when he roundly asserted that about sixty thousand barrels of apples had gone to England, ticketed as New Town Pippins, and that there was not a New Town Pippin among them! What is a New Town Pippin? That is, where is New Town? Nobody could tell me. Now, to send home as a present any other than a New Town Pippin from America, would seem more like a slight than a mark of attention. So I declined the Baldwin Apple, and, indeed, was not particularly impressed with its flavour. But if any one wishes for a fine flavoured American apple, let him ask for the Northern Spy, a specimen which I afterwards found at Washington; but, even this class of apple would seem to be scarce, for the supply of them had stopped before my mere paper-bag demand for them had been satisfied

Boston was the first town where I asked for English letters after leaving San Francisco, and I mention the fact in order to testify to the excellent arrangements in the post-office. All the notices and letters and numbers are admirably set forth, and all the offices, or almost all, are served by females. I had some inquiries to make of a special kind, as it happened, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

CHAPTER X.

NEW YORK.

AND now, on leaving Boston, the capital, I was at last to realize the great non-capital, New York; the city that we hear very much of, and indeed most of, among all the cities of the States; and, in truth, in more matters than those of a commercial and stock market it has contrived to make itself notorious. I left Boston, after a good farewell breakfast of buckwheat cakes and sugar maple syrup, at 11.30., on the morning of the 23rd of October, and taking the line of the Boston and Albany Company, ran through another beautiful country by Hartford, the capital of Connecticut, and New Haven to New York, where we arrived, at the end of our few 233 miles, at six o'clock in the evening. There was no hotel omnibus that I could find at that moment, and our own well-known cab service is in New York practically unknown. The brougham service is very dear, but I was forced to have recourse to it, and for something (say) less than five dollars I found myself at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, fronting Madison Square. Scarcely was I in the usual large hall, and facing the broad open counter with two or three officers, called the

office, when a brisk voice called out, "Ah, sir! glad to see you. Just come?" It was the ubiquitous Mr. McKay, of the "Burlington Line," with the usual new hat on. It is wonderful how many new hats I kept meeting in New York.

No. 392, fifth floor! So we were all in fifths. My luggage, or baggage, was, with the "express," checked in due form, and was in my room almost as soon as I. Never mind, 5th or 10th floor, up you go in the elevator; nobody thinks of a staircase. When I came down from my eyrie, which I also did in the elevator, it was time to go in to dinner. This ceremony takes place on the first floor, the ground floor being occupied by hall, newspaper room, bar, and lavatory; and when I walked up to the door a blaze of light and an archipelago of tables burst upon my vision. But the head waiters were there. The hand was waved in the air, bidding me to enter and follow; and the course I thus took through the various avenues before I came to anchor would present a very curious looking line if I could transcribe it on my page. A "coloured" or an Irishman waited on me, and, as usual, expected—but was disappointed—to have the semicircle of small dishes to set in order at the start. After all, there is something cheerful in having a number of persons, in bright light, dining at the same time as yourself; of course when there is no danger of that terrible nuisance, inefficient waiting. But in American hotels service is plentiful, and I never once, anywhere, experienced

neglect for want of feeing. Now and then a small coin is very cheerfully accepted; but you are so changed about among the tables that it is not often you meet the same servant, and this seems almost to be arranged on purpose. I paid five dollars a day, I think, for my board and eyrie; but the eating, for those who are blessed with large appetites, is abundant indeed. For luncheon begins at one, and dinner, by continuity, with enlarged *menu*, at two. So that "Large Stomach," by going in at two, may get one dinner, and going in again at eight, may get another. I have often wished for a large stomach when I could pay for eating. But appetite is sometimes an infliction. Among the rich and the poor there seems to be one of our world's many and many inconsistencies: those that have an appetite too often cannot buy to eat; and those who can do so, have no appetite to enjoy their food. The saucy contradictions that tease existence sometimes almost make it an insult.

Sunday, the 24th of October, was a fine morning, and there was enough to be seen that might prove the New York folk a church-going people. The coming out from the churches, or places of worship, showed this more than the going in, which is usually the case. The emerging groups, all gaily dressed as becometh sinners, were everywhere apparent. But it must be borne in mind that sects or persuasions are very numerous. My sight was drawn to a closely written notice-board on one of the walls, and, on

looking attentively, I was astonished to find it contained a list of all the different forms of worship to be found, and where to find them. Some satirical Frenchman once said that he found in England a hundred religions and only one sauce. As a paraphrase of this, one might say here, that in America there are as many religions as there are "drinks."

One of the leading objects of my curiosity was the Brooklyn Bridge, and therefore, in order to get down to the river side, I took a short walk to the nearest station of the elevated railway, this also being another object which I desired to realize. What a rattle it all is! and how you dash along between the houses, at about the height of their first floors! This seeming intrusion does not appear to annoy. All is metal, and all is girder-work; clang clang, clang. The stations are declared; these rush out, and those rush in, and the iron gates of the platform are crashed, and off you go again. When I hastened out—no time to lose—I thought the noise worse than ever, or my head weaker than ever, as the train dashed on again; but I was somewhat reassured by hearing even an American, who, with his wife and child, got out at the same station, exclaim, "Oh, what a racket!"

Though these pulsating arteries do not, of course, ramify through the whole city, yet they are quite phenomenal, and illustrate the ubiquitous hurry of the population. But even what was astonishing to my weak self all falls short of an increase that is

being insisted on. For while I was in New York there appeared a notice in one of the leading papers, with the heading, "A Demand that Must Be Met." What was the demand? The following extract is really worth reading, especially by those quiet people who do not like noise and hurry:—"Seven years ago the elevated railroads carried an average of fewer than one hundred and seventy-five thousand passengers a day. Now they commonly carry five hundred thousand a day, and on Monday last the number exceeded five hundred and fifty thousand. The traffic is already attended by grave discomforts, by delays, and, we fear, by increasing risks. It is plain that the means for rapid transit are already inadequate to the city's needs, and that the embarrassment becomes constantly more serious. The vast growth on the east and west sides alone demands *daily twice the existing accommodation.* Whether it is to be under ground or over ground, whether we are to be gnomes or fairies, relief must come, and it must come quickly." Such is locomotion in New York City.

So to the Brooklyn Bridge I came—the gigantic Brooklyn Bridge that stretches its length across East River, joining New York to Brooklyn, and containing two tramcar ways, two carriage ways, and a broad footpath in the middle above both. I am glad I did not come to the States before this bridge was completed. It is in fact, the largest suspension bridge in the world and the following features are given in

Appleton's Guide. The whole length is 5989 feet—that is, more than a mile; and the distance from high-water mark to the roadway is 135 feet. The central span of the bridge is suspended to four cables of steel wire, each 15¾ inches in diameter, which have a deflection of 128 feet. The towers at each end of the bridge, at the water's edge, are 140 feet long by 50 feet wide and are 278 feet in height above high-water mark. At the anchorages each of the four cables, after passing over the towers, enters the anchor walls at an elevation of nearly 80 feet above high-water mark, and passes through the masonry a distance of 20 feet, at which point a connection is formed with the anchor chains. This stupendous triumph of engineering was planned by Col. John A. Roebling, and completed under the charge of his son, Washington Roebling. It cost thirteen years' time in constructing, and $15,000,000 in money. I walked to and fro, and rode in the tram-cars several times during my stay in New York, in order to realize as much as possible the gigantic structure. Nor only for this purpose, for the view obtained from the centre of the footpath of the river, the bay, and the two cities is worthy of the bridge. Nor should the view of the bridge itself be lost sight of. More than once I took the ferry-boat to enjoy a drive through Staten Island across the bay. The season was already getting late, and the beauties of the island itself were fading; but the views from the higher points were wide and fine. And it was both in going and coming that the bridge offered a remark-

able object. While the stately piers rose majestically at either end, the suspension cords appeared like gossamer threads, producing an effect that bore repeated views.

One of my earliest visits in New York was naturally to the post-office, lying a long distance down Broadway, and, the general mode of travelling down that crowded artery being by tram-car, I mounted one as it passed the hotel. These vehicles are not very comfortable, for the elevated railways do not relieve them, and, moreover, there is no fixed legal limit to the number of passengers they may carry at one time. The consequence of this is that, while all the seats are occupied, there are many standing up inside, while on the foot-boards, behind and before, others stand, and others, again, hang on at an angle very like 45°. The pushing about to get in and out may be imagined, besides the discomfort of the seats. But there is, again, more than this. Ladies, young and old, are constantly getting in, and in too many cases it seems to be expected, as a matter of course, that men are to get up and stand, or hang on, in order to make room for them. This is not always done, but it seemed to me that it was always expected; and I take leave to say that it is sometimes too often done; for you will have a very forward young lady get in and look round with a sort of matter-of-course face, as much as to say, "Now then, who's going to move?" And when some facile individual is frightened into doing so, the seat is taken as a matter of course, with not even

the slight expression of courtesy with which one person would move out of a doorway to let another pass. I do not say that this is the case always, but if it were so, the men have only to thank themselves for this absurd obsequiousness, for the women care not how crowded a car is when they know they can make others move for them. I must confess I think there is something of affectation about the Americans' style of politeness, and they do now and then quiz themselves about it. One of the newspapers, while I was in New York, wrote a paragraph about this very subject, and laughed at people offering a seat to "Mrs. Lady." And here, again, is a funny extract on the same subject—

PARALYZED BY HER POLITENESS.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Take this seat, madam," said a polite gentleman in a crowded New York street car, as he vacated his place.

"Thank you, sir," replied the lady, smiling sweetly.

The gentleman gave a start of surprise, and fell dead upon the floor of the car. He was not accustomed to being thanked for a seat. The lady was from Pittsburg."

There is also another habit which struck me as ridiculous: the taking off of hats if a lady stops the hotel elevator and gets in. Sometimes, when some good-looking old white-haired dowager appears (and you often see them), the custom may pass. But

it too often happens that there is a flounce in and a flounce out—"Hats off; we're here," and it is quite ridiculous, now and then, to see two or three men laughing and talking together in the elevator, when suddenly, at the next floor, this sort of apparition enters, and they doff their hats and look down their noses, and hold their tongues, like chattering schoolboys, suddenly stopping fun and spying into their books on the master's appearance. Courtesy, by all means, and I will say that some of the American young ladies are most engaging, and invite it; but in neither of the above customs do I trace the slightest real application of this word. And thus much of my barbarous and uncultivated nature I beg to declare—though I could not keep my hat on alone in the elevator, and once, to the great amusement of the conductor, took it off to a lady's maid, yet, like many others, I always kept my seat in the car.

One other inconvenience attaching to the cars is the terribly slow pace at which they are obliged to move. But there is no help for this in that overcrowded, pushing, pulling, crossing Broadway. Do you think you can improve matters by taking a hansom? There are such things. Try. You may get on a little quicker, but at what cost? Twice I accepted the offer of a friend to accompany him from Wall Street to Madison Square, and I was going to say, twice ten times I repented. First, the street pavements are very bad, and for an obvious reason. Here

come in the cars again ; nobody, as a rule, uses the streets any more than they use staircases. All the world go by car or by clattering elevated railway. More than this, the tram rails are laid in a projecting manner that would not for a moment be permitted in London. We know what it is even with us to have a wheel grinding along for about a hundred yards, sometimes in hopeless efforts to get free ; but you must not suppose you know, therefore, what the same efforts cost in Broadway. It is so bad that, by the merciful turn of Nature, before you are half-way home the pain passes into a joke. I do not speak of other streets. In these I hailed a stray hansom only once, when the man demanded so ridiculous a sum that I declined his services ; the more so that it was done in a tone that clearly said, "You don't get in under." Hansom and extortion are here synonymous.

They are all very polite and attentive at the post-office, but I think, in a very small but really important matter, New York might take a lesson from Boston. I mean, as to the size and condition of the brasses that indicate the letters. They are practically useless at the Poste Restante. The place is dark, and the brasses are dirty. The building, meanwhile, which contains the Post Office and the U.S. sub-treasury, is a noble pile. In its close neighbourhood is a regular nest of the establishments of the public newspapers ; and here I had the pleasure of introducing myself with a letter to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the *New York Tribune*, and afterwards returning his call at his

private residence. It was much to my regret that, by being detained for several weeks in the Bahamas by a very severe attack of illness, I was obliged to hurry through New York on my return, without having the opportunity of redeeming the pledge I had given him of not failing to let him know at once so soon as I appeared. I was also much indebted to Mr. Gilbert Jones, of the *New York Times*, for a letter of introduction to Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia.

The course I had taken on leaving Albany naturally threw me out of the line of the Hudson River, and therefore a visit in that quarter was to be undertaken from New York. Nor was there a moment to lose in the matter, for I had been only just in time to catch the beauties of the scenes I had already visited. Even as it was, I did not escape the too well-known and often unfounded phrase, "You should have been here a fortnight ago." Therefore, as soon as I could, which was on Tuesday, the 26th of October, I took the morning train by the New York Central Line for a return journey as far as the Catskill Station, the railway running closely along the river-side for the whole distance. It was too late to talk of a steamer, for the Company had ceased running their boats for the season; but, even if such had not been the case, I should still have gone one way by railroad. I never would refuse to go by water on a river excursion, but I still adhere to my conviction that moving on the stream itself is not the real way to see the river, particularly if you are running its

whole course, and are desirous of grasping its whole character as a river.

I have no comparisons whatever to make with anything European; we are in America, and if I make any comparison at all I shall recur to the Columbia or Oregon. My conclusion is very quickly arrived at; I am very glad I have been fortunate enough to see both. As regards the two railways, the North Pacific Line has the advantage of the New York Central in this respect, that it runs along well above the stream, and that the especially charming effect is afforded of looking down upon the full winding bosom of the water. As regards the scenery, the Columbia is wilder, and creates, perhaps, more illusion than the Hudson, from its distance westward, without speaking of historical associations. The Hudson River need lose none of its unquestionable majesty by being described as possessing much sweetness in its scenery, to which the blushing colours—not mere tints—of the Fall considerably contributed.

The scene, as I have said, lost something by the line not being a little higher than the stream, a defect which is, of course, inseparable from a course upon the water itself. But now and then a great advantage ensued from this: the engineers had been able to drive their line, in several places, straight through large bays which the river had formed, so that from time to time there was water on both sides, and I was in close propinquity with the most lovely autumnal foliage, dressing a vast and steep hillside, and frilling

the water with actual contact. And here I am tempted to remark upon another example of what I call the regulation modes of viewing scenery being entirely mistaken. You travel, in this case, for instance, in a very handsome parlour car, with the usual easy-chairs turning on a pivot. According to an evident custom, the row of chairs next the river-side is eagerly occupied, though the mere width of the carriage can make but slight difference, the windows being large. But this is not all; everybody sedulously fixes the eye upon the stream, like an Arab praying towards Mecca, and sedulously turns the back towards the shore side of the train. The most lovely pictures are lost in this manner, particularly in crossing the pieces of water I have spoken of; nor only there by any means. All the near foliage is given up for that across the breadth of the whole stream. But we are all so different in our notions of seeing and doing things that it is very hard to change custom once established. Not many, perhaps, would agree with me in these observations. But I think all would agree with me in my protest against the notions of the coloured conductor of the train. He was actually pulling down the blinds here and there to a certain level.

"What can you mean?" I exclaimed.

His view was his own inside of his own car—another instance of how mere piece-work narrows the mind. "It looks so bad," he said, "to have some blinds higher than the others."

"Then pull them all quite up; we want to see the views, not the inside of your car."

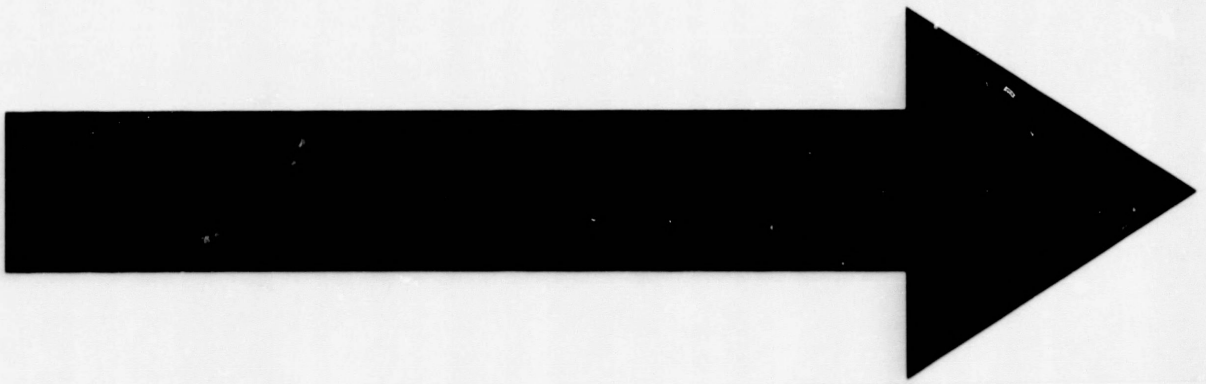
"Then it looks so naked," he replied.

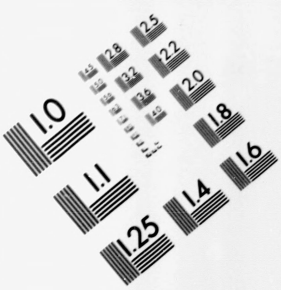
Two ladies were most uncommonly amused by this short dialogue, and had their blinds drawn up into the completely invisible condition. I conceived an additional respect for them for supporting and concurring with me as to the double view.

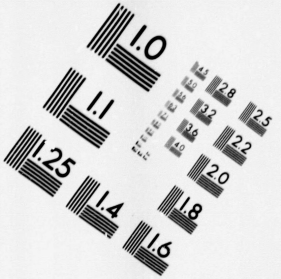
I purposely forbear from minute description as to different points of view. All is beautiful; there is plenty to choose from. I could only go up and down the river, and had there been an opportunity of so doing, I should have gone by water one way and by steamer the other. Again, I noted a railway on the other side—the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Line, and it seemed to me to run at a higher level than the New York Central; if so, at an advantage in many respects. Really I think the Hudson River worth seeing by all three courses.

"Ah! you should be here in our summer," said a passenger to me. "If I could be here in the Fall too, I should be willing; but if I were bound to choose, give me the days of a fine Fall."

When I returned to New York, I found my friend, Mr. Wienholt, at the hotel, full of such descriptions of Alaska and its stupendous glaciers as filled me with a desire to behold it all. But how and when? It is now a "long cry" to Alaska; yet the day may come. We have heard of Alaska in poetry for many years, in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," where the







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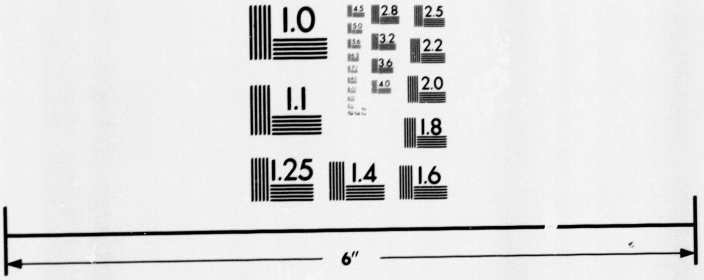

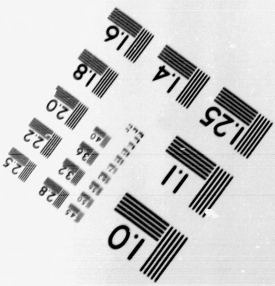

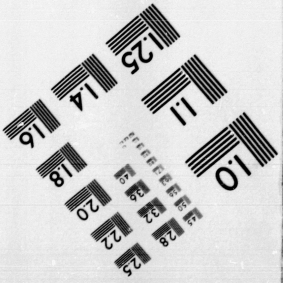

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absolute impossibility of the figure he represents may perhaps be forgiven by the glory of the couplet. There was no "tumultuous roar" of ocean in Mr. Wienholt's description: the silence was something ghostly. But what Campbell figures is the "wolf's long howl" being heard across such a roar; and where is the wolf? Still there is the glorious couplet—

> "And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar
> The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore."

The next "find" was my friend, Mr. Carter. He had come to New York on special invitation to be present at the inauguration of M. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty on Bedlow Island. That great event was fixed for Thursday, the 28th of October. And the next important person that greeted me was my friend, Mr. Marsh, of Broad Street, with a ticket to a great supper to be given at the Union League Club, on the eve of the day, to which all the great people had been invited, including M. Bartholdi and M. de Lesseps. Great was the spread of everything; great were the speeches, because excellent was the champagne; but I could not help thinking that it was not by such mere champagne sentiment that the States had secured their republic. However, that had no concern with the abundant hospitality offered by the club, where there was a large table for all, besides the separate repast provided for the heroes of the occasion. Among the foreign guests, M. Simon made a grand French oration; M. de Lesseps added three or four sentences; and M. Bartholdi was quite silent,

exhibiting what the French call a *visage de circonstance* manifesting the profoundest modesty. In this particular case it seems to me that the giver was more honoured than the receiver, and I know not what the States have gained by their acceptance. There were many reports as to where the statue came from, but to my mind it is an anachronism and an intrusion altogether. The States were by no means the first free republic in the world, nor did they obtain their freedom by bombastic figures. There is an unpretentious empty dwelling at Mount Vernon worth all the boastful statues that the very best of artists ever cast or carved.

The morning came, but, despite all the vows paid at the shrine of Liberty, the elements were most despotic. I never have beheld a more unpropitious day for a great ceremony. I did not move out of doors. The concourse was, however, enormous, and on talking with one of the staff the next day, he described the scene most graphically by saying that the sea was a sea of heads in steamers. Great illusion must therefore have been added by the thickness of the fog, which concealed all beyond a certain circle, so that imagination might picture a concourse without end.

All the newspapers of the following morning were, of course, filled with every particular relating to the day's proceedings, but one or two of them were a little sarcastic on the subject, in observing that they could not help contrasting the enthusiasm, in spite

of the bad weather, manifested on the occasion of the inauguration with the coldness and backwardness that had betrayed itself in subscribing for a pedestal whereon to place the grand gift. However, there is the pedestal, and a very poor pedestal it is. There is a story of a friend being called in to admire a picture, when his first exclamation was, "Oh, what a beautiful frame!" I could not feel surprised if I heard that some one from the far West, having been brought to Bedlow Island to admire the statue, had exclaimed, "Oh, what an ugly pedestal!" As regards the statue itself, it is colossal, and therefore should be seen at a distance. One is consequently surprised at people going to Bedlow Island to look at it, which is only just large enough to hold it. They must go to look at the pedestal. I have one criticism to make on the statue itself. The figure is holding the lamp of Liberty aloft, and it is so far aloft that the outline of it is entirely confused with that of the hand. The consequence is that the arm appears to be too long, and to have a very ugly hand at the end of it. A good deal has been said about the practical working of the light itself, into which I cannot enter, but one published fact is most remarkable—the thousands of sea-birds that fly against it, and are found dead below.

All the foreign visitors were magnificently welcomed, and M. de Lesseps was petted—he and his family. But really I think the *New York Herald* may be considered to have stretched childish senti-

mentality to the furthest point, when it published all the farewell letters of his children, down to the very baby, telling the whole world how they had "always" loved America. No sooner, however, had the old gentleman gone, than the Senate voted (what they ought long before to have done) support of a scheme to cut a canal across Nicaragua!

Among other circumstances connected with the day's proceedings there was one almost too good to be true, but quite too good not to be recounted. The police had full notice that an army of known pick-pockets were to be at work on the occasion. So they lay wait for their arrival on the evening, and every known countenance was arrested on the spot and put into prison as a suspected person, bail being demanded to an impossible amount. When all was over, the individuals were discharged to a barren feast, and among all the multitude that had assembled, "you bet" that none could have been found louder proclaimers for Liberty, or any more fully persuaded, the next morning, that their goddess had contributed to make fools of them for their pains. Talking of police, I cannot but remark upon the large stature of those I saw in the neighbourhood of the hotel. In this respect they appeared formidable, but I should question their wind in a contest. Probably there are some of all sizes.

Booth was acting Hamlet for a few nights while I was at New York, and I went to see him at the Star Theatre. That his is a fine performance I think

no one can doubt; some of the difficult positions are well managed, and I traced no affectation. What rather struck me was a something wanting in the melancholy that tinges all the soliloquies and the reflections introduced in the dialogue. The delivery is now and then too rapid. Now and then, also, the enunciation was not quite clear, but this might be owing to a defect in the theatre. His countenance is fast growing rather too old for the character. The readings of two passages I was glad to hear, concerning which there has been, as it seems to me, much unnecessary discussion. The one refers to a somewhat inelegant passage. It is where Hamlet is taunting Polonius. And Booth reads it thus: "For if the sun breeds maggots in a dog, being a god, kissing (that is, who kisses) carrion," etc. I have often heard "god" pronounced "good" upon the stage. And both Knight and Payne Collier so print it, with long notes in defence of that reading. What "good kissing" can mean, I never could understand. The other is where Hamlet welcomes the players, which Booth read thus: "Oh! old friend, why thy face is valanced since I saw thee last." Some will have the word "valiant" instead of "valanced;" and even Mr. Irving has told me that he thought "valiant" quite as good. But look at the staring Shakespeare pun in the very next sentence: "Com'st thou to *beard* me in Denmark?" The word "valanced" as applied to the beard is eminently Shakespearian. Note an expression of Prospero's in "The Tempest," when

he bids Miranda look on Ferdinand: "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance." What "valiant" can mean I know not, but Knight so prints the word.

Two other readings rather shocked me, but, on looking to my Payne Collier's edition, I find them as Booth gave them. The first is where Hamlet says to Horatio, "O good Horatio, I will take the ghost's word for a thousand *pound*." It is hard to believe that Shakespeare wrote the word "pound" in Denmark. If he had meant money he must have written "ducats," as he has more than once elsewhere; but I have believed the meaning to be for a thousand *others' words*, that is, "as good as." The other phrase is: "What a piece of work is *a* man." But all editions concur that Shakespeare so wrote. Yet he is speaking of man in the abstract, and immediately afterwards so uses the word twice running. Booth is the first actor in whom I have plainly heard the "a."

Miss Vaders acted as Ophelia. She had evidently deeply studied her part, but so terribly overacted hysterics that she completely murdered all the delicacy of Ophelia's nature. In all Shakespeare's female characters there is no feature so tenderly outlined, no picture so exquisitely tinted, as Ophelia's madness. Miss P. Horton, of old, was perfect in it. But to make the part an occasion for an almost ranting exhibition of violent gesture, laughing, and even screaming, is surely, to any one of good judgment, downright heresy.

The audience were decently quiet; no coarse applause disgusted the attentive listener. But that dreadful nuisance prevailed, originating in France, I believe, of "calling." Nothing can be more absurd and more destructive of the whole illusion which is the soul of the drama. The actor, as well as the audience, has to forget the individual and merge him into the character, and this illusion should grow as the play goes on. But at every short interval it is all blotted out again, and the individual is reintroduced, not more to the annoyance of the hearer than of the actor, who should try to forget his individuality. But a thousand to one do not understand this, and a thousand to one love to express approval (such as it is) by (in plain and fitting language) "kicking up a row."

The theatre and the seats were all pleasantly arranged, but one crying and indefensible nuisance existed—the women's tall, exaggerated head-dresses. Men's hats would not be nearly so bad. The papers have complained of it over and over again, and unselfishness has been appealed to, but of course in vain. So long as passengers can be pushed off their seats in the cars, and men are to put on church faces in hotel elevators, tall head-dresses will be persisted in. There is only one remedy—the Goddess Fashion. Let some leading ladies patronize "the theatre hat," something of befitting character, and all this branch, at least, of selfishness will disappear like magic. In London—the imperial capital of the "Old Country"—it would not be tolerated for two nights together.

Talking of fashion and classes, these appear to be fast growing in New York, and very naturally so. As society advances this must be the inevitable result. Forced into the rawest basis of democracy at the first start by the ill-treatment of England years ago, and from a mere feeling of hostility to aristocracy, Americans exhibited that rude assumption of equality among all, which Dickens describes in the first edition of his "American Notes." But only comparatively a few years afterwards—for what are twenty-five years in the young history of a huge nation?—he writes his postscript, dated 1868, and speaks of the "unsurpassable politeness" and "amazing changes" which have "astounded" him. And this appendix, he declares, shall always be published with his former books. I have spoken of the courtesy which I found everywhere, and I speak of it here again. This shows the growth of society, and side by side with it there is a growth of some of the customs of "the old country," so often spoken of. You have "receptions" reported, and you have long lists of those who "were honoured with invitations," etc., and those receptions are made as polished and agreeable as is possible, and the invited look for their names next day. And so it will go on and prosper, and the ever-increasing visits to Europe, now so easy, and so frequently and numerously had recourse to, will be continuously conducive to the development of the already grown and still growing change. There is no taunt in this. It is the rule of life that things should be so. Where

riches grow and luxury develops, classes will prevail, whether in the East or West:

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

There are Anglo-philes as well as Anglo-phobists, and the true American I believe to be an Anglo-phile. The American is a broad joker on himself, and in one of the papers I saw this broad jest. The day is fine and hot, for example, and a smart individual is met walking with an umbrella open over his head.

"What!" says a friend, meeting him; "are you afraid of your complexion?"

"No; it isn't that."

"What have you got your umbrella open for, then?"

"Because it's raining in London."

By-the-by, I have already said that I observed so many people with new hats in New York. Yet one fact more I observed about hats. "Real London hats" are exhibited in almost all leading hatters' shops. As to the extremely gay and becoming ladies' hats, they are almost as frequent in London as elsewhere. Have we copied them from America? I like them everywhere but at the theatre.

While I was at New York there took place the late famous election of the new mayor. A few evenings previous to the appointed day, Mr. Wienholt and I put ourselves under the guidance of a detective to roam the streets at night. It was a miserable night, and the result was very far from being so satisfactory

as my corresponding excursion in San Francisco. But we came among the vast crowds that had assembled to shout the usual blind approvals and disapprovals belonging to such occasions. We both noted how truly at liberty we were to pursue our way, and how wonderfully clear the footpaths were kept, for, while the streets were brimful, not one individual seemed even to think of intruding upon foot-passengers. Whether this is always the case, of course, I cannot say. When the election really did take place, there was nothing to observe beyond shouting. Yet in New York the mixture of nationalities is enormous; it is not, in point of fact, an American city. In reference to the population, I was more than once credibly assured, and therefore record the assurance, for the fact is beyond my knowledge, and almost beyond my belief, that New York city contains the third largest German population of any city in the world. As a political body their power is held to be very great—greater than that of the Irish, as regards any permanent influence over the institutions of the country, because there is more combination and more fixed opinion among them. In 1880, the German population throughout the States was given as very close upon 2,000,000.

It would be vain to attempt to numerate here all the leading features of New York, but go to the grand Central Park and see the multitudes of all ages desporting there. It embraces an area of some 850 acres, or very little less, in the shape of a large

rectangular parallelogram, with several lakes. Take care you see the high bridge, carrying the great Croton aqueduct across the Harlem River; and among elegant buildings observe Grace Church, and well so called, and its adjuncts, near Tenth Street, Broadway. If I were to name Trinity Church, I should do so, not from any intrinsic feature, but from the strange propinquity of that class of buildings with its uses to Wall Street. You may rush and roar about as you please upon the elevated railways, or you may crawl and be squeezed as much as you like in road-cars, and you may tire yourself as much as you please in doing either or both. Among other visits those to cemeteries are not of my own choice. Did ever any one see a tomb not in bad taste, not to speak of their associations? But the 1st of November, "All Saints," is always chosen for these visits; so I went. The cemetery of New York is well kept, and the view from it is really very fine. Here you can walk amidst the world below and mentally expatiate upon the world above.

I wonder whether Dr. Parker, the dentist, of No. 37, Thirty-First Street, will thank me for advertising his name? He served me very well for a chipped tooth that required immediate attention. But the phrase in which he was recommended to me was curious. He was "right down quite a way up." These American dentists are no doubt the first in the world—not all of them, of course, but only those who are "right down quite a way up." The only

thing against them is their high charges; and the answer to this is, "You couldn't get the same thing done anywhere else." That is true, I dare say. It would not be worth while, perhaps, to incur the journey to New York to have your tooth stopped, nor would one desire to have a tooth break simply because you were in New York; but I was very glad my own tooth did chip while I was there, though in London I have a safe American refuge in Upper Brook Street.

This was a more important visit to me than going to the cemetery, where luckily I had no business. If you attend public advertisements, some of these might tempt you to go almost anywhere, and to take almost anything. We have grown into rather a state of nuisance in England in respect to advertisements, but we have not yet quite come up to America. Recurring to my drive to Albany, we have not yet stuck up mile-posts showing distances to warehouses, nor are we quite so facetious. Three chubby children's faces stare at you at almost every station on the elevated railways. What for? Read underneath: "Our mothers took Dr. Hood's Sarsaparilla." Then for a barber you have a large head hopelessly destitute of the last vestige of hair; and your eye immediately traces below, the title of one of the late Lord Lytton's novels—"What will he do with it?" The very blotting-paper pads that you buy are printed with the names of firms; but I don't think their illustrated papers yet come up to our *Graphic* and

Illustrated News, in the whole-sheet artistic drawings that call attention to pills and soaps. Push, push, push, or you will be "crowded out." Inside of the hotels it is the same: amusing pictures everywhere, and some hung up for mere ornament behind large tables, as maps are, these being thus rendered useless. On the great crowded ground-floor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I also found sometimes amusement and sometimes a nuisance in the telephone. The bell is being constantly rung, and the ear is applied, and then comes the cry, "Hello!" (observe, the American does not say "Hallo!"). Then ensues the dialogue in snatches, and this goes on with various voices for hours, and with small intermissions. "Who are you?" "All right." "What about that?" "Don't think so." "Yes." "Twenty-four." "Quite a few." "Nothing."

About that word "hello" there was a witty paragraph to this effect: that when a man unexpectedly gets a prize in a lottery or raffle, he says "hello-o-o!" but that when he gets a blank instead, so violent is the accent bestowed upon the first syllable that the second is quite lost. These two arms of business, advertising and telephone, constitute a new edition of life. There is not even time to write full words in the papers. "Bike" and "trike" must stand for bicycle and tricycle; "ave" stands for avenue; and the very hideous word "gents" for gentlemen. And here let me add, before I forget it, that if you look for an "ave" or a street in New York, you must not

look at the corners of houses, but on the lamp-posts, or you are lost.

I spent an evening at the horse bazaar in Madison Square, where a large number of spectators were present to witness the performances. There was nothing remarkable in the jumping, except in one case, where the ugliest horse I ever saw took an almost standing leap of several inches above five feet; and this he did three times. I did not envy the rider. Most of the seats were ugly, though firm. The Americans are generally much more given to wheels than saddle, and I do not admire their usual mode of driving the buggy. They are too fond of pressing the animal up to the very last verge of the trot without breaking. They drive their horses as they drive themselves. Their style of bearing-rein also (indefensible in any form) seems to me peculiarly unpleasant. A single strap starts from the pad, passing between the ears over the forehead, and then divides for the bit. Surely this must control the horse's head in a very disagreeable manner.

A final wrench up Broadway in a hansom with Mr. Marsh, which would, I think, have annihilated me, if we had not had one of those perpetual "drinks" together before starting, brought me back to my last dinner and evening at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, intending, however, to return on my way home; and in thus bidding adieu to Broadway, with all its noisy, crowded bustle, I could not but reflect that, of old, it was the great open north road from the shore to

the capital, Albany. At eleven o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 12th of November, I started on my trumpery length of only ninety-six miles to Philadelphia, not intending to stop at Baltimore for the mere purpose of looking at the place in cold wet weather. We were ferried across to Jersey City, and thence were whirled to the remarkable city of Philadelphia by one o'clock.

CHAPTER XI.

PHILADELPHIA.

AND surely Philadelphia may with justice be called a remarkable city. Take it as it now stands. It is, according to statistics, the largest city as to area in the United States. It is twenty-two miles long from north to south, with a breadth of five to eight miles, and has an area of 1294 square miles. It contains more than 900 miles of paved streets, and more buildings than any other city in the country; and its park, Fairmount Park, the largest city park in the world, extending a total distance of nearly fourteen miles, embraces a total area of 2740 acres. It lies upon the west, or right, bank of the Delaware river, and, though ninety or perhaps a hundred miles from the sea, larger vessels (as I was credibly informed) can sail up the river to its wharfs than can enter New York Harbour, because of the bar at Sandy Point.

So much for the city itself, while as regards its historical associations they are of supreme interest to the States. We all know that Philadelphia was founded by William Penn, who came over with a colony of Quakers, and purchased the site from the

Indians in 1682. The first Continental Congress assembled here in 1774, as did also the subsequent congresses during the war. The Declaration of Independence was made and issued here July 4, 1776. The convention which formed the Constitution of the Republic assembled here in May, 1787. The first President of the United States resided here. Until 1799 it was the capital of the state of Pennsylvania, and from 1790 until 1800 was the seat of the Government of the United States. Two years after Penn founded it its population was 2500; in 1880 it amounted to 847,000, and to-day probably to a million.

With all these features and associations, it is not to be wondered at that Philadelphia made great pretensions to become the permanent capital of the Union and seat of Government. But, amidst the many jealousies that arose, it was finally resolved to establish an entirely independent district for that important political honour. It was from Philadelphia that President Washington issued the Proclamation of January 24th, 1791, which defined the first intended boundaries of that district; and it was from Philadelphia that the seat of Government was removed, to be transferred to Washington, District of Columbia. Among the causes of the above-mentioned jealousies one should be particularly mentioned here—that the South Carolinians were particularly anxious Philadelphia should not be selected because of the Quakers, who "were continually dogging Southern members

with their schemes of emancipation." Nor can it be denied that they were sincere in these views, because so early as in 1788 they voluntarily emancipated their slaves.

Two buildings, by way of contrast, struck me very much in Philadelphia. One is old and of humble dimensions, comparatively speaking. It is now some 150 years since it was built, at a cost of £5600. The other is new and of magnificent proportions and appearance, and is to have a tower (with a figure of William Penn at the top), measuring 537 feet in height, and it is to cost at least 15,000,000 dollars. This second is called the Public Buildings, and is to contain all the law courts and public offices. The first is called Independence Hall, and it was in this building that the Declaration of Independence of July 4th, 1776, was adopted, and from its front steps was publicly proclaimed.

I lodged at the Continental Hotel, in Chestnut Street, which is considered the fashionable street of the city. But it is a very narrow street, and is occupied, moreover, by a tramway. It contains, however, many prominent structures, and among the number, at the corner of Sixth Street, the stately stone ledger building of five stories high, where Mr. George Childs, of American and English fame—a worthy successor of Penn—publishes his well-known daily Public Ledger. I took my letter to him, and had a very pleasant interview, but was, unfortunately, just one day too late to be presented with a free

ticket to the Opera for that night, where all the world at hand were to assemble. He had that very afternoon bestowed his last. The somewhat more sober and less joyous cards, though agreeable ones, with which he could supply me were, in one case, an introduction to Mr. McArthur, the architect of the Public Buildings, which I was desirous of visiting, and, in the other, a letter to Professor Fetterolf, the President of the famous Girard College. Both buildings and institution are astonishing. The great white marble structure of the Public Buildings occupies an area of four and a half acres, and the total amount of floor-room is fourteen and a half acres, there being 520 rooms in the building. Not the least effective part of this visit, through which Major Harwood was good enough to conduct me, was the walk over the extensive roofs. Its general style may be classed as of the Renaissance, but there are many independent modifications of this style. It is highly decorated, partaking of the florid style, with an abundance of arches and pillars. Were I to venture a criticism upon any part of it, I should suggest that they were putting worthy William Penn a little too high up. It seems to me that the tower, from 500 to 550 feet in height, is rather too lofty for due proportion with the building.

The Girard College is of world-wide fame, and every feature of the now vast establishment bespeaks wealth. It dates from 1831, and was founded under a bequest from one Stephen Girard, a Frenchman,

who lived and died in Philadelphia. The bequest is stated as being 2,000,000 dollars, and the present value of the whole property is said to be 7,000,000 dollars. There is a fine central building of the Corinthian order, and a peristyle. The material is marble, including the roof, whence I enjoyed a remarkably fine view over the city and surrounding country. The system of education, which is strictly and exclusively secular, seemed to me to comprehend almost everything, including mechanics, that could be useful to those to whose welfare the college is dedicated—destitute orphans.

I was indebted to Mr. Pincus, of the city, for his suggestion that his son should come with open carriage and drive me round the grand park, and one fine morning the carriage came. What a fine large undulating and well-wooded park it is! Soon after we entered it, I saw a curious little unpretending, old-fashioned house standing up above the road to our left, quite alone, and seemingly unconnected with all around. But this was not so. It was the old house of old Penn, the first brick building ever erected in Philadelphia, and piously removed from the city and planted in the Park, the possession of which the city so greatly owes to him. It was a matter of course to go and look it over; and in so doing I could not but contrast the humble dwelling and all it seemed to tell of this remarkable man with the exalted position which his gigantic bronze statue was destined to occupy. So be it! His cottage represents him, and

his statue typifies his fame. On the walls hangs a drawing of the churchyard of Jordans, near Beaconsfield, in his county of Bucks, where his body lies in an unpretending grave.

Our drive extended to the Floricultural Hall and other objects well worthy of observation, and we had a fine view of the city, which seemed to me to make a great display of red colouring, amidst which the back of the otherwise very fine post-office bears a part. Why was this defective eyesore left? We returned by what is called "the City of Homes," because of the number of small houses in that quarter, though I believe that originally the whole city bore that name in its humble beginnings, before the days of the Public Ledger and the Public Buildings.

I was very well lodged at the "Continental," though the indignant remark of an American at the breakfast-table had some truth in it, when he peremptorily ordered off a jug as containing "very mean cream." This cream is a great feature on the American table. It appears in jugs everywhere, and is always looked for as we look merely for milk. Fancy bread also appears everywhere, and it is sometimes even difficult to obtain the plain.

One other point arose, again connected with the very peculiar American style of newspaper writing. It may or may not be generally known that when any one tells a stale story the Americans cry, "Chestnut," as we cry, "Queen Anne's dead." Some of

them even carry a bell, which they sound on such occasions, called the chestnut bell. Now, being in Chestnut Street, I bought a leading New York paper one morning, wherein the editor was discussing a very serious political question and recording an observation of (I think) the President as to some step he certainly would not take. On this, after a column of serious writing, the Editor winds up with the following somewhat incongruous phrase:—"Will anybody have the kindness to tintinnabulate the chestnut bell?" But this was not by any means the last or leading impression with which I left the great city of Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XII.

WASHINGTON.

On Wednesday morning, the 17th of November, I took the train for Washington, passing by Baltimore without stopping, for the weather was cold and wet. A run of about 150 miles brought me to that capital city, where I took up my quarters at the Arlington. As I had been just a day too late for Mr. Childs's opera-ticket, so I was again just a day too late here, for I found a letter from Mr. Carter asking me for the yesterday to attend his diplomatic dinner given on the 16th, in honour of the anniversary of his Hawaiian Majesty's birthday. I was not too late, however, for a pleasant family dinner on the following day.

So here, after visiting various cities, north, east, and west, I found myself at the great Washington City, the political capital of the United States, on the river Potomac. On a little reflection, one comes to understand the feeling that led to the selection of a certain separate and independent position for the chief city of the New Republic; and in a few pages of a most useful little publication, entitled

"Roose's Companion and Guide to Washington," are set forth all the various difficulties and discussions that took place upon the subject before the definite decision was arrived at, and the separate "District of Columbia" was marked out from the two States of Maryland and Virginia as "the District for the permanent seat of the Government of the United States." Whoever, therefore, now writes letters to any one in this city of Washington must always put D.C. to his direction, or his letter will be carried far west into Washington Territory.

The first-chosen area of this District is stated to have comprised one hundred square miles, but I see it now marked as of sixty only, and I suppose this difference may arise from that portion of it which had been ceded by Virginia having been retroceded by Congress to that State in 1846. Washington had desired that the chief city should be called the Federal City, but this was overruled in favour of his own illustrious name; and on the 18th of September, 1793, he laid the foundation-stone of the capitol.

The original plan of the city is due to a young French officer, Major L'Enfant, who was a favourite of General Washington. The basis of this plan was the rectangular form, but the whole city is so sliced about by the utterly inconsistent diagonal avenues (or aves), running towards a variety of centres, and some of these quite insignificant, that the simplicity of that plan is completely marred, while the diagonal plan amounts only to interruption, and in many parts

results in deformity in the buildings. A simple radiation of some few of these avenues towards the Capitol, and the Capitol only, might be better understood, but why so many? They point in every conceivable direction, and thus they cause all conceivable confusion. That simplicity was a leading object may be guessed from the rectangular form, following the plans of all the other cities, and not only so, but also from the mode of designating the streets. For those that run north and south are numbered 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc., and those that run east and west are called after the letters A, B, C, etc. Therefore, if you want to find your way about Washington, barring the avenues, you will have to bear in mind your numeration tables and your alphabet. You may think this an easy task, and so it is if you don't get confounded by the aves, and thus suddenly confound the four points of the compass by confounding letters with figures.

Besides this, there are three main streets leading rectangularly to the central Capitol, which faces towards the East. There are North, South, and East Capitol Streets; and East Capitol Street is, by imagination only, carried through the Capitol westward, so that the city is thus divided into four separate parts. The result of introducing this quartering into street numberings and letterings is, that you have a "First Street East" and a "First Street West," although the numbered streets run north and south; and you have an A Street North and an A Street South,

although the lettered streets run east and west. I hope I have succeeded in puzzling everybody.

For this last puzzlement the Capitol, in the centre, is responsible, but not for all the avenues put together, which (as I have said) point in every conceivable direction. These avenues, by the way, are not written up as "ave^s," but "aves;" and their names are not written up at the corners where they diagonally slice the straight streets in half, one after another. Under the good guidance of my friend, Mr. Carter, however, I made a very good start; but I will by no means say that afterwards, when alone, I did not sometimes get confused, and it was always a confounding (not to use the passive participle) avenue that put me out. As regards the disfigurement of the houses by these diagonal cuttings, he directed my attention to a huge structure at the end of 9th Street, I think, as representing the great hull of a ship. I found my way there, and, being very much "at sea," was so impressed with the resemblance that I almost felt I was going to be run down, and got out of the way.

While I was in different parts of the States, talking about visiting Washington, it was repeatedly said to me, "Oh, you must see Washington! we call it a city of magnificent distances." The phrase was, of course, intended as laudatory, but I do not feel quite sure that he or they who first bestowed it did not intend a covert sarcasm, emanating, perchance, from those who had opposed what is called the "location," because

the descriptions of the city, only a comparatively few years ago, read most forlorn. I have alluded to Dickens's "American Notes" of 1842 as to manners, and I now allude to them as to his description of Washington. If he did not exaggerate, I can quite understand the above phrase as sarcastic; but if it was so intended to be, Washington may well retort to-day, and say, "Look at me now!" for its growth must have been prodigious. Referring again to the above-mentioned phrase, the scale on which the city was conceived was no doubt very pretentious. The area laid out for it amounted to close upon ten square miles. Nothing like that space is yet built upon, but it nevertheless remains that Washington must be called a fine city, and that advantage has been taken of the vast area laid out by the construction of noble public buildings.

The chief of these is, of course, the Capitol, with the form of which important building everybody is quite familiar. If I were to venture a criticism, it would be that, on looking at the great eastern front, the two wings seem to overpower the centre, to which they were added; and, to add to this defect, the old centre is built of freestone painted white, while the two highly ornamented wings, with their one hundred monolith columns, are of pure white marble. The result of this is that the centre looks a little poor; the lofty, and perhaps too highly decorated, dome does not seem to start from a sufficiently lofty base. The position of the building is fine, at an

altitude given as of ninety feet above the river. It is encompassed by its extensive gardens, and the view westward over the city and surroundings is extremely fine. I went over the building with Mr. Carter, a full description of which is to be found in its proper place, Mr. Roose's Guide. There is quite enough to tire any one in the circuit, for the area occupied by the whole building is three acres and a half.

At a subsequent visit that we made together, Congress was sitting, and Mr. Carter introduced me into the diplomatic seats to hear what was going on in both chambers. In the Senate, we found a senator, with whom "Time had grown familiar," addressing the House. But to my surprise he was reading his speech. It was obvious, therefore, that this utterly inadmissible form of proceeding among us in England is allowed there, yet I could not but ask the question. "Oh yes," was the reply, "and more than that; sometimes a senator, and even a representative, will obtain leave to send his speech to the newspapers, although he has not spoken it." I could have given a very decided "no" if any one had asked me the universal question, "Have you got anything like that in England?" I was reminded by contrast of the famous anecdote concerning John Wilkes, recorded in Lord Brougham's "Sketches of Statesmen." On one occasion, while he was making a speech in Parliament of which no one could hear a word from the accompanying outcry, a friend suggested to him that he should give up the attempt; but Wilkes

replied, "Speak it I must, for it has been printed in the newspapers this half-hour." At the same time, it would by no means have suited Wilkes to print unspoken speeches, even if permitted to do so. On the occasion I refer to above, I confess I pitied the "speaker" rather than the reader. I never heard anything so dull, and even the *New York Herald* so reported. For my own part, I cannot put up with the delivery of a written lecture. And why are not our Church of England clergymen brought up to preach extempore? In the Senate, I am told, no manifestations are allowed, which fact may serve to explain a certain amount of forced tolerance.

In the House of Representatives I saw the process of a division. It all took place in the chamber itself. There seemed to me to be a terrible nakedness in all the arrangements. The Speaker, Mr. Carlisle, was sitting in an open rostrum, something like that of an auctioneer, and while standing up and hammering with his hammer, to which little or no attention was being paid, he could not but look like an auctioneer himself, as any one else must have done. Surely some little outside ornament is required for office. Contrast with this picture the present Lord Eversley in his chair and wig—the grandest-looking of all the four Speakers whom it has been my lot to see. The chamber is very ill arranged for acoustics; quite the reverse of the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. I attribute this fact, in some measure, to the incongruous arrangement of

the chamber. It is a parallelogram—larger than at Westminster—but the seats and desks are inconsistently placed in theatrical form, concentrated towards the Speaker's rostrum. While any given member is speaking, there is a crowd pressing round his seat to hear, supposing them to be so desirous, which is seldom the case.

The chamber is heated by flues below, with brass openings level with the floor; and in reference to this arrangement I cannot but mention a certain report from a committee appointed to guard over the becoming condition of affairs. And I do this here because it has indirect reference to a terrible defect. The committee, then, complain that, although spittoons are abundantly furnished to the representatives, yet no care is taken to use them, but that there exists a general habit of expectorating anywhere and everywhere, and that, in consequence, not only is much injury done to the hot brass, but that the habit proves to be of the most offensive description. In good truth, this most noxious habit of chewing and squirting mahogany saliva, even into spittoons, is cryingly offensive. In the halls of the hotels it prevails to a "nasty" extent, though there spittoons are respected. Still, there are bad shots at them, as there are at birds, and, even where there are not, the whole matter is repulsive. "You will never cure us of it," say some. "We are gradually getting ashamed of it," say others. I hope and trust the latter phrase is the nearer to the truth; for not only is the trick itself nasty, but the

practiser remains nasty to speak to even during the interval. But if your representatives will practise it in one of its worst phases, provoking a Decency Committee to report, why not your common labourer?

The same want of ceremony that I witnessed in the chamber of the representatives, I witnessed also in the Supreme Court of Justice. The judges are only slightly discernible, as such, by the meagre robes they wear, and counsel are not discernible at all, except by their speeches. It happened, also, that I visited the court when certain candidates, who had passed the required examinations, were called to the bar. Compared with our own ceremony on the like occasion, there seemed to me a want of becoming ceremony. There may, in fact, be a certain amount of affectation on both sides—of the too much as well as the too little; but if we are ceremonious at the dinner-table, why not so on more important occasions? You *must* have corresponding framework. There is a fine old philosophical riddle: "What is majesty deprived of its externals?" Answer: "A jest." In the wearing of wigs, our barristers, it is true, are peculiar. We see them nowhere else, though we see gowns; and the wigs are sometimes an incumbrance to the brain. On the other hand, sometimes, perhaps, they pass for brains. Nevertheless, the English eye looks for something. I remember two amusing anecdotes, by the way, about these wigs which came under my personal observation. The late Lord Chelmsford, when Attorney-General, once came into the Court of

Chancery with the very special huge wig that used to be put on at the opening of Term, I think, in the Common Law Courts. In Chancery the practice does not exist. Whereupon Sir William Horne, who was being beaten in argument (a not unusual case), slightingly remarked upon the "ferocious" appearance of his "learned friend." This made his "learned friend" transfer his ferocity from his wig to his temper, and, to the great amusement of Lord Lyndhurst (I think), then on the woolsack, he burst out that the remark was a gross insult to the whole profession. The tumult was eventually appeased. On another occasion, on the appeal to the House of Lords in the O'Connell case, Sir Thomas Wilde, in a London July or August, found his wig affecting his brain, and begged special permission (such is the importance of the wig) to address their lords in his bald head. After a solemn consideration of the case, the permission asked was granted. Now, Sir Thomas was apt to be voluminous, so presently Lord Lyndhurst said, "But on this condition, Wilde, that you do not add the length of your wig to your speech." After all said, I rather go in for the wig.

Among other buildings in Washington, the treasury astonishes by its magnificent exterior in the Ionic style. But if so, how much more by its contents? Sacks and sacks of dollars. The Patent Office is a grand Doric building. The State, War, and Navy Departments also present a noble appearance. But what astonished me rather more than all was

a huge, not yet finished building, called the Pension Building. The title is curious in a great free Republic. This building looked to me like a great Egyptian temple. "And how many people are you going to employ here to conduct such affairs as such a building implies?" "Fifteen hundred." This pension item is enormous in the yearly estimates, and is confined exclusively to members of the army and navy; those who suffered in any of the late wars, with their near relations. I copy the following paragraphs from a report of the Commissioner of Pensions for the year 1886, as showing the extent to which these grants of pensions reach.

"There were, at the close of the year, 365,783 pensioners, classified as follows:—265,854 army invalids; 80,162 army widows, minor children, and dependent relatives; 2953 navy invalids; 1878 navy widows, minor children, and dependent relatives; 1539 survivors of the war of 1812, and 13,397 widows of those who served in that war, showing a diminution in survivors during the year of 1406, and of widows of 3815.

"There were added to the rolls during the year the names of 40,857 new pensioners, and the names of 2229 whose pensions had been previously dropped were restored to the rolls; making an aggregate of 43,086 pensioners added during the year.

"During the same period the names of 22,089 pensioners were dropped from the rolls for various causes, leaving a net increase to the rolls of 20,658 names.

"The average annual value of each pension at the close of the year is shown to be 122.23 dollars, a gain of average annual value over last year of 11.88 dollars. The aggregate annual value of all pensions is 44,708,027.44 dollars, or close upon £9,000,000; an increase of like value for the year of 6,617,041.51 dollars.

"The amount paid for pensions during the year was 63,797,831.61 dollars (or £12,760,000); a decrease in amount over the previous year of 1,135,456,51 dollars; a difference due to the difference in amounts of 'arrearages' paid.

"The difference between the amount paid and the annual values is due to first payments, including 'accrued' and 'arrears.'"

In the Civil List for the Fiscal year ending June 30th, 1887, army and navy together figured for 33,705,815 dollars, or £10,740,000 odd; pensions figured for 75,653,749 dollars, or £15,130,000 odd.

Again, in a late copy of the *Times* appears a telegram from Philadelphia, dated the 4th of January, 1888, giving a statement of the Government revenue for the last *half* year of 1887; and in the ordinary expenditure for this period these figures are items of 48,584,549 dollars, about £10,000,000, for pensions. It seems amazing; but widely do these pensions extend to members of the victims' families, and amazing was the carnage of the recent war.

Labouring, however, under my amazement, I am now going to quit Washington for a while, returning

by-and-by; for Mr. and Mrs. Carter have proposed to me an excursion by the Baltimore and Ohio Line as far as the Shenandoah Junction, and thence to the Luray Station, in order to visit the Luray stalactite caves. This excursion was successfully made by starting at ten o'clock in the morning, arriving at the Luray Hotel quite in time to see the caves on the same day. We left our luggage at the hotel, and took an omnibus for about an hour's drive to the spot. We occupied about one hour and a half inside, passing from scene to scene. So far as the lighting of the interior was concerned, the class was good, because we had the electric light. But the jets were only few, and very badly hung—not in the positions best calculated to show the beauties of the formations, and, especially, too low, so that the eye was pained and interfered with instead of being aided. The caves themselves are remarkable, many of the points of view being very striking; but there was one vexatious defect, in that the lime water percolated through a large mass of iron-stone, and thus what should have been lustrous with whiteness, was overspread with a dark, and in fact dirty-looking, tint. This is a great drawback and a great pity, for the caves would otherwise be unquestionably beautiful. Many, however, who had not seen the caves of Adelsberg, in Styria, would not be so disappointed by this defect. Our visit over, we returned on a fine evening to the hotel, but only to a supper of a too common, scant form.

We were to leave early in the morning for the

junction, where Mr. and Mrs. Carter would take the "connection" back to Washington; but for myself, I was to take a "connection" for a place called Grafton, and thence go on to Louisville and Cave City, for I had resolved on a visit to the renowned Mammoth Caves of Kentucky. There was, however, some doubt about this our branch train coming along in good time in the morning, which was a matter of great uncertainty, as it appeared. So we went to bed under the express understanding that we were not to be called at seven unless the train was telegraphed as "up to time." At seven o'clock, however, we *were* called, and on hearing the loud rap at my door I jumped up, delighted.

"It's all right, then," I cried. Judge of my disgust!

"No, sir; the train is telegraphed as two hours and a half late."

"Then why on earth did you wake me at seven this cold morning?"

Thus it was: we were marked for seven, and the other servant had not passed on the special instructions. These railway "connections," it turned out, were no more to be depended on than "family connections" in many quarters, and when the train did come up, I started in it under the unpleasant impression that I must lose an hour and a half at the uninteresting Shenandoah Junction. This did not, however, turn out to be the case, for we were just in time for my catching a fast down train lately marked

for stopping by a flag, if required so to do. Therefore, just as Mr. and Mrs. Carter started for Washington, I left on my own journey; and, following the suggestion of the conductor, I stopped at Cumberland Station, dining there, and going on by a later train, travelling through the night at a good pace in the now well-known Pullman car.

Thus I came on through Cincinnati, but on a miserably wet and foggy day, little more than seeing there was a Cincinnati, and settled for the night at Louisville Hotel at Louisville, where I learned, to my great satisfaction, that I could get down to the very caves themselves by means of the Louisville and Nashville Line to the Glasgow Junction, and thence by a laid, but not yet accepted, track.

Accordingly, in the morning I started for the Glasgow Junction, and on arriving there found I was to have two companions to the caves—a young American, Mr. W. G. Smith, of Davenport, Iowa, and a cheery young wife. They could not escape the evident signs of having been very recently married, and they were going to the caves, as was I; indeed, they could have had no other object in being where I found them. So away we went, through wooded country that must be beautiful in summer, and over an unfinished track indeed, which kept me in recurring passages of great anxiety—not, indeed, of any fine first-class smash-up in real American style, but as to whether the oozing ground in the wet weather would not give way, and plant us out forlornly in the mud. With

great care, however, we got over the whole length, and were extremely thankful for the chance. There was some plank walking at the end over water, and we found ourselves at last at the raw new hotel, which must take a little time for natural development. We managed a dinner, and then, after some little trouble, we managed a guide, and then we managed a walk to the great mouth.

This mouth is to be found at a short distance through a wooded glen from the hotel, and it lies in a deep rocky ravine, dripping with water and covered with ferns. And through an iron grille you enter. I have spoken to more than one person who had visited this cave, and begged a description, more or less, of what I was to see. But I never could get anything definite which would guide me to what I was to expect. The wild rant in print that I have since laughed over I had not seen, nor should I for a moment have paid heed to its incoherent phrases, nor could I have gathered one drop of useful assistance from it. It did not require five minutes in the cave to perceive quite clearly that Mammoth, and Mammoth only, is its proper name. What I should tell any one to look for would be vast and wondrous size of dark, brown, rugged, chaotic confusion everywhere; the beautiful, in any sane sense attributed to that word, nowhere. For stalactites you would look in vain. There are huge lumps here and there, but of no more form or beauty than you might expect to see in the gouty leg of the Giant Blunderbore. It is monstrous to

lead people to expect the beautiful. We all three took what is called the "combination" ticket of three dollars, and we walked ourselves well tired, though the young wife was laughing and cheerful to the last. There seems to be no end to the almost fathomless chaos, but it becomes monotonous. We had pointed out to us the Rotunda, a remarkably symmetrical natural chamber; a long continuation of a gallery we were already weary of; the Bridal Chamber (don't be married in it); the Chair (don't sit in it); the Labyrinth (a twist-back walk through rocks); the Two Domes; the Wild Hall (enormously wild); the Grand Crossway; the Dead Sea (a dirty pool); and some points more; and at the close of our long walk we came up inside the Corkscrew to save a long, long distance. Of this same Corkscrew I will simply observe that I wonder we were not ourselves corkscrews when we came out.

But when all is done—all then practicable, as to which anon—the beginning, and the middle, and the end of this astonishing excursion is the astonishing extent, and in several parts the astonishing chaos, all of dark, unsympathetic brown, that surrounds you. In that respect Mammoth Cave must be matchless. I have said "all then practicable." And this refers to a separate excursion seven miles farther on than the spot we reached, and on the other side of what is called, if I remember rightly, the Echo River. But even had we felt inclined for that long walk we could not have undertaken it, for the river was full to the

crown of the natural arch under which it flowed, and the boat, therefore, could not pass. This phenomenon of water in darkness, forbidding passage, may serve to fill the mind with awe, and enhance the sepulchral character of the cave.

But what you go to see at the end of these seven miles must, if reports are not exaggerated, be something very beautiful. Not only the Guide declaimed grandly, but two independent summer visitors spoke in coinciding terms. They told us that after that pilgrimage, crossing the dark river, you would come upon several galleries covered all over with gypsum, and that this gypsum has taken the form of large white flowers. I rather pressed to know whether there was really much of this, and received the repeated assurance that the galleries were quite covered. Seven miles underground is a good long walk, and it serves to show again the enormous extent of this huge subterranean phenomenon, and there are some who would make the excursion for the sake of covering that great distance "straight away."

As to the two solemn processes of showing the white lady and the dawning morn, I must confess I did not go all the way to Mammoth Cave to be reminded of Vauxhall Gardens and the Surrey Zoological. That many visitors do find great monotony in the long, long walk was testified by numbers of them having built up ridiculous cairns to celebrate the different States they belonged to, and from what the guide told us it was certain that the cave very often resounded to

those delights of so many holiday-makers—shouts and shrieks. On emerging from all these mammoth domes, galleries, and abysses to the upper world, at almost dark, the wet, warm atmosphere outside proved extremely oppressive, and we pulled our limbs along to the hotel.

The night was washed with a continuous deluge of rain, and I must confess to have felt a dread lest some part of our road should be carried away, and we be kept in our wet solitude. But matters proved not so unkind. We returned over the planks to the line, and over the line to the junction, and there I met my friend Mr. Wienholt on his way to the cave, to whom I did my best to give a faithful account. He has not yet contradicted me.

At Louisville I dined, and took the 7.35 p.m. train for Washington in the Pullman's car. And here there occurred, in an exaggerated form, one of those imperious acts which companies assume to practice where there is no real and substantial public to keep them in order, and (in particular) where there is no competition. I must confess that in various small matters I had from time to time noticed this sort of advantage being taken from these causes: prices at railway stations, and leading ones, for certain refreshments, and other cases of a corresponding class. But this was something too gross and glaring to be passed unnoticed. We were kept waiting two hours at the station before starting. There was no "connection" on the bills for which we were marked

to wait, but there we did wait two whole hours. It was not possible to get an answer, but the truth leaked out afterwards on our journey. A station-master at some depôt (I could not get the name) had, of his own rule and will, telegraphed to Louisville to have the train stopped for some fourteen passengers that were coming on for Cincinnati or Washington, and the Louisville station-master had consented. Some of these passengers were Americans, but a Scotch gentleman with several members of his family were pointed out to me as being of them. I therefore got into a quiet conversation with him upon the subject, and his statements made the railway officials' irresponsible tyranny worse; for he told me he had actually, on his own part, protested against the proceeding, but the reply given was, "It is done now, sir, so that it had better remain so." What the American passengers had said, I know not; but perhaps this reply had more reference to them. What I speak of happened on the night of Tuesday, the 23rd of November, 1886.

When I arrived at Washington, I proposed seeing the editor of one of the newspapers and writing a letter. But I was, by so many who also cried out against the proceeding, dissuaded from wasting my time over *a sort of thing of frequent occurrence* that I decided, if our great free Republican cousins can put up with this sort of arbitrary proceeding, to which they are accustomed, an Old Monarchy man, here only for a few days, could have nothing to do with it.

No public strong enough to take care of itself against companies!

"They will not publish your letter, if you write it."

"Then, I will write to the 'Statue of Liberty.'"

In this great land of liberty there seems to me to be a dreadful despot—the Railroad Power. It pours wealth down the throats of certain individuals, and tyrannizes over shareholders and public. Yet the public are not strong enough to resist. Observe the following extract:—"There is no people so patient of the tyranny of corporations and so tolerant of unnecessary inconvenience in travel as the American, and it is not a virtue to be proud of" (*Providence Journal*). Where is the power of the people? It would seem that tyranny of some sort must exist everywhere.

On adding up the distance I had travelled to see the Mammoth Cave, I found that, counting the return, I had passed over 1550 miles, not including the branch to Luray. Was it worth all this? In one sense it assuredly was, because the Mammoth Cave is an object that is cast in a traveller's teeth: "You ought to have seen it." And besides this, I now know what it is. In its own style it is a marvel. Without knowing whether the fourteen miles' jaunt to the gypsum galleries and back, which I did not undertake, would have been repaid, I am loth to say that the 1550 miles which I did undertake were thrown away. But I think I travelled quite far

enough altogether, particularly as the weather was against me, as well as the time of the year for scenery. It would have been more agreeable had I not come through Cincinnati in a downright November fog. And I was unfortunate enough to pass Mr. Alexander's breeding-grounds, whence come the American winners on our English race-courses, during the night. I could only hear of what is called the "Blue-grass breed," meaning that the blue-blossomed grass that grows in those districts affords such splendid food for colts. Of course, we passed over the Alleghany range, but under very unfavourable circumstances—whether over the most picturesque part of them, I know not. Their extent is very great. They run from Canada, through Vermont, Massachusetts, to the north part of Alabama, and they reach their greatest height in the State of North Carolina, one of the first thirteen original States. Throughout, their scenery has always something to show, and is sometimes magnificent. But then, they must appear in their toilet of fine season and fine weather. We cannot say of them, "When unadorned adorned the most." At all events, they must not be disfigured with fog.

Having arrived at Washington at about midnight on the 24th of November, I awoke on the 25th to the day appointed as a General Thanksgiving Day. This is an annual proceeding—always on a Thursday, I believe, about this time of the year; but the President names the particular Thursday. To any sentiment of that kind, however, the weather was

either quite indifferent, or meant to be downright hostile—

> "The day was cold and dark and dreary ;
> It rained, and the wind was never weary."

While I was at Washington we had many changes of weather, and we suffered what are called cold waves, of which we were warned by the meteorological reports. We heard also of fearful "blizzards" in the North. That is an excellent word for what it means ; it is almost onomatopoetic. Can't you imagine a wild driving wind with snow or sleet, or both of these combined, if such there be, whizzing in your ears, and saying, "blizzard"? Among other weathers we had snow, and plenty of sledging, which is not so very uncommon a sight. But what I found rather so, and extremely exhilarating and picturesque, was the sledging under a bright blue sky, and so warm a sun that parasols and snow appeared together. Altogether, I did not feel quite satisfied that Washington was a healthy place, though I by no means fancy that it was otherwise because of the snow. The high winds that often accompanied the fall made it impossible, in a very short space of time, to walk through the heavy drifts, and snow generally came with wind.

While at Washington, Mr. Carter introduced me to the President, Mr. Cleveland, and also to our British Minister, Sir Lionel West. At both these pleasant interviews, it was we who moved to put an end to them, for whatever the disposition may be to continue the conversation, the visitor, in these cases, always

feels that he is occupying golden time. It did not suit me to wait for the New Year's Reception at the White House; and, indeed, I was forewarned that the crowd on that occasion was always overwhelming. It was far and far pleasanter to pay one's respects on a private visit. While mentioning the President, I must here remark upon the death of the ex-President McArthur, which took place while I was at Washington. Everything showed the respect, and indeed affectionate respect, in which he had been held while in office.

Mr. Carter and I continued our excursions through the city. Some of the most interesting processes that I ever saw I witnessed at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where Mr. Graves is the chief, and Mr. McNeil is at the head of the engraving department. Here all the Government notes are printed, and not only these, but all the notes of the authorized banks of issue, called States Banks. This last application of the governmental processes seems singular, and is explainable by the system that exists in regard to these notes. The banks in question have no right whatever to print their own notes; the Government does this for them, and requires as their security (against granting these notes) a deposit to something like the extent of Government securities. A very important condition of this arrangement is that the Government guarantees the payment of all these notes, should any particular authorized bank of issue fail, the Government being in funds to pay as

against their own deposited bonds. The holders of these bank-of-issue notes are thus assured of full payment, whatever the amount may be; they are, therefore, a legal tender for a debt, and not only in the State to which the bank in question belongs, but throughout all the thirty-eight States and Eleven Territories. Here, then, exists a great bond of unity throughout the confederation; and it must be here added that there is also absolute freedom of trade all through in a corresponding manner. There is not such an existence as a custom-house between any two States; and here again exists a mighty bond of unity. Such an area, thus free from all commercial restrictions has never before been known in the world; and when the unbounded resources of this whole area are taken into consideration, it may be said of the States and Territories, with their enormous arteries, that every clime can bear every product, and that every State can pay for it in every State's paper.

Now, neither the Government's notes nor the different banks' notes depend for their safety (as our own Bank of England notes do) on the particular paper on which they are printed. All are printed on firm, good paper, but they are most elaborately stamped, of which process presently. The Government does not (as our Bank of England does) destroy every note of theirs that comes back to them; the notes are returned and re-returned in all cases until they become too worn for use. The Government then acts for itself in re-issuing; and it acts also for the

banks of issue in like manner, who send in their wasted notes to be renewed. The examination of these old notes forms a most important feature in the work of the office, which is served entirely with females. These ladies give heavy security for their integrity and capacity when they enter the service, and they are held personally responsible for any oversight. And look how rapidly they do their work, and the extreme quickness with which, by touch or by eye, a false old note is thrown out, one which the bank itself has been deceived by. "How did you detect that in such an instant?" "Oh! that's an easy one, quite, look there." And something is pointed out to you that you are ashamed to confess you cannot see, and so you say "Ah!" and inwardly feel how utterly incompetent you would be for that position.

The same style of inspection goes on in reference to the new notes that are printed. Perhaps these do not test the eye quite to the extent that the old ones do. But a corresponding keenness for detection is displayed. The notes are printed in sets—that is to say, on large foolscap sheets displaying several, so as to be able to pass the rollers with sufficient resistance, and the slightest deviation of one line condemns the whole sheet. It is wonderful how much goes on in everything produced without our dreaming that such things be! There is also the counting of what goes out as perfect. Here celerity again is shown. The lady superintendent told me that one or two of her staff, in a day of eight hours, could count 100,000

sheets. Among many of the stamps I beheld those marked "oleomargarine," and in the States, at all events, woe to the impostor who neglects to use it! I think it was in the very next day's paper that I read, "Eight hotel-proprietors summoned and fined for not giving the required notice of the article on the table."

The geometrical lathe for working the elaborate geometrical figures printed on the different notes is what may be called a beautiful wonder. The drawings thus produced are exquisite, but they are entirely lost to the eye on the hard paper of the note. On our Bank of England note they would be charming. The machine is worked by a Scotchman, and I believe he invented it or improved it. He gave me two specimens of figures (not in use, of course) stamped upon fine India paper, one of which appears on my title-page, and it is hard to believe that what is seen on the notes can belong to the same family. No gossamer could be finer, and no web more exquisitely worked into figure.

My friend put my name down to the Cosmos and Metropolitan Clubs, and at the former I had the advantage of many pleasant meetings of an evening, and many conversations with Captain Dutton, of the Geographical Department. We paid him a visit at his work, and beheld maps and drawings without end, geology included. Some of the drawings portrayed immense rocky deserts, where he and his staff had wandered, that almost shamed me of my wonder at the

Denver and Rio Grande gorges ; and when I asked him where these had been seen and where to be found, he gave me a true American answer, "Well, about five hundred miles from nowhere!" In our own limited regions we can, of course, have no idea of the vast extent of country that lies before the explorer in North America. There was about twenty or thirty years' work still in the future ; and a figure was presented to me in this shape—if the States were mapped on the scale of four miles to an inch, they would occupy a space of seventy feet by thirty-five.

In several conversations I had with him at the Cosmos, he treated of various subjects, and in one of my own impressions, gathered in Brazil, he entirely concurred, that emancipation was more to be desired for the white than for the black. He thought the south was now going to be very rich ; that the old disposition to be lavish was now departing, and a more varied production coming forward. I told him my own impression (a mere instinctive one) was that, with all its great advances, the States seemed to me to be, as yet, little more than a great overgrown lad, out of whom some great man was to grow, but was not by any means yet grown. He thought the House of Representatives was becoming almost too strong for the President. "You began," I said, "with thirteen original States, and you have now thirty-eight ; and you have ten Territories yet to come in as States. Are you sure you will all hold together in this great mass?

No one can say you will not, but you will have to take great care that it may be so. Put a piece of quicksilver on the table, and keep adding to it. It will hold together for a long time, but presently it grows too large to do so, and suddenly separates into a variety of smaller centres. Your States are very autonomous. They made the Federal Government, and not the Federal Government them. Your West is a tremendous growing power; you are in a certain sense afraid of it; you are in a certain sense afraid of yourselves. All may be well when your population has grown into hundreds of millions instead of tens; but no one can be wise who deems the riddle as already read. You are still a new world, and must so consider yourselves. As to the late civil war, every well-wisher to humanity must feel satisfied that it ended as it did, and that no separation took place." Such was the class of subjects upon which evening after evening we held our pleasant conversations, it being the custom to put a bowl of mild punch upon the club-table for members and visitors to sip, and such were some of the suggestions that I threw out in our various discussions.

It must be obvious to anybody who even runs through the States that there is an immense mass of wild life yet to be subdued. It could not be otherwise. The whole country—taken as a whole—is still green and young, raw and untamed. This does not say that the main parts are not wholly otherwise, which of course they are; for in their heart and

blood the States already form a mighty nation in the world. But the farther west you go (saving the seaboard), the wilder are the populations. The taming of society, so far grown as to be called upon to look to itself, has not yet had time to set in. The existences of wild crime and of lynch law are (among other features) extreme evidences of this fact. But while there is one of these, I should be bold enough to hope that there would still be the other to control it. I am prone to believe that lynch law is rarely, if ever, unjustly applied. And it cannot fail to be the only real deterrent of violent crime, in its instant and supreme retribution:

"Culpam pœna premit comes."

Again, what is to become of the negro question? This is a profound problem. There seems to be no doubt that that population increases very rapidly, and there is another fear concerning it—that as it advances more and more in intelligence and activity of brain, it comes more and more to believe that the white man is an enemy. Some very ugly cases of conspiracy to plunder and murder are recorded from time to time in the papers. Two books were put into my hands at Washington of very different styles—one entitled "Triumphant Democracy," by Andrew Carnegie; the other (a much smaller one) entitled "Our Country," by the Rev. Josiah Armstrong. I think it would do the author of the first much good to seriously ponder the second. But

these are not questions to be methodically enlarged on here—

> "Quo Musa tendis? desine pervicax
> Referre sermones Deorum, et
> Magna modis tenuare parvis."
>
> But whither, Muse? Too bold, forbear
> Discourses of the Gods to dare,
> And themes of moment to dilute
> In measures of the trifling flute.

Talking of the late war, Captain Dutton told me an amusing anecdote of President Lincoln, introducing again one of that singular man's modes of illustration. Reports were being every now and then brought to the White House of the capture of Jefferson Davis. At last some one said to him—

"What would you do with him, if you really caught him?"

To which Lincoln presently replied, "I should feel very like the boy with the raccoon."

"What's that?"

"Well, I once saw a boy crying with a raccoon, and I asked him what was the matter. He said it was about the raccoon—that he didn't want to sell it; that he wouldn't give it away; that he didn't want to kill the darned thing; and that mother wouldn't let him take it home."

Among other introductions at the Cosmos, I made the acquaintance of Dr. Billings, head surgeon at the U.S. Army Medical Museum, who invited me to pay that institution a visit on the following day. In the abstract, it was not a visit I should have chosen,

save that all things ought to be seen—even pig-sticking at Chicago; but, besides the desire to correspond to the invitation, there was an historical interest attached to the building itself, in that it was formerly Ford's Theatre, in which President Lincoln was assassinated, but which has never been used as a theatre since the perpetration of that act, of which it is somewhat difficult to say whether stupidity or devilishness the most predominated. Perhaps it was most fitting to turn it to its present most important, but somewhat ghastly destiny, for it contains sixteen thousand specimens, illustrating every species of wound and surgical disease. Among these specimens of wounds comes that of the assassin Booth himself. I there beheld the fragment of his spine containing the bullet that killed him, and even a dry piece of his spinal marrow that was hanging to it.

Some of the most interesting objects (for some were even so) were old pre-historic skulls, with the stone arrow-head which had slain the owner. These were in perfect and striking preservation, and I could not help recalling the line of Æsop's Fox—

"O! quanta species" inquit "cerebrum non habet,"

though perhaps this rather applies to a handsome mask than a skull.

Another most interesting object was that of the remains of a reindeer, killed by the same weapon, and dug up in France; belonging, therefore, to strangely distant eras in our globe's history.

Dr. Billings had been unexpectedly called away, and I was shown over by Dr. Yarrow, with great courtesy. We conversed much on various subjects, and among others on the spleen and thyroid gland, the necessary function of neither of which in our present human body has as yet been discovered, indicating, therefore, that they may be yet unabsorbed remnants of a former general condition.

The library is very large, consisting of I know not how many thousand volumes, on surveying which I could not but remember the last couplet of Crabbe's address to his medical treatises when he left his profession :

> "Buried in dust, and lost in silence, dwell ;
> Most potent, grave, and reverend friends, farewell."

A new and larger building is to be erected, well needed and well deserved, and all this curious wealth thither transferred. On leaving, Dr. Yarrow begged me to come again, which I scarcely dared do. "If I do," I evasively said, "it will be 'Yarrow Revisited.'" I mention the trite circumstance in order to remark on the quick manner in which he immediately took the joke, this being another instance of the great familiarity with our literature that I found constantly showing itself. On making a remark to this effect one day to an American gentleman, he replied—

"Certainly; we consider your literature as belonging to us."

I could not avoid the slight sarcasm, "You so

treat it." If I could not avoid the sarcasm, neither could he avoid the laugh.

As I was only fifteen miles from Mount Vernon, where Washington happily lived, and too painfully died, it was not likely that I should content myself with merely seeing his huge monument at the capital, and I therefore decided on making an excursion to that so revered a spot by all Americans, a reverence which even they whose vanquisher he was cannot and do not desire to withhold. As to the monument itself, it is in the same form as that at Bunker's Hill; it is a mere obelisk, and it is in one respect quite incongruous with the character of the great man whose name it bears, in that it aspires to be the most prominent and notorious of its class, though, according to all authorities, it has not even now reached the proportions that were first intended. For it was intended to be of the height of 600 feet; to be, says Roose, "the highest structure ever reared by man excepting—the Tower of Babel;" a somewhat mythical exception. When it had reached 174 feet, however, a certain "confusion" did arise; not of tongues, however, but of funds—which gave out. But even now, completed at an altitude of 555 feet, it may still claim to be the highest structure in existence. I cannot say that the spot it stands on seemed to me to have been well chosen, but, as Washington himself is stated to have made the choice, it may be idiomatically said that "no choice was left." So many ugly designs for monuments have been inflicted on the

world, that perhaps it was best to confine the artist to that of an obelisk. But it has not gained in grandeur by being so enormously lofty, and another forty-five feet, as at first contemplated, would only have increased the defect of its having been overdone. No structure can gain, but must suffer, by being forced beyond what its symmetry will bear, just as small buildings, constructed on a type that belongs to large ones only, very much offend the eye.

It was on a very fine morning, but with a very piercing wind, that I left by the boat at ten o'clock to steam along the Potomac. The passage down the river ought to be very pleasing, but the month of December is not the month in which land and water appear to the best advantage, and those of us who were on board all preferred the landscape of an ugly stove. We came to the landing-place at about twelve o'clock on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and walked up the prettily wooded rising ground that lies between the river and the house, and, before reaching the latter, the tomb of Washington himself is passed. The vault, as it is called, but rather the mausoleum, though quite a modest one, is exposed to view through an open grating, and the sarcophagus is plainly visible. That of his wife is by its side. A further easy ascent brings you to the house, which fronts the river—a worthy old building, with a fine long verandah in front, and dependences built off in a curve. The hall and the rooms are all quite characteristic, and bespeak the quiet, old-fashioned

country gentleman. Upstairs is his modest bedroom and the bed on which he died, but no one is allowed inside. In the hall and house there are more busts than one of the great man; all, of course, of different aspects, but of which I should choose the one under a glass case in the corner. This one, indeed, best coincides with the face in the large oil painting, by Miss Peale, representing "Washington before Yorktown," and particularly with the portrait by Gilbert Stewart. In summer the whole scene must be charming, and is entirely one of quiet and repose. He need not have died so soon—at the comparatively early age of sixty-seven. But the history of his great imprudence in sitting in wet clothes, and of his recourse, at first by his own directions, to the terrible lancet, blindly intended for relief, amply explains all the sufferings that have been almost too faithfully recorded. While walking and loitering about, the reflection came upon me, "And after all, this man owned slaves, and emancipation formed no part of his life's office!" I mention the fact simply and purely as somewhat of a psychological curiosity; yet it is said that he often privately discussed the subject, though without result.

The day was very cold, and we all enjoyed the kitchen fire, which had so often, in years gone by, blazed for hospitality's sake. The whole property, extending over some six acres, is now that of the nation, under the auspices of the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association," and various rooms are under

the protection of various States and bear their names. We spent about two hours about the house, garden, and grounds, and as we passed down by the tomb on our way to the steamer, one or two of the Americans took off their hats and stood before it, one of whom happened to be in conversation with me at the time.

"You will not expect me to do that," I said, "if only because the wind is so piercingly cold."

"Pray do not," he said; "some of us have not done so, as you see. Nevertheless, next to Americans, I believe you in England best appreciate the character of Washington."

"Enough has been said of him there," I replied, "to prove it; and, more than that, we may remember it was England that made him. You owe him to us, for had we not behaved so badly to you, that quiet house above would not have held a man of greater fame than would have corresponded with its own modest character. As it was, injustice drew him forth, as it drew all of you forth and gave you a corner-stone whereon to construct your nation. You ought to thank England, though perhaps somewhat ironically, for her conduct."

He thought there was a good deal of truth in that. And indeed there is, for if, to-day, such acts were attempted against ourselves, all the old women would join the outcry of rebellion, even with Bibles in their hands. There is no denying the truth. The blind, unjust, and wretched misconduct of the mother-country towards her colony tore the precious jewel

from her crown, and humbled her before the world by that amazing spirit of independence which was inherited from the parent's self, and threw her into the arms of a hostile nation, moved far more by hatred of the parent than by love for the child. It is easier, however (as we must remember), to appreciate the errors of the past than not to act erroneously at the moment. What cannot be forgiven is the looking back upon the errors with applause.

I had a long talk with a district judge from Springfield, Illinois, upon various matters, especially upon the question of immigration. He thought the late war had proved that the nation was powerful enough to subdue and amalgamate all crude elements. But what says Time? and how much work will be continually necessary to be continually leavening the whole while still new crude elements continue to be cast in? He told me a curious anecdote about Lincoln and McClellan of early days, which I venture to repeat here on his authority. The latter was president of the Illinois Central Railway Company, and Lincoln and his partner were the company's lawyers. A very serious claim had been made on this company for taxes, which might have amounted to millions of dollars, and their lawyers successfully resisted it. Lincoln made a charge for these most important services of 5000 dollars, which McClellan abruptly refused to pay. The result of the interview was somewhat violent. Lincoln was threatening to throw McClellan out of the window, when this resolute mode

of being "paid in kind" (so to speak) was happily frustrated just in time. The debt was then paid in good coin, and the two men never met again until the great civil war. This anecdote he told me he had heard more than once from Lincoln's partner at the time. General Grant, he said, was Lincoln's man, because they both agreed on the course to be pursued: "to keep pegging away."

We came back to Washington by half-past four, so that the day's excursion was a light one, and in fine summer weather must be a delightful one. Thus I again found myself comfortably seated at dinner, at the usual hour of half-past six, at the Arlington. I will not say that the meat at Washington was of the best character. It had what I call the original sin of meat: it was generally tough, and required a very powerful regeneration to make it tender. But with what good hearty appetite people in general eat their dinners! I saw them coming in, and "getting through," and going out again with a contentment that I envied. Look at that most jolly, middle-aged lady, shaped like a puncheon. Her face is as full of benevolence as she is of dinner; you can see this as she waddles out. I always thought that very tight-laced young lady with her was either her married daughter or her daughter-in-law; and while I easily understood how she, the round-waisted one, had dined so heartily, I wondered, as to the other, how her dinner had got past what I call wasp-junction.

I did not leave Washington till the 27th of December, having arrived there on the 17th of November, and during that period a variety of weather was experienced. Notices of blizzards in the north were generally accompanied with warnings of a cold wave for us, though at no higher a latitude than 39° N. When these various cold waves did come, the snow they brought with them was carried in a direction far nearer to the horizontal than the perpendicular line; but it managed to cover everything, nevertheless, and was almost invariably followed by cloudless skies, sledges, and parasols. People accustomed to this class of weather may reasonably feel our own dark winters far more trying and depressing, and prefer their own, even without that sort of prejudice that ever did, and still must, possess the islander. But I was one day quite surprised by a conversation I had with a lady of what is called "a certain age" who had lately visited England, and whom I met when calling on some friends. She was making this comparison between the two climates, and, making all due allowances for patriotism, I must say, seemed to me to be talking rather like the islander, for nothing abroad seemed to have suited her.

"America for comfort."

"Quite so; you know how to enjoy life as well as we do."

"Yes; but you have no comfort in England."

"Why, the word itself is essentially ours."

"But you have no fires."

"No fires! this one now before us is a very type of our own. What can you mean?"

"Well, I didn't find it so; and then you are so noisy."

"Where did you live, then?"

"In the Strand."

"In the Strand! Then what do you say to Broadway and your elevated railways?"

"Oh! but I went into the country too."

"Where did you go?"

"Oh! I went to see Windsor."

"Well, what did you think of Windsor?"

And here comes the most strange of the remarks.

"Well, I will tell you fairly. I could not but feel surprised that the Queen, although away in Scotland, could allow so much dust to be left upon the floors."

And that was all that was to be said of Windsor Park and Castle! It was one of the "cold waves" of Washington. A joke is a joke, and there are many that are interchanged between the two countries. But I should rather have expected this style of recording a traveller's experiences from one of our old-fashioned island dames at home who are apt to say, "Thank God, I am contented with my own parish." In my general conversations I have found Americans, I may fairly say, charmed with their visits to England. And the interchange of these visits between the two nations cannot grow too frequent. Not only is good-will engendered, and old sores belonging to old times obliterated, but, in some

sense, the wild and daring mind of the American is mollified, and the inherent prejudice of the Englishmen is enlarged. "At the same time," some one may say, "I hope we shall never forget our nationality." "At the same time," may say another, "I hope we shall always remember that we are relations." Surely England can never cease to be proud of America, and no true Americans would ever fail to assert their English birthright, to which they owe so much.

The swoop of a cold north-easter against my window, as I am writing this, makes me think of the wind of Washington; but then, there is no blue sky to follow, although I am at Hastings while I am writing. So I will presently be off to Florida and eat oranges.

I paid a second visit to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, so much was I interested in all I had seen there, and there was something intrinsically pleasant in seeing it all carried on by the female hand divine. Mr. Carter introduced me also to the Patent Office, and, in particular, to the National Museum, and the Smithsonian Institution annexed to it. These two, with all their wealth of contents, occupy a building which covers an area of two acres and a half, all being on the ground floor, and contain enough to occupy many hours. Far from the least interesting of my visits at Washington was made to the establishment of the *Evening Star*, whereof Mr. Kaufmann is the proprietor. It is worked by "Hoe's Machine," and to my somewhat unmechanical eye the

compound, yet simple movement was almost fascinating. The remarkably large proportion of local subscribers who support the paper are a matter of just pride to Mr. Kaufmann. I am not sure that he does not stand at the top of the tree in this respect.

But there is one other visit that I made, or rather meeting that I was invited to attend, which I must not forget, as it is illustrative of the religious liberty or toleration—some might say confusion; I say nothing—that exists in the States. I was invited, one Sunday evening, to "come and hear" a sermon at the church in L Street, by a Rev. Mr. Savage, of Boston, upon Spirit and Immortality. The sermon lasted one hour and a quarter, and towards the close embraced the subject of what is especially called "Spiritualism," towards which the preacher certainly made me understand he was inclined. But the chief point that struck me was that Mr. Savage, being Unitarian or Deist, was preaching his sermon in a pulpit behind which was written on the wall in very large letters one of the strongest of the New Testament texts, affirming the "Incarnation of Christ the Saviour."

A final walk along the great Pennsylvanian Avenue, which is the main street of the city, and leads direct rom the White House to the Capitol, closed my visit to Washington. On this last occasion, I paid a second visit to the Library. My attention was then pointedly called to the colossal statue of Washington himself, sitting on a curule chair, oppo-

site the east central portico. On the back of this is inscribed "Simulacrum istud ad magnum Libertatis exemplum, nec sine ipsâ duraturum;" with this translation :—

> "This statue cast in Freedom's stately form,
> And by her e'er upheld."

I thought I could offer a better, in the shape of the following :—

> This statue Liberty's great form portrays,
> Nor without her survives to future days.

This small farewell legacy, therefore, I left to the Capital City on my last return to the Arlington along the chiefest of its "magnificent distances."

CHAPTER XIII.

FLORIDA.

WHEN I decided to go to Florida, I had to decide what hotel to go to; and while in this trying state of mind I suddenly found lying on the writing-table of the Arlington an illustrated advertisement of the Glenada Hotel, at Jacksonville, to which city, of course, I was first bound. The house looked very pretty among some trees, and that almost decided me without further ado; but below I presently read what decided me quite. It was the only house where "late dinners" were given. Of early dinners, prevalent almost everywhere in the States, while travelling or at home, I have a horror, and nothing less. Therefore, at 11.30 on the morning of Tuesday, the 28th of December, I left for my 845 miles' journey to the Glenada, at Jacksonville, not overlooking the curious construction of the name. In one of Dickens's sketches he has invented Billsmithi. Why not say Jacksontown at once, and have done with it? The weather was unfavourable, and the journey uninteresting during daylight. You cannot have beauty every-

where. Were it so, there would be no beauty, which is a paradox, but true—

> "An 'unemphatic' men that actor call
> Who lays an equal emphasis on all."

I was not tempted to stop at Richmond, the capital as well as the largest city of Virginia. Once the capital of the Confederate States, its "Ichabod" has been once written and realized; but its future is now promising to surpass its past. It affords another example of the surprising elasticity of all things and persons in the States, in the reconstruction of about a thousand buildings to the value of 8,000,000 dollars, including corn and tobacco, which were destroyed for strategical purposes during the war by the citizens themselves. Such is war! Nor had I any special desire to witness the havoc that earthquakes had inflicted on Charleston, the chief commercial city of South Carolina. I had already seen those on the west coast of South America, and there is but little satisfaction in the mere curious survey of desolation. Nevertheless, Charleston is of itself a city worth visiting; but the hour of arriving there, rather before five o'clock on a December morning, made me shrink from a winter visit to its streets. We were refreshed at Savannah, the capital of Georgia; and though Charleston bears the character of being now more prosperous than ever—saving that temporary interruption above referred to—yet I heard that Savannah claims to be surpassing it,—a pretension which Charleston would doubtless dispute.

Our journey was marked as of twenty-five hours, but one hour of the clock was added on account of our again passing into Centre Time, and we arrived at Jacksonville at about noon on Wednesday, the 29th of December. I was at once driven to the Glenada Hotel, and the first impression as regards Florida that I received was that everything was sand. It is, however, loamy sand, in which you may grow oranges, but which you must not attempt to scour with, or to use for other corresponding household purposes.

I did not anticipate finding any striking scenery in Florida, and therefore was not disappointed at my negative anticipations being realized, nor agreeably surprised by their being falsified. It is very flat, and sandy and marshy, and the pine trees are quite stunted in growth. These remarks are certainly true of all that I passed through from Jacksonville to Tampa. Where you look for beauty you must look for orange groves, and now and then the railway will take you through some roods of charming trees, hanging their golden fruit on both sides as you pass. The St. John's River is the scene principally spoken of, and for those who have never seen tropical vegetation luxuriantly crowding a stream, an excursion on its waters may have its charms, even short of those dressed up in books, where picturesque description strives to impart over-embellishment to the scenery. I do not know what the waters of St. John's River are, but the accounts I received of them did not tempt me to a steamboat excursion. For

its whole course lies through an extremely level region, and its banks are low and flat; so that with my experience of tropical scenery, viewed under the most charming variety of country as well as of foliage, I was not tempted to an excursion on the St. John's River, simply to see what it was. I can quite understand, however, that visitors from the north might experience delight in realizing what is nowhere else to be met with on their continent.

A short journey takes you to San Pablo (St. Paul) beach, the feature of which is its extreme whiteness, contrasted with the blue of the water. The first real day's excursion that I made, and with a companion, was to the old Spanish town of St. Augustine—the oldest town in the States—where the ancient fortress of San Marco, and an old and ugly cathedral and city gate, are the most striking Spanish remains. The city also shows many signs of the same origin, the narrowness of the streets, and the projection of balconies on the upper floors, remind one of old Spanish towns in the mother-country. In an island lying across a piece of water, and called Anastasia Island, there is a quarry of what is called coquina, partly of hard stone and partly of a quantity of loose broken shell, as it were, consisting of this same stone broken up. In this state it makes a most admirable road, to which use for certain small lengths it has been applied, and as times goes on will be extensively so. Of the hard stone, much use has been made in dockwork, and the long sea wall is built of it.

St. Augustine is evidently looked upon as likely to become a seaside resort of great popularity. Two large American hotels are already constructed there with that anticipation. I came down the line in company with the manager, that is to be, of the San Marco hotel, and therefore looked out for it—an occupation not requiring much exertion, for its size is so great that you might almost be said to have seen it before you have found it. But it is of wood, and, I imagine, of pine wood; so that if I had seen the manager again, I should have told him that nothing could induce me to sleep in those high-in-air top rooms. What would become of you—or rather there is no question about it—in case of fire? Another large hotel of somewhat strange architecture is to be called the Ponce de Leon, after the Spanish discoverer. It may be called huge. A Mr. Flagler, the treasurer of the great Union Oil Company, is building it. This also is of wood, but it is stuccoed over with the brilliant white coquina, or shell sand, which gives a beautiful facing. In the old fort there are maintained by the Government a great number of Indians (indigenes), who just show themselves with all their strange characteristics; but the public are not admitted. We walked about the, in many parts, sandy town, and sat down in an open market building, consisting of pillars and roof. This is a building which has survived its pristine uses: it was formerly the slave market-place. "Black cattle" were sold here. What they were called, I know not; but that is the

name under which they used to be designated in schedules to English conveyances of West India property, of which documents I have had more than one in my own hands, but many years ago.

My companion and I then drove to see a small orange grove belonging to a Mr. Genovár, where I immediately recognized the celebrated Bahia orange of Brazil, called the navel orange from a peculiar formation at the top. It is of a very fine quality, and, like the orange of St. Michael's, in the Azores, has no pips. On my recognizing an old friend, the manager immediately picked two for each of us. These oranges were much discoloured with brown. What the cause, and what the component parts of this colour are, is a question much disputed. It seems to me that the oranges are all the sweeter for it; but it spoils the sale, for it offends the eye, and the "nimium ne crede colori" is an injunction disregarded in far more important matters than mere oranges. We were very much pressed to join "a splendid *table d'hôte* at St. Augustine," but preferred to return to a comfortable dinner at the Glenada, after our day's work was over, and we could eat at ease.

On my return I found Mr. Wienholt's card. He was at one of the great hotels—the St. James's; and when I went to call on him, I almost fancied myself at New York again, for the two great hotels will compare with any in that city, and the visitors are very numerous. We walked down the town together, and found that we were in the largest city

of Florida, and that it was on the left bank of the St. John's River; also that Bay Street is the principal street; and my principal "find" was that the office of the Land Navigator, Cook, was in Bay Street, where I took my ticket for Tampa, on my way to Cuba. But I did not intend leaving Florida without seeing a real orange grove; not only because such a sight, as I have often elsewhere proved, is beautiful in itself, but because I was anxious to see one in Florida. Accordingly, I had licence to stop at a station called Citra, and also at Orlando.

On the 1st of January, 1887, I left Jacksonville by the 11.35 morning train, and arrived at Citra shortly before four in the afternoon. The country throughout was wholly uninteresting; flat, sandy, and marshy in many places, and the only timber was mean and stunted pine-trees. The journey, however, was somewhat enlivened by the reappearance of my old friends, "The Union News Company," whose representative, as usual, kept passing to and fro and leaving small libraries at your side, to be looked at and bought, or neither one nor the other, as the passengers might choose. The sandy station of Citra was, of course, very primitive, and so was the building bearing the name of hotel. It was exclusively occupied by orange pickers and packers, some of whom slept there, and many of whom did not. The hostess was pleasant, and did her best to make me as comfortable as she could; but my long uninhabited bedroom was inevitably like a cellar. I

remember some years ago feeling the cold bitterly at beautiful Seville, and now felt it bitterly at not beautiful Florida. Nobody must suppose there are not frosts along all this cold ground in Florida, because there are.

The large orange grove here, the largest in this State, belongs to a Mr. Harris, and, with those belonging to others, is close to the station. When, therefore, I had been shown my sepulchre, in which, however, I was to take neither my long, nor my last sleep, and indeed scarcely any at all, I walked across to call on Mr. Harris; but the very picturesque and, in fact, elaborate house was closed and empty. On raising the siege I had made at the door, however, I met his groom as I was despondingly making my cold-toe departure, who informed me Mr. Harris would be there by the morrow's train at about eleven. I did not dine at all badly at the hotel "restrong," considering all things, and the people were very polite; and then a general adjournment was made to the sitting-room, and we all sat in a semicircle round a good roaring wood fire. I was the only person there who was not an "Orange man," and these were by no means communicative; the dullest group I ever met, with only a heavy attempt at a heavy jest at very long intervals among themselves. Gradually they disappeared, and when I was alone I went to bed. So passed my evening there.

There had been again a frost at night, as I found when I waked—not a Canadian, but a Florida frost;

but at eleven the sun and Mr. Harris appeared at the station. He immediately welcomed me, and took me over to his house, where (being himself occupied in his business) he put me on horseback under the guidance of one of his managers, and we went our way. The grove occupies about 180 acres, and we had a good long ride all round and through it. The picking season had considerably advanced, of course, but there was still sufficient of the "golden apple" to have commanded the guardianship of the Hesperides. There were some strange old trees among the multitude, and here and there were some very old, tall magnolias, in the high tops of which large flocks of birds, of dark plumage, were disporting. These reminded me of birds very similar in appearance which are terrible destroyers of oranges in Brazil. They push their long beaks into the fruit to suck the juice, and thus destroy the orange, and, like hares in a turnip-field, attack a fresh one every time. My guide, however, told me that there were no such depredations here. There were oranges of all kinds of sizes and appearances, and he here and there picked me one of the best, though it is not usual for visitors to expect this courtesy. But there were no Hesperides at hand, and he did not pretend to be one of them, nor indeed a Hercules. I could not but observe, here and there, trees that looked pinched by the weather, and I asked him whether frosts were not often inconveniently frequent and severe. He at once gave me to understand that this was the case, and that it

required a good solid capitalist in those districts to bear up against their infliction. He told me that the growers had invented a method of putting a sort of great coat on the plantations in certain cases, in order to protect the trees. On my asking him what that meant, he explained the process by saying that they made certain bricks, composed of resin and other such substances (I did not get the list of them), which caused a very thick smoke on burning. That these bricks, as occasion required, were placed in different parts of the grove and set alight, and that the smoke hung round the trees in a density which prevented the intrusion of the frosty outer air. In these cases, it is, of course, the choicest trees that are chiefly looked to. This process is not less an ingenious one than it is an admission of frosts, and their prejudicial consequences. After many windings to and fro, during which he was somewhat amused at my resolve to hang about the most golden spots, we went to the packing-house, where much business was going on, and where I was much amused by a very simple economical plan adopted in the packing, for securing uniformity of size in each box. A row of these, for example, is placed on the ground, and over them is hung a slanting canvass trough, and in this trough there are cut a corresponding row of holes, the first being the smallest, and the last the largest. The oranges are then rapidly rolled down this trough, when the smallest are precipitated offhand into their box; the next in size survive a little longer, and so

on, till the largest fall at the octogenarian large hole at the end of all.

On my return to the house, Mr. Harris showed me over the whole building. He was alone, his wife and family being expected by-and-by; the house being for the most part new, and now about to be inhabited. It is built entirely of wood, ornamented with all the beautiful woods (and indeed they are many) which America produces. Art has done its best to show them at their best; the impression left on one is almost that of having seen a picture-gallery. Certainly orange-farming must have been successful here. In the afternoon I took the train to Orlando. It was just one hour and a half late. The fact is that everything in Florida is as yet more or less in its rudiments. If matters in general take a propitious course, there will be the same rapid development here as has been shown elsewhere. I should mention that the ground best adapted for oranges is that where what they call the wild sour orange is found.

At Orlando, I found the Arcade Hotel, a very good wooden building, outside the town, with growths of oranges and lemons scattered round. On walking into the town itself, I was once more struck with the "push" of the American. A large new brick hotel was already in course of construction; a town growing; a tram being laid down; and, in almost grim ironical propinquity, one or two shops with specimens of dead alligators in the window, and live ones in

the yard. Both stuffed and living were small—dark, flat reptiles. As they are called alligators, I suppose they must belong to the lizard tribe, that ridiculous corrupt word of ours—about as good as "invoice," "cordwainer," and "causeway," etc.—being jumbled out of "lagarto." I have seen exactly the same brute in Brazil, and had also expected to see here what abounds there, and what is called by the tribes the jacaré—an amphibious brute of great unwieldy size, but timid, unless rendered desperate. It does not, however, appear that Florida waters are infested with these.

There was not much to note about Orlando, except that, of course, as you get more southward, oranges do not so much fear frosts. I must confess that if I were disposed to enter on that certainly hazardous cultivation—though it has its prizes—I should not feel inclined to enter into competition with Mr. Harris in the neighbourhood of his "location," but would rather come southward. During the evening at the Arcade Hotel, it was amusing to me to hear a group of several dwellers in the country discussing, and contradicting one another about orange-cultivation in Florida. Some were doing well; some very poorly; many had been downright ruined.

"It's the best business going."

"Is it? There isn't a worse."

"Give me a good chance, and I'd make a fortune in no time; I'd soon turn a thousand dollars into ten thousand."

"A thousand dollars! Who's going to begin orange-planting with a thousand dollars?"

In this last defiant proposition and in the retort a good deal of truth about oranges may be gathered. If "Young Hopeful" is to come bowling out to Florida, as a sort of Paradise, borrow capital at high interest, buy a grove, and expect to "get on," he is tolerably sure to hate the name of orange ever afterwards, and, if he stays, not to have even one to eat. From what I heard—and among the number talking was a travelling commercial man from Savannah, who seemed to know tolerably well whom he would like to deal with, and whom not—I am afraid some few of the above-named class have given oranges in Florida a very sour name as well as flavour. "O fortunatos agricolas!" might be sung out there with very wry faces. And yet the country has proved itself to be an orange country. Connected with this subject, but on board from Tampa to Havana, where my commercial agent also was, we fell into conversation with two passengers, one old or elderly, and the other young. The elderly frankly told us, in the presence of the young, that he had put him in the way of getting wealth; "for," said he, "I have just sold him, in the neighbourhood of Tampa, and not in your frosty north, a well-stocked orange grove at a moderate sum." He said that about ten or twelve years ago he had bought his ground, I believe with orange-trees upon it, for 2600 dollars, and, being now sufficiently provided for himself, he

wished to give up business, and had let his purchaser have the property for 35,000 dollars. "My books show the price to be cheap; and orange-growing is the best business going with money and knowlege, and this young man has both;" which "this young man" did not gainsay. Now, all this might be good and true, and the young man may live to rejoice in his purchase. If he has not paid all his capital away, especially if he has not left the price on mortgage at heavy interest, and especially, again, if he is not going to set foot in an orange grove for the first time in his life, Florida may prove to him Fructifera. There is no reason why it should not do so, with fair conditions. But there is a great difference between coming with experienced hands and falling into them. The business should be always looked upon by beginners as of the risky kind. I asked my commercial companion how he thought it sounded. "I don't know the parties," he replied.

We went on to Tampa together, nothing on our way calling for particular observation, except a very large hotel built at a place called Kissimme, and which, we were informed was doing an increasing business every year. To our left as we came along, and on the south-east portion of the delta, I observed some hills covered with pines, and, on asking what sort of climate was to be found there, was informed that those parts were inhabited by about fifteen hundred of what are called Seminola Indians. Sandy Tampa owns a very pretty bay, which, however, we

had no chance of seeing. The town is young, but the adjoining lands seem well adapted for growing oranges, of which there are many groves in the neighbourhood. It is far from improbable that Tampa will take a leading position among places of resort in Florida; and it is quite evident that a certain competition is growing between Florida and South California. But the States are so vast that each will draw its nearest seekers of repose. There is a large manufactory of cigars in Tampa, and plenty of shooting and fishing around. We arrived in the afternoon, and my companion employed himself in making "commercial inquiries," while I merely wandered up and down the sandy streets, and, among other advertisements, noted one on a tobacconist's shop in the striking phrase of—"Chew climax."

We put up at the Plant House, where we dined and supped, and thought we were going to sleep there also, for the post train for the boat, which ought to have arrived at 9.30, did not run in till midnight. We went off in a lighter on a beautiful moonlight night, and now in really soft climate, and in the steamer *Mascotte*, 580 tons (Captain McKean), left our anchorage for Key West and Cuba at one o'clock in the morning. Throughout Wednesday, the 5th of January, we experienced pleasant weather, and, though the wind turned a little fresh, the sun began to remind us that we were approaching the Tropic of Cancer. At eleven o'clock at night we came to Key West, being guided up the curving

channel by the electric light, a novel and impressive picture.

Key West is an island, with a town of that name, which stands most to the west of a curve of several islands standing off the coast of Florida, and called the Florida Keys. It is the key of the entrance into the Gulf of Mexico between the continent and Cuba. By-and-by there will be a railway to Key West, for restless American enterprise has already obtained a concession to run a line down to the Keys and from island to island to Key West. The only question is, will it pay to make the line? Key West is an important town, and employs 800 or 1000 hands in manufacturing cigars, of which it is said to turn out 25,000,000 annually. There is something to be said on this subject. The importation of leaf tobacco from Havana into the States costs much less than that of manufactured cigars. Therefore, cigars made from the imported leaf by Cubans in Key West are to be bought cheaper than those made in Havana, and ought to be as good, but really are not so.

A number of wakeful people were on the rough quay to meet the boat. Those who were bound for the island quickly left the steamer, and the steamer quickly left the island. We sailed out into a quiet sea for Cuba, and, after a very smooth continuation of our voyage, came in full sight of Havana at about six o'clock on the very fine morning of Thursday, the 6th of January. The city kept growing and growing upon us, looking beautiful within its bay in the low

morning sun. It appeared perfectly white across the blue water, taking the appearance of a large high mass of white crockery, to which effect the dark volume of the Castillo del Morro to the left considerably contributed. I had twice landed at Havana before, but the approach to it on this occasion presented an entirely novel effect. On landing, I made my way to the Telégrafo Hotel, where I found Mr. Ruthven, the well-known agent of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, expecting me, and placed myself under his guidance and protection.

CHAPTER XIV.

CUBA.

LET any one who wishes to be electrified by a violent change of life sail, for these few hours only, across from restless America to otiose Havana. Well, we will not enlarge. The island of Cuba, with its broad growth of sugar and tobacco, with an area of some 37,500 square miles, and bearing its title of Queen of the Antilles, or West Indies, did not possess any intrinsic attractions which would have induced me to make any prolonged stay within its shores. Two objects had brought me there; one was to secure a good supply of real cigars, and the other was to make it a starting-point for visiting some of the other islands. The first I succeeded in accomplishing by the aid of my friend Mr. Ruthven, who introduced me to the manager of the house of Alejandro Valle, Virtudes 96, whose boxes are marked "A. Murias y C^{a}." The second object I did not find so readily within my reach, in consequence of the very awkward movement of the boats in connection with my ultimate plans. I therefore had to abandon that intention, and to

content myself with visiting various parts of the island before leaving for the Bahamas and New York. All this, indeed, I might have compassed in a much less time than it actually cost me, had it not been for that contradictory information and confusion of arrangements which seem to be inevitable the moment one has to attempt to make plans in the Spanish language.

My first start was a bull-fight on the first Sunday; let the confession be at once frankly made. There were two American gentlemen at the hotel, who were desirous of witnessing one for the first time in their lives. My own motive was not so fresh as theirs, for I had already twice witnessed bull-fights in Madrid. But there was something new in going with them, as also there was something new in seeing a bull-fight in a new place. So together we went, and took the best places in order to give the exhibition and ourselves the best chance. On each of the above occasions I have referred to I saw five bulls killed, not waiting for the sixth—the usual number slain—and only one bull out of the lot was artistically killed; that is to say, the sword was driven straight into the heart, and the animal, turning round two or three times upon the spot, fell down dead without the slightest appearance of blood. Curiously enough, exactly the same result took place at Havana. The first and second were very unartistically slain, and I could not but secretly respect my two companions, who declared they would see no more and resolved to go. I confess I was quite inclined to go with

them, but our guide was so distressed at this break-up of the day's delights, that, having poured forth his prayers to deaf ears in them, he succeeded in over-persuading me, a more hardened spectator. Mazzantini, of renown, was the sole matador, whom I had never seen before, and I rather wanted to see him out. Two scenes did afterwards occur which induced me, one after the other, to attend the deaths of the five, as I had done at Madrid. One was the masterly death-stab of one bull; and when this climax does so take place, sympathy with the animal is dulled, for you know that the bull, when fighting, tossing, and rushing, is in his fullest enjoyment. I hate a bull. But the horses? Well, not an honest word of defence can be said. That part of the case is pure barbarity, save that they are already almost too worn out to live much longer. The other exciting scene appealed to something of savagery in one's own breast. A later bull on the scene overthrew the picador and his horse, and as nearly as possible slaughtered the sprawling man. You must go to a bull-fight if you wish to understand the wild excitement that an exhibition of this sort fires up in an instant. The voluminous shriek of the whole thrilled audience; the rush of the capeadores to catch the only half-minute left for buffeting and distracting the frantic beast before the prostrate man is a gored corpse under your very eyes; the wild, ringing cheer in response to successful art and courage; a hideous spectacle prevented and a life saved;—this combination and

conspiracy of sound, sight, and emotion are of the hideous fascinations that belong peculiarly to the bull-fight. In the present case, the sequel to this momentary shock was, moreover, something quite out of the common. I had already noticed a difference in the fights as compared with those in Madrid; for, while there the matador holds himself quite apart and quiet until his own hazardous turn comes to stand out alone, and provoke his antagonist with the red flag before he gives the fatal thrust, here the matador more than once joined the throng. So when this last-related scene occurred Mazzantini was at hand, and when the picador was safe, what did Mazzantini? He took the bull by the tail, pulled it tight up to the animal's side, stuck close to him as he kept several times turning round and round, endeavouring to gore him, and finally, taking the cap off his own head, placed it upon the bull's. The animal was completely dazed. Thus the scale of satisfaction, passing into actual merriment, after trembling for a moment in the balance, eventually entirely outweighed the opposite one of horror. When I met my friends at the hotel they told me they had seen quite enough, though they could not regret having gone there. And I ought, now, to have far more reason than they for saying the same thing.

In Havana, one thing is certain—you can luxuriate in the climate; it is soft, and yet, from the propinquity of the sea, it is fresh. I am now speaking of the month of January. The average winter heat is given

as 85° Fahrenheit, which I dare say fairly represents the case; but I should not feel so sure as to 87°, which is given as that for summer. That the winter is soft and genial there can be no doubt. Now and then we had a storm, but generally clear sky; and one of my personal experiences must forbid me for ever from otherwise painting Havana in January. For I have a note in my journal that, having been waked very early on the morning of the 18th by a huge Cuban rain, I got up and walked out in usual shower-bath costume and rolled about under the downfall and in the water that was accumulating on the open tile-flats just outside my door. A refreshing after-sleep kept me in pleasing unconsciousness till the waking rap came with the usual very good Cuban coffee and the two prepared oranges on forks, ready to be gnawed. It is a very lazy life unless you have some special object on hand, and there are many trifling modes of spending small sums of money, especially if you take American gold with you, which you can change into Cuban paper—only Havana paper—at an even ludicrous profit. But such dirty profit! the moment you have got it you want to get rid of it. There is no such renewal of notes here as there is at Washington. The price for almost everything is made in it, but not hotel bills; and, though you may buy the general cigars at stalls in paper, yet with S. Murias you must pay in gold. I very cheerfully did this, when my friend Mr. Wiendolt having again appeared, with New

Orleans in view, we went with Mr. Ruthven to arrange such a shipment together as the English customs require; not less than 8000.

The buying of cigars does not involve any very intricate description, but there was one feature in the fragrant establishment that excited the observation of us both. We heard a rather monotonous voice reading aloud, and on looking into an apartment whence the sounds oozed we beheld something very like a congregation surrounding a preacher in a pulpit. But the congregation were all cigar-makers, and the preacher was reading the news of this world, and not of the next. The plan was surely excellent. Not only were the workers beguiled at their labours, though the tones were not harmonious, but in their off-hours they had no inducement to loiter about, reading newspapers, for they had already heard of everything. Of course the reading extended far beyond those columns, and other interesting compositions followed. To the mere visitor the watching of the cigar-making was the more attractive; the voice was rather objectionable than otherwise, though nothing to be compared in that respect to the atrocious "pianos" on wheels that are still allowed, to the disgrace of our authorities, to intrude their clashing and clanging from one irritating out-of-tune "tune" to another in the tortured streets of London.

There is a small excursion to be made at Havana, up the river Alméndares to a rustic hotel. It involves a long dusty road in a carriage or by

a sort of railway, and then you get a pleasant row upon the river. Any one who would like a rustic night or two, in a beautiful fresh air, and with perfect liberty and repose, might make this small journey and sojourn as I made it; but I was told that at certain seasons it is crowded. One other still smaller movement Mr. Wienholt and I made which afforded both of us a new instance of the childish exaggeration these people, with their so many rolling superlatives, indulge in. We went to see the "Jardin de Delicias;" "cosa magnifica." There was first a ferry-boat, and then a rough drive to get to it. When we got there and the driver stopped, we cried out, "Go on; what are you stopping for?" "This is the place, caballeros!" Well, it was really worth seeing as an anti-magnifica. We twisted round a few narrow garden walks, amidst a crowd of the most ingeniously hideous shell ornaments of every childish shape and size. It is worth mentioning as a warning to others against indulging in such pernicious "delicias." The gardener steadfastly refused to take anything for showing it all, and very conscientious he was in doing so.

Having resolved to go to Matanzas, in order to see the valley of Yumúri and the stalactite caves of Billarmar, I took the 2.30 train one afternoon, and arrived soon after six in the evening at the Hotel Louvre. The country I passed through was by no means striking. The beauties of Cuba lie in the south-east of the island. The accommodation at

the hotel was fair enough, but outside Havana you must expect everything very loose and poor in the way of living throughout. At night there was military music by moonlight on the Plaza, and in the morning came my volante to take me to Yumúri. The volante is a curious but comfortable carriage. It goes on two wheels and suspension springs; one horse is in the shafts, and the other is tied on outside them, a postilion riding the former. It puts you in mind of stories of Old Spain. When we came to the eminence, where a church stands, and whence we were to see the valley, behold it was filled with mist; but by-and-by this cleared away, and the scene below opened. I cannot say there was any one striking feature in the whole length and breadth of it, though it was something to look at. But there is one peculiar interest attaching to it. It is supposed to have been once the bed of a vast lake, and that the banks gave way towards the sea, broken open by some great convulsion, whereby the whole body of water was poured out. The configuration of the high grounds round about are very suggestive of the correctness of this theory, and more I cannot have to say on such a subject. The eminence on which the Votive church is built is called Monserrat, and the building was interesting to me from its connection with that marvellous mass of rocks bearing that name near Barcelona, which I visited some few years ago, and of which there was a curious old drawing on the wall. There are some votive tablets and one or

two blackwood virgins, but a general look and feel of coldness and desolation throughout. The church is connected with a charitable institution.

Hence we jerked and jumbled over a hugely rocky road, dancing up and down on our volante springs to the caves, of which there are two, the old and the new. The entrance is the same, and the divergence is within. They are not large, and of course they are badly lighted. Their chief characteristic is the singularly crowded filigree or threadlike ornament that hangs upon the stalactites. Many who had not seen that class of cave before might be greatly pleased with the inspection. I don't know that the two are worth visiting, one after the other; the second one has nothing special to show, except what is called (as absurd names must be given) the Virgin's Robe. The price for admission is two paper dollars for each person to each cave, and those who go to see the Virgin's Robe, at the very farthest end, must decide for themselves whether the double cost and journey have been worth while.

Returning to the hotel for breakfast, I took the train in another direction home, of which I have only to say that it brought me back in good time. Had it been in my plans to sail direct from Jamaica to England, I might have managed, as far as I could unravel the curiously contradictory pieces of information that lent daily variety to my inquiries, to visit that island, where in former years I had merely touched, without being kept there for too long a

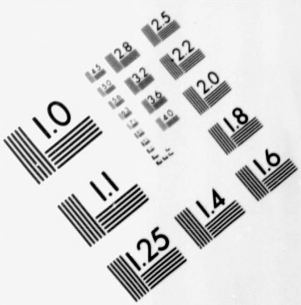
period. But as I had my own plans for seeing Nassau in the Bahamas, and revisiting New York before crossing the Atlantic, my only course was to get down to Santiago de Cuba, and there take the American boat that trades from New York as far as Cienfuegos, on the south coast of Cuba; for the steamers that leave Havana direct for New York do not touch at Nassau. Both lines are of the Ward Company.

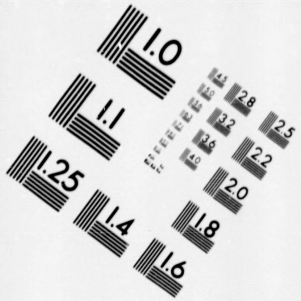
Accordingly, having wandered enough, and perhaps too much, round the picturesque streets of Havana, with their blue sky above and their delicately tinted pillars and arcades below, and all looking careless; not forgetting, moreover, the frightful jar of their "carretónes," or large carts, which happily did not so annoy me at the hotel, where they did not pass, as at Mr. Ruthven's office, where they did nothing but pass, I took my ticket to sail from Batabanó, along the south coast to Santiago de Cuba; and I also took a separate ticket by railway to get down to Batabanó from Havana. On Sunday morning, at six o'clock, I left Havana for the south coast, and travelled through an uninteresting belt, finding the steamer where I expected it; and on this steamer we passed along without any particular incident or any particular object to engage our attention till we came to Cienfuegos. Here the steamer put in for loading and unloading, and we spent the night. The hotel was clean and the fare good, as were the fruits, but all bespoke a want of money. I had my bath, and with very good water,

in a chicken-house; and even so, the chickens had been put there only because there was no proper place for them. Their place, however, upon the table was not so very bad, for they were far more tender than some I have suffered from under more pretentious roofs. Such is life outside Havana.

It was here I found the American boat that was to take me to Nassau, and discovered, too late, that my better plan would have been to take my Batabanó boat ticket to Cienfuegos only; especially as I found that I had to pay as much from Santiago de Cuba to Nassau as I should have paid from Cienfuegos. But, bless your heart! what do they know about all this at Havana? The change (I say again) is really enchanting to come out of the States slap-bang into Havana. What information is not ready for you there, and what information can you possibly obtain here?

The entrance to Cienfuegos is remarkably pretty; it is long and winding, and thenceforth you begin to see the mountainous districts of Cuba, and the coast grows attractive. Our weather being calm and fine, except at one particular portion of our course, where those malignant sea-monsters, counter currents, set in because of the propinquity of Jamaica, we took our meals out-of-doors on deck, so that we saw all at all hours. But the chief sight to be seen was the entrance to the harbour of Santiago, and the whole scene ensuing as we sailed up towards that city. I therefore prayed the gods that we should not





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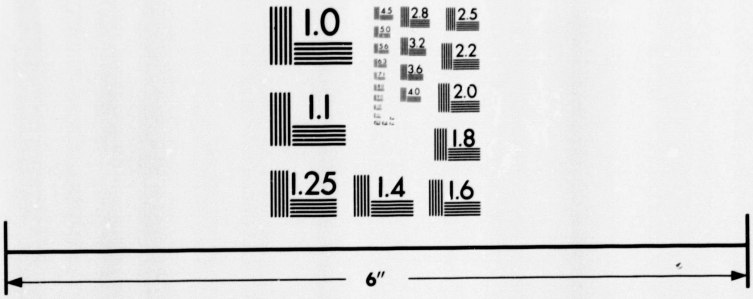

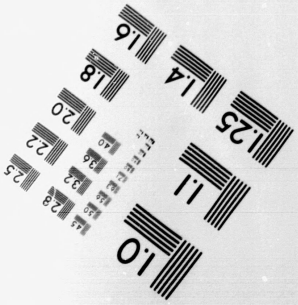

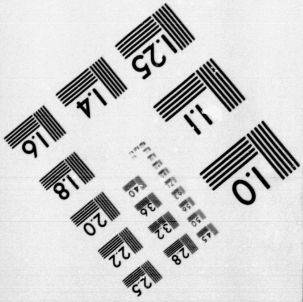

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enter by night, and made up my mind that my supplications would be heard. And so they were, but in much the usual style. We did not enter at night; but then we entered at very early morning indeed; so early that it was yet quite dark. When I waked we were at anchor. When we went out by daylight, I thanked not the gods for what I saw, because it only served to show me what I had lost by arriving in the dark. They had chaffed me.

We landed at a very good spacious quay, and we saw a good row of business-houses along the water, one of which was the office of the English Consul, Mr. Ramsden, on whom I at once left a letter of introduction which I had brought with me. So far so good, but I think, nay, I am sure, that when the porters took my luggage, and were to show me the way to the hotel, never had I before been shown so awful a *road*—that elastic word—up which to go for a place of repose. Here was poverty truly exhibited, but with civility. My bedroom was on the ground floor; what my dinner would have been I know not, for the Consul came, like a guardian angel, and took me for a drive, and afterwards out to his most charming residence, where I enjoyed the most pleasant hospitality and a lovely moonlight over trees and waters. He very kindly sent me home, and then I found out what my bed was. Years ago, at Greenwich Fair, "when I was young," they used to have a little instrument called "the torment of the fair." It was run down your back, giving the exact sound of your

coat having been torn from top to bottom. On my very first turn in bed I heard this precise sound, though in more portentous tones. What's that? Alas! there was no deception; the sacking underneath was simply rotten, and was rent in twain for a long space, the vacuum of which was but too perceptible. Very little lay below me—for in hot weather, even if you can furnish them, featherbeds are not wanted—so that I lay in momentary anticipation of going through. And had a joking American been there, he might ironically have asked me, "Are you through?" There was only one remedy—to lie as still as death; and how I got through without getting through I know not. When the morning came, I was an early riser; the porters were there again, and on my expostulating about the sum they asked, their reply was, "Look at the road." Such, I say again, is Cuba outside Havana.

Our steamer was delayed by much cargo, but we sailed at a good hour, and moved quietly down the beautiful double-mountained bay. But it is towards the entrance and at the entrance itself that the special beauties appear. You know not how you are to get out; and when at last you see your gigantic gateway between the noble rocks, the whistle is sternly put on in order to warn any incoming vessel that might by chance be outside, for there is not room for both to pass. To enter by that great ocean gate, to wind through the watery labyrinth, and finally to burst into the open bay with Santiago glittering among

surrounding hills in the distance, must be a sight worth coming to see. And yet the whole picture is not very large.

Two days brought us to Nassau, where I landed and found my way to the great American hotel, the Victoria, with all its floors surrounded with wooden arcades. Here again is another example of one of the lesser islands of the group—in this case almost the least—being chosen as the seat of Government and the place of call, because of its offering the best port. In order to reach New Providence, of which Nassau is the capital, the course of the steamers is to pass up to the right of Cat and Eleuthera Islands, and then turn in south-west by the north point of the latter, and so run in to Nassau, which, so to speak, lies hid between Eleuthera and Andros Isle. Bahama Island itself, which gives the name to the group, lies to the north of all, the two Abacos included.

I was possessed of a curious desire to see the Bahamas independently of a disinclination to pass them by on my road without seeing them. Many years ago, again "when I was young," there lived in Gatton Park, at a spot called "Q in the Corner," Sir James Carmichael Smythe, with whom my father and mother were very intimate, and my chief recollection of whom is that Sir James drove a pair of horses with only one trace each, and that Lady Smythe, when they went away, left her piping bullfinch to my mother. They went away because Sir James was suddenly

appointed to be the Governor of the Bahamas, and I wondered at that time where those islands were, and almost what the news meant. Thus it was quite impossible for me to pass them by. Otherwise I did not anticipate much attraction there, and had intended spending only a few days and returning to New York, which I was desirous of visiting again before I crossed the Atlantic. My stay, however, proved far longer and far more monotonous than I had anticipated, for at the moment of settling a passage to Jacksonville, and so onward by land, I was seized with a very large carbuncle, which confined me to my bed and the house for five weeks; and I will make no farther mention of this infliction than to record the very close and kind attention I received at the hands of the resident physician, Dr. McClure.

I found Sir James Smythe's name very honourably mentioned in the calendar of governors, and I paid a very pleasant visit to the then governor. The climate is soft and bright, qualities which I had much cause to appreciate during my convalescence, so soon as I was able to avail myself of offers to be a companion in drives to the seaside. New Providence offers no fine views, and, the formation being coral, the roads are very dusty and very white, which makes them extremely tiring to the eyes. The great hotel is the resort of many American families, who come during the winter season either to escape the rough weather of the States, or for a period of repose after the habitual wear and tear that seem to attend all

business matters in that vast country. A host of carriages are always waiting for hire, and a host of men and women are always there to offer green cocoa-nuts full of milk, or pine apples, both of which greatly abound; or curious growths of coral. Whoever goes to Nassau must understand that he goes there for repose. Life and variety of any moment do not exist. And, altogether, I shall remember my visit to Nassau.

On the 21st of March, having obtained professional licence, I left the coral shores and sparkling white roads of Nassau, New Providence, for New York again, and unfortunately in the same rolling boat that had brought me thither from Santiago de Cuba. I found some pleasant companions on board, whose names I have preserved; and we rolled into the vast, well-known harbour on the day appointed, the 25th. The only feature of our voyage that struck me was the effect of the Gulf Stream. It was not my first acquaintance with it, but I met it this time under special conditions, one of which was that we were getting into raw weather, and the other that I was naturally rather sensitive. But the difference at about noon on the 23rd was something remarkable enough to make me for a moment suppose that some sudden change had taken place in my own sensations alone. As this state of things continued, I mentioned it to some of the passengers, who replied, "Why, of course; we are in the Gulf Stream. This is your first time out here." The captain then gave me a small paper chart of our sailing, according to that excellent

American plan of always having physical notice of where you are going, both by land and water. According to that chart, we entered the Stream at about 32° north, and, sailing almost directly north, took it diagonally, across a portion where it had begun to widen, from gradually running more slowly. We enjoyed this balm up to about 35°, off Cape Hatteras, where the going out may fairly be said to have proved as unpleasant as the coming in had been delightful.

So we were at New York, and I immediately made my way to the Fifth Avenue Hotel again. I had already written to announce my much earlier coming, which I was afterwards obliged to recall, and to write again. So when I came in I received a good matter-of-fact greeting.

"How d'ye do, sir, how d'ye do?" said one of the managers at the broad, busy counter. "Glad to see you at last. What's been the matter?"

"Well, a very severe carbuncle."

"Carbuncle? Bless my heart! that generally kills! Boy, 999 to Mr. Aubertin;" and up aloft I went.

The real downright matter-of-fact of the busy American is really often most amusing. Among ourselves it might sometimes seem mere offhand indifference. But if you understand it, by not comparing it merely to your drawing-room at home, you will know that no such meaning is intended.

This, however, was not the only shot I encountered; for, while settling down in my room with

intention of looking round for a few days more, came in a "bell-boy." "Telegram for you, sir; came yesterday." And the upshot of that was that I was to get on board the *Servia* to sail at seven o'clock the next morning, and come on to London as fast as steam could carry me. I thought this a very impolite way of leaving the great country, after all, and was in wonder whether, all things concerned, I could "hurry up the cakes." I managed to do so, however, and should say no more on the subject but that I desire to record a liberal act on the part of the White Star Company. And here the irresistible Mr. McKay of the "Burlington Line" comes to the front again. I have mentioned that at his suggestion I had taken a White Star ticket at Frisco, which (were I to leave by the Cunard on the morrow) would be lost. Very fortunately, Mr. McKeever, the agent of the London and Brazilian Bank in New York, undertook to see to the matter for me; and I am pleased to record that the White Star Company at once took back their ticket, deducting only a fair percentage from the price returned.

So, with the Fates thus pointing to the word "go," I proceeded to summon up all my forces and hustled and bustled about in such a way that I almost began to think I must be an American. My room was counter-ordered, my dinner was "through," and I drove down to sleep on board, bidding farewell to the good folk at the Fifth Avenue, who, I am quite sure, were highly delighted that I was not "killed."

Happily, I secured the chief steward's cabin, which, with the attentive service I received, was a great help to me. At precisely six o'clock in the following morning, and while still enjoying a sort of half-awake repose in bed, strongly in contrast to my yesterday's rush through New York, I heard the first revolution of those very many that were to bring us across to Liverpool. And thither, after a successful passage under the guidance of Captain H. McKay, we came in safety. What more? I went again to the great North-Western Railway Hotel, where I had lodged at starting, but, though now in my own country, no one exhibited any such kind interest about my health as my friend in New York had done. The chamber-maid, however, by a curious piece of logic, took me for an American. Liverpool being Liverpool of April, I asked for a fire.

"Oh yes; Americans always want a fire."

"But I am not an American."

"Haven't you just come from there?"

"Certainly; but why do you take me for one?"

"Because you asked for a fire directly you came."

If that much would make me an American, my friends on the other side of the Atlantic would have the right to claim me (if they cared to do so) for all my life. I am very fond of a good fire in raw weather, and so are they. Therefore let us on both sides keep up our fires. There is plenty of the old fire here, and

it was a bright torch taken hence that first lighted up the fire over there. These fires mean no smouldering, smoking, and unwholesome burnings, but the bright fires of the true Englishman and the true American:

> Bright fires that shall together burn
> Till Earth to atoms shall return.

THE END.

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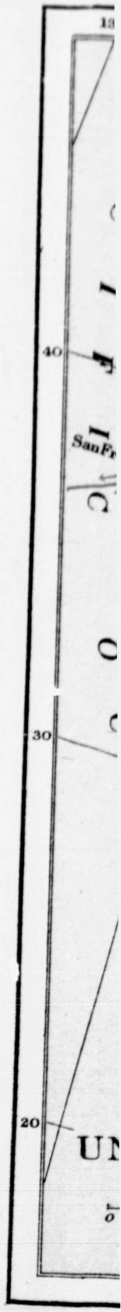

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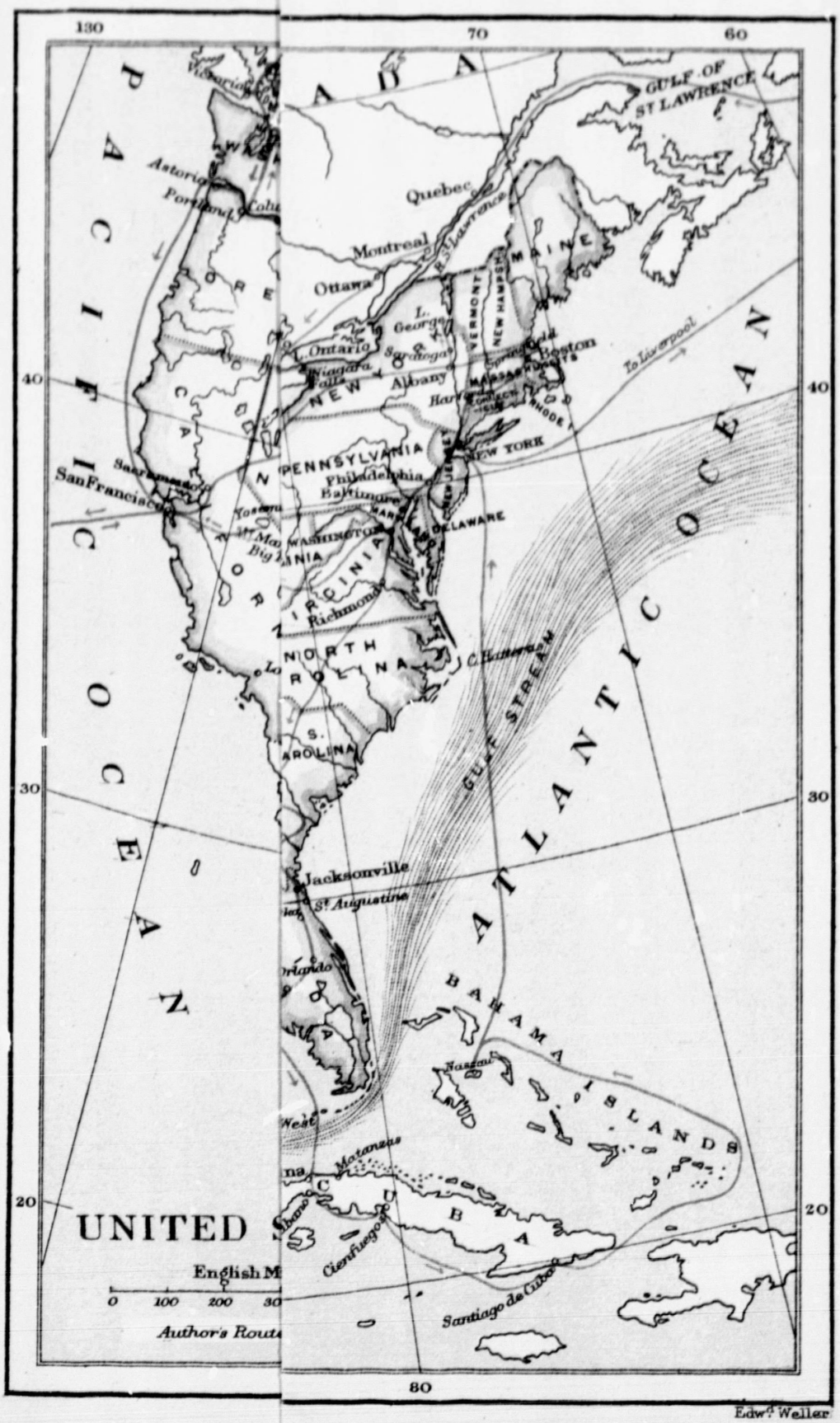

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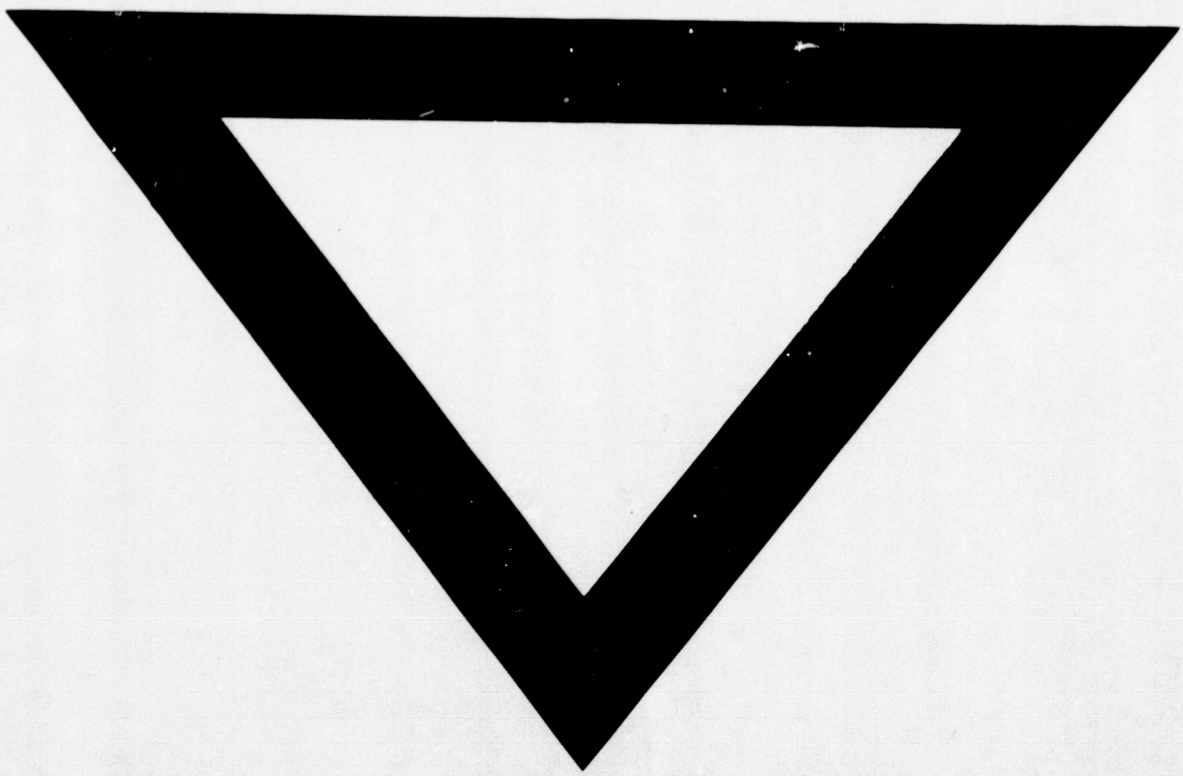
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