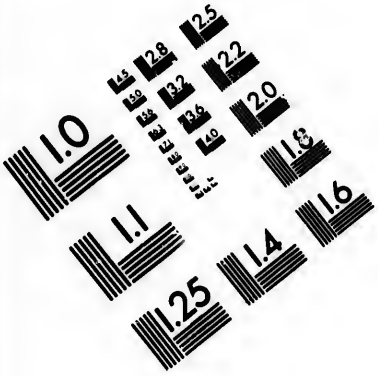

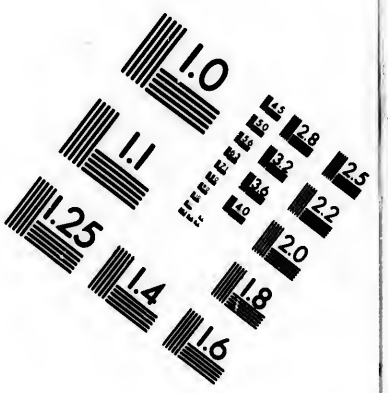

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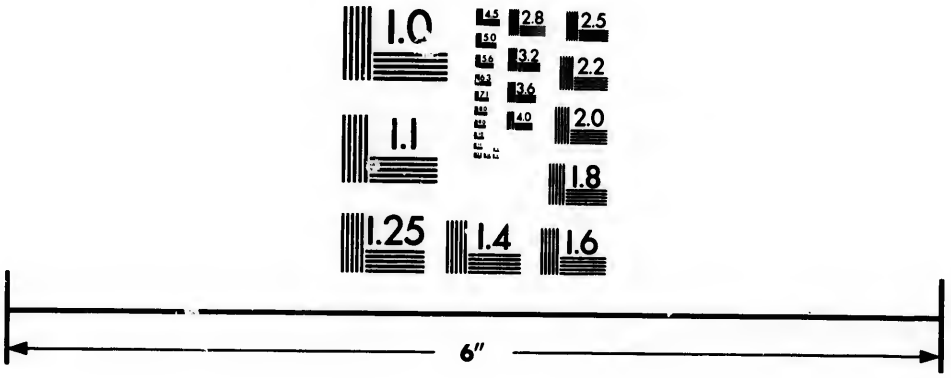

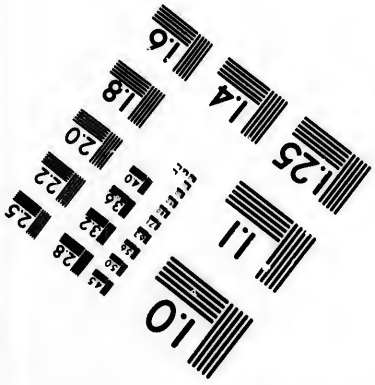

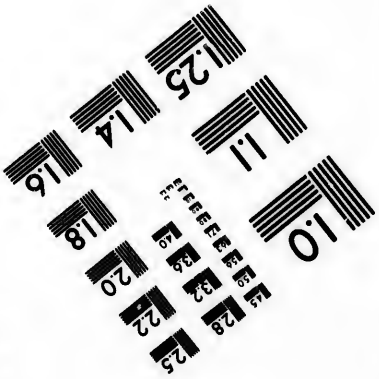

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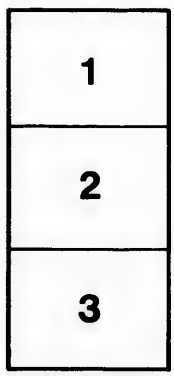

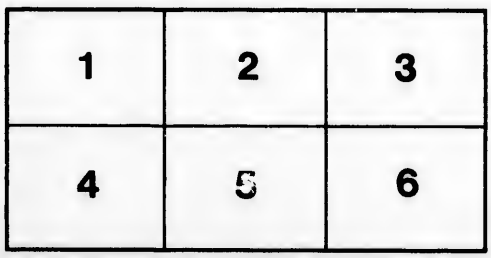

A SUMMER TRIP

TO

CANADA.

By A. S.

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PREFACE.

THE writer does not profess to entire accuracy in all her statements, as much she heard she had no means of verifying, but general observations must be taken for what they are worth. The object in writing these pages is to induce ladies to go to Canada, or the States for their summer trips, instead of confining themselves to the Continent, or the British Isles. People in health could probably do more than was possible (and very likely at a little less cost), for us to do, as our trip was avowedly for health's sake; and the writer's powers were very limited. There are no difficulties that ladies

cannot overcome, the expense is little greater than going on the continent, and an immense amount of pleasure and good to mind and body is obtained. The utter rest, and "no post" on board steamer can be obtained under no other conditions, and for all wearied by any of life's strains, a trip to Canada will prove the highest tonic. May many do as we did, and have as much and more enjoyment is the writer's earnest wish.

A. S.

CLIFTON, *August*, 1885.

A

SUMMER TRIP TO CANADA

CHAPTER I.

LIVERPOOL TO QUEBEC.

On a fine Thursday afternoon in June, 1883, we found ourselves on the Liverpool landing-stage, with a company of other people bound for the west. The emigrants and other steerage passengers were first conveyed to the Allan steamer, *Polynesian*, which lay in the river, outward bound; being followed by the tug containing the saloon passengers and their friends soon after 4 P.M. The *Polynesian*, one of the finest of Messrs. Allan's boats, was soon reached. The luggage and everything being on board, the tug and those return-

ing to land left us, and about 5 P.M. the anchor was drawn up, and we were off. Very rapidly we steamed down the Mersey, passed New Brighton, and out to sea, so that when we came up after dinner only faint outlines of land were to be seen. Early next morning we rounded the north coast of Ireland, and about 8.45 A.M. cast anchor in Lough Foyle, off Moville, County Londonderry, to await the arrival of the mails from all parts, which are shipped here for the New World.

The day was a fine one, and while waiting some of the passengers landed, but the majority remained inactively on board, making advances in knowledge of one another. The Lough is a deep indentation in the land, capable of holding a great number of ships, but only one lay near us at this time—the *Anchoria,* a White Star steamer, bound for New York, and now also waiting for mails. These arrived in a tug about 5 P.M., and the United States' bags having been taken on board, the Canadian ones were brought to us, and

both steamers speedily got under way, following one another rapidly out into the broad Atlantic. The number of mail-bags which we watched tumbled below seemed to us enormous, but probably it was only an ordinary mail, though the representative of Her Majesty's postmaster was occupied for several days in arranging the letters, and preparing them for their several destinations. Once out on the Atlantic, our experiences of *mal de mer* began; but we had only to remain in our cabin for one entire day, which, as it was our first voyage, was probably not a bad beginning. The number of people on board the *Polynesian* was quite equal to the population of a little town, there being over 1000, composed of more than 700 steerage passengers, above 100 of the crew, and the rest being the saloon and intermediate voyagers. Many were the nations represented in this assemblage — the English, of course, by the greatest number; but the Scotch, Irish, French, American, Russian, Norwegian, and Swedish also had their representatives, to

say nothing of English and French Canadians, and Chinese, this last being by a pig-tailed Celestial, a kind of valet to a gentleman on board, and a Chinese nurse to his children. The sufferings of this poor woman are better imagined than described. "Me no likee," was her cry, with a rush to the side of the vessel, several days after every one else had quite recovered from the effects of the Atlantic tossings. The weather was, on the whole, fine, and the ocean comparatively smooth after the first twenty-four hours out; but these billows are never really at rest, nor ever will be until "there is no more sea." On the Sunday, few ladies appeared at the morning service, which was held by a clergyman going out for change; but towards afternoon they were most of them again on deck, exchanging their experiences of the last, not very lively, forty-eight hours!

Life on a steamer is somewhat monotonous — breakfast, dinner, lunch being the chief excitements of the day. However, after we had been out a week, excitement

of another kind, in the shape of the fog, as we drew near the Newfoundland coast, sprang up. That night, owing to another vessel being behind us, and apparently, though unseen, bearing down upon us, the excitement became intense. No doubt there was really no danger, but to our land ears it seemed terribly alarming to hear a fog whistle behind us, and ours replying, and nothing whatever to be seen. The whole scene was most weird, with lights at mast-head, bow, and stern, and the vessel creeping along at half rate in the fog which enveloped us. For three days this fog continued, but on Saturday afternoon the veil lifted for a time, and land was visible on both north and south, as we had reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the vessel was signalled as we passed Cape Ray. All next day (Sunday) the fog was thick, but it was very warm, and land was again seen between 4 and 5 P.M. The prevalence of fogs off the coast of Newfoundland and in the Gulf, is owing to the meeting of the cold currents from the Arctic regions with

the warm ones from the south; and as soon as the river was fully entered, and the temperature became more equable, the fog disappeared.

On Monday morning about 4 A.M., Rimousky, on the south bank of the river, was reached, and here the mails and a few of the passengers were disembarked. Pilots were taken on board, and when the passengers came on deck they found themselves being rapidly carried up the mighty St. Lawrence, the father of the northern rivers. The full length of this great stream is 1900 miles, from where it rises above the great lakes, and is known as the St. Louis, to where it joins the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Its width at its mouth is about 40 miles, the Gulf itself being more than 100 when it unites with the ocean, and containing Anticosti and other islands. Above Rimousky the river varies from 12 to 14 miles, while at Quebec it is about 2 across. The north banks have the highest hills, but those on the south appeared more wooded, stretching away into the States. Numerous villages

were visible on both banks, and their tin-roofed houses had a very curious effect as they glittered in the sunshine. St. Anne's on the north bank, three little islands to the south, and other places were pointed out to us; and soon the Island of Orleans was passed, a well-wooded summer residence of an inhabitant of Montreal. Then the Falls of Montmorency came in view, a splendid cataract where the river of that name falls from the north into the St. Lawrence. After this we turned, and there before us appeared Quebec, sitting as a queen upon her throne—the heights of Abraham and the adjacent hills. Her position on the ridge of hills separating the valleys of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles is probably unequalled, though reminding one a little of the Old Town, Edinburgh. These hills are from 400 to 600 feet high, and the city is built from their foot upwards, commanding the whole roadstead and harbour, and the plain of the St. Charles and valley of the St. Lawrence. On its romantic foundation and early history we cannot dwell. Suffice

it to say that it teems with historic interest to all students of the story of our Colonies and their beginnings. Vessels do not anchor at Quebec itself (except river boats and ferries), but at Pont Levis, on the south side of the river; and at length the *Polynesian* was fastened securely to the wharf of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

The scene that followed when the passengers landed is well-nigh indescribable! Into a large wooden building all the luggage was dragged by the sailors, and people were rushing hither and thither to claim it, not at first discovering that it was placed under the initial letter of the owner's name.

This proceeding took a long while, and being myself unable to rush about, I had opportunity to observe the scene, and notice the curious carts, 10 or 12 feet long on four wheels, and about 2 feet wide, drawn by spirited little horses, on which the luggage was taken away. One of my boxes being far down in the hold caused great delay, but was at last captured, and then the

douâne was passed. This was done successfully, by a written declaration that we had no smuggled goods, but others of our fellow-travellers had to open their boxes, and let the custom-house officers inspect their contents. At last all was safely accomplished, and having given our luggage into the care of the hotel porter to whose house we were going (the St. Louis), we were free to get ourselves conveyed there as we best could. Usually there is an omnibus waiting, but it had been chartered by some one getting through the custom-house quicker than we did, and we had to content ourselves with one of the high carriages of the country called calèches. They are semi-barouche sort of things made to hold four, two sitting in the hooded part, and two on tiny seats with their backs to the driver.

In passing, it is well to state that here we bid farewell to the greater part of our fellow-passengers, the Canadians returning home, and the emigrants going west, taking the train per Grand Trunk Railway to Montreal, which is reached by ordinary train in

about ten hours, though the emigrant train, we heard afterwards, was far longer, taking nearly double that time. We, who had come out either for health or pleasure, and a few others, proceeded to Quebec. Being as they say "all aboard," we dashed off at a merciless rate along the so-called road, followed by another vehicle of the same description, both drawn by most spirited little horses. Over railway lines, and all sorts of things we went, and through a toll-bar, though what they do with the tolls with the roads in such a state is a mystery; and after going about a mile and a half reached Pont Levis Ferry. The rain was now coming down heavily, but a sort of apron of leather had been hung over the front of the carriage preventing our getting wet.

All the Canadian money we had on landing was $1 36cts., which had been obtained from the purser of the *Polynesian* in exchange for English money. On the way our driver made a proposition to take us right across the river to the St. Louis in his

carriage for $1½, but, of course, we did not know if we were being cheated or not. Happily we encountered a French Canadian fellow-voyager, who said it was all right, and we therefore consented.

The style and speed of this man's driving was almost Neapolitan, and we got a good shaking, but it must be confessed that "track" is a better description of that along which we went to the Ferry of Pont Levis than road. My companions dismounted on reaching the landing-stage, but I was driven right on to the boat. This and the other ferry-boats on the river had covered houses upon them for the passengers, and at the side of these, passages, into one of which on this boat our caleche was taken. This the horse did not appreciate, and another carriage coming up behind, it seemed inclined to bolt into the river. The driver did his best to quiet it, and when we were once in motion succeeded. The engines of these boats appear to move a kind of lever at the top of the houses, in see-saw fashion, as is seen in some clocks. They move rapidly, and in

about five minutes we found ourselves at the quay of Quebec proper, with the Champlain Market near to it.

My companions having remounted, the clever little horse speedily dragged us up the steep rough streets of the city to the St. Louis. Here we found a fellow-traveller who was proceeding to Montreal by the North Shore Line of Railway (a more rapid way of transit than by the Grand Trunk, which keeps along the Southern Bank), and whom we suspect was the individual who had monopolised the omnibus!

The St. Louis is a very comfortable hotel, and the charges vary here and elsewhere from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $4 per day according to the situation of the room. This includes room, breakfast, lunch, dinner, and at some hotels tea about 9 p.m., if desired. Of the nature of the beverage called "tea," it is difficult to state, but if dried straw had boiling water poured over it, probably the flavour of a good deal of what we drank in Canada and America would be obtained. The truth is, it was *green* tea,

and not black or a mixture such as drunk in England. That night we attempted no exploring, but slept thankfully on beds for the first time since leaving our native shores. To our astonishment we kept still hearing what sounded to us like the fog-whistle of the steamer, but further experience revealed to us that this was a noise common not only to ocean steamers, but to river boats and railway engines!

CHAPTER II.

QUEBEC.

THE next morning rose clear and bright after the rain, and as we were going on to Montreal by that evening's boat we were out pretty early. One of our party had to go down into the lower part of the town to the money changer's, so descended by Breakneck stairs, precipitous steps cut in the rocks, forming one of the chief old streets of the city. He came up in an elevator erected near them, to save time, for the small charge of 5 cents. We were soon all seated in a large barouche sort of carriage, of which there are plenty at the stands, which was very cool-looking, covered with white Holland, and furnished with a dust sheet. It was, we found, cheaper to hire the carriages off the stands than to obtain

them from the hotels, proprietors thinking it well to add an extra dollar if it were obtained from them. The driver of this particular carriage was a strongly built French Canadian, who though speaking English imperfectly was *most* civil and obliging. The horses were an active pair, who carried us along rapidly. Through the quaint old city we went for some distance, passing many of the religious houses for which Quebec is famous. Our driver said there were 200 nunneries and 5000 nuns in the city, but we had no means of verifying this statement, which, however, is probably not far wide of the mark, from things we afterwards saw and heard.

The streets, through which we drove, were narrow and badly kept, deep ruts abounding, and the pavements were of planks loosely fastened together. The houses seemed chiefly to be built of wood, but since a fire about eight years ago, in which a large portion of Quebec was destroyed, stone of a grey kind is being employed for building purposes, though we

saw a good many wooden houses, and they still exist in goodly numbers on the lower ground near the markets and quays. We had had to ascend to reach the St. Louis the day before, so now to get to the Dorchester Bridge, which crosses the St. Charles on the N. E. side of Quebec, we had to descend, being bound for the Falls of Montmorency, distant from the city between 8 or 9 miles in a north easterly direction, by a road which, in its curve, almost made a half circle. This bridge is a long wooden one, not raised more than 2 or 3 feet above the water, if that, so that nothing could pass under it. Beginning near it, and round the mouths of both the St. Charles and Montmorency rivers, lay quantities of wooden planks of all descriptions, which had come down the St. Lawrence as rafts from the Upper Lakes.

The river valley of the St. Charles lay to our left, stretching as far as the eye could reach, bounded by mountains in a westerly direction, as we proceeded north-east. At first the country through which we passed

was flat, with little foliage, and apparently chiefly laid out in market gardens.

The temperature was not very high, though we had been told the heat in Quebec would be intense at this season, and there was a pleasant breeze which made driving very agreeable.

One of the first objects of interest pointed out to us was the large Idiot Asylum of Beauport. It is a fine building, and seemed to have a nice garden for the use of its inmates. We were told that in comparison with other places, there are a great number of idiots in the province of Quebec, which is accounted for by the fact that the people are a very stay-at-home set, who hardly move from one village to another, but divide their bits of land, and pass them down from father to son for many generations. The consequence of this stay-at-homeness is, however, that they intermarry too closely, and idiotcy is a frequent result. The houses were now almost entirely of wood, in the Swiss style, and the majority were painted red. Tin roofs were

again to be seen, and not only for the houses, but for the churches.

We met market carts going full to, or returning empty from, Quebec, and waggonette-like conveyances with covered tops, which sheltered not only the passengers but the driver, seemed to take the place of omnibuses or coaches. We saw some priests driving in a small carriage of this description, and the combination of their costume of cossack and bands and *tall hats* struck one as peculiar. There were two priests and an attendant homeward bound for some village on the St. Lawrence, on board the *Polynesian*, but though they were distinguishable by their petticoats of which one had no less than three (one on top of the other) on at once, they always wore the ecclesiastical low broad-brimmed hat. On land, however, priests always appeared to wear the tall hat even when enjoying a cigar! It was very evident by the large crosses at the entrance of the villages, and other signs, that we were in a Roman Catholic country. This the province of Quebec eminently is,

from its foundation by the French religious enthusiasts, and we were told that it contained Roman Catholics to the number of seven to one over the Protestants, the priest being *the power* in most of the villages.

After passing the village of Beauport, the country became prettier, as we began to ascend slightly, and there were more trees. We now came to a house in a large plantation, which had belonged to the Duke of Kent, the Queen's father, though how he came to be in Canada, unless he were commanding one of our armies, we know not. He had taken great pains in planting trees, as, owing to the wasteful fashion in which the first settlers cut them down, they had become few in number in this part of the country. The lazy way in which this work had been carried on may be imagined from the fact that, in many places, we saw whole quantities of very curious looking objects, perhaps two feet high, in rows on the ground. Coming nearer, we discovered they were the roots of trees, whose upper part had been cut off, and, instead of taking

them up, the people had left them. The Duke seeing this, and to remedy the absence of foliage, had had numbers of trees planted, which have now attained a very fair height, and well repay his care and attention by adding beauty to the scene. We were now some distance above the St. Lawrence, and came to the wooden bridge over the Montmorency, about a quarter of a mile above the Falls. The view *up* the river was very lovely, the water dashing over and among the rocks and boulders in a most picturesque fashion. Speedily we found ourselves at the entrance of the wood through which the Falls are reached, and, after the payment of a small fee, we had a delightful ramble to their head. The scent of the Canadian firs, even though they were not those of "the primeval forest," was very pleasant, and the delicious air and sunshine added considerably to the pleasure of all, after the fogs lately undergone on the voyage. Strong wooden steps down to a wooden platform convey you to the water's edge, and you look down

and see it falling in one vast mass, a height of 250 feet, its width being probably 150 feet. This height is greater than Niagara, though there is not the same width or grandeur as there. *The* remarkable thing *here* is—and how it has been achieved, unless the river is dammed, caused me much wonder—that the water does not fall over, or between rocks and boulders, but as if it were rushing over a flat surface, equally, as out of a huge spout! This has a very remarkable effect, that I have never seen elsewhere. Clouds of spray arise from such a fall, but almost directly at its foot the water is perfectly still, and looks stagnant, probably because it falls from such a height, and the water *below* and not on the surface is troubled. Opposite from where we stood, on the other bank of the Montmorency, the house of the Duke of Kent was again to be seen, and overhanging the water curious places built of wood, for fishing operations, were visible. Ascending the steps, we mounted to the highest part of the bank, from whence there is another fine

view. My companions then made a detour of about a quarter of a mile, and descended a great number of steps, whence the Falls could be seen from the bottom. I, meanwhile, feasted my eyes on the glorious scene before me, and could not help feeling the force of the words, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all, the earth is full of Thy glory." We had come quite in a semi-circle, and now Quebec lay almost opposite to us, and in front the roadstead of the St. Lawrence, with many ships passing one way or the other. The view of Quebec itself was very fine, as the city looked even more beautiful in the sunshine than as we approached her the day before when the sun was not out. To drive from Quebec by sleigh across the ice to the Falls of Montmorency in winter, is one of the pleasures of its inhabitants. The spray from the falling water freezes, and forms a large cone of ice, on which toboganning is carried on extensively. The timber, previously mentioned, was again very noticeable here, and on the rafts many wooden houses,

which had been the abodes of the men who brought them down the river. In the upper waters we saw one large raft with nearly twenty men on her, and a house for them to live in, on their long journey of some hundreds of miles down stream. The panorama before me just brought in to the left the end of the Isle of Orleans. Then came in order, proceeding to the right, and making a semi-circle in a westerly direction, the south bank of the St. Lawrence, with Pont Levis and its fortifications, the mouth of the St. Lawrence, Quebec herself towering grandly on the heights, with her roofs glittering as ever, and nearer to the right, the opening of the St. Charles Valley. But time was limited, and we had to return, leaving the Falls of St. Anne, farther up the river, and we were told very fine, unvisited. The wild strawberry was just ripening, and several children were to be seen trying to find it.

Several parties of people were visiting the Falls at the same time we were, and it was easy to see that they were all Americans

from their style and manner of dress; and, indeed, also the complexion of the ladies. What makes it so easy to discover this, it is impossible to say, but there is an indescribable something, which proclaims an American, as we, and others of our countrymen and women, were known to be English.

On our return drive Quebec was before us all the time, and the beauty of her position grows upon one. Her founder, Samuel de Champlain, well knew how to choose a picturesque and commanding position, which could be easily fortified, so as to be held without difficulty in summer, and from the frozen state of the river and everything else, in winter, would be *totally* impregnable. It seemed a most curious reflection that this thoroughly and *evidently* Roman Catholic country, which we had reached after such a long journey over the ocean, was, indeed, part of the dominion of her Brittanic Majesty Victoria, Queen and Defender of the Faith! What faith? The Protestant, I presume!

Instead of returning direct to our hotel, we were taken through a part of the city,

the suburb of St. John, which had been destroyed by fire about 1877, and was being slowly rebuilt — grey stone replacing the wood of the houses. In the country the roads had been very good, but back in the city their roughness and badness was strongly impressed upon us, by the continual jolting we had to undergo. Presently we came out upon the ever memorable heights of Abraham, at the back and western side of the city. Here it was that the battle took place in September 1759, when the British troops under General Wolfe, after a long and determined resistance on the part of the brave colonists, aided by the French, obtained a dearly bought victory, and entered the city. They came up from the river, and so, as it were, got behind the fortifications, which were taken after a severe struggle, Montcalm, the French general, being killed, and Levis, his second in command, being away. A high column has been erected, bearing the inscription :—"Here died Wolfe victorious, Sept. 13, 1759." One regrets the fall of the hero in the moment of his

triumph, but the history of that war with the colonists never has, nor never can, add glory to English annals. A large building near the monument is a new gaol, built on a part of the former fortifications. From the Heights many fine views of the river, the roadstead, and the country round, are to be obtained. Our drive continued, as it were, behind the fortifications, one point of which, Cape Diamond, is still considered the strongest fort in the New World, commanding the St. Lawrence for miles. A military friend told us that these fortifications, though a great deal has been destroyed since the union of English and French interests, were in very good condition, and could be easily held. Time permitted us only to see the *c tside* of the New Parliament, a very solid-looking building, where the provincial parliament meets; the basilica or cathedral church of Notre Dame, said to be fine in the interior; and the house where Montcalm died, on the day the British entered Quebec. We stayed for a few minutes on the Esplanade, Durham Terrace, on which are several

kiosques, and which is the chief promenade on summer evenings. Further good views of the St. Lawrence Valley are here seen, with the hills on its north bank in the distance. The square adjoining is called "Governor's Garden," and there a column to Wolfe and Montcalm stands, erected after the union of French and English Canada had been effected. It was easy to see how thoroughly French in every way the city was—the shops and everything proclaiming it, by the names of their articles being both in that language, and very imperfectly spelt English as well. We did not hear the patois, nor probably should have understood it if we had. Tramways are beginning to appear in the lower parts of the town, but the hills of the upper part, unless it be just on the Heights, will make their introduction almost impossible up there. The markets are in the lower part of the town, and to them it is that the country people bring their produce. The Champlain market is the chief, on the Quay, near where the river steamers land their passengers; and, as well,

there are the Finlay and Berthelot markets. The cost of this drive of about twenty miles —including the toll at the Falls, and for passing over two bridges—was $1 4cts. each person—(we were a party of five)—that is, about 1s. per mile. We might have stayed out longer, and gone further, had time permitted, as the charge was per day, for the same money. On arriving at our hotel, we found there was just time for necessary arrangements, and to reach the river boat for Montreal, which leaves Quebec every evening at 5 P.M.

CHAPTER III.

QUEBEC TO MONTREAL.

An omnibus jolted us down the steep and narrow streets from the St. Louis to the Quay, and, having obtained checks for our luggage, we embarked on our first river steamer. Is there any boat like a commodious river steamer to be met with anywhere, save in Canada or the States? Light they are, notwithstanding their height out of the water, clumsiness, and capacity. We stepped on to the deck, which was occupied by the second and third class passengers, live stock, and luggage. But this was not *our* place, and we ascended 18 or 20 steps, up to what may be called the first floor. Here was a large, handsome room, or state-room, 150 to 200 ft. long, most comfortably furnished with easy chairs and sofas, and

lighted at night by chandeliers. At both ends were glass windows, and doors opening stern and aft. All round were other doors leading into the sleeping compartments, each containing two berths and washing apparatus, so that at least 100 people could be accommodated on this storey. Wishing to inspect our own room, we found that it was in a gallery going all round the state-room, up about 20 more steps. It was very clean and comfortable, and though there was not much room to turn round, the lower berth was larger and wider than those on the ocean steamer had been. All the cabins had outside windows, and ventilators to use at night, but no lights were allowed in them. In this gallery, there were almost as many cabins as downstairs, if not more, so that with these, and a large ladies' sleeping apartment on the lower deck, probably 300 people, if not more, can be given accommodation. This is necessary, from the boats going up and down by night, and not by day, as they would with us. We had been told that we should never get any one to do

anything for us, and that the people were too independent to look after our luggage or anything of that kind; but—whether from my lameness or not, I know not—we never experienced any such annoyance, but on this our first, as on every subsequent journey, we received the utmost kindness and courtesy, had no difficulties, and every one seemed inclined to give us all the help in their power. This is recalled to me by the way in which they would kindly have helped me up the stairs of this steamer—which were bright, and somewhat slippery—had I desired it. In these river steamers, instead of steering from the stern, as with us, the pilot or captain is in a raised place on top of the before-described room; and the paddles occasion the moving up and down of a lever sort of arrangement, see-saw fashion, near this man, and nearer the bow of the boat than the stern. Most of them have two funnels, and hideous is the yell occasioned by letting off steam on the arrival at, and departure from, any place. On board the *Quebec* then we found ourselves comfortably

installed, and this yell having been given, and a bell like a church bell having been tolled three times, we left the *Queen of the St. Lawrence* and her hand-maiden Levis behind us, and proceeded for Montreal and the west. While waiting for the preparations for starting to be completed, we had watched the scene on the river, which was a lively one. Numbers of ships from various countries lay at anchor, and as well plenty of river-steamers, ferry-boats, and other craft were visible, all of which seemed to be doing a good traffic. At Pont Levis the ocean steamers disembark their passengers, many of whom travel up to Quebec by river-boat, as we were doing, in preference to going by either of the rail-roads. But the steamers usually go on, a few hours after their arrival, to Montreal, and the *Polynesian* was no longer to be seen at the wharf, having gone up stream at an early hour of the morning, and been watched by one of our party starting, though he had not at first recognised the boat which had brought us across the Atlantic! We now saw the

heights of Abraham from the back, and the cove at Sillery, still called "Wolfe's Cove," whence he and his soldiers climbed up in the darkness to take Quebec. These hills were the highest we saw all the way up to Montreal, as the land on both banks of the river is low, and the scenery monotonous. Many villages were passed on each side, but it was five hours before we stopped again. The country appeared pretty well wooded and undulating, but only the far-away hills of the States could be seen. The first Rapids reached were the Richelieu, which are nothing greater than those to be met with on the Wye or other English rivers. Careful steering was needed, and a certain channel has to be kept owing to innumerable islands, sunken rocks, and the shoals which are to be found in many places.

About 8 p.m, we found ourselves at supper in the dining-saloon, which was a large cabin below the deck. Everything was good and abundant, and as many courses as one desired could be obtained, some people dining, and others taking tea or supper as suited

their inclination. The attendance was very fair, and far superior to that on the boats in the upper waters of the river, as we afterwards found, and the charge, 50 cents for each person, included everything. When we came up again it was dark, and the starlight (there was no moon) very bright and pleasant. Now came a most delightful time, gliding along in this starlight, the gentle ripple of the water to be heard, and the atmosphere delicious. How wonderful to think of the difference of time between England and here! While it was night with us, those at home were pursuing their ordinary afternoon avocations, as the difference is about four hours. It was most interesting to watch the way in which the boat was being steered. The man at the wheel had to keep his eye on lights first on one side the river and then on the other, and the steamer kept crossing from side to side. One of the chief officers paced the fore-deck, and held communication when necessary with the one perched aloft. Ere daylight left us we had passed many sailing vessels, some of

which were waiting for wind (in one place three abreast) to take them up, or down, stream.

Now, only distant steamers were visible, whose lights were for a moment seen, and then vanished in the darkness. For some time our eyes had been fixed upon a light which appeared stationary, and yet certainly was not on the banks of the great river. What could it be? Was it some will-o'-the-wisp or ignus fatuous luring us to destruction? At last we came up to it, and saw that it was indeed in mid stream. What could it be there for? Alas, it was a warning light, and swiftly we glided past it to another light, on the north bank this time. Its history was, that here in the spring an unfortunate vessel had been caught after the breaking up of the ice, and had gone down, and a beacon had to be erected to prevent vessels going over her. Our first stoppage now occurred at Batiscan, a village near the mouth of a river of the same name, and the scene was a truly weird one. Up to the wharf glided our boat like some hideous

monster, tolling her bell, yelling fearfully, and emitting from her funnels a fitful glare, showers of sparks, and volumes of smoke. By the aid of lanterns held by our men, and others who rushed forth from a shed on the wharf, she was fastened to, and the passengers crowded to her side to watch the proceedings. Various things, like railway lines, were dragged off, with the luggage of two or three people who left us there, and other things and one or two passengers came on. The engine meanwhile puffed away energetically, as if angry at the detention, and with a few more yells and bell-tollings we were off again, gliding along the bosom of the mighty river. After this I turned in, and was only disturbed (when we stopped at Trois Rivières and Sorel, both formerly Indian Settlements), with the noises of rushing about, dragging things on and off deck, the beforementioned yellings and bell-tollings, and a general sort of terror lest the snorting engine should burst (all surely excellent opiates for the weary traveller!) until morning, when I was called up about 6 a.m. by the intelligence

that we were close to Montreal. During the night we had passed through Lake St. Pierre, between Sorel and Trois Rivières, which is 25 miles long by 9 wide. The tide at Quebec rises as much as fourteen feet, and comes up the river as far as Lake St. Peter, lessening in depth, until at the lower end of the Lake it ceases to be felt, having come up from the ocean for more than 800 miles. The cost of this journey from Quebec to Montreal was $3 25 cts. each, *i.e.*, about 13s. for a journey of 160 miles, occupying over 13 hours. It might have been a little cheaper by railway journey, but we had been advised that travelling by water was much pleasanter, and finding it to be so, we followed the advice given as much as was possible.

CHAPTER IV.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL lies on an island, at the point where the Ottawa river empties itself into the St. Lawrence. It is eminently a commercial city, and indeed, the chief city of Canada for commerce. As we arrived in the early morning, we seemed to be passing a never-ending line of docks and quays, up to and in which were ships of all nations. Though nearly 1,000 miles from the Atlantic, owing to the depth of water in the gulf and river, which is rarely less than 30 ft., ocean steamers are able to come up the whole way, and soon the *Oregon* of the Dominion Line, which left Liverpool on the day we did, was seen, and very shortly our own vessel the *Polynesian*, at Messrs. Allan's wharf. We could see that the island was flat, but it has one very distinguishable, well-

wooded eminence, Mont Royal, from which the city takes its present name Mont-real. When first founded by the French religious enthusiasts under Maisonneuve in 1642, it was called "Ville Marie," and was established with a view of setting up a real "Kingdom of God" among the nations of North America; Hochelaga, a celebrated Indian town existing when the French arrived. After numerous wars, however, the Indians became a people of the past on the island, the French became masters, and then the English on the termination of the Colonial Wars in 1760. Montreal is in the Province of Quebec, and like that city has an immense number of religious houses and churches belonging to the Roman Catholics, who, indeed, throughout the province outnumber the Protestants, the French element therefore greatly outweighing the English in this part of the country. Numbers of churches and other buildings were visible from the river, among which stood out conspicuously the church of Notre Dame, and the market of Bon Secour.

Presently the *Quebec* was brought up to the landing stage of the river-boats, and we were soon ashore. The best hotel is the Windsor in Dominion Square, but we had been advised that the St. Lawrence Hall, James Street, which was the first until the Dominion was built, was cheaper and more central, and to the porter of that hotel we, therefore, handed our checks to look after our luggage, seating ourselves in the omnibus, which soon bore us on our way. A not very long drive past the custom-house, through Jacques Cartier Square, and along Notre Dame and St. James' Streets, brought us to the St. Lawrence Hall, a large hotel in one of the principal streets of the city. From the entrance hall, we entered another, in which there was a counter, where we took our rooms, and arranged to pay $2 50cts. per day, which included four meals, and everything.

It being before 8 a.m., we proceeded to the dining-hall, capable of holding between 200 and 300 people, and were soon seated at breakfast, for which we felt decidedly

ready. As a rule, people seemed to begin their breakfasts with porridge, and iced water, and iced tea were favourite drinks, being followed by tea or coffee, fish, meat, and fruit. No intoxicants were apparently taken in the dining-halls, and *only once* did we see a gentleman pour a little sherry or brandy into his glass from a *private* flask. If people desire spirituous liquors they have to be obtained at the bar, which is in quite a different part of the house, and is used as a smoking-room. On this, our first morning at Montreal, we were much puzzled as to what the iced tea could be; nor could we bring ourselves to try it—teetotallers though we be—even when we discovered what this clear dark brown coloured liquid, almost like sherry, was. At that early hour the room was not by any means full, but we were amused by a spoilt American boy of about six, who seemed to rule his, apparently, mother and sister, and who made grimaces at the beefsteak which was given him for his breakfast. Beefsteak and porridge, washed down with iced water and coffee, is

surely a breakfast worthy of emulation for an *Englishwoman*, as it seemed to be greatly appreciated by our sisters on the other side the water, the onions, however, appearing *not!*

Ascending is made easy in these hotels by the Elevator, or Lift, used by people in health as well as by invalids. The one at the St. Lawrence Hall was worked by boys, or rather set in motion and stopped by them, as it was worked by water pressure, and was a large one which would easily contain six or eight people, with their luggage in a compartment below. It was surprising to see young and hearty men taking advantage of it, and going up and down to whichever floor they desired. The boys who worked this elevator were having an amusing discussion one day as to why we English called it a Lift, and could not make it out at all! Their life is not an easy one, as they are on duty from early morning to late at night, bound to answer the bells calling them to first one storey and then another, and go up and down as speedily as possible,

the air meanwhile becoming quite hot and close from the light inside.

Though we had already been two nights off the ocean, our room in the St. Lawrence Hall seemed a real "haven of rest" after all our varied experiences. We could not but feel thankful to God for His goodness in bringing us safely over the broad Atlantic, and we rejoiced that though we were so far from all dear to us, yet God's Word was a bond between us, however far separated.

We had been told that it was very difficult to secure places in the homeward-bound steamers at this season, so we decided that we would at once go to Messrs. Allan's office and choose our berths. About 10 a.m., therefore, we sallied forth, and found that it had become very hot. The Post Office, a fine building, was close to our hotel, and we deposited our letters there to go by the U.S. Mail of the next day, Thursday. Close to us was a large square, called the Place des Armes, on one side of which is the handsome church of Notre Dame. Crossing the Place we made our way down

to the river's side, and after a little difficulty found Messrs. Allan's office, which is close to the custom-house, a round-turretted, old-fashioned building. We found that on the date we wished to return the *Peruvian* was the steamer sailing, so we took outside cabins in her and got our return tickets, and thus were saved any further trouble. Not knowing much yet about the money, and not wishing to be done, we took no conveyance until we reached a line of tram-cars, which ran in the direction of the St. Lawrence Hall.

The first strawberries we had tasted were bought at a small shop while we were out on this expedition. It was too early for the Canadian ones, but these had been brought from the Southern States, and we gave 20c., *i.e.* about 10d., for nearly a quart. They were good in flavour, and very enjoyable as the first in a land so celebrated for its fruit. On our way, in this lower part of the city, we passed a wholesale market, a wooden erection, where all sorts of things, including old clothes, were sold. Our first ride in a

Canadian tram-car was a brief and quick one. The cars are much lighter than we have in England, and are driven more rapidly. We took a drive in a wrong direction at first, and were struck with the well-built appearance of the city, and with the number of large stores. We soon reached Victoria Square, one of the largest in the city, in which is a statue of the Queen. A lady in mourning in the car attracted our notice, as she wore a veil of crape in the French fashion, nearly down to her feet.

Everything here, as in Quebec, was very French in appearance, the sturdy dark natives reminding one of the "ouvriers" of Paris. We heard that Montreal is, and has been under a French mayor for years, and much though the English Canadians desire progress, they are unable to obtain much advance for their city. Resting for a while in the Place des Armes, I watched the people coming from the Banks and other places in or near the square. Several priests, or those preparing for the priesthood, passed,

in cassocks, bands, and tall hats. Some dignitary, apparently, wearing a different hat and dress, also went by, and was saluted with great reverence by some passing students, to whom he spoke in a most dignified yet friendly manner, the way of taking off their hats to one another, as they parted, being truly *à la Français*. Close to the Place is the Seminary of St. Sulpice, to which these youths no doubt belonged. It is a very old foundation, and here the greater number of the priests of the province have been educated.

Just before returning to our hotel we saw some friends who had crossed with us from England, and arranged to drive with them over the Mountain next day. Numbers of people came in for luncheon, and we found that tea, hot as well as cold, was taken at this meal. Tea seemed at all times a very favourite beverage of the Canadians, not only of the ladies. After resting a while we proceeded by tram-car in the direction of Dominion Square, which after some difficulty we found. On one side is the great

hotel, the Windsor, an enormous but handsome building, having various shops, such as a barber's, &c., adjoining or connected with it. In the centre of the square is a band-stand, and when the band plays this is a favourite resort of visitors and inhabitants. Nearly opposite the Windsor, a church is being built at a tremendous cost, named after and in imitation of St. Peter's, Rome. The attempt to copy the pillars of the façade is puerile in the extreme. Want of money having stopped the work at present, it is to be hoped will continue to do so, though, of course, in its unfinished state the building does anything but add beauty to the scene.

There are many churches in this neighbourhood, Presbyterian, Church of England, Baptist, and others, being within a stone's throw of one another. This part of the city being newer and more open, the air was better than down in the low-lying parts near the river. In Dominion Square we saw what afterwards became a familiar sight, *i.e.*, the driver of a van (this one was Wheeler and Wilson's, with sewing-machines on it),

with an umbrella *fastened* up over him, and partly shielding his horse too, which entirely sheltered him from the heat of the sun. In the States these umbrellas were fastened to nearly all the vehicles, but this was the first we saw. On Dominion Square, in the winter of 1882-3, and we have heard since in 1883-4, a large ice palace was erected, from blocks of ice brought from the river. It was lighted up with Chinese lanterns and coloured lights, causing a very pretty effect. A band played continually, and the palace was visited by thousands, not only from Canada but the States. A charge was made for admission, and a very large sum was obtained. Through the courtesy of a fellow-traveller who happened to come up, my companion was enabled to see the interior of the Windsor, which is built and furnished in a truly palatial manner, and is replete with every comfort, its charges in consequence being very high.

Crossing the square we came out into the suburb of St. Antoine, which contains many handsome and well-built houses in their own

grounds, and gradually ascends towards the Mountain. The tram-cars were very crowded at that hour, and many being open ones, the people simply hung on to them, as they would not have been permitted to do in England. It seemed an ordinary thing for them to go off the line, and to us it appeared marvellous that as they swung quickly round the corners of the streets, the hangers-on were not precipitated into the road. The horses were strong little creatures, and the drivers and conductors chiefly French Canadians. At last there was room for us in a car, and after the cry "All aboard," which is the usual signal for starting, we were off at a rapid rate along St. Catherine and Bleury Streets to our hotel. The menu here was always a good one; there was plenty of variety in the food, and its quality all that could be desired, so that it was easy to dine or take tea at this hour, *i.e.*, from 5.30 to 7 p.m. as each person desired. Tea was served about 9 p.m. for all who wished for it.

The next morning was so hot we determined if possible to go somewhere by water,

so found our way down to the ferry to St. Helen's Island, near the Bon Secour Market. This island is named after Helène de Champlain, wife of one of the first founders of the French Settlements in Canada. It is now a park and has a swimming-bath, a fort, and barracks upon it, being a favourite summer resort of the inhabitants of Montreal from its easiness of access, the ferry boat going over every half-hour. While waiting to start we had a good view of the market of Bon Secour,—a fine building extending some distance in a line with the wharf,—and many warehouses, docks, and quays lying east and west of the city. A five minutes' run took us across, the breeze on the water being very pleasant. The island is well wooded, and looked very nice, but there was not time to explore it thoroughly. Many boats of various kinds were passing about, and we specially noticed one heavily-laden steamer bound for Longeuil, where some regiment of Canadian volunteers was encamped for its summer training. Boats almost like canoes, laden with vege-

tables, &c., were piloted skilfully by the Canadian boatmen with an oar at the stern. How often did the old song, "Row, brothers, row," occur to our minds while we were on, or in the neighbourhood of the great river!

Returning by way of Jacques Cartier Square, in which are some cannon captured in the Russian war, we arrived at the Place des Armes, and visited the Church of Notre Dame. This edifice is built in the Gothic style, and has a handsome west front with two towers. It will accommodate 10,000 people, and is one of the largest churches in Canada. One of the towers contains the largest bell in America, and it has been christened "Jean Baptiste." Many banners of various colours, red, blue, green, were hung round the choir, mingling strangely with figures of the Virgin and Child, and our Saviour life-size, and giving a florid appearance to the whole place, which seemed a pity, as the carving of the choir seats, &c., was really good. There were many confessionals round the church, some

for the French population, and others for the English, which were labelled accordingly, but apparently it was not the hour for confessions, as the only worshippers were a few girls and women who made prayers at certain of the shrines.

Early in the afternoon a carriage arrived to take us up the Mountain. Having first to call for our friends in St. Urbain Street, we mounted from the east side, and not by way of Dominion Square. Mounting gradually, Mount Royal Park which lies on ground about 600 feet high, was reached. It is well wooded, but many of the trees were unknown to us. The Protestant and Roman Catholic Cemetries are both on the hill-side, and are well laid out. Our driver, knowing probably that we were English, took us to the former, called Mount Royal Cemetery, the French, called Cote des Nieges, lying to our right. We saw several graves of men of note—and that of the late Sir Hugh Allan, head of the Allan line of Steamers, with its freshly turned up earth, was specially interesting. He had died at the

end of the previous year, but the snow and frost of winter had prevented his proper interment until a day or two before we visited the cemetery. There had, of course, been no time to erect a monument, but an inscription on a headstone near marked that his wife, and, I think, others of his family, lay there. How much Canada owes to this great man, by the development of its trade through the facilities afforded by his vessels going to so many places, and by the accommodation afforded for travellers and emigrants by them, is well known. In Canada herself, too, he was a great philanthropist, and did much good to many. Owing to the heavy snows and severe frosts of winter, no burials proper can take place during five to six months of the year, October to May. In cities such as Montreal there are, of course, Mortuary Chapels, in which the bodies can be placed (we did not hear what plan is adopted in the country), and they remain there until the ground is able to be dug into. This cemetery was most park-like, and the trees added much to its

beauty. The wooded drive up the hill was delightful, but the absence of singing birds strikes one very much. From near the summit we had a capital view of the city at our feet, the river, and the islands, the one on which Montreal is built, and in the stream, St. Helen's, St. Paul's, and Ann's Island. The whereabouts of the Lachine Rapids was pointed out, but not knowing the locality was difficult to identify. The clearness of the atmosphere was very striking, and there was comparatively little smoke arising from the city. The low land on the north bank of the river stretched before us, and many towns and villages were visible with the usual glitter of their roofs. In the foreground in the south of the city were the waterworks, and then in a northerly direction the Windsor Hotel, and the spires of the English Cathedral, Notre Dame, and other churches stood out clearly. At the summit one or two refreshment rooms have been erected, in the glades which cover it. A higher point was visited by my companions, from whence a view on the other side is ob-

tained far into the States, the Green Mountains in Vermont, and the Adirondacks in New York bounding the distant horizon. Among the trees and shrubs which we noticed, one in particular with a red flower or fruit struck us, and a pink flower which grew wild. On our way down, we saw certain wooden erections, which were places for toboganning in winter. We descended through a very fine part of the city, past the fine house and grounds of the late Sir H. Allan, and through Dominion Square in front of the Windsor Hotel. Leaving our friends, we proceeded to our hotel, after a most delightful drive, which cost 75 cents each. Open waggonettes take people this drive for the small cost of 25 cents per head, and two or three were at the top of the hill when we were. The size of Mount Royal Park is given as 480 acres, and it has been laid out, or not laid out (*i.e.*, there is little or nothing artificial about it, except the roads and the gravestones) to the best advantage.

The next day, we set out to visit the

Market of Bon Secour, having been told that it was a very interesting sight to see the peasants in their costumes. Being a saint's day, however—St. Peter's—no business was going on, and we wandered through the empty building, which is about 500 ft. long, and opens into St. Paul's Street on the side not facing the river. Outside we saw a number of calves' heads becoming putrid in the sun, and apparently refuse! On inquiry, we found that they were regarded as of no value by the people of Montreal. There are six markets in the city, but Bon Secour is the largest and best supplied, all sorts of things being sold there. To English ideas it seemed extraordinary to close a market for a saint's day, and, of course, would be unheard of were not the city so greatly populated by French Roman Catholics.

Returning from the Market we came out into the Champs de Mars, which has several fine buildings in grey Montreal limestone upon it. They are the Court House, the City Hall, and, on the other side, the Victoria Armoury, all worthy of a visit. Being very

hot in the afternoon, we only succeeded in getting as far as Christ Church, the English Cathedral in St. Catherine Street, which is a very handsome building. It is in the early English style, and is of native limestone. Another rapid tram-car ride to our hotel, and our visit to the great commercial capital of the Dominion was well nigh done. There were several other places that it would have been pleasant to visit had time permitted, as the village of Lachine, at the head of the rapids, and the Indian village of Caughnawaga, where are settled "a remnant of the once powerful Mohawk tribe."

The roadways of nearly all the streets were in a very bad condition, owing, we were told, to the snows of winter lying so long on them, and then thaws coming on and flooding and breaking them up, so that it is long ere they are in a fit state for the traffic, which, nevertheless, is obliged to be carried on. Winter lasts from October to May, and then sleighs are the chief vehicles used, tobogganning is at its height, and snow shoes are a necessity. People are

compelled to cover up their extremities most carefully, or they would be frost-bitten. We heard of a case in which an ear was for some time injured, through the lappet of the fur cap having been forgotten to be drawn over it. The houses are kept at as equable a temperature as possible, and for this purpose have pipes round most of the rooms, supplied with hot water from an apparatus connected with a stove in the lowest room.

The St. Lawrence Hall is partly lighted by Edison's electric light, in the front hall, in the dining hall, and on the front of the hotel; and electricity is beginning to be used in other parts of the city. This light is not nearly as agreeable as gas or lamps, and indeed the way it flickered in the dining hall was most trying to the eyes. Attached to this, and indeed to all large hotels, is a railway ticket office, where we took our tickets for New York, *via* Lake George and Albany, which, we were assured—and, should say, truly—was the most beautiful route into the States. Our tickets cost us $13 5cts. each, for a two days' journey by boat and train.

CHAPTER V.

MONTREAL TO NEW YORK AND NIAGARA.

BEFORE 7 A.M. the next morning we were ready to depart, and the omnibus carried us and our luggage to the Depot of the Grand Trunk Railway. Being ignorant on the point, we at once went to the drawing-room car of the train, having been told we could not travel first-class. For this luxury, we had to pay $1 25cts. each, extra, to the conductor. The drawing-room car has movable seats, sofas, and tables in it, and is very comfortable. As well as the conductor, there is a black porter, who sits inside each car. A speculator becoming one of the passengers, it was most amusing to hear him telling the black gentleman about his gains, and what he ought to invest his money in! Every car is provided with a filter of iced water, which is, of course, a great comfort in such

a hot climate. We were soon crossing the Victoria Tubular Bridge, the only one connecting Montreal with the mainland, which was built, in 1859, from the designs of Robert Stephenson, and is 9,184 feet in length. Unlike the Menai Straits and Conway Bridges, it is not entirely covered in, but at certain distances is open to the air. Communication otherwise with the mainland is carried on by water in summer, and in the winter by sleighs and waggons; and the ice has even been so thick that lines have been laid on it, and trains run across without danger! Very soon the Dominion was left, and the States entered, just before reaching Rouse's Point, New York. Here a cursory examination of our luggage was made by a custom-house officer. Of the beautiful run by Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga, and then by a branch line through country, memorable in the Federal war, to Baldwin, on Lake George; of the delightful steam down that lovely lake to Caldwell, and our further journey past Saratoga and Troy to Albany, it is not my purpose to dwell, as

confining my narrative chiefly to what we saw *in Canada,* excepting as regards Niagara. It is an unsurpassingly beautiful route, combining Swiss and Italian like scenery in variety, boldness, grandeur, and softness.

Spending Sunday in Albany, we proceeded the next day, by river steamer, to New York, by the Hudson, the journey taking from 8.30 A.M. to 6 P.M. On the wonders of the great western metropolis a book could be written, even about the places we visited in our brief sojourn there, from Monday night to Friday morning; but the noise and bustle, owing (is it not?) to the "go-a-head-ness" of the New Yorkers, is such that we were glad to turn our steps northwards again to Canada, where the people seemed more like our own country men and women.

At an early hour on Friday, July 6th, we found ourselves crossing, by ferry boat, to Jersey City, whence started the train which was to carry us to the place of our heart's desire—Niagara! This time we were determined not to travel by parlour-car, and found the first-class compartment very com-

fortable. It has a passage down the middle, and the seats on each side hold two people, so that from 50 to 60 can be accommodated in one car. The yelling—*i.e.*, letting off steam —of the engine, and the tolling of a bell upon it on starting, is very similar to what has been already described on board a steamer. The cry, "All aboard," is also heard here, as on the tram-cars. The route we chose was the Erie one, celebrated for the beauty of its scenery. The distance from New York to Niagara Falls is about 450 miles; and the journey of 16 hours (8.45 A.M. Friday to 1 A.M. Saturday) cost $9 25cts. each. There were two stoppages for meals, at about 2 and 8.30 P.M. We were well repaid in our choice of route, as the valleys of the Delaware and Susquehanna are most lovely, and the scenery varied in every way. Buffalo, Lake Erie, was reached at midnight, and, changing trains under the glare of the electric light—with which the whole town appeared to be lighted—another hour's run in the darkness brought us to the station of Niagara Falls.

CHAPTER VI.

NIAGARA.

In the semi-darkness of the summer night, as soon as we descended from the train, a never-to-be-forgotten sound met our ears. It was that of ten-thousand waters as they dashed over the mighty abyss of Niagara. When we reached our hotel, Niagara House, it was still more distinguishable as it broke through the silence of the night, and our windows were opened to let the roar of the cataract in. Next morning, as early as possible, a carriage was chartered for $5 to convey us to the various points of interest, and speedily the pair of horses carried us to the destination longed for. Our hotel was advertised to have a *view* of the Falls, but we were unable to discover from whence, as we had to make a detour through the town to reach the river. Niagara Falls Town seemed a nice place for a summer holiday, and is well

and prettily laid out. In a few minutes the new Suspension Bridge, for foot-passengers and horse traffic only, was reached, and first the American, and then the beautiful horse shoe shaped Canadian Fall, came in view, forming a great semi-circle of foaming, dashing, rushing, roaring waters! The first view is disappointing, as the Falls look lower than expectation had pictured, and apparently lower, too, than the Suspension Bridge itself. This Bridge is half-a-mile to three-quarters lower down the river than the falling waters, and connects the town of Niagara Falls, U.S.A., with Clifton, Canada. It was built in 1868, and is 1268 feet in length. The spray from the American Fall is wafted on to the Bridge, and was abundantly felt owing to the quarter from which the wind was coming. This Fall is 164 feet high, and to its left the Inclining Railway has been erected, down which people descend to cross in steamer or other boat the still water (which is here, too, very remarkable), at the foot of the Falls, to the Canadian side. On this particular day no boat was visible. Some-

where about here, the steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, which had many a time performed the journey safely, was lost about 1857 or 1858.

The feeling of disappointment, however, soon passes away on reaching Canadian territory, and driving in front of the American, and to the head of the Horse Shoe Fall. The whole scene in its grand and unrivalled glory grows upon the beholder, and standing close to the cataract on Table Rock, and looking down into the abyss on that lovely blue-green water, dashing in a mighty torrent over the rocks, on the clouds of snow-white foam and spray rising above and in front of it, and on the little birds flying in and out of them, apparently enjoying the roar, anything more truly glorious and wonderful can hardly be imagined. It is simply fascinating and most hard to leave. No wonder the Indians, in their astonishment at such a wondrous scene, cried, "O, Ni-aw-ga-rah"—wonderful!—and worshipped the Great Spirit who had made the Falls; even they, in their ignorance and blindness, feeling that "the Hand who made

them was divine." Truly may we of to-day exclaim, "All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord." "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty." The American Fall being straight and the Canadian having a curve, the palm is certainly borne by the latter, as the semi-circle adds immensely to its beauty and loveliness. Far above the Falls stretch the rapids, a wild wilderness of waters, rushing madly on, as though gaining impetus for their wild leap from such a height. Pieces of wood caught among the rocks tell their own tale of boats or rafts which have defied control, and gone to certain destruction in the raging waters. A few Indians, and, indeed, people of other nations, have been known to be lost here, their bodies re-appearing days after far down the river. Many stories are told, and especially on the American side, of brave rescues of persons from apparently certain death, who had had the misfortune to get into places of peril. Dividing, or nearly so, the American and Canadian portions of the river are three

islands, called the Sisters. To their left is Goat Island, which is united to the mainland by a bridge, and on which is Prospect Park. These, Robson's Island, and one or two smaller ones are all well wooded, the chief tree being the pretty Canadian fir, which, at any rate, here, does not reach the height or size of the Alpine variety.

A guide appearing, I was induced to descend to the foot of the Canadian Fall, which is 158 feet high, by a spiral staircase, carefully covered up in an oil-skin dress. This descent gives one a good idea of the height from which the water falls, and many good views of both Falls, through holes cut in the staircase walls, are to be obtained. The well-known rain-bow caused by the sunshine on the spray is also seen at the bottom of the Falls. Usually people go under the falling water for some distance to visit the sulphur springs, but loose pieces of a slatey description, of which the rock here is formed, covered the ground, and made it impossible for me to proceed further, as my crutches only stuck in them. Thoroughly

drenched by the spray and falling water, which the wind drives over one pitilessly, the ascent was achieved, bringing up some pieces of shale as trophies for those at home. On the stairs some gentlemen were encountered, who looked most grotesque in oil-skin suits and hats, and who thought, from the dripping state of the object they met, that "it must be uncommon wet down there," in which sage remark they probably erred not. People were visible at the foot of the American Fall, right out on a wooden platform in the water, probably on their way to the Cave of the Winds, right under the Fall, where the currents of air are so strong that persons are frequently blown over.

Just at the end of the Goat Island a wooden platform has also been erected, whence people get a view of the Horse Shoe Fall, from the opposite point of the semicircle to which we were, at Table Rock. At the end of the Island there was formerly a Lighthouse, but the waters gradually undermined its foundations and swept it away.

The Falls are said to have been first

visited by an European, Father Hennepin, a French explorer, in 1678. In the course of the last 175 years they have receded 75 feet, and it is said that centuries ago they were miles lower down the river, near Lake Ontario. If the present rate of abrasion and wearing away of the soft species of rock, of which the cliffs here are formed, continue, it is considered that in the course of centuries they will recede to Lake Erie, now twenty-two miles away, and, probably, a deluge be created. This is, of course, only an emergency of the *very distant future*, when, prechance, "this passing world" may be done. It is believed that 60 tons of water per second go over the cataract, so that the volume passing before one's eyes is incalculable, and a sight one is totally unprepared for. The height of the water varies at different seasons, and, therefore, the body alters, but it is supposed to reach its maximum once in seven years. The "mighty roar" is not nearly as deafening as might be supposed, as probably the distance over which the water is falling, *i.e.*, about a couple of miles

from one point of the semi-circle to the other, diminishes the sound. There is something hushing and resting about it all, notwithstanding the grandeur, magnificence, and glory of the scene; and it was hard to be torn away from Table Rock, where one could drink in to the full all that lay before one.

The charge for a guide for the descent is $1, and this includes the use of a dress. A dress alone is 50cts., and persons choosing to go down alone in their ordinary apparel are only charged 25cts. It is perfectly safe to go alone, provided with waterproofs and umbrellas, and not minding the wetting, which is sure to be obtained, and which adds immense pleasure to the undertaking, as who can deny that it is a never-to-be-forgotten treat to be drenched by the water of mighty Niagara!

Close to Table Rock across the road, a wooden house has been erected where curiosities are sold, and from the verandah of which good views can be obtained of the Falls, and the wide expanse of waters above them. Proceeding for about a mile above the

Horse-shoe Fall, Clarke's Island is reached by a wooden bridge across a portion of the Rapids. Here a most extraordinary sight awaits the visitor. He is ushered into the inner room of a wooden house, and shown a deep well. In this is a churn-shaped piece of wood, with a long dolly-tub like handle, which is, however, hollow. To the end of this a light is applied, and about a yard of flame is the result. Glasses filled with the water, or filled and emptied, also blaze up on lighted paper being placed to them. The taste of this curious liquid was not at all unpleasant, and many of the Harrogate waters are far worse. Probably the presence of petroleum or naphtha in the water is what occasions the flame. On it being suggested to the proprietor that he had in some way prepared the spring, a severe smile was the only reply. Some Americans evidently regarded the whole thing as a delusion and a snare, but it is in Canadian Territory, and, of course, the water is undoubtedly natural. It bears the name of the Burning Spring.

Returning, the whole wild wilderness of raging, hurrying, whirling, eddying, water at the head of the Falls stretched before us, in velocity worse to look upon than the ocean in a storm, as it seems as though it never could be still or cease its troubling. Its monotony, for miles, is only broken by pieces of rock, and the distant islands, or pieces of wooden rafts, and the thought of any thing launched upon it filled one with the certainty that destruction only would be the result. All along the road side, between the Suspension Bridge and Table Rock, wooden houses, where curiosities and views can be obtained, have been erected. Directly opposite the Suspension Bridge is Clifton House Hotel, whence fine views of both Falls can be obtained, and this is probably the best situated hotel in the neighbourhood. From this, the New Suspension Bridge to Clifton Station, the drive by the river of about two miles is a very pleasant one, the scent of firs and other things, together with the delicious air and sunshine, adding much to the enjoyment of the scene.

The Old Suspension Bridge, erected in 1858, is crossed by the Grand Trunk of Canada, and the American Erie Railways. It was most interesting to see trains passing over the great river, on whose other side, at Niagara Falls Station, we had got out the night before. Underneath the railway lines is a portion of the bridge for foot and carriage traffic, which cannot be very agreeable to use when trains are passing over. The New Suspension Bridge is much the most elegant structure of the two, as it is lighter in build than the railway one. Below the old bridge the Whirlpool Rapids begin and extend for some miles down stream. People descend to the river bank by an inclining railway very rapidly. Only a glimpse of the rapids was obtained, but it was easy to see that any one getting into those now so memorable waters, through the foolhardy attempt of Captain Webb, could not fail to be drowned. Turning our backs on the old bridge, the beautiful drive along the cliffs was again traversed—the Falls in the distance looking lovely in the

sunshine. To the left of the new bridge (looking from Canadian Territory), is a small fall called the Bridal Veil, formerly said to have been very lovely, but now spoiled by being divided, and desecrated, to turn the wheels of a paper-mill.

On reaching the bridge to return, we found that carriages or carts could only pass over singly, but on each side of the road-way was a foot-path for pedestrians, who feel the motion and vibration caused by vehicles passing at the same time as they are, very much. Our eyes lingered, feasting on that glorious scene, the foam and spray rising in front of and below the great amphitheatre of waters with the blue sky above, but on reaching the American side it was hid from view. "O speak good of the Lord all ye works of His." "Praise ye the Lord." The American Fall, Prospect Park, and Goat Island were unvisited as my powers were exhausted. Calling at a ticket office, we secured our places by railway and steamer to Toronto, and returned to Niagara House.

It may be well to say that most people

could easily do on foot all, and more than, we accomplished, and it would be pleasanter to have more time than the few brief hours we could spare for this most wonderful sight. The price of $5 for the carriage was exorbitant, and no doubt one could have been obtained for less, but $6 was at first asked. It is true we might have gone right down to the Whirlpool Rapids, and to the American Fall, &c., for the same money. Shortly after reaching the hotel a squall and thunder-storm came on, which made us wonder if Ontario would be passable. The wind was so high that the servants had to rush to the windows and close them as rapidly as possible. The charge at this hotel, which is a very comfortable old-fashioned one, and is a delightful place for a summer holiday, is $2 a day. The food was excellent, and the attendants in the dining-hall were fresh complexioned country girls who did their duties well, and were very different from the waiters, white, semi-white, brown, and black in their black clothes and white shirt fronts, and ties,

who had *favoured* us (and this is really true of the blacks, who are most condescending, or try to be, in manner) with their attentions at the other hotels. Strawberries—known as "berries," minus "straw"—were now met with continually and were good in flavour. This part of the States is specially a fruit-growing country, and strawberries and peaches are abundant in their respective seasons. Egg-cups were not fashionable, but instead glass goblets are used, the eggs after boiling being shelled and put into them, mixed together and eaten.

The squall was over and the sun out again, when about 5 P.M. the omnibus carried us to the station, where we saw for the first time some of those beautiful fans made by the Indians, in feathers coloured pink, purple, grey, &c. At last the train rushed up and the passengers got in, only to wait outside the station for some time, apparently until an express had dashed by. Along the river's bank we went, with lovely passing views of the Falls receding from us, and, though the atmos-

phere was somewhat thickened by the rain, the clouds of foam and spray rising above them were very distinguishable. Presently the train was going alongside the Whirlpool Rapids, the waters of which dashed in great fury through the narrowed and rugged bed of the river for more than a mile. The colour of the water was a lovely green blue, which mingled beautifully with the masses of foam and spray caused by the rushing, and foaming, and eddying, of the upper and lower currents. No living thing could possibly live in such a whirlpool, and why the authorities permitted Captain Webb to make his rash attempt to swim through it is inexplicable. The trees and shrubs looked beautifully fresh after the rain of the morning, which, indeed, had not entirely passed away. A high column in Canadian territory was pointed out to us as having been erected in memory of General Brook, one of the heroes of the Colonial wars. Lewiston station was reached about 5.45, but an insufficiency of cars or omnibuses, to convey the passengers to the pier, occasioned

some delay. At last, by the return of two or three, all were accommodated, as none could walk owing to the muddiness of the roads. After a drive of about three-quarters of a mile, and a descent of a great number of wooden steps, the steamer *Chicora* was reached, and in the rain and mist we steamed down the Niagara River and out into Lake Ontario. On board this steamer the farce of the Custom-house officers had again to be enacted, on entering Canadian territory. At first, the officers put on a very cross appearance, as though they intended to be very strict; but when the moment for examination really arrived, they took but a cursory glance at the boxes, &c.

Till nearly 7.30 P.M. the rain and mist lasted, and when able to leave the cabin and go out on deck, we found ourselves far out of sight of land, in the middle of the Lake. At length the islands in front of, and the city of Toronto came in view, and gradually her lights were lighted, and came out distinctly. After a good deal of steering about from one lighthouse to another, the port

inside the islands and sandbanks was reached, and we and our luggage were landed in the darkness on the pier of Toronto. Guided by a porter, the omnibus of Rossin House was found, and after being jolted through some sort of yard invisible in the darkness, having waited at a railway crossing for a train to pass, yelling and tolling its bell, and proceeding up an ill-paved street, this hotel was safely reached at about 8.30 P.M.

CHAPTER VII.

TORONTO.

TORONTO is situated in the province of Ontario, on the north-eastern corner of the Lake of that name, and is accessible very easily, both from all parts of Canada and from the United States. It is an eminently English-peopled city, in opposition to the French-peopled Montreal and Quebec. Its situation is a commanding one, as it lies on ground which slightly rises from the lake shore. Its former name was York, called "muddy and little" at the beginning of this century; but the fair and stately proportions of the great and clean Toronto of to-day, with its 100,000 inhabitants, cannot so be designated, and it is now the largest and wealthiest city in Upper Canada, with a very great amount of commerce. The streets are wide and well laid out; trees have in

many places been planted on each side of them, and tram-cars run in several directions. The port of Toronto has many quays and docks, which, as we entered the harbour, seemed to stretch north and south for a long distance. In front of the city are islands and sandbanks, which make the harbour a very safe place of refuge from the squalls and storms that so often visit the Lake. Between the islands and the shore is a sort of lagoon, to enter which is difficult, so lighthouses have been erected at different points to enable the steamers and other vessels to find the right channel. On what is called "The Island," which has a large lighthouse on it, lodging-houses have been erected, and it is used as a summer resort by the citizens of Toronto. It is about two miles from the mainland, and a line of steamers run to and fro continually.

Rossin House is one of the largest hotels in the city, being capable of accommodating nearly 300 people at once, and is well and comfortably kept. It is at the corner of York

Street and King Street west, and has a large bar as in the American hotels, entered from the side. A line of tram-cars runs along one side of it, which is a great convenience to its visitors. Washing is done in all the hotels very rapidly, but they know how to charge. The price we paid in Montreal was $1.25c., about 5s. English per dozen. An enormous profit truly! In this hotel the charge was not quite that. Chinese laundries were to be found everywhere, and the price would probably have been less, but hearing that "John Chinee" beat and hammered the clothes in a merciless manner, we eschewed them. If possible, it is best to take a large supply of linen, unless people do not mind paying exorbitantly for their washing.

The day after our arrival was Sunday, and we found our way, some distance, to the English Episcopal Cathedral, on King Street, west. This is one of the finest buildings in the city, and its situation is a commanding one. It was built at the beginning of this century, and is said to have the highest spire on the American continent. Inside

the building, the chancel is handsome with dark looking choir stalls, and the nave has old fashioned high square pews. The organ is in the western gallery, the Canadians, and Americans too, knowing that the proper place for an organ is not on the ground-floor, in the chancel, boxed up in an organ-chamber after the modern English style, but perched aloft in a gallery as in all English cathedrals, so that the air can get well into and around the pipes. The singing was performed, and well performed, by a choir of ladies and gentlemen in the organ gallery, who sang their parts, which were well balanced, as if they knew what they were about, instead of by choristers racing along as though trying to see who could get the most words in, in a given time. The choir stalls were filled by charity-school children. The whole service was hearty and congregational, and a beautiful vox humana stop attracted our notice in the concluding voluntary, which we lingered to hear. The hymns were familiar English ones, and it was pleasant to hear Her Majesty the Queen, His Ex-

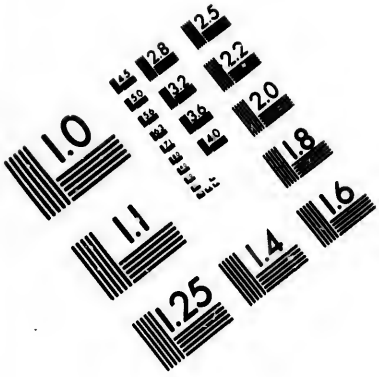
cellency the Marquis of Lorne, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise prayed for, instead of, as on the Sunday before, the President of the United States. The sermon was from—"The conies are but a feeble folk," &c., Prov. xxx. 26., and excellent were the lessons taught. Toronto is sometimes called "the city of churches," and this one, St. James', is well worthy of a visit. From our hotel more than one large church was visible, one with a large round tower being a Methodist one. In the evening the nearest to go to was St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Simcoe and King Streets. It is capable of holding nearly a thousand people, and is well built. The sermon here too was very good, and the service well conducted. Canadian singing has not been too much praised, as the parts here also were capitally sustained, and the organ well played. The heat all day was intense, and we began to feel that residence for long in cities, at this time of the year, was by no means agreeable.

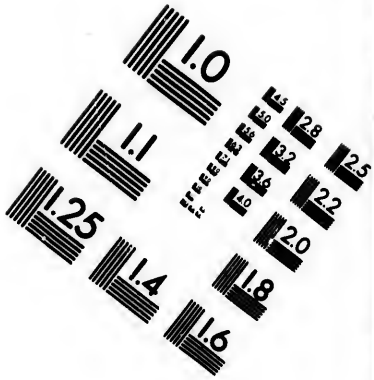
The next morning we proceeded to in-

spect the city. Taking tram-cars along King and Younge Streets, two of the principal streets of the city, the entrance to Queen's Park was reached. This is the largest park in Toronto, and extends probably two miles in each direction. Much of it is in an almost primitive state, which adds to its pleasantness. Parts of it are used as pasture-land for cattle, but near the University it has been brought into order. After a long ramble the front of the University was reached, a very fine building built at a great cost. Few students were visible as it was vacation time, and only an examination for entrance was going on. Though so young, the grounds, &c., are formidable rivals of our English universities in their extent, and the way they are laid out. The time of our visit enabled us to see everything looking lovely in its fresh spring green, but the absence of singing birds everywhere is most noticeable. Toronto University is becoming a place of great resort, owing to the reputation of the learned men who preside in its halls, students from all parts of

Canada, and the States, choosing to come here to keep their terms. Continuing our ramble, we at length got out of the park and reached Rossin House by tram-cars. In the afternoon we were taken a drive, and all the principal public buildings, the Post Office, Infirmary, Hospital, Normal School and Museum, St. Michael's Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Metropolitian Methodist Church, built through the energy of the Rev. Morley Punshon when he was in Canada, the Parliament House, and other edifices were pointed out to us. Then we proceeded to the suburb of Rosedale, where over a wild and picturesque ravine a suspension bridge has been built, and the suburb is being laid out in an attractive manner. House rent is moderate in Toronto, and living generally, at such a rate, as to invite people, of not large incomes, to settle there. In this out-lying part the roads were deep in mud, and a distant destination, proposed by our kind host, had to be abandoned in consequence. Coming down to the side of the lake the Railway Station, Custom-houses,

and other buildings on the quays, were passed, and then the draw-back to this otherwise attractive city is seen. This is, that nowhere can the inhabitants walk along the lake-shore and enjoy its beauties. All along in front of the city runs the Grand Trunk Railway east and west, and though this is of incalculable value *commercially*, yet the dust and dirt arising from it, and the trains and engines passing and repassing, quite spoil the scene, and render dangerous a too close approach, except at the piers, to the lake. Gladly would the inhabitants have the lines removed *behind* their fair city, but the interests which have sprung up are now too enormous to be sacrificed. Speaking lately of the province of Ontario, the Marquis of Lorne said, "The great province of Ontario is by far the wealthiest and the most populous of any in the confederation. It has 2,000,000 people, chiefly descended from English and Scottish stocks." And of Toronto he says—"It is one of the most prosperous of the young cities of the Continent. It has 100,000 people, is becoming





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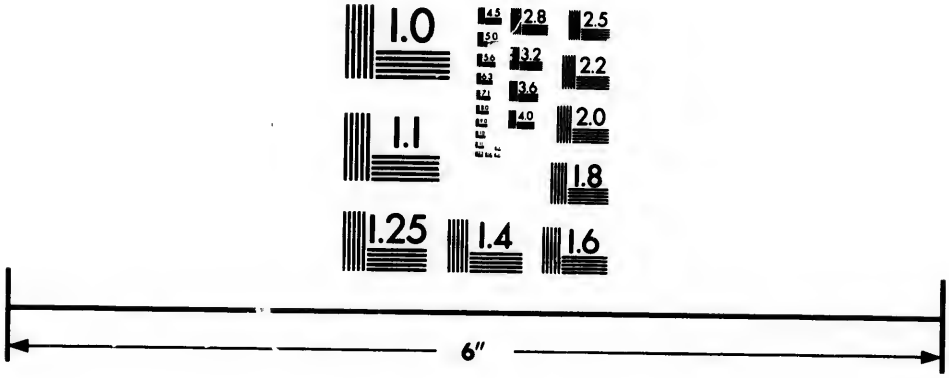

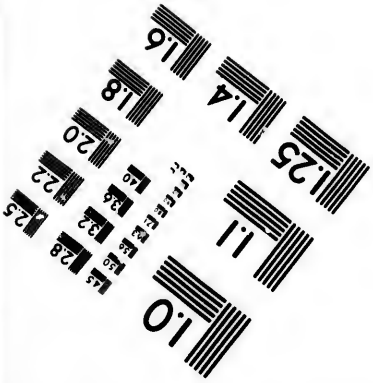

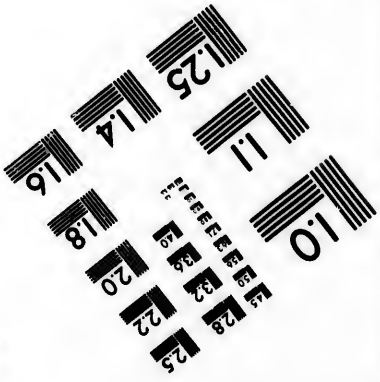

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the centre of a rapidly extending net-work of railways, and has an importance which must be far greater in the future."

With regard to the Parliament Houses mentioned, it may be well to state that the members of the Dominion Parliament meeting at Ottawa are *M.P's.* as those who meet at St. Stephen's. There are, however, as well, *M.P.P's.*, who are members of the Provincial Parliaments meeting for local matters in these Houses in Toronto, Quebec and other cities. Before the union of the various States, these provincial Parliaments enacted laws, &c., and did all other business, but their power is now much curtailed; and law-making for the Dominion is confined to the Dominion Parliament, which is divided into two parties as in England, the Ministerialists and the Opposition. The names of Sir Alex. Galt, Sir M. Tupper, Sir Leonard Tully, &c., will be remembered as those of distinguished Canadian Statesman.

Visiting fellow travellers that evening at Walker House Hotel, we heard that a home

in connection with Dr. Barnardo's work in London was being established in Toronto. A hundred boys, saved from Arab life on the streets of London, came out in the *Polynesian* with us. All had safely reached their destinations, which had been arranged before they left England. In two or three cases where the boys had been too little or young for the work required, other families had gladly taken them; and these lads, instead of wandering about London, are well-provided for, for life, in many cases the farmers adopting them as their own children. This work, and all others with a similar object both for boys and girls, cannot be too heartily wished, God speed.

Quantities of bicyclists were at this time pouring into this hotel—which appeared to be the headquarters of some club—apparently taking a tour over the continent.

The next morning we obtained some of the beautiful Indian feather fans, and a few more keepsakes of our Canadian tour, and secured our places on the river-boat for Kingston, the Thousand Islands, Montreal,

and Quebec. These tickets cost $10 50 cts. each, for a journey of over 300 miles, lasting about 42 hours, if it is not broken on the way.

The charge at Rossin House was $2 50 cts. per day. There are several other Parks in Toronto, as Bellwood, Lorne, and Victoria, also some colleges, as Trinity, Knox's, and St. Michael's, together with other edifices, which we had not time to visit. A run over to the Island had, for the same reason, to be given up.

CHAPTER VIII.

TORONTO TO QUEBEC.

About 2 p.m. the omnibus conveyed us down to the pier whence the Montreal boats started. The steamer was speedily crowded,—too crowded for comfort, as we afterwards found,—with passengers bound down the river. Another steamer, probably the *Chicora*, preceded ours (the *Corinthian*), conveying a number of the before-mentioned bicyclists to Niagara, whether to perform feats over the Falls or not, we did not hear.

Threading her way carefully through the sandbanks and islands, the *Corinthian* was soon in the open lake (a good view of the Islands and its various buildings being obtained as she passed), and gradually beautiful Toronto, with its many spires and towers, receded from view. When out in the lake it was quite cool, and a good deal

of wind blowing, so that the passengers were glad to take refuge in the cabin on deck, a fine large room with many sleeping cabins opening out of it. Right out in the middle of Lake Ontario, which is 180 miles long, and has an average width of 40 miles, is almost like being at sea. To the north no land was to be seen, and only very indistinct outlines were visible to the south. From the number of passengers on board the steamer, a sleeping cabin was unobtainable, as Canadians and others in the habit of travelling in this way had secured them all, so sofas in the ladies' saloon being all that could be got, an uncomfortable night was the result. Others were, however, worse off than we, as they had to content themselves with sofas or chairs in the large saloon outside, ladies and gentlemen together. Kingston was reached about 5 a.m., when, though some passengers left, others came on board and the crowd increased. Soon the passage of the Thousand Islands began, and lovely they are in their diverse shapes, forms, and sizes, some well wooded, and

others barren. Our course lay on the American side of the river, and Thousand Island House, a big hotel, and favourite summer abode of travellers, Nobley's Island, and many others, came in view. The river here, as lower down, is navigated by the aid of small red and white light-houses, either singly or in groups of two or three on a promontory, or island, first on one side then on the other. Among the islands a sailing vessel had gone down, and only her masts remained above water to tell the tale. Brocksville, a large town where a number of canoes were out and paddled round the steamer, was one of the places called at. It is in the province of Ontario.

A curious thing about these steam-boats of the upper river is, that they have two or three loose spars hanging to their sides, which, when they come up to a landing stage, bump first against it, and seem to save the apparently most fragile craft from being damaged by at once giving way and receiving the first shock. Once or twice getting up to a pier seemed an object *too difficult* of

execution, but by frantic yelling at the man at the boilers this was overcome, and we swung to. Another place of interest was Prescott, also on the Canadian bank, whence people go up to Ottawa some 20 or 30 miles to the north, which was, we heard, quite an English sort of town, and as the seat of the Dominion Government well worthy of a visit. Ogdensburg, U.S., is a large city with important iron manufactures, and is almost opposite to Prescott. Some way below them the first rapids are reached, which are not very great, but shortly afterwards came those of Long Sault. How the steamer *did* plunge! The waters were like a boiling cauldron, and foamed and dashed about, over hidden and uncovered rocks, like the angry sea. They probably took ten minutes to shoot, during which the utmost excitement prevailed among the passengers, many of whom forsook their dinner to see what was going on. At the side of these rapids, and also of those of Lachine above Montreal and others, canals have had to be cut for boats going *up* stream, as it would be impossible for

them to make any way against such a current. In former days portage was resorted to, when Indians and voyagers carried their boats bodily from bottom to top of the rapids, but with the steamers of to-day such a thing is not possible. It even now takes double, or nearly double, the time to go by boat from Montreal to Toronto, to what it does coming down the stream. Shortly after this the river widened into Lake St. Francis, which is 25 miles long by 5½ broad. On it were a few ducks, the first native birds seen since our arrival in Canada. Towns and villages were visible in the distance on its banks, and various boats and steamers skimmed about. Coteau du Lac on this lake was our destination, and here, about 4.30 p.m., we and two other passengers were left with our baggage. How curious it was, and yet pleasant, to find ourselves on that small wooden pier in Lake Francis, Ontario, Canada, almost alone! A long wooden pier was the means of communication with the mainland, along which, however, we did not penetrate. The scenery for the preceding

twelve hours had in many places been varied and picturesque, but there is nothing grand or beautiful in this part of the river. Time passing and no one appearing to meet us, we ascertained, on enquiring from a boy, whose patois it was difficult to understand, that the ferry-boat to the village we were going to had broken down, and would certainly not arrive that day. We knew not what we should do, but to our relief, presently, two boats were seen shooting out of an arm of the lake lying to the south east. Ere long they reached the landing-stage, and being escorted to one of them, we had a most delicious row over beautiful tranquil water in the Canadian evening to Valleyfield. This village is on an arm of the lake, close to where steamers and other boats enter the canal for passing Cedar Rapids, and a pleasant resting-place it proved, for a couple of days, before proceeding down the river to Quebec. It has a population of about 4000, who are chiefly Roman Catholics, and under the dominion of the priest. Here, as elsewhere, he is *the power*, and often he is the

sole upholder of law and order. A large cotton mill has been built in this village, after the English fashion, the greater part of the machinery coming from England, and gives employment to about 800 people. The rest are chiefly farmers and labourers.

The chief buildings besides the mill are the Roman Catholic Church and a pretty little Presbyterian one. The Church of England is not strong in the outlying districts and villages in the Province of Quebec. Many interesting particulars of Canadian life were given us while here. During the winter all communication with Montreal or other cities is by sleighs across the ice. The animals, cows and horses, are never let out, and in many cases are kept in houses joining, or under, human habitations, that they may be kept warm, and easily reached to be fed. Pipes line the rooms, which are filled with steam or hot water, and as equable a temperature as possible is maintained. In the spring, when the ice breaks up, the most exciting scenes occur. People have to use the utmost caution not to be on it then (as it

breaks up *suddenly* with great noises of cracking and bursting), or they are drowned at once. About six weeks after the thaw has finished, the first hay crops are got in, and a few weeks later the second are reaped, so prolific is the ground. It is the same with vegetables and other produce, which speedily attain maturity.

At night we were lulled to sleep by the croaking of the bull-frog, which sounded like the lowing of cattle, and fire-flies, like meteors, for the moment were visible, and then disappeared in "the stilly night." The lights of a steamer were seen comparatively near the house (which was a real wooden Canadian building on a platform) as she entered the Canal to pass the Cedar Rapids lower down the river. A new church (R.C.) was being built in this village, and all the families were taxed $100 per family for its erection, which had either to be paid in cash or worked out. Rather a large amount for poor working people, but they never thought of resisting this or other payments imposed upon them by the priests, as they are entirely in their

power. If they did not pay regularly they would be punished by not having the rites of the church at baptism, marriage, or burial performed for them. The charge for a funeral is from $10 to $100, according to the number of masses performed for the dead, and other services are charged for equally high. On the whole, these people are an idle one, and their way is to make a little ready money and at once spend it, putting nothing by for a rainy day.

Arriving at Valleyfield on a Wednesday we stayed there until Friday, and about 2 p.m. left in the steam ferry-boat, as it was too windy to go over in a rowing boat. This arm of the Lake, on which the village is situated, is about a mile and a half long and three-quarters broad. Its entrance is marked by four lighthouses, three white and one red, which are difficult to reach in stormy weather. The wind was pretty fresh out on the Lake, but Coteau du Lac was reached in about half-an-hour. Very punctually the steamer *Corsican*, from Toronto, Kingston, and the Islands, arrived at the landing-stage,

and we were quickly on board. She seemed even more crowded than the *Corinthian* had been two days before. Cedar Rapids and others were soon run, and then for some distance the water was tranquil. The river about here, *i.e.*, above Montreal, is very pretty, the banks being clothed with foliage, and the islands, of which there are several, being also well wooded. Cauchnawaga, an Indian village, one of the government reservations, was reached about 5.45 p.m. Its wooden houses did not look very different from ordinary ones, though perhaps the walls were a little taller, and the roofs smaller than one usually sees. Only one or two of its inhabitants, a remnant of the powerful Mohawk tribe, who gave so much trouble to the first French settlers, were visible, but a canoe, whose prow was half out of the water, and was paddled by an Indian kneeling, brought off another Indian to pilot the *Corsican* down the Lachine Rapids. It used to be a rule of the Insurance Companies that they would not insure a vessel unless an Indian piloted her down

these Rapids, but in many cases this has now fallen into abeyance, though the owners of the upper-river steam-boats see fit still to carry it out. As soon as our Indian was at the wheel we proceeded, leaving his comrade to paddle homewards. The *Corsican* and the other boats of this line, the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, are very clumsy, top-heavy, light-built things, which seem as though they would easily tumble over. It was when on one of these fragile-looking boats, crowded with people, that the far-famed and perilous Lachine Rapids came in sight. The name "Lachine" was given by some of the earlier French voyagers, who, after travelling on and on for days and weeks up the mighty river, thought, when at length they saw land before them, that they must have reached China: hence the name, "La Chine," since corrupted into "Lachine." A line of rocks seemed entirely to bar further progress, but, by a sharp turn of the wheel, the steamer was shot through an opening, visible only to an experienced eye, into the foaming

waters of the Rapids. A more unpleasant experience can hardly be imagined. Each moment seemed as though it might be our last. From side to side swung the steamer, grating against a rock here and another there, the water hissing, foaming, boiling, dashing, and apparently of no great depth. In one place the broken spars of a wrecked vessel were visible, and, a few days before, we had heard of a steamer coming to grief in these Rapids, and having to be run ashore. The steamers are entirely at the mercy of the waters, as steam is shut off, the paddles are still, and all is left to the strong hand at the wheel, and his assistants. This pilot was a powerfully built man with a dusky skin, though not red or dark, dressed in English (not Indian) fashion. The passengers got quite excited during our transit, and indeed climbed on chairs and seats in such a way that they had to be called to order by the captain, for obstructing the pilot's view. The water is in this eddying, whirling, engulfing looking state for more than a mile, which took about 15 minutes

to shoot; but presently, coming out into a broad, calm expanse of water, and turning to the left, Montreal and the Tubular Bridge lay before us. The Lachine Rapids are the most dangerous on the river, and how rafts shoot them it is difficult to imagine. The Lachine Canal, cutting through the island of Montreal in a N.E. direction, from opposite Cauchnawaga, is 8½ miles long, and 120 feet wide. By its means much of the trade of the west is brought to Montreal, which would otherwise lose it. The other name for these Rapids is Sault St. Louis. The *Corsican* was soon brought up at the pier of the river steamers, and from her we stepped on board the *Quebec*, for Quebec. Then we got a view of the Indian in the pilot box, and he appeared to have the assistance of two or three other men. For a few minutes we gazed upon Montreal, with all its churches and other edifices, and Mount Royal behind, in the evening light; and then, time being up, started down river, for the ocean steamer *Peruvian*. Though the boats of the lower river are far better built, and larger than

those of the upper, on this journey, owing to the number of people going for summer excursions, &c., the *Quebec* was very crowded, and it was difficult to obtain sleeping accommodation. At last a cabin was obtained, and, turning in early, we were only disturbed by the stoppages, and similar noises to those described on the up journey, as this was the same boat. Of course one sees a great variety of people on these journeys by steam-boat. Priests, nuns, peasants, and people of other classes are noticeable, to which, on this occasion, may be added a company of English actors and actresses, homeward bound like ourselves. About 8 A.M., the *Quebec* arrived at Quebec, and the passengers began to depart for the Saguenary River—on which there are many pleasant summer resorts, and good salmon fishing—and other places. Again Quebec, the Queen of the St. Lawrence, and Levis, her handmaiden, lay before us; and we watched for some time with interest the boats passing and repassing, and the ocean, and other

steamers at anchor in the river. On land a scene, with a good deal of vivacity, was visible, as we were close to the Champlain Market, where a good trade seemed being carried on, and behind which a line of tram-cars was running. Up above was the Esplanade and the lines of fortifications. About 9.30 A.M. a tug arrived for the passengers for England by the Allan steamer *Peruvian*. They and their luggage, &c., being "all aboard" by 10.30, the anchor was weighed, some rockets were fired, and we were homeward bound once more! Down the river we sped, Quebec fading gradually from our sight as we gazed upon her regretfully for the last time. A glimpse was again caught of the Montmorency Falls, lower down the mouth of the Saguenary River, looking very dark and gloomy, and Red Island. Rimousky was reached about 10 P.M., where a detention of nearly three hours occurred for the mails. The *Peruvian* was a smaller boat than the *Polynesian*, having no inside cabins (a decided advantage), but she sped along well

and swiftly. Returning, we came through the Straits of Belle Isle, to the north of Newfoundland, thus skirting the coasts of far-famed Labrador. The land looked low and barren, but being from 10 to 12 miles distant no Esquimaux were visible. The Straits are only navigable for about three months in the year, not being free from ice when we went out in June. By this route about 200 miles are saved, as the distance this way from Quebec to Liverpool is 2,400 miles, and the other, *i.e.*, south of Newfoundland, 2,600. In the gulf, we passed numerous icebergs, but owing to the murkiness of the weather they were not seen to advantage. They are indeed wonderful and curious looking objects, and we were told that only one-eighth of their height was visible above water, seven-eighths being below. One we saw was like a grotto, a hole having been worn in it by the action of the water and weather. Several of the passengers had crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic numbers of times, one as many as sixty, and the stories of the "bergs," and

what had happened in consequence of them, were therefore numerous. On one occasion, an outward bound steamer ran right on to one in the fog. Happily, and most unusually, she backed off and into the water again without any damage ensuing. Others had been detained as long as three weeks at the mouth of the river, in the ice and by the fogs, their provisions almost coming to an end, and they had to be rescued by a steamer sent out to find them.

We had a rapid passage home and good weather, save a little rolling—the tail end of a storm which broke much further north; and on Sunday, July 22nd, the coast of Ireland was seen in the distance. The sunset that evening, as we skirted it and got into Lough Foyle, was simply glorious. Its radiance lasted long, and was succeeded by lovely pale moonlight, as we lay in the Lough discharging mails, passengers, &c., and went out to sea again. The longest run made going out was about 324 miles in twenty-four hours, and returning about 310 miles in the same time. The Alexandra

Dock, Bootle, was reached about 1.30 on July 23rd, and our most delightful and never-to-be-forgotten trip was at an end.

Innumerable were the mercies that had attended us, and we could not but acknowledge that God's protecting hand had been specially shielding and watching over us. Truly His hand alone could have made all the wonders and beauties of nature, both on sea and land, we had seen. "Oh, that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men."

NOTE.—The journey out was eleven days, owing to the fog, and the journey home eight, but it sometimes takes only seven.