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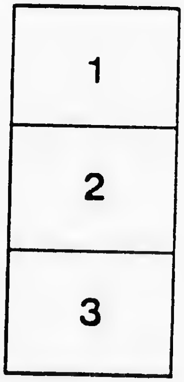

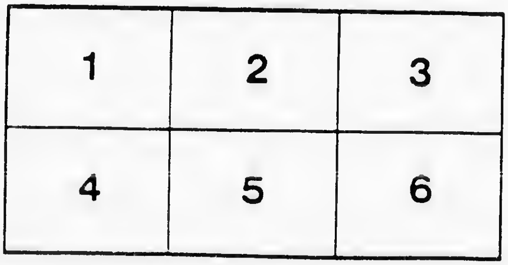

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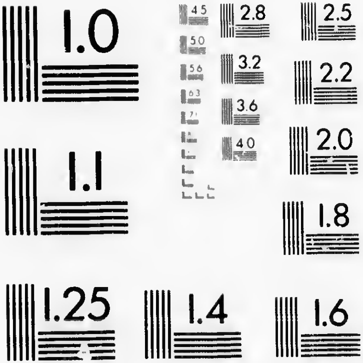
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LETTERS SENT HOME.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

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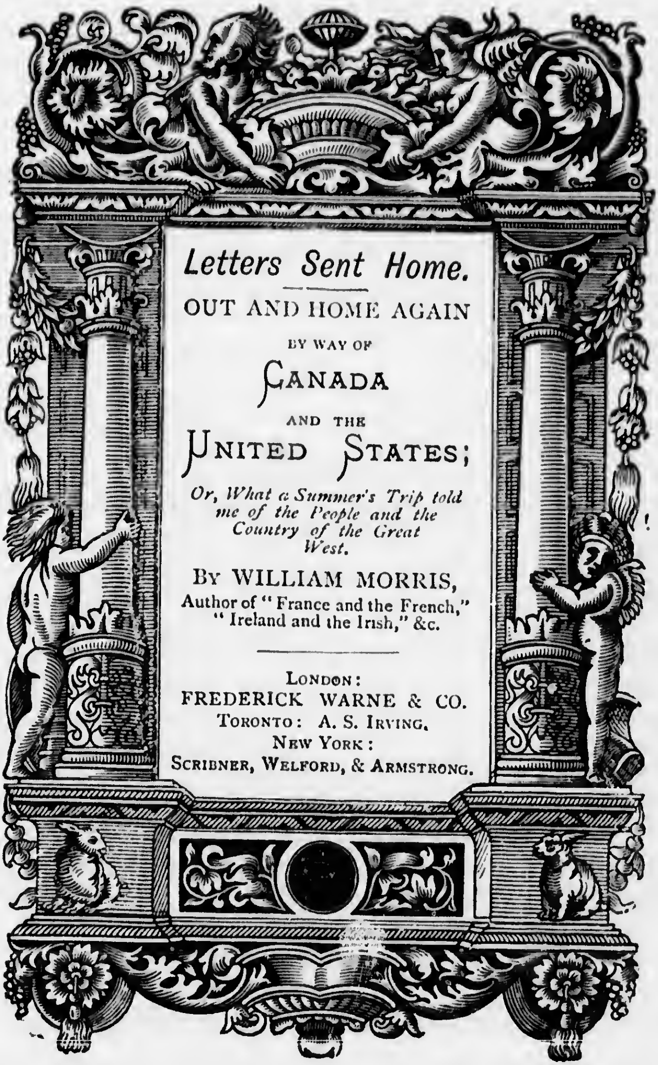

Letters Sent Home.

OUT AND HOME AGAIN
BY WAY OF
CANADA
AND THE
UNITED STATES;

Or, What a Summer's Trip told me of the People and the Country of the Great West.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS,
Author of "France and the French,"
"Ireland and the Irish," &c.

LONDON:
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INTRODUCTION.

THE following letters are reprinted from the columns of the *Swindon Advertiser* newspaper, where they appeared at weekly intervals during the year 1874. And they are practically what they profess to be—"Letters sent Home"—during a visit to Canada and America in the summer of the previous year. The letters describe a journey which occupied exactly two months from the departure to the return home. To claim, under such circumstances, to be an authority on Canadian or American matters, would be sheer madness on the part of the writer. It has not been, therefore, with the view of setting up any such claim that these letters have been republished. Their object has simply been to place in a chatty kind of way the notes and experiences of one desirous of turning his capacity for seeing to a profitable account, in the first place before his own family, then before the readers of his newspaper (the letters having in the meantime received such additions of statistical and other details as would only have encumbered them in their original form), and now in their collected form before that larger class denominated the public.

Whilst, however, the writer sets up no claim to be considered an authority on Canadian or American matters, he claims to have written fairly and impartially on all those things which came under his observation; and in publishing his letters to have no other object or desire than that of imparting such information as he possessed on a subject engaging the serious attention of tens of thousands of his countrymen. There are many reasons why the writer should speak kindly both of Canada and America, and hold his visit to the American continent in happy memory: He received a generous welcome from all with whom he came in contact; acts of kindness were shewn him by many, and books, documents, and statistics were placed at his service whenever asked for, the only rebuff he met with being from a recently imported Englishman at St. Louis, a Vice President of a railway company having a line running from that city. At Ottawa, and also at Washington, the government authorities afforded him every possible assistance, and to their kindness he is indebted for much of the statistical information contained in the letters. To the Honorable J. H. Pope, Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, and Dr. Young, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Washington, his thanks are especially due.

ADVERTISEMENT TO SECOND EDITION.

A second edition of this book having been called for within a few months of its first appearance, the present edition has been issued at a considerably reduced price, so as to bring it within the reach of those who may contemplate emigrating, or be desirous of learning the feelings and experiences of an Englishman on first visiting British North America.

And this step has been the more readily taken because both the Canadian and the English Press have borne most generous testimony to the independent spirit in which the Letters were written, and to the value of the information they contain.

The following extracts are taken from notices by the Canadian Press:—

"We doubt if we have ever met a writer who gave a more straightforward account of what he had seen in Canada than Mr. Morris has done."—DAILY GLOBE, Toronto.

"The book contains a great deal of information, and has been written with care, and will not fail to interest the reader."—THE SUN, Toronto.

"We thank Mr. Morris for having placed before his readers in England so much valuable information about Canada, as it cannot fail to assist in making this country better understood by our fellow subjects at home."—THE MAIL, Toronto.

Nor have English journalists been less decided in their testimony to the usefulness of the book :—

"The Author gives a graphic account of the country which he travelled. . . Those about to visit Canada can gather from these pages a foretaste of what their experiences are likely to be."—ANGLO-AMERICAN TIMES.

"Mr. Morris spent two months in the New World, during which time he visited various important cities, such as Quebec, Montreal, Baltimore. and New York. All who wish to obtain an insight into North American life and manners should read these pleasant, chatty letters. Mr. Morris is an altogether agreeable companion. His advice to emigrants is sound and useful."—EXAMINER.

"We commend the book for its straightforward, plain, honest view of America and the Americans.—THE HORNET.

"This most interesting and informatory volume. . . There is a fine literary flavour about many parts of the book. . . It is a most genial book, and one which will stand criticism."—LIVERPOOL MERCURY.

"It is this want of pretension which is the great recommendation of the volume : the letters are natural and unaffected, being the genuine outpourings of an intelligent traveller who faithfully describes what he saw, and who writes with an agreeable freshness, which is partly the result of the absence of all straining after effect, and partly the reflex of the evident zest with which he throws himself into the enjoyment of his holiday-"—BRISTOL MERCURY.

"It is impossible to read these pages without being struck at the pleasant, easy style in which they are written, and, at the same time, at the care and accuracy with which important details and statistics are dealt with. Mr. Morris travels with his eyes open, and what he has to tell us is sure to be amusing and instructive."—WEEKLY DESPATCH.

"Mr. Morris is a close observer of men, manners, and things, a plain yet graphic describer of character and scenery, and brings to bear upon the subjects handled much steady, sound sense."—PRESTON GUARDIAN.

"The letters contain much interesting matter, and the last chapter much sound reasoning on emigration. Intending emigrants have to thank the author for much valuable information."—PUBLIC OPINION.

"There is a vast fund of information in these letters, and the volume is one which may be taken up and read for purposes of study as well as amusement."—LAND AND WATER.

These, however, are but a few of the many favourable notices the book has received, and it is sincerely hoped that in its cheaper form it may meet with a still further generous approval.

September, 1875.

CONTENTS.

LETTER I.

GOING OUT FROM HOME.—Stroud Valley—Gloucester Station and the Emigrant Family—Herefordshire and Shropshire—Old Shrewsbury — The Workman's Holiday — Chester — Liverpool — Growth of English Cities . . . . pp. 1—9

LETTER II.

GOING OUT FROM HOME.—Development of the Canadian Trade—Liverpool Waifs and Strays—Emigrant's Boarding Houses. pp. 10—15

LETTER III.

ON BOARD THE MORAVIAN.—A Run through Liverpool—Libraries, Museums, and the Working Classes—The Moravian—Meeting with a Friend on board—Our Cabin and Bill of Fare—The Sleeping Berths—Government Inspection of Ship, Stores, and Passengers. pp. 16—23

LETTER IV.

ON BOARD THE MORAVIAN.—The Catholic Priest, who is something more than a Priest—Father Nugent's Children—Miss Macpherson's Children—My berth companions — Ludicrous scene — Our first toilet—The Children Singing on deck in the Early Morning—The Irish coast and arrival at Moville. . . . . pp. 24—30

LETTER V.

MOVILLE.—Lock Foyle—A Proclaimed District—Irish Mendicants waiting for Prey—Proffered Blessings in Exchange for "Coppers"—Bird Sellers and their Customers—The Ruins at Greencastle—Our Car Driver—The "sold" Yankee—Arrival of another batch of Passengers and "The Mails." . . . . pp. 31—38

LETTER VI.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.—Exciting Scene—Fairly Out on the Atlantic—"Tory" Island—A Scene of Beauty—*Whiling* the time away—Difference in time—Taking "The Log"—Measuring Distances—Miss Macpherson's Children—The Scene on Deck—The Histories of the Children—Sunday Morning on Board—*Our* Captain. pp. 39—47

LETTER VII.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.—FIFTH DAY OUT.—A Birth on Board—A Doctor's Tale—The Ship's Stores—"Characters" on Board—An Old Sea Captain—A Horsey Young Man—Scott and Tiffins—Lord Gasbags and the Mail Officer—Tale told about him—Manchester Man, Wife, and Daughter. . . . . pp. 48—56

LETTER VIII.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.—SIXTH DAY OUT.—The Winter and the Summer Route to Canada—The Scenery of the Sea—A Storm Rising—Going Down to his berth and taking a mental leave of wife and Children—The Sailors and the Children—*Punch* on Sea Sickness—On the look-out for Icebergs—Sea Gulls—The class of Literature patronized by the Passengers—The Smoke-room, and the Characters meeting there. . . . . pp. 57—66

LETTER IX.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.—TENTH DAY OUT.—Watching Gulls and seeing Whales—Temperature of the Air and Water—Sailors fishing for information to know where they were—The Gulf Stream—A Canadian Story—Sunset at Sea—Our Second Sunday—The Fog Signal—A Christening on Board—Miss Macpherson's Work and what it has done and is doing. . . . . pp. 67—76

LETTER X.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.—TWELFTH DAY OUT.—Sighting Rock Island—Five hundred miles from Quebec—The Children Singing—A Glorious Night—An Entertainment on Board—First Sight of the

North American Coast—Journey up the St. Lawrence—St. Ann's and the Shickshock Mountains—How the River's Banks have been trimmed, and Boulder Stones carried out to sea—Preparing for Port—Arrival at Farther Point—The Log-huts along the coast—How Mother Church took Care of Herself. . . . . pp. 77—87

LETTER XI.

On the St. Lawrence.—Fourteenth Day Out.—Nearing Quebec—The French Settlers—Canadian Loyalty—The Isle d'Orleans—The Suburbs of Quebec—Quebec, as seen from the River—The Gibraltar of Canada—Singular appearance of the roofs and steeples covered with Tin—Old Quebec—Arrival of the vessel at Point Levi—The Landing Stage—Waiting for New Arrivals—Employers in Search after Servants—The Customs' Officers and the "Checking" of Luggage. . . . . pp. 88—97

LETTER XII.

At Quebec.—Arrangements for Receiving Emigrants at Point Levi—The Forwarding of Emigrants into the Interior, and Precautions against their being Swindled—Canadian Money—The Canadian and the American Dollar—The Emigrant Barracks—The Hotel at Point Levi—Canadian Cattle—Quebec Market Place—The Price of Meat—Maple Sugar—Gosse's account of Maple Sugar Making. pp. 98—106

LETTER XIII.

At Quebec.—A Run through Quebec—The Quaint Houses—Quebec Fires—The Upper and Lower Towns—The Wretched Roads—The Cathedrals, Churches, and Chapels of Quebec—The Citadel and its deserted appearance—The Mail Officer and the Children—The Eastern Townships—The U. E. Loyalists—The Government Sale of Land—The Conditions of Purchase and Sale—The Free Grant Districts—Unsurveyed Land of the Province—The Division of the Country into Districts for the purposes of Local and General Government. . . . . pp. 107—116

LETTER XIV.

The Province of Quebec.—Education for Every Child—How the Religious Difficulty is met—The Public Schools and how they are Managed—The Cost and how it is met—A Classical Education within the reach of all. . . . . pp. 117—122

LETTER XV.

A FRENCH CANADIAN VILLAGE, AND THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.—The Old French *Calashe*—On the Road for Montmorency—The Rich-looking Land—The French Village of Beauport—The Picturesque Cottage Dwellings — The Children — The People "stagnant," doing only as the Priest bids them—The Produce of the Land—The Duke of York's Residence—The View around the Falls—The "Natural Steps"—The Primœval Forest—The Scenery of the "Natural Steps"—The incessant rush of Boiling Waters—The Falls, as seen from below—The Falls in Winter—The Lumber Shoots—A Visit to Messrs. Hall's Saw Mills—Quebec, as seen on the Return Journey . . . . pp. 123—134

LETTER XVI.

MONTREAL.—The Indian Squaw and her Wares—The Grand Trunk Railway — The Country between Quebec and Montreal — The peculiar Fencing to the Enclosures of Land—A fine Dairy District—Cheese Factories—Manufacture and Export of Butter—The Shoe-black—Canadian Hotels—The Yankee Tourist--The Roman Catholic Cathedral—The Building of the Victoria Bridge, and the difficulties in the way—Mount Royal Cemetery—The Scenery around. pp. 135—150

LETTER XVII.

OTTAWA.—Railways and Railway Travelling in Canada—Origin of Canadian Cities and Towns, and how they are Planned—Canadian Engines and Carriages—Beset by Sharpers and Luggage-lifters. pp. 151—159

LETTER XVIII.

OTTAWA.—The Country between Prescott and Ottawa, and how it was Cleared—Burst of Vegetation—The Parliament Buildings and Government Offices—Canadian Newspapers—Unexpected interview—Interview with the Minister of Agriculture— Rates of Wages and Cost of Living—Importance of Seeing the Country before Settling Down—System of Farming—Mineral Resources of the Ottawa District and the Timber Trade . . . . pp 160—176

LETTER XIX.

BROCKVILLE.—SUNDAY.—Missing one Boat and catching Another—A Canadian Town: It's Rise and Progress—Grandfather and Grandchild: A pretty scene—Five-and-thirty years looking out for someone from "Home"—The Successful Tradesman and his

Sons—The Canadian Lakes—The Boundary Line Between America and Canada—The Scotchman's Twelve Year's Experience of Canadian Life—The Robin—The Thousand Islands—Scenery to Feed a Life-time—Canadian Winters—The Social Life of Canada. pp. 177—191

LETTER XX.

KINGSTON.—An Old Canadian Town—Finding myself in a fix, and the Mail Officer helping me out of it—The Old Seat of Government—The Liquor Laws—A ride out to the Penitentiary—The Prince of Wales in Kingston Harbour—The Criminal Classes in Canada, and how they are treated—Visit to the Rockwood Lunatic Asylum, and Reception by "Queen Victoria." . . . pp. 192—201

LETTER XXI.

TORONTO.—It's Wonderful History—The Educational Establishments—The University and Normal Schools—The Cost of Education, and how it is met—The Law Courts—Morley Punshon's Church—Meeting with a Man, balancing himself on a stool, who asked if my name was not Morris—The Successful Man from New Swindon, and his singular account of how he first made a start—The Police Court and the Drunkards—An American Toddy Time-table—How Spirits are served to Customers at a Drinking-bar, and the Stuff sold as Beer—Wages at Toronto—Local Government and its cost . . . . pp. 202—219

LETTER XXII.

NIAGARA.—Approaching Niagara—The Falls much to answer for—Charles Dickens at Niagara—Journey across the Lake—Niagara Fort and River—Stepping for the first time on American Soil—The Pests of a Show Place—A Visitor's Experiences with a Hack Driver—My First View of the Falls—The Geography of the Falls, and how they were formed—The Bridges across the River—Chippawa Village and the Burning Springs—A Night View of the Falls. pp. 220—235

LETTER XXIII.

HAMILTON TO DETROIT.—Its Staple Trade and its Mountain—The Police Magistrate—Artizan's Wages and the great Drink Curse—Value of Land in the Town and Neighbourhood—The Petroleum Oil District—A Great Fruit and Cheese District—Old Country Names of Places—Crossing into America—The Mosquito Curtains—My First Sleep under the "Stars and Stripes." . . . pp. 236—245

LETTER XXIV.

Detroit.—The Market-place and the People I saw there—Court House and Monument—The German Element—How the Population of the State of Michigan is made up—Statistics connected with its Trade—Reports published and experiments made for the Public Good—Information freely distributed, the like of which we cannot get in England—The State Educating a Man up to his best, that it may get the most out of him for the common good of himself and others. pp. 246—260

LETTER XXV.

Chicago.—Its History and its Fires—Michigan State—The remains of the Fire—Singular appearance of the Ruins by Night—The Great Fire of 1871—The Re-building of the City—The Grand Pacific Hotel—Marvellous Enterprize of the People. pp. 261—270

LETTER XXVI.

Chicago.—The Hog Market: Thirty-seven Thousand Hogs standing over for the Next Market—Details of the Trade of Chicago—Visit to the Corn Exchange, and the way in which trade is conducted there—Wheat sold on an Inspector's Certificate—Rules for the Inspection of Flour—Rules for the Inspection of Provisions. pp. 271—279

LETTER XXVII.

Chicago.—Splendid Buildings—Fire-proof Banks and Safe Depository—A Ride through Michigan Avenue—The Water Supply—A Tunnel under the Lake Two Miles Out—Wages of Artizans in Chicago and the Cost of Living—Visit to the *Tribune* Newspaper Offices—The View from a Roof—A Fireman on the Look-out—Absence of all Superstition or Exclusiveness in the use of Buildings for Religious Purposes. . . . . .pp. 280—290

LETTER XXVIII.

St. Louis.—The Prairie Lands of America—The Farm Produce of Illinois—Indian Corn—The Mississippi River—Singular Appearance of the Streets on the Sunday Morning:—Bands of Music and Processions in the Streets—The Back Slums of the City—An Irish Row—Singular Combination of Trades—Monday Morning's Experience at the Police Court—The "Terrible" away down Kentucky—The conduct of cases in the Police Court—The Ice Supply—Mules as Beast of Burden—Visit to the Chamber of Commerce—My First Check—The Editor of the *Journal* interests himself on my behalf—American Plagiarism of English Works—American Newpaper News:—"Local Personals"—Jefferson Davis at the "Planter's House"—I saw him, but did not *Interview* him. pp. 291—303

LETTER XXIX.

CINCINNATI.—A Mistake that cost me a Long Walk—Picked up by a Train and put on the Right Track—Indianopolis—The Mississippi Valley and its Vineyards—Meeting with Colonel J—— and Ride through the City—Our Hibernian Jarvey guessing he would do the city justice on receiving permission to do as he liked—Nicholas Longworth and his Singular History—Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens on Cincinnatti—The Rottenness of the Municipal Institutions of America at the bottom of all her troubles—The Popular Vote in America, and what it too often leads to—Some Striking Instances—The Suburbs of Cincinnatti—The Dutchman's Welcome—Bass's Pale Ale brought out—The house where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was Written—The City of the Dead—Burial of the President's Father—American Trotting Horses—Visit to some Wine Vaults—"Cholera Specific"—German Bear Gardens. pp. 304—320

LETTER XXX.

CINCINNATTI TO WASHINGTON.—ACROSS THE ALLEGHANIES.—Travelling by Pullman's Cars—Fire flies—The Alleghany Mountains—Fine Scenery—Harper's Ferry, and the Late War—Passing over a Bridge crossing a Mountain Torrent. . . . . . . pp. 321—327

LETTER XXXI.

WASHINGTON.—Out of Town—A City done up in Brown Hollands—"Confidence" Men trying on their Little Game—Washington little better than a desert—Visit to the Capitol—The National, State, Municipal, and Territorial Government of America—Visit to the Government Offices—Information collected for the American people—Butter-making in Factories—Setting Milk for Butter—Amount of Milk to a Pound of Butter—The Manufacture of Condensed Milk—The Smithsonian Institute—Dr. Young, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics—Wages and the Cost of Living in various States—Visit to the "White House"—The President not at Home—The House in the hands of the Painters and Paperers.
pp. 328—346

LETTER XXXII.

BALTIMORE—Changing English Gold for American Greenbacks—Precautions against the Fleecing of Emigrants—Maryland—The Trade of Baltimore—Open Sewers and Public Streets—Door-step Evening Parties—George Peabody. . . . . . . pp. 347—352

LETTER XXXIII.

New York.—New Jersey State—First View of the Hudson River—The Ferry Boat and First View of New York—Dray and Waggon Drivers—Population of New York—The Island of Manhatton and its History—The Streets and Avenues of New York—The Educational Departments and their Statistics—The Religious Bodies and their Numbers—Total Absence of all Religious Tests. pp. 353—364

LETTER XXXIV.

New York.—The Fourth of July.—The day's Programme, as announced in the *Herald*—The Parks and Public Squares of New York—The Fireworks . . . . pp. 365—374

LETTER XXXV.

New York.—Castle Gardens.—Arrival of the Emigrant—New York Bay and Harbour—Castle Gardens and its History—Protection for the Emigrant—The Number of Emigrants arriving, and the disposal of those who are Not Wanted—Ward's Island—Blackwell's Island—The Labour Bureau—Where the Emigrant comes from, and his Money Value to the Country. . . . . pp. 375—386

LETTER XXXVI.

Sunday in New York.—The Churches and Chapels of New York—Visit to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn—Ward Beecher's Sermon—Visit to Greenwood Cemetery—Coney Island and the Democracy of New York—A New York Light Railway . . . . pp. 387—398

LETTER XXXVII.

New York.—The *Graphic* Office, and Interview with Professor Wise—New York Dry Goods Stores and Mr. Stewart, the Great Storekeeper—"The Tombs" and the Law Courts—Lawlessness in America—The Croton Water Works, one of the Wonders of the World—Central Park and its Attractions—Astor-house Hotel and Cooper Institute—Signs of Death and a Funeral Procession—An Addition to the ordinary Obituary Notices . . . . pp. 399—410

LETTER XXXVIII.

New York to Boston.—American Railways—A Walk down Wall Street—Hell Gate and the preparations for blowing it up—River and Lake Boats leading features in American Travel—Boston and its Board of Trade—Boston Fires and their History. pp. 411—421

LETTER XXXIX.

BOSTON TO PORTLAND—The New England States: Their Trade and History—The Maine Liquor Law—Thirty-five cases of Drunkenness for disposal at the Police Court—Liquor Easily Obtained, and Drunkenness Everywhere—The Puritanism of the New England States—The Switzerland of America—A Mountain Ride and an Early Breakfast—"I Guess they were Bull Frogs."—Postscript.—The Maine Law—The Idiots and Insane of the New England States—The use of adulterated drinks produces idiots and makes lunatics. pp. 422—442

LETTER XL.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—Montreal at Second Sight—Indians and Gipsies—Understanding by Contrast—The Company on Board—Approaching the Rapids—The Cedars and the Coteau-du-Lac Rapids—Immense Sensation—Moore's Songs—The Indian Pilot—Timber Rafts—Again at Montreal pp. 442—454

LETTER XLI.

HOME AGAIN.—Quebec Market: wonderful change in its appearance—The Company on Board—Anticosta—Labrador—Ice-bergs—Canadian "Delegation" to Vienna—Some of the People on Board—A Norwegian Doctor who knew not a word of English—The Drunkard, and the midnight abstraction of the bottle of brandy—Moville—The Irish Coast and return to the Mersey . pp. 455—461

LETTER XLII.

LOOKING BACK.—The Experience of Two Months—Treatment of Steerage Passengers—The Discomforts of the Voyage beyond the control of Shipping Companies—The Doctor—Who ought, and who ought not, to Emigrate—The Future of the Emigrant—No Chance for the Idle and Drunken—Billiard Rooms and Gambling Houses—The Drunkenness of Boston—Cases of *Delirium Tremens* increased four-fold—The Better Side of Canadian and American Life—The Welcome awaiting the sober and industrious Emigrant—The Future of Canada and America—Third-term and Pacific Scandal Checks, leading only to a great future—Education and the prospect it opens up—The Undeveloped Resources of Canada. pp. 462—476

LETTER 1.

GOING OUT TO THE GREAT WEST.

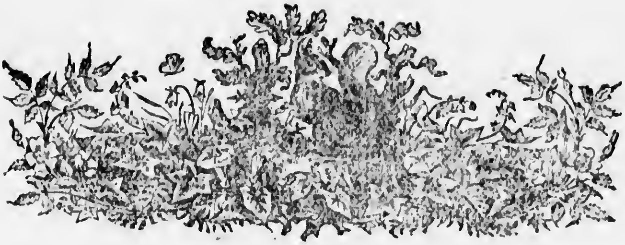
THERE were querulous people who predicted troublous times for the old country, because, forsooth, while millionaires were springing up on every hand, and, as a people, we had reached an unexampled state of prosperity, a large section of the wealth-producers had asked for something beyond the mere privilege to live. So I resolved to take a holiday ramble out in the new country, and see what the chances were there when the deluge should come and drive us all out from the old country.

It was holiday time in the old country when I left on my way for the new country. As I went out, I saw large bodies of our working classes, some with their wives and families, crowding the various railway stations through which we passed, waiting for the trains which should take them for their "outing." The weather was most propitious; and all looked gladsome and joyous. But nothing more so than the country itself. The work in the fields was still going on; man and beast were still plodding away *there*. But the factory and the mill—many of them—were quiet for a time, those who usually crowded them, now dressed in their best, abandoning themselves to the festivities and the pleasures of the occasion. Liverpool was the port from whence I was to go out to Canada; and on my way to that great busy city I had to pass by many a spot of marvellous beauty and historic interest. There was the Stroud valley, telling as well of enterprise and industry as of that beauty which nature only can give us. It lay there in the glorious sunlight, a great picture, that made the heart swell as the eyes looked out upon it, and, taking us away as by enchantment, drew us nearer and nearer to the great author of us, and of it. As I have said, it was holiday time; the smokeless chimneys up and down the valley and on the hillside told of it, as did also the sunlight as it danced on the canal (undisturbed by the customary traffic); on the meadows; on the house-tops; on factory and mill; and on the faces of men, women, and children, happy in that rest from toil which their honest labour had won for them. Day by day these people had been working in the great busy hive of England's industry, building up a nation's greatness in her trade and commerce; but building on still deeper foundations when they severally did their part in the building up of English homes, although they had no other help to give than the child's smile or the infant's prattle. But I had heard of spots teaming with beauty and richness out in the far west, and of a people who loved that country well. Here, it seemed to me, if there was a lack of love for the country it was either through want of capacity for loving, or some radical wrong that cankered the heart of the people, and ate the soul out of them. And then there stood out in its unique beauty and grandeur the old cathedral pile, telling of a patient endurance, and of an art and skill never since surpassed, and barely since maintained, of centuries ago. As I passed by Gloucester I was forcibly reminded of what a Canadian friend had once told me. He was about to visit England, and when he came to take stock of the many commissions his friends had imposed upon him, he found the majority of their wishes to be for photographs of old English churches. What a great anchor ground for man's best nature is there in the grand old churches of England! I had often wandered through the cloisters, the aisles, and the chapels of the grand old building that stood out in the open before me, and as I now looked on it—somehow—I felt impelled towards the people I was going to visit, and respected them, if nothing more, because of their commissions to my friend from Canada. But when we left the Gloucester station, we had with us several whole families of people going out from their old homes to the new ones their pioneers had got ready for them in the new country. When we arrived at the station, I noticed on the platform many working men, women, and children. In due course, some of them got into the train; those left behind telling more plainly than mere words could do that those from whom they were parting were starting on a journey never, in all human probability, to be repeated. Before the train started I left the compartment where I had been riding, and got into another, into which I had watched a family of six persons, and, seating myself in a corner of the carriage, waited patiently until I could read the history of my fellow travellers. In due course the last word was spoken, and the last shake of the hand given, and the train was again on its way through the orchards and over the fertile lands of Gloucestershire. The children soon began to interest themselves by finding mines of great wealth in deep paper bags containing cakes, and nuts, and lollypops, which they brought forth in such overpowering abundance that it was only after they had replaced and brought forth their stores many times they could venture upon reducing the bulk after the fashion so general among children. And then I watched the parents of these children, and saw how occasionally their eyes would meet, and again and again try to be brave, but failing in the attempt would pass off into a dreaming listlessness as the mind wandered back, away perhaps to the scenes of the first home, passing on from thence to the home of their own lives, and from thence again to the great future in which they were as in a vast wilderness, and floundered about, until eyes meeting eyes brought them back to the starting point, and sent them off again. It was a touching sight to watch this man and woman in the fresh moments after the last word had been spoken to friends here, and to see how they went to and fro into the past and into the future. But it will not be long before they will be hailing old friends in the new country, and I hope to keep by them, or such as they, until that event is consummated. Very often the man found ample employment in wiping sticky fingers, and bedaubed mouths, while the woman nestled still closer the infant she was carrying at her breast. It was clear she felt she was obeying the call of duty, and the thought of her infant child was helping her to do it bravely. It was not long before the man had told me his history. He was a cloth-worker from the Stroud valley, and had come on the day before to Gloucester to take leave of friends living there. Eighteen months ago a relative of his had gone out to Canada. The country had proved so bountiful to him that he had sent home inviting all his friends to join him, and offering them such assistance as his means would admit of to enable them to do so. "It will not cost me a penny to get right to him," remarked my informant, "for he has sent me over a ticket which will clear my railway fare and passage money across the ocean, right to him, he wants me and my family to come to him so bad." I asked if it was common for people who had gone out to Canada in a like manner to send home tickets to their friends, and he said it was common, for he knew many who had been sent for like him. If he found the country to be all he had been told it was, he hoped very shortly to send tickets for some of his friends. I could not help thinking of this man's words many times afterwards in course of the journey as I passed through Herefordshire and Shropshire, in both of which counties I had heard the farm labourer tell, in his own simple, but graphic, language, how he and his could barely live;—how their lives were listless existences, without hope. I had seen the farm labourers of these two counties trooping to some central spot by hundreds to talk over their condition, and to reason together about their wrongs; I had seen how our poor-houses were crowded, and had felt how our rates increased for the maintenance of our poor when they had spent the little labour there was in them, or when accident or sickness overtook them, and they were not worth their bread! I could see plainly that it was a great struggle for this man and woman to leave home and country—they could not have told me in words how deep the struggle was had they tried. They spoke most clearly in their silence. But there was this sustaining them: the land across the sea was big with bright promises to them—promises which had become realised facts to those they had known, and who had gone out before them. And they had faith in their friends, for they had sent them home money, and were not selfish of their good fortune, but were wanting others to come and share it with them. There is a wonderful power in such sympathy as that.

And then we got into Herefordshire, and saw more old churches, and many noble trees, telling of nature cultivated for centuries past. You may recollect the anecdote told of the old gentleman at one of the Oxford colleges, who, on being asked by a lady visitor how he had managed to make so beautiful a lawn, replied, "We water it, and we mow it, for a thousand years, ma'm." And then there rose up towards the skies another old cathedral. And then we passed by many fruit orchards, and hop gardens, and on through verdant fields, through which the river wandered until it wriggled itself out of sight in the distance. There were mansions, and manor-houses, and squalid hovels, and towering spires, and level tracts of land dotted over with timber-covered hillocks. So that there was much to be seen—enough, in fact, to excite a man's love and veneration for a country of which it formed a part. We stopped at Ludlow, where the fine old church stands up high above all the country round; the remains of the old baronial castle lying appropriately in the back ground, its age being past, and which is now kept in memory rather in connection with the poet than the warrior—Milton's "Masque of Comus" having been first performed there in 1631. A little farther on, on the left, near Craven Arms, we pass another old stronghold, situate down in the lowlands, now, happily, turned into a farm house. And then we pass on again, and entering upon new scenes, come to the towering hills, and the broad expanse of down land; placards at the various railway stations announcing pic-nic parties out on the open, where mill-hands might get the smoke and dust blown out of them. In due course we arrived at quaint—always interesting—old Shrewsbury. I recollect that once I went out in the night time and wandered about the deserted streets that I might the better see the singular old place in the grim mockery of the moonlight. Here we had to wait some half-hour for the other half of the train, that was coming *via* Birmingham and Wolverhampton. So I ran out into the town, and went up and down the streets, and tried to read the history of the old town as it stood there in the time of the Ancient Britons—who called it Uniconium—and trace its history down through the part it had played in the affairs of the country, to the new Assembly Rooms at the Raven Hotel, where, some months before, I had seen tears stealing down stout men's cheeks as the agricultural labourers of the neighbourhood, assembled there, told of their struggles to live, and how hard it was to do it. Started on our road again, we came to the Chirk valley, and, passing over the wonderful viaduct—with the equally wonderful aqueduct stretching across the valley higher up—went by Offer's Dyke, the ancient boundary between England and Wales—to pass which no Welshman dared, under penalty of death, in the olden times. A little farther on we came to the vale of Llangollen; the praises of which I had heard sung in my childhood. And then there followed Ruabon, and its train loads of coal, its heaps of cinders and *debris*, and smoking chimneys, and huge wheels twisting and coiling up interminable ropes and chains, drawing up the precious minerals from the bowels of the earth. It was a marvellously enchanting sight looking down that valley, teeming as it was with life and activity.

Both here, and at all the neighbouring stations, our train took in many passengers, until we could not find room enough for all, and were obliged to leave some behind. Many of them were holiday folk, who had come from Bradford, and Manchester, and other busy cities, for a holiday, and to see the beauties of the place. They were orderly and sober; and I listened with much interest to their talk about where they had been, and what they had seen and done. And then we came to Chester—the quaintest of all quaint places—the old border city that had made for itself a history and a name ages before the great West, out yonder, had been heard of. From thence to Birkenhead there is but little to interest the traveller. But, Birkenhead reached,—the city built up within a few years—we are again in the very thick of British industry and enterprise. Here, and on the other side of the Mersey—at the twin city of Liverpool—are to be found the great *entrepôts* for the produce of the world. A writer has remarked "that the wide valley of the Mississippi, the banks of the Amazon, the plains of India, and the classic soil of Egypt, fill the market of Liverpool with cotton. Wool is brought to the shores of the Mersey from thirty different countries, scattered round the temperate zones of the earth. The plains of South America, and the high lands of India, supply the hides of millions of cattle. The pastures of the Ohio furnish provisions for the spinners and weavers of Lancashire; whilst the grain grown on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Delaware, the Loire, the Elbe, the Vistula, the Danube, and the Don, meet in the markets of Liverpool to furnish them with their daily bread. The olive woods of Italy, the palm groves of Africa, the plain groves of Belgium, the floating ice of Newfoundland, and the depths of the Arctic sea, all furnish their varieties of oil. Copper and silver ore are brought in large quantities from South America, to be smelted with the coal of St. Helen. Ceylon sends in Coffee; the East and West Indies their sugar; America its rice; Bengal its jute; Honduras its mahogany; Peru its guano; the Mollucas their spices; Maryland its tobacco; and the forests of America their timber. There is, indeed, no article of use in the arts, or in the support of life, which is not found in the long list of products imported into Liverpool."

Yet, in this England of ours, it is said there is not room enough for all, and that we have a surplus population. So that, from the same port into which more than "the wealth of the Indies" is being continually poured, tens of thousands of emigrants yearly go out, seeking new homes in far distant lands. Birkenhead, with a population of 2,551, in 1831, had increased to a population of 24,175, in 1851, and to 51,600, in 1870. Liverpool, which was described by Leland, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, as being "a paved towne, and hath but one chapel," and which, towards the latter part of the same century, was rated at £25—Bristol at the same time standing at £1,000—now stands unrivalled in the history of the whole world for its docks, its shipping, its merchandise, and its wealth. It has now nearly 200 churches and places of worship, and 503,874 of population. As you go across the river, by the steam ferry, you may see how busy and active a place it is.



LETTER 2.

GOING OUT TO THE GREAT WEST.

MY ride to Liverpool showed me English life, and character, and scenery, in various aspects, and I could not help being struck with the variety of things presented. But the greatest contrast of all was to be seen in Liverpool itself, because there there was no room for theory or surmise; nor had recollections of the past to be brought into contrast with that which lay out fairly and clearly in the present. The two opposite poles—as wide asunder as the poles of the globe—stood out shoulder to shoulder, the one jostling the other.

Having taken leave of some of my fellow-travellers by the train, who, knowing my destination, were both profuse and hearty in their expressions of good-will, I crossed the river by the ferry-boat; and the tide running very rapidly, the boat, as it crossed the current, rolled and pitched along rather extensively; so much so, indeed, that many a timid person, judging of sailing on the ocean by the experience of a journey across the Mersey, would have been inclined to give up their venture, and resolve for ever after to keep within sight, at least, of land. But at last the pier was reached; and having seen to the proper keeping of my small stock of luggage for the night, I made my way, as best I could, to the offices of the Messrs. Allan, by whose line of steamers I intended to go out to Quebec, for the purpose of securing a berth and making the necessary arrangements for the voyage. When I got to the offices I found them crowded by persons going out on the morrow, and who were to be my fellow-passengers. Outside the office there were others sauntering about, apparently waiting for their turn. Wishing to see what I could in Liverpool of the arrangements made for the convenience of emigrants arriving in the place, and waiting for the starting of the vessel, I left my ticket until the following morning, and made at once for the offices of a friend, who I knew would render me what assistance he could in the way of picking up information, and seeing what was to be seen. The first information he gave me was that the *Circassian*, one of the newest and largest of the Messrs. Allan's fleet of steamships, by which I had intended going out, would not start on the morrow—her machinery, which had become heated on the journey home, was undergoing an overhaul—and that the *Moravian*, a smaller and older vessel, would take her place. This was at first rather disappointing; but when I afterwards had pointed out to me the *Moravian*, lying out in the river, I felt quite satisfied, and could only wonder, if she was one of the small ones of the fleet, what the large ones were like. There were other steamships lying out in the Mersey, belonging to the

Cunard, the White Star, the Guion, the National, and other "lines," the history of either one of which would read more strange than some old eastern fiction, and yet be sterling fact. Practically, all these "lines" have been created and set afloat within the last twenty-five years. Up to the year 1840 the whole of our trade with Canada was carried on with some seven or eight sailing ships, of from 300 to 400 tons burden; in the aggregate, less than the tonnage of the *Circassian*, the vessel by which I had intended going out. Allowing a sailing vessel to perform two out and home voyages in course of the year, we find that at this time the whole of the Canadian exports and imports could not have exceeded twelve thousand tons annually. In the year 1872, the gross tonnage cleared, inward and outward, at the ports of the dominion amounted to over thirteen million tons. Much of this development of the Canadian trade appears to be due to the enterprise of the Messrs. Allan, who were among the early Scotch settlers in that country. At all events, if they have not actually created the trade, they have moved along with it; for, in addition to a fleet of thirteen sailing ships, they have a line of twenty-five steam ships, representing a total net tonnage of over 48,000 tons. When we know that men like these have had to do with the building up of Liverpool, and making the place what it is, we can understand how it is we are enabled to record such growth as that noticed in the last sentence of my first letter.

Before going to visit some of the boarding-houses for emigrants, I found it was quite time to pay some little attention to my own inner wants, so I and my friend made for Salmon's restaurant. To reach that place we had to pass up narrow streets, where dim lights, struggling through dusty window panes, seemed to tell of the fag end of the day struggling to make the most of itself. And then we reached the flags in front of the Exchange, where the merchant-princes of the world congregate. Evening had now well set in, and the place had a strange, deserted, look about it. Men owning their millions were just now jostling against each other on this very spot, and the trade done there that day probably was fabulous in amount; and, ere this, the turn of the day's business had been sent to all parts of the world, to rule on the morrow, more or less, all its markets. But the men who had been so active there were now gone to their offices or their homes—counting up their gains and losses, or resting for the morrow's work. There were a few lights in some of the office-windows around, and the outline of Nelson's monument stood out against the darkness; but there was nothing else to be seen. So we crossed the open Exchange court, and proceeded up a narrow alley towards the restaurant we had decided upon visiting for our supper. As we did this, I noticed that on either side of us there was a line of women and children crouched down on their haunches, quite motionless—not a word being uttered. I had never seen such a sight before. The women were, as a rule, cleanly and decently attired, after the fashion so common in the Midland counties. They wore no head covering; their profuse and well-dressed hair shining even in the twilight. Around their shoulders they wore small shawls, or kerchiefs, the ends of which, with their bare arms, they folded tightly across the breast. The children were also cleanly, although poorly, dressed, both head and feet being uncovered. Some few of the children were talking together, but, like the women, most of them were maintaining a stolid silence. If the eyes were raised to us as we passed, it was but momentary, and they went back again to the ground, or the wall, watching and waiting. The scene puzzled me much; so that we had entered the restaurant, and taken our seats there, before I had asked my friend what it all meant. They were waiting for the broken food from the place which we were then in. These scraps of existence—the waifs and strays of this great Liverpool—were waiting for scraps of food—crumbs from bountiful tables—by the aid of which they hoped to wriggle themselves into the next day—then again to go through the same process. Standing so convenient to the Exchange, the restaurant was much frequented in the day by merchants and others. The "leavings" on the plates in such a place would sometimes, when collected together, form an immense mass. Mr. Salmon, instead of sending these leavings to the hog-tub, had them all carefully collected, and, in the evening, after the work of the establishment was well over, caused them to be distributed to such of the needy poor as came for them. There may often be seen hundreds of women and children waiting for the evening distribution to take place, moving barely a muscle until the longed-for signal is sounded, announcing that the distribution is about to take place.

Wishing to see some of the Emigrants' Boarding Houses, I was next taken into some of the narrow streets leading down to the river. To-morrow I shall know something of the number of passengers going out by the *Moravian*. All I can gather at present is that there are but a few short of a thousand souls going out by her. When it is recollected that there are two or three other similar vessels leaving the port to-morrow, and nearly every day in the week, with emigrants, it may be easily seen how important it is that proper arrangements should be made for the convenience of the thousands of men, women, and children who are daily arriving in Liverpool, awaiting the sailing of vessels. In some of the streets leading down towards the river most of the houses are furnished for this purpose. I went into some of them, kept by men connected in some way with, or employed by, the leading shipping companies; and it is but fair I should say I was much pleased with the scrupulous cleanliness I noticed in them all. For an exceedingly moderate sum, a bed and breakfast, with other meals, if needed, are provided. For those who prefer to find their own food, provision is made for cooking the same. In the bedrooms I found iron bedsteads invariably used—the clothes being equal to anything generally found in respectable commercial houses. There are, no doubt, many houses in Liverpool where emigrants are not only taken in, but "done for"; but it is satisfactory to know that there are others where their every reasonable want is provided for, and comfort to themselves, and protection to their property, secured. These places may best be found by asking at the shipping office, from whence the emigrant obtains his ticket. Near these boarding-houses—and frequently connected with them—there are stores, where the necessary ship's kit required by steerage passengers may be purchased for a few shillings.

Having made these enquiries, we took a tram-way car for Sefton Park; and at that delightful suburb, after a stroll of an hour or so in the moonlight, out in the park, viewing, as best I could, its many striking points, I repaired to lodgings my friend had kindly secured for me, and was soon oblivious to all I had seen and done on my first day from home, on my way for Canada and the United States.

LETTER 3.

ON BOARD THE MORAVIAN.

GRADUALLY, but grandly, we are making our way for the broad Atlantic. I use the term "grandly" because those who have never been on board one of the Allan Line of Steamships can form the least idea of what the sensation of travelling by them is like. We are, in fact, gliding along so smoothly that we could barely tell we were moving were it not that on either side the river, which is gradually getting wider, and the banks becoming more indistinct, we are now and again enabled to fix upon some landmark which we know cannot well be running away from us, and as one or the other must be moving, the land mark or the ship, it must be the latter that is moving away from the former. Occasionally the thud of the engines may be heard in the stillness of the beautiful evening, while such of the passengers as are on deck, looking out on the broad waters with suspended breath, evidently absent even to themselves because of the new charm that is holding them spellbound, seem to make the place and the scene more solemn and deserted because of their presence.

But it has been a real busy day. In the morning I spent several hours, along with crowds of holiday-folk, in viewing the great sights of Liverpool. You will not expect me to give you any particulars of these, worthy as they are of the most ample notice. But I must say how pleased I was when visiting such places as the noble Public Library, the Museum, and St. George's Hall, to find them well attended by respectably dressed working men and women. I have already told you that the working classes in this district are "out" enjoying the holiday season, and this morning it was a real pleasure to me to see crowds of these people congregating around the entrances to the principal public buildings, waiting for the hour of ten to arrive, when the doors would be thrown open, and they would be privileged to feast on the wonders these buildings contain. Later on in the morning, and when going into these buildings, I was again much impressed by the intelligent and appreciative manner in which the visitors were enjoying the lesson these places afforded. In the magnificent free library there were both men and women of the artizan class, poring over the books they had obtained from the librarians, many of them having pencil and paper with them making notes or taking extracts. Others were consulting the catalogues for the class of book they wanted, whilst all appeared thoroughly to appreciate the great boon the place afforded them. In the Brown Museum there were crowds of visitors, and it was only to linger occasionally amongst them, and listen to their remarks, to feel how great a work is being done among the people in the effort to bring them up to the highest and best, instead of, as has been too much the case, pandering to the lowest and worst in them. In St. George's Hall I several times noticed men and women standing in front of some marble bust or statue with which the place is adorned, giving the children they had brought with them some particulars or slight history of the work and life of the man whose memory was there commemorated. I was particularly struck with what I heard and saw, and I could not help thinking that a great lesson was thus being taught me that, going out as I was to see what I could of the great New World out in the West, there was much to remember and be thankful for in the old country I was about leaving behind.

But, naturally, my chief concern was with the departure of the Moravian. On application at Messrs. Allan's offices, I found that the steerage passengers would be required to be on board by eleven o'clock in the morning, and the cabin passengers by four in the afternoon. I also learnt the unpleasant, and rather alarming, intelligence that it was doubtful if I could go by the vessel at all, the full compliment of tickets having already been issued. The Moravian has accommodation for eighty cabin passengers, and there were fully that number of tickets issued. Persisting, however, in my wish to go by that vessel rather than wait for another, and being promised that I should be made as comfortable as possible, I accepted my ticket, and shortly before four o'clock started from the landing stage in the steam tug for the Moravian as she lay out at anchor in the river. It was a strange sight on board this steam tug. Such an heterogeneous mass I think I never before saw anywhere. There was luggage piled up after a most random fashion, passengers and sailors being mixed up with the luggage, sometimes most ludicrously. The vessel's side, however, was soon reached, and in an incredibly short space of time the tug was relieved of its load—animate and inanimate—and the way made clear for the most trying scene of all—getting rid of the "leave-takers." But at length this also was accomplished, and the old lady who would not leave the ship until she was fairly taken by the shoulders and led off, and who afterwards managed to elude the vigilance of the sailors, and got back again after her umbrella, was effectually disposed of, and was to be seen, with an increasing space of water intervening, frantically engaged in the double duty of wiping her eyes and flaunting her handkerchief in the air.

I was pretty well armed with letters for Canada, and I felt confident that when I got there I should meet with friends who would afford me what information they could, and who would put me in the way of learning more than what they could tell me. Until I could reach Canada, I had concluded, I should be thrown on my own resources, but in this I was most agreeably surprised. On board the steam tug, before I had reached the Moravian, I had recognised Colonel D——, of Toronto, whose acquaintance I had been fortunate enough to make in Wiltshire, in course of the past winter; so that I felt quite at home. The Colonel, who was accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, was on his way home in consequence of a telegram announcing the sudden death of his father. This unexpected, but most agreeable, meeting with an old friend soon enabled me to make many new friends, and by the time we had started on our journey I had the opportunity of exchanging a kind word with many of those who were to be my fellow passengers.

What excellent order there is even in disorder, when we are enabled to look at things in their right light. Everybody was in everybody's way, looking after their luggage, and finding everybody's luggage except their own; and the sailors' patience was becoming sorely tried in their vain endeavour to find somebody's luggage that might be put below out of the way, or some that might be taken off by the stewards to the berths, as being wanted on the voyage, when the dinner bell rang, and there was a regular scamper off to the chief cabin by those who had been just previously almost frantic over missing luggage, and the ship's officers and servants were left undisturbed to themselves.

As the conveniences and arrangements made for the comfort of passengers by this popular line of vessels must be of general interest, I will give you, as far as I can, some account of the ship as I found it. First of all, then, as to the chief cabin for the cabin passengers. This is a large room, the full width of the vessel, nearly square, and occupying rather more than a third of the after-part of the vessel. Running parallel down this room there are three tables securely fastened to the floor, with seats on either side, also fixed, but with reversible backs. The two outer tables are lighted by the port holes in the sides of the vessel, and the centre table by a raised skylight, which projects through on to the upper deck, the sides forming seats for those who resort there for promenade. Over the tables there are hanging shelves, or trays, for wine glasses, bottles, and the like. At the end of the cabin there is a large sideboard, with hot water pipes and sunk dishes for the reception of joints of meat, &c. The tables, as laid out for dinner, presented a very pleasing appearance, there being on each of them a fine display of hot-house plants in pots, interspersed with dishes containing pastry, fruit, &c. To each table there are at least four stewards or waiters.

Plentifully distributed over the tables there are bills of fare for the day. From these passengers make their selections, and are supplied by the stewards from the sideboard, where the chief cook and his assistants preside in due state. A copy of one of these bills of fare will best show how bountiful are the Messrs. Allan in providing for the wants of their friends:—

Breakfast—Beefsteak and horse radish, mutton chops in mashed potatoes, fried soles, veal cutlets and ham, fried ham and eggs, Irish stew, cold meats, &c. *Dinner*—Soups—turtle. Fish—turbot and anchovy sauce. Joints, &c.—beef, *a la* George IV., saddle of mutton and currant jelly, calve's head and brain sauce, roast duck and apple sauce, boiled turkey and oyster sauce, cold ham, tongue, cold round of beef, fillet of veal and bacon, pigeon pies, tripe and onions, *vola a vent* of lobster. *Vegetables*—assorted. *Puddings and Pastry*—plum and vermicelli pudding, transparent jellies, Chester cakes, Italian creams, apple and rhubarb pies, maid of honour cakes. *Dessert*—assorted.

I may just add that these bills of fare are very nicely got up, and in addition to the interesting particulars I have just quoted, give ground plans of the cities of Liverpool, Quebec, and Montreal, so that, if so disposed, when over your wine and walnuts, you may study the geography of the city you have left, as well as those you are going to.

In addition to these meals, there is luncheon at twelve, tea at six, and supper at nine o'clock, the leading dish at this latter meal being invariably boiled herrings and potatoes. Beer, and wine, and spirits, may be had at all times on board. For these an extra charge is made.

But perhaps the strangest places of all to a "land-lubber" are the sleeping berths. They are invariably double—that is, they are arranged to take two passengers. Imagine a square space of about ten feet, boxed off, and lighted either by a small round port-hole, or a piece of glass let in the roof. On one side there is a sofa, or lounge; in front of you, as you open the door, a washstand and looking-glass; and on the other side a couple of trays or shelves, the bottom of the one being about a foot from the floor, and the top of the other about two feet from the roof. These are the berths, or cribs. To prevent sleepers falling off the shelves, there are boards in front, about a foot deep. Between the sofa and the cribs there is an open space of about three or four feet, where the occupiers of the berth stand to dress, undress, &c. My berth is down on a lower deck, under the great cabin; but it has this important difference—instead of a sofa it has two extra shelves, and is arranged for four passengers instead of two. The vessel is sufficiently wide to take four of these rooms across it. In the middle part there are two rows of rooms, back to back, with two single rows running down the sides, thus allowing for two passages leading right on to the open spaces between the middle and outer tables in the large state cabin. In the intermediate and steerage divisions the arrangements are somewhat similar, although the space is still more utilised. These two divisions occupy the whole of the fore part of the vessel, and there there are from eight to nine hundred people stowed away. It seems almost incredible that it can be so. The women and children have rooms somewhat similar to the cabin passengers, but instead of there being two berths to a compartment they vary from eight up to as many as twenty. They are arranged in tiers, one over the other, and three or four wide, according to the space to be filled. The men sleep in hammocks suspended from the ceiling. The tables on which the meals are served are between the berths, and under the hammocks. These tables slide up and down a pair of square uprights at either end. When in use they are let down to the required distance from the floor; when not in use they are slung up to the roof with the hammocks. On land it would be simply impossible for people to live in such a crowded state; but I am told that the ventilation is so strictly looked after that no inconvenience whatever is experienced. I have told you the steerage passengers had to be on board some hours before the cabin passengers. This is done simply that the Government inspectors may see that every passenger is properly cared for, and has proper accommodation provided. A medical officer "passes" every passenger as being "fit" to undertake the journey, and other officers see that the vessel has every convenience provided, and that there is nothing wanting, either for preserving the health or meeting the reasonable requirements of all. Although a knowledge of this gives one confidence that there will be nothing serious the matter, it is not without some misgivings that a land-lubber goes down below to turn in on his shelf for his first night at sea.

LETTER 4.

ON BOARD THE MORAVIAN.

WELL, I have passed my first night on board the Moravian, and will now do what I can to give you some account of my experiences. There were too many things to engage my attention last night to permit of my thinking of retiring for the night until the rules of the vessel compelled it. After dinner, last evening, I made the acquaintance of Father Nugent, the Roman Catholic chaplain to the Liverpool Penitentiary, who is going out as far as Moville, where he will land in course of to-day, for a few days' fishing in some of the Irish rivers. We paced the deck together for some time last night, for I was deeply interested both in him and his work. From what I have seen of him, his professions are as nothing when placed by the side of his work, accomplished and done. He is a man of medium height, and moderately stout. He has a round, kindly-looking face, with sharply cut mouth and nose, and with peculiarly piercing but winning grey eyes. I have seen but few faces in which there was so much decision. Yet he seems as gentle as a woman, and as winning as a child There is also a peculiar crispness in his short "yes, yes," which he throws in like notes of exclamation in your remarks in conversation with him. He is the Father Matthew of Liverpool. His work is essentially with, and among, the poor of that large city. I told him of the pleasing scenes I had witnessed in the Museum, the Library, and other like places, crowded with men and women of the industrial and poorer classes, who evidently had a right true idea of life, and who could appreciate and profit by the great lessons the better spirit of the present age was providing for them. He has painted the other side of the picture, and has told me of the back slums, and of scenes of wretchedness and vice—of places where human life is reduced to a mere animal existence. But it has not been the telling of these dreadful things that has drawn me to him. On board the Moravian there are some twenty-five or thirty young lads and girls—orphans and deserted ones—children who know nothing of childhood; the waifs and strays of a great wealth-stricken city; God's creatures, who knew not of human sympathy, who have heard much cursing, oaths, and blasphemy; who could barely tell the meaning of "father" or "mother." There are, I say, twenty-five or thirty of what are called Father Nugent's children on board. They are his children because they belong to nobody else, and he has been picking them up in the places he has been telling me of. After some preliminary teaching and training they have been placed on board the Moravian, in charge of two matrons, who are going out with them to the great

West, there to find homes for them, and put them down in those places where such energy as they possess, both of body and brain, is loudly called for, and will have its reward. Father Nugent tells me he has administered the temperance pledge to over twenty thousand persons in course of the last twelve months; and it is very clear he is a most thorough worker. Some time ago he went out, as I am doing, to Canada and America, for the purpose of seeing for himself what promises these countries really held out to those who had no hope here, and who were not wanted here, and were only in the way. He had been much pleased with what he saw on the other side of the Atlantic, and spoke most hopefully of the prospects promised to the steady and willing worker out there, and that was why he was sending his "children" out. This is not his first offering to Canada of that of which she stands most in need. He had sent others out before, and they had been heartily welcomed and provided for, and had won for themselves faith and hope in their new homes. He had, therefore, confidence in increasing their numbers.

But there are other workers in this great work. I hear, but have not yet seen them all, that there are one hundred and twenty of Miss Macpherson's children on board, going out to her "Homes" in Canada. And we have all heard of Miss Rye, and her work in this same direction. Having mentioned to Father Nugent that I hoped to visit the State of Maine before returning to England, I was not surprised to find that he had little faith in repressive legislation, or total prohibition, as *the* means for the suppression of intemperance. No one had seen the evils of intemperance more than he, nor could any one more honestly lament the consequences it brought both upon individuals and society, but he believed the evil was only to be put down, and the consequences got rid of, by honest earnest work amongst the drunkards, and not by Act of Parliament.

But I have to tell you of my first night on board. The most I knew of my cabin was that it was No. 78, and that it was down below under the general state cabin. So, shortly before eleven, I went below in search for No. 78. I was not long in finding it in a room which also contained Nos. 75, 76 and 77. Two of the berths were already occupied, and the third was about being occupied by a passenger who was then in the act of undressing. The room for this process being exceedingly limited, I resolved on having another turn on deck, allowing the gentleman who held the floor full and undisputed possession for a time. Returning again to the cabin, I found three of the berths occupied, and the curtains in front of them drawn. I also found that No. 78 was situate aloft, and that it was necessary to resort to some little device to reach it. In due course I managed this by mounting the side board, which was to serve as a protection against self and bed finding our way into some other berth, or on to the floor. For a time it was quite clear, in the stillness, that each of the four persons occupying the berths was lying with suspended breath, waiting to hear something of his neighbour. But from neither tray was there a sound to be heard. I had no thought of sleeping, but the slight motion of the vessel must have had a soothing influence, for when I next looked out the morning light was shining strongly through the port-hole. It was quite clear from the motion of the vessel that there was a strong wind blowing. This fact appeared to break upon the minds of all the occupants of the cabin at one and the same time, and impel them to get up. So that, as by one impulse, the whole four sprang as best we could from our berths into the small space intervening, where we became packed so firmly together, that to move to dress was a physical impossibility. There must, I think, have been some noise or sudden motion of the vessel to have caused us all thus to act. Of this I am certain: up to this time no word in common had passed between us. But this was to be the case no longer. The ludicrous position in which we all found ourselves caused us to burst out in one unanimous shout of laughter, and the question which must have existed in our minds as to "Who's who," at once gave way to "Pretty well, thanks, how are you?" To proceed, however, with our toilet was out of the question, so the two bottom berth men good humouredly crept back into their places, and the two top ones completed their werk. But this was no easy matter. We had not as yet found our sea legs, and our elbows had a most awkward tendency of running into each others' sides, whilst an attempt to stoop was almost invariably followed by a violent effort to avoid a pitching forward.

But I was not long in getting on deck and into the glorious bracing sea air. On either side of us land could be seen: Ireland to the left, and Scotland to the right. Before I could well look round I heard the voices of children singing. You cannot imagine how enchanting the sound was. There came the full burst of joyous song, and then the low cadence, and then the hushed suspense. So sudden, so fresh, so joyous was the whole thing that for a time I stood entranced. Going forward, I found one of the ladies in charge of Miss Macpherson's children standing up with about thirty girls around her. The lady was giving out a verse at a time of a hymn, which the children sang as children only can sing. There were a number of the steerage passengers and several of the crew standing around, much interested in what was going on. It was a most touching sight, and

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one I shall not soon forget. The eldest of the girls could not be more than twelve or thirteen years of age, the youngest not being more than six or seven. They had evidently been well trained, and knew both the tune and the words well. They were all neatly and comfortably dressed in dark serge dresses, their shawl, cloak, or kerchief being the only remains of their original wardrobe. On their heads they wore scarlet hoods, with a fall hanging sufficiently down the back to protect the neck. But as my seat at the dinner table is directly opposite that of the lady in charge of the children, no doubt the opportunity will soon present itself for making myself fully acquainted with the scheme they have at heart, and are so thoroughly carrying out.

When the children went below, I turned my attention to the Irish coast, Father Nugent, who appears to know the district well, pointing out the direction of things worth seeing, such as the Giant's Causeway, and the marvellous bassaltic formation. I had never yet been able to take in this coast in any of my rambles, but had longed to do so, and even now all I could do was to notice that the coast is very bold and precipitous all along its northern line. It looks, in fact, like the great boundary line to the blasts and surges of the great northern seas, and to have been placed there in a wise order, as an everlasting barrier. Our course lay too far out to admit of more than this being seen. Sometimes, I am told, the vessels go much nearer land, when all the marvellous formations of the coast may be clearly noted. I have booked the hope that it may be so on our return journey.

We are expecting to reach Moville between eleven and twelve this morning; and as we shall have to wait there till probably between five and six this evening, I intend going on shore for an hour or so. The passage across the Atlantic has been reduced to a few days, but for speed, travelling on the water, even by an Allan steamer, is not like travelling by rail. The mails which we shall take on board at Moville left London many hours after we had left Liverpool. These mails, however, will have travelled only some 68 miles, from Holyhead to Dublin by sea, the other parts of the journey being done by rail. We, however, have travelled 250 miles by water. When the Gulf stream has connected the two hemispheres by a bank of dry land, the out and home journey from England to Canada will probably be done in a week.

LETTER 5.

MOVILLE.

AS the head of the Moravian was turned to the left, to enter Loch Foyle, the sun was shining brilliantly; the sea was as smooth as a small inland pond, and the deck was crowded by hundreds of passengers, looking out for what they might see, yet evidently on good terms with themselves and all the world beside. We had to go up the loch, or river, for such it really is, some three or four miles before reaching Moville, and as we went along I could not help thinking the scene was eminently characteristic of Ireland. We were passing up what appeared like a huge cleft in the island. To our right, there were green fields, apparently well cultivated and well timbered. Lying out on the hill side, with a bright southern aspect, there was the old castle in view, and there was a fine sprinkling of modern built villas and country residences. Looking out upon the scene, there appeared nothing to preclude the existence of comfort, prosperity, and even luxury. On the left of us could be traced an immense track of sand, intervening between the narrow channel open for the passage of vessels entering the loch and the bold and precipitous headland which originally formed the river's bank, but which now stood some considerable way inland; this accumulation of sand, by taking a sweeping curve-like form, near the mouth of the river, prevented probably by the power of the Atlantic current from going farther out, formed a barrier to the course of the river, and made it into a loch or lake. Looking out on to this waste, and on to the hills beyond, all appeared desolate, if not wretched. But our attention was directed mainly to the scene on our right, and the first fact we learned in connection with it was that it was a *proclaimed district*, and that the people living there were not to be trusted with the use of fire-arms, fire-arms being deemed the most ready weapon for the taking of human life on the sly when in the hands and under the control of a lawless people. In this ugly fact there was more to encourage a desire to remain on deck than to go on shore; but the sight of the ruins of the old stronghold was more to me than any fear, even had not my personal knowledge of the Irish people told me that a stranger had nothing whatever to fear from them, so that directly the boat from the shore came up to the ship's side, I went on board her, with several others, and in due course passed under one of the arches of a wooden landing stage or pier, erected for the purpose of reaching ships lying in deep water from the shore. This landing stage was, of course, unused, and in ruins: a mere wreck of "good intentions." Passing under the archway I have referred to, we came upon a scene the like of which probably would not be possible in any country in the world except Ireland. There was a small bay or cove, the bed of which gradually shelved off from the beach into three or four feet of water. Shooting under the archway, the head of our boat was turned right into the little cove; but we had barely passed the bridge when we came to a dead halt, and could proceed no further, for, in front of us there was a double row of Irish jaunting cars backed into the water as far as it was practicable to take them without floating. Each car had its driver, a tout or two, and a fair complement of women with children in their arms, and a number of other children who had outgrown their perches on the arms, and were big enough ot do a little cadging on their own account. Many of these people were standing well out in the water, some of them being up to their knees in it, the Irish predilection for going without shoes and stockings enabling them to do this without the necessity of undressing, or the alternative of getting wet garments. Even the horses maintained silence until the moment when we were within a dozen yards of this scene, and our boat had turned well into it. *Then*, there arose a shout and a commotion that might have been heard a long way around, and which made the neighbourhood ring. A party of wild Indians never danced more frantically over the immolation of some poor wretch who had fallen their victim than did this motley crew, when, as it were, another boat load of victims came to their hands. To land was simply impossible, except by getting on the cars, which we were invited in true Milesian fashion to do, the loudest of protestations being made that they were placed there solely for our accommodation, and to prevent our feet getting wet. But an unlucky wight no sooner put his foot on the car than he was at once siezed on as a fare for a drive round the neighbourhood of Moville, to see the wonders it had to shew. For some time the scene was of the most lively character. Each driver was loud in singing the praises and the beauties of his own horse and car, and in good humoured banter picking holes in those of his neighbour, while the women and children were incessant in their clatter, supporting the claims of their male friends, and proffering any amount of "blessings" in return for coppers. Some of our party became easy victims, and were driven off right from the boat's side, but others, preferring a stroll into the town, made the best of their way through the crowd of mendicants who appear to infest the place, and who seem to live for no other purpose than that of cadging and selling cheap blessings for halfpence. But we had a sorry time of it: at almost every step we took we were surrounded by fresh batches of these wretched creatures, each one trying to look more forlorn and wretched than her neighbour, and each striving to the full extent of their ingenuity to concoct the most horrible tale of distress.

But there are a few characters in Moville who are pretty well known to travellers by the Allan line. The best known is perhaps an old shoemaker, who does a great trade in birds, especially in thrushes. These he professes to raise and teach to sing, and the Canadians' love for birds leads them to pay high prices for them. I am told that large sums are often spent in importing birds into Canada, where they are let loose. The winter, however, often kills them. No doubt I shall have occasion to refer to this matter after I reach Canada, but as it is with the old churches, so it is with the birds, these little matters seem to tell me much of the people I am going to, and to raise them in my estimation. There were a number of boys who came running after our party with their birds and cages, and it was rare fun to listen to them as they tried hard to effect a sale. If the poor birds could only have heard and understood all that was said about them they must have thought themselves peacocks at least.

Moville itself is a fair sample of a small Irish town. The roads are very uneven and ragged, and the houses are of all possible shapes and sizes. As usual, the principal place is the market place, which is very broad and long, and which to-day looks wretched and deserted. On market days, when the farmers, with their pigs and poultry, are all assembled there, the scene is no doubt of quite another character.

After some little time we hired a car, and proceeded to Greencastle, a distance of about three miles. Along the course the scene was of a somewhat mixed character. The land told of a most wretched cultivation, and seemed as impoverished as the people. To the left of us the country was mountainous and barren, but to the right, looking down on to the Loch, the scenery was occasionally striking. I should not like to say how many beggars we passed on the road. As we neared the old ruins at Greencastle, we could see them coming in from all directions, making for the entrance to the old ruins, there to ply their abominable calling. The old castle was once the residence of one of the races of Irish kings. When in its prime it must have been a most formidable and important stronghold, the ruins covering an extensive tract of country, and the remains of its dungeons telling clearly of the purpose to which it was applied. From the character of the masonry, and the general appearance of the ruins, it is probable that the glory of the place had passed away before the Great Western world was known to England, for but little more than three hundred and fifty years have passed away since our King Henry VII. gave a reward from his privy purse "to hym that found the new Isle, 10*l*.," the said new Isle subsequently proving to be the immense continent known as Canada and America.

Our driver was not a good sample of his class. We tried to draw him out, but could not succeed. He had no traditions or legends about the old castle. Perhaps this was because he had not included "story telling" in his contract for the car, or he might have felt sulky in consequence of an uncomplimentary remark or two made by some of our party in reference to the district being proclaimed. As a last resort, Colonel D—— asked him what he did in the winter months, when there were no visitors? "*Then* we live on taters and salt," was the brief answer. This question once put to a Killarney driver and guide produced a very different answer. A Yankee visitor to the Lakes was immensely taken up with the historical knowledge of this man. For a week or more he had been looking upon him as possessing a marvellous amount of antiquarian learning and local history. There was not a place they had visited but the history of it had been related in the most complete and circumstantial manner possible, the details being carefully booked by the visitor as perfectly true and above all suspicion. Never was Yankee so blessed as was this one in having fallen upon such a store of learning and veritable antiquarian research. At length, when taking a most affectionate leave of his guide, it occurred to the Yankee to ask him how he spent his time in the winter months, when there were no visitors requiring his services. "Oh, faith! we spend the winter in inventing stories for the summer," was the prompt answer. The Yankee parted from his Irish guide a wiser if not a sadder man.

On our return journey we took another road further out into the country, and nearer the mountain side, the heather growing thereon being in full bloom presented a very bright and pleasant sight. We also passed by many of the cabins or dwellings of the poor, peculiar to Ireland. Many of them being newly lime-washed, looked very bright in the sun-light, the bright walls bringing out in ugly contrast the dirty-looking thatched roof and the pools of surrounding filth. As a rule, they appeared totally unfit for human habitation, and to be used in common by men, women, and children, pigs and poultry. After making a few purchases in the village, and posting my letters, we made our way back to the boat, and to the vessel, which was still riding to her anchor in Loch Foyle. About three o'clock we noticed the steam tender approaching down the river, and at once we began to think that our time for starting was not far off, but somewhat to our dismay we soon made the discovery that the vessel was laden with emigrants for Quebec, instead of the mails. You may form some idea of the *capacity* of a ship like that of the Moravian when I tell you that although we had been previously quite satisfied that the ship was full in every compartment, the extra two hundred men, women and children brought down by the tender were taken on board and stowed away, there being no palpable appearance of over-crowding, over that which had previously existed. Two hours after this a second steam tender hove in sight, and she proved to have the London mails on board. I was somewhat interested in watching the removal of the mail-bags from the tender on to our vessel, as it gave me some idea of the correspondence between England and Canada. There are two mails out direct weekly, besides other mails sent indirect. There appeared to be fully fifty large sacks of letters, &c., each sack being as heavy as a man could well carry. I am told by the officer in charge of the mails that each mail contains on an average twenty thousand letters, in addition to books and papers, weighing from two-and-a-half to three tons. These on board, and stowed away, we prepared to weigh anchor, and in a short time were retracing our course down Loch Foyle, and back fairly once again on to the Atlantic.

LETTER 6.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

ON leaving Moville, we were treated to a little scene, which, for a time, proved really exciting, and which displayed the daring character of seafaring men in a surprising manner. The charge of our vessel had hitherto been in the hands of a pilot, but he was now about to deliver up his charge to Captain Graham, the captain of the Moravian. The pilot's duties would cease on the vessel leaving Loch Foyle. To enable him to leave the vessel and return to land a boat manned by four sailors was fastened to the end of a long rope, the other end of which was fastened to the Moravian. We steamed but slowly down the Loch; but still our pace was sufficiently fast to play extraordinary pranks with the boat, which one moment was flying along fairly out of the water, and the next dashing down into it as though it would go right through to the bottom of the sea. All the time the boat was riding thus, now in air, now in water, the sailors in charge maintained their seats, apparently unmoved and unconcerned, but clearly exhibiting as much jockeyship as men riding horses in a great race, and so steering and manning the boat as to keep it fairly alongside and away from the rear of the vessel. Indeed, the scene was as exciting as a race meeting, and produced almost as much commotion amongst the passengers. Having now Her Majesty's mails on board, barely a moment could be lost, so that our speed was only momentarily checked for the pilot to leave the vessel for the boat, which he did by means of a rope ladder, and then, judging carefully the time, dropping into the body of the boat just as it was leaping, as it were, from the water. To all on board the risk attending this appeared to be very great, and when the feat was accomplished in safety a hearty cheer burst forth from the deck of our vessel.

In due course we rounded Inishowen Head, and met the roll of the Atlantic, and it was not long before the waves rose and the ship began to heave, different to anything we had yet experienced, so that in a very short time the decks were pretty well cleared, and most of us were preparing for a rough night at sea. But this was not to be, the evening proving very beautiful and pleasant. For several hours our course lay in sight of the Irish coast, which proved to be very rugged and precipitous, so much so, indeed, that but little could be seen of the inland country. With the exception of a mountainous district in the back ground, the land coming right out to the sea-line appeared to be higher than the inland country, so that, as a rule, the line of coast stood out boldly against the horizon. As the night was setting in we passed Tory Island on our right; the Irish main-land being to our left. By the way, "Tory" is a good Irish word, denoting a savage or a robber, as well as one who believes in the Divine right of kings, and things as they are. When Tory Island passes out of sight we lose all chance of seeing land again, even under the most favourable circumstances, for five or six days, and then we may expect to come in sight of the shores of Newfoundland.

THIRD DAY OUT.

Well, I have now passed a day fairly out on what has been called the "wild waste of waters." Without some knowledge of the scenery of the sea, you would, I fear, fail to realise any description I might attempt of the glorious day it has been to me, and to many others. On going on deck in the early morning the sky looked heavy, and the air blew cold, so that it was difficult to say what the day would prove to be. So after breakfast I remained below and passed an hour or so reading (for all the Allan boats carry a very respectable library with them) and in conversation with my fellow-passengers. This naturally drew off my attention from things outside, until the morning had well set in. I then went on deck, and as I reached the top of the cabin stairs a scene of beauty of the most exquisite, and to me unique, character met my view. Standing in the open doorway at the top of the stairs, the western sky was full before me. There was not a cloud to be seen, and the sun was shining out most brilliantly. On towards the horizon the sea formed a belt of the most beautiful ultramarine, deepening in intensity outside, and gradually melting down until it was lost in the light green of the sea immediately in front. The sea was quite smooth, the ship gliding along with ease, and with the least perceptible motion. In the direction in which I was looking there was no land probably within a thousand miles, so that when I use the familiar expression, "the sea was as smooth as glass," it will be readily seen that the expression is somewhat figurative—that it simply means there was an absence of anything like a wave. The waters seemed as though in gentle, innocent play, forming millions of small facets, on which the sun danced and glistened as on the face of millions of mirrors of ever changing form and hue. After watching the glorious scene for awhile, I went forward into the bows of the ship, and then, turning round, did what I could to realise the scene before me. The beauty of the weather had brought most of the passengers from below on to the deck, where they were lying about in groups of the most nondescript character. Here there was a man nursing a woman, there a woman nursing a man; here a group of children huddled together asleep, there another lot gambolling and playing together, whilst there were many parties of men and women, lying or lounging about, *whiling* the time away in the glorious sunshine and the healthy bracing sea air. Further on down the deck there were the intermediate passengers, lounging on the deck, or on the hatchways and seats; and lower down still there were the cabin passengers rolling in their rugs on the deck or the cabin skylight, all basking in the sunshine, the clear sheet of which was only broken by the masts, the funnels, the ropes, and the yard arms, which threw their shadows about after the most grotesque fashion, matching, as it were, on the mass of humanity covering the deck floor, the pranks of the sunlight on the wavelets out on the water.

SUNDAY.

This is our fourth day, and first Sunday, from Liverpool. At 12 o'clock to-day we had reached 50° 41′ N. latitude, and 20° 10′ W. longitude, which represents a total distance of 651 miles from Liverpool. By the way, you may recollect that it is said of the Irish that when they have no other grievance they complain that they have not the same time in Dublin as in London. Now, at the particular point on the Atlantic indicated by the above-noted longitude and latitude, time varies from Liverpool no less than one hour and twenty minutes. We have actually gained that amount of time, so that 12 o'clock with us to-day means 1.20 with you at Swindon. By the time we shall have reached Quebec we shall have gained no less than five hours. By keeping on round the globe we should gain twenty-four hours, so that on returning home we should have to drop a day out of *our* calendar, or content ourselves with remaining twenty-four hours ahead of everybody else. I don't think there is any great advantage in gaining days in this way, seeing that we should lose them on a return journey. You may notice that I have given the distance to a mile, and I will tell you how the distance is ascertained out here, where mile stones are unknown, and where the surveyor's tape and measure would be of no practical use. The log is taken every two hours throughout the day and night. It is done in this way:—On a very large reel there is wound a piece of rope many fathoms long. At the end of this rope there is fixed a conical shaped stout canvas bag. The mouth of the bag being brought round from the end of the rope by means of a wooden plug, which is inserted in a hole in a second piece of wood fastened on the rope a short distance from the bag, the man who is to take the log, having made a coil of the rope in his hand, throws it and the bag attached over the stern of the ship. The bag filling with water becomes, as it were, a fixture, and the rope on the reel runs out at a velocity equal to the speed of the ship. As this is being done a second man stands by with a fourteen seconds' sand glass in his hand. On the coil of rope being thrown overboard the man who does this signals to the man with the glass to start the sand running, and directly the sand is run out the man with the glass signals the man with the rope to stop its running out any further. The length of rope run out during the fourteen seconds is then ascertained, and this being done supplies the base of calculation for the distance run between each time of taking the log, and subsequently for the distance run between noon on one day and noon the next day. This may be called the rough and ready way of doing the thing. The more scientific way is by means of the quadrant, and observations of the sun; but it not unfrequently happens that the sun won't come out to be observed, and then there is nothing for it but to depend upon the plan I have described.

The weather to-day has been slightly different to what it was yesterday, and you may get some idea of how sea travelling affects different people when I tell you that it is a very rare thing to see anything like the same party sit down to dinner on two following days. To-day two or three fresh faces put in an appearance, whilst others who had become somewhat familiar were absent—down below, trying to hide themselves from themselves and everybody else. This has been the most trying day we have had. The waves have been running very high, and clouds of spray every now and again shut out from view the fore part of the ship. I have been standing by the wheel-house at the stern, and have watched the bows of the ship rising and falling to what seems to be a considerable distance. At one moment the bows gradually and grandly rise right up as it were into the sky, and the next moment they seem as though they would plough right down into the sea. But still the ship is doing nobly, and, considering the head wind against which she has to contend, is making good progress. But for the rain, which occasionally accompanies the wind, it would be as enjoyable a day, although very different in its

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character, as yesterday. On going on to the deck this morning my first anxiety was to find Miss Macpherson's children, and I was not long in finding them, for they were assembled *en masse*, seated on the deck around the central funnel. Several ladies who have charge of them were also seated or standing there. Each child held a small hymn-book in its hand, and as verse after verse of a hymn was given out, they sang it with singular sweetness. The scene was very touching, and attracted around a large concourse of anxious listeners. It was a scene for the painter and the poet to see these children, who, a few months ago, were but the waifs and strays of our cities—poor little helpless children thrown upon the wide world to perish, or, if they lingered on, to become vicious and debased—taken in hand and cared for by kind and loving hearts, and put on the way to credit and usefulness. Now, they had been decently and comfortably clothed; their skins were clean and healthy, and as they sang out the songs they had learnt their eyes lit up with the fire and innocence of childhood. Many of the children were really pretty in feature and intelligent in expression, and it is not too much to say that many of them bid fair to do credit to that country which will be their future home. What a charm there is in children's voices when they sing from the heart, as these children evidently did. There were other parties, more particularly Germans, who had assembled there in knots, with their hymn-books in their hands. But they paused in their singing to listen to that of the children, and it was no uncommon thing to see a tear steal down the brawny cheek of some of those who formed the outer ring of spectators. It is a great good work, this caring for the outcast children of the United Kingdom. Some thousands of pounds are spent annually through Miss

Macpherson's agency alone in the work of reclaiming these children and sending them out to our colonies. The number now on board makes up a total of sixteen hundred children sent out by Miss Macpherson, and the histories of some of the earlier ones would no doubt prove more striking than the finest drawn fiction. Among our passengers there is the big brother of two little orphan girls who were taken out last spring. Out of their savings they sent back to England sufficient money to enable their brother to join them. I have heard of another case. Some time ago a boy, known on Blackheath as "Nobody's child," was taken in hand by Miss Macpherson and sent out to Canada, where he was engaged by a Quaker family. In a very short time he was taken into the household, where, by his good natural abilities, he soon made his mark, and there being no children in the family, it is generally understood he will, in the course of time, be the head of the establishment he had originally entered as "Nobody's child" from the wilds of Blackheath. In England he had not even a name, in Canada he has found both a name and a home. The demand for these children in Canada is very great. Miss Macpherson has three "homes" in the dominion. The children are taken to these "homes," where they undergo a certain amount of discipline and instruction until they are engaged out as servants. In Canada children are not an "encumbrance," so that even those who are too small for labour are readily adopted until such time as they become useful. I had hoped to have got amongst these children to day, and to have heard from their own lips something of their past history, and ascertained somewhat of their ideas of the future. But the weather has been very unfavourable, raining most of the day, and making the usual promenade on deck all but an impossibility.

At half-past ten o'clock the captain read the Church of England service in the cabin, after which a minister of the Free Church of Scotland delivered a short address or exhortation. It was a very plain and simple service, but yet how grand. The storm could be heard outside; the ship rolled to and fro, and the rain pattered against the port-hole windows, and beat upon the cabin skylight, as our captain stood firm to his post, and read the old tale of men going down to the sea in ships, and the appointed service to be read at sea. Out on the wild ocean, far away from all living things, it was a grand and touching scene when looking round on the many anxious faces crowded there, the only sound to be heard beside the storm being the voice of our captain as, in the eloquence of a stern reality, he read out the service.

I believe there is not a soul on board who has not perfect confidence in *our* captain. He is as fine and trim looking a fellow as you would desire to see; tall, and standing as straight as an arrow. He has a fine oval well-browned face, which shines as though the sea had hardened and polished it. He has kindly-looking grey eyes, always in a state of "twinkle," and his head is covered with short crisp looking iron-grey hair. When he opens his mouth to speak to you, and his face goes off into furrows or channels, up and down which smiles are constantly flitting, and his eyes look down and "twinkle" at you, you feel you may safely trust him, come what may; and I doubt much if on this day, the wide world over, there was to be found any elaborately got up priest, decked out in the finest of church millinery, who more thoroughly carried his hearers with him than did our captain dressed in his blue pilot jacket, with the naked bible before him.

LETTER 7.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

FIFTH DAY OUT.

YESTERDAY morning, less only 25, we numbered a thousand souls on board the Moravian. But this morning we are short 24 only of the thousand, one of the steerage passengers having given birth to a female child. Just now the little stranger was taken round the cabin for exhibition, and it is to be called Moravia. I am told that this increase in the number of passengers is by no means of rare occurrence on the outward passage. The doctor declares they do it on purpose—the German women in particular. Knowing how well they are cared for, and what comforts are provided for them on board ship, they are guided in selecting the time for their passage across the Atlantic by the time when another little event is likely to happen. When they are fortunate enough to secure the "double event," they save both time and the doctor's fee. This, of course, is only the doctor's story, and I will not vouch for its accuracy. Poor women, however, may do far worse things than that, for here their every want is met The crew numbers 113 souls; there are 79 cabin and 52 intermediate passengers, the remainder of the number being steerage passengers. Of how many nationalities they belong to I cannot pretend to say, but the ship carries two interpreters, whose duty it is to make known the wants and wishes of the foreign speaking passengers to the doctor, the captain, the stewards, and others with whom they may wish to communicate. These interpreters invariably accompany the doctor on his morning round, when he visits every part of the ship, and tenders his services to all who may require them. The surgery is situate on the upper deck, and from the many visits that are paid to it in the course of the day, it is very clear the doctor's berth is no sinecure.

By the way, I have been to-day through the ship's stores, and I think the quantity of provisions and medical comforts put on board for each voyage will astonish you, as it did me. When we left Liverpool we had on board, for the exclusive use of steerage passengers and crew, 1,812 lbs. fresh beef; 4,500 lbs. salt beef; and 3,600 lbs. of salt pork (the salt beef and pork being only used in cases of emergency); 1,088 lbs. Ling fish; 5,500 lbs. navy biscuits (but seldom used); 67 barrels of flour; 1,090 lbs. Scotch oatmeal; 929 lbs. rice; 354 lbs. Scotch barley; 1,024 lbs. split peas; 4,854 lbs. sugar; 355 lbs. tea; 359 lbs. coffee; 170 lbs. mustard; 79 lbs. pepper; 35 gallons vinegar; 500 lbs. molasses; 576 lbs. raisins; 2,008 lbs. butter; 103 barrels potatoes. Medical comforts:—133 lbs. arrowroot; 69 lbs. sago; 42 lbs. tapioca; 295 tins preserved soup and broth; 243 tins preserved milk; and 20 gallons lime juice.

I think I should fail, if I tried, to tell you in which department the most motley crew is to be met with. In the cabin there is a wonderful variety of character.

There are a great number of mercantile men going out or returning home on business. Some of these men have crossed the Atlantic many times, and the only thing they seem to care for is sighting the land, and until they can do this they lounge or sit about after the most stoical fashion. Then there are families, including a plentiful supply of children, with servants. I have counted what appears to be three complete establishments There are several young married couples going out to start new homes for themselves in Canada. Two or three young men who had gone out to Canada and established themselves there have returned to their old sweethearts in England, and are now taking them out as their wives. There is one elderly gentleman who has been taking his daughter the grand tour. There is another elderly gentleman returning home with his daughter. She, poor girl, had married the son of a man who won a world-wide fame by the exhibition of his works of art in our Exhibition of 1851, but she had been basely deserted and left uncared for in Florence, where her father had been to fetch her. There are two young ladies returning home from Edinburgh, where they had been to complete their education. There is a captain in the English army, who, having married and settled down in Canada, has been on a visit to his uncle, the Father of the English House of Commons; and there is, or was (for he has been invisible the last day or so), a successful banker from Toronto, who has been over looking at the land his father came from. Some of these people are starchy and precise, and miserable and uncomfortable, and affect very grand airs, whilst others are jolly and social the day through.

One of the jolliest of all is an old sea captain. Sunshine or rain it is all the same to him. He is an inveterate card-player and story-teller. From morning till night he is to be seen seated at the end of one of the tables in the cabin, and there he holds his court, keeping his friends and admirers in one continual roar. He is one of the funniest fellows you ever saw. You cannot look at him without laughing, and when he twinkles his little round grey eyes at you, you feel you must roar or do worse. He has short stumpy legs, carrying a round ball-like body, whilst right down between a pair of enormous shoulders there pops out a large round head, covered with a thatch of closely-cut iron-grey hair. You cannot broach a subject or make a remark but he is at once reminded that once upon a time he heard something of a very similar character, and off he goes relating the matter, until his voice is fairly drowned in the roar he creates. It is almost needless to remark the funny old rogue is always surrounded by a circle of admirers, chief among whom is an old West India planter, who has been doing England with his daughter, a sharp kind of girl, with a pointed chin, a small mouth, regular cut-water nose, high cheek-bones, and black piercing eyes,—and she wears spectacles. Her father is the most regular featured man I ever saw. He reminds me much of the leading character in *Faust*. He has somewhat long shanky legs, supporting a barrel-like body. But his face and head beat everything else. His face is very broad, the distance between the two opposite cheek-bones being something considerable. From these cheek-bones, which assume a sharp angle, the face runs off, as it were, at a tangent to the chin, where another sharp angle is formed. Running upwards from the cheek-bones, the forehead runs off to another point, which is made particularly striking by the way in which the black straight hair is parted and combed aside. The eyes, small, black, and piercing, scowl out from beneath what we usually call eye-brows, but which, in this instance, are nothing less than long black hair brushes. The mouth, which is of the most extensive dimensions, is covered by a black heavy moustache, waxed on either side to points some inches in length. As the wicked old captain spins his yarns, the West Indian looks at him with open mouth and eyes until he has literally wound himself up. As he is undergoing this operation you may hear deep guttural sounds gathering themselves together deep down in the chest, and when he can gather no more he commences to work his shoulders, as a cock would work its wings when crowing, and sends forth peal after peal out of his open mouth, to wander and vibrate along the roof of the cabin until they can find their way out at the sky-light.

Then there is my friend Scott, a fine, handsome fellow, standing over six feet high, and with a heart as big as his body. He is returning home from England, where he has been to launch a new railway scheme on the money and share market. But it was not in his business relationship that I first became acquainted with him. I had watched him several times looking down on the little children—it was a pretty sight to watch the big fellow looking down upon the little children, as, sitting on the deck, they sang their hymns, for then it was you could tell how big his heart was, coming out through his large hazel eyes. By profession he is a civil engineer, and he has told me how he has gone out into the backwoods and wilds with an exploring party for months at a time, surveying the country in the day time, and passing the night under a tent—a man of enterprise, of daring, and of adventure; yet, when standing on the deck with the children, only a big brother to all of them.

But, perhaps, the greatest card in the way of character is a horsey young man of about two or three and twenty summers. He was pointed out to me by a friend on board the tender before we got on board the Moravian, as one who would "speak" before we reached the other side. He is superfinely and elegantly got up, and rejoices in the euphonious name of Tiffins. He says this is his sixteenth trip across the Atlantic; that he was at school at Eton, that he then went under a private tutor, and is just now fresh from Clifton College! He knows Lord Derby, and visits at Knowsley. He has ridden in three of the leading horse races, winning twice. The last bet he made he won five thousand pounds, and he is prepared at any moment to win two thousand clear on an event shortly to come off.

Near Tiffins, at the dinner table, sits the Rev. John Macfarlane, the minister of a Scotch kirk, who looks as grave and serious as a judge, and who couldn't laugh, even though he made the most desperate effort. He comes from somewhere a long way back in the Highlands. His flock have all migrated out to Canada, and he is going out on a friendly visit to see how they are getting on.

Scott and Tiffins are berthed together. In their berth Scott lays on one shelf and Tiffins on the other, and whilst there they are at the mercy of themselves and of each other. But out of their cabin, they follow their own opposite courses, and only meet each other by accident. Tiffins privately calls Scott a brute, and Scott says Tiffins is an intolerable nuisance, who can perpetrate all the abominations common on board ship whilst lying half the day through in his berth, with the steward dancing attendance on him, and fancies he can make all things square by a profuse use of some abominable hair-oil scent. I have noticed Scott several times, when the vagaries of Tiffins have been the subject of conversation, bridle himself up like a war-horse, and then settle himself down again to equanimity by turning his head a little on one side, putting out his right hand, looking the very picture of injured innocence, and exclaiming, "And that fellow, sir, says I'm a brute." It is a great thing with Tiffins to appear in a fresh suit of clothes every day, and by one means and another he has made some captives on board. A cotton spinner from Huddersfield religiously believes in Tiffins, and is panting for the opportunity to realize handsome sums by putting some of his *tips* to a practical use. Scott any day would prefer going out into the unexplored new country, opening it up to the world and to man's uses, than to thread his way between Tiffins' trunks and bandboxes, which he is bound to do in getting to and from his berth.

Then there is Lord Gasbags. No one on board would be guilty of confounding him with Lord anybody else. He is a thin, spare man. His face is of a light parchment colour—I should say that no feeling or sentiment known to humanity could produce the least change in the appearance of his face. He wears long straggling grey whiskers, with clean-shaven chin. On his head he has a luxuriant crop of well-combed and dressed grey hair. His teeth are fine, and scrupulously clean. His eyes are large and somewhat piercing—or rather would be was it not for their tendency to go off towards the table or the ground, or into vacancy, or anywhere except *at* you. Gasbags came on board at Moville, coming from London with the mails, time being too precious to him to be lost in going the ordinary way, *via* Liverpool. He is seldom to be seen before lunch, his "get up" evidently taking much time. He but seldom leaves the cabin, and indulges in three kinds of wine, at the least, at dinner. His evenings are spent at one of the cabin tables, surrounded by candles, maps, and writing materials, his chief occupation, however, is drawing his fingers through his long, glossy grey hair. It is a great hobby of his to assure you—in confidence—that his gold mines cause him much anxiety. He is now on his way out to see how they are getting on. It is, so he says, his hundred and fifth passage across the Atlantic, looking after these said mines, and other little matters. Gasbags was formerly a commercial traveller, but has dropped that line of business, and now devotes his energies to the formation of "companies," his last scheme being a company for the working of his gold mines.

Several of the passengers on board know Gasbags, and keep a respectable distance from him. One in particular I have noticed; whenever he hears the sound of Gasbags his nostrils dilate, his right hand goes straight out, he snaps his finger and thumb, and explodes himself with "a humbug, sir, a humbug." Another does him off admirably. He tells how once upon a time Gasbags hit upon a scheme for making everybody rich, himself included. Somewhere out in the region of his gold mines he had a huge mountain of jewels and precious stones. His scheme was to undermine this mountain, and then, by the aid of some thousands of kegs of gunpowder, blow it into smithereens, shareholders in the concern (fully paid up) having the privilege of going in and picking up the pieces. There was difference of opinion as to the exact time, after the explosion, during which there was to be a continuous downpour of jewels and precious stones, the period being variously estimated at from six weeks to three months.

An old Manchester man, who is returning to Canada with his wife and daughter, occasionally discusses great questions with Gasbags, more particularly on the science of government and political economy. Manchester Man has one idea, and one idea only, and it is that he did more than Cobden, or any other man, to bring about the repeal of the Corn Laws, and he did this by and through a paper he wrote for the *Westminster Review*, but which was never published there or anywhere else. The fact is, Cobden read the paper, and being afraid it would raise the writer above himself in public estimation, he got all the printers to veto it! Mrs. Manchester Man invariably sits by her lord and master, and nods assent to every assertion he makes. Miss Manchester Man affects to play the piano and sing—or rather affects not to play the piano and sing. Her mamma very often indulges in a lament that her daughter, from some ailment or other will be unable—yes, quite unable—to do something or other, which, if done, would prove very gratifying to the whole company—at least, her mamma seems to say it would be so. Disgusted with the treatment his paper met with, Mr. Manchester Man appears to have packed off himself, his wife, and daughter to Canada, carrying his paper in his pocket, where he seems to have it still, for just now when a programme for an evening's singing, music, and readings was being got up, he offered to "read his paper," and was disposed to show some temper when his offer was not accepted.

LETTER 8.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

SIXTH DAY OUT.

BY noon to-day we had reached 53° 11′ N. latitude, and 32° 17′ N. longitude. If you will get a chart of the Atlantic, and rub up your geography a little, you will find that we have made something about eleven hundred miles from Liverpool; that we have Greenland on our right, the banks of Newfoundland in front, but some hundreds of miles distant, and the vast Atlantic, open uninterruptedly for over three thousand miles, on our left. Yesterday we made the least headway of any day since leaving Liverpool. With your chart before you you will see we are making directly for the banks of Newfoundland, and, as a consequence, we are getting quite a variety of weather, and you may tell by the very movement of our captain that we have arrived at a point in our journey where the greatest care and judgment is essential. There is a winter and a summer route from Liverpool to Canada, and there are also two routes to Quebec. From the 1st of November vessels leaving

Liverpool with the Canadian mails have to make for some more southern port than Quebec, such as Halifax or Portland, the river St. Lawrence being blocked up with ice. In the spring the river itself becomes navigable through the breaking up of the ice, but entrance or exit from the river by the course most direct for England is impracticable for a couple of months afterwards. The course by way of the Straits of Bell Isle is from 200 to 300 miles the shortest, but the Straits appear to become the rendezvous both of the floating ice from the river St. Lawrence and the icebergs from Davis' Straits and the whole of the Arctic regions. We are, it appears, too early for the Straits, and have therefore to keep in a southerly direction, cross over where the Atlantic telegraph is lying, and enter the river by way of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. To all intents and purposes then we may be said to be "out on the water," but yet I can assure you that the scenery we enjoy is neither limited nor monotonous in its character. In the course of twelve hours yesterday we had a variety of scenery as great as anything that, in an ordinary way, could be met with on land. The morning opened wet and wretched, with the thermometer standing at only a degree or so above 50°. Towards noon, however, the sun got the better of the clouds, and shone out in great brilliancy, the sea running with a wondrous regularity. In every direction there was something more than a ripple, then shortly afterwards it became quite clear that the water was much troubled, for as the head of wave after wave made itself seen, there still rose above it a mass of white foam, dancing and running like mad. On every side we had nothing but "the foam-crested wave." This was a remarkable and striking view. But as the afternoon set in these waves seemed to decrease in number—many were lashed into one, and gradually the valley or trough between them grew wider and deeper. According to their temperament did the passengers now dispose of themselves. Some who had been on deck went below; others who had been below came on deck and took up such positions as they could to watch the scene that was every moment becoming more intense and interesting in its character, and there was every prospect of my enjoying that which I had so long wished for—"a storm at sea." The wind now blew with great fury, and our ship rose and fell with the rolling of the waves after a most exciting fashion. For some time the wind grew in force and intensity, until at length we found ourselves in the midst of a storm, the like of which our captain said he had never before experienced in the month of June. As the evening set in the deck became washed in every part, and, the ship riding with the storm, the scene, to say the least of it, was grand and imposing It was very singular to watch the passengers, and to see how differently they were affected. Stout hardy men went to their berths and hid themselves under their bed-clothes that they might not meet the certain death they saw in their mind's eye coming upon them, with their bodily eyes open. The surprise of one of my berth companions this morning, on finding himself still amongst the living, instead of down among the mermaids, was something truly ludicrous. He just now, in his broad Yorkshire dialect, told me how last night he literally crawled to his berth, and, having taken a mental leave of wife and children, committed himself to certain death, enveloped in his rug and blanket, with his head firmly rammed under his pillow. But there were others who were affected differently. For some time a number of women and children remained on deck singing, the effect of their voices being most peculiar.

Every now and again, when the stern of the vessel was riding on a wave, with the prow making a determined plunge for the bottom of the ocean, the screw would be lifted right out of the water, and the whole of the powerful machinery and engines being thus released from their tension would create a clatter that might have been heard all over the ship. The voices of the singers, the roaring and whistling of the wind, and the thud and noise of the machinery, now acting together in one grand harmony, now striking upon the ear as separately and distinctly as though produced by the agency of some delicately formed musical instrument; now stealing away in the distance; and now breaking upon us with an Atlantic blast, went to give *eclat* to a scene of marvellous grandeur. In due course there were very few persons remaining on deck, and those who were there were obliged to hold on by some rope or rail. After a time, the gale continuing, the sailors intersected the deck with a net-work of ropes, by means of which they managed to get from one part to another. I remained on deck until about three in the morning, and enjoyed the scene immensely, and then went below and turned in, holding on tightly to the sideboard of the berth to protect myself against being turned out. It was not long, however, before I was perfectly oblivious to the storm and everything else. The fact is, those who had watched the storm the longest, and noticed the action of the vessel the most, had the least grounds for anything like fear. The behaviour of the ship was the admiration of all who watched her action. Now this side, now that, down on to the water's edge skimming along like a bird; now the prow rising up into mid-air as the ship mounted the crest of a wave; now the stern far out of the water and the screw spinning round in the air instead of in the water; now the prow ploughing right into the rising wave, and then

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the deck enveloped in spray and foam from one end to the other! It was rare good fun to look out for these clouds of spray, and then to dodge them as best we could. But the effect of this weather has told much against our speed. Between noon Sunday and noon Monday we made 261 miles, but between noon Monday and noon Tuesday we made but 196 miles, and should there be a continuance of this kind of weather our arrival at Quebec must be delayed two or three days beyond the ordinary time.

SEVENTH DAY OUT.

The weather this morning has moderated considerably, and Miss Macpherson's children are again on deck. Most of yesterday they were kept below, but shortly after breakfast this morning their voices were to be heard singing in nearly every part of the ship. It is pleasing to watch the sailors listening to these children; they watch *them* with one eye and *for* their officers with the other, and it is quite a sight to see them occasionally handling the children and trying to be gentle to them and move them from one part to another, and place them in rows or in circles that they may sing together. The system by which these children are trained must be well nigh perfection. This morning I watched for some time a little girl not more than three years of age. A woman was holding her in her arms, and as the children sang, this little thing, too young to speak the words, articulated as best she could with her lips, and beat the tune with her hands with marvellous correctness. This child, young as she was, had been left an outcast on the world; she had been taken hold of and cared for, and had been trained to feel the beauty and humanizing influences of children's hymns—an influence, by the way, which will not leave her as she comes to take her place in the world's work, and, it may be, preparing her own children for its duties.

EIGHTH DAY OUT.

Yesterday we were thrown very much upon our own resources. The weather was still rough, and anything like a general promenade on deck was out of the question. Lying about in some of the most sheltered spots were to be seen, the day through, heaps of rugs and coats, underneath which, if you had looked, you might have found human beings. You may recollect what *Punch* once said about sea sickness. At first he was afraid he was going to die, and then he was afraid he wasn't. And that is just how some of our passengers look. Some of them, putting in an appearance at a meeting of spiritualists would have no difficulty in passing themselves off as "beings of another world." As usual, the day has had its changes. This evening, hearing a sound which reminded me very much of the "hooter" at the factory, I enquired the cause, and was told it was the fog signal. On going on deck I found the view to be very limited, a regular wall of fog surrounding the ship. As we had been on the look-out for icebergs this was not very pleasant, for occasionally they are of a tremendous size—a mile long by a couple of hundred feet high—so that if we chanced to run amuck of one of them it would be no difficult matter to predict our inevitable fate. The sailors say we shall be sure to meet with some of these icebergs either when going in by the Gulf or when coming out by the Straits, and when we do meet with them you shall know what they are like, and what I think of them. You cannot conceive how full of interest all these matters are. The passengers on board ship soon divide themselves into two classes—those who look for recreation in these little matters, and those who sit hour after hour, and day after day, at the card table, or trying to sleep and "loll" their time away in their cabins or bunks. The gulls, a flock of which have followed our vessel from Liverpool, never leaving us day or night, patiently waiting for the food which is thrown overboard after each meal, are intensely interesting. I have watched their movements for hours. What a wonderfully instinctive power these birds must have to be enabled to leave their breeding stations for from one to two thousand miles across a trackless ocean: to fly at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles an hour for many days and nights together, and then to return to their haunts again. I am told they will sometimes cross from one side the Atlantic to the other when they do not chance to fall in with an homeward-bound vessel. Then we have shoals of porpoises sporting around us; and now, as I have said, we are on the look-out for icebergs, and shortly after we have rounded Newfoundland we shall be looking out for a sail up the St. Lawrence, which I am led to believe will be deeply interesting.

To-day I have been taking stock of the literature patronised by the various classes of passengers, and I am bound to say the result is decidedly in favour of the steerage and intermediate passengers. Among the cabin passengers there is much *light* reading, but the intermediate and steerage passengers evidently prefer more substantial food. I have counted amongst them five or six persons at a time reading Thomas Carlyle's works, *Sartor Resartus* being decidedly the favourite of his works. Many of them, the Germans and Scandinavians in particular, are spending their time in learning English and other foreign languages.

NINTH DAY OUT.

The smoke-room on deck is a place of popular resort. There has been fine fun there this morning, the comic man and the serious man coming into fine contrast. The comic man is a tall raw-boned looking fellow. The back of his head runs up in a line with his neck : he has a large heavy projecting jaw and broad face, a flat projecting nose, small black piercing eyes, given to taking furtive glances from beneath bushy eyebrows. His forehead is nowhere, so that his cricketing cap, which he almost invariably wears, comes well down on his face, showing up on either side an enormous ear. I should say he was the scape-grace of the family, as he was the scape-grace of the school. He has been telling us he got a thrashing every day of his life when at school; not, he says, because he deserved it, but because the schoolmaster did not understand him. He says he was given to all kinds of mischief; not because of the evil there was in him, but because he couldn't help it. His schoolboy character still keeps with him. I should say he has had many chances for getting on in the world, but has missed them all, simply because he could not help it. Some time ago his friends got him into the Irish constabulary, but he soon got out of that, and now they are sending him further afield, hoping that the increased distance from home and their help may throw him more completely upon himself, and force him to realise that which he does not at present understand—the value of self-help and self-reliance. On the whole he is not a bad fellow, although he will never make much of a mark in the world. Hitherto, he has been very queer, but he has tried to make the best of a bad business by exhibiting himself as the veritable living skeleton. Taking hold of the back of his glove, between his forefinger and thumb, he shows what his hands have come to, whilst about once an hour he takes hold of his waistcoat and puts fancy plaits in it, showing the extent of his corporeal falling off. He relieves the monotony of these performances by giving notice that when he does find his appetite there will be a decided scarcity, and this morning he bounded into the smoke-room dancing like a wild Indian, declaring he had puzzled the stewards by his demand for dry toast. Our serious man is a nondescript. He looks too much like a Lancashire dog fancier to pass for a cleric, whilst an aptness to cast his eyes upwards gives him a very sanctimonious look. He is always reading, or pretends to be so engaged. I have never seen him except in the smoke-room, where he sits with his head shut down into his shoulders, holding his book on a line with his chin, leaving just sufficient room for his eye to glance out from under his seal-skin skull cap, which is pulled down on his eyebrows, and the top of his book, on to the scene around him. The comic man does a little business; he manipulates the folds in his waistcoat, and proclaims his falling away with the greatest nicety. For want of something better to do, the company roar, all except the serious man, who, when the din reaches its height, raises his eye-brows, gives a withering scowl on all around, and then shuts himself down again to his book, more intent than ever. This morning it was clear that mischief was brewing, and that the serious man was to be the victim. The comic man declared that he was going out to Toronto as a chimney sweep, and he wanted to know if the serious man would recognise him in that capacity if they chanced to meet. For some time the serious man growled and scowled his best, but he had to answer. "And would you give us your fist and a hearty friendly shake of the hand like that?" exclaimed the comic man, as he seized hold of the other's hand and wrung it with all his might. To battle against this kind of thing on board ship would be like battling against fate, so the serious man gave in, and gave what was the nearest thing to a laugh that had been seen on his face during the whole journey.

"Then let that seal the bargain," exclaimed the comic man, as he brought his hand "whack" down on the other's thigh, making him jump and roar with pain and vexation.

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LETTER 9.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

TENTH DAY OUT.

WE are now nine days from Liverpool, and it seems probable we shall not sight land for the next twenty-four hours. We have had contrary winds most of the way, and it is now blowing hard right in our teeth. Yesterday afternoon we passed through a shoal of whales. I was on the look out for icebergs, and was feeling somewhat disappointed at not finding them when I saw an unusual quantity of gulls flying in a way I had not previously noticed. Whilst watching the gulls, I saw what appeared to be fountains of spray rising high above the sea line against the sky, and, in a few moments we were all on the look out for whales. There appeared to be a large number of them. For a few moments we could see their long black backs just projecting above the water, a couple of jets of spray being thrown from their nostrils or blowers to a great height—as high, in fact, and in as great volume as it could be sent by an ordinary steam fire-engine. Having cleared their nostrils, the whales would disappear; but we soon got to calculate both their time and distance, and to know where to look for their appearance, when they would again go through their "blowing" business, and again sink out of sight. The gulls which I first noticed were after the fish the whales were chasing. For nearly an hour these whales found us employment in watching for their blowing. Several of them came right on to the surface within a few yards of the vessel, so that we could see them from head to tail, but, of course, only for a moment or so.

Then there is another source of interest. For some time past the sailors have been occasionally testing the temperature of the water in the sea, and comparing it with the temperature of the air on deck. You would think there could be no great difference between the two, but it is not so, for yesterday the water was four or five degrees warmer than the air, and to-day it is positively colder than the air. Yesterday we were in the neighbourhood of the Gulf Stream, to-day we are not far from ice, and the Arctic stream. Let us try and understand, if we can, what this means. We look upon a map of the sea and trace its outlines and its islands, and there we stop. If we look upon a map of the land we find it intersected by rivers and streams, and can easily trace the small water course into the river which empties itself into the sea. Scientific men tell us that we only want the capacity for seeing to enable us to trace every similar stream, and river, and current, running in well defined courses in the waters which cover so large a portion of the earth's surface. The most remarkable circumstance, however, is that the temperature of these ocean currents, or streams, are so powerful and so various as to affect the temperature of countries near which they run. Geographically, Liverpool is five hundred miles nigher the north pole than is Quebec, and therefore Liverpool *ought* to be proportionately colder than Quebec. But, as we know, it is just the reverse, the winter of the two places differing probably more than 30°, or more than the difference between a temperate heat and frost with us. Geographically speaking, Quebec *ought* to enjoy the same temperature as Naples, and some other continental cities, where the climate is counted "hot;" but at Quebec they case their stone buildings with wood to keep the frost from the stone; in Naples the house windows are mere sun-shades admitting air, and subduing heat. We are told this is all owing to the various hot and cold currents which run their course, unseen by the ordinary observer, in the Atlantic and other seas. The most important of all these streams is known as the Gulf Stream. This stream, rushing from the Gulf of Mexico by way of the narrow Florida channel, strikes right across the Atlantic for Western Europe, breaking upon the coast of Spain, where it branches off in opposite directions, one branch, or arm, subsequently circling round south, and, being drawn in with the north equatorial current coming from the Cape of Good Hope, returns again to the Gulf of Mexico. The other branch, or arm, taking a northward course, passes along by the West Coast of Ireland, making that country the "Emerald" Isle it is, and giving to the United Kingdom of Great Britain what heat and geniality it really possesses. We are much given to abusing our English climate, but is it not wonderful that it is what it is? Position says the country ought to be locked up in everlasting ice; Gulf Stream says, "Partake of my warmth and geniality, and with it grow corn, and beef, and mutton." But there are cold streams or currents as well as hot ones. There are the Labrador and the Arctic currents coming down from Davis' Straits, running along by the coast of Newfoundland and North America, making the winters of that continent

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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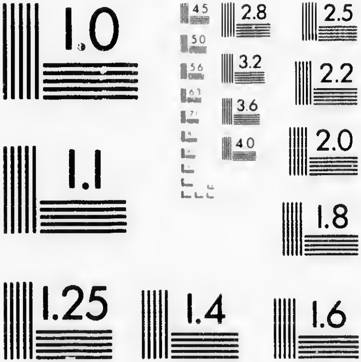
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what they are. Near the point we are now, at these opposite streams cross, yet each keeps its course as clearly as though they were river courses on the earth's surface. The one stream, carrying with it the heat it had got in the Gulf of Mexico, is proportionately buoyant, and finds its way to the surface; the other stream coming from the Polar area with its winter temperature 40° or 50° below Zero, is cold and heavy, and sinks down to the very bottom, and thus lets the warmer current pass over it without let or hindrance. Yesterday we were within the influence of the Gulf Stream, and therefore we found the water warmer than the air; we are now getting within the influence of the Polar stream, and shall find the water colder than the air. Knowledge of these matters is of great service in navigation. When fogs and clouds envelope them, sailors *fish* for these streams, and, in some sort, tell where they are. In conversation with our captain on these matters, he told me he had known the air so cold near the Arctic stream that snow as it fell on the water would accumulate to a considerable depth, as when it falls on the earth. You may recollect that some time ago a Yankee proposed, by way of punishing England for some offence she had committed in his eyes, cutting a channel across the Isthmus of Panama, and letting the Gulf Stream out into the Pacific Ocean instead of into the Atlantic, as at present. He said it might be done for about half the cost of the recent war between France and Germany! This bit of Yankeeism is interesting, from its giving us some idea of the amount of money which stands between us as we are, and winter seasons registering from 20° to 30° below zero.

A score of other matters in connection with these streams might be mentioned, such for instance as the fact that this Gulf Stream is building up a range of chalk hills across the Atlantic, and which may ultimately connect the two hemispheres of the world. This range of hills already affords wonderful interest for scientific men; what they will present to the geologists of the future it is only possible to conjecture. The water of the Gulf Stream as it rushes from the Gulf of Mexico carries with it such life as is peculiar to the waters of that part of the world. Transferred to other climes this living matter becomes matter without life, and, being released, drops to the bottom. Among other things so carried out is a species of minute shell—so minute, in fact, that thousands of them would scarcely weigh a grain when placed in the scales. Such living things as are found at the bottom of the Atlantic, and are peculiar to it, such as star fish, marine worms, &c., manage to crawl on to the bank, and there become submerged under the deposit that is constantly being released from the stream above. In course of time the deposit which falls upon these living things is converted into chalk or stone, or other solid substance. The deposit, however, is so gentle in its action that it does not crush or injure even the most delicate shell or fibre, which, retaining all its distinguishing features, may be extracted from the solid rock as a fossil remains, as we now extract fossils in our quarries, by some geologists of the future, when the bed of the Atlantic changes place, say, with our Wiltshire downs, or when what we know of the course of the Gulf Stream is known only as a chain of naturally formed hills, standing high and dry on *terra firma.* It is said that as many as from twenty to fifty thousand species of sea eggs have been obtained at a single dredge from off the bank that is being formed across the Atlantic by the Gulf Stream. But I merely mention a few of the matters with which one may engage his attention when crossing the "wild waste of waters," and to show what a world of material for thought and observation there is open to those who will try to explore it even when undergoing that which is so tame and insipid to some people, when out on the ocean.

ELEVENTH DAY OUT.

This has proved to be the finest day we have had since leaving Liverpool. This morning, on going on deck, I found the weather very cold, and although we are well on into the month of June, the thermometer stood only a few degrees above freezing. But the weather has been very fine, and the air bracing. To-day we saw a couple of vessels, the first since the day following that when we left Tory Island and the Irish coast behind us. They were fishing on the banks of Newfoundland. These banks are the great fishing grounds of the world. As you know, Newfoundland in area is about the same size as England, but on the Atlantic side of the island there is, in comparatively shallow water, what is known as the great sand bank of Newfoundland. This bank is the most important part of the country, although it cannot be said really to form part of it. It is the great resort of the cod fish. Since Newfoundland became a British possession it has given us fish and oil exceeding in value one hundred and twenty-five millions of pounds sterling. Over ten millions of cod fish are annually caught on its banks for use and consumption by the British people, and the annual value of th[illegible]d liver oil obtained from the same source exceeds sixty thousand pounds sterling.

Some of my Canadian friends to-day have been calling my particular attention to the sky. They say it is the first glimpse of a Canadian sky—clear, and blue, and bright, and beautiful. A sky that seems to brace up the nerves, and make the heart feel light. They say it is mostly so in Canada. But I shall see.

The sunset has also been glorious in the extreme. The sky above, without a speck on its fair face, and the sea below, its surface only slightly ruffled by a gentle ripple, along which golden streaks have spread out like a fan, radiating from the great central glory the sun is when seen without fogs and vapours intervening—where the air is pure and transparent. The western heavens were one gorgeous picture. With us in England a sunset is often made striking by some passing cloud being tip'd with gold, and by a variety of light and shade, but here there was no

"Gilding refined gold."

There was only the sun sinking to its rest; there was nature unalloyed, with the great Creator drawing out the entranced hearts of the hundreds who crowded the deck of the good ship Moravian, towards the great central light of the universe and of His glory. Looking out towards the sun the sea was like many millions of small mirrors. The little wavelets facing us were of an intense blue, deepening into purple; the backs of them facing the sun, clearly seen from where we were standing, but in gradually decreasing size, were like burnished gold. But it was only for a moment that either colour could be seen distinctly, for the wavelets danced, and played, and ran into each other, and then out again into streaks of living active beauty, and then rushed off on either hand, all radiating towards the one central point, the setting sun, now gradually passing below the sea line. Over the sun, in the sky, there was what in England we should consider a grand display of *Aurora borealis.* In a series of radiating streamers we had all the prismatic colours illuminating the heavens, and throwing their mystic shadows high into the air and right on to the very deck on which we were standing.

TWELFTH DAY OUT.—OUR SECOND SUNDAY.

The morning of our Second Sunday on the ocean has been of a very cheerless character. The weather has again become very raw and cold, and the "hooter" has been continually blowing. For some days we have all been speculating as to when we should sight land, and last night it was the general impression that we should sight it this morning, but when the morning came the hope of the evening was at once dispelled, for the fog was so dense that land would not be visible even though we were within a mile or so of it. This, of course, renders navigation very difficult and dangerous, and Captain Graham, who had been almost knocked up by incessant watching, until yesterday when he got some rest, is again keeping a most anxious look-out. In the morning we had service as usual, and in the afternoon the little stranger, whose arrival I have already noticed, was christened. But this was only a small matter against such a day. In the evening, however, after dinner, when there was scarcely a sound on deck except the tread of sailors on duty, and the cabin was brilliantly lighted, at the invitation of some of the passengers, from forty to fifty of Miss Macpherson's children were brought in and sang several of their hymns. This was a real treat, and proved some compensation for all we had suffered throughout the day. After the children had returned to their quarters, Miss G—— gave us the history of some of them and an account of the work that is being done for them. Some of these children had been brought up surrounded by all the comforts of life, and tended by loving hands, when some unexpected calamity had thrown them on the mercy of the world. Others never knew what kindness or sympathy meant until they were taken to the Home where they were prepared for their present voyage across the Atlantic. Two of the little girls who had been singing to us were the daughters of a solicitor. It appears he had some difficulty in passing his examination, and it was only after his second effort that he passed. This examination was so severe to him that his health broke down under it, and in two or three years he died, his wife soon following him. There is one little girl in whom I have felt much interest. I often meet with her, and her laughing little face brings one at once into sympathy with her. With two brothers she formed the whole family of a man and woman occupying a good position in society, but who, like many thousands of others, lived up to the very edge of their means to keep up appearances. Fever seized upon the family, and father and mother were both stricken down by it, their only nurse being this little girl, who does not appear to be more than about nine years of age. The mother and father dying, this little thing was left with her two brothers, younger than herself, alone in the world, unprotected and unprovided for. At this time they had no prospect before them but wretchedness and destitution, or the workhouse. They are now, however, forming their part in this band of children for Canada, where, no doubt, a life of respectability and usefulness awaits them. Other children, and not a few of them, were put to work when four years of age at match-box making in the East-end of London. It was most touching to listen to the history of some of these children, who now appear so happy and so jolly. Some years ago Miss Macpherson commenced a work which had been attempted by other ladies, of having *a care* for the destitute children of London. She took them off the streets, found them lodgings in a Home, and as far as she could she found them employment. But even the most promising of the children frequently deserted the Home and went back to their old haunts and old companions, so that nothing short of a complete control over them gave the least promise of success in weaning them from that life into which they had been initiated so early. The work undertaken thus threatened to become ineffectual, and it was at last suggested that the only chance of doing any real good for these children was by removing them altogether from the influence of their old companions. One hundred of them were in consequence got together, and taken off to Canada. They were there at once placed out in families in various parts of the country, and, the demand for more becoming general, other lots were sent out, and, as I have before remarked, those on board will make up a total of sixteen hundred. The early history of many of these children is kept on record, unknown however to the children themselves, the individuality being also broken, so that the early days may not be suffered to be made by evil and designing people to embitter the more happy days of subsequent years. There is one little girl on board who was taken from off her mother's breast as the mother was found lying dead on a cinder heap in some hovel into which she had crept with her child to die. But to give you the history of these children would be to give you some of the darkest pages in the history of the vast city life and its indigent poor. The work of reclaiming the children is the other side of the picture, and it must do us all good to know that it is going on and prospering.

LETTER 10.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

TWELFTH DAY OUT.

AT one o'clock to-day a sailor at the mast-head sighted Rock Island, and the intelligence ran through the vessel like wild-fire, the officers and crew shewing special interest in the news. For some hours before this the weather had cleared up, and the sky was what we in England are wont to call an Italian sky, but which the Canadians claim as a true Canadian sky, so that everything around was cheering and beautiful. Once again the sea looked like ten thousand mirrors, shedding out joy and gladness from ten thousand facets. No sooner had the news gone forth that land was a-head than the deck became crowded in every part, and it was with some difficulty that the passengers could move from one side to the other, whilst passing from end to end was for a time an impossibility. In due course, we passed the rock sufficiently near to see the birds perched on it, and then, after that, we could discern the Magdalen Islands, lying in the distance on our left.

These rocks and islands are situate in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and are remarkable principally for their bleak and cheerless character. The Rock, or Bird Island, has a very peculiar appearance. It consists of an immense flat-headed rock, rising perpendicularly out of the water for nearly two hundred feet, and, being nearly circular in shape, it has more the appearance of an artificially built fort or battery than of a natural rock. Watching steadily the top of the rock, it seemed as though it was in incessant motion. This was caused by the enormous mass of Gulls, Gannets, and other birds assembled there. In the breeding season they occupy every available foot of rock, and this afternoon they have presented a most singular appearance, the brilliant sunshine seeming to mark out every movement of their bodies and wings. The Magdalen Islands, of which we have not had so clear a view, have some few inhabitants on them, descendants of the original French settlers, who spend their time fishing. But we again know where we are, and can all take our own bearings, if so disposed. From this point we are five hundred miles from Quebec, so that with two days' favourable steaming we shall not reach that city before Wednesday afternoon. We, however, now leave the sea, and may expect to have the scene diversified by some fine land and river scenery during the remainder of the journey.

THIRTEENTH DAY OUT.

The scene on deck yesterday afternoon was of an animated and stirring description. A new life appeared to be infused into everything on board. Men and women talked, and laughed, and joked, and entered with spirit into such games as quoits and shuffle-board on deck, whilst high above the laughter, noise, and din, there was to be heard the voices of the children singing. Some hours after it had been night with you in England, I went forward again to watch the setting sun, and was again rewarded by a sight which I think I can never forget. The sea was extremely beautiful. Although the waves were running somewhat high, they seemed as though lit up with great brilliancy, and as they danced and played about the light they emitted had a somewhat supernatural effect. In the west, the sun, one mass of fire, was sinking towards the horizon, and immediately underneath the sun there was the only cloud that was to be seen in the heavens, the sky all around being of a beautiful light-blue. The cloud to which I refer was of an intense deep blue, forming a brilliant contrast to the colour of the sun. The rays of the sun lit up the millions of waves as they tumbled over each other, right up to the bows of the vessel, whilst portions of the cloud on either side were tipped in like manner. There were but very few on deck at the time, so that I was enabled to realise the scene in its lovely grandeur, as well as in its extreme richness. After this there was a concert and entertainment in the chief cabin, consisting of singing, playing on the piano, reading, reciting, and a conjuring entertainment by one of the interpreters. Altogether, we had a regular jolly time of it, giving us quite another phase of life on the ocean. This morning I went on deck, between five and six o'clock, being anxious to see what I could of the coast. In front, and to the right of us, there was, practically, the open sea, but to our left, within two or three miles there was a bold, unmistakable, coast. I had never seen a coast like it before. Generally, it came down to the water's edge in a sharp slope; in other places it was quite precipitous: but in nearly every case the hill abutting on the water had a still higher hill backing it up. Sometimes there were three or four ranges of these hills backing each other, each hill or spot of ground being covered with timber trees and brushwood. Looking out on this scene we had, in fact, before us the forest primeval. As we journeyed on, and passed some slight creek or bay, we could see here and there the white log-huts of the fishermen who lived along the coast. For the building of these huts a small plot of forest had been cleared and the wood used for the building; but, beyond this, no use whatever appears to be made of the land, not even for a garden patch. It is very singular to notice that, looking out upon these small cleared patches, the forest forms, as it were, a wall around them as compact and well-defined as though it was built up of stone or brick, so compact and dense is the forest in its natural state. After I had been watching the coast-line for some miles, the clouds which had been gathering a-head burst, and a close rain set in, and I was driven to take shelter in the smoke-room. As the morning advanced the fog and rain cleared off, and with the exception of when the clouds were rolling against the tops of some of the higher hills, the view was both open and interesting. After we had the coast in view for probably fifty miles, not a spot of ground cleared for agricultural purposes was to be seen. All, in fact, was forest, which, I am told, reaches back for some hundreds of miles through the province of Quebec, and into that of New Brunswick. The scene, however, is by no means monotonous. There is a wonderful variety in the foliage, which now appears to be bursting forth in all its grandeur But the country also is peculiar, consisting of an infinity of hills jumbled up together after the most promiscuous fashion. As a rule, the tops of the hills are flat, their sides being very steep, and only to be got up by sheer climbing. Supposing the valleys, which must intersect the country like a network, to be passable, the view of the sky overhead from them must oftentimes be very narrow and limited. From this you may see something of the coast scenery we are passing. Here a hill, one, two, three, or four hundred feet high; there a valley, winding its tortuous way along until it is lost among many hills; here a little creek or bay; there a small fishing village, or a stray fisherman's hut; but everywhere the foliage of the primeval forest bursting forth in its richness and glory. In some few of the gorges snow is still to be seen, but generally it has cleared away, and spring is making itself seen and felt. By twelve o'clock we had reached opposite Cape St. Ann's, and a fishing village of that name. This is the most considerable place we have as yet passed. The church is plainly visible from our deck; but there does not appear to be any two houses adjoining—they are all dropped down promiscuously, without any reference to streets or order. At the back of the village there are seen Mount Logan, 3,678 feet high, and the Shickshock range of mountains. These are said to be the highest mountains in British North America. As we passed them their tops were enveloped in clouds; but those portions which were visible were very striking. There are gorges both down and across these mountains, and as they are now full of snow, the streaks of white contrast and bring out strongly the foliage of the trees which cover the mountain sides. The Captain, who, having no longer to trouble his head about fogs, and soundings, and testings of one kind or another, is now as jolly and sociable a fellow as any on board, tells me that one night, about eleven o'clock, seven years ago, he was passing along where we now are when thousands of acres of forest around St. Ann's were in flames, the wind at the time blowing a strong gale. He says it was the grandest sight he ever saw. You may still trace along the mountain sides the course of the fire.

At this point, also, we saw land for the first time to our right. We are, in fact, now out of the Gulf, and fairly into the river St. Lawrence. At St. Ann's, also, for the first time, I noticed something like cultivation of the land going on, the land being cleared in patches of from twenty to fifty acres. The cottages of the settlers might also be traced, spotted out in various directions into the interior, although very sparsely. At about two o'clock we passed Cape Chatt, with the Shickshock mountains still in the background. The clouds having cleared off from their tops, they came out in the sunlight in a very peculiar and striking manner, the colour of the foliage and the snow-filled gorges contrasting most singularly. But the line or bank of the river is most peculiar. Generally, nothing is more irregular than the bank of a river, but here it seems to be one continuous gradual curving line. Although there are valleys innumerable running out from the river's bank, and mountain torrents and rivers running into the river, I have not noticed a single outlet from the river into the land, whilst in many places, and for long distances, the river's bank takes a straight and direct course. When passing by Cape Chatt I noticed what appeared formerly to have been a rocky promontory running out into the river, but this had been cut right through, making the bank of the river quite straight. This at once gave me the history of the singularly straight river line, so totally different from anything else I had ever seen. For several months in the year the river up which we are now passing is ice-bound and impassable—as we have seen, the more northern parts of the river and Gulf are now impassable, and will be so for another month, through floating ice. Practically, then, in the winter season, land and water become locked up together, and at length, long before the ice would dissolve in an ordinary manner, with the full force of the whole series of the Canadian lakes and rivers at its back, it is rent from its position, together with such projecting portions of land to which it may be adhering, and which may happen to stand in the way of the perfect and regular line or bank. I have been much interested in tracing out this, because it has shown me how by its own force this mighty river has shaped its own course, and also how even a continent may be carried away, or the coast-line of a country completely changed. At Clatford Bottom, and many other places on the Wiltshire Downs, and also in the valley between Swindon and Burderop Wood, there are to be seen innumerable stones, having no connection whatever with the geology of the district, and which evidently were deposited in the positions in which they are now found by icebergs, which probably became stranded in these valleys or bottoms. In like manner, the projections and irregularities which doubtless formerly existed on the south side of the River St. Lawrence have been rent from the main land and carried out into the Atlantic, there to build up new countries, form new continents, or to become riddles for the race of *savants* who may have to unravel the knotty points of thousands of years to come.

What a world of character and of contrast there has been on board the Moravian to-day. The sailors have been scrubbing, cleaning, and painting, and getting the ship ready for entering the port to-morrow. There has been nothing but life and jollity amongst the passengers, some of whom have not been seen since the night when we left Moville, except by those who have had the pleasure of dancing attendance upon them. Many of the cabin passengers have been preparing telegrams to be sent on shore when the pilot comes on board at Farther Point, to let their friends know of their approach homewards, whilst many of the intermediate and steerage passengers have been writing letters to be sent back to their friends at the old homes they have left. It has been curious to thread one's way through arms and legs as they lay sprawling about on deck, as the owners were doing their writing business under difficulties. But even in this matter the interest again centres in the little children. I have been standing by and watching a number of them write their letters to those they have left behind, and, in the best way they could, telling them of their voyage and what they thought of it. Towards the evening we had drifted on into a more "settled" part of the country. Instead of innumerable small hills, the country rose up in one gentle and almost continuous slope from the river for a distance of two, three, or four miles out. Land cleared and fenced was also frequently to be seen, although generally the country was still in a state of nature, or, as the Canadians say, "unsettled," with only a stray log hut here and there along the river's bank. At about five o'clock we passed a small village called Mantane. It is a small Scotch settlement, the other places we had passed being occupied by French settlers. At Mantane there are some saw mills, and two or three vessels were lying at anchor opposite, waiting for cargoes of deals for the European market. At this place, also, we could see the works of the Intercolonial Railway, now in course of construction, and by means of which it is intended to connect Quebec with Halifax in Nova Scotia. It is thought that when the railway is completed it will be one of the most important in the country.

We arrived at Farther Point this evening, shortly after nine o'clock, and took on board the Pilot, and also the Medical Officer, the duty of the latter being to inspect the bill of health of the ship, to receive complaints from passengers of any ill-treatment or want of proper care during the passage, and to report to the authorities at Quebec the condition in which he finds both ship and passengers. Farther Point being fourteen hours from Quebec, we may expect to reach the end of our journey about eleven to-morrow morning. From the time when I first went on deck this morning, until now, we have kept within sight of the south bank of the river, and I do not think any description could have given me a correct idea of the singularly peculiar scene I have witnessed. I have told you something of the character of the country, and have made some reference to the log huts. Just a line more about these buildings: When a settler or squatter fixes upon a piece of land, he sets to work and chops down the trees, which he proceeds to square up with an adze or hatchet. He then builds these trees up into walls, morticing them together at the corners in the most ready way he can. When the walls are completed, holes are cut for a door and window, and a roof is put on after the same manner as the walls. The interstices between the logs being duly "caulked," the whole is lime-washed, except the roof, which is usually painted red or black with mineral substances, which are found in great abundance all along the coast. I need hardly say these buildings are of one story only, and frequently contain only one room. They are also built separately, and not in rows or streets. My object in giving you these details is that you may understand their appearance as I have seen them to-day. When I first noticed them this morning we were over one hundred and fifty miles from Farther Point. Yet it has seemed to me that these log cabins have formed one continuous, but irregular, chain the whole distance, dotted along right on the water's edge, and in no instance being more than a mile or so apart. Lying there in all the brilliancy of their lime-wash, with the river running in front, and the timber-covered mountains behind, with the sun striking right upon them, their appearance went to make up a picture of a most singular and peculiar character. At the back of the country I have been looking at there is a district much larger than England, covered with the finest timber, rich in minerals, and having a fine sea-board, yet unknown except to the hunter, the adventurer, and the explorer. And this, too, notwithstanding that it is one of the earliest settled districts in Canada. The district is known as Gaspe, in the Province of Quebec, and was *settled* by the French over two hundred and fifty years ago. Since the cession of Canada to England by France, however, over one hundred years ago, there has been no French emigration to the district, and the inhabitants doing little more than merely holding their own, both in the matter of population and enterprise, there are but few changes taking place even in a long course of years. Contrary to the general rule in Canada, the lands in this district (at least those bordering the river St. Lawrence), do not belong to the State—they are locked up by Ancient Rights. Originally the lands were divided into seigniories, each embracing many miles in area, and were granted to men who could make no use of them, as a reward for merit, or the want of it; for military prowess, or toadying; or in virtue of their birth! Holy and Very Reverend Mother Church managed to secure for herself nearly one million acres of the land thus disposed of in the Province of Quebec alone. The Seigniors to whom the lands were granted had a few conditions imposed upon them. They had to induce a given number of people to settle on the land within a given time; they had to grant land to tenants without the payment of ready money, but in consideration of the payment of a rent of one half-penny and a quart of wheat per superficial acre; and they were also obliged to build a mill, where their fee-farmers might bring their grain to be ground. But there the land lies now as it laid generations ago, unprofitable and useless, the people on it never moving, except into further stagnation—the Scotch colony at Mantane alone excepted. Whether this be owing to the over-much blessing of Holy Mother Church, or the over-much cursing of the dear old Feudal system, out of which we in England have grown long ago, I cannot say, but it seems to me that the time must come when there will be an immense field of enterprise opened up even in this the most outlying portion of East Canada.

LETTER 11.

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

FOURTEENTH DAY OUT.

ON going on deck this morning, at five o'clock, I found the weather beautifully clear, giving indications of another fine day. We were just then passing the Pilgrim light, for as we near Quebec there are many small islands and rocks in the river's course, and on some of them lighthouses have been erected. The river had narrowed considerably, although it was still of a good width. On either side the character of the country could be plainly made out. On every spot of vantage there stood the lime-washed log-hut, glistening in the sun. Passing on up the river, the country in front, on the left, was undulating, well cleared, as a rule, and cultivated even down to the water's edge. The log-huts could be plainly seen far out into the country, dotted about in every direction. The very appearance of the land told of the nationality of the people who tilled it. Where the land lay on a slope, it looked like a series of long ribbons of many colours lying side by side, just similar to what is to be seen in the Valley of the Seine in France. A pedestrian tour through Canada must, I think, afford features differing from all old countries; but here, as we near Quebec, the scene is essentially French. On the right the country was more rugged, and in the back ground there was a chain of mountains covered right up to their tops with primeval forests. But at their feet, and in the more sheltered spots, were to be seen innumerable evidences of the fact that that side of the river was also held by French settlers. There were now many ships and boats in the river sailing to and fro, whilst the spire of the distant church was an object frequently to be realised. As we got on up the river the scene became still more interesting. The sky overhead was without a cloud, and the river was shining like a mirror. The buildings gradually became more pretentious in character, and occasionally some other public building than the church was visible. But still there were the old characteristics—the lime-washed log-hut spotted about in every direction. Sometimes we passed close by some island, where the details of the cultivation and the foliage could be seen. For loyalty commend me to the Canadians. Within the last ten days I have heard more loyalty *talked*, than I ever heard before. A Canadian seems never to miss a chance for expressing his loyalty towards the mother country. This morning one of my friends remarked, when giving me some particulars respecting the surrounding country, "We cannot show you mansions, but we can show you homes—here, and there, and everywhere, a log-hut, the hearth, and the home of a worker; good and loyal subjects of the British crown."

As we got further on towards Quebec the scene became still again more interesting. Among the woods we could occasionally trace out the summer residences of the merchants, and the more opulent traders of Quebec. As I have said, there are many islands in the river. The most important of them is known as the Isle d'Orleans. It is a long narrow strip of land, no less than 21 miles in length. For about fifteen miles our course lay alongside the island. Near to the water's edge there were plantations of pines of various kinds, of orchards and fruit trees, and beyond these the island rose in a gentle slope for from a quarter to half a mile out, the land all along being in the highest possible state of cultivation. In fact, this island is to the Province of Quebec what the Scilly Islands and Cornwall are to England—it supplies a large portion of the country with the earliest and choicest fruits and vegetables. The island is noted specially for its plums, but melons and tomatoes also attain the highest state of perfection in the open on the island. To look out on this land, and to see it all just prepared for the first spring crops, and to notice the picturesque and cosy buildings standing out one by one over it, is to look upon a scene not easily to be forgotten. As a rule, wood is still the only material used in the building of the houses, but some pretension to taste and style is now given them. Most of them are of one story only, a verandah around them, with creeping plants and flowers clinging to the posts, enclosing them, as it were, in floral bowers. Not a few of the buildings, especially where the character of the surface is favourable, partake of the Swiss character, the verandah being round the second story, leaving the basement like a square block on which the building is perched. For about five miles, at the Quebec end, the island is somewhat mountainous, and is made exceedingly picturesque by these Swiss cottages being perched about amidst the rocks and trees, the foliage often allowing of "peeps" only being had of the places lying behind. Occasionally, also, the river shore is rocky and mountainous, and there are many cataracts and water-falls emptying themselves into the river in a mass of boiling foam. And then the river began to be full of shipping, and steam boats were plying up and down, almost as busily as on the Thames at London, so that the scene became exciting as well as interesting. As we passed the end of the Island the scene became still more striking. To the right there were the Falls of Montmorency, said to be many feet higher than those of Niagara, but not so wide. In front of us lay the quaint old city of Quebec, and on the left the heights of Levis. "We will go out to the Falls to-morrow," remarked my friend Scott. "Just now I saw my children out on the verandah of a friend's house, where they had gone to get a first sight of me. I must spend a few hours with them, and after that I am ready for a drive out into the country. We have the old French gig, which the original French settlers introduced, still in use, and we will get one of these for our ride out."

The appearance of Quebec from the river is most peculiar. Of course, the one prevailing thought on arriving within sight of the old city, was to get ready for the landing; and it was only after everybody on board had made piles of such worldly effects as were comprised in their luggage, and had planted it around or in front of them, that they were enabled to devote any attention to the surrounding country. But it was not long before it was quite clear that an effort was being generally made to spare some thought for the sight that presented itself. In front of us there stood the old city, which some one has said somewhere, must have been encased, like the historical fly, for some generations in amber, so quaint and old a specimen of by-gone days is it, doing duty in this nineteenth century. The city struggles and twists itself right from the water's edge to the top of a steep, rugged, rocky promontory, on the very crown of which there is flying the British Standard; and around which there are all kinds of earthworks and fortifications, with many cannons poking their noses out from embrasures. To the right there is the river running along the opposite side of the Isle d'Orleans to that which we had just passed up, and to the left there is the continuation of the river on towards Montreal, and from thence on to Niagara, and then on right back into the extreme Northern regions. It is a wonderful looking fortress, that of Quebec, and in the olden times, before the invention of Whitworth guns, and such like implements of warfare, must have been impregnable. With Quebec, the European history of Canada commences, for it was here that the first permanent settlement was made by a Frenchman named Champlain, in the year 1608. Before this time the Indians had a village there, which they called Kebec, so that the name is much older than the city itself.

After our good ship had been brought alongside the pier, where we were to land, I could not refrain from pausing for a time to look out upon the singular looking old city—the Gibraltar of Canada. The river at this point is about a mile wide. Our ship was on the one side, and on the other side, the head of the rocky promontory, three hundred and fifty feet high, stood boldly out. The spot appears as though formed purposely for protecting the entrance to a great country, and from the many heavy and dark gaol looking buildings which may be seen peeping, as it were, over the brow, it may be seen very clearly that those who originally held the "position" did not fail to make the most of it. But what strikes one most is the appearance of the face of the rock fronting the river. Between the masts and rigging of many ships, the towers and steeples of many churches and public buildings may be seen, the towers and steeples, and also the roofs of many of the houses, being covered with tin, which glistens and shines in the sun in a very singular manner, especially when a portion of the dark-looking rock chances to be in the background. Running up from these there are terraces, and here and there stray buildings, and roads, sometimes carried over huge arches, cut out in the side of the rock, and flights of steps, where roads are impracticable, running up precipitous heights, so as to make connections between the river bank and the stronghold on the top of the hill. In the olden times the position was no doubt looked upon as impregnable ; and, like as is the case in continental cities, where the "faithful" congregate and crowd their dwellings around the walls of the cathedral pile, here the timid crowded round the fortress that offered so much security.

For many years past the history of Quebec is a simple record of peaceful progress, or stolid stagnation, contrasting very markedly with its earlier history. For some years the French settlers held undisputed possession of Quebec and the surrounding country, or disputing possession only with the aboriginal Indians. But in due course these Frenchmen quarrelled among themselves, and one of them, who had suffered much persecution, went to England, and induced the government of that day to fit out an armament, with which he himself returned and captured Quebec ; good, kind, generous, England thus getting a foothold in this part of the country. I am not going to tire you with the history of Quebec, but, coming upon this place after passing through a country like that which I told you of in my last letter, it is really necessary that some of the leading facts in its history should be recollected, in order to comprehend the scene, even in the smallest degree. From the time when England first got possession of Quebec down to the year 1759, the country was alternately in the hands of the French and the English, just as the one party or country could prove itself stronger than the other on the battle-field In the year 1763, four years after a great battle on the plains of Abraham (which lie behind the citadel on the hill top), where General Wolf, and other men well known in history, fell, Canada was ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris. Looking out upon the old city, its appearance seems to remind you of all you have read about it, or to prepare you for all that history has to say about it.

POINT LEVI (OPPOSITE QUEBEC), JUNE 18TH.

We arrived here at 12 o'clock, noon, after making the longest passage of any of the Allan Line of steamers this season. This is unfortunate, as it robs me of a day or two out of the time I have to spare; but I cannot complain, for I have made many friends, and on stepping on land, or rather wood, from the vessel, one of my fellow passengers, a banker of Toronto, introduced me, amongst others, to his brother, the Post-Master-General of Canada, who was waiting the arrival of his son, a young lad, who had been on a visit to England. Mr. Campbell very kindly requested me to visit him at Ottawa, where he will introduce me to other gentlemen of position. Mr. Campbell was also good enough to offer me a seat in a special train, which he had ordered for himself, his friends, and the mails, but this offer I felt bound to decline, being desirous of seeing for myself the way in which the emigrant is treated on his first arrival in Canada.

At Point Levi the landing stage is carried out sufficiently far into the river to allow of the largest ships being brought up alongside, and the unshipping, both of passengers and luggage, is thereby rendered an easy matter, provided passengers are only possessed of that which, under such circumstances they do not often possess—a moderate amount of patience. There were many persons on the landing stage waiting our arrival; and it was easy to see that many of these were waiting the arrival of friends—men and women who themselves were not long from the Old Country, but who had been sufficiently long in the New Country to desire their old friends to come and share with them their good fortune; to delve with them in the new El Dorado. But notably among the rest there were a number of well-dressed, and apparently well-to-do, females—I was told there were over fifty of them, who had come in from various parts of the country, in the hope that amongst those who were coming out to seek new homes there might be single women desirous of taking situations as domestic servants. I am told that the arrival of most vessels is thus waited and watched for; and this would lead me to urge upon all persons, male or female, when they go out as emigrants, to any part of the world, to take with them the best authenticated testimonials as to character they can fairly and honestly obtain. In Canada, all sorts of labour is eagerly sought after—the race here is for the labourer, and not for the work. But, as it ought to be, the person with a good character and testimonials goes more *direct* into the best places than those without such evidences. There were also many persons waiting for Miss Macpherson's children. But more about these hereafter. From the vessel the passengers' luggage was carried by properly appointed porters into the Customs' House, which, together with the offices and station of the Grand Trunk Railway

Company, and other buildings, adjoin the landing stage. Here the luggage, or, as it is here called, the baggage, is passed by the Customs' officers, and sent on to the railway office, when so desired, and taken charge of by the railway officials And here we arrive at a matter worthy of notice, inasmuch as it differs from any system we have in operation with us. Directly you are on the Grand Trunk Railway you are in direct railway communication with most of the cities and important places, both of Canada and America. Going West or South you may ride on for thousands of miles, or you may go to New York or New Brunswick. But it matters not where your destination may be, so that it be only fixed, your baggage need not trouble you after you have once given it into the charge of the railway officials at Quebec. You tell the officer who takes charge of it where you desire it to go to, and he proceeds to strap a small brass label on to each article of baggage, and then hands you a duplicate of that brass label, and, on examining it, you will find that it is stamped with the initials G. T. R., and also the initials of the railway on which your journey is to terminate, or where you may require to have charge of the baggage, and a number. Arriving at your destination—it may be a thousand miles from where you last saw your baggage—you go to the baggage office and produce your brass ticket, and, on giving it up, your baggage is handed to you. Just a word here: When you come to Canada, or go to America, do not part with your brass baggage ticket until you have received, or are satisfied you will receive, your baggage; so long as you hold the ticket you can compel the company to produce the baggage—or compensate you for it. Without the ticket you cannot recover the baggage or hold the company responsible for it. This is the Canadian and American system of checking baggage. No charge whatever is made for it; and to secure all the advantages of the system all you have to do when requesting to have your baggage "checked," is to produce your travelling ticket, to show that you have paid your fare to the place you desire to have it "checked" to. If, in course of your journey, you have to change cars a dozen times, you have nothing to do with your baggage. Every train carries a "baggage-master," who attends to the baggage, and nothing else, and who delivers it to the baggage porters at the stations, as the train goes along, according to the brass labels strapped on it, and a duplicate of which the owner of the baggage holds.

LETTER 12.

AT QUEBEC.

I TOLD you something of the arrangements made for the comfort of emigrants arriving at Liverpool. Much more is done for them on their arrival at Quebec. In my last we saw how the person who has some place or district he wishes to go to direct proceeds with the matter of his luggage. But there are many others who have no fixed destination, and who are desirous of knowing something of the country before proceeding further. For their convenience there are many arrangements, and the first I would notice is the fact that emigrants are not pounced down upon by persons who would take them in and do for them. On the landing stage there are offices at which every possible information may be obtained respecting the two provinces of Quebec and Ontario, in particular. At these places every information may be obtained respecting land for sale, its price and location, and also a register inspected of vacant situations, of farmers and others requiring laborers or workmen, those in charge of the registers being authorised in most cases to arrange for applicants being forwarded direct to the situations open. From enquiries made, I was assured that even when emigration was at its highest point the situations open were considerably in excess of the number of applicants for them; the ordinary terms offered for a farm laborer being from 15 to 20 dollars a month, with board and lodging, or a dollar and a-half a day without board and lodging. Around these offices there are a number of placards offering farms for sale, and others offering work to those seeking it. There is also a large wooden building capable of holding two or three thousand people, for the reception of passengers and their baggage. This building is thrown open on the arrival of a vessel, and being in the charge of properly appointed officers, baggage placed in it is safe. In this building Mr. Stafford, one of the Emigration Commissioners, has an office, and his clerks are always in waiting to give advice and answer enquiries, and, when necessary, to pass on by the Grand Trunk Railway persons in search of work, to districts where their services are required. In this building also there is a refreshment stall, where provisions may be purchased at prices which, when compared with our ordinary English prices, appear all but nominal. Near this stall there are large black boards, on which are posted the current rates of exchange for all kinds of money. This is a most important matter to the emigrant. He can no longer use his English money with advantage. If he has but a shilling in the world the figures on the board tell him how many cents he ought to have in exchange for it. He has now left the land of £ s d. and has arrived in a country where a totally different system prevails. In Canada there are practically only two coins, the dollar and the cent; one hundred cents being equal to one dollar. This simplifies matters very much, and you have not to bring your farthings into pence, and pence into shillings, and shillings into pounds to see how much an account comes to. You have simply to get one total, say in cents, and you have at once the result in dollars also, provided the cents exceed one hundred in number. A person, for instance, has one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three cents: he writes down the figures 1873, and they at once tell him, without further trouble, that he has eighteen dollars seventy-three cents. When the total number has been ascertained the two last figures represent the cents, and those preceding them, the dollars. This is the Canadian and American system of money, in contradistinction to our own system of £ s. d. Whatever your country, or amount of money, may be, reference to the black board, which is corrected daily, will tell you the utmost cent you may get for it in exchange. In Canada, the value of money fluctuates but slightly, and, practically, the English half-penny may be taken to be equivalent to the Canadian cent. It is not so in America. There, for some years past, English gold has been at a considerable premium, and, in consequence, there is an almost daily fluctuation in the number of dollars and cents you may get for your sovereign. This is important in many ways, especially when calculating the amount of wages, or the cost of living, &c. You may buy as much English gold with twenty Canadian dollars as you could with twenty-two, twenty-three, or possibly twenty-four American dollars, although, nominally, the Canadian and American dollars are each worth four shillings and two-pence, English. The black board having told you the exact value of your money, and what you ought to get for it in exchange, and the refreshment-stall having supplied you with all you may desire in that line, you may, if so disposed, pass on to other parts of the building, arranged as sleeping rooms. There are separate rooms for the single men, single women, and for families. Noticing that these rooms were entirely destitute of furniture, there being on either side of a passage up the centre of the room platforms in a slanting position, about eighteen inches from the floor, similar to the arrangements I have noticed in barracks for soldiers, and some workhouses in Ireland, I was told that emigrants generally preferred such accommodation as that in preference to bed and bedding, the clothing they were enabled to bring with them from the vessel meeting all the requirements of their temporary sojourn. It also enabled the authorities to keep the place scrupulously clean by washing the place every time it was used, the walls being well lime-washed. These sleeping rooms, however, were not generally used, emigrants usually proceeding direct into the country. Out of the large number who arrived by the Moravian but very few remained over the night. Outside the landing-stage gates, for the place is kept strictly private, except to those who can show some good ground for being admitted, there is a moderately large and comfortable hotel, said to have been built with the proceeds of a *solatium* given to an English naval officer for having been dismissed the service. The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, was a midshipman under this officer, and, after a quarrel, they came to blows. A court-martial was the result, and the officer was dismissed the service; but he had such an amount of justice on his side that he was offered a handsome sum of money to take kindly to his disgrace, and not to make a bother about it. He, being a poor man, took the money, retired to Canada, and built the Victoria Hotel at Point Levi with it. Whilst standing at the door of the hotel, I noticed a large drove of cattle being driven by for the Quebec market. These were the first Canadian cattle I had seen; and I have no hesitation in saying they were quite equal to anything that would be found in an ordinary way in our English fairs and markets. They were of good shape, size, and color, and in fair condition. Noticing that a large number of them were tailless, or nearly so, I enquired the cause, fearing it might be the result of some cruelty, but I was assured this was not the case—that it was a very common thing for them to lose their tails in course of the winter months.

There is nothing at Point Levi to call for notice; it is a long straggling place, running along by the river's bank, a blue slaty rock which rises up for over a hundred feet having in many places been removed for the carrying along of the road which strings a number of straggling houses together. Crossing the river by the steam ferry, I landed at Quebec near to a large open square, or market place. It was not market day; but still there appeared to be a good trade going on at the many stalls, which were principally kept by women. These stalls were very similar to those seen at our English fairs, and being portable, were easily moved from one place to another, or taken down and carried off. The fruit and fish displayed on some of these stalls were, I thought, very fine; but it was not, I was told, the time of year to see things usually sold here in perfection. In the neighbouring meat market there was also a fair display of meat of various kinds, which I found to be selling at from three-pence to four-pence per pound, or less than half what would be charged in England for the same quality of goods. Some salmon, for instance, which I afterwards tasted, was selling at three-pence the pound. At many of the stalls I noticed what at first puzzled me. The article was of a dark brown, dirty colour, and in blocks about eight inches long, by five or six inches wide and deep. From the number of stalls on which it was shewn it was clearly an article of general consumption, and I could only come to the conclusion that if it was soap—and I could not imagine what else it could be—it told either of the cleanly habits of the people, or, that they had suddenly rebelled against the use of soap, and had left the shopkeepers with a large stock on hand. But on enquiring what the article was, I was told it was sugar—maple-sugar. So I at once dived into the history, and the ins and outs, of maple-sugar. There are found in the forests of Canada six species of maple; but the Rock, or sugar-maple, is one of the best known, and most valuable; it is also the most noble of native trees. It grows to a great height, and is crowned with a dense mass of foliage at the summit. The trunk is generally straight, though often studded with projections and excrescences. When it grows in a clearing, with room for it to spread on every side, and when all its branches are exposed to the light, it is a tree of great beauty; not unlike the English oak in its general outline. The leaves, when in their prime, are of a fine green color, but in the autumn they turn to a bright scarlet, or deep crimson. When the sugar-maple is in blossom—a small greenish white flower—it sends out a delicious odour, which fills the air; but its great value is found in its sugar-giving properties. Where the tree grows freely the manufacture of sugar is carried on as a regular trade; the saccharine juice being obtained by tapping the tree. It is not customary to do this until the tree has attained to a moderate growth, of, say, a foot in diameter at the bottom. The tapping commences about the latter end of March or beginning of April, and generally lasts from three to four weeks, during which time some trees have been known to give as much as a hundred gallons of sap, which is equal to about thirty-three pounds of sugar. Gosse, in his *Canadian Naturalist*, states this as a fact, but adds, "it is very detrimental to the health of a tree to extract so large a quantity of its nutritive juices." When the sugaring season commences, the maple tree is tapped by a hole about an inch deep being bored in its trunk. Beneath this hole a small wooden spout is affixed, and underneath this spout a bucket or tub is placed. This having been done, the state of the weather, and the condition and age of the tree, regulates the remainder of the process, a warm sunny day after a frosty night being most favourable for the running of the sap. The sap thus obtained is said to be a pleasant drink, perceptibly sweet, but not cloying, like water with a little sugar dissolved in it. Where the maple tree is abundant the Canadian farmers make a very fair income from the sugar-making; some of them making several thousand pounds weight in course of the season; the price generally being about five-pence per pound. Gosse, whom I have already quoted, in his own gossiping way, thus describes the process of sugar *making*, after the sap has been collected:—"You perceive here are two forked poles stuck into the ground, across which another strong pole is laid, from which the large boiling kettle is suspended by a chain over the fire. In some parts of the process it is necessary to stop the boiling very suddenly, and we do this by throwing shovelfuls of snow on the fire; but I have seen it managed in a much neater manner, thus:—The kettle is suspended over the fire from the short arm of a long lever, which works around a pivot on some stump near; by pushing the long arm of this lever, a man can instantly swing the kettle off the fire with all ease; and these posts and cross-beam are not needed. But we are a very unimproving people. See the elegance of our utensils! Here is a tin basin with a long crooked stick for a handle; this is to bale the sap or sugar in or out; here is a tin skimmer, with a similar handle, to scum the liquor; a shovel made with the axe, out of a piece of board; and a poker made of a beech sapling. We take as many of our materials as we can, you see, from the surrounding woods, perhaps in compliment to the presiding dryads and satyrs of the place; or, perhaps —from necessity." "What is in the pot now?" "It was filled this morning with sap out of the holder, that large cask that stands beside you, and as the watery part has been evaporated, its place has been supplied by repeated fillings-up from the same reservoir. If you taste it, you will find that it has become very sweet and much thicker than the sap. A piece of fat pork thrown in, has the effect of refining it, by making all extraneous matters rise in a thick coat of scum, which is carefully taken off from time to time as it accumulates. When it has boiled to a considerable consistence, about that of oil, it is baled out into this other cask, and is called syrup. The first part of the process, the first boiling, is then complete." "What more remains to be done?" "The same process is repeated, when they have sap enough, and the syrup is added to what is already in the cask, until there is a sufficiency collected to 'sugar off,' as it is called; that is, to complete the process, by boiling the syrup over again, until it will granulate or crystalize. This is a delicate operation, and requires constant attention; they fill the kettle with syrup, adding the indispensable piece of pork for the same purpose as before; as the syrup wastes away, it is refilled, and kept constantly skimmed; it is needful to keep a regular fire, and towards the close of the business to watch the sugar attentively, to stop the boiling at the right instant, as a minute's delay may spoil the whole, or at least greatly injure it. When it is about half done, it is called maple-honey, from its resemblance to honey in taste, consistence, and appearance. In this state, the good matrons generally come, and take a tribute, and it forms a pleasant addition to the simple fare of our tea-table." "How is it known when it is time to remove it from the fire?" "By a very simple, but infallible test. They take a twig, and bend the end of it into a hook or circle, about an inch wide: dipping this into the kettle, and taking it out, a film of the sugar is stretched across the bow; they gently blow on this with their breath; if the breath breaks through, it is not done, but if the film is sufficiently glutinous to be blown out into a long bubble, it is ready to granulate, and out goes the fire." "Is the sugar then *made?*" "Yes; it is immediately baled out of the kettle, and carried home in buckets: if soft sugar be intended to be made, it is poured, when somewhat cooled, and granulating, into wooden vessels, the bottoms of which are bored with holes; the surface and sides soon become hard, having crystalized first; this crust is repeatedly broken, and the whole stirred together; the molasses gradually drain through the bottom, and the sugar is left, exactly resembling the cane-sugar; I have seen some as light coloured as any from the Mauritius or East Indies. But it is more usual to let the sugar cool in vessels, without either disturbing it, or draining off the molasses, so that it becomes a mass, nearly as hard as rock, and very dark in colour."

This, then, was the article I noticed in such abundance in Quebec market, and which, as seen there, looked more like a good hard brick than sugar, as we in England know that article.

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LETTER 13.

AT QUEBEC.

FORMERLY, Quebec was the capital of Canada, but it is now only the capital of its own province. Subsequently the seat of Government was at Quebec and Toronto alternately; but now the capital city for united Canada is Ottawa. Quebec, however, will never lose its leading characteristic of being the quaintest old place in the whole dominion. The united population of the city, including the Upper and Lower towns, and suburbs, is about fifty thousand; the number of streets which go to make up the place being, according to the Guide Books, 174. On leaving the market place, I found a most unfortunate change had taken place in the weather, a thick drizzling rain having set in. This, however, did not deter me from proceeding at once to explore the city; but you will at once understand that my "view" was not the most favourable, and that had the sun been shining brightly things would have looked differently. I soon found that the streets had been laid out in straight lines and at right angles; but this, with the exception of dirt and the absence of all sanitary arrangements, is the only uniformity to be noticed in the whole city. There are but few roads—as we in England would understand the word to mean—they are simply uneven track-ways, bounded on either side by timber foot-ways. Bounding these foot-ways again there are the most quaint looking houses you ever saw, or can well imagine. Except in a few of the principal streets, I should say that ninety-nine out of every hundred houses in Quebec are built of wood, the roof covering being either wood cut into small thin squares, or *tin* highly burnished. The houses are very quaint in their appearance, and some of them display considerable taste in their design, but where they are allowed to get out of order, and dirty, they appear very slatternly and wretched. Many of them have verandahs around them, and not unfrequently the entrance by the front door is up a flight of steps, the bottom or ground floor being used as a storage room or cellar. A part of even the Parliament House is of wood, and the Court House, which was cased with wood, is now a heap of ruins, having been burnt down in March last. The Quebecers appear to lay themselves out for fires, and when they come, to take to them as a matter of course. The whole city is intersected by telegraph wires, communicating with the various fire brigade stations. In case of a fire, houses, footways, and roads--all must go, for wood is the one universal material used. In some of the thoroughfares I have seen "ruts" from a foot to eighteen inches deep, whilst within a distance of ten or a dozen yards I have noticed inequalities in the surface of the road of from two to three feet. It would seem that when a "rut," hole, or channel gets unreasonably deep, they throw into it a tree or baulk of timber, and leave it there until it wears away and makes room for another addition. Going from the Lower to the Upper town my road was by way of "Break-neck Stairs" and Mountain Street. These two thoroughfares are characteristic of Quebec. The stairs, which are of wood, take you up or down, as the case may be, a distance of about two hundred feet. In some places they are so steep as to render the hand-railings on either side of great assistance, and the occasional platforms very convenient as "blowing" stations. This is the short cut for pedestrians: the route for horsemen and vehicles is some distance round, but both routes meet in Mountain Street. Here the face of the rock has been smoothed somewhat, and horses and men "clamber" along with wonderful agility—especially the horses. They go up and down this Mountain Street, and over most uneven surfaces, in a manner that would startle an English driver. To enable them to do this they are shod in a peculiar manner: their shoes having stout spikes, projecting both in front and behind. Another flight of steps brings the pedestrian to the new Post Office—a fine building—to many fine shops, to Durham Terrace, the Public Gardens, the Place d'Armes, the Esplanade, the Citadel, and other places memorable in the history of the city. Many of these places retain their original French character, and this so markedly that in going from one street to another, or even from the front of one house to another, one might almost fancy he was moving from one country to another, and coming in contact with different nationalities. This, in fact, is the case, for in some of the districts into which I have been I have found the French language only spoken, whilst in other parts English is spoken. There are few natives, however, who do not speak both languages. Besides these old French buildings, the next in the order of permanency are the churches and religious houses. Mountain Street also leads up to the Roman Catholic Cathedral. I should not like to say how many churches there are in the place, but I think I have been inside nearly, if not quite, twenty. Generally, they are somewhat plain, but their tin covered steeples give them a kind of ghastly or spectral appearance. Inside, they almost invariably partake of one character—the Italian, white and gold being the prevailing colors used in the decorations. Some of the churches have a fine collection of paintings hanging from their walls, and those at the Cathedral are counted of sufficient value to call for descriptive catalogues, which are distributed over the place for the use of visitors. I was present at the evening service at the Cathedral; the singing and music were very good. The building is large enough to accommodate four thousand persons. There are several other equally large Roman Catholic churches, especially in the Lower town, or St. Rock's district, many of them being in connection with schools, colleges, and other monastic establishments. There is also a Protestant Cathedral, and several churches; a Scotch church, Wesleyan, Congregational, Baptist, and other—dissenting churches, I was going to say, but that is not so, for there is no *dissenting* in Canada. A man there is perfectly free to worship his Maker after his own fashion, and at his own cost. The Catholics of Quebec evidently possess great wealth: but it is not derived from taxes or rates levied on those of an alien belief. I went out from the Upper town to the fortifications, and on the Citadel. But, beyond the views down upon the unique old city, which I got, there was but little to interest me in this part of my "explorations." Ditches were gradually filling up with rubbish, cannons and mortars were lying by the side of their carriages, roads were being overgrown with weeds, walls were tumbling down and loop-holes and embrasures were getting very crooked, and assuming a very out-at-elbow character. Once the great citadel of Canada, the pride and glory of Wolf, Montcalm, and other generals, this part of Quebec has now a sad and deserted appearance, dwindling away, let us hope, in the light of those better times, when peace, and not war, is the great motive power to the work of the world. Although still a British possession, Canada is not *protected* by a British army, the English troops having left Quebec in the year 1870, since which time the country has maintained its position by the aid of its own Volunteer army. Descending again to the Lower town, I traversed the more business parts of the city, and, taking one of the street cars, I went out by the tramway for two or three miles, passing by warehouses, and docks, and ship and timber yards, until I found it time again to cross the river and return to my quarters for the night.

Arrived here, I was fortunate enough to meet with one who had been the best of good fellows on board the Moravian—Jim F., the Mail officer. Jim had had an unusually hard day's work, and the excitement which had been sustaining him over, he was now pretty well prostrate. There were two things which Jim positively hated: the one was a "Fenian" and the other a "Yankee." Jim's "place" in the chief cabin was at the head of one of the dinner tables. Next to Jim there sat a Yankee family, including some very juvenile members. They were a perfect abomination to Jim. Sometimes I have watched him with his nose and chin stuck right out in front of him, "sniffing" like an old war horse, and the hair on his head sticking bolt upright like the quills of a porcupine, when he has been determined not to see what was going on in the midst of the Yankee colony at his right. Sometimes he looked the very picture of despair, for both in season and out of season, whether sick or well, against the rules of the vessel and of all propriety, the Yankee family were all there when the meals were on, until at length Jim gave up one meal after another, in self defence, so that his place became regularly empty, except at supper, when he did his potatoes and herrings with a relish which a *gourmand* might envy, his tormentors having ere this retired to their rest. Not that Jim disliked children—far from it. He was only another Scott with children; but he had an unmitigated dislike of everything snobbish. Nothing pleased him better than to get amongst Miss Macpherson's children, and to watch them playing, and to listen to their singing. He was a rather big, burly fellow, with bushy whiskers and a heavy crop of hair, and when he laughed there was no mistake about it. When he has been with the children I have heard his laugh burst out high and loud above a hundred voices, and I have watched the tears trickling down his cheeks when the early history of some of those children was being told. Generally, when he was absent from the cabin table, he might have been found down in the steerage with the children. In the evening it was his delight to get his friends to take coffee with him down in his office, and many a pleasant hour was passed there; Jim himself, with his impromptu snatches of song, and his marvellous tales about "doing for the Fenians," generally proving himself the heart and soul of the party. Here, also, politics, boundaries, and fishing grounds, were discussed after a peculiarly rough and ready fashion. But with these matters I need not trouble you. As I have said, Jim was done up. He had been making the children welcome to Canada; he had been buying them trinkets, and lollypops, and everything he could think of or obtain, until he had spent every cent he had, and was driven to borrow money to pay his way on for Kingston. He told me nearly all the children had been provided with homes—that is, they had been adopted into families where they would be properly trained and cared for — before leaving Quebec that evening in a couple of first-class cars, which the railway authorities had been kind enough to provide for their especial use. Jim had made himself quite tired; but he did not begrudge that. He had been trying to launch those young lives upon their future country in a burst of sunshine: no doubt dark clouds will beset more or less the paths of many of them, but we may not be able to measure the silver lining some of them may see around these clouds in after years, when they look back on the day when they set foot on Canadian soil, and were cheered on their way by that big-hearted, snob-hating mail officer.

About 120 miles south of Quebec, by the Grand Trunk Railway, there is Sherbrook, the chief town of a district of country known as the Eastern Townships. It was here that most of our English, Irish, and Scotch emigrants went to formerly. But I found that most of the passengers by the Moravian had taken a more westward course, and had gone in the direction of Montreal; and I therefore resolved on following them. These Eastern Townships, however, are full of interest to English people, and I therefore made what enquiries I could concerning them. The U.E. Loyalists are very strong in these Townships. They take their name (United Empire Loyalists) from those men whose love for British institutions induced them, when the United States separated from Great Britain, to leave the States and settle down on British soil. In a measure, these people are characteristic of the inhabitants of the whole district. It is a district where a man may nurse his independence;

the land, without surfeiting him with milk and honey, being sufficiently generous to afford him a very fair return for what labour he may expend upon it. A man may secure competence and independence by working moderately for it. The Government has close upon a million acres of land in this district, which they sell at from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per acre, English money. There are also private land companies, who sell land at slightly higher prices; but their price seldom exceeds a dollar (4s. 2d.) the acre, even when the land is contiguous to a town or village. In these townships alone, in the eight years between 1861 and 1869, over two and a quarter millions of acres were conceded to occupiers by the Crown Lands Commissioners; the total quantity conceded amounting to close upon nine million acres. There are some few conditions attached to the sale of the land, but they are very simple, and are easily understood, and they are made simple for the purpose of bringing the land into cultivation within a moderate time. The following are the principal conditions of sale :—"The purchaser to pay one-fifth of the purchase money at the date of the sale, and the remainder in four equal annual instalments, with interest at 6 per cent. per year; to take possession of the land sold within six months from the date of sale, and to reside on, and occupy the same, either by himself or through others, for at least two years from the date of the said sale. In the course of the first four years the settler must clear and place under cultivation at least ten acres for every hundred acres held by him, and erect on his farm a habitable house of the dimensions at least of sixteen feet by twenty feet."

The sale is only considered perfect when the foregoing conditions have been fulfilled; and it is then ratified by means of letters patent, which are granted to the settler free of charge. The letters patent cannot in any case be granted before the expiration of the two years of occupancy, nor until the fulfilment of all the conditions previously mentioned, even though the purchase money had been fully paid up.

There are also Free Grant Districts, where male persons, on attaining the age of eighteen years, may obtain a free grant of one hundred acres of land; and the only difference in the conditions is that a person obtaining a free grant is called upon to do more in the way of bringing his land into cultivation within a given time than if he had agreed to pay a price for it. For instance, he must take possession of the land within a month from the date of his permit, under penalty of losing all right to the grant. Before the expiration of the fourth year he must have built a house on his lot; and he must have brought at least twelve acres of land under cultivation. This done, letters patent, free of charge, are issued to him, and he becomes the absolute proprietor of the farm; and he can sell it to whom he pleases, the sale and transfer being very simply and inexpensively managed. But more about this in a subsequent letter.

It is not at all surprising that accounts of this wholesale giving away of lands in Canada should be received by many persons in England as incredulous, whilst others conclude that land so cheap must be worthless. But that really is not the case. The Province of Quebec alone comprises a territory of one hundred and twenty-nine millions of acres, over one hundred millions of which still *remain to be surveyed*, so that it will take many years to exhaust the free grants of this one province alone. According to our own Agricultural Returns for 1872, we had in the United Kingdom, including the Isle of Man and Channel Islands, a total of 46,869,326 acres under all kinds of crops, fallow, and grass. This one fact may, in some measure, enable us to realise what is meant as regards quantity, when it is said the Province of Quebec, which forms only a very small portion of the Dominion of Canada, has over 100,000,000 acres of country waiting to be surveyed. Now, surveying the country means, practically, cutting and making a road through it—not a Macadamised road, remember, but rather a track. These are called colonization roads; and a large proportion of the government funds are spent in their construction. Along these roads lands are mapped off into townships: a township being ten miles square. These townships, as they become inhabited, are subdivided into parishes; and a number of them together form a county. Each township has its own municipal institutions, and each county its council, to which appeals from the local council are made. Each county also has the right of sending one member to the Federal Parliament for the term of five years, and one representative to the Local Legislature every four years. Every parish and township becomes a local municipality, entrusted with the management of its own affairs, upon numbering three hundred souls within its borders: the governing body being a number of councillors (elected yearly by the ratepayers), who elect a mayor to preside over their deliberations, and officiate as chief magistrate of the locality. To be an elector of one of these municipalities, a person must have attained the age of twenty-one, possess a property yielding at least $4 per annum, or be the lessee of an immovable property, paying a rental of not less than $20 a year.

This, then, is the way in which you may become a landowner and a citizen in the Province of Quebec, where the emigrant from England first plants his foot on arriving in the Dominion of Canada. In my next I shall give you some particulars of the provision made for the education of children in the province.

LETTER 14.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

IT seems very singular that out here, where there are millions of acres of land over which human beings have not even rambled, and the extent of which is only marked on maps by the lines of some river, or by some sea coast; where the habits of large numbers of the settlers are of the most primitive character; where in the matter of the use of implements for tilling the land, and for other agricultural purposes, little or no change has taken place since the days when our earliest records were made; that in some other matters the "institutions" of the country are ahead of those in the old country, where we have been improving our institutions for ages past. If, for instance, I were to attempt to give you some pictorial illustrations of the manners and customs of some of the agricultural communities in this Province of Quebec, strange as it may appear, some of the illustrations from "Kitto's Bible" would come very readily to hand for what I wanted, and to serve my purpose ; yet, in the matter of the education of the young, this same Province of Quebec sets a fine example for us in England. Here, a good elementary education is secured to every child ; and the good work is not impeded by some *religious* difficulty. Just let us see how this very important piece of business is conducted. I am, of course, now only referring to the Province of Quebec. When I get further into the country, should I find the practice to vary from what I find in this province, I shall refer specially to the alteration. There is, then, a Minister of Public Instruction, who is assisted in his duties by a council composed of twenty-one members, selected and named by the Lieutenant Governor, fourteen of whom are Catholics and seven Protestants. You must not think there is any unfairness in this proportion of Catholic to Protestant members, for there really is none, for the minority possess equal rights with the majority, and the proportion given is simply to secure fair dealing: the population of certain districts of the province being peopled by the original French settlers, who still maintain the practices of the Roman Catholic Church. For, if at any time ten Catholic or five Protestant members of the Council shall be of opinion that the Catholic or Protestant schools, or educational institutions, as the case may be, should be separately managed, the law provides in such case for the separation of the Council, which then resolves itself into two Councils, so as to enable the members of each of the religious bodies to have the exclusive direction or management of the schools belonging to their respective denominations. The Minister of Public Instruction is by law an *ex-officio* member of each Council; with the proviso, however, that he shall only have the right to vote in the Council of the religious faith to which he belongs. To this Council is entrusted the duty of duly executing the laws of the province bearing upon the important matter of education. And the first duty of the Council is to enforce that law which renders primary education obligatory on all, and calls upon every citizen to contribute a tax, equitably assessed upon his property. Each municipality is charged with the duty of raising a sum of money for educational purposes within its own boundaries, and, as we have already seen, a local municipality is established when any district can number 300 souls. Whatever sum is raised by this local municipality, an equal sum is added by the Council of Public Instruction. In addition to this, heads of families have to pay a monthly fee, varying from five to forty cents for every child between seven and fourteen years of age suitable to attend school, *whether the child attends or not!* When it can be shewnthat it would in any way distress a municipality to enforce the full rate, the Council of Public Instruction may vote money to assist; so that however poor a district may be (and poorness of a district can only mean that it is sparsely settled, and, remaining in a state of nature, unproductive) the work of education goes on there equally with the more favoured districts. There is annually allowed to such poor municipalities over 8,000 dollars. Each municipality has its own primary school or schools, which are placed under the control of five commissioners, elected by the ratepayers, whose duty it is to receive the sums granted by the Council of Public Instruction, to collect the local or municipal rates, and to divide the same among the different schools established in the municipality. This, then, is the way in which the evil of ignorance is met. Just a word as to the way in which any possible "religious" difficulty is got over. In municipalities where there exists different religious denominations the School Commissioners of the majority govern. If the minority are not satisfied with their management in what concerns them specially they may signify their dissent to the President of the School Commissioners, and select syndics, or trustees, to direct their own school. The schools of the minority in this case are called dissentient schools, and the trustees with regard to them are invested with powers equal to those of the commissioners of the schools of the majority. The School Commissioners, however, alone have power to levy taxes on the lands and real estate of corporations and incorporated companies in the municipality; subject, nevertheless, to hand over to the trustees of the dissentient schools their legal share of the same, and the proportion of the Government grant, which lawfully reverts to them. In this way, then, the scruples of the minority are respected equally with those of the majority; so that Catholic families living in a Protestant district, or Protestant families living in a Catholic district, have no sacrifices to make in order to obtain the best primary education for their children that the State can provide. School teachers are trained in special schools of instruction, called normal schools. These institutions are supported by the State, and are under the immediate supervision of the Minister of Public Instruction. There are three Normal Schools in the province, two of which are Catholic, and one Protestant. The principal of each of the Catholic normal schools is an ecclesiastic approved of by the bishop of the diocese. School teachers educated anywhere but in these schools cannot teach in schools aided by the Government, unless they obtain a *diploma*, after examination, from a board of examiners chosen by the Lieutenant-Governor. The Province of Quebec contains 377,045 square miles of country; and, according to the last census returns, taken in 1872, numbered 1,111,576 of population. At that time there were 3,468 primary schools, in which elementary instruction is given to 173,294 pupils; and 227 secondary and model schools, attended by 33,428 pupils. These schools are maintained at an annual cost to the province of $114,928, and receive besides, in local contributions, the sum of $728,490. Inspectors connected with the Education Department, and acting under the immediate direction of the Minister of Education, are obliged, at least once every three months, to visit the schools of the district to which they are appointed, to assure themselves of the competency of the school teachers, and of the manner in which they discharge their duties; to see to the proper application of the school laws, and to report to the minister the progress made, the deficiencies observed, and the reforms required. Besides these schools of primary instruction, there are special schools, lyceums, commercial schools, and schools of agriculture; in all, these number 147, and are frequented by 1,186 pupils. Following these there are superior schools, wherein the classics are mainly taught; there are fifteen in the province: twelve Catholic and three Protestant. As a general rule, the charge for tuition and board in these colleges does not reach the sum of $100, and many young men who are devoid of means are educated gratuitously in these institutions. At the head of the educational institutions of the province there are three universities, two of which are Protestant—that of McGill College, founded in 1827 by a wealthy merchant, who gave his name to it, and that of Bishops' College, Lennoxville, founded in 1843 by Bishop Mountain. The Catholic University, called the Lavel University, like the English universities, is incorporated, and enjoys privileges and immunities similar to them. There are four faculties open in the Lavel university—theology, law, medicine, and arts.

The Lennoxville College has two—theology and arts.

The annual cost of tuition at the fifteen classical colleges ranges from two dollars (8s 4d English) to fifty dollars, the cost of board, charged in addition, ranging from sixty-six dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars. So that, practically, the best possible classical education is within the reach of persons of very moderate means indeed. At the industrial colleges the cost is equally moderate, the tuition ranging from five to fifty dollars per annum, and the board from sixty to one hundred dollars per annum. As I have remarked, where even these moderate charges cannot be met, the aspirant to educational or industrial honours need not suffer for want of means, for I find from returns before me that in the twenty-eight colleges six hundred and eight pupils were receiving a gratuitous education; twenty-three pupils were being both educated and fed free of all cost; while two hundred and sixty other pupils were being assisted towards providing for their board.

I think I have now given you such information as will enable you to realise the education question in the Province of Quebec, and at the same time you may understand why it is we are told that clerks and such like people are not those who should emigrate to Canada. The fact is that Canadian youths obtain a much cheaper and better education than working people can give their children in England, and, as a consequence, situations in banks, mercantile houses, and such like places, are taken by either native born Canadians, or by the sons of those whose position gives them a certain amount of patronage or influence.

LETTER 15.

A FRENCH CANADIAN VILLAGE, AND THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

ON the morning of my second day in Quebec I met my friend Scott by appointment, and proceeded with him to the cab stand to make our selection of a vehicle to take us for a ride into the country. Not that there was any lack of vehicles for hire in the streets, but Scott said they had an "institution" in one particular class of vehicle—the old French *calashe*, and he was anxious to hire one of these for our ride. The horses, carriages, and every kind of vehicle you meet with, tell you that you are in a strange country. The horses are all of a light, slim build, with a quick step and brisk action. The carriages are so remarkably light that they look little better than mere skeletons. But the *calashe* is French, and, I am told, peculiar to Quebec. It is just such an article as the elder Cruikshank would have delighted in in his younger days. It belongs to the pantaloon, powdered wig, and pigeon-tailed coat period of our great great grandfathers—that is, they are just the kind of thing these venerable old ancestors would have met with when visiting Paris and other fashionable cities on the continent. Viewed from the footway, as they are driven along the streets, they are about the size, and very similar in shape, to an ordinary summer hay-rick, an immense leather hood rising high over the seat, allowing ample room for the towering female head-gear of other days. The only connection between this singular looking body and the frame work to which the wheels and shafts are affixed is by means of four long leather straps, somewhat similar to the old chariots, which went out when railways came in, so that persons not accustomed to getting into and out of them are liable to fancy that the whole fabric is tumbling down upon them, or slipping away from under them, when they move to make an entry or an exit. But in due course we were fairly seated, and our horse (the driver occupying a small seat in front of us) was spinning away over the ruts and through the mud in fine style. When we first started, all things considered, I thought it more than probable it would not be long before I might find myself floundering in the mud, or flying over the hedge bounding the road; but after we had gone a mile or so, I once again came to the conclusion that we were great fools for being always so ready to meet trouble, and to feel that after all the *calashe* had been retained for some better reason than anything that was to be found in its antiquity. In some of the suburbs of Quebec there are very charming villa residences and fine drives, but they did not happen to lie in the direction we were taking. We were soon out in the country, with both arable and pasture fields on either side of us. The land appeared to me to be exceedingly rich, and such crops as were growing shewed a very *frume* and rapid vegetation. The trees were all in full leaf, notwithstanding that five or six weeks before they had not a bud on them, and could hardly be seen for the snow which covered them. We soon passed a fine stone building on our left, which I found to be the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, and shortly after that again, on the right, we passed an old stone building, falling into ruins, and which I was told was identified with the history of the original French colonization of Quebec. But what interested me most were the houses of the small French farmers. The village of Beauport extends along either side of the road leading to the Falls for several miles; the houses being invariably built of wood. It was a rare thing to meet with two standing together. Sometimes there would be a space of a quarter of a mile or more between them, at other times only a few yards. But they generally had a very neat appearance. The winter past, they had been cleaned up for the spring and coming summer. Outside, they were newly painted white; all the windows having new paper blinds of bright and showy colours. Inside, they looked the very pink of cleanliness: a large stove, which served the joint purpose of warming the house and cooking the food, standing in the centre of the principal living room. They were of the class I have already described to you, and occasionally were very picturesque. There was a very large Roman Catholic church lying between the road and the river, for the St. Lawrence, and the Isle d'Orleans are only occasionally lost sight of all the way. There are other indications of the religious faith of the people to be noticed along the road, such as crosses, in front of which the *faithful* stopped, crossed themselves, and said a paternoster or an Ave Maria. We were fortunate enough to be passing along at a time when the children were in the road going from school to their homes. I was much struck with their generally comely appearance and clean and good attire, and I could not help remarking that I had never noticed in an English village an equal number of children who would bear a favourable comparison placed side by side with those we were passing. Yet I understand the people are, as a rule, perfectly "stagnant." They do just as the priest bids them, and as their forefathers did generations ago. Their farms are very peculiar: generally they are only a few yards wide, running back in a long parallel strip for a considerable distance. The French law prevails here, which provides for the equal division of a man's real and personal estate amongst his children, instead of giving it to the eldest son as with us. They are also their own bankers, many of them having been known, when making a purchase of house or land, to produce gold coin which had been hoarded up so long as to be almost forgotten in the ordinary currency of the day. The men are very busy in the fields and gardens planting out vegetables, which had been raised in hotbeds or under shelter. The number of crops they manage to get off the land in course of the year is something truly marvellous, and sounds incredulous.

In due course, passing by what was once the residence of the Duke of York, the father of Queen Victoria, we came within sound of rushing waters, and, passing through a deep cutting in the rock, came upon a long wooden bridge, spanning a river, the waters of which were boiling and fretting after a most mad and impetuous fashion, over and against masses of rock which lay in their way as though to check the river in the leap it was to take. Here I got another glimpse of the grandeur of the natural features of British North America. I had seen the primeval forest, which stretched out into unexplored districts, and covered thousands of square miles of country, and here I saw waters coming, it might be, from far back in the Arctic regions, and perpetual snow and ice, rushing on into the great river which should take them into the ocean. Art had made the effort to do something to add to the attractions of the spot; but had not succeeded very well. A little to our right there were the stone piers of what was designed to be a suspension bridge right over the edge of the Falls; but the plan had failed, the bridge had given way, and the piers only remained, standing up in their naked aspect amidst a scene of natural force and grandeur. To our right, there was the edge of the Falls; far down below, out in the distance, there was the river St. Lawrence, and beyond it the Isle d'Orleans. To our left, there was a wild-looking gorge through massive rocks, on the tops and sides of which, on every spot where soil and seed could live, there was shooting out some sign of vegetation, the higher points being crowned with pine and other trees and brushwood. Two miles up the river there were the Natural Steps. So we drove on a few yards to an inn for the accommodation of visitors to the Falls, and having put up our horse, recrossed the bridge, and proceeded to go in search of the Steps. On our way we passed over lands cultivated more after the English fashion. Instead of being in long strips like the French have it, they were in large enclosures, and although the land appeared to suffer much from the want of labour on it, I could not help being struck with what appeared to be the spontaneous growth of the vegetation. For some little distance on either side the river the land had never been touched for the purposes of cultivation, nor had the timber been interfered with. Indeed, it has been remarked that from about here you may walk straight to the North Pole without meeting with a human habitation, except it may be an occasional Indian wigwam, or an adventurous hunter's shanty. So we kept out in the clearing as well as we could, the roaring of the waters on our right being our guide. At length we struck off through the woods, and making our way among the brambles and bushes, came right upon the "Natural Steps." Facing us there was a wall of dark cream coloured rock, with a face towards us as smooth and as regular as though it had been put there, layer upon layer, by the hands of man. In a moderately straight line this mass of rock was in sight for some hundreds of yards on either hand, until it was lost in the foliage. The rock was laminated, the layers being perfectly horizontal, and varying from ten to eighteen inches in thickness. The sun was shining out brightly on to the face of this rock, which was kept moist and glistening by the spray from the water as it rushed along, the shadows thrown upon the rock by the brilliant foliage from both above and around helping to make the scene peculiarly vivid, and one not soon to be forgotten. We were standing on a precisely similar kind of rock, but instead of presenting a compact wall as that on the opposite side of the river, and only some twelve or fifteen feet distant from us, it was in the form of an irregular series of steps. Commencing at the bottom of the steps, we were nearly on a level with the river; passing on a few feet we ascended on to another layer of rock, and so on, at irregular distances; and in the course of several hundred yards we reached an elevation nearly equal to the top of the rock on the opposite side. The fact that these are "natural steps" renders a visit to them not only interesting but instructive. But what shall I say of the river as it rushes down this fissure in the rock. There is not the slightest appearance of water, and it rushes along with such fearful velocity that its depth probably could not be ascertained. If you can imagine all the fleeces from all the sheep on Salisbury Plain, each fibre being mad with life, struggling onward to extricate itself from between a rock-bound gorge of only a few yards in width, you may form some idea of the appearance of the river as it rushes past the Natural Steps on its way to the Falls of Montmorency. Returning to the Falls, we viewed them from every possible point; and I was much pleased with the sight. They are much higher than Niagara—being more than 250ft. high; but the edge of the Falls, between the rocks which rise up on either side, is only fifty feet wide. Before, however, the water reaches the edge, it has assumed its ordinary limpid form, and, although falling over in great volume, there is nothing of that *mad impetuosity* noticeable at the Natural Steps. At a point fully a quarter of a mile from the Falls, in front, I noticed on the side of the rock a patch of the most brilliant vegetation I had ever seen, and I was so much struck by it that I went and searched for the cause. The rock itself was of a black slaty character, the layers being in a position to shew that it had been forced into its present position by volcanic action. I found that the green patch was in a direct line with the course of the spray rising from the water as it fell over the Falls. This spray had so worked upon the slightly yielding rock as to give a lodgment for the growth of the most beautiful moss, which, both for softness and color, would throw our most expensive carpets into the shade. In the winter months the river below is ice-bound, and the water from the Falls can only escape for a comparatively short distance before it is seized hold of and converted into ice. The spray is frozen whilst flying in the air, and, very singularly, it is drifted invariably into two large cones, the largest, in an ordinary winter, reaching an altitude of eighty feet; the second one, which is called the Ladies' cone, being much smaller. In the winter it is fine sport for the Quebecers, who assemble here in large numbers, to clamber up these cones, and then sitting on, or straddling, long thin pieces of wood, slide down to the bottom with immense velocity. It is said that ladies and gentlemen both enter with equal spirit into this amusement. It requires much skill to avoid accidents, and sometimes people do tumble head over heels to the bottom. At the inn, where there were a number of photographs, and shoes, caps, purses, &c., made of bead-work by the Indians of a village in the neighbourhood, I purchased several photographic views of the Falls in summer and in winter, the latter views shewing the cones, and the sports going on there.

Returning towards Quebec, we visited what I was told were the largest saw mills in Canada; and the sight certainly well repaid me for the visit. The timber trade in Canada is called the lumber trade. A well wooded country is called a good lumber country, and so on. "Lumber" is one of the chief items of export from the Province of Quebec. In the year of 1871-2 the value of the "produce of the forests" *exported* amounted to $23,685,382, the chief of which came into our English ports. Of this the Province of Quebec contributed more than one half. In 1868-9 the total value of the exports of the Dominion of Canada amounted in value to $28,223,268. Of this sum the Province of Quebec contributed $10,722,651 as the produce of its forests. It is estimated that in the winter months there are over thirty thousand men employed, more or less, in the cutting down of this lumber and hauling it from the forests to the rivers in this one province. Coming up the St. Lawrence, I noticed occasional channels cut through the forests and down the mountain sides. I was told they were lumber shoots. The practice is to chop down the timber and haul the logs to the verge of the nearest river (and the net work of rivers in Canada is simply marvellous) in course of the winter months. In the spring, when the thaw sets in, the waters rise, and seizing hold of the logs, carry them off before you can say "Jack Robinson." When the river is not available the shoots are used, or other means adopted to secure the ready and cheap transit of the logs. Of course it is known where timber thus sent on its travels may be expected to turn up, and there provision is made for either forming it into "rafts" or for converting it into deals, or into some other marketable shape. Looking down from the Falls, and on towards Quebec, the sight was a particularly lively one. Just below there were many sheds and wooden buildings, with tram-ways intersecting in every direction; on wharves abutting the river there were stacks of sawn timber, principally deals and battens, which one might well have thought was sufficient for supplying the chief markets of the world for some time. Out in front of these stacks the water was divided off, as it were, into "pens," like sheep or cattle pens in a market, only they were many acres in extent. These enclosures were formed by a number of baulks being chained together lengthways, and kept in position by chains fastened to the bed of the river. Within these enclosures the trunks of thousands of trees, after being sorted out according to their different kinds, were stored, there to remain until the sawyers were ready to take them and cut them into deals, boards, &c., ready for the markets of the world. These trunks of trees are of all lengths, varying from ten and twelve feet up to twenty and twenty-five feet, the length generally being ruled by the growth of the tree. In due course the trees are drawn from the water, and up tramways into the saw mills, where, without any stop or hindrance, they are placed on travelling carriages, which pass to and fro under a series of vertical saws, working at a most rapid speed. I had often been struck with the magnitude of some of our own branches of industry, and had thought that the same could not be equalled in any other part of the world, but as I watched what was little less than constant streams of timber being drawn from the various pounds or enclosures up the various tramways into the mills, going in one side of the saw frame in a state of nature, and coming out on the other cut and squared into all the various sizes of deals, battens, &c., as we see them in our timber yards, I could not help thinking how easy it is to be mistaken. After the timber is cut into the required size, 11 × 3, 9 × 3, or 7 × 2½, as the case may be, it passes on by mechanical action to saw benches, where it is lengthened according to the different standards. Leaving the saw benches, it passes down shoots, at the bottom of which runs a tramway, and here it is carted off to the various stacks by the water's edge, ready for shipment. The pieces of timber not large enough for the ordinary sized deal or batten are collected and passed on to other parts of the premises, where they are cut up into such sizes as they are fit for. The saws are arranged in a line down a shed several hundred feet in length, and to watch them all in busy work was to look upon a scene, interesting, if not exciting. At one end of the yard there are several large workshops, in which the manufacture of buckets, tubs, and other wood ware is carried on on a very large scale; but I did not go into any of them, there being no time to procure the necessary order to do so. As the mills were working at the time of my visit to them they were turning out over fifty million cubic feet of sawn timber per annum. The saws, as well as all the machinery on the premises, are driven by water power. A Yankee is credited with having once conceived a plan for driving all the machinery in the world by the water power available at Niagara. How it was to be done, whether the machinery had to be taken to the "Falls" or the "Falls" taken to the machinery, probably was never quite clearly made out. But, be this as it may, the Montmorency river is made available for the driving of the machinery in the timber yards just below the Falls. The river is tapped about a mile from the Falls, and a stream of water is thus brought to a favourable point on the edge of the precipice, where it enters a wooden shoot of about four feet wide and two feet deep, placed but slightly out of the perpendicular. Down this shoot the water rushes with frightful velocity, and with a roar which may be heard some distance off. At the foot of the shoot the water is carried over a series of water wheels, which, in their turn, give motion to the machinery.

As we returned towards Quebec the weather was all that could be desired, making the scene quite enchanting. On the road we met several parties who had come over in the Moravian going out to the Falls, and we also met and passed many children returning to school, and not a few priests, who must be very thickly planted about here. In the gardens around the cottages there were frequently to be seen women engaged in planting, whilst, farther off, men were busy with horse, plough, and spade. But I think I can never forget the appearance of the city of Quebec as it lay before us. The waters of the St. Lawrence were lit up with a peculiar phosphorescent glow, and beyond these there stood out the tin covered roofs and steeples (washed clean by the rains of yesterday, and on which the sun now shone as on many mirrors), backed by the rocks, and surrounded by the foliage of the trees and the darker objects around. When I first noticed the general use of tin for roof and steeple coverings, spoutings, &c. (the tin always being kept in its native colour, and highly burnished), I thought it must be in consequence of its cheapness, and from coming most readily to hand. But in this I found I was mistaken, and that every sheet of tin used was imported from England, and that it was used because there was nothing like it to resist the winter's frost, and preserve the stone or other work of which it was the covering. Returned to Quebec, I took another ramble through such portions of the city as had impressed me most; was introduced to a number of the leading inhabitants, including the editor of the leading daily newspaper; and then went and booked myself by the Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal, a distance of 180 miles, from which place, all being well, you will next hear from me.

LETTER 16.

MONTREAL.

HOW different is Montreal from quaint old Quebec. A little over two hundred years ago there was a small Indian village occupying the site on which a portion of Montreal now stands, the population of the village being probably a few score of human beings, whilst that of the city is drawing on towards two hundred thousand, and is still growing. No visitor to Canada, either for the purpose of seeing the country, or for settling down, ought to defer a visit to Montreal longer than is absolutely necessary. There must be something really great and substantial in the country to have produced such a city in so short a period of time. Many of our old country cities of an equal size would cut but a poor appearance side by side with Montreal, whilst there are but very few indeed which would compare favourably with it. The public buildings, merchants' warehouses, and shops, are equal to the best of our English samples. You may also see much life here, and a great variety of character. As I sit writing in the entrance hall of one of the chief hotels, an old Indian woman, or squaw, as they are called, is pestering me to buy her wares, consisting of smoking caps, moccasins, baskets, &c., all worked with beads of the most showy colors. She belongs to the old race which held the country centuries ago, before British North America had been heard of. While she has been standing here displaying her wares, many men and women have passed by, going to and from their apartments, dressed in the very height of fashion, and so "*new*" that they appear to run the risk of being soiled at every step they take.

But there is a great deal of country between Quebec and Montreal. It takes you a journey of 180 miles to get through it by the Grand Trunk Railway. Altogether this Grand Trunk Railway is 1,377 miles long, being within a little more than a hundred miles the length of our English Great Western Railway and its connections. Like our own Great Western, the Grand Trunk in different parts is of different widths of track; but the inconveniences attending this has been so great that one uniform guage of 4 feet 8½ in. is being adopted, and the 5 feet 6 inches and other guages changed to it. English people are particularly interested in this Grand Trunk Railway. It was built by Brassey, and it is said to be one of the most important undertakings in which he was ever concerned. One of the bridges on this line is a mile and three-quarters long. It was designed by Robert Stephenson, who visited Canada specially for the purpose. You pass over the bridge a few miles before arriving at Montreal. Having left Quebec about 8 o'clock in the evening I can tell you very little about the country. Directly after we had started it began to rain, and there was no possible doubt about the fact. The wind roared and whistled, and occasionally the passengers speculated as to whether or not the roof would remain entire over our heads. But I soon got off to sleep, and in the morning when I awoke it was sufficiently light to enable me to see the country for some distance around. We were crossing a vast alluvial plain, extending apparently many miles in either direction. Generally, the land was cleared, but now and again the original forest remained. Occasionally, also, a town or village was to be seen in the distance, the church or chapel tower invariably rising high above the surrounding buildings. But nowhere was there a hedge to be seen, as with us, the partition between the allotments of land invariably being posts and rails, or poles piled upon each other to a height of three or four feet. These poles being placed in a slightly zig-zag position, the ends of the poles in one pile crossing the ends of the poles in the next pile, about eighteen inches from the end, serving to keep the whole in position, and maintaining the perpendicular of the structure. This I found to be a very general form of fence, and where material is abundant, it is the most readily constructed possible, it being necessary only to secure the crossing of the ends of the poles on the top of the pile to make the erection safe from falling or being easily knocked down. But whatever the kind of fence, the enclosures were uniform in shape, and very often in size. The land appeared to be divided into lots of about ten or twelve acres, and invariably in long strips. So unlike the irregular fields and enclosures in the old country, this had a most singular appearance to one who was looking fairly out upon the country for the first time; but what was equally striking was the rich looking character of the land, which was generally in pasture, and the new grass was bursting out in a most striking manner. I should think for a distance of thirty or forty miles on the Quebec side of Montreal, the richness of the country for pasturing purposes is quite equal to our own White Horse Valley, or, indeed, to any considerable track of land in the old country. From the proximity of the St. Lawrence, and the consequent facilities for exporting all kinds of produce, this part of Canada must, I should think, become, if it is not now, a splendid field for the agriculturist. From this district there is a large exportation of pressed hay into the United States, principally by a company formed for that purpose. The operations of this one company extend over a district of about thirty square miles. The import duty charged by the United States Government of something like 10s per ton on hay must, however, check the trade considerably. What concerns us most are the exports to our own country, more particularly of butter, cheese, and bacon. Cheese factories are peculiar to Canada and America, where they have been increasing in number very considerably. In 1864-5 there were only ten cheese factories in Canada, but there were in 1871 no less than twenty-five factories in the district of Bedford alone, and sixty-one in the Province of Ontario. The export of cheese from Canada has increased from 295,336 lbs in 1861, to 8,271,439 lbs in 1871. Most of these factories are in connection with the "Canadian Dairymens' Association," who were sufficiently powerful in the year 1870 to get an Act passed through the Legislature for their special protection. It provides that:—

> Any person knowingly and fraudulently selling or supplying to any butter or cheese factory any milk mixed with water, skimmed or adulterated, or retaining the strippings, or supplying any tainted milk, or milk soured by negligence of the vessels, being informed of such impurity or souring, or any maker or manufacturer using for himself cream taken from milk delivered to such factory or manufacture, incurs

a penalty of $1 to $50, recoverable before a J.P. The prosecution is to be brought within three months. Penalty is to go, one-half to the informer and one-half to the municipality. In default of sufficient distress, the party is to be imprisoned from eight to thirty days. The ordinary recourse for damages is not to be affected.

The quantity of cheese made at some of these factories is simply enormous. Each factory makes its return to the association of quantity and quality made, so that detailed information is always ready to hand. For instance, the factories in Ontario produced in the year 1870 4,427,415 lbs. of cheese, valued at half-a-million of dollars: the average price obtained being 10½ cents, or about 5d. per lb.; 9 cents per lb. was considered a low average for that year. In one district comprising six factories, 375,000 lbs. of cheese was produced in the year from the milk of 1,400 cows. But this quantity of cheese was greatly exceeded by one factory alone in the following year, the Brownsville factory producing 467,985 lbs.: the total number of cheese being 6,672, of an average weight of 70 lbs. Each cheese was sixteen inches in diameter, ten lbs. of milk being used in the production of each pound of cheese. The cheese made at these factories are all large: fifteen inches being the smallest in diameter, and sixteen and-a-half inches the largest; the average weight ranging from seventy-six pounds, at the Yarmouth Centre Factory, to forty-five pounds, at the Hornby Factory. Only three or four factories, however, make less than sixty pounds per cheese average. There is but slight variation in the quantity of milk used in the production of a pound of cheese, the average being ten pounds of milk to one pound of cheese: nine and-a-half pounds of milk being the smallest and ten and-a-half pounds being the greatest quantity used in the making of a pound of cheese. Between May 24th and August 30th, 1871, Canadian cheese sold in the Liverpool (England) market for as low as 28s. per 112 pounds, the highest figure being

63s.; but in December of the same year the lowest figure had risen to 52s. and the highest fallen to 58s. On May 3rd, 1870, the highest price for Canadian cheese in the Liverpool market was 77s., and the lowest 74s. per cwt. It is generally admitted that where the farmers of a neighbourhood steadily support a cheese factory it is made the most profitable of all agricultural operations.

In the dairy districts of Canada it is customary to have erected by the sides of the public roads small stages or platforms on which the farmers living near place their cans of milk, something after the fashion adopted along the Great Western Railway in Wilts and Berks, where the railway train comes along, and, taking up the cans, conveys them to London; only that the waggon or sleigh takes the place of the railway train, and the milk is conveyed to the cheese and butter factories. The milk, on arriving at the factory, is weighed in, and its value, either in money or in the manufactured article having been ascertained, it is thrown into the general bulk, so that the whole produce of a large district is made, in a great measure, uniform, the quality depending upon the ability brought to bear upon the management, which, it is almost needless to remark, is the best that can be obtained. Formerly, Canada was indebted to the United States for a large portion of its cheese and butter supply; but so rapid has been the development of her trade in agricultural produce, that, in addition to her exports of cheese, to which I have already referred, her export of butter in 1870-71 amounted to close upon fifteen and-a-half millions of pounds, the great bulk of which was shipped at Montreal in sea-going vessels, *via* the river St. Lawrence; the increase in the shipments that year, over the previous ones, being nearly one hundred per cent. The prices obtained have been highly satisfactory to the Canadian farmer, for they have maintained a steady gradual increase for some years past. The fall butter, that is, butter brought into the market between the 1st of September and the latter end of November, has gone up from 13 cents to 17 cents per lb., in 1867, to from 17 to 19 cents, in 1871. In the Liverpool (England) market Canadian butter maintained a very irregular price during 1871, ranging from 85s. to 126s. per 112 lb. in February, down to 46s. to 107s. in December. A defect in the packing appears to have had much to do with the lowness of some of the prices obtained, a kind of wood totally unfitted for the purpose having been used in the manufacture of some of the kegs. Experience has now taught the butterman the best kind of wood for his kegs, so that it is more than probable we shall not only see an increase in the quantity, but a greater uniformity in the quality, of the butter imported from Canada into England. The export of pork from Canada is also gradually increasing, the shipments from Montreal during 1871 being 19,454 barrels, against 13,863 barrels in 1870, and 11,203 barrels in 1869. Prices, however, were considerably lower in 1870. I must stop until I reach Cincinnatti, Chicago, and other American cities before I can say much about pork. I notice the trade now principally to refer to the fact that in consequence of her lakes and rivers Canada is able to find the finest possible outlet for all her surplus food and other produce. Montreal, where all the shipments of cheese, butter, and pork I have referred to takes place, is over two hundred miles distant, as the crow flies, from the nearest sea coast, and is over seven hundred and fifty miles distant by water from the sea, yet her position on the river St. Lawrence is such that steam vessels, of several thousand tons burden, may be brought right into the heart of the city, there to receive for the markets of the world the produce of many millions of acres lying on every hand; and from this point again other rivers diverge, bringing in, as it were, the produce of districts which, formed on the model of the old world, would be unavailable and unproductive, because of their vastness. The Allan Line of steam ships go right up to Montreal, and there take in the bulk of their cargoes. Fifty years ago this would have been impossible. At that time only small craft could be brought up the river. It has been by the combination of private enterprise and great natural advantages that this unique position for Montreal has been obtained.

In consequence of the early hour at which our train reached Montreal, and having travelled all night, I had fully resolved on a rest before venturing forth to see the city. No sooner, however, had I alighted from the train than I found this to be out of the question, for on the platform I met with a number of friends, who at once took me off to one of the hotels, where, having had a wash, I sauntered out in front for a quiet look round. Noticing in front of the hotel two boys, who were carrying on the joint occupation of selling newspapers and cleaning boots, I asked one of them to brush my boots, and when he had finished his work I handed him a quarter of a dollar silver piece, asking him to give me change for it, so that I might pay him for his work. The young gentleman, however, handed me fifteen cents change. His charge, he said, for brushing my boots was ten cents—he never lifted his brush for less than ten cents (five-pence, English). By a little manœuvring I succeeded in getting the 23 cents change from him, and then handed him five cents, upon which he became very abusive, and expressed a decided intention of covering his blacking on my shoes with some mud from the gutter. Referring to hotels, I may remark that they are usually the largest and finest buildings in the place, the trade done in some of them being truly marvellous. There are several in Montreal capable of accommodating from five hundred to a thousand guests. The windows on the ground floors of these hotels are generally made as large as possible, and go right down to the floor line. These windows show inside a large entrance hall, with a large counter with desks, &c., at the back, and sofas, lounges, and chairs, with tables, down the sides. These sofas and lounges are usually occupied by persons reading, writing, and otherwise amusing themselves; and so are the windows. Along in front of these windows, inside, there is drawn up a line of rocking chairs, and in front of the chairs there is a brass rod going the full length of the window. In these chairs the Yankee tourist is to be seen *doing the grand* at nearly all hours of the day. He reclines in the chair, he elevates his feet on the rail, he sticks a cigar in his mouth, and there he sits in his glory, with a spittoon by his side, surveying creation as it passes along the street outside. The Yankee tourist in his hotel, as seen from the street, consists of the soles of a pair of boots, and a head peering from the back ground between a pair of legs. I have seen a number of such since arriving here only a few hours ago. In the evening, I am told, the chairs are removed from the inside to the outside of the window, and there the visitors lounge about and dream the time away. Entering one of these hotels, you proceed to the counter at the back of the entrance hall, where clerks are in waiting, and they at once lay a large "visitors' book" before you, and in it you write your name and address. This being done, the ponderous volume, which sometimes is made to move on a pivot, is turned round and a number placed against your name, and a mark by which it can be seen what meal will be the next served in the hotel, and with that meal the regular charges of the establishment commence, and are continued until you withdraw your name from the register. One regular charge is made for bed and board, the three meals being served up at fixed hours, from which there is no deviation. A guest absent at any of the meals is charged the same as though he were present, but when he takes his name off the register any odd meals are charged for after the rate of one fourth of the daily charge. I am told this is the almost invariable practice throughout the Dominion: the charge for ordinary bed and board being from a dollar and a half to three dollars a day. Adjoining the entrance hall there is invariably a drinking bar, lavatories, and generally a barber's saloon, and not unfrequently a news and book stall. When taking your seat in these hotels, at either the breakfast, dinner, or tea table, you simply sit down to a bill of fare and a waiter. All food is studiously kept out of sight until after you have ordered it, and then it is brought up on a number of small plates or dishes, and in small quantities. The bill of fare is usually a very elaborate piece of business, and somewhat perplexing, until you get used to the dishes enumerated.

The breakfast, dinner, and supper rooms are usually very large, sufficient, in fact, for a very large proportion of the guests the hotel is capable of accommodating sitting down at one and the same time. The rooms are supplied with a number of small tables, at each of which about six persons can sit comfortably. In the bedrooms the rules of the hotel are placarded, and to these the guests are expected to confirm strictly.

I shall not attempt to describe Montreal to you. As I have already remarked, some of the principal streets, in appearance, are equal to anything to be seen in our English cities, and in every direction you notice a great deal of life and activity. Occasionally you also notice great contrasts, especially when you see some public building erected twenty or thirty years ago standing near to one built recently. When you see two such buildings, you see how the place has grown, and have some guide in your speculations as to what it is likely to come to. Passing near the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a magnificent building, said to be equal to seating ten thousand persons, I noticed a large concourse of persons, some of whom were arriving on foot, and others in carriages. They were assembling in front of the cathedral, and in a short time a hearse drove up, and a coffin being removed from it into the cathedral, the people followed. The service, which was entirely choral, was very striking. It appears to be the practice not to specially invite friends to a funeral, but to announce the death and funeral by advertisement, and invite the attendance of all who are disposed to attend. At the close of the religious service in the cathedral, the corpse was taken back to the hearse, and on to the cemetery at Mount Royal, two or three miles distant from the city. There are many religious houses in Montreal, although they are far from being as plentiful as at Quebec; and there is a large preponderance of Roman Catholics in the city. Indeed, much of the property in and around the city belongs to the Catholics, who, originally owning the district, have leased rather than sold their lands, both for building and other purposes, so that ultimately it will return into the hands of the Church. In course of the morning I went out to the Victoria Bridge, and to the Grand Trunk Railway offices, where I met with a very kind reception. One of my companions in this excursion was a grandson of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate, who is in the boot and shoe trade here, having first tried farming and given it up.

The Canadians are very proud of their Victoria

Bridge; and not without good reason, for, all things considered, it was one of the greatest undertakings ever entered upon. The cost of this gigantic structure was originally estimated at £1,450,000, but the actual cost was reduced to about £1,250,000, or just half the amount of the original estimated cost of the Great Western Railway between London and Bristol. In its construction 250,000 tons of stone, and 7,500 tons of iron were used. The iron superstructure is supported by 24 piers and two abutments. The centre span being 330 feet; there are 12 spans each side of 242 feet each. The extreme length, including abutments, is 7,000 feet. The height above summer water level in the centre opening is 60 feet, descending to either end at the rate of 1 in 130. The contents of the masonry is 3,000,000 of cubic feet. The weight of iron in the tubes is 8,000 tons. The following are the dimensions of the tube through which the trains pass, viz: in the middle span, 22 feet high, 16 feet wide; at the extreme ends 19 feet high and 16 feet wide. The total length from the river bank to river bank is 10,281 feet, or about 50 yards less than two English miles. The first stone of the bridge was laid on July 20th, 1854, and the work completed by the 19th of December, 1856, on which day the first train was run through it; but the formal opening by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales did not take place until the following year.

When looking at the bridge from the shore, from a point where both sides may be seen, the piers have a most singular appearance, and look as though they were giving way, and shelving the bridge off into the river. This, however, is not owing to any defect, but to a peculiarity in the construction, for the work of throwing a bridge over a river nearly two miles broad was not the only thing to be done. Viewed in the summer months, the St. Lawrence runs placid enough about Montreal, but in the winter season the scene is very different. In the "Life and Labor" of Mr. Brassey the difficulties to be overcome in the construction of this bridge are thus referred to, and the account will explain the peculiar appearance I have noticed :—

"The site of the bridge is at the lower end of a small lake, called La Prairie Basin, which is situated about one mile above the entrance to the canal, at the west end of Montreal harbour. At this point the St. Lawrence is 8,660 feet from shore to shore, or nearly a mile and three quarters wide. The most serious difficulty in the construction of the Victoria Bridge arose from the accumulation of the ice in the winter months. Ice begins to form in the St. Lawrence in December. Thin ice first appears in quiet places, where the current is least felt. As winter advances, 'anchor,' or ground ice, comes down the stream in vast quantities. This anchor ice appears in rapid currents, and attaches itself to the rocks in the bed of the river, in the form of a spongy substance. Immense quantities accumulate in an inconceivably short time, increasing until the mass is several feet thick. A very slight thaw, even that produced by a bright sunshine at noon, disengages this mass, when, rising to the surface, it passes down the river with the current. This species of ice appears to grow only in the vicinity of rapids, or where the water has become aerated by the rapidity of the current. Another ice sometimes accumulates at the foot of the rapids in such quantities as to form a bar across the river, some miles in extent, keeping the water several feet above the ordinary level.

"The accumulation of ice continues for several weeks, until the river is quite full. This causes a general rising of the water, until large masses float, and moving farther down the river, unite with accumulations previously grounded, and thus form another barrier; 'packing' in places to a height of twenty or thirty feet.

"As the winter advances, the lakes become frozen over. The ice then ceases to come down, and the water in the river gradually subsides, till it finds its ordinary winter level, which is some twelve feet above its height in summer. The 'ice-bridge,' or solid field of ice across the river, becomes formed for the winter early in January. By the middle of March the sun becomes very powerful at mid-day, and the warm heavy rains rot the ice. The ice, when it becomes thus weakened, is easily broken up by the winds, particularly at those parts of the lakes where, from the great depth of water, they are not completely frozen over. This ice, coming down over the rapids, chokes up the channels again, and causes a rise of the river, as in early winter.

"In order to avoid the dangers consequent on these operations of nature, the stone piers of the Victoria Bridge were placed at wide intervals apart: each pier being of the most substantial character, and having a large wedge-shaped cut-water of stonework slanting towards the current and presenting an angle to the advancing ice sufficient to separate and fracture it, as it rises against the piers. The piers of the bridge were in fact designed to answer the double purpose of carrying the tubes, and of resisting the pressure of the ice. In each of these respects they have fully answered the important objects sought to be attained."

The neighbourhood of Montreal is particularly attractive, and a number of my friends are already arranging for pleasure and fishing parties for to-morrow and following days. The city itself is situate on an island, which is about thirty miles long by from five to ten miles wide. There are several other islands pretty close adjoining, but none of them as large as the Isle of Montreal. The lower parts of Montreal are on flat ground, very slightly elevated above the river, but three or four miles back the land rises abruptly, and to a great height. On the right of this high land there rises Mount Royal, or the Mountain, covered from top to bottom with timber; and to the left may be noticed many stately mansions, terraces, and villa residences among the trees, for it is in this direction where the more opulent citizens reside. Having devoted the morning to an exploration of the city, early in the afternoon, with a friend, I started off for the Mountain. For a couple of miles we went out by tram-way, and then commenced to make the ascent, each step we took opening up new points in one of the greatest panoramic views I had ever beheld. Over one hundred acres on the top and sides of the mountain are devoted to the purposes of a cemetery, and as we were going up we met several funeral parties coming down. The weather was beautifully fine, and the air so clear that the country could be seen in minute detail for a distance of from twenty to thirty miles, the country being flat, but intersected by the river and its branches, and spotted over by villages, which gave it a very interesting and charming appearance. Practically, we made a circuit of the mountain, so that the extent of the country viewed was very great. At one point the Lachine Rapids, on the St. Lawrence, were plainly visible, and the boiling waters, as they dashed down the incline, made a great and memorable show. From another point we had the city of Montreal lying down below. At this point a small platform was erected for the accommodation of spectators, and I have no hesitation in describing the view as one of the grandest I ever saw. There were large tracks of land cultivated like a garden;

there were the busy city, the foliage of the trees, the church towers and steeples, the public buildings, and the shops and dwelling-houses, all mingling together; there was the noble river, with craft of all kinds sailing about, and on the surface of which two or three of those floating palaces, peculiar to the American lakes and rivers, were visible; there were the railway trains going to and fro, with the Victoria Bridge pointing out towards a chain of mountains just visible in the far distance. In many respects Mount Royal Cemetery is like the celebrated Pere-le-chaise Cemetery of Paris. As recently as 1763 Montreal was a French city, and the head quarters of the French forces in Canada, so that it is not difficult to account for the similarity. Although cleared of the original brush-wood, the cemetery is well wooded, giving variety to the scene, whilst in the more fashionable quarters the tombs and monuments are of the most costly description. I heard it remarked that a drive round the mountain was a favorite pastime with the inhabitants of Montreal. This I can very well understand, for a more lovely district I cannot conceive of.

Returning to Montreal in the evening, pretty well tired, I made arrangements for leaving by the night mail train for Ottawa.

LETTER 17.

OTTAWA.

It was dark when I left Montreal for Ottawa, the modern capital of Canada, so that I can tell you but little about the country by the way. I am, however, in a position to say a word or two about Canadian railways and railway travelling. The first part of my journey was a distance of 112 miles to Prescott junction, where I had to change carriages. From this place another journey of 54 miles took me into Ottawa, where I arrived about six o'clock in the morning. The train was somewhat late in leaving Montreal, and from the way in which we went along it was clear the lost time had to be made up. Unlike our English railways, those of Canada have only one track, except in the neighbourhood of large stations, and the rails are placed on sleepers laid transversely across the track. There does not seem the solidity about them there is with our lines; they are, in fact, more like what we should adopt for a temporary tramway. When a train is going at full speed this slight construction of the line tells immensely, and the jerking and jolting is something frightful. No doubt on the older lines, and in places where there is a large traffic, there is more solidity, but I now refer more particularly to the railway from Montreal to Ottawa. On part of the road, some time after leaving Prescott, we passed through a dense uncleared district, and the principal part of the work in constructing the line appeared to have consisted of cutting down the trees, cutting them up into the required lengths, laying them across the track cleared, and nailing the iron rails down to them. In England we know nothing of colonization roads. We can go back for a thousand years and find good roads existing throughout the country, and now we have no new district to open up, except indeed it be some one which has outgrown the old order of things, and is demanding the latest and newest. It is different in Canada. Here there are districts within which England might be placed, *and lost*, without a road or anything better than a track, beaten by the Indians, the wild deer, or other wild animals. In some cases American and Canadian railways are little better than colonization roads, opening up new districts of country—a large artery, as it were, through which the life blood of the country, at no distant day, will flow. When the morning broke, and I could see the country around, this appeared to be pretty much the character of the line we were travelling over, and the district we were passing through, although we were within some thirty or forty miles of the capital of the country. But then, Ottawa has been the capital only since 1858, and fifty years ago the place did not exist. About the year 1800, an American, named Wright, settled down in the neighbourhood, having first visited it thirty years previously. In 1826, what is now the city of Ottawa was formally laid out, and called Bytown, after a Colonel By, of the Royal Engineers, who was engaged in superintending the construction of a canal, which was to open up the country for the timber trade. In 1853 the place was called Ottawa, and made the capital of United Canada. The history of this place may fairly be taken as the general history of the towns and cities of Canada. The town, or city, was "laid out" within the memory of people now living, and has gone on growing to what it is under the eyes of those who knew the spot as a wilderness or a forest. There is one remarkable peculiarity in all these more modern Canadian towns and cities: there is nothing "hap-hazard" about them. Everything is done on the square, and in straight lines. Before people begin to build a town they lay out the ground for it. You may see a few houses stuck about here and there, but before these houses were built provision was made for streets, and thoroughfares, sufficiently wide to meet the requirements even of a large and populous city, should the place ever reach to that dignity, running at right angles with each other. Provision is also made for squares, and open spaces, and sites for public buildings, even before dwelling-houses are erected, or the neighbouring lands cultivated. The land, in fact, is laid out in square blocks, and after being so laid out, is used as wanted. This causes the town to have a very ragged and disjointed appearance in the time of its early history, but the ultimate advantage must be immense. This, of course, does not apply to Montreal, Quebec, and other places of French origin, where, except in the more fashionable quarters, the order is disorder, or a "muddle," as with us, and on the continent. But about the railways: There is a sufficient similarity between an English and a Canadian railway for a person to see that they belong to the same order of things; but yet the points of dissimilarity are very marked. The engine is a monstrous machine, to begin with. In front of all there is the "cow lifter," which, when the engine is in motion, slightly oscillates to and fro, putting one somewhat in mind of a gigantic adder's tongue, feeling the way. The frame work of the cow-lifter is like the letter V, and reaches down to within a few inches of the rails. From the central point, and along the two side arms, there rises up spars, placed an inch or so apart at the widest, and gradually closing together at the top. Any object meeting this "lifter" would be at once thrown on to a sharp inclined plane, and, it is presumed, be shelved off on to the side, leaving a free track for the engine and train. On the railway itself, provision is made for keeping cows and other trespassers off the line. At crossings, and other openings, there are "pit falls," similar to what I have noticed in Cornwall, where, oftentimes, instead of having gates and stiles on the track of foot-paths at the division between fields, a series of long narrow stones are placed across a ditch in a manner to make the passage across easy enough for bipeds, but most difficult, if not impossible, for quadrupeds. In front of the engine, just over the smoke-box, there is a huge lamp always kept burning, with powerful reflectors, throwing the light out in every direction, front and sides. At the back of the lamp there is a short funnel, with a very large head, the top of which is covered by an iron grating. The front part of the boiler rests on, and is affixed by a bolt to, a small low platform, which runs on four low wheels. This platform appears to be totally independent of the engine, except by the one central bolt, or swivel, and to be used simply to carry the end of the engine which rests upon it. By the sides of this platform there are the cylinders, the rods of which are connected by cranks with two large driving wheels on either side, standing nearly close together at the fire-box end of the boiler. The boilers are much larger than those used on our English lines, in consequence of the fuel used being wood instead of coal and coke, as with us. On the top of the boiler there is a large bell, which is kept ringing when nearing or passing a crossing, or going into, out, or about a station. The platform on which the driver and stoker stand is covered in on the top and sides, adding considerably to the bulk and appearance of the engine; and this, with the amount of polished brass, such as casings for the cylinders, &c., make the engines more showy than our English locomotives. The tenders are also larger, for the accommodation of the wood fuel. But the greatest difference from our English plan is in the carriages. They are much longer than our carriages, and are entered only at the ends, the inside of the carriage being open from one end to the other. At each end of the carriage there is a small outside platform, on either side of which there are three steps leading down to the level of the rails, the bottom step reaching to within a few inches of the rail which it covers. This enables passengers to get into or out of the carriage without the aid of a station platform as easily as when there happens to be a platform. The brake and couplings are all on this platform, and are entirely under the command of a person standing on it. A passenger ascending the platform turns and finds a door in front of him, entering which a passage up the middle, leading to a similar door at the other end, is in front of him. Just inside the door, on the one hand, there is an enclosed water closet, &c., near to which there is a tap and cup, by means of which passengers may obtain a constant supply of iced-water in the summer months; on the other hand, there is a large stove, or heating apparatus, for warming the carriage in the winter season. On some of the lines hot water pipes are carried, not only up the sides of the carriage, but also round each seat, so that a very high degree of temperature may be maintained in the coldest weather if necessary. In the emigrant cars the heating apparatus includes a cooking stove, where passengers and officers going long distances may prepare their food. On either side the central passage there are rows of seats, each of which will accommodate two passengers sitting side by side. The backs of these seats are invariably reversible, so that one or two passengers, as the case may be, may keep the seat to themselves, or, by reversing one of the backs, a ring fence, as it were, may be formed around seats for four. Instead, however, of making seats for four I made a sofa for one. The seats themselves are moveable, and two of them being taken out of their frames, and properly arranged on the other two, form an excellent couch. I found this out on my way from Quebec to Montreal, and I repeated the experiment between Montreal and Prescott. In this way I made up a very comfortable bed, and slept the night away very conveniently, nothing occurring to disturb me except the occasional passing to and fro of the conductor, who can perform the complete journey of the train, from the engine to the luggage van at the extreme end. By the way: The guards, porters, and policemen are not servants dressed in livery, as on the English lines. There is little or nothing to distinguish them from other gentlemen, so that when a stranger wants any assistance or information he stands an excellent chance of going without it. The train is in charge of a conductor, who both takes tickets from passengers who have taken tickets at a station, and also takes the fares from those who are picked up by the way. He stops the train to let passengers out, and stops the train to take passengers in. His position appears to be one of great trust, for he takes both money and tickets, and there can be little or no check upon him. Men and boys also occasionally pass through the train, selling books, stationery, sweets, refreshments, &c. There are in a first-class carriage from fifteen to seventeen rows of seats on each side, so that a carriage may be said to accommodate from sixty to seventy passengers when the seats are all occupied. A small rope runs along under the roof of each carriage, and the conductor by pulling it rings the bell on the engine, which is a signal to the driver to stop the train, either to take up or put down passengers. We arrived at the junction about two in the morning. The station was very indifferently lighted, there being a lamp only here and there, and I soon found myself in a complete fog as to where to find the train for Ottawa. All that I clearly knew was that I was standing on a platform with an umbrella in my hand and a bag and portmanteau by my side, and that I could not be much worse off were I standing out alone in the neighbouring woods. There were several lots of suspicious loafing-looking fellows about, from whom I could get no assistance. After great difficulty I ascertained that my train would start from another platform which I could see in the distance, so I took up my portmanteau and bag and carried them across to this platform, and placed them right down under a lamp, near to where five or six men were standing talking together. I had only about fifteen yards to go for my umbrella which I had left behind, and to do this was only the work of a moment or so, but, before I could return, a certain suspicious movement amongst the fellows who I had left standing by, told me there was something up. On looking to where I had put my baggage, my bag only was to be seen. I jumped at once in front of the rascals, and demanded the production of the portmanteau. They looked as innocent as possible, and pretended to talk some strange gibberish, and not to understand me. I called for assistance, but none came. I went into such of the rooms and offices as had lights in them, trying to find someone who would admit being in authority, but could find none. It was no one's business to find my baggage, and no one felt his character compromised by being surrounded by a pack of thieves. At length a fellow got a lantern and offered to light me whilst I looked for the missing baggage. It was Hobson's choice, so I accepted his offer. For a moment or so, he waited for me to commence searching. I told him he knew the station, whilst I did not, and that I had already searched the only places I knew of. He then condescended to look himself, and, taking a key from his pocket, unlocked a door, and commenced to overhaul a number of packages inside. He then took me a race through a number of places, all the time declaring that my train was just off, and that if I didn't mind I should lose it, and it soon became clear to me that the fellow's object was to spin out the search and then to get rid of me. This soon brought me to another conclusion, namely, that he knew where my baggage was, or that he knew who did know. So I at once begged him to make himself quite easy about the matter, as I intended doing—that I should not leave without my baggage, but should stick to him until the opportunity offered for giving him into custody on a charge of stealing it. For some time he tried hard to keep up his innocence, but ultimately he managed *quite accidentally*, of course, to kick up against my portmanteau under a barrow standing in a dark corner of the platform, a long way from the spot where I had put it. I do not say the fellow intended to rob me of my baggage, but I have "a guess" on the matter. Nor did I miss the train after all. In due course I started for Ottawa in a second class carriage. Should you ever come to Canada, never think of going in a second class carriage. People out here always travel first class, the fare for which is very moderate, barely ever exceeding 1½d. per mile. But I wanted to see what second class travelling was like. In some subsequent letter I shall tell you about the Pullman palace and sleeping cars.

LETTER 18.

OTTAWA.

THE platform at the end of the railway car is a capital place for getting a good look round the country. There are slight iron railings running up by the side of the steps which lead on to the platform, a small gap being left in the middle for the passage from the platform of one car to the platform of the next adjoining one. These railings make the platform somewhat safe standing ground. I got out on to one of them as quickly as I could after leaving Prescott junction, and the light was sufficient to give me a view of the country we were passing through. There are seven stations between Prescott and Ottawa. About three o'clock in the morning we pulled up at one of them. It was a queer looking place, not even enclosed from the surrounding country. On one side there were a few planks nailed together in the shape of a platform, about a foot from the ground, and on the other side there were several very large piles of cord wood. Some little distance away there was a wooden shanty, and what appeared from the funnel, which came through the roof, a small saw mill, containing probably one or two small benches and a portable steam-engine. Beyond this there was nothing but raggedness and the grey morning visible. Let me show you, if I can, the country. Within the fifty-four miles between Prescott and Ottawa there are six towns and villages, which gave the names to six out of the seven stations I have mentioned. One of these villages is situate four miles from the station; another is three miles distant; another two miles, and so on. The total population of these six towns and villages, when the last census was taken, amounted to 1,929. As there are no other towns or villages besides these six within a distance of five or six miles of the railway, it follows that there are something like 270 square miles of country with a population of 1,926, or less than eight inhabitants to the square mile, and they are only recent comers, and when they came they found the land covered with the timber, brush, &c., which had to be removed before the land could be cultivated. They have not, as yet, cleared much of the land, and there is not a great deal under cultivation. Let us spend a few minutes with a settler. He becomes the possessor of fifty or a hundred acres of land, either by purchase or grant, and enters upon his property, axe in hand. Selecting the largest and finest trees, which rear their heads high above the brushwood, for either sale or use in building his shanty, he proceeds to chop away at them until he has succeeded in throwing them, one after the other. With help and good luck he may manage in the winter and early spring to throw the timber standing on from five to ten acres of land.

There is no grubbing away at the roots, as with us, and then a sawing off of the root at the lowest possible point so as to save every inch of timber. Having decided which way he wants his tree to fall the woodman begins to chop away on that side of the trunk, about three feet from the ground, thus enabling him to stand up and bring his full force upon his work. A few well directed blows on the opposite side of the trunk usually completes the work, and the tree falls. The opportune moment is then seized, when the brush is at its driest, to set fire to it, and clear it off by burning. The soil is then raked over, and prepared according to circumstances for dribbling in the first corn crop. In this way the work is carried on year after year: those portions of land which were cleared first being each succeeding year brought into a more advanced state of cultivation, the process of clearing additional land going on at alternate periods. It takes years to completely clear fifty or a hundred acres of land, the stumps of the trees being almost invariably left to rot away, the cost of grubbing them up, except under very exceptional cases, being far greater than the value of the land on which they stand. Some of the stumps rot away in a comparatively short time, but others stand for a number of years, to the annoyance and inconvenience of the settler, and present a very singular appearance over the land. Going along on the platform, I saw the country undergoing all the different changes. There was the forest, and there were the pasture and arable lands cleared with the exception of the stumps, which stood out at irregular intervals of from fifteen to fifty yards. But what contributed most to the singularly ragged appearance of the country were the trees which had been deemed too small for timber, but had proved too much for the burning. The fire had killed the sap, causing, in some instances, the heart of the tree to die and crumble away, leaving the bark standing; in other cases stripping the bark off and leaving the heart standing like a tall dead stick. Now and again tracks, stretching out for a mile or two, were cleared; and now and again you might touch within the length of a walking stick the boughs from the trees growing on the untouched lands. The foliage of the trees and shrubs is very beautiful, having just burst into full leaf. The almost spontaneous burst of vegetation is one of the marvellous features of this country. Let me explain: Yesterday, when I was in Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal, the dead houses were pointed out to me. Six weeks previously these dead houses contained the bodies of those who had died in Montreal during the winter months. The earth was frozen so hard and so deep that graves could not be dug, and the corpses were therefore kept until the winter broke up; and that was only six weeks ago. As the train neared towards Ottawa, I noticed, a little to the right of the line, a house of a superior description, surrounded by gardens and grounds in a more than ordinary advanced state of cultivation, and on a pretty slope there was a fine vineyard, which would have done credit to the slopes lying between Paris and Versailles. The vines were in full leaf, and, from the hasty glance I could obtain of them, looking most promising. In the winter there is perfect rest, and then there is a bursting into life, changing in the course of a few days the very appearance of the country.

The Ottawa station being on the outskirts of the city, I had some distance to walk before I could reach any hotel; and when I at length managed to reach one it was closed, and I could not get in. So I took it easy, and looked about for a time. The city looked more ragged than the country.

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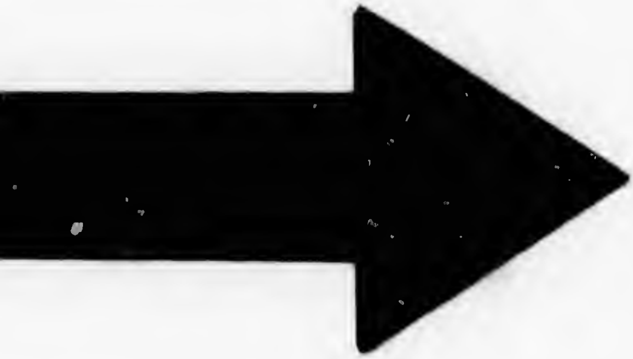

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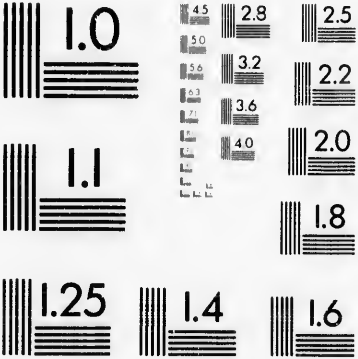
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Going up from the station, on the right, there was a rocky eminence, on the top of which some large buildings could be seen in course of construction. In front, and to the left, the land was laid out in blocks for building, with wide streets and wooden footways intervening in every direction. On these blocks sometimes a corner plot was occupied by some large store or liquor shop, with a few shanties here and there. Other blocks were occupied by churches, chapels, and schools. And then, when I got further into the city, the stores became more pretentious and imposing in their character, and the open spaces less frequent. The buildings all looked very new ; and there must have been some hundreds of houses in course of erection. But the Parliament buildings, from their being placed on a high plateau or table land, thirty acres in extent, commanding a view over the city and the surrounding country, naturally enough engaged my attention, as it would that of any person on first visiting the place. The buildings are very new, and the marks of the workmen are still to be seen on them in every direction. The library and other parts are, in fact, still in course of construction, and the gardens, lawns, roads, walks, and boundary walls are now only being laid out. At length I succeeded in finding an hotel open, and, having had a wash and ordered breakfast, I started off for a walk of inspection round the Parliament buildings. As these buildings are worthy of a more extended notice than my very brief inspection would enable me to write, I extract the following account from Lacroix's Canadian Guide :—" They consist of the Parliament and two departmental buildings, forming three sides, widely detached, of a large square, facing the city, and, from their position, overlooking most of the houses. In the rear of the Parliament buildings the rocks descend almost perpendicularly to the river Ottawa, the view being truly magnificent. The broad river is in itself a beautiful object: but the vast extent of distant forest and hill completely absorbs all the attention. From this point the Chaudiere Falls, which by some are considered more romantic than those of Niagara, are distinctly seen; beyond can be traced the island-dotted rapids of the Upper Ottawa. The river must always be interesting on account of its slides, booms, and distinctive race of lumbermen. The group of buildings form a most picturesque object from every approach to the city, and can be seen at a great distance. The style of the buildings is the Gothic of the 12th and 13th centuries, with modifications to suit the climate of Canada. The ornamental work and the dressing round the windows are of Ohio sandstone. The plain surface is faced with a cream-coloured sandstone of the Potsdam formation, obtained from Nepean, a few miles from Ottawa. The spandrels of the arches, and the spaces between the window-arches and the sills of the upper windows, are filled up with a quaint description of stone work, composed of stones of irregular size, shape, and colour, very neatly set together. The Parliament central building, as you approach from Wellington-street, presents a very imposing appearance. The central of the seven towers, which is very rich in design, projects from the front of the building, and is 180 feet high. The body of the building in the facade is 40 feet high, above which rises the slanting roofs of slate, surmounted by lines of ornamental iron cresting. The building is 472 feet long; and the depth from the front main tower to the rear of the library is 570 feet, covering an area of 82,886 superficial feet. The square in front is 700 feet from E. to W., and 600 feet from N. to S. The basement floor of this building is assumed to be 160 feet above the ordinary summer level of the river, while that of the E. and W. blocks is 135 and 142 feet respectively. The increased elevation, however, improves very much the general effect of the buildings. The main entrance is through the principal tower, the spacious arches of which admit of a carriage-way under them. Passing through it we enter a large hall, paved with tiles, and also surrounded with marble pillars. Ascending, and moving towards the left, we come to the Chamber of Commons. The front and side vestibules leading to it by many doorways are hung with large oil portraits of the Speakers of the two Houses, the only exception being the presence of that of Sir Edmund Head, formerly Governor-General. The room measures 82 by 45 feet, the ceiling being over 50 feet high, and formed of fine open work. The skylights above this intermediate ceiling, with the stained glass windows at the sides, throw a plentiful soft light over the whole place. The room is surrounded by large piers of light greyish marble from Portage du Fort, surrounded just above the galleries by clusters of small pillars of dark marble, obtained from Arnprior, on the Upper Ottawa, the arches supported by these pillars being again of the light-colored marble. The galleries can accommodate about 1,000 persons. The gallery for the reporters of the Press is above the Speaker's chair. The room now being used as a library is in the rear of this building. It contains about 30,000 vols., being daily added to, beside some fine paintings, busts, &c. The library proper, not quite completed, is situated in the rear, immediately facing the river, near the side of the hill. It is a polygon of sixteen sides, 90 feet in diameter. Outside of the main room is an aisle of one story high, which is formed of a series of small retiring rooms. A corridor connects the library with the main building; this corridor, which is at present used for the library, will be the picture gallery. On the right, in the main entrance, is the Senate Chamber, alike in every particular to that of the Commons. It contains some very rich oil paintings. The floors of this building, as well as those of the departmental buildings, are made of concrete. The basement is used for different purposes, and the second story contains, with part of the first story, the offices. The departmental buildings face inwards to the square, and resemble the central one. The Eastern block is 318 feet in length, and 253 in depth, and the western block 211 by 277. The Governor General's offices are in the former. The buildings are all heated by steam, and supplied with every modern convenience. The system for heating and ventilating is on the most approved principle. Under the central court of the Parliament buildings, is the boiler-room, in which are six boilers, each 20 feet long and five feet in diameter, furnished with a steam drum, safety valve, &c., and a steam engine of sufficient power to work the pumps and throw 250 gallons of water per minute into tanks placed in the towers, from whence the water is supplied to all parts of the buildings."

The corner stone of the building was laid in September, 1860, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the total cost is estimated to amount to four million of dollars. As Canada goes on in her onward course these buildings must become more generally referred to, and within their walls matters of great interest to the old country must from time to time be discussed: and that must be my excuse for giving you these details.

Waiting for ten o'clock, and the opening of the Government offices, I paid a visit to some of the newspaper offices in the city. Although the Canadian newspapers cannot be compared with our English press, that is, with the section of it which appears in

London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other chief cities, the press of Canada is worthy of the country, and highly creditable to it. It is only a little over one hundred years ago since the first Canadian newspaper was published at Quebec. It was a very small sheet, and printed in the English and French languages. There are still both English and French newspapers, but they are separate publications. The first newspaper published in Bytown (now the city of Ottawa), appeared in 1849. There are now over three hundred newspapers published in Canada, there being no less than six daily newspapers published in the city of Ottawa alone, some of them being in the French, but most of them are in the English language. Their price is much higher than those in England ; but every effort is made to supply them with the latest items of news by telegraph, and the cost of this must be very great. There are two telegraph companies in Canada, with stations in every town of importance, so that information is readily obtained ; and nearly every paper has a telegraphic summary of English and American as well as of home news. In all the offices I was very kindly received, and questions I asked were readily answered. Going into one very large office, where I had obtained admission by presenting my card, I shortly found that the men left their cases and began talking together in groups. After some little time, one of the men came towards where I was examining what to me was a new kind of printing machine, and, holding my card in his hand, asked me if I knew anything of the Highworth and Swindon Board of Guardians ? On my replying in the affirmative, other questions followed in rapid succession, from which I learnt that the doings of that august local body had been watched for and discussed week after week out here, many thousands of miles distant, as though they had been of great national, or even world-wide interest. The Broome and other cases were well-known, and had been most thoroughly discussed; and I found that cuttings from the papers containing accounts of some of them had been most carefully preserved. The *Swindon Advertiser*, by name at least, was well-known to the whole office. I cannot tell you all that took place at this most unexpected interview, and the revival of old scenes which it induced, further than that it was as gratifying as it was unlooked for.

On going to the Government department I was disappointed on finding that Mr. Campbell was at Kingston; and then, as misfortunes are said never to come singly, my next discovery was to find that the Hon. Mr. Pope, Minister of Agriculture, was ill at the Russell House, and could not be seen. But after a conversation with Mr. Lowe, his secretary, and also with his deputy, I was taken to the Russell House, and after a time was introduced to Mr. Pope, in his bedroom. I had a long and, to me, a most interesting conversation with him on the subject of emigration. He explained to me that they could form no possible idea of the wealth of the country. He had just then received a report from persons he had sent out into a new district on the qualities of the land, and nothing could be more favourable. In some of the districts already opened up they had land of the most fertile character lying idle for want of hands to clear and till it. In other districts the character and quality of the land had not even been ascertained, so that for many years they would be in a position to take the whole surplus population of Europe, and place them in profitable occupation of the land. It was, he remarked, matter for regret that England did not assist Canada more with emigrants. Canada was one of England's great possessions: and, in course of time, it would be the great highway to India, China, and

Japan; and it surely would be to the advantage of the mother country that that highway should be lined with English homes. England, however, was allowing Germany and the Scandinavian nations to populate Canada, and avail themselves of the great natural advantages offered. This was deeply to be regretted, for the time might not be far distant when the "voice" of Canada might be of great value to England. The Canadian authorities had offered unusual facilities to English emigrants, but as yet they had not met with the expected response. In 1871 there had been a great improvement in this respect over 1870, but still the authorities were anxious to encourage English emigration, for their desire was not only to keep Canada for England, but to preserve the English tone and feeling. In 1870, out of a total of 44,475 emigrants who landed at Quebec, 20,943 were English; 2,888 were Irish; 3,279 were Scotch; and 16,780 were Scandinavian. In 1871 the numbers were, English, 17,915; Irish, 2,980; Scotch, 3,426; Scandinavian, 2,999. These numbers, however, went but a very small way in peopling the British possessions in British North America, which included a territory of over three and a half millions of square miles. The authorities were anxious, as far as practicable, to people these lands with English emigrants, and they had not only been offering free grants of one hundred and sixty acres to adult settlers, but had cleared small portions and erected shanties on each lot (the cost of the clearing and the building to remain a charge for a term on the land) for the special advantage of English agricultural labourers' families. This plan he, Mr. Pope, hoped in course of the coming spring to bring more prominently before the English labourers; and it was the anxious hope of the Canadian authorities that they would avail themselves of the opportunity to settle down on their own farms more generally than they had hitherto done. Supposing, however, that none of the emigrants who landed at Quebec in 1871 went on to new lands or farms of their own, but entered upon the service of others, they would, it was admitted, have been insufficient to satisfy *one-third* of the labour demands of the country. This must necessarily keep up wages, which I find, from a memorandum furnished to the Government by Mr. Pope, are very good, and likely to remain so. Mr. Pope remarks:—"With respect to the probable wages that emigrants would earn on their arrival in Canada, an average taken from the reports of the several Dominion Emigration Agents shows that the wages paid to agricultural and other labourers are from £24 to £30 a year, with board and lodgings; and from £50 to £60 a year, without board and lodging. The most common mode of engaging agricultural labourers, is, however, with board and lodging. Skilled farm hands get from £30 to £40 a year, with board and lodging. Common labourers get from 5s. to 6s. 3d. a day. The wages of mechanics and skilled artisans vary, according to circumstances, from 6s. to 16s. a day. The wages of female servants vary from 16s. to £2 a month, with board and lodging. But there are cases in which higher wages are paid to servants, according to capacity, or as there may happen to be a demand. Very common rates are from £1 4s. to £1 12s. per month. Boys in situations get from 16s. to £2 a month, with board and lodgings, according to age and capacity. It may be stated in connection with the rate of wages that food is plentiful and cheap in Canada; and that the Dominion is, therefore, a cheap country to live in. The following are average prices: 4lb. loaf of white bread, 5d. to 6d.; salt butter, 9d. to 13d. per lb.; meat, 3½d. to 5d. per lb.; cheese, 4d. to 7d. per lb.; potatoes, 1s. to 2s. per bushel; sugar, (brown, but dry and of superior quality), 4d. to 5d. per lb.; tea, 2s. to 2s. 6d. per lb.; eggs, 6d. to 9d. per dozen; milk, per quart, 2d. to 3d.; beer, 2d. to 5d. per quart; tobacco, 1s. to 2s. per lb.; and other articles in proportion. The purchasing power of the dollar in Canada is much greater than in other parts of America, especially in those things which go to make the cost of living, and this fact should always be kept in mind in making comparisons between the rate of wages paid in Canada and the United States. It has happened that considerable numbers of persons who had left Canada, attracted by the higher apparent rate of wages paid in the United States, returned during the past year.

Keeping these facts in mind (and I feel quite confident they may be fully relied on, for I found Mr. Pope quite anxious not to over-state his case, or to raise any false impressions), and also considering that there are peculiarities in the climate of Canada entirely new to an Englishman, I cannot help thinking that emigrants on first landing, whatever their ulterior object may be, should work for a master rather than turn masters themselves. This advice I know has been given to men who have come out here with a large capital at their disposal, and, when it has been acted upon, good results have almost invariably followed. It is an apprenticeship to the country and its ways and customs, which afterwards proves of the greatest value. Twelve months spent in a situation enables a man or woman to know how and what to select; whereas a man going on the easiest possible of terms on to his own land is likely to give way at the first difficulty, or to feel disgusted with that which he had made no effort whatever to obtain. I have been assured that some of the most successful settlers, on coming out here, instead of going and taking up land have put their money into some bank, and have then gone and taken work, which is always to be obtained, in the districts they had selected for their settlement, but which they were anxious to " try" first.

As the system of farming is different here to what it is in the old country, the following particulars as to crops may not be without interest :—Potatoes and wheat are the first crops generally raised upon new land, as it is too rich for almost any others. Wheat is the crop that generally succeeds the potatoe, and is sown in the potatoe soil as in new land. Oats follow the wheat, but the wheat stubble must be ploughed for its reception. All crops here, though put in later in the spring, mature earlier than in England. Generally speaking, the snow is off, and the ground is fit for ploughing, between the 20th April and 1st of May. Haying (mowing) generally commences about the 12th July. An acre and a quarter is the average quantity of meadow that a man will cut per diem. The expense of saving the hay is considerably less than in England. It may be judged of by the fact that light meadow hay has been known to have been cut and into the barn stack *on the same day*. The more usual system, however, is to shake it out soon after being cut, then to shake into "windrows," make small stacks of it by the evening, and next evening put it into large stacks, or the barn. The reaping of the wheat that has been sown in the fall (autumn) begins about 1st August. If it be not lodged it can be "cradled"—which means being cut with an implement called a cradle, resembling a scythe, and by means of which a man will cut at least four times as much as with the reaping-hook. Spring wheat comes in about 10th August, and may also be "cradled" if not lodged. Oats are usually fit for cutting by the 14th August, and are most frequently "cradled." Peas ripen by the 5th August, and are cut with the scythe and reaping-hook. Indian corn is gathered in about the 8th September. Potatoes ripen according to the time at which they have been planted. By the 10th of October the harvest is generally housed, and then underbrushing—which cannot well be done in winter in consequence of the deep snow—is commenced. Potash is now being made, and sleighs put in order for the winter's work. All kinds of cereals, vegetables, and fruit, grow well, and, by the man who is capable of doing his own farming, they can be produced at comparatively little cost, and to him they are sure to yield a profitable return for his labour. But, as in all new countries, labour is scarce, and consequently expensive, he who is capable of taking the axe, the plough, the scythe, and the sickle, in his own hand, and using them effectively, cannot hope to realise much profit from pursuits exclusively agricultural. He must look for his largest returns from his ability to utilise the circumstances by which he finds himself surrounded, and by turning his tact and his strength to the production of fruit, vegetables, &c., as well as corn and the more ordinary produce of the fields. In grain—wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat, and Indian corn, or maize, are each a sure crop. Potatoes, turnips, beet, carrots, parsnips, beans, and peas, quash, pumpkins, melons, tomatoes, &c., are raised in large quantities. Sixty bushels of Indian corn is not an unusual crop per acre. Beet-root, for sugar, broom-corn, and tobacco, have been successfully experimented with. All vegetables and fruit that are raised in New England and the Western States of America may be successfully grown in the Ottawa district.

The mineral resources of what is known as the Ottawa District are very rich, but they are generally undeveloped. In course of time, the districts where these minerals are to be found will no doubt become active seats of enterprise and industry, but not until the country has been opened up to a much greater extent than it is at present, and men are driven to make the most of what they have, and call upon the land to give out its best. But the lumber trade of the district has been an object of much interest for many years past. During the year 1871 there were sent out from this one district alone one hundred million feet of sawn deals, and two hundred and eighty five million feet of sawn boards, the number of men employed in cutting down the timber and preparing it for exportation in the saw and plaining mills being no less than twenty-five thousand. In the neighbourhood of the city there are what are known as the Chaudiere Falls, where, as at Montmorency, the water is utilised for the purpose of driving the machinery in the various saw mills, of which there are a number. The largest of these lumber mills belong to a Mr. Eddy, and they consist of a pail factory, a match factory, four saw mills, a sash, door, and blind factory, and a general store. About forty million feet of pine lumber are manufactured annually by him, of which there are always from eight to ten million feet on the piling grounds. He also manufactures annually 600,000 pails, 45,000 wash tubs, 72,000 zinc wash boards, and 72,000 gross of matches, besides the productions of the sash, door, and blind factory. These mills give employment to from 1,700 to 1,800 persons, many of whom are girls, employed in the manufacture of matches. In addition to these there are about four or five hundred men employed in the woods, where Mr. Eddy owns "limits"—a tract of land about 500 square miles in extent. The timber for these mills is brought down from the upper to the lower river in rafts, by means of water shoots, and a ride on one of these rafts down a water shoot is a treat which the adventurous tourist generally indulges in. As I had made up my mind to "shoot the rapids" on the St. Lawrence before leaving the country, I did not venture upon a ride down a water shoot.

On leaving the Russell House, I was taken through the various Government departments, and subsequently through the Parliament buildings, and then, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, commenced my return journey to Prescott Junction, and from thence I went on to Brockville, a moderately sized town, situate on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at the foot of the lake of the Thousand Islands, and distant about twelve miles from Prescott Junction.

LETTER 19.

BROCKVILLE—SUNDAY.

THE ride from Prescott Junction to this place was through a fine country, cleared, for Canada, long ago. It was only occasionally that I noticed the old stumps standing, and now and then the fields were dotted over with timber trees, as in the old country. I also saw, for the first time, a stone-built wall. In some other places I had noticed the stones that had been cleared off the land piled up in the form of a fence, but this was the first wall I had noticed where it had been built in the ordinary manner, as with us. The hedge-row fence I have not seen yet, but probably when I come to the older settled districts I shall meet with them also. I came to this place specially for a ride by river up to Kingston, a distance of about sixty miles. On the way we shall pass what is known as the Thousand Islands in the river. The boat, I was told, would start at half-past ten in the morning, and that unless I went by it I should have to remain until Tuesday, no boat running on Monday, although there was one on the Sunday. At nine o'clock I was sitting in the hotel, having just finished my Ottawa notes, when the 'bus man rushed into the room, saying the boat was down at the pier, and that he feared I should lose it. I resolved to try for the boat, and I believe the driver did his best to catch it, for he drove like mad over the rough roads; but we arrived just in time to see the boat slowly moving off. I am told I am not the first by many who have been similarly circumstanced. There is but one boat in the day, and there are no trains on the Sunday. On week days the boat leaves at half-past ten, on Sundays it leaves at nine. It is insinuated that this alteration of hour, supported by a little manœuvring, occasionally gets the hotel keeper a guest for the day, who had not bargained for staying beyond the morning. As my good fortune, however, would have it, there happened to be a freight boat unloading goods near the wharf, and on being appealed to, the captain at once most kindly offered me a passage by his boat. This will delay me some hours on the journey. But I have no doubt I shall find some compensation for this. It will give me longer time for the Thousand Islands. At all events, it will enable me to tell you a little about this place, and especially of one of the pleasing little incidents I have met with. I arrived here yesterday in time for having a good look at the place, which, I am told, is a fair sample of a Canadian town. The town is only seventy years old, having been laid out in 1802, and incorporated in 1832. The streets are all laid out at right angles, and are mostly very wide. The side walks are generally made of wooden baulks, laid transversely, and nailed down to sleepers. The area of the town, as laid out, consists of 650 acres, and the present population numbers between five and six thousand, so that there is plenty of room to grow. In short, in some of the wider streets, and in the public square, I noticed a number of cattle grazing. In many of the streets, and more particularly in the public square, trees are planted, which give a very cheering appearance to the place, and afford an agreeable shelter to pedestrians. When the town was originally laid out, quarter of an acre building lots sold at from $3 to $5 each, but now the best business sites, 25 ft. frontage, with a depth of 150 ft., realise from $1,200 to $2,000, farming lands in the neighbourhood selling from $50 to $80 per acre. For the accommodation of the 5,000 or 6,000 population, there are seven churches and chapels, belonging to as many different sects, and there are four schools for the education of the young, employing fourteen teachers, whose salaries amount to $5,240 per annum. This sum, together with all sums necessary for meeting the public requirements of the town, is raised by a rate levied on the real and personal estate within the township. The total sum thus raised in 1872, amounted to $18,954, being an assessment of 11 mills on the $, the total amount levied on being, for real and personal estate, $1,341,150. Now a mill is so small a sum of money that we have nothing like it. It is the tenth part of a cent, a cent being the hundredth part of a $ (dollar); a $ being equivalent in value to 4s. 2d. of English money. This will shew you that "local taxation," about which we hear so much in England, is not a very serious item in Canada. A person in Brockville, who has an estate of one thousand dollars, is called upon to pay, in course of the year, a fraction over one dollar for the purposes of local government and the education of the young. The education of the schools is purely unsectarian. On Sunday the children of the people belonging to the various denominations receive religious instruction at the various places of worship. The streets were quite alive as early as six or seven o'clock with teachers and children making for the different churches and chapels. There are two weekly newspapers published in the town, and the appearance of the wharves which line the banks of the river indicate a very large amount of trade going on. But just a word or two about the appearance of the town. Streets very wide, and occasionally somewhat uneven. The footways of wood, some of which are sound, and some rotten; some of the baulks lying well together; some being sufficiently wide apart to necessitate careful walking, lest you should step into a trap. The houses along the streets are of the most miscellaneous character, ranging from the shanty to the brick and stone built store or dwelling house. I have told you of the ragged appearance of the land: the country towns also have a very ragged appearance, and are all indicative of a growing into something more. Our English towns, many of them, have been growing for centuries, and have not yet grown out of their original foundations. Canadian towns grow in the same way, but are not so long about it, and therefore they look what I have called "ragged." A few years will alter this. There are several factories in the town, and twelve miles distant there is found iron ore, mica, plumbago, phosphate of lime, and quarries of freestone, sandstone, and limestone. On the wharves I saw large stacks of sewing machines, packed for export, and also a large number of agricultural implements, manufactured at the founderies and workshops in the town. From forty-five to fifty million feet of pine lumber are annually exported from these wharves into the United States, which lie on the opposite side of the river, sufficiently near to enable you to distinguish the character of the country, and notice some of the public buildings in the towns along its borders. Last evening I enquired the name of a town I could see on the opposite side of the river—but let me begin at the beginning of my tale: I was strolling along in the outskirts of the town, when I came right upon a scene which at once arrested my attention. Turning suddenly round a bend in the road, caused by the uneven bank of the river, I saw on my right a nattily-built cottage, of one story. A slight flight of steps led up to a platform of about five feet wide, running the length of the front of the cottage. The platform was protected from sun and rain by a continuation of the roof of the cottage, upright pieces of timber, joined by trellis-work, connecting the platform with the roof above. A large window, on either side the door, opened out on to the platform. On the pillars supporting the roof there were plants and creeping flowers. In front of the cottage there was a moderately large flower garden, with a walk up the middle, and the plants and shrubs with which it was crowded were just bursting into flower, and color, and beauty. The sun had just "gone down," but only so recently that there was all the light and glory of the sunset without its glitter. At the end of the garden walk there was a small wooden gate, with railings on either side. The gate was shut. Inside the gate, and standing tip-toe on the bottom cross-piece, there stood a little girl, with her hair gently ruffled by the breeze that came off the river, which lay in front. Outside the gate, and leaning over it so as to push forward the left breast of his coat, there stood an old man, probably over seventy years of age, and whose white locks were peeping from beneath his hat. The old man was looking down lovingly upon the little girl, whose fingers were busily engaged in threading the stalk of a flower into the button-holes of the old man's coat, her head being thrown back and slightly akimbo, so as to best catch the exact turn of the flower when it should be at its best. I had watched the scene for a moment or so, when some boys coming behind caused the old man to look up, and, his eyes meeting mine, he came at once towards me, and, a smile covering the whole of his face, and with a jerk of the head over the left shoulder, in the direction of the cottage door, for which the child had made, he exclaimed, with all the pride of a grandfather, "That's one of my grandchildren." Almost in the same breath he added "Where do you come from?" "From England," I replied. "Aye, I know that, but from what part of the old country do you come?" "North Wilts," I answered, "I was once at Salisbury," said the old man, as his eyes lit up with fire, and his face went off into laughing dimples. And then he told me his history. He told me his name was Stagg. "I came out here five and thirty years ago from the old country, and I have seen this town built up bit by bit. There were not many houses here then—very different to what it is now, and it's going to be a great place yet. My father was a shoemaker in a little village in Somersetshire, and my right trade is a shoemaker, although I never liked it, and that was what made me first think of emigrating to Canada. As a boy, I always wanted to be a butcher, whilst my father was determined I should be a shoemaker, and we did'nt get on well together through it. So, when I got married, and had a family coming on, I settled to come out here. After we had been at this place a short time, I and my eldest boy managed to buy a calf and a pig, which we killed, and thus began the butchering trade I had so long wished for. We sold the meat, and bought other animals with the money. But a calf and a pig were all we could manage to make a start with. "I hope you have also realised a fortune," I interposed. "Well, I don't complain," rejoined the old man, "nor do I boast; but the three principal butchers attending our markets are my sons, and the eldest is a fifty-thousand dollar man any day. And you should see him—he's the biggest and heaviest man in all Brockville. And his daughters—*my* grandchildren—they *be* fine girls. But all my children, and some of my grandchildren, are out and doing well, and that's a grand thing." Looking into my face, the old man exclaimed, "I feel so glad to have met you that I could cry. Presently we will go and have a glass together, but I must show you the place first." Men like this one are always talking about the old country; they read all that the newspapers can tell them about it, and their talk is loyalty to the land they have left. Whilst much of this conversation was going on, we were standing on the bank of the river. On the opposite side I noticed the churches and houses of what appeared to be a moderately-sized town; so I asked the old man the name of the place. "Morristown," he answered. So you see I am not the first of my name who has been in these parts. It is a very easy matter to hand down one's name out here after this fashion. In fact, many of the Canadian and American towns are called after those who first settled down in the district. Brockville, for instance, is called after General Brock. But men, like this rebellious Somersetshire shoemaker, but now prosperous Canadian butcher, are building up the homes of this land—the land which, as Mr. Pope said yesterday, must shortly become the great highway of the world. As I strolled about the town with the old man, I learnt from him incidentally that ever since he had been in Brockville he had been looking out for some one from his own little village near Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire. As yet his hope of meeting someone who could tell him something of his native place had not been realised. I pray it soon may be. Between eight and nine o'clock I left the old man in the square, opposite the court-house—a fine open space in the centre of the town. All the public houses, and, as a rule, the shops were closed early in the evening—the public houses close at seven o'clock on Saturday evening, and remain closed until Monday morning. I left the old man with several hundred of the inhabitants standing in the square—they were assembled there, all well-dressed, and having the appearance of comfort and well-doing about them, listening to the performance by the town volunteer band. They play there every Saturday, and occasionally on other evenings, many of the performers being mechanics employed in the railway works of the town. The local authorities have erected a band-stand in the square, but the band has out-grown it, and it is now much too small.

If you take a map of British North America and trace the river St. Lawrence from the Gulf right on up to where it joins Lake Ontario, and then go on through the series of fresh water lakes stretching over thousands of miles of country, you come across features of the most peculiar and interesting character. There are Lakes Superior and Michigan running into Lake Huron, which, in its turn, empties itself into Lake Erie, for there is a difference of 31 feet in the levels of the two Lakes, Lake Erie being 564 feet above the sea level, and Lake Huron 595 feet. Lake Erie, in its turn, empties itself into Lake Ontario, which is 235 feet above the sea level. Now, Lake Ontario is close upon 200 miles long, by about 50 miles wide, and 100 fathoms, or 600 feet, deep. Imagine if you can, this immense body of water rushing after its level—its course towards the sea is by way of the River St. Lawrence. When I come to Niagara I may have something further to say about

Lakes Erie and Ontario, but at present I must confine my notice to the river after leaving Lake Ontario. In some places the river broadens out so wide that certain points are called lakes. At other points it narrows so much that the banks on either side are quite close. The boundary line between the United States and Canada is drawn down the centre of these lakes and the river. In the river between Lake St. Peter, far below Montreal, and Lake Ontario, there are many thousands of islands. In what may be called one district there are no less than one thousand eight hundred islands, ranging from several miles in length to a space on which it would be dangerous to take a nap for fear of rolling off into the water. These, of course, are merely the tops of rocks which raise their heads just out of the water. It matters not, however, how small or how large the island may be, it is certain to be rendered striking by the foliage of the trees or shrubs growing upon it. Wherever there is a crack or fissure in the rock large enough for the lodgment of a seed there you meet with vegetation. This district lies between Brockville and Kingston, and is called the Lake of the Thousand Islands.

The morning had well advanced before we could make a start on our journey, but at length the loading and unloading had been completed, the captain and crew many times protesting that they were quite unaccustomed to Sunday labour, and would not have been engaged in it to-day but for an accident yesterday. On the other side the river, they said, Sunday labour was nothing unusual, but on the Canadian side they avoided it as much as possible. With one exception I was the only person on board beyond the crew, and that exception was a Scotchman, who had been about twelve years in Canada. He was an assistant in a general store at Montreal, and was just off for his holidays. We very soon became good friends. He loved birds, and was at some trouble to point out to me a robin, which he saw flitting among the timbers lying alongside the wharf to which our boat had been moored. And he told me about the little children he had left at home, and who would be on the look-out for a letter from him. There are not many birds in Canada. Large numbers are taken over to Canada every year and let loose in the towns, the inhabitants putting up houses on the ends of long poles in their gardens and around their houses for them. There is something very pretty and genial in this. Their robin is not even a little bit like our robin; it is as big as our thrush, and of about the same colour. Gosse says it is a saucy, familiar bird, and these characteristics, no doubt, have given it the name of Robin. One can imagine this bird by its saucy familiar proclivities, cheering the hearts of early English settlers, reminding them of their own redbreast, and of the homes in the old country around which they sported. You might pass through a whole English summer and not have such a day as this has been. It has not seemed like a real thing, and I have several times found myself enquiring of myself whether I was dreaming—passing through some fairy tale or not. There has not been a cloud of even the size of a "man's hand" in the sky the whole day—it has been one wide expanse of ethereal blue overhead, while the surface of the lake has been like one huge mirror. Except where caused by our boat, or by some wild fowl, or by some boating party, which we occasionally passed, not a ripple was to be seen on the water. There are men who spend their whole lives in piloting boats through the islands. I should think there was hardly so difficult a bit of navigation in the whole world. Absolute knowledge of every inch of the *road* is essential, and it is curious to watch the pilot's eyes as he *dodges* his boat about between the islands, and makes his way for the various marks which indicate the course of safety. Many of the islands, as I have said, are nothing but rocks, and they look as clean as a new pin, and as weather-beaten as an old sailor. Others have cattle and buildings on them, and on several there are light-houses and beacon lights. But on all there is growing the fresh and beautiful vegetation, many kinds of pine trees, with their gorgeous and many shades of colour, being everywhere conspicuous. Then there was the island out of the water, and the island in the water, for they were frequently to be seen in mirage, the shadow in the water being as perfect in every detail as the island out of the water. To wind one's way through these islands on such a day is like a grand poetic dream. I well recollect once before, some thirty years ago, feeling as I have felt to-day, it was when I first read Tom Moore's *Lalla Rookh.* It was like a gorgeous dream. Moore, by the way, has written about the scenery of the St. Lawrence, and on this glorious afternoon I could realise his words, and, like him, could exclaim :—

". . . . there are miracles, which man,
"Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,
"Can scarcely dream of—which his eye must see
"To know how wonderful this world can be !"

As we went on our way up the river,

"Where, the wave, as clear as dew,
"Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
"Which, reflected floating, there,
"Looks as if it hung in air."

You may recollect that Moore says in a foot-note that his attention was first called to the peculiarly transparent character of the waters of the American lakes by a description given by Carver, as follows :—"When it was calm, and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim, and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene." One can well imagine the wild Indian, of many centuries ago, when paddling his way through these islands, pausing in his course, awe-struck by the mystic grandeur of the scene, and rising his overflowing eyes to the sky above, trying to peer through it, wondering what there could be there; or bowing the knee, and bursting forth in a grand spontaneous song of praise to a power he saw and felt, but which after all he could only grope after. One of the guide books has it that the whole chain of islands abound with materials for "romance and poetry," and you feel that this is so. The Indians believed that the Great Spirit kept his treasures in some of these islands, and, therefore, they held them sacred, forbidding the searching for gold in them lest they might offend Manitou by taking the treasures he had secreted there. There is that mystic grandeur about the scene which leads you to see quite plainly that men had no help for it but to create such fictions. But there are facts as well as fiction connected with the history of these islands. I am indebted to one of the guide books, which hotel keepers circulate so plentifully to travellers, for the following particulars:—"These islands, from their great number, and the labyrinth-like channels among them, afforded an admirable retreat for the insurgents in the last Canadian insurrection, and for the American sympathizers with them, who, under the questionable name of "patriots," sought only to embarrass the British Government. Among these was one man, who, from his daring and ability, became an object of anxious pursuit to the Canadian authorities; and he found a safe asylum in these watery intricacies, through the devotedness and courage of his daughter, whose inimitable management of her canoe was such that, through hosts of pursuers, she baffled their efforts at capture, while she supplied him with provisions in these solitary retreats, rowing him from one place of concealment to another, under shadow of the night.

But my Scotch friend assured me several times that winter was after all the finest season in all the year. I could not help showing that I could not exactly see this, so he set about proving it. In the summer time all that the people had to do was to sow and to mow—to plant the ground and then to reap the harvest. And this kept their hands well employed. In the winter months they bought and sold, and their sleigh-horse bells made the country ring with their music. They then take their produce into the towns, and when there purchase such goods as they may want for their own use. "The cold is intense," I remarked. "Yes," he answered, "but it is dry. I have never yet, even in the severest weather, found it necessary to wear, for out door use, more than an extra pair of socks and a pair of moccasins on my feet," the moccasins being made of a very soft leather, somewhat like the chamois leather used for cleaning plate, but coarser, and of a dirty brown color. The Canadian winters were altogether different to anything he had ever seen in England or Scotland, and after people had once learnt how to dress themselves, and to *meet* the winter, they were not only far less trying to the constitution, but infinitely more enjoyable than English winters. Immense loads of merchandize, placed on sleighs, could be conveyed with the greatest ease for very long distances over the snow, the horses being always driven at a great speed, bells being invariably placed on their heads to give notice of their approach, the ease with which the sleigh passes over the snow rendering the operation perfectly noiseless. Poe, you know, call sleigh bells "silver bells.":—

> "Hear the sledges with the bells—
> Silver bells!
> What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
> How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
> In the icy air of night!
> While the stars that oversprinkle
> All the heavens seem to twinkle
> With a crystalline delight;
> Keeping time, time, time,
> In a sort of Runic rhyme,
> To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
> From the bells, bells, bells, bells
> Bells, bells, bells—
> From the jingling and the tingling of the bells."

And so my Scotch friend said it was. On the winter's night, both far and wide, the sound of the sleigh bells might be heard as many jovial parties were hastening to or returning from some trysting place where there had been a party or a Bee! A person or a family must be notorious for selfishness that was allowed to get through any particular work without assistance from friends. Notice having been given that on a certain day a certain party would commence a certain work, his neighbours and friends for long distances around would on that day proceed to his house to help him do it, these gatherings occasionally being made the excuse for social gatherings on a most extensive scale. From the ease with which sleighs slide over the snow, and the speed with which the horses are driven, a journey of twenty or even forty or fifty miles is thought little or nothing of. The same thing is observed at funerals, christenings, and other little events. A funeral, for instance, is advertised, the day and hour when it will take place being specially mentioned, and without any other invitation scores, and sometimes hundreds, of persons attend, and take part in the service. From all I could hear there appears to be a wonderful social life in Canada, which could only exist in a country where there was a general substantial comfort amongst the people, with an absence of that aping after distinction and exclusiveness which often has no better foundation than pride and poverty, and which is so frequently seen in the old country, where it makes the lives of thousands of men, women, and families, miserable and worthless.

LETTER 20.

KINGSTON.

KINGSTON is one of the oldest towns in the Dominion of Canada. It was originally an Indian village, and then it became a French station as long ago as 1672, and then, 90 years later, it *fell* into the hands of the English, who have not allowed it to fall into any other hands since. The present population numbers about 13,000. It is said the approach to Kingston by the lake is very interesting, some of the forts and earthworks, originally built for its protection, being still standing. But, as it was dark when I arrived here last evening, I could see nothing of the place from the water. Had I come up by the regular passenger boat I should have been in time for the sight, but, arriving as I did, many hours after, I missed it in the darkness. This was not the only thing I missed. Jim, the mail officer, Capt. B——, and other friends expecting me by the regular boat, had been waiting its arrival alongside the wharf, and when they found I had not come, had given me up till Tuesday. On reaching the hotel I once again found myself in a fix. On going to open my bag I found the lock had been tampered with, and do what I would I could not get it open. I had not opened the bag since leaving Brockville, and having had my letters, money, &c., inside of it, I could not avoid feeling some alarm, which was by no means quieted when the manager of the hotel, seemingly as a matter of course, mentioned the name of the hotel where I had last stopped, and insinuated that I was not the first person who had found himself in a like quandary. Coming so soon after the Prescott Junction business, I could not help coming to the conclusion that it was highly necessary to keep one's eyes open and wits active. Failing to open the bag, I hunted up my friend Jim, who, I found, was staying with his father, who is sheriff of the county. He, like the good big-hearted fellow that he is, whilst vainly trying to get inside the bag, was as busily engaged in trying to devise some means for getting me out of my difficulty, the only way he could see open being that he should let me have what money he could spare, and then, in the morning, obtain from one of the banks what further sum I might require to take me safely through. At length, however, we managed to shake out from the lock a small piece of iron, evidently broken off the point of the instrument which had been used in the attempt to open the lock, and the key at once did its work, and I soon had the satisfaction of finding the contents of the bag safe and undisturbed. This little matter over, my good friend told me that Captain B——, in consequence of having to leave home on Tuesday morning, the day when I was expected to arrive, had commissioned him to place his carriage and servant at my service, that I might see those sights of the town and neighbourhood which he had intended shewing me himself. My earlier arrival would of course render this unnecessary, and when he left me he promised to inform the captain of my arrival. Kingston is not a show place. When you get into the market place, and the business streets, you might easily imagine yourself in a bustling English town. The houses are built of stone and brick, and the shops, or stores, are very much after the character of those in the old country. In the early morning, when they were putting their shops in order, I had a chat with several of the shopkeepers, and it was pretty clear from their manner that they were well-to-do, and that there was not that struggle to make both ends meet which is often to be seen. They all seem kind hearted, and disposed to be very hospitable. Yesterday, on tendering the captain of the freight-boat the amount of fare I should have had to pay by the passenger boat, he declined taking anything, although, in addition to the ride, he had provided me with dinner and tea. This morning I wanted a little tailoring done. I chatted with the master while the man was doing the work, and when it was done there was "no charge." These may be matters of but little moment, but when they are not isolated cases they tell somewhat of the character of the people. Among the shopkeepers and traders generally I found the impression to be that the great want was agricultural laborers to develop and open up the country. When this was done there would be new openings and new fields of enterprise for everybody. There is a large court-house and several fine churches and other public buildings in the town, all of which are built of stone, which is found in the immediate neighbourhood. In the less crowded parts the trees in the streets, and around villa residences, produce a very agreeable appearance. The educational institutions of the place are, as usual, very ample. There is a Queen's University and College, with two faculties of theology and arts, the Royal College of Physicians, having eleven professors, being affiliated with it. The University employs seven professors. There is a grammar school with four teachers, and eight public schools with twenty-six teachers. In addition to these, the Roman Catholics have several educational establishments, as well as hospitals for the aged and infirm, and orphans. Up to the year 1845 the seat of Government was at Kingston, when it was removed to Montreal, which was a serious blow to the town, marks of which are still visible. You may notice it particularly on the steps leading up to the portico of the Court House—the stones have got slightly out of the level, and the grass may be seen growing between the joints. The police court is held in this part of the building. There were only three cases for hearing this morning; two women were charged with drunkenness, and a landlord was charged with having his house open for the sale of liquors on Sunday. The law here is that a publican shall close his house between seven o'clock on Saturday evening and eight o'clock on Monday morning. It is notorious that the law is constantly being broken, yet there are but few convictions, notwithstanding that every effort is professedly made to discover offenders. After the business was over, the magistrate (a stipendiary) asked me what I thought of the Kingston ladies (referring to the two he had just disposed of). I asked him if he presented these two as a fair specimen of the Kingston ladies? He said he could hardly do that. So I told him, in justice to women in general, I would not express an opinion. At eleven o'clock Captain B—— was good enough to take me a very nice drive of two or three miles out to the Penitentiary, one of the convict prisons of Canada. On our way we passed a villa residence, overlooking the lake, made somewhat memorable in connexion with the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada. On that occasion his Royal Highness was expected in no place with greater eagerness and enthusiasm than in Kingston, and no town in Canada had made more elaborate preparations according to its ability. With the exception of a visit paid to Upper Canada many years before by the Duke of Kent, when at Quebec, it was the first time that any royal personage had delighted the vision of the eager and loyal Canadians, and the expectation of seeing the heir to the Crown, the future King, thrilled all hearts. Unfortunately the Orangemen of Kingston and the neighbourhood, full of loyalty, also desired to honour the occasion by a grand turn out and a hearty demonstration. They poured into the city from all sides, in their gay trappings and decorations, and reared with infinite trouble triumphal arches, profusely decorated with the significant color. In the midst of the preparations came a rumour that the Duke of Newcastle, the temporary "Governor" of the Prince, had decreed that Orange Societies were in no way to be recognized. This excited the indignation of the Orangemen, who maintained that the Duke had no constitutional right to refuse the addresses of any society legally constituted, and they determined to make a stand for their principles, as it seemed to *them*. But no one supposed that the difficulty would prove so serious as it eventually turned out. The day of the Prince's arrival came. It was a lovely September afternoon, the city was decorated with arches and flags, and steamers and yachts skimming about the harbour, when the *Kingston*, with the royal visitor on board, rounded Cedar Island and steamed into the harbour. The city was all out of doors, wharves and roofs were covered with eager crowds, among which the Orange element was pretty clearly perceptible. As the steamer neared the wharf, and expectation reached its height, she came to a dead halt, ominous enough. The mayor and other prominent citizens went on board in boats, and the afternoon was spent in fruitless negotiations with the two opposing parties. The Duke inexorably refused to allow the Prince to land unless the obnoxious colors were removed, and the Orangemen as firmly refused to strike their colors. Of course there was no power to coerce them. The Kingstonians were divided between their eager, loyal, desire to see the Prince and the British instinct which enjoys seeing men stick to their colors *coûte que coûte.* Deputation after deputation fruitlessly visited the steamer, on board which presentations and addresses were made to the Prince, while boats, full of anxious watchers, glided round and round the vessel, in hopes of getting a stray glimpse of his Royal Highness. As dusk grew on, the Prince's dinner, prepared for him at the house intended for his quarters, was taken out to him, and the disappointed sightseers went home. The steamer lay close to the wharf all night, but none of the royal party left it. However, the projected illumination went on, as did the ball in the Prince's honour, the "play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out." Next morning the irrepressible Orangemen, again at their post, paraded in front of the very wharf where the Prince's boat lay. The Duke remained obdurate to all entreaties, and at noon a salute was fired, and the vessel, bearing the unseen Prince and his inexorable guardian, steamed away to Belleville, where a similar scene was enacted. Great was the grief of the disappointed and loyal Kingstonians when they at length realised that they were not to see their future king. One infirm old Scotch lady sat down and wept, not for her own disappointment, for she had not expected to see him, but "that such a thing should have happened!" The residence we passed will always be remembered as the place where such great preparations had been made for receiving the Prince, and where even the dinner had been cooked for him.

The penitentiary is an immense and very fine building. The governor, who was fortunately at home, took us round the establishment, and explained its working. In addition to the Kingston penitentiary, there is another at St. John, New Brunswick, and a third at Halifax, Nova Scotia, so that the returns of the Kingston establishment may be said to give us the criminal statistics of what we generally understand by the term Canada.

The report of the Directors of Penitentiaries for the year 1871 (the last one published at the time of my visit), opens with the following remarks on the Kingston establishment:—"One of the most noteworthy facts in connection with this institution is a large falling off in the number of its inmates. Here, as in the other penitentiaries of the Dominion, there has been a steady decrease in the number of committals for some years." The directors further attribute this satisfactory state of things to be "the natural consequence of the increased prosperity of the country, when work and highly remunerative wages are within the reach of all." Another remarkable fact is noticed. There has been no re-committal for a period of two years. At the time of my visit there were less than 500 convicts in the establishment, the number at the end of 1871 being 628, and at the end of 1870, 686. No convict sentenced for less than two years is sent here, and all, during their incarceration, are put to some trade or profitable employment. Some branches of industry are carried on by the directors themselves, but the more general plan is to let the workshop to a contractor, and to hire out the labour to him. A system of rewarding convicts for good conduct by a remission of a portion of the sentence has been found to work exceedingly well, as has also a system of gratuities, allowing to the convict, in consideration of his increased industry, a certain portion of his earnings, so that on his discharge he may have some small fund to live upon till he has found a situation, and may have no temptation to resort to criminal means for procuring subsistence. This allowing of gratuities also, it was thought, had a reformatory influence on the convicts, by replacing the dogged indifference of men working out a punishment, with the interest induced by hope of personal gain however small, and so helping the formation of habits of industry, self-control, and the feeling of self-respect created by a sense of independence. Walking through the various workshops, it was very clear to notice that there were some unfortunate creatures there who were criminals simply because they could not help it, and who could be reformed by no possible kind treatment. There were others who at once struck you by their intelligent appearance. When they were afterwards assembled together in the dining-hall, the governor, in answer to my questions, told me that several whom I had selected for enquiries were there for political and other similar offences committed during the Fenian disturbances. You may remember that Charles Dickens, in his *American Notes*, refers to a young woman he saw confined here. "She was a beautiful girl of twenty, who had been there nearly three years. She acted as bearer of secret despatches for the self-styled Patriots on Navy Island, during the Canadian Insurrection: sometimes dressing as a girl, and carrying them in her stays; sometimes attiring herself as a boy, and secreting them in the lining of her hat. In the latter character she always rode as a boy would, which was nothing to her, for she could govern any horse that any man could ride, and could drive four-in-hand with the best whip in these parts. Setting forth on one of her patriotic missions, she appropriated to herself the first horse she could lay her hands on; and this offence had brought her where I saw her. She had quite a lovely face, though, as the reader may suppose from this sketch of her history, there was a lurking devil in her bright eye, which looked out pretty sharply from between her prison bars."

The workshops in the penitentiary were remarkably well fitted up, being furnished with machinery, &c., as in a private establishment, the work produced being in some cases of the best possible description. In the iron foundry the finish of the castings was so clean that even locks of somewhat elaborate construction were cast, the various parts having only to be put into their proper places to complete the article. In the cabinet factory also the work was unusually fine. In 1871 the revenue from the sale of convict labour to the contractors amounted to $40,975, the total amount of work done by the convicts that year being valued at $93,207, or within $17,154 of the total cost of the establishment.

From the penitentiary we went to the Rockwood Lunatic Asylum, which is near, and is used both for ordinary and criminal lunatics. This, also, is a very large and fine building, and all the arrangements appeared to be most perfect for the comfort and care of the inmates. The numbers had slightly increased of late years, the average number in 1871 being 340, and in 1873, 371. I need not tell you of the poor creatures I saw here when going through the various wards; at the same time I must not omit to tell you of my introduction to her Majesty Queen Victoria, for

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she is a well-known character to all who have visited the place. She is always on the alert for visitors, and is always dressed to receive them, and when she hears of their approach she retires to her own ward, and sits there in state to receive them. She received us very graciously, and, after making sundry enquiries in general, respecting members of the Royal Family, she descended from her throne, and taking Captain B——'s arm, escorted him through such parts of the institution as were open to her, and as well as the weight of her jewellery and trinkets would admit of. She was literally overweighed with these things. For years past lady visitors had been in the habit of bringing her presents, which she decorated her dress and person with.

LETTER 21.

TORONTO.

MOST of my journey to this place was performed in the dark, evening having set in shortly after we left Kingston. The country through which we passed in the day-light was very poor. The soil appeared to be of a light sandy character, with many round, or boulder stones, lying about. Where the land was cleared the crops looked scorched up, and very indifferent. Last evening, in the churches at Kingston, prayers were offered up for rain, and on every hand I hear complaints of the drought in these parts, so that it is probable I have seen this part of the country under unfavourable circumstances. As the evening set in, rain began to descend, and continued the remainder of the journey.

This is a truly wonderful place. Eighty years ago, where Toronto now stands, with its 60,000 inhabitants, there stood a solitary Indian wigwam, in the midst of a dense forest. This morning, having a small parcel to deliver to a man who a few months previously had gone out from New Swindon, with a view of settling down here, I went to the office at the hotel, and asked one of the clerks to direct me to Adelaide Street, thinking I might get the business over before breakfast. The answer was that it was two blocks up. "Then," continued I, very innocently, "I shall not have far to go to deliver my parcel and message." "That'll depend upon the number you want to go to, I guess, for the street is four miles long," was the answer. And that is how they do things here. I did manage to deliver the parcel before breakfast, but I had no easy task. After breakfast Mr. Denison took me into a street which he said was laid out thirty miles long, with barely a bend or curve in it, and pretty level. It is called Young Street. Probably some time may elapse before it will be called a crowded street, but a man would be very indiscreet who attempted to say how long or how short the time would be. The first beginning of Toronto was made in 1724 by one General Sincoe, who called it York. As late even as 1826 there were no brick houses in the place, the market stood in a bog, and the stumps of trees were left unremoved in the streets. Toronto now reaches from seven to eight miles along the shore of Lake Ontario, stretching out from three to four miles inland. Just a line about the way in which towns are laid out here: First of all you take the land, or, what is just about the same thing, a piece of paper, and on it you draw a number of parallel lines. You then cross this series of lines by another series of parallel lines, until you have produced what is not unlike a huge chess table or draft board. This done, you fill in the names of the streets, and the plan is complete, and ready for the foot-ways, which are made of wood—planks placed transversely. The roads are invariably made of a good width, with, generally, trees on either side. When the street is ultimately found to be in the heart of a town or city the trees have to give way, but in the outlying streets they long continue to afford shelter to the pedestrian, and picturesqueness and beauty to the scene. The spaces between the streets are called blocks, and they are divided out into building lots, purchased sometimes simply for the erection of a wooden shanty, sometimes for a store, and sometimes for the villa residence of the tradesman or merchant. Generally, the building occupies but a small portion of the plot, the spare land being planted with trees, or used as gardens. This gives a very enchanting appearance to the place, for not unfrequently do you see next adjoining to some huge store, towering several stories high, a snug little shanty almost hid from view by the surrounding trees, shrubs, and flowers. Enormous fortunes are always being made by the purchase and sale of these town lots. The original price of the lot is but a mere trifle, but as the town grows, and the centres of trade become marked, the value runs up after a most fabulous fashion. At the present time, in some of the streets, lots one hundred feet deep cannot be bought for less than from $450 to $600 a foot frontage. A few years ago you might have bought a square mile of country for less money than you would now have to pay for a decent sized building plot. Colonel Denison, who I had arranged to meet on the morrow at Niagara, had been good enough to ask his brother to show me Toronto, and one of the first places he took me to was the University. The walk out there was remarkably interesting, and it was not long before I was altogether lost to the new country, and could fancy myself wandering about in some favoured and world-renowned spot in the vicinity of some old English or Continental city.

We got out into the College Avenue, and the sight was truly enchanting. There was no raggedness there, or palpable doubt. In building a house or store in the city streets, the wisest man would be at a loss to know how to proceed about putting up a permanent erection, for although he might quite eclipse the unpretending shanty on the right, next month, or at the farthest, next year, the bit of waste on his left might be covered by a structure throwing his own pet erection completely in the shade. But even Toronto does not erect universities every day. The one they have built is after the Norman style of architecture, and a truly magnificent structure it is, standing on an elevation from which fine views of the surrounding country are obtained. The university stands in its own park of fifty acres, artistically laid out in gardens, lawns, lakes and avenues. The college avenue is a magnificent drive, and since the year 1829, when it was first laid out, no effort or cost has been spared in adding to its attractions. It is a mile in length, with a central carriage drive 120 feet wide, having on either side a line of splendid shade trees (chiefly chestnut). It is said to be the finest avenue either in Canada or America. It is very fine, and the people may well feel proud of it. On our way we passed the Volunteers' Monument. The following inscription will explain its object: "Canada erected this monument as a memorial to her brave sons, the Volunteers, who fell at Limerage, or died from wounds received in action or from disease contracted in service whilst defending her frontier in June, 1866." Near this there is a bronze statue of Queen Victoria, by Marshall Wood. It is erected on a temporary pedestal, and at present belongs to the sculptor, but it is expected that it will be bought by the city, and have a permanent site assigned to it. Near the statue there are two Crimean guns captured from the Russians. One is marked "Inkerman' November 15th, 1854," and the other "Sebastapol, September 8th, 1855." It being holiday time at the university the students were away, and much of the building was closed. I however went over the museum and the library, which contains 20,000 volumes, and was very much pleased with my visit. King William IV. made a grant of 225,944 acres of land to the university, and also a grant of 63,642 acres to the college. The university buildings are all of dressed stone, much of which was brought from Ohio, that required for carvings and ornamental work having been imported from Caen, in France.

Having given you some particulars of the educational establishments of the Province of Quebec, it may be interesting to know something of what has been done in this important matter in the sister Province of Ontario. In addition to the university at Toronto there are sixteen colleges, having over two thousand students, with an income of $160,000 from various sources, and a further sum of $55,000 in fees. Some of these colleges are situate at Toronto, others are distributed over the Province. In all these colleges the fees are very low, so that the teaching they offer, and, as a rule, it is by no means below that of our English colleges and public schools, is brought within the means of most parents. From the university I went to the Normal School, in which no pupil is admitted unless he shall declare in writing his intention to pursue the profession of teaching, and that his sole object is to qualify himself for that profession. There are two Model Schools attached to the Normal School where the scholar-teachers are taught to give practical effect to the instruction they had acquired in that institution. The average number of admissions to the Normal School is about three hundred. Candidates for admission into the Normal School have to undergo certain examinations as to their fitness, and, having passed these, they are entitled to all the advantages of the institution, without any charge whatever for tuition, or the use of the library. But they must board and lodge in the city in such houses and under such regulations as are approved of by the Council of Public Instruction, the cost of board ranging from $2 to $3 per week. In connection with the Normal School there is also an Educational Museum, and School of Art and Design, somewhat similar to our own South Kensington. Then there are the High Schools of the province, which form an important connecting link between the public schools and the university. In the year 1869 there were 101 of these high schools, with 6,608 pupils. In these schools the pupils are grounded in Latin, French, and Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, and Euclid, Ancient and Modern History, and the elements of Natural History, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Physiology, Chemistry, Agriculture, Book-keeping, Drawing, and Vocal Music. But, after all, the most important of all the schools are the public schools. The public school system of Ontario was originally introduced in 1816, but it has since then been thoroughly reconstructed and remodelled, the various systems in operation both in America, England, and Germany, having been carefully studied by competent men for the express purpose of founding the best system it was possible to adopt to suit the temper and condition of the country. The system provides as follows:— 1. It declares that every child from the age of seven to twelve years, inclusive, shall have the right to attend some school, or be otherwise educated. 2. It provides that any parent or guardian who does not provide that any such child under his care should attend some school, or be otherwise educated, shall be subject to certain penalties. 3. It provides for religious instruction. 4. The head of the department is a permanent, and not a political officer. 5. Taxation for its support is compulsory on the part of the municipality. 6. No foreign books in the English branches of instruction are permitted. 7. Maps, school apparatus, prize and library books, are directly supplied by the department, and 100 per cent. on all local appropriations for a similar purpose is likewise granted. 8. Superannuated and worn out teachers are pensioned. 9. Provision is made for recording meteorological observations at ten of the County High Schools. In order to work this system, each township is divided into school sections of a suitable extent for one school, and in each of these sections three trustees are selected to manage its school affairs. The ratepayers may, however, elect a Township Board of Trustees instead of Section Trustees. In cities, towns, and villages, Boards of Trustees, elected by the ratepayers, supervise the management and expenditure. The same general dispositions apply to the Roman Catholic Separate Schools. In 1869, under the Public School System, there were 4,524 schools in operation, and 5,054 teachers employed; 2,775 of whom were males, and 2,279 females. Attending these there were 432,430 scholars, of whom 229,685 were boys, and 202,745 were girls. The highest salary paid in a county to a teacher was $635; the lowest $80. The highest salary paid in a city was $1,300; the lowest $300. The highest in a town, $700; the lowest $300. The highest in a village, $600; the lowest $240. The *average* salaries of male teachers in counties, without board, was $259; of female teachers, $188: in cities, of male teachers, $602; of female teachers, $229; in towns, of male teachers, $478; of female teachers, $226; in villages, of male teachers $420; of female teachers,

$192. A small increase on the preceding year of the average salaries of teachers. Of the 4,524 public schools in question, not less than 4,131 were entirely free, and in the remaining 393 the highest fee charged was 25 cents (one shilling sterling) a month. By an Act just passed, however, it is provided that henceforth all public schools shall be free. History is taught in 2,155 of these schools, book-keeping in 1,552, algebra in 1,749, and geometry in 1,330. The number of schools in which the daily exercises were opened and closed with prayer is further stated to have been 3,127, and the number of schools in which the Bible and Testament were read, 3,002. These religious readings are purely voluntary with trustees and teachers; and no child can be compelled to be present if its parents or guardians object. The School Law provides for the establishment and maintenance of Roman Catholic separate schools, of which, in 1869, there were 165, with 228 teachers (104 of whom were males), and 20,684 pupils; the average attendance being 8,331.

From the Normal School I went to the Court House. It is a fine imposing freestone building, in the Italian style. The law courts and libraries are in this building. The interior of the building is remarkably fine, the whole of the stone dressings, pillars, &c., being of Caen stone, the flooring being in Mosaic. In the different courts I saw many of the leading men of Canada, and in the Court of Queen's Bench there were seven judges sitting in *banco*, hearing appeals. They were grave and reverend-looking enough for English judges. The counsel wore gowns, but not wigs; the judges wore neither gowns nor wigs.

In England, if we see a building with a tower or steeple to it, we naturally conclude that it is a parish church. But this is not the case here. The Wesleyan

Methodist Metropolitan Church is one of the most imposing looking buildings in Toronto. It was built by Morley Punshon, at a cost of $133,000. It is a fine Gothic structure, of pressed white brick, and for appearance would stand out well by the side of our English churches. The plot of land on which the church is built is three acres in extent. Adjoining the church—that is on the next plot—there stands the Roman Catholic Cathedral, also a very fine building. It is said the Catholic party always intended building a convent where the Wesleyan church stands, but one fine morning they found the land had slipped out of their fingers into the hands of the Wesleyans. Both the cathedral and the church have fine tall steeples; and there they stand seemingly struggling which can look the highest. By the way, I must tell you of a little incident, which happened in this way. When I was in the park, I could see the two steeples, and on enquiring what they belonged to was told that one of them belonged to the Roman Catholic Cathedral. Of course I decided at once upon having a look at the cathedral, and, further, that the two steeples should be my guide in getting to it. So long as I kept a long way off I could see the steeples clear enough, but when I got near to them I lost them altogether. The foliage of the trees shut them completely out from view, so that the nearer I got to them the less was the chance of my finding them. At length I was driven to the conclusion that if I was to find the cathedral at all, except by accident, I must seek for assistance and advice. The opportunity to obtain this was not long in presenting itself. Walking along one of the streets, I espied a young man seated on a three-legged stool. I was forcibly attracted by his free and easy manner. Seated on the stool, he was bent forward, with his elbows on his thighs, and his hands clasped in front of him. He was looking deedily between his legs, as though watching the motion of the stool as he tried to balance himself and it on each of the three legs successively. I accosted him by asking him if he would kindly inform me the way to the cathedral. He never moved a muscle of the body, except such as was necessary to continue the balancing process, but he twisted his head round, as on a pivot, and, bringing his eyes up at me, he answered, his eyes having in the meantime again gone off under the stool, "I guess if you go to the end of the block on the other side, and turn to the right, you won't be a long way off it." My thanking him for his information seemed as though it had the effect of causing his head to make another turn on its pivot, and to bring his eyes again at me, this time somewhat furtively. After "eyeing" me for a moment or so, he broke silence with "A'int your name Morris?" Rather more amused than surprised by this abrupt enquiry, I promptly answered "Yes." "And is that so?" was his equally prompt rejoinder. He then asked me if I came from Swindon, and upon my assuring him that I did, he observed, for it was not said in an interrogative manner, "And is that so." In directing me to the cathedral, he "guessed" that which he knew as a positive fact, and when I assented to his proposition that my name was what all my life I had understood it to be, he observed, as I have said, "And is that so?" as though *I* might have some doubt about my personal identity, although he had clearly shewn that there was little or none on his part.

Having had a chat with my friend on his stool, in course of which he told me his name was Tom Mathews, and that he lived at the store in front of which he was sitting; that he had a brother out here, and also that in and around Toronto there were several persons from Swindon, some of whom were doing well, and some otherwise, I proceeded to make my inspection of the two buildings I had been searching for; and after that I made my way for Hamilton's foundry and railway waggon works. Two or three and twenty years ago, on a Sunday morning, when out for a walk, I met with a Mr. Hamilton, who was then foreman in the foundry at New Swindon. In course of conversation, he told me he was about to resign his situation and emigrate to Canada. For many years I heard nothing of him, but some few years since, hearing that the leading iron foundry in Toronto was known as Hamilton's foundry, it occurred to me that there might be some connexion between the Mr. Hamilton I had known at New Swindon and Hamilton's foundry at Toronto. So I found out the foundry, and, in due course, its proprietor, whose voice, before I could see his face, told me that he was the man. Seated with Mr. Hamilton in his office, and having had some conversation respecting things as they now are at New Swindon, he gave me an account of his early Canadian experiences. "I came out here," he said, "in the year 1850, from the New Swindon factory, where I had been foreman. At that time there was not a railway in Canada. In March, 1873, we had thirteen separate railway companies, owning 2,484½ miles of railway, earning in that month of March $1,238,205. I came and settled down in Toronto, and near to this spot I spent pretty well all the capital I had in putting up a small foundry, eighteen feet square. At first I did badly, there being but very little trade doing. This went on for some time, and I got alarmed about a bill I had given to a person for about £25. It was about falling due, and I had no funds to meet it. So I went to the bank, where I had made it payable, and asked the manager to hold it over for a short time. He took me into his office, and talked to me about my affairs. I told him I had not succeeded as I had expected, and that there was really no work to be got. He asked me if I would do work if I had the chance, and on my telling him I should be only too glad, he offered to give me a letter of introduction to a friend of his who was interested in getting a railway for Toronto, and who would be in Toronto in course of the following week. In due course, I presented my letter, and after a short conversation agreed as to the price I was to charge for casting some rail chairs. When asking how many I should cast, the gentleman told me he would not be particular as to fifty tons, and my first order was for one hundred and fifty tons. The change from nothing to do to an order for one hundred and fifty tons of castings staggered me for a time, but I went to work on the job as soon as the patterns arrived from Hamilton (for we were not to be trusted with the making of the patterns), but before I had completed it other orders came in, and we have been going on ever since." From other sources I learnt that Mr. Hamilton's eldest son had been Mayor of Toronto, and took a leading interest in the public affairs of the town. At the time of my visit, the firm employed about 500 hands, and whilst I was in the office with him Mr. Hamilton signed a contract for building two hundred railway waggons. No doubt other men have equally strange histories to tell, but this was the history of one whom I had known some twenty years ago.

In course of the morning I went to the police-court, and was introduced to the presiding magistrate by a young man, formerly a solicitor's clerk in Swindon, who is now practising in Toronto as a barrister. The sight here was something frightful. The drunken cases were being disposed of, and such abject looking wretches as some of the prisoners were I never saw before. Men and women too, most of them well dressed, carried in their features that appearance which is indicative of the absence of all hope or fear—with that lassitude about the mouth, and a callowness in the eye, which, while it shewed the animal to have the power of motion, proclaimed the absence of the man. As one after another were brought up, the magistrate, who appeared to know the history of them all, answered their appeals for mercy by telling them how many times he had spared them already. One poor trembling wretch pleaded for mercy on the ground that it was his first appearance, but the magistrate at once reminded him that it was only two months since he had abstained from sending him to gaol so that he might have the opportunity for going and assisting in the burial of his wife who had been found lying dead on the door-step of their house. On that occasion a subscription was made for this man to enable him to meet the expenses of the funeral of his wife, and directly he got hold of the money he spent it in drink. At first the poor wretch denied these fearful charges, but ultimately admitted that they were true. Another man, a fine, powerful-built fellow, pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness, and professed his readiness to take the allotted penalty. The magistrate dwelt long and minutely on his case. He came to Toronto some years ago with splendid prospects before him. He had an excellent trade, that of an engineer, and he was a first-class workman, capable of earning a larger salary than he (the magistrate) received for presiding over that court; yet of late, through having given way to drink, he had ruined both body and soul. This man, I was assured, could earn $5 a day the year through, at his trade. Some of the scenes enacted during the examination of these cases were ludicrous, as well as painful. "It's my first appearance," exclaimed one; "That's not your fault," was the answer. "I lost my money," cried another; "Serve you right," was the only consolation he met with. A third, in answer to the question as to whether he was drunk or not, said, "I guess I was, or I wouldn't have been here." One poor wretch, who had been most earnest in his promises to reform, was told that he might mean well enough, and be honest enough in intention, but the word of a man who drank was not worth the breath that uttered it. More than once the magistrate expressed regret that he could not send the person to an asylum instead of a gaol; and it was painful to notice that there were good grounds for supposing that the asylum would be the most appropriate place of the two. In the evening, meeting, with some of my fellow passengers, I accompanied them to a drinking saloon, and a music hall, and at these places I thought I could see some of the causes which led to the drunkard becoming more than usually debased in this country. For the year ending 30th June, 1871, there was manufactured in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, and New Brunswick, 5,303,171 gallons of spirits, against 8,457,096 gallons of beer, the leading spirit used being whiskey, which is sold at a ridiculously low price. In addition to the ordinary spirits, known as brandy, rum, whiskey, &c., and beer, there are a variety of compounds, the use of which gradually gains the mastery over those who indulge in their use. I cannot pretend to give you the names of a tithe part of these abominations, nor to let you into the secret of their manufacture. But there is one peculiarity in the drinking of spirits which I must mention, and it is this:—As a rule, men, when being served with a drink of raw spirits, have a decanter of water handed to them. This is common enough at our English drinking bars for the purpose of diluting the spirit, previous to its being drunk. But here the practice is very different. The person having gulped down his dose of spirits, turns to the water bottle, and, pouring out about an equal quantity of water to the spirits he has drank, gulps that down also. There is an impression, I believe, that this pouring of the water on the top of the spirits effectually prevents the spirits gaining the mastery over the drinker, and reduces the chances of becoming intoxicated to a minimum. This seems to me to be a most singular practice, credited with a still more singular virtue. If the effect be really that which is desired by those who resort to the practice, I think we may see in it one of the reasons why a drunkard out here becomes more utterly lost than in England—the body becomes charged with spirits before the person indulging in their use is aware of their real effect upon his system; and then, when it is too late, it is found that a perpetual adding of fuel to the fire which had been created is an essential necessary to secure even a mere animal existence. Some time ago, in an article in the *Transatlantic*, one of the American magazines, there was published a "Toddy time-table," in which these concoctions were arranged for use according to the hour of the day as follows:—

TODDY TIME-TABLE.

6 A.M.	Eye-Opener.	3 P.M.	Cobbler.
7 ,,	Appetizer.	4 ,,	Social Drink.
8 ,,	Digester.	5 ,,	Invigorator.
9 ,,	Big Reposer.	6 ,,	Solid Straight.
10 ,,	Refresher.	7 ,,	Chit Chat.
11 ,,	Stimulant.	8 ,,	Fancy Smile.
12 N.	Anti-Lunch.	9 ,,	Entire Acte (*sic*).
1 P.M.	Settler.	10 ,,	Sparkler.
2 ,,	*A la* Smythe.	11 ,,	Rouser.

12 P.M. Night-Cap.
GOOD NIGHT.

This is given as a veritable copy of a nicely printed, gilt-edged card, exhibited in an American drinking saloon. I am inclined to think the Canadians have not got to this pitch, but still they have a variety of drinks, the composition of which it would require the knowledge of a chemist to explain. Going to the bar of a drinking saloon, the customer asks for a drink of spirits or beer, as the case may be. If he asks for spirits, a decanter and a half-pint tumbler glass is placed before him. Over the mouth of the decanter there is a small wire-cage, which confines a small metal ball. As the decanter is turned down on its side, the ball runs up into the top of the cage. When the decanter is placed on its bottom the ball rests in a seat on the top of the neck, and practically seals up the contents. The customer alone regulates how much spirits he takes for his drink: he has to pay the same amount, 5 cents or 10 cents, as the case may be, for his drink. When he asks for beer it is served to him in a glass cup, but it is very little beer he can see when the cup is handed to him. For about half an inch from the bottom you may see the liquid the colour of beer, but the remainder of the cup is filled with a cream-colored frothy matter, which soon begins slowly to subside, and when that is done, the virtue of the drink is supposed to have passed away, and what remains is considered as but little better than poison. You must drink off the beer directly it is handed to you, and before the frothy matter has time to pass off. I am told that if you put down, say a dollar bill, to pay for a 5 cent drink, the waiter never thinks of giving you change until he has seen how many drinks you are going to have, there not being sufficient time, if the thing be done properly, to give change or take the money between the drinks. The beer is kept in small barrels of about four or five gallons each; so as to ensure the emptying of a cask almost instantly upon its being tapped. The leading advertisement with publicans is the announcement of the number of barrels they draw in course of a day, the customer drawing his own conclusions therefrom as to his chance of getting the article fresh, in the event of his patronising the establishment.

I think a person inclined to give way to drink could not come to a worse place than Canada, and, from what I hear, America. For the sober industrious man the opportunities for doing well here are almost unbounded, but unless a man can control his passions and his appetites, he soon becomes an outcast, like those I saw this morning in the police court. I think I am justified in saying that a man requires a stronger will out here to resist the temptation to drink than he does in the old country. The man who likes drink can get a very large quantity of it for a very small sum of money, and the abominable gaseous beer, and other compounds which are sold, must have the effect of gradually leading men on to an indulgence which must, sooner or later, become their master. I have conversed with a number of gentlemen on this matter. There is everywhere a desire to find a remedy. I spoke of prohibition of the sale, but that I was told would not answer. It was better, men said, to have open drinking to deal with than secret drinking, which not only gave the drunkenness, but led to the practice also of deception, dishonesty, and cunning to obtain the drink.

There is not the amount of building going on here as at Ottawa, but still the wages of workmen are good. In course of the day I had many opportunities for enquiring of workmen engaged on buildings the amount of wages they were receiving. Carpenters, I found, were receiving from 7s. to 10s. per day; stonemasons from 10s. to 14s. a day; and bricklayers and masons from 9s. to 11s. Chamberlain, a mechanic, who had recently come out from New Swindon, and who I found working in Hamilton's foundry, told me the wages he had as yet obtained were not quite as good as he had expected, but he appeared well satisfied, and referred with much pleasure to the hope of having in a very short time a house of his own.

Toronto is governed by a mayor, who receives a salary of $2,000. He is supported by the following officers:—Chamberlain (salary $2,000); City Commissioner (salary $1,800); City Solicitor (salary $2,400); Police Magistrate (salary $2,000); Deputy Chamberlain (salary $4,200); City Clerk (salary $1,600); Assistant Clerk (salary $1,000); City Engineer (salary $1,200); Engineer of Fire Department (salary $1,000): Governor of Gaol (salary $1,600.)

In 1872, the real and personal estate of the city was valued at $32,644,612. On this amount a levy, or assessment, was made of 15 mills on the $; and this, I believe, fairly represents the average rate of taxation to which residents in the Canadian towns and cities are subject. When it is remembered that a mill is only the thousandth part of a dollar, and that this levy of 15 mills on the dollar defrays the cost of education and every other charge, it must be admitted that the Canadians know but very little about the burden of taxation.

To-morrow morning I leave for Niagara.

LETTER 22.

NIAGARA.

IT was an easy matter enough in my last letter to say that on the morrow I was going to Niagara, but I find it quite a different thing to tell you what I think of Niagara, now that I have been there. Niagara has much to answer for. You approach the place as you would but few other places in the known world. I once heard a noble lord say it was no joke being the son of his father. The father had made the name his son then bore a household word in tens of thousands of English homes; he had laboured long and well in the cause of the people, and had striven to raise them up to something better than they were, through the passing of some of the best *enabling* laws we have on our statute books. Through the repute of the father, more was expected of the son than of an ordinary man. And so it is with Niagara—its fame has gone before it, so that no person approaches it without expecting more of it than of probably any other show place or natural wonder in the world. There is something so intensely sacred in the place that, as you approach it for the first time, you feel as though you were treading on the confines of some great unrevealed secret—that you were about to face the Majesty of God in Nature. You know all about the place; you have read all about it, and can tell its height, and depth, and breadth, to a yard, or even a foot, yet you move on towards it expecting,

"An assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see."

The scene shortly to be opened before you had enthralled the hearts of thousands, and drawn from the awe-struck poet his deepest praise. The Earl of Carlisle, apostrophizing the Falls, had said:—

"There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!
Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall—
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap—
The stirring of the chambers of the deep—
Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes—
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies—
The tread of armies thickening as they come—
The boom of cannon, and the beat of drum—
The brow of beauty and the form of grace—
The passion and the prowess of our race—
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour—
The unresisted sweep of Roman power—
Britannia's trident on the azure sea—
America's young shout of Liberty!"

An American poetess, Lydia Huntley Sigourney, had also helped to raise our expectation to its topmost height. In her poem, entitled "Niagara," she had bidden the river to

"Flow on for ever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak to Him
Eternally – bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise."

"Earth fears to lift
The insect-trump that tells her trifling joys
Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peel sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he hath need to sleep,
Sometimes like a spent labourer, calling home
His boisterous billows, from their vexing play,
To a long dreary calm: but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart forgets
Its everlasting lesson, night nor day,
The morning stars, that hailed Creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with their song
Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,
That wait the mandate of the day of doom
To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed
Upon thy rocky scroll."

"The lofty trees
That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter lore
Of the too fitful winds; while their young leaves
Gather fresh greenness fromthy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds,
How bold they venture near, dipping their wing
In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis meet
For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir,
Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud
Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven
Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace
Thine awful features with our pencil's point
Were but to press on Sinai."

"Thou dos't speak
Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop
From his right-hand,—bidding the soul that looks
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
Be humbly wrapped in its own nothingness,
And lose itself in Him."

And then, again, Charles Dickens, in his own grand prose, had told us how he had approached Niagara, and what he had thought of the Falls. "Between five and six next morning," he says, "we arrived at Buffalo, where we breakfasted; and being too near the Great Falls to wait patiently anywhere else, we set off by the train, the same morning, at nine o'clock, to Niagara. It was a miserable day; chilly and raw;

a damp mist falling; and the trees in that northern region quite bare and wintry. Whenever the train halted, I listened for the roar, and was constantly straining my eyes in the direction where I knew the Falls must be, from seeing the river rolling on towards them; every moment expecting to behold the spray. Within a few minutes of our stopping, not before, I saw two great white clouds rising up slowly and majestically from the depths of the earth. That was all. At length we alighted: and then, for the first time, I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet. The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain and half-melted ice. I hardly know how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and climbing, with two English officers who were crossing and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half-blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. We were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or anything but vague immensity. When we were seated in the little ferry-boat, and were crossing the swoln river immediately before both cataracts, I began to feel what it was: but I was, in a manner, stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked—great Heaven, on what a fall of bright green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was peace. Peace of mind, tranquility, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness: nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, for ever. Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made! I never stirred in all that time from the Canadian side, whither I had gone at first. I never crossed the river again; for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such a place it is natural to shun strange company. To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the great Horse Shoe Falls, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighbouring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and grey as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough. I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God."

With accounts like these Niagara has much to answer for to the visitor, and, therefore, it is that we are invariably told, first and foremost, whether or not the visitor was "disappointed".—I think the word should be "bewildered." It was very early in the morning when I left Toronto to cross Lake Ontario in one of the river steamers—a floating town. But the weather was beautiful, and the air most bracing. The distance across the lake is about thirty miles, which brings us to the mouth of the Niagara River, connecting Lake Ontario with Lake Erie. The river is by no means wide, and the country on either side is somewhat low and monotonous. Entering the river, we have Fort Massasanga, a Canadian fortress, on the right, and Fort Niagara, an American fortress, directly opposite, on the left. Passing up the river, the banks on either side have more the appearance of a canal than of a river, being of a generally uniform slope. Six miles up the river we came to Lewiston, where we landed, and for the first time I here set foot on American soil. Having been discharged by the Custom House officer, who was stationed here to examine our baggage, we were taken by 'bus for about a mile to a railway station, and after another ride of about six miles along the top of the rocky and precipitous left side of the river, we arrived at the

Falls railway station. The ride to this place was a most exciting one. In front there were the Falls, seen as yet only by the mind's eye, but we were making our way towards them through a rock-cut track, the sides of which sometimes seemed as though they would topple over and crush us, occasional breaks or openings in the rocks on the right affording glimpses of the river as it danced and ran madly on, and let in upon us, as with a great rush, the sound of troubled and rushing waters, and a half-suppressed "din," struggling as it were for mastery over the hissing of the engine and the rumbling of the carriages. Opposite Lewiston, on the other side of the river, is Queenstown, and Brock's Monument, a fine Corinthian column, erected in memory of General Brock, a name famous in the wars for independence. On the 17th of April, 1840, this monument was blown up, but the Canadians built it up again, and they seem very proud of it. At the railway station Colonel Denison was waiting for me, and, knowing, as he does, every inch of the ground, having been in command of the Canadian Volunteers called out to repel the Fenian raids at this point a few years ago, he was enabled to take me at once to the principal points of view. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of such a friend and guide, for it would seem that the very pick of the touts and rascals of the world had assembled here. We could not move a yard without having some fellow at our heels descanting on the excellence and cheapness of the dinner he was at that very moment of time having placed on his table, and protesting by all that was good, that if we went further we should fare worse. Then the trinket sellers ran after us with their hands full of samples of the wares they had on offer inside their respective establishments, assuring us in the most earnest manner that we should never regret "walking in." As for the cab drivers, if they only worried their poor horses as they worried us, I can pity the poor horses from my heart. The positive knowledge they undoubtedly possessed that we had already declined a score or two of the most tempting offers, instead of satisfying them that we did not require their assistance, served only to give them more tongue, with perseverance to use it abundantly. By the way, there is a capital tale told of these fellows by an American writer. He says :—"When I first got to Niagara the hack drivers took a fancy to me, and chased me up. We conversed thusly, 'Take a ride?' 'No.' 'Goat Island?' 'Luna Island?' 'Suspension Bridge?' 'No.' 'Lundy's Lane?' 'Wall, haan't been to Lundy's Lane,' 'Who's Lundy?' 'Why,' says he, 'theer is where the American Eagle soared aloft and plucked the tuft from the British Lion. They keep it there to show strangers.' 'Says I, 'How much for Lundy?' 'Wall,' says he, 'I'll take you there for a dollar.' I got there. It was two or three patches of grass, and a brindle cow, and a fence, and a country lane. The driver said I'd better pay, so I gave him a dollar bill. Says he, 'we're in Canada, and I want gold.' Says I, 'hain't got no gold.' Says he, squaring up, 'You little withered cuss, if you don't come down with a quarter, I'll punch your head.' Punching don't agree with my head, so I gave him a quarter, and told him to drive back. He said the price for going back would be five dollars. 'No,' says I, 'Yes,' says he. 'Then I'll walk,' says I. 'Walk, and be darned,' says he. I walked, and he walked his hoss alongside for a mile. 'Hot?' says he—'shower coming.' On we walked—down came the rain. 'I think I'll get in,' says I, handing the five dollars. Says he, 'I want another dollar now.' 'But,' says I, 'you told me you'd take me back for five dollars.' 'Aye,' says he, 'but you see it was pleasant then, but it's raining now.' I gave him the money, and got back to the hotel. But I don't take hacks no more."

In due course, I was taking my first view of the Falls. We had passed by the ticket office, and had paid our toll; we had escaped from the importunities of bazaar keepers, and were out of sight of their wares; we had passed over bridges and between rocks and had lost ourselves amidst shrubs and flowering plants on Goat Island, and had surprised a party of Indian squaws arranging their bead trinkets for sale when the later hours of the day should bring the fashionable visitors to the place; when, as in an instant, I was standing on a projecting rock in the river's bank, from whence the full grandeur and majesty of the scene was brought within the range of vision. Overhead, the sky was without cloud or speck, and the sun shining most brilliantly. In front, there were the boiling seething waters, sending up clouds of spray, amongst which the sunbeams played and formed rainbows, arching each other. To the right of us there were the American Falls, and to the left of us the Horse Shoe Falls. In the distance there was the suspension bridge crossing the river. In the back ground there were wooded heights, the foliage of the trees seeming to intensify the color of the water, as in one compact mass, many feet thick, and like a huge crystal, it hung over the precipice, the spray from the chasm below ascending as though it were incense playing its part in one grand and never ceasing act of worship, in which the utmost resources of nature had been gathered together to do honour and homage to the God of Nature.

But let me, if I can, shew you the position. Seventeen miles back there lies Lake Erie, and fourteen miles in front there lies Lake Ontario. Lake Erie, which receives the waters of Lake Huron, empties them into Lake Ontario, which it can do easily, seeing that its level is 320 feet higher than that of Lake Ontario. Between the two lakes there are six distinct geological formations or series of rocks overlying each other, the oldest formation in geological order being nearest to Lake Ontario, and the newest formation being nearest to Lake Erie. The "dip" of the strata being in the direction of the latter lake, naturally leads to the cropping out of the whole series in the space intervening between the two lakes. From the banks of Lake Ontario to Lewiston, the lowest and oldest strata occupies a low level track of land. This formation being a soft sandstone, the river made a smooth and easy channel through it by the ordinary process of erosion; and hence the appearance of the banks already noticed. But at Lewiston the surface of the country abruptly rises to a height of about 300 feet, and stretches out at a slightly increasing elevation to the banks of Lake Erie, as one great platform or table land. At the escarpment at Lewiston four different strata, overlying each other, are clearly traceable, the top layer or strata being a harder limestone, the underlying one being much softer, and, therefore, more easily worked upon by the washing of running water. If we go across country to the banks of Lake Erie, we find the waters as they pour out from that lake struggling about over the hard limestone formation for an outlet, and taking the first they come to, and sometimes taking two or three courses as though on a voyage of discovery, and then meeting again at some spot ahead, and in this way making many islands on their course, some large ones, as "Goat Island," and some small ones, as "The Three Sisters," and sometimes leaving only a stray rock. It is supposed that the river struggled on in this way, with little let or hindrance, right down to Lewiston, or what is more generally known as the Queenstown heights, and that here it pitched over a height double that of the present Falls at Niagara. Granted that this was the case, it was five-and-thirty thousand years ago since the journey from Queenstown to Niagara was commenced, the work being done after this fashion:—The water pouring over the top layer of hard limestone rock would rebound, at some points with the fury of a whirlpool, at other points as mere spray or incessant rain, on to the softer and more readily yielding rocks underneath, and gradually carrying them away would leave the ledge overhead sufficiently unprotected to admit of the weight of water passing over to break and splinter it away by sheer weight. This is the popular, and by no means unreasonable, theory as to the way in which the huge chasm has been cut between the rocks from the point at Lewiston to the foot of the present Falls, where undoubtedly the process of underwashing is now going on, many breakings away of the topmost layer having taken place within the memory of man. If this be *the* theory, the Falls, in the whole course of their travels, could never have presented a more picturesque appearance than they have within the present generation of men, for they have now arrived at a point where a cluster of islands in the path of the river diverts the channel into two branches, sending the water, after passing over some rapids for about a mile, over the American Falls on the one hand, and over the Canadian, or Horse Shoe Falls, on the other hand.

Standing on the projecting rock between the two Falls, I had on either side of me a full mile of probably the most awe-inspiring scenery in the world. The Horse Shoe Fall has a width of about 1,900 feet. There then comes the western face of Goat Island for about a quarter of a mile, on which I had taken my stand, and following that there are the American

Falls, which present an almost straight line of about 900 feet, fronting the western bank of the river, the Canadian Fall fronting nearly due north, so that the Falls and the islands form one grand, but broken and irregular, curve of nearly a mile in length. It is estimated that the water has a fall of 158 feet over the one Fall, and of 164 feet over the other; but this must be mere conjecture, for no human eye has ever yet penetrated into the abyss into which the water drops, and the boiling surge and ever-ascending cloud of spray must render it difficult to trace any line for measurement. It has also been computed that twenty million cubic feet, or seven hundred and ten thousand tons, of water per minute empties itself over the Horse Shoe Fall alone. It would be but madness were I to attempt to describe the sight to you of this immense volume of water, troubling and fretting itself as it rushes down the rapids just above the Fall, and then, before taking the final leap, settling down in the calm of "deep still waters," and taking its place on the brow of the precipice, like a mighty gem, glistening in the sunlight, and dazzling both the eye and the brain of the spectator. Down in the abyss itself there is no appearance of water as we usually see it—there is one grand mad dance going on there; so mad, in fact, that you can see nothing of the water until it has been lashed into a boiling fretful foam, over which there hangs eternal clouds of spray like clouds of smoke over the crater of some burning mountain. What I felt, or said, or did, whilst looking on this mighty scene, I cannot tell, for when I try to realise it, even to my own mind, it seems like a huge dream, and I am staggered and bewildered.

There are two suspension bridges across the river, within a short distance of the Falls. The one next the Falls is of 1,230 feet span from tower to tower, and the floor is 256 feet above the water level. This bridge was opened on the 1st of January, 1869, having cost $120,000 in its erection. From the centre of this bridge a very fine view is obtained of the Falls and surrounding country, and, looking down the river, to the second suspension bridge, which is, as it ought to be in such a neighbourhood, of a most marvellous construction. It is a two storied bridge, the upper story being used for the purposes of the Great Western Railway of Canada, and the bottom story for foot and passenger traffic. The span of the bridge is 800 feet between the two towers, and I was fortunate enough to be standing on the bridge near the Falls at the time when a railway train was passing across the second bridge, lower down the river. The sight was a most singular one. It is said there were four thousand miles of wire used in the construction of this bridge, the total weight being twelve thousand four hundred tons. When you recollect that the suspension bridge across the Avon, near Bristol, is something less than nine hundred feet span between the towers, you may guess what stupendous undertakings these two bridges were, the span of the one being 1,230 feet, and the other 800 feet, the latter one actually carrying railway trains over it. Formerly, before these bridges were erected, the only means for crossing from the American to the Canadian side of the river was by the ferry referred to by Mr. Dickens. Now, of course, the passage is by one of the bridges.

Mr. Dickens' view of the Falls was from the Canadian side, and, no doubt, the finest of all the views is obtained there. The rapids, the islands, the two Falls, the dancing waters, the clouds of spray, and the town of Niagara Falls, may all be taken in one view; a view, by the way, of the most enchanting beauty and interest.

Less than a hundred years ago, the country between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario was in a state of nature where the Indian hunter chased the bear and the buffalo; but now the land is all brought under cultivation; the Indian is no longer to be seen, and the only bear and buffalo now to be met with are confined in cages outside the museum, opposite the Falls. In the afternoon I was taken out to Chippawa, a village of about twelve hundred population, situate about four miles at the back of the Falls; where I was most kindly received and entertained. Here vegetation was very forward, the fruit trees and vines looking most promising. Returning in the evening towards the Falls, we turned off for a short distance by a road on our right to the Burning Spring, where I witnessed a most remarkable sight and natural phenomena. Passing along a slightly descending road by the side of a ravine, we arrived at a small wooden shanty, where photographic views, trinkets, &c., were on sale, and through this were conducted into a large square darkened room, a very peculiar smell being emitted on the door being opened. The guide had brought a lamp with him for the purpose of showing us the position of the well, or spring. In the floor there was a round hole cut, of about two feet in diameter. Looking into this hole, about four feet below the level of the floor, water was to be seen bubbling and boiling away after a very excited fashion, a deep hissing sound, and a very strong smell, being emitted from the hole. The guide then placed a conical shaped barrel, out of the head of which there projected an iron pipe, of about an inch in diameter, in the hole, and, having extinguished his lamp, applied a match to the end of the iron pipe, which ignited the gas escaping through the pipe, the flame rising from one to two feet high, illuminating the room in a most singular ghost-like manner, the flame being of a peculiar light blue color. The barrel was then removed from over the well, and a piece of burning paper passed down on the end of a rod. By this means, also, the gas escaping was ignited, but for want of concentration, the flame was intermittent, and not regular, as when the light was applied at the end of the iron pipe. Water was then dipped from the well and poured into a glass tumbler; the water was then thrown away, and a match passed into the mouth of the glass, and the tumbler was at once filled with flame, the small quantity of water remaining around the glass containing a sufficient amount of gas to sustain the flame for several seconds. Outside the building there is another spring, still more charged with this carburetted hydrogen gas. I tasted the water from this spring. Should you ever visit the place, restrain your curiosity, anddon't drink!

When we left the spring the evening had well set in, and darkness came on very suddenly, so that the sights of the day were over, except the one grand sight for which I had been longing—a sight of the Falls in the night time, which I had been secretly hoping for since I had seen them in the morning. Taking leave of my friends, who had been so attentive to me all day, and whose kindness I can never forget, I wandered off alone down to near where the famous Table-rock once stood. Here I could faintly see both the Falls, and trace their dim outline. But there was now another and a new feature which I had not noticed so forcibly in the morning. The earth seemed to have a gentle rocking motion, causing a strange vibration to play through the frame, bending the knee and bowing the head in humble diffidence to the majesty of God. I could now *feel* the never ceasing roar of the water, and realise the fact that this was indeed sacred ground; that I was in a temple not made with hands.

How long I remained here I cannot tell, for as I have said, it seems like a huge dream, flickering before the mind which has not as yet recovered its balance sufficiently to realise it; but the night had well set in, when, some two miles down the river, I arrived at the railway station, just in time for the night train for Hamilton.

LETTER 23.

HAMILTON TO DETROIT.

HAMILTON is another remarkable instance of the growth of a Canadian city. It was laid out as recently as the year 1813, and has now a population of 31,000. Between the years 1850 and 1857 the population rose from 10,000 to 25,000. Situate at the extreme western point of Lake Ontario, it is within easy distance of Lake Erie; and it has also direct railway communication with Lake Huron. There are several engineering establishments here, doing a good trade. It is also the centre of the wool trade of Canada. It is estimated that Canada produces about five million pounds of wool per year; three-fourths of which passes through the hands of the Hamilton wool staplers and dealers. The neighbourhood is also remarkable for its agricultural and dairy produce. Yet there is but little of the surrounding country thoroughly cleared. Unfortunately the races are on —they last for three days—and last night I found all the hotels so full that, for the first time since my arrival in Canada, I had to go to a second hotel before I could obtain accommodation. Considering the capacity of these hotels, I should think there must be over a thousand visitors in the city. Like Montreal, Hamilton has its mountain, and after I had done some of the leading streets, I went and clambered up its side, and had a capital view of a Canadian town and of the surrounding country. The view was exceedingly interesting. When walking through a street it is difficult to see more than a house or two at a time, and sometimes not even that, except in the purely business and trading parts, in consequence of the trees along the footway, and generally surrounding the house. This makes it somewhat difficult for a stranger to master the geography of the place. From the mountain side the town looks very pretty, the roofs of the houses, and the church towers and steeples, rising out from the foliage of the trees. In course of the morning, I went to the police court, but the business for the day was just over. I, however, had a long conversation with the police magistrate, who very kindly gave me all the information I asked for. He said that when he first came to Hamilton, in 1833, there were not forty houses in the place. He complained bitterly of the drinking habits of the people. But for this there would be but little to complain of. He attributed the drunkenness to the great wages earned by all classes of workmen, and the very low price at which liquors were sold. He had studied all the remedies proposed, and, as far as he could, had tested their practicability, and was satisfied that any real improvement would be a work of time, and the result only of great perseverance to educate the people to a more thorough self-command and self-respect. Masons and others engaged in building operations, he said, earned from $2½ to $2¾, or 10s to 11s; Carpenters, $2, or 8s; and labourers or odd men

$1½, or 6s a day. These men could get good board and lodging in the city for from $3 to $4 a week; so that by saving they might soon attain to independence. Indeed, although there may be many drunkards, and men who squander away their earnings in debauchery, there must be many thousands of the inhabitants who adopt an altogether different course of living, or it would have been impossible for such a place to have sprung up in the short space of from forty to fifty years. In discussing the subject of drunkenness, I suggested the Maine Law; but this had the least favour of all the remedies in his estimation. He spoke strongly against the principle, as being impracticable. He was also good enough to give me much information respecting the neighbourhood. Farms, he said, were easily to be had, either to rent or to buy. Men who had gone on to the land twenty or thirty years ago, and had cleared it and brought it into cultivation, and having secured a competency, were always to be met with, who were willing to sell, or let their land. He told me of two friends of his who only the previous week had disposed of their farms, the one obtaining $40 and the other $50 per acre for their land. The city area extends over two square miles, and the real and personal property within that area, assessed for city and other purposes, amounts to a total of $11,308,720 per annum.

In the afternoon I started for Detroit, per Great Western Railway of Canada, a ride of 186 miles. Before reaching Hamilton I had travelled over nearly a thousand miles of country; and I think I am within the mark when I say that I had not seen a single square mile of land thoroughly cleared and brought into complete cultivation. Even around Hamilton, and when standing on the mountain, I could see large tracks of land on which the stumps of the original forest trees were still standing. In every place where I have been or passed through the want of labour has been most marked (excepting only the district around Quebec, where the land had been in possession of French settlers for generations past). At the best, the country is cleared of the original forest only in patches; and it is very rare indeed to find the plot where the trees and bush have been removed cleared of the stumps and the stones also; so that it must necessarily take many generations, even should the whole surplus population of Europe be poured into the country, before the land can be made to produce its best and most. The quantity of land being so greatly in excess of the requirements of the population, and the easy facility with which additional land may be always obtained, will prevent any alteration from this state of things for a very long time to come. Sir Charles Lyell, writing of Canada thirty years ago, remarks:—"In one of my first excursions to the West I saw a man felling trees in March, who, when I returned in October, had harvested a crop of Indian corn, grown on the very spot. He had also the leaves and stems of the plant to save for winter fodder for his cattle. He was an emigrant, newly arrived, and entirely without the capital indispensable to enable him to cultivate wheat, which must have been twelve or thirteen months in the ground before it could be reaped." And you can see this at every turn you take. Men can get all they want, and all they enjoy, at the smallest possible expenditure of labour, and so long as there remains millions of acres of land uncleared, and which is to be had almost for the asking, and which may be partially cleared and made amply productive at the smallest modicum of cost, they will not prefer making a thorough clearance of the land simply for appearance. In twenty or thirty years' time, no doubt, there will be large, well-cleared districts; but even then it will be less trouble to acquire an acre of new land by chopping down trees, than it will be to clear off and thoroughly clean a few lug only of roots and stones. As a rule, the instinct of the emigrant will lead him to acquire land; the natural pride of the man who has settled down into the home he has made, or some *push* from outside only, will lead him to make that land *look* its best, irrespective of the question of profit.

From Hamilton, onward, the country assumed a different appearance to anything I had previously noticed. Generally, the land had been flat, but now we met with a succession of hill and dale—sometimes were winding round the side of a hill, and sometimes passing through a valley; the country generally approaching in appearance that of the old country. In fact, now and again one might almost forget that he was in the new world, and think that he was at home again in the old country. There is nothing which leads us to this kind of feeling so much as the appearance of the trees. In the newly-cleared districts, where trees are left standing, they are so tall and so straight that, for the life of you, you cannot imagine their having a *pastoral* look about them. But as the years roll on, and they are no longer driven to struggle upwards, they broaden outwards; sending their branches out far and wide; giving shelter to man and beast, and dignity and grandeur to the landscape.

Trees, gracious trees! how rich a gift ye are
  Crown of the earth! To human hearts and eyes
How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
  Linked with your forms and kindly whispering rise!

Several weeks might be well and profitably spent over the country between Hamilton and Detroit. There are many towns there with old country names, such, for instance, as London, Windsor, Rochester, Chatham, Newbury, Dorchester, Woodstock, Yarmouth, Westminster, &c., &c. But independent of these old country associations, there is much to be seen which is peculiar to this new world, and which we cannot get in the old world. There is, for instance, the rock oil, or petroleum, district; a district to which, more or less, nearly every cottage home in England is now indebted for its artificial light. This rock oil, or petroleum, is one of the most remarkable and peculiar natural products of Canada West. By some authorities it is estimated that the oil-bearing limestone extends over an area of seven thousand square miles. It is certain that the area must be a most extensive one, otherwise the enormous yield of oil could not be obtained. According to the Inland Revenue returns, there was produced in the year 1871, in the province of Ontario alone, 17,711,513 gallons of oil from the bowels of the earth. Since then much larger quantities have been produced; but I cannot ascertain the exact quantities. The oil exists in the cavities of the limestone rock, which are of marine origin. The rocks are, in fact, principally composed of the remains of marine animals, which, when in course of decomposition, give off the oil, which, on the earth being bored, *wells* up to the surface in many places, ultimately finding its way into petroleum lamps in our houses and on our tables. In one district, a little to the right of the Great Western Railway, no less than two thousand wells have been bored within a circuit of seven miles. All these wells have given out oil, but they have not all been continued in work. In this neighbourhood the wells are from 450 to 500 feet deep, and are bored with extraordinary rapidity, the hole being about five inches in diameter. Usually the borings are through 90 feet of clay, 30 feet of hard rock, 10 feet of soap stone, 5 feet of hard rock, 130 feet of soap stone, 20 feet of hard rock, 40 feet of soap stone; and then through 166 feet of hard rock, after which there is a "show" of oil. The wells are generally worked by oil companies, who pay the land owners a royalty of one quarter of the proceeds. The well having been bored, the oil ascends to the surface like water from an artesian well, or is pumped out by means of steam machinery. From the mouth of the well the oil is sent into immense tanks, where it is allowed to *settle*, and is then drawn off into other tanks, where the first process of refining is gone through, after which it is taken off to the refineries, and prepared for the market. The amount of oil given out by some of the wells is simply enormous, a single well having been known to give over *thirty* thousand barrels, or one million ten hundred thousand gallons of oil in course of one twelve months. The Great Western Railway Company have over two hundred oil tank cars, each containing thirty-five barrels, of forty gallons each, for conveying the oil from the wells to various refineries along their line of route; but a project has been started for laying down an iron pipe for a distance of sixty miles from Petroleum to London, at a cost of $100,000, for the purpose of conveying the oil to the refineries at the latter place. When it is recollected that the crude oil obtained at these wells is of the value of $800,000 per annum, this expenditure of $100,000 for laying down a pipe does not seem very extravagant. Within the year ending June, 1872, 500,000 barrels, of 40 gallons each, or a total of twenty million gallons of oil, were shipped from the Petrolea district. Toronto, Niagara, Hamilton, and other towns are lighted with gas derived from this oil, the gas produced being of great brilliancy. A barrel of oil will give six thousand cubic feet of gas. A writer in the *Nautical Magazine* gives his experiences of this district as follows:—"Stretching before us is a

large extent of flat country, intersected with numerous 'corduroy' roads, *i.e.*, roads made by logs, laid about two feet apart across the mud; here and there, gaunt and gray, rise towering tree-trunks, leafless, except at the highest point, where a few green leaves flutter out a miserable existence. Scattered about the scene are plain, wooden, derrick-towers and buildings, each of which denotes a well at work, or defunct, or an abortive attempt to strike oil. Cottages for workmen and laborers, adapted only as cover for a time, show themselves about the district. The earth is everywhere black with mud and oil, and thick sluggish streams slowly glide along, with black oil floating on the surface; the air is heavy with the odours of petroleum. Many gray stumps of felled trees remain upon the land, and, by contrast with the black earth, give a weird, strange aspect to the scene. The roads are indescribably bad, and nothing but persistent holding on enables us to keep our seats in the waggon. We stop at a well in full operation, and descend from our chariot. Here is a small steam engine, 12-horse power, working a pump, which draws up a stream of thick, dark-green fluid—the crude petroleum—delivering it into a huge tank; this goes on all day, all night, and all Sunday—no rest until they draw the well dry. This well yields 150 barrels a day, forty gallons to the barrel, and the men cannot think of stopping their pumps while such splendid results follow, especially if they can get 5d. or 6d. a gallon for the crude oil."

The district is also remarkable for its peaches, grapes, and other fruit, cultivated in England only at great cost, and under cover, but grown here in the open, in the greatest possible perfection. Around Ingersoll, another district on the route, cheese is made *wholesale*. It was from this district that the cheese exhibited in Liverpool, England, some years since, came. This remarkable cheese was made for show at the Saratoga Exhibition, and, having done duty there, was sent to England. It measured 6 feet 10 inches across, stood 3 feet high, and weighed 7,000 lbs.; 35 tons of milk having been used in its manufacture. In this district land may be bought at from $50 to $80 the acre; but around London as high a figure as $200 is frequently obtained. London, in Canada West, is situate in the county of Middlesex, and *on* the banks of the river Thames! This is one of the pleasing features one meets with in Canada, and to which I have already more than once referred. The emigrant, when seeking a new home in the far off west, takes with him, as far as he can, the country of his birth, and he gives to the new home the familiar name of the old home, and surrounds it by such circumstances as bring most readily old country thoughts, ideas, and associations. They call London the Western *baby*, and they are immensely proud of its *growth*. The city was only incorporated in 1855; yet the population is now something like 25,000. It is impossible to say what the place will grow to in course of the next twenty or thirty years. It is one vast hive of industry and enterprise. I heard of several men from New Swindon who had settled down at London, but, unfortunately, could not wait to see any of them.

In due course we arrived at Windsor, where the river St. Clair (which connects Lake Huron with Lake Erie) divides Western Canada from the State of Michigan, U.S. The river at this point is a mile wide—rather too wide for a bridge, even in America. But passengers are taken across without having to leave the seats in their carriages, notwithstanding. An enormous steam ferry-boat, propelled by a pair of engines of 750 tons each, is brought right up to the end of the rails and the train drawn right on to it in two parallel lines, the train being divided into two sections for that purpose. Arrived on the opposite shore, the cars are drawn off the ferry-boat on to the American line of rails, and proceed at once to Detroit. It was near midnight when I reached Detroit, so, on reaching the hotel, I went off at once to bed. On being shown into my room, I noticed a slight framework of wood, covered with yellow muslin, hanging over the bed, the muslin being carefully tucked in round the bed clothes. It was the first time I had seen such an article of bed-room furniture, but I suspected its meaning without much trouble. I asked for some explanation, however, and was at once told it was to keep the mosquitos off the sleeper. "Have you mosquitos here, then?" I asked. "Oh, yes, plenty of them," was the answer. "But not in this room—oh dear no, not in this room," immediately added my informant. I remarked that I had never seen a mosquito. I shall not soon forget the sarcastic grin the nigger gave, the corners of his mouth and eyes going off in a bold curve towards each other, which seemed to say I stood remarkably well for soon feeling them. But there was no help for it. I was in a great and free country, where, I suppose, even mosquitos have a perfect right to do as they like. In due course I resigned myself to my fate, the mosquito curtains hanging over me somewhat after the fashion of a wire dish-cover protecting meat from gad-flies. As I lay awake for a few moments, taking stock of my position, I could not help thinking this was sleeping under the stars and stripes with a vengeance. But, as I have said, I resigned myself to my fate, and, as some reward for my confidence, I presume, the mosquitos were more than moderate and merciful.

LETTER 24.

DETROIT.

I NOW leave Canada for a time for a run through the States. I cannot, however, do this without taking with me feelings similar to those which the older emigrants must have taken with them when leaving the old country for the new one. I shall always have happy memories and pleasing recollections of my visit to Canada. Detroit being the first American city I had yet visited, I was anxious to see what it was like, and, therefore, I commenced a very early survey on the morning after my arrival in the place. The weather was gloriously fine, and, it being market day, the farmers and their wives were crowding into the market-place, bringing in their produce in their light waggons, drawn by slim, light-built horses. A Wiltshire broad-wheel waggon would probably be the greatest curiosity you could show a thorough-bred American or Canadian farmer. The American waggon is far lighter in build than the lightest of English-built carriages. There were scores of them, laden with fruit and vegetables, meat and poultry, standing in the market-place, the spokes of the wheels being barely more than the size of a man's thumb, and the felloes not more than an inch and a half square. A more busy scene than that witnessed in the market-place I think I never saw. Many of the purchasers were colored people—servants probably sent out to make purchases for the household. What a merry good-humoured race the colored people are when you see them here bargaining for eggs and fowls. They carry their baskets on their arms, resting them on their fat hips and against their round well-filled-out sides; and, with their hands locked in front of them, twiddling their thumbs, they look about with their eyes in an indefinite sort of way, laughing all over the mouth, and the face too. At the taking of the census in 1870 the population of Detroit was 79,577, but it now numbers over 90,000, of whom about 3,000 are colored people. Formerly the place was an Indian village, but it contained at the time of the census four Indians only. At one time they were strong enough to besiege the city, and attempt to take it from the French, who then held it. Indeed, the city has been the scene of many stirring events: Once it had to surrender; it has sustained more than fifty pitched battles; it has been burned to the ground once; and has been further distinguished by twelve horrid massacres. Detroit being the metropolis of the State of Michigan, has several very fine public buildings, in which the legal and other State business is carried on. The Court House is a very large and imposing building. It is built of freestone, in the Italian style of architecture. I went on to the top of the central tower, from whence I had a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country. In front of the Hall there is a very fine square, in which there has been recently erected a monument in memory of the soldiers and sailors who fell in the recent war. This monument is a very fine specimen of art workmanship, and was inaugurated with much pomp and ceremony on April 9, 1872. The total cost is estimated at $75,000. The monument is about 55 feet in height; a granite pedestal being surmounted with a colossal allegorical statue of Michigan, four corner figures representing the Army and Navy; the figures, which are of bronze, having been cast at the celebrated Bavarian foundry, at Munich. But few, if any, of the older cities on the European continent have finer monuments than this one. One third of the population of Detroit are German. There is, I am told, a very large German element in many of the American cities; and that their Beir Gardens, and "Lager" establishments are prominent features in many a district.

There is one matter with which I have been particularly struck. America is not a large unwieldly country running to riot, and of which no account is or can be kept. The country is vast in extent, but every possible care is taken to collect every available fact in connexion with it, and to place these facts fairly and clearly before the people. In England, our census returns supply us with many facts, or rather, would do so, if we knew only how to get at them. In America the thing is very different. Let me give you a few facts relative to this State of Michigan, which, in course of a few hours, I have been enabled to pick up. The area of the State comprises 35,995,520 acres of land. There are in the whole of the English Counties 32,597,398 acres of land; or, 3,398,122 acres less than in the State of Michigan. There are forty seven states and territories in America. In 1870 there was a population of 1,184,296 in Michigan, against 21,495,131 in England. The State is divided into 37 counties, and the population is made up of the following nationalities: Americans, 286,629; Germans, 32,282; Irish, 20,927; English and Welsh 17,717; Scotch, 4,647; British Americans, 31,105; Scandinavians, 2,827; French, 1,619; Chinese and Japanese, 2. Out of the total, 187,211 were engaged in agriculture; 104,728 were engaged in professional and personal services; 29,588 were engaged in trade, and 82,637 in manufacturies, and mechanical and mining industries. In 1870, the real and personal estate of Michigan amounted in value to $719,208,118. In 1860, the value was $257,163,983, and in 1850, $59,787,255 only. These figures will show that the State has multiplied over *twelve* times in value in the course of twenty years! The increase in population being from 397,654, in 1850, to 749,113 in 1860, and 1,184,059 in 1870. In 1870, the farm produce of the State was of the estimated value of $81,508,623. The animals slaughtered, or sold for slaughter, realised $11,711,624. Forest products, $2,559,682; and orchard products $3,447,985. In 1850, the value of animals slaughtered amounted to $1,328,327, and orchard products to $132,650. Thus we not only get the amount in value, but the quantity in bulk. For instance, in 1870, there was grown in the State 18,866,073 bushels of wheat, 78,088 bushels of rye: 4,743,117 bushels of Indian corn; 10,678,261 bushels of oats; 1,032,024 bushels of barley; and 52,438 bushels of buckwheat. In 1850, the quantities were, 4,925,889 bushels of wheat; 105,871 bushels of rye; 5,641,420 bushels of Indian corn; 2,866,056 bushels of oats; 75,249 bushels of barley; and 427,917 bushels of buckwheat. In 1870, the dairy products of the State comprised 24,400,185 lbs. of butter, 670,804 lbs. of cheese, and 2,277,122 gallons of milk sold. In 1850, there was made in the State 7,065,878 lbs. of butter, and 1,011,492 lbs. of cheese; so that the make of butter has considerably increased, and the make of cheese considerably decreased. This, indeed, has been very generally the case throughout the United States. In New York State, for instance, the quantity of butter made in 1850 amounted to 79,766,094 lbs.; in 1870 it reached 107,147,526 lbs.; the cheese in 1870 being only 22,769,964 lbs., against 49,741,413 in 1850.

In addition to statistics like these, there is always to be had a mass of information interesting to persons thinking of settling in the State, either as farmers, manufacturers, tradesmen, or workmen. And you must not forget that what applies to the State of Michigan applies to every other State in the Union. I only dwell upon Michigan because it is the first State into which I have fairly entered. Just let us take a map of the State and lay it out before us. It is, as we have seen, divided into 37 counties. We fix upon St. Joseph county as a likely place, and want, therefore, to know something about it. Well, in St. Joseph county land can be purchased at from $25 to $100 per acre, and rented at from $4 to $10 per acre. A pair of oxen will cost $150; a good working horse $100; milch cows, $30 to $40 each; sheep $1 50c.; and hogs 8c. per pound, live weight. We then go to Jackson county, and there we find that but few farms can be rented; while in Eaton county land can be purchased on better terms than it can be rented. We then go to Houghton county, and find there are no farms there of any account, the whole county being in the hands of mining companies. The proportions of improved and unimproved lands in each county are easily ascertained, as well as the terms of payment, and the amount of assistance or accommodation given to settlers. Having ascertained the cost of the land, and the expense of stocking it, we next turn to the prices obtained for some of the chief articles of production, and find that in St.

Joseph county wheat realizes from 80c. to $1 per bushel, and potatoes 40c. In other counties wheat realizes from 50c. to 80c. per bushel, and oats from 30c. to 80c. But we have labor to sell, rather than capital to invest, and we are anxious to find the best market for it. We again turn to the information obtained by the Government authorities at Washington for our use and guidance. In Lenawee county farm labour is chiefly in demand. In Allegan, St. Clair, and Saginaw counties both skilled and common labour is in demand. In Jackson county masons, carpenters, and common labourers, are in demand ; and in Ontonagon county miners are wanted. We want to know something of the character of the county, and the kind of work carried on in it, and find that in St. Joseph county there are flour and saw mills, iron foundries, woollen mills, paper mills, and agricultural implement factories—*with labor in supply fully equal to the demand !* In Ingran county there are no factories of any note. In Jackson county there is no land unoccupied. In Eaton county, where farming on either a large or a small scale pays well, there is plenty of excellent land unoccupied. In Barry county there is not much land that is desirable, except some in the hands of speculators, who hold it at high prices ! In Chippawa county there are thousands of acres unoccupied ; with one of the best markets in the north-west for hay, oats, and potatoes. Gratiot county is improving fast, and blacksmiths, masons, cabinet-makers, coopers, carpenters, painters, shoemakers, tailors, and wheelwrights, find good locations and constant employment. I again note that this fund of information is not peculiar to Michigan or any other State. Dr. Young, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, has collected information of a similar character from every State in the Union, and has so tabulated it that you may, as I have done, do much towards mastering it while riding from one State to another in a railway car.

The American authorities are not satisfied when they have got a man "settled" on the land. They do their best to teach him how to cultivate it, and make the most of it. In every State in the Union, with three solitary exceptions, viz.:—Florida, Louisiana, and Nevada, there are state-endowed industrial institutions, or agricultural, mechanical, scientific, and art colleges, where farmers and others may send their sons and daughters, and have them taught all that is known, or they are capable of learning. The college for the State of Michigan is situate at Lansing, and I copy from the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the year 1871, the following particulars of its position and proceedings:—"Michigan.— The State Agricultural College, at Lansing, T. C. Abbot, LL.D., president, has just completed a new laboratory, containing all the latest improvements, including the Bonn self-ventilating evaporating hoods. It is fitted up with work-tables for 48 students in analytical chemistry, and can accommodate 75 in elementary chemistry. Rooms are provided for the use of students who wish to make researches in higher chemistry. The whole number of students for the college year ending in November, 1871, is 141; being an increase of 12 over the previous year. Of this number 1 is a resident graduate, 12 are seniors, 9 juniors, 26 sophomores, 81 freshmen, 4 specials, and 8 ladies. There are now seven professors and one assistant professor; besides a foreman of the farm, with an assistant, and a foreman of the gardens. The junior class work the entire year, under the direction of the professor of horticulture. The sophomores spend the year under the direction of the professor of agriculture. The other class alternate between the garden and farm. The lowest rates for labor do not exceed 2 or 3 cents per hour, if the student fails to render more valuable service. The highest price usually paid is 7½ cents per hour, but this year 12½ cents have been paid for work on Saturdays, if applied for by the foreman. Botany, chemistry, and animal physiology are studied from one to two years each. Entomology is illustrated by a valuable collection of native and exotic insects, and special attention is given to the study of species injurious to vegetation, and to the best modes of checking their ravages. Several carefully conducted experiments have been made on the experimental farm in respect to the different modes and times of applying manures to crops, as by ploughing in, spreading after ploughing, applying in the spring or fall, with the results attending each; also, with different kinds of special manures or fertilizers, and the quantities of grain produced from each; with thirty-two popular varieties of the tomato, the number, weight, and marketable qualities of each being noted in tabulated form; and in fattening pure-bred pigs of the Essex, Suffolk, and Berkshire breeds, and grades of natives, showing the different fattening qualities of each breed, the quantity of meal usually necessary to produce a pound of pork, and the effect of the same quantity on younger and older animals. A part of the land granted by Congress has been sold, amounting to $92,444. It is estimated that the fund of the college, when all the land is disposed of, will amount to about $707,000.

In the same report, which, by the way is an annual one, and printed in vast quantities, and circulated for general information, I find the following summary of the proceedings of the Michigan State Board of Agriculture, extracted from their ninth annual report. I think it will shew you that in the matter of getting information, and imparting it to others for the public benefit, the Americans are far before us.

"The reports contain a number of elaborately tabulated results of experiments in pig-feeding during the year; also of experiments with special manures and fertilizers, and in tomato cultivation. These experiments are reported with so much particularity and minuteness that they cannot be reproduced in the limited space to which our notices of State reports must necessarily be confined. Three years of testing manure application leads to the statement that the manner in which manure is applied apparently makes but little difference in the end. That applied to the surface appears to give quicker results, while that ploughed under seems to act slowly, giving the best returns in subsequent crops. In a lecture on pastures, delivered before the Central Farmers' Club, Professor Coleman stated that the following may be taken as a proper average mixture of grass seeds: 5 pounds rape, 5 pounds cow-grass (perennial red clover), 5 pounds white clover, 2 pounds red clover, 2 pounds Alsike clover, 2 pounds meadow foxtail, 1 pound crested dogstail, 2 quarts meadow-fescue, 8 quarts Italian rye-grass, 8 quarts Pacey's rye-grass, 8 quarts Stickney's rye-grass, 2 quarts cocksfoot (orchard-grass) —to be sown in the latter end of May and June. The rape affords shelter to the young herbage, and the additional feed to the sheep occupying the pasture the first year gives increased droppings on the land and greater fertility. Mr. John Richard, Tecumseh, considers that the cultivation of sorghum, for production of sirup, is permanently established in the State, and that it is the most profitable crop that can be grown, where it is properly managed. In the season of 1870, on a little less than an acre of ground, he raised 200 gallons of sirup, which sold readily at 75 cents per gallon, netting a clear profit of 75 dollars. No other crop on his farm paid as well. Mr. Tafft, of

Plymouth, says that more attention was given to the cultivation of sorghum in 1870 than for several previous years, the acreage being double that of the year before, and the yield per acre also about double. He says: 'The fact is now established that our soil and climate are favourable to the growth, and even the *improvement*, of the sorghum plant. We must have more and cheaper sugar (or its substitutes) from some source, and our hopes center on the beet or the sorghum plant. There are difficulties to be overcome in establishing the manufacture of sugar successfully in any country. . . . . . I see a great improvement in the handling of the cane, a better understanding as to the requirements of the plant, and the manufacture of the sirup. The novelty has died away; sorghum stands now on its merits; the increase in its production will be slow, but lasting and substantial.' Mr. Milton J. Gard, in an essay on general farm management, gives his method as to crop rotation on prairie soil, a method yielding good results: First, clover, followed by wheat, with but once ploughing, in August; then corn, which is also seeded to wheat, and seeded to clover in the following spring. All the manure made is applied on the wheat-stubble in the fall of winter, and spread as drawn, for the corn-crop. My land is seeded and partly manured every fourth year, and for each seeding I get three grain-crops—two of wheat and one of corn. But when wheat fails to bring such high prices as at present, I change the course to two of grain and to one of clover. I consider the best mode of renovating and keeping up the fertility of the soil is the use of clover and plaster. There is no investment that pays me so well as plaster sown on clover at the rate of fifty pounds to the acre; and I believe that the fertility of our farms can be kept up by a judicious rotation of crops, and by carefully husbanding all the manure made on the farm, with no other foreign fertilizer.' The same writer, in an essay on the breeding and management of hogs, considers pork-raising the most profitable of any branch of agriculture, requiring the least care, labour, and capital. The pig grows into money, and while growing he is converting our grass and clover into suitable food for our wheat-crop, and into meat and lard. He contends that it is more profitable than wheat raising, because, instead of exhausting the fertility of the soil, it enriches it, and is more certain in its results, having fewer enemies to contend with. In the pork crop there is no risk of smut, midge, rust, or mildew, blight, winter-killing, lodging, or by being beaten down by hail-storms, or sprouted by wet weather at harvest time. In view of the very considerable profits of the middle men, which lighten the pockets of the producers, Mr. Gard advises farmers to ship and sell their own hogs. If one farmer has not a car-load, let two or more join and make up a load and ship them. Mr. Beckwith, president of the State Agricultural Society, is of opinion that no kind of stock kept by the farmers of Michigan shows so marked an improvement within the last twenty years as swine, and considers the pork of Southern Michigan as second in point of value to no single commodity put into the markets by its farmers. Referring to the alleged fact that during the year combinations had been organised for the purpose of purchasing or controlling certain leading farm products in some of the States of the North and West, at prices below their real value, Mr. Beckwith counsels farmers to form counter combinations, with a view to control, when practicable, not only the prices of farm products, but the time of sale and manner of transportation. He suggests that they meet in their respective neighbourhoods and discuss the subject, in order to mature a definite plan to circumvent the arrangements of those who seek to buy without rendering a fair equivalent. The annual report of the secretary of the State Agricultural Society shows that the organization is making substantial progress. The total receipts for the year, including balance due to treasurer, were $15,913 Amount of premium paid, $7,389, against $6,889 in 1869. The number of entries at the State Fair increased from 1,485 in 1863, to 2,555 in 1870. The property of the society is valued at $18,661. The secretary claims that the agriculture of the State is undergoing a gradual change, in many sections becoming of a much higher order. A large proportion of labour and capital is expended in clearing the surface, and in reducing unimproved lands to a condition that will fit them to become productive. He says—'But the interest that has sprung up during the past five years in regard to tile-draining, improved breeds of the domestic animals, especially cattle; implements and machinery that are better adapted for profitable farm work, and in regard to the production of fruit, is very marked, and ought to be encouraged by every means within the ability of the State Agricultural Society. The State Pomological Society was organised in February, 1870, at Grand Rapids, and during the year a number of very interesting sessions were held. In September it held its first annual fair, at which there was a very creditable display of fruits and flowers. At the several meetings many important facts and experiments, bearing upon the fruit interests of the State, were presented. The Rev. H. E. Waring, residing near Grand Rapids, ranks Steele's red winter apple, and the Rhode Island Greening, among his most valuable varieties in full bearing. Making peaches a speciality, he has not failed of a crop for fifteen years, although there have been a few seasons when the yield was not more than

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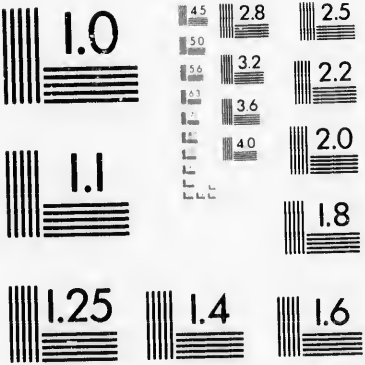
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one-half or third of a full one. He places the early and late Crawford and Barnard at the head of his favourite varieties. Among the dwarf-pear varieties, he says that the Louise Bonne de Jersey has paid twice as much as any other. Mr. Houghstaling thinks that May is the worst, and March the best, month for pruning. June is a good month; also April in late seasons. Wax or gum shellac should be used to prevent bleeding. The same gentleman said that there were thousands of trees in the country that needed to be grafted over to make them worth the ground they occupy, or profitable to their owners. He thinks it just as easy to raise the best fruit as to raise the poorest, and has found by experience that it is very easy to put a new top on an apple-tree, even after it is fifteen or twenty years old. His method is to cut off the limbs out as far from the tree as possible, in order to keep the top open and well spread out; to perform the work all at one time, that the top may make an even growth and be well balanced; to afterwards carefully attend to the trees, keeping away all the suckers that take the growth from the graft, and sometimes kill it entirely. Mr. J. P. Thompson, in an address on the "orchard system" obtaining in the famous fruit-belt of Western Michigan, represents that the one great mistake made by those who raise fruit for the market is the planting of too many sorts. He thinks that a small and carefully considered list of the best varieties, sanctioned by trial and experience, ought to be prepared for the guidance of those entering upon or engaged in the pursuit of fruit-culture. In discussing the subject of the popular varieties of hardy apples, W. L. Waring thought that for a small list, to be planted solely with a view of obtaining the largest income from 1,000 trees, 50 each of the Red Astrachan, Duchess of Oldenberg, Cayuga Red Streak, Maiden's Blush, and 200 each of the

Baldwin Wagener, Golden Russet, and Rhode Island Greening, would make a selection that would be found the most productive, reliable, and profitable. Concerning the planting of strawberries in the speediest manner, Mr. Henry S. Chubb recommends the use of a dibble that will make a hole the size of a fifty-cent piece. The soil being dry, someone should go ahead of the planter, making holes and filling them with water, the planter following, and with another dibble inserting the plants, pressing the earth quickly around the root after the plant is in, care being taken not to cover the eye, which is very near the root. The old root of the plant is useful to hold the plant to the ground; the new fibres become the main support of the growing vine. Having the plants firmly set is of much more consequence than any theoretical arrangement of the old roots, and this can be secured most readily by one stroke of the dibble on one side of the plant, pressing the earth toward it. . . . August planting can be made successful in this manner, no matter how dry the season, if careful hoeing and cultivation be attended to. At a meeting of the Horticultural Society of Black Lake, it was stated that by inclosing strawberries in a dry, closed box, and placing them in an ice-house, they were kept fresh for three weeks, and the party making the statement thought that the same treatment might have kept them good for twelve months. Mr. Chubb supposed that ingenuity would shortly construct safes on this principle, which would render this favourite berry an article of every-day consumption, instead of a luxury of a few summer weeks. This accomplished, the production of strawberries would become as extensive as that of any staple article, and much more profitable. The report of county societies made to the State society are generally full, and indicate a progressive interest to all that pertains to improved systems of husbandry. The farmers of Colhoun County are entering upon the system of rotation of crops, including sheep and stock raising, which they discover to be more remunerative than their old manner of farming. More attention is also paid to fruit-raising, including grapes. In Cass County pork is stated to be the most valuable export, and improvements in breeding are being made. The practice of feeding on clover through the season is attended with the very best results. The culture of hops has been almost wholly abandoned in Genesee County, but there is an annually increasing acreage in vineyards. A very important interest in the county of Hillsdale is her cheese factories, of which there are eight, and the industry growing."

Information like this may not be specially interesting to English readers, but I have quoted thus extensively from the report for the purpose of showing that although a man may be a "back-wood" farmer, he has facilities for gaining information such as he could scarcely get in England, and that when settling down on an American farm a man does not necessarily become an outcast, left entirely to his own resources to do the best he can. The State looks upon him as an important item, and does all it can to help him to help himself *and the State.* Some of these State reports are exceedingly interesting, and full of information which would prove of great practical interest, if republished in England, for the benefit of English farmers; but I have purposely confined myself to those referring to Michigan for the reason already stated—that it is the first and only State I have as yet fairly entered.

LETTER 25.

CHICAGO.

FROM Detroit I went, by the Michigan Central Railway, to Chicago, a distance of 284 miles. The road lay through a very fine country, a large portion of which would have done credit to the best parts of England. On the way I passed right across Michigan State, entered the north-west corner of Indiana, and then came into Illinois, the great Breadstuff State. For some time before arriving at Chicago, the capital of the great and dirty West, we had the great prairie lands stretching out sometimes as far as the eye could reach, on the one hand, with Lake Michigan on the other. It was a marvellous sight. Illinois contains an area of 55,600 square miles, or 35,459,200 acres (principally a rich black loam), a large portion of which still remains in a state of nature, and but very little of which has been brought into thorough cultivation, and made to produce its best. Lying but slightly below the level of this land, was the fresh-water lake, giving the country a direct water communication with nearly every part of the world. But the one engrossing subject to the visitor on coming into this State is "Chicago," the commercial metropolis of the North-west of America; the city which, between the year 1830 and October 1872—a period of forty-two years only—raised its population from *seventy* individuals to three hundred and sixty-four thousand three hundred and seventy-seven! Previous to October 1871, but little or nothing was generally known about Chicago, even by name. Those who heard of it understood it to be a great mushroom place somewhere out in America; but beyond this little or nothing was known. Then there broke upon us the news, by telegraph, that a portion of a great city had been burnt down, rendering tens of thousands of persons homeless. In due course the value of the property destroyed by the fire was summed up, and we were told that from the same cause, in the history of the world, there had been nothing like it, the most reliable estimates putting the damages at two hundred millions of dollars. And then our illustrated newspapers gave us engravings of the city, both before and after the fire, and shewed us that the city before the fire was not merely the resort of a crowd of half-civilized people who had herded on that spot because it afforded unusual facilities for a random life, in which the lower and grosser passions found free outlet—that the city had possessed many claims to architectural pretensions, and that it was built up of the homes of a people possessing refinement as well as wealth. And they shewed us also, in the smouldering ruins, how great the waste and destruction had been. Within a period of from twenty to forty years there had been growing up, both in Canada and America, cities and towns of so vast a magnitude that we in England can really form no idea of them, either as regards the magnificence of the buildings, the area occupied, or the number of inhabitants massed together. The existence of these places is brought to our notice now and again by some great and startling event. We know of Chicago by its great fire. Twelve or thirteen years ago the place was not even mentioned on our maps of America. There are now ten separate railways running into, or through, the city. I was naturally anxious to see the place. At length we arrived in the district over which I was told the fire had raged; but I could see nothing at all to indicate it until the train arrived fairly in the railway station. Here the marks of it were very plain. There were high walls standing with a very stark-looking appearance. These walls had been built of squared and dressed granite blocks, but they now appeared to be made up of a number of dirty brown bags of sand or cement, such as you may occasionally see stacked up in a builders' shed, piled up carefully and regularly upon each other, the joints between each block of stone, and also the joints at the ends, being rounded off in a most singular manner. The flames, I was told, had played about on the face of the walls so furiously that they had "licked" off all the sharp edges of the stones, until they had left them, as I have said, like a pile of sand bags. I had, however, no more than well reached the station before the night had set in, and I was driven to seek the shelter of my hotel. I had some little distance to go to do this, the way being right through the district of the fire, and to the opposite end of it. It was one of the most remarkable walks of my life. As I went along, through the darkness, I could trace out, now a line of buildings towering many stories high, with fronts of the most elaborate workmanship, now a heap of ruin and *debris*, which had remained untouched since the fatal night of the fire; now a pile of scaffolding, shewing where the work of rebuilding was going on; and now the remains of a series of strong rooms standing on each other, and denoting the various flats of the former buildings: weird and wild mementoes of the great conflagration which devastated the city a year or so back. But as I had already crowded Detroit and a railway journey of nearly three hundred miles into my day's work, I felt but little inclination to see Chicago in ruins in the night time. I preferred, rather, preparing myself for the work of my second day's exploration under the banner of the stars and stripes, by a good night's rest.

But what shall I say of my second day's experience? What can I tell you about Chicago? To speak of it as one feels would be to lay one's self open to the charge of gross exaggeration. For neither in history nor in story; in the Arabian Nights, nor in fable, is there anything more really wonderful than is the history of Chicago. I have already told you of the rise of Chicago. Let me give you some particulars of its partial destruction. I copy these particulars from the eleventh annual report of the Board of Public Works of the Common Council of the City of Chicago for the year ending March 31st, 1872. The commissioners report that:—"The most notable event which occurred in the past year, or which has occurred in any year in the history of Chicago, was the destruction of a large portion of the city by fire, on the 8th and 9th of October last. The loss of property was greater than has ever occurred before, from the same cause, in the history of the world, amounting, according to the most reliable estimates, to two hundred millions of dollars. The fire originated on the west side of the river, in a small stable standing on the north side of DeKoven street, east of Jefferson street, and in the rear part of the east half of Lot 12, Block 38, School Section Addition to Chicago, at about nine o'clock on the evening of Sunday, October 8, 1871. This section of the city consisted almost entirely of wooden buildings, which the dry season had made very inflammable. The fire was speedily under full headway, and, aided by a furious south-west wind which was blowing at the time, spread in a northerly and easterly direction with wonderful rapidity, over a territory about four miles in length by an average of two-thirds of a mile in breadth, and comprising about 1,688 acres, and finally terminated at midnight of the second day at the extreme north-east portion of the city, having destroyed, with two or three exceptions, every building in its course. It burnt over, on an average, sixty-five acres per hour, and the average destruction of property for the same time was about seven and a half million of dollars, or about $125,000 per minute. It reached the Chicago Pumping Works at three o'clock Monday morning. The buildings connected with the works were partially destroyed, and the machinery so badly damaged as to stop working; thereby cutting off the supply of water, and leaving the city without means for checking the progress of the fire. When the extent and fearful progress of the fire are considered, it is a matter for wonder, as well as gratitude, that so few lives were sacrificed. So far as can be ascertained, the whole number will not exceed one hundred and fifty."

The Commissioners, you will notice, do not repeat the statement, so generally believed in England, that a man milking a cow had a petroleum lamp to light him at his work, and that the cow kicked the lamp over, the petroleum being spilt on the wooden pavement, causing the flame from the wick to get a firm hold, and spread with frightful rapidity. It is clear there are those who doubt this, and who attribute the origin of the fire to the conduct of a party of drunken men, who had assembled in the stable or shed for a drinking bout on the Sunday evening, the public-houses being closed against them, and who, whilst in a half muddled state, set fire to some straw or rubbish in the place. The fire, however, was but quite a small one, compared with what it might have been had it broken out in the south-west corner of the city, six or seven miles distant from the spot where it did break out, for there the total area of the city--an area of thirty-two square miles—might have been swept over, the ruins, probably, covering more than sixty-five acres per hour. Fortunately, the fire broke out at a spot about a mile from the banks of the lake, the wind blowing towards and along the lake shore. Behind the starting point of the fire there was a district of three miles along the shore intervening between it and the city limits, whilst to the west of the fire there was a space of four miles intervening between it and the city limits, and extending all along the course of the fire. The walls of the City Hall are still standing, a perfect wreck, the granite blocks of which it was built having the same peculiar appearance as those I have already noticed at the railway station. This building had only recently been constructed, at a cost of $470,000. In course of the day, I was taken to an exhibition of plans for a new city hall, which will be erected at a much greater cost. It is estimated that the total loss of city property amounted to $2,680,856. This is, of course, exclusive of private losses. But how are we to estimate losses amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, and of a fire extending over four or five square miles of a city? Let us see if we can be helped at all in the matter by a few humble means. The fire had no respect for persons or things. It actually *melted* fifteen thousand water service pipes, and destroyed three hundred and seventy water meters. It got down into the sewerage works, doing damage there to the amount of $42,000; and it burnt bridges and destroyed viaducts which will require an expenditure of $203,310 to replace. 2,162 public lamps and lamp-posts were more or less injured by the fire, and the cost of repairing and replacing them is estimated at $33,000. The fire raged over the wooden block pavement for a distance of twenty-eight and a half miles, doing damage to the extent of $211,350; and it burned up and destroyed the wooden side walks along the streets and roads (I have told you how these side walks are made by baulks of timber being nailed down transversely across the footways on sleepers) for a total length of one hundred and twenty-one miles and three quarters!

So much for what the fire did. I should like to tell you something about what the inhabitants have since done; but this is not so easy in the absence of a number of photographic views. Pencil drawings or engravings, however faithful, would be liable to the charge of exaggeration. I have seen in other cities buildings equal in appearance to those just erected in Chicago, but I think I never saw streets of such buildings, or, rather, I might say, of palaces, for they are that, and nothing less. Just a word about "my hotel." It is known as the Grand Pacific, and occupies a block opposite to a corresponding block, on which the new public buildings are to be erected. The hotel occupies an area of over sixty thousand square feet, having frontages to the extent of 750 feet on three streets. These fronts rise to a height of 104 feet from the street level, and are of seven stories each. The building is of stone, and, with the furniture, is estimated to have cost three million of dollars. The hotel is a town in itself. The basement floor is devoted to a grand entrance hall for the guests staying at the hotel, and around this there are stores, in which almost every description of goods are on sale. At the back of this hall there are the clerks' offices, communicating by telegraph with every part of the building. The telegraph wires laid about the building are over four miles in length. Connected with some of the lesser entrances, there are barbers' shops, reading rooms, cigar and tobacco divans, billiard rooms, &c. The dining halls are magnificent apartments, the principal one being 130 feet long by 60 feet wide, and decorated in the most gorgeous manner possible. In the upper stories there are 500 rooms, divided into suites and single apartments for the accommodation of guests. Access is obtained to each story by means of a lift; so that there is not necessarily any getting up and down stairs. There are 930 windows in the building, and 1,870 doors. An hotel on the same spot was just on the point of completion when the great fire broke out in October, 1871. This building was utterly destroyed by the fire. The present building has been completely built, and is now in full working order on this, the 28th day of June, 1873. But this is not the only building erected since the fire: it is only a sample of the work that has been done. I probably am within the mark when I say that equally elaborate buildings which have been completed, or are nearly so, would, if placed side by side, reach for miles! It is estimated that within eighteen months after the fire over eighty-five million of dollars were spent in rebuilding the city of Chicago by private persons alone. There is one magnificent range of buildings, called Palmer's Buildings, the fronts of which are all of iron, and the buildings throughout are fire-proof. Iron fronted houses are, I am told, somewhat common in American cities. They admit of much ornamentation and a display of considerable architectural taste. They are

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usually painted white. The stone fronts are of a variety of color, and generally elaborately carved. Builders think nothing of obtaining the stone for fronts of houses from a distance of several hundred miles. It is the custom of the builders here to almost complete the building before they commence to erect the front, the building of which is invariably the last thing done. One striking peculiarity in the principal business streets is that in the newly-built parts the foot-ways or side walks are raised up five or six feet above the level of the road or street. The streets are very wide, and along either side of them, in the busy time of the day, you may see rows of horses, carriages, and other conveyances, without anyone whatever in charge, the horses' heads being connected by a strap or rope to a ring fixed in the paving of the side walk. These horses and conveyances are kept there for the use and convenience of the director or manager of the establishment in front of which they are standing. We will suppose that a person wants to make a call round the corner, or in some more distant part. He walks out by the door, goes to the ring in the pavement, unfastens the strap, steps down with it in his hand into the conveyance, and off he drives. He does his business, returns, steps out of the conveyance on to the pavement, fastens up the horse's head to the ring, and returns into his shop or store; the whole thing sometimes being done in less time than it would take to "call a cab."

Fortunately, I was enabled to present some of the letters I had brought with me early in the morning; and as one of my friends most readily volunteered to give up the day to me, I was enabled at once to proceed with the seeing of what was to be seen. My friend told me that business men in Chicago calculated fully upon making a fortune in ten or twelve years. Giving up a day, therefore, means something. Referring to the fire, he said it left those whose property was destroyed practically bankrupts—books, papers, securities, and everything they possessed being destroyed. They had nothing left them but their credit. This was good. Chicago had not been built up by a race of sluggards or dullards. There was one universal confidence in the men who had built up the old place that they were equal to the task of building up a new Chicago. Promises of help flowed in upon these men from all quarters, and they were entrusted with the disposal of almost unlimited resources. In course of the morning we visited the Chamber of Commerce, where merchants were doing business for the world; and also several banking establishments, and some of the principal stores and buildings, there being in every instance the readiest possible inclination to afford me information. In the afternoon I went for a drive out into Michigan Avenue, where the merchant princes have their palaces, and into the parks and playgrounds. But more of these matters in my next.

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LETTER 26.

CHICAGO.

YOU cease to wonder that the merchants of Chicago should build palaces for themselves when you come to know something of the amount of trade they do. In the afternoon I was travelling in a railway car. The pig or hog market had been held that day. Farmers and dealers had attended the market from a long distance round. I was sitting next to two farmers who had attended the market. I heard the one ask the other if he knew how many hogs stood over the market. That is, if he knew what was the surplus stock of hogs at the close of the market. The answer was *thirty-seven thousand!* I could not learn how many had been sold that day. The figures had not yet been published. Farmers and others were interested in knowing the quantity of surplus stock in order to regulate their own supply, and therefore had made the necessary enquiries. This, however, I am enabled to state, I gather the fact from the fifteenth annual report of the Trade and Commerce of Chicago, for the year ending December 31st, 1872: that in the month of December, 1872, there were brought into the Chicago market, by the ten different railways, *five hundred and forty thousand two hundred and eighty-four hogs!* The total number of hogs brought into the same market in course of the year 1872 being a few only short of three and a half million, the actual number being 3,488,528! I have the return shewing the entry of this enormous number by each of the railways. The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railway alone brought in 1,043,375 hogs; 985,145 being delivered alive, and 58,230 delivered dead. The smallest number delivered by any railway company was 17,401 by the Pittsburg, Fort Mayne, and Chicago Railway. The hog cars on the railways are like huge cages, and are two stories high, there being a bottom layer and a top layer of pigs when the cars are laden. Can you comprehend what three and a half million of bacon hogs taken into one market in the course of one year means? If you were to take every pig, young and old, little and big, there is in the United Kingdom—England, Scotland, and Wales—you would not have so many as were sent into this one market by probably a million! You may find by the agricultural returns of Great Britain, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, that on the 25th day of June, 1871, there were in the whole of Great Britain 2,499,602 pigs. On the 25th day of June, 1872, the number had increased to 2,771,749. On the 25th day of June, 1873, the number stood at 2,500,259. It is only recently that Chicago has become the Porkopolis of America. Formerly Cincinatti enjoyed that distinction, but within the last year or so Chicago has killed a few more hogs than Cincinatti, and thereby won the distinction of being the pork capital of

America. The Chicago pork trade has not been long in arriving at its present dimensions, for in the year 1857 the total number of hogs brought into the market was only 244,345. By 1864, the number had increased to 1,575,[illegible]; but in 1865 there was a great falling off, the number being 849,311 only. Since that year the numbers have gradually increased, until last year they reached the enormous total of 3,488,528, as I have already stated. But it is not in pork alone that the Chicago merchants deal. In the year 1872, there were offered for sale, in the cattle market, 684,075 head of cattle, and 310,211 head of sheep. A very large proportion of the pork killed in Chicago is packed for exportation. For instance: there were packed in the year 1872, in Chicago, 1,225,236 hogs for exportation. In that same year there were packed in the district of country known as the Mississippi Valley (which includes Chicago), a total of 4,885,910 hogs. I give you the number packed for export for the last seven years:—

		No. of hogs.		Average weight.		Aggregate weight.	
1865-6	...	1,785,955	...	231 3-10 lbs	...	413,091,390	lbs.
1866-7	...	2,490,791	...	232 1-7 ,,	...	588,219,339	,,
1867-8	...	2,781,084	...	201 ,,	...	558,997,884	,,
1868-9	...	2,499,173	...	206 ,,	...	516,848,743	,,
1869-70	...	2,595,243	...	206 3-4 ,,	...	533,971,247	,,
1870-1	...	3,717,084	...	230 1-7 ,,	...	855,460,332	,,
1871-2	...	4,885,910	...	227 5-8 ,,	...	1,112,155,264	,,

The total value of live stock received at the Chicago stock yards, in 1872, was estimated as follows:—Cattle, $41,000,000; hogs, $33,500,000; sheep, $950,000; horses, $250,000—a grand total of $75,475,000; not a bad item in the trade of one city in one year! The Chicago butter and lard trade is also very extensive. In 1873, there were shipped from Chicago 86,040,785 lbs. of lard, and 11,497,537 lbs. of butter. During the same year there were received into the Chicago markets 28,181,509 lbs. of wool; 33,387,995 lbs. of hides; 1,398,024 tons of coal; and 1,183,659,280 feet of lumber (timber). I might go on for a long time yet quoting these statistics; but probably I have already shewn you that the place is of a most extraordinary character, and that the trade transacted here exceeds in magnitude that of probably any other city in the world, London alone excepted.

I was fortunate in entering the Corn Exchange just at the time when business was very active; and I think I never saw a more exciting scene. The immense building was uncomfortably crowded; and the din of voices was almost incessant. There were but very few samples to be seen, and those on view were confined to flour and corn (Indian corn, or maize). The trade was being done by way of auction, or open bidding. The seller stood in a small ring, surrounded by persons desirous of buying. No sample was shewn, but the seller would announce that he had for sale a given quantity of wheat, of a certain grade, and biddings would be at once made, the purchaser declaring the quantity he would take. There were a number of persons selling in this way, thousands of bushels of corn and grain being disposed of in the course of a few minutes. It may be necessary to notice how trade is thus done without either buyer or seller seeing the article sold. It is done in this way:—All articles are sold on an inspector's certificate; the inspector being appointed by the Board of Trade. A state law of Illinois defines how the grades of quality shall be determined. For instance, the broker offers a quantity of No. 1 white winter wheat for sale. He produces to the purchaser an inspector's certificate, which is a guarantee that it is pure white winter wheat, sound, plump, and well cleaned. Or he offers No. 2 white winter wheat; the certificate guarantees its being pure white wheat, sound, and reasonably clean. No. 3

grade consists of wheat not clean and plump enough for grade No. 2, but weighing not less than 56½ lbs. per bushel. Then there is a rejected grade, which includes damp and musty samples, a wheat which from any cause is so badly damaged as to render it unfit for No. 3 grade. Spring wheat, corn, oats, rye, and barley, are graded in a precisely similar manner. In Chicago there is warehouse room for the storage of grain of the nominal capacity of 12,800,000 bushels. These warehouses are called elevators; there are fifteen of them in Chicago. Twelve of these elevators are immediately contiguous to a railway and a canal, two others to a railway only, and the remaining one to a canal only. The wheat or corn is sent in from the country by boat or car, or waggon, as the case may be. The conveyance is brought to a given point near the elevator, and one of a series of buckets affixed to an endless strap is brought into it. The strap is then made to revolve, by means of steam-power, each bucket as it passes through the grain receiving its load, which in due course it empties into some defined place in the warehouse appointed to receive it. The ease and expedition with which a cargo of some thousands of bushels of grain is shipped and unshipped by this means is something astonishing. If you have ever noticed a steam thrashing machine at work in our fields, where the corn is taken from the bottom of the machine and carried to the top and emptied into the winnower by means of an endless series of buckets, you may readily understand the working of these elevators. All you have to do is to magnify the elevator on the thrasher to the largest possible proportions. In course of the year 1872, 88,426,842 bushels of grain were received into the Chicago elevators. Twenty years before, in 1852, the total quantity represented 6,406,500 bushels. You see that in Chicago the grain trade, as well as the pork trade, grows. When received into the elevators, the grain is inspected and graded; and on the inspector's certificate it is sold without, as I have said, probably ever having been seen or handled by either buyer or seller. Fixed charges are made for storage, and also for inspection of the grain. The duties of an inspector are of a most responsible character. You may have noticed on the flour barrels, and on the pork boxes, from America, certain brands or marks. Practically, these are inspector's certificates guaranteeing the quality of the goods inside. You may find it useful some time or another to understand what these marks mean. You may learn this from the rules, for the guidance of the inspectors, which are as follows:—

"RULES FOR THE INSPECTION OF FLOUR.—1st.—Sound.—To be strictly sound; free from any or every defect or fault causing either smell or taste. 2nd.—Weedy.—Flour made from wheat that has come in contact with a noxious weed, imparting an unpleasant smell, which it is supposed will cook out. 3rd.—Unsound.—All Flour not 'Sound' or 'weedy;' whether the unsoundness is derived from the condition of the Wheat, or has originated in the Flour. The Inspectors are required to note on their certificate the character of the unsoundness, such as *musty*, *hard sour*, *soft sour*, or *slightly unsound;* the latter explanation of the unsoundness being intended to indicate that the flour will probably work sound for immediate use, and is but slightly depreciated in value. 4th.—All flour that inspects 'sound' and full weight, shall be branded, and none other; except that when part of a lot proves so far below sample as to be clearly different, the Inspectors may omit branding the barrels that are below, and it shall be their duty when working to a sample, to state on their certificate the number of barrels above or below the sample, and have a sample or samples of the same, which the parties may examine; also, to state on their certificates, when the flour is 'unsound' or 'weedy,' the number of barrels of each description, and also, when practicable, the number of barrels that are so stained or out of condition as to depreciate the market value of flour. When flour has been overhauled and cleared and cleaned on account of being wet, the Inspectors shall note on the certificate, 'wet and cleaned,' either 'by Inspector' or 'by Owner,' as the case may be. The Inspectors shall satisfy themselves in regard to weights, and in case they deem it necessary to strip some of the flour, they shall be entitled to twenty-five (25) cents for each barrel so stripped (if it proves to be short weight), in addition to the regular fee of two cents per barrel, for inspecting and branding. The charge for stripping shall be paid by the seller. No certificate shall be issued for a part of a lot of flour inspected, without the consent of both the buyer and seller. The inspectors shall only be liable to damage for any discrepancy between the flour for which a certificate is issued and the sample which they retain of the flour so inspected, unless the buyer hands them the sample to inspect by, or the standard sample is used. 5th.—The Directors shall establish grades of 'Extra' and 'Superfine,' with a proper standard for each grade, samples of these standards shall be furnished to the Flour Inspectors, and also to the Secretary of the Board. It shall be the duty of the Inspector to furnish monthly (or oftener if directed), to the Flour Inspection Committee, for the use of the Secretary of the Board, the standard samples that they are working to. 6th.—Whenever desired to do so by both parties to a trade, the Inspector shall inspect by such standards, under the same rules which govern inspection by sample; it being understood that in such trades the Inspector's certificate of 'sound, full weight, and equal to standard of extra,' (or 'superfine') shall be satisfactory, and in no other respect is inspection by grade to vary from the rules established for inspection by sample. 7th.—In all cases of claim for errors in inspection by grade, the final tests shall be by the standard samples, in the care of the Secretary of the Board. 8th.—Besides the stencils already in use, the Inspectors shall provide others, stating the *grade*, as well as the *month* of inspection; and whenever desired by either buyer or seller, the latter stencils shall be used. But no 'unsound,' 'weedy,' or 'light weight' flour shall be stenciled in any way by the Inspectors. 9th.—Flour shall be sold on the basis of one hundred and ninety-six pounds to the barrel. In case of short weight, the buyer shall be allowed at the rate he pays, and three-fourths of a cent per pound on same for freight, and, in addition, five (5) cents per barrel for the expense of refilling."

During the year 1872, the price of flour kept pretty regular in the Chicago market, the finest qualities standing, at per barrel, from $7·25c. to $8·50c. in January, and at from $7·75c. to $10 in December. During the same year the price of wheat ranged from $1·28c. per bushel to $1·01c., according to grade; in January, to from $1·24½c. to 93c. in December. The weekly price of wheat, corn, pigs, pork, beef, coal, and of all such produce sold, with the quantity on offer at each market, is regularly published by the Board of Trade at the close of the year. But it is unnecessary for me to quote these prices further. There are, however, other laws for the regulation of the trade of the city, which are of interest. Such, for instance, as the

"RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE INSPECTION OF PROVISIONS, ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO.—For the examination of provisions sold as 'Standard,' it shall be the duty of the Inspectors properly appointed by the Board of Trade, on receiving notice, to go to any packing house or warehouse in the city, to examine provisions, in such quantities as may be required, selecting the same in such a manner from the lots specified as in his judgment will give a fair sample of the whole. If upon examination the property is found in all respects up to the requirements of the classification of the grades adopted by the Board of Trade, he shall issue a certificate to that effect: which certificate shall state the number of packages, pieces, or pounds in the lot to which the examination is intended to apply, and that the cooperage (if any) is in good merchantable order and condition. In the case of lard, no certificate for inspection shall be issued unless every package is examined; but on request of the owner, or person ordering the inspection, the Inspector may examine a part of a lot, and issue a certificate of such examination, stating the number of packages examined, and also the whole number of packages in the lot. When necessary to remove property for the convenience of examination, it shall be the duty of the Inspector to send for the same, that a fair sample may be obtained. In no case should a certificate be granted on samples delivered by the seller. The inspector shall be entitled to receive as compensation for examining provisions as follows:—For beef and pork in barrels, five dollars for the first five barrels, the Inspector furnishing labor and other requisites, and seeing that the property is properly repacked and rebrined, and fifty cents per barrel for each additional barrel examined; payable by the buyer if standard, and by the seller if rejected, and cartage when removed; and for bulk, or boxed meat, twenty-five cents per one thousand pounds, payable by the buyer. For inspecting lard, five cents per package, payable by the buyer if accepted, or by the seller if rejected; and for stripping lard, one dollar per package, to be divided between buyer and seller. It shall be the duty of the Inspector, when requested by the owner, either at any packing house, warehouse, or in yards provided by the Inspector, to overhaul and inspect provisions according to the qualifications and classifications authorised; two hundred pounds of meat, with abundance of good salt, to be repacked into the barrel, and cooperage to be put in good order; each barrel of provisions that is sound, sweet, and free from any and every defect to have grade and date of inspection branded thereon, and the word 'Repacked,' as hereinafter specified, and any portion that is defective to be branded in like manner, 'Rusty,' 'Sour,' or 'Tainted,' as the case may be; the said brand to be placed with the Inspector's brand across the packer's brand, such provisions, according to the grade or quality, to be classed as 'Repacked 200 lbs.' The Inspectors shall use metallic letters and figures, marking iron or stencil, for their dates and class of inspection. It shall also be the duty of the Inspector to put his metallic brand, marking iron, or stencil, on all samples of provisions in tierces or barrels that he inspects; and he shall pass no pork products in tierces or barrels as 'Standard,' unless the real packer's name, date, and weight (except the weight of barreled pork), of the products contained therein are branded according to these rules, on the head of every package. Should the Inspector be called upon to inspect pickled meats, and upon examination he should be of opinion that the number of pounds required by these Rules had not been packed, he shall not pass it as 'Standard,' but shall refer it at once to the Committee on Provision Inspection, who shall investigate, and if a satisfactory explanation can be given, or arrived at, they shall instruct the Inspector to proceed and inspect and pass it, but if not satisfactory to the Committee, they shall in their judgment make the fact known to the provision trade in any way they may think most proper. Contents of each package of pickled meats must show a reasonable uniformity in weight, according to its class. It shall be the further duty of the Inspector during the packing season to visit frequently the different packing houses, to see that provisions are properly dated and branded at the time of being packed."

You will, I think, see from this how careful the packers and merchants are to maintain the character and credit of their brand, both of flour and provisions. In this respect they appear to have followed the practice of the Cork butter merchants, who leave the branding of their butter to be performed by the Market Inspectors. This, no doubt, gives confidence to the buyer, and secures fair dealing to the seller.

Lard is branded "Choice," and "Prime Steam Lard." "Choice" being made from leaf and trimmings only, the "Prime" from gut, leaf, and trimmings, in the proportion in which the same comes from the hog. The manner of rending the lard, whether by steam or kettle process, has also to be branded on the package.

LETTER 27.

CHICAGO.

ON leaving the Chamber of Commerce I went over a number of the banks and other public establishments, and finer buildings I never saw. The *furnish* of some of these places was superb. The forests of America appeared to have been scoured for the most beautiful woods, of every color and shade, and of every conceivable grain; whilst the walls and floors were as rich in marbles and colored stone. Nothing appeared too rich or too costly for use in the decorations of these places. Another place I went into was as remarkable for the care taken in securing safety both from fire and burglars. It was situate in Randolph-street, and is called the Fire Proof Bank Buildings and Safe Depository. This building, by no means a large place, has been constructed at a cost of over $100,000, and is intended as a place of perfect security for depositing money, bullion, bonds, deeds, wills, and other valuables. Previous to the fire in

1871, the company owning these premises were fortunate enough to have erected fire vaults on the site of the present premises, and as the valuables deposited in them were saved through the fire, the institution became at once firmly established in public favour, and is now very generally used by the merchants and others of the city as a depository for their valuables. At the fire, everything above the vaults was destroyed; and, as though to test their character still more severely, the ruins of an adjoining five storied house fell down upon them and buried them to a considerable depth. After the fire there was considerable anxiety to discover the fate of the contents of these vaults; and many a man breathed the freer when the *debris* had been sufficiently removed to enable the explorers to pronounce their contents safe. Lying in front of the entrance to the safe there were found the charred remains of a handsome Newfoundland dog, which had been constantly kept on guard there. It had remained true to its duty, and had perished at its post. On the crown of the entrance door there is a carved model of the dog's head, and the watchmen who are constantly on duty relieving and checking each other, day and night, point it out to visitors with pride. I gathered from the prospectus the following particulars of the building:—"The walls of the lower vaults, in the basement of the building, consist of heavy masonry and corrugated iron, the whole forming a foundation for the vaults in the main floor of the building as substantial as solid rock. The walls, ceiling, and floor of these main vaults (which contain the safes or boxes for rent) are of solid masonry, of immense thickness, and are all lined with *six thicknesses of half-inch hardened steel plates*, securely welded and bolted, making a solid metal casement *three inches thick*, weighing one hundred and twenty tons, and so hard that when subjected to the trial test by the most skilled workmen, with the best tools and mechanical appliances that could be produced, no impression was made. After many hours hard labour, and the using up of a large number of the finest drills, the test was pronounced complete. The outer doors of these vaults (each containing ten thicknesses of the same hardened steel plates) weigh three and one-half tons each, and are secured by the best double combination locks that have ever been made. The inner-doors (each containing *six* thicknesses of hardened steel) have the same double combination lock. The boxes or safes inside are also constructed of hardened steel. Each box is secured by a lock so constructed as to receive only its own special key, which key is held by the renter. Air-chambers between the masonry and metal lining entirely surround each vault. These vaults have been carefully inspected by the most experienced experts, and pronounced by them the *finest in the world*—and an *absolute protection* against fire and burglary."

This, perhaps, is the most complete strong room in the world. The chief vault is probably twenty feet long, by ten or twelve feet wide, with a passage right through it, secured by the doors described above. On either side there are many hundreds of drawers fitting into an iron frame work; each drawer being known by its number, and opened only by its own key. The rents of these boxes bring in a considerable annual income. Near to the safe there are retiring rooms, or rather stalls, into which renters of the boxes may retire, with desk accommodation, &c., for convenience in making memoranda, &c. These boxes are a curiosity in their way, looking glasses being so arranged that the person using the box may guard himself from a surprise in the rear, &c. They may also serve the purpose of shewing that the person using the stall is engaged in legitimate work whilst there; for no detail seems too minute to be adopted if it be but necessary to aid in the security and care of the place. The whole working of the vault was very kindly explained to me by one of the managers; and anything more perfect it is impossible to conceive of.

In the afternoon we went for a drive into the parks and suburbs of the city. The drive along Michigan Avenue was very interesting. The buildings here had all been built since the fire. They were principally villa residences of marvellous designs, and costing fortunes in their erection. Generally, they are detached, and standing in their own pleasure grounds and gardens, surrounded by beautiful shrubs and flowers. One building—by no means a large one—built of a dark brown sand stone, was pointed out to me as having cost a million of dollars in its erection. Along this avenue I saw the residences of General Sherman, of Mr. Pullman, the car proprietor, and other celebrities. Running parallel with the avenue is the shore of Lake Michigan; and running on beyond the avenue are the Boulevards. The drives along these Boulevards are over thirty miles long, quite level, and with trees on either side. They also intersect the public parks, which contain no less than twenty-two thousand acres of land. When passing through one of the parks we stopped for some time to watch a party playing a game at base-ball, which the Americans regard as their national game, and give it the same importance we do cricket in England. It appeared to me to be played precisely as boys play "rounders" in England. On the walls I have noticed immense placards announcing public matches between clubs. I may just mention that there are nine public parks within the city boundary of Chicago, all of which are under the control of the board of Public Works; the cost of management being defrayed out of the public funds.

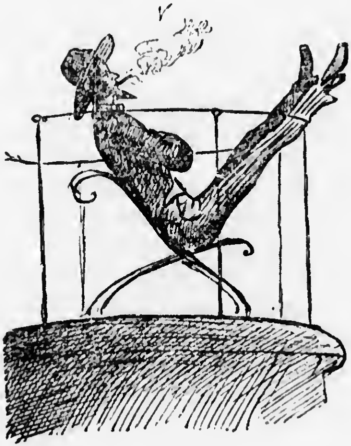
No less a sum than $73,627·14c. was expended on these parks in the year ending March 31st, 1872.

Some of the public works which from time to time have been carried out in Chicago are of the most extraordinary character. For instance, some years ago, when the place was not quite so large as it is now, and when the buildings were not of so substantial a character, it was decided that the streets lay too low, compared with the surface of the lake. So the inhabitants set about the work of lifting their houses up several feet by means of screw and lifting jacks, making good the ground underneath, and then filling the roads up to the required level. This may seem incredible, but I am assured it is absolutely true. This I can vouch for, for I have passed through them: they have tunnels under the river which intersects the city, by means of which the traffic on the one side is carried on to the other without let or hindrance, and for no better reason than that bridges thrown across the river *might* impede the navigation; and the Chicago people have no such word as "impediment" in their vocabulary. At one time the want of pure water was much felt in the city. Purer water than that in the Lake could not be had anywhere, but that along the edge of the lake was more or less contaminated by sewage and drainage from the streets. To get over this little difficulty the Board of Public Works cut a tunnel under the bed of the lake for a distance of two miles, where the bed was tapped and the water brought into the city from this point by means of a brick culvert. I have now lying before me the contract, specification, &c., for a second tunnel under the lake. Let me give you one or two extracts: On the 24th November, 1870, the Board of Public Works gave notice that they would "be prepared to receive sealed proposals for the construction of a Tunnel from the pumping works of the Chicago Water Works to the lake Tunnel Crib, according to plans and specifications on file at the said office. This new tunnel will be about fifty feet distant from the present lake tunnel, and parallel to it, and will extend two miles out under the lake. The tunnel will be lined with brick masonry, and will have a clear inside width of seven feet and two inches. Proposals are invited in two ways, viz.: 1. The contractor will furnish everything. 2. The contractor will furnish everything excepting bricks."

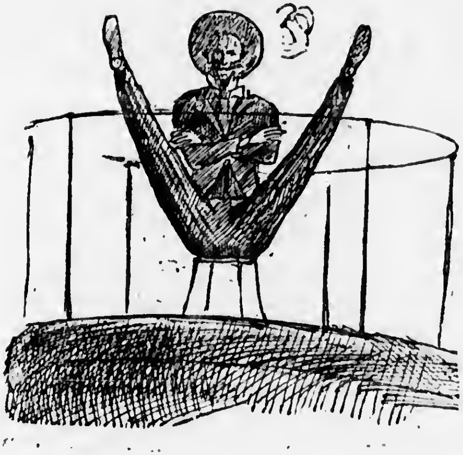
On the 17th of the following December, the contract to execute the work was given to Messrs. Steele and McMahon, who contracted to finish and fully complete the work on or before the 1st day of April, 1873. I think our English contractors would require quite as long a time as that to complete such a work. In the words of the song,

> "It's wonderful how they do it, but they do."

In course of the afternoon I was introduced to a gentleman who I was told was the principal builder in Chicago, and one who had executed some of the most important works in the rebuilding of the city. In course of conversation, he told me that he was an Englishman, and was *raised* in Birmingham. He pointed out to me a store—that is a business premises—with fine front, and most completely and expensively finished throughout, which he had built and handed over complete to the owner within *ninety* days from the time when the ground plan was marked out. This building stood on two hundred and fifty square feet of ground, and was six stories high! I enquired of him the rate of wages he was paying his workmen, and he gave me the following particulars: Carpenters $3, bricklayers $4, plasterers and stone-cutters $5 to $6, and laborers $2 a day. These prices, he said, were lower than he had been paying last year, when the press to get work done was at its height. On expressing some surprise that there should be so great a difference in the rates paid to different tradesmen, it was explained that as a carpenter could be employed all the year round, and his work prepared ready for fixing, irrespective of the season, the master had something to do with the rate of wages, but in the case of men employed on out-door work it was very different, masters being forced to employ them when the season was favorable, irrespective of cost, the men fixing their own terms. The American $, as you know, is of the same nominal value as the Canadian $, namely, 4s. 2d English. But I know from experience that the purchasing power of the American $ is not so great as that of the Canadian $. In Canada, in changing English gold, I could get only about the same amount in Canadian money, but in America I can get from a $ to $1.50c premium on the sovereign. You may, however, get a fair test of the value of a $ in Chicago when I tell you that a mechanic or laborer may obtain good board and lodging for from $5 to $6 a week. That is, he may earn sufficient in one or two days to keep him all the week. I visited several of the newspaper establishments. The *Tribune* buildings are very fine. The editorial offices were at the top of the building, six or seven stories up. I walked into what appeared to be a small room, about seven feet square, on the ground floor, and directly I had taken my seat, the man in charge of the room touched a spring and I at once found the room to be slowly ascending. At length the spring was again touched, a bell was rung, the door was opened, I rose from my chair and stepped out on to the landing of the top story, some seventy or eighty feet above the level of the room into which I had walked a few moments previously. I had a long chat with the managing editor, who told me that compositors on the *Tribune* earned from $25 to $30 a week, by employing females to distribute their matter for them. When passing through the composing rooms I noticed a number of women distributing type into the case. It appeared that when the type was set for the paper, and the forms sent to the machine, the compositors left the office. After this the females came, and, the type being got ready for them, they distributed it into the cases. After this had been done, and they had left, the compositors returned to the office, and went at once to work on full cases, setting up the type for the next issue. At one building, an unusually high one, I was taken out on to the roof, from whence I had a grand view of the city. Getting on to a roof eighty or a hundred feet above the level of the street is a very simple matter here. You have simply to step into the little square room and wait patiently until you find yourself anywhere you may want to get to. By the way, having a look out from the roof reminds me of pretty well the last view I had of Chicago. As you know, the Fireman is quite an institution in American cities. In various parts of the city you come upon the fire engine stations. The doors are always open, and men and engines are constantly waiting. The steam fire engines are in themselves a sight worth seeing ; they are kept in the most perfect order, and the brass work on them, of which there is no lack, is polished like a mirror. On a fire breaking out, information is instantly conveyed by telegraph to all the stations, so that most prompt help is always at hand. Some of the stations, if not all, have look-out towers, on the top of which men are stationed to watch for fires. Just after leaving the railway station, *en route* for St. Louis, my next station, the top of one of these towers chanced to meet my view. Right on the top of the tower an object of a most singular shape attracted my attention. Underneath the object I allude to I could clearly trace the outlines of a chair, the figure in the chair being in shape not unlike the letter V. Gradually the shape of the figure changed into a W, and there we left it. I enquired of a fellow passenger what the thing was, and was at once answered that it was a fireman "on the look out." Let me show him to you. When I first saw him he presented a side view, thus :—



Gradually, as the train went on, and we wound round to another front of the tower, we got a full view of him thus :—



Between the seat of the chair and the top of the tower there was a bit of beautifully clear sky, with an occasional line down it marked by the legs of the chair on which the watcher was seated watching. At the call of "fire" this man doubtless would soon have found his perpendicular, and, no doubt, would throw that amount of energy into his work and duty which would "lick" those who were not so well up in the art of making the most of "a rest." The thoroughbred American is a rare fellow for taking his ease when he has the chance. A barber's chair, for instance, is something to look at. It is the most lazy-looking lounge you can well imagine. At the one end there is a nicely padded notch into which you lay your neck when having your hair cut, head shampoo'd, or your face shaved. At the other end of the chair there is an equally nicely padded rest, on to the top of which you elevate your feet. You cannot look into a barber's shop in America without feeling that "easy shaving" is cultivated as an art, the first branch of which includes the "posing" of the patient in the operating chair.

There is one other thing I must mention here. Seeing a string of horses emerging from a very ecclesiastical-looking building, I asked the meaning, and was told the building was formerly a church, but was now used as a stable for the tramway-horses. With us in England there is a very different feeling with respect to *religious edifices* to what there is in America. With us, a church remains a church, and a chapel remains a chapel. The building is, in fact, dedicated in the instincts and feelings of the people, as well as in mere form, and it is but rare there is any bartering for or selling a place of worship; the Wesleyan, the Baptist, and the Independent chapel being handed down generation after generation, and preserved to the *sect* as religiously as the tenets of belief by which their religious exercises are governed. Here, it would seem, the church or chapel is bought and sold with as little compunction of conscience as would be exercised over the sale of a horse or a house of business. The congregation formerly worshipping in the building from which I had noticed the horses to emerge, had either gone to the bad, necessitating a less expensive place, or they had removed into more "convenient" premises. My stay in Chicago having been limited to twenty-four hours, and so much of that time having been spent in the "Marts of Commerce," I had no opportunity for visiting any of the ecclesiastical establishments. To-morrow, being Sunday, I will try and make up for this when I get to St. Louis.

LETTER 28.

ST. LOUIS.

It was a long ride of 280 miles from Chicago to St. Louis. We left Chicago about nine on Saturday evening, and arrived at St. Louis about eight on Sunday morning, the route extending right across the State of Illinois. It became quite dark soon after our leaving Chicago, and as there was nothing to be seen of the surrounding country, I improvised my customary couch and prepared myself for the morning by the best nap I could manage; and I can assure you that you may soon manage a downright good nap in an American railway car if you have only a moderate share of the gift of accommodating yourself to circumstances. When the morning "broke" I was quite ready for what it had to shew me. I found we were passing through a fine agricultural district. The land appeared to be more thoroughly cleared than any I had hitherto passed through; but I soon found that this appearance was to be accounted for from the fact that when in a state of nature the land hereabouts is quite destitute of timber, and that what trees were to be seen had been planted by the hands of man, and were not the remains of the primeval forest. We were in fact, passing through some of the great prairie lands of America; where successive crops of *rotted* grass and other vegetable matter had *piled* itself many feet high throughout districts of country extending over hundreds of square miles, and which required the plough or the rake only to convert it into the richest soil for the growing of corn crops to be met with in the known world. The state embraces within its boundaries 55,410 square miles, or 55,462,400 acres, with a mean elevation of about 500 feet above the sea level. The face of the country is gently undulating, enabling the eye of the spectator, slightly elevated, to range over immense tracts of country, as unbroken as our own Wiltshire downs and plains. There is no comparison, however, to be made in the soil of our downs and that of Illinois, the prairie land generally consisting of a sandy loam and vegetable mould, in some places many feet thick, and averaging from 18 to 24 inches, lying on an almost impervious clay. There is but very little "public land" remaining in the state, nearly the whole of it having passed from the Government to private individuals. Land, however, may be readily purchased in most of the counties at prices ranging from $6 to $25, according to location. Even within 25 miles of Chicago, what are called improved farms, that is, farms with the necessary buildings on them, and the land brought into some sort of cultivation, may be bought at from $60 to $65 per acre. The acre of land on which the Grand Pacific Hotel at Chicago stands cost (leasehold) $600,000. The average size of farms, or separate holdings of land, in England, in the year 1873, was 56 acres; in Wales, 46 acres; in Scotland, 56 acres; in the Isle of Man, 39 acres; in Jersey, 9 acres; in Guernsey, 6 acres; and in Ireland, 26 acres. The average size of farms in Illinois is much greater than this; but even here there is a gradual tendency to reduce their area. For instance, the average size of a farm in 1850 was 158 acres; in 1860, 146 acres; and in 1870, 128 acres. The increase in the value of land in the state, as assessed for local and national purposes, is something truly marvellous. For instance, the total value in 1850 was $96,133,299, the farming implements and machinery being put at an additional sum of $6,405,561. By 1860, the land had increased in value to $408,944,033, and the implements and machinery to $17,235,470. By 1870, the amounts had risen to $920,506,346 for the land, and to $34,576,587 for the implements and machinery. With the exception of New York State, the farm produce of Illinois realised a larger sum than that of any other state in the Union in the year 1870. The figures are perfectly astounding. For instance, the farm produce realised $210,860,585; animals slaughtered, and sold for slaughter, realised $56,718,944; home manufactures, $1,408,015; market garden products, $765,992; and orchard products, $3,571,789. There were paid in wages during the year, for the production of the articles I have enumerated, $22,338,767. Illinois is by far the largest Indian corn, or maize, growing state in the Union, the crop of 1870 reaching to 129,921,395 bushels. The quantity of wheat grown in the state that year being 30,128,405 bushels. The dairy products during the year included 36,013,405 lbs. of butter; 1,661,79 lbs. of cheese; and 9,258,5[illegible] gallons of milk sold. I must just add that there are upwards of four hundred coal mines in the state, as well as lead, copper, iron, and zinc mines, and marble and freestone quarries. There are also upwards of three thousand miles of railway in operation in the state.

When I landed at Quebec, a fortnight since, the Indian corn was only a few inches out of the ground, but here, as we near St. Louis, it has reached a height of three or four feet, presenting a very imposing appearance. The roots are about a yard apart, and the flags or leaves stretch out until those of one root touch those of the adjoining ones, the corn stalk standing up straight in the middle. The wheat is also much more forward than any I have seen elsewhere, and to-day, although it is only the 30th of June, reaping, by machine, has commenced in many places. We passed several machines at work this (Sunday) morning; which fact did not very favourably impress me. In fact, I have seen but little to-day calculated to produce a favourable impression, if I omit those grand tracts of country where the corn was looking so rich, and the orchards where the trees were laden with fruit. As we neared towards St. Louis the train became heavily laden, crowds of persons in holiday attire being in waiting for it at each station. It was clear that most of these people were off on some holiday excursion, and not a few of them carried a violin or some other musical instrument. For a long time before we reached East St. Louis we had occasional views of the Mississippi, the railway occasionally running along by its side for a mile or two. The first sight I got of this great river, about which I had read and heard so much, was not favourable. There was nothing definite about its banks, and you could not tell where the swamp ended and where the river began. Nor was there anything refreshing about the look of the water—it looked thick, and was of a dirty brown colour. In due course we arrived at the end of the railway journey, on the eastern side of the river. A number of omnibuses were in waiting at the station, each one apparently swarming with hotel touts, who plied their calling most vigorously. At length the last passenger had been taken in, and the last article of baggage looked after, when the omnibuses drove off in procession along a frightfully dusty road, down to the wharf, and right on to the deck of a huge river steamer, or ferry boat. There were several of these enormous boats passing up and down the river. There was the city of 311,000 inhabitants lying out on a gentle elevation on the opposite side of the river; and there were the piers and other parts of the suspension bridge, which is shortly to join the two banks of the river. But there was the river, the mighty Mississippi, which I can compare to nothing except to a town gutter stream swollen by a thunder storm, and a mile wide. When, years ago, I read in Hitchcock's Geology of the Mississippi carrying down into the Gulf of Mexico every year trees and timber enough to form large forests, and depositing it there, laying the foundation of future coal fields, and mud, sand, and other sediment (28,188,803,892 cubic feet every year) to form, in course of time, a new continent, I admit I could hardly comprehend or credit the truth of the statement. But I could see it all now quite clearly as I stood on board the ferry steamer. At this point in the mighty river's course we were twelve hundred miles from its mouth, at New Orleans, and two thousand three hundred miles from its source in the North American Lakes and the Rocky Mountains. The river seemed to have the washings of the whole country through which it passed, carrying it onward in its course. It was highly curious to stand and watch trees, with root and branch, and huge timber logs, bobbing up and down in the water, but going on at the rate of several miles an hour. In due time we reached the wharf on the opposite bank, on touching which the drivers, all ready for the start, drove their horses forward, and we were soon on our way for our respective quarters. The drive to the hotel was by no means encouraging, being alongside dirty wharves and through black and stinking slums. Having enjoyed one of those luxuries of travel, a good bath, I made my way out into the city. In the principal business streets I found the shop windows open, the doors being closed; and I could hear in different parts of the city bands of music playing, and, in course of an hour or so, I saw several processions. For some time I tried to gather some particulars about this, thinking at first that the day must mark some popular anniversary. But I soon found that the whole business was of such common occurrence that outsiders did not trouble themselves about it; and even when a band or procession was passing along a street I could not get two people to give me a corresponding account of its meaning or object. "I guess it's a fireman's funeral," said one, whilst others credited the Odd Fellows, Foresters, Orangemen, Masons, and other societies, with the respective demonstrations. I asked if societies like these usually celebrated their anniversaries and held their meetings on the Sunday? and the answer was "Yes;" members had no time for such things on any other day. Taking a street tram-car, I went out for two or three miles into the suburbs, to the public park, which I found to be very nicely laid out, but which, for want of rain, had a very parched appearance, the flowers in particular wanting that freshness and well-defined color which we see in our English parks and pleasure grounds. From the park I strolled back into the city, visiting such places of worship as were open. Some of these buildings were remarkably fine and costly structures. The population of St. Louis is of a very mixed character. Of the 310,864 inhabitants, at the taking of the census in 1870, 198,615 were native born, and 112,249 were foreign born; 388,737 were white, and 22,088 were colored people. The place appears to have had many nationalities. It once belonged to Spain. The French then held it, and laid out some of its streets along the river's bank. It was then the city of a slave holding state. All these epochs in the history of the place have left their marks behind, and account for the objectionable features which are now too plainly to be noticed. But, like all other cities, it grows, and that soon covers some of the incongruities which grew up in the old times. In 1840 the population numbered only 12,000 souls. When I had perambulated the newer and more fashionable parts of the city, I enquired my way into the older parts, and by several persons was strongly advised to keep away from them, it not being deemed safe for a stranger. Although I was less favourably impressed with the place than with any other Canadian or American city I had yet been in, I took but little heed of the warning, and, in a sense, I was rewarded for my enterprise. In some of the back slums through which I passed, I had to step over and between the legs of scores of men as they lay in the door-ways of the houses, and on the pavements, reading their newspapers. In some streets the drinking bars were quite open to the road, and were crowded with drinking and card parties. At one public house a genuine Irish row was raging, fast and furious, as I was passing. From the brogue of the disputants, there was no doubt as to the nationality of those who were thus enjoying themselves. Had there been any doubt it would have been removed by a number of placards with which the front of the bar was covered, announcing a "Pic-nic, under the auspices of the United Sons of Erin." Another placard I noticed was an advertisement issued by some farmer who wanted *fifteen hundred* hands for the harvest, and offering liberal wages to early applicants. But perhaps the strangest announcement of all was that on a sign-board; it was that of a man who announced himself as chimney-sweep, grate-setter, and seller of ice-creams. The women and children in this part of the city are as squalid and dirty as you would find people of the same class in the back slums of an English city. Public-houses and pawnshops abound in every direction. If, to-morrow, I can purchase at one of the latter establishments a genuine negress's bonnet, I think I shall be tempted to make the investment. In shape they are exactly like the tilt or covering of an old stage waggon, only perfectly straight on the top, and measuring from 15 to 18 inches from front to back, with a cape, or fall, hanging down the back, a good way towards the waist.

My Monday morning experiences of St. Louis are no more favourable than were those of the Sunday. After going through some of the places, and seeing the sights I saw yesterday, I felt quite confident there would be a plentiful crop of business before the police magistrate. So I enquired my way to the Four Courts, the building where the police cases are disposed of. It was a large fine brick-built building, and appeared to contain the courts for the transaction of the law business of the county. The Magistrates' Court was a large room, with a seat and desk for the presiding magistrate at one end, a large space at the opposite end being set apart for the accommodation of the general public. On the left, in front of the magistrate, there sat the public prosecutor, at his desk, and opposite to him, on the other side, there sat the clerk, or superintendent, in charge of the charge-sheet or register. By the side of the magistrate's chair, on the left, there was a second chair. In the wall on the left hand side of the room there was a door, out of which the prisoners came in a regular string. There were no less than fifty-four of them that morning. But there was nothing special or peculiar in any one of the cases, the superintendent of police assured me. He was also kind enough to add for my information that the "fun" would not be up to the mark that morning, as *The Terrible* (the name by which the chief magistrate appears to be known), was away down Kentucky, he guessed; I might, however, he said, see something if I kept my eyes open. But there was nobody like Terrible—he gave the prisoners "blazes." After a tremendous clatter, caused by the officers of the court calling "order," the business began. The door in the wall on the left side opened, and, one after another, a string of poor wretched-looking creatures hobbied out, as best they could, and, having nothing to say in answer to the charge entered against them, were ordered to pay fines, or sentenced to terms of imprisonment, according to the gravity of their offences. Then there came the defended cases. The Public Prosecutor would commence the case by charging the prisoner, and, still seated, would briefly address the magistrate, stating the nature of the evidence he could call to support the charge. On a witness being called, he proceeded to take a seat in the chair by the side of the Magistrate, when the oath would be administered to him. The officer of the court held up erect his right arm, a similar movement being made by the witness, and, both parties remaining seated, the officer repeated the oath, which finished with the customary "So help you God." No bible or testament is used, as in an English Court of Justice, the witness pledging himself to the oath by holding up his arm. This being done, the magistrate and the witness would have some conversation together, the greater part of which, I think, must have been quite inaudible to the person charged, but at the close of the conversation the magistrate repeated to the prisoner the substance of the conversation, and called upon him or her to answer it. Compared with our English system, this appeared very singular; but I cannot say it wanted either in effect or convenience.

The business and traffic in the streets was very great. Early in the day there might be seen one or more ice carts in most of the streets, delivering ice at the shops and houses. The trade in ice throughout the summer months must be very great. This I have experienced; the article itself is a great luxury, and it is used with nearly every article at table and in the drinking saloons. As a rule, persons who can afford it have their own ice-house, in which they keep their summer stock. Where this convenience cannot be had, the daily supply is taken as regularly as we should take our supply of milk, or other article of daily consumption, in England. It is taken round in covered waggons in large blocks, and sawn up into smaller pieces to suit the convenience of the customer. The ice-house is a very simple piece of business, and is generally built of wood. The ice itself can be kept all through the summer months by being embedded in saw-dust from a timber yard. The ice-house serves no other purpose than that of keeping a layer of saw-dust of from one to two feet thick around the blocks of ice. An ice famine in America and Canada would be looked upon with as much dread as a deficient corn crop in England. But what gave the greatest character to the streets, and the traffic in them, were the mules. They were to be seen in nearly every dray and waggon: sometimes four or six of them in a team. They appear to be taller than our English cart horses. They have large and very powerful fore-quarters, which, with their thin legs and bare talis, give them a very peculiar appearance. They have invariably over the harness a net work of small leather thongs, the fringe or ends of the thongs hanging down as low as the knees. The drivers of these animals are frequently colored men, who shout most lustily, and crack their whips in a manner calculated to cause a Wiltshire waggoner to fancy that the end of all things was near at hand.

In course of the morning I went to the Chamber of Commerce, where I found business very active, and conducted much in the same way as at Chicago. I then went to one of the railway offices to ask for information. The Vice-President, who on the American line is the general superintendent, received me very coldly, and refused my request. This was my first rebuff since putting foot on American soil. Both in America and Canada I had been treated with the greatest possible kindness, and men had even put themselves out of the way to do me a kindness. Afterwards, in conversation with the editor of the *Journal*, I told him I had sustained a disappointment. Without anything further than this to guide him he at once gave the name of the person on whom I had called, and accounted for his conduct by saying he was an Englishman who had been recently imported into the place, and who had proved himself a signal failure. The editor of the *Journal* at once interested himself much on my behalf, and, taking me out into the Exchange, introduced me to the vice-presidents of other lines of railway, and soon obtained for me what the other one had refused—and to spare. One of these gentlemen, however, complained of the scant justice English writers usually shewed towards the Americans. In reply, I handed him a copy of the complete works of Alfred Tennyson, which I could not have purchased in England, where the author's property in his own brain work was respected, for less than several pounds sterling, but which American publishers, robbing the author of his rights, sold for seventy-five cents, or less than three shillings in English money. This has been the too common practice with American publishers—to pirate the works of the most popular of English writers, and to sell them, sometimes for one-twentieth—as in the case of Tennyson's poems—their English value. My friend admitted that English authors had good ground for complaint.

But it is not necessary for English authors to caricature or burlesque American character. The American editor does that more thoroughly than any stranger could manage. I give you from to-day's *Journal* what we in England would call a list of fashionable arrivals and departures, such as are published in the newspapers belonging to watering places, or other centres of fashionable resort. The *Journal* heads the list with

"LOCAL PERSONALS."

"Reavis has gone to Marquette, Michigan. Weep, little children."

"There is an editor in town, his name is Taylor, with a D.B., he comes from Girrard, and he publishes the *Times*."

"Hon. Samuel A. Riggs, of Kansas, is dissecting hash at the Southern."

"Colonel John S. Phelps, of Springfield, will tell the people of Neosho, on Friday next, all about those who fit, bled, &c., in "'76.'"

"The friends of Judge P. W. Gray and Lady, of Houston, Tex., know that they are in the city. If they don't, they ought to."

"The sympathy of every one will be extended to the steward of the Planters', when it is known that Jefferson Davis and Messrs. F. W. Smith and W. F. Boyle are stopping there."

"Mr. Waugh, Teller of the First National Bank of Columbia, Ho., favoured the *Journal* Commissioners with a call to-day."

"The following St. Louisans were getting rid of their money rapidly in Barnum's Hotel in New York on the 27th instant :—Mr. and Mrs. John Picton, Mrs. Anvil James, Miss Madge James, Miss McNeil, Charles C. Clute and wife, Taylor Bissell, Aleck Anderson."

Casting my eye down this list. and noticing the name of Jefferson Davis, I resolved on visiting the

"Planters' House," thinking I might chance to see a man who had made himself so famous, and who for some time maintained his place at the head of the Southern Confederacy. I found a number of persons in and around the hotel on a similar errand bent. Almost before I had time to complete the purchase of a book, at the book stall in the corridor, the whisper ran round that Jefferson Davis was about to leave his room, and in a moment or so afterwards he passed up the corridor, leaning on the arm of a friend, and walking by the aid of a stout stick. The persons assembled saluted him in a very respectful manner, and he appeared to be much pleased with the reception. He is a very thin spare man, of middle height, with a wrinkled callow face. His hair and whiskers were iron grey, and cut short. He had grey indefinite looking eyes, the head being larger in proportion than either face or body. I think his appearance pretty well indicated his character. You could see that he was not of the common run of mankind: but it would puzzle you to say in what particular line his *forte* would lie. There was not the decision which marks the conqueror. I did not *interview* him, but there were others standing by waiting for the chance to do so, and no doubt to-morrow's papers will contain a true, full, and particular account, question and answer, of the interview between Jefferson Davis and "our" reporter.

LETTER 29.

CINCINNATI.

RECROSSING the Mississippi, and thus leaving the State of Missouri, I re-entered and re-crossed Illinois, and, going right across Indiana, entered the State of Ohio, at Cincinnati; the distance by way of Indianopolis being over 350 miles. There are a number of railways running from East St. Louis to Cincinnati by a direct, and also by circuitous routes. As I had already provided myself with a ticket, it was of consequence to me that I should travel by the railway over which my ticket would pass me. Unfortunately, I was not aware of there being more than one line to the place I wanted to go to. A train was just about leaving the station as I reached it, and being told it was for Indianopolis, the line by which I was to travel, I entered one of the cars without further enquiry, and we were soon off on the journey. After we had gone about three miles, the conductor came round to collect fares and tickets, and I then made the unpleasant discovery that I was in the wrong train, and that my choice of action lay between paying my fare a second time and stopping the train and getting out and walking back to our starting point. I resolved on adopting the latter course, there being time enough to catch the train leaving at seven o'clock, it being now about five. The conductor, in consequence of my determination, pulled the string running along under the roof of the carriage, and communicating with a bell in front of the engine driver, and the train was at once stopped. Fortunately, I was not the only passenger who had made a mistake and taken the wrong train. A man who was going to a job of harvest work at $4 (16s. 8d.) a day was in a similar predicament, and having made an arrangement with him to assist with my baggage, we started off on our return journey. It was a most trying walk, the weather being close and oppressive. By dint of great perseverance, however, I managed to get on to the right line of railway, near to the point where it branched off from the one on which I had made my wrong start, before the passing of the train by which I ought to have gone. I explained my position to the signalman at the crossing, and he at once "guessed" he could "fix it" for me. He marked out a point on the line to which I was to go, and there stop, while he went in an opposite direction and signalled the train to stop. In less than five minutes afterwards the train stopped immediately opposite to where I was standing. I entered one of the cars, and again we were off, this time on the right track. This stopping a train on an American railway to take in or put down a passenger is by no means an unusual occurrence, nor is it by any means necessary that a passenger should have first provided himself with a ticket. When standing by the side of a railway, more particularly in sparsely populated districts, if you can manage to attract the notice of the conductor or driver you may depend upon having the train to stop. After you have taken your seat the conductor collects your fare, and gives you in exchange a ticket, which simply shews how far you may travel for the amount you have paid. Before arriving at that point he takes the ticket from you, and then, should you go on farther, having no ticket, you have again to pay your fare. The conductor of an American railway train holds a most responsible position, being guard, booking clerk, and ticket collector combined.

We arrived at Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, about three o'clock in the morning. After a stay of something less than a couple of hours here, during which I had a run into the town, and found it very similar to the generality of American and Canadian towns—straight streets, and rows of shade trees along their course—we went on towards Cincinnati, which place we reached about eight o'clock in the morning. For two or three hours our course lay through a remarkably interesting district of country, the scenery being occasionally grand and beautiful. Sometimes we were winding round a mountain, then through a valley; then climbing a hill, and then flying down an incline. For a long distance before reaching Cincinnati the slopes and hill sides were covered with vineyards: the vines being in full leaf, and looking remarkably well.

There are but few features in the streets of Cincinnati inconsistent with the appearance of an old country city. The principal streets are broad, and contain some very fine shops. Entering the city by the railway, the river Ohio runs through a valley on the right, with a range of hills in the back-ground. The city itself lies in a bottom on the left, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The position of the city is, in short, highly picturesque. But while I met with some disappointments, and, probably, formed some dislikes at St. Louis, my visit to Cincinnati was like a huge ray of sunshine. Having a letter for Colonel J——, I proceeded at once from the railway station to the Burnett House. Entering the office, I enquired of a clerk for Colonel J——. "That's he, I guess," was the answer of the clerk, as he pointed to a tall, and remarkably fine-looking, man, off in his shirt sleeves, and puffing and blowing away as he wiped the perspiration off his head, as though he liked the operation. Having handed him my letter, without stopping to read it, he seized hold of my hand and gave it a "wring and a shake," which made my fingers "tingle" for some minutes afterwards. He said he had just been reading my "France and the French," and had been on the look-out for me for some days past. This was a most agreeable surprise to me. Taking me into the hotel, he ordered breakfast, and then left, remarking he had a few things to square up, but that in half-an-hour he would be at my service for the day. Having finished my breakfast, I strolled out to the front of the office, where I had first seen Colonel J——, and there I saw standing a carriage and pair of horses, with a driver, who had a decidedly Hibernian cut about the tip of his nose and chin. In a moment or so afterwards Colonel J—— made his appearance, and invited me to a seat in the carriage standing in front of us. "May I do as I like?" enquired our driver, as we took our seats in the carriage. "Yes," was the answer. "Then I'll do our city justice," replied Jarvey, as he cracked his whip, and we were off at a quiet pace for our ride through the city.

At the census of 1870, the population of Cincinnati numbered 216,239. In the adjoining townships, immediately connected with the city, there was a further population of about 16,000; making altogether a total of 232,192. There died in the year 1862—only eleven years ago—a man who bought with the proceeds from the sale of an old copper still the larger portion of the land on which Cincinnati now stands! This man's name was Nicholas Longworth, and when a young man he followed the occupation of a shoemaker. After emigrating from New Jersey, his native state, to Cincinnati, then a mere landing place on the Ohio river, he turned his attention to the law, and in due course he got a client, who was charged with some petty misdemeanour. When the case was finished, the client had no money with which to pay his advocate's fees, but he had an old copper still, which had been used for the manufacture of whisky. To make himself safe against a bad debt, Longworth arranged to take this old copper still in lieu of money, and, in due course, he sold the still, *and bought the land on which the city of Cincinnati stands with the proceeds!* The old man died, as I have said, as recently as the year 1862, worth many million of dollars, having spent the last years of his life in fear and dread of being reduced to penury, if not beggary. With our old country experiences, we can scarcely realise the fact of a city growing up from an almost nominal existence to a population of over two hundred and thirty thousand in the lifetime of one man. But then we are no better able to understand a city being in direct communication with rivers open to steamboat navigation for a distance of *twenty thousand miles.* In 1800, the whole population of the State of Ohio numbered only 45,365. In 1870, it had reached 2,665,260; having within its borders 3,500 miles of railway, with land so rich that much care and judgment is required in planting crops, the soil being of so rich a nature. It is this which makes the Indian corn, or maize, crop so general. It has to be planted to tame down the land for other crops. Maize is often so plentiful that it may be bought for sixpence a bushel. The vine also grows so luxuriantly that *sixpence* a gallon for the juice of the grape is by no means a bad price. The effort to convert maize into a marketable article gives us the history of the Cincinnati pork trade. In some districts, even now, with all the improved facilities for transit, Indian corn is the cheapest fuel—in many other districts it is not gathered in. The stalks are broken down, and droves of cattle turned in upon it; and after, and sometimes along with the cattle, thousands of hogs are turned adrift upon the corn as it lies on the ground, and here both cattle and hogs remain until they are fat and ready for the market. Whisky is also very commonly distilled from Indian corn, the value of the raw spirit in Cincinnati being from 8d. to 10d. per gallon.

Can you now wonder at the growth of the place? Longworth was a far-seeing man. It was he who introduced the culture of the vine into Ohio, and turned its sunny banks into vineyards; and before he died many a time did the produce of the vineyards, which he had caused to be planted, make good the deficiency of a bad grape season in France; American wines, it being alleged, being commonly manipulated into French wines of first class brands. It is estimated that the American wine crop this year will reach 20,000,000 gallons, and realise $14,000,000 in value.

Cincinnati is pretty well known by repute to English readers. Mrs. Trollope visited the place many years ago, and did not a little in the way of writing the inhabitants down. Their manners and customs were not exactly according to her liking, and so she undertook the task of teaching them manners. But they were a go-ahead, persevering, and industrious race, and cared more for the realities than for the polish of life *a la* Trollope. But the lady succeeded, no doubt, in creating that prejudice against the American character which many people, for want of knowing better, have so long entertained, and for which there is not the slightest rhyme or reason at the present time. "Many a time," remarks an American writer, "when some one in the boxes of the theatre has thoughtlessly turned his back upon the pit, or placed his boots upon the cushioned front, have I heard the warning and reproving cry go up of "Trollope! Trollope!" until the offender was brought to a sense of the enormity of his transgressions." Charles Dickens also visited Cincinnati. He says of it, "It is a beautiful city, cheerful, thriving, and animated. I have not often seen a place that commends itself so favourably and pleasantly to a stranger at first glance as this does: with its clean houses of red and white bricks, its well-paved roads, and footways of bright tile." Then, again, he remarks, "Cincinnati is honourably famous for its free-schools, of which it has so many that no person's child among its population can, by any possibility, want the means of education, which are extended, upon an average, to four thousand pupils annually. I was only present in one of these establishments during the hours of instruction. In the boys' department, which was full of little urchins (varying in their ages, I should say, from six years old to ten or twelve), the master offered to institute an extemporary examination of the pupils in algebra; a proposal which, as I was by no means confident of my ability to detect mistakes in that science, I declined with some alarm."

Passing the city gaol, in course of our perambulations, the conversation turned on the administration of justice, and on some of the municipal institutions of America. Now, the most ardent admirer of American institutions, on the whole, cannot help deploring some of them when they are taken in detail. I recollect the patriot Louis Kossuth once saying that the foundation of England's glory lay in her municipal institutions. This is the weak part in the American constitution. I learnt this both from the Colonel, who had been twice sheriff of the county, and also from our driver, who seemed to know all about the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; he told me he had performed a couple of journeys across the country to San Francisco. We must all remember some remarkable case or another in which criminals with whom, after a fair trial in England, we should make short work, have succeeded, time after time, in eluding the ends of justice. The history of all these cases may be written in three words: "The Popular Vote." Just let me explain: I have now been in six states—Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky. Taking the states in the order in which I have given them, I find that in Michigan males 21 years old, citizens, or intending to become such, resident 2 years and 6 months in the state, and 10 days preceding the election in the township or ward, are entitled to vote. In Illinois, male citizens, upwards of 21 years of age, resident 1 year in the state, 90 days in the county, and 30 days in the district, are qualified voters. In Missouri, males 21 years old, resident 1 year in the state, and 6 months in the county, are entitled to vote. In Indiana, males 21 years old, and resident in the state 6 months, are entitled to vote, but a year's residence in the county is required of foreign born persons. In Ohio, males 21 years of age, and one year resident in the state, are entitled to vote; and, in Kentucky, male citizens resident 2 years in the state, 1 year in the county, and 60 days in the precinct, are entitled to vote. In these six states the voting power is of a very popular character. Manhood suffrage, with a residence ranging from two years and six months to one year, rules in each state. Against that no complaint was made. But what my friend did complain of was that nearly every office bearer in the state, both executive and judicial, was placed at the mercy of that popular vote, and in this it was that most of the evils from which American society suffered lay. The judge on the bench was more or less the slave of the party who put him there, and who might, *and would*, remove him, should he fail to do the behests of his party. The prisoner at the bar also belongs to a party, and, except in very rare instances, can bring the influence of his party to bear in his behalf, even in cases of a grossly criminal character. A person does not rely on the merits of his cause, but on the strength of his party. My friend, the Colonel, had twice successfully stood a contest for the office of sheriff, a most unusual circumstance, but was defeated at the third contest purely on party grounds. The consequence is that no office holder is safe. He has to consult the popular vote, or run the risk of being relegated to private life. In England, office is too often the reward for party services; but with us no man can be expelled from his office for faithfully and thoroughly performing his duties. There awaits for America a fearful struggle, through which she must pass before her local government throws off its rottenness, and is made the best she is capable of in her municipal government.

I copy from an advertisement in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, of yesterday's date (June 30), a list of the state officers to be elected on Wednesday, August 6th :—

"Governor,
Lieutenant Governor,
Two Supreme Judges—long and short term,
Attorney General,
Treasurer,
Comptroller of Treasury,
Member of the Board of Public Works."

The advertisement sets out, in the most exciting language possible, the information that "the people have the remedy in their own hands" for all the ills they are subject to, and intimates that "all that is necessary to put a stop to usurpation, misrule, and corruption, is for all good men to," &c., &c., and then winds up with the statement that arrangements have been made with certain railway companies to take voters to and from the voting stations at half the usual rates, on the voter producing a certificate from the chairman of the State Central Committee.

Another advertisement, which appears in the same paper, in view of this pending contest, sets out the opinion of certain citizens of Hamilton county, who, "believing that one of the chief sources of the corruption which now demoralizes the politics of the country, and prevents the application of the necessary corrective," &c., calls upon, &c.

In this way the election of a person to fill any office in the state is made the occasion for an exhibition of the most ultra party and personal feeling, the event being decided by the popular vote, instead of by the candidate's fitness.

A candidate for the office of gaoler, in Kentucky, is credited with the following address, in support of his candidature :—

> "Fellow Citizens.—Where are my opponents? Why, gentlemen, now they are nowhere. I feel myself as much above my opponent as a possum in a persimmon tree does above the ground he crawls on. I call on you in the name of the shaggy-headed lion, which whipped the American eagle; I call on you in the name of the peacock of liberty, which flewed over the Rocky Mountings—to come to my rescue. Come on Monday next, and promote Dick to the office to which he perspires. When you shall have been dead, and the green briars shall have entwined themselves around your graves, then will your sons come to me and say, Dick, some years ago our fathers voted for you for the office of jailership of Warren county; then will I say, Roll on thou silver moon, I will be with thee till the last day in the evening."

This may be, and doubtless is, the burlesque side of the matter, but it only too truly sets out the great leading curse of America. I believe there are many persons who see the evil, and are quite alive to its enormity, but fail altogether to see a way clear to a remedy. It is not at all probable that the mob will initiate a law for the doing away of mob law; and until some man, or body of men, is found who has sufficient moral courage to make the attempt, America must stand shorn of many of her true glories, and crippled in her usefulness.

From the lower, or business parts of the city, we went up on to the hills which surround it. This was a most charming neighbourhood, and from many points we obtained grand and extensive views of the surrounding country, both on the Kentucky and Ohio side of the river. On the Kentucky hills, Colonel J—— pointed out some of the earthworks which he had thrown up whilst in command of a regiment in the late war, and he was also good enough to explain the movements of the troops on these hills, and other matters of a somewhat exciting interest. But what interested me most were the buildings with which the hills were studded. They were mostly villa residences, and mansions of the most beautiful and expensive construction. These generally stood in their own gardens and grounds, on which the utmost care appeared to have been bestowed. But whilst the American can produce the beautiful mansion, he cannot match the English lawn and flower garden. I have seen no flowers yet of a strong distinctive color, producing those beautiful effects which we see at home. When we first began to get about among these mansions, I felt quite staggered, and was beginning to think our driver rather crazed, for, without hesitation or ceremony, he would drive the carriage up to the door of a mansion of the most stately description, and worthy of an English noble-man or prince, when he would pause for a few moments, until he considered that we had had time enough to look around, and then he would start on again, at a walking pace, along the lawns and in front of the windows of the private rooms. I told him that I felt we were trespassing, and taking great liberties. He simply answered that his reputation was at stake; that he had obtained permission to do as he liked, and that I must excuse him if he declined running the risk of giving offence to the owners of these mansions by allowing a stranger to pass by without showing him all that was worth seeing, and contributing to the utmost to his enjoyment. One of the most striking features in the grounds and gardens surrounding these residences was the total absence of exclusiveness. It was a rare thing to see a gate parting the gravelled walk or drive from the highway, and where a gate was to be seen, it generally appeared as though it was never used; whilst, as a rule, there was no fence whatever between the lawn and flower garden and the public footway by the side of the public road. In course of our rambles we called at a public garden, kept by a Dutchman, who had been out in the war with Colonel J——, and, not having seen each other for some time, they had a most cordial meeting. Myneer went down into his cellar and brought up a couple of bottles of Bass's pale ale, in celebration of the event. This was like an old English gentleman bringing out some of his oldest and choicest port. We also passed by the house where Mrs. Stowe lived when she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* It is a plain, unpretentious-looking, building, very different from many of those we saw. At another place, we came to where there is a railway running up the face of a steep hill, the carriage being let up and down by means of a wire rope and a powerful stationary engine, placed on the top of the hill, the bed of the carriage being kept in a horizontal position by the hind wheels being enormously large, and the front wheels very small. By means of this railway, persons are taken right from the busy part of the city out into the fashionable suburbs. Near to this also a large public park was being laid out, which, when finished, would contain two reservoirs for supplying the city below with water. We continued our drive until nearly five in the afternoon, and I think I shall never forget the day, or what I saw and experienced in course of it. We went out to one point to look down upon the City of the Dead—Spring Grove Cemetery. The cemetery, with its cypress trees and white marble monuments, looked very picturesque down in the valley. On either side there were finely wooded slopes, enclosing the cemetery, the view reaching out for many miles, until the valley was lost in the broad plain. Jesse R. Grant, father of the President of the United States, who died on Sunday last, in his eightieth year, was buried in the cemetery to-day. We saw nothing of the funeral, but were told it was conducted with remarkable simplicity, the President being the chief mourner. Mr. Grant was the only man who had lived to see his son President of the United States, and he had seen his son not only elected, but also re-elected, to that high office.

The view down upon the city itself was not so cheering, for Cincinnati out-Herods London, in its worst days, for smoke. The coal used, both in the factories and on board the steamers on the river, is of a particularly bituminous character, sending off clouds of dense black smoke. I was told that, formerly, the Cincinnati mothers adopted the plan of marking their children before sending them adrift in the morning, in order that they might know them on their return in the evening.

We returned into Cincinnati by way of the trotting ground. As you know, the Americans pride themselves on their trotting horses, and the race is generally against time, a horse being known as a two minutes fifty seconds, or a three minutes' horse, just according to the time within which it can trot a mile. There were several persons out with their horses, and it certainly was a pretty sight to see the noble looking animals going along at their best. The horses, of course, are harnessed to buggies, some of two, and others of four-wheels, but all of the lightest possible construction, as, indeed, all American conveyances are. I think it must be much more enjoyable to be the owner of a splendid trotting horse, and be enabled to sit behind it and handle the reins yourself, than to have a fine race horse that can only be entrusted to a professional jockey, who enjoys the ride himself. In England, I believe, a horse is considered a good trotter if it can do a mile in three minutes, but in America the distance is commonly done in two and a half minutes. For nearly five years a horse named "Dexter" maintained its character for being the fastest trotting horse in America, having done the mile in 2 minutes 17¼ seconds, on August 14th, 1867; but on June 19th, 1872, he was beaten by "Goldsmith Maid," who did the mile in 2 minutes 16¾ seconds. Ten days later, "Joe Elliott" accomplished the distance in two minutes 15½ seconds.*

The most celebrated of the American trotting horses are, it appears, descended from an English horse imported into New York something less than one hundred years ago. I copy the following interesting particulars from the report of the Commissioners of Agriculture for the year 1871:—"The love for horses is almost universal with Americans, and the rearing of them has become a large and profitable business. Vermont has long been celebrated for its trotting horses, and the Morgan breed is so identified with that state that the name is almost a synonym for horses raised there. In New York, however, the greatest attention is paid to this business. The single county of Orange has over one hundred breeding establishments, some of which are very extensive. Charles Backman's, for instance, includes six hundred acres, where are collected upwards of one hundred and fifty horses, of all ages, many of which are of the finest trotting lineage. In the rear of the immense stables of this equine village, are yards, exercising grounds, and a mile track for training the young animals. The whole business is as completely equipped as a commercial establishment in a large city, and the owner calculates with almost equal certainty upon the profits of his enterprise. Millions of dollars are also invested on stock farms all along the Hudson River in the breeding of trotting horses. There are similar breeding establishments in Iowa, and other western states. For the last thirty or forty years the value of trotting horses has increased even faster than their numbers and speed, the rate being at least 100 per cent. every decade. In 1858, Flora Temple was sold for $8,000; in 1862, the California Damsel for $11,000: in 1866, Young Pochohantas for $25,000; and in 1867, Dexter, which in that year surpassed all previous speed—trotting a mile in 2 minutes 17¼ seconds—sold for $33,000. It is now no unusual thing for fast trotting horses, and fine stock horses of the best trotting blood, to sell for from ten to twenty thousand dollars. This shows the immense popularity of the American breed of trotting horses, and the amount of wealth they represent. The founder of this breed seems to have been

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* Goldsmith Maid, in a race against time, at Buffalo, August 7th, trotted a mile in 2 minutes 15½ seconds. Over 20,000 people witnessed the race.—*Times*, August 31st, 1874.

Messenger, whose lineage is traceable back to some of the finest Arabian blood in England. He was imported into New York in 1788, and was of superb form, and extraordinary power and spirit. His form, with the remarkable vitality and endurance of his race, has endowed his progeny—which has been persistently used and trained to trotting—with extraordinary courage and endurance. So great has been the impress of his wonderful stamina and splendid form upon American horses that his value to the country may be estimated at millions of dollars."

There is a very large German population in Cincinnati, and they have their own quarter in the city. Some of the principal business establishments are carried on by Germans. They were the chief pork packers, and now they are the principal vine growers and wine makers. I was taken over some wine vaults. This one establishment makes on an average eighty thousand gallons of wine annually. The stock in bottle was slightly less when we left than when we entered the establishment, and afterwards, on resuming our drive, I found a small package on the seat of the carriage, addressed to me, and labelled "Specific against Cholera": there was a bottle of cherry brandy inside. I afterwards learnt that there were five deaths from Cholera on the previous day in Cincinnati.

The Germans are rare fellows for enjoying themselves. Beer gardens are leading features in the quarters where they most do congregate. I looked into several of them in course of the evening. Some of these places are capable of seating a thousand or more visitors; every effort being made to secure their being as attractive as possible. The German beer garden seems to partake of a combination of all the characteristics of places of amusement and entertainment, ranging from an Italian opera to a public-house, including a stage, on which the most celebrated vocal and instrumental performers appear, and a bar where you may obtain your glass of lager beer, soda, lemonade, or ginger-ale. Instead of seats arranged in straight lines, as in our places of amusement, there are hundreds of small tables, with chairs around them, at which the company seat themselves in small private parties, enjoying their pipe and glass, or lemonade, listening to the music, and enjoying the cool of the evening in the best way they know how.

After spending a really enjoyable day, I somewhat reluctantly took leave of my kind friends, and about eleven o'clock in the evening started off for Washington, my next stage, a distance of over 600 miles, being anxious to reach New York by the 4th—the great American carnival day.

LETTER 30.

CINCINNATI TO WASHINGTON—ACROSS THE ALLEGHANIES.

IN every through train on a Canadian or American railway there is one or more of Pullman's sleeping cars by night, and parlour cars by day. Practically, there is but the first-class railway car on an American railway, rich and poor travelling in the same car. On some of the railways, what are called "emigrant trains" are run, by which very low and special rates are charged. Passengers who require something more select than the first-class car move off into the Pullman cars, for which a special extra charge is made of from one to two dollars for the night, and from a half to a dollar for the day journey, in addition to the ordinary first-class fare, which, of course, is ruled in amount by the distance travelled. I understand the Pullman cars are run by an independent company, and do not belong to the railway company. The Pullman cars are always the last in the train. As the journey from Cincinnati to Washington was likely to extend through the night and the next day, I resolved on a berth in a Pullman car for the night. Before turning in, however, I went out on to the platform at the end of the car for the purpose of taking a last look at the country we were leaving. On reaching the platform, a most singular sight met my view. We were passing over a marshy, or undrained district, and the passing of the train appeared to have disturbed myriads of fire-flies, until the air seemed full of them. I had noticed these singular insects on several occasions before. I first saw them as I was leaving Niagara Falls for the railway station. Afterwards I saw them when looking out of the car windows in the night time; but their appearance left me for some time in doubt as to what they really were—they looked more like sparks driven out from a wood fire by a strong blast than anything else I could conceive of, and wood being the sole fuel used for the engines on some of the railways, it was an easy matter for a stranger to mistake these flies for sparks from the engine funnel. I do not know what better illustration I can give you of their appearance. Standing on the platform at the end of the train, I was now enabled to dissociate them from the idea of a wood fire, and to watch them in their singular flight. The night was very dark, which greatly added to the brilliancy of the scene. But how shall I tell you what the scene was like? The fire-fly corresponds with our English glow-worm only inasmuch as both insects have the power of emitting a very bright phosphorescent light from their abdomen. In appearance, the fire-fly is a pretty beetle of a light brown color, marked with red, and handsomely striped. From the last three segments of the abdomen, which in the day time is of a delicate cream color, it has the power to throw out a very brilliant phosphorescent light, which power it appears to exercise most freely when in the act of flying through the air. In the darkness nothing, of course, can be seen of the insect itself. Nor is the light emitted continuous. The insect is rather slow flying, and the power to emit or evolve the light is continued for about the same time as the insect itself occupies in flying a distance of about three or four feet. Like the glow-worm, it can conceal, as well as evolve, its light, and it appears to exercise both powers alike; so that supposing you could trace a single insect in its flight, you would have alternately a streak or line of fire, a yard in length, and then a blank black space, and then another line of fire, and so on. Passing through a cloud of fire-flies, then, you find yourself surrounded by myriads of lines of fire, flickering in every direction, and starting from every conceivable point, appearing and disappearing after the most strange fashion.

After looking on this singular sight for some time, I re-entered the car, to find its appearance completely metamorphosed. When I left the car it had the ordinary appearance: a row of seats on either side, with a passage up the middle. But now this passage was enclosed by a series of heavy curtains, on either side, running from end to end of the carriage, and reaching from the roof to the floor. In the day-time the roof of a Pullman car appears to run off at a very sharp angle from a point just over the windows along the side to the edge of the raised sky-light in the centre of the roof. This angular roof is a false one, enclosing between it and the outer roof the bed clothes and other articles necessary for transferring the car into a huge sleeping apartment, making up some twenty or more beds. Beneath the angular roof the ordinary seats are arranged *vis-a-vis*, or opposite each other. The bed or couch on the bottom tier is made by filling up the space between the seats by slides drawn out from beneath the seats. The second, or top tier, of beds is formed by letting down the false or angular roof into a horizontal position to within about four feet of the level of the lower tier. In front, the couch, or berth, is parted from the passage by curtains; at head and foot they are made private and distinct by wooden partitions, and they are lighted either by the ordinary windows or by a lamp inserted in the side of the carriage, the passengers having no power to extinguish or interfere with the lamp, except by a dark slide which they may, if so disposed, draw in front of it and shut out its light. At either end of the car there is a dressing-room, closet, &c., where, after your nap, you may wash and make all the needful arrangements either for a day's travel or a day's business. I soon turned in, and, having made up my mind for a thorough good rest, I got what I wanted, and rose in the morning as refreshed and as well prepared for the fatigues of the day as though I had spent the night in a first-class hotel. By five o'clock in the morning, I was again at my post on the platform at the end of the car, seeing what I could of the country through which we were passing; and many a time did I regret the speed at which we were travelling, for it has rarely been my lot to look out upon such a country. In fact, from five in the morning until six in the evening the scenery was grand, and intensely interesting. Until about noon we were passing through a country which I thought mountainous. But soon after noon we reached the Alleghany mountains, and commenced our journey across them. This range of mountains extends from Tennessee to New York State, a distance of several hundred miles. They run nearly parallel with the Atlantic sea line, from 50 to 150 miles inland. They range from 50 to 130 miles in breadth, and attain a mean elevation of about 2,500 feet; but in some parts, in North Carolina, they attain a height of

6,000 feet. At the point where the Baltimore and Ohio railroad crosses the range the breadth is somewhat about 90 or 100 miles. I certainly never experienced such a journey before, either by road or by rail. Sometimes we had the mountains, all covered with trees, many hundreds of feet above us, on the one hand, and, on the other, a valley with the river struggling through it, or the gorge and mountain torrent. At one moment, as we were winding round sharp curves, it seemed certain that the next move must send train and all flying down some fearful precipice; at the next, that we could only be saved from being crushed by some avalanche from above by a miracle. We went on for hours like this: now running through a beautiful valley, with a river by our side, and grand mountain scenery on either hand; now crawling at almost a snail's pace up some steep aclivity, the beat of the engine being like the breathing of one in trouble, slow and measured; now, with steam shut off, the breaks on, and the stones and dust flying, shooting like lightning down some frightful incline. In some places the mountains were masses of rock covered with vegetation, trees growing in every crack and crevice. At other points they presented walls of masonry, several hundred feet high, with a face as straight and true as though they had been built up by the hands of giants, the various layers, or strata, lying evenly and smoothly on each other, giving life and character to the scene, reminding me occasionally of the Windcliffe at Chepstow, and the scenery of the Wye. But in the Alleghany range it is not one point of interest, but thousands of them, extending over scores of miles. Sometimes, when the rocks were lying in their natural order, some three or four, and sometimes as many as ten or twelve, different formations might be seen. At other times, the rocks were thrown into a vertical position: layers of stone, coal, and minerals of the most opposite color standing by each other, like leaves in a book lying on its back. These mountains are particularly rich in coals and minerals of various kinds, and at the various points I could notice blast and other furnaces in work. I understand that neither with coal or iron is it necessary to go many feet below the surface, the supply being sufficiently abundant to render mining unnecessary. But the coal is unusually bituminous; and although I had what I thought a good wash several times in course of the day, when I arrived at the end of the journey I was as black as a sweep, and in addition to a bath, found it necessary to have a complete change of clothing before I could venture out from the hotel. This little inconvenience, however, was as nothing compared with the pleasures and sights of the day. It was a journey which, once taken by a man with his eyes open, can never be forgotten, but must last him his life through, with material for thought, wonder, and admiration. About the middle of the day we stopped some time at Cumberland, where the railway company have large iron and rail mills; and later on in the day we came to Harper's Ferry, and other places, the names of which seemed very forcibly to remind one of the late war. We also passed over several of those enormous wooden bridges, which we occasionally read of, and which so frequently are brought into prominent notice in connexion with some frightful railway accident. When going over one of these bridges the train was brought down to a mere walking pace. I was induced to look out of the window in consequence of the sudden change in the pace, and a most peculiar and tremulous motion of the carriage. At first, I could see nothing but the distant horizon. Looking down some hundreds of feet, I saw the huge stones, washed white, lying in the bed of the mountain torrent. The sight coming so suddenly, and being of such a character, I admit I felt some relief when the beat of the engine told me that it had been safely landed on *terra firma*, and that we were in a fair way of being landed there too. But for all that, I hope once again to renew my acquaintance with the country I have passed through to-day: for such sights seem only to *whet* the appetite, and to lead us to long for the time when we may again revel in that sense of *vacancy* which the beautiful and grand in nature inspires—that vacancy which admits of but one thought and but one feeling: the thought of immensity, in the midst of which we stand as powerless as a solitary aspen leaf; and the feeling which, leaving all behind that is natural, carries us off into the ideal, and by its own innate force bows us down in prostrate adoration.

LETTER 31.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON is called the "city of magnificent distances." This is the poetical phrase. You might call it by many other names in which the poetical idea is absent. It is truly a marvellous place. Of course, every English visitor to America goes to Washington, as every American visitor to England goes to London. But there probably is nothing more opposite in the world than London and Washington. It is a good journey across some of the Washington streets, and you might cross and recross them many times without let or hindrance, or having to put on more than an ordinary walking pace. There are fifteen large avenues within the city, each of them some miles long, in straight lines, but crossing and re-crossing each other, and from 120 to 160 feet wide. This is the dull season, and, no doubt, the fashionable people would say there was no one at home in

Washington at the present time. All I can say of it is, it appears a very dull place. It is like a huge mansion with the carpets lying about in the hall, and the furniture "done up" in brown-hollands. From the number of hotel-touts waiting the arrival of the train last evening, and from the manner in which they pressed their business, I got an idea of the place, which has since been confirmed, to the effect that more than usual caution is required. I have told you in some of my former letters of the system observed, both in Canada and America, by the hotel keepers, of having huge ledgers on their counters, in which they request all guests to enter their names and addresses. No sooner had I made the customary entry in the ledger than I noticed several loafers, who had been lying about the place, go up to the ledger, apparently for the purpose of making entries, but no doubt simply for the purpose of picking up any scrap of information calculated to assist them in fleecing the last new comer. On returning from my room, I was set upon by several fellows, who professed to know a great deal about England, and to be deeply interested in that country. One of them professed to know Bristol and other English towns and cities well. This soon got too much for me, and as the fellows were evidently in league with the clerk at the desk, I at once changed my quarters to another hotel. Before I had an opportunity of judging for myself, I had been cautioned much against Yankee sharpers, touts, and "confidence" men. It is but fair, however, that I should say, from personal experience, I have been as well and fairly treated by hotel keepers and others, both in Canada and America, as I should have been had I been travelling in England. I have not noticed a single act of vulgarity, or heard an indecent word uttered. No doubt there are men here always on the watch to take advantage of a man's making a fool of himself. Using ordinary judgment, a traveller is as safe and free from annoyance as he would be in England. People offering inducements for plucking are no doubt scarce in Washington at the present time, and that may account for my having had some little attention paid me, but I had no difficulty whatever in shaking off at once those who would soon, no doubt, have made me their sport, if not their victim.

Washington appears to have been a grand dream of the founder of the American republic. The site was selected by Washington himself, and to some extent, was laid out in accordance with his own plans. This will account for the very singular appearance of the place—an immense space, covering many square miles, dotted over at considerable intervals with buildings of the most elaborate and imposing construction, and occupying sites of rare vantage, the intervals being filled in with blank spaces, *waiting* to be built upon. There is room enough within the boundary of Washington for the population to grow and multiply and treble itself, and find room enough for all the house accommodation it might reasonably want, without going outside the line for it. This appears to be the leading feature of Washington. The shade trees which line the avenues save it from being a magnificent wilderness. How striking is the contrast between Washington and Chicago, and Toronto, Cincinnati, and Montreal, St. Louis, and quaint old Quebec. These places are what they are because of their inherent life: Washington is simply the capital of America. The Capitol was, of course, one of the first places I visited. The site of this building is the finest you can conceive of, commanding most extensive views from all points. The buildings are in the Italian style of architecture, as you are aware, but you must see them to appreciate their grand and imposing appearance. New wings have recently been added. The material used in their construction is white marble. The material in the old buildings is a white freestone, kept scrupulously white. I recollect once reading that the Capitol at Washington always looked as though it had been finished the day before and washed that morning. When this idea once gets into your head you are certain to find it revived whenever you look upon a public building at Washington. There is notably the "White House" at Washington, but it would be a somewhat difficult matter to find a house of any other color in the place. Of course a visit either to Washington or to the Capitol when Congress is not sitting must be comparatively a tame affair. The echo of one's footsteps, when pacing the deserted halls and corridors, had a very sepulchral sound. Inside the buildings the appearances are consistent with the American profession for simplicity and plainness. A thin gold beading round the panels of the white painted doors was among the chief ornamentation that was to be seen. On the walls and stair-landings there were a few historical paintings, and in some of the halls and passages there were busts, statues, and portraits in oil, of celebrated Americans. But, as a rule, the whole place was remarkable for its solid simplicity and plainness. I went into the Senate Chamber, and the House of Representatives, or what we should call in England, the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Notably, neither chamber is after our English model. There is nothing ornate about them. Both chambers correspond in design and style with the chamber of the Corps Legislatiff in Paris, and the corresponding Chambers at Ottawa, where the Canadian Senators and Representatives meet. The chief thing against their appearance is their height, which appeared to me to be very low for such assemblies, being only 30 feet high. The size of each chamber is 139 feet long, by 93 wide, the seats and desks for the members being in a semi-circular form, converging around the President's platform, which stands elevated several feet under one of the side walls of the chamber. Around the chambers there are galleries for the accommodation of reporters and the general public. After I had wandered over a large portion of the building, the officers, whose duty it is to show strangers over the place, began to take up their places, waiting the arrival of such persons as might wish for their assistance; and several of them, seeing that I was a stranger, were most polite in their attention to me. Just a word about these people, and about waiters and servants at the hotels. They do not make a visitor or guest comfortable or uncomfortable just in proportion to the value of the fee he hands them. I have seen nothing of the kind here, and it certainly is not looked for. In England you cannot see our Houses of Parliament, or a cathedral, or any other place of undoubted interest without dealing rather largely in fees; and after you have settled with the landlord of your hotel, there are the rights and perquisites of the servants, from the chambermaid who makes your bed to boots who blacks your shoes, to be satisfied. There is nothing of the kind known or thought of in America.

In connexion with my visit to the Capitol, it may not be out of place if I copy from a small work, just prepared by the American Social Science Association, some particulars respecting the Government of the United States, divided under the heads of National, State, Municipal, and Territorial.

1. NATIONAL.—The general government, of which Washington is the seat, has a two-fold character. First, it is federal, or in the nature of a league, because it recognises the different States as parties to it;

and second, it is national, or in the nature of a single sovereignty, because it declares itself to have been established by the people, and also because it acts directly upon the people. This composite character is not easily understood except through experience. But it must always stand at the head of any explanation of the United States Constitution.

The Constitution divides the national authority into three branches: executive, legislative, and judicial. The executive power is placed in the hands of a President, elected for four years, and capable of being re-elected. The legislative is divided between two houses; the upper, called the Senate, representing the States, with two members for each State, elected for six years; the lower, called the House of Representatives, representing the people, with one member for so many thousand inhabitants, elected for two years. The judicial power is vested in a Supreme Court, District Courts, and a Court of Claims, the judges being appointed by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, to hold office during good behaviour. A Vice-President, chosen for four years, presides over the Senate, and takes the place of the President in case of death or removal. To the President is attached a Cabinet, or ministry, consisting of Secretaries of State, Treasury, Interior, War, Navy, an Attorney-General, and a Postmaster-General, who are appointed by himself, and confirmed by the Senate.

To the different branches thus organised belong all the powers usually vested in a national government, but under certain restrictions unusual to other governments. These restrictions are of two classes, arising first, from the republican character of the government, and second, from its relations with the States. Of the first class are such provisions of the Constitution as are intended to secure the privilege of *habeas corpus*, the freedom of religion, speech, and the press, the right of the people to assemble, to petition, and to keep and bear arms, and many others. Of the second class are the provisions which obliged the United States to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, and reserve to the States respectively the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution.

2. STATE.—The State Governments are organised, like the general government, in three branches, executive, legislative and judicial. The first is in the hands of a Governor and other officers, chosen for terms of from one to four years; the second, in a legislature of two houses, whose members are chosen for terms of from one to four years for the Senate, and one to two years for the House of Representatives; the third, in a judiciary, consisting of superior and inferior courts, whose judges are mostly elected by the people, to serve for terms of from four to fifteen years. In fifteen States the judges of the higher courts are appointed by the executive or the legislature, and hold their office either for a stated term or during good behaviour.

The first question with regard to the State governments relates to their function. To what do they correspond in the European states? The answer is, to nothing with any degree of exactness, but if to anything, to the cantonal institutions of Switzerland. The States are

Republics, complete in organization, but incomplete in sovereignty. Their authority is not only purely domestic, but limited, even in that capacity, by the authority of the United States. They frame and execute laws, judge in civil and criminal cases, establish corporations, levy taxes, and control the militia, except when it has been called into the service of the general government. Thus many of the daily concerns of a citizen are more immediately dependent upon the states than upon the United States; and if the authority of the latter should ever be interrupted, that of the former would provide for at least his temporary protection or control. But the states have no national functions. They are expressly forbidden by the Constitution to enter into treaties, coin money, levy custom duties (without consent of Congress), keep troops or ships of war, or engage in war, unless in imminent danger, or deprive their own citizens, or those of other states, of their political rights.

3. MUNICIPAL.—A large portion of local authority is vested, as in Europe, in the cities or towns of the United States. But the precious privilege of self-government is infinitely more developed in the American Republic than in any other nation. It was the stronghold of the colonies in their early history and in the crisis of their revolution, and it has been the stay and staff of the nation in developing its political life through the last eighty years. Wherever, on the other hand, it has become corrupted, suffering and shame have invariably ensued. Its organization in the larger towns follows the common forms. Each city has its executive in the office of mayor; its legislature in a council composed of two boards, one generally called aldermen, the other common councilmen; and its judiciary in various courts, usually styled municipal or police. Each town, not a city, commonly governs itself with the aid of a board, usually called selectmen, who constitute an executive, while the legislative power resides in the towns-people, and the judicial is generally exercised by the courts of the state.

4. TERRITORIAL.—Temporary governments are established in the territories. A governor, secretary, and several judges are appointed by the President of the United States; while other officers, executive and judicial, and a legislature of two houses, are chosen by the people. The legislative acts are subject to revision by Congress, in which each territory is represented by a delegate, with the right to speak, but not to vote. When a territory acquires about the number of inhabitants which entitles it to a member in the national House of Representatives, an enabling act, authorizing the formation of a constitution, is passed by Congress; and when this instrument has been approved by the same body, another act admits the new State to the Union.

From the Capitol I went to the Department of Agriculture and the Land Office, and here I was astounded to find what care was taken to collect for public use every scrap of information relating to agriculture and the occupation of the land. No fact in connection with farming appeared too insignificant to be collected by the department, and published in the monthly reports, and subsequently in the annual volume, for the benefit of all whom it might concern. The mode of raising crops, including the result of all experiments, and the price realised in the public markets for the produce when raised, is duly published. I take almost at random the following paragraph from the report of the Commissioners of Agriculture for 1871. In the fall of that year there was a very limited supply of food for cattle. The department at once collected information likely to help the farmers to tide over the scarcity. The following was given by one of their correspondents:—

> Our farmers all declare they will never go back to the old way of feeding stock. We cut up our straw and everything available. Many of us have adopted the plan of steaming the food for our cattle, and we are satisfied from the experiments we have made that we save a third of our provender by steaming it. As a sample of what this manner of feeding stock will do, I will relate an instance of a young man who, a year ago this last spring bought a farm of 80 acres of land for 11,000 dollars. The farm then kept 11 cows, 4 or 5 yearlings, and a horse or two. The young man took hold of that farm and immediately put in 14 acres of sowed corn. He increased the stock to 25 cows, and kept them on 12 acres, feeding them with the sowed corn, and also cutting his oats green for food. His receipts the first year were over 3,000 dollars. This year he has summered on that same farm 27 cows, and he told me the other day that 27 cows would average him 100 dollars each from the profit on milk.

Our English government, probably, would think it scarcely within its province to publish, for the public good, such information as this. But no doubt the American farmer finds the information of great service to him. I have already given you some particulars about cheese. I copy from the same report the following particulars respecting

BUTTER-MAKING IN FACTORIES.

> No question connected with the dairy is more vital to the interests of producers and consumers than that of the best management of butter. The current expressions of dairymen in different portions of the country,

both east and west, show a thorough conviction of the necessity and practicability of a general application of the factory system to the manufacture of butter.

Mr. O. S. Bliss, secretary of the Vermont Dairymen's Association, states that having watched with much interest the working of co-operative butter manufacture, he has found it successful in every instance within his knowledge. As to the necessities of water, &c., a good spring or well, and suitable rooms and apparatus, contribute as much to the highest success of the co-operative system as to that of farm manufacture, and no more; but particular provision must be made against injury from the practices of careless feeders, such as are to be found in every community of milk-growers. As to the disposal of the skimmed milk, Mr. Bliss holds that the best course is to feed it out to pigs and calves, thus turning it into meat and manure, rather than to work it up into skimmed-cheese. Mr. I. H. Wanzer, manager of a butter and cheese factory at Elgin, Illinois, well-known as a skilful dairyman, says that while western cheese has attained a respectable standing in the general market, western butter, the weight of which is believed to amount to five times that of cheese, has a very unenviable reputation. There is greater need of reform in the staple of butter than in any other product of the north-west, and there is no doubt that butter factories, properly established, will be the most effective means of this reform. There is no danger of overstocking the market with butter of a superior quality, and it should not be forgotten that the manufactories to a great extent absorb small dairies without materially increasing production. But Mr. Wanzer concludes, from careful observation, that factory making of butter and cheese can be successfully carried on only where an abundant flow of running water is secured, and where the milk is supplied by patrons living within a moderate distance from the establishment; it being specially important that the milk when received should be sweet and free from injury, either by want of care in the hands of the farmer, or by conveyance over long distances in hot weather.

SETTING MILK FOR BUTTER.

The method of setting milk in deep vessels is claimed to give not only greater convenience of handling, but also a better condition of cream than is obtained under the old system of shallow pans. The milk is maintained at a uniform temperature by water flowing below and on all sides of the milk vessels.

Mr. J. W. Irons, manager of a butter and cheese factory in Tompkins county, New York, states that he sets his milk in tin pails, eight inches in diameter, and twenty inches deep, in pools filled by a steam-engine, which also gives power for churning and other purposes. Milk for butter alone remains in the pool from sixty to seventy-two hours, at a temperature of 60 deg. After the cream is taken from the pails it is kept till the next day, at a temperature of 65 deg., until acidity is developed, and is then put into old-fashioned barrel dash-churns, having a capacity of one and one-half barrel each, and working 50 to 55 strokes per minute, the churning lasting about one hour. Milk set at 64 deg. to 65 deg. gives a little more cream, but causes depreciation in the quality of the butter, while a temperature of 70 deg. results in a very inferior product.

Mr. Wanzer, of Elgin, Illinois, says :—"The setters in our factory are six inches in diameter and twenty inches deep, so that very little of the cream is exposed to the action of air and light ; cream from these setters makes much better butter than from that set in the ordinary way." From personal observation he is convinced that one of the most frequent causes of poor butter is the improper setting of cream, especially setting in rooms and cellars badly ventilated and exposed to impure odours.

AMOUNT OF MILK TO ONE POUND OF BUTTER.

In factory cheese-making it is found that 9½ or 10 pounds of milk are required for one pound of cheese on an average for the season. The establishment of this fact has settled many questions of dairy economy. While a difference exists in the productive capacity of individual cows in cheese-making, a much greater diversity is apparent in the richness of the butyraceous elements of their milk ; and, therefore, a greater difficulty in fixing an average yield of butter from a given quantity. A collection of recent facts will serve to illustrate the subject, if it shall not fix an average ratio of butter to milk for the aggregate number of American cows.

The manager of a creamery in Onandago County, New York, receiving milk from 300 cows, tested the number of pounds of milk required for one pound of butter, at the close of July, 1870. The delivery of milk on the evening of July 30, and the morning of July 31, amounted to 5,729 pounds, and this was set for about thirty hours, in deep pails, in a tank of spring water, maintained at a uniform temperature of 53 deg., after which the milk was removed and exposed to a free atmosphere for eighteen hours. Then, the milk having soured and thickened, the cream was removed, and kept till next day, when it was churned, producing 232 pounds of butter, each pound requiring an average of 24·69 pounds of milk. He states that at that season of the year a yield of 1 pound of cheese from 10 pounds of milk is considered very satisfactory. Cheese at that time was worth 14 cents per pound ; and, after making a small extra charge against the butter, for excess of expense in making and packing, over the cost attending cheese manufacture, he estimated that it must bring 35 cents per pound in order to pay an equal profit with the cheese.

Mr. H. C[illegible] Green, superintendent of a cheese and butter factory at Woodcock, Crawford County, Pennsylvania, made butter exclusively from July 2[illegible] to September 10, 1871, using the milk of 700 cows. The milk was set in pails, immersed in water, and was allowed to sour before skimming, great care being taken to secure the best possible yield. The average product was 1 pound of butter from 26 pounds of milk. He has never been able on any one day to obtain more than 1 pound of butter from 23 pounds of milk. He has several times experimented as to the comparative yield of sweet and sour cream, and the uniform result has been that the yield of butter from the sour cream has been one-fifth greater than that from sweet cream.

Mr. Greene also presents the record of a creamery in Tompkins County, New York, which reports an average for the season of 1869 of 1 pound of butter from 27 pounds of milk. The milk was sweet when skimmed, but the cream was soured before churning, and the skimmed milk was converted into cheese.

On September 12, 1870, the Davis cheese factory in Herkimer County, New York, was compelled, by an accident to the boiler, to manufacture into butter one day's receipts of milk, amounting to 4,000 pounds. The milk was set twelve hours, and from the cream was obtained 200 pounds of choice butter, showing, somewhat to the manager's surprise, an average of 1 pound of butter from 20 pounds of milk, which would be equivalent to about nine and one-half quarts.

The Elgin butter factory, Elgin, Illinois, received during November, 1870, 1,480 gallons of milk; averaging during that period 1 pound of butter (besides 2 pounds of skimmed cheese) from 12·07 quarts of milk.

The following particulars are from reports for 1871 of butter factories in Franklin County, New York—Barley Spring Factory, Chateaugay:—First season of operation, May 29 to October 20; number of cows employed, 135; pounds of milk used, 270,811; average amount of milk required for 1 pound of butter, 22·55 pounds. Berry factory, Malone:—First season of operation, May 24 to October 28; number of cows employed, 175; pounds of milk used, 425,988; average amount of milk for 1 pound of butter, 25·1 pounds; average price of butter at the factory, 31 cents. The report states that, in the midst of the heated term, the machinery was found defective in respect to thorough cooling of the milk, and that this imperfection caused the average of milk to butter to be larger than it would otherwise have been. The Cold Spring Factory, Malone, using 441,267 pounds of milk for the season, averaged 22·31 pounds of milk for 1 pound of butter. The Keeler Factory, Malone (opened June 25), Horace L. Dickinson's Factory, Moira, and the Union Factory, Bangor, report their respective amounts of milk for the season at 152,829 pounds, 348,263 pounds, and 233,161 pounds, and averages of milk for butter at 23·72 pounds, 23·13 pounds, and 24·5 pounds. The statement of the latter factory shows that it did not obtain a sufficient supply of water during the hottest part of the season. Consolidating these six statements for the season of 1871, they present an average of 23·48 pounds, or about ten and three-fourths quarts of milk for 1 pound of butter.

A large number of reports of small dairies, or of single animals, have been received, widely varying in quantity of milk to the pound of butter, in some cases showing milk of exceptional richness; but the results in these associated enterprises, involving a large number of cows, are better guides in approximating a true average of the cows in the best dairy regions. As the milk of the cows of New York or Ohio is not equal in butter production to that of selected cows in these factory enterprises, the average amount of milk required to make a pound of butter might be placed at 25 pounds for the states in which dairying is prominent. An average for all parts of the country, from the actual results of present processes of butter-making, would probably be as high as 30 pounds.

In most American cities, milk is prepared, and sold, in a condensed form, for general domestic purposes, but more particularly in hospitals and public institutions. In this matter, also, the government collects every possible information respecting the manufacture, and circulates it for the public benefit. Some of our English manufacturers profess to keep their works private, and to have some secret mode of preparing the article. The following extracts from the report of the Commissioners of Agriculture will shew that the Americans are desirous of arriving at the best by throwing the trade open to competition, and inviting the attention of all persons interested to the process of manufacture:—

CONDENSED MILK.

The manufacture of condensed milk continues to be discussed by dairymen, with a view to future co-operative effort in that direction. The trade in this article has been much increased within the last two years, and has assumed considerable consequence, especially in the milk supply of New York city.

The following summary is from an account given by Mr. Willard of his visit to the milk-condensing works of Mr. Gail Borden, at Brewster's, New York, in December, 1871. The milk, when received at the factory, is turned into vats, whence it is conducted through a hose into copper cans, holding 40 quarts each, and set in circular bath tubs, furnished with a coil of steam pipe at the bottom, by which it is heated to between 150 deg. and 175 deg. It is then raised to the boiling point in adjacent heating wells, having a jacketed bottom for steam. Thence it is drawn to a vacuum pan, six feet deep, provided with two coils of pipe, with an average steam pressure of 55 or 60 pounds per square inch. The milk is here subjected to a heat of 135 deg. or 145 deg., and is condensed by evaporation, at the rate of 2,000 quarts per hour. The process is then concluded by super-heating to a temperature of 190 deg. to 200 deg., by which the milk is finally reduced to about one-quarter of its original volume. When "preserved condensed milk" is made, six and three-quarters ounces of sugar are taken for each three pounds of raw milk, and this sugar is turned into a movable well, where it is dissolved by turning on a small quantity of hot milk. This solution is then drawn into the pan and mingled with the mass of milk, which has meantime been partially condensed. The factory sends about fifty 40-quart cans of plain condensed milk to New York city daily, where it sells at 40 to 50 cents per quart. Mr. Willard was informed that the production of a good article of condensed milk was found to depend not so much on the best formula of manufacture as on the thorough purity and good condition of the milk when received at the factory, and upon the subsequent cleanliness of handling. In order to secure the best conditions, a strict supervision is maintained over the dairies connected with the factory, and each lot of milk is tested, as to cream, sweetness, and keeping quality. The cost of erecting and operating a condensed milk factory, capable of converting 5,000 gals. of crude milk daily, has been estimated at 12,450 dol., of which 2,500 dol. will cover the cost of a building, and 9,950 that of the apparatus in working order. The daily running expenses, including the wages of a superintendent, two labourers, and one engineer, fuel, wear, taxes, insurance, interest, &c., are placed at 24·50 dols. An additional allowance of 4 per cent. on the first cost of the milk is made, in order to cover waste in working. This allowance on daily receipts of 5,000 gallons, at a first cost of 12½ cents. per gallon, amounts to 200 gallons, worth 25 dols., swelling the daily expense to 49·50 dols. The total expense of manufacture averages a little more than 1 cent on each quart of condensed milk.

A recent paper by Dr. C. F. Chandler, of New York, states that all the hospitals and charitable institutions of that city under the control of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Corrections are supplied daily with condensed milk by the American Condensed Milk Company, Purdy's Station, New York. The agreement made with the company stipulated for the condensation of 430 quarts of good country milk to 100 quarts of the manufactured article. The commissioners having ordered an investigation to test the quality of the condensed milk, Dr. Chandler made a careful examination, and found satisfactory proof that each 100 quarts of the article furnished represented about 450 quarts of good country milk, which was the proportion actually reported by the company to the board. This company supplies condensed milk in quantities of 25 to 100 quarts daily, at 30 cents per quart in summer, and 35 cents in winter ; and in quantities of 300 quarts or more daily, at 25 cents per quart in summer, and 28 cents in winter.

Taking Dr. Chandler's report in connection with the estimate of expense of manufacture presented by Mr. Willard, it would appear that the crude milk finally returns an average value of a little more than 6 cents per quart over the cost of conversion. Mr. Willard, however, places the value at a considerably higher figure.

From the Department of Agriculture I went to the Smithsonian Institute, a museum of geology, natural history, &c., founded by an Englishman, named Smith. It was a very good museum, and some of the specimens were remarkable, and such as would be likely to prove interesting and valuable to the student. But, as a whole, the museum is neither large nor striking. But then our British Museum was not made up in a day. The Smithsonian Institute is not laid out for a monster museum; probably the time will come when it will have grown to be one, for the material always "turning up" must be sufficient, both in interest and abundance, to throw many an old-world museum into the shade. I was much interested in noticing that some of the cases were devoted to specimens from Wiltshire, more particularly from the "drift," the contributions being principally from the Blackmore Museum, Salisbury. Among the specimens, there was a model of Stonehenge, by Mr. Brown, of Amesbury, the well-known Stonehenge guide.

From the Smithsonian Institute I went to the Treasury, a huge white building. Inside the chief entrance, there were two or three persons lounging about, and at the entrances to the various departments there was occasionally a messenger seated at a small desk, as though waiting for orders. But, beyond this, there was neither show nor display of any kind. In fact, all was so quiet and unostentatious that the place had more the appearance of offices belonging to a large and wealthy firm of merchants, than of anything else I could think of. Notably, the only striking feature of the place was the number of females who were to be seen passing along the passages, going from one office to another. Females, I was informed, were very generally employed as clerks in the various departments. In the Treasury, from whence the paper money is issued, females are almost, if not quite, exclusively employed. Why this was I could not learn. Had I asked the ladies themselves probably they could have given me a reason. Many of the servants in charge of the doors leading into the various offices were colored people. Having a letter for Dr. Young, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, I was requested by the waiter at the door, when I had found out his department, to open it and walk in; and, on obeying these unceremonious orders, I found myself confronting the Doctor, seated at his desk, but unfortunately suffering acutely from illness. He, however, received me most kindly, and at once entered most keenly into the English labour question, and the position, more particularly, of the English agricultural labourer. Like Mr. Pope, at Ottawa, he appeared to be deeply interested in the condition of the English labourer, failing altogether to understand the rate of wages in Wilts, and other counties, to farm hands. He stated that his department had just completed some returns, shewing the average daily wages, with and without board, and the average monthly wages, with board, paid for farm labour in the several states of the Union. Taking the New England States, Connecticut paid the highest rate of wage, experienced hands in summer getting $2 per day, with board, or $2 50c. without board. In the winter months the wages were $1 25c. per day, with board, or $1 75c. without board. The lowest rate paid was in Massachusetts, where, in summer, experienced hands got $1 per day, with board, or $1 50c. without board; female servants getting from $10 50c. to $12 per month, with board. In the middle and western states the daily wages in summer ranged from 93c., with board, or $1 32c. without board, in Maryland; to $2, with board, or $2 50c. without board, in Minnesota. The lowest daily wage paid in the winter months to farm hands in any of the New England, middle, or western states was in Maryland, where the rate was 55c. with board, or 82c. without board. In the southern states wages were lower, but in the Pacific states and territories the rates were considerably higher. Taking the general average of all the states, the rate of daily wages was as follows :—

	Dol.	Cent.
Experienced hands, in summer, with board	1	27
,, ,, ,, without board	1	71
Experienced hands, in winter, with board	0	92
,, ,, ,, without board	1	31
Ordinary hands, in summer, with board	0	94
,, ,, ,, without board	1	35
Ordinary hands, in winter, with board	0	73
,, ,, ,, without board	1	06

Common labourers at other than farm work, with board, 1 dol. 09c., without board, 1 dol. 49c. The general average for female servants was 9 dol. 04c. per month.

These rates only apply to unskilled labour. On the authority of Dr. Young, I am enabled to quote the general average rate of wages paid to skilled workmen throughout the whole of the United States. In the Pacific states and territories the rates are much higher; but these I will not quote. The rates are without board, for which a daily charge of about 50c. is generally made. Blacksmiths, $2 72c.; bricklayers or masons, $3 40c.; cabinet-makers, $2 67c.; carpenters, $2 74c.; coopers, $2 65c.; painters, $2 82c.; plasterers, $3 32c.; shoemakers, $2 41c.; stonecutters, $3 43c.; tailors, $2 49c.; tanners, $2 60c.; tinsmiths, $2 63c.; wheelwrights, $2 84c.

You must bear in mind that these are no exceptional rates. They are the average rates of the whole country, extending over thousands of miles. By also recollecting that a $ (dollar) represents 4s. 2d. of English money, and that a working man can board and lodge well for 50c., or half a dollar, a day, you may easily compare the relative positions of the English and American workman, both skilled and unskilled.

Having visited several other departments, I went to see the White House, the official residence of the President. It is a very plain two storied building, remarkable principally for having a large portico projecting from the centre, no doubt intended for the convenience of persons arriving in their carriages on levee or reception days. On either side of this portico the building stretches out as plain as plain can be, the flat stuccoed walls being pierced by four windows on the basement floor. Over these there are four other windows; and above these again, a cornice and balustrade, which shuts out the roof, the whole being painted white. Imagine this to be the building on either side the portico, and you have the "White House," at Washington. The house being in the hands of the painters and paperers, it was closed to the public. But for this I could have had free entry. A wanderer like myself has thus described his visit to the White House, and I copy his account because it tallies so thoroughly with my own impressions. "I did not intend," he remarks, "to seek admission, for the President was at home, and I thought it might be closed. However, I walked up to look at the outside. It deserves the name of White House, even in a city of white edifices, for everything about it—the glaring road, the blinds, the door itself—helped to claim the title. I saw no one about, no sentries, no servants of any kind. A soldier's horse was tied up at the entrance, but everything stood quiet and still in the bright sunshine. Presently four persons, Americans, whom I had seen doing the sights of Washington, and whom, indeed, I had not long before directed to the spiral staircase which leads up to the dome of the Capitol, came sauntering out. They walked away, and the door was shut behind them. Another orderly rode up, tied his horse to a ring in the portico, and walked in. I turned aside, and was strolling off, supposing the

White House was closed to visitors for the day, when an old negress came smiling out by some side door. 'Mornin,' sar,' said she. 'Mornin,' mam,' said I. I supposed her to be a sort of Aunt Sally among the servants, and asked her if the house was still open. 'Bless you, sar,' she replied, 'I've been there three hours; but I didn't see the President after all.' 'Did you want to see him?' 'Yes, sar; wages very low, work scarce.' 'Did you expect him to find you any?' 'Well, sar, I thought I'd go and see, but he is busy.' Then she volunteered her opinion on his fitness for his post, and praised Lincoln. 'Ah! I do believe he was a Christian.'"

"'But he was busy.' Busy! I should think so, if he has to listen to every personal tale. However, Aunt Sally provoked me at least to look into the house, so I retraced my steps and rang the front bell. A servant out of livery opened the door at once, and began shewing me over the place. I said I was an Englishman passing through Washington, and hoped I was not too late to see the White House. 'Oh, no, sir,' he replied, 'but you must not expect to see such a palace as you have in England.' While we were looking about I said, 'I suppose the President is much pressed upon by visitors.' 'Well,' he rejoined, 'there are pretty many, but I am sure he would see you if you walked upstairs.' 'I won't trouble him,' said I; 'besides I have not come prepared to seek a presentation.' I referred him to my dress—wideawake and overcoat, which I wore because the wind was keen, though the sun was bright. He saw what I meant and laughed, adding, 'We don't think about that here sir.' So I strolled up the stairs, which were public, and found myself, without introduction, in a large room, where General —— was hearing an application from some contractor at a table, a secretary sitting at another, and an old gentleman standing before the fire with an unlit cigar in his mouth. A negro porter sat by a door on the other side of the room."

"The General, too, asked me most courteously if I wanted to see the President. I replied that had I known he received that day I would have sought, with others, the honour of making my bow to him, but that I did not like to go in as I was. He smiled, and said that made no difference, and added, 'Send your card in. Sit down.' So I gave him my card and sat down, while he went on with his business. In a minute or two I was called into an inner room, and found the President standing before the fire smoking a cigar. He was exceeding courteous and honoured me with some conversation about Utah and the great line, the former of which he knew much about personally, having been there. Then I made my bow, he shook hands, and I went out certainly much impressed with the extreme facility of access granted by the head of the Government to visitors. The whole thing was so unexpectedly informal that I felt it difficult to realise that I had had an interview with so great a personage as the President of the United States."

LETTER 32.

BALTIMORE.

HAVING completed my hasty run through Washington, I started off for Baltimore, arriving in that city in the afternoon, after the day's business had been pretty well closed. By a poetical fiction, Baltimore is called the "Monumental" city. At even the first glance, it was clear to see that it was a thorough-going business city. I was not long in finding there were some "sharp" people living there. The banks were closed, and, wanting to change some gold, I went into a money changer's office, and asked for change for an English sovereign, and the fellow in charge of the place, after some demur, on the ground that business for the day was closed, deliberately handed me notes for four dollars twenty-five cents, which he vowed was the proper and full exchange. The idea that my English gold was of less value than Yankee greenbacks was rather too much for me. I, however, swallowed the insult, and pocketed my sovereign. After I had passed some distance down the street, I had occasion to look back towards the money changer's shop, and I could see the rascal standing there in mute astonishment, looking after me with all his eyes. I afterwards went into a large drapery store, and there proper respect was shewn for that which is so invulnerable and powerful the world over —English gold—and I got something handsome over five dollars for my sovereign. I could have gone back and kicked the rascally money changer—but I didn't. But I could now understand fully some "notices to emigrants" I had read, setting out the peculiar advantages of the port of Baltimore to those going west. "In no single instance," the notice declared, "had an emigrant been fleeced or robbed" —on the wharf or landing stage. This, it was admitted, was owing to the fact that the premises were securely enclosed. Another advantage set forth was that the emigrant could get at once into the railway car from the landing stage, and proceed on his journey without the fear of coming into contact with "outside parties." It may be readily understood that the emigrant is an object of much interest to the sharper. He has been, for probably the first time in his life, for a long sea voyage, and for from twelve to twenty days has been shut up to a life entirely new to him, yet more monotonous than anything he had ever before experienced, so that the sight of land is the sight of liberty to him, and in his new found freedom to move and act, and breathe again, he too frequently walks into the net which is always spread to catch him. I feel quite certain that if we could but read the true history of the great majority of those who return home after a very brief stay in America, we should be enabled to trace the failure to a mistake made at the landing; to some indiscretion there committed, and over which the emigrant broods, but rarely, if ever, discloses. From what I can learn, the authorities take every possible precaution to protect the emigrant against the designs of sharpers and rascals; but if a man was bound round like an Egyptian mummy with Acts of Parliament, and of Congress, some amount of precaution and discretion would be required of the emigrant to secure his preservation, comfort, and well being, when landing in a new country.

Maryland, of which Baltimore is the chief city, is not a very go-a-head place in respect to population. As long ago as the year 1790, the state had a population of 319,728. By 1871, the number had only increased to 780,894. At the former date (1790) there were 111,079 colored people, or slaves, in the state to 208,649 whites, or free people. By 1870, these numbers had increased to 175,391 colored, and 605,497 whites. Compared with some of the *free* states, this increase is most insignificant. But they are all *free* states now; and the curse having been removed, Maryland may flourish. Baltimore being one of the two (New Orleans being the other) chief commercial ports for the Southern States, suffered much in the way of trade during the recent war. But it has more than recovered what it then lost in the way of trade, and promises at no distant day to be something more than sixth in population in the United States. In 1870, nearly 100,000 bales of cotton were exported from Baltimore, or more than treble the number exported in 1865. It is considered one of the best markets for flour, and the best for tobacco in the United States.

I can tell you but little about the public buildings in Baltimore, for the very good reason that I saw little or nothing of them. I saw the two monuments, of which I did not think a great deal, and I had a run through some of the principal thoroughfares. An Englishman can have no difficulty in feeling at home in Baltimore. The city is laid out in squares and at right angles, like most other American cities, but you cannot see it so plainly as at some other places. The shops also partake of a decided old country character. The inhabitants are undoubtedly proud of their city, for whenever I chanced to make an inquiry about any thing or place, I was certain to get the extra information that Baltimore was the finest city in the whole Union. I can answer for it that this does not, and cannot, apply to some parts of the city, for in some of the streets I entered the sight was not pleasant to the eye, nor the smell agreeable to the nose. Stinking slush, very like sewage matter, was running down the gutters, and at the bottom of one of the streets I noticed what I never saw in a town or city before—stepping stones from eighteen inches to two feet high, placed at short distances from each other right across the street, from foot path to foot path, for convenience of passengers when the road was flooded. If the street flood was simply a rising of the gutter streams, I do not envy the inhabitants when the waters are out. I stopped and watched the horses working their way, and the vehicles they were drawing, between the stepping stones, and it was curious to see how perfect practice had made them in the work. But out in the less business and more retired parts of the city, sights were to be seen of quite another character. Most of the houses were approached by a flight of white marble steps, leading to the front door, and on and around these steps the lady of the house held her evening court. It was curious, but the sight was occasionally an intensely interesting one, to notice the whole family seated in this manner. Where the lady happened to be somewhat "elderly," she usually was seated in a chair placed slightly inside the door, the "younger" folk being seated around her on the steps, or lounging on the railings, each one of the company being in evening dress. In some instances, it was plain to notice that there were others beside the immediate members of the family in the party, and that it was on and around the door step where the evening party or friendly call as well as the social gathering was held. In England, this kind of thing would be impossible. First of all the climate would not allow of it, and, if it would, what would Mrs. Grundy say? But, all obstacles removed, it would be long before we could arrive at the charming simplicity which marks these unique social and friendly gatherings in the streets and in the suburbs of an American city, even if we tried our best. I understand that this mode of spending the evening is to be seen more or less wherever the German element prevails—and it would be difficult to say where it does not prevail in America, for the Germans form an important section in every community. The Beer Garden is essentially a German institution. These are places set apart for evening resort, where the "cool" of the evening, and the best, newest, and choicest music, are alike cultivated, and where *pater* can sit, accompanied by *mater* and the young ones, and enjoy his lager and his pipe, without feeling that he is outraging any of the proprieties, or is bringing his family up to evil habits or disreputable practices. But you must see these "door-step" parties to know how simple and unaffected, how homely and pure, they look. There is not the slightest tinge of vulgarity or show-off about them.

The people of Baltimore are proud of their city. And not without reason. I several times felt that I could have gone and taken my seat along with the little party, and felt myself at home with them. This I also felt; that the little party would resort to any excuse or expedient to make me welcome if I could

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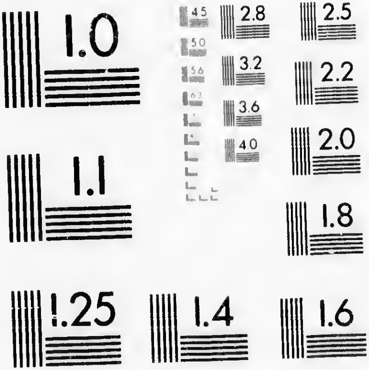
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but give them the slightest reason for so doing. But, at the best, I am even worse than a bird of passage running through these American cities. *There are upwards of one hundred and twenty public schools* within the city of Baltimore. There is also a Peabody Institute, founded by George Peabody, and an institution for the promotion of the Mechanic Arts, where, in day and night schools, instruction in design is given to pupils of both sexes. There are also a public library, four universities and colleges, and a public park of over six hundred acres.

I have been strongly urged to look in upon Philadelphia, the Quaker city, but as we are now within a few hours of the memorable fourth of July, or Independence Day, which I hope to spend in New York, I have laid in a moderate supply of the celebrated Baltimore oysters, and booked myself for New York direct.

LETTER 33.

NEW YORK.

DROPPING off to sleep as the train was passing through Michigan state, I awoke in New Jersey state early the following morning, ready for another day's work. I did not see much of this latter state; and the little I did see was not of a particularly striking character. But the railway traffic seemed immense. Along the whole distance of 180 miles the train was well laden; but in the morning, when we neared New Jersey city, it became inconveniently crowded. From three or four in the morning, the whole country seemed alive with the people moving. The country looked dirty and ragged in the early sun-light, and there seemed no finish about anything. Most things looked new and dirty. Some soil, which I noticed in particular, seemed to be of a light sandy nature, looking dry, and barren, when not in full cultivation, which was very rarely the case, and then only in isolated patches. The buildings, too, were of a most miscellaneous character, it being a rare thing to see two houses alike, although most of them were what are known as "frame" buildings, built of wood. Everything seemed in a state of transition, more especially when we reached the outskirts of New Jersey city, which lies on one side the Hudson river, the city of New York lying on the opposite side.

New Jersey state is somewhat limited in area, compared with some of the other states, containing only 7,576 square miles, with a population of 905,794. 82,547 are located in New Jersey city; around which place there are many manufactories, employing large numbers of workmen. There are iron, copper, and zinc mines in the state, the annual produce of iron being about 60,000 tons. There are also large glass, silk, and salt manufactories in the state. After passing through what appeared to be a large suburb of some large city, we arrived at the landing stage, and, amidst a rare scene of elbowing, and bustle, and push, I had my first view of the river Hudson. The river here is about a mile broad, the shore on either side being lined for a distance of two or three miles with landing stages, belonging to railway and shipping companies. These stages are like long piers, running out a considerable distance into the river, sufficiently distant from each other to admit of the large Atlantic steamers running alongside, taking in or discharging their cargoes. On the New York side, there are between fifty and sixty of these piers, generally running out about 250 yards into the river, in a distance of about two miles. By this arrangement nearly twenty miles of water frontage is secured, and made available for accommodating the never ceasing traffic of the river. At the south end of this series of piers, or landing stages, are situate the Castle Gardens, the great emigrant depôt, and about which I shall probably have to make some remarks hereafter. Each pier, or landing stage, being numbered and appropriated to some particular railway, ferry, or line of packets, persons are enabled to go direct to the point they want, and, if they know when to select the right time, may step out of the street railway car, which runs along in front of the pier entrances from every part of the city, almost on to the deck of the vessel by which they purpose crossing, either the Hudson or the Atlantic. Crossing the river by one of the steam ferry boats, compared with which the ferry boats on the Mersey, at Liverpool, are quite insignificant, I set foot for the first time on the island of Manhatton, on which the city of New York is built.

I had no difficulty whatever in realising the fact that I was in America. The scene was just what one would expect. The hurry and bustle was something appalling, although there were hundreds of men and women about in the streets making a desperate effort to do nothing. They were those who had done their work in the early morning by greeting the dawn of Independence Day with a terrific shout, and were now "whiling" the time away until the period should arrive for them to see the day go out in a blaze of fireworks, the banging of cannon, and the smoke and smell of gunpowder. But there were others who were in the full hurly-burly of the day's work. There were railroads up and down nearly every street, coming out and joining in the line which runs along in front of the river landing stages, with cars arriving and departing incessantly. There was a railway up over head, the road or track being supported on the top of iron pillars, somewhat like we in England support telegraph wires. It certainly was a curious sight to see a railway train stopping to take in passengers, apparently from the windows on the second or third story of a house, and then losing passengers, train, and all, amidst the chimnies of other houses in the distance. But, perhaps, the most characteristic sight of all were the draymen and waggon drivers. Generally, they were colored men, the height of whose ambition was reached only when they had succeeded in perching themselves on a seat several feet above horses and load, and from which they could shout, and grin, and crack their whips, and handle the ribbons with all the pride of an old stage coachman, but after the broad and lively fashion of—well, of Negro draymen and waggon drivers. They were as lively as colored Mercuries; and as they swayed to and fro on their tall perches, dancing like an aspen-leaf in a whirlwind to the jolting of their vehicles as they rattled over the rough uneven roads, with their eyes glistening and dancing, and looking in every conceivable direction, and with their mouths almost incessantly open, shouting compliments to other niggers, they had both a comical and a lively appearance. Out of a total population of 942,292 there were on June 1st, 1870, 13,072 colored people in New York. Taking New York as a central point, and including with it Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, Hoboken, Newark, and other places connected, or separated only by the East river and the Hudson river, as London is separated by the Thames, New York may be said to contain, at the present time, a population of over two millions. And yet the island on which New York stands was only discovered in the year 1609 by an English navigator, who found it in the possession of an Indian tribe. They, of course, had peremptory orders to "move on;" but whether on account of neglect on the part of the discoverer, or some other cause, I cannot say, the Dutch took possession of the island in course of the following year, and built a fort on the southern extremity of the island, on the spot now known as the Castle

Gardens, facing the entrance from the Atlantic, which lies some 18 miles off. Of course, the English could not suffer this, so they continued to harass and worry the Dutch for the next fifty years, at the end of which time they managed to send the Dutch after the Indians, and took possession themselves. This did not suit the Dutch, who, by dint of hard knocks and blows, managed to regain possession in the following year, but could keep it for one year only, when they were finally driven from possession. But I am not going to trouble you with a history of America, or of New York. You must go to Diedrick, Knickerbocker, and other eminent authorities for history. I purpose only giving you a slight sketch of this island of Manhatton, formerly a mass of hard rock, and bogs, and swamps, running along by the side of the Hudson river for about fourteen miles, and of a width of about two miles the greater part of that distance, but running off to a point at the north end, and to a round sharp curve at the opposite extremity. It was on this southern point of the island that the Dutch settled themselves in 1609, the island up to that time being in the possession of a party of Indians. In 1873, there were located on this same island a population of a million souls! And yet between 1609 and 1873 the place had been *many times* the fighting ground of factions and of nations; many times it had been the field of scenes which paralyze and destroy commerce; but yet it had risen, grown, and prospered, and had called up cities around it of a nearly equal extent and importance. You cannot learn the slightest fact in connection with the history of this great city without at once seeing how illimitable are the resources, and how active the interests, of the country of which it is the commercial head. On the 4th July, 1776, after disturbances and wars, extending over a period of eleven or twelve years, and carried on on American soil, thirteen British colonies in America declared themselves free and independent states, abjuring all allegiance to the British crown, and renouncing all political connection with that country. Practically, by this act and deed, the United States were created an independent nation, and the American Republic thereby established. Since then, the Americans have kept up the 4th of July as "Independence" Day. In 1876 they are going to have a very remarkable celebration of the day. They have been preparing for the occasion for some years past. One of the events of the day is to be the blowing up of Hell-gate.

But for some time my view of New York was confined to the lower parts of the city; among the wharves and drays. Crossing the southern part of the city by one of the street railways, I made for the east river, where, taking the ferry boat, I crossed into Williamsburg, where some good friends were awaiting my arrival, and who were to shew me the sights of the day and the place. It was not long before I was back again into the city "doing" the Broadway, and some other of the more notorious parts of the city. But what a place it is. If you take a map of London you may succeed in tracing out about as much uniformity in the streets as there is in a spider's web. But if you take a map of New York you find the streets laid out at right angles, with mathematical accuracy. I have already told you that the island of Manhatton is fourteen miles long. In due course there will be streets on the island fourteen miles long, probably for half or two-thirds of the distance, as straight as an arrow. At the present time, perfect regularity of the streets, right across, as well as down the island, commences at a point about two and-a-half miles distant from the southern extremity. From that point northward, for several miles, right up the island, there are thirteen avenues, running perfectly straight, and in parallel lines. They are known as First Avenue, Second Avenue, and so on. These streets, or avenues, are 100 feet wide, with the buildings well set back behind good broad footways, lines of shade-trees breaking the monotony, and giving a park-like appearance to the place. Across these avenues, at right angles, and running from one side of the island to the other, are streets, generally 80 feet wide, each known by a number, and not, as with us, by a name. The convenience of this arrangement in finding out a locality is very great. The city itself is like a map laid out before those who want to find their way about, and the map has the additional advantage of having a scale to it, shewing the distance from one point to another. The district on the one side of the Fifth Avenue is known as the East, and the opposite side as the West. Generally, the cross streets are two miles long, the Fifth Avenue running across them in about the middle. In every case the name of the street denotes the exact locality of the street. If you happen to be in Tenth street, Fifth Avenue, West, and want to go to Fifteenth street, Fifth Avenue, East, you have simply to cross over the road, and, passing five blocks or streets, you arrive direct at your destination; and in this way you get from one part to another without trouble or confusion. At the present time there are close upon a thousand streets, avenues, courts, and lanes; and it is expected that in course of the next ten years the whole of the island will be either built over or appropriated for public purposes; and when that day arrives there will be this remarkable fact:—Any child, of ordinary capacity, who can read the name plates at the corners of the streets, wanting to go from one part of the city to another, no matter however distant, will be enabled to make direct for the place, and judge pretty clearly the distance to be travelled over. A contrast this to our English system, where at every turn the stranger has to appeal to the policeman or shopkeeper, and where there is nothing whatever to distinguish the locality. This arrangement of the streets is also exceedingly convenient for dividing the city into wards and school districts.

I have in my former letters told you something of the public schools and education of the young in Canada. It may be interesting to know something about the provision made for education in America. Free education is provided in every state. To each of the states organised since 1785, the sixteenth part of each township, and to each of the states organised since 1859, the thirty-sixth section also of each township, has been reserved by the general government for the support of common schools. In England, we recognise one-tenth of the land, or its produce, as belonging to the Church; in America, one-sixteenth, with an additional thirty-sixth part of the land has been reserved for the purposes of education. The land thus reserved, increasing in value with the increase of population, is always found to meet the requirements of the township, wherever situate. The city of New York is divided into twenty-two wards for educational purposes. Let me give you a few facts respecting the population of New York. As you know, the total population on the first of June, 1870, was 942,292. Of these 523,198 were native born, and 419,094 were foreign born; 929,199 were white, and 13,093 were colored, including 9 Indians, the original inhabitants or owners of the soil. Out of the total number of inhabitants, 155,603 were attending school on the day already quoted, 141,677 being native, and 13,926 being foreign born. Not bad this, I think you will admit: one scholar to (about) every six and-a-half of the population. Within these same school districts, on this first of June, there were 40,056 persons ten years of age and over who could not read, and 61,238 persons ten years of age and upwards who could not write, the number being made up as follows:—White: from 10 to 15 years of age, 1,878 males, 1,916 females; 15 to 21 years of age, 1,210 males, 3,013 females; 21 years of age and over, 14,974 males, 36,810 females. Colored: from 10 to 15 years of age, 37 males, 63 females; 15 to 21 years, 69 males, 131 females; 21 and over, 687 males, 1,392 females; together with 58 Chinese and Indians, whose ages were not given. When we recollect that out of these illiterates 53,791 were foreign born, many of them coming probably from our own shores, and only 8,447 native born, we must, I think, see that education in America, or rather in New York state, is both popular, general, and effective. In the state of New York (total population 4,382,759), there were 13,020 schools, with 8,035 male and 20,883 female teachers, and 373,276 male, and 488,746 female pupils; the public income of the schools being $15,936,783! The schools are usually graded, or classified, beginning with primary schools for the youngest pupils, and advancing, as grammar, high, agricultural, and industrial. Practically, there are only two schools under the control of the government of the United States—a military academy and a naval academy. The state and municipal governments, so to speak, are the patrons of the common school system. Most of the states have a board of education, with a secretary or general superintendent; and a large number have county superintendents, one for each county. Most of the cities have a board, or committee, and a superintendent; while the smaller towns generally have committees or trustees, but no superintendents. The cost of education to the state in the public schools varies considerably. In Massachusetts, for instance, it averages $16·46c. per annum: in Illinois, $7·83c.; in New York, $6·83c.; in Maine, $4·78c. in Indiana, $2·37c.; in Kentucky, 60c.; and in North Carolina, 48c. No doubt in these latter states the system is less perfect, and more indifferently carried out. It was estimated, in course of the education debates in the English House of Commons, that the average cost of a pupil in an English elementary school was 30s. a year. In addition to the school accommodation, to which I have referred, there are many private schools.

On June 1, 1870, there were 141,629 schools, including public, classical, professional, technical, and private schools in the United States, with 93,329 male, and 127,713 female teachers, and 3,621,996 male, and 3,587,942 female pupils. The total income of the schools for the year ending that day was $95,402,726; $3,663,785 being derived from endowments, $61,746,039 from taxation and public funds, and $29,992,902 from other sources, including tuition. Connected somewhat with the public schools are the public libraries. There are no less than 56,015 public libraries in the United States, containing 19,456,518 volumes. In 1860, the numbers were 19,581 libraries, and 8,550,144 volumes; and in 1850, 15,615 libraries and 4,636,411 volumes. In England we are sometimes inclined to make light of American rights and privileges, *but there is something very substantial in the figures I have quoted.*

It is somewhat singular to note that the name of the first schoolmaster, and also of the first clergyman, who settled in New York, are still preserved. They were both Dutchmen, and arrived from Holland in April, 1633. There were in 1870, 63,082 separate places set apart for religious worship, providing sittings for 21,665,062 persons in the United States:

the total population numbering 38,558,371 souls. The value of this church and chapel property was estimated at $354,483,581. In 1850, the number of churches reached 38,061, and in 1860, 54,009. The Wesleyans are by far the most numerous: they have no less than 25,278 separate organizations, and 21,337 chapels, with sittings for 6,528,209 persons. The Mormons, the Shakers, the Spiritualists, and other sects, about which we occasionally hear and read so much, and whose strange doings are often made to give a most extraordinary complexion to the *American character*, have but very few churches or members: and it is doubtful if these sects thrive better on American than on English soil. Next in importance to the Wesleyans, come the Baptists. They have 14.474 organizations, 12,857 buildings, and 3,997,116 sittings. The Roman Catholics have 4,127 organizations, 3,806 buildings, and 1,990,514 sittings. Against these, the more popular sects, I quote those about which we hear the most, and which, no doubt, some people innocently believe the people of the United States principally to favour:—The Mormons have 189 organizations, 171 buildings, and 87,838 sittings. The Shakers have 18 organizations, 18 buildings, and 8,850 sittings. The Spiritualists have 95 organizations, 22 buildings, and 6,970 sittings. The number of churches of all denominations has nearly doubled in the twenty years between 1850 and 1870; the accommodation has risen from 14,234,825 sittings, to 21,665,062 sittings: but the greatest increase has been in the value of the property held by the various churches: the amount in 1850 being estimated at $87,321,801, and in 1870 at $354,483,581. With very few exceptions, the leading religious bodies have organizations in every state; although, of course, their success is much greater in some states than in others. For instance, Utah is almost exclusively devoted to Mormanism, but yet the

Protestant Episcopalians have two churches in that state, the Methodists 1, and the Presbyterians 1.

In connection with these statistics, it may be as well to understand that the Constitution of the United States provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," and that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." The same principle is recognised in almost all the state constitutions; and wherever any exception appears, it is a dead letter. Church and state are thus entirely separate. Religious organizations and creeds are all purely voluntary. No man is obliged to belong to, or to abandon, any society, or to accept or reject any doctrine, in the name of religion.

LETTER 34.

NEW YORK.—THE FOURTH OF JULY.

TAKING up the *New York Herald* of this day's date, my attention was at once directed to a large bold line of type,

"INDEPENDENCE DAY,"

followed, after the quarter-of-a-column heading, peculiar to American newspapers, by a comment on the history of the day, and a programme of the proceedings to be observed, and in the midst of which I am now fairly located. The *Herald*, after some preliminary remarks, says :—

> On the particular Fourth of July which dawns upon the world this morning proclaiming the ripening of our freedom into the good mellow age of 97, America has increased cause to be patriotic. Forty millions of people inhabiting a "virgin hemisphere" three thousand miles wide and four thousand long, all celebrate the one achievement ninety-seven years ago which declared thirteen little colonies and a

sparse population of three million people for ever free and independent. An army of over a million men respond to the call that then could raise only by draft and conscription 20,000. The Treasury that could scrape together only a few thousand dollars by the generosity of Robert Morris to feed its mutinous soldiery now pays a debt of three billions. A people that then bought its lands of the Indians at two brass buttons an acre values it now at $1,000 a foot. The hopes of that day, that the shores of the northern lakes might eventually be opened up to commerce, have blossomed into a great seaport on the Pacific Coast, and an iron track through the great wilderness. The Far West of that day is the East of this. The foreign immigration that then drifted lazily through the Narrows of New York, has become a rushing stream, and a similar great tide pours through the Golden Gate of California. The little colonies of 1776 are a great country in 1873, and there's

A GREAT PEOPLE.

living thereon.

This is followed by copies of circular orders issued by the superintendents of the police force and fire brigades, for securing order and protecting property on the auspicious day. And then follows a list of the authorised ceremonies. These commence with

USHERING IN THE DAY.

The day will be ushered in by the ringing of bells and the firing of a salute by the veterans of 1812, on the Battery. At sunrise the veterans will also hoist the national flag on the hickory pole at the old Block Fort, in Central Park. The ships in the harbor will fire a salute and display their colors, and the Stars and Stripes will be hoisted on every public and many private buildings.

THE TRINITY CHIMES.

Mr. James E. Aylifte will perform the following programme of national and other airs on Trinity bells, in honour of American independence, commencing at half-past seven a.m., and again at twelve noon :—

1. "When the Bells Begin to Play."
2. "Red, White, and Blue."
3. Scotch melodies from "Guy Mannering."
4. "Let the Merry Church Bells Ring."
5. "Last Rose of Summer."
6. "Hail Columbia."
7. Airs from "Child of the Regiment."
8. "The Land of Promise."
9. Spanish melody.
10. "Merrily Ring the Trinity Bells."
11. "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."
12. "Yankee Doodle, Esq."

The Grace Church chimes will also ring out on the occasion.

THE PARADE.

The First Division of the National Guard will parade in the cool of the morning in accordance with the time-honored custom.

This is followed again by various regimental orders, which it is unnecessary I should give you. Some of the subsequent notices, however, are interesting, as shewing the way in which the Americans celebrate their great national holiday.

THE VETERANS OF '12.

The veterans of the war of 1812, of whom about thirty-five are expected to attend, have accepted the invitation of Colonel Story and the officers of the 6th Regiment N.G.S.N.Y., and will appear in uniform at the armoury of the 6th, under command of the veteran hero, Colonel Dally. The roll will be called at half-past eleven, and the veterans will muster in line. At twelve o'clock they will partake of a collation with the officers of the 6th, and the agreeable festivities of Washington's birthday, which were so heartily enjoyed by the venerable supporters of the Republic, will be repeated. The members of the 6th Regiment have exerted themselves to the utmost to make the occasion as pleasant as possible for their guests, and the entertainment will undoubtedly be one of the happiest of the day.

THE CELEBRATION OF TAMMANY.

In accordance with its unvarying custom, the Society of Tammany, or Columbian Order, will celebrate the anniversary of American independence at Tammany Hall. The great hall will be thrown open to the public on the morning of the Fourth day of July, at ten o'clock, when an address of welcome will be delivered by Grand Sachem Schell, the Declaration of Independence read by Brother James C. Spencer, and a long talk delivered by Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, to be followed by a programme of interesting exercises, interspersed with music.

AT THE BOULEVARD CLUB.

The Boulevard Club will celebrate at their Club grounds, on the bank of the Hudson, early in the morning. A grand reveille will be beaten, the American flag will be raised, thirteen guns will be fired in honour of the old thirteen states, and the "Star Spangled Banner," and other songs, will be sung by the Boulevard Quartet Club assisted by other musical talent, the members of the Boulevard Club and their guests. At twelve o'clock N, thirty-seven guns will be fired in honour of the thirty-seven states of the Great American Republic. At three o'clock Professor William M. Jeliffe will recite the "Declaration of Independence." There will be music and songs of the Revolution, and at four o'clock Jerrome Buck will deliver the oration. At five o'clock speeches will be made by some of our most prominent citizens, interspersed with music and recitations of poetry of the Revolution. The entertainment will close with fireworks, bonfires, and illuminations.

THE IRISH CELEBRATION AT BELLEVUE GARDEN.

An Irish national demonstration will be made at Bellevue Garden, at the foot of Eightieth Street, East River. The 69th Regiment N.G.S.N.Y. will be formally presented with an Irish flag, the gift of a number of the residents of Tipperary, Ireland. All the principal Irish military organizations in the city will attend in uniform. General George B. McClellan will present the flag. Colonel John Whitehead Byron, of the Irish volunteers, will have command, and take charge of arrangements on the ground. The military will parade a portion of the route to the pic-nic grounds. The Irish volunteers, who have been entrusted to take charge of the flag, will act as honorary escort. The Knights of St. Columba are among those who will partake in the demonstration, and turn out sixty strong. The others consist of the Irish volunteers, who will turn out in goodly numbers; the Emmett Legion, seventy men; Montgomery Guards, thirty-five men; Tipperary Men, seventy-five men; Legion of St. Patrick and others.

The 69th has been relieved from duty in the division parade that it may be present on this occasion.

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATIONS.

A solemn high mass will be offered up for the members of the Catholic Union at the new church of the Immaculate Conception, in East Fourteenth street, Rev. Dr. Morrogh, pastor; and at St. Peter's, Barclay-street, Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, pastor. At the former church the musical services will be of a brilliant character, consisting of Mandanici's mass in G. major. Rev. J. L. Spalding will preach on "The Providential Mission of the Church in the United States;" Rev. Father O'Farrell will preach at St. Peter's on "Liberty and the Catholic Church."

I copy the following amusing chapter, by an American author, on the American militia system, and military celebrations, as conveying, better than anything I can do myself, an idea of what the thing is like :—

My father had been drafted as a militia man during the war of 1812, and might have fought in the famous battle of Plattsburg, had not his business engagements made it necessary for him to hire a substitute, by which he lost not only much glory, but the bounty money and a hundred and sixty acres of land, which was afterwards given to every surviving soldier whose name could be found upon the rolls of the army. But, though compelled by circumstances to forego the honours and profits of serving his country during the war, he was full of martial spirit, and rose in the militia from the ranks to be corporal, sergeant, ensign, lieutenant, captain, major, and, finally, the colonel of a regiment. We had drills, trainings, officers' drills, and, once a year, that glorious military spectacle, the muster of a whole regiment, and every few years the general muster of an entire brigade.

The company-trainings on the green before the meeting-house were great days. The spectators gathered in crowds, drank sweet cider and New England rum, and ate molasses-gingerbread. Emulous pedlars sold tin-ware and Yankee notions at auction, with stentorian lungs, and jokes that made the crowd snicker. Yankees are not given to loud laughter. Our citizen soldiers were dressed in every kind of home-spun fashion, and as variously armed, with old Queen's arms which had come down from the colony days of Queen Anne, or been captured with the army of Burgoyne; with fowling-pieces, ducking guns, or rifles. When they were manœuvering, firing by platoons, and burning powder in a sham-fight, full of roars of command, rattle, and smoke, the captain, if oratorically gifted, made a speech, and the company was dismissed, satisfied that there was glory enough for one day, and that they had served their country.

At the muster of a regiment there was, of course, a larger gathering. People came ten or fifteen miles in waggons and on horseback. The collection of pretty girls, sellers of cider and gingerbread, was larger, and the pedlar auctioneers more vociferous. Several companies were in uniform—no two alike, indeed, but each uniform with itself. There was a company of cavalry and one of artillery, with a four or six-pounder, iron and brass, which had to burn a great many blank cartridges, and was used not only on training-days, but also to fire the salutes on the Fourth of July, and for political victories, as well as on other joyful occasions.

After the morning evolutions, came the grand review, and the most interesting ceremony of the day. The regiment formed a hollow square; the chaplain made a prayer, sitting on horseback. I do not exactly see why, but the military prayer on horseback, under the blue sky, with cavalry, infantry, and artillery standing motionless in regular lines, and the crowd of spectators devoutly uncovered, seemed more solemn to me than one made in a pulpit.

Then the colonel, if gifted in that line — and there are few Americans who are not more or less so—made a speech to the soldiers, in which he recited the glories won by a citizen soldiery in the two past wars, alluded touchingly to the grey-headed revolutionary heroes then present, and the veterans of the last war. He told them they were the pride and strength of their country, the pillars of the state, defenders of homes and firesides, ever ready to defend them from invasion and punish aggression. Then he wound up with a magnificent spread-eagle flourish about the greatness and glory of the country, which reached from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; with an intimation, perhaps, that they might be called upon to extend its boundaries in either of these practicable directions. The programme is sometimes slightly varied, and I have known a pious colonel, in the absence of a chaplain, to make the prayer, or the speech to be assigned to an oratorical regimental surgeon.

If my father rose rapidly to the post of colonel, he did not hold it long. Being unable to rise higher, he resigned to make way for those below him who were ambitious of promotion. As there was no pay or perquisites but glory, and the expense increased with the elevation, he prudently declined to be made a general. Many resign on being made captains: others, with a shade more of ambition, attain the title of major, and these titles they always retain. This is the reason why every American of any account has a military title. They all pass through some of the grades, and then resign, and are clear of military duty. It is a mode of exemption. In a year or two a man gets the title of captain, and is for ever free from service. Then hundreds of young men are appointed on the military staffs of governors or generals, and all these, after a nominal service of one or two years, retain their titles. In America it is safe to call any decent man—a stage-driver or ostler—captain; and any gentlemanly person—a railway conductor or tavern-keeper—major or colonel. Republicans visiting monarchial countries, naturally wish to be presented at Court, and as naturally carry with them their militia uniforms, which they display with suitable magnificence on such occasions. No American can be made to understand why he should not be eligible for presentation to queen or emperor. He is the political equal of the president, and, probably enough, his social superior. If he belongs to the highest rank of his own country, why should he not associate on equal terms with the highest rank of any other? Every American who visits Washington calls to see the president, shakes hands with him, and asks him how he does, and how his family is; and sees no reason why he should not do the same by the Queen of England or the Russian Czar.

The military spirit and the spirit of patriotism, in my early days, were alike encouraged. We did not think of conquering the world then, but of preserving the liberties our fathers had gained. We had no doubt that ours was the finest, most enlightened, and happiest country in the world; and, in spite of the envy of tyrants, we felt sure that all the rest of mankind would soon be of the same opinion, and only too glad to follow our example. We entertained these sentiments at all times, but devoted one day in the year in an especial manner to their expression. This was the Fourth of July.

The first celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, I can remember, was on the brow of the plateau which overlooked the beautiful valley in which I was born. I remember the shining river winding off into the distance, the cliffs of grey rock more than perpendicular, the blue mountain peaks far away on the horizon, the meadows with broad elms, butter-nuts, and sugar-maples, the village with its white houses embowered in trees, the sky intensely blue, and the glorious July sunshine.

The music was a fife and drum. The militia company of our district was posted on the field, and later in the day fired off a rattling *feu-de-joie.* I cannot say much for the appearance of the company, as each man wore his ordinary costume, and not much time had ever been given to drill. In the large towns, where there is competition and opportunities for display, there are well-drilled regiments of citizen soldiery. In the country the men are generally satisfied with knowing how to use their weapons, and care little for evolutions, discipline, or strategy.

There was a salute, to open the ceremonies of the celebration. The hills and mountains were filled with the echoes and reverberations. I have heard the report of a cannon distinctly repeated seven times, besides the roaring thunders of continuous echoes. But we had no cannon. Our company was infantry, not artillery, and not a four-pounder could be procured. All were noisily engaged elsewhere on the great occasion, when gunpowder enough is wasted every year to fight a hundred battles. We had a grand salute, notwithstanding, fired from a fifty-six; not a fifty-six pounder cannon—there was scarcely so large a piece of field-artillery in those days—but a fifty-six pound weight. These weights of cast-iron have a hole, about an inch in diameter, through the centre, in which melted lead is poured until they are of the standard weight. Into this hole a charge of gunpowder was poured, and upon it driven a wooden plug, with a crease cut in its side for priming. It made all the noise that was necessary, and each discharge was accompanied by the screams of the fife, the roll of the drum, and the shouts of all the boys in the neighbourhood.

In America, almost every important public manifestation is opened with prayer. I do not think that people care much about it; but it is a custom. Each day's sitting in Congress and the state legislatures opens with prayer. Political meetings are opened with prayer. So the captain of the militia company, who happened to be the most pious man about, made a prayer, which, being unpremeditated, earnest, and patriotic, may be presumed to have been suitable for the occasion.

It is wonderful what a deal of work is done in America with these extempore prayers. The chaplain of Congress every day can put a speech into his prayer. A timid clergyman can say things to the Almighty that he would not dare tell his people. He begins with "O Lord, Thou knowest—" and then goes on with his complaints or reproofs. I cannot, of course, remember, but have no doubt that our good captain made the best use of his opportunities.

The prayer was followed by the inevitable reading of the Declaration of Independence, in which Jefferson proclaimed the rights of man, and indicted George the Third for numerous violations of those rights, and declared that the thirteen colonies "are, and of right ought to be, free, sovereign, and independent states;" to which declaration the signers nobly pledged "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour."

After the reading came the oration. It was given by an intelligent farmer, militia colonel, and deputy-sheriff. It recounted the labours, sacrifices, and perils of the past, the freedom and prosperity of the present, and the glories of the coming future; for America, being in her childhood, was more prone to look forward to the future, than back upon the past. She had but little in the past to look back upon, and the less she had of history the more her sanguine orators indulged in hope. The history of the future was as glorious as we chose to make it.

After the oration came another national salute—thirteen guns, one for each of the original states, from the fifty-six, a *feu-de-joie* from the old flint-lock muskets of the militia, and then an attack upon the bread and cheese and rum-punch provided by the committee. I sat on the breezy brow of the hill in the shade of the singing pine-trees, looking down the beautiful valley of my world, thinking of all I had heard of our glorious country and its great destiny, and wondering what share I, a boy then of eight or nine years old, was to have in its future—that future I have seen drenched in blood and tears.

In those days, no military training, patriotic celebration, or political meeting was complete without the presence of revolutionary soldiers, who were to be found in every neighbourhood. Naturally, as the old soldiers of the revolution diminished in numbers, their honours increased. They had pensions from the Government sufficient to make their latter days comfortable, and, on every public occasion, were treated with peculiar respect. If a man had but served a few months as a common soldier in the War of Independence, he was a veteran, patriot, and hero, to be apostrophised in Fourth of July orations and political speeches. The party that could get the largest number of these heroes of Seventy Six to attend its gatherings was pretty sure to carry the majority. They went for General Jackson, but they also went for General Harrison. Whichever the party he belonged to, they naturally preferred a soldier to a civilian. I think even General Scott might have been elected if the Democrats had not had the good fortune to nominate General Pierce.

During the Harrison hard-cider campaign, there was a great "Tippecanoe" and Tyler too mass-meeting at Saratoga, the fashionable summer resort in the northern part of New York. The meeting was very large: several counties assembled. Conspicuous on the platform was a group of white-headed revolutionary soldiers, whom the orators duly celebrated, and who were giving their support to the hero of sundry Indian battle-fields. One of the orators, not content with the customary allusions, determined to have something more effective, and, addressing one of the venerable patriots, said :—

"You fought in the glorious War of Independence?"

"Yaas," said the old man, with a German accent; "Yaas, I was in te var."

"This white-headed veteran was in that glorious contest for our liberties, fellow-citizens; and here he is, ready to fight or to vote for them once more. And now, my venerable friend, who was your commander—what general did you serve under in that great struggle for freedom and liberty?"

"*General Burgoyne!*" was the honest reply; which, after a moment of consternation, was greeted with a shout of laughter. General Burgoyne was the unfortunate British commander who, cut off from supplies, harrassed and surrounded, was compelled to surrender his whole army at Saratoga, and this "Hero of Seventy-six" was one of his Hessians, a prisoner of war, who had settled in the country. He had fought in the revolution—as it happened, on the wrong side for the purposes of the meeting. There were thousands of such heroes of the revolution, who fought under British commanders—soldiers hired from Germany, sent from England, or colonists who adhered to the loyal cause, but, where not too closely questioned, they answered every purpose.

But I was only in time for the fireworks. New York has within its boundaries eleven parks and public squares. On the evening of the Fourth of July, these are made centres for grand pyrotechnic displays, to meet the cost of which many thousand dollars are voted by the city authorities. One of the parks is known as the City Hall Park. It was here that the first brigade of the American army was assembled to hear the Declaration of Independence in 1776. In area it contains about ten acres, but as there are several important public buildings within the enclosures, the park does not appear so extensive. The buildings include the New Post Office, the City Hall, and the new Court House, all very imposing buildings, the material used in their construction being white marble. I took up the best place I could find in this park, shortly after eight o'clock, but it was so crowded by spectators that it was somewhat difficult to obtain standing room anywhere. At half-past eight there must have been the faces of over a hundred thousand spectators turned towards the New City Hall, in front of which one of the chief pyrotechnic displays was to take place. It was the first crowd I had been in on American soil, and I was somewhat curious to note how it would demean itself. It seemed to take everything as a matter of course, there being a total absence of all excitement. The signal rockets, sent into the air, scores at a time, lit up both the faces of the spectators, and the white marble walls of the surrounding buildings, with a strange supernatural glare; but beyond this no perceptible effect was produced, the faces of the spectators being apparently as impassive as the marble walls which formed the back ground of the picture. Nor was the effect more marked when the set-pieces were fired. There was neither noise nor excitement, and, without looking with your eyes, you could tell when a piece had reached its end by feeling palpably that the great throng of people were breathing again. I was somewhat disappointed in this. But I suppose the English are the only people on earth who indulge in fits of ecstacy, and give vent to their feelings in loud cheers. The American crowd took to the event like stoics, and watched it out like stocks. Perhaps it was as well as it was, for such a crowd would have made a tremendous clatter, had it become excited.

I need not describe the various pieces to you—there were eighteen set-pieces altogether. The last piece will give you a pretty good idea of what the others were like. It was described in the programme as follows:—

> Opens with rainbow wheel, which changes instantaneous to a temple, the base adorned with diamond lights of lacework, on which are placed four pillars, decorated with spiral lines of various colored fires, supporting a cornice, on which is inscribed in letters of gold, "The Union, now and for ever;" the whole surmounted by an eagle; on each side will be placed trees of colored wheels and Roman candles, discharging stars of crimson, white, amethyst, purple, orange, jacinth, lilac, violet, emerald, and gold; concluding with a discharge of rockets, mines, bombshells, &c., &c. The height of the piece will be fifty feet, and will cover the whole front of the City Hall.

New York, on the night of the Fourth of July, is but a poor place for a timid person or a shallow sleeper, for I found, after leaving the park, men, women, and children indulging in a free discharge of rockets, squibs, and crackers, in every possible direction; the sky was quite alive with rockets, the explosion of bombshells was to be heard on every hand, and the very air smelt of gunpowder.

LETTER 35.

NEW YORK.—CASTLE GARDENS.

THERE can be but few spots on the whole of the American continent the name of which comes more ready to the ear of the emigrant than "Castle Gardens." It is here where, as a rule, he puts his foot on American soil for the first time. On this spot he touches the land of promise; here, standing by the side of the hickory pole, he may *feel*, for the first time probably in life, the stars and stripes floating over his head. Under the laws of the State of New York, all emigrants or steerage-passengers, arriving at the port of New York, are required to be landed at the Castle Garden Emigrant Landing Depôt. I naturally felt anxious to visit the place, and see what it was like, and I therefore devoted the morning of my second day in New York to this purpose. After arriving within sight of land, the emigrant from Europe making for New York is kept but a very short time in suspense. This is very different to the approach to Quebec, where, after land has been sighted, the journey by water is continued for several hundred miles. In the case of New York, a few hours steaming only are required after leaving the "wide expanse of nothing but sky and water," before you are in the midst of the dense city throng. The steamer entering New York Bay, direct from the sea, passes between Long Island on the right, and Sandy Hook on the left, and from this point every move of the vessel seems to bring with it new life, and opens up new points of interest. Entering the "Narrows," which are called the gateway of the Western World, and the narrowest part of which is somewhat under a mile in width, the shores on either side are found to be lined with batteries, earthworks, and fortifications. Passing through the Narrows, New York harbour, some four or five miles in length and breadth, is entered, there being several small islands (which are converted into forts) distributed over the harbour; and just as the last of these has been passed, the southern point of Manhatton Island, on which New York city is built, is reached. It was here that the Dutch first took up their abode, and rose their tent. The whole of this southern point is known as the Battery; and being planted with shade trees, and laid out with footpaths and gardens, forms a somewhat pleasant promenade, commanding fine land and sea views. At one time it was the most popular promenade in New York city, and was the resort of the most fashionable of the citizens of a generation ago. Standing on a portion of the Battery grounds, there was an old circular fort, at one time fully equipped with cannon, mortars, and all the muniments of war. But the time for change came somewhat early upon the place, its swords were turned into plough-shears, and its spears into pruning hooks many years ago. The old fort, in fact, was totally dismantled of its warlike implements and paraphernalia, and was converted into a huge music-hall and circus. Jenny Lind, Grisi and Mario, Julian, and other well-known names have served ere now to crowd the space inside its walls with tens of thousands of wrapt admirers and worshipers of sounds less boisterous than those made when the dogs of war utter their fiercest growls, or when the din and roar of battle is at its height. But when, in course of time, the "ton" of New York moved northward up the island, Castle Gardens lost their more attractive features, and were no longer "fashionable." They were then adapted, some fifteen years ago, as an Emigration Depôt, and have been used as such since that time. Around the old walls of the fort there are a number of wooden buildings and offices, the whole being carefully surrounded by a boundary fence, the entrances being guarded by men specially stationed at them day and night.

Having no direct authority to enter the place, I had to give an account of myself to the person in charge of the entrance, before I was allowed to pass the portal. No doubt here, as at every other emigration depôt on the American continent, the greatest possible care is necessary to be observed to protect the unexperienced emigrant from the mischievous and practised designs of the professional scamp and rascal. The Government officials appear perfectly alive to this fact, and every possible provision to meet and counteract the evil is made by them. For the protection of emigrants generally, on their passage out, the United States authorities have entered into treaties with most of the European powers. Those treaties and conventions are generally for securing the comfort and convenience of the emigrant whilst on board. Laws have also been framed, and are carefully enforced, for his protection on landing; I give you the following regulations as a sample :—

THE BOARDING DEPARTMENT.

I. On arrival at the quarantine station (six miles below the city), every vessel bringing immigrant passengers is boarded by an officer of this department, stationed there for the purpose, who ascertains the number of passengers, the deaths, if any, during the voyage, and the amount and character of sickness, examines the condition of the vessel in respect to cleanliness, and receives complaints, of which he makes report to the General Agent and Superintendent at Castle Gardens; he remains on board the ship during her passage up the bay, to see that the law prohibiting communication between ship and shore before immigrant passengers are landed is enforced. On casting anchor in the stream, convenient to the Landing Depôt, he is relieved by an officer of the Metropolitan Police force, detailed at Castle Gardens, and the passengers are transferred to the care of

THE LANDING DEPARTMENT,

II. From which the Landing Agents proceed with barges and tugs, accompanied by Inspector of Customs, to the vessel. After an examination of the luggage, it is checked, and the passengers with their luggage are transferred to the barges and tugs, and landed at the Castle Gardens pier. On landing, the passengers are examined by a medical officer, to discover if any sick have passed the health authorities at quarantine (who are thereupon transferred by steamer to the hospitals on Ward's or Blackwell's Island), and likewise to select all subject to special bonds under the law, as blind persons, cripples, lunatics, or any others who are likely to become a future charge This examination being ended, the immigrants are directed into the Rotunda, a circular space with separate compartments for English-speaking and other nationalities, to

THE REGISTERING DEPARTMENT,

III. Where the names, nationality, former place of residence, and intended destination of the immigrants, with other particulars are taken down. The passengers are then directed to

THE AGENTS OF THE RAILROAD COMPANIES,

IV. From whom they can procure tickets to all parts of the United States and Canada, without the risk of fraud or extortion, to which they are subjected outside of the Depôt. In the meanwhile, the baggage and luggage are stored in the baggage room. A brass ticket, with any letter of the alphabet from A to F inclusive, and a number from 1 to 600, is delivered to the immigrant on landing, and a duplicate fastened on his piece of baggage. The trunk or box is then placed in the baggage-room. This room has six bins, designated by the letters A. B. C. D. E. F., and each bin has six hundred numbers. Accordingly, when the immigrant produces his ticket, a baggage-man at once goes to the bin indicated by the letter and number on the ticket, and delivers the baggage required.

The immigrants destined inland, on delivery of their check, take the baggage to the weigher's scales. After having been weighed and paid for, it is sent free of charge to the depôt of the railroad, or dock of the steamboat, by which they leave. Such immigrants as design remaining in the city and vicinity are directed to

THE CITY BAGGAGE DELIVERY.

V. Which ascertains the address to which the immigrants may desire to have their baggage sent, and takes their orders, exchanging the brass check received from the Landing Agent on shipboard, for a printed paper one. The luggage is then promptly delivered in any part of the city and vicinity at a moderate rate of charges, approved by the Commission. At the same time, those having gold or silver which they may wish to have exchanged for United States currency, are directed to one of three

EXCHANGE BROKERS

VI. Admitted into the Depôt, who change specie for a small advance on the market rate, set forth in a conspicuous place for the observation of the immigrant, the daily fluctuations in rates being duly noted.

These last three departments are conducted by responsible parties, who, while not officers, are nevertheless under the close and constant supervision of the Commission, and are required to keep a record of all transactions, subject to the inspection of any member of the board.

THE INFORMATION DEPARTMENT.

VII. When the foregoing operations are completed, the immigrants are assembled in the Rotunda, and an officer of the Commission calls out the names of those whose friends attend them in the waiting-room at the entrance of the depôt, and to whom they are directed. At the same time are called out the names of those for whom letters or funds are waiting, which are then delivered to the proper owners, through the Forwarding Department. Immigrants who desire to communicate with friends at a distance are referred to

THE LETTER-WRITING DEPARTMENT,

VIII. Where clerks, understanding the various Continental languages, are in attendance to write. The immigrant, while waiting a reply, if destitute, finds a home in the institutions at Ward's Island.

BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS,

IX. Licensed by the Mayor, and properly certified as to character by responsible parties, are admitted to the Rotunda, after the foregoing business has been completed, to solicit for their respective houses such immigrants as desire to remain in the city for any length of time. These boarding-house keepers are subject to certain regulations, and every precaution is taken to guard the immigrant against the abuses and imposition to which he was formerly liable.

THE FORWARDING DEPARTMENT

X. Receives, through the Treasurer, all communications and remittances from friends of immigrants, sent either before their arrival or in response to letters written by the Letter Department.

THE WARD'S ISLAND DEPARTMENT

XI. Receives all applications for admission to the Refuge or Hospital there. Attached to this department are two physicians, whose duties are to examine all sick and destitute applicants for relief, and to visit all such at their residences in the city, and report to the General Agent.

THE LABOUR EXCHANGE.

XII. Each immigrant on arriving is requested to enter his or her name, ship, date of arrival, and character of employment; while every employer is required to enter his or her name, residence, recommendations, references, and description of labour wanted. This Labour Exchange furnishes an intelligence office, *without charge*, for immigrants desirous of finding employment or service in the city or at a distance; and undertakes to supply all sorts of skilled, mechanical and agricultural labour to employers in any part of the United States, who come with a proper guarantee of character and other necessary qualifications.

The number of passengers landed at Castle Gardens in course of the year 1872, amounted to 329,452; of whom 44,871 were citizens of the United States, and 294,581 were aliens. This was an increase of 64,942 on the previous year, and was the largest number of emigrants in any one year since 1854. Of the increase, 44,104 were due to the emigration from Germany, and 3,241 to that from Ireland, whilst the emigration from Alsace and Lorraine, and from Italy, had more than doubled in that year, compared with the previous one. One of the Cunard line of steamships having only two or three hours previously discharged its living freight at the Gardens, I was enabled to test, by practical experience, the manner in which the laws I have quoted were carried out, and to see how the emigrant actually fared under them. I changed some gold, I bought some provisions, and I went into the various offices where men from many parts of the States, in want of labour, were waiting to engage with the emigrant; and I went into other places where friends were meeting for the first time with those whom they had left behind them in their native land, years before. The batch of emigrants arrived that morning were mostly Germans; and during my stay of an hour or so in the place, nearly every one of them had been drafted off in one direction or another, and towards the close of my stay I heard the enquiry made of the clerks in charge of huge ledgers, if they were quite sure that no person likely to suit the applicant had been taken to Ward's Island that day. The demand for labour had been, I was assured, both constant and active, and also that there was not at that time an able-bodied person capable of taking a place of service on Ward's Island, which was a somewhat exceptional circumstance.

I afterwards paid a visit to Ward's Island, about which I had heard so much. It is situate in the East River, and is devoted to purposes connected with emigration, as another island in the same river, known as Blackwell's Island, is devoted to reformatory and other purposes. Ward's Island covers an area of about 220 acres, and on it there is a refuge, an hospital, and a lunatic asylum. A steam vessel leaves Castle Gardens twice daily for Ward's Island, for the purpose of conveying such emigrants as may have landed at the former place, and who require the assistance afforded by the latter place; the number of persons so sent to the island in course of the year 1872 being no less than 13,068. A large proportion were sent there for hospital treatment, many of the cases being of a trifling character only, which would not have caused any severe amount of suffering had there been no provision for their treatment, but other cases were of more serious moment, and required the best possible attendance and treatment. This they all undoubtedly met with, and it was satisfactory to find from the returns that out of a total number of 15,818 cases cared for and treated during the year, 13,210 had been discharged cured. The number of deaths in the year was 474, and there remained on the 31st December, 1872, 2,134 cases still under treatment. I think this is a matter we do not properly understand in England, and it is but fair to the American authorities that it should be known that there is this care for the emigrant. I had a walk through the hospital wards, and through the various offices, such as the bakery, the kitchen, the laundry, and such like places, and I have no hesitation in saying that I never saw a better or more complete arrangement anywhere. I find the Commissioners of Emigration estimate their expenses for 1873 at $523,107, of which $250,000 will be required for the establishments on Ward's Island. I understand that an emigrant, landing at Castle Gardens, and failing to meet with a suitable offer of employment there, may, and would readily, and without question, be taken to Ward's Island, where he could remain, if so disposed, for a period of five years, doing little or nothing for his maintenance. At the end of five years he would become a United States citizen, and would then be sent adrift, that he might exercise those privileges which his citizenship entitled him to. There were 7,142 persons cared for during the year 1872 in the refuge, principally nursing women and children, for the latter of whom there is a very excellent school (ranking as a grammar school) on the island. In cases where children are orphans, they are kept until they have received a fair education, when they are put out in life, but are not lost sight of, for I find the following sentence in the Commissioner's report for 1872:—"During the year your committee ordered an investigation into the condition of the children given out from the institution in the past five years. A thorough examination was made of their condition, and it was found to be in all cases satisfactory and happy. Such an investigation your committee think it wise to continue from year to year." Practically, then, there is a similarity between this disposition of orphan "emigrant" children, and the practice now becoming somewhat general in our English Poor-Law Unions, of boarding out orphan "pauper" children.

Just one other fact in connection with the working of the Castle Garden establishment. The Commissioners report that in the year 1872, "In the Labour Bureau, employment was procured for 32,592 emigrants, of whom 23,324 were males, and 9,268 females. Of the former, 3,787 were mechanics, and 19,537 agricultural and unskilled labourers. Of the latter, 408 were skilled operatives, and 8,860 were house servants. As compared with the results of the preceding year, these figures show an increase of 1,209. Through the agency of the Information Bureau, over 12½ per cent. of all the emigrants landed were delivered to their friends. Of this number 1812 husbands received their wives, and 96 wives received their husbands: 522 parents regained their children; 849 children were restored to their parents, and 4,969 found brothers or sisters awaiting them; of cousins, aunts, uncles, &c., restored to corresponding kinsfolk, the number was 5,569; while 3,993 persons were received by their friends. The total number of emigrants for whom application was made to the Bureau was 47,803, by 26,125 enquirers; and the number delivered was 34,318. The report of the Postal Bureau shows that there were received for emigrants during the year 13,382 letters and cards and telegrams. This is an increase of 1,805 over 1871. Of the whole number received, 10,772 were delivered to the owners, an increase of 3,454 over the year previous. The forwarding Bureau reports that the amount received in anticipation of the arrival of emigrants, to be applied to their forwarding, was $19,844·20; and in answer to letters written from the

Landing Bureau, at the request of the emigrants, $27,664·33, making a total sum received during the year for this purpose of $57,508·53. The number of persons forwarded, and for whose transportation the money so received was applied, was 5,964. In addition, there were forwarded through the Bureau, on arrival, 8,374 persons, having with them sufficient cash means of their own. This does not include emigrants who purchased tickets on their own account from the Railroad Agency in the Landing Depôt."

I cannot tell you much about Blackwell's Island. It is a long narrow strip of land, about three quarters of a mile long. It has a convict prison, and other like establishments, on it, and also some small-pox sheds. I did not visit the island. I could see quite enough of it from the deck of the steamer, as we passed up and down the river.

We often talk about emigration, and refer to its being large or small in some given year, but few of us, if put to the test, I think, could form any correct idea of what it means beyond a few thousand persons leaving one part of the world and going to another part. In America, previous to the year 1820, no official records were kept of the number of emigrants arriving in that country, but since that year, details of the most interesting and valuable kind have been duly recorded. For instance, from 1820 to 1870, both inclusive, being a period of 50 years, a total of 7,803,865 persons arrived in the United States as emigrants from foreign countries. These were from all parts of the world, but principally from Great Britain and Germany. It is very curious to note how this great human stream ran its course. For instance, there was, within the 50 years, one solitary emigrant from Paraguay; but there were 515,092 from England, 2,700,493 from Ireland, 84,623 from Scotland, 12,435 from Wales, and 544,107 from Great Britain, not specified. There were 4 from Syria, 5 from Abyssinia, and 11 from Iceland; but there were 2,267,000 from Germany. Then again, from some countries, the stream had been continuous, and somewhat regular, throughout the whole 50 years; but from some other countries emigration dated from a comparatively recent period. For instance, Sweden and Norway, Holland, and France sent regular streams, as though it were the ordinary surplus population throwing itself off and finding new homes, the old ones getting too crowded. But from China it was as a rush after some newly-found El Dorado. Between the years 1841 and 1850, the emigration from China numbered 35 only; between 1851 and 1860 it reached 41,397, and between 1861 and 1870 to 60,059. It is unnecessary I should give you details, or attempt to show you how the figures are arrived at, but it is worth notice that, after the most careful calculation, by men best able to judge, it is computed that the worth to the country of each emigrant landing on the American continent is $40 per annum, or an aggregate average value of $800. There are those to whom this would seem incomprehensible. Yet it is most simple, and is capable of pretty clear proof. In 1850, with a population of 23,067,262, the value of the real and personal estate of the 32 states which were then in union amounted to $7,115,600,800. By 1860, the number of states had increased to 35, the number of inhabitants to 31,183,744, and the real and personal estate to $10,086,519,771. By 1870, the number of states had increased to 37, the population to 38,115,641, and the real and personal estate to $29,822,535,140. As a rule, emigrants arriving in the country are persons in the prime of life. For instance, 25 per cent. are found to be under 15 years of age; and less than 15 per cent. are over 40 years of age. It is also found that the male emigrants are in excess of the females by one-third. The Chinese send the fewest females—only 7 per cent.; the Irish, however, send nearly as many females as males, the proportion of Irish female emigrants being no less than 45 per cent. This, I think, shows how thorough the Irish emigration has been. There has been no sending out of some dove over the troubled waters of the world to see if a resting place could anywhere be found—no stray member of a family going out; no idler seeking for a lounge; no mere wanderer looking for adventure—but is has been the exodus of a people leaving the land of their birth and the homes of their fathers, and who went out feeling, rightly or wrongly, that they were driven out to seek new homes. I think it quite probable that the 96 wives who received their husbands through the agency of the Information Bureau, referred to in a former part of this letter, were Irish women.

LETTER 36.

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.

IN no one particular can the contrast between America and England be greater than in the matter of the churches. New York has some splendid churches. But they are all so new. I had not been in the city many hours before I was taken to Trinity Church—by an Englishman who had not been long in America, and who, like myself, had often indulged in a predilection in the old country to enjoy a day dream with a grand old parish church in the foreground—and was told it was the oldest church in New York. But the oldest church in New York is comparatively a new one, for it was finished and consecrated as recently as 1846. There had been two buildings on the same site previously—the first one being destroyed by fire in 1776; the second one being pulled down in 1839 to make room for the present structure. The oldest church in New York, then, is very different in its character and associations to some of our old Norman, and even

Saxon foundations, which are so commonly to be met with over England. But yet the people of New York are proud of their Trinity Church. In the graveyard which surrounds it there lie the remains of those whose memory is held dear by the American people. It contains the Martyrs' Monument, set up to those who died in British prisons, while the city was under British rule. There is also the tomb of Captain Lawrence, the hero of the "Chesapeake;" who, like our own Nelson, left his country a watchword with his dying breath. "Don't give up the ship!" will last as long as "England expects every man to do his duty," and both will remain cherished sentiments as long as English words retain their present meaning. A simple monument also tells of the resting place of Alexander Hamilton, the friend of George Washington, and the victim of a memorable and unfortunate duel. Trinity Church is built of the brown sandstone which is so fashionable in New York, and the building has a very fair tower and steeple. But there are other and newer buildings, especially in Fifth Avenue, of a more gorgeous construction, and belonging to every "denomination." There was one building with which I was particularly struck. It is being built of white marble, most elaborately carved, and, when finished, must, I think, become one of the leading architectural features of the city. It is called St. Patrick's Cathedral, and, I need hardly say, belongs to the Roman Catholics. It was commenced in 1858, and the work has been continued nearly ever since. It will, probably, be some years yet before it is completed. The style is that known as decorated Gothic, the design being principally a model of the Cathedral of Cologne. The Jewish Synagogue, in the same avenue, is another very striking object. It is in the Moresque style of achitecture, and I was somewhat disappointed when I failed to obtain an entrance into the interior. There being no dominant sect, in virtue of its position or connection with the State, each party appears to rival the other, and to spend their best, in the erection of the most costly edifices. What they will ultimately succeed in accomplishing it is not for me to attempt to predict. But fifty years hence the churches of New York will probably be the most extraordinary collection of buildings to be met with in the whole world, all nations being copied, but none being successfully rivaled.

But if New York has not got its old cathedrals and churches grey with age—venerable links connecting the past with the present—it has its popular and world-renowned preachers; foremost among whom stands the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The opportunity being offered me for hearing this person, I started off early for Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in order to be in time for the morning service. The distance to be travelled was several miles, but as the street railways and tram-cars were all in full work, as on other days, I had no difficulty in reaching the place. Even before arriving in the street in which Plymouth Church is situate, it was clear, from the number of persons all apparently going in one direction to notice that the place was not far off, and when at last the street was reached, the crowd of persons in front of a plain building, having little or nothing of the appearance of a church about it, told us that we had arrived at our destination. Choice of a seat was simply out of the question; every seat in the place, I was told, was taken, and every seat would, probably, be occupied by its owner by the time the service commenced. There was a bench at the back of the gallery, close by the wall; if I chose to take a seat there I might do so, and then, after the service had commenced, I might be removed into some more favourable seat—if there was one. I, however, had no sooner taken up my seat on the bench under the wall, than any "removal" became at once physically impossible; first of all because there was no vacant seat to which I might have removed, and, in the second place, because I was so tightly wedged in on either side that I could not have moved had I tried. But, fortunately, my seat was immediately in the centre of the gallery in front of the platform, of which I had a capital view, as well as of a portion of the ground floor. The inside of the building was as plain and unpretending as the outside, but all the arrangements were evidently most carefully designed. There was no pulpit; but in front of the organ and gallery for the choir there was a very large platform, raised about four feet from the floor, painted white, and covered with a green carpet. The furniture of the platform consisted of a small reading-desk, standing near the outer edge, some distance in front of a large chair, which was placed at the back of the platform. On either side of the chair there was a stand, with a vase, containing a beautiful collection of cut flowers. There was wonderful effect, as well as simplicity, in this arrangement. At the very moment when it was clear Mr. Beecher was expected by the congregation, which now filled every seat in the aisles, as well as in the pews, he entered the building by the door by the side of the platform, which he ascended by means of a flight of steps, carrying a straw hat in his hand. Having very unceremoniously thrown his hat behind one of the flower stands, Mr. Beecher took his seat in the chair, behind the reading-desk, and the organist proceeded at once to play a voluntary, the preacher in the meanwhile apparently returning the gaze of the congregation. My "first impressions" of Mr. Beecher were decidedly favourable. There is something very disappointing when you discover a man, about whom you have heard a great deal, to be a little pigmy of a fellow. There is something out of the common run about Mr. Beecher's appearance. He is decidedly tall, has broad shoulders, and a fine head, covered with a thick crop of light-brown hair, which is combed back over the head and kept behind the ears, which serves to bring out a rather large, but by no means unpleasant-looking, face, which is clean-shaved and destitute of beard. A turn-down collar and loose neck-tie also serves to bring the head out boldly, and give it the appearance of being well set on the broad shoulders and powerful chest. The voluntary over, the choir sang a psalm. This over, Mr. Beecher stepped forward to the desk and delivered a short prayer, and then, taking the Bible in his hand, read the lessons, sometimes holding the book in one hand, and sometimes with both hands. This was followed by the singing of a hymn by the choir and congregation, and the effect was very striking. The names of several persons who were proposed to become members of the church were then read out, and then other persons who had been previously proposed came forward, and a brief special service was performed, by which they were admitted members of the church in the presence of the whole congregation. Following this there was a baptism, Mr. Beecher descending from the platform for the ceremony; and then there was another prayer—grand, noble, soul-stirring words, which seemed to enthral the whole congregation. I think this prayer was the finest part of the service—there was something noble, and dignified, and manly in its tone, and beautiful in its conception. Then followed another hymn, and then the announcement that Mr. Beecher would vacate the pulpit for two months for his holidays, after that day; so that had I been a week later in my visit I should have missed the chance of hearing him preach. And after that came the sermon. I need not trouble you with a report of the sermon. It rather disappointed me at first. The matter was artistically arranged, but Mr. Beecher's *forte* is not reading. He read very extensively from notes, and he read awkwardly. It was like his reading of the lessons, when he shifted the Bible backwards and forwards in his hands—there was something stiff in it. When he left his notes, and launched out into one unconstrained flow of words, he seemed to carry everything before him, and I could well understand how his hearers sometimes could not constrain themselves, but broke out into a loud "hear, hear," or hearty cheer. This, I was told, had been the case several times on the previous Sunday morning. The congregation were quite ready for this again. But yet there was no irreverence, nor anything approaching it. The bold originality of the thought of the speaker coming suddenly upon the ear of the hearer did its work on the spot, and whilst there was no gainsaying the truth, there was no resisting its full force. "I tell you this," he said, "a costermonger's horse is missed more, and there is more real mourning over its loss, than there is over the loss of a hundred ordinary men." These were strange words to address to such a congregation ; but there was a bitter truth in them, which went home to those who heard them. Words as caustic, but less personal, which applied directly to someone living next door, instead of indirectly to one's self, would, no doubt, have elicited a "cheer" or a "hear, hear," but, as it was, no one could feel certain that he would not be included in the hundred, and, therefore, all kept quiet, and applied the unction to the soul in a quiet sort of way. Mr. Beecher was preaching from the words, "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." After a scholarly reference to the cities of the past, whose buildings had long since lain in the dust, he proceeded to argue that life was but a stage on which to develop the soul. There was no philosophical reason in the Bible why we were here. But this we knew: this was a good shaping and educating world, religion holding out the highest ideal of a perfect life—religion was like a chart, shewing us where to sail and where to make for. But there was no religion except in the activity of human nature. Millions of men, he said, died who never left a thought behind them. They were born, they lived, and they died, and that was their history. When they died they were not missed, but the costermonger's horse or donkey was missed because of the honest work it had been doing. Remarks like these led him on to bursts of sarcasm, generally closing with what had more the appearance of a conversation or meditation with himself, the voice and manner being completely changed, the speaker seeming as though he were thinking aloud. He concluded a very remarkable discourse by depicting the struggles of the souls of two men to enter through the narrow way. One of them was that of a merchant prince, whose whole work had been devoted to the accumulation of wealth. The other was that of one who was poor, but had striven to make the world better for having lived in it, and had leavened the thought of his day and generation by the thought of his own brain, and had done his part manfully, honestly, and fearlessly. I need not attempt to show you how he worked this out. I have already said enough to shew you how he would handle such a subject.

From Plymouth Church I went to Greenwood Cemetery, a most lovely spot, situate on a hill commanding grand and enchanting views, yet so artistically laid out that almost every spot of ground of a few yards square appears perfect and complete in itself. Of course, Greenwood Cemetery is the finest "City of the Dead" in the known world. That is, they say so in New York, and, of course, they must be somewhere near the mark. Not forgetting Pere la Chaise, in Paris, Mount Royal in Montreal, and other cemeteries I have seen, I think there are better grounds for the assertion than for some of the things Americans are sometimes credited with saying. There was something peculiarly grand and quieting, looking down from the heights around Cincinnati into the valley, and into the City of the Dead there, where the tall and slender cypress mingled with the white marble tombs and the granite columns, and where they were laying to its rest the body of Jesse R. Grant, tanner by trade, and the father of the then President of the American Republic. But the view at Greenwood is quite of another order. The cemetery is situate on what was once known as Gowanus Heights. The road leading to it, for some distance, is up a rather sharp incline, which brings the visitor to the entrance gates, built of brown stone, the central archway carrying, in bas-relievo, some very fine pieces of sculpture. The cemetery covers an area of four hundred and ten acres, the whole of which has been laid out with the greatest care, totally regardless of cost, and with undoubted taste and judgment. One of the features of these Gowanus Heights would appear to have been an almost unlimited series of knolls which covered them, breaking the surface into an infinite variety of hill and dale, a large portion being covered with forest and other trees and shrubs. Advantage has been taken of this, and roads, and paths, and drives intersect the place in every possible direction, all leading to spots of rare beauty, and occasionally of singular retirement and solitude. The art displayed in the tombs and monuments is also far above the average; so that a visit to the place is made attractive in many ways. I think I never was in a place where order was more scrupulously maintained. The roads, exclusive of footpaths, in the cemetery, are said to be sixteen miles in length; yet they are all kept swept and watered with the greatest possible care, the whole income of the cemetery, derived from the sale of lots, being devoted to the improvement and care of the grounds. The cemetery has now been open about thirty years; the average daily interments for that time being fifteen, or about 5,800 yearly. But there is one tomb in the cemetery distinguished beyond all the rest for its beauty and costliness. It is a grand picture in white marble, and consists of many figures surrounding a central female figure, upon all of which the best obtainable art and skill has been spent. It is a marvellous work of art, the smallest detail or part of which would be no disgrace to any gallery of sculpture in Europe. It was erected to the memory of Charlotte Candy, who was killed by falling from her carriage, on the seventeenth anniversary of her birthday, in the year 1845. This young lady, it appears, was heiress to enormous wealth. On the day preceding that fixed for her marriage she was taking a carriage drive, when the horses, taking fright, bolted, and she was thrown from the carriage, and killed on the spot. Her affianced husband, who, by her death, became entitled to her fortune, spent it all in erecting a monument to her memory. There are some touching inscriptions on various parts of the central piece; such as "Fond hopes lie buried here," "Heaven hath one angel more." You will recollect the Greek Slave of Hiram Powers in the 1851 Exhibition, and the Reading Girl, by another American artist, in a subsequent exhibition. I think the work in this superb monument may be compared with that of the two celebrated pieces I have referred to. In area, it occupies a space of about twenty feet square, but as none of the figures are above life size the height is not very great, the top of the central figure rising not more than twenty feet above the surrounding level.

From Greenwood Cemetery I went to Coney Island—from the cultivated seclusion of the City of the Dead, to the wild sand beach, where the democracy of New York were busily engaged in enjoying the abandon of the rough and boisterous life of the drinking and smoking booth, and a dip in the briny sea. It is somewhat singular that it should be so, but it is nevertheless the case, that there are aristocratic resorts, and democratic resorts, in America, as well as in England; and that the division between classes is as marked in one country as in the other. Leaving the cemetery, I went to a railway station close by. The crowd of persons here was inconveniently great. There must have been over a thousand persons, all of them evidently belonging to the working classes, both men, women, and children, waiting to get off by the trains, which were leaving about every ten minutes, crowded in every conceivable manner. The street railways in and around New York are somewhat peculiar. I do not think they would *take* in England. The rails are laid down in the streets or in the road, up hill and down dale, and round corners, in what appears to be a very happy-go-lucky fashion. The engines used are what are known as "Bogy" engines, adapted rather for getting over minor difficulties than for doing long distances straight ahead. The carriages are open waggons, with seats placed across them, a covering overhead to keep rain and sun off, and movable curtains along the sides. In populous places the train is preceded by a man on horse-back, who blows a horn as a warning to all persons and things to get out of the way. This was the kind of railway by which we went out to Coney Island. We went up hills very slow, down hills very fast, and turned round corners at the imminent risk of being turned over. For a time it was a most extraordinary journey, and, as I thought, attended with considerable risk. The weather, however, was gloriously fine, and the living freight—the democracy of New York—was in the best of humours. We passed by some fields where there were acres of tomatoes, mellons, marrows, and similar fruit and vegetables growing in the open, for the neighbouring markets. At length we came to Coney Island, an immense tract of sand, covering several square miles, without a speck of vegetation on it, smelling strongly of sea-weed, clams, and fish. Going across the island to the extreme southern point, where the Atlantic opens out in one grand marine view, with many steamers and sailing vessels in the distance making to and from New York harbour, with scores of smaller craft in every direction, we came upon a scene of a most unique character. There were but few buildings to be seen, and they were of a most temporary looking character—built of wood and lime-washed. They were used as refreshment saloons and drinking bars, and were all full. There were also long rows of wooden huts along the shore, used as dressing boxes. But the great sight was in the water, which was exceedingly shallow for a considerable distance out, but through being quite open to the Atlantic the waves rolled in and out in great volume. In the water, within a distance of a couple of miles, there must have been as many as from two to three thousand persons bathing, dressed in bathing suits, which were hired from the hut-keepers, and carrying on the most grotesque games and gambols conceivable. The water was, as it were, divided off into pens by means of ropes floated by corks, and kept in their places by means of small anchors. Within these pens the bathers could carry on their games in comparative security, the ropes stopping them and giving them protection when they were in danger of being carried out to sea by a receding wave. On the sands there was carried on most of the rascality common to race-courses and such like places. Fellows were selling goods by Dutch auction, and offering wonderful prizes to persons who were inclined to speculate in the purchase of jewellery in paper boxes, purses, and the like.

From the bathing place I went to a pier on the west side of the island, and there took boat for New York, steaming through the narrows, and by the various islands and fortifications in New York harbour.

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LETTER 37.

NEW YORK.

We get a great deal of "tall" talk from America, but the American people "do" in other commodities. To-day I have had a run "in and about" New York. I went to the *Graphic* office, where a *daily illustrated* newspaper is published—an enterprise which we in England have not yet attempted. When there, I was introduced to Professor Wise, who is preparing to make a voyage to England in a balloon. After some conversation touching his project, which he is very confident of carrying out successfully, he was good enough to promise me that if he alighted anywhere in Wilts he would most assuredly give me a call. I cannot, however, admit that the American illustrated daily is to be compared in any way with our English weekly ones. It is curious rather as an enterprise, and for the process adopted in the production of the illustrations. It is a rather expensive and tedious process to produce a really good wood engraving such as we see in the *Illustrated London*

News, the *Graphic*, and other similar publications. In the *New York Daily Graphic* this expense is saved. In the case of an *original* illustration the subject is drawn in ink on paper. A copy is then taken of the drawing by means of a photographic camera, and the copy so taken is transferred to a lithographic stone, a copy of the letter-press, or reading matter, printed on the same page as the illustrations being also transferred to the stone, and then illustration and letter-press is worked off at an ordinary lithographic machine in the ordinary manner, the sheet being backed, or printed on the reverse side, where there are no illustrations, from type at a Hoe's printing machine. The process, however, appears to be best adapted for copying and reproducing wood engravings as they appear in the English papers, and publishing them in the American *Graphic.* Page after page of the *Illustrated London News* may, in course of an incredibly short time, be copied by means of the camera, and transferred to stone, and be made ready for printing. But copies printed in this way can by no means compare with the original: they have a grey and dirty appearance, and lack both tone and distinctness. The process is certainly a wonderful one, and will, no doubt, lead to something more being accomplished than we are at present aware of.* I believe the process is an English invention, and was first used in the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton. Colonel Sir H. James, in his introductory remarks to the

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* The pen and ink sketches at pages 288 and 289 are produced by a somewhat similar process. They are taken directly from the sketch on paper by the aid of photography, and a stereo-plate, in the ordinary type metal, is produced from the copy so taken. Neither the graver nor any artistic skill is required in the production of the block to be printed from, but simply a knowledge of certain natural and chemical laws, and their applicability to the work in hand.

fac-simile reproduction of Domesday Book, remarks:—"In 1859 we improved and adapted the Chromo-carbon process to our requirements in such a way that the photographs could be at once transferred to the waxed surface of a copper-plate to guide the engraver, or to plates of zinc [illegible] to stone for printing as by the ordinary methods. . . . In examining copies made by photo-zincography, it must always be remembered that the original document is not even handled or touched by the copyist, each leaf of the book is placed in succession before the camera . . and sometimes after an exposure of only twenty seconds the copy is complete." In England we have applied the process to the re-production of old documents. In New York it has been made to serve the purposes of a daily illustrated newspaper. But American enterprise is to be seen in many ways, and in every direction. As you know, all the shops are called stores. A Mr. A. T. Stewart is the great store keeper of New York. His chief store consists of an entire block, situate in Ninth and Tenth streets, Broadway. It is called a "Dry Goods Store," because drapery and such like merchandise is sold there. It would be easy matter to write a volume about this one store, and two or three more volumes about its proprietor. But I have time only for a few sentences. The store itself is said to be the *largest* in the world. It is no libel on either the world or its stores in general to say that this is the largest store. It is built entirely of iron—outside walls as well as inside partitions. It is painted white, and glistens in the sunlight like itself and naught else in the known world. The building consists of eight stories or floors, three of which are *below* the roadway outside, and five above it. If these said floors were laid out side by side of each other they would cover an area of *fifteen* acres. I had a walk through the ground floor. It was a truly marvellous place, employing hundreds of assistants, scores of whom were busy at the various counters serving customers. I was taken to the centre of the building on the ground floor, and there I could see all the five floors, rising one after the other above me, the whole being lighted from a huge glass dome in the roof above. In the outer walls there are many hundred windows, but it would be difficult to make the light from these penetrate into the centre of so vast a building. The dome over the well-hole in the centre, therefore, serves the purpose of supplying the necessary light, as well as that of shewing off the building. The building is divided into departments for the sale of special goods. There is, for instance, a department for hats, another for gloves, another for silks, and so on through the whole catalogue of human attire. The intending purchaser or visitor is put to no trouble in reaching the various departments. There are lifts at various points, constantly ascending and descending from floor to floor, into which you step, and are conveyed whilst standing still or sitting down to whatever part of the place you may desire to go. I was told that Mr. Stewart, the proprietor of this establishment, came to New York a poor Irish lad. After he had been in America a short time, he returned to his native land to receive a small legacy, which had been left him. He invested the proceeds of this legacy in the purchase of some cloth, and started life as a packman. Mr. Stewart is still living in New York. At the corner of Thirty-fourth-street, Fifth Avenue, there is a very imposing looking building. You cannot pass anywhere near it without being struck by it. The outer walls are built entirely of white marble, most elaborately worked and carved. The building is four stories high above the road-way. It is said to be the most luxurious and costly private residence on the American continent, and to have cost upwards of two million dollars. Some of the fluted Corinthian columns in the main entrance-hall are reported to have cost from three thousand five hundred to four thousand dollars each. The enormous cost of the building has been mainly incurred by such items as these, for the building is by no means remarkable for its size. It is the private residence of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the man who came to America as a poor Irish lad, and started in life as a packman, selling a few pieces of cloth. But even the wealth of a Mr. A. T. Stewart does not give us all we need. I was told of a very singular circumstance in connection with Mr. Stewart and his new mansion. Just about the time when the builders were to hand the mansion over to Mr. Stewart, that gentleman had an altercation with one of the workmen, who, it appears, was a most vile fellow, and who showered the bitterest imprecations upon Mr. Stewart, hoping, among other things, that the building would fall upon him, should he ever again attempt to enter it. The fellow's oaths and blasphemy had such an effect upon Mr. Stewart that he could not be prevailed upon to enter the building for a couple of years after it had been completed.

I might give you many other instances of successful enterprise, and tell you of other establishments which strike the visitor with wonder and admiration. I might tell you of a walk down Broadway, and through the Bowery—of the marvellous buildings, and the world of character one meets with at every step, had not the thing been already done much better than I could hope to do it, and by those who have had fuller opportunities than I have had, or can expect to have. I must, however, tell you of my visit to the "Tombs." It is by this name that the chief police court and prison in New York is known. A strange name, truly, but yet not an inappropriate one, for there seems to be scarcely any partition wall between the petty rascality which thieves, and the revolver which shoots a man down. A friend of mine tells me of a little matter which came under his own observation the other day, wherein a boy, fourteen years of age, abused and insulted his mother in a most shocking manner because she objected to his having a revolver pocket made in some new trousers which were being made for him. I am told that a tailor invariably puts a revolver pocket in trousers, unless ordered not to do so. The pocket is placed rather behind, and somewhat higher than the ordinary pocket, on the back of the right hip. When placed here, the revolver is ready at once to the hand. The position has also this advantage: should the revolver "go off" whilst the person carrying it is seated, the nozzle, or mouth of the barrel, points clear of the leg. This familiarity with, and constant use of, deadly weapons, is attended by most frightful consequences, and leads to the lowest possible estimate being formed of the value and sacredness of human life. The "word and a blow" with us in England is a "wrangle and a shot" with New Yorkers. A very sad instance of this happened only last week. Several young men, cousins, went out for an excursion. In the evening, on returning outside the house of one of the parties, some angry words were exchanged. The mother of some of the lads, and aunt to the others, hearing the altercation, ran out of the house for the purpose of quelling it, just in time to receive in her own breast the charge from a revolver, aimed at her son by her nephew. At the present time there is some excitement, perhaps as much as can be got up over such a matter, about the Walworth murder case, in which a son shot down his father, an aged man, who had held the position of judge in one of the law courts, and who had retired from the office on account of age and long service. The horrible system of "interviewing," adopted by the American Press, has, I think, a most injurious effect upon the morals of society. For instance, Walworth, the parricide, is made the hero of the hour by this system of interviewing. His every look, movement, and word is noted and retailed among the community, after the most disgusting fashion. He is invited to give his "views" respecting the murder of his father; he is pressed to describe his feelings before, at the time, and after the commission of the deed, not in a court of justice, as in France, for the purpose of eliciting the facts connected with the crime, but to a newspaper reporter, for the simple purpose of supplying the sensational gossips of the day with material on which to feed and live. On the day previous to my going to "The Tombs," a person charged with murder had succeeded in making his escape from one of the cells, and had not been re-captured.

But he was not the only murderer confined within "The Tombs." After he had escaped there were seven or eight others left. This was simply horrible. I had some conversation with the presiding magistrate, and he admitted that the criminal statistics of New York were a disgrace to the city. The architecture of "The Tombs" is very remarkable. It is of the Egyptian style, very low, massive, and heavy.

In course of the day, I found myself wandering through some law courts, which were being held in a low brick building, of very unpretending appearance. The sight to be witnessed here was of a very different character to what we see in our English courts. There were neither wigs nor flowing robes; judges, officers, and counsel being dressed in ordinary costume. I was not impressed much by anything I saw. In one of the courts the judge was seated in a chair, placed on a small semi-circular platform, with a small desk in front of him. A counsel was addressing the court. How far he had got in his argument I could not tell, nor could I make out in the least what he was arguing about. At length, however, he pledged his word that he would make a point perfectly clear to the mind of the judge in fifteen minutes time by his watch, and, as he proceeded deliberately to take his watch from his fob, and lay it very ceremoniously before him, I waited for some minutes to hear what the point was. I, however, got more perplexed than ever over the point, and had to give it up by beating a retreat. Whether or not the fifteen minutes sufficed, or to what extent the judge's mind was enlightened, I am quite unable to say.

Going from "The Tombs" to the Central Park, I passed one of the smaller reservoirs in which water is stored for the supply of the city. The water supply of New York is one of the marvels of the world. Previous to the year 1845, the New York water supply was very defective and insufficient, but in that year it was resolved to construct what are known as the Croton Water Works. These works commence at a distance of forty miles from the centre of New York. At this point, an embankment of stone and cement is carried across the neck of a valley, which receives the natural drainage of a very large tract of country, and by this means a large reservoir covering 400 acres, and containing 500,000,000 gallons of water, is formed. From this reservoir there is an aqueduct, built of stone and brick, in the form of a double arch, 8ft. 5in. high, and at the bottom 6ft. 3in. wide, and carried through solid rocks, and across valleys and streams, till it reaches Haarlem river, which separates the north part of Manhatton Island from the mainland. Here the aqueduct assumes a more gigantic form, and a magnificent stone bridge, 1,050ft.

long, and 14ft. above the tide-way, spans the river by fourteen arches. The water thus conveyed is carried forward into reservoirs, for distribution over the city. The supply of pure and wholesome water by these means is at the minimum rate of 27,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. Two of the reservoirs are situate in what is known as the Central Park.

It is said that land in Wall Street, the great banking and money changing district of the city, has been sold at a higher price per foot than in any other part of the known world. Yet the New Yorkers are not chary over their land when it is required for purposes of health or recreation. I have already told you of the number of public parks there are in New York. The chief park is known as Central Park, and it contains no less than 800 acres. It is a very enjoyable place, and vast sums of money have been spent upon it to make it worthy of the city and of the country. But in the matter of their public parks the Americans can never rival the English. The climate will render that simply impossible. With the spring there comes a burst of vegetation, and almost before flowers have time to settle down into those rich colors which they would develop in course of a slower growth, the scorching summer sun dries them up, and robs them of all distinctive color. To get over this difficulty as best they could, the park authorities have combined together all the possible features open to them, and, as a consequence, there are splendid drives and walks; there are zoological gardens, well stocked with birds, beasts, and reptiles, from all parts of the world; there is a museum of natural history; there are terraces, and cascades, and water works; and the lakes are made specially attractive to boating parties. In short, in this one park the attempt has been made to combine the varied attractions of our own Hyde Park, our Regent's Park, our British Museum, and our

Crystal Palace at Sydenham, all in one concern. But there is one distinction—Central Park is free, and open to all alike, museums as well as grounds, the expense of management being defrayed out of the city funds.

On my way back from the park I visited the celebrated Astor House Hotel, a huge white dull looking building, with a large number of small windows in the principal front, which gave it more the appearance of a workhouse, or gaol, than anything else I could think of. I also went to the Cooper Institute and Reading Room, one of the great public institutions of New York. In the reading room, which is large enough to accommodate many hundred persons at one time, and is entirely free to all visitors, I enjoyed the opportunity of looking over files of several of the leading English newspapers published since I had left home.

New York is most decidedly a place worth seeing. There is nothing like it in all the world beside. There is always a great world's race going on here. You see the enterprise, not of a people, but of the world, in the streets, and in the business parts. You may sometimes see half-a-dozen separate nationalities represented by the occupiers of half-a-dozen adjoining establishments. An American writer has remarked that the American people have not yet had time to decide upon any one particular style of architecture for their streets and business establishments. And this would seem to be true. A Dutchman obtains a plot of land, or a house which is not big enough for him. He pulls it down, and builds up another in its place, after his own idea, or to meet some present requirement. His next door neighbour, who is an Irishman, does the same, and his next door neighbour, who happens to be a Frenchman, does the same; and so the game goes on, until the time arrives when the whole are bought up, and the heterogenious mass levelled to the ground to make way for some grand store or public building.

In my last I told you of Greenwood Cemetery. To-day I saw a funeral procession on its way to that place. It was perfectly unique in its way. I had not been in Quebec an hour before, in course of my perambulations, I came upon a door, from the knocker of which was suspended a large rosette, with streamers made of white and black crape. It was the sign that a child lay dead in the house. How wonderfully quick the mind can travel. The white and black rosette haunted me for hours, and sent me to and fro the Atlantic several times, until I had looked into every corner, and had seen and taken stock of the occupants of the home I had left behind me. To-day I came upon a large business house, the whole front of which was covered with rosettes, streamers, and festoons of white and black crape. The front of this house was quite "a sight," in consequence of the profuse decoration. The mistress of the establishment was lying dead within. I afterwards saw the funeral procession after it had left the house, and when it was on its way to Greenwood Cemetery. It was of the most harum-scarum character. There was no order except the want of it. The hearse was a very elaborate specimen of carriage building, with plate-glass sides, exposing to view the coffin within. The driver of the hearse wore a straw hat on his head, or rather in his poll; he wore a brown-holland blowse on his back, and he carried a long whip, which he cracked and flourished to the tune of "Haste to the Wedding," or, "Off to the Pic-nic." In the mourning coaches, of which there were many, there were large parties dressed in the most miscellaneous of costumes, and appearing as happy and jolly as sand-boys. By the way, American obituary notices differ somewhat in their style from the ordinary English ones. For instance, with the notice of a death there is invariably an advertisement following, announcing the place of interment, the name of the church or chapel to which the body will be taken for the religious service, preparatory to its removal to a cemetery, and inviting the friends of the deceased to attend the same, the invitation not unfrequently extending to friends' friends, and the members of such societies as the deceased belonged to. Published with the births, marriages, and deaths, there is another class of notice, which we in England know nothing of, as yet. I give you one specimen which I copy from the New York *Sun* of this day's date. It appears after the marriages, and before the deaths. It runs as follows :—

> DIVORCED.
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> "BRADY.—In the city of New York, on the 6th day of July, by the Hon. Charles H. Van Brunt, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Isabella Brady from Benjamin Brady."

LETTER 38.

NEW YORK TO BOSTON.

THE time for my stay in New York having now expired, and my contemplated trip having been practically completed, it became necessary for me to at once decide what my next step should be. Letters which I knew had been sent to me, and which ought to have been waiting my arrival in New York for some time, had not yet come to hand. Letters posted for other persons subsequent to those posted for me had been duly received, but I could hear nothing whatever of mine. This was most disquieting, and seemed to at once order me off to the wharves, and, going on board the first steamer bound for Liverpool, make for home. But against this there was ever tuning on my ear catches of the Canadian Boatman's Song—

> "The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

I could also recollect one of Gough's perorations in which he described a "Shooting of the Rapids" on the St. Lawrence. This was a tremendous obstacle in the way of an immediate departure for home for no better reason than what might subsequently prove to be a mere delay in the delivery of some letters. And then there was the promise I had made myself that, if possible, I would have a run into the New England States, and see what I could of the working of the much talked about "Maine Liquor Law." But when a man once begins to consider troubles he is done for entirely. After some deliberation, I resolved upon seeing Boston and Portland, and doing the rapids. But I had already started on the road for troubles, and I was not long before I had to pull up at another stage. The Falls River boat, *en route* for Boston, did not leave until the afternoon, so I had a few hours to spare. I had a walk down Wall Street. I went into Jay, Cook, and Co's banking establishment there—one of the great American firms which have the keeping of much of the enterprise of America in their hands—men who, by a favourable run of what is called luck, attain to the position of millionaires, with the world worshipping at their feet, but who stand the chance, on any unfavourable turn setting in, of becoming worse than beggars, and be denounced as thieves and swindlers. Without such men, and such enterprises as they conduct, America never could have become what she is in so short a time. I went to two other of Messrs. Jay, Cook, and Co's establishments. At one of them I found a perfect museum of minerals, grains, vegetables, and fruit. These specimens were brought from lands through which railways with which the firm was connected ran, more particularly from the lands of the Great Pacific Railway, which runs from Omaha to San Francisco, a distance of 1,911 miles, Omaha being 1,431 miles from New York. It was only to see the corn, fruit, and vegetables from San Francisco, and the district of California, to desire at once to see the country which produced such things, and whilst I was examining the specimens a very tempting offer was made to me to take a ticket for San Francisco. But to do this would involve a railway journey extending over from seven to eight days and nights without ceasing. Tens of thousands of persons every year perform this through journey, but all that I could do at present was to make a mental note of it that California was to be visited—some other time, with a look in upon Utah and the Salt Lake district by the way. For the present I could only hope to extend my trip a few hundred miles in a totally opposite direction.

When going down to Ward's Island, in the East river, the other day, I was told of some very extraordinary engineering undertakings that were being prosecuted at a place known as Hell Gate. Having two or three hours to spare, I resolved on having a look at the works. New York Harbour is said to be the finest in the world. It is quite certain there can be but few superior to it, but it lays rather too far south for steamships coming from Europe. A shorter cut by a hundred miles or so might be made for New York by way of Long Island Sound. Trifling as a hundred miles, more or less, may seem in the distance between Europe and America, to an ordinary observer, it is of serious moment to shipping companies, mail contractors, and mercantile men generally. The journey by way of Long Sound is, it appears, quite practicable, except at one point, ten or twelve miles distant from Castle Gardens, up the East river. Here there are a number of rocks lying just under the surface of the water. By dint of great care the ordinary river boats can be taken between or over these rocks, but the passage is impracticable for the passage of the ordinary Atlantic steamers. In consequence of the number of fatal casualties happening at this spot, it is known as Hell Gate. For the purpose of removing the obstacles, and making the river navigable, the rocks are being undermined by means of tunnels driven in from the shore. I went some distance into several of these tunnels, for they branch out in various directions from one central shaft, so as to get well under the various rocks. The tunnels are cut through the solid rock, and certainly appear to be one of the most extraordinary undertakings ever entered upon. The work has now been in progress for some years, and it is hoped to get it completed by the 4th of July, 1876, when the great blow-up is to take place. Under the rocks there will be formed vast chambers, each of which will be filled with powder or some other combustible material. The chambers and tunnels being duly walled up or barricaded, at a given signal on the morning of the hundredth anniversary of the declaration of American Independence, the contents of the chambers will be fired, and then—well, perhaps, I had better go no farther. It is hoped that among the things resulting from the grand blow up will be the removal of the objectionable rocks. But what else will be removed or done no one can venture to say. Manhatton Island may not be blown up, nor New York be blown down, but it seems to be very generally expected that something grand will mark the occasion of the blowing up of Hell Gate. I think it very probable that about the time when the event is to come off the duties of American newspaper writers will partake very much of the character of those undertaken by racing prophets.

You may recollect that Washington Irving, in his "Tales of a Traveller," gives an account of this Hell Gate. He says :—" About six miles from the renowned city of the Manhattoes, in that sound or arm of the sea which passes between the mainland

and Nassau, or Long Island, there is a narrow strait, where the current is violently compressed between shouldering promontories, and horribly perplexed by rocks and shoals. Being, at the best of times, a very violent, impetuous current, it takes these impediments in mighty dudgeon; boiling in whirlpools, brawling and fretting in ripples, raging and roaring in rapids and breakers, and, in short, indulging in all kinds of wrong-headed paroxysms. At such times, woe to any unlucky vessel that ventures within its clutches! This termagant humour, however, prevails only at certain times of tide. At low water, for instance, it is as pacific a stream as you would wish to see; but as the tide rises, it begins to fret; at half-tide it roars with might and main, like a bull bellowing for more drink; but when the tide is full, it relapses into quiet, and for a time sleeps as soundly as an alderman after dinner. In fact, it may be compared to a quarrelsome toper, who is a peaceable fellow enough when he has no liquor at all, or when he has a skinful, but who, when half-seas-over, plays the very devil. This mighty blustering, bullying, hard-drinking little strait was a place of great danger and perplexity to the Dutch navigators of ancient days; hectoring their tub-built barks in a most unruly style, whirling them about in a manner to make any but a Dutchman giddy, and not unfrequently stranding them upon rocks and reefs, as it did the famous squadron of Oloffe the Dreamer, when seeking a place to found the city of the Manhattoes. Whereupon, out of sheer spleen, they denominated it *Helle-gat*, and solemnly gave it over to the devil. This appellation has since been aptly rendered into English by the name of Hell-gate, and into nonsense by the name of *Hurl*-gate, according to certain foreign intruders, who neither understood Dutch nor English—may St. Nicholas confound them!"

A remarkable feature in American travel must always be the river and lake boats. They are so unlike anything we have in England that if one of the Hudson river boats, for instance, could be put down on the Mersey or the Thames, it would be deemed a great curiosity. They are flat bottomed, and glide along the surface of the water with remarkable ease. An English and an American captain once dilating on the virtues of their respective boats, the English captain said he could sail his down a good street gutter, provided it was wide enough. The American captain said he would navigate his vessel over a street pavement with the morning dew on it. It is an old saying that where there is smoke there is fire. You may apply the idea to American steamboats, and say, where there is water there you may run an American steam boat. They are so constructed as to pass over shallow as well as deep water. But they require a great deal of head-room. I am now writing on board one of these boats. It is moving along so grandly that you feel nothing whatever of the motion. From the splendid and complete appointments on every hand, you might fancy yourself in some first-class hotel. I went on board the boat as she lay alongside one of the piers near Castle Gardens this afternoon, and in due course, amidst much leave taking and many adieus, we steamed out into the East river, and were soon leaving Brooklyn and Williamsburg on the right, and New York on the left, behind us. For some time after starting all is bustle and confusion, but this soon quiets down, and we have time to look around and see the place we are in. Our boat, then, is about 400 feet long, by from 50 to 60 feet wide. It draws only from 3 to 4 feet of water, but its huge paddle wheels are sixty feet in diameter, and revolve so easily that unless your attention is specially directed to them you are hardly conscious of their motion, and even then are at a loss to comprehend the fact that they are propelling the boat along at the rate of from 25 to 30 miles an hour. Yet that is actually the rate at which we are travelling. Above the surface of the water there are five stories, or decks, each slightly decreasing in size, painted white, relieved with gold, and well pierced with good sized windows. On the first deck the boilers and engines are placed. The engines being constructed after the beam, or Cornish pumping engine, fashion, rise far above the top of the boat, the beam working up and down from its central pivot being always a leading feature between the two funnels, which are placed opposite each other across the boat. On this story, also, provision is made for the storage of horses, carriages, and light freight. In the centre of the next story there is a large open space, with offices in each corner, whilst massive stairs are on either hand. Taking the stair-case leading towards the stern of the vessel, and descending two or three steps, you find yourself in the great saloon, a magnificent room, richly carpeted, well lighted from above by day, and by gas by night; along the sides and ends there are huge mirrors, and on the floor, marble-top tables, and sofas and lounges in profuse abundance. This great saloon is probably 150 feet long by 30 to 35 wide, there being on either side a row of state rooms or sleeping berths, which are so enclosed as to make them quite private. Around the top of the great saloon there is a gallery, or promenade, supplied with sofas, lounges, &c., and from which persons can keep, if so disposed, one eye on the river outside, and the other on the doings in the great saloon below. Above this gallery deck there is what is called the hurricane deck, which forms a splendid promenade; and above this again there is a pilot house. But you must see one of these boats to know how complete all the arrangements are. There is, of course, a barber's shop on board, and there is a drinking bar where you have as great choice of drinks as at any hotel on land. There is also a newspaper and book shop. Refreshments of every possible kind are to be had at a moment's notice, and at stated times the customary meals are laid out in the best possible style. Shortly after leaving New York, tea was served in the great saloon, and this over, there was commenced the first part of a concert of instrumental music by the boat's band, a party of first-class musicians. Later in the evening, the second part was performed, printed programmes of the entertainment being distributed amongst the passengers. For this there was no extra charge or collection ; nor are there any charges made for waiters, from whom you receive every attention. On this boat a separate charge is made for meals, but even this item is usually charged in the one sum paid as "fare," more particularly when the boat takes long journeys.

There is something in this American steam boat travelling which reminds one very much of eastern romance. The weather was gloriously fine. In the sky there was not a cloud ; on the face of the water there was scarcely a ripple, except that made by our boat. On the one side the shore was lined with verdant fields, and lawns and pleasure grounds surrounding country seats, with occasionally a town or village. On the other shore similar scenes were to be witnessed, although we were too far off to see them so clearly as on the opposite side. Down in the great saloon there was a busy and merry throng of men and women listening to the music of the band, or formed in groups for conversation, or otherwise engaged in passing the time away, and making the journey pleasant and agreeable to themselves and others. I sat out on the upper deck, where I could command a pretty good view of all that was going on, and could listen to the music with advantage, until the evening had well set in when I went to my berth below, and turned in for the night. It is but fair to say I was very much struck by what I saw on board. There were several hundred passengers on board, many of them being strangers to each other, and thereby free and uncontrolled except by their own sense of what was required of them as reasonable and rational men and women. They formed a huge miscellaneous group, exhibiting in no one respect the slightest approach to those manners and customs which we have led ourselves too commonly to believe are peculiar to the American people. They exhibited here those traits of character which I had noticed in other places: Freedom without vulgarity, and an ease which did not invite license.

By a very early hour the next morning we had reached the end of our journey by water, and having landed, I at once entered a train which was in waiting, and proceeded on my journey for Boston, a distance of about 65 miles. Arriving in Boston about 9 o'clock in the morning, after a hasty breakfast, I at once proceeded to explore the place, but had not proceeded far before I came upon a heap of ruins, like those of Chicago; for here also there had been a great fire. If an American city lacks its ancient history, it can always supply you with an history of its great fires. In the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Boston Board of Trade, for the year ending January 8, 1873, I find an historical summary of the fires in Boston, commencing with April, 1636. In 1653 occurred what was known for many years as the Great Fire. In 1676 there was another great fire, and in 1679 there was a third great fire, there having been many smaller fires intervening. In 1691 there was a sixth great fire, and in 1701 a seventh. In 1711 the Reverend Increase Marther published a sermon which he had just preached, "improving the occasion" of a fire which had just then taken place, in which he exclaims "But has not God's Holy Day been Profaned in New England? Has it not been so in Boston this last summer, more than ever since there was a Christian here? Have not burdens been carried through on the Sabbath Day? Have not bakers, carpenters, and other tradesmen been employed in servile works on the Sabbath Day? When I saw this . . . . my heart said, 'Will not the Lord for this kindle a fire in Boston?' It would seem that the efforts of the reverend gentleman altogether failed to make the people so holy as to be proof against the calamity of fires, or to induce them to exercise a sufficient amount of care and caution in the building and conduct of their houses, so as to reduce the number to a minimum, for, according to the record, fires continued with almost frightful regularity down to the year 1872, when the last great fire occurred, and on the ruins of which I was gazing within a few minutes after leaving the railway train. Since the year 1836, a period of nearly 40 years, the history of the fires happening in each consecutive year is given, the entries written against some of the years being rather curious. I will give you a few specimens :—"1836.—No considerable fires." "1838.—Nothing recorded." "1841.—No special fires." "1843.—Few fires." In the intervening years the fires ranged from great to small. But the great fire which broke out on the 9th of November, 1872, appears to have been the most considerable of all that were recorded. The Commissioners referring to it, state that on a calm and mild evening a fire broke out in the buildings numbered 83 and 85 Summer Street, and raged without control till the afternoon of the following day, spreading through the best business portions of Boston, covering sixty-five acres with ruins, destroying seven hundred and seventy-six buildings, assessed at the value of $13,500,000, and consuming merchandise and other personal property estimated at more than $60,000,000. In this destruction were involved two churches, Trinity, on Summer Street, and St. Stephens', on Purchase Street, and within the district had also been four others. The Transcript Office and the Merchants' Exchange were the principal buildings of public interest. The number of dwelling-houses burned was estimated at only sixty, the rest of the loss, as is well known, fell upon the stores and warehouses in the great business centre. At the last census the population of Boston numbered 250,526, so that the amount of property destroyed by this one fire averaged close upon $300 to every man, woman, and child. living in the city at the time.

LETTER 39.

BOSTON TO PORTLAND.

IN many ways the city of Boston is interesting to Englishmen. It is the capital of the New England States, and is one of the oldest cities on the American continent. It takes its name from Boston, in Lincolnshire, in compliment to one of the band of Puritans, who, for conscience sake, left their native land, and sought a home in the new land, where they could worship their God after their own fashion. In later years, the people of Boston proved true to the traditions of the founders of their race, and it was in their city that those revolutionary movements were commenced which ended in the establishment of American Independence. One of the public buildings of Boston is known as the "Cradle of Liberty." Fenimore Cooper, in his "Lionel Lincoln," and other works, has invested Boston and its neighbourhood with a charm which tends to make the English visitor feel at home when he draws nigh towards it. Nor are his expectations damped when he enters the city, for it possesses all the English characteristics: Uneven roads, crooked streets, and houses of all shapes and sizes, differing the one from the other as much as possible, are to be seen in every direction. There perhaps is a little more bustle than would usually be seen in an English town or city, but with this exception, one might easily fancy himself at home in its streets. Nor are the associations of the place wanting in interest to the English visitor. Boston was the birth-place of Benjamin Franklin, and the poet Longfellow lives at Cambridge, four miles distant only. Havard University, one of the chief seats of learning on the American continent, is also situate at Cambridge; whilst Boston itself, for many years past, has been celebrated for its public libraries.

Massachusetts, of which Boston is the capital, is essentially a manufacturing state. Agricultural pursuits are very limited in the state, but as regards manufactories, they are carried on to a much greater extent than in any other state in the Union. It produces twice as much cotton and woollen goods as any other state, except Pennsylvania, and more boots and shoes than all the other states put together. In the Boston Board of Trade Returns, from which I have already quoted respecting the fires, I find it stated that in 1870 there were upwards of thirteen thousand manufacturing establishments in Massachusetts. These establishments represented three hundred and twenty distinct branches of manufacturing industry. The capital employed in them amounted to nearly two hundred and thirty millions of dollars; and their total product for the year named reached the vast aggregate of five hundred and fifty-five millions of dollars.

The production of the leading industries were as follows:—

Boots and Shoes	$88,399,583	
Leather	33,685,055	
		122,084,638
Cotton Goods	56,289,880	
Cotton, Threads, and Yarns	3,009,543	
		59,299,423
Woollen Goods	39,839,498	
Worsteds	8,337,637	
		48,177,135
Manufactures in iron of all kinds		26,767,485
Bleaching and dyeing		22,243,629
Ready-made clothing, men's		20,212,407
Printing cotton and woollen cloths		17,325,150
Machinery of all kinds		16,445,242
Paper and paper hangings		12,741,266
Furniture		11,369,148

According to the authority of the British Consul, the annual sale of wool in Boston amounts to $1,000,000,000.

But yet I was disappointed in Boston. I went to the rooms of the American Social Science Association. It was only after considerable trouble that I could find the place, and when I did at length discover it, it was only to find a piece of paper pinned to the door, announcing that Miss —— was out, and that she would not be in until the morrow. This was a great disappointment to me, for here I had expected to have obtained a full, true, and particular account of the working of the Maine Liquor Law, which we in England are always being told is working such marvels in those places where it is enforced. Now this Maine Liquor Law is enforced in the city of Boston, and the sale of intoxicating liquors is punished most severely. I thought there could be no better place to apply for authentic statistics connected with the working of the law than the offices of the Social Science Association. Being disappointed here, I went off at once to the Board of Trade, where, in one sense, I was more fortunate, for the obliging secretary at once handed me the only copy of the Board's Annual Report for 1873, then issued, and which had been almost that moment handed to him. But although the report deals with almost every possible subject, it leaves alone the liquor traffic, and all I can find within its two covers bearing upon it is the quantity of spirits and wines *imported* into Boston over a long series of years. Of spirits there were *imported* from foreign countries in the year 1863, 76,750 gallons. In 1865 the quantity decreased to 12,275 gallons, but from that year until 1871 the quantity regularly increased, until it reached 155,478 gallons. In 1872 the quantity was 122,024 gallons. But in addition to this import trade, Boston did a great export trade in *home*-made spirits. In 1867, the quantity had decreased to 1,242,558 gallons, and by 1872 to 691,636 gallons. Whether this decrease was in consequence of decreased manufacture, or through more being required for home consumption, I cannot tell. Perhaps price had to do with it, for in 1863 home-made gin sold at from $1.00 to $3.10c. per gallon, and New England rum at from 50c. to $1.00. In 1872 gin sold at from $3.00 to $3.75c., and rum at from $1.05c. to $1.30c. The import of wine had increased in a similar manner. In 1863 the quantity imported amounted to 73,249 gallons. In 1872 it had reached 213,708 gallons. It would seem from these figures that the Maine Liquor Law had not checked the consumption of either wines or spirits. I find by the census returns that the value of malt liquors manufactured within the state of Massachusetts, in the year ending 1870, amounted to $1,542,487; the value of distilled liquors manufactured during the same period being $774,821; or a total of $2,317,308. Not bad this for a state where teetotal principles are enforced by law, and where the sale of liquor is visited by such penalties that at this very moment there are many persons in the state prisons for having broken the law! If we take the population of the state to be 1,457,351, we find the value of the home-made liquors to average something like 6s. 6d. of English money per head per annum, including men, women, and children. To this, of course, must be added the value of the imported article.

But where I obtained the most striking insight into the working of the Maine Liquor Law was in the Boston Police Court. I chanced to enter this court just as the presiding magistrate was in the act of taking his seat. The court was a large one, and there were many persons present, waiting for the proceedings to commence. I had barely taken my seat at the reporters' and solicitors' table, when a young girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, was brought up into the dock, and charged with having on the previous day been drunk and disorderly in the streets of Boston. This took me so completely by surprise that I could not help expressing myself to that effect to those sitting at the table. A gentleman who was sitting there, and who I understood practised at the court, seeing that I was a stranger, at once entered into conversation with me on the subject, and, finding that I was much interested in it, he obtained permission to get the charge book for that day for my inspection, and there he pointed out that there were no less than thirty-three cases of drunkenness for adjudication that day. This, he said, was rather below the average: he believed the daily average would reach thirty-five. I spoke to him respecting the Maine Law. He said it was a total failure, inasmuch as it did not prevent drunkenness, which was as great now as it ever was. I asked him if the law was not enforced? He said it was as far as it was possible to do so, and that offenders against the law were severely punished, there being a number of persons in gaol at that time for offences against the liquor law. The practice was to fine offenders for the first and second offences, but for the third offence they were sent to gaol without the option of paying a fine. Notwithstanding, however, all that has been done, or could be done, people who were bent upon it would get liquor, and the result was the drunkenness daily brought to book in that court. This was but a sorry account of the much vaunted Maine Liquor Law. I was by no means predisposed in favour of the law, and I had long felt confident that however admirable it might work in some parts of America, it would be totally inapplicable to England; yet I was by no means prepared for such signal and striking proof of failure as that which now lay before me. I had gone into the state hoping that I might find it a success, and by noticing the practical working of the plan, make the attempt to see how it might be applied in some modified form to our English towns and villages. Had I found it a success, I should have felt bound to have sunk my own opinion on the matter, and have borne a ready testimony to it. In equal fairness, I am bound to state what I saw, and which seemed to me to be most conclusive evidence of the failure of the principle of making men and women sober by Act of Parliament, or by order of some state or township, in this the chief city of the New England or Puritan States of America.

On leaving the police court, I went direct to the railway station, and took train for Portland, the capital of Maine, distant about one hundred miles from Boston. Here I found things positively worse than they were at Boston, if the evidence the police afforded me is worthy of credit, for, unfortunately, I had no opportunity for obtaining personal evidence. It was about six o'clock in the evening when I arrived in the city; and for a couple of hours I wandered about the streets, seeing all they had to shew me. No two places could be more unlike than Portland and Boston. In Portland, the streets are very wide, generally straight, and lined on either side with shade trees. The shops had more the appearance of being adapted to the retail trade of a town with fashionable suburbs. The churches were of a fashionable cut; there was a very fine new post office, built of white marble, just finished; and there were other public buildings of a somewhat superior character. I found the population of Portland to be about 31,000; there being no house in the place for the *public sale* of intoxicating drinks. Speaking to a very intelligent police officer on the absence of public-houses, I remarked: "Of course, then, you have no drunkenness?" His answer was: "I am sorry to say we have a great deal of drunkenness." Finding that the man was an abstainer himself, and that at one time he had been strongly in favour of the Maine Liquor Law, I questioned him further on the subject. He told me that a few days previously there were no less than twenty-seven cases of drunkenness before the Police Magistrate. This, however, was an exceptional number, the daily average not being more than five or six cases. Considering the population, I doubt if we could surpass this in the worst parts of England. He told me that if disposed I would have no difficulty in obtaining any liquor I liked. The houses where liquors were sold were as well known to the police as though they were public-houses. Yet it was most difficult to obtain a conviction. Raids, he said, were frequently made upon these houses, but without any good effect, the liquor being kept in the most unlikely vessels, which were usually placed near to a sink, so that on the slightest signal being given, the contents might be emptied out and disappear. I spoke to other policemen on the matter, and they all, more or less, confirmed the statement of this man. I also went into several shops and enquired where and how I could obtain liquor, on the ground that I was travelling through the country, and had just come off a long journey. In no one case did I fail in getting the necessary information, but invariably some instruction was added how to successfully practice and carry out the deceit. I went into an hotel. A waiter came to me and asked if I required my coat "whisked?" This I had been previously told was equivalent to asking if I wanted liquor. When I replied "no," the man turned away evidently disappointed. The barber's shops, I was assured, did a great trade in the sale of liquors, the quantity paid for being placed in a large cupboard, into which the customer was shewn, after giving his orders, and paying his money. In short, I could learn no fact in connection with the liquor traffic that did not at once bring up a feeling of disgust; for however bad and disgusting open drunkenness may be, this open profession of purity covering unbridled secret indulgence is far worse. The inhabitants of the New England States are charged with doing a great deal of piety with their grog, and this may account for the continued existence of the Maine Law among them—a thing breeding deception and iniquity. An American writer thus refers to the early settlers of the New England States:—"They were English Puritans, equally given to godliness and gain, and equally determined to have religious freedom for themselves and deny it to all others. Escaped from persecution in England, they remorselessly persecuted all who differed from themselves. They hanged Quakers, and whipped heterodox women at the cart's tail from town to town through Massachusetts—the women carted from village to village, and stripped and whipped at each, to the delight of pious crowds and Puritan ministers. Episcopalians, or members of the Church of England, were banished, and Roman Catholics would certainly have been hung had they ventured among them in search of that 'freedom to worship God' which they so sturdily defended and fanatically denied. While adopting the Bible as their code of laws; robbing and murdering the Indians on the plea that the earth was the heritage of the saints; compelling men to go to meeting on Sundays under pain of fine and imprisonment; permitting none but Church members to vote for magistrates; driving Baptists out of the colony; hanging witches by dozens, according to the laws of Moses; enslaving the Indians, or importing negroes from Jamaica, and doing very much as their brethren were doing on the opposite side of the Atlantic . . . The Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment in matters of faith had little recognition in early New England theology. The man who did not worship at the Puritanical Church by Law Established, was sent to prison, and the man or woman who presumed to worship in some other fashion was whipped, or hanged, or, at the mildest, banished."

The same writer adds :—" In the estimation of the pious, most of the pleasures, amusements, and recreations of life were sinful. It was a sin to dance, or even to play a dancing tune, but right enough to play marches. A quick step would pass muster, but not a hornpipe or jig. It was wicked to play at cards, even where there was no gaming; but one might have a game of drafts or fox and geese, but not billiards or nine pins. In my childhood everybody drank rum or brandy and cider; ale or beer was but little known. But drunkenness becoming common, the temperance reform sprang up, and was carried out so unsparingly that spirits were banished, the apple orchards cut down to prevent the making of cider; 'Maine Laws' were finally passed, and drinking any intoxicating beverages, ever so temperately, was thought a sin of such a magnitude as to justify excommunication. Sunday was kept in the fashion of the Scottish Presbyterians. No travelling was allowed. Attempts were made to stop the Government mails on Sundays. No music but Church music, no recreation of any kind. All was solemn and drear. Laughter was considered irreverent. There was a ban upon everything like mirth, pleasure, or festivity, on all days, but especially on Sunday. Life was too earnest and solemn a thing, and eternity too terrible, according to the Calvinistic theology, to allow of jollity, or any but the most serious happiness. All this was softened among the Methodists, and still more among Episcopalians, Unitarians, Universalists, and Catholics. These, and the more independent of the unconverted, or non-professors, indulged in dancing and other profane amusements. I have not mentioned the theatres, for there were none nearer than Boston, more than a hundred miles away, but the stage was held in holy horror. Yet pious people who would have thought it sinful to go to the theatre to see a play of Shakespeare, would crowd the circus, just as I saw, some years later, Puritanical people flocking to Niblo's to see vaudevilles and the ballet, because the theatre was called a garden. Even clergymen went, with pious ladies, to see the most objectionable performances of the modern stage, so long as the place where they were given was not called a theatre."

This account would seem to apply to the liquor traffic at present carried on in the State of Maine:—It matters but little how much drunkenness, deception, and rascality there may be, so that it be smothered in a profuse profession of piety and self-righteousness. Turning once more to the writer, from whose pages I have already quoted, I give one more extract. He says :—"Total abstinence became a fanaticism, and when moral suasion failed to make it universal, the teetotallers procured the passage of the Maine Law, which failed of its intended effect because it went utterly beyond the bounds of constitutional legislation. It not only failed to answer the end proposed—it undoubtedly increased the evil of drinking and drunkenness. When the retailing of liquor was prohibited, men bought by wholesale ; the express companies were loaded down with orders for kegs of liquor brought from other States. A thousand devices of smuggling were resorted to ; people had no respect for a law which they looked upon as an unconstitutional violation of personal rights. They openly defied or secretly nullified it. In a few months it became a huge joke and a dead letter. The temperance reform, by moral suasion, did great good everywhere, and especially in the small villages and rural districts. The Maine Law increased the consumption of liquor, and hurt the cause of temperance.

I do not ask you to accept me as an authority on the Maine Law. I do not pretend to more than I know. It can matter nothing in what light we look at the subject of drunkenness, the position of the steady, sober, and industrious man is so overwhelmingly superior to the position of the man who gives way to drink, and can find no other enjoyment than that which is to be found in the use of intoxicating liquors, that all who have calmly considered the question must have a desire to encourage sobriety and to put down drunkenness, on national as well as on individual grounds. On the other hand, I do not believe in the wholesale condemnation of the drunken habits of our English working men, so freely indulged in by a certain class of people. I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that a marvellous change has taken place within the last twenty-five years in the habits, customs, and, more especially, the amusements of the people. Our English improvement is the outcome of a higher sense of life, its duties, and *enjoyments;* and when we get growth on such a foundation we get the germ of much more. Goodness that is the outcome of some repressive Act of Parliament, or of the State, is never happy; it is always wandering in search after some loop-hole through which it may escape; even though in its escape it fall into unmitigated evil. It is a grand and noble work to turn drunkards into sober men and women; but we should be careful not to make the remedy worse than the disease. If in England we are to have an evil in our midst, let it, if possible, be an open one, and liable to a direct attack. What would baffle us most would be some evil taking shelter behind some cloak of puritanical self-righteousness, doing iniquity and calling it godliness.

I had intended remaining in Portland for the night, but I was so thoroughly disgusted by what I had seen and heard that I took train at once for Montreal, by way of the Grand Trunk, a distance of 297 miles. I think I ought to have a grudge against Portland for having driven me into this precipitate action. Between Portland and Montreal there lies two districts of country, each presenting features of singular interest and beauty. Before leaving England I had made a note of Lake Champlain, and had put it down as one of the places to be seen. The great lakes, as I had seen them, lay, as it were, on the bosom of a mighty continent, and stretched out on either hand until their shores were lost in the distant forest, or were bounded by the distant horizon.

Lake Champlain lay embosomed between rocks and mountains, and precipices; every turn bringing fresh beauties, and ever changing scenes opening up new points of grandeur and magnificence. I was now travelling a long way north of this great treat; I had, in fact, taken the other route, and was travelling through the Switzerland of America. Our train stopped several times on the road, and on some occasions for rather long periods. Having passed the early part of the journey in a good sound sleep, I made use of these stoppages by getting out from the train and having a look round on such of the surrounding country as the early morning could show me, and occasionally the scene was strikingly beautiful. The district, in fact, appeared to have been most properly called the Switzerland of America, for the scenery was of a truly Alpine character. When the train was not at a standstill, and we were travelling on our way, and when there was nothing special to be seen from the windows of the cars, I looked up my books and papers, and there read that "The White Mountains, or the Switzerland of America, are situate in Coos County, New Hampshire, and consist of a number of mountain peaks, from four to six thousand feet in altitude, the highest of them being Mount Washington, which is six thousand two hundred and forty-three feet above the level of the sea, and possesses the greatest attraction to tourists. Its ascent has lately become quite fashionable with visitors to the mountains. It is perhaps impossible to find anything grander in mountain scenery than the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The 'Notch' is a narrow gorge between two enormous cliffs, and extends for a distance of two miles. Its entrance is nearly twenty feet wide, and the mountain scenery, diversified by beautiful cascades falling over perpendicular rocks, is grand in the extreme. The 'Wiley House' stands in this notch, at an elevation of two thousand feet. It is pointed out to the traveller as the residence of the Wiley family, who perished by an avalanche from the mountain thirty years ago. In Franconia Notch may be seen the 'Basin' and 'Flume,' objects of great interest. The Flume is a stream of water having a fall of two hundred and fifty feet over fearful precipices into a natural cavity in the rocks which form the basin. The 'Old Man' of the Mountain, or Profile Mountain, is a singularly interesting natural object. It obtains its name from the striking resemblance it bears to the profile of the human countenance, every feature being marked with the greatest accuracy. Two groups of mountains are included under the general title of 'The White Hills': one, the Mount Washington chain, or the White Mountain proper,—the other, the Franconian Range, of which Mount Lafayette, a thousand feet lower than Mount Washington, is the highest summit. There are three paths for the ascent of Mount Washington—one from the Crawford House at the Notch, one from the White Mountain House, five miles beyond the Notch, and one from the Glen. The path from the White Mountain House requires the shortest horseback ride. Parties are carried by waggons up the side of Mount Washington to a point less than three miles from the summit. The bridle-path, however, is quite steep, and no time is gained by this ascent. The rival routes are those from the North and the Glen. Each of these has some decided advantages over the other. The Glen route is the shortest. For the first four miles the horses keep the wide and hard track, with a regular ascent of one foot in eight, which was laid out for a carriage road to the summit, but never completed. This is a great gain over the corduroy and mud, through the forests of Mount Clinton, which belong to the ascent from the north. When we rise up into the region where the real mountain scenery opens, the views from the two paths are entirely different in character, and it is difficult to decide which is grandest. From the Notch, as soon as we ride out of the forest, we are on a mountain top. We have scaled Mount Clinton, which is 4,200 feet high. Then the path follows the line of the White Mountain ridge. We descend a little, and soon mount the beautiful dome of Mount Pleasant, which is five hundred feet higher. Descending this to the narrow line of the ridge again, we come to Mount Franklin, a little more than a hundred feet higher than Mount Pleasant, less marked in the landscape, but very difficult to climb. Beyond this, five hundred feet higher still, are the double peaks of Mount Monroe; and then winding down to the Lake of the Clouds, from whence the Ammonoosuc issues, we stand before the cone of Mount Washington, which springs more than a thousand feet above us. The views of the ravines all along this route, as we pass over the sharpest portions of the ridge, and see them sweeping off each way from the path, are very exciting. And there is the great advantage in this approach to be noticed, that, if Mount Washington is clouded, and the other summits are clear, travellers do not lose the sensations and the effects produced by standing for the first time on a mountain peak. By the Glen route we cross no subordinate peaks, and do not follow a ridge line from which we see summits towering here and there, but steadily ascend Mount Washington itself. In this way a more adequate conception is gained of its immense mass and majestic architecture. After we pass above the line of the carriage road, to the barren portion of the mountain, there are grand pictures at the south and east of the Androscoggin Valley, and the long, heavily wooded Carter range. Indeed, nothing which the day can show will give more astonishment than the spectacle which opens after passing through the spectral forest, made up of acres of trees, leafless, peeled, and bleached, and riding out upon the ledge. Those who make thus their first acquaintance with a mountain height, will feel, in looking down into the immense hollow in which the Glen House is a dot, and off upon the vast green breastwork of Mount Carter, that language must be stretched and intensified to answer for the new sensations awakened. Splendid! glorious! amazing! sublime! with liberal supplies of interjections, are the words that usually gush to the lips; but seldom is an adjective or exclamation uttered that interprets the scene, or coins the excitement and surge of feeling."

Confound the people of Portland for having disgusted me so, and driven me away from their place so precipitately, without thinking where I was going, or making arrangements for seeing what was to be seen. But my experience, whether at home or abroad, always has been that a disappointment is always followed by some compensation for it, if we are but wise, and allow things to take their own course. In the early morning the train stopped at Richmond, where the glad news spread like wildfire that we stopped twenty minutes for breakfast. I was quickly inside the hotel, where I found a well-spread table, steaming hot, and looking most tempting. I think I never enjoyed a meal more in all my life. There probably were twenty different dishes on the table, all served up in very small quantities, according to the American fashion. There was one dish which, for delicacy and flavour, surpassed all the others. It consisted of what appeared to be the hind quarters of a very small fowl. The flesh was delicately white, and the flavour something superb. It was a new dish to me. For some time I was too busily engaged to make enquiries. But in course of time, when the supply of this one particular dish palpably slackened, and the cravings of the appetite became a thing of the past—when I began to feel like the man who I once met with at a benefit society's dinner, who, after eating till he could eat no longer exclaimed :—"If I could always feel like I do now I could do with a deal less work." I addressed sundry enquiries to the waiters as to the name and nature of the dish on which I had been feasting. It was only after I had repeated the question several times that I got an answer, and then it was : "Wall, I guess they were BULL FROGS."

As a postscript to the above letter, and in further elucidation of the drinking laws and customs of the New England States, the following is taken from the *Swindon Advertiser* for December 29th, 1873 :—

"THE PERMISSIVE BILL PARTY AND THE STATE OF MAINE, U.S.

At all meetings held under the auspices of the United Kingdom Alliance, the stereotyped declaration is made, and the audience is asked to pledge itself to the fact, that 'the common sale of intoxicating liquors is a fruitful source of *immorality*, *crime*, *pauperism*, and *insanity*.' Against this, the state of things existing in the State of Maine is placed, and English people are asked to adopt such measures as shall bring their country up to the standard of Maine, by, and through, the adoption of a Prohibitory Liquor Law. The Hon. Colonel Neal Dow, the other day, at New Swindon, gave us a sample of the kind of *morals* prevailing in the State of Maine, when he declared that for sixpence a person going into the state *now* might purchase evidence and statistics for or against the Liquor Law of the State, according to his own predilections. As regards *crime*:—From the last census report, taken on June 1st, 1870, and published by the Government authorities at Washington, we find that although the population of the State of Maine had only increased from 583,169 in 1850, to 626,915 in 1870, the number of criminals in gaol had increased from 100, on the 1st day of June, 1850, to 371, on the 1st day of June, 1870. By the same authority, we learn that the cost of *pauperism* had increased from $151,664 in 1850, to $367,000 in 1870. But there remains yet another blessing a Prohibitory Liquor Law is to bring us—if we but follow the example of the State of Maine—it is to do away with, or reduce, *insanity*. The American census also gives us some information respecting the *insane* and *idiotic* of the State of Maine, in comparison with the other states and territories of the Union. On the 1st day of June, 1870, there were 37,432 *insane*, and 24,527 *idiotic* persons living in the 47 states and territories of the Union; the total population being 38,558,371 souls. But what concerns us most to know is the relative proportion of Maine to the other states in the matter of the *insane* and the *idiotic*, and this the census returns give us. In addition to the number of insane and idiotic persons found to be living in the various states, we have also the number who were *born, and continued to live*, in each state; and it is these latter numbers we prefer to take, as being the fairest. Taking these figures, we find that on the first day of June, 1870, 17,898 insane, and 17,970 idiotic persons were living in the states in which they were born; or one to about every 1,075 of the population. The population of the State of Maine, as we have seen, was 626,915; the number of *idiotic* persons living in the state, and *born in it*, was 597; and the number of *insane* persons living in the State, *and born in it*, was 678; or one to every 491 of the population! In Kansas, the proportion of insane was one to every 121,000 of the population; in Iowa, one to every 27,000; in California, one to every 22,000; in Florida, one to every 18,000 of the population. But that we may not make any partial or unfair reference, we take the states in their alphabetical order, keeping strictly to the figures given in the census returns, and omitting only the fractional parts in the deduction of proportions. The returns are as follows :—

		Idiots.			Insane.		
State.	Popultaion.	Born in the State.			Born in the State.		
Alabama	996,992	532	or 1 in	1874	313	or 1 in	3185
Arkansas	484,471	135	,,	2874	41	,,	11816
California	560,247	36	,,	5562	25	,,	22409
Connecticut	537,454	287	,,	1876	478	,,	1124
Delaware	125,015	58	,,	2155	47	,,	2639
Florida	187,748	57	,,	3293	10	,,	18774
Georgia	1,184,109	782	,,	1501	508	,,	2330
Illinois	2,539,891	561	,,	4509	324	,,	7838
Indiana	1,680,637	861	,,	1974	604	,,	2782
Iowa	1,194,020	164	,,	7280	44	,,	27136
Kansas	364,399	8	,,	4554	3	,,	121466
Kentucky	1,321,011	970	,,	1361	864	,,	1528
Louisiana	726,915	226	,,	2773	198	,,	3671
Maine	626,915	597	,,	1051	678	,,	909
Maryland	780,894	329	,,	2373	497	,,	1571
Massachusetts	1,457,851	646	,,	2245	1446	,,	1007
Michigan	1,184,059	291	,,	4068	140	,,	8457
Minnesota	439,706	20	,,	21985	11	,,	39973
Mississippi	827,922	304	,,	2723	118	,,	7016
Missouri	1,721,295	401	,,	4295	342	,,	5033
New Hampshire	318,300	289	,,	1101	401	,,	793
New Jersey	906,096	352	,,	2574	506	,,	1791
New York	4,382,759	2054	,,	2133	2612	,,	1677
North Carolina	1,071,361	955	,,	1121	760	,,	1409
Ohio	2,665,260	1807	,,	1474	1638	,,	1627
Oregon	90,923	16	,,	5822	4	,,	22730
Pennsylvania	3,521,951	1898	,,	1855	2451	,,	1436
Rhode Island	217,353	101	,,	2152	189	,,	1150
South Carolina	705,606	454	,,	1554	308	,,	2290
Tennessee	1,258,520	940	,,	1338	689	,,	1812
Texas	818,579	163	,,	5021	53	,,	15444
Vermont	330,551	274	,,	1206	357	,,	925
Virginia	1,225,163	1095	,,	1118	1082	,,	1132
Wisconsin	1,054,670	231	,,	4565	46	,,	22927

For these returns the United States Government alone are responsible. We have neither made them nor bought them. What, then, do these returns prove? That in the State of Maine, where a Prohibitive Liquor Bill has been in force for a long number of years, the proportion of insane and idiotic people living in the state, *and who were born in it*, outnumber the average of the whole country *more than two to one*, there being no other state approaching it in the slightest degree, *except only the other New England States, where the Maine Liquor Law has been in operation.*

We submit these facts for the candid consideration of the many earnest and honest advocates of the Temperance cause. If these returns be true, can we reasonably hope to advance the interests of our country by following the example of Maine? Does it not rather follow that that state should be held up as a warning to all other countries? Within the last 20 years the cost of its pauperism, and the number of its criminals, has more than *trebled*, the population being almost stationary, whilst its idiotic and lunatic population out-Herods all the records the world could produce. We are unable to say if any special cause for this state of things has been alleged, but we think we cannot be far wrong in saying that where the open sale of liquors of all kinds has been prohibited the people drink such things as they can obtain in secret; that, all incentative for honest dealing being done away with, the most vile practices are systematically resorted to, whilst the system of adulteration carried on has helped to raise up a race of idiots, and bereft others of their reason. It is easy enough to say we ought not to bring forward facts like these, and to charge us with damaging the Temperance cause. But we claim to be the truest friends of that cause, by trying to place it on an impregnable basis, and by calling men back to the great and good work of *leading* men and women to be temperate and sober in all things."

Since the 1st day of July, 1875, the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts has adopted an entirely new system in regard to the sale of intoxicating drinks. In the place of a prohibitory law it has now a licensing law, with most stringent provisions against adulteration. The announcement of the change was made as follows in the *Times* newspaper for July 21st, 1875:—

> THE MASSACHUSETTS LIQUOR LAW.—Our Philadelphia Correspondent writes:—"The long conflict in Massachusetts against the Prohibitory Liquor Law has resulted in the overthrow of that statute. The Legislature recently passed a license law for the regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquors, which permits their sale under stringent rules. This law went into operation throughout Massachusetts on the 1st of July, and from that date drinking-bars have been opened in such localities as the local authorities permitted. The days of prohibition in Massachusetts ended last week. The new law was framed so as to meet the wishes of both parties on the liquor question."

LETTER 40.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

MY object in returning to Montreal was that I might go from thence, by the Grand Trunk, to Brockville, and, taking one of the river boats there, make the journey of the river from above the first Rapid to below the last one; closing the trip by sailing under the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. It was now some eighteen days since I first set foot in Montreal. Since then I had travelled some thousands of miles over the North American continent, and I had seen many strange and wonderful sights. But I found Montreal quite as *taking* on my second as on my first visit. Its fine streets and noble buildings were as attractive as ever. Some of my fellow voyagers by the Moravian were still hanging about the hotels, but the majority of them had gone on into the country. During my first brief absence there had arisen much uneasiness in the public mind respecting what is being called the Canadian Pacific Scandal, and it seems probable that serious consequences, and a suspension of confidence in public and leading men, will be the result. But I had no time to enter into such matters. On going to the Allan office, I found that the Circassian left Quebec for Liverpool on Saturday morning at 10, and that there was only just time for me to get to Brockville, and, taking the boat in the morning, return to Montreal by the evening, and then, catching the Circassian by the Mail train by the Grand Trunk Railway. Indeed, the time was so close that I was strongly recommended to give up the idea of shooting the more distant Rapids, and to confine myself to doing the Lachine Rapid, which is situate only a few miles from Montreal. But I was too much bent on doing the whole of the river journey to be dissuaded from my project. So, after renewing my acquaintance with the Cathedral, and several other places of interest, and having sent my baggage on to Quebec, I started for Brockville, which place I reached late in the night time, and found the hotels full to overflowing, so that the only accommodation I could obtain was a shake-down on a sofa; not a very desirable resting-place, considering that I had not even seen a bed, except the one on board the boat, since leaving New York. But I slept soundly, and on the following morning I was not too late for the boat. You will recollect that on my former visit to this place, the 'bus man managed to get me to the pier just in time to see the stern of the boat as it was steaming up the river. On my second visit I trusted to myself, and was rewarded by seeing the boat making its way towards the pier, and being enabled after only a few moments delay in getting on board of her.

But what can I say of the river journey from Brockville to Montreal? I know not how to describe it. There is little or no difficulty in describing many things one meets with, both at home and abroad, for the simple reason that little more is required than the reproduction before the mind's eye of some object which has been actually seen by the bodily eye of those for whom the account or description is intended. Along the banks of the river I saw some Indians and their wigwams. In England, we have a marauding people called Gipsies, who live, or did live, some years ago, before county policemen were so common, and highway boards were thought of, under canvas tents along the sides of our country lanes and bye-ways. The Indian wigwam is higher and more conical in shape than the Gipsy's tent, but otherwise very like it. The Indian has broader shoulders, is of a more *squat* build, is less lithe in his movements, and more dreamy and indolent in his looks than the Gipsy. He has a piercing eye—the eye of the hunter, but his brown and shaggy unkempt hair drops down from his head in straight lines. When I tell you that with these and sundry other little differences, the North American Indian is very like the English Gipsy, I think you may form some idea of what an Indian and his wigwam is like. I saw wild fowl on the lake, and I ate of trout and salmon from the Canadian rivers and lakes. I tell you the color of the feathers of the fowl, and the taste of the flesh of the fish, and you at once know as much about the whole matter as I myself do. But how am I to tell you of the appearance of the River St. Lawrence and its lakes on a fine day? Around the head of Christ we place a nimbus, and we feel at once what it means, and know that it expresses more than any mere combination of letters could express. But we cannot understand an English summer's day enclosed within a circle of glory. A French writer once referred to November as the month in which Englishmen hung and drowned themselves. We want no one to interpret the meaning of that saying.

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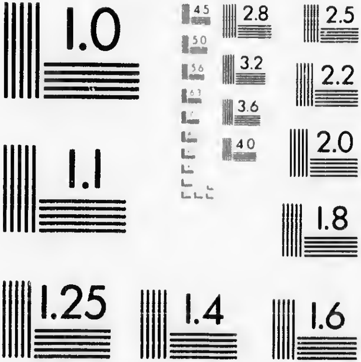
MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)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Since I first set foot on Canadian soil I have noticed the sky overhead to be of one clear color, without a speck of cloud upon it: It was so this morning. I have seen the water of the lakes look so pure that it glistened like a mirror: It was so this morning. And so clear that you could look twenty or thirty feet down through it. And the air so invigorating, and yet so soft, that you could feel it bracing you up, until you felt you could snort like a war-horse: It was so this morning when I stepped on board the river boat, and proceeded down the stream to "shoot the rapids." It was so until close upon the time of my returning a second time to Montreal, when the night set in with singular abruptness, clothing all things in darkness.

The boat was crowded in every part. There was a regular motley company on board. The judge and his family, the lawyer, the merchant, and the man of business, the shopman and the artizan, many of them with their wives and children were there. The excursion season had now set in, and day after day, I was told, railway cars and steam boats were crowded to their utmost capacity with pleasure seekers and tourists doing the "All Round Route." There were some on board who were doing the journey that they might gratify those feelings which lay deepest in them, and made them what they were to themselves, as their outward acts made them what they were to others. There were those who were doing the journey because it was the thing to do it, and because others did it. It was a mercy that there were some of all sorts on board, for had they been all lovers of nature—if all could have drunk in the great and matchless lesson of that journey, the saloons would have remained empty, and the fore part of the boat would have become so inconveniently crowded as to occasion serious inconvenience, if not danger.

Let us understand our position : The distance by rail from Brockville to Montreal is 125 miles, and by river about 140. Between the two points, looking upon the river in its ordinary course, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to tell in which direction the river ran, so quiet and placid is its surface. But between these two points there is an actual descent of two hundred and twenty-one feet nine inches ; not distributed over the whole distance of 140 miles, but confined actually within a distance of 41 miles, situate at eight different points between the two extreme ones. For instance, about 20 miles below Brockville we reach a point where, in a distance of two miles, the river descends eight feet. And here we have the first series of rapids, known as the Gallopes Rapids. Steamers and other vessels shoot down these rapids, and indeed down all of them, right on to Montreal. But no power under the control of man can send them up the Rapids. To get over this difficulty, canals are cut alongside the river's bank, taking in the extreme length of the Rapids, and, being furnished with the necessary locks, raise the vessel to the required height to send it out free and unfettered above the head of the Rapids, which it is thus enabled to escape. These canals, which range in length from three quarters of a mile to eleven miles and a half in length, are marvels, both of engineering skill and commercial enterprise. By their means the whole course of the river St. Lawrence is rendered navigable, both to and fro. The boundary line parting Canada from the United States runs up the centre of the river St. Lawrence from Cornwall, 67 miles above Montreal, and right through all the great lakes to the North-western shore of Lake Superior. The canals, being on the Canadian side of the river, have had the effect, I am told, of causing some amount of international disputes and jealousy. I need hardly add that where the Rapids are, there the river is partially blocked up by huge rocks, the tops of which sometimes reach to within a few feet of the surface of the river, troubling the water very much, causing it to hiss, and boil, and dash about, and leap, and dance like mad, to add to the grim grandeur of the scene. To guide the vessel as it follows its downward course over the rapid, between the rocks in safety, demands an actual knowledge of every foot in the river's course on the part of the helmsman, and even when the vessel is in the hands of such a person the danger is sufficient to create intense excitement, if not some little anxiety. The first four series of Rapids we reached and passed were unimportant, and excited but little interest, the most considerable of them being only four miles long, with a fall of eleven feet six inches. But at length, after we had journeyed about fifty miles, we neared Long Sault Rapids, which extend for eleven and a half miles, with a fall of forty-eight feet. Steam was kept on till the boat had reached the head of the Rapids, when it was shut off, and, being directed into its proper course, was carried along by the force of the rushing waters, as a straw would be carried down a gutter stream after a thunder storm, the men at the helm, of course, keeping it in its proper course. But still there seemed a something wanting. It was quite clear that many of those who were shooting the Rapids for the first time were somewhat disappointed, whilst others seemed to know that there was more to come yet. In the Long Sault Rapids there are many islands, some of them from one to two miles in length, by from fifty to a hundred yards wide. These were under cultivation, and had cattle grazing on them, and looked very picturesque. Other islands were mere rocks or resorts for wild fowl. On other islands which we passed we very frequently noticed fishing parties, who were evidently making a jolly time of it; living in tents, and cooking and eating their fish and game on the spot. Perhaps the most striking feature in the Long Sault Rapids was to watch for the boat's passing the extreme points of the islands, and, bringing the eye suddenly upon the boiling surge of the troubled waters as they eddied past, seeing what our position really was. From Cornwall, at the foot of Long Sault Rapids, we went on a further distance of thirty miles, to Coteau-du-Lac, which brought us to the head of the Cedars, Split Rock, and Cascade Rapids. We first knew of something unusual being at hand by the steam being shut off, and the lazy way in which the boat moved along over the glistening and unruffled waters. Up on the pilot house, a couple of stories above where I was standing in the prow of the vessel, several men were very busily engaged, and the creaking and straining of ropes and chains could be heard all over the boat. Looking back, along the sides of the boat, on to the lake beyond, the eye rested on a scene of what, without profanity, may be called heavenly grandeur. There was not a breath of air, not a ripple on the lake to break its silvered face, nor a cloud in the heavens to shut out the glorious blue sky; the banks of the river, and the islands near, were decked with trees, clothed in their richest foliage, the cedars and the pines, with their many hues and shades of green, forming a border line around both heaven and earth. It was a scene that made one feel as though standing in abject nakedness before the throne of the Lord of Creation. To stand there was to be like the sparrow spell-bound and fascinated under the eye of the hawk. When, in an instant, without a moment's warning, the deck of the boat seemed to fall from under my feet, the prow of the boat seemed as though diving down into an abyss, the stern rising fairly out of the water. I could feel that the breath of every soul around me was suspended. The boat was diving down with almost lightning speed, and big tears were to be seen trickling down many a sunburnt face. I felt that the tears had burst from my own eyes, through the sheer excitement of the moment. The engines were still, but I could hear the breathing of the men at the rudder and the wheel, as they did their work in the pilot-house above. We were now fairly on the series of rapids known as the Cedars and the Coteau-du-Lac. Looking over the bulwarks of the boat, nothing was to seen but the boiling, dancing, surge, over the top of which the boat was gliding like a bird. This continued for nearly half-an-hour, the distance traversed being a little over eleven miles, the total fall in the level in that distance being eighty-two feet six inches. But this fall is not gradual all the way; it, in fact, is very irregular. Sometimes it was sufficiently steep to shoot the boat along like an arrow, and, at other times, eddying currents would seem to hold, and check, and play with it in its course. When the speed was the fastest, the danger was greatest, for at such times, on looking over the bulwarks, the heads of the rocks, which were baying the water back above, were clearly to be seen, and frequently appeared to be only a foot or two under the water. At the bottom of the rapids, the Ottawa river enters the St. Lawrence, the difference in the color of the two waters being so marked that even after they had fairly met you might see them running along side by side for several miles, until they became mixed with each other. About fifty miles from this point up the Ottawa is situate the capital of United Canada. Formerly, when Canada was divided into two provinces, a line down the river Ottawa marked the boundary between Upper and Lower Canada. St. Ann's Rapids, which are slightly out of the course of the St. Lawrence, on the Ottawa river, is the scene of Tom Moore's well-known

"CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

" Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

" Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

"Utawas' tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past."

When I first read these musical lines there were others by the same poet which I passed by almost thoughtlessly. But I understood them now, and with Moore could exclaim :—

" I dreamt not then that ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe ; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed ;
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, 'mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God.
Oh, Lady ! these are miracles, which man,
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,
Can scarcely dream of,—which his eye must see
To know how wonderful this world can be."

At length we neared the Lachine Rapids, the last of the series, situate sixteen miles above Montreal. Opposite the village of Lachine, on the south side of the river, there is another village, called Caughnawaga, inhabitated by Indians. A somewhat celebrated and well-known Indian lives at this village. When approaching the village, our boat drew up somewhat towards the shore, and the steam being shut off, we came to a pause in our course. Looking out to see the cause of this, I could see a frail bark, two men being seated in it, one of them using a long paddle, which he dipped into the water alternately on either side, making towards us. This man was the old Indian pilot, named Baptiste, who, for over forty years, had piloted the vessels of the Canadian Navigation Company down the Lachine Rapids. He is now over sixty years of age, but still possesses wonderful agility and power. It was quite a sight to see him paddling his canoe across the stream, and when he seized hold of and climbed up the rope let down the side of the vessel, and jumped on deck, we gave him a hearty cheer. Directly he had taken his place in the pilot-house, steam was again put on, and we shortly after commenced the descent. These rapids are not so long as some of the others we had passed down, but they are counted far more dangerous and difficult to navigate. And this I could easily understand when I saw the boat being turned, and, as it were, twisted about in various directions, whilst going its downward course. There was, in fact, a regular dodging of the rocks which lay embedded in the river, and the tops of which were clearly to be seen from the deck. Several times it appeared as though nothing could save us from going on to a rock but slightly in front of us, but in an instant the vessel's course was turned aside, and we passed it in safety. At one point, as though to give more reality to the grim grandeur of the scene, there were resting on a rock in which they were entangled, and which we escaped only by a foot or two, the steam cylinder and parts of the engines that had belonged to a steam boat, which had some time previously been wrecked there.

Any notice of the St. Lawrence and its navigation would be singularly incomplete in which no mention was made of the timber rafts which are occasionally to be seen floating down the river from various points, making for Quebec. Unfortunately, we did not go within a couple of miles of a raft, and I am, therefore unable to give you such particulars as I could have done, had we passed close to one. I have already told you something of the timber or lumber trade of Canada. Planks, deals, and boards, and other sawn timber, are shipped from various places on the St. Lawrence, but timber in the baulk, or the tree simply squared up with the adze, is usually shipped from Quebec, and the reason is this—the cost of transit by raft from almost all parts of the river to Quebec is merely nominal. The trees having been chopped square, at some lumber station on the river, are formed into rafts by means of iron spikes and chains. Sometimes these rafts are made a mile long, by half-a-mile wide, and consist of three or four layers of trees lying on each other. I saw rafts lying off Kingston, and also off Toronto, and they all appeared to be fully this length, and as their appearance was simply that of a line against the horizon, on which men were moving along, the sight was very peculiar. These rafts are made by chaining together an outer framework of baulks, and then filling up the interior space with other baulks, which are also chained together, although more slightly than the outside ones. Another layer is then laid transversely across the first lot, which seems to give solidity to the structure, and so on till the raft is completed. Temporary huts are then erected on the top layer for the safety of tools, chains, &c., and also for the purpose of affording sleeping accommodation for the men in charge. Provision is also made for the setting of sails when the breeze is favourable to aid in the work of floating the raft down the river. The large nails and spikes found in the timber by English builders and sawyers are those which have been used in the making of the raft. Everything being ready, the raft is started off on its journey in charge of a number of men, and very often the cost of transferring these immense masses of timber is confined simply to the wages of these men, although the journey taken extends over several hundreds of miles. The practicability of taking the rafts on beyond Quebec across the Atlantic, in tow by a steamer, has been frequently discussed, and if such a scheme could be carried into practice, the cost of timber in England would no doubt be considerably lessened. But it is clear that this could only be done when all circumstances were most favourable. Sometimes when going down the river the rafts are rent asunder, and sent in every direction, except the right one. To gather up the pieces is never an easy task —out on the Atlantic it would be an impracticable one.

In due course, the Victoria Bridge came in view. And then we passed under it, and then, for the third time, I found myself at Montreal. But my time here was to be shorter now even than on either of the previous occasions, for in an hour or so the mail train was to leave for Quebec, carrying the English mail, and by that train it was necessary I should travel in order to catch the Circassian, on board of which I had secured a berth for the homeward voyage across the Atlantic.

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LETTER 41.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

I HAD only just time to go to the post-office for letters, and have a run through the market at Quebec, before time was up for going on board the Circassian for the homeward journey. I am glad, however, that I had time for this, for the market was well worth seeing, and I was enabled to judge for myself of the rapid growth and perfection of vegetables and garden produce. Three weeks ago there were no vegetables to be seen, but to-day they were in the utmost profusion, and apparently of extraordinary quality. The whole character of the town seemed changed since my first visit, for to-day all was bustle and activity. The busy season, I was told, had now set in, and for some time to come all would be life and animation. Our chief concern, however, was now with the Circassian and her starting, and when it was announced that the tug-boat was going out to where she lay in the river for the last time, I stepped on board, and soon found myself mixing with those who for the next twelve or fourteen days were to be my fellow passengers. It was soon very clear that there was the usual complement of "character" on board, and promises of a lively time were by no means wanting. The glorious weather, too, which I had experienced since first putting foot on the North American continent, still continued, the brilliant sun and the glorious breeze starting us on the voyage with light hearts and pleasurable anticipations, our chief work being the settling down in our places on board, and speculating upon the course we should take. You will recollect that on the outward voyage we went to the south of Newfoundland. The more direct way is by the north of Newfoundland—some hundreds of miles further north, by which from two to three hundred miles are saved in the journey. This course, however, is by the Straits of Belle Isle, which are invariably blocked up by ice in the winter and spring months, and which for some time later is considered dangerous, through the quantity of floating ice generally to be met with. The last outward bound vessel had come by way of Belle Isle, and was detained seven hours in the ice. Whether this was sufficiently dangerous to deter our captain from going that way or not was the moot point which engaged our attention on the first day, and was the matter on which we slept on our first night.

The next day, Sunday, the sky was somewhat cloudy, and there was a stiff breeze blowing, but as it was in our back, it was rather welcome than otherwise, for it enabled us to set all sail, and to make capital progress, doing twenty knots an hour, the engines making fifty-eight to fifty-nine revolutions per minute. I may just mention here that there is an index in the engine-room, by which every revolution of the engines is recorded throughout the whole passage, from the time of leaving one port to the arrival in the other. There being several clergymen on board, there was service in the chief cabin in the morning, and in the steerage in the evening. At one o'clock we began to leave the coast on our right, and some time after sighted the Island of Anticosta on our left, and at eight in the evening we passed the light-house on the eastern point of Anticosta.

By eight o'clock on the following (Monday) morning we had the coast of Larbador on our left, and the coast of Newfoundland on our right. The sky was beautifully clear, and the water quite alive with whales, spouting and sporting in every direction. Along the Larbador coast huge white masses were to be seen, which, after much speculation, were decided to be ice breaking away from the coast. Later in the day we began to pass ice-bergs in the Straits, and in course of the afternoon we passed hundreds of them floating about in the water. These huge masses of ice have a most peculiar appearance, but are seldom dangerous, inasmuch as one twelfth of the mass is to be seen above the water. What is known as floating ice is very dangerous. Not being of sufficient thickness to rise far out of the water, ships are apt to run against it unless the greatest possibile care is observed. Some of the ice-bergs were very large, several of the largest being estimated to be from one to two hundred feet high. But their shape and color is very peculiar. As the process of melting is gradually, although slowly, going on, the surface looks smooth and shining, although the shape is sometimes most grotesque, reminding the spectator not unfrequently of some animal, or marine or land monster, and the color being a dirty white gives to the figure a ghost-like, or supernatural, appearance. The Straits are like a huge harbour, into which these masses of ice drift after coming down from the Arctic regions, where, by a force which must be equal, and somewhat similar to an earthquake, a whole continent of ice is, at the end of the arctic winter, split up into fragments, and sent floating out into the open water, there to wander about until it once again assumes a liquid form. Watching these ice-bergs kept us pretty well employed until the evening, when, wind and rain setting in, we were driven below for the night.

On the following morning I was early on deck, but all signs of land and of ice had now passed away, and we were once again fairly out on the Atlantic, making for old England, and for a week to come at least we may expect but very little change of scene to relieve the monotony of the voyage, and not be disappointed. In many respects the company on board differs much from that I met with going out. There are no children. There are but few steerage passengers, and from them I can gain little or no information. They appear to have gone out to Canada expecting to be enabled to live without work, and not having succeeded, are going home to try their luck there. Among the cabin passengers there are others who went out to Canada equally poor, so far as money is concerned, but much richer in spirit and in enterprise, who have found Canada to be a most generous country, and who are returning home on a temporary visit, rich in their rewards for labour fairly and manfully spent. But in addition to these we have a "Delegation" on board, going out to the Exhibition at Vienna. They each of them represent some particular branch of Canadian industry, and when they return home they will be expected to report for the benefit of Canada, on what they see at the exhibition touching their particular branch, their expenses being borne by the Canadian government.

They appear to be under the charge of a member of the Canadian legislature—a man who, a year or so ago, was employed as a journeyman painter, living in Hamilton, which city he now represents. With the "Delegation" there are two journalists, who probably will do the reporting business. If left to make their own report some of the party, I fancy, would produce articles more amusing than instructive, for no very great judgment appears to have been exercised in the selection of the men to form the "Delegation." One, in particular, of the party appears to have been sent out for no other purpose than that of showing that a man, whilst amassing heaps of money, can remain impervious to all civilising influences, and at the best never rise above a Barber-ous animal. There are others as happy and genial fellows as the world could produce. The Laird of St. John I shall long remember, and I hope to have made friends of many others. Then we have men returning, or going to England. from New Zealand, Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific, who, landing at San Francisco, have crossed the American continent, getting on board again at Quebec. There are also several pork merchants from Chicago, bound for Dublin to supply the bacon merchants of Ireland with real Irish bacon. By the way, the Chicago merchants are very accommodating: they will sell you prime Wiltshire, real Irish, or any other brand you may please to order. Then there are other men who are visiting England both for pleasure and observation. One, in particular, is bent upon visiting all the agricultural shows now about to take place, for the purpose of inspecting the last new implements of husbandry.

In the company of men like these, time easily passes. But there is one on board to whom it must be exceedingly long and dreary. He is a Norwegian medical man, who has been out with a party of emigrants, and is returning home. He does not know a word of English, nor is there anyone on board who can understand a word of his language. He is a very hearty, jolly fellow, evidently, and every one is very kind to him, but I have several times come upon him at the back of the wheel-house on deck, with his hands in his pockets, and looking out upon the water very disconsolate. There is one other person I must refer to. He is being sent home to Scotland in the evident hope that he may be either killed or cured by the journey. He is about 26 or 27 years of age, the son of a Scotch architect of distinction. Going out to Toronto, he married the daugther of one of the leading inhabitants there. But he has become a confirmed drunkard, and it is clear he is being sent away home to see if anything can be done to cure him of his vile habits. I must anticipate a little to tell you of a little incident in which he played a leading part. One of my berth companions was a young Irishman, a civil engineer, who had gone out to Manitoba on the survey. He was returning home to Ireland, invalided. The drunkard's stateroom adjoined ours, and our doors were immediately opposite each other, so that we could look into each other's rooms when so inclined. The young Irishman left us at Moville, and when he was packing up, getting ready to leave the vessel, he took out from one of his trunks a bottle with about half-a-pint of brandy in it, and, throwing it on his berth, remarked he should not take it on shore. The drunkard must have seen and heard this from his room, for that night, an hour or so after I had gone to my berth, I found the room door to be gently and gradually opened, and then I saw a man's hand and arm moving towards the place where the bottle had been thrown, the body of the man being screened behind the door. At length the hand seized hold of the bottle and both were quickly withdrawn from my sight. In a few minutes the bottle was returned to its place, but was not suffered to remain there long, for in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes I again felt the door to be opening, and then saw the hand again advancing towards the bottle, and then the bottle was a second time withdrawn, and replaced. In the morning I looked at the bottle—it was quite empty.

Throughout the whole week each succeeding day has been very much like the preceding one, with shuffle-board and quoits on deck when the weather was favourable, and card parties and mock trials in the smoke-room when it was not favourable. On the following Monday afternoon we put in a second time at Moville, and having landed the London mails, proceeded for Liverpool, passing close enough to the Irish coast to see the Giant's Causeway, and other points of interest, quite plain. Early the next morning we passed the Calf of Man, and by one o'clock we came to the mouth of the Mersey, where we had to anchor near the Bell-buoy until half-past seven in the evening, waiting for the water to be of sufficient depth to carry us over the sand-bar which impedes the navigation of large vessels at this point, except when the tide is in the river. This delay in our arrival at Liverpool was very provoking. It, however, was useful in giving me an opportunity for gathering together some general impressions on Canada and America, and the means for getting out and home. But I must reserve these for my next and last letter.

LETTER 42.

LOOKING BACK.

TWO months only had passed from the time of my stepping on board the Moravian, as she lay in the Mersey taking in her cabin passengers, to my stepping off the Circassian at the Prince's Landing Stage, Liverpool. Yet within those two months, through the kindness of friends and the facilities afforded by railway and boat travelling on the Canadian and American railways and lakes, I had been enabled to travel some thousands of miles over a country with which I had previously been a complete stranger; and to crowd into the history of those two months much interesting adventure, and to gather together an amount of information which seems almost incredible when I look back upon my journey, and, in my mind's eye, go over it again.

For some time previous to my leaving for Canada there had been much correspondence in the newspapers respecting the treatment of steerage passengers on their way out and home on board emigrant vessels;

whilst the question of emigration, and the facilities offered by Canada and America to the industrious poor for benefiting their position, and establishing themselves and families in a fair and honourable position in the world, was one which had more or less engaged the thoughts of all men who had devoted any consideration to the condition and prospects of the working classes. These two matters, then, sent me out with a clear and distinct object before me, and, never forgetting that my range for observation was necessarily limited, I feel that I have been enabled to inform myself on matters of some considerable importance.

First of all there came under my observation the treatment of emigrants on board ship. I was anxious to see what grounds there were for complaint; and, with this view, I mixed freely with the steerage passengers, and listened carefully to what they had to say; and I also very carefully noted all the arrangements in their department. There are no doubt inconveniences inseparable from a sea voyage to some constitutions, let their position in the vessel be what it may, and the opportunities for men and women making themselves thoroughly miserable, if so disposed, are unlimited. But I found that every provision had been made to render the inconveniences of the journey as trifling as possible. There are inconvenient circumstances and things to be met with on board ship which never can be got rid of; but positive discomfort is the result, either of the passengers' own waywardness, or a state of health and stomach which defies all remedial measures. I saw men and women who, after being two or three days on board, were like ghosts of the persons they were when they went on board, whilst others, myself among the number, were affected in a totally opposite manner, and enjoying the most robust health, felt braced up in every nerve. I am, therefore, inclined to think that complaints about treatment on board ship should always be received with great caution, the ground of complaint, when there is one, often being beyond the control of shipping companies or their officers. Of this I am confident, when positive discomfort is experienced, its cause is to be traced rather to the passenger than to the ship's arrangements. As regards the matter of food, I can only say I was frequently annoyed at the waste, the quantity thrown overboard after a meal being sometimes very great, affording quite a feast to the flock of gulls which followed in our wake. A day or two after leaving the Irish coast some complaint was made about the soup served out to the steerage passengers, which the captain at once enquired into, and I heard nothing more of it. On board ship there is not the privacy which would be found in some English homes, and if we estimate by space only, there is more overcrowding than would be found in most of them. But this is a matter that cannot be avoided, except at a cost which would put emigration entirely out of the reach of the masses. The berths, however, always smell sweet, and are free from the fetid atmosphere and feverish smell too common in the dwelling-houses, not only of the poor, but also of well-to-do persons on land. The asssociation, or "messing" together, with strangers, and, not unfrequently, disagreeable fellow passengers, is, I think, one of the most unpleasant incidents of the voyage. But the man or the woman whose resources are so limited that they cannot surmount such a difficulty as that, and be stoics for a time, are hardly the people to go out to a new country and carve out fortunes for themselves and their families. In connection with the voyage there is one other matter to which I ought to refer, and that is the medical comforts. All emigrant vessels carry duly qualified medical men on the outward passage. With a thousand souls on board, the duties of the "Doctor" were by no means nominal. But he always rendered his services with that cheerful readiness which must have made them specially acceptable to those who needed them.

But I now come to consider what my trip has told me of the facilities offered by Canada and the United States to the emigrant for bettering his condition in the world. If our emigrants were men and women all of one class, moved by one common feeling, the question, "Ought men and women to emigrate?" might be answered by a simple "Yes" or "No." Let me explain: Those who possess the natural qualities within them to be of service in the old country, and are both able and willing to earn a maintenance, if they have but the opportunity, may emigrate with the almost positive certainty of bettering their position, and with the still greater certainty of placing their children in positions from which they may rise to become the future merchants and traders, and respected and influential citizens, of a great country. In sending out emigrants we are doing more than supplying a young country, that has never yet tried its strength, and can form no possible idea of what it is capable of, with men to cut down its forests, to survey its lands, and to bring them into some sort of cultivation. We are doing much more than this: We are sending out men and women who are to found the future families, to create the future homes, and make the future history of the country. And these families will supply, and from these homes there will come, the future poets and historians, the statesmen, and the great, and learned, and honoured, men and women of every class. The father of the present President of the United States was a tanner by trade, and the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who for a long series of years has occupied the position of leader of the Liberal party [and has since attained to the office of Premier and Minister of Public Works] in Canada, spent some years of his life as a stonemason. Born at Loqierait, in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1822, at twenty years of age he went to Canada, and worked as a journeyman mason. He soon, however, became a contractor, and a very successful one. But hard though he worked at his businesss he found time to attend to politics, and was so keen at them that he started a newspaper of extreme Radical opinions. The *Lambton Shield* was something more than a shield to its proprietor. It was a lever which lifted him into Parliament. He soon became so powerful that he was, in 1865, offered a seat in the Cabinet; but, so confident was he of his own powers, he declined the offer. He looked forward to the time when he should be his own leader; and so he continued to head the Opposition until the M'Donald Ministry fell, in consequence of the railway scandal. He was then called upon to form a Ministry, which he accomplished; and now, at 53, he finds himself one of the most powerful statesmen on the American Continent.

But our emigrants are not always of this order. Too often there is the hope that by escaping from the old country they escape the necessity for work. This is a most fatal mistake. The necessity for hard plodding work is greater even in the new than in the old world. But the reward for this is a greater certainty of success, and a rising to something more. Whilst the industrious man has better chances in the new country than in the old, the lazy, idle fellow, and the drunkard, could not well take a more unfortunate step than that of emigrating. Such men get at the bottom of the ladder quicker, both in Canada and the States, than they would in England, and, when there, they are almost certain never to rise, for they are at once treated as outcasts by the more respectable portion of the community. I found, by personal observation, that the facilities for a weak man becoming still weaker were quite as great as those which helped a strong man to become stronger. Toronto, New York, and other like places have their casinos and gambling hells, just as we have them in England. I saw in most of the large cities I visited splendid-looking buildings, fitted up as billiard-rooms and gambling saloons. In the night-time the glare from the gas through the windows of these establishments was ghastly in the extreme. At Montreal and Hamilton I saw gambling on horse racing carried on after, to me, quite a new fashion. The business was carried on by means of a public auction, held at some drinking bar. The seller of the ticket having announced the money value he was prepared to make it, in the event of the horse it represented winning the race, the ticket was put up to auction and knocked down to the highest bidder, the amount realised being, of course, regulated by the position held by the horse in what we should call "the betting." But the drinking curse is perhaps the greatest of all. Both money and liquor is more plentiful than with us, the nature of the compounds usually sold making almost certain victims of those who indulge in their use. According to the *Boston Post*, in the State of Massachusetts, where there are no public-houses or drinking-bars, and where it is illegal to sell beer or spirits, there have been in one year no less than 17,808 arrests for drunkenness, the total population being 629,915. The *Post* also adds, that, "If some night you could hang out a red flag at the door of every rum shop in Maine, the people would wake up in the morning and think the small-pox had broken out all over the state. Cases of *delirium tremens*, the *Post* also adds, have increased four-fold since the attempt made to put down the public sale of intoxicating drinks.

This is the dark and bitter side both of Canadian and American life, and I feel I should not be faithful to what I feel to be a duty if I were to pass it by unnoticed. Going to Messrs. Allan's office, shortly after landing from the Circassian, I was obliged to overhear a somewhat passionate appeal made by a gentleman that the steward of the vessel just then about to leave the Mersey for Quebec, and in which his son had taken a cabin berth, might be instructed to restrain him in the use of wines and spirits on the voyage. The promise asked for was readily made, but I could not help feeling pity for both father and son.

But there is a brighter and far better side of the picture. The industrious, steady, and respectable man or woman will meet with a most generous and ready welcome in Canada and America, both from the representatives of the Government and the people. The appearance of such a person is always welcomed with gladness. There is no jealousy lest the new-comer should take away the bread, or the means and opportunities for earning it, from those who were already in possession. The feeling rather was, on every hand, and by every class, to get helpers to open up the vast store-houses of the land, and make them give forth their abundance and their riches. I conversed with the banker, the merchant, the trader, the manufacturer, the artizan, and the laborer, and they all told of a great and generous country, with a dearth of power to develop its resources. I received many offers and invitations to settle down with those whom I met, and when I answered that my work lay in the old country, and that the object of my visit was simply to add to my store of information, and to turn to a profitable use a brief suspension from my ordinary duties, every possible source of information was opened up to me, free passes over the various lines of railway being also freely offered, so that I might see as wide an extent of country as possible within the time I had allotted myself.

What the future of Canada and America may be no man can even faintly imagine. That it will meet with checks and obstacles in the progress of its development all must expect and be prepared for. Practically boundless in extent, and with a range of temperature and climate of the widest possible extent, it is a world within itself, the glory of which may only be rising when that of many an old world dynasty is fading away. That such a country should have remained practically unknown to other parts of the habitable globe for so long, that up to even the present time millions upon millions of square miles of country should still remain unsurveyed, and notwithstanding that although every nation and every tongue has been helping to give it a population, the Anglo-Saxon language is eveywhere spoken, would seem to make all that can be seen or heard about it of deep and special interest to English men and women, and to lay out before them, as on a map, a work in which they and their descendants will be called to take their part, the like of which the old world in all its history has never dreamt of. In the United States, enterprise, for which there is so wide a field, may sometimes over-run itself, and have to pull up for a time; or another great civil war may at some future time again decimate the country; a President, grasping after a third term of power, may again bring about a political revolution; but these, and other like matters, may be taken as purgings and preparations for that higher life and more advanced work which the country must ultimately have to do. In Canada, Pacific scandals, and the mistakes of great men, may temporarily check such undertakings as the Pacific railway, which is designed to connect the Pacific coast with the Atlantic provinces, the series of lakes, and the river St. Lawrence, opening up for direct steam communication some of the most fertile plains in the known world with Liverpool and other English seaports. But the country will rise superior to such obstacles, and find itself all the stronger because they have been met. We may have many obstacles from many quarters thrown in the way, and designed to impede the flow of emigration from our shores. But this, I think, will not do much harm so long as our present communication is kept up with the American continent; and so long as, by the enterprise of our various shipping companies, an almost daily communication is kept up by means of such magnificent vessels as those owned by the Messrs. Allan Brothers, the Cunard, the White Star, the Guion, the National, and other companies, the arrival and departure of whose vessels are timed with the greatest possible regularity. With such facilities there will be found an increasing number of persons desirous, like myself, of seeing the New World, and judging for themselves of the facilities it offers for the establishment of new homes, and the reward it promises for honest, industrious, enterprise; and who will therefore spend their holidays or vacations on the other side of the Atlantic instead of on the other side of the Channel, as has long been the custom. And the reports sent or brought home by such people can have but one result—the creating of a deeper interest in that Greater Britain across the seas, where enterprise and industry meet with so rich a reward, and where the emigrant feels at once at home in the midst of an English speaking people, enjoying absolute political and religious liberty, with school accommodation for their children of the highest possible order, fitting them for any calling in life, even though it be to follow in the footsteps of the stone-mason in Canada, or the tanner's son in the United States.

By way of postscript, and as a supplement to this letter, the following article is taken from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for December 12, 1874. The report which supplies the subject of the article is especially valuable as shewing the immense extent of the Canadian Dominion, in *one direction alone*, as yet unoccupied, rich beyond measure in corn-growing lands, in timber, and mineral ores :—

"THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE CANADIAN DOMINION.

"SINCE 1871 engineering parties have been conducting an exploratory survey of the interior of the Canadian Dominion for the purpose of determining the best route for the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway, which is to connect the existing network of Canadian lines from their inland terminus, a little to the westward of the city of Ottawa, with some point on the Pacific coast, and thus to bring British Columbia into immediate communication with the Atlantic provinces, and at the same time open up the central territory to colonization. As will readily be understood, the parties thus employed have collected much interesting information respecting the geography of little known parts of the Dominion, and some of this information has been embodied in a report addressed at the beginning of this year to the Canadian Minister of Public Works by Mr. Fleming, the engineer-in-chief of the line.

"The vast country explored by the surveying parties extends, as we have said, from the neighbourhood of the Canadian capital, in the 76th degree of west longitude, to the Pacific Ocean, a distance of 2,700 miles, and it varies in breadth from 300 to 500 miles. Thus, in round numbers, it covers an area of one million square miles—about equal to the superficies of Germany, Austro-Hungary, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. And it consists of three great regions, with very broadly marked distinctive features. The western region, bounded on the north by Alaska, and on the south by the United States Territory of Washington, measured as the crow flies, is about 550 miles long, but the coast is deeply indented by great arms of the sea, and consequently Mr. Fleming thinks the actual coast line will be found to be several thousand miles in length. In breadth, the region is from 400 to 600 miles. It consists of two distinct mountain ranges. The Cascade range rises abruptly out of the sea to an average height of from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea level—say a mile to a mile and-a-half, but some of its central crests are at least twice as high. Its breadth averages a hundred miles. This chain is a continuation of the Sierra Nevadas of California. Separated from the Cascade Range by a broad and elevated plateau runs the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, which, beginning in Mexico, intersect the United States, pass through British America at a distance of from three to four hundred miles from the Pacific, enter Alaska, and finally branch off to Behring's Straits. The height of these great mountains within the Dominion averages about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, but the central peaks enter the region of eternal snow, and some of them are estimated to attain an elevation of 15,000 feet about the sea level. The breadth of the chain varies from 100 to 200 miles. The interval between the two ranges, as we have said, is occupied by an elevated plateau, from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, which is broken by rocky ridges, intersected by deep river channels, and dotted over by frequent lakes. Off the coast lie Vancouver's Island and the Queen Charlotte's, besides several smaller isles. The climate of these islands Mr. Fleming compares to that of the British Isles. They have all independent and lofty mountain ranges, and they possess in profusion coal and iron. The coast of the continent is indented by innumerable long, rock-bound, deep-water inlets, or fiords, running far into the Cascade Mountains. They are of great depth, at places reported fathomless. Many of them pierce the mountains to such an extent that the largest ironclads afloat could steam from the coast line, in some cases, eighty miles into the very heart of the Cascade chain.

"The second region is a continuation of the great continental plan which stretches from the Gulf of Mexico on the south to Hudson's Bay on the north; and within the Dominion it presents the shape of a huge isosceles triangle, the legs being formed by the Rocky Mountains on the west and the United States boundary line on the south, while the base is determined by a series of great lakes, almost rivalling in size those on the course of the St. Lawrence. These lakes, beginning with the Lake of the Woods on the international boundary line to the south-east of Fort Garry, run in a north-westerly direction up the Mackenzie River. This base is about 1,500 miles in length, while the legs are somewhat less than a thousand, and thus the triangle may be compared in extent to France and Germany added together. The region is a vast prairie, broken occasionally by terraces and low hills, and it slopes gently from its apex, where the Rocky Mountains enter the Dominion, at which point it is about 4,000 feet above the sea level, to the lake line already referred to, where the height is under a thousand feet. Where it borders upon the United States the soil is in many parts barren, and about Fort Garry there is much swamp and saline marsh; but in general the land is extremely fertile, well adapted for the growth of wheat and barley, and affording as fine pasturage as the world can show. The climate is described as milder, not only than in the older provinces of the Atlantic seaboard, but even than in Minnesota, which lies so much to the south; the explanation of this latter fact being the higher level of the American State. Although the country is now almost barren of trees, there are evidences that at no distant period it was well wooded, and it may become so again, to the great advantage of the soil and climate, if a stop be put to the frequent fires which now sweep it bare.

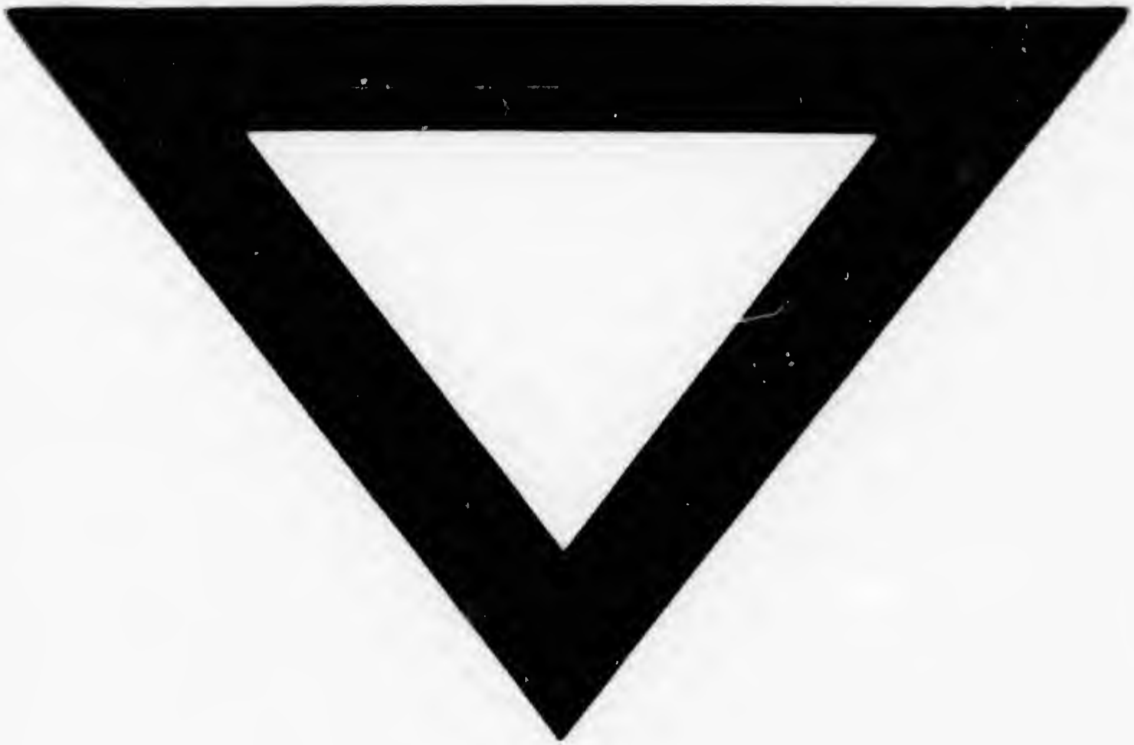
"The third and last region lies between the vast prairie now described and the province of Ontario. Along the shores of Lake Superior and Huron, for a depth of between forty and seventy miles, the face of this tract is hilly and rugged, the average elevation being about 2,000 feet. Behind this belt of hills the country is flat. There are evidences that the region is rich in mineral ores, and it is an almost unbroken forest, the timber of which is every year becoming more valuable. But agriculturally the soil is poor and unpromising. The most remarkable physical feature of the region is the innumerable streams and lakes by which it is intersected. 'So numerous are they that an Indian in his canoe can travel in almost any required direction by making an occasional portage.' It will be seen now that the country surveyed includes no part of what used to be called Upper and Lower Canada, nor of the Atlantic maritime provinces, and that northwards it does not extend generally above the fifty-fifth degree of north latitude. Although, then, it covers an area of a million square miles, it comprises only a portion of the Canadian Dominion.

"If we remember rightly, it is Mr. Shaw, in the narrative of his journey to Kashgar, who observes that the principal water-sheds of Asia are determined, not by great mountain ranges, as we should expect, but by elevations so slight as to be almost imperceptible. A precisely similar remark applies to the North American continent. A line which corresponds pretty closely with the boundary between the United States and the Canadian Dominion divides the continent into distinct drainage basins. The natural and the artificial lines of separation do not quite coincide, as the Red River of Manitoba rises well within the United States. But, except in that point, they may both be roughly said to be determined by the 49th degree of north latitude. The Mississippi and its great tributary, the Missouri, both rise south of that degree, as do all their tributaries, while the Saskatchawan, the Assineboine, the Albany, and so on, have their sources either almost upon the degree or north of it. The watersheds of the Dominion are three, draining respectively into the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Arctic Oceans. The western watershed is in general determined by the central crest of the Rocky Mountains, but it is not so always. In about latitude 56 deg. the Peace River finds a passage from the western to the eastern side of this great chain, thus affording a fresh illustration of the truth of Mr. Shaw's observation. The prairie region, and most part of the woodland region described above, drain into Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Ocean, while the older provinces generally, and a small part of the woodland region, drain into the Atlantic. We have hitherto been accustomed to regard the great lakes and the River St. Lawrence as the main channel through which the waters of the Dominion are carried to the ocean. Mr. Fleming's report shows this to be a complete mistake. 'While about one-fifth of the whole area drains through several channels into the Pacific, and twenty per cent. of the whole drains towards the north, the St. Lawrence basin only occupies about one-tenth of the whole territory.' Even more surprising is the smallness of the area which feeds the great lakes. Quite close to the western shore of Lake Superior, the most westerly of those lakes, the water flows not into that great inland sea, but into Winnipeg, far to the north-west. Again, 'Lake Nipigon is the most southerly reservoir of the St. Lawrence basin, the brim of which here extended 120 miles north of Lake Superior.' But it immediately narrows again, and a 'few miles to the east of Lake Nipigon the brim of the basin curves round until it reaches a point within twenty miles of Lake Superior. North of this point the waters flow to Hudson's Bay.'"

This extract will, I think, illustrate what I told you in one of my earlier letters, that, whilst we made railways to connect towns and cities, in the New World they made railways to serve the purposes of colonization roads, and to open up new districts. This proposed Canadian Pacific Railway, for instance, will run for probably a thousand miles without meeting with a town or city by the way, but creating towns and cities as it goes along, the same as the Central Pacific Railway has done. The estimated probable cost of this railway is $100,000,000. To meet this expenditure it is proposed that the Canadian Government should find $33,000,000 in cash, and make a grant of 50,000,000 acres of land along the route to the contractors. The contractors by the sale of this land would recoup themselves the deficiency in the cost of construction. These are the terms on which many of the Canadian and American lines have been made. The work is undertaken by speculating capitalists, who have to find the necessary capital in the first instance, and who repay themselves by the sale of land along the route. When the sale goes on briskly enormous fortunes are realised; when it progresses slowly, and the capital expended becomes "locked up," enormous fortunes are lost. I have before me details showing how twenty-four railways have been "built" on this principle, the lands along the route of which have actually been sold out by the contractors. Now, the price realised for the lands along these twenty-four railway routes have averaged $7.04c. per acre (probably less than 25s. English money), ranging from $13.96c. to $3.07c. Taking these prices as a basis of calculation, it is estimated that the grant of 50,000,000 acres of land to the contractors for the making of the Canadian Pacific Railway would be equal to a perspective money grant ranging from $165,000,000 to close upon $700,000,000.

With this explanation, I lay down my pen for the present as a letter writer, hoping that when it may be my good fortune to take it up again for a similar purpose I may have to tell of an equally pleasant and agreeable "outing," and to relate my experiences amongst a people as kind, courteous and agreeable as those I met in my trip to

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

SWINDON: PRINTED AT THE "ADVERTISER" OFFICE,
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