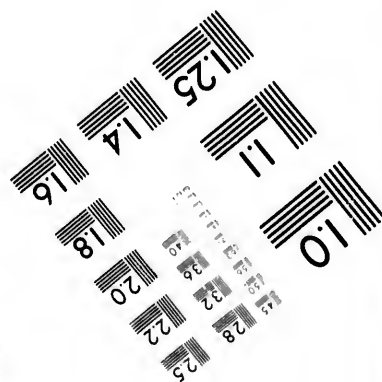
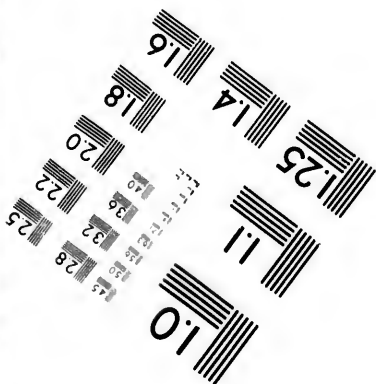
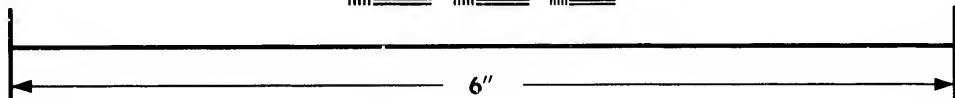
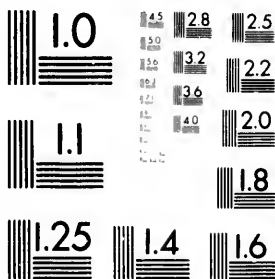


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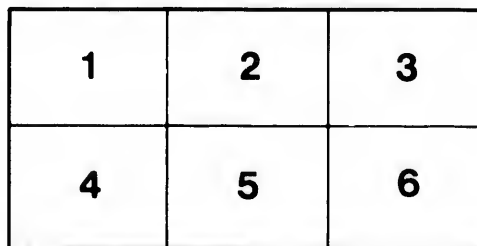
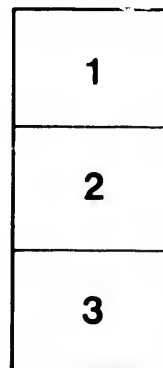
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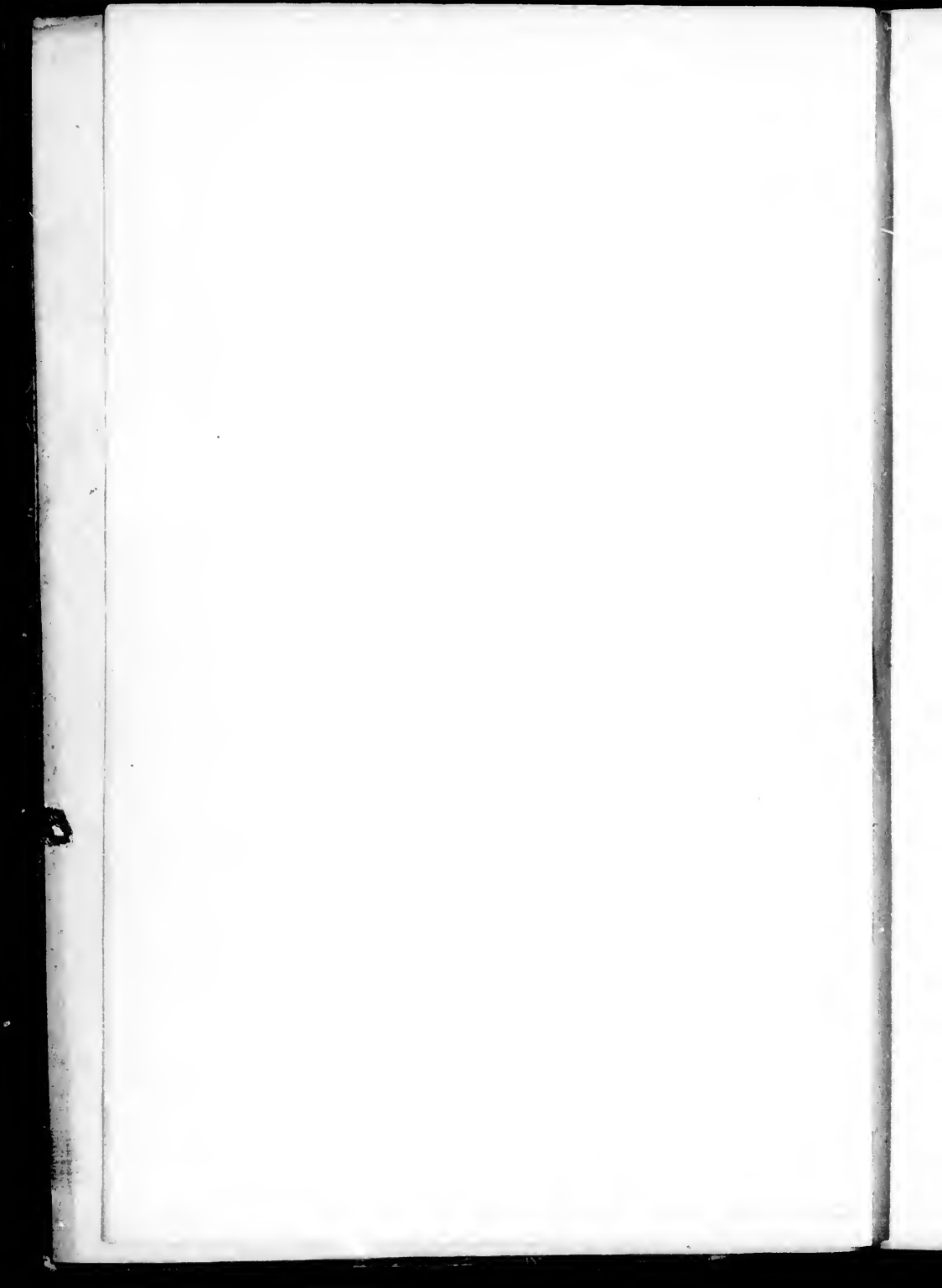
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MY DIARY.



MY DIARY;

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A TOUR THROUGH CANADA AND THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1882,

BY

JOHN CAMM HOLMES.

Printed for Private Circulation only,

BY

UNWIN BROTHERS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.

MDCCLXXXIII.

UNWIN BROTHERS, THE GRESHAM PRESS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.

DIARY.

August 16, 1882.

Wednesday.

At one o'clock this afternoon I started from Ringwood for the station, with my mother, Maggie, and Bertha. They went to Victoria, coming on later to Euston, while I went to Holborn direct. Previous to leaving home a small scene occurred with "Gyp," who, thinking he was going for a drive, hopped into the cab, and was only ejected after an application of the stick. About 3.30, after I had lunched at the refreshment-room, my father and mother and sisters, and afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, with Ethel and Charley, arrived. Immediately notes were handed to me, and I received my commission as paymaster-general; Charley was made baggage-master. Our luggage consisted of six large Saratoga and four state-room trunks, besides several rug-rolls and dressing-bags. Altogether the excess came to £2, and this only among five people. Our train was timed to start at four, so, at five minutes before that hour, we got into our carriage,

a comfortable and well-arranged saloon, with two divisions and a lavatory. And now commenced the final farewells from the Holmes family, which were only terminated by the guard's whistle and the train moving off. My mother and father and sisters and myself waved our handkerchiefs as if life depended on them, and until we could see each other no more. After a very pleasant journey we reached Liverpool at nine, and immediately proceeded to Eberle's Royal Hotel. Here an oyster and grouse supper awaited us, and I believe we did it justice. Mr. Eberle came in while we were discussing it, and gave Mr. Abbott the news of the place. Previous to roosting, Charley and I played a game of billiards. We had a room together.

August 17.

Thursday.

After breakfast Charley and I took a stroll down the town and docks, and made several final purchases of fruit, &c. At the end of the landing-stage we saw a cattle vessel unloading. The poor brutes had to walk up a slippery gangway from the lower to the upper deck, and then round several right-angle corners to a still more slippery gangway for the shore. At about at least a dozen points between the hold and the top of the landing-stage were stationed men with sticks, ever ready to give the poor helpless brutes a good

blow. On the flanks of the animals were a cross and crown, about which, however, I could learn nothing. They might have belonged to the government, and on their way to become beef for the troops in Egypt. We went as far as the large flour and wheat warehouses, and then walked along the street facing the docks, where every other house is a "pub," and thence by Water Street, to the hotel. At one o'clock we all had lunch, and half an hour afterwards took cabs, with the luggage behind in a cart, for the landing-stage. Here we found the tender with a crowd of people round her—emigrants and their friends, and various people seeing each other off. At two we cast off from the stage, and were fairly cut off from the shore. The *Sarmatian* of the Allan Line for Quebec, the boat we intended to cross in, was anchored fully a couple of miles off, opposite New Brighton. The docks and the shipping were a splendid sight as we steamed down to her. On approaching she looked an enormous vessel, and strong enough to face any storm. She has three masts and one funnel painted red with a black top. Her length is about 400 feet, and her breadth about 40 feet; she draws twenty-six feet of water. Numerous emigrants watched our arrival from the decks. On stepping aboard we saw them pass the doctor's examination. He looked at each in the face, and some of the babies' clothes were taken off to show him their

chests. They number in all six hundred. There appear to be whole families going out as well as single men and women. They are from all nations. We observed a good number of Germans and Scandinavians. Some English and Irish whom we noticed on the tender were very downcast on leaving the old country, the women utterly breaking down.

Among our first day's experiences was an inspection of this huge vessel's machinery. The first engineer took us over. We descended among innumerable Jumboish cranks and shafts, and then lower still, underneath these, to the bottom of the vessel into the shaft tunnel. This is one hundred and fifty feet long, and where daylight never comes; it leads from the engine-room to the screw, and contains the shaft, three feet in circumference. At four o'clock the last tender arrived, and in it my brother-in-law, George Rooth, and Mr. Edmunds with his boy. Half an hour later the last bell was rung, and all strangers departed. My state-room, where I have to sleep for the next ten days, is near the saloon. There are two berths in it. My companion, whom I found out about five o'clock, is a one-armed gentleman from Montreal. As he was unable to climb into the upper one, he exchanged with me for my lower berth, and so I obtained the one I wished for. After dinner at six everybody went on deck, and at 7.30 we commenced to steam ahead. Gradually the land became

fainter and fainter, till we lost it in the darkness which had been slowly coming on. As we could not get over the bar till ten, we went but slowly, and at times almost stopped. After crossing, a large four-masted and three-funnelled steamer inward bound passed us. She looked very fine, all her portholes alight. Mrs. Abbott and Ethel have the captain's cabin, a fine large, airy deck-house, while Mr. Abbott and Charley have the chief officer's, which is similar only smaller.

August 18.

Friday.

This morning Charley and I managed to slope into the bath-room while a large crowd were waiting outside, and to have a good sea-water ducking. We breakfasted at 8.30, and had plenty of eatables to choose from. Altogether the feeding is very good. The vessel was passing between the Irish coast, somewhere north of Belfast and Wigtownshire, Scotland. As both shores were some ten to fifteen miles distant, one could only see that they were pretty high and hilly. On looking at the Irish side through my glasses I could see numerous little white houses dotted about on the sides of the hills. There were very few on the Scotch. At eleven we lost sight of the Scottish coast until we came to the Mull of Cantyre and Torr Point; we then rounded the north-

east corner of Ireland with its lighthouse and steered along the northern coast, gradually losing sight of Scotland altogether. There was hardly a cloud in the sky, the sun shone brilliantly, and the sea breeze tempered the heat. Before entering Lough Foyle, we passed the Giant's Causeway about three miles off, and could just see the enormous pillar-looking things through our glasses. They appeared about two hundred feet high. After lunch we entered the Lough and steamed on past hilly shores numerously studded with whitewashed cottages. Opposite the small town of Moville we laid to at about 3.30 and waited for the mails from Londonderry. A tender with some more passengers, and a shore boat with the pilot, came alongside. Into the latter Mr. Abbott, Charley, and myself, and a dozen others descended down a long rope ladder, and were rowed ashore. Here we hired an Irish jaunting car, with a real Jarvey to drive us. Directly we got on he started off at a gallop through the desolate-looking main street of dirty white houses. We had to sit tight and hold on like grim death. He went on at this pace for five miles, as if racing the cars behind, to an old dilapidated ivy-grown castle by the shore, which we had previously passed in the steamer. It was shown to us by the custodian, a dirty old woman, whom we christened Mrs. Donovan. She gave us a long account of its history, which

resulted in our going away with the knowledge "that there was a king, and his name was O'Neil, and he had lived there." Previous to our departure I looked into this lady's cabin, and saw the "Rint Payer" in undisputed possession of the best place before the smouldering kitchen fire, while several fowls were strutting about the apartment. It was curious to see the mounds of peat beside each cottage and the barefooted women about them. We took a piece of peat and some shamrock on board to Mrs. Abbott. When the time came for paying our Jarvey I gave him 3s., but he was most indignant and threw it on the ground, and made a deuce of a row. As I had no intention of being murdered by a band of Land Leaguers or wild Irish, I gave him 2s. more, and presently had the satisfaction of hearing that he had got at least twice as much as his proper fare. They say these fellows are never satisfied. Our friend the priest told us a good story about an Irish cabdriver at Brighton where the fare is 2s. 6d. an hour. After his riverence had got out and asked the fare, the cabby said, "Wheell, Father, if it was for yesilf I'd axe ye nothing, but as it's me master's cab I'll axe yer honour for 3s. 6d." When we got on board, the mail tender had arrived, and George Rooth and friends to whom I had previously bid farewell were alongside in the other tender. At five o'clock we again started, and by

dinner-time were well out to sea. At this meal our ranks gradually commenced to thin, and hurried ascents were made to the deck.

The saloon is a very fine apartment. It is the full breadth of the ship, and has two long tables. It would probably be better if it were amidships and not astern, as there one feels the full force of the screw and the pitching or rolling of the vessel. We now began to observe that there are some people on board who do nothing else but walk up and down, up and down the decks all day. Chief among them are two very ladylike ladies' men, so nice. One is eminently a Pretty Man, so we have christened him accordingly; but the other is not so fair to look upon; he walks, or rather slides, with one shoulder above the other, and is called Ally Sloper. They have cut all we other young men out; and they almost absolutely monopolize the eligible ladies who are not ill. After eight we lost the land, and were finally cut off from the shore and were pitching on the long Atlantic rollers.

August 19.

Saturday.

This morning I had a bath, but felt more or less queer after my first night on the ocean. At breakfast there were but a very few people. I myself had to depart early. Mrs. Abbott and Ethel did not appear

all day, while we gentlemen sat about and slept, and were little fitted for aught else. As it was simply impossible without an utter disregard to one's feelings to proceed below, we got that "awfully jolly fellow"—which, it may be explained, is Charley's name for one of the stewards—to bring us our meals to Mr. Abbott's deck-house. Towards evening the wind freshened up, and to a landsman the sea was rolling mountains high, and even the wheel-man observed that it was a "bit fresh." Going below from the fresh air on deck to my stuffy state-room, where all the ports were closed, most quickly sealed my fate. With the greatest difficulty I rolled into bed.

August 20.

Sunday.

When I got out of my berth I felt very queer, and with the greatest difficulty crawled up on deck to the smoke-room. I breakfasted on biscuits and brandy and water with one or two other unfortunates, and lay down for the whole morning on the cushions. The weather was very rough; we pitched tremendously, and shipped a good many seas. Once when I was sitting upon a stool at the door, and feeling a little better, a huge wave came on board, and completely drenched me. Before we knew where we were we were all sitting in three feet of water, and more

miserable than ever. We couldn't laugh. Mr. Abbott, when crossing the deck, was ducked twice, and did not appear the whole day afterwards. As for the rest of the Abbott family they wisely kept to their beds and were not seen at all. In the afternoon I felt better, and had a bottle of stout. It considerably revived me; so much so that I was able with some others to take soup, beef, and potatoes for dinner at six o'clock in the smoke-room. We were a most miserable dinner-party; only three of us could sit up; but we had great fun in fielding glasses and plates as they floated gracefully across the table at every pitch of the vessel. Among the party were two Sandhurst men who had been spun at their exams and were going out to learn farming in Ontario; an old Rugby and Oxford man, about to see what he could do in the estate agency line in Canada; and a young lieutenant going out to join his battery at Halifax. The accounts we received from below were appalling; nearly everybody we asked for was ill in bed, and only seven people dined in the saloon out of 145. This was too much of a good thing; so with my land agency friend, whom we had christened John Bull, I determined to spend the night in the smoke-room. We wrapped ourselves up well in ulsters and rugs, and soon after 11.30, when Sam, the deck steward, put the lights out, fell fast asleep.

Mr.

August 21.

Monday.

This morning was comparatively calm, so, after stuffing my handkerchief well over my nasal organ, I ventured into the saloon. The odours between this compartment and the companion way are not too pleasant, and this was why I took care of my nose. I believe the strange and mysterious smells which come from a ship's pantry, and the close atmosphere of a state-room, have quite as much to do with seasickness as the pitching and rolling of the vessel.

After breakfast we had numerous reappearances among the ladies, and the Pretty Man and Ally Sloper trudged them all up and down the deck.

One lady is a most persistent walker. She goes it at all hours of the day as if her life depended on it. We have the military element on board, a colonel in the Engineers, with his wife and two little girls. He has an appointment at the Military Academy at Kingston, Canada.

August 22.

Tuesday.

After breakfast some lively ones started a pool in the smoking-room. So many numbers are taken and drawn for, and then sold at public auction. The pool is given to the owner of the number, which corresponds with the number of the miles

done by the ship at midday. Of course likely numbers fetch a good price, sometimes forty shillings, and there is generally six or seven pounds left in the pool, when the half for the Liverpool Seaman's Orphanage has been deducted.

On board we have the adjutant and one or two members of the Canadian Wimbledon team. They are very jolly fellows, and some remember my tent at Wimbledon from the lilies.

In the evening some of my Sunday smoking-room acquaintances and myself had a supper of sardines on toast and bottled beer in the saloon. We played cards, and had rather an uproarious time of it. Pretty Man was heard to say, "Ugh! what low fellows! they eat supper and drink bottled beer—the brutes." I am afraid we shall never get on with the ladies now.

August 23.

Wednesday.

Before breakfast I had the hose played on me by the boatswain. It was rather cold at first, but it has sent all feelings of sea-sickness away. The lady-killers have been hard at it to-day, but their efforts are not now so deadly. In fact, they are beginning to be discarded by some of the fair ones. This is owing to the reappearance of my sea-sick smoking-room friends. In the evening we again played cards and had supper, and enjoyed ourselves immensely.

August 24.

Thursday.

To-day we are in the ice-track, and have been fortunate enough to see several icebergs and schools of whales.

Two of the bergs were very fine, and we passed within half a mile of them. They were huge snow-topped masses, and their enormous pinnacles looked very much like some tremendous human teeth. At the base the waves broke in spray against them. Their colour at the top was pure white, a little lower down blue, and beneath that bottle green.

I remember there was one which had a peculiarly shaped piece of ice on the summit; every one looked at this through glasses for a while, and some said it was the Polar Bear.

The whales only betrayed their presence by blowing off; that is, spouting into the air columns of water which look like steam. Occasionally one would show half its huge black carcass out of the water and quickly disappear again.

At about three o'clock this afternoon we sighted land, and everybody ran to the ship's side to look at it. At first we all said it was a long black cloud, but gradually it became clearer, and we were told we were nearing Belleisle. Some little time after this land was sighted on the port bow; this was Cape Bauld, on the northern coast of Newfoundland. On passing

through the Straits of Belleisle, where there is a lighthouse on the island, both shores looked rugged and bare, the Newfoundland coast appearing flat. In the evening we lost sight of them, and entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

August 25.

Friday.

After lunch to-day we sighted the island of Anticosti. We did not approach close enough to see anything but bare cliffs. It is ninety miles long, and was not lost till the evening. After dinner some of us got up an impromptu concert. Mrs. Abbott sang and Ethel played, and others favoured the company. I sung John Peel and the Massacre of the MacPhersons, but only on condition that the rest of my compatriots should join in the chorus. And so they did, so much so, that the audience applauded and compelled us to deliver with perfect artistic taste, O Chafoosezlum and a glee of the Three Blind Mice. We were only twelve, but I think we convinced the audience that our lungs were quite healthy. Some of us understood what house singing meant, which, by the way, I have heard disparagingly compared to a chorus by drunken navvies on a Saturday night.

August 26.

Saturday.

This morning we found ourselves in the River St. Lawrence. The vessel was close in to the southern shore, but we could not see much of the northern, the river being from twenty to thirty miles wide. All day we have been steering up this magnificent river. The pretty little villages along the shore, all with their miniature church, are chiefly French. Behind them are high ranges of forest-clad hills.

At eleven we were met off Rimouski by an odd-looking steam tender, with half of its machinery on deck. The mails were speedily put on board, and some of our friends went by her also. We were rather sorry to lose them. One feels after a week on the ocean that you have known people all your life. Near us were H.M.S. *Northumberland* and *Phoenix*.

In the afternoon we passed Rivere de Loup, a Canadian watering-place, and the entrance to the river Saguenay.

After dinner we had another concert, but this time a strictly proper one. Its object was a collection for the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage. Pretty Man and the military section said they were not musical, and attempted to cut the collection. They were caught, however, by Mr. Abbott and the doctor. They were tittering and jeering among the few who were ill-

mannered enough to stay on deck and stare through the skylight at our good-natured attempts to amuse. We finished the evening with a supper, and I don't know how many bottles of champagne. Anyhow, it was the last night and we meant to enjoy ourselves.

August 27.

Sunday.

I awoke at six and found that the steamer was going along slowly close in shore. By the time I was on deck, we were alongside the wharf at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, and close to the Grand Trunk terminus. The view of Quebec and the scenery around was most surpassingly beautiful; the citadel looked very much like Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, and the surrounding hills almost the counterpart of those which are seen on approaching the Tyrol from Munich. Everything, however, was on a larger scale, and quite dwarfed European scenery. After breakfast we went ashore. Previously to this, the conductor of the superintendent's official car, which had been awaiting our arrival, came on board with all sorts of letters for Mr. Abbott. It was soon arranged that we should go on to Montreal by the 10.30 train. On going ashore we were most assiduously attended to by "Gideon," our car conductor, and the baggage master. Our numerous pieces of luggage were not the

least trouble to us, and the custom-house officials were most polite. The waggons which took our luggage from the quay to the car were curious-looking affairs, like wine merchants' barrel carts in our country, only larger. They had a shoot arrangement like a contractor's cart, and when they had brought the "pieces" to the required place, the whole lot were shot out in the most unceremonious way. At nine o'clock we took two carriages, which were also rather odd—very high off the wheels, and very light and springy, and with plenty of silver ornaments; they had seats for four. We were attended by the local Grand Trunk passengers' agent, and were immediately driven to the ferry for Quebec, which conveyed carriages and all across the river. We first inspected a huge river steamer, two stories high. There were 113 berths, a general saloon thirty feet high, splendidly appointed, and the usual domestic offices. It was a floating palace. Proceeding up a very steep hill, through the old town, with its wooden houses, we reached the ramparts. The view from here is only surpassed by that from the promenade in front of Dufferin Terrace, and from immediately below the citadel. The river, some two to four miles wide, extends for about fifteen miles towards the Falls of Montmorency, and forms a most beautiful lake. Ships of the largest tonnage were anchored here and there, and many

sailing boats flitted over its placid bosom. Immediately opposite, on the other side, was Point Levi, where we landed, while on our left some miles distant, with the hills immediately behind, were the suburbs of Beaufort and St. Roch. The rock on which we were standing is some 200 feet or more high. It is a veritable Gibraltar, and appears almost impregnable. Driving out to the Plains of Abraham, we passed several handsome villas, and noticed the footwalks along the road all made of timber, which is the cheapest material here for paving. Near the handsome stone-built prison we came to the column erected to Wolfe and the British troops who fell on taking the city in 1759. It is a handsome monument, and is on the very spot where Wolfe fell. The view of the field from here gives one a very fair idea of the difficulties our troops had to overcome. There is also an obelisk on the terrace to the French general, Montcalm, and Wolfe. Returning to the landing stage through the town, we were again ferried across, and reached our car attached to the train about eleven o'clock. On the whole, Quebec gives one the idea that the inhabitants are wilfully letting the place go to ruin, so little care is taken of the streets, public buildings, and ramparts, and other interesting antiquities which connect it with the Old World.

The train which had been awaiting our return

consisted of four baggage cars, two Pullmans, two ordinary cars, and our most luxuriant "official car." When all were "aboard," as the conductor bawled out, the odd-looking engine, with its great smoke stack, lantern, cow-catcher, and bell, commenced to haul us along. Our car had two large saloons, one at each end, with couches, chairs, and writing tables. In the centre, leading off a small passage which connected them, were two luxuriantly appointed bedrooms, with four-post bedsteads, washing stands, and toilet tables; a lavatory, and a small kitchen, with all the fittings to cook for a dozen people. One of the saloons was used as a smoking-room, and the other as a sitting-room. There were windows all round, and we were able to see the country well. At either end was a platform. Gideon was most attentive, and told us all about everything, the line, towns, and scenery. He has been twelve years on the car. There is water on board for eight days. We walked through the whole train, and found several of our friends from the *Sarmatian*. The Pullmans are the same as in England, but larger; the ordinary cars are different from anything we have at home. They are sixty feet long, with a gangway down the centre, and have rows of seats for two each, ranged down the sides. They are the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class of the country, and everybody has to ride in them, unless they pay

extra to go into the Pullmans. All the cars had attendants on them; the two Pullmans had one white conductor, and two black porters, one to each car. They were good-humoured fellows, continually grinning and showing their teeth and the whites of their eyes. They had a neat blue uniform with white peaked forage caps.

The train went along the river for some distance, and when we left it there was nothing but wood on each side. One noticed more than anything the straightness of the line, which is only single. The rails are nailed on to the sleepers or ties, as they are called, and no chairs of any description are used. Also the signals, and points or switches, which instead of being sharp, as in England, are quite blunt. At Richmond, surrounded by park-like scenery, the train halted for twenty minutes to enable us to lunch. There was any amount of pushing about and scrambling for the eatables, especially on the part of a Scotch gentleman; but as we had telegraphed ahead, we were tolerably comfortable. Starting off again, the scenery on passing the Richelieu River was very beautiful. Here, fifteen years ago, a train went into the river, the bridge was therefore approached and crossed with care. At 6.15 we reached the junction in front of the Victoria Tubular Bridge, and were in sight of Montreal. Here a pig train with thirty two-storied cars

passed us from the west for Boston. The grunTERS were mostly black, and there were many hundreds of them. They had been three days travelling, and are disembarked once a day for food and water.

The Victoria Tubular Bridge is considered one of the most marvellous engineering wonders of the world. It is perfectly straight, and two miles long. When the train is in the middle it is impossible to see either end. We were eight minutes going through. It has twenty-three piers, and is 22 feet high, and 16 feet wide. It cost \$6,300,000, and was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1860.

At the station Mr. Fowler, of New York, met Mr. Abbott. We were soon driven off to the Windsor Hotel, where, after a good bath and dinner, we were only too glad to get to bed.

Windsor Hotel, Montreal,

August 28.

Monday.

This hotel is on a most extensive scale. They can put up five hundred guests. On entering there is a large hall with white and black marble paving. At the further end are tobacco and cigar stalls, flanked by railway ticket, telephone, and the general hotel offices. Leading off are the lavatories, hairdresser's shop, and bar. The dining-hall, a magnificent apart-

ment, is on the first floor, and the drawing-rooms are round about it. At breakfast this morning we noticed Mr. Conway, the London actor, and our old friend Ally Sloper. There is a Scientific Congress now in session here, containing some of the ugliest-looking male and female "missing links" one would wish to see. They all wear red ribbons, and discuss the origin of the humble bee. This morning Mr. Abbott, Charley, Mr. Fowler, and myself were driven down to the Grand Trunk general offices, a handsome red-brick building near the river. After an interview with Mr. Wainwright, the assistant general manager, who is a very polite and efficient cicerone to Mr. Abbott, and is generally "putting him through" all Grand Trunk matters, we started for the works, attended by the locomotive superintendent.

We were taken through the engine-shops, where they turn out an engine a week; the lamp, modelling, and motion shops, as well as the car-shop, where we noticed several cars in a slightly knocked-about condition. One huge driving-wheel had rope bands instead of leather; they are supposed to be more economical. The workmen—and they number over 1000—are well looked after. We visited their dining-hall, which contains a small stage and a library. Here all the daily papers are kept, and the monthly journals taken in. The librarian showed us his album, with photographs of distinguished

visitors. Mr. Abbott is going to send his. On the whole the works give one the appearance of a small arsenal. Everybody is busy, and the place is clean and well kept. They cover an immense space of ground, but perhaps this is no criterion where ground is not particularly dear. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Abbott were invited to a garden party at Mr. Sargent's, the traffic manager. Mr. Abbott, Ethel, Charley, and myself went about four, in top hats, &c., Mrs. Abbott not feeling well. The house was a stone one, approached by a drive through two or three acres of ground. There were a number of people there, and a band on the terrace overlooking the town. There were only two pretty-looking girls present, and one only was striking. Some of them dressed well, but nothing like one would have seen at a similar occasion in England. Most of the men wore top hats and black coats. One "scientist" appeared in evening dress, and looked accordingly. I am only writing here what I saw, and do not for one moment find fault with our Canadian kindred for not, as some do on our side of the water, making dress and parade the chief object of life. However, I think our party took the shine out of the lot. "We had 'em all on," and our togs were not so old-fashioned as some of our neighbours.

At dinner, which was better served than last night, we had a look at the people. Pretty faces are

remarkable only by their absence, and figures there are none. We had some Indian corn, which is very sweet, potatoes stewed in cream, and some mush, but no other novelties, except, in fact, the way in which the whole dinner was served. So far, we have sat down to a perfectly bare table at every meal. Slowly the waiter, who is a citizen and a voter, brings some knives, forks, and napkins, and doesn't particularly hurry himself. The dishes are brought as ordered, the plan of the dinner being a *table d'hôte*, with a *menu*. Iced water is taken at every meal, and is found everywhere. It was in our car yesterday, the Grand Trunk offices this morning, in all the rooms at the hotel, and it is hard to find a place without it. Ice is very cheap, seven dollars only being paid for twenty pounds to be delivered each morning from April to November.

After dinner Charley and I strolled down to the St. Lawrence Hall—another large hotel, further in the city. Here we found some of our supper party from the *Sarmatian* just off to Toronto. After a final libation with them we returned to the hotel and bed.

August 29.

Tuesday.

We did nothing particular this morning save pack our trunks and stroll about. This city is named from the hill or small wood-covered mountain which lies

behind it. This was called Mont Royal by the French, and the city is situated on some undulating ground between it and the river. It is laid out in blocks, the peculiarity of the streets being that they are nearly all planted with shade-trees, and give the place a very pleasing appearance. The houses are mostly substantially built of stone; and there are some fine public buildings and places, notably the English Cathedral, the Court House, the City Hall, and Victoria Square, with a statue of the Queen. Some of the streets are fine and handsome, and the whole city gives one the idea that it was built on a well-considered and carefully carried out plan. It has not, however, the smartness and neatness of an European city, especially as to roads.

At 4.30 we started for Lachine, where we boarded a steamer for the rapids. Opposite was the Indian village of Ottawawa, where, however, there are very few, if any, pure redskins. After steaming a mile or so we came in sight of the rapids, which, in the distance, look like long blue lines between the two islands in the centre of the river. As we approached the water became more turbulent, and swirled and eddied in great circles round the boat. Great care is taken on board the steamers, men being stationed with an extra tiller in case the steam gear fails. The channel directly between the two islands is the most dangerous part of the rapids. Here the

river is lashed into foam, and we seemed to literally shave past rocks, around which, on looking back from the steamer, the river appears to descend in steps. We were all supposed to be wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and though fully aware of the danger of shooting these rapids, thoroughly enjoyed the sensation. On our way down the river we passed under the Victoria Bridge, and a few minutes later were hurrying to the Windsor for dinner. After this meal Charley and I had to perform a little business, he looking after the baggage while I paid the bill. At the station an American gentleman, a doctor of New York, and his wife, who was very good-looking, saw us off; Dr. Morrell M'Kenzie, of London, accompanied us some distance in the car. We walked through the Pullmans and saw all the arrangements for sleeping, and people going to bed in them in the most ordinary way in the world. A little after ten the train started, and for an hour or so we sat up talking. Our sleeping arrangements were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Abbott in one bedroom, and Ethel in the other; Mr. Fowler, Charley, and myself being distributed on the couches in the saloons. Just before going to roost I lost my straw hat—or rather had it lost for me—with the artistically fashioned black bow attached.

August 30.

Wednesday.

At 2 a.m. I was just conscious of the fact that we were being shunted on to a siding at Prescott junction, after being detached from the train which was going on to Toronto and Chicago. At seven o'clock, when I finally rolled off my couch, it was a beautiful morning, and the party were soon astir. Our siding was close to the station platform alongside a goods wharf. It was a novel experience to walk out of one's bedroom in the morning on to a railway track, among cars and all sorts of freight. Our breakfast in the car was another novelty. We had corned beef, canned chicken, bread, butter, tea, and apples; all prepared and laid out by Gideon, who certainly provides us with every comfort, and appears to think further ahead than most people. It would have been a sight for any one at home to have seen, and remembered. We left the car to be forwarded on to Kingston, while we walked down to the river to go on by water. Prescott is a fairish-size town, with nothing particular except its grass-grown roads. At the wharf we had to wait for the steamer, and in the interval Charley and I had a swim in the river. The water was splendidly clear and cool, and we thoroughly enjoyed our bath. The boat was called the *Algerian*, and after the usual fashion of river boats here, was two-storied, painted white, very clean inside, and

had a huge saloon running her whole length. The river St. Lawrence between Prescott and Ogdensburg—the first town in the States we have seen—is two miles wide, and we are 1200 miles from its mouth. One can hardly appreciate the immensity of distances here; for instance, the province of Quebec only, is as large as the whole of the British islands put together, and Canada proper as large as the whole continent of Europe. It is thought nothing to travel two or three days to a place, and towns a day's run from each other are considered quite near.

After passing Brockville, we entered the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The latter are of all shapes and sizes; some are high, some low, others a mile or more in length, others a mere rock jutting out of the water. It is perhaps this diversity that gives the charm to this most beautiful lake. While some are dreary, barren rocks, there are others clothed with the most luxuriant foliage, with the trees and grasses growing down to the water's edge. Groups of them were clustered together with miniature coves and bays, and little white cottages, with here and there a cow cooling herself in the stream. Numbers had tents on them, and it is the custom to camp out in the summer, and go in for boating and fishing. There are in all 1900, and they extend for more than ten miles. At Alexandria Bay, the fashionable headquarters on the lake, there are some large hotels, and

near are islands with villas built on a more costly scale, among them being Mr. Pullman's, of Palace Car fame. Our boat reached Kingston at 4.30. It is a fortified place with a military college. After a two-mile drive, we again reached the car. On starting there was a steep curve, up which an extra engine had to push behind ; this once surmounted, we went along at a fair rate. A dining-car was attached to our train, with little tables to seat four on each side. On board there was a kitchen, with three cooks, five waiters, one scullery man, and a superintendent. We took dinner, or "supper," as the *menu* called it, at seven o'clock, and were well served and very well pleased.

From Kingston to Toronto we passed through farm lands. Land can be bought there from £5 to £40 per acre, all cleared and with farm buildings erected on them. When the old colonists or pioneers have completed the period of settlement necessary to obtain absolute possession of their lands, they take the first opportunity of making a good price for them, and move westward to lands recently opened up, which they obtain at almost nominal sums. The country was undulating, with numerous streams, woods, and small lakes. We were told it was most fertile, and the soil, unexhausted, produces enormous crops without manure. For a sum of money often exceeded in England by the mere annual rent, a tenant

farmer could become the absolute owner of a farm in Ontario, and for ever free himself from the vagaries of tenure and its attendant evils.

This too is in the more thickly settled portions of the Dominion, where most of the necessaries of life and education are cheap, where the climate is healthy, and where the people are all of English extraction.

As rooms had been telegraphed for at the Queen's Hotel, we had no difficulty, and got to bed very tired at one o'clock in the morning.

Queen's Hotel, Toronto,

August 31.

Thursday.

This is a very comfortable hotel; more so than the Windsor, Montreal, but not so large. The service is excellent, and quite a treat after the latter house. The waiters are all blacks, and very goodnatured-looking fellows. They are dressed in black coats and white waistcoats, and are very smart. On entering the dining-room one of them always meets you, and, with a most polite bow and smile, immediately relieves you of your hat and stick. Mr. Fowler left us after breakfast to meet his wife at Niagara. He has been our guide, comforter, and friend since we landed, and if we were not going to meet him again to-morrow his loss would be irreparable.

Toronto is situated on the north-west corner of Lake Ontario; we came along its shores last night in the moonlight. This lake, it may be mentioned, is one of the great chain of fresh-water lakes which drain this enormous continent. It is 140 miles long by 60 wide, so there is no seeing across it. The city stretches along the shore for three or four miles, and two miles inland. It is laid out in blocks, with well-built houses, but has the same fault that we observed in Montreal—a want of smartness, and a general appearance of neglect. King Street and Yonge Street, both with trams down the centre, are the best. Some of the shops are good, but, except in the way of Lacrosse bats and fur caps, I did not see any novelty. In the afternoon we took the ferry over to Hanlan's Island. At this place there is a large restaurant, with bowling alleys and shooting galleries, the whole place having a Margate-and-Ramsgate-Hall-by-the-sea flavour about it. There were numbers of children paddling with their nurses, and others sitting about on the dirty grey-coloured sand; but the interest attached to the place is that it is Edward Hanlan's home, the famous oarsman, who is now champion sculler of the world. His name is here spelt with an *a*, and not as in England with an *o* in the final syllable. Just before we were leaving he came to the front of the hotel—of which, by the way, he is the proprietor—and we were introduced to him

by the gentleman who was with us. This looked like a case of "a celebrity at home," but our interview of some five minutes' duration took place outside in the verandah. He said he liked our "little River Thames," as there were so many walks about Putney, such as Wimbledon Common and Richmond Park, useful for training, and the river was generally smooth for rowing. Our "little river," however, contrasts favourably with his native lake, which is frequently too rough to row on, and is frozen over for months together in the year. The walks on his island, too, are not very extensive. He took us to his prize stand, where there are some dozens of trophies displayed from all quarters of the globe; among them the champion cup, won on the Tyne in 1880. He is a strong, thickset man, rather good-looking, and very much like his photograph. Before dinner Charley and I took a tram to the Queen's Park. It is pretty, but, like everything else, wants some neatness and more care to make it perfect. The best building there is the University of Toronto, a large Gothic building of grey stone. The statue of Britannia, to the memory of the Canadians who fell in repelling the Fenian invasion of 1866, is also very effective; around it is a peculiar railing, with piled arms and swords at intervals. Near to the hotel was a travelling Zoo, which Charley and I visited after dinner. It was a poor show, but the fun of the fair was a tribe of

pseudo-Indians. These gentlemen probably belonged to any other nation than the noble redskin from the prairie, painted and bedecked with feathers as they were. They contrived, however, to send some fifty people into fits of laughter by a series of howls and jumps, which were supposed to represent a war-dance and a pow-wow. As we had to pack again we went to bed early, having previously applied an internal lotion of sherry cobbler.

September 1.

Friday.

We arrived at Niagara this morning at 1.15 from Toronto, *viâ* Hamilton. The scenery around the latter place is very homelike and picturesque. At the station we visited an ice-house, where some 20,000 tons of ice are annually stored. It was then about half full, so we were able to go inside the empty portion. The interior was like a barn, and divided into four parts. The ice is simply stowed away there in the winter, the top of it being covered with straw.

At the station to meet us were Mr. and Mrs. Fowler; the whole party immediately drove off to the Clifton house, on the Canadian side. On our way, the River Niagara was 150 feet below us, in a huge channel hewn by itself in the solid rock, on our left: we could just see the dark green water over the precipice. After passing a toll-house, we saw, some

distance ahead, the spray clouds, which rise from the foot of each Fall. They looked like steam. When we were opposite the Clifton we had a full view of both of these stupendous wonders of the world, and were anything but disappointed, as some said we should be, with our first view of the Falls.

The Falls of Niagara, on the river of the same name, are twenty-two miles from Lake Erie, and fourteen from Ontario. Over them the drainage of half this enormous continent, from Lakes Erie, Michigan, and Superior, has to pass on its way to the sea, through Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence.

Just before the river takes its leap over the Falls it is divided by Goat Island, and makes almost a right-angled bend.

On either side of this island the river rushes and tumbles, descending fifty-two feet in one mile through the Rapids, which continue until the final plunge is made.

From the hotel the American Fall is directly opposite, being 1,100 feet wide and 158 feet deep. Further up on the other side of Goat Island, and to the right, is the large Canadian, or Horse-shoe Fall; this is over 2,000 feet wide, and descends 156 feet. Of course your impression is that the whole thing is most magnificently grand, and that it defies description. A few facts, however, may be interesting. Sir

Charles Lyell estimates that the ravine through which the river flows after leaping the Falls took 30,000 years to be excavated. It has been calculated that 100,000,000 tons of water pass over the Falls every hour. Some years ago a condemned vessel was sent over the Horse-shoe Fall, and though she drew twenty feet of water she did not even touch the rocks as she went over the edge. Before dinner, which is ready here at 2.30, we strolled along to the Prospect House, and from there viewed the Falls. It is impossible, of course, to see where the Falls strike the water below, the spray rising in thick clouds half-way up the precipice, with a thinner veil many feet above. Before leaving the Prospect we were shown the Princess Louise's rooms; they were very comfortable and neat; she was expected on the morrow. We passed the Museum and numerous photo and knick-knack shops, and were pestered at every step to purchase "this cheap view," or "those pretty moccasins," till we again set foot in the hotel.

In the afternoon we drove to the Whirlpool Rapids, and descended to the river's edge in the elevator. The Niagara, after leaping the Falls, plunges down a narrow gorge, which some two miles below reaches its narrowest point; here the under-current makes itself felt, and coming to the surface forms these famous Rapids. The river bounds along at a furious rate, roaring and throwing up waves and billows, like

some mighty ocean lashed into fury by a storm. The noise is terrific.

Passing over the Railway Suspension Bridge, with the railroad track above, we drove along the American side to Prospect Park. Here, after descending the elevator, Charley and I changed everything we had on for a pair of rough flannel pants, vest, mackintosh cap, and felt shoes; and escorted, or rather led, by a guide, started to pass behind the wave of the American Fall. Immediately we left the dressing-room we found ourselves on the rocks beside the Fall, almost blinded by the spray, and hardly able to look up at it: we were drenched through and through in no time, but the water being warm we felt no inconvenience from this. We ascended a ladder on to a huge rock, and beheld the wonderful rainbow reflected on the spray. It was a beautiful little miniature, and a perfect circle. Led by our guide along some planks at the side of the rock, with a frail wooden rail to hold on by, and blinded with a whirlwind of spray, and almost borne down with the weight of water driven against us, we at length found ourselves beneath a ledge of rock with the Fall thundering down immediately in front. The noise was awful, and the eddies below boiled and washed up at our feet. It is only here that one could appreciate the magnitude of the volume of water rolling over the precipice above,

and it is a sight well worth travelling across the world to see. The thrilling sensation experienced on this trip is one never to be effaced from the memory. On returning to our dressing-room we were photographed, there and then as we stood.

While we were viewing the leap of the water over the ledge from the Park, an acrobat was performing on some trapezes and a tight rope suspended from the New Suspension Bridge; we watched him for some time until he dived down a rope head first, 200 feet long, into the river below, where he swam about until picked up by a boat. It was a plucky feat, and he was well applauded by numbers of people who were watching him.

We now continued our drive across the river to Goat Island, where we walked over the bridge to the Terrapin Rocks, on the edge of the Canadian Fall, and there stood immediately over the brink of the abyss into which the river falls. The river rushes past you, and your eye is only able to follow it to where it meets the great spray cloud, which rises from below. The roar of the water, and the situation, makes this one of the most impressive places from which to view the Falls.

Proceeding round the island, we saw the river where it stretches across some two miles wide, before it reaches the rapids. It looks quite peaceful, and gives one no suspicion of the fury into which it is

lashed a little way below. Returning over the New Suspension Bridge we at length reached the hotel and a most wonderful drive. For a party of five the cost was \$27, or £5 8s. At every point one is tolled, besides having to suffer the importunities of the fancy shopkeepers and the irrepressible photographers. As I write, the steady roar, not a harsh grating one, but a mellow continuous sound of the marching onward of many waters, strikes the ear. It can be heard for many—they say twenty—miles, and so soft that an ordinary conversation can be carried on without raising the pitch of one's voice when quite close to the Falls.

September 2.

Saturday.

After breakfast we took a last view at the Falls and drove to the station. In an hour we arrived at Buffalo, crossing on our way the magnificent suspension bridge over the Niagara river. The view from this, extending on the one side over the Whirlpool Rapids, and on the other to the Falls, was most sublime; but one shuddered to think what would have happened had the frail-looking bridge snapped, and one had been precipitated 245 feet into the river below. Buffalo is a large American city at the end of Lake Erie, and is the *entrepôt* of all the grain traffic from the west. From what we saw, it did not look very inviting, but some of its suburbs are very

fine I hear. We had to cross the Niagara again, and this time over the International bridge—a huge structure, on the open girder tubular sort of system. It is about 2,000 feet long, and cost \$1,500,000. It belongs to the Grand Trunk Railway. Our lunch to-day, which Gideon prepared, was a most sumptuous affair—chicken, tongue, pressed ham, and bottled Bass. We all enjoy these feeds in the car; and as we are now seven, or rather more, in our eating capacity, it must be no slight task for Gideon to keep his stores up to what is practically an unlimited call. The scenery we passed through was chiefly agricultural and woody, with very few hills, and here and there a river. We passed Paris, a pretty Norwegian-looking town, and Stratford, which had a more substantial English appearance. At 7.30 our train drew up at Point Edward. We were immediately shown to our rooms above the depôt. They are very comfortable, and belong to the Grand Trunk Railway, being usually occupied by the officials when round on an inspection. Mr. Hickson, who is very pleasant indeed, received us in the dining-room, where we all had a “real nice” dinner, with several officials of the line.]

Point Edward is on the St. Clair River at the point where it leaves Lake Huron for Lake Erie; Fort Gratiot on the American side is opposite. There is nothing but the depôt, the town of Sarnia being

two miles lower down the river. Some of the accessories to the meals here, and everywhere we have been, strike us as very homelike. They are the large quantities of European drinks and condiments consumed with them. Bass's ale, Guinness's stout, Apollinaris water, and Crosse and Blackwell's pickles are articles of every day consumption, and seem to be well appreciated. This certainly speaks well for the enterprising agents of these firms, and it is a wonder that Allsopps' ale and Huntley and Palmer's biscuits are not seen too. Although the heat to-day has been about 90° in the shade, and in the sun somewhere near 100°, we did not find it too oppressive, the thermometer since landing never having been much below 80°, except at night, when it registers about 60°.

September 3.

Sunday.

This morning after breakfast Mr. Abbott, Charley, and myself, with Mr. Hickson and Mr. Spicer to show us the way, strolled along the railway wharves to the grain elevator and the steam ferry. The elevator is a huge wooden building of great capacity. Outside, fronting the river, is a huge beam called the leg. This contains inside it small buckets on an endless chain, and is dipped into the car or vessel required to be unloaded. The buckets bring the grain up to the proper elevation, where there are

funnels to shoot it into other cars, or to distribute it over the floors of the elevator. Further on we found the steam ferry. This is a huge flat-bottomed screw propeller. She has four lines of rails on board, and carries across the river twenty-one cars at a time loaded with passengers or freight. On our return to the depôt we went on board the steam tug *Beatrice* for a run down the river. We passed between Sarnia on the Canadian side and Port Huron on the American. They are both thriving ports, but have no other particular attraction. Below Sarnia is an Indian reservation, stretching for some miles along the bank of the river. We steamed close inshore, and saw several real live redskins. They were all dressed in European costume. The only novelty we saw was a woman who carried a papoose on her back.

The suite of apartments we occupy belong to the officials of the line. They consist of half a dozen bedrooms and a very fair-sized dining-room. Along the river front there is a verandah, where the whole party adjourn after meals. Our number is one dozen all told, consisting of Mr. Hickson, general manager of the line; Mr. Spicer, superintendent; Mr. Yates, chief engineer; Mr. Wallace, locomotive superintendent; Mr. Taylor, and another official; and our party of seven. We are a very merry family, though a great deal of "shop" is talked about the line, all the officials

being thoroughly Grand Trunk. After dinner we walked over to the church to escort the ladies, who had left us immediately the meal was over, home again. The church is very small, and is presided over by a coloured clergyman. He is, however, a good preacher, well educated, and speaks like an ordinary Englishman.

September 4.

Monday.

This morning some of us had a swim off the wharf; it was rather dirty, and we had to be careful of the currents. After breakfast, Gideon obtained a row boat, with a man who knew the deadly currents, at least almost deadly to any proposals we made for going on the river, and at eleven o'clock we launched on what everybody considered a most perilous voyage. The stream was very strong, and it took us at least forty minutes to row half a mile; at one point it runs over ten miles an hour. We went as far as the lake, which we reached by beaching the boat and walking across a spit of land. Here there is a cattle quarantine for animals sent into Canada from the States. They are kept in very comfortable quarters for ninety days, and are generally very valuable animals. The man who was in charge came from Newcastle, and turned on his full conversational powers when he knew that we came from the old

country. In the afternoon we indulged in some fishing, with a primitive rod and line, off the wharf. We were at first unlucky, but at length we succeeded in catching eight fish, four apiece. They were pickerel and perch, and very fair size. The rest of the party visited Port Huron and Sarnia, which they said were totally uninteresting, though they are considered quite large cities here. After dinner everybody retired, all trunks having to be ready by 10 p.m., as we start for Chicago early to-morrow morning.

Our rest is rather broken here by mosquitos and the incessant clang of locomotive bells. The latter are as large as small English Church bells, but more melodious. They are placed just behind the smoke stack, and whenever an engine enters or leaves a station they are set going. As our room overlooks the depôt, and most of the freight traffic is worked through here at night, we are rung up more often than we would wish. The mosquitos add to the trouble by their continually whirring round our heads all night, and an occasional bite here and there. To-night I am going to try some Keating's powder, and hope it will have a salutary effect.

September 5.

Tuesday.

At 8 a.m. we left Point Edward for Chicago, where we arrived at 8 p.m., and put up at the Grand Pacific

Hotel. On our way the country in some parts was quite English. Near here we came into the prairie, and could see for miles around us. The superintendent of this portion of the line accompanied us from Point Edward, and after dinner at Battlecreek his wife joined the party. The supper this evening has been the best square meal we have taken so far.

September 6.

Wednesday.

This morning Charley and I had to breakfast alone, the rest of the party were rather early and had already breakfasted when we came down. At 11.30 we all moved out to the Board of Trade building, and went over the Corn Exchange. We ascended in a huge elevator to the first floor, and were immediately launched into a large hall, containing some hundreds of men who were all bawling at the top of their voices, and creating a perfect Babel. Our advent with two ladies and our further progress through the hall caused some sensation, and we were well stared at. In the centre was the wheat ring, a large circle of three or four stairs, around and on which more noise than ever arose, while at either end were two smaller rings for other grain. The telegraph office stood in a corner at the further end of the hall, and was besieged; and around the room were posted

telegrams from other markets, and also the state of the weather in different corn-growing countries. I remember that Liverpool was "very heavy," and that England was "fine after rain." From the Board of Trade we walked to the Grand Trunk office, still stared at by a large crowd; who, as the Princess Louise was staying at the Palmer House, must have thought that we were in some way connected with that august lady.

At two o'clock we started off to the depôt, escorted by Mr. Pullman's agent, and there we met Mr. Pullman himself. He is a tall gentleman with grey hair and an American Vandyke beard. According to the usual hospitality of the country, Mr. Pullman's private car was awaiting our arrival, and Mr. Pullman was to take us to his city, some ten miles distant. This car is a most splendid affair, combining elegance with comfort and ease. Entering it at one end, we found ourselves in a small smoking-room, with leather couches and armchairs. From this we proceeded along a passage, off which were a ladies' boudoir and bedroom, in satin wood and red velvet; beyond these we came to the main saloon. The chairs had their dust-proof holland covers on, so we did not see what was the pervading colour; but the wood-work was magnificent, not only of the furniture, but of the sides and roof of the car, all kinds of rare woods being inlaid in different shapes and pat-

terns. Besides a dining-table there was a writing table and a harmonium. The wonders of the car did not cease here, for behind the saloon were a kitchen, scullery, and lavatory, the whole of the domestic economy being attended to by a coloured man. Mr. Pullman enumerated to us a list of distinguished guests who had used the car, among them being the Princess Louise, the Duke of Manchester, Mr. Walter of the *Times*, and a host of others. On arriving at Pullman we first visited the brickyard, where the bricks are made out of the clay dredged from Lake Calumet, hard by, and which is thus to be made a large port for grain and cattle *via* Lake Michigan. After this we went through the shops where the world-famed Pullman cars are now constructed, and saw how everything about them is made, from the cushion-springs to the lamps and the painting and varnishing without. All the machinery in this small arsenal is driven by one large engine, the largest I have seen, and perhaps of its kind in the world. Its horse power is 2,500, and the circumference of the wheel ninety feet.

On leaving the shops we walked through the city, which is neatly laid out in boulevards, with shade trees. The houses are substantially built of red brick. There is an arcade with retail shops on each side, and a theatre all under the same roof. The latter is not quite finished, but it promises to be a most charming

little house; one of Mr. Pullman's maxims being that workpeople must be amused. There is also a market, a church, and an hotel; they are built on the same substantial plan, and form the headquarters of this model city. There are various societies—choral, shooting, and others—among the inhabitants, and no alcoholic drink of any sort is allowed to be sold. Mr. Pullman himself originated the idea of building this city for the workmen, and the Pullman Company under his management still continue to carry it out. Two years ago not a shovel had been turned on the marshy ground it then was; now there is a well-built city with seven thousand inhabitants, and the company still have some hundreds of acres to deal with.

Returning to Chicago in time for dinner, Charley and I afterwards strolled to a theatre, and saw some very poor acting.

September 7.

Thursday.

Among the many strange sights that strike the eye of a stranger in this city are the numberless telegraph poles along the streets; the myriads of wires overhead; and the tramcars moving stealthily along without the aid of horses. They are worked on an endless wire rope beneath the street. In some of the streets we passed through on our way to the depôt, every other shop was a Chinese laundry, with pig-tailed Celestials ironing and starching in the

windows. Curious advertisements were conspicuous everywhere, and along the curb were ranged huge piles of melons, generally presided over by a stout old negress. When we arrived at the depôt to take our car and special engine for the cattle-yards, Charley and I jumped up on the engine and rode the two miles on it.

The Union stock yards, which we soon reached, are simply colossal. Speaking broadly, they are one mile square, with miles and miles of streets and alleys, underground drainage and pens, and their capacity is 147,000 head of cattle. Everything has a bustling and business-like air: drovers on horses, with huge Mexican saddles, shouting and yelling at herds of cattle, and innumerable railroad cars loading and unloading everywhere. By the side of the yards are the huge packing-houses, whose capacity for killing, curing, and tinning cattle is enormous, their united capacity being some 80,000 a day. The one we went through belonged to the Armour Packing Company. It consisted of three or four large blocks connected by flying bridges and passages.

At the time we entered some 2,000 oxen and 3,500 porkers were being handled. The oxen are shot by a revolver or Winchester repeating rifle. A chain is passed round their horns as they fall, and they are immediately hauled into the main building. Here they are met by the butchers. One immediately

cuts the throat, another pins the animal up to the ceiling, and within ten minutes from being shot, the process of skinning, disembowelling, and quartering has been performed, and the beef is passing along on a frame overhead to the drying-room. On the floor above the hogs were being handled. Mr. Porker is first driven into a large pen at the end of the room, after which he soon finds himself in a small one, all alone. Here a chain is attached to his leg, and to this chain a hook is fastened, let down on another chain from a wheel in a sliding frame overhead. With a sudden pull Mr. Porker is jerked into the air, where, while squealing and kicking, the "sticker" steps forward, cuts his throat, and sends him on to the cleaning vat. Passing through this—a tank of boiling water twenty feet long—with some dozens of his luckless kind with him, he is put on to a shelf where a hook on an endless chain is stuck through his nose. By this means he is hauled through a scraper of endless steel blades in twenty seconds, and, having gone in black with a bristling hide, arrives at the other end white and perfectly shaved. After this, in hardly no time at all, he is beheaded, disembowelled, and quartered, and passed on to the packers.

All the blood, bone, and offal is either converted into manure or melted for glue.

The "sticker," whom I have previously mentioned, is

a curiosity in his way; he is the son of a Presbyterian minister in New York, and earns \$5 per day, which, as he sometimes sticks 3000 pigs at a sitting, is not much. His clothing consisted of a sleeveless vest, with knickerbockers and boots, without any stockings. He presented a most hideous sight, covered with blood, and standing ankle deep in it, within the well below. Yet they say that when he washes and dresses for the evening he looks a perfect gentleman. On the whole, a tour through a packing-house is an interesting though not an engaging sight, and we were thankful when we again reached the open air that the ladies had not accompanied us. The proprietors of the yards, in order to show the numerous drovers and graziers who frequent their premises what can be done with a little care, buy promising steers and other cattle when young and fatten them up on the premises. They are kept in a large comfortable stable. There were Shorthorns, Hereford White Faces, Kansas Broadhorns, and other breeds, all looking in the best health.

In the afternoon we took a drive in two carriages to the Grand Boulevard and Park and round the city. The houses in the residential parts are elegant stone-built mansions, notably the residences of Mr. Pullman and Mr. Armour. The park is well laid out but flat, some of the flower devices being very pretty and ingenious. A noticeable feature on returning

to the city was the great number of ladies sitting in front of the houses in the cool of the evening.

As Captain Shaw of the London Fire Brigade is staying here, the firemen and their superintendents are trying to see what they can show him. Mrs. Abbott and Ethel had been promised a visit to some of the fire stations. Accordingly at about nine we all set out, Captain Shaw and Mr. Tennant having obtained the Fire Marshal of the city as guide. We first visited a station of the Salvage Corps, which is supported by the insurance offices. Everything was fitted up on the most elaborate scale, the beds in the sleeping-room on the first floor looking like an hotel; but the arrangements for turning men, horses, and salvage carts out were most complete. In the first place, ropes are attached to each man's bed-clothes, which on an alarm of fire being given, pull them all off. At the same time a trap-door goes down with a rush, through which the men scramble right on to the salvage cart. Meanwhile the horses all harnessed gallop into their places, the huge doors in front fly open, and in a trice they are all ready to start through them. When it is considered that this is all done by electricity, by the touching an alarm post a mile away, or the bursting of one of the automatic mercurial alarms in a private house, this is something to be astonished at. An indicator on the wall shows the driver in an instant in which direction

to urge his steeds. From the salvage station we went a short distance to a fire station, where were stationed two steam-engines and an escape. The latter is pulled by a pair of horses, and not, as in England, pushed along by men. The harness is suspended over each side of the pole, and on the alarm being given, each horse gallops into his place, and the driver, already seated, drops the collar and the traces on to them. The hose is not carried on the engine, which is four tons in weight, but on a two-wheeled roller, with one horse, and four men only ride on each machine. The men when rung up come sliding down four poles through large holes in the ceiling, and jump on in their blue shirts and trousers, their helmets, boots, and india-rubber coats being kept on the engines, and put on as they go along. They were very quick and smart when they turned out for us, but it is said that the discipline of the brigade is not so strict as ours in London.

September 8.

Friday.

This morning Mr. Fowler took us out to his friend Mr. Larned's very pretty place at Lake Forest, a suburb on the shores of Lake Michigan some thirty miles distant. The house and premises face the lake and have a very English appearance. The most charming feature of the house is its airiness, all the reception-rooms opening into a large and tastefully

arranged hall. After a most bountiful lunch, we returned to Chicago, having enjoyed to the full our only too short a visit to this delightful spot.

Before dinner Charley and I had just time to go round the Annual Exposition opened to-day, but were not much interested, except by several curious agricultural reaping and self-binding machines.

In the evening we wasted our time by going to the theatre, and seeing a very poor representation of the "Black Crook."

September 9.

Saturday.

By 6.30 a.m. we were all astir, breakfasted at 7.30, and started an hour later for St. Louis.

We were all very sorry to leave the Grand Pacific, everything having suited us so well there. The meals and the service are extremely good; and as it is one of the largest and best-arranged hotels in America, an account of how one is cared for will perhaps not be out of place.

As you take your seat at breakfast, darkie—and all the servants are darkies, by the way—puts down in front of you a huge slice of musk melon, or sometimes plain blackberries and cream. Then follow lake trout, prairie chickens, steaks, omelettes, and other dishes too numerous to mention, besides some half-a-dozen different sorts of bread and cakes. Of

the latter I prefer the griddled cake. It consists of three layers of pancake, between which you thickly spread butter. Over the whole you pour maple syrup, a thick, sweet liquid very much like treacle, and taking a knife and fork, you set to at one of the best cakes ever invented. In the middle of the day there is both lunch and dinner; in the evening, both dinner and supper. You arrange these as you like, and with the exception of the game of the country, and such vegetables as Indian corn and sweet potatoes, they are much the same as European meals. An American only drinks iced water when eating. Sometimes you see lager beer or wine; but he always finishes with a cup of coffee or tea. We, however, indulged in wine, and sometimes (?) drank champagne.

To-day we dined on the restaurant-car, attached to our train at one o'clock for an hour, and then shunted and sent back by the next hungry train we met. On our table, where Mr. Abbott, Charley, and I sat, we had thirty small plates and dishes, everything we wanted being placed down by the darkie at the same time. At Springfield, President Lincoln's birthplace, we were just able to see the top of the obelisk raised to his memory. Before entering St. Louis the train went across the celebrated bridge over the Mississippi. It is built in two stories, the lower one taking the railway, and the upper one a tram, carriage,

and footway. It consists of three spans of 500 feet each, and connects with a tunnel leading to the Central Railway depôt. The engineer was J. B. Eads, and the cost \$10,000,000.

Southern Hotel, St. Louis,

September 10.

Sunday.

This morning a stringent rule was relaxed, and we were all allowed to turn out and breakfast when we liked. Charley and I did not appear until 11.30. The hotel is spread over a whole block. On the ground floor there is the usual large hall, with four entrances, one for each face of the block, and a smaller one leading to the ladies' waiting-room. The latter is a peculiarity in American hotels. It is not according to American etiquette for ladies to be seen in the large entrance-halls; among all the smoking and expectorating—a disgusting habit of the country—and the crowds of business men who frequent them.

Tramcars are as numerous in this city as hansoms in London. There is hardly a street down which the rails are not laid; and even Fourth Street, the Regent Street of the place, is invaded by them. The same plan of building the houses in blocks and the streets at right angles is carried out here as in Chicago.

The city is situated in the State of Missouri, and extends for some five or six miles along the south

bank of the Mississippi and inland some three miles. Of course this is a large area, but the buildings, except in the more central parts, have any amount of room to sprawl over, and are not put up so close together as in a European city. The river is a muddy, slow-running stream, with low sandy banks. No docks are built, as the sand goes down too far, but the steamers being flat-bottomed and drawing only three or four feet of water, run right in shore.

After breakfast we went to the water-tower, and had a good view of the city and surrounding country ; it appeared flat, with low, well-wooded ridges. The two parks, Lafayette and Tower Grove, which we drove to in the afternoon, are well laid out and plentifully supplied with shady trees. The former is for pedestrians only, the latter for carriages and equestrians. Here were buggies and hacks of all sorts and sizes, from the black costermonger's to the St. Louis swell's. A band was playing and the everlasting stars and stripes flying, and all good citizens, both rich and poor, were enjoying their Sunday together.

A third of the population in this place consists of niggers, or coloured people, as they like to be called ; so out of curiosity Charley and I went to the evening service of an African Wesleyan church. When we entered but few of the "brederen" had arrived ; but they soon appeared, whole families,

from the grandfather to the piccaninny in arms, coming in at a time. We were surprised to see how neat and well dressed they all were. The ladies, some of them positively pretty, had generally a snow white dress and a flaming sash by way of contrast with their dusky visages. They nodded and chatted to each other quite loudly while waiting for the minister, and the noise they made would have much alarmed an English congregation. Suddenly a gentleman from a group in the corner, whom we presumed to be the choir, burst into a loud, lugubrious hymn, which was gradually taken up by the rest, everybody yelling his or her loudest in the same doleful key. It reminded me very much of the story of the Yorkshireman who, going to church for the first time, saw the people singing, as he thought, what they liked, so he sang "Bob and Joan." Later in the evening we took the tram to Schneider's Beer Garden, where we indulged in St. Louis beer to the strains of a splendid band. The place was exceedingly well illuminated, with numberless little tables about beneath the trees. It was crowded, and we were told that there were at least two thousand people present.

Southern St. Louis,

September 11.

Monday.

The Exchange, over which we were taken this

morning, is even a finer hall than the one at Chicago. In addition it has a very handsome fountain in the centre. On the ground floor beneath are several rooms, with one side painted black, on which are chalked up the prices of grain, stocks, and other comestibles as they are wired from other markets. When we were walking through, there was an excitement in pork, which had just gone down $1\frac{3}{4}$.

The court-house is a fine building, with Doric columns and a dome. As, however, the courts were not in session we did not enter.

At 6.30 we again "struck" our car, and started for Cleveland by the Bee Route over the Indianapolis and St. Louis and the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis railroads. The road as far as Indianapolis was very rough, so much so, that sleeping on the springy sofas in the car was almost impossible. However, I smoked.

September 12.

Tuesday.

Towards 4 a.m. Charley and I managed to get some sleep, until awakened by Gideon at seven o'clock for breakfast in the restaurant car behind us. These eating cars are very commendable institutions on long railway journeys. At certain parts of the line one of these cars is stationed, and is hooked on to the passing trains for an hour at the different meal

times. It is then returned by the next train, and thus keeps passing backward and forward all day without waste of time. We all enjoyed our meal; everything, as is usual, was set down before us at once; the number of dishes on our table being fifty-three. The country we passed through was much the same as usual—flat, well wooded in some places, quite parklike in others, and generally heavy crops of Indian corn on either side of the track.

At three o'clock we reached Cleveland after twenty hours' travelling, and put up at the Kennard House. This city is called the Forest City from the shade trees which line all the principal streets. By far the best of them, and some say on the whole continent, is Euclid Avenue, a long boulevard of costly, private residences. They are placed well back in their own grounds, the flowers and plants growing luxuriantly, and the grass most verdant. The city is lighted by electricity, eight carbons being placed at the top of huge poles 150 feet above the ground and about 1,000 yards apart. This system gives the city the appearance of being bathed in moonlight.

There is another wonderful bridge here, or viaduct, as it is called. It connects the two parts of the city by crossing, on a level with the plateau, the deep ravine in which the river runs. It is 3,211 feet long, and in the centre has a large swing bridge to allow the passage of vessels through it.

*Kennard House, Cleveland.**September 13.**Wednesday.*

The chief industries here are oil refining and rail-rolling. One of the largest oil refineries in the world is the Standard Oil Company's. We went over the works this morning. They extend over ten to fifteen acres of ground, and employ over 2000 men. The Company make their own barrels, and turn out 500 per day. It is a very interesting sight to watch these barrels being made. The work is nearly all done by machinery, and the men in the cooperage are able to make from ten to twenty apiece per day.

The oil is pumped straight away from the springs in Pennsylvania, through a six-inch pipe, to the refinery. It is put into the still a thick, green fluid, and after going through, and being treated with various acids and chemicals, comes out white and limpid, like water. The tap through which the oil runs into the blue barrels with white ends, which we so often see in England, is automatic, and stops directly the barrel is full. They also export the oil in three-gallon cans, which we saw being made.

At 3.40 this afternoon we left Cleveland in our car for New York *via* Buffalo. Just as we started, we heard the newsboys shouting out a "great British victory," and on buying the paper found that our men in Egypt had beaten the Egyptians at a place

called Tel-el-Kebir this morning. The Lake Shore road proved very dusty, but as we all travel in the oldest things we have (Charley and I generally in flannels), we are not much inconvenienced.

September 14.

Thursday.

Gideon called all the gentlemen at six, just before reaching Albany for breakfast. The ladies were allowed to slumber on and breakfast in the car later. Our meal at the depôt was well served, and we attacked it ravenously after a night in the train. Here we got the *New York Herald, Tribune, and Times*, with the first detailed accounts of Arabi's defeat by Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir. We had indeed seen some meagre telegrams in the evening papers at Cleveland, but they did not satisfy our appetite for news of our countrymen in the East. The New York papers, however, contained accounts from their special correspondents on the field, and we probably read as good accounts of the battle, though not so full, as we should have seen in England. Six o'clock is rather early for the morning's newspaper to get 175 miles from New York; and it is only from the fact that Mr. Vanderbilt is staying at Saratoga, forty miles from here, and has a special engine and car run from New York immediately the papers are printed, that we were able to get our papers so soon.

After leaving Albany, which is the capital of the

State of New York, we crossed the river Hudson, and saw behind us the Capitol, or senate-house, a huge building with a red gabled roof, and which cost /// \$30,000,000, or £600,000. The Hudson, along the left or north bank of which we travelled the whole way to New York, rivals the Rhine in the beauty of its scenery. It is much broader than the latter river, and has a greater variety of mountain scenery, though it lacks the picturesqueness and romance of the Rhine's vine-covered and castle-crested hills. Romance is not, however, totally absent from these regions; for some miles off, on the other side of the river, lay the cloud-capped Catskill Mountains, the home of Rip Van Winkle and other of Washington Irving's heroes.

Near New York we branched off from the Hudson, and followed the Harlem River, the northern boundary of the city, for some two or three miles. The advertisements along the road were numerous and curious, one seeing continually painted up, "St. Jacob's Oil," "The Domestic Sewing Machine," "Wait for Barnum," "Gastrina," &c.

On crossing the Harlem River the train almost at once entered a long tunnel, from which we emerged into the Central Depôt. We were immediately set on by numberless hackmen, tram conductors, and others, to patronize various conveyances or hotels. But stepping into two carriages which

were waiting, and leaving Gideon to see to the baggage, we were all driven to the Windsor Hotel on Fifth Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, whom we were all sorry to lose, here left the party — Mrs. Fowler to see her babies, and Mr. Fowler to see to matters in general before returning to take us round.

This hotel is another of the huge caravansaries so common out here. It has the usual entrance-hall, ladies' parlour and dining-saloon, and is built of red brick. It is considered less noisy than the Fifth Avenue or the Brevoort, and more select. It has a certain subdued air about it, and one can say that there is less spitting by the men, and less independence shown by the servants, than in any of the hotels we have stayed in yet.

After lunch Mr. Fowler called, and took us up the Avenue to the Elevated Railway. On our way we passed Mr. Vanderbilt's house, and one of his son's opposite. The one is built of brown stone—a square building, after a Venetian palace; and the other of a greyish stone, in the Gothic style, with turrets and pointed windows and plenty of fretted stonework. The Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick being quite close, we went in. It is built in the shape of a cross, with a large nave and two aisles, a choir, and two wings. It is a very fine building, but looks very new. The reredos by the altar was presented by the Pope.

The Elevated Railway, upon which we took our first ride, was in Sixth Avenue. There are some forty miles of this railway in New York, and there are four lines through the city. It is a veritable railway in the air, the average height being 80 ft. above the ground. The tracks are placed one on each side of the street, the iron pillars by which they are supported being placed in line on each side of the pavement. In some cases, where there is only a single track, there is but one pillar; but where there are two tracks, they are generally supported between two pillars placed on each side of the street. If you ride at the end of the last car you can see right through into the street beneath, the rails being placed across the sleepers, without any ballast. On each side of the rails is laid a stout timber, to prevent, if possible, the engine, when it leaves the track, from taking itself and the cars into the street below. Some of the curves are very sharp, the front part of the train being round a right-angle corner in one street, while you in the rear portion are left behind in another. The stations are pretty little buildings of iron beside the track, and they are reached by flights of stairs from the streets. The railway is decidedly a great convenience, and more healthy than our underground system at home. The fare is the same for all distances—ten cents—and it is greatly patronized by all classes. These ad-

vantages, however, are in no small way counter-balanced by the depreciation of house property along the route. There are now several cases pending against the different companies for compensation for damage from loss of light, noise, and other nuisances alleged to be caused by the railway and its trains to adjacent property.

We "struck" Broadway, as the Americans say, near Trinity Church, and made our way through the jostling crowd which surged along the footways to the Equitable Life Insurance Office. Here an elevator took us up eight stories to the top of the building, where there is a weather station of the United States War Department. From the roof the view is splendid: the city spreads over the whole of Manhattan Island, down to the water's edge. There are three rivers—the Harlem on the north, the Hudson on the west, and the East River on the east. At the south end the two latter join and form the harbour—one of the largest in the world. The island is thirteen miles long, and varies from two miles to a few hundred yards in breadth. On our right, across the East River, lay Brooklyn; built like New York, chiefly of red bricks, and almost rivalling her in size. These twin cities are to be united by an immense suspension bridge, which has already been twelve years in building, and will probably take two more to finish. On our left

was the beautiful spire of Trinity Church and the graveyard below. Beyond, on the other side of the Hudson, lay Jersey City, noticeable at this distance for its grain elevators: Broadway extended, both in front and behind us, the whole length of the island. It commences at the Bowling Green and, bisecting the busiest parts of the city, stretches towards the more fashionable quarters in the north.

Descending to the ground floor, we made our way to Wall Street, which begins nearly opposite Trinity Church, and runs towards the East River. It is the monetary centre of the country, and the resort of the chief bankers and brokers. In it are the United States Sub-Treasury, the old Federal Hall where Washington delivered his first address as President, and the Custom-house. At No. 67 Mr. Fowler embarked us on the elevator, and soon landed us at his firm's offices on the second floor. They were pleasant, cheerful rooms, and looked very legal with their calf-bound Law Reports. They reminded me very much of our offices at home, where I suppose I shall be soon slaving again.

Returning to Broadway, we took a 'bus, or stage, as it is here called, and were unpleasantly reminded, by its jolting, that the streets are not kept in such a good state of repair as in London. Among the many handsome and substantial structures which we passed may be mentioned the chief office of the Western

Union Telegraph Company, a red-brick building ten stories high, with a huge clock tower above all. Also the new Post Office; a government establishment, with the Law Courts on the upper floors,—it is a large white stone building in the Doric Renaissance style, with a frontage on Broadway of 262 ft. In Printing House Square are situated the offices of all the chief newspapers. *The Tribune* is the largest, of red pressed brick, with the loftiest clock tower—285 ft. high—on the island. Beyond A. T. Stewart and Co.'s store, a large, plain, white building five stories high, and occupying a whole block, the Broadway turns a little towards the west and runs into Union Square. Here we dismounted, and momentarily pausing to look at the statues of Washington, Lafayette, and Lincoln, proceeded still along Broadway to Madison Square. This is another pretty little park, laid out with shrubs and trees, and now surrounded on all sides by business houses. On the north-west side the Fifth Avenue crosses Broadway in a slanting direction, and here is situated the huge marble Fifth Avenue Hotel. A little further up the avenue is Delmonico's, the celebrated restaurant, all-interesting to us just then, as Mr. Fowler had invited us to dine with him there—our first dinner in New York.

Our table was in a large, luxuriantly appointed room on the ground floor, and we fared sumptuously.

The *cuisine* was all that could be desired, and the reputation of the house will not suffer in our hands.

Windsor Hotel, New York,

September 15.

Friday.

This morning Charley and I took the ferry to Hunter's Point, and from there the rail to Creedmoor. The second stage of the International Rifle Match between the Volunteers of England and the National Guard of America was being shot off. Our team was captained by Sir Henry Halford, and contained such well-known shots as Messrs. Humphrey Pearse, McVitte, Boulter, Parry, Godsall, and Heap. The match, after our lead of nineteen points in the first stage, was almost a foregone conclusion, the Americans being nowhere near in the long ranges. Ultimately our team won by a hundred and seventy points, amidst the greatest enthusiasm shown by the Britishers on the spot, and the ungrudging praise of our American cousins. As I am a member of the N. R. A. of England, Charley and I were admitted into the enclosure and had a few words with Sir Henry, and other members of the team.

The range is enclosed, but cannot compare with Wimbledon, either in number of butts or in size and arrangement of the encampment. The marking is

carried out in the old style—discs shown on the target from the mantlet.

Returning to the Windsor for dinner, we afterwards went to the Madison Square theatre, where we saw a very well acted melodrama entitled “Esmeralda.” This theatre has two stages; while one scene is being acted before the audience, the other one is being prepared behind, consequently the delay between the acts is slight—only some fifty or sixty seconds. The band was perched up in a balcony over the top of the curtain, and instead of bolting away immediately the play was over, as it would have done in England, remained and played the audience out to a lively air.

Windsor Hotel, New York,

September 16.

Saturday.

After breakfast Charley and I walked down to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to call on a friend of his staying there. Painters and stonemasons were busy freshening up the decorations and the white marble for the winter season. It is an enormous building, and able to put up any number of guests. It is more noisy than the Windsor, and I should think ladies would not like it so well. Before returning to lunch we walked into Tiffany’s jewellery store in Union Square. On entering these vast establishments one is not, as in

England, pounced upon by some importunate shopman and bored to buy something, but one is allowed to walk round and purchase at will. We saw all sorts of jewellery, from a modest wedding-ring to the most exquisitely wrought presentation plate. Diamonds and pearls were in abundance, and around us were any quantity of the gold and silver ornaments with which American ladies so plentifully adorn themselves.

At three o'clock we all took the ferry over the harbour, and connected with the railway for Manhattan Beach. At this place there is a collection of half a dozen enormous hotels, some of them 500 or 600 feet long. There are bathing establishments, neatly laid-out gardens, and band-stands on a similar scale.

While the ladies of our party sat listening to the music and watching the crowd of promenaders, Charley and I took tickets at one of the bathing-offices. Here we were immediately marched off by an attendant down a long row of little boxes, and shown into two of them at the shore end. There were in all 1,500 of these boxes in our establishment, that being the number they can "put through" at one time.

After getting into our costumes, we bravely marched out before a large crowd of spectators to the water's edge. Here, dabbling about, were a number of ladies and gentlemen similarly attired to ourselves, and who appeared to be thoroughly enjoying each other's society

and kind attentions in the water. Some 100 yards out in the sea, and every 60 yards along the shore, were lines of buoys and ropes, beyond which you are not allowed to go. We swam out to a raft at the further end of one of these lines, and after fifteen or twenty minutes returned to our boxes. The water was very warm.

The most fashionable hour for bathing is about six in the evening, after the heat of the day, and when the people return from Coney Island Races. The place is only an hour from New York, and in the summer it is the custom to come down in the evening and have a bathe, and dine here. After dinner at the Windsor, we went to the Park Theatre, and saw "Jane Eyre." With the exception of Rochester's appearance in dress clothes for morning dress! the play was well done.

September 17.

Sunday.

We all went down town to Trinity Church by the Elevated Railway. The service was Episcopalian, and the music faultless. Charley and I strolled out afterwards down Broadway to Battery Point and Castle Garden. The former is about three acres in extent, and is planted with shady trees. There are plenty of seats where one may rest and look over the harbour. It takes its name from the British

fort which once stood here. Castle Garden is in the right-hand corner. There are several buildings, notably a large round wooden one, all surrounded by a high wall. It is here the emigrants land from the Old World to try their fortune in the New.

After lunch we three gentleman took the steamer for Fort Lee. There was a band on board, and we were crammed with Sunday outers.

Steaming up the Hudson by the mail-boat slips of the Cunard, Inman, White Star, and National Lines, we were all surprised at the seemingly poor accommodation offered for shipping. There were no attempts at docks, and squalor and dirt reigned supreme along the river-side.

Fort Lee, where everybody disembarked, presented the same appearance as the grounds of the Crystal Palace on a bank holiday. There were roundabouts, rifle galleries, and aunt sallies, all in full swing on the side of a well-wooded hill. On the top was a huge hotel and restaurant. Americans seem very fond of these outings, and all places of this description within easy distance of their cities are crowded to overflowing on Sundays and holidays.

September 18.

Monday.

We had to devote most of this morning to packing and re-arranging our trunks, our heavy baggage being left at the Windsor, while we only take the lighter portion to Philadelphia.

The coach in which we drove to the Central Jersey Railroad ferry, seemed to belong to the latter days of the 18th century. It had a large body painted yellow and held nine people inside. It was suspended on C springs, beneath which rolled four huge red wheels. Above all sat the driver, on a hammer-cloth, rivalling almost the Lord Mayor's in size. The two nags took us along well, and in large vehicles like these the ups and downs of the fearfully bad streets are not felt so much.

The journey to Philadelphia took a little over two hours. Some of the scenery on approaching the city is quite English and park-like.

The train ran straight along the streets into the heart of the city. Of course, we have seen this before; but this is the first large city where separate arteries are not reserved for the railroad traffic.

Philadelphia is the largest American city for size, and the second for population. It is situated between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, about ninety miles from the mouth of the former, in the province of Pennsylvania. It is laid out on the usual block plan.

Chestnut Street, Walnut Street, and Broad Street are the best thoroughfares, the last of these being 11 150 feet wide and sixteen miles long. Across this street, and near the centre of the city, a magnificent palace is being erected. It is intended to contain all the city offices, courts, post-office, &c. It is built of white marble and has four fronts, a huge quadrangle being in the centre. Some ten years have now been spent in its construction, and the roof is not yet on. It is like the New York City Hall and the Brooklyn bridge—several more sets of 'cute people have to make their fortunes out of it, and there will probably elapse another ten years before the whole building is completed. In Chestnut street are situated the best shops—notably Wanamakers, a huge store, one of the largest in America—the Opera House, and, as usual, one of Haverly's numerous theatres.

After we had finished dinner at the St. George's, where we were staying, Charley and I strolled round several beer gardens, one of which boasted an Eclipse Opera Company from the Royal Alhambra Theatre, London, and ultimately landed ourselves in the Lyceum theatre, to see "Patience" performed in miniature. The children who played the parts did extremely well. We awarded unmixed praise to Patience, Lady Jane, and Grosvenor. Bunthorne, however, didn't know his part, but Grosvenor rather loudly helped him in the more difficult and vicious places.

September 19.

Tuesday.

At 10. 30 this morning we went to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad office, and after twenty minutes or so, were escorted by Mr. Jones, one of the officials of the line, to a tug in waiting on the river. In this we steamed along the wharves to some large coal-slips, and an elevator belonging to the Company. Here we landed, and saw any number of trucks, and a vast goods yard, wholly surrendered to the anthracite coal received from Reading. After being put all through the mysteries of the trade, we returned to the city by a special car and engine.

We twice crossed the Schuylkill and went close to Vermont Park, the largest in the world, and saw the Memorial Hall of the great Exhibition. It is a large stone building with a glass roof, and now devoted to various technical societies. The park has over sixty miles of drives in it.

After dinner at three, we left Mrs. Abbott and Ethel at the hotel, and started in the car for Reading. There was a little engine and car combined, called the Ariel, following us. It acts as a tender, and is to take us along sidings and curves too narrow and sharp for the car, to the different mines and works we are going to visit. It keeps about 100 yards to a quarter of mile behind us, and Charley and I rode the last eighteen miles to Reading on board.

The seats for four are in the front portion, and the engineer and stoker sit at the end. There are only three pairs of wheels, the centre pair being the drivers. The track followed the river the whole way. Sometimes we had picturesque sylvan scenery like the Thames, and sometimes rich Rhinelike scenery, with steep wooded hills on each side. On our way we passed the house which General Washington made his headquarters in the winter of 1777-78, and from whence he started on the campaign towards New York in the following spring.

We arrived at Reading at seven. A huge hill rising up behind the town made me think of Buxton, Derbyshire, though the hill there is much smaller.

September 20.

Wednesday.

The town of Reading, which we left by the special car at 7 A.M., has a population of 4,500. There is no attraction there save the car shops of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad and some iron-works. The large central street which widened out opposite our hotel looked more like an English market-place.

At Palo Alto we got into the Ariel, and began working uphill through a long Swiss-like valley called Greek Creek, to the summit of the hills, where we had a splendid view of the whole Mahanoy Valley. The scenery all around must once have been most

beautiful, but now huge heaps of rubbish from the mines disfigure the sides of the hills, and in many places the trees are represented by blackened stumps, where attempts at clearing have been made.

The trucks laden with coal, which have to come to the top of the mountain, are sent up by means of a plane 2,400 feet long. It is very steep and made one dizzy to look down it. The trucks are hauled up by a "barney," a sort of bogie truck, which is attached to an endless steel-wire rope. This machine also prevents them from gaining too great an impetus when descending. At the bottom the "barney" runs into a hole, and the trucks fly along over it.

In due course the Ariel went down. It was not half so bad as we expected, and much like going down an hotel lift.

After a momentary pause for water we steamed along the Mahanoy valley, to visit one of the mines. They haul the coal up a large wooden structure, about 100 feet above the ground, and tip it on to an inclined plane, down which it rolls until it comes to the screens. These are a number of revolving drums which separate the sizes, boys being stationed beyond to pick out the slate from the coal. The place was very dirty and dusty, and the boys and men there looked perfect fiends with their black faces.

All the coal in these regions is anthracite, and burns smokeless; and is very clean. The district

through which our car ran was one mass of coal pits, and must be of incalculable worth. Its value to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, who are the only carriers, must be priceless.

The whole day we passed huge trains belonging to this company. They were eighty or ninety trucks long, and all on their way to Reading, laden with the coal.

We were all glad to get back to Port Clinton, where the car with lunch on board met us. At one place on the way back to Reading the valley of the Schuylkill is so narrow, that there is only just room for road, rail, river, and canal to go through parallel to one another. The effect is exceedingly curious, and high hills are around you on all sides.

We arrived in Philadelphia at five, and what with dinner and packing for our start to-morrow to Washington, the evening soon passed.

September 21.

Thursday.

Charley and I arrived in Washington at 11.30 this morning, and took rooms at the Arlington. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott and Ethel started from Philadelphia at 7.30, ten minutes later than we did, for New York.

Before lunch we walked through Lafayette Square, surrounded by substantial mansions, but not so handsome as "Democracy" leads one to expect, on our way to the Corcoran Art Gallery. This building is

the gift of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, a wealthy banker of Washington, to the nation. With it he gave \$900,000, and his private art collection, containing many valuable pictures, statues, and bronzes. Nearly every school of painting is represented, and every facility is given to students.

The huge marble pile of the Army and Navy department is nearly opposite. It is in the Doric Renaissance style of architecture, and is filled with offices. The room of the Secretary of the Navy, which we entered, is fitted up handsomely with every requisite.

Near this is the Ordnance building, with an interesting museum containing relics of the Revolution and the Rebellion—old muskets, swords, accoutrements—and some modern Gatling guns. The President's house is at the end of Lafayette Square, and is built of yellowish freestone painted white, whence the popular name of "The White House."

It is two stories high, 170 feet long, and 86 feet wide, with a large portico supported on eight columns, under which carriages can drive. The south front has a semicircular colonnade. On the right-hand side a large conservatory joins the house.

On entering there is a large hall, with marble pillars and paving. Beyond, on the left, is the East Room, 80 feet by 40 feet, and 22 feet high. The ceiling is divided into three panels beautifully

decorated. The chandeliers, mirrors, and furniture are of the most elegant description. Adjoining is the green room, so called from the pervading colour of the furniture. Then succeeds the blue room, oval in shape, and looking south. It is furnished in blue and gold, and is the one in which the President holds his levées.

The red room, beyond this and still looking south, is used more commonly by the presidential family, and has a more homely appearance.

There is also a state dining-room and the President's office, where the Cabinet meets, on the second floor. Adjoining it is the library; and the rooms of the family are in the south and western portions of the house. The architect was James Hoban, who is supposed to have copied the Viceregal Lodge at Dublin. On the 13th October, 1792, the corner-stone was laid; on the 24th August, 1800, it was burnt by the British. In 1815 it was rebuilt. There are several acres of garden ground immediately around which is reserved for the private use of the President's family, and beyond are the large reservations, or parks, extending to the unfinished Washington Memorial, and so on round to the Capitol. The nearest way from the President's house to the Capitol is by Pennsylvania Avenue, one mile and a half. It is 160 feet wide, and lined with trees, and is the best avenue in Washington.

1812

Like ancient Rome, the Capitol stands on a hill looking westward, and commanding one of the most beautiful views in the world. The hill ascends gradually on either side, art having assisted nature in producing some of its graceful outlines. The Capitol extends 751 feet in length, and 324 feet in breadth. It covers $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and up to 1879 has cost \$13,000,000. The centre portion of the original Capitol is built of yellowish stone painted white, and the extensions of white marble.

The dome is of iron painted white, surmounted by the bronze statue of Freedom $19\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height.

From the top of this figure to the floor of the Rotunda the distance is 287 feet. The Capitol is surrounded by a park, well laid out and plentifully supplied with shrubs and flowers.

As we approached the hill we passed at the base the beautiful monument in memory of the officers and sailors who fell in the late war. It is 40 feet high. Two figures, "History" and "America," crown the top. History holds a stylus and tablet, and is about to record this terrible struggle; while America, looking over her shoulder, stands weeping. Around are figures of Victory and Peace, and at the base is a fountain. The sculptor was Franklin Simmonds.

Fronting the east portico of the Capitol is Greenough's statue of Washington. He is of colossal size,

and nude to the waist. He sits with one hand on a sheathed sword, and the other pointed to heaven. } On the pedestal is inscribed Lee's eulogy: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The eastern front is more properly speaking the main front. It consists of a central portico 160 feet wide, with some twenty-four pillars, and approached by sixty-five steps. This is one of the features of the Capitol—enormous flights of steps everywhere. The extensions on either side have similar porticos 148 feet long, joined to the original Capitol by colonnades some 100 feet in length. As we ascended the steps to the central portico, flanked on either side by the groups of the Discovery and Civilization, we were accosted by a guide, whom, after some discussion, we engaged to take us round.

The first thing he showed us was the Rogers' bronze door at the entrance to the Rotunda. The door is 17 feet high and 9 feet wide. It is made of bronze, and on it are panels illustrating the history of Columbus and the discovery of America.

The Rotunda is 180 feet high and 300 feet in circumference. Ranged round the walls are twelve large pictures representing the chief events in American history, among them being "The Landing of Columbus," "De Soto's Discovery of the Mississippi," "The Baptism of Pocahontas," "The

Embarkation of the Pilgrims," and the "Declaration of Independence."

Directly overhead, within the canopy at the top of the building, is a huge allegorical painting by Brumidi, representing Washington, Liberty, Victory, Fame, War, Mechanics, and Agriculture; while along the frieze, below the thirty-six tall windows which admit light into the chamber, are a series of frescoes of scenes from American history.

Passing through some passages embellished where convenient with statues of American statesmen and paintings of American battles, we arrived at the celebrated lobby between the President's room and the Senate Chamber.

This lobby during the sittings of the House is frequented by certain persons, both male and female, termed "lobbiests." Their business or art is to solicit and circumvent such senators *who* may be adverse to their employers' opinions, and where different interests clash, to bring all parties by such intriguing and skill as they possess to an amicable understanding.

The President's room is most elaborately decorated in fresco and distemper. On the walls are portraits of Washington and his Cabinet. The ceiling is covered with illustrations of Religion and Liberty, and portraits of Columbus and Benjamin Franklin and others.

Near here are the senators' reception-rooms, re-

tiring-rooms, and the Vice-President's room, all most beautifully furnished. The Senate Chamber is 112 feet long by 82 feet wide. There is a gallery round the four sides capable of holding 1,000 people.

The ceiling is of iron supported from the roof. Its centre is a skylight divided into square panels, on which are painted symbols of Progress, the Union, and the Army and Navy. Each senator has a desk of highly polished mahogany.

From this magnificent chamber we went to the Supreme Court Room of the United States. This was formerly the old United States Senate Chamber. It is semicircular in form, and is most comfortably arranged for judges, counsel, and suitors. At this court nine judges sit on the bench.

Adjoining is the Law Library; all the books are bound like our reports, in calf. It is the best collection of law books in the States.

Proceeding through the crypt under the Rotunda, we emerged near the old Hall of Representatives. This chamber, as the guide-books say, is like an ancient Greek theatre. Pillars support a dome surmounted by a painted cupola. There is also the familiar figure of Liberty and the American eagle taking wing. The old hall is now used as a statuary gallery, each State of the Union having the privilege to send two effigies of their most celebrated men. Most of them have taken advantage of it, and around are

statues of such American worthies as Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, Sherman, and Adams.

The present Hall of Representatives is similar to the Senate Chamber but larger. It is 139 feet long by 98 feet wide, and 36 feet in height. There are the same galleries all round for spectators, and the same panelled skylight with the arms of one of the States painted on each. Each member has a desk, which are arranged in semicircles facing the Speaker's rostrum. The latter is very handsome, of white marble. In front sit the various clerks and shorthand reporters. On either side are paintings of Washington and Lafayette, and the discovery of the Hudson and California. Around the chamber are corridors and retiring-rooms. It is said to be the best-arranged legislative chamber in the world, and, from the many conveniences about it, I should say it was one of the most comfortable.

From here we went to the Library of Congress, where there are kept two copies of every book published in the States. They are arranged on shelves in a series of beautifully designed halls; and the whole is supposed to be fireproof. On the ground floor beneath the Rotunda and the Senate Chambers are restaurants, baths, and committee-rooms.

The corner-stone of the Capitol was laid by George Washington, President of the United States, on September 18, 1793. It was burnt in 1814 by the

British, and since then various additions and alterations have been made under the direction of numerous architects. The reservations or parks surround this enormous pile on all sides, and through the Mall, one of the chief of these, we drove to the Smithsonian Institute and National Museum. These are two fine red-brick buildings, and contain numberless curiosities. I should not, however, advise an English tourist who has been over the British and South Kensington Museums to waste his time here inspecting similar objects of interest.

From these we drove through the President's grounds, back to the hotel, passing on our way the huge unfinished memorial to Washington. This, when complete, is to be the highest monument in the world. It will take the shape of an obelisk, and will be 550 feet high. Now it is only some 200 feet above the ground, but it is going up rapidly. At its base are to be terraces, and columns with statues, and the effect, if it is ever completed, will no doubt be magnificent.

In our drive this afternoon we passed Ford's Theatre, where President Lincoln was assassinated. At the side of it is the alley through which Booth escaped. It is now used as the Army and Naval Medical Museum.

As this city sprawls over a great area, the public buildings are nearly all a mile or so apart; it is truly the city of "Magnificent Distances."

*Arlington Hotel, Washington,**September 22.**Friday.*

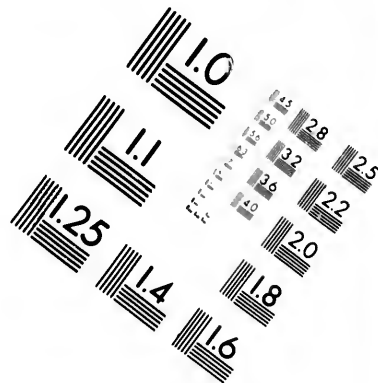
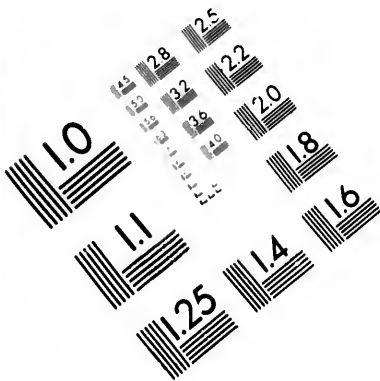
The site of Washington was finally settled after a great deal of contention and rivalry between the different States in 1790.

The Capitol is supposed to be the centre of the city, and from it the avenues radiate, crossing the right-angled streets diagonally. A Major L'Enjoit, a Frenchman, originated the plan. On the south-east and south-west the city is bounded by the muddy and sluggish Potomac. On this river, in the vicinity of Washington, are two places of great interest to Americans. Opposite the city, on the Virginian side, are Arlington Heights, where is situated Arlington House. Here lived the Confederate general, Robert E. Lee, and around the house are buried thousands of the men who fell in the Rebellion.

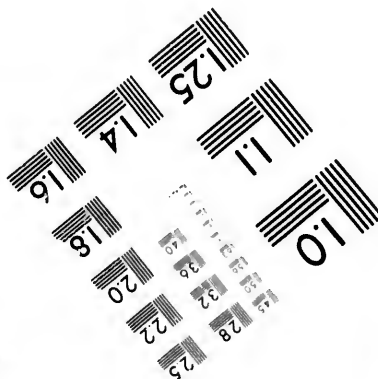
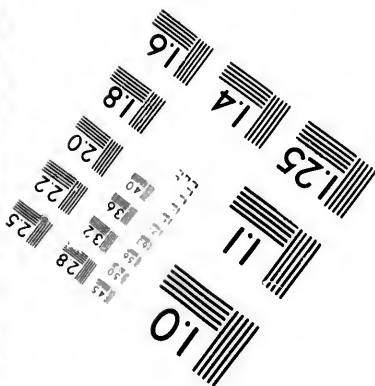
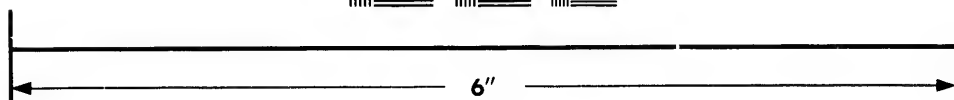
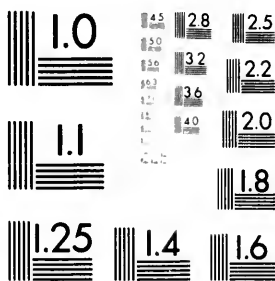
About fifteen miles down is Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington. In the hall is the key of the Bastille given to him by Lafayette. ^{THOMAS}
The house is now being put as far as possible in its ^{PAINE} original condition, as it was at the time of the Revolution, each State being called upon to furnish one room.

As it rained hard all this morning, we had to take a carriage—rather a formidable undertaking here—at \$2½ per hour. We cannot however complain, as this is the first time since landing that the weather has at all inconvenienced us.





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10

The United States Treasury, the first building we visited this morning, is 583 feet long, by 300 feet wide. It is an enormous building of freestone and granite, and contains 195 rooms.

In the "Secret Division" we saw photographs of hundreds of criminals, including Jesse James and Guiteau, forged bonds and cheques, and other articles connected with the criminal world. In the basement were numberless young women, counting old notes and new paper for circulation, and checking them. These are all checked again by officials on the first floor, and if there is any difference the young ladies have to make it good. Some of them are the best detectors of forged notes in the world. In a huge safe in the cashier's department we saw all the bonds which are the securities of the national banks in the different States.

The cash-room is the most beautiful room in the Treasury, the display of foreign marbles being very fine.

From here we drove to the Department of the Interior, which is nearly all occupied by the Patent Office. It is built of white marble, and the architecture is Doric. Four halls on the second floor stretch over the whole building. Here are placed many of the relics of Washington, and thousands of models of patents. They are ranged in glass cases, and among them we observed Edison's method of making incandescent lamps, and Hotchkiss's magazine gun.

In the afternoon we started from the Central Depôt for New York. It was in the waiting-room here that Guiteau shot President Garfield. A metal star inlaid in the floor, and a memorial tablet on the wall, commemorate this most dastardly act.

September 23.

Saturday.

In the morning we started for Newport, Rhode Island, where we arrived at eight o'clock. We passed through the State of Connecticut, the only towns of importance being Newhaven and New London. At the latter place the whole train was ferried across the Thames.

Some of the scenery was very pretty, though its beauty was not increased by the rain. There were little bays and inlets of the sea along the coast the whole way.

Aquidneck Hotel, Newport,

September 24.

Sunday.

This is one of the most fashionable watering-places in America, and it is also one of the oldest towns, having been settled as early as 1657. In 1769 its commerce exceeded that of New York, but since the Revolution it has not recovered its commercial importance. The town is situated on Marragansett

Bay, some five miles from the ocean; and the beach, where the bathing establishments are situated, is across a spit of land some distance off.

The cottage system largely prevails; there is only one large hotel. As this and the Casino are closed for the season, the place has not proved so inviting as we expected; and our impressions will not be so lively as if we had seen it in full swing.

The cottages, as they are called, in many cases expanding into stately villas, are generally placed in the centre of extensive grounds, and well shaded by trees.

The grand drive is Bellevue and Ocean Avenue, both well-laid Boulevards, and about the best we have seen in America. On each side are the usual shade trees, and in the season, we were told, it is filled with fashionable people and carriages.

Brunswick Hotel, Boston,

September 25.

Monday.

We arrived in this city at one o'clock. From what we have seen it appears to be the most European city we have been in. In the central parts of the city the streets are mostly narrow. They turn about and, as Americans say, they follow the old sheep-walks.

Boston is the capital of Massachusetts, the chief

city of New England, and is situated on the extremity of Massachusetts Bay. The old city, or Boston proper, occupies a peninsula, and around it on the mainland and the other side of the Charles River are the suburbs of Roxburg, Dorchester, Charlestown, and Brighton.

On our way this afternoon to the State House we passed through the Public Gardens and the Common; they are both laid out as one large park, and contain the Frog Pond, and statues of Washington and other American celebrities. There is also the Soldiers' Monument, 90 feet high, to those who fell in the late war. The State House is a fine old building surmounted by a gilded dome. In front are statues of Webster and Mann. In the Doric Hall are a collection of battle flags, a statue of Washington, and a facsimile of the burying-place of the ancestors of the Washington family at Althorp, Northamptonshire, England.

From here we went through some irregular and crowded streets to Fanuil Hall, the cradle of Liberty. The ground floor is occupied by shops; the old wooden hall being on the first floor. Here it was that the famous tea-party of December 16, 1773, was organized, when the tea was thrown overboard into the harbour from the English ships. Around are portraits of Adams, Everett, Lincoln, and Washington.

On the floor above are the headquarters of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. This Company is a worthy branch of the famous parent stem, the Honourable Artillery Company of London, England, of which I am a member. The quartermaster, to whom I introduced myself, received us with the greatest enthusiasm, and showed us over the hall and armoury. There were numberless portraits of past commanders, and numerous mementos of the London Corps. Photographs of the Prince of Wales, and our headquarters, together with various uniforms, adorned the walls. In different glass cases were old ball programmes, invitation cards, and Captain Raikes' book from the headquarters in London. On leaving I signed my name in the book. The quartermaster was profuse in his invitations for us to visit the place again, but as time presses that will hardly be possible. I took away as mementos of my visit four copies of their last year's report.

On leaving the old hall we went through the retail market to the place where the frozen meat from Chicago is received. There were a dozen refrigerator cars being unloaded. The meat, which was being examined, takes ten days coming from Chicago, but will keep a month in the cars. It is either got rid of in Boston or shipped to England. The beef and mutton looked splendid.

In the evening we saw "The Parvenu" at the Boston Museum, a fine house and the play well acted.

September 26.

Tuesday.

One of the peculiarities of this city is the thousands of tramcars which hourly perambulate the streets. There are rails laid in nearly every street of importance, and, as a conductor expressed it this morning, they are simply loaded with iron. After breakfast we took one of these numerous cars, and passing through the city across the Charles River to Charlestown, disembarked at the base of the celebrated Bunker's Hill.

It is now crowned by an obelisk, 200 feet high, on the site of the old redoubt at Breed's Hill, and commemorates the battle of June 17, 1775. This battle was won by the British at an immense cost of life, though we were finally driven out of Boston. It is a strange fact that the monument bears no record of the event which it commemorates. It is surrounded by statues of the American commanders who fell on that day, and no stone is raised to the memory of those British officers who, if misunderstanding what was then considered the sacred cause of Liberty, at least fought with unequalled bravery for their King and their Country.

The effect produced on one of these fallen officers'

countrymen, even at this date, might have been different if the victors had only received equal honour with the vanquished. Perhaps, however, as this was the first event in the struggle which ultimately resulted in the independence of the United States of America, the monument is not put up to commemorate the mere fortunes of war, but to celebrate the birth of Liberty.

In the afternoon we took a drive through some of the most interesting streets in the city.

Commonwealth Avenue is some 200 feet wide, and lined with substantial residences, with trees and grass down the centre.

Beacon Street contains the houses of some of the oldest New England families, the State House, and the handsome Somerset Club. Devonshire Street, in the heart of the city, is the typical business street, with the offices of numerous bankers and brokers. On our way we passed the old State House, a quaint building, with the lion and unicorn still over the large doorway. It was once the executive department of the British Governors.

Boston is well supplied with public schools, fine-art museums, a music conservatory, and numerous hospitals. These are all handsome and costly buildings, and a great many are the gifts of beneficent Bostonians to their city.

September 27.

Wednesday.

Cambridge, a small town within a few miles of Boston, is celebrated as the seat of the oldest University in America. Here is Harvard College, and after lunch this afternoon we set out to see it.

The college buildings are situated in about ten acres of well-wooded grounds, and number some twenty in all. The college library is contained in a building in the form of a Latin cross, and called the Gore Hall.

There are science, law, and other schools, and lecture-rooms in abundance; but the most interesting buildings to visitors are the Memorial Hall and the Gymnasium.

The former is the most imposing building in the college precincts; its tower, nearly 100 feet high, can be seen for miles. The architecture is supposed to be mediæval, and the materials used are red brick and carved stone. Its length is 305 feet and width 113. The hall was erected to commemorate the members of Harvard who fell in the late civil war. Within the entrance-hall their names are engraved on marble tablets placed around the walls. The Hall proper is beyond, and is surrounded by portraits and busts; it is used as a dining-hall, and as the theatre for college recitals and entertainments. The Hemenway Gymnasium, so called from the donor, Augustus

Hemenway, cost \$100,000. It contains every imaginable gymnastic requisite, and is the most complete in America; any of the students can use it, and it is well appreciated. The dressing and bath rooms are elaborately constructed, and beneath the main floor are well-appointed bowling alleys and fencing and boxing rooms.

Near here is Mr. Longfellow's residence, built in the last century. It is a large house, painted yellow, with white ornamental columns. The poet's study and library are on the ground floor to the right. During the siege of Boston both these rooms were occupied by General Washington, and Longfellow has written some lines on that event.

A mile or so from Cambridge is Mount Auburn, the beautiful cemetery of Boston. The place is so called from its principal eminence. Around are numerous smaller ones, with paths winding up their sides from the miniature valleys. In these are generally fountains or small lakes, which greatly relieve the monotony of the tombs. The latter are seen everywhere, and in many cases are very fine. They thickly cover the sides of the hills and the more level portions of the cemetery. Some of them are huge vaults, which stretch far back behind their magnificent marble entrances. Occasionally one would come across a piece of ground some twenty or thirty feet square. This would only have a slight

marble border, and within several headstones, with just a date and the simple words "Father," "Mother," "Brother," "Little Sister," and the like, engraved upon them. Among the many handsome graves that we saw were those of Binney, Adams, Webster, Bigelow, and Miss Charlotte Cushman, the actress.

The cemetery is laid out in winding avenues and paths, which bear such names as Oak, Fir, Elm, or Cypress Avenue, and Mistletoe, Violet, Heath, Lily, or Linden Path.

The last famous man who was buried here, and whose name will always be handed down to posterity, was Longfellow. His tomb is on the Indian Ridge Path, as yet only marked by the official number, 580, and the flowers daily placed there. It is almost in the centre of this city of the dead, and in the shade of the trees on Mount Auburn. A monument is to be placed over the grave worthy of the memory of the great poet who lies there.

Over the tombs of the soldiers who fell in the late civil war fluttered small American flags. They are placed there by the children or relatives of the deceased on some anniversary of that unfortunate strife. No tomb is forgotten, and the flag is placed alike above the general and the private.

Returning to Boston by horse-car, Charley and I after dinner went to an industrial exhibition. There were the same sort of things there as at most other

industrial exhibitions; but the articles which interested us most, and which, after our afternoon's journey, so curiously came in our way, were the hermetically sealed coffins. They are most daintily got up, lined with silks and satins, and cozy-looking quilts and pillows. All of them have a plate-glass top, upon which the heavy wooden lid is placed and screwed down; this again has a trap-door, through which one may look at the face of the departed. They are made air-tight by a cement placed between the coffin and the glass before the latter is fixed. Their price runs from \$100 to any price you like to give. The firm who were exhibiting these wares supplied General Garfield's casket, and I believe are the largest manufacturers of this sort of thing in America.

September 23.

Thursday.

This morning we left Boston for New York. The country we passed through seemed too much wooded and too stony for good farming. We telegraphed ahead for our lunch, which was sent on board in baskets at Hartford. Mr. Fowler dined with us at the Windsor; but as our baggage did not arrive till past ten we could not dress, and had to go in as we were.

The day has been cold, wet, and miserable.

September 29.

Friday.

Early this morning Mr. Abbott, Charley, and I left the Windsor for the terminus of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Here we took tickets for Baltimore and arrived there at three o'clock. The train consisted of four Pullman cars, and did the distance (188 miles) in five hours; this is considered very fast.

Baltimore, in the business quarters and near the docks, is as dirty as Liverpool or Wapping. Along the streets run streams of dirty water from the neighbouring houses. The smells in the lower quarter of the town are simply horrible.

In our drive this afternoon, we first went to the terminus of the Ohio and Baltimore Railroad, and called on the President. Afterwards we went to their railway dock on the river, and then to an oyster-packing house. Here, in a long wooden shed, were some hundred men, mostly coloured, standing up to their knees in oyster shells. On a table in front of them were huge heaps of unopened oysters, which each tried to diminish as quickly as possible.

The oyster, when extracted from the shell, is immediately dropped into a gallon pot, which, when full, is taken away by a boy.

Each man's gallon is numbered, and as it comes to the cleaning vats a man scores it down. As the labour is piece-work, this is the only way to keep the

amount of each man's pay. There are two cleaning vats; they are simply filled with iced water and the oysters passed through them.

After this they are put into tins, or slightly steamed and then tinned. In the former case the tins must be packed in ice to keep the oysters; but in the latter they will keep longer and without the aid of ice.

They are also packed for home use in buckets with ice, and a piece of wood wired over the top. They will keep like this for some days. The same firm also pack peaches in the season, and around us huge heaps of peach-stones and cases upon cases of the tinned fruit gave us a very good idea of the quantity that could be handled in one day. Nothing is wasted. The oyster-shells are burnt in kilns hard by and sold as manure, and the peach-skins are used for peach brandy.

From the summit of Federal Hill, so named because its guns first announced the Independence of the Union, we had a splendid view over the city and harbour.

Baltimore is situated on the river Patapsco, which, a few miles below the City, runs into the Bay of Chesapeake, and then into the ocean. One or two creeks run right into the city; the chief of them is called the Basin. On all sides were smoking factories, whose heavy, bituminous smoke laden

and darkened the air as it does in the heart of the Black Country. In several places the ground slopes up from the river, and the city is built on the sides of these hills. We could see, towering above the rest, the huge column erected by the State of Maryland to Washington; the elegant proportions of the city hall; and down near the harbour the huge unsightly elevators.

On our way back to the hotel we drove through Charles Street, Vernon Place, and other fashionable streets. They contain the residences of the chief citizens, and were tastefully laid out, and the houses well built. The hotel we are staying at is not by any means the most successful we have tried. It is on the European system (save the mark); the food—what little there is—is of an inferior quality and disgracefully cooked.

One can now fully understand an American's abhorrence of an European hotel.

In the bar there is a great curiosity—an Irish American, a red-hot republican. He loathes a monarchy, and on our mentioning any member of the Royal Family, or comparing American to English politics, his passion approached white heat. Verily we are in the land of the Philistines.

September 30.

Saturday.

This morning we drove out six miles to call on Mr. Garrett, the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. His place is called Monte Bella, and certainly deserves the name.

The park around the house is quite English, the timber old, and the numerous dogs, so scarce in America, give the place a homelike appearance. We were soon in Mr. Garrett's presence, a hale, hearty old gentleman, who welcomed us most cordially.

Under his presidency the Baltimore and Ohio has prospered, and now stands in the front rank of American railroads.

Mr. Garrett's hobby takes the shape of a stud farm for horses; and when released from his numerous railway duties, nothing pleases him so much as to be going round and looking after his favourites.

They are a splendid lot, some hundred and fifty in all. Among them are the descendants of the two famous Arab mares, Esneh and Saida. Mr. Garrett kindly took us round the farm, where we saw stallions and brood mares and shapely yearlings, at the sight of which a racing man's mouth would have watered. They are well housed and cared for, and around the paddocks are generally clumps of trees under which they may seek shelter from the fierce rays of the sun.

After a very pleasant lunch, at which we had the pleasure of Mrs. and Miss Garrett's society, some more colts and dogs were brought up in front of the verandah. The latter surrounds the whole house, and in this country is more generally called the piazza. The view from it, over rising hill and dale towards the Patepsco, is considered one of the finest landscapes in America.

Returning to Baltimore we had just time to pay for our lodging at the wretched Mount Vernon and catch the train for Washington.

On arriving we again visited the Capitol, which we were now well able to show Mr. Abbott. On our way to the Arlington we walked up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. By great luck we were able to get in. All the rooms were covered up, but our guide, who was one of the President's four ushers, compensated us for their cold appearance by his glowing account of a presidential reception there.

From his narrative it appears that any one may attend. For two hours the President stands at the top of the oval Blue room facing the windows, and shakes hands with a long line of people who keep passing him. The only introduction required is done by yourself. You mention your name on entering to the official in attendance, who then presents you to the President. There are no guards, no soldiers, or emblems of State whatever. Two police-

men at the door alone keep the people from entering more than one at a time, and four ushers within in plain dress clothes direct them to the exit, and keep them from mixing with the President's family and the Cabinet circle. Altogether it must be a mournful sight—republican simplicity aping monarchical state. On leaving, our opinion—as I believe a great many Englishmen's—is that, spacious and well-appointed as the house is, it is not imposing enough for the residence of the chief magistrate in this great Republic. The head man in the States should have a residence more in keeping with the vast interests at stake here. And this opinion, emanating as it does from Englishmen who respect American institutions, odd though some of them are to us, should not be lightly thought of by our American cousins.

October 1.

Sunday.

This is one of the best days we have had. The sky as clear as possible, and the sun's rays tempered by a slight breeze. It is a strong contrast from what we picture the 1st of October in England.

At twelve o'clock we drove out. We passed the British and other embassies and legations. The building devoted to our diplomatic representative is a large red-brick mansion relieved by white marble dressings.

The more one sees Washington the more, I think, one likes the place. The asphalt streets are a great luxury, and the width of the avenues, and the vast distances between the different public buildings, make the place worthy of its position as the Capital. At 4.20 we started by the Congressional express for New York, and arrived at the Windsor Hotel at 11.30.

From the 2nd to the 12th of October, the last portion of this memorable tour, we stayed at the Windsor Hotel, New York.

Here we relinquished our nomadic habits for a while, and were able to take things easy, and to see much of the manners and customs of our American cousins.

One afternoon we took the Third Avenue Elevated, and went down to the City Hall and the New Court House.

The latter is a large square building, three stories high, and 250 feet long by 150 feet wide.

Proceeding to the first floor by the universal elevator—which certainly should be adopted in our own new Royal Courts of Justice at home—we went into the Court of Common Pleas and the Supreme Court of the State of New York.

Of course one used to the ceremonious forms and

quiet dignity of an English court is rather staggered at the apparently utter disregard of both here.

On a raised platform and behind a huge box—you could not call it a desk—sat the judge, without either a wig or gown. He lolled comfortably in his armchair, and was listening to the arguments of the counsel. Immediately in front of the box-thing sat the registrar, or whatever he is called, and a shorthand reporter.

The counsel sat at two small tables, one for the plaintiff and another for the defendant, both being placed behind a bar or rail, which ran across the room in front of the registrar's table.

A small throng was gathered round each table; and about the rest of the Court there were numerous cane chairs arranged in no particular order, but left to take care of themselves. The jury were placed to the left of the judge at right angles to him. They were arranged in three rows, and were provided with armchairs—a decided improvement on the English system. Between them and the judge was the witness-box. This proximity of the judge, jury, and witness to one another must be very convenient for counsel, as he is able to see them all in one glance, and not, as in some English courts, be bound to keep continually turning his head from one side of the court to the other to see what effect his examination is producing. There was no division, as far

as I could see, to separate the leading from the junior counsel; and it was impossible from the absence of wigs or gowns to know who were counsel, until they stood up to speak.

Near the Court House is the old City Hall, built in 1812. On the second floor is the governor's room, which contains the writing-desk on which Washington wrote his first message to Congress, the chair in which he was inaugurated President, and some others belonging to the first Congress. Around the walls are several pictures of American worthies. The front and sides of this building are built of marble, but the back is only brown stone. When the hall was being built, nothing but open fields were behind it, and no one then thought that New York was going to attain its present magnitude.

The streets of New York have several characteristics of their own. In the first place, they are very roughly paved, and, except in the finest weather, are always muddy, not to say greasy. Telegraph poles are everywhere, and innumerable wires thread across from street to street high above one's head. Then advertisements of all sorts are thrust before your eye at every point. Banners are hung out on poles or suspended in the middle of the street, and there is never a blank wall that is not occupied by letters six feet long.

The New York busses, or stages as they are called,

have no seats outside. A long leather strap tied to the driver's foot is suspended along the roof and attached to the door. Nobody can enter or leave without pulling his foot, and so attracting his attention.

On entering, it is as well to pay at once, as the fares have to be dropped into a box. If the driver does not see yours he stops, and does not go on till you pay. On no account is he allowed to touch the money, but change up to two dollars is given in little paper bags if required.

One day, as Charley and I were walking up Broadway, we saw a salvage cart tearing towards us as fast as the horses could go. We looked down the street, and about three hundred yards off saw smoke thickly issuing from a large warehouse. Of course we made for it, and soon were in the centre of a seething mob, with engines and policemen knocking us out of their way at every moment. By good chance, however, we eluded one of the gigantic bobbies, and took up our position in a tailor's shop-front, next door to the fire.

Up to this point smoke was only issuing from the ground floor, and after a hurried consultation among the Fire chiefs they determined to break in the iron and glass cellar-flap, where the seat of the mischief was supposed to be.

Four firemen advanced, and with huge axes began

to batter away at what a few moments ago had been part of the ordinary footway of Broadway. Meanwhile more engines, a fire-escape, hose-carts, and a water-tower had arrived on the scene of action. The latter is a large iron pipe carried in joints, which, when put together, is some sixty feet high. At the top are several nozzles, and it is used to play into the upper stories. On this occasion I do not think it was necessary, but everything was made ready for an emergency.

The salvage men had not been idle; large cases of shirts and fancy goods lined the pavement, and the men were continually hurrying in and out of the building.

At last the cellar-flap was broken in, and half a dozen hoses immediately inserted. As far as I could learn, the place was what is called a "notion," or in England a fancy store. The goods in the cellar smouldered and smoked for hours, and several firemen were disabled in their attempts to get below.

We did not stay more than twenty minutes, but the excitement, I remember, sharpened our appetites for the fried oysters at lunch.

There is no city in the world where oysters may be had in such quantities and in such varieties as in New York.

One evening Mr. Fowler took us out to an oyster dinner at Burn's, in Sixth Avenue. This establish-

ment is one of the best of its kind, and devoted to oysters and shell-fish only. There were a good many people there, and it is believed that the Burns have made several fortunes over it.

We commenced with raw Rockaways on the half-shell, and were gradually "put through," as the Americans say, with fried, roast, and boiled oysters in their shells, and soft crabs. I think the fried oysters were the best; they are not fried in bread-crumbs, but in crumbled crackers or biscuit powder.

The theatres when we were in New York were generally producing English plays. The "Romany Rye," "The Parvenu," "The Rivals," "The Squire," "Mankind," and "Manteaux Noir," were all in full swing. Of the strictly American plays we only saw two, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," at the Madison Square; and "Fresh," with Raymond in it, at the Park. This actor is very clever and funny, and we fully appreciated him, both in Colonel Mulberry Sellers, which we saw at Boston, and in Fresh, the American. If we had not been some time in the country we should probably not have understood half what he said. I believe the English audience before whom Raymond acted in London were in this plight, and were unable to understand the allusions. Both plays have been written to allow the actor full scope for his powers, and their plots are highly improbable.

On Sunday, October 8, we went over to Brooklyn

by way of the Elevated and Fulton Ferry, and made for Mr. Beecher's church. It is a large building very much like Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, but smaller. When we entered it was crowded, and during the service there were some two or three thousand people present. Mr. Beecher is a stoutish, elderly-looking gentleman, with a bald head and a few grey hairs; he was dressed in black. He sat on a raised platform beneath the organ gallery, all alone, and conducted the service by himself.

His full name is Henry Ward Beecher. He read the lessons in a low, clear voice, which could be heard in all parts of the building. In the extemporary prayers and sermon he pitches his voice higher, and at times, when excited, shouts at the congregation. During his sermon he stood by his chair, occasionally walking to the edge of the platform, or leaning over the rail.

The service consisted of hymns, solo and choral, by members of the choir, extemporary prayers by Mr. Beecher, with lessons from the Bible, and the sermon.

This lasted forty-five minutes, and was more like a lecture than a sermon. At times the congregation—or rather audience, for the whole affair had a theatrical aspect—openly applauded their minister, or noisily murmured their assent.

I must confess I rather enjoyed it; the time seemed

more like fifteen than forty-five minutes, and his opinions of the world were so outspoken and bold.

His sermon was based on the theory that there is pleasure in everything—in doing good or evil; that the greatest sinner after doing some most diabolical act feels his own particular delight in it. This, however, he went on to say, is not the right sort of pleasure, it is not lasting enough, and it is only by doing good in a right spirit that this lasting pleasure or happiness can be obtained.

Brooklyn is in reality a suburb of New York, and stands in the same position as Birkenhead does to Liverpool. It is a fine city and has a very large trade.

In the afternoon we went to Prospect Park, the prettiest and most English-like park we have seen.

The Central Park, New York, is also very pretty and handsomely supplied with monuments and fountains, and well laid out with walks and drives; but it is not so undulating, nor has it such picturesque little nooks as the Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

One afternoon Charley and I chartered two horses and rode to the Central Park. There is a ride for equestrians, but we were disappointed that it did not keep near the carriage-drive as the Row does. We did not meet a single lady riding and only a few gentlemen. The ladies in America, as far as I have

seen, take but very little exercise, so they are generally sallow and delicate. We have not yet heard of an "all-round" American lady, one who like numerous English ladies, could play lawn tennis, ride, row, swim, or occasionally go in for a little cricket with her brothers.

The American gentlemen, however, are but little better; they do not take any more exercise than possible. All their time is occupied, when not speeding their splendid trotters, in hasting to collect the almighty dollar, in order to build a big house on Fifth Avenue, or to satisfy their wife's cravings for a diamond to beat her neighbours.

Of course we were slightly "had" for our afternoon's ride, as everybody else is over horse or cab hiring in America.

The charges are simply outrageous; two dollars or more being the smallest sum that you can ride any distance at all for. One day we saw an empty cab going up Fifth Avenue, and although the driver had to pass the Windsor, he asked a dollar and a half (six shillings) for two for less than a mile. The cab and jobbing business is a monopoly, and, I am told, chiefly in Irish hands; the prices are kept up in order to retain the Irish vote. Politics are in everything, even in the dusty roads, which the lazy workman will not trouble himself over. He knows too well the party in power are unwilling to lose his

vote by discharging him. This is the result of universal suffrage.

One great convenience in American hotels is the barber's shop. It is fitted up handsomely with mirrors and shampooing basins, large comfortable chairs and foot-rests, and other necessary articles. The chair resembles a dentist's in its numerous conveniences. In most shops it is the custom for each person to have his own shaving pot and brush, and one is assigned you if staying any time at the hotel.

In the Windsor shop there were a lot of little pigeon-holes with pots, on which, among others, were Mr. Vanderbilt's and Mr. Jay Gould's names. I will do the American barbers the justice of saying that I never once had a rough shave there.

The drinking bars in this thirsty country are a great institution. They are generally elaborately got up, in white marble, with a nickel-plated rail in front to prevent you putting your elbows on the wet counter. Behind, the bar-man—there are no bar-girls—has everything arranged ready at hand. Every sort of drink from a sherry cobbler to *pousse café* is manufactured here. The sherry cobbles and claret punches were our favourites.

Some of the expressions we hear are very funny. When an American enjoys himself he says, "I guess its real nice," or "Warl, I'm having a big time." If

hungry, your appetite is called a "sawmill," and should you be in a hurry, the waiter politely informs you that he will "put you through right quick." You do not go to the train in this country, they call it "striking the cars," and if punctual, the latter are said to be "on time."

On Monday, October 9, we took the steamboat at Twenty-second Street, up the Hudson for West Point. It was a foggy morning, and we were unable for the first ten minutes to see the other side. When it cleared we were passing some French and American war vessels. They were mostly old-fashioned broadside ships, except one of the Americans, which was somewhat after the style of H.M.S. *Glutton*.

On the New York side, beyond the mouth of the Harlem River, are numerous villas. They are placed about on the river-bank, some, Mr. Jay Gould's among them, being very fine. On the other side are the Palisades, huge cliffs from 150 feet to 200 feet high, and which extend along the river for twenty miles.

Just as the boat enters the Tappan Zee, a part of the river which widens into a lake, it passes Sunnyside, the residence of Washington Irving, and further on Sleepy Hollow, about which he has written the story. Beyond Haverstraw Bay we came into the Highlands. Here the river is surrounded on all sides by high hills, and the scenery is most Rhinelike.

After going down another beautiful reach of the river, and round St. Anthony's Nose, opposite to Forts Clinton and Montgomery, we approached West Point. Just near here Henry Hudson anchored in 1609, and on the left bank is the house where Arnold's headquarters were, when he heard of André's arrest.

West Point is a Government Military Academy. It is some 200 feet above the river, and is a very picturesque spot. The view down the river from below the stables recalled the view over Lake Como to Bellagio, from the hills above Menagio. It was not, however, so extensive, or quite so beautiful.

There are some three hundred cadets in the Academy, and they are instructed in the three branches of the service. They are there eight years, and are paid for their duties during that period. We went over the chapel, gymnasium, library, and stables, but were not much impressed. In neither the cadets nor the horses did we see such smartness as one would have seen at Woolwich or Sandhurst.

In New York the best shops are chiefly on Broadway, Fourteenth, and Twenty-third Streets, or in Union and Madison Squares. All the articles in the stores in these localities are about double the price one would pay in Sixth or Third Avenues. At one large jewel and plate store, in Union square, the prices are

exorbitant in the extreme. A razor at \$25 and a plain cut scent-bottle at \$7 are rare curiosities on our side.

New York possesses several good clubs. Mr. Fowler was kind enough to put our names on the visitors' list of the Union League and the Down Town Association, and Mr. Dunning was so good as to put my name down at the Bar Association. This is the legal club of New York, and, like the others, very cosy and comfortable. Indeed, on wet days, when there was nothing to see but waterproofed people and horses with absurdly large mackintoshes, we could not have done without them.

There is a Trotting Club, called the Gentlemen's Driving Association. Their track is at the north of New York, across the Harlem river, and near the Croton Aqueduct, or High Bridge.

The horses are driven in small light gigs once round the track, which is a mile long. Some of them get round in 2 mins. 30 secs., and a pair did it in 2 mins. 20½ secs. They are sturdy-looking animals, and their action is splendid. There were not many people present, nor did they show much enthusiasm; but perhaps they have too much of it. There are races every day.

During our stay in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler paid us all the attention possible. We dined at their very pretty house in East Sixty-eighth

Street, and Mr. Fowler frequently drove Mr. Abbott and Ethel in the park in his dogcart.

One day, while down town in Wall Street, we went up into the gallery of the Stock Exchange.

It is a large building, and includes telephone, waiting, and reading rooms, besides the large hall, where the business is transacted. This is a large oblong chamber, but is not, I believe, so large as the London one. The shouts and yells were very much the same as one hears at similar institutions.

On Wednesday, the 11th, the night before sailing, we gave a dinner at Delmonicos'. We had a reception-room and dining-room, and there were present Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Allen, Mr. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, Ethel, Charley, and myself. The dinner was well cooked and served, and done in good style. Delmonicos do this sort of thing very well.

From the time we landed to the time we sailed we experienced nothing but the greatest kindness from our American kindred. It is impossible for an Englishman to feel himself a stranger when among them. They know as well as we do that, though separated by one of the unfortunate accidents of history, we are all descended from the same race, and in that way are drawn together by a mutual and undefinable sympathy.

I believe the Americans generally have a great reverence for England and the rest of Europe. Of

course there are a few who say our institutions are becoming obsolete, and that some of our customs are too well worn. But the majority respect them, and see that, great as their country undoubtedly is, it has not yet had time to reach that development which has taken us centuries to attain. As somebody has said, there are palaces in the New World, but shrines in the Old. With their vast country and its boundless resources, with free and liberal ideas, and untrammelled as many an European country was in its birth, by a despotic monarchy or a crafty priesthood, the New World should sooner attain that point of excellence which more unfortunate circumstances have prevented the Old World from reaching before.

The almost unparalleled mixture of races in such vast proportions may produce a race of people unsurpassed for those better qualities which they inherit from their European ancestors, and which alone should be handed down to posterity.

At last, Thursday, October 12, came, the day we were to leave our kind friends in New York, and once more face the mighty Atlantic before reaching Old England.

We lunched at the Windsor, and then left in one of those huge coaches for the s.s. *Republic*, of the White Star Line, in which we had determined to sail homewards.

I may mention here, that the way baggage is treated

in America is neither distinguished for carefulness or tenderness. Our trunks on this occasion were allowed to drop off the roof of the conveyance and shake themselves down on the pavement as best they could.

On deck Mrs. Abbott and Ethel held quite a reception, and huge baskets and bouquets of flowers decorated their cabin.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Dunning, junior, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Allan, and others, to see us off.

About three, after many adieus, good-byes, and write-offens, the visitors went ashore; the last mail bag was thrown on board, and the tugs began to haul us out into the river, stern foremost.

Our friends, in a crowd of other passengers' friends at the end of the quay, waved their pocket-handkerchiefs, but we were only able to see them for a few moments. When these steamers sail everybody's attention is centred on these white squares of linen.

When the *Servia* started, some eight or nine days previous to this, and we were in the handkerchief-waving crowd on shore, two old ladies dressed in deep mourning stood behind me and waved their would-be flags for "Emma." But "Emma" didn't see the signals of her friends, and was looking somewhere else. Great was the agitation of these old ladies. "What shall we do? she doesn't see

us. Oh dear!" they ejaculated; until one rather hastily tapped me on the shoulder and said in the most plaintive tones, "Oh, sir, please call Emma." And call, or rather yell, "Emma" I did, until my efforts were rewarded by that young lady discovering her friends' whereabouts, and waving at them vigorously.

It was lucky "Emma" found her friends when she did, for after the crowd's and my friends' first look of astonishment at me, they all discovered the joke, and bawled "Emma" to their hearts' content. "Emma" must have been highly surprised at my strange voice, and then the crowd calling on her in this fashion.

We soon passed Battery Point and Governors' Island on our way to the Narrows, and left New York behind us. New York and Brooklyn began to look like two islands, with the Brooklyn Bridge joining them, over Governors' Island. We could just distinguish the spire of Trinity Church and the tower on the Tribune building.

When we entered the Narrows, the weather being dull, and a little rain falling, the two cities behind us seemed like huge mounds on the horizon.

The Narrows are the straits through which one has to pass on either quitting or entering New York on the mail steamers. They are well fortified, and around are forts Wadsworth, Tompkins, Hamilton,

and Lafayette. The straits, as their name implies are narrow, being only 200 or 300 yards wide. Beyond, and eighteen miles from New York, a tongue of land, very flat and sandy, stretches into the sea from the south. This is Sandy Hook, and near it are two bars, passable by vessels of the largest tonnage at all times of the tide. There are light-houses on it, and it is the last land passed before getting into the Atlantic. Towards six o'clock the darkness came on, and Sandy Hook light was all we saw of land.

About this time a stowaway was found in hiding on one of the lower decks. He was a thin, miserable-looking wretch, and it was most unfortunate for him that he was not discovered an hour later. As it was, a pilot cutter was just nearing us to take our pilot off, so this dirty-looking bundle of rags was handed over the side, and sent back to New York about his business. We were told that if he had been found later he would have been sent down to stoke the furnaces, and thus work his way to Liverpool.

The *Republic* is a very fine vessel and a good sea boat. Her saloon is amidships, and she has an upper or promenade deck for first-class passengers. Her commander, Captain Irving, is an exceedingly pleasant man.

The crew are 135 all told. There were some forty saloon passengers, and the same number steerage.

For the first thirty-six hours we had a strong head wind, which greatly impeded our progress. But on Saturday, the 14th, the wind fell, and we had a most beautiful warm day.

During that day and Sunday we were in the Gulf Stream, the water sometimes being up to sixty-eight degrees. We passed countless pieces of the gulf weed, and saw several shoals of porpoises.

Service was read in the saloon by the purser.

On Monday we passed through the ice track, and the water fell twenty to twenty-five degrees. In the evening a stiff breeze with hard squalls set in, and we had to discontinue playing chess.

As on our outward voyage, Mrs. Abbott and Ethel now have the captain's cabin on deck, Mr. Abbott and Charley the purser's, and I a whole state-room to myself on the saloon deck.

Our eating powers—that is, the gentlemen's—on board is something prodigious. This is the result of the sea air.

On Tuesday and Wednesday it blew a gale with hard squalls; the sea rolled tremendously and the vessel too, and it was impossible to go on deck without holding on tight, and being drenched with spray.

Sometimes a sea, or "a little lee water," as the stewards say, would rush over the decks; tons of it would shoot down the main companion way; the

ladies would scream, and everything in the saloon, including the soup you were taking, would land in your lap.

We had three sails blown away, and a yard-arm smashed : and one poor sailor was washed overboard. But we were not told of these dangers till we arrived at Liverpool.

Mrs. Abbott and Ethel were much alarmed on the Wednesday night at the noise of the storm and the rigging and water tumbling about the decks. With great difficulty they were brought down to the ladies' saloon. I don't think from their own accounts that they will ever try a sea voyage again. The stewardess would not go near them, so frightened was she of being washed overboard.

During Thursday and Friday the wind abated, and the sea calmed, but the ship still rolled very much.

We were often the victims of misplaced confidence. Sometimes the vessel for a few moments would almost cease from rolling. Everybody thought that the rough weather was over, and glasses and plates were left again to take care of themselves. Suddenly another series of these huge rolls came, everything was upset, and those who neither found themselves sitting in a lake of bottled beer, or Apollinaris and brandy, or with their clothes covered with whatever they were eating, were lucky people indeed.

When we came on deck on Saturday morning we

were all glad to see land again. This was the southwest coast of Ireland, and ten to fifteen miles distant on our port side. It looked very rugged and bare in the distance, but nevertheless had a certain soft beauty in the morning air.

The sea was quite calm, and the sun out, so, as is usual at the end of a sea voyage, there were numerous reappearances. There were some among them who had stayed in bed the whole time.

We were amused to hear some Americans, who were making their first voyage to Europe, talk of what they were going to see, as doubtless Americans are when they hear Europeans. We constantly heard of Holborn Road and Piccadilly Street, and one of them informed the others that the Life Guards, when preceding a royal carriage, cut and thrust with their swords at all who do not get out of the way.

At twelve o'clock we were opposite the entrance to Cork harbour and off Queenstown. All we could see of the latter place were the whitewashed houses and the spires of the cathedral across Spike Island.

A steam tender met us and took the mails and several passengers off. She brought us the latest London and Irish newspapers, and a huge batch of letters and telegrams.

We continued steaming along the coast for the rest of the day, and did not strike across for the

English side until we passed the Tusker Rock light early in the evening.

On Sunday morning I got up at five and had my last sea bath. The vessel had stopped, and it was pitch dark and foggy. I thought perhaps that we were waiting to get over the bar, but soon found from the men's shouts that we were once more in English waters, and, in fact, on the point of being docked.

It was just light as I went on deck to find Mr. Abbott and Charley already there. The tender had come alongside, and the first person to come on board was Mr. Birks. We were all glad to see him, and at such a time in the morning too.

All the passengers were now astir, and everybody was rushing about after their baggage or hot coffee.

Before leaving the vessel we said good-bye to Captain Irving; he was on the bridge, and had been there all night.

The tender soon took us to the landing-stage, where, after getting our baggage through the Custom House, we set off for Eberle's Hotel, and arrived there at eight o'clock.

It seemed nearer a month than three months since we breakfasted here prior to our departure for the American continent.

We were all glad to have a good solid breakfast—not to say that we had not breakfasted in our absence

—and after all our inconveniences and troubles to be once more in the Old Country.

At 11.30 we started for Euston, and arrived there at 4.30. Here my mother and father met us, and right glad we all were to see them, and to be heartily welcomed home.

