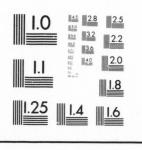
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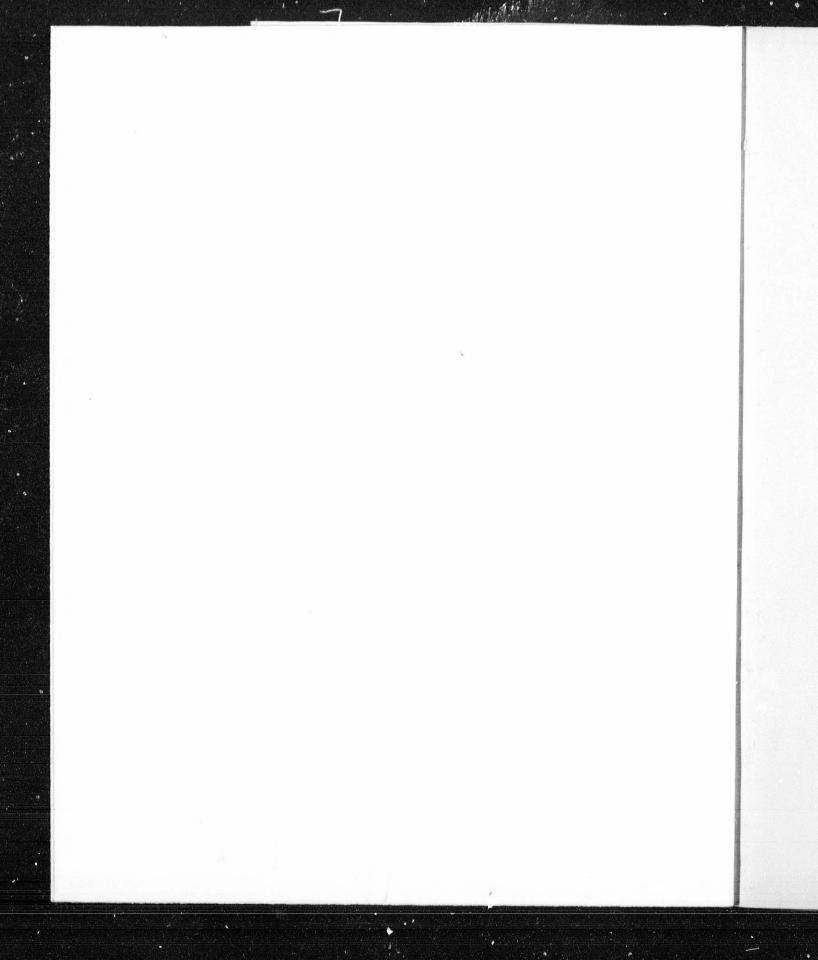
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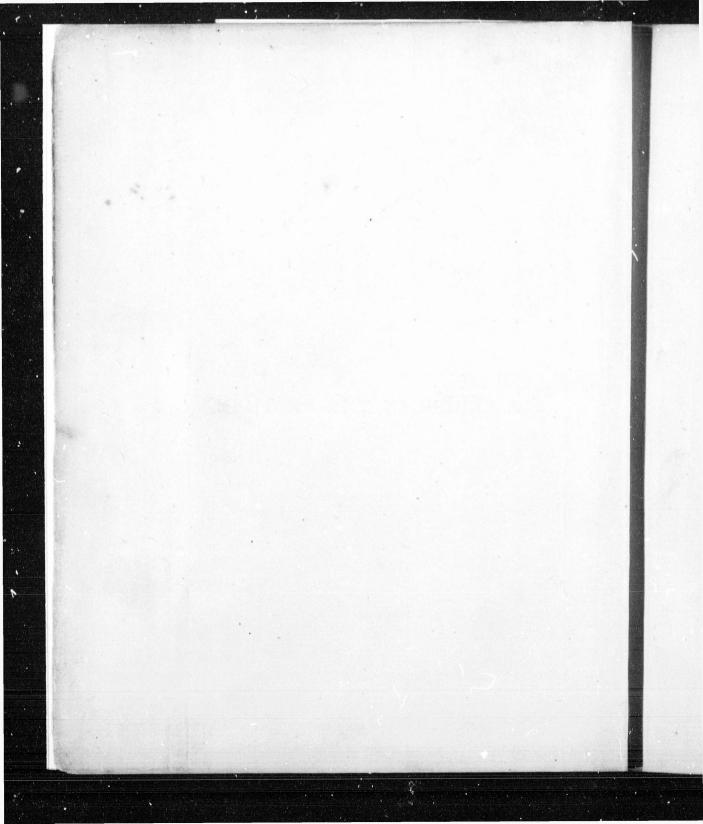
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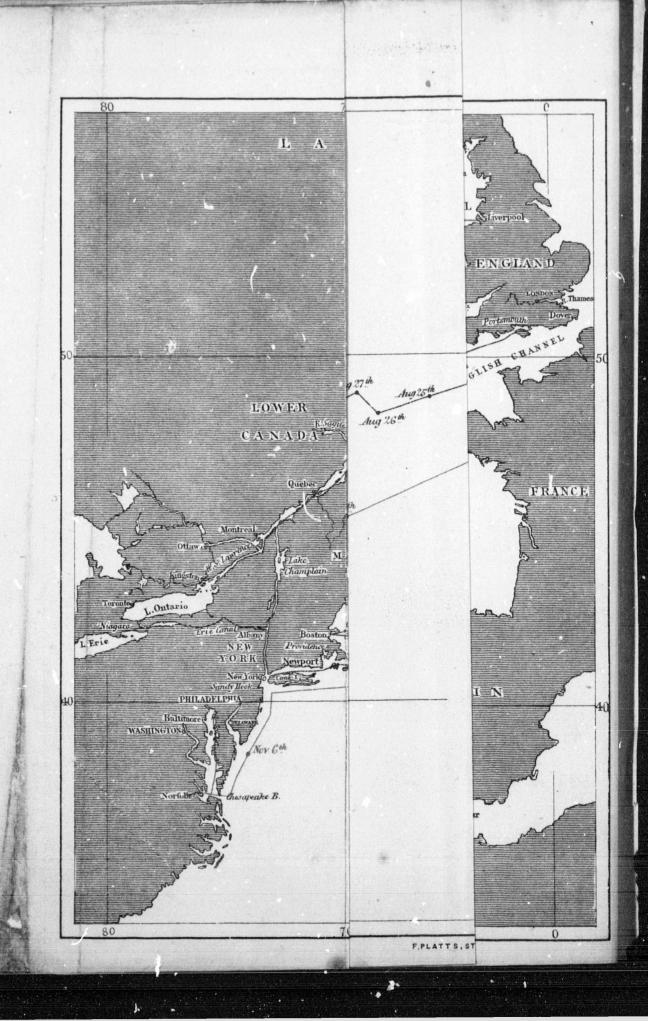
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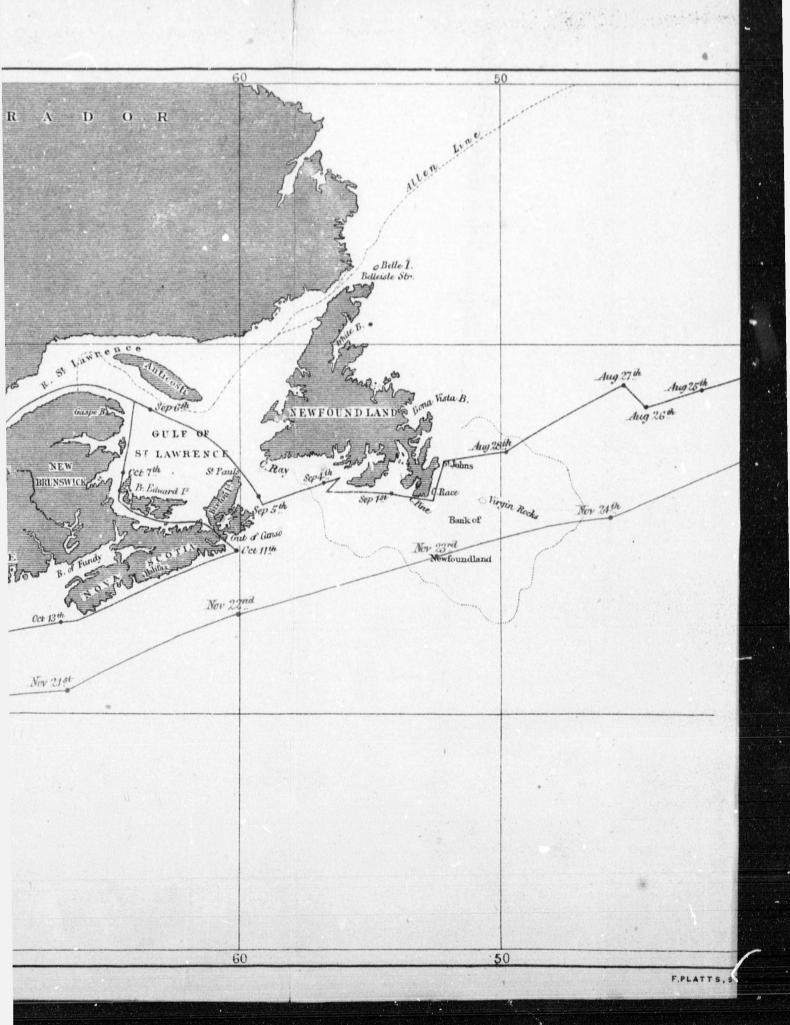
A CRUISE IN THE "EOTHEN."











# CRUISE IN THE "EOTHEN."

1872.

(Brassy, J.)

LONDON: PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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# LONDON:

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# A CRUISE IN THE "EOTHEN."

## CHAPTER I.

### FROM LIVERPOOL TO QUEBEC.

August 28th. 1872.—After a very busy day, we left London by the 9.15 p.m. train of the North-Western Railway. Having a reserved compartment, we prepared ourselves for a good sleep, and it was fortunate we were enabled to do so, as our engine was what the guard described as "very defective," and in consequence we stopped at all sorts of unexpected places, at all sorts of unearthly hours, and therefore did not reach Liverpool till 4.40, instead of 3 a.m. The train was crowded with poor emigrants, bound for America, and when we arrived it was just the dawn of a cold grey morning, and very miserable the poor creatures looked, sitting on their boxes, surrounded with children and bundles, till they were all carted away together to the docks. They seemed to have a sort of interpreter, or agent, with them, who spoke several languages and managed all their arrangements.

We walked into the North-Western Hotel, which forms part of the station, and where we were tolerably comfortable. The hall was one mass of luggage. I never saw such bales anywhere; in fact, one might have imagined oneself in a large warehouse, instead of in the hall of an hotel!

August 29th.—We heard that the "Eothen" had been twice spoken, once 700, and once 1,200 miles to the west of Ireland, "an English gunboat, showing G. and T. M., sailing west." After lunch we drove down to the landing-stage, and found that the servants engaged, had through the kindness of Mr. Sherlock, gone on board the "Hibernia" at twelve o'clock, to get things straight for us; and lucky indeed it was they had done so, for the crowd was fearful.

There were four steamers starting for America at the same time: the "Siberia," Cunard Line; the "Adriatic," White Star; the "Bohemia," South American Line; and our own; and all the tenders being alongside at once, caused indescribable confusion. However, we got off at last, and went on board, accompanied by several friends who had come to see us off. The first bell rang at five o'clock, and shortly afterwards the second and third, when the decks were cleared and the last farewells spoken, and nothing was to be seen but tear-stained faces and many pocket-handker-chiefs; and thankful was I that we had no one very near and dear to us, to whom to say good-bye.

The anchor was weighed at once; then followed dinner, and by the time it was over, and we went on deck, the vessel was well out of the river. She seemed an uncomfortable kind of ship; the passengers appeared very uninteresting, and most of them looked very wretched. Everybody was in bed soon after eight, as the weather was rather stormy and rough.

August 30th.—When we awoke in the morning we were close to the coast of Ireland, and soon passed the Giant's Causeway and Portrush; we then rounded the Cape into Lough Foyle, and about eleven o'clock dropped anchor in Moville Bay, the entrance to which is very pretty.

After lunch, Evie, the children, and myself, went ashore in a boat, with twenty-five other passengers; and as we approached the little stone pier, it was great fun to see the Irish cars driven into the water to meet

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us, till the horses were well over their girths, and the footboards completely immersed, the drivers shricking and gesticulating most energetically the whole time. We climbed from the boat to one of the cars, and drove through the quaint little town of Moville, where we posted our letters, and found a telegram from Tom to say he had arrived at Newfoundland on Wednesday, August 29th.

We continued our drive to Greencastle, where there is an old ruined castle, which belonged formerly to the McNeils. Quite a young girl showed us over it, and we afterwards rested in her cottage for some time, and dried our damp feet, for it was fearfully wet and stormy, and nothing but the pleasure of being on shore even for a few hours, would have made us choose such a day for sight-seeing; but still the drive was so lovely, even in such dirty weather, and the Lough, with its distant landscape, looked so magnificent betwixt sunshine and shadow, that we felt quite compensated for the discomforts we had endured.

When we returned to Moville, the fishing boats had come in, and the little pier, covered with soles, flounders, and splendid turbot, etc., was quite a sight. We re-embarked in the same boat: T. A. B. managed the sheets and I steered, and we arrived on board ship again, about 3.30. There we found an old friend, Captain Gough, who formerly commanded the coastguard at Hastings, and who is now Government Inspector of emigrant ships at Londonderry, and had brought a batch of four hundred more emigrants on board. The tender from Londonderry soon arrived with the mails and the through passengers, and at six o'clock we weighed anchor, and by eleven, we had lost sight of the last point of Irish land, the lighthouse on Inishowen, and were fairly started on our voyage.

Saturday, August 31st.—The weather was very rough; everybody was very ill, and the stewardess very tipsy.

Sunday, September 1st.—A bright morning, with a good deal of motion.

Divine service was announced for 10.30, and the Bishop of Rupert's Land appeared in full canonicals,—scarlet hood, pink lining, and all. The steerage passengers were invited to attend, and many of them came: some of the faces were interesting, and several of the Irish girls, with their shawls over their heads, and their little attempts at tidiness, and even smartness, were very pretty.

The atmosphere, however, was anything but pleasant, and with the motion of the vessel, was too much for some people to endure, myself included; and consequently, the Bishop's sermon was delivered to a somewhat reduced congregation. The rest of the day was spent as usual, except that we were supposed to have rather a better dinner; but bad was the best.

Monday, September 2nd.—Fine and clear overhead, though cold and rough. We tried to improve our acquaintance with some of our fellow-passengers, but found most of them rather hopeless in themselves, and very miserable about the discomforts of the ship. I cannot think why a steam-boat voyage, necessarily one of the most uncomfortable things in the world to the majority of people, should be made still more so by every possible arrangement for the general discomfort, which was particularly the case in this ship.

This afternoon the head-steward took us all through the ship to see the arrangements for the emigrants, of which they are very proud, as being better than on any other line; but though the feeding is good, the accommodation is not, considering they pay £6 6s. a head: the men sleep in hammocks, the women in batches of twenty in four beds, each containing five, divided by a bit of sail-cloth from the men's hold.

There isplenty of head-room in the vessel, and in fine weather the ventilation is excellent, but I should be very sorry to answer for it in

bad weather, though all is done that is possible to insure it. I was rather shocked to find, on going round, that the washing-troughs for the emigrants were all filled with hay, and most of them occupied by dogs belonging to passengers. The butcher said the emigrants never used them; but it seemed a pity they were not allowed the chance.

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The emigrants are made to get up at seven o'clock, have a good breakfast at eight, consisting of coffee, bread, and butter; dinner at halfpast twelve, at which they have potatoes and meat pudding,—except on Wednesdays and Fridays, when, in consequence of their being mostly French and Irish Roman Catholics, they have pea-soup, and salt fish, with melted butter and potatoes. I can answer for the good quality of the food, for I went down at dinner-time one Friday unawares, and the fish and soup were just as good as we have in the saloon. They can have as much iced water as they care to drink, and they may buy as much beer as they like, though no spirits are allowed without an order from the doctor. They have coffee, bread, and butter again at five, and finish up with gruel at eight. The bread is baked for them twice a day. They all find their own mugs and dishes, which are made of tin. They seem very happy, sitting about on deck, helping and waiting on one another, and amuse themselves capitally with getting up concerts, and dancing between decks.

Some of their histories I found very interesting: one enterprising woman, with eight children, was going to meet her husband, who emigrated two years ago; he is a smith and farmer somewhere in Montreal, and she had not the slightest idea of how many miles up country she might have to go.

This line of ships seems to bear out its reputation for being the best for emigrants; and the owners lay themselves out more for them and for carrying cargo than for taking first-class passengers, though on this voyage they are quite full of the latter.

In the evening the crew asked permission to have a sort of pantomimic procession, for which they had prepared a grand programme, the principal feature being that two men were to personate a donkey, which was to be ridden by a third; they had also been practising nigger melodies for the occasion, but as it turned out a wet night, it ended in a march round only.

Thursday, September 5th.—The cold became more intense as we approached the Polar Stream, and the thermometer, which is hourly dipped into the sea, showed a decrease of fourteen degrees—fifty-four to forty, therefore we were all on the look-out for icebergs.

The photographic groups, which have been taken and developed under difficulties, have not turned out so well as we could have wished.

In the evening the Northern Lights were magnificent, and illuminated the whole heavens.

Every one had been in good spirits all day long at being three miles ahead of the log of the previous voyage out, but a strong wind threw us back again. We could hardly sleep that night for the cold in our airy little cabin on deck, in spite of having a small steam stove turned on from the engine.

Friday, September 6th.—We were called up at seven o'clock to see a large iceberg just off the coast of Labrador, near to the Esquimaux River. It was indeed a grand sight, with the sun shining full upon it, and looked like a hugh Alpine glacier mountain come down for a sail on the blue ocean. It was exactly what I expected it to be. We tried very hard to photograph it, but our efforts were unsuccessful, because it was so far off, and we were going too fast; besides which, the morning being cold and grey, with only here and there streaks of sunshine, was very unfavourable for photography. We watched the iceberg for a long time as we pursued our course through the narrow straits which separate Labrador from Newfoundland. The coast here is very bleak and dreary,

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and almost uninhabited, except at certain seasons of the year, when crowds of fishing boats come down for the fisheries. A gunboat is generally stationed here to protect them; this year it is the "Lapwing," which in the distance is not very unlike the "Eothen;" and when she was discovered steering across as if to intercept us, and signalling to know our name, and when we had left England, the captain thought it must be the yacht, and we were in a state of excitement for some little time, until her name, "Lapwing," was clearly made out.

In the afternoon we had another excitement, in the shape of a great many whales appearing all round the ship, blowing off water high into the air; so close were they, and so high did they send their jets, that Nurse thought at first it was the engine letting off its steam, and paid no particular heed till some one drew her attention to them.

After lunch we went to see all the emigrants at dinner, and how it was managed and served out; and then we visited the lower part of the ship, and went into the spirit-store, and ice-rooms; everything seemed very clean, but, as I thought, minus ventilation. They carry no live stock; and everything in the shape of fresh provisions is packed in ice. The smell was something fearful in the ice-room; but they say when the outsides of the carcases are cut off, and the meat is properly prepared, there is not the slightest taint perceivable. Everything tastes exactly alike—game, fish, and meat. I prefer live stock much myself, but they have not the room here for it. The reason the provisions were so bad at first, was because they are obliged by contract to carry enough food for twenty days for cabin, and sixty days for steerage passengers; and when we left Liverpool they were giving us things bought in Canada for the homeward voyage, which they did not like to throw overboard.

Since speaking to the head-steward we have been much more comfortable, and have had everything we wanted. The stewardess, too, has behaved better, but she cannot help being disagreeable and rough, —"it is her nature to." One stewardess is not enough for eighty cabin passengers,—twenty-seven ladies, and fourteen children, most of them unaccustomed to the sea, and utterly helpless in consequence; and, as a rule, their servants were worse than themselves, though we have been most fortunate in that particular.

The chief-engineer took us through the engine-room, which is in beautiful order; the engines are 400 nominal, working to 1,600 horse-power; and there is a small water-tight tunnel over the shaft of the screw, where two men are constantly oiling and seeing that everything is right.

We tried to take some photographs of the steerage passengers, but what with the motion of the ship and the curiosity of the sitters, it was under the very greatest difficulties; and it is doubtful how they will turn out.

The sunset was most gorgeous, the weather deliciously mild, and everybody on deck rejoicing at the pleasant change, and at having crossed the Atlantic, traversed the dreaded Polar Current, and being so near the end of the voyage, and in comparatively smooth water. The Northern Lights were very fine; and, looking over the taffrail, in the shadow of the wheel-house, the screw threw out the jelly-fish like great stars falling into the white foam on the dark sea, the effect of which was very beautiful.

We had lost twenty-eight miles at noon to-day on the log of the last voyage. I enclose a copy of the two logs as a matter of curiosity, to show how nearly they steer the same course; and also a bill of fare, so that it may be seen that quantity is not spared, however much quality may sometimes be sacrificed; though I must confess that the last few days the food has been much better.

Saturday, September 7th.—It was a fine morning and smooth sea, consequently passengers appeared at lunch who had not shown up before; but in the afternoon there came a strong north-easterly gale.

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which made it very rough again; and after passing the island of Anticosti, many of the passengers were forced to return to their berths. Towards evening the weather mended, and there was a grand practising of church music for the morrow. It was delicious standing on deck; and looking over the taffrail, the track of the steamer appeared more like a stream of molten silver than anything else, and the same luminous appearance of last night flashed in every direction.

We passed three vessels, making seven in all since we left England. This solitude of the sea gives one a greater idea than anything else of the vastness of the Atlantic, knowing the enormous traffic there is between Canada, America, and England.

The photographs of the cabin groups we had planned did not come off, owing to the gale, and the consequent retirement of the proposed sitters. There were a great many gaps at the dinner-table, but between five and six we got under the shelter of the land, and it became warmer and very enjoyable, with a lovely sunset, moonrise—and, shortly after, a still more lovely moonset. Later, the rain came on so fast and thick, that we could not see the ship's length, and we adjourned to the cabin to have some music.

Sunday, September 8th.—A most lovely morning after the rain,—calm, bright, and hot. All the passengers showed up; those who had their luggage appeared in their best bibs and tuckers, the rest as they were. The river here was narrower, and the shores reminded us of Scotland, or perhaps still more of Sweden, from the numbers of Scotch firs growing everywhere. Dotted about are very tiny white cottages, with green verandahs, like the cardboard toy cottages of our childhood. These small domiciles are built of planks, painted in different colours, with just two windows and a door. They have no gardens, and seem to be stuck down anywhere.

About 10.30 we were off Father Point, and the pilot came on board.

Soon after service had begun, the "Scandinavian" passed, and stopped to send the doctor on board. He told us that they had met an English gun-boat; and when he mentioned this, the old pilot who had come on board at Father Point said a rocket had been seen at onea.m., the signal for another pilot, and he had gone on board an English yacht, the "Europe," or some such name, to tell them that there was no pilot to spare, and had sent her on to Bic Island, twenty miles further up; so we found to our surprise that the yacht, instead of being comfortably established at Quebec, as we imagined from the telegram sent from St. John's, was only a few hours ahead of us.

There was great speculation as to whether we should catch her up before dark, as all the passengers were most anxious to see the first steam yacht that has ever crossed to Canada; for though the passage to New York has been frequently made by other yachts, this more northern and disagreeable route has not been attempted.

Divine service was very well conducted, and the singing a great success. The Bishop (Munroe) of Rupert's Land preached an excellent charity sermon in behalf of the "Indefatigable," a ship-house for orphan boys at Liverpool. Before it was over, we who were near the preacher were much amused at one of the stewards pulling a gentleman by the sleeve, and pointing to the Bishop, saying, "Is he going to knock off soon? He must have forgotten lunch is at twelve."

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The meals on board are certainly served up with the greatest punctuality, be the weather fair or foul. I believe, even if the ship were sinking, the stewards would still produce a meal as the hour struck at which it was due.

After lunch, there was great excitement about seals at the mouth of the Saguenay river, where there are splendid rocks many hundred feet high, through which the river runs at an unfathomable depth. There we passed some white porpoises, which are most curious creatures, always carrying their young on their back, which said young ones are black in early life. How they stick on, is somewhat of a mystery; but I imagine (though I have no authority for the statement) that the skin of the stomach of the young porpoise must be furnished with some sort of suckers, by means of which it adheres to the parent back; for without some such provision of nature I can fancy nothing more difficult to ride than a lively porpoise, over and under the bounding waves.

After passing the Saguenay, we came to Cuchuna, the fashionable watering-place of Quebec, where there is one of the gigantic hotels for which America is famous; then we came to Rivière de Loup, a much

quieter watering-place.

After dinner, there was a tremendous shower; however, it shortly cleared up, and soon after eight the officer on watch reported the yacht on the port bow. This caused great excitement, and as she had stopped steaming we soon overhauled her, and through the thick darkness we eagerly tried to make out for certain that it was the "Eothen." I had just made out the lights on her deck cabin and portholes, when Captain Watts sent up three rockets—blue, white, and red,—the Allen signal; this was answered directly by one from the yacht, which was instantaneously illuminated from stem to stern with blue lights. showing the well-known proportions of the "Eothen," looking like a fairy vessel, against the dark background of high cliffs and Scotch firs. This pretty picture evoked great enthusiasm; all the passengers and emigrants cheered vigorously, which was heartily responded to from the yacht; and then, with a final display of rockets, she vanished into darkness, and we steamed slowly on again. When the excitement among the passengers, caused by this event, had subsided, we began to think what an extraordinary coincidence it was, that Tom and I should meet so exactly after such a long voyage, and to speculate what could have made the yacht so tardy on her voyage from St. John's here, and

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th of high, e we ways whether the gentlemen had stopped to shoot. We felt no anxiety respecting them; for if anything had been wrong on board, they would scarcely have made such a brilliant display, or cheered so lustily.

We, among many others, remained up to supper for the first time on the voyage, and then went on deck in the pouring rain (which had come on again) to see what we could of the river and the approach to Quebec; but we saw very little, though we could hear a rushing noise, caused, we were told, by the splendid waterfall of Montmorency. At 10.30 we were off Point Levi, and fired two guns, and sent up three blue. white, and red rockets, to announce our arrival. We could see the lights of Quebec twinkling in the distance, on the other side of the river, all dotted up and down hill, and by twelve o'clock we were moored alongside the wharf; and thus our voyage was over, to the great delight of everybody, for though we had been singularly fortunate throughout the passage, and never encountered a single fog (a most rare occurrence on these coasts), nor a really bad gale, we were very glad at the prospect of being on terra firma again in the morning. Till then, however, we thought we might just as well go to bed; but sleep was an impossibility, as the emigrants were so uproarious with joy, that though kept between decks, they made night hideous with their noises—dancing, singing, shrieking, shouting, and stamping; wild with excitement at having reached the new country, which they were going to make their home.

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## CHAPTER II.

# QUEBEC, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, AND THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Monday, September 9th.—Finding sleep was out of the question, we arose at daybreak, to get our first view of Quebec, the approach to which is magnificent. The old town is seen clustered round the steep slope of a hill, the termination of a long and level ridge which forms the north shore of the St. Lawrence for many miles above Quebec. The entrance to the city is guarded by a deep moat and formidable ramparts. The citadel, which is strongly fortified, stands on the summit of a high and precipitous rock which almost overhangs the anchorage. Quebec is remarkable as being the only fortified city on the American continent; as in former times, when the site of towns was determined by military considerations, this city was wisely chosen as the principal seat of our power in North America; but since the withdrawal of our troops, the defensive works are no longer kept in repair.

The rock on which the citadel stands is the extreme end of the Plains of Abraham, so famed in history; being formed of a sort of schistous slaty matter full of quartz crystals, it glittered wonderfully in the sun, which was shining most gloriously.

A few miles further down the river St. Lawrence is seen the famous waterfall of Montmorency, the whole presenting a panorama combining all the elements of natural beauty. All the houses in the upper town are covered with tin, on account of the heavy winter snows. The effect of

this gives, when the sun is reflected on them, an Eastern appearance to the city. The old part of the town is built of wood, though, since the great fire, this is no longer allowed. All the roads, footways, etc., are made of planks, so that a fire here must be a fearful calamity; and it rather gives you the idea of being still on board ship. The rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles run round each side of the town, and meet in front, forming a magnificent bay, generally crowded with shipping; but just now there are only a few large ships lying at anchor. The rivers separate again round the Island of Orleans, to re-unite lower down.

The steamer was moored against the wharf on the Point Levi side, opposite to Quebec, and close to the Grand Trunk Railway Station, which looked very wretched, for the large warehouses and waiting-rooms were maliciously burnt down a few weeks ago, and have not yet been rebuilt. It is said, that the cause of the incendiary fire was that the Grand Trunk Company put up a barrier to prevent the emigrants from going to some low grog shops, which are built close by, and were the source of great evil.

The emigrants had breakfast, and then left at seven o'clock by train, to be dropped at the various stations on their way to the Far West.

The yacht anchored for the night in Indian Bay, and at about seven o'clock came steaming round the Point, close by our steamer: she then turned round, and anchored near Government Wharf.

It was curious, after being in such close contact for so many days, how we were all to be scattered on our different ways, with all our different plans and anxieties, like the contents of a bursting shell. We now proceeded to breakfast, and to say good-bye to our fellow-passengers.

Tom came off, landed at the wharf, and came on board, and we met after our mutual passage over the stormy seas.

They had had a bad passage in the yacht; but as I have begged Tom's lithograph letter to be sent, I shall leave him to tell his own story.

(See Appendix.) He looked extremely well, not to say fat,—as did Messrs. Paul and Combe, his companions.

Three broken windows in the deck-house, and a good deal of water let in below, through the decks straining and opening, represented all the damage done to the yacht; the efore we had everything to be thankful for.

Captain Watts took us across to Quebec in the steamer, and then we bade him good-bye, after thanking him for his many kindnesses to us all, during the voyage. We then went on board the yacht, which will require a coat of paint inside and out, and a good deal of drying, to remove the traces of her Atlantic voyage.

Our next step was to proceed to the St. Louis hotel, and there take up our abode. On landing, the FIRST thing that struck us, was the wooden houses, plank roads, and plank footways; the SECOND, the colonial means of conveyance—a calash, which is a vehicle something between a Maltese go-cart and a calèche; a waggon which holds four persons, and is hung up very high, with an enormous long perch, and a tarpaulin cover over all; no windows, and only a skeleton door, which is merely the name of the thing, for you can get in and out just as easily with it shut as open.

The way from the lower to the upper town is up a tremendous hill, and by a very bad road, which English horses would not like at all, but which Canadian cattle do not seem to make much of.

After lunch we went for a drive on the St. Louis road, along which are the residences of the merchants,—very nice-looking houses, standing in the midst of charming gardens and shrubberies, overlooking the river St. Lawrence. We noticed, however, that the gardens were without flowers.

On our way we passed the Plains of Abraham, and saw Wolfe's Monument, which is erected on the spot where he fell after the gallant taking of Quebec with comparatively few men. There is also on the

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egged story. St. John's Road a monument erected to Montcalm, his gallant companion in arms, and "aux braves Francais." We went also to Spenser Wood, a lovely place, very like an English country house. It was formerly the residence of the Governor-General, but is now inhabited by the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, Sir Narcisse Belleau. After passing this, we turned across to the St. Joyes Road, along which many villas are built, overlooking the St. Charles River, but they are not equal to those looking over the St. Lawrence, on the St. Louis Road.

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We returned to the hotel only just in time for dinner at the Citadel, Lord Dufferin having met Tom in the morning, and kindly asked us to dine there. We were the only guests, and spent a very pleasant evening; and I confess it was really a great pleasure, after our experiences of the last ten days, to have something to eat, temptingly cooked and served up, and to be waited on by well-trained servants.

There is no proper Government House here, but Lord Dufferin has obtained the old barracks from the Canadian Government rent free, and by the exercise of considerable ingenuity and taste, has converted it into a very comfortable dwelling-house.

Tuesday, September 10th.—This hotel is managed on the same principle as most in America. The tariff is fourteen shillings per day; and for that sum one may breakfast from seven till eleven, with a choice of at least twenty dishes; lunch is from twelve till two, with quite as large, or even a larger, selection of dishes; and from five to seven there is dinner, with a choice of at least forty dishes, and the opportunity of eating of each, with dessert afterwards. There are between four and five hundred people in the house, and we have the one private sitting-room; and as the public sitting-room is not very large, the people sit about the passages in the most promiscuous way.

After breakfast we went for a walk to see the queer old houses, and to inspect the shops.

The principal spécialités are embroidery, worked by the Huron Indians, furs of all sorts and kinds, beaver and buffalo robes especially, models of snow-shoes, toboggins, sleighs, etc., and dolls dressed à l'Indienne and à l'Esquimaux.

We saw a beautiful Esquimaux dress, painted with quaint designs on the inside of cariboo skin,\* which looks like kid, the fur turned inwards. There was also a curious garment with a tail, made of patchwork of various kinds of furs: a hood completed this strange costume.

About four o'clock we went to an "At Home" at the Citadel, to see all the "Quebeckers," as they are called. It was very nicely arranged: refreshments in the dining-room, and dancing on a platform erected between the outer walk of the fortress and the house, which was entered from the dining-room window. The house commands a splendid view of land and water, over the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Beauforte. Unfortunately, it was a windy afterneon, which rather interfered with the ladies' petticoats when they danced; the band of the Royal Canadian Artillery played, which consisted in a good deal of drum. There were several very nice-looking people there, and altogether it was very enjoyable. Lady Dufferin looked lovely, as usual; she was dressed in a green costume, and a hat with a white feather.

When we returned to the hotel, at seven o'clock, we found almost everything we asked for was what the waiter called "run out;" however, we managed to get plenty to eat, though served in a somewhat rough fashion.

After dinner we amused ourselves by developing a great many photographic negatives, with considerable success

Wednesday, September 11th.—This was what in England we should term a wet day, but here, as in Scotland, they only call it "a little soft;" so about eleven o'clock we started on our expedition to the Indian village

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of Lorette. We drove through quite a new part of the town, crossing the St. Charles River by a wooden bridge, and passed through some of the best farming land in Canada, which is all grass, just divided by what they call rail-fences, made without any nails, but with wooden pegs between double posts, and the rails laid across alternately to a considerable height. As the top is easily removable, it would be a first-rate hunting country, especially as foxes abound here. I believe that when the English troops were here, they kept a good pack of foxhounds. The small white painted houses look neat and comfortable, but all much of the same class,—one no better than another. There were but few men working in the fields, and still fewer cattle grazing on the abundant pasturage. I suppose the latter is accounted for by the difficulty of finding fodder during the winter.

The village of Lorette is half French and half Indian, and each community is governed by totally different laws; but the houses are very much the same to look at outside, and the Indians themselves, from the effects of intermarrying, the introduction of civilization, and modern clothing, are almost undistinguishable from the French population, though some of them retain, particularly when old, a peculiar cast of features.

We went to the house of the chief of the tribe, who sells all the Indian curiosities made in the village; and as the rain was then pouring down in torrents, he allowed us to eat our lunch in his house, and as our wine had been forgotten, he even supplied us with bottled beer; for, besides curiosities, he drives a very profitable trade in selling Bass's Pale Ale! A very sad disillusion to our Indian village and chief!

While we were lunching, he showed us all the medals that George the Fourth had given to his grandfather (whose portrait he also showed us), with whom he had had an interview in his war paint at Windsor Castle, and received the acknowledgments of that monarch as a representative of the aborigines who had become loyal subjects of the British

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Crown. He showed us likewise his tomahawk, feather head-dress, wam-pum-belt, and calumet of pearl, etc. He spoke French; and when we asked him how the Indians dressed, his answer was: "Quelquefois comme en Europe, quelquefois à l'Indienne, et quelquefois pas du tout."

There were some very fine falls near Lorette, and beautifully wooded walks, but we were unable to see much of them, as the drive back was so wet.

In the evening, Tom, Evie, and I went to a state dinner at the Citadel. On arriving, we found about eight-and-twenty guests assembled in the drawing-room, who were most of them strangers to us. When dinner was announced, the aide-de-camp left the room, and in a few moments a door was thrown open by two servants, and the aide-de-camp reappeared, and announced "their Excellencies," and forthwith proceeded to name every one present to them. Lord Dufferin shook hands with everybody, Lady Dufferin with only those she knew. We went in to dinner directly. The table looked very handsome, and resplendent in plate. There were two recesses filled up with temporary sideboards. covered with crimson velvet, on which stood massive cups and salvers. Everything was very delightful. Lord Dufferin is one of the most agreeable and cultivated men I ever met, and I consider the Canadians have every reason to be well satisfied with their new Governor-General in every respect—socially, politically, and generally. His income from local sources is only £10,000 per annum, the Imperial Government contributing nothing, which is very insufficient to maintain so expensive a position, especially as he has to entertain very largely, and there is no residence provided, except at Ottawa during the session of Parliament. He is also expected, in the course of the year, to visit Montreal, Quebec. Toronto, Kingston, Hamilton, Buffalo, and other places; moving his family and personal effects, in order to be able to entertain in the same

style in each place; for, like all countries with a composite government,

every town is frightfully jealous of every other.

Friday, September 13th.—We had arranged to visit the Falls of La Chaudière, but it turned out such a very wet day, we gave up the idea, and went instead to the yacht, which was lying at the building-yard up the St. Lawrence; and to get to her we had to pass through the lowest (in every sense) part of the town,—in fact, the Wapping of Quebec. It was composed of funny little houses squeezed up against one another, some leaning forward and shored up right across the street, and others leaning backwards, as if they were going to slip quietly out of sight. On our way back, through one of the principal streets, we found a great crowd looking at the ruins of a four-storied house which had just fallen down. There had been no special accident, but, as our Irish driver remarked, "It was just too old to live at all."

After lunch the weather cleared up, and our time being short, we decided to drive through the village of Beaufort to the Falls of Montmorency—a pretty drive of about nine miles. Curiously enough, General Murray named our old house near Hastings Beaufort, after this very place, where he had commanded on the occasion of an engagement

between the English and French troops under Montcalm.

The recent wet weather had, of course, made the Falls finer than usual. The river runs through a romantic glen overhung with trees, and then rushes down an unbroken drop of three hundred feet, with tremendous velocity, into the river St. Charles. The sight is certainly very grand, and we felt we could go on gazing and admiring them for ever. After observing the Falls from every possible point of view, we scrambled about a mile through a wood to see the "Natural Steps." These consist of about a hundred ledges of rock in the bed of the river, in the form of steps, down which the water rushes.

When we returned to the hotel, it was so late that we found the

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dinner was all "run out;" however, a kindly waiter had reserved us a few chops and some cold pastry. With five hundred people staying in the house, it is quite impossible for every one to dine when, and how they like. People must dine when the proprietor arranges, and eat what he orders.

Saturday, September 14th.—We were busy all the morning settling ourselves on board the yacht, which now looks as taut as ever, and not at all as if she had crossed the Atlantic. Precisely at two o'clock the Governor-General, Lord and Lady Dufferin, Colonel and Lady Harriett Hitchen, and Mr. Coulson, came on board to lunch and spend an hour or so with us. Lord and Lady Dufferin are both very fond of yachting, and have three small yachts of their own out here. After lunch I took some photographic groups, but, melancholy to relate, owing to my haste, and anxiety not to keep the sitters waiting, I took two on the same plate; and, alas! two of the best groups were in consequence quite spoiled.

After our guests had left, we drove along the St. Louis road to Carrowye, to pay some visits, and then to Wolfe's monument, to photograph two of the carriages of the country. Tom did not go with us, as he wished to inspect a large boot and shoe manufactory, where, notwithstanding the use of mechanical appliances for every process which can be performed without human labour, three hundred women and four hundred men are employed. Five thousand pairs of boots and shoes are turned out daily from this establishment at a wonderfully cheap rate. Tom brought away some specimens.

In the evening a fire broke out at the Citadel; luckily, however, there was not much damage done, except to the pantry and the adjoining room, and, in consequence, all the silver knives and forks were melted.

We dined at the hotel, and afterwards went on board the yacht. It was a most lovely moonlight night, and the view was perfectly

charming on all sides; the river across to Beaufort and the heights of Quebec looked so soft and picturesque in the silvery light.

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Sunday, September 15th.—We went on shore in good time, in order to attend Divine Service at the English Cathedral, which was crowded with a large and fashionable congregation. The music was very bad, and the sermon worse.

After lunch, we determined to take advantage of the fine day, and drive to the Falls of La Chaudière. We crossed the rerry, carriages and all, to Point Levi, and from there had a charming drive along the banks of the river, which seems perfectly hedged with saw-mills and timber-yards. It is wonderful to see the innumerable large rafts there, which have floated down from two hundred miles beyond the city of Ottawa. The trade in humber, as they call it, is the great trade here; and the largest merchants are called Lumber Princes. The life of the lumberer and the history of the timber is rather curious; but as we shall see more of it by-and-bye, I will wait till then to describe it. The tints are just beginning to change, and our drive was very lovely; though I cannot say much for the roads, which became very bad, and in England they would be considered impassable. Presently we alighted at a farmhouse, and, upon asking the way to the Falls, were told to follow the path, and we should find them by "hearing their noise."

There is one great blessing in this country, which is, that every one has so much to do, and is so thoroughly occupied, that travellers do not get bored either with guides or beggars, so that everything can be seen in peace.

After a pretty walk of about a mile, through fields very like those in England, we reached the Falls, which are very fine, but very inferior in every respect to those of Montmorency. They are very wide, but of no great height: the spray was so thick that we could not look at them many minutes together, without getting wet through. We found here

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many varieties of rare ferns, and among them an adiantum, which in England is quite a stove variety.

This is a very peculiar climate; for, in spite of the severe cold of the seven months' winter, the summer is so intensely hot that very many plants and flowers grow wild—such as pitcher-plants and hothouse ferns—which in England would require artificial heat and careful cultivation; and it is not uncommon to see whole fields of melons and tomatoes, which have had hardly any care bestowed upon them. I suppose the reason is, that the deep snow keeps them warm during the winter, and that when it melts under the heat of an almost tropical sun, the whole country becomes one vast stove.

It was nearly dark when we reached the Point Levi ferry, and past eight o'clock before we were on board the yacht.

The drive back was delicious; and I never, even in the East, saw a more splendid sunset; the glow was so warm, and the river so smooth and full of lovely opalescent tints, in which the high cliffs and dark firtrees behind were reflected, whilst over all the moon rose large and copper-coloured, that it reminded one of the large Italian lakes.

Monday, September 16th.—We went on shore to do some shopping, and to pay our bills. It blew half a gale of wind, and at one o'clock the rain poured down in torrents—which was very unfortunate, as we had sent out invites for an "At Home" in the afternoon; and, instead of having a reception of about eighty people, as we expected, there were only thirty gentlemen and one lady who put in an appearance.

In the evening we dined at the Dobells', who have a country house situated in beautiful grounds overlooking the St. Lawrence. It was a very pleasant little party, and the dinner was very elaborate; unfortunately, we were obliged to leave early, as we were going to the ball given in the Music Hall to the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin, by Sir Narcisse Belleau, the Lieutenant of the province.

The ball-room was very splendid, beautifully decorated and lighted and the floor was delightful; but the music was fearfully noisy. I should think there were about four hundred guests there, and yet plenty of dancing room. We had seats on the dais, from which we had a good view of everything, and plenty of opportunity of observing every one.

Sir Narcisse Belleau has been Lieutenant-Governor for some fourteen or fifteen years; he was knighted by the Prince of Wales when over here. Old Lady Belleau had four maids of honour on this occasion: a fashion copied, it is said, from Mrs. Grant, at Washington, though some people say it is of much older date.

There were a few eccentric-looking individuals present, though the majority were very nice-looking people, and extremely well-dressed. The supper was first-rate, and altogether we enjoyed ourselves immensely. We left about one o'clock—balls here terminating at earlier hours than in England.

The traveller who has the privilege of mixing in the society of Quebec, will find little to distinguish it from the similar social gatherings in England. The principal difference consists, perhaps, in the warmth and cordiality universally shown by the residents to strangers from the old country.

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# FROM QUEBEC TO MONTREAL.

Tuesday, September 17th.—We weighed anchor at 5.30 a.m., and steamed up the river with a fair tide to Platon Point, making about thirty-five miles in less than three hours. About nine o'clock a thick mist came on, and our pilot refused to proceed, and ordered the anchor to be cast, and the fires let out till the next morning. As this appeared to us a very slow proceeding, we remonstrated, but ineffectually. However, we ordered the fires not to be extinguished, but to be banked up, in case of the fog lifting, which it did about one p.m., when it became sufficiently clear for us to proceed.

The navigation from Quebec to Montreal is most intricate. Though the river is apparently of great width—the distance from shore to shore varying from a mile and a half to two miles—there are mud banks, shoals, and innumerable rocks, and the navigable channel between the dangers is both narrow and tortuous; but pains have been taken to lessen the difficulties, and at each bend of the river leading lights have been placed. We anchored for the night in Lake St. Peter, where we brought up at eleven p.m. The Northern Lights were magnificent, shooting out every shade of colour in all directions, and appearing to stretch over our heads like a great tent, as we passed through the lake. This was exactly my beau ideal of yachting,—steaming along through river and lake, surrounded by lovely scenery, and lighted by the poetical Northern Lights.

Wednesday, September 18th.—We weighed anchor again at five o'clock, breakfasted before eight, and took up our station on the bridge, to enjoy the scenery, which, though pretty, was not very striking. The approach to Montreal is rather disappointing. The Victoria Bridge, by which the Grand Trunk Railway here crosses the St. Lawrence, is one of the most remarkable works in the world. It is a mile and three-quarters long, and supported by fine abutments of solid masonry, to enable it to withstand the terrific weight of the ice—which, when it breaks up in the spring, washes down the St. Lawrence with an impetus of nine or ten miles an hour.

Montreal is situated on the side of a hill, surrounded by about three miles of wharves, which are crowded with ships, laden principally with grain and flour. The exportation of the former, from Upper Canada and from the north-western states, is conducted with great activity in this city. The timber trade being carried on chiefly at Quebec, most of the timber is floated thither from Montreal; and we saw a few enormous rafts of it being started. These floating rafts have little huts, like dog-kennels, built on them for the men; but this picturesque mode is being now superseded by large double-trains of barges, twelve or fourteen of them attached together, and towed up by an ugly white tow-boat, with a beam-engine worked backwards and forwards on the deck; which struck our unaccustomed eyes as looking very odd.

We reached Montreal about one o'clock p.m., and were moored alongside the wharf, just opposite the Custom House, which is a very dirty, noisy place. After lunch we went to the St. Lawrence Hall, engaged a carriage, drove about the town, and to the Bank and Post Office, where we found some very welcome letters awaiting us. On our way to call on some friends, we were much astonished to find one house was numbered 1059: so you may judge of the immense length of the streets! We drove up to Sir Hugh Allan's house in the Mountain,

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moored s a very ice Hall, and Post us. On find one length of Iountain, from which there is a magnificent view of the city, with its many fine buildings and innumerable churches. Conspicuous among the latter are the English and French Cathedrals; the former, called Notre Dame, is the highest Gothic structure on this side the Atlantic. The Victoria Bridge, stretching away on its graceful arches across the blue waters of the St. Lawrence towards the distant mountains of Johnson and Beaumont, looked most picturesque from this point of view.

Thursday, September 19th.—In the morning we drove about the town, and afterwards lunched with a large party at the St. James's Club, the club of Montreal—and an excellent one it is. The building is very fine, and it is very comfortably and beautifully furnished. It rejoices in the most charming innovation in the shape of a ladies' room, where ladies may lunch; which is a great convenience to people with small establishments, who wish to give a recherché repast to their friends, which the one we partook of most certainly was. The table was very beautifully decorated with fruit and flowers; and the choice delicacies of which we partook were most perfectly cooked; the wine, too, was excellent.

After lunch we went to the shed of the Grand Trunk Railway Volunteers, who muster twelve hundred strong—every man in the workshops belonging to the corps. It is a fine shed, and the band was practising in working dress. We next went over all the workshops of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and saw them making Pulman and ordinary cars, engines, and all sorts of rolling stock. Then we visited the fitting shops, and saw about fifty engines being put together. After this we went to inspect the Victoria Bridge, which is certainly a magnificent engineering work; and we all felt indeed proud to see Mr. Brassey's name inscribed on the entrance arch as one of the three contractors. It is similar in construction to the Britannia Bridge, on the Menai Strait; but here there were many more difficulties to encounter in the building, owing to its much greater length, the swiftness of the

current, and the long winter, preventing all work for six months of the year, and from the masses of ice which the river brings down with great violence against an unfinished structure.

We dined at the St. Lawrence Hall on our return, which is another vast hotel on the American plan, with a large public sitting and diningroom. When we entered, there were numbers of persons dining at about sixty tables; and I should think there was eating accommodation for at least three hundred people at once. A most attentive waiter brought us our dinner with commendable rapidity, which was fairly cooked; but the wine was infamous, which is always the case here: most of the inhabitants seem to drink iced water with their meals, and then go out into the bar "to have a drink."

When we returned to the yacht, we found we had been squeezed out, and had to climb over, first, a large barge unloading iron, and then a steamer, which was moored to the other side.

Friday, September 20th.—We went to Notman's studio. The owner thereof considers himself THE photographer of the world, and undoubtedly his portraits and groups are excellent; but for landscapes, I certainly prefer Henderson, whom we afterwards visited, and from whom we purchased a large collection of photographs.

After lunch we drove to the large fur stores of the town; and certainly the furs here are *very* fine, and much more tastefully got up and arranged than in England; but then they are much more expensive. Mink ox is one of the handsomest skins; it is very large, and peculiar to this country, and is much used for sleighs by the wealthier classes, instead of buffalo robes. Beaver and mink are also two animals belonging to this part of the world, and their fur is cheaper in proportion to the others; the latter, when good, is almost as handsome as sable, and very nearly as expensive.

We saw a great many Indian curiosities here; amongst others, an

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arrow-proof squaw's cloak, made of the intestines of a walrus, curiously painted, and trimmed with long hair; and also an Indian chief's headdress, composed of upwards of five hundred eagles' feathers, each being a single tail-feather, from the Washington eagle, now almost an extinct The late owner, a chief in the north-west provinces, for a long time refused seventeen horses and a grant of land for this article of attire. Sealskins here are half as dear again as in England. We heard the story of the first discovery of plucking them:—they were always used for covering trunks, and a man who used them for that purpose, one day getting into a passion in the warehouse where they were hanging up, in his rage plucked several hairs out of the skin, and discovered there was a beautiful soft down underneath; after this discovery he bought up all the sealskins he could get, and brought out this fashionable fur, by which he made his fortune, and retired. After inspecting everything in this establishment, we took a charming drive along the river to the Lachine Rapids. The autumn tints on the foliage were beginning to show; but we could not appreciate all their beauties, as it was so intensely cold; and we returned home to the yacht almost frozen, and quite ill from its effects.

Saturday, September 21st.—We were called at five, and started by the seven o'clock train from Bonaventure Station to Lachine, which was our first experience of American railway travelling. The first-class carriages form one long car, resembling a Swiss second-class, only with velvet seats. There is a communication right through. It was filled with all sorts of people—crying babies, men smoking, and workmen carrying their tools; and very glad we were, at the end of half an hour's transit, to be turned out on a rough kind of wharf.

Railway travelling here is cheap, and so it ought to be, for there is only one line of rails anywhere, which is secured in the roughest way on to logs, without any ballast, so that the train jerks and sways in the

most horrible manner; and if one happens to be in the last carriage, one feels almost sea-sick.

There are no fences. The track is the favourite promenade, being the best road; and on Sundays it is crowded to a degree with young men and maidens taking their afternoon walks. In Montreal, and in many American towns, the trains run right through the streets, without any further warning to the public than the blowing of a lugubrious whistle, and the tolling by steam of a melancholy bell. At one very narrow bridge, however, the traffic is stopped to allow the train to pass; but that is of little use, except for the form of the thing, as when a luggage train is being backed in—which is generally half a mile long—the bell and whistle are scarcely heard at the other end, which makes it dangerous for those driving close behind; but as the inhabitants are so accustomed to be on the look out, an accident rarely happens.

This is decidedly a country to make people self-reliant, for if they do not look after themselves, nobody else will.

We waited for the little steamer, "Beauhernais," to arrive, and then embarked, and descended the river with the current at the rate of seventeen or eighteen miles an hour: we then had the Lachine Rapids to shoot, which was the object of our expedition. As we approached them, the waters twirled and boiled in innumerable whirlpools, and as our bow was pointed towards a huge rock, destruction seemed inevitable; but just at that moment the steamer took to swing her head off the rock down the stream, and at the same instant she took two successive leaps of six feet down over the ledges of the rock, burying her bows in spray. Another rush or two through the trough of the wave, the water high on each side of us, and it was all over, and we were again peacefully gliding down the stream; and at about nine o'clock arrived at Montreal, and by 9.30 were at breakfast on board the "Reussian," by Mr. Allan's invitation, who had kindly conducted and arranged the whole expedition.

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The morning was very bright, but intensely cold, and we were all glad to get back on board the yacht, to get warm.

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At twelve o'clock we all went to have our portraits taken by the great Notman, and then to a luncheon-party given by Mr. Mackay and his niece, Miss Gordon. It was a nice house, and there was a large party invited to meet us: the lunch was quite a dinner. We afterwards drove round the Mountain, which is a pretty drive; but I had heard so much of it that I was rather disappointed, as one generally is when anything is especially lauded.

Tom, in the meanwhile, had taken some friends down the river to Longueil ferry in the yacht, where we had decided to remove, to be away from the dust, noise, and bustle of the wharves.

We had some little difficulty in finding the yacht, and did not get on board before 6.30. We dressed as quickly as we could, and went back to shore, as we were going to dine with Sir Hugh Allan, the great steamboat proprietor. There had been some mistake about the carriage, as there was nothing there to meet us; and there was such a crowd of drivers, with their hay-carts, waiting for the ferry-boat, which had not come down, and who were shrieking and shouting in the pitchy darkness, that what with the noise and the mud (which was very deep), we felt almost lost; however, we soon managed to get clear of the crowd, and found one small waggon, and after a while another, with, I should think, the worst horses in Montreal in them; however we were ultimately landed at our host's door, only half an hour late. It is a handsome house, and very gaily decorated. The fruit after dinner was simply splendid, but all grown under glass. We spent a most pleasant evening, and did not leave till past twelve o'clock.

Sunday, September 22nd.—A lovely morning; and we found being in the pure air at Longueil a very pleasant change from all the bustle, noise, and dust of Montreal. There is a lovely view down the river, and across to the island of St. Helena.

We were all rather tired, after the hard social work we had undergone during the previous week; so instead of attending the Cathedral, as we intended, we determined to have service on board.

The Allans, Mrs. Herbert of Muckross, her father, Lord Heane, and other friends, came to lunch; afterwards some of our party went to the Jesuits' Church, which is a very handsome building, to hear Madlle. Rosa d'Erinia (the rose of Erin) sing, and with whom they were much delighted. We dined on board, and made preparations for our early start the following morning.

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## CHAPTER IV.

#### MONTREAL TO OTTAWA.

Monday, September 23rd.—We were called at 4.30 a.m., and were off at six to catch the train to Lachine, on the St. Lawrence, where we were to take the "Prince of Wales" steamer as far as Carillon. The captain having expected us, received us with great kindness and courtesy, and gave us a capital breakfast on board. The distance from Lachine to Carillon is thirty-six miles, which the steamer accomplishes in four hours.

The St. Lawrence, immediately above Lachine, expands into a considerable lake—the lake of St. Louis, in which the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa unite. A mile above the entrance to the lake are the rapids of St. Anne, which are avoided by means of a canal. While the steamer was in the locks, we saw a timber-raft descend the rapids at St. Anne's Bridge. The navigation was conducted under the direction of the pilot. There are pilots for each of the rapids, and they are always employed by the raftsmen. When about to descend a rapid, the large rafts are divided into sections, in order to go down the timber slides. The raft which we saw descending was manned by seven oarsmen, four in the bow, and three in the stern. The oars are of immense size, something similar to those used by the lightermen on the Thames.

When approaching the rapids, every effort is put forth in order to guide the raft, directed by the pilot. If any accident occurs, and the raft strikes against a rock and is broken up, the raftsmen have to undergo immense labour in collecting the dispersed logs, and forming a new raft. On this occasion, the passage was safely accomplished, though she went down the stream broadside, which caused great excitement and much vigorous effort, during which one man received a knock on the head which sent him overboard, but he clung on, and was soon picked up, and the raft flew down the rapids through the arch of the bridge, only leaving one or two stray logs behind, and was received with cheers by the spectators, which were heartily responded to by the men who had piloted her so well.

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The tints all along the banks were very lovely, and as we passed through the Lake of the Two Mountains,\* which is studded with small islands, all covered with luxurious foliage of every shade and colour, we were reminded of the Lake of Killarney.

We halted at the Indian village of Oka. The faces and language of the inhabitants are quite Indian, but unfortunately, all the squaws had bright-coloured Scotch plaids thrown over their heads, which spoilt the illusion. These Indians are civilized, and live in well-built houses, and have been converted to Christianity by Roman Catholic missionaries.

We reached Carillon at 12.30, and then took the train to Grenville, a distance of twelve miles. At the latter place we found another steamer waiting to convey us to Ottawa, and were received on board most courteously by the president of the railway company and the captain of the steamer. The transit between Carillon and Grenville is made by railway, in order to avoid passing a series of rapids in the Ottawa river.

<sup>\*</sup> So called from two neighbouring hills, some 500 feet high; one of which, called Calvary, is held sacred by two tribes of Indians—the Iroquois and the Algonquins, who inhabit the adjacent village of Oka.

The line is one of the many that demonstrate the extraordinary fluctuations of railway stock in Canada. It was sold a few years ago by the original promoters, with all its rolling stock, locomotives, and carriages, for its weight in old iron, and it is now paying a tolerable dividend.

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We started from Grenville at one, and reached Ottawa in five hours. The steamer was crowded with 300 lumberers of all nations, who were going up to the forests above Ottawa for their winter occupation of cutting timber. The life of the lumberer is a peculiar one, but very remunerative if he will only keep sober, which he rarely does. These men are mostly small farmers from the different towns and villages in Lower Canada; and at this time of year they leave their wives and families, and give the charge of their farms in the proportion of three to one man,—which is quite enough, as in the winter there is nothing whatever to be done except to feed the cattle, which are shut up in large barns close to the houses. They were all somewhat uproarious, and evidently had had quite enough to drink before embarking. All their families and friends came to see them off. Some of the partings were very sad, and it was hardly to be wondered at that they had tried to screw up their courage with the poor consolation of the cup, to enable them to tear themselves away cheerfully from their homes and all that they held most dear.

When they arrived at Ottawa, many of them were warmly greeted by old friends, with whom they were going to spend the night, and then continue their journey by small steamers some two or three hundred miles further up country, to commence their work of felling trees ready for next spring, and then removing the logs to the nearest available stream. These lumberers, or woodsmen, earn about thirty shillings a week in money, and their board besides. The process of cutting the wood is brought to a conclusion in the spring, when the ice breaks up and the rivers are again navigable. The logs, as they reach the streams in places

which are wide enough to admit of their floating, are collected and formed into rafts, and are gradually floated down to Quebec. The voyage of these timber-rafts sometimes lasts six weeks, but the time can be considerably shortened by the employment of steam-tugs. All the timber exported to England is carried thither in the form of logs. That which is sawn in Canada, at the local saw-mills\* (which are established everywhere, wherever there is sufficient water power), is absorbed by the United States, with which a vast business is transacted.

Of the scenery between Montreal and Ottawa there is not much to say. There are no grand features of mountain or river, but there is an endless succession of pleasant landscapes; and the many-tinted woods through which the river winds its way are always beautiful.

We reached Ottawa soon after eight p.m., and found a carriage awaiting us, which was very fortunate, as it was raining in torrents.

We drove to the Russell House Hotel, which is a fine large building, with very comfortable accommodation, but fearfully noisy; and one gets but very little chance of morning sleep, as there is a boat which starts at five a.m., and a train at seven a.m., and everybody in the house is aroused, lest there may be any passengers for either. We had an excellent supper, and were very glad to find ourselves in bed after our early rising and long journey.

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Tuesday, September 24th.—We devoted three hours in the morning to the sights of Ottawa. We first visited the Houses of Parliament, which stand on a platform of rock in a commanding position, immediately above the channel of the Ottawa. They are very fine structures, built in the Gothic style: all the interior arrangements, which are excellent, seem so closely copied from those in the old country that one might easily fancy oneself in Downing Street. It struck us, however, that they are smaller

<sup>\*</sup> At some of the saw-mills more than 30,000,000 cubic feet of timber are annually cut and sawn.

than ours, though much more airy. They are decorated with some fine statues and beautiful glass windows. In the House of Commons each member is indulged with a separate chair, in front of which is a desktable, with every appliance for writing.

We drove through the streets of the town, which, like those in all Canadian cities, are large, unfinished, but increasing, and contain many very good shops and warehouses. Its prosperity is derived from two sources: the activity of the timber trade, and the selection of the town as the seat of government in the Dominion, for which it is so well situated, being exactly on the confines of Lower and Upper Canada, with good water, road, and railway communications.

The Falls of the Chaudière, over which the river Ottawa flows, are said to be second only to those of Niagara, and from their important dimensions and great beauty well deserve a visit. They are two hundred feet wide and forty feet deep. It is a splendid sight to see them rushing down first for some two miles in rapids, and then over a ledge of rock into the river below. The immense mill-driving power afforded by the impetuous rush of water has been utilized for a gigantic saw-mill. Some of the largest saw-mills in the world are established here; the banks of the river on either side are covered with huge piles of sawn planks, arranged in heaps almost as high as an ordinary-sized house, and in extent they are equal to a considerable town. The river below Ottawa seems almost choked up with the quantity of saw-dust floating on its surface, and in one place it was so thick that a small boat stuck quite fast in it. We visited one of the largest mills, where we found large saws of portentous power and size, arranged to cut fourteen planks at a time out of one single log. The huge logs of timber are hauled directly out of the timber pond by an endless chain, which draws them under the saw. In several cases, by means of perpendicular saws set in frames, a log of timber two feet square was being cut up by one process

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into twelve two-inch planks. During the summer season the mills work day and night, the men being paid by piece-work, when many of them can earn eight to ten shillings a day.

Wages in Ottawa are extravagantly high: masons earn as much as fourteen shillings a day, and all classes of artizans employed in building earn ten to twelve shillings per diem; but then, as the winter is long, building operations are suspended for four or five months, and these men are without work during the cold weather. However, provisions are cheap, and house-rent is the only costly item.

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## CHAPTER V.

#### FROM OTTAWA TO TORONTO.

Continuation of 24th September.-We were to have left Ottawa at noon; but the manager of the railway, finding out we were going. had the train delayed half an hour in order to put on a splendid car specially for us, and to provide a lunch for us to eat on the way. He had already sent one special car to Montreal and one to Brockville, hearing we were coming, which we had missed in travelling by boat. We had a very pleasant journey, thanks to all these kind and thoughtful preparations, and a capital view of the country, from our carriage being the last on the train. The scenery was charming in some places, but in others it was very uninteresting, as sometimes we passed through nothing but forests of trees, not more than thirty years old, all the large ones having been cut down for timber, and here and there we came across large tracts of country covered with blackened stumps, the effects of the brushwood being set fire to, which is the quickest way of clearing the ground and producing crops. This is done by first cutting down the big trees, then setting the brushwood on fire. which makes the stumps brittle enough to be easily chopped down nearly level with the ground, and causes a sort of sweet grass to grow. They seldom take the trouble to grub the land for grass, though one would think the stumps would be very inconvenient for mowing.

After travelling for three and a half hours, we reached Prescott at four. It is situated on the St. Lawrence, which is very wide just here. Opposite to Prescott is the town of Ogdensburgh, which is a very large manufacturing place, and is an important point for the transhipment of goods, brought down the lake in schooners, to the Northern Railroad, which is connected with the Vermont Central, and so with the entire American railroad system. We saw here Mr. Fowler's plan of reefes or houses being carried across on large steam-boats.

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We drove from Ogdensburgh to Brockville, a distance of twelve miles: the road follows the left bank of the St. Lawrence. Our vehicle was a waggon, with a pair of capital American trotters; but our party being large, we could not go the pace I should have liked. The weather was lovely, and the scenery charming all along the shores of the river, which much resembled an Italian lake, from the current being so imperceptible, the water so blue, and reflecting the trees, fields, and brilliant sky above. The population is English, and the churches, houses, villages, and farms, have a pleasant resemblance to the rural scenes and well-cultivated lands of the old country.

It was dark before we reached Brockville, and part of the forest on the other side of the river was quite lighted up with one of the large fires they call "follow burning." We dined at Brockville with a gentleman who had been very recently a candidate in the Conservative interest for a neighbouring constituency, and who had been defeated only by a narrow majority. We were received by him and his wife with much courtesy, kindness, and a hearty welcome, at their pretty and comfortable house, where we spent a delightful evening. At one o'clock we left, and when we reached the station we found a splendid car waiting for us; but alas! the door was locked, and the men belonging to it away.

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However, after a great deal of examination, we found a window partly open, through which T. A. B. climbed, Mr. Combe having hoisted him up for that purpose; from the inside he was able to open the door for us, and just as we were in the act of getting in, the men arrived—full of profuse apologies, of course; the lamps were then lighted, and the beds made, into which we were all very pleased to get.

At three o'clock we were awakened by our carriage being attached to those of the mail; and as buffers are not used in these parts, the shocks of starting and stopping were very considerable; however, in spite of this and the violent swinging motion, sleep soon overtook us again.

Wednesday, September 25th.—We were called at seven a.m., having enjoyed a good sound sleep. The operations of our toilets were performed under great difficulties, on account of the rocking of the train, which almost shook us off our feet.

We reached Toronto about 1.30 p.m., having accomplished the journey, a distance of 108 miles, in eleven hours. For the greater part of the way the railroad skirts the northern shore of Lake Ontario, gimpses of which are frequently obtained. It is a vast inland sea, apparently as illimitable as the ocean. The station at Toronto was, as usual, a rough shed, and the surrounding part of the town looked bare and unfinished.

Three minutes' drive took us to the Rossin House, which is an enormous block of buildings, with shops in the basement, and quite as large as the Hotel du Louvre, which it much resembles, except in its having no inner courtyard.

After lunch we drove about the town, and paid visits to some old friends of Mr. Brassey. There are some fine streets in Toronto, containing many handsome buildings; there are also several fine churches; and the warehouses of the principal importers, and wholesale dealers in various descriptions of merchandise, would be worthy of the city of

London. The principal people live outside the town, in large villas surrounded with beautiful gardens and small parks.

The College is an admirable specimen of Gothic architecture, and is situated in the middle of a really fine park. Dr. McCall, the president, kindly showed us all over it. The library is a noble room, with a good collection of modern books. There are 200 students, and the fees for attendance are very moderate; a student's entire expense, including board, does not exceed £40 a year, and for this they receive nearly the same advantages which would cost £200 at Oxford—a sum here utterly impracticable for the slender purses of most of the colonists.

We met Lord and Lady Dufferin and the Lieutenant-General here; when, after a long chat, the latter asked us to his ball in the evening. Lord and Lady Dufferin were received, on their arrival, by the citizens with a procession of torches. The Lieutenant-Governor and his Lady, with Lord and Lady Dufferin, received their guests in true regal style. After passing them, and making our obeisances, we found ourselves in a large conservatory, filled with tropical plants and fine statuary. This led into the splendid ball-room, into which there were six entrances; the floor was perfection, and the music good. The dancing was kept up with spirit till 2.30.

Lord and Lady Dufferin had come as guests to the Lieutenant-General, and the ball was given in their honour at Government House, when the *salons* were thrown open to several hundred persons. The house was beautifully illuminated outside, and the interior was most elaborately furnished.

The entertainment was successful in every way, and the assembled guests could not fail to give to the English visitor a favourable impression of Canadian society, and to awaken a feeling of gratitude for the many kindnesses and attentions bestowed on strangers, who were chiefly welcome because they were representatives of old England.

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There are two really good packs of foxhounds, both at Montreal and at Toronto, kept by old masters of hounds in England. At Quebec, not having any foxhounds at present, they indulge in paper-chases instead; which generally take place along the roadside, so that all the people may go out in carriages. One of the rules of the chase is that the riders must enter their names and those of their horses three days beforehand. There is only one lady in Quebec who partakes in this sport, and she is the wife of a captain in the Canadian Rifles. Lord Dufferin has taken the sport up very warmly, so doubtless it will become the fashion: but the season is necessarily very short, as in the spring the snow is too deep, in the summer the sun is too hot, in the autumn it is often too wet, and in the winter the frost is always too hard.

An agricultural exhibition was opened this week at Hamilton, which acquired special interest from the visit of Lord Dufferin, who on this occasion made his first appearance in this district. We accompanied him in a special train, and arrived at Hamilton at one o'clock. The Toronto and Oakville stations were crowded, and the cheering was immense. At Hamilton the station was simply crammed; the roof of every shed, car, and truck was covered with human beings as thick as they could stand.

The Guard of Honour of Canadian militia looked very untidy, and were evidently very badly drilled and disciplined. One man actually refused to present arms; and we heard that out of the hundred who were to have composed the escort, thirty positively declined to attend, because they wanted to go and see the cattle-show themselves! Every day one learns to regret more and more, the unfortunate policy of our Government in withdrawing the British troops from Canada. They cost less to keep here than in England; the officers and men both liked it, and were, in case of any sudden emergency, in these days of steam and telegraphy, within ten days' reach of England. And what is still more to be regretted

is, that the Canadians feel they have been aggrieved, and to a certain extent resent the supposed wrong. The militia here (forty thousand effective men) are not mentioned in the last Army List, though all those of our other Colonies are; and yet Canada is one of the most important of them. Though I am glad to say the present party for annexation is decidedly small, still, if ever the Dominion does join the States, we shall only have ourselves, or rather the policy of the Government, to thank for losing so fertile and so improving a country, and one so much wanted for emigration for our overflowing population.

On our arrival at Hamilton there was a salute, and a deputation of the citizens presented congratulatory addresses to the Governor at the station. The members of the deputation were all presented in turn, and some of them were introduced to us. As many of them knew the late Mr. Brassey very well, they were most anxious that we should go and take up our abode at their houses at once; but this was impossible, as, hearing Hamilton was so full, we had not brought any luggage with us. After the addresses there was a sumptuous luncheon given by the Railway Company. That over, we went on in procession in carriages through the town, to the enclosure in which the exhibition was held, and which covered thirty acres of ground. Then came more addresses to Lord and Lady Dufferin, to Sir Hastings Doyle, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Ontario.

The ceremony over, the prize animals, horses and short-horns, were led into the enclosure.

There were some beautiful horses, wonderful trotters in single and double harness, and a team of black Newfoundland dogs, beautifully trained, and driven by a small child. The cattle were magnificent, and we all agreed that we had never seen finer Durhams and Galloways at Islington. The short-horns and Sussex, too, were well represented.

The number of animals collected, and the variety and excellence of

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the agricultural implements, indicate great progress in the development of the resources of this district.

The assembled multitude of 50,000 spectators, all apparently contented and prosperous, and most orderly in their behaviour, afforded a still more interesting subject of contemplation to the visitor from afar.

After the prizes had been given we were again driven in procession up the hill immediately above Hamilton, from the summit of which is a beautiful view, which reminded us of the scenery of the Italian lakes. It overlooks the town, which was then gay with bunting, in honour of the Governor's visit.

We had tea with Mr. Buchanan, and after a brief rest bade adieu to the vice-regal party and the officials of Hamilton, and went for a drive on our own account to see the town, which is well laid out, and promises some day to be a large city.

It was very interesting to see the thousands of people returning from the fair, looking as happy as possible, and going home sober after their day's holiday. They all seem to drive strong, but light, unpainted waggons, with a pair of horses in each, and equal in every respect to an average pair of carriage-horses in England. All the occupants were comfortably clad, and had plenty of buffalo robes to keep them warm. The crowd was very like an English crowd, except that some of the old farmers and their wives had acquired quite an Indian type of face.—having high cheek-bones, sallow complexions, and lank jaws.

We dined with Mr. Irvine, and left at 7.30, and went to the station, but the crowd was so thick, there was no hope of our train. Luckily we had the official car, which we got into at a quiet place, and were attached to the end of the train, started at nine, and reached Toronto at 11.30.

Friday, September 27th.—In the morning we roamed about the town, lunched with some friends, and then drove to see the formal reception of the Governor-General by the city of Toronto.

It was a very interesting sight; the town was decorated with several very handsome triumphal arches, and innumerable flags. In the evening Toronto was brilliantly illuminated, and the illumination of the Lieutenant-Governor's residence surpassed anything which has ever been attempted in London. All the illuminations were composed of loyal devices,—"God save the Queen!" being the favourite and universal motto.

Whilst at Toronto we went to see a match of La Crosse played between six champions selected from two tribes of Indians—the Iroquois and Blackfeet. They displayed great activity, dexterity, and discretion in the game, which is a curious mixture of raquets, polo, hockey, and football.

After dinner, we started by the eight o'clock train for Niagara. A special car was provided for us, in which we played at whist till we reached Hamilton, and finding we had to wait there two or three hours, we determined to go to bed. We reached the Suspension Bridge, Niagara, I believe, at about 4.30, but we were not called till seven. We found a carriage waiting to take us to the Clifton House Hotel (Canadian side), and which proved to be one of the most uncomfortable hotels in Canada.

On our drive there we passed a fall called the Bridal Veil, and then came to the American Fall, a mighty torrent presenting a most imposing scene, as the waters rushed down with a mighty roar to immeasurable depths. The tremendous power of this Fall, as well as its height, quite realizes one's most vivid expectations. Soon after we came in sight of the Fall, called the Horse-shoe Fall, so named from its shape—at least, its shape that was, for now it much more resembles the letter V., the mighty rush of water having worn away the rock in the centre. The whole view of this wonderful cataract is so sublime and overwhelming that one can hardly realize its magnitude and beauty all at once. It is said that

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We returned to the hotel to breakfast, determining to revisit the Falls, to endeavour to realize more fully all their marvellous beauties by a second glimpse, than had been possible at the first dazzling *coup d'wil*.

After breakfast we drove along the top of the Fall to get a view from that point. There we took off most of our clothes, and put on oilskins, and under the guidance of a negro, went underneath part of the Fall, to a spot where the wind literally took away our breath, and the spray quite blinded us. Had we but been able to look upwards to the edge of the precipice, we might have realized more fully the force, power, and volume of the water coming straight down the rock, a height of a hundred and fifty feet, at the rate of a hundred thousand tons a minute; though figures give a very poor idea of size or effect. But as everybody must have read much about Niagara, I will not give any further description of it. Until I had seen it, I could not have conceived anything so great and beautiful could exist.

The Clifton House commanded a splendid view of the Falls, while the roar of the seething cataract shook all the doors and windows in the house. The disadvantage of the Clifton House is its not being close to all the excursions and special spots, such as Goat Island, Terrapin Tower, "The Cave of the Winds," and Queen Island, which are all on the American side, and in its being by far the most extravagant hotel on the American side, if one remains more than a day: and it takes quite three days to see the Falls properly.

After returning from our wet expedition, and being photographed in our oilskin costumes, we took them off and put on our proper drapery again, and then went over the Suspension Bridge, a frail iron structure suspended from two towers, and which looks as if a gale of wind must blow it away.

The tolls are extremely high, both to cross the bridge and to get on to Goat Island. Each time one has to pay one dollar and a half; but it is hardly to be wondered at when one considers what a sum it must have cost to build the bridges, and the expense it must be to keep them in repair. Goat Island is very pretty in itself, and the different views of the Falls from it are perfectly enchanting. We next came to the centre Fall, called "The Cave of the Winds," which we descended; but before doing so we had to undress and put on bathing and swimming costumes made of scarlet flannel, and on the top of them oilskin jackets, knickerbockers, hoods, and felt shoes: the latter are to give a hold when descending and clambering over the very slippery rocks and narrow bridges we had to encounter. The wind and spray seemed to blind us, and the roar of the torrent was quite deafening; however, at last we reached a resting-place on a point of rock, where we saw lovely rainbows formed by the mist into perfect arcs, and which seemed to start from our feet and to meet again, singly, doubly, and trebly; the colours were brighter than any I had before seen.

After a little more clambering over slippery bridges, we arrived right under the Fall. When we could manage to look up, we could see the green arch of water rushing over our heads, which, from the tremendous swiftness of its fall, broke into spray before it half reached the bottom.

Now came the most difficult part of our expedition—that of having to crawl along the surface of the slippery rock after our guide, with the water coming down on us so hard that it almost knocked us backwards, and made it impossible for us to see where to step, whilst the water rushed over our feet and ankles with such force, that we could hardly stand. Luckily for us, the guide was very careful, and our wet felt shoes (without soles) did not slip; in fact, they almost adhered to the rock, and we got safely through, much to our delight, though we were

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When we reached the top, we were all again photographed, dripping and dishevelled as we were; so I expect the picture will be more peculiar and picturesque than pleasing.

We then returned to the hotel, and after dinner, which we had at four o'clock, started for another expedition on the American side to the rapids below the Falls, and to the Whirlpool, caused by the river, which runs here about fifteen to twenty miles an hour, and is contracted into a narrow gorge about thirty rods wide, making nearly a right angle—the consequence being that the extreme rapidity at which it runs forces the water at least ten feet higher on the sides than it is in the middle, and forms endless funnel-shaped eddies, which are very curious. It was through here that the owner of the "Maid of the Mist" (a steamer that used to ply between the Canadian and American shores) ran her down, to prevent his being seized by his creditors in the States. He lashed himself to the helm, and ordered the engineer to go below to mind the fires; the poor unfortunate man never discovered the daring exploit he was engaged in until half way through the rapids, where it was impossible to turn back. However, she got safely through with only the loss of her smoke-stack, though at one time she was completely submerged. She is still to be seen on the Lake at Toronto

At the Clifton House Hotel, every one is obliged to breakfast before ten, dine between three and four, and have tea at eight, whether they like it or not; and for love or money, nothing whatever is to be had afterwards, or at any other time than these specified hours.

Sunday, September 29th.—We went to a small church about two miles from the hotel, where the service was anything but well, or impressively, performed. The harmonium was out of tune, and the choir consisted only of three village damsels and one man, all rejoicing

in superlatively high voices, a nasal twang, and a great deficiency of the letter h. The clergyman had such a bad cold, and spoke so indistinctly, it was impossible to hear a word he said; and consequently we were not much edified.

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After church we drove to a tower on a hill behind the hotel, which is erected on the spot where the battle of Lundy's Lane was fought, between the English and Americans, in 1812. From this tower we had a magnificent and extensive view of the country on all sides: Buffalo, with the smoke of its thousand fires, the Alleghany mountains, 250 miles distant, in Pennsylvania, and the lakes Erie and Ontario.

Here we could see how much later the season was than lower down; for we had lost most of the lovely scarlet and yellow autumn tints, and with the exception of the Virginian creeper, which, with the wild grapevine, hangs its graceful festoons in every possible corner and crevice, none of the foliage had begun to turn.

Our next expedition was across to Goat Island, where we had one of the loveliest views of the Falls we had yet seen. From Goat Island we went to Luna Island, and from there to Terrapin Tower, and the Three Sisters' Islands, from which the finest view of the rapids is obtained.

Everything was changed to-day; it was blowing a hurricane, bringing much more water from the lake, and making what was comparatively a tame scene yesterday a very boisterous one to-day; rocks which were high and dry are now invisible, and the channel of the river thirty or forty feet wider. No more lovely rainbows, but instead the spray and water drifting about in angry surges driven by the wind, and making the Falls look even grander and more majestic than ever, under the angry gloomy sky.

Monday, September 30th.—Before breakfast we went down to the ferry to look up at the Falls, and came to the conclusion that the best views of them were from the top of the Horse-shoe Fall, and from the

Luna and Three Sisters' Islands. To-day all was changed again; the storm had passed, the sun was shining brightly, and the river had returned to its usual bed.

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After breakfast we had a hurried run round some of our favourite spots, and took a few photographs—amongst others, of some Mexicans who were bringing buffaloes and cattle from Texas. They are curious-looking creatures, with sallow complexions. Their costume is composed of large hats, coats and trousers covered with any amount of silver buttons, enormous spurs to their boots, and long lassoes hanging to their small, high-peaked, ill-made saddles. The buffaloes were fine animals, but as they were in dark sheds, it was impossible to photograph them.

Whilst waiting for the carriage a most ludicrous incident occurred. A large American family, with heaps of luggage, were starting for New Orleans, and, after considerable delay, were packed into two carriages and an omnibus. They had not started many minutes, and were just on the Suspension Bridge, when a black nurse with a child came down, crying and sobbing, because they had been left behind. All the porters and waiters of the hotel set to shouting and running to stop the carriages, which eventually they succeeded in doing, when the father of the family returned and apologised, saying "he really had so many children, he had quite forgotten that one."

At II.30 we took, with much regret, our last look of the Falls, hoping earnestly it might be only farewell for a time. I don't think I ever felt so sorry to leave any place before. There is a sort of *fascination* about them which makes one feel almost ready to cry with regret at leaving.

As the Governor-General wanted the official car we were to have had, the manager of the railroad telegraphed from Hamilton to order us the drawing-room section of a Pumllan car to ourselves, which we found very comfortable, as may be imagined from the picture. The fatigues of the journey were much relieved by the luxuries afforded by this car. Like all other railway carriages in America, this car is from sixty to seventy feet long, and is open from end to end. The seats are numbered and reserved for those travellers who are prepared to make an additional payment to the ordinary tariff. This addition is not excessive, and secures not only a comfortable seat by day, but a good couch by night. The beds are fixed in a double tier on each side of the carriage, and the greatest privacy possible under the circumstances is secured by curtains which draw round; and the weary traveller may enjoy a night's rest almost as comfortably as if sleeping in an ordinary bed. The line we went by was the through line from Chicago; and just as we left Niagara lunch was served up, exactly like at a restaurant, all the cooking being done "on the premises."

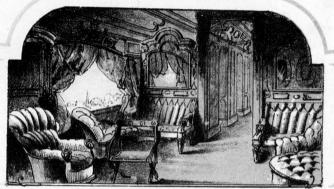
There is nothing very particular about the journey between Niagara and Hamilton. When we arrived at the latter, we had to wait two hours for the train to Toronto. Whilst we were waiting, the Governor-General and party arrived *en route* from Toronto to Niagara, where they were going to spend a week. We were very sorry time would not allow of our accompanying them, as they had kindly invited us to do.

We left Hamilton about one o'clock p.m., and reached Toronto at 6.30, an hour or more late; so we had no time for dinner, but snatched a

hasty mouthful in a little pot-house close to the station.

We again had the drawing-room section and two berths in a Pullman car, where we read and worked most comfortably till we reached Coburg, about ten o'clock, where we remained twenty minutes for supper in a capitally arranged refreshment-room. On our return to the car we found everything metamorphosed; all the seats had disappeared, and where every four had been there were two berths, one above and one below, made up with pillows, sheets, and blankets. There were curtains in front, and a passage down the middle, and it was not long before all the occupants were soundly sleeping.

INTERIOR OF DRAWING ROOM ACCOMPANYING



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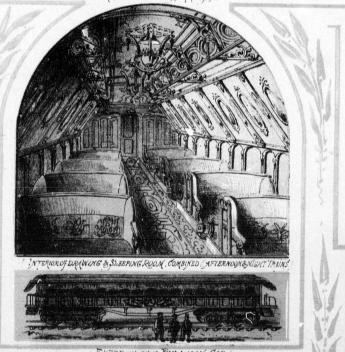
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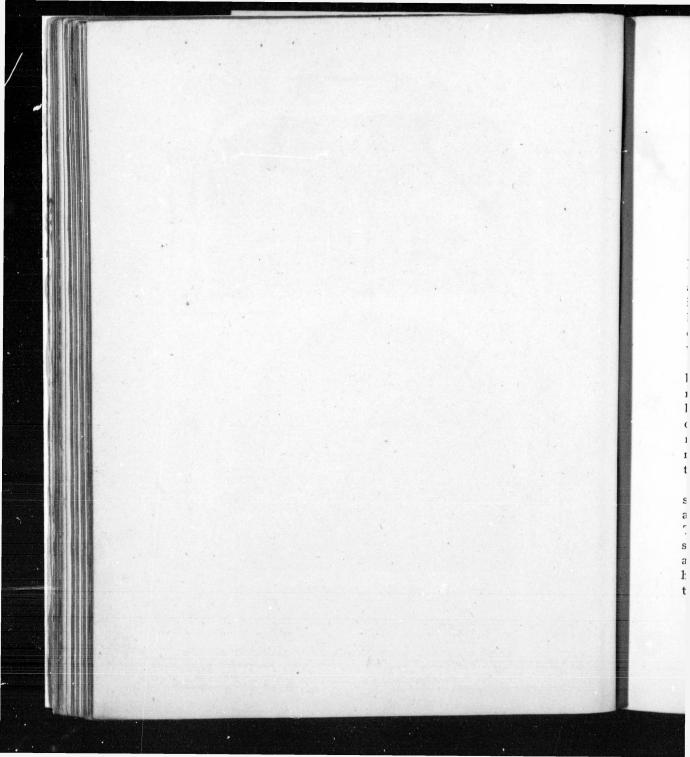
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Tuesday, October 1st.—We reached Kingston at 2.30 a.m., and were all very loath to leave our comfortable berths to drive in the cold morning air to the steamboat wharf, where we had to wait several weary hours for the steamer which was to convey us from the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, through the "Thousand Islands," and down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. The steamer, owing to the violent gale, was very late, and as we found the atmosphere of the miserable hut styled a waiting-room quite intolerable from the combined effects of being overcrowded with passengers (most of them smoking, with its horrid accompaniment), and from a strong smell of petroleum, we sallied forth into the open air to find some place where we might procure some coffee, but we only succeeded in getting some nasty tea, at what was called a coffee-house, but was really only a low grog-shop, and very redolent with the odours of beer and spirits.

Even at that early hour in the morning, and probably even at its busiest season, Kingston has a stagnant decayed appearance. It resembles one of the primitive old towns in England which does not keep pace with the march of modern events, and which the development of other districts has inevitably injured. When the troops from the mother country used to muster in force in Canada, then Kingston was made lively by the presence of a strong garrison; but the withdrawal of the British soldiers has left its "banquet halls deserted."

After our refreshment we returned to the wharf, where Evie and I sat on a box, huddled close together to keep ourselves warm, and passed away the time as well as we could in knitting by the light of a gaslight. There we sat working and watching the stars pale, and heard the clocks strike every hour till 6.30, when at last the long-waited-for steamer arrived, and at nine we started on our trip down the St. Lawrence. We had telegraphed for state rooms, and were only too anxious to get into them; but alas! nobody knew anything but the purser, and as he could

not be spoken to for some hours, we had to wait patiently for the eight o'clock breakfast. This breakfast was a curious sight, and gave us our first insight and real experience into the manners and customs of second or third-rate Americans. This class never travel in their own country, but always make the grand tour of Europe, the Holy Land, and elsewhere. Everybody stood round the room, leaning against the side of it, each with a chair behind them, which they had brought down from deck; no one being allowed to approach the table till the steward in a loud voice announced, "Breakfast is now ready, ladies and gentlemen," upon which announcement they all flew at the table like a pack of hounds, and before we had time to approach, had cleaned (I can use no other word) the contents off every dish near them on to their own plates; and the gentlemen, in spite of the steward's remonstrances, paid no attention to any ladies—or females, as they call them here—but to those of their own party. Luckily the captain knew us, and after a little delay we had a separate breakfast served to us.

### CHAPTER VI.

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#### ON BOARD THE STEAMER FROM KINGSTON.

Continuation of October 1st.—The way in which the people eat and drink I will not describe; for as we were nearly made ill by the sight, the description of it might have the same effect on our friends. It was altogether the filthiest boat I ever was in; and when we found that instead of reaching Montreal at six in the evening, as we expected, the boat would not arrive till the next day, we determined to leave her at Brockville, as soon as we had passed the far-famed "Thousand Isles," and then proceed by train.

It was a lovely day, and at about 9.30 we reached the end of Lake Ontario and the commencement of the St. Lawrence, where the islands, eighteen hundred in number, begin. They vary in size from half a yard across to five or six acres, and seem to be nothing but mere points of rocks. We were all much disappointed with the scenery, which has been so much talked of and extolled. Certainly we did not think it at all equal to that on the River Ottawa. We passed all the islands, looking their best, most probably, as they were dressed in the lovely tints of autumn, varying from the darkest crimson to the brightest rose colour, and from russet brown and dark orange to the palest canary colour. No one can possibly realize the beauty of a Canadian fall unless they see it.

If these tints were painted, people would say they were unnatural and exaggerated. The scarlet maples look more like large poincettias than anything else, and when dotted about among the dark green and Scotch firs, the effect is, I think, more beautiful than when the whole mountain side is a gorgeous mass of purple, crimson, and yellow, which is often the case. Indeed, so brilliant are these varied shades, that when the sun shines on them they are almost too dazzling to look at.

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We landed at Brockville, which we reached at noon. We met our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Abbott waiting for us, in order to have a chat; but when they found we intended to land, they insisted on taking us to their house, and gave us warm baths and a most *recherché* impromptu lunch. One of the dishes was oysters stewed in celery, which was one of the most appetizing I ever tasted.

As we were quite unexpected at Brockville station, there had been no arrangements for a special car, but the officials again gave us the drawing-room section of a Pullman, and two berths in an adjoining car.

We were all very tired, and after supper, which we had when we stopped at Cornwall, we had our beds made up, and slept as soundly as possible till we reached Montreal, at 10.30. The train being very crowded, there was a grand rush for carriages on its arrival, and we had the greatest difficulty in finding a vehicle at all; but at last we chartered two little waggons, and after a long, cold drive, reached the yacht about 11.30, where we found all well on board. There were many newspapers awaiting us, but only one letter, much to our disappointment.

Wednesday, October 2nd.—At 9.30 we drove into the town to pay our bills, collect our photographs, and to say good-bye to our many kind friends.

There had been a tremendous fire in the night; and St. Patrick's Hall, one of the largest public buildings in Montreal, was burnt to the ground, in spite of the most strenuous exertions of the fire brigade.

Like many of the public buildings, it was built over a large block of shops, which all shared the same fate.

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Mr. Stomes, a member of the Upper House of the Dominion, and Major Worsley, came to lunch with us, and to see us off. The former took the Canadian riflemen over to Wimbledon this summer; and such skilled marksmen were they, that they won over seven hundred pounds in money, besides two or three challenge cups.

The man who looks after some cottages that Tom owns in Montreal was quite cut up at our departure. He had not seen any of the family for so many years, that he could not bear to part with us again so soon, and after he was put on shore, stood *roaring*, till we were out of sight.

We steamed away precisely at 2.30, and proceeded down the river. Though the banks of the St. Lawrence below Montreal are flat, yet the constant succession of villages composed of white houses, each possessing a large church with a lofty steeple, covered with zinc or tin, gives life and a bright aspect to the landscape.

We anchored at 6.30 off the town of Sorel, at the mouth of the the river Richelieu, where we remained the night.

Thursday, October 3rd.—We weighed anchor at daylight, and, favoured by a strong current, descended the St. Lawrence at a rapid rate to Quebec. We went through St. Peter's Lake, the entrance to which is excessively pretty; the weather was delightful, and it is almost impossible to describe in glowing terms enough the varied beauty of the scenery. The banks of the St. Lawrence were made lovely by the exquisite brightness of the autumn tints; the vast forests and woods were rich in their autumnal covering—golden, yellow, pale or bright green, vermilion: in fact, all the richest hues on the palette of the greatest colourist were mixed in exquisite variety.

About twenty miles above Quebec the scenery became really splendid; the cliffs so high, with pretty villas nestling here and there

among the chamelion-like foliage, that we could almost imagine we were in the fairyland of our childish dreams.

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We reached Quebec at three p.m., and almost before we had dropped anchor some friends came on board to welcome us. We landed fo. letters and papers, and returned on board to dress for a grand dinner, to which we had been convened by telegram. We found twenty-two guests had been asked to meet us. The dinner lasted four hours, which made it very irksome and wearisome; though of course it was all done from excess of kindness and hospitality.

We returned on board soon after twelve. During the afternoon and evening we shipped forty tons of coal from Riton in Nova Scotia. The high price of fuel in England has caused a greatly increased demand in Canada for coal from the colonial mines. The steamers of the Cunard line are now supplied to a large extent with American coal.

Friday, October 4th.—The Dobells came down in their own boat to breakfast; and at ten o'clock we all went on shore to meet Mr. and Mrs. Carin, who were to drive us out to Judge Carin's country place. It was a bright morning, but bitterly cold; nevertheless, we had a lovely drive, the autumnal tints seeming to get more and more lovely each day.

We returned to a fish luncheon at Mr. Adolphe Carin's; the principal features of which were enormous lobsters and Canadian oysters. The latter have a most peculiar flavour, quite different to our "natives!"

We were on board again about two, and at three p.m. we were once more under weigh, and steaming down the river, when we soon saw Quebec in the distance, looking extremely picturesque from its commanding position.

We passed the Falls of Montmorency, which were rolling down with thundering music from Beaufort Flats to the abyss beneath; we next passed the fertile Isle of Orleans, the nursery garden and orchard of Quebec. The island is forty miles round, and is covered with woods, ere

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which were gorgeous with the autumn tints, and which, if possible, exceeded in beauty any we had seen before; they were so brilliant and so varied. I trust my friends will not tire of my talking of these autumn tints, but we are so charmed with them we cannot cease speaking of and admiring their beauties. The tints of a Canadian fall are one of the *specialités* of the country, and therefore cannot be too much eulogised.

We met a perfect fleet of timber ships working up the river. Not less than a hundred sail of large vessels were occasionally in view. The St. Lawrence was as much crowded as the Mersey or the Thames at their busiest moments. It is at this period of the year that the ships engaged in the timber trade are homeward bound, making their last voyage across the Atlantic, to take in their cargo of lumber before the close of the navigation; for in a few weeks the whole of this mighty river will be frozen up, and sleigh-driving on its surface the only mode of communication.

Just as we were off Crane Island, the sun was setting, and very lovely it was; and the spectacle of the large ships in full sail against the dark red sky, where the new crescent moon was rising in her silver radiance, was very beautiful.

We anchored for the night off the island named the Brandy Pots, just 120 miles below Ouebec.

Saturday, October 5th.—We weighed anchor at daybreak, and proceeded down the river, and thirty miles steaming brought us to Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay river. The Saguenay is a most curious river; for a distance of fifty miles from its confluence with the St. Lawrence it is from two-thirds of a mile to two miles wide, filling up a deep glen between mountains of sienitic granite and gneiss. These mountains form precipices, sometimes rising to a height of 1,000 feet, overhanging the river.

The wall of rocks is broken at intervals by steep valleys, through which the tributary torrents descend into the Saguenay, in which the largest frigate can be moored along into the cliffs—though anchorage, of course, is impossible. This river is very unfrequented, for though there is a small lumber trade at the upper position, the cliffs are too precipitous here for any large timber to find any footing.

The valleys, and the hills where they are not too steep to support vegetation, are covered with woods, and the rocks are clothed with maple, hemlock, spruce, and pine; and even where it is too steep for these to find a holding for their roots, they are covered with innumerable lichens of all colours, in the most fantastic shapes.

The foliage here, like that which has already so delighted us, presents all the exquisite and varied charms of brilliant golden and rich roseate tints.

At the mouth of the river, and in the little coves on the way up, are rocks at the bottom of the cliffs, which are the haunts of innumerable seal and otters; the former we saw sunning themselves, till, frightened at our approach, they dived into the water, and then rose again in a few moments for breath. We saw also shoals of white porpoises, with the black lump on their backs—the young ones taking their morning ride, which I have before mentioned.

After a lovely sail of about fifteen miles we reached two splendid frowning cliffs, Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity, the most striking points of the whole river. Here there was a glorious echo, which reverberated from cliff to cliff on either side, till lost in the far distance. We fired off one of our cannons, and blew our steam whistle, that we might fully enjoy its mysterious repetitions. We then put the yacht's head round, and proceeded down stream, and reached Tadousac about five, and landed there to see the place and to buy some milk.

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Tadousac is on the summit of a well-wooded slope, descending to the sea-shore. It is a pretty little quiet summer watering-place, and much resorted to by some of the Quebeckers, who prefer it to the large and more noisy Rivière de Loup. Its buildings are few and far between.

The Governor-General is erecting a house here, and there are some pretty villas built something in the style of Swiss châlets; but at this season all is shut up, even the hotel,—all the doors and windows boarded up, and left to their fate until next year, when the heat of Quebec will drive all the inhabitants to the *salt water*, as the Americans call the sea-side.

After a pleasant walk about Tadousac, we returned to the "Eothen" at 6.30, and resumed our voyage for Prince Edward's Island. It was a lovely evening, with a fair breeze. Proceeding at a rapid rate, we were off Father Point at eleven p.m., which, just twenty-seven days ago, we passed, going up to Quebec in the "Hibernian."

Sunday, October 6th.—We had divine service at 11.30. At noon we were off Cape Magdalen, and after lunch we were off Cape Rosia. Throughout the day we had skirted closely the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The coast is formed by a range of bold and lofty cliffs covered with wooded banks, as beautiful in their autumn dress as those of the river St. Lawrence. The scenery of the south shore of the Gulf is of the grand and noble character, but it is a desolate country, with but few habitations.

We rounded Cape Rosia at seven p.m., and about 9.30 we made Cape Percé, and passing between it and the little island of Bonaventure, some of our party saw the celebrated Percé rock, which is 288 feet high, precipitous all round, and perforated by two natural arches, large enough for a schooner at full sail to pass underneath.

Monday, October 7th.—My birthday. We had tried to arrange to spend the day in harbour, but a contrary wind prevented our arriving as

soon as we had expected. It was fine weather, however, and there was a strong breeze ahead.

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At noon the lighthouse on Escumenac Point was visible on our starboard beam, while West Point was visible on the port hand. Steering along the low coast of New Brunswick, we passed in rapid succession the following inlets and headlands, which all have the most extraordinary names—retained, I suppose, from the aboriginal Indians. One inlet is called Kouchibougnac Bay. The southern limit of the bay is Richibucto Head. South of the head are the rivers Shockpish and Buctouche, Cocogne Island, Shediac Bay, Scondone River, and the Great and Little Shemogue Bays.

We were off the Cape at eight p.m., and from thence steered a direct course for Cape Prim, the headland on the east side of Hillsborough Bay, in Prince Edward's Island. We had proposed to steam up the bay, and through the narrow entrance to the harbour of Charlottetown; but the night was so dark, and the weather so rough and dirty, that we thought it better to drop anchor under the shelter of Cape Prim at twelve o'clock; and right glad we were to do so.

Tuesday, October 8th.—The fires were only banked up for the night, and at daylight we started again, and steamed up Hillsborough Bay, a distance of ten miles, to Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward's Island, where we dropped anchor at nine a.m. Here we found H.M.S. the "Niobe," which divides with the "Lapwing" the task of looking after and protecting our fisheries on this coast. At the present moment, owing to some absurd local dispute between the officials of Prince Edward's Island and those of America, the fishing vessels from the United States are not allowed to take fish within three miles of the shore, where all the best fish are to be found. This seems very greedy, as the waters are quite wide enough, and there is fish in plenty and to spare for all.

We landed at Charlottetown with considerable difficulty, as there are no steps anywhere, and we were obliged to climb across rafts, and over huge blocks of timber.

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This city is very like most others in America. It contains no handsome buildings in particular, but there are numerous shops, and it may be fairly compared with ordinary second-rate English country towns.

The land in Prince Edward's Island generally, but especially in the vicinity of Charlottetown, is of great fertility, and to its agricultural resources the island owes its activity. The day we arrived was market day, as well as the great annual cattle-fair, and the streets were therefore crowded with a most cadaverous-looking population. There were a great many Micmac Indians selling baskets. These Indians are not unlike gipsies in appearance; their complexions are dusky brown, and they are remarkable for their long, lanky black hair, and very high cheek-bones.

The Market Hall is a fine building, well supplied with fresh provisions, which included all the vegetables and fruits familiar to us in England.

The cattle and horses at the fair were anything but first-rate; there were, however, a *few* good specimens, which is perhaps as much as we ought to expect, considering it is but a small island.

The Post Office is an enormous structure, but there is not much business going on there, except when the mails arrive and depart, once a fortnight. There is no postal delivery here, so every one has to call for letters.

After lunch we started in two waggons to call on the Governor first, and then to drive round the "royalties," as part of the island is called. Our horses were good, but the drivers fearfully reckless; and as the roads are very bad, and full of deep ruts, it was a marvel we did not come to grief, as we seemed to be plunging in and out of the most

frightful holes, whilst driving at considerable speed; indeed, several times we were nearly thrown from our seats. We must have driven a distance of sixteen miles, making quite a circuit through the country, the scenery of which was pretty and park-like, the land rich and well-cultivated. Towards evening, on our way back to the town, we met all the people driving out in small one-horse carts. There were a few on horseback, but none on foot.

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We were much struck with the unhealthy look of the population in general: they are so pale and thin, their ugliness is extreme, and they all seem to have an extraordinary tendency to squint. We looked in vain for the robust and hearty peasantry of the rural districts of the old country. It seems hard to conjecture the cause for this marked deterioration of the descendants of Scotch, Irish, and English settlers. Probably the long winter may be to a great extent the reason. The impossibility of active and out-door operations at that season, and the consequent temptation to spend the day in heated rooms, smoking, and sipping strong liquors, are extremely prejudicial to the health of the population.

Prince Edward's Island has not yet joined the Canadian Dominion. A railway is, however, being laid down, for which a loan is necessary; and as soon as the increased burden of taxation is more distinctly felt, it is probable that the people will be prepared to unite with the Dominion.

In the numerous crowd at the fair we were surprised to see so few persons bearing traces of superior refinement and culture. We had supposed that the poor gentleman might have found a field for enterprise in the Colony as well as the industrious labourer. But, however, it is not so. The farmers of Prince Edward's Island are evidently men who, if they had remained at home, would have been earning a scanty living as day-labourers.

When we returned to the yacht in the evening we found it was blowing half a gale of wind.

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Wednesday, October 9th.—Our wedding-day, twelve years ago. We started at six a.m., in spite of the gale blowing and the barometer being low; but the wind was fair, though strong, and we had only fifty miles to run in a comparatively sheltered sea.

At seven a.m. we passed Cape Prim, where it was very rough, and we were indeed in a troubled sea. Everything that was not perfectly secure went adrift, and everybody was very ill, even to poor baby, who experienced sea-sickness for the first time. But canvas being soon set, and the sails drawing well, with sheets eased off, we steamed at the rate of eleven knots an hour, and at nine were once more in smooth water, and our troubles over. We rounded Cape Cariboo at 9.30, and in another hour were snugly at anchor in the splendid harbour of Picton.

As we sailed up, we saw a camp of Indians, in wigwams and canoes made of birch-bark. After breakfast we rowed back to have a closer inspection of them, but when we arrived we found they had gone and left the place deserted, and there only remained the tent-poles of their wigwams, with the birch roof removed, and relics of hatchet handles, and basket chips; for they are the great basket-makers of the colony, and stain their wares very tastefully with different herbs. The camp was beautifully situated in a shady glade within ten yards of the water; around it was a carpet of the most lovely mossy grass, and it was encircled with a forest of rare fir-trees, interspersed with glades running down to the water's edge, through which flowed tiny streams, giving it a cultivated and park-like appearance.

We found some beautiful ferns and moss in this lovely spot, and took some photographs of it, after which we returned to the yacht for lunch. Afterwards the children begged to land and to have tea in the forest, taking their own kettle with them, which was much the pleasantest way

of spending the lovely afternoon, for the wind had gone down, and the sun was shining brightly; but we elder ones thought it our duty to go and see the town of Picton, dirty and uninteresting as it is.

Picton is an essentially Scotch settlement; its wealth consists in its coal-mines, and so great is the demand for coals that there were actually ships which had been waiting five weeks in the harbour for their supply.

There are gold mines not far from here, which are also a source of much profit; they are worked with the newest and most elaborate machinery for crushing the ore, separating it from the quartz, and amalgamating it with the quicksilver.

Wages here are high; about eight shillings a day for ordinary ship-wrights. Prices considered, the working-man is quite as well off here as at Quebec, or in any part of Lower Canada. The winter is very severe in Picton, and every year the harbour is frozen over. The town is not regularly built, and though destitute of important public buildings or churches, there is an air of activity and thriving trade in this settlement which is highly gratifying to the British traveller.

During our short visit in Picton we met a most extraordinary character in the shape of an itinerant quack-doctor, who was travelling about in a scarlet coach, with grand pictures painted all over it, and a rostrum drawn by four horses. He told us that he had a similar waggon in the South, and that he spent the winter travelling in the Southern and the summer in the Northern States; and that though he sometimes found it very tedious he did not mind it, as he considered it his mission on earth to diffuse the knowledge of his wonderful lightening oil. He was got up exactly like the doctor in the opera of the "Elisir d'Amore," and one might almost fancy he had just been driven off the stage into the dirty streets of Picton, negro boy and all. There is a fine view from the Citadel; and now I think I have said all that can be said of this uninteresting town.

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Thursday, October 10th.—We weighed anchor at two a.m. and proceeded to sail down the Straits of Northumberland towards Halifax. At six we rounded Cape George, and at nine we entered the Gut of Causo, a narrow channel a mile wide and some twelve miles long, which divides the coast of Nova Scotia and the island of Cape Breton.

It was a splendid morning, and the scenery most lovely. On either side are cultivated farms, white houses, numerous churches, and green fields; above are ranges of high hills, sloping down to the straits, and rising again to a considerable height. The hills extend as far as eye can reach, and are covered with forests of Scotch firs; the banks. which extend some acres, are a mass of deciduous trees, now of the most brilliant colours. They look like gigantic flower-beds, set in the darkest green, and reflected in the clear blue water below. It was indeed a lovely landscape, and orders were given for the engines to go slowly that we might en'py it at our leisure, and when we reached the end there was a general wish to turn round and to go up and down once more, but time would not admit of it. At no point in our previous voyages and travels have we seen the autumn tints of the Canadian forests so exquisitely grouped, or developed in such noble masses of foliage as here. Issuing from the Cut of Causo at eleven a.m., we traversed the Bay of Cheelabucto at the same rapid rate, and at 1.30 rounded Cape Causo, the north-eastern extremity of the peninsula of Nova Scotia.

At the narrowest part of the strait it is crossed by the Submarine Atlantic Cable, the position of which is carefully marked out, in order to protect it from the anchors of the numerous ships that take refuge here from the frequent storms on either side.

When we passed Cape Causo we were exposed to the force of the broad Atlantic seas, without shelter of any kind, and we were prepared for a tossing. Happily the weather was most favourable, and though we encountered a fresh breeze from the south-west, the seas were very moderate.

The distance from Cape Causo to Halifax is 130 miles. The intervening coast consists of granite rocks, destitute of vegetation, and often rising to a height of from 500 to 800 feet above the level of the sea. There are numerous indentations and islands, affording excellent harbours to the fishing vessels which issue forth from these shores.

The fishermen of Nova Scotia have often to encounter severe gales and seas of mighty size, and their boats appear admirably adapted to contend with such weather.

The greatest danger to navigation on these shores arises from the fogs which so frequently prevail, especially in the summer. The coast is well lighted, and all the lights were clearly seen as we proceeded on our voyage. We passed a considerable fleet of sturdy little schooners fishing on the banks; cod-fish and haddock seem as prolific here as on the coast of Newfoundland.

We hailed one of these vessels, and for half a dollar bought two very large cod-fish, two medium-sized, and six small, all alive and kicking. This small sum even was probably three or four times as much as they would have fetched on shore. These fishing schooners are a remarkably fine class of vessel, and all built on exactly the same model.

Friday, October 11th.—At three a.m. we saw, at a distance of twenty-six miles, the fine revolving light which has recently been placed on Chebucto Head, at the entrance to Halifax. At five a.m. we made the red light on Devil's Island, and at six we entered the magnificent harbour of Halifax, and anchored off the dockyard. The entrance to the harbour is one of the largest, though not the most beautiful, in the world; it is five and a half miles wide.

The town of Halifax is built on the declivity of a peninsula on the wester, side of the harbour. The citadel stands on a commanding hill,

227 feet above the sea, and is strongly fortified. Opposite the town the harbour is three-quarters of a mile broad, but at the Narrows, about a mile above the upper end of the city, it contracts to less than a quarter of a mile, and then expands into Bedford Basin, where the sea is of unfathomable depth. This harbour is large enough to shelter all our fleet. In the winter the entrance is never blocked up by ice; and ever since the establishment of the Cunard line, a regular postal communication has been kept up with England throughout the year.

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Halifax has about 30,000 inhabitants. An extensive trade, consisting mainly in the exportation of dried fish, is carried on with England, the West Indies, and the Brazils.

Nova Scotia now forms part of the Dominion of Canada, and Halifax is the only fortress in the Dominion which is occupied by British troops. The present garrison consists of two regiments of infantry and some artillery. Nova Scotia was first discovered by John Cabot, in 1497, and was colonized by the French in 1598. It was taken by the English in 1627, when a grant was made of it by James I. to Sir W. Alexander. In 1632 the colony was restored to France, but at the peace of Utrecht, in 1714, it was again ceded to England. After the peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, a settlement of disbanded troops was formed, under the auspices of Lord Halifax, from whom the capital city of the province derives its name. Halifax, though it can hardly be described as a fine city, contains one short street, in the most busy part of the town, which might fairly be compared with Regent Street in London, both from its handsome buildings and excellent shops.

The docks running up into the town give it somewhat of a Dutch appearance; in other respects it is exactly like all other dockyard towns in the cosmopolitan character of its shops and inhabitants, and we might have almost fancied ourselves in Plymouth, Malta, or Gibraltar. In the summer Halifax is the head-quarters of the Admiral in command on the

North American and West Indian Station. The "Royal Alfred" was the flag-ship at Halifax at the time of our visit, and we had hardly finished breakfast when the Admiral (Admiral Fanshawe, an old Mediterranean friend), with his son, the Flag-Lieutenant, came on board, and was most kind in wishing to do all he could for us, and wanted us to spend all our time with them; but we had already asked some friends to lunch and to go with us into the town, therefore we were obliged to decline his kind offers.

The "Royal Alfred," which we went over, is a large ship and in first-rate order. She is one of the unarmoured wooden line of ships, and carries a formidable battery of twelve and a half guns.

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I never saw anything so beautifully clean as her decks were,—we might have eaten our dinner off them; and the guns were so bright, we might have used them for looking-glasses. In the afternoon we went for a drive with Mrs. Fanshawe through the upper part of the town, which is very desolate; thence we went along the north-west arm of the harbour, where all the better kind of houses are: these consist, principally, of pretty little villas, standing in an acre or two of ground, and situated in the middle of fir woods, looking through trees and over grassy slopes interspersed with grey rocks descending to the water below, which much resembles a Scotch loch. We continued our drive along one end of Bedford Basin, and only returned to the yacht in time to dress for a large naval dinner-party at Admiralty House.

We had a very pleasant evening, and returned on board at eleven. The phosphorescence on the quay of the dock-yard where we embarked was so great, that our feet left tracks of living fire, and each time the oars were dipped, the water was like molten silver.

Saturday, October 12th.—Several friends from the flag-ship and the 60th Rifles came to breakfast, and afterwards we went for a lovely drive to Melville Island, through woods of ever-changing hues, and by

deep blue lakes. We returned to lunch, children and all, at Admiralty House, and afterwards went for another drive right round Bedford Basin.

We passed through a village inhabited by negroes; there are a great number of that improvident race in this part of the colony—gaudy in fine clothes, and in all sorts of gay colours in the summer, half-starved and half-dead in winter. They earn their livelihood, principally, by "berrying"—collecting and selling strawberries and raspberries, blueberries, whortleberries, and blackberries, which abound in succession in these woods from May till October. We returned to the dockyard about four o'clock, where we had a small tea-party, and at five bade farewell to our numerous kind friends. We steamed round the "Royal Alfred," which signalled to us, "Eothen, we wish you a pleasant voyage;" and then, favoured by a strong current, proceeded rapidly on our course, and the masts of the noble ships, the spires and the citadel of the town faded into indistinctness against the sunset sky.

Then, with every sail set to catch the favourable breeze, we made a rapid passage along the coast of Nova Scotia, and at seven in the morning of Sunday, October 13th, we found ourselves to the southward of Cape Sable, the south-western extremity of the peninsula of Nova Scotia, and shaping our course more to the westward, we steered direct for Boston. Except for the cold, we might have fancied ourselves steaming along the blue waters of the Mediterranean, rather than the broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean.

We had much to discuss and arrange during the day, for we had taken our berths for the 16th for New York; but Admiral and Mrs. Fanshawe most kindly pressed us to meet them at Bermuda, after seeing the coast of America; and staying there five or six weeks, to go on with them and the fleet to the West Indies, and see all those lovely islands, and witness the evolutions of the fleet.

The former inducement held out was a great temptation to me—the latter to Tom, especially as it was represented to him, with great eloquence, what an advantage the experience and knowledge thus gained would be to him in the House of Commons. But after much discussion of the pros and cons, we decided to adhere to our original plans, the "Eothen" being hardly large enough for long sea-voyages with a family on board, as she cannot carry coal sufficient to afford to steam a long distance against a head-wind, and does not sail fast enough under those circumstances to make it pleasant for any considerable length of time. So the West Indies and all their delights must be reserved for another voyage. The weather, which was most favourable when we sailed from Halifax, had continued equally fine during the night, and the charm of the voyage had been enhanced by the clear pale light of the full moon; and so our last like our first view of Canada was in lovely weather.

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On leaving Halifax we took farewell of Canada, at all events for this year; and on thinking and talking the matter over afterwards, we all agreed that the first sight of Quebec, Niagara, the Saguenay River, and the Gut of Causo were indeed things to be remembered.

The kindness and hospitality we received throughout the country was extraordinary, and we shall not easily forget it; and I only wish that some of our friends would come to England, and give us the opportunity of showing them some hospitality in return, and of demonstrating by acts that we are not ungrateful.

The thing that strikes travellers with astonishment in Canada is, that from one end of the country to the other you hardly ever come across a beggar or see a ragged person—every one seems comfortable and well to do. For the operative, the mechanic, the artizan, the labourer, and the hard-working man, Canada is indeed a change for the better; but not for the ruined gentleman or the needy tradesman.

The morning, which had dawned so brightly, continued fine as the day wore on; the sea was like glass, and the brilliant rays of the sun were reflected upon the surface of the clear blue waters; but at 1.30, before our second divine service was over, the wind rose suddenly, and our prayers were concluded somewhat hastily, whilst all hands were obliged to hold on as best they could. By five in the afternoon there was a heavy sea on; all sails were close reefed, the mizen stowed, the boats got in on deck, the topmasts housed, and the hatches fixed over the skylights.

As we sailed further into the Gulf of Maine, the wind veered round to the south-east; the waves rose high, striking the vessel abeam, and at eight o'clock every skylight and the after-hatchway were stove in.

A little before midnight the engineer said he would not steam any longer, or the engines would break; but on Mr. Paul assuring him that if he did not continue to work the engines the ship would be put under sail, in which case the sea would wash over her worse than ever, he decided to go on working them as best he could; and so we proceeded on our voyage, the vessel labouring heavily against the wind, the fierce waves dashing over the deck; and one of them struck her with such force that for a moment it seemed as though she could never right herself again.

Monday, October 14th.—Between midnight and one o'clock in the morning the fury of the gale gradually abated, and at daybreak there was only a fresh breeze blowing, though the sea was much too rough to be altogether comfortable, and we experienced some of the miseries incidental to all amateur sailors.

At 10.30 a.m. we took on board our pilot for Boston. At two p.m. we passed Boston lighthouse, and another hour carried us up the fine, well-sheltered harbour to the town. The distance from Halifax to Boston is 400 miles, and we had performed this voyage in forty-two hours.

The approach from the sea to the city is by tortuous channels,

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passing between numerous shoals and islands, which are strongly fortified. After a late luncheon, we landed at the Custom House, and we seemed plunged at once into all the turmoil of the busy streets, which are more like those in the City of our own crowded capital than any we had seen since leaving home. In fact, one is everywhere constantly reminded of old England; for there is the same language heard, the same physical aspect, dress, manner, and style of building. But the resemblance is lost when one sees at every turn huge drays and waggons with negro drivers, and laden with bales of cotton, barrels of flour, and bundles of shoes (which latter articles are the principal manufacture of the province of Massachusetts, of which Boston is the capital), come looming heavily along the streets of the city. The drivers of these vehicles were most careless; and we had not proceeded many hundred yards before we saw three bad smashes, which certainly might have been prevented.

We went first to the Post Office, a fearfully small cramped-up place. There are about thirty pigeon-holes, one for every two letters of the alphabet, one for ladies, one for gentlemen, and one for sailors. To get one's letters is really a tiring task; we could not succeed in getting ours, and had to come away with the unpleasant impression that there must be some awaiting us in one or other of the pigeon-holes. Being all very tired, we returned to the yacht to dinner, leaving the further inspection of Boston till the next day.

Tuesday, October 15th.—After breakfast we went on shore to call on some friends residing at Newton, and on our way we went first through the crowded business streets of Boston, which are full of warehouses and counting-houses, then to Beacon Street, which is par excellence the fashionable street of Boston for shopping, and very much resembles Piccadilly, especially as the park, called Boston Common, is situated close to it, reminding one of the Green Park, which carries out the

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A hig the E in cla resemblance still further. This common, which is fifty acres in extent, is one of the most charming features in the city, surrounded as it is by streets composed of handsome houses, standing on a gentle declivity overlooking it.

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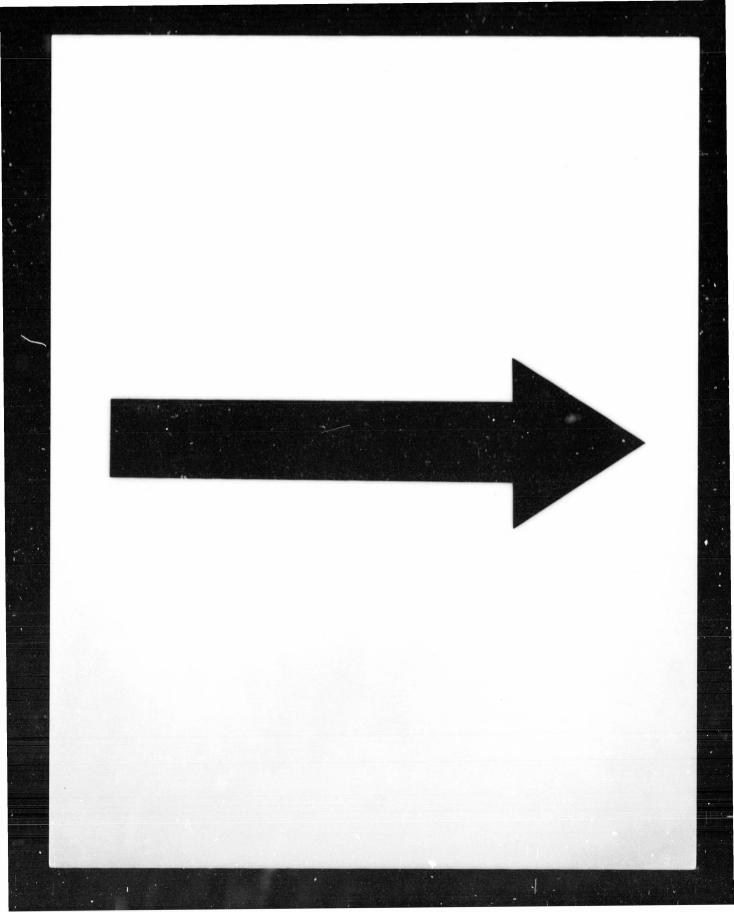
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After leaving Beacon Street, which numbers many hundred houses, we drove along by the river St. Charles till we came to the open country, which is very pretty and cheerful-looking, from the numerous villas scattered about. We drove back through Brighton. It sounds very curious to hear the names of places we are so familiar with in the old country repeated so often in the new.

We returned on board to lunch, after which we landed again to dine at the club, to which there is a separate ladies' establishment; and then we went to a concert in the splendid Music Hall, containing the renowned monster organ, which is said to be the second largest instrument in the in the world. Rubenstein played the piano, and Wienawski the violin; but though their talent was wonderful, it was too mechanical to be altogether pleasing. Madlle. Liebhart and a young contralto were the principal vocalists, but we did not hear them well, as their voices were not powerful enough to fill the enormous hall.

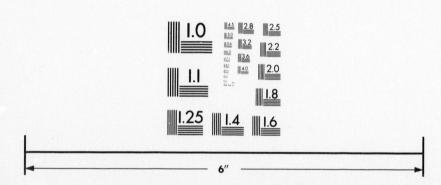
When we returned to the yacht, about eleven, it was bright moon-light, and freezing hard.

Wednesday, October 16th.—We were on shore by 10.30, to meet Mr. Philbrick, the Commissioner of Public Education, who had kindly offered to show us round the schools. Boston is considered the Athens of the New World, and her educational establishments among the greatest wonders. There are fifty primary schools, and twenty-five grammar schools, and not less than nine hundred teachers are employed. A high education in English literature and natural science is given at the English high school, and at the Latin school boys are so far advanced in classical study that they proceed direct from there to college.



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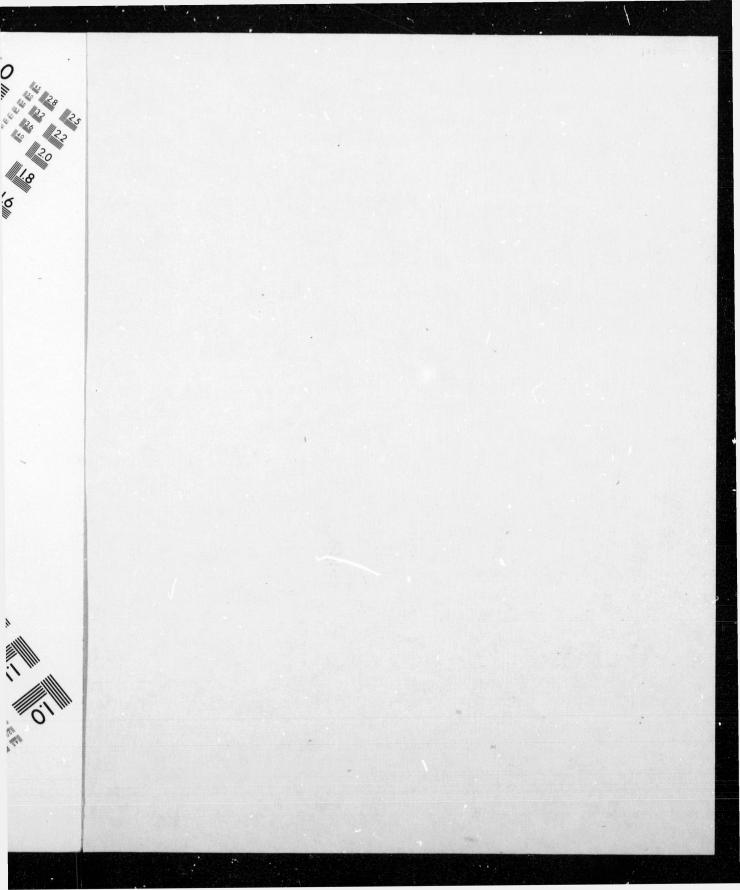
# IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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This city also maintains a normal school for the training of teachers, where the students receive an education in classics, mathematics, the natural sciences, history, and modern languages, such as only a lamentably small minority of the graduates of our own universities succeed in

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We began with the lowest school, where children are educated from the ages of four to seven; the next school takes them from seven to ten the third from ten to fourteen, and the highest school from fourteen to eighteen. In the latter, some of the questions asked in the school of natural philosophy on the force of gravity would have puzzled many grown-up persons to answer. These schools, which are divided into separate rooms, are free to all, and you see in them the sons and daughters of labourers side by side with the children of professional men, artists, lawyers clergymen, etc. Added to these are to be found a gradually increasing number of the daughters of the rich merchants of the city. Of course, out of this state of affairs it follows that the education is not equally adapted for all classes; and it seems to me as though the labourers' daughters had better be taught to sew, and be made useful members of that class of society in which God has placed them, than taught, as they are, abstruse sciences, together with music and drawing-all of which, in most cases, can be of little use to them, when they leave school. Some of the pupils were literally in rags; but about the 1st of October the master and mistress make what is called a requisition to the parents of the richer children, for the cast-off clothes of the more prosperous scholars, which is always most liberally responded to. We were much impressed with the agreeable and superior manners of the teachers, and the pleasant relationships evidently existing between them and their pupils. The female teachers, especially, were all most unexceptionably lady-like and well bred.

The admirable system of instruction maintained in these schools

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indicates the possession of very high intellectual gifts by those engaged in teaching in them; and the sons of some of the best men in Boston have graduated here. Many of the poorer boys employ their recreation hours in running errands, and selling newspapers and matches, literally to enable them to keep body and soul together. Attendance at school is compulsory, and it is enforced by law; but there is such a spirit of emulation among the boys that the penalties rarely have to be carried out.

After a long and interesting morning, we had quite a party to lunch in the yacht, and afterwards we went on board the "Vesta," a yacht of 300 tons, belonging to Mr. Baker: she is a fine cruising boat, and came over to England in the first ocean race some years ago, with the "Henrietta" and "Fleetwing," and was first in the Channel, but lost the race through some difficulty in obtaining a pilot, owing to a fog. We then went over the "Columbia," a new centreboard boat of about 250 tons, built for racing and light winds, by Mr. J. Lester Walloch, a celebrated actor, and the owner of a theatre at New York, but who is now starring the provinces with some of his company.

We dined at the Club, and in the evening went to the theatre to see him and his company in "Rosedale;" and very well they acted.

The theatre is a very fine building, beautifully decorated; but the audience all wearing bonnets, gave it a dowdy appearance. The seats are differently arranged to ours, as there are only four private boxes, and these being *quite* on the stage, are seldom used.

Thursday, October 17th.—We met Mr. Perkins at eleven o'clock, and went with him to the Athenæum Club, where we met Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gurney; the former is over here on the long-pending Alabama Question and Washington Treaty.

The Athenæum possesses a fine library, containing 90,000 volumes and the nucleus of a collection of paintings, Etruscan potteries, and

Egyptian armour and curiosities. Among the paintings there is a fine specimen of Greuze, and two most interesting portraits of Washington and his wife.

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The public library contains about 150,000 volumes, to which all comers have free access.

In the afternoon we visited all the principal shops, and among them Messrs. Little and Browne's magnificent book-store, where *all* the latest editions of English and American works are to be procured. The latest English novels, which were just published at a guinea and a half when we left England, can be now had here for four shillings the set, well bound, and in good type.

From the book-store we went to Mr. Briggs' china shop, and here, too, we found all the newest designs and productions of Worcester and Staffordshire ware, which were much more moderate than we had been led to expect; for as a rule, a dollar here (4s. 2d.) only goes as far as a shilling in England, which tells well for the prosperity of the country, and the fertility of the land far west, from which all its wealth really springs.

We found the silk stores, photographic shops, and, in fact, shops of all kinds were all equally good.

Afterwards we drove out to Harvard University, the name of which is now familiar to England since the memorable boat race on the Thames between the Oxford and Harvard crews in 1870. This college is at Cambridge, which is about two miles from Boston. In exterior, it does not offer the same architectural attractions as our own venerable universities, for it looks like a group of cottages, some built of red brick, and others of grey stone, and which are situated round a grass quadrangle which forms the University. The professors live in villas adjoining the college; their residences are built very much in the same style as those of the professors at Sandhurst.

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Whilst waiting for the president, Dr. Elliott, we saw almost all the students either going in or coming out of a large lecture-hall. They appeared to be about the same age as our own Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates, but they wore neither caps nor gowns, indulging instead in very objectionable hats of all shapes and colours; and perhaps it was this that made them appear in our eyes far less gentlemanly-looking than our own young fellow-countrymen. Dr. Elliott was most kind, and showed us the chapel and class-rooms, the lecture-hall, theatre, and laboratories, where the students practise chemistry in all its branches, first under instruction, and then by themselves; and the museum, the funds to purchase which were left by Mr. Peabody, who is so well known in England for the many charitable deeds he performed there, as well as in his own country. We also went into the hall which is being erected in memory of the students who fell during the Rebellion.

There are 900 students. The age of admission, the duration of the academical career, and the system of living, closely resemble the *régime* of our own universities.

It surprised us to learn that some of the students have an income of £1,000 a year, and that the greater number expend a larger sum annually than the Oxford undergraduate of average means.

The students have established several clubs, similar to our own Union at Oxford, where dramatic performances take place, and where all the amenities of a good club can be obtained.

The scheme of studies at Harvard is wider and more complete than at Oxford. There is also a special school of law, which is largely attended. There is likewise, in connection with the University, a school of medicine attached to a hospital at Boston; and, a few miles from Harvard, there is an agricultural college and a model farm.

After seeing everything that was of any interest, we hurried back to the city, being engaged to dine with a friend at the Club. On our

homeward way we passed the club boat-house, with all the boats drawn up in front of it, on the river St. Chadd, which is the training-ground of the Harvard crew. After dinner, Tom went to meet General Butler at the Tremont House.\* The General is celebrated for the atrocities he committed at New Orleans and Charlestown, but he is now a sort of demigod and stump-orator on General Grant's side. We went on to the Faneuil Hall, where the meeting of the supporters of Grant and Wilson for the presidential election was to be held. After some delay, Mr. Wilson (who had been for many years the senator for Massachusetts County, and was now the favourite candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States), mounted the platform. The hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. It was the place where American independence had been first proclaimed. General Harriman, Governor of New Hampshire, was speaking when we arrived. Previous to joining the army, he had been a Methodist parson; he spoke very much in the style of Spurgeon, but the fluency and eloquence of his discourse were completely marred by his misapplied quotations from Scripture, which must be condemned, as profane. General Butler arrived in the middle of this speecch, and was received with great acclamation, the band playing "Hail Columbia!" He spoke next; and though there was a considerable amount of cleverness in what he said, and he showed great power of repartee, part of his speech was almost blasphemous, from his constantly arrogating to himself the words and character of our Saviour.

Then followed a song; and after this Mr. Wilson gave us a long and dull oration; but as he informed us that it was his ninety-eighth, it was not to be wondered at.

When he had finished his speech, there was more music and singing, and the meeting broke up very quietly with a great torchlight procession

<sup>\*</sup> The great hotel.

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all round the town. It was a very pretty sight; the cavalry and infantry were preceded by their respective bands, and the light from the torches glimmered brightly, and the music sounded cheerily through the darkness of the night. Every four years, just before the presidential election, the young men of the different clubs enrol themselves into bands of cavalry and infantry. They adopt uniforms of various colours; and officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates meet at a particular place, and march in procession at the head of each regiment, carrying political banners.

It was rather late by the time we reached the yacht, and we were somewhat tired with our long day of sight-seeing.

Friday, October 18th.—We landed at ten a.m., and went to the Faneuil Market, which is close to the Hall where we were last night. It is a fine building; but instead of the usual stalls, there are small shops on either side, well supplied with produce of all kinds; some with butcher's meat of excellent quality, others with vegetables of every species and of luxurious growth, barrow-loads of chickens and turkeys, ducks of every variety, game of every kind, and prairie hens from the far west, packed in ice; racoons, squirrels, bear, buffalo, and moose meat, are to be seen on all sides. By-the-bye, we had a steak of the latter meat the other day, and found it very good.

The fishmongers' shops are equally well supplied with every description of fish—soles like our flounders, bass, and black and white halibut, which is a kind of enormous turbot, about seven or eight inches thick, and weighs from 200 to 300 lbs., but nevertheless very delicate eating, particularly the chicken halibut. Then there was horse mackerel, another enormous fish, like an exaggerated specimen of its kind. Oysters were in abundance, of several sorts, large and small and very different to ours, though very delicious with a peculiar flavour of their own. Clams are a kind of cross between an oyster and a

mussel, and a favourite American delicacy. The lobsters here are of enormous size and of wonderful cheapness.

Besides the vegetables and fruits used at English tables, we noticed a great variety of beans,—there were at least six or seven kinds, some eaten with the pod, and some without; Indian-corn, green, ripe, split, hard, and prepared for cookery in multitudinous fashions,—one kind, called suckatash, a mixture of beans and corn, is considered the best; squashed pumpkins, egg plant, oyster plant (both of these are excellent fried), capsicums, green peppers (which are eaten stuffed), yams, cucumbers, etc.

It had been a great apple year, and there were piles lying about of every variety; nuts of every kind: chickory-nuts, pea-nuts, and butter-nuts.

The cheesemongers' stalls were all supplied with good, though rather salt, butter; and the cheese, though plentiful, was of very inferior quality.

After an hour spent in the market, we went to breakfast with some old friends of Mr. Brassey, who gave us a most elegant and recherché breakfast, where we had the pleasure of meeting, among others, Dr. Holmes, a celebrated American poet, and the father of our hostess.

It was our intention to visit the Merrimac Cotton Mills, at Lowell, distant some thirty-five miles from Boston; but our visit to the market took us so long, that only some of our party were able to go by the twelve o'clock train, to keep the appointment with Mr. Skinnt and General John Palfrey, the manager of the works, who had promised to show us over them. The rest of the party followed by a later train, and joined them at lunch at the Washington Hotel.

At the Merrimac Mills there are 2,600 hands employed, and every process of the cotton manufacture is carried on there. The cotton

arrives in bales, and is sent out from the mills a printed fabric, ready for sale and use.

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The working hours at Lowell are arranged to make the working time sixty-six hours per week; and no indication has yet been given of a disposition among the operatives to reduce the time. The workpeople are paid, as far as possible, by the piece. The monthly pay-sheet at these mills amounts to 75,000 dollars, which, distributed among 2,600 operatives, gives an average of thirty dollars a month, or thirty shillings a week.

The majority of the workpeople are Americans; but there are many Irish, French Canadians, Scotch, and English.

There is also a large carpet manufactory, the owners of which were the first to employ women to do work in branches which had hitherto been done by men only, and the experiment has answered perfectly.

It was most interesting to see the excellent arrangements that the proprietors had made for the workpeople; providing, especially for the unmarried women, several lodging-houses, in each of which thirty women were well boarded and lodged, at the cost of about three and a half dollars a week, and their meals served up in *table d'hôte* fashion, with an extraordinary variety of dishes.

To each house is attached two large reading-rooms, supplied with newspapers, periodicals, etc., and well warmed and lighted, in which they can sit and sew.

One room is set apart for the reception of their friends, male and female, the other for their own private use. As they earn—that is to say, the women—from five to eight dollars a week, they have plenty of opportunity of saving, though their dress costs a good deal more than it would in England.

Attached to the mill is a fine hospital for them when sick; in fact, the proprietors have spared no expense in providing every comfort for their workpeople. Whilst we were at the mill, we saw an operation peculiar to America—that of screwing up three stories higher the entire roof of an enormous mill. This operation takes from a week to ten days, the screws moving gently all the time without a single slate being disturbed.

The Palatine Hotel in Boston was screwed up in the same way from the very basement, with all the inmates going on with their usual occupations, and the fires burning all the time. Some people we heard of were not so fortunate, for while their house was being screwed up, the cold weather set in, and the draught from the space underneath the planks was "pretty considerable," and in consequence all the waterpipes were frozen, besides many other catastrophes occurring.

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The country through which we passed on the way to and from Lowell was very uninteresting, being flat and swampy; but the mickleberries and blueberries, which grow there in abundance, together with the autumn tints, relieved the monotony of the scenery.

On our return to Boston, we went to see the Public Library, which is one of its institutions, and which is open to all, without subscription or admission ticket. It contains a large and very valuable collection of books in every language, which may be either lent to the readers to take home, or may be read in the spacious rooms provided for that purpose, and which are well lighted and warmed.

We went out to dinner in the evening, and had a very delightful party, met some interesting people, and tasted some curious national dishes. Evie and I were presented with two lovely bouquets, one of Boston rosebuds and the other of Neapolitan violets, all grown under glass; and on leaving, we found, according to Boston fashion, that a splendid bouquet, composed of lovely roses and ferns, and quite two feet wide, had been placed in the carriage.

Saturday, October 19th.- Several friends came on board to break-

ships sailing upon it, Newport being one of the great highways of the world.\*

The season here is now over, and the large hotels are shut up, which makes the place look somewhat desolate.

We all agreed that in no other town had we seen more conspicuous evidence of the abundant accumulation of the wealth of the American people, than is afforded by the long array of sumptuous mansions and pleasant gardens in Newport.

We lunched and passed a very agreeable afternoon in the society of some highly-accomplished friends, who have a charming house, full of all kinds of beautiful things which they had collected during twelve years of foreign travel. We took a drive with them in the afternoon to see all over the town, for which the coachman asked the exorbitant sum of twelve dollars (£2 10s.); but after much discussion he finally took ten.

Late in the afternoon we rejoined the "Eothen," and at 5.30 we once more weighed anchor, and proceeded on our voyage to New York, a distance of 160 miles from Newport.

\* We were much amused by seeing cards printed like the following, in which the owner and  $sole\ man$  styled himself captain.

## BURKINSHAW'S LINE

OF FAST SAILING

## PLEASURE BOATS.

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The above Boats are furnished with Cork Cushions, and are in readiness at all hours for sailing and fishing parties.

Also for Narragansett Pier and West Island.

Apply at No. 27 KINSLEY'S WHARF, Newport, R. I.

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### NEW YORK.

Continuation of October 23rd.—Soon after leaving Newport we were exposed to the open sea, but it was tolerably calm; however, later in the night, as we were going up Long Island Sound, it became very rough, and the yacht rolled fearfully. It had been blowing hard from the east, and so some of the Atlantic swell managed to creep past, shattering capes and headlands, and sweeping the Sound.

Thursday, October 24th.—Though we had such a rolling in the night, the sea was again quite smooth by six o'clock a.m., and about seven we got up and went on deck to see the shores of Long Island Sound, which are very pretty, especially on the Connecticut side. Along the banks are hundreds of comfortable-looking villas, standing in the midst of well-kept parks and gardens, sloping to the sea-shore. This is the yachting ground of New York, and being sheltered from the effects of bad weather, it offers the same advantages to the yachting fraternity of New York as the Solent does to those at home.

The approach to New York for the last few miles is by a narrow channel—one part of which is so dangerous that it is most appropriately called "Hell-Gate." It is tortuous in the extreme, and the strength of the tide sometimes reaches eight knots an hour, and in the very centre

employed in manufactures. It was here that the first cotton mills in the States were established, and it is now the most important manufacturing town in the Union. On the high ground above the business quarters are the private residences of the prosperous merchants and manufacturers; and the number of handsome houses is quite remarkable; very few of *our* largest provincial towns possess such suburbs. The situation and character of the houses reminded us much of Claughton Hill, at Birkenhead.

We landed after lunch to call on General Burnside, who, we found, had not returned from Europe; and then we went to Mr. Goddard's, and found him at home. He accompanied us in a drive through the principal streets to an adjacent hill, from whence there is a fine view of the town; and from there we went to the grounds of the Lunatic Asylum, where the best view of the river Pawtucket, which runs through the town, is obtained. It was a lovely drive, and the tints of the foliage were very beautiful. We returned on board to dinner, and for the first time it was really warm enough to enjoy the moonlight on deck.

Tuesday, October 22nd.—We went on shore at ten, to meet Mr. Goddard, and drove with him through Providence into the country, to see the Lonsdale Cotton Mill at Ashton, which is six miles out of the town. The drive to the mill passes through a pleasing but thinly-populated country.

On arriving at our destination, we found that the business of the Company was carried on in several mills, at short distances apart, each mill having become the nucleus of a small village, with its own schools and church, all built for the convenience of the hands employed. Three miles further on are the Dalston Mills, on the River Blackstone, belonging to the same Company, and which are worked by water power. These mills had also a church and school, besides every possible con-

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arrow riately gth of centre venience and comfort for the people employed—lecture rooms, a music hall, and bath-house; the latter is a new institution, and much valued and used by all the operatives at the mill—except by one old man, who said he had not washed for forty years, and he did not see why he should begin now.

Most of the hands came from Lancashire or Ireland, and the manager told us that the numbers of letters which arrived from England on mail days was something wonderful, and still more wonderful was the amount of money sent home (by the Irish especially) to aged parents, or to pay for the passage out of relatives to join them. Charming woods and pleasant sheets of water surround these hives of industry; and few among the privileged occupants of the lordly country mansions of England look out upon a fairer scene. The factory buildings have an imposing architectural façade, and the large rooms containing the machinery are much loftier than they usually would be in a similar establishment in England.

This Company employ 1,900 hands, and the factory we visited contained 40,000 spindles. The wages here greatly exceed those of similar operatives in England. Male weavers earn from eleven to thirteen dollars, and female weavers from ten to eleven dollars, weekly; spinners from a dollar to a dollar and a half a-day. The females pay for their board and lodging, in the lodging-houses provided by their employers, three dollars, and the men four dollars, a week. It will be thus seen that, notwithstanding the high price of the necessaries of life there must be a considerable surplus at the disposal of the operative which is shown by the fact that many of the hands have 5,000 dollars at their credit in the savings' banks.

By building roomy cottages and offering them at moderare rents, the Lonsdale Company have encouraged families to settle round the mills, as it is considered that when whole families are employed they are more

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We returned to Providence through Pawtucket, and went on board the yacht to lunch; after which the gentlemen of our party went to inspect the establishment of the Peabody Rifle Company, which during the war was the manufactory for the Peabody rifle, but as the cessation of the rebellion has put an end to the demand for fire arms, it has been turned into a manufactory for sewing machines, where two hundred machines are turned out every day, which number will shortly be increased to three hundred, as the sale is constantly increasing. In this establishment there are many English but no Scotch workmen, and all the boys are Irish. The native American avoids all manual labour, if possible, and prefers to earn a smaller income as a clerk to following a mechanical occupation.

A fact that struck us much during our stay here, from watching the oyster and other boats sailing about, was the cleverness of our American cousins in building and rigging them. These boats have one large sail, with the sheet working on an iron horse, are turned in an instant, and are easily managed by one man. Most of the coasting schooners we have seen are more like yachts than anything else, being so beautifully clean and well kept, and their sails wonderfully cut, and as flat as a board.

In the evening we had a pleasant dinner-party at Mr. Goddard's, where we met Mrs. Burnside, the wife of the General, and a lady from Cincinnati, who had just returned from an expedition with her husband to California and the Rocky Mountains, of which she gave a most delightful account. There was also another lady who, with her husband had spent part of the summer shooting and fishing in the White Mountains, and with considerable naiveté described how much she enjoyed herself when she got into the wilds and "left her bustle, false hair, and all those sort of things i shind at Newport, and just took one small

trunk." Altogether the conversation was most amusing and original, and even clever. We did not leave till past eleven, to return to the yacht.

Wednesday, October 23rd.—We were under weigh at 7.30 a.m.; and steaming down the river with a favourable tide, for fifteen miles, we reached the village of Bristol, off which we anchored for an hour, in order to visit the establishment of John B. Harreshoff, a celebrated blind boat-builder. Though blind since he was five years of age, he has such an exquisite sense of touch, which has entirely guided him, that he has built some of the fastest sailing boats and small yachts in America; and the yachts of which he has prepared the models have been most successful in gaining prizes. One cutter in particular, the "Zaidé," which we saw at anchor, had beaten everything in the New York Club without time allowance. He is now building a yacht for Mr. Russell Peabody, to cross the Atlantic in, with some peculiarities to measurement. Mr. Harreshoff and his father came on board to see the "Eothen;" and it was very curious to see the father describing each cabin in a short, quick, categorical way, and the son feeling everything with the greatest interest, especially the oven fire and the deckhouse.

We ate our breakfast with rapidity, so as to see as much of the river scenery as possible, and to keep an appointment at Newport, which we reached about 11.30, and landed soon after twelve. This is the favourite and most fashionable summer seaside resort in the States, and is much frequented by all the foreign diplomatists and better-class people. There are a great many houses here, both large and small, and they seem to be all built of wood, rather in the Swiss châlet style, and stand in small plots of ground varying in size from a quarter of an acre to four acres, which are all laid out in well-kept gardens and lawns. Some lock upon the harbour, and others on to the open ocean, with thousands of

fast, and to see the yacht. After they left, we weighed anchor, at eleven a.m., the "Vesta" and "Columbia" yachts saluting us by dipping their ensigns and firing guns.

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It was very fine overhead, but as soon as we were outside the harbour we found a heavy swell rolling and the sea washing overboard, and we were all more or less miserable.

Towards six o'clock, as we rounded Cape Cod, it became better, and we were all enabled to enjoy our dinner at 7.30. But at 8.30, when we rounded Chatham, and got on to the shoals of . . . . , the yacht rolled worse than ever, and some of us were incapacitated, and obliged to retire to bed.

We dropped anchor at Tarpaulin Cove, inside Vineyard Sound, at the Island of Hawshon, about 1.30.

Sunday, October 20th.—It was still blowing a gale, but very bright, clear, and cold. After breakfast and church we went on shore to Mr. Forbes, the owner of the island, who had kindly asked us all (children included) to spend the day with him at his house.

We found three waggons waiting on shore for our party, into which we were all packed, and proceeded to drive along the most extraordinary road, or rather, right across country without any road at all; for sometimes we went deep into the sands of the sea-shore, and sometimes along banks at such an angle that we all tumbled on to the top of one another. Nothing but an American waggon could have kept its perpendicular position, for sometimes we went over downs with large boulders stretching up through the long coarse grass, over which we went with a jerk and a bound, then through woods, right against trees, and over the trunks of fallen ones. However, notwithstanding all the perilous adventures of the drive, we arrived safely at last, though a good deal shaken.

The glades in the woods were very beautiful. Many of the trees were covered with a long grey moss, hanging down like old men's

beards; and two or three of the swamps we passed were almost smothered with it,—and being surrounded by scarlet maples, the effect of this mixture of grey and scarlet was most beautiful. We passed a place called the "Amphitheatre," where there were some wonderfully fine trees; then reached the house, which is a large wooden building, with several rooms on a floor.

We met with a most kind reception from our host and his family, who, as I have mentioned before, is the owner of the island, which is ten miles long by three broad.

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There is a little harbour just below the house, the entrance to which is very narrow, winding, and difficult to find; but once in, you have a small expanse of deep water so embosomed in the midst of the forest that it gives the idea of its being an inland lake. This cove was full of yachts and boats of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, belonging to Mr. Forbes.

Our drive back to Tarpaulin Cove, in the dusk, was luckily straighter and over better ground than that of the morning, or it would have been quite impracticable at that time of night.

It was bitterly cold, and still blowing hard, and we found our fires on board most comfortable.

Monday, October 21st.—We sailed from Hawshon at two a.m., and steamed at a speed of ten knots to the coast of Rhode Island, and had it rather rough until we got into Newport; then we had a smooth sea up the Bay, past Bristol Rocky Point, to the mouth of the Providence River, where we hove-to and took a pilot on board, who conducted us safely up the river to the town of Providence, which we reached about twelve. It was a lovely sail, as the shores were quite close and were clothed with trees, villas, etc.

Providence is the capital of Rhode Island, and is situated at the head of the Bay, on the river of the same name. It is a large manufacing town, and contains several fine streets. The population is chiefly

of the passage is a sharp pointed rock, which requires not only good steering but accurate calculation to avoid it. I wonder it has never been blasted, as thousands of ships must go through annually at considerable risk.

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About nine a.m. we approached the suburbs of New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn, and passed Blackwell Island, which contains innumerable large buildings-mostly hospitals, prisons, and penitentiaries. We then soon came upon the busy part of the city, full of large warehouses and factories of all kinds, and ships loading and unloading. The navigation here is very difficult, for besides the crowds of sailing vessels and steamships, which are continually passing up and down in the not-over-wide channel, we met numbers of steamers, each towing a train of twelve or fourteen barges behind them with long towropes,—a most awkward procession to avoid on a crowded river. These barges are left at the mouth of the Richelieu Canal, to find their own way back to Canada, either by current or horse towage. We had a very close shave of a collision, and were obliged to risk running ashore to avoid it. Luckily for us, they were blasting the reef, and dredging it away, though the beacons had not been removed. We entered the harbour about ten, and dropped anchor off the Battery, close to Staten Island ferry.

The crowded wharves, the numberless ships and coasters, the ferries at frequent intervals, gave an extraordinary animation to the scene.

We landed about eleven, and our boat became the centre of an admiring crowd. We then walked up the famous Broadway to the Post Office, to get our letters, and found a large packet of them; but unfortunately they were old, having travelled vià Chicago and Quebec.

We next proceeded to Wall Street, where we hired a carriage, and drove along the Broadway to the Albemarle Hotel, which is

close to the Fifth Avenue; for this drive the coachman had the face to ask the modest sum of fifteen dollars, but on our arguing the point with him, he consented to take twelve (£2 10s.)!!

The Broadway is a fine street, though wanting in great architectural features. It runs some six miles in a straight line through the heart of New York, and then three miles on to the Central Park, through more fashionable quarters. On this long line of street the great entrepôts of business, both wholesale and retail, the numerous banking establishments, and the resorts of fashion, gradually succeed each other. Many of the buildings are on a colossal scale, and are of grandiose and skilful design, but the whole effect is spoilt by the houses being covered from top to bottom with large advertisements, paper bills, and placards on the walls; besides these, they hang election pictures and placards suspended in lines across the street, which has a very odd effect. Most of the shops struck us as being small, and seeming to contain only very common goods, all of which are profusely ticketed and puffed up: "The best chance of Yankee notions at the lowest price!" etc., etc.

The general appearance and character gives the idea of being like the worst end of Oxford Street, except that there are such enormous crowds of people, all seeming in such a hurry, that at first it is difficult to divest oneself of the idea that they are all just arrived by some large train or steamboat. Further up the Broadway, above Maddison Square, its character somewhat improves, but still advertisements and placards are conspicuous everywhere.

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Stewart's, the great linendraper's, retail stores, is the finest mercantile building I ever saw. It is built of white marble, inside and out. In the centre there is a vast hall, reaching to the roof of the building, having an open gallery at each story; and the staircase leading to it is made of marble, as also the balustrades. The architecture is a splendid example of modern renaissance. The various floors afford a total area of thirteen

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acres, and 1,200 persons are employed in conducting the business. The warehouse is crowded with customers of all ranks, from the wealthiest purchasers of fashionable goods to the lowly school-girl, with her pile of books under her arm, who comes here to lay out a few cents in articles of the first necessity. No wonder that the profits are large. Though the prices are more moderate than those of dealers on a smaller scale, the wide extent of the operations has been so profitable to the proprietor that he is said to have returned himself as liable to an income-tax of fabulous amount.

The hotels of New York are characteristic features of the city. They are of immense size, exceeding the largest establishments of the same kind in Europe; equal to them in luxury, but infinitely surpassing them in the scale of charges imposed on the traveller. I think the Fifth Avenue Hotel is the finest; it consists of a fine block of marble buildings.

The Albemarle, where we lunched, is a quiet little hotel next door to the former, and is conducted on the American system. They kept us a prodigious time before they brought us anything to eat. We afterwards went for a drive to the Central Park, passing on our way through the fashionable heart of the city. The residential quarters cover a wide space, and are not inferior in architectural taste, or in the size of the houses, to South Kensington, Westburnia, or the other residential quarters of our own metropolis; the streets are broad, and all paved, which must be a great nuisance to the inhabitants.

The Central Park extends over 600 acres of undulating ground, the effect of which has been enhanced by the introduction of artificial lakes, rocks, streams, and caves, all looking as if they were perfectly natural. Then there are numerous restaurants, summer-houses, grottoes, and shady arbours; a platform for the band; and pleasure boats are kept for hire on the different lakes. These are also interspersed with statuary,

cages with rare birds, and enclosures for wild animals; in fact, there is everything calculated to amuse a large population.

The plantations are well laid out, and will be extremely effective in about twenty years hence, when the trees are larger; though they look very pretty even now in their bright autumn tints, standing out among the grey rocks.

We returned on board the yacht to dinner, the coachman who drove us there again charging us exorbitantly, and we paid as usual an excessive sum for our fare, for which our driver apologised by saying a horse epidemic had appeared the day before, and that four or five thousand horses were laid up.

The view of the city after dark is very striking, being always very brilliantly illuminated; and the innumerable ferry-boats rushing about till twelve at night, with their large and numerous windows blazing with light, give great life and animation to the scene.

Friday, October 25th.—We went on shore after breakfast to visit some Indian cousins, who were staying at a beautiful house in West Fourteenth Street. The construction of the house was rather peculiar, for the host and hostess could not agree as to the architecture or decorations; and having built a beautiful oak staircase and hall hung with pictures, leading into a conservatory, they agreed to differ, and each built one side of the house according to his and her own peculiar taste. We then took the children to see Barnham's Museum, or rather that of his successor, but it was not worth seeing.

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In the afternoon we paddled in the wet to see something of the shops and town; after which we dined at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which is a gigantic but well managed house. It contains 800 beds, an immense restaurant, besides two enormous dining-rooms with various sized tables, and three public drawing-rooms,—one for ladies, one for gentlemen, and the third for common use. It seems that the corridors of the American

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hotels are the great places for conversation, there being no private sitting-rooms; and here it was most amusing to watch the various groups strolling about and gossiping. The women are not pretty as a rule, though with exceptions, especially when young, of extreme beauty, but are well dressed, and know, like the Frenchwomen, how to put their clothes on; their costumes were generally black, relieved with a bright colour.

After dinner we went to a pretty little theatre to hear the Californian minstrels, and we were much amused to find that we had heard them before at the music hall at Hastings some years ago; though I think their niggerism was a little stronger on this side the water than on ours.

To-day it was very difficult to procure any conveyance, as the horse epidemic had attacked 15,000 horses, and in consequence even the tramcars on some of the lines had been obliged to stop running.

Saturday, October 26th.—Another wet day! We went ashore about twelve, and found the streets almost deserted by vehicles, 37,000 horses having been attacked out of 45,000. It is particularly inconvenient, as, New York being a long narrow strip of a town, consisting of the Broadway up the centre, and four or five avenues on each side, the distances are enormous from one place to another. All the crossway streets are numbered, and are very short, and look on to the water at each end. When we return from the trip up the Hudson, which we contemplate making, we shall be at the foot of Twenty-Eighth Street, which we hope to find more convenient than the Battery.

We went into the Albemarle to have an oyster lunch, which was very good, as the oysters are certainly fine, though their size somewhat alarmed us at first.

Afterwards we went to see the "Roi Carotte" at the Grand Opera House. The piece was beautifully put on the stage, and the house is very prettily decorated. In the evening we dined at the Brevoort House, which is considered the best hotel in New York. It is not very large, but is very quiet, and beautifully furnished and managed; the cuisine is undeniable, and the meals are served in the European fashion, which we found a pleasant change after the style of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the black waiter used suddenly to ask us, "Are you through yet?" before we had time to put down our knives and forks, and then in a few minutes would ask quite as abruptly, "Do you wish a change?" —meaning of plates, though the expression infallibly suggested linen to our minds.

The mail from England was just in, and there was great difficulty about the luggage and letters on account of the dearth of horses. After walking some way we managed to find a very crowded horse car to take us back to the yacht.

Sunday, October 27th.—We had to be up pretty early, to walk to Wall Street ferry, cross to Brooklyn, and then walk to hear the celebrated Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who is the popular preacher in the States. He is one of the Plymouth Brethren, and preaches somewhat in the style of Spurgeon, but is very superior to him in power, refinement, and eloquence. The place of worship where he holds forth accommodates between 3,000 and 4,000 persons. It was densely crowded, and though we had an order for a pew, it was impossible to reach it; however, one of the pew-openers procured us some chairs close to the pulpit. The seats are sold singly by auction, for a year, some time in May; he makes about £9,000 a year by it, most of which he spends in doing good. All the prayers were extempore, and the singing congregational. The sermon was wonderful, and the fervent piety, the lucid exposition, the command of eloquent language, the power, not unmingled with tenderness, and the marvellous vigour and animation of the preacher, were worthy of his high reputation, and riveted, through

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the space of an hour, the deepest attention of all his congregation. It was a rare privilege to observe with what heartfelt emotion his hearers followed the sermon, in close and constant sympathy with its ever-varying themes. I hope we may be able to hear him again next Sunday. After the sermon a collection was made for an orphan school, and instead of the alms-bags or plates to which we are accustomed at home, little waste-paper baskets were passed with great difficulty from one to the other of the vast congregation, in which the offerings were deposited.

Brooklyn is a pleasant suburb of New York, just across the water, where business men liking to live out of the city can reach their homes easily and cheaply; and some of their houses are very handsome buildings.

The New York navy yard is situated in Brooklyn, and covers a large area of ground, but is deficient in many important accessories. There is but one graving dock, and the repairing basin is small. We were surprised to observe that the inhabitants of this populous suburb are apparently in circumstances as straitened as the workmen in the same grade in one of the large cities of England. The children were running about barefooted, the houses were mean and dirty; in short, there was not less squalor and indigence in Brooklyn than in the most poverty-stricken quarters of London.

We returned on board to lunch, and afterwards Mr. Bennett, of the "Dauntless," and editor of the New York Herald, paid us a visit, and showed us a long complimentary letter about Tom and the "Eothen" which had appeared in the paper of that morning.

At six o'clock we had a large muster of the crew to service, and dined on board.

Monday, October 28th.—We were to have started at daylight for our Hudson River expedition, but all kinds of delays cropped up, such as

the non-appearance of the clothes from the wash, the oil for the engine, and last, though not least, the provisions—all arising from the want of horses to bring them to the quay; then there was a squabble among the pilots; and when we thought we really were off, the boiler was found to have been ineffectually repaired, and in consequence we had to have the fires put out for it to be looked to, and we did not get off till four o'clock. It was very provoking, but it could not be helped.

The weather was most favourable, clear and sunny, although a north wind blew chill and cold down the river. We threaded our way slowly through the mass of shipping, and then went full speed ahead past the big ocean-going steamers; saw the new Manhattan market as we sailed by, and went through Bull's ferry up the river Hudson—a noble stream, now gay with autumnal tints; for the fall is later here than in Canada.

The scenery was beautiful, and we gazed, in rapid succession, on pleasant villas, prosperous and busy towns, precipitous bluffs, high hills, masses of trees with gorgeous foliage, and views which, whether extending far into the receding valleys or confined to a narrow foreground, never fail to present some new attraction.

The traffic on the river is most active. We have counted twenty-seven barges, each carrying a cargo of from 200 to 300 tons, towed by a single steam-tug, frequently during the day. The Hudson is navigable for sea-going coasters as far as Albany, 150 miles above New York. From Albany there is communication by canal with the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. This system of water carriage is extensively used for the conveyance of lumber, coal, stone, and all bulky materials.

As soon as the barges enter the canals, they are towed by horses, and continue the voyage day and night. For this purpose each barge has two pairs of horses, two drivers, and two steersmen, who relieve each other every six hours. The horses, when resting, are stabled in a large

cabin in the bow of the barge. When the barge to which they are attached is taken below Albany, they are turned into fields until the vessel returns.

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We passed Fort Washington, Fort St. Vincent, and numerous other places, and were soon at Tarrytown, where we dropped anchor for the night. Here Washington Irving spent much of his life; and Sleepy Hollow, where Rip Van Winkle had his famous sleep, is but a few hundred yards up the pretty little river Mill, among the mountains above.

Our pilot was worse than useless, and called this place Sing Sing, till we found out for ourselves that it was not. The day had been cold, but beautifully bright, and at night there was a sharp frost.

Tuesday, October 29th.—We were under weigh at twenty minutes past six a.m., and on deck soon after seven. The scenery was charming, and the morning intensely clear and bright, though cold.

We passed through the Highlands of America, where mountains were stretching back on either side, clothed with hanging woods in full autumn beauty, their sloping banks intersected with many streams which fall headlong over the rocks into the river beneath. Pretty villages, with their churches, were dotted about on either bank, and row-boats were used for the ferries which connected them. The river itself was enlivened by steam-tugs with beam-engines towing long lines of barges (we counted thirty once, and constantly over twenty) like little towns, with a house on deck, and all the domesticities of life going on as if on shore.

We stopped the engines for breakfast, and soon after passed Yonkers and anchored at West Point, a small but favourite watering place, beautifully situated on an angle of the river, and commanding magnificent views in every direction, especially across the Newbury Bay to the town of the same name beyond. We landed and reached the top of the bank through a prettily wooded climbing walk, and then

went to the hotel, which is now shut up and deserted. From there we walked to the Military Academy, which corresponds to our own Sandhurst and Woolwich combined, at which young cadets are trained for service in the United States army. With some exceptions, the successful generals in the war of the rebellion were *all* West Point officers.

The academy has a fine range of buildings, an admirable library, an extensive parade ground, batteries, on which are mounted guns of all calibres, and a stud of horses for cavalry drill; in short, there is every appliance for imparting a complete theoretical instruction in the art of war.

We had a letter to the Commandant and the Professors, but we did not find it necessary. We saw the cadets at drill and cavalry exercise, which was very amusing, and we were very sorry we could not remain till the afternoon, to see their gun drill. They are a smartlooking set of young men, and wear a sensible uniform, very like Bassaglieri.

There are some pretty villas at West Point, and after having seen them and collected a quantity of moss, ferns, and coloured leaves, we embarked and proceeded up the river past Newbury to Poughkeepsie, where we dropped anchor again, as the pilot did not know his way any farther—which was rather provoking, as we believed there was deep water all the way up; but Tom, trusting to the pilot, had not brought a big chart, otherwise we should have sent him ashore. We had an early dinner, and by the six o'clock train in a Pullman car travelled to Albany, which we reached at eight o'clock, and then drove to the Delaware House, a large and most comfortable hotel. After supper we all went gladly to bed.

Wednesday, October 30th.—We were up early, and out by eight a.m., to see something of the town before breakfast. It is a fine large, busy, important town at the head of the navigable waters of the Hudson. It

has a population of 60,000, and contains several fine public buildings and handsome streets and *boulevards*. There is a capital State House and City Hall, and the shops, as usual, are full of ticket puffs and advertisements; but all these American towns—or cities, as they call them—are so much alike, that there is not much to see or to describe.

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We went over the "Drew," one of the largest river steamers in the She runs nightly between Albany and New York, and is 398 feet long by 70 wide, and built in true Noah's Ark fashion, four storeys high. She is most luxuriously fitted up; as their advertisements say, "only recalling the luxuries of Belshazzar's palace." The ceilings are decorated in the most gorgeous panels, with gilt statuettes between, reminding one of the Alhambra. The walls are equally gorgeous, the carpets are of the thickest and softest texture, the hangings are all rosecoloured silk, the lace curtains are embroidered by hand with rosebuds in natural colours; statues and statuettes in every material—alabaster. ormolu, marble, bronze, and wood—stand about in every available corner and niche, and plate-glass mirrors appear in profusion; in fact, everything is of the handsomest and most massive kind and workmanship. The two bridal chambers on board (an institution thoroughly American) were especially magnificent; one was fitted up with pink satin and lace, the other with blue; the ceilings were ornamented with Cupids and doves; the walls were nearly all glass and white marble, draped with satin and lace flowers; statuettes of Venus and Psyche were studded all round the room in niches, some holding candelabra and some baskets of flowers. For these luxurious apartments a dollar extra is paid. For the enjoyment of the ordinary luxuries of the boat the charge is two and a half dollars for ten hours, or one hundred and fifty miles at fifteen miles an hour.

Travelling is certainly cheap in this country, especially so when compared with the high price of everything else. From Poughkeepsie

to Albany, a distance of seventy-one miles, we only paid a dollar and a half each, first class, and half a dollar more to ride in a drawing-room car. This is at the rate of not quite twopence a mile, which is absurdly cheap.

In travelling in this country it was curious to notice how indifferent the Americans really are to beautiful scenery. We remarked this particularly in coming through the Thousand Islands in Canada, when, after having taken the trouble to get up in the middle of the night in order to be ready to start at four o'clock, our fellow-passengers were all asleep, or reading or working in their cabins, when we reached the Thousand Islands, and they never thought of going on deck, or even looking out of the window at the lovely prospect.

After breakfast Tom started for Troy and Cohoes, ten miles from Albany, to see some large factories, and to learn something about work and wages in this country. He says that Cohoes is one of the most flourishing towns in the States; and that from its advantage of unlimited water-power, derived from the falls of the Mohawk, this locality has been selected as a great manufacturing centre; and that the Harmony Mills there form one of the most splendid establishments in the world. The proprietors have several mills, and employ altogether more than four thousand hands. Of these two-thirds are emigrants into the States, principally English and Scotch, though there are many Germans and some French. Tom was very proud to learn that two-thirds of the splendid machinery in these factories was of English manufacture.

We amused ourselves during his absence by taking a two hours' trip by train through pretty and undulating country to Chothorn and Rettesfield. At the latter place we took a carriage and drove to the "Shaker village," on purpose to see some of the manners and customs of those extraordinary people, the "Shakers," who dwell there. In dress

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they somewhat resemble Quakers, only are still more peculiar-looking. They abjure marriage, insist on the dual gender of God, and that Ann Lee, their founder, was the manifestation of God in the human flesh. They worship God when the Spirit moves them, by jumping, dancing, and singing. They live in large families, the young men and women occupying different ends of the house, and never meeting except for the purposes of worship, social conversation, and eating. They have all goods in community, never allow themselves to laugh, and stick up a written order to this effect on the door of the house; also they give notice that though willing to accommodate visitors with refreshments, they expect them to conform to these rules, and not to leave any bits on their plates.

A nice-looking young woman, in Quakerish attire, showed us round. The most curious thing to see was the round stone barn in the middle of the village. In the centre was stored the hay, the cattle being stalled around, and the vegetables shelved above.

Our cicerone at first said, "It is not convenient to give thee anything to eat to-day, as there is but one sister in the kitchen;" but upon my representing to her most emphatically the state of hunger we were in, and the distance we had come to see her people, she relented and gave us a meal of bread and cheese, stewed apples, mince pies, and nice new milk, everything looking scrupulously clean. No spirituous liquors are allowed in the village except in the case of illness, though "Quaker bitters" are about the strongest stimulant out, and exclusively patronized in the State of Maine, where the liquor laws are most strictly enforced. We ate our meal, talking in whispers, and carefully pocketed all the crumbs. We had much difficulty in conforming to the rule of suppressing our laughter; however, we managed it very fairly. We purchased a few books explanatory of the "Shaker" doctrine, and then took our departure. We walked back to the station, and on our way had a most

amusing conversation with two Irishmen from Cork, who were to breakin a refractory bullock. The train was rather crowded, and there were no drawing-room cars, which was very unfortunate, as some of our fellow-passengers were very rough and unpleasant. We reached Albany about five p.m., and were all very tired.

In the evening there was a grand torchlight procession by the Grant and Wilson Clubs; it was very similar to those we had seen at Boston, this perhaps being more numerously attended. There were about 10,000 expected, and about 5,000 turned up, all in uniform and in good order. The men carried torches, and the officers coloured lanterns, It was really a very pretty sight, as during the time of procession the town was illuminated and fireworks were sent up at intervals. One detachment of a thousand strong came from Troy in a special steamer, which got stuck on a bank and never got off till the morning, so that those men who came up beforehand had to walk back a distance of nine miles at midnight.

The Greelyites, who were to have their procession the next night, said theirs would be four times as good, which it probably might be, for both Albany and New York generally are Greely's stronghold; but as poor Greely died that morning, I suppose it was

put off.

Thursday, October 31st.—We breakfasted early, and on our way to catch the ten o'clock train, we drove round the town to see the new Capitol, which, when finished, is to be the largest building on the continent of America, as we were proudly informed by the person who showed us round. It is designed by Mr. Fuller, an English architect, who designed, also, the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.

In two hours by the "Lightning Train," as the express is called, we reached Poughkeepsie, where the gig met us; and in the afternoon we steamed down the Hudson in the "Eothen," and proceeded more rapidly

than we had ascended. We dropped anchor at six o'clock off Hoboken, a suburb of New York.

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Friday, November 1st.—Early the following morning we weighed anchor, and steaming round New York, anchored in the East River, at the end of Twenty-Eighth Street, at nine o'clock. At ten we went to breakfast on board Mr. Bennett's yacht, the "Dauntless." She is beautifully fitted, and is well known in England from having won so many great races.

We had a most elaborate breakfast, cooked by a first-rate French chef. All the culinary and larder arrangements were very perfect, and there was an ice-house, which carried five tons of ice; in fact, everything was as complete and commodious as it could possibly be. We did not get back to the yacht till twelve, and then some friends came to lunch, and remained on board with us all the afternoon.

In the evening we took the children to the Opera Bouffe, and saw Mdlle. Aimée in "Geneviève de Brabant," which was very good.

On the way there we saw some fine illuminations, Chinese lanterns, blazing torches and tar-barrels, rockets, Roman candles, lime and electric lights, illuminated boats and cars, etc., and we met numerous torchlight processions, accompanied by bands of music, in every part of the city. In fact, there was every sign of great, though perfectly harmonious political excitement.

It is very different here to our side of the water. Two processions, of Greelyites and Grantites, with followers composed of the lowest class, will meet in the same street and pass each other, scarcely exchanging a rough word, much less a blow. Comparatively a small number of persons will take the trouble to vote, in spite of manhood suffrage and the canvassing and bribery which has been going on for months.

The government of this vast country certainly is its curse. No gentleman, or scarcely even any respectable man, will take any part in

political life, as in order to succeed he would have to do so much dirty work, or get it done for him, that his reputation as a gentleman, or a man of business, would be gone; thus the country is really governed by the veriest scum instead of by the best men. The consequence is, their own narrow-minded policy restricts their trade, and prevents the resources of this grand country being developed to the utmost.

Saturday, November 2nd.—This was a black day in our calendar, as we were to part with T. A. B. He was to go home with some Indian cousins and return to school, so that he might not lose the whole half-year.

After breakfast Mr. Carter came on board, and afterwards took us to his yacht, the "Vindex," a nice little iron cutter of about forty tons, and the same size as the "Muriel," but with better accommodation and more nattily furnished. The owner had invented all kinds of little dodges for comfort—such as folding-beds, drawing-out tables, revolving copper windsails and ventilators, a steel bowsprit, etc.—so that the tiny boat has as much accommodation on board as many thrice her tonnage. About 11.30 Mr. Bennett sent the "Herold" launch alongside, to take us on board the Cunard steamer "Algeria," which is a fine ship with an upper deck, and one of the last built by the company.

We went on board and took Allnutt's things, and left nurse and our two little girls to arrange them whilst we went back on shore to lunch with Mr. Carter at Delmonico's, which is the restaurant of New York—in fact, of almost the world—and a very good one it is. We were waited on by French waiters, which was a most pleasant change after all the negroes and coloured people who have attended on us lately. These waiters were very civil and obliging, but they did not seem to possess a head amongst them—forgetting everything you told them; and they had a trick of playing with the dishes and trays in the most absent manner.

After a very excellent lunch we went down the Broadway in an omnibus, for it was impossible to get a carriage of any description,

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though the streets were not quite so destitute of vehicles as they had been the last day or two, when some of the carts were drawn by relief teams of men, ten or twenty to a cart, and changing every three minutes, which was very expensive work at the high rate of wages paid in New York. A good many oxen and mules had been sent from the west to do temporary horse duty, and the poor animals plodded along the streets looking quite stupid and bewildered from the strangeness of the place.

We were on board the big steamer again by 2.30, and had scarcely arranged T. A. B. in a nice large cabin he had all to himself, before the tender was alongside with the mails, and we had to leave him. It was very hard parting with him when it came to the point, though it was only for a little more than three weeks.

We landed at the Battery, and "went up town," as they say here, to leave some cards, and then dined at the Brevoort House, where we met Mr. Irving, who was so kind to us at Hamilton, and who had brought us a large trunk of American apples. The Earl and Countess of Caithness and the Count Medina Romar were also there. They were on their way to the Brazils, to visit the Count's estates, which are said to be enormous.

We returned on board after dinner; it was a bright, clear, frosty night, though the moon had a haze around her.

Sunday, November 3rd.—A pouring wet morning. After breakfast we went to St. Thomas' Church in the Fifth Avenue, which is the finest of the New York churches. It is a magnificent Gothic building, with splendid stained-glass windows, which are so numerous and so highly coloured as to necessitate the church being lighted by gas. The organ is one of the finest in the city, and was accompanied by a harp and violin; the singing was charming, but nothing in the least theatrical; the service episcopal and choral, and conducted with more than ordinary care, such as we only meet with in the very finest churches of our own

country. The sermon was excellent in subject, composition, and delivery, and inspired by a truly religious sentiment.

The only thing which struck us as being at all peculiar was that the clergyman gave out the notices of all kinds of meetings from the chancel, and finally asked all the congregation to tea at his house on Thursday at six o'clock, adding that Mrs. M——would be glad to see them. Probably this announcement had nothing incongruous for his hearers, as may be judged from the following handbill, where a tea party is advertised to be held in a chapel:—

## TEA PARTY!

The Ladies of St. John Church will hold their Annual Tea Party in the

## OLD CHAPEL! ASHTON,

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, October 22nd and 23rd, 1872.

The Tables will be furnished as usual with Turkey, Oysters, Pastry, Ice Cream, Confectionery, &c., &c.

A POST OFFICE, A VALUABLE PRIZE TREE, AND RING CAKES,
Will be among the Attractions offered.

A Silver Cake Basket will be given to the Lady, and a Webster's Illustrated
Unabridged Dictionary to the Gentleman receiving the
highest number of votes.

MUSIC BY THE LONSDALE CORNET BAND, 8 PIECES. E. D. BALCOM, Leader.

Doors open at 6 o'clock. ADMISSION 15 CENTS.

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We were much struck with the number and beauty of the churches in New York, which are little inferior to the loveliest efforts of architecture of the middle ages—so noble is the design of their Gothic style, and so exquisitely finished are the details of decoration.

Both here and in Canada the churches are supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and not only that, but the way the service is done, and the excellent preaching they have here, makes one think a good deal of the arguments in favour of the disestablishment of the Church of England.

In this great city, notorious for the frivolity of the women and the money-getting cupidity of the men, there are twenty or thirty churches as good as many of our cathedrals in England, and hundreds of churches more beautiful in every way than ours, better kept, and the service better performed, better sermons and music, and with charities better administered under the free system than they ever are under our system of endowments.

We returned to the yacht for lunch, and in the afternoon Messrs. A. and C. Mandslay came and gave us a very interesting account of their travels in the West Indies, Guatemala, Central America, and California, from which they had just returned. They told us they had not seen a real wet day since leaving England on the 17th June! They also told us that at Chicago there are still miles of the town in ruins, and that the first hotel was only just rebuilt,—still it is rising from its ashes in the most marvellous way, and I am rather sorry we did not go to see it.

At six o'clock we had service on board, and at 7.30 we went to tea with Professor and Mrs. Bolta. It was a truly American meal, consisting of hot oyster soup with salad and *mayonaise* in the same plate; no bread except in grated ham sandwiches; a partridge larded with one kind of jelly and eaten with another. They never drink anything at this meal except weak tea or cold water; in fact, except at large parties, the

Americans never do seem to drink anything at dinner time, whatever they may do at the bars.

The Professor and his wife were very kind, and showed us some very interesting things in the way of sketches and autographs. They had invited some clever and distinguished people to meet us, but as they were not expected till 11.30, and we had ordered our carriage at 9.30 and boat at ten, we did not have the pleasure of meeting them.

Monday, November 4th.—A lovely morning. We had friends to breakfast, and afterwards we started in the Commissioners' boat by Mr. Bell's invitation, who is the chairman of it, to go over Blackwells Island, on which are built the hospitals, asylums, and penitentiaries of New York.

A boat runs to the island from the city and back three times a day, to take stores and provisions, and to carry the relations and friends of the inmates of the various asylums free of charge to see them. For infectious diseases they have a separate boat.

We first saw the incurable female lunatics—a sad sight, as it always must be! Some of these poor creatures were very violent and incoherent, having their clothes all tattered and torn, and their hair decorated with bits of rag and paper and feathers. There were others who were quiet, tidy and clean in their dress, and who approached us in a wheedling, coaxing manner, asking for cakes, fruit, money, or tobacco. There were others quite apathetic, lying or crouching down in corners, or perhaps groaning as they rocked themselves slowly backwards and forwards. They all seemed well cared for. In each ward there are sixty patients and two nurses, which, with dining-hall and offices attached, formed one low wooden building, one story high, detached from everything else. During the rebellion all the field hospitals were built of wood; the sheds, hastily run up, were only one story high, raised above the ground on rafters, and of limited size. It was thus found that under this system

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on em there was a better circulation of air, that the patients were more conveniently separated, and that the treatment of the sick was more successful than in larger and more permanent buildings; these wooden buildings, when defective, or tainted by disease, can be destroyed, and a new structure substituted without the immense sacrifice which would be inevitable if a more permanent building were pulled down; and the authorities of New York, recognising from the experiences of the war the advantages of these wooden structures over more pretentious buildings of stone, have erected numerous detached hospitals.

We went through many of these buildings, and talked to some of the unfortunate creatures who were suffering merely from harmless delusions. The care of these poor things must be a most trying and distressing task. We were told that no one ought to stay as nurse there for more than five years, because if they do they become crazy themselves; and that resident doctors generally end by marrying one of the patients. The matron of the large hospital, though managing the lunatics with exquisite tact and ability, is almost one herself, from having been five-and-twenty years amongst them, and her conversation on the subject was most extraordinary.

We next went to see the penitentiary for light offences, and the prison for grave ones. The prisons here present but little which differs from similar institutions in England. It was surprising, however, to find how large a proportion of the prisoners were natives of Ireland. On casually examining the tickets on the doors of the cells, we were astonished to find that ten prisoners in succession were Irishmen, and we were informed that 80 per cent. of the whole number were fellow-countrymen of those whose names we had noted. In the women's quarter there were four tiny babies that they could not separate from their mothers; it seemed so sad to see these poor innocent little things shut up in the dark cells, sharing their mothers' punishment.

We visited the almshouses, the hospital for incurables, and the general hospital, before the boat came to take us away, and we left feeling very depressed at having witnessed such a mass of human misery: in fact, the island seemed one vast pile of living agony of every form—moral, mental, and physical.

There is no doubt that the State of New York certainly does its best to look after its criminal, lunatic, and sick population, and to alleviate their sufferings as much as possible. The children are generally taken from their parents and sent to another island, away from all criminal and pauper associations, to be educated for useful trades and sent to sea.

After lunch we went for a drive on shore, in order to change the current of our thoughts, and we went all over Stewart's magnificent retail store, which I have already described. We went to the fourth floor in the elevation, in order to get a coup d'wil of the whole. It is said the profits exceed one million and a half per annum. A house can be completely furnished from kitchen to attic, and every article of dress for man, woman, or child can be purchased without leaving the store.

Tiffaney's is another fine store, for jewellery, clocks, bronzes, etc.

We next went to the Young Men's Christian Association, which is a large building, containing many rooms, lecture-hall, and gymnasium. This institution is intended for the benefit of the innumerable clerks in New York, the admission to which is obtained on the payment of a very small fee.

We then called on Miss Emily Faithful, but did not find her at home, after which we returned to the yacht, completely exhausted from what we had seen and done;—but we had hardly sat down for a few minutes ere it was time to dress for a dinner-party in Thirty-Seventh Street.

The house was beautifully furnished, and was full of magnificent

statues, paintings, and all kinds of objects of art. The guests were very pleasant, and the dinner was most elaborate. The hours here are much earlier than with us, and though we were the last to go away, it was barely ten when we left the house.

Tuesday, November 5th.—This being the deciding day for the election of the President, we went on shore directly after breakfast to see all that could be seen,—not that there was much, for everything was quiet and orderly. The election of all the municipal and state officers and representatives took place the same day. The electors are so distributed among an infinite number of polling-booths that nowhere is any crowding or confusion observable. The public-houses, the shops, and the houses of business are closed throughout the day, and at the corner of almost every street there are five ballot-boxes placed, into each of which every voter puts his paper, with the name written on it of his favourite candidate for any particular office.

The horse disease seems on the decrease, as we observed there were a great many more about, though looking very unfit for work, and several had mustard plasters on their throats, and were hardly able to crawl. There were a few lying about dead in the streets, having evidently dropped down in harness.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

## FROM NEW YORK TO WASHINGTON.

We returned to the yacht to lunch, and at three o'clock we got under weigh and bade adieu to New York for a time. Being favoured by the tide we threaded our way, without the aid of a pilot, down the East River and through the shoals of Sandy Hook. We were outside the bar at six p.m. and in the open sea, which was as smooth as it is possible for the Atlantic to be at this time of year. The night being fine, we proceeded down the coast at a rapid rate, and were off the entrance to the Delaware River at daybreak.

Wednesday, November 6th.—The weather continuing propitious, we determined to proceed at once to the Chesapeake, a distance of 150 miles beyond the Delaware. About 5.30 we sighted the lighthouse off Cape Charles, the northern point of the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, which is about thirteen miles wide. At ten p.m. we were close in to Cape Henry, the southern entrance to the Bay, but as it was blowing hard, and it was very thick, we did not get inside nor cast anchor till nearly midnight. We should have gone farther in, but all the lights have been altered within the last fortnight, and as neither Tom nor Mr. Paul could make out exactly where we were, they thought it better to wait till daylight.

Thursday, November 7th.—About three a.m. it came on to blow very hard, and as the wind increased to a gale, we were pitched about in a most unpleasant manner, in spite of the partial shelter of the Cape. As soon as day began to dawn we crept cautiously on, as it was impossible to see more than a quarter of a mile ahead, and fortunately arrived safely through Hampton Roads into the harbour of Fortress Munroe, a distance of seven miles. We anchored here at nine a.m., having travelled by sea from New York 290 miles in thirty-one hours of actual steaming.

A large steamer, the "Peruvian," of the Allan line, followed our lead all night, though she had a local pilot on board. She anchored and weighed where we did, and finished by following us into port.

Shortly after our arrival the gale ceased, and was followed by a lovely day. The change of climate is complete: at New York the wind was cold and chill—in short, the weather of early winter; here the air is warm and balmy, the roses still cluster on their green stems, and summer yet lingers in this more genial latitude.

Fortress Munroe was the place where hostilities first commenced between the North and South, and where the United States' frigate "Merrimac" was taken.

After breakfast we landed and devoted a portion of the morning to a cursory examination of the formidable fortifications of the fortress, which is the largest military work, and the only fortress, in the United States. It covers an area of sixty-five acres, and has an armament of 371 guns, many of which are of the largest calibre used in the United States' service.

Inside the fort was quite a village green, covered with fine old trees, principally fig and evergreen oaks. We also visited the hotel, bathing establishments, and the village shop, where we had a long gossip with the proprietor about the War. It is very curious how angry the

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till ghts Mr. r to Southerners get if you speak of anything but the *War*, while in the North they look equally black if you speak of anything but the *Rebellion* of the South.

Returning to the "Eothen" about one, we weighed anchor, and steamed up the Elizabeth river, to Norfolk which we reached at three in the afternoon.

At Portsmouth, immediately opposite to Norfolk, there is a dockyard of the United States' Government. The establishment was destroyed during the war, but considerable progress has been made in the reconstruction of the workshops, some of which contain a considerable quantity of machinery. Evie and I did not accompany the gentlemen over the dockyard, but sat instead and listened to the band, and examined some of the relics of the war, of which the little park in the centre of the navy yard is full.

We saw the "Macedonia," which was taken from the British in 1812, and which has since been almost rebuilt; for, as the man who showed us round said, "Congress dislikes voting large sums of money for new ships; so they build a new one, leaving a piece of old wood in her of about a foot long, and then put it down as repairs."

Norfolk is a large and dirty town, with wide but ill-paved streets, and has 20,000 inhabitants, a large proportion of whom are negroes; and most ridiculous it is to see their affected airs and graces, their gaily but inharmoniously-coloured attire, and to listen to their simple, child-like merriment.

The coloured population are not likely to be the pioneers of social and political reform in the United States; but their services are invaluable to the community in the execution of rude manual labour—a most necessary, and, to the native American, repugnant task—and also in the performance of all kinds of indoor work as household servants.

Norfolk is situated just on the borders of North Carolina; and the

canal runs through it into the river, straight from "Dismal Swamp," so well known from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Dred."

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This place is a great market for wild-fowl of all species, which are shot in the "Swamp," and on the Chesapeake and its numerous tributaries, which are the haunts of the canvas-back duck, red-heads, wild swans, etc. When on board we passed through hundreds of them flying. They seemed as if they could hardly get out of our way; however, they managed to escape out of reach of gunshot.

All along the banks of the river, and in the swamps, there is a quantity of terrapin, a kind of small turtle, which, when well cooked, is so like the original it is quite impossible to tell the difference. Oysters are the greatest articles of export. We purchased two bushels from some negroes in a boat, who were hauling them up at a rapid rate by means of large rakes. The price of these oysters by the dozen did not exceed three-halfpence.

There were three large steamers waiting for their cargoes of oysters to be completed, to take them to New York, Boston, and England. We went into the warehouse, where about thirty black men were preparing them. As fast as the boats come alongside they are unloaded, the oysters opened with a hammer and a knife, and thrown into small buckets; then they are taken out again and packed in barrels with lumps of ice, fastened up tightly, and are then ready to be sent to the ice-room on board the steamer, where they keep well for a fortnight or more. These oysters are sold by the London fishmongers as *fresh* oysters, for sauces and patties.

There are one or two fine buildings in Norfolk; and whilst we were walking about the streets to see them, we were much amused to see the niggers dance round Félise, and jabber and laugh, not being able to make out what she was; even some of the better class took off their hats, and addressed me very respectfully, asking what sort of dog she

was. A pug what ?—Yes, a p-u-g. Pug an English dog ?—Yes. We were stopped so often that it became quite a nuisance at last.

It was a lovely evening when we returned on board, and warm

enough to enjoy sitting on deck.

Friday, November 8th.—We were under weigh at 6.30 a.m., dropped the pilot at Fortress Munroe, and steamed northward up the Chesapeake.

The Bay is so wide that it looks like the open sea. There was a fresh, fair breeze blowing, and with all sails set we attained a speed of nearly twelve knots an hour. At noon the breeze lessened, and changed to the north, and we had to furl our sails.

There was nothing to see on our way, except crowds of ships hurrying up towards Baltimore, and quantities of fowl of all kinds. We reached the mouth of the Potomac about 4.30 p.m., where the river is nearly ten miles wide, and for a distance of nearly twenty miles the stream continues to be broad and easy of navigation.

At six, just after dark, we secured a pilot, who undertook to conduct us to Alexandria, about 100 miles above the mouth of the river, and ten miles below Washington. We anchored at seven p.m. for the night.

Saturday, November 9th.—We resumed our voyage at six a.m. The day was sharp, frosty, clear, and bright. The banks of the Potomac river are not very striking, as they are rather low, but they are prettily wooded.

At noon we reached Mount Vernon, a point of great historic interest, as the home, and now the tomb, of Washington. The house is of very moderate size, much resembling many a simple homestead in the old country. It is embosomed in a grove of trees, and, standing on the summit of a hill washed by the Potomac, it commands an extensive view of the river.

We also passed Fort Washington-now called Fort Johnson-and

at 2.30 dropped anchor off Alexandria, which is ten miles below Washington.

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Our pilot refused to take us any higher on account of the narrowness of the channel, and the crowded state it was in owing to this dreadful horse disease. The ships had been unloading for weeks, but were unable to discharge their cargoes and to take in fresh on account of the difficulty of transportation, so that trade was coming fast to a perfect block.

We went up by the two o'clock boat to the Terry Ships, a suburb of Washington, which looked very dreary and deserted, without a single horse to be seen anywhere. We walked some distance, and at last found a very dirty little cart, drawn by a very sick horse, and driven by a funny old Irishman, from Cork, who entertained us vastly with his conversation during our drive. When we got into the town of Washington we thought it better to leave our aristocratic conveyance, and walk about.

The streets are very wide, with avenues like a French *boulevard*; but most of the houses being low, mean-looking, and irregular, gives anything but a noble effect to the *tout ensemble*.

After some difficulty we found the Arlington House Hotel, which is in every respect one of the best in America; the cooking, attendance, and accommodation are first-rate.

We at last found a hack (as all hired carriages and cabs are called here), and then drove to the British Legation, and about the town, and to see the Capitol, which is the proudest ornament of Washington. It stands in a commanding position, overlooking the city, and is an edifice of vast proportions. The centre of the building is surmounted by a dome, constructed of iron, weighing not less than 10,000,000 lbs. The design of the dome, by Walter, is imposing, and the architecture of the wings, which, as well as the dome, are additions to the original building, is of rare merit. The style is classical, and the columns of the façade are

of the Corinthian order. The principal features of the interior are the great vestibule under the dome, and the two chambers occupied by the Senate and the Congress.

In the evening we went to the theatre, where we saw some of the very worst acting we ever had the misfortune to witness, although it was so utterly absurd it made us all roar with laughter.

We had great difficulty in getting back to the yacht, for of course there were no carriages to be had, and the train was about three miles off. We started to walk, but luckily about half way we came upon an omnibus, and we persuaded the driver to turn back and take us to the depôt, as the railway stations are called here. We reached it just as the train was starting.

The conductor asked us where we wished to get out, as there were no stations, "but they just dropped the passengers," which is exactly the case. The train does not quite stop, but slackens speed, and then passengers have to walk to the end of the train and let themselves drop gently down, pull a strap which rings a bell, and on the train goes again.

When we were *dropped* at Alexandria, we found a kind friend to show us the way to the Quarry, which is a large place, and was the scene

of much fighting at the time of the War.

It was freezing hard, and as usual we had to climb and jump over all sorts of obstacles before reaching the boat; however we arrived safely on board about 1.30.

Sunday, November 10th.—From information received at Washington we came to the conclusion that our pilot had been humbugging us, and therefore engaged another; and as the tide did not permit our moving last evening we got under weigh at six this morning, and steamed up to the Navy Yard; and though we had twenty-one feet of water the whole way, the pilot managed to run us aground, but luckily on a soft mud bank.

We landed after breakfast at the Admiral's landing in the dockyard, which is all under cover, and ornamented like a Swiss *châlet*, with carved wood.

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Admiral Goldsborough was most kind, and wished to tow us along-side the dock, and to send two steam launches to attend us during our stay; and he also offered to send some men to paint and clean the yacht if we wished it; but we refused all his courteous offers, and proceeded to St. John's Church—which is an ugly little edifice, the music bad, and the sermon, which lasted thirty-five minutes, one of the most extraordinary productions I ever heard.

We landed at the Arlington House, and drove afterwards through Georgetown, keeping strictly to the coloured part of the town; and it was one of the most amusing sights I have seen for some time to see all the darkies walking about in their Sunday best.

From Georgetown we crossed the Potomac over the Iron Bridge, and drove to Arlington Heights, and past some of the forts built by the Confederates and which were afterwards taken by the Federals.

Wellington House, with large corn and tobacco estates surrounding it, formerly belonged to General Lee, but they were taken from him at the commencement of the War. It is a large house, with a conservatory, flower and kitchen gardens, standing in an English-looking park, with very fine timber in the hollows.

On one side is the Confederate Cemetery (or, as our negro called it, "seminary"), where the remains of the poor soldiers lie buried, each grave having a neat headstone. These and all the paths are beautifully kept.

We walked afterwards through the Federal graveyard, where upwards of 15,000 are buried, and we were told that there were 2,000 unknown bodies in one grave.

It was very touching to read the inscriptions on the various head-

stones; the word *killed* was never used, but always "Died on such a day," and in some cases there was not even a name, but merely, "Body of a U.S. soldier unknown," with the number of company, name of regiment, and date of death. We were all much interested, and lingered so long that the sun was beginning to set as we drove over the Long Bridge into the town.

This bridge is so constructed that it answers for both railway and carriage traffic; and it seemed extraordinary to us that accidents do not often happen, as there is nothing but a light open railing to separate the two ways. Over this bridge more than half-a-million of troops marched

backwards and forwards at various periods of the War.

The sunset on this day was one of the loveliest I ever saw: rich masses of gold, purple, orange, and crimson tints succeeded one another in rapid succession "on a bed of daffodil sky," and the Capitol, with the red light shining on its windows, looked semi-transparent, as if carved in alabaster.

We returned on board in time for divine service at 5.30, and at seven we went on shore again to dine with Sir Edward and Lady Johnston.

The Legation is a pretty little house, or rather two joined together, with several rooms opening out of one another.

We were a party of eight, and everybody was most kind to us. Mr. Secretary Fish was there (of whom every one has lately heard so much) and offered to do anything he could for us, to introduce us to the President, and to give Tom blue-books, etc. Mr. Russell Gurney was also there, and very pleasant and full of information as usual.

We got back on board with tolerable ease, as the Admiral had most kindly made every arrangement for us to drive to the boat, and sent two men with lanterns to look after us. All day telegrams had been arriving from Boston, and the city was in the greatest state of excitech a

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ment on account of the terrible fire which had broken out there, and which bade fair to rival the lamentable one at Chicago just a year before. The best description I can give will be some extracts from the local daily papers, which I enclose.

### BURNING BOSTON.

A Vast Sea of Fire—The Heart of the City Destroyed—A Hundred Acres Burned—Numerous Buildings Blown Up—Loss counted by Millions—Rows of Warehouses Crumbling—Shoe and Leather Business Ruined—All the Wool Stores Consumed—Dry Goods Jobbers Heavy Losers—A Night and Day of Devastation—Scenes and Incidents of the Fire.

BOSTON, November 10th.-7 A.M.-The fire, which commenced at 7.30 o'clock last night, continues its devastation, and is now working its way through the larger block between Devonshire and Congress streets, south of Water street. The fire first broke out in the five-story granite building, Nos. 87, 89, and 91, Summer street, directly on the corner of Kingston street. This building was surmounted with a high mansard roof, overlapping all the other building in that immediate vicinity. Directly as the flames began to spread through the story beneath this roof, and before an engine or hose-carriage was on the grounds, great volumes of flames suddenly burst out from the rear lower stories of the buildings, and in less than twenty minutes the whole broad façade, extending fully one hundred feet along Kingston street, was one sheet of flames, as was also the Summer-street front, the heat being so intense as to force the firemen from the immediate vicinity. By this time a strong wind had been created. The flames began to sweep over Summer and Kingston streets, and despite all exertions of the firemen in every branch of the department, the fire was communicated to the buildings on the opposite corner of Summer and Kingston streets, and in less than half an hour thereafter the flames were bursting out of the roofs and all up and down the broad sides of these immense structures. By this time the wind had increased to nearly a gale, and the flames having the entire mastery of everything, swept from story to story, from roof to roof, from block to block, and from corner to corner, driving the firemen from every vantage of ground they could secure. and rendering all their exertions useless and futile. Wherever the flames reached they rapidly consumed everything of a combustible character. The large block on

the corner of Summer and Kingston streets, in which the fire first started, was occupied on the first and upper rooms by Tebbits, Baldwin and Davis, dry goods jobbers. A. K. Young and Co. occupied the third and fourth stories as a manufactory for skirts and corsets, giving employment to about two hundred men. The second floor was occupied by Damon, Temple and Co., furnishing goods, etc. Notwithstanding this great building was in almost an incredible short space of time completely levelled to the ground, its destruction had not progressed far before the flames and sparks rose and lodged upon all the buildings round about, and thus the fire spread, almost instantly, in three directions, first to the adjoining block on Summer street, then across to the opposite block, and then across Kingston street. In the first-named direction the adjoining building was occupied by Leland and Wheelock, gentlemen's furnishing goods, and Lawyer, Mansfield and Co., importers of dry goods. The next are Eager, Partlett and Co., woollen goods; the others are North and Son, hats, caps, and furs; next Farley, Amsden and Co., dry goods jobbers, and Rhodes and Ripley, wholesale clothing. The latter firm owned the building. The structure opposite the point of starting was of granite, four stories and a half high, occupied largely by Mayflyn, Mullen and Elms, dealers in trimmings, who used the entire lower floor. Harding Brothers and Co. and Gildeharter and Co. occupied the upper floors. From this building across the square diagonally, was a store block, occupied by Smith, Rich and Claxton, and George M. Glazier, dealers in corsets skirts, and knit goods.

On the corner of Otis and Everett blocks an imposing granite structure, owned by the Everett estate. It included Nos. 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, and 64, Summer street and was occupied by D. Lyons and Co., Neil Bros., Dreyfus, Phillips and Shannon, C. J. King and Co., and Marr Bros., dealers in clothing, furnishing goods, fancy goods, trimmings, etc. The upper floors were used mostly as offices, and occupied by various parties. Now the fire began to creep steadily up both sides of Summer

street, crawling from roof to roof.

Opposite the Everett block the buildings, as they were engulfed in rapid succession, were as follows:—Brickswell front, occupied by A. Folsom and Sons, floor-cloths and oilcloths; George H. Butler, hair goods, and Eugene Chepin, commission merchant. The granite block with stores of Morse, Hammond and Co., hosiery and gloves; Stiles, Beale and Homen, wholesale clothing; S. Klouse and Co., hats, caps, and furs; Strucker Bros., hat and cap manufacturers; Wyman and Arklay, imported goods and linens; Ewing, Wise and Fuller, linens and white goods; Rothswell, Luther, Potter and Co., clothing; Mitchell, Green and Stevens, clothing.

At this time, about ten o'clock, the flames burst from the top of a building on

Arch street, a dozen doors removed from Summer street. Almost before the existence of the flames in this quarter was known, they had spread down through the building, and were bursting ir. a perfect torrent from all the windows in front of the fancy goods store of Hawley, Folson and Marten.

The fire spread to each side, enveloping the stores of Thomas Keeley and Co., D. M. Bodgeden, clothing; March Brothers, Pierce and Co., Miner, Beale and Halkett, all of which were quickly blazing. At ten o'clock the whole roof of the Everett block was a sheet of flame, sending high into the air a column of fire, smoke, and lurid sparks. Having thus gained perfect control of the Everett block, the fire stretched its arms across the narrow street, and moved rapidly up towards Washington street, taking in the establishments of George H. Lane, Brett and Co., wholesale clothing; Messenger and Co., dry goods; Edgardon and Gilmore's dining rooms; Chaffer and Whitney, Lewis, Brown and Co., kid gloves; Mareau and Co., commission merchants; Leavy, Foster and Bowman, agents of the Canton silk mills; Kettle and Jones, commission merchants; Price, Tucker and Co., thread and trimmings; Porter and Brother, commission merchants; Nicholas and Sons, imitation hair.

Opposite the head of Summer street, near the junction of Bedford street, the buildings destroyed were the following:—Pierce Brothers, importers of fancy goods; Gilbert Lovejoy and Co., woollens; No. 92, John Cotter, hosiery, gloves, etc.; No. 102, Winthrop square, the very centre of the wholesale trade of the city, embracing some of the most costly mercantile buildings ever erected in this country, and occupied by such great firms as James M. Beebe and Co., Stewart and Co., Anderson, Heath and Co., and forty or fifty others, was by ten o'clock one mass of ruins. On Kingston street, No. 14, occupied by J. A. Hatch and Co., commission merchants. The next, Nos. 16 and 18, occupied by Clark and Blodgett, corn merchants, and Miller and Goodwin. The other buildings on Kingston street, dwelling-houses, were all destroyed.

At eleven o'clock the scene in Lincoln and Essex streets and others in that immediate neighbourhood was one of the saddest sights of the night. Hundreds of men, women, and children, were hurrying along, laden with every variety of household goods,—behind them the roaring flames lapping up their houses before they could get half or a quarter of a mile. The fire extended on both sides of Lincoln street. On Russia wharf all the buildings mostly used by rag, paper, and junk merchants were destroyed. There were no vessels lying at the wharf. At Robbins' wharf a schooner was destroyed, as were the coal sheds and a large quantity of lumber on the pier. The wharf of the Hartford and Erie Railroad Company was burned, and the passenger station on Broad street, at the foot of Summer street, was destroyed.

At two o'clock this morning the chances were that the Continental National

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Bank and the Emigrant Savings Bank, 17, Franklin street, would also succumb to the flames. At this hour a hasty visit in the neighbourhood of the southern boundary of the fire revealed the fact that the flames had not extended far up Kingston, Columbia, and Lincoln streets in a southerly direction, but had burned along the ends of those streets, making progress over Broad street to the water front. All through the South Cove district, where wooden buildings are numberless, there were in action numerous steamers to prevent the spread of the fire sideways and keep it out of a thickly populated district.

The United States Hotel was the nearest public building on the line of the fire spreading sideways, and many of the guests or occupants were active in moving their trunks and other small baggage to places more secure. A visit to Summer street showed the fire to have advanced on the south side as far west as Hovey's drug store, the upper portion of which building was then on fire.

### THE NEWS ELSEWHERE.

NEW YORK, November 10th.—This community was alarmed at the announcement and details of the fire contained in the early morning papers, and great excitement continued throughout the day by the continued accounts furnished by extras issued from several newspaper offices. At several of the churches in this city and Brooklyn the pastors referred to the disaster either in the sermon or in prayer, and the congregations tarried after the service to discuss the matter, and to learn, if possible from neighbours, further intelligence. At all the hotels large crowds assembled, and hundreds of merchants endeavoured to obtain despatches from Boston as to whether their goods were saved or burned. One merchant at the Fifth Avenue Hotel said he was reduced to beggary, and several others alleged that their losses were enormous. Large crowds left for Boston by the New Haven route, including many ladies, who were in doubt whether the fire had extended to their homes.

The Spectator estimates that the insurance loss by the Boston fire will amount to \$100,000,000. The district burned is much smaller than that destroyed at Chicago, but the contents are of greater value per block. The loss will fall heaviest on Boston companies, the greater part of which confine their business entirely to that section. The leading companies may be expected to stand, with few if any exceptions.

#### INSURANCE ESTIMATES.

NEW YORK, November 10th.—The Spectator, in summing up the losses by the fire in Boston, gives the following facts:—Firemen's Friend Company of San Francisco, loss \$75,000; Alps, of New York, \$43,500; Fairfield County, \$50,000; Exchange,

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\$70,000; Citizens', \$200,000; the Star Insurance Company will not exhaust its to the surplus; Arctic, \$75,000; Phoenix, of Brooklyn, \$450,000; Manhattan, of this city, ary of \$30,000; Resolute, \$14,000. The North British and Mercantile, which a year ago ımbia, had nearly \$6,000,000 risk in the Boston Commercial of this city, will not exhaust its those surplus. The Germania, Hanover, and Republic Companies will continue their South business. The Howard Company has no losses. The aggregate loss is distributed ierous among a very large number of offices. The majority of companies outside of Boston ulated will withstand the shock, including the companies doing business in Boston of other States and those of that city. There are, says the Spectator, 192 companies affected he fire by the fire, their combined assets amounting to \$157,220,156.

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### COMMERCIAL MEN EXCITED.

NEW YORK, November 10th.—In commercial circles the utmost interest and marked consternation prevailed, as it was felt that the business interests of this city would suffer very materially from the disaster to Boston. Wall Street men were intensely excited, and congregated during the day and evening at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The general impression was that the fire would have a depressing effect upon the stock market to-morrow.

#### CHICAGO'S PROMPT TENDER OF ASSISTANCE.

CHICAGO, November 10th.—News of the terrible conflagration in Boston did not reach the public here until this morning's papers containing reports up to an early hour were distributed. The news spread very fast, and soon crowds of people gathered in front of the telegraph and newspaper offices, and eagerly read and repeated the bulletins giving the main points of the fearful disaster so terribly similar to that which overwhelmed this city exactly thirteen months ago. Among the crowd were hundreds of our business men, many who were directly and more who were indirectly interested in Boston houses known to be situated within the boundaries of the fire; and many anxious faces were turned to the bulletins which chronicled the terrible story.

The fire still rages. Expressions of sympathy were heard on every hand, but the locality of the fire led to the belief that the amount of personal suffering involved was comparatively small, and that there was cause for congratulation that though the pecuniary loss would be immense, there would be few or none houseless and suffering from the necessaries of life, as was the case with so many thousands by the Chicago fire.

Mayor Medill was at his office at an early hour, and as soon as he could ascertain that the despatches would reach the Mayor of Boston he sent the following:—

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CHICAGO, *November* 10th, 1872.—The citizens of Chicago tender their deepest sympathy and all material aid in their power to your afflicted people in this hour of their fearful misfortunes. In what way can we help you most? I have called a public meeting for noon to-morrow to consider ways and means of assistance.—JOSEPH MEDILL, *Mayor*.

Monday, November 11th.—We went on shore after breakfast, and at 11.30 Lady Thornton came to take me to call on Mrs. Grant at the White House, as the Presidential mansion is called. Mrs. Grant received us with the greatest kindness and courtesy.

The White House, though not at all palatial, is large and commodious; the best suite of reception rooms is furnished with yellow damask, and appears to run the whole length of the house, and is hung

round with good portraits of the most recent presidents.

After this we had some lunch to strengthen us before mounting the three hundred and fourteen steps to the top of the dome of the Capitol. It was a hard climb, but we were well repaid for our trouble when we saw the city spread like a map at our feet, with its regular plan of wide roads and railways, with the river meandering about, and the Arlington Heights in the distance.

The dome of the Capitol is constructed of iron, painted white, and is similar in plan to that of St. Peter's in Rome; but I have already described it.

We now saw the vestibule, which is decorated with eight gigantic pictures, at the top of which are some large allegorical frescoes. The staircase and balustrades are made of red Tenessee marble. The rooms are all very handsome, and are hung with some very fair paintings of interesting subjects. The President's and Vice-president's rooms are

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miracles of marble and gilding, as is likewise the marble room, where members of the Senate retire to discuss matters in private.

From the Capitol we went to a most amusing photograph shop, and then to the dockyard. We went on board the "Montauh," a monitor of the usual type, but interesting on account of having been at Fort Sumter and other places. She had been hit 240 times without any very severe injury, though her sides and turrets were well indented.

Tuesday, November 12th.—A pouring wet day. We went on shore directly after breakfast, as Mr. Secretary Fish had offered to call and to take us to the White House to be introduced to General Grant. On this occasion we were shown into the green "parlour," where, after waiting a few minutes, the President came in and shook hands with us. We conversed principally about California, and enlarged on her beauties. We said that we hoped that in a few years Congress would have voted money enough to finish the Illinois Canal, as then we should be able to go right through the Mississipi in the yacht.

This is a pet project of the President's for connecting Lake Michigan and the Mississipi, so that when the Canadian canals are enlarged, big ships will be enabled to go from Quebec to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, through a chain of inland lakes and rivers. What a splendid excursion this would be!—fancy how strange and novel to steam up six thousand miles in smooth water!

After about a quarter of an hour we came away, much impressed with the General's power, determination and ability.

Some weeks ago he gave three of his ministers an estimate of his probable majority in each different state and county. They begged him not to show it, as they feared he was too sanguine. The result proved that his figures were as near right as possible, and not only in aggregate, but also in the details. From the White House we went to the Treasury, where the Sub-secretary General conducted us round, and

took us into all the secret vaults where the securities of every bank in America are deposited, and where all the reserve store of finished banknotes are kept, into which visitors as a rule are not allowed to go. We were then shown the whole process of engraving and printing the greenbacks. The geometric machine for making the endless curves, lines, and figures in the bank-notes, and the way it was worked was most wonderful and interesting; scarcely less so were the engravings of the various pictures for the backs of the local bank-notes of the different towns and states.

The engraving here is most beautiful, and we have never been able to approach to it in England in delicacy of execution.

After seeing all the notes in the different processes of making them, we went to see the old returned notes counted, checked, and

destroyed.

There were very few counterfeit notes. The identification of notes partially destroyed in the late conflagrations is a difficult matter; they are carefully pieced together by three women called experts, who are kept on purpose to sort them out, some being almost reduced to tinder and ashes. Many hundred persons are employed here, and a large proportion of their number are women.

We made a collection of notes past and present in the marble room, where all payments are made, and which is very large and

handsome.

Among the noble public buildings of Washington the Patent Office and the Post Office stand prominent. The former has a frontage of 410 feet, and is a fine Doric building containing four rooms, which occupy the entire first floor, and form a suite of apartments more than a quarter of a mile long, full of models of inventions. The collection altogether forms a most impressive monument of human labour and contrivance.

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ffice of nich han tion and Having made up our minds to leave Washington in the afternoon, we had only time to go and bid good-bye to Lady Thornton. Her kindness, and that of Sir Edward, made our visit to Washington very pleasant. Lady Thornton told us that though she often saw her countrymen, she had hardly seen any of her countrywomen during her stay in the city. Her description of the climate was very unfavourable, especially in the intense heats, for which the style of building in Washington offers no relief. Yellow fever and ague then prevails.

During the rigours of winter, there is but little pleasant society. Mrs. Grant, the wives of the members of the Government, members of the Corps Diplomatique, senators, and leading men have their days of reception; and from one to six each day is spent in struggling through an immense crowd in suffocatingly warm rooms just to shake hands with the hostess, and in struggling out again. Dinner at seven interrupts the dreary round of visits, which is resumed from 8.30 till eleven, and with increased crowds, heat, and glare.

## CHAPTER IX.

### FROM WASHINGTON TO BALTIMORE.

We sailed from Washington in the afternoon of the 12th November, and steamed briskly down the river with two pilots; at six o'clock we anchored for the night about forty-five miles below the city.

Soon after we got on board, the sky presented a most extraordinary appearance of blackness, which seemed to cover all the heavens, and it was not long before a tremendous squall arose, with torrents of rain like sheets of water, and blew such a hurricane that it raised a sea even in the river; however, it passed over in about an hour.

Wednesday, November 13th.—We were off again at six a.m., and reached the mouth of the Potomac about one p.m., and proceeding up the Chesapeake Bay, we reached Annapolis Roadstead at 6.30 p.m., where we dropped anchor for the night. There was nothing remarkable in the day's journey except the numerous flights of wild fowl of all kinds, and the many coasting schooners and large ships we passed on their way to Baltimore.

Thursday, November 14th.—We got under weigh about 7.30, and went inside the harbour of Annapolis. There was not a great deal of water to spare, and a very narrow channel to pass through, and as the harbour had not been surveyed or re-buoyed since 1848, the navigation

was rather difficult; but Tom managed it all right, and we anchored again about 8.30.

Soon after, the captain commanding the U.S. frigate "Santé" came on board, and very kindly offered to pilot us further up the channel, or do anything else for us we might require. After breakfast we went on shore. Commodore Worden sent an officer down to meet us, and the first thing we saw was the once famous yacht "America," now being used as a training-sloop attached to the training college, to teach the cadets how to sail small coasting schooners. During the War the United States Government took a number of the trading schooners into their employ for harbour and river service, and the "America," belonging at that time to a Southerner, was sunk at the mouth of the St. John River, and assisted to blockade Charlestown Harbour for eleven months. She was raised by the Northerners, recommissioned, and used as a despatch-boat till the end of the War, and afterwards as an instruction ship.

The old shipkeeper on board (whose dinner, by the way, Félise stole) was an amusing old man, and most anxious to go to England to see "Victoria." He had seen one of her boys,\* who was a nice young gentleman, and he should like to see herself and the others.

At Annapolis is the great naval academy of America, in which cadets are prepared for service in the navy of the United States. We devoted some hours to a minute inspection of this admirable institution. The establishment comprises a large barrack in which the cadets reside, numerous lecture-rooms, a special department for giving instruction in steam, equipped with lathes, and supplied with a full-sized marine engine, which is laid open for the inspection of the cadets, the interior being lighted up with gas. Occasionally steam is got up and the engine set going, the cadets assisting in the capacity of engineers.

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<sup>\*</sup> The Prince of Wales, who visited Washington in 1862.

There is also a large room containing models of every description of guns, and showing the methods of working and mounting guns at sea. Another room contains models to illustrate rigging, and the various evolutions in seamanship practised on board a man-of-war.

Two sailing corvettes are attached to the academy, and the cadets are drilled on board throughout the year, in sending down spars, bending, reefing, and furling sails, and in other branches of seamanship. In the summer they cruise afloat for three months, and have, in the last two seasons, sailed up the coast as far as Halifax. The cadets are nominated by members of Congress. They enter at sixteen, and go to sea at twenty years of age. There is an annual examination, and those who cannot pass, or whose character and conduct are unsatisfactory, are not allowed to continue in the academy.

Commodore Worden, the head of the academy, was most kind in showing us everything, and explaining the system of education; and when we had seen all, he took us to his house, where we were introduced to his wife, who is a very charming and lady-like woman.

At the State House here, which is one of the oldest in America, Washington gave up his sword to the Congress at the end of the War of Independence. The town is not large, but like most in America, it has wide, dirty, and ill-paved streets.

We sailed from Annapolis at 1.30 p.m., and in three hours were safely anchored in Baltimore, though we had some difficulty in getting there, as the already narrow channel was so piled up with dredging machines trying to make it wider and deeper, that we could hardly find water enough; but we managed to get inside the harbour formed by Fort McHenry and Fort Harlis about four, and at half-past four dropped anchor off the town, and in ten minutes more were off in the boat to get on shore for our letters, and to see as much as we could of the town in the dark.

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Of course, as usual, there were no horses; but after waiting a little while we managed to get a car to take us up to Barnum's City Hotel, another of the colossal American hotels. Finding there was no good theatre, and that the dinner was "run out," we returned on board to dine.

Friday, November 15th.—We were up at six, and on shore by eight to see the market. The weather was bitterly cold and freezing hard, the ice two or three inches thick, in spite of the bright sunshine. There are several markets at Baltimore, one for every quarter of the city, and in consequence it is market-day at one or the other daily in the week. It being Lexington market-day, we went there. The market is a very long building, extending over half a mile, and crossed in three places by streets. It took us some time to walk up and down. There were not many flowers to be seen, and the few there were looked very frost-bitten, but there was abundance of fruit of every kind. There was also a good supply of fish of all sorts, and there was one, a most curious specimen, called "sheep's head," from having a mouth full of teeth exactly like a sheep. We were told it was very good eating, especially when baked. There was also a good show of soft-shelled crabs and terrapines. for which Baltimore is famous. The poultry and wild fowl were most interesting, and I never saw so many varieties of ducks. There were also squirrels, opossums, and racoons hanging up in their skins.

Baltimore is like any other American town; for they all resemble one another, inasmuch as they have all widely-paved streets, with either a single or double tramway running down the centre, with shops and houses irregularly built, and covered with flaming advertisements and placards on either side.

This irregularity occurs from the towns having grown so fast, and each individual buying his own plot of land and building his own house or shop upon it. Baltimore is sometimes called the monumental city, on account of the several fine monuments it contains. Of these, the

Washington monument, a column 19c feet high, surmounted by a colossa statue of Washington, is the most important.

The residential part of the city contains some fine houses, streets, and squares; and the Mount Vernon Hotel consists of a fine block of buildings; we hear it is most comfortably managed, and on the Euro-

pean plan.

There is a beautiful park just outside the town, which is the resort of all the Baltimoreans in summer-time; and a very pretty crowd it must be, for I never saw so many pretty women, and with such tiny hands and feet; they looked so nice in their marketing toilette in the morning, which was most suitable and neat, and in the afternoon they were "real elegant," as they walked about, for, the horses being all sick, there were no carriages, and consequently no driving in the park. We were asked to a large party in the evening, but, unfortunately, the invitation being sent to the wrong hotel, we did not get it in time, which I rather regretted, as I should like to have seen if the Baltimore ladies looked as nice in the evening as they did in the day.

Baltimore is renowned for the beauty of her women, but our too short stay deprived us of the pleasure of making their acquaintance.

Our American lady friends in other cities have produced a highly favourable impression on our minds of the refinement and intelligence of the well-educated women of this country; and not less favourable is the idea we have formed of the gentlemen of the great republic. In polished manners, in high cultivation, the best men of this country have nothing to learn from other lands, of older civilization.

The principal trade of this city, besides cotton and tobacco, is in preserved (*canned*, as they call them here) provisions of all kinds.

All the afternoon we were busy packing and preparing for our departure, and laying up the yacht here till next autumn, when we hope to visit this part of the world again, as we have not had time nearly to finish all we intended doing—not even to take the "Eothen" back to New York.

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ope to We were all rather melancholy at the thought of leaving the dear little vessel that had brought us so many thousand (6,500) miles in comfort, not to say luxury; and we may unquestionably affirm that such a cruise has been perfectly unheard of in the annals of yachting.

We have sailed from Quebec down the St. Lawrence and the coast of New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Carolina; again from Quebec to Cape Hatteras, at the mouth of the Chesapeake, which is more than *most frigates* have done.

We have been able to live on board all the time instead of in the towns; in fact, we have only left her for a week altogether—six days to Niagara, and one to Lebanon Springs.

Mr. Bennett, the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and owner of the celebrated yacht "Dauntless," is so delighted with our experiences that he proposes to build a new steam yacht at once. Tom, on the contrary, would have liked more sailing, and is very much taken with the American schooners; but to my mind there is nothing like the certainty of knowing about what time you will arrive at your destination, and being able to stop when and where you like, independent of the wind.

Everything has gone well with us during our voyage. Capital weather—a little too cold, perhaps, for the *dolce far niente* style of existence; but we had plenty of work to do, and did it.

Nobody has been ill or cross, and the crew and servants have behaved admirably, and we have much to be thankful for, as so many things might have occurred to spoil the trip.

## CHAPTER X.

## RETURN TO NEW YORK, THROUGH PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, November 16th.—The lugger left the yacht at 7.30, and we made our start for Philadelphia at 8.30, the journey to which is not particularly interesting. We passed through several rivers and arms of the sea before reaching the "Quaker City." Having a drawing-room compartment of a Pullman car to ourselves, we managed to be very comfortable in spite of the intense cold; for it was freezing hard.

We drove about Philadelphia all the afternoon, which is a large monotonous-looking city, laid out at exact right angles, the streets and squares following in regular succession. In some of the streets there are two or three thousand houses, and it must be very unfortunate to forget the number, especially when going out to dinner. The houses are mostly built of red brick, with white marble steps, architraves and porticos; the general effect is very ugly, especially as the windows have all bright green shutters.

The Continental Hotel, where we stayed, is an enormous place, with quite a little town below stairs, where you can purchase everything you want; which accounts for Americans (especially gentlemen) travelling with so little luggage. The upstairs department is most comfortable, and

capitally managed. There are suites of private rooms, consisting of sitting, bed, and bath rooms all adjoining; the attendance also is very good, in spite of the enormous size of the place. The heat was the only objection. I never felt anything like it; it was perfectly suffocating, and so dry that after staying at the hotel a day or two, we all felt dried up like so many parched peas. We dined in the coffee-room, and went to the Arch Street Theatre, where we saw a most exciting play, full of interest, and capitally acted.

Sunday, November 17th.—We went to the very fine church of St. Stephen's, where the service was thoroughly well done, the music exquisite, and the sermon most impressive. The incumbent, who had just returned from Europe, returned thanks to God in the pulpit for his preservation in perils by land and water, and to his congregation for having given him six months' holiday, to improve his mind by foreign travel.

After lunch we went for a long drive in the beautiful park.

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Crossing the river Schuylkill on the way from St. George's Hall, we obtained a fine view of the town, which looked very large, but quite flat and utterly unpicturesque; one main street is twenty-three miles long, and though at either end the houses of course amount to little more than shanties, still for eight or ten miles there are really good houses on either side, and it is intersected at right angles by other wide streets.

The inevitable tramways run down the middle of all the streets, and are really a great convenience when the streets are properly arranged to give plenty of room for carriages to pass on both sides. The pavement is simply atrocious; we were nearly jolted to pieces at every step, and it was more like driving on a *corderoy* road than in a civilized town.

There were some lovely views on the Wissahickon, but we had not

time to go and explore them all. In the evening we went to St. Mark's —a beautiful church, where the service was very well performed, but rather high; the music was very fine and the sermon excellent.

Monday, November 18th.—The heat of the hotel and the cold of

the outer air gave me a severe chill, and I was very ill all night.

We left Philadelphia at eleven, and had a drawing-room compartment of a Pullman car, which enabled me to lie down all the way. They are very strict about dogs here, never allowing them in the railway cars, so we dressed Félise up as a "long baby," and the toy terrier Midge, being so small, was easily smuggled. Nobody seems to have any kind of pets in this country.

It was rather amusing to hear one old lady address Evie, who was carrying Félise, and implore her to let the baby have a little more air, or it would be smothered. She tried at the same time to remove the shetland veil that covered her face, rather to our alarm.

We reached New York about two, and went straight to the Brevoort House.

Tuesday, November 19th.—I was in bed all the morning, and in the afternoon we left our farewell cards on different friends, and drove out to Harlem through the Central Park, to see the trotters. We passed crowds on the road in their little spider-like looking traps, and in the lanes there were a few matches going on, just for a basket of wine between the owners; and it was interesting to watch the pace the horses could go, and the way in which they were driven.

In the evening we dined with General and Mrs. Burnside, at Delmonico's, in the Fifth Avenue. Of course we had all heard a great deal of Delmonico's, but it more than realized our expectations. The rooms were beautifully furnished, the dinner most recherché and perfectly cooked, the wines first-rate, and the flowers, and all the table decorations, most elegant and tasteful. Each lady was provided with a bouquet. It

was a delightful party, and we were so sorry to be obliged to leave early, in order to go to a reception at Mrs. Cyrus Field's. Here again we met with a warm welcome and pleasant party, and were quite sorry to think it was our last night in the country that had so hospitably received us, from our first landing nearly three months ago.

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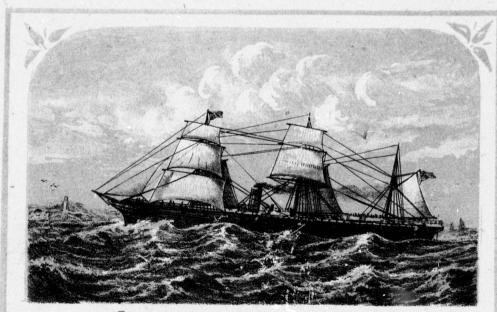
## CHAPTER XI.

#### THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

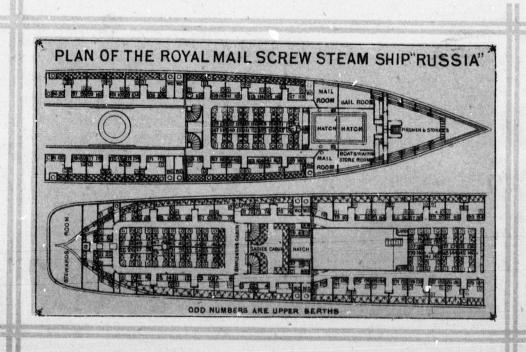
Wednesday, November 20th.—We were called at five, and at seven were off. We drove and then ferried to the Cunard steamship "Russia," in Jersey City. We moved out by nine, and at half-past nine pulled up, and sent the tug back for two passengers who had been left behind, and it was ten ere we were really off; and as soon as the partings were over, we began to inspect our cabins and the vessel which was to take us so many thousand miles. At eleven we were outside Sandy Hook, and at twelve it was lunch-time, when we began to observe our fellow-passengers, for it was lovely weather, and all were able to appear.

At dinner even there was a goodly muster. After that meal was over we retired to our own cabin to play at whist. Tom and I have one of the old mail-rooms on deck, and very comfortable it is. In spite of the company's *affiche*: "Dogs not taken on any terms," I brought Félise in her long baby disguise, and the captain and purser have kindly agreed to allow her to be in my cabin.

Thursday, November 21st.—Another lovely day, which passed as time generally does on board a mail-boat, when there is nothing to do, and a great many people to do it. Breakfast at 8.30 to 9.30; lunch at twelve; dinner at four; tea at 7.30; and supper at nine. Heaving the



Cunard Royal Mail Steam Ship "RUSSIA".



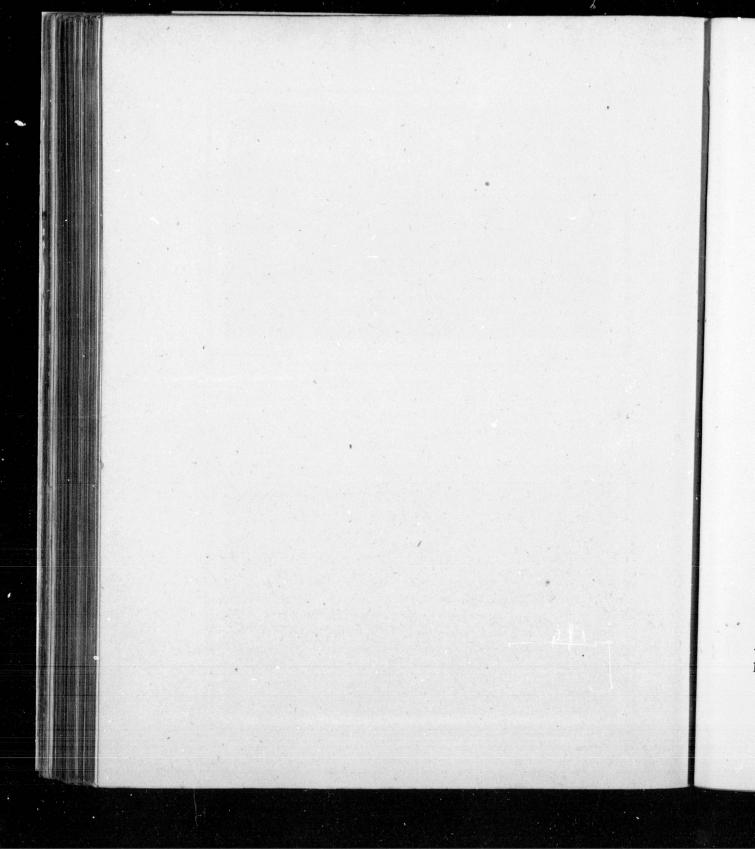
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log, the run she has made in the day, and selling pools on the run, are the great excitements, with a good deal of grumbling of an evening, to finish up the day.

Friday, November 22nd.—Not quite so fine a day, and a great diminution among the passengers in consequence. We were off Cape Race, and at twelve o'clock we had run 316 miles.

Saturday, November 23rd.—A nasty wet morning. At twelve it began to blow hard from the S.E., then S.W., N., and N.E., a regular circular storm; in fact, Tom and Mr. Paul, who both had been anxious to see a gale in a big ship, had their wishes more than gratified, and were truly thankful when it was over. We shipped more water on board this big ship than we did on the yacht. Everything was knocking about; the screw racing, and it was impossible to stand, lie, or keep still anywhere, except by holding on. The passengers were ill and terrified, and there was one bad accident, besides several broken heads and contusions. Every one was glad when day dawned on Sunday, and the wind began to moderate a little, though the sea still continued very heavy.

Sunday, November 24th.—Very rough still, and not more than thirty passengers appeared at morning service, which was read by the doctor. About dinner-time matters mended, and the wind, which had been almost ahead, came abeam, and the high numbers at pool became the favourites.

Monday, November 25th.—Still very rough. The sea was magnificent, the waves large and grand, and glorious to look at; though it was frightful to see this great powerful ship tossed about like a cockleshell. She is certainly the finest steamer by far that I ever was on board of.

Steaming along in a raging sea against a head-wind, never less than twelve knots on this passage, and sometimes up to fifteen, gives one a high sense of human power and skill. She is, in fact, the finest steamer that crosses the ocean; she was built under Admiralty supervision, at the time the Canada line carried the mails, is chain-plated, strengthened, and secured in every way, and cost £140,000, instead of £60,000 or £70,000, which is the average price of the mail boats. In consequence, she is often able to pursue her passage in the winter, when other ships are obliged to lay-to.

Captain Cook seems a most efficient officer, and is certainly a great favourite with those who know him. All the officers appear a gentlemanly set of men, but, as they do not mess with the passengers, we do

not see much of them.

Everything is arranged to make the passage as pleasant as anything so essentially disagreeable can be made. There are deck stewards to bring us our meals on deck; bedroom stewardesses to bring our meals into our cabin, with hot dishes and covered plates, so as to make things as palatable as they can be on board ship.

A great deal of gambling goes on, I fancy, and the carpenter who set us a little table to play whist on, informed us that thousands and thousands of pounds had been lost and won on the same table.

The children have their meals with us, are perfectly well, and happy as the day is long.

Tuesday, November 26th.—Another rough day, and really at breakfast I felt as if a few more days of this perpetual roll and incessant regular clatter of dishes and plates would make me a confirmed idiot.

We had the usual mixed set of passengers on board; some of them were rather amusing, as there ought to be out of 150. Among them is a gentleman who is the greatest sufferer by the Boston fire; not only in amount, but by having insured in insecure offices, he will only get paid five shillings in the pound. Leaving his partners to collect this, he and his brother have started abroad to arrange with and re-assure their foreign correspondents.

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Another man's son had a large boot and shoe store, which was burnt down; the son being out of town at the time, the father trotted off to tell him. The son arrived at eight on the Monday morning, and by eleven had secured a fresh store, and telegraphed to his correspondent in this country, and by five the same evening he was busy selling boots and shoes again, and doing a good trade, as the fire was principally in that quarter of the town, and boots and shoes are the great exports of Massachusetts.

Many of the passengers are going to winter in Italy, or going up the Nile. There is an old Sandwich Islander and his wife taking their grandchild home to England to be educated; a shipwrecked captain who was on board the same ship with the ill-fated Lord Aberdeen; a man who had received a telegram that his one ship in the world had been wrecked, dismantled, and towed into Treport, in France, and who had not the least idea where that was, or how to get there, till we told him; an old Mr. Grenel, who is over seventy years of age, and going on a tour round the world; an old Lancashire spinner and his wife returning from a journey through Canada and the States; the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club, with his bride (a widow, with two children, whom I should think he must have married for money); and another bride and bridegroom, who never speak to anybody but themselves.

There is also a German picture-dealer, who has a perfect cargo of provisions of all kinds, game, and oysters, not to say anything of a special coffee-pot; and he is most liberal in dispensing them to his fellow passengers. To proceed with the catalogue, there are heaps of parents taking their children over to school; the whole of the Cunard family; a man who walks about on deck in a frock coat, stove-pipe hat, and yellow gloves; and money-bag men from New York: these altogether make up a heterogeneous mass, bound together for a short time on

the briny ocean. There was a little excitement got up to-day for the ladies, in the shape of a raffle for a painted china plaque, which was finally won by the lady who put it up to be raffled; and it was thought by the passengers generally to be rather a "do."

Wednesday, November 27th.—We have been a week at sea, and a weary week it has been, and I don't think I have ever felt so worn out with a sea voyage before. It has been so rough that it has been quite impossible to do anything or to feel comfortable. It was rather finer to-day, and we spent the whole day on deck.

In the evening we went down to see the engine-room, and stokehole, which is a very hot place, though there is a good draught. There were fourteen men stoking fourteen enormous fires—seven to each of her boilers.

Certainly her steaming arrangements are most perfect, and the service department is wonderful. In the evening the betting was faster and more furious than ever, for besides the pool they bet on the number of the pilot's boat, whether he would be dark or fair, if he would wear a black or a white hat, and whether he would put his right leg or his left first on board!—such children are men when they have no legitimate occupation or amusement to engage their thoughts.

Thursday, November 28th.—Wet and blowy. Everybody in good spirits at the near approach of the end of the voyage, and they were all betting when we should first see the Irish lights, and at what hour we should make Queenstown.

We watched till the Bull and Cow lights near Bantry Bay were distinctly visible, and as usual we finished up the evening with whist and supper in our cabin.

Friday, November 29th.—We were called at six, and we could see the coast of old Ireland through the mist. About eight the tender was alongside; the mails and one passenger transferred with considerable difficulty, as the boat was rolling about so; and newspapers and Irish butter were brought on board. After an hour's detention we proceeded on our way up channel, and beguiled our time by reading the welcome home letters.

It was blowing a perfect gale, and most thankful we all were not to be in mid Atlantic, as when the last gale overtook us.

We passed . . . about twelve, and proceeded on our way towards the Mersey.

Saturday, November 30th.—At two a.m. we dropped our anchor in the Mersey, exactly three months and a day after we left it, in the "Hibernia" on the 9th of August. During that time how much we have seen, and how much we have to be thankful for!

The entire change of air, of scene, and consequently of thought, has refreshed us all both in body and mind, and inspired us with renewed vigour for the duties and pleasures of home life.

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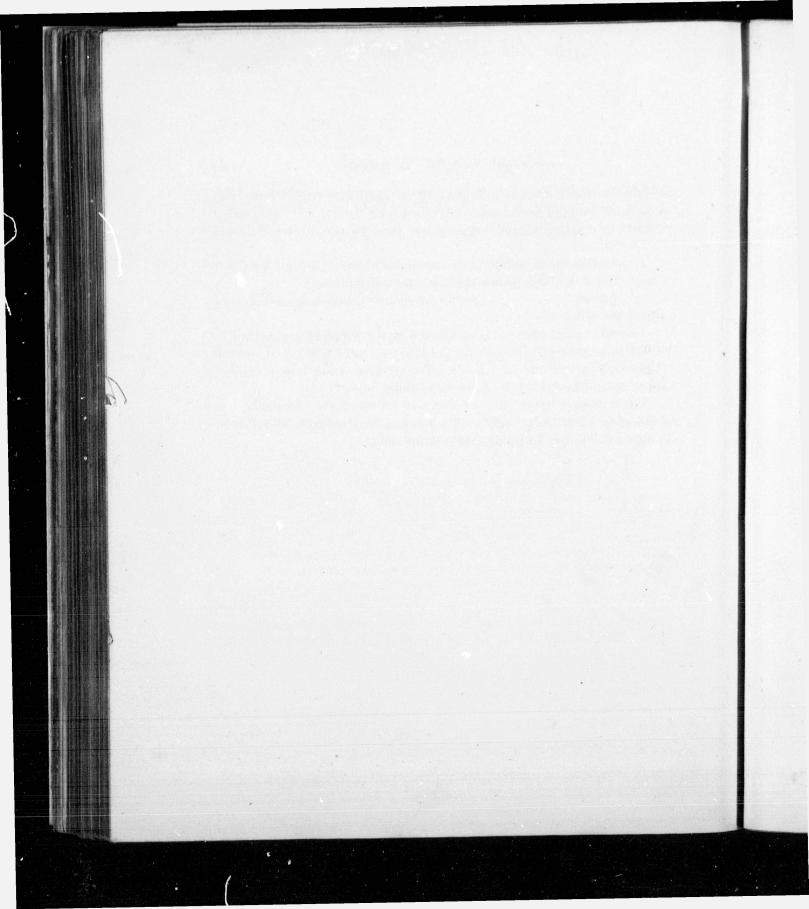
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# These Letters are

## DEDICATED

TO

# OUR FRIENDS IN AMERICA,

IN

GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

OF

THEIR HOSPITALITY DURING OUR VISIT THERE.



## APPENDIX.

## MR. BRASSEY'S LETTER.

[Referred to in page 14.]

"Eothen," R. Y. S., St. John's, Newfoundland, 30th August, 1872.

To the Editor of the " Hastings News."

SIR,

It may be that an account of my recent voyage from Hastings to this remote Colony, a distance of 2,500 miles, may be perused with interest by many of your readers. I shall therefore give you a concise narrative of our recent experiences.

My little vessel, in stormy weather, is, as Lord Granville in his speech at the opening of our pier surmised, no very luxurious residence. She was driven from her moorings off Hastings, ere the last enthusiastic proceedings of the opening ceremonial were concluded, and I found her, on the afternoon of the following day, at anchor under the lee of Dungeness. My embarkation, on that occasion, was a task of considerable difficulty. The receding tide, on the eastern side of the Ness, leaves uncovered a wide extent of flat sandy beach,—impossible to traverse in the gig, which I had hired at Appledore; impossible to walk across, without sinking ankle deep into the soft ooze. Under these circumstances, your member was reduced to the necessity of making a journey of a mile barefoot, and wading knee deep into the sea, in order to reach the boat which was awaiting his arrival.

The same night we proceeded under steam and sail to Cowes, where we

remained until Saturday, August 10th. It was our intention to have been present at the ceremony of the completion of the Breakwater at Portland; but we started somewhat late, and finding a gale from the westward blowing in our teeth, we determined to exercise the faculty of discretion, and return to our well-sheltered anchorage at Cowes.

On Monday, the 12th, the weather was propitious for the commencement of our long voyage across the Atlantic. Mrs. Brassey and my youthful family disembarked, and I proceeded to sea. With smooth water, and a light head-wind, we steamed to Portland in a summer's afternoon; and after a delay of three hours, for the purpose of taking in stores forwarded from London for our use, we resumed our voyage to Cork in the evening.

On the following day, we fell in with the Channel Fleet off the Lizard. The superb array of floating leviathans, ponderous with heavy armour, and bristling with huge artillery, looked splendid in the morning sunshine. We passed, at slow speed, close under the lee of the Channel Squadron, which formed the port division of the

fleet, the other line being composed of the ships of the Coastguard Service.

As we passed, we had the pleasure of seeing the seamen of the fleet exercised in furling sails; and shortly afterwards the ironclads commenced a series of evolutions under steam. In the afternoon we rounded the Land's End, and early on the morning of the 14th August, entered the lovely Cove of Cork. The day was busily employed in taking on board coals, and preparing for an ocean passage. In addition to our ordinary supply of fuel, we had fifteen tons of coal in bags on deck, an experiment which we tried with apprehension, though subsequent experience proved that we might safely have carried twice the quantity in the same manner.

Anxious to lose not a moment of the favourable weather, we left Queenstown at midnight on the 14th, as soon, indeed, as the bunker lids had been secured and the yacht was unmoored from the coal wharf. After we had started the weather was less propitious, and on the morning of the 15th, when off Cape Clear, we experienced a strong though favourable breeze from the south. The thought of returning to harbour, even with a falling barometer, under such circumstances, was not to be entertained; and every sail was spread to catch the breeze. Under sail and steam, our speed was great. We passed Cape Clear at seven on the morning of the 15th, and, by noon of the following day, had left, 250 miles astern, the last land which we should sight until we had traversed the Atlantic.

The weather then changed. The wind drew round to the N.W., and was dead ahead, causing a considerable sea. We persevered during the night under steam

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alone, but the speed was reduced to three knots an hour. It was not desirable to burn fuel with so small a result, and at daybreak we determined to cease steaming, and put the "Eothen" off the wind under canvas, certain thereby of preventing the consumption of fuel, and giving the yacht an easier motion in the seaway, even though but little progress should be made. In the afternoon of the 17th August the wind veered to the W.S.W., and with the wind from that quarter our fore and aft canvas could be set. The voyage was accordingly resumed under steam and sail, and although we encountered a heavy sea, we made rapid progress until the following morning. I will now continue my account by giving the principal incidents of each day in the most concise form of short extracts from my log book.

August 18th.—The day opened with a strong fair wind from the S.W. The g. 2, however, gradually increased, and, at eleven a.m., blew with great violence. We were compelled to lay-to under easy steam, and double reef storm trysail, and for a period of six hours had to contend against a severe storm of wind and mountainous waves. Happily, my little vessel, now tried for the first time in such a sea, behaved admirably, and in the afternoon we were relieved from further anxiety by an improvement in the weather. At seven p.m. we began to steam slowly ahead, and with the aid of close-reefed canvas, attained a speed of six knots an hour.

August 19th.—This morning there was little wind, but a great swell from the N.W. We maintained the same moderate speed of yesterday evening, and had many valued opportunities of ascertaining our position by observations. In the afternoon the sea was calm, and the wind, though light, was favourable. All sail was accordingly set; but in the evening the weather was once more threatening, and sails were stowed in consequence of a change in the wind, which was now directly in our teeth.

August 20th.—The head-wind became so strong, that we were unable to make much progress under steam. To economise fuel we banked fires, set sail, and tacked to the S.W. While hove-to, my little vessel rode the seas with admirable ease and buoyancy. We were now half way across the Atlantic, and 900 miles from St. John's, having sailed from noon on the 16th to noon on the following day, 111 miles; in the succeeding twenty-four hours 174 miles; in the next 123 miles; and in the next 131 miles. All the afternoon of the 20th we were slowly sailing to the S.W., unable to make much way against an immense swell from the N.W. In the evening both wind and sea went down, and at nine we proceeded once more under steam.

August 21st.—In the early morning we experienced a strong wind, shifting from west to south-east. Every sail was set and fires banked. Under canvas alone,

we attained a speed of ten knots and a half an hour. At noon we had run another 132 miles.

The wind in the afternoon veered to the S.S.E., but its force was moderate, and the swell not unusually high. The barometer, however, gave ominous indications of a coming storm. It stood at 29.82 at one a.m.; at 29.42 at noon; at 29.33 at four; at 29.19 at eight p.m. During the whole day we had much drizzling rain, and at seven p.m. the wind died away, and all sails were stowed. I cannot adequately describe the anxieties of this dreadful afternoon. It seemed possible, but not probable, that the barometer had fallen only for rain; but, in contemplation of another and more serious cause, our books on Atlantic weather and revolving storms were attentively studied, though without the discovery of any distinct plan to be pursued,

which would afford some hope of escape from the coming tempest.

As we had the advantage of steam power, and were not encumbered with heavy spars or a large spread of canvas, it seemed best to pursue our voyage on our proper track, and to hold ourselves prepared for whatever changes of weather might be encountered. We had had the wind at S.E. in the afternoon, and later in the evening we were passing across an interval of calm, overshadowed by a dense mass of black cloud. As, in the northern hemisphere, the gyration of revolving storms is against the hands of the watch, we knew that if perchance we had become entangled in a revolving storm, we must be passing through its north-east quadrant; and that, having traversed the centre of the tempestuous circle, the next shift of wind must be from the N.W. It might be, however, that we were apprehending such a catastrophe without sufficient reason; but at nine, while we were at tea in the cabin, a hissing sound of wind in the rigging assured us too truly that the storm had burst upon us. A gust of wind from the N.W. suddenly struck my little vessel, and blew with a force never equalled in any former experience of mine, nor even in the recollection of my naval friend. All hands were mustered on deck, and worked with the calm courage and energy of British seamen. The vessel was hove-to under a double-reefed main storm trysail, and the screw was kept slowly revolving, to assist us in bringing the vessel's head to face the sea. It was soon found that she made the best weather when steered about west. All boats were made fast on deck. All skylights and companions were secured by battening down with stout wooden hatches, specially prepared for such an emergency, and by covers of strong canvas. In addition, sails were placed over the stoke-hole and larger skylights, and lashed to eyebolts in the deck. Life lines were rove from mast to mast, to which the crew were attached, in the event of a sea breaking on board. These preparations made, we passed through a terrible night.

but, with heartfelt thankfulness be it recorded, our little ship rode out the storm in safety. The bulwarks were started here and there by the violent blows of the sea, but no other damage was done; and when morning at length broke the storm had settled down into a regular Atlantic westerly gale. The sea rose to a portentous height, but it ran fairly with the wind, and, with careful steering, threatened no danger. With easier minds, but upon most uneasy beds, we could now venture to take needful rest. Nothing indeed remained, but to await with patience a change of weather. The sun shone brightly on the storm-tossed sea. Under any other circumstances, the angry seas, writhing in innumerable forms of majestic beauty, would have been a great and glorious scene. From our little ship, however, the stormy ocean around us could not be surveyed without some feelings of anxiety.

Thus passed Thursday, the 22nd August.

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August 23rd.—Gale fast abating. At eight a.m. we made all fore and aft sail, and stood to the north-west. At noon we ascertained by observations that we had advanced forty miles further to the westward during the gale than we had supposed.

We had assumed that we had gained one hundred and ten miles in the fortyeight hours, whereas we had actually come 150 miles, and were now 700 miles from St. John's.

In the afternoon we made our number to a large steamer of the Inman Line, steering to the eastward. At 5.30 the wind was ahead, but light; all sails were furled, and we commenced steaming. The night was beautiful—a welcome rest after the recent gale.

August 24th.—At ten set sail, the wind drawing to the south. At noon we had made a further advance of 148 miles. Pleasant weather in the afternoon, but at eight p.m. we were once more battling with a strong wind, under double-reefed sails. The wind being at S.W., and our course N.W., we made short miles of it until eleven a.m., when the wind shifted to the N.W., and we found it necessary to bank fires, and put the ship on the starboard tack, steering to the S.W. Distance made good at noon since yesterday at the same time, 188 miles. In the evening the Aurora Borealis was most brilliant. At eleven, with finer weather, we once more proceeded under steam.

August 26th.—At seven this morning the wind again headed us, and blew with such force that it was useless to attempt to steam against it. We banked fires, and tacked to the north under sail. At nine we saw a large steamer of the Bremen Line steaming rapidly for New York. For the moment we wished our little craft were equally large and powerful. By noon we had made a further advance of ninety miles. There were no changes of weather in the afternoon, but the barometer had fallen to

29.5, and we expected a breeze. At ten we experienced another heavy gale, the third on our not very long voyage of eight days.

We again set the double-reefed main trysail, and hove-to under easy steam. The wind was not so violent as in the last storm, but the sea was more confused, and we had much water on deck at intervals.

August 27th.—The wind moderated in the morning watch, and at seven we set more sail and ceased steaming. At noon we had logged another 68 miles, and were now only 328 miles from St. John's. At one we resumed steaming, and proceeded under steam and sail, close hauled, steering west, and gradually coming up to W.N.W. as the wind veered to the northward. In the evening the sea was smooth.

August 28th.—At midnight it was calm, and we stowed sails and steamed ahead, burning coal somewhat more freely, as we were drawing nearer to our port. At six a.m. we had a fair wind from the S.E., and the barometer, for the first time since our departure from Queenstown, had risen above thirty inches.

Every sail was spread. Our square foretopsail, foresail, and topgallantsail, scarcely ever set during our voyage, were doing good service. At noon we had made a capital run of 204 miles, and were only 115 miles from our port. We passed two large ships bound to the eastward, under full sail, on a wind, standing to the northward. In the afternoon we made preparations for harbour. Boats were slung in davits, and chain cables shackled on to the anchors. At ten p.m. we began to look anxiously for the revolving light on Cape Spear, near to St. John's; but there was a dense mist, and much rain at intervals. Sails were accordingly furled, and the engine stopped at eleven p.m., as we then reckoned our distance from the land to be too short to justify further progress until the lights were visible. We had scarcely stopped when the mist cleared away, and the light on Cape Spear was seen in the south-west. We steered for it, in the hope of being able to get at once into the harbour of St. John's. The entrance, however, is only 300 yards wide, and the approach from the sea cannot be safely made unless two inner leading-lights are seen. We stood as near to the entrance as we dared, but it was too misty for the lights to be seen; and we stood out into the offing until the first dawn of day, when we again made for the harbour, and, no pilot appearing, brought our little craft successfully into the anchorage.

Since leaving Hastings 2,500 miles of sea have been traversed. The weather has been exceptionally severe, even for the North Atlantic, and we acknowledge ourselves to be deeply thankful for our safe arrival at the termination of a protracted, and even hazardous, voyage. My little vessel is well suited for home and Mediterranean waters; but the passage of the Atlantic cannot be made in comfort in a steamer of

such inadequate size. Indeed, a sailing vessel of the same tonnage would undoubtedly be much more master of the situation. For the work before us now that we are on this side the ocean, she is well suited.

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h. med It may be a matter of surprise that in the month of August such a succession of storms should be experienced, but all the bad weather which visits the British Isles originates in the Atlantic, and travels to the eastward to our shores. Vessels proceeding westward are accordingly liable to a succession of these storms. Especially in a steamer, the intervals of fine weather are sometimes too rapidly traversed, and no sooner has the ship escaped from one storm than another advances in her path. Such at least is the story of nautical life when broken weather prevails, as assuredly it did during our recent passage, But, when all is over, the memory is not oppressed by the recollection of hard battles with the winds and the waves. Foul weather, not fine, makes good sailors. Any country can produce sailors for fine weather, but it is in stormier latitudes that thorough seamen are reared; and the British seaman has attained his great skill and renown because, in his native waters, his hardy calling of necessity exposes him to frequent storms.

In conclusion, I must express my grateful appreciation of the aid which I have received from my naval friend, Lieutenant Paul, already alluded to, who showed himself a splendid seaman when the storm overtook us, and to whose careful navigation we owe a most successful landfall.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

THOMAS BRASSEY.

## [MR. BRASSEY'S LETTER CONTINUED.]

"Eothen," R.Y.S., At Sea, Gulf of St. Lawrence, 6th September, 1872.

We remained at St. John's two days; a short, but pleasant and most refreshing respite from our turbulent existence at sea.

At three in the afternoon of Saturday, 31st August, we unmoored from the wharf, at which we had taken in forty-five tons of coal, and proceeded to sea under steam. Off Cape Spear, three miles outside the harbour of St. John's, we stopped the

engine, and in the midst of a flotilla of fishing boats let down our deep-sea lines, in the hope of catching a few cod. Our neighbours were hauling in magnificent fish without intermission: but we did not share in their good fortune. Doubtless our inexperience, and consequent want of skill, were the cause of our failure. At five we resumed our voyage, steering S.W. for Cape Race. The wind was from the eastward, and gradually increased to a strong breeze. All fore and aft sail was set. The sea was moderately smooth, and while under these favourable conditions, we maintained a speed of nine knots an hour. The coast of Newfoundland between St. John's and Cape Race, a distance of sixty miles, is bold, sterile, and mountainous. Its dark colouring adds to the savage grandeur of the scenery. The coast is indented by several deep bays. The sheltered anchorages which they afford have led to the formation of numerous fishing establishments, some of which have become small towns, and possess a church.

At eleven p.m. we altered our course to the S.S.W., for Cape Race, and as the wind drew more on the quarter, we stowed our fore and aft mainsail and mizen, and set the foretopsail. At midnight we rounded the Cape, and altered our course to the N.W., steering for Cape Pine, the next headland on the south coast of Newfoundland, and distant about twenty-three miles from Cape Race.

A light is exhibited on each of these promontories, and these are most important beacons in North Atlantic navigation. Cape Race lies in the track, not only of vessels bound to and from the estuary of the St. Lawrence, but also on the great circle course from the principal ports of the New England States and Northern Europe. It is therefore the usual landfall of steamers bound for New York, and thence they take their departure for the voyage homeward bound.

As we were running from Cape Race to Cape Pine the wind rapidly increased, and at two a.m., when we were off the latter cape, we were running at the rate of eleven knots an hour before a heavy gale from the S.E. The barometer had fallen from 30.09, at which it stood at four p.m. yesterday afternoon, to 28.85 at four a.m. this morning. So rapid a change in the pressure indicated the approach of a very serious storm. Boats were stowed on deck, and well secured; and as the violent force of the wind made the foreyard bend like an archer's bow, and there was momentary risk of its being carried away, we stowed the foretopsail, and set the double-reefed main storm trysail. Meanwhile, all hatches and openings in the deck were battened down. Between four a.m. and six a.m. the wind veered to the N.E., from which quarter it blew with terrible fury. The most experienced of our crew had never seen a heavier gale: indeed, only one of our hands pretended to have been at sea in such

a storm, and he had to refer to a formid ble typhoon on the coast of China for a precedent. At six, to our great relief, the barometer ceased to fall; but as the wind veered still further round to the N.N.E., and we had to contend regalest a heavy beam sea, it became necessary to heave to At nine the gale began to moderate, and at eleven we were able to steam showly ahead at the rate of six knots, steering N.W. by W., for the island of St. Pierre, distant forcy miles to the westward.

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The storm experienced this morning exceeded in vicence even that already described in the story of our voyage across the Atlantic.

As we subsequently learned at St. Pierre, no storm of equal fury had been experienced in the island for thirty years, and it was pronounced by the officers of the French flagship at St. Pierre, who paid great attention to the phenomena of the gale, to have exhibited all the features peculiar to a cyclone. We have no small cause for thankfulness that we were able to pass through such an ordeal, not only in safety, but without the smallest injury to the vessel and her much-enduring crew. The seas we encountered would doubtless have been still more formidable had we been situated in he midst of the Atlantic; but though distant nearly fifty miles from the nearest land, we undoubtedly were protected in some degree by the shores of Newfoundland from a still graver trial of the seagoing qualities of our little ship.

Even with some alleviating circumstances in our favour, the seas raged furiously around us. There was an enormous swell running from the S.E., and a short deep sea from the N.N.E., so that the ship was struck, when hove-to, at the same moment by the waves abeam and by the swell astern, and must, unless she had been admirably handled by Lieutenant Paul, have shipped innumerable seas.

Since leaving St. John's, we had sailed 158 miles, and at noon we were in latitude 46.30 north. At 5.30 p.m., our longitude, by observation, was 55.30 west. In the afternoon the wind veered from north-east to north-west; and at four p.m. there was a strong wind from the west-south-west. We were unable to make headway against a breeze of such strength, accompanied necessarily by a heavy sea. Accordingly, we put the vessel off under easy steam and close-reefed canvas, and stood to the north-west, on the port tack. Throughout the afternoon and evening and the night, the same condition of affairs remained unaltered. Against a high wind and heavy sea we crept forward on our course for the Estuary of the St. Lawrence, at the rate of from three to four knots an hour. Between midnight and four in the morning of the 2nd of September, the barometer, already very low, again began to fall. Our sailing directions informed us that after an easterly gale, a westerly gale, equal in violence to the preceding storm from the opposite quarter, was to be expected. Our crew were now worn out, and the

owner and his friends not unnaturally experienced the same need for repose, the same dread of another battle with the opposing elements. Since eleven p.m. we had had the revolving light on the island of St. Pierre in view. The island is a French settlement, and contains a good harbour. It needed more than mortal energy to refuse to accept such inviting shelter.

Under all circumstances, it was surely not faint-hearted to point, like the lotos eaters, towards the land, and say,

This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.

All things have rest: why should we toil alone? We duly toil, who are the first of things, And make perpetual moan; Still from one sorrow to another thrown, Nor ever fold our wings, And cease from wandering."

It was an additional argument—one which made retreat politic from a nautical point of view, as well as a reasonable concession to the weakness of storm-lost humanity—that even if we kept the seas, we should gain nothing to windward against a contrary gale. Accordingly, at four we bore up, and steering for the friendly lighthouse, found ourselves safely anchored in the harbour of St. Pierre at nine a.m. The total distance sailed since noon yesterday was ninety-seven miles.

We found, in the anchorage, a large number of French brigs and schooners engaged in the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland, and several colonial schooners from Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, which supply this island with fresh provisions.

There were also the "Minerve" flagship of the French admiral, and a large storeship belonging to the French navy. Every vessel was riding with both anchors down, even in this land-locked harbour—a practical proof of the severity of the weather which we had had to encounter in the open sea.

How welcome the calm waters of the harbour after the stormy billows without! How grateful the warm sunshine! The seas had found their way into most of the cabins; and as soon as we were safely moored, our deck was strewn with damp bedding and wet clothing, and every individual on board, save the solitary sentinel who kept the anchor watch, sank, tired out, but with a thankful heart, into the arms of Morpheus, that kind nurse of men.

We remained at anchor at St. Pierre two days, and in the afternoon of Wednes-

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day, September 3rd, the weather had become much more favourable for the continuation of our voyage, and we resolved on starting from St. Pierre the following morning. At sunrise, however, the weather again looked threatening, and the barometer had fallen; but the wind lulled at seven, and we immediately unmoored. Soon afterwards the wind increased to a strong breeze, dead ahead, and the sea became so heavy that we could gain but little ground under steam alone. All fore and aft canvas was accordingly set, with a single reef in each sail, and we began to work to windward in sailing-ship fashion, though much assisted by our steam power.

At noon we tacked to the north-west, but as we were approaching the dangerous reefs and rocks on the south coast of Newfoundland, we tacked to the south-west at four.

Though the wind had been strong the sun shone brilliantly all day, and in the evening the sea and the wind were rapidly going down.

At one a.m. on the 5th September the wind had worked round from the northwest to the westward, and we thereupon tacked and found ourselves able to steer almost a direct course for the island of St. Paul's, at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We pursued our voyage with a smooth sea, a moderate fair wind, and fine weather throughout the day. At eleven Cape North, the noble headland which forms the north-western extremity of Cape Breton, was distinctly seen on our weather, and at three we rounded St. Paul's and shaped a course for the Bird Rock, a small rock so called because it is the resort of innumerable gannets. On a moonlight night it can be seen at a distance of nine miles, snowy white from the vast flocks of birds which roost upon its rocky ledges. The distance from St. Paul's to the Bird Rock is sixty-three miles.

The island of St. Paul's is one of the dangers of the navigation in these waters where fogs so commonly prevail. We saw the wreck of a large screw steamer which had recently run ashore. The great depth of the sea in the vicinity makes it difficult to ascertain the distance from the island by soundings. On the occasion of our visit the weather was clear and sunny, and the high hills and bright green slopes of the island made it a conspicuous object.

We passed the Bird Rock light at midnight, having now come 230 miles from St. Pierre in less than forty-eight hours.

All went well on the 6th September until ten a.m., when the wind freshened to a strong breeze, as usual from the westward, accompanied by a short chopping sea, which reduced our speed from eight to five knots an hour. At noon, however, we were only 400 miles from Quebec; the weather was fine, and the barometer rising. In the

afternoon the wind gradually dropped, so that at three we were going from seven to eight knots, and at eight about nine knots an hour. As we approached Cape Rosier we saw many fine ships, both sailing large and on a wind. The activity of the timber trade of Canada is remarkably manifested in the great fleet of vessels which we have passed during the last two days. We spoke two ships, the masters of which wished to be reported at Ouebec.

This evening was lovely; the finest we have enjoyed since leaving Queenstown.

At two a.m. on Saturday, the 7th September, we made the light on Magdalen Point, and at nine a.m. we passed Cape Chatte. We had taken the passage from St. Paul's south of the island of Anticosti, and, all yesterday afternoon, had had the island in view to the north, while the high cliffs of New Brunswick, which form the south coast of the Gulf, were in sight on the southern horizon. To-day we might fairly consider ourselves in the St. Lawrence, and free from the risk of the recurrence of stormy weather. Yet, at its mouth, this noble river is thirty miles in width; and as we were running along the southern shore of the Estuary, and the opposite coasts are low, we could not see the further shore; and, but for the absolute smoothness of the water, we might have believed ourselves to be still navigating the open sea.

The mountains of St. Anne, nearly 4,000 feet in height, approach the coast near Magdalen Point, and form a continuous and imposing range for a distance of many miles. Their lower slopes are richly clothed with vast forests of pine-trees. In many places these trees have been stripped of their bark, and are dead. No attempt is made to fell them until they are thoroughly decayed, when, of course, they are easily removed. It is in this manner that the laborious task of making clearances of forest land for the purposes of cultivation is generally accomplished in this district of Canada, where the

timber is rarely of sufficient size to be valuable for exportation.

The French settlers in the lower portion of the valley of the St. Lawrence seem to cling closely to the shores of the river. From Cape Chatte westwards there is an almost continuous row of timber huts and houses. At the mouth of the river Matan a tall church steeple gives evidence of the existence of spiritual advantages among these hardly-worked pioneers of civilisation.

At noon to-day we had made a fine run of 199 miles since noon yesterday. Running up close in shore, we saw the sailing ships in the distance hull down, it being evidently deemed more prudent to keep at least five miles off the land. The pilot boats are necessarily stationed on the track of the ships, and as we preferred to follow the shore, we had determined to take a pilot from the village at Father's Point. We did not reach this Point until ten p.m.; but on arriving off the lighthouse we exhibited

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blue lights and rockets, and discharged a gun. These signals brought off the pilot who was waiting for the Allan steamer, and who, on finding that ours was not the vessel he was expecting, told us to proceed to the island of Bic, twelve miles further up the river, where a pilot boat would be found. We proceeded on our voyage, and at midnight were close to Bic; but a fog coming on suddenly, we determined to anchor.

The fog clearing off at daylight, on whe 8th September, we weighed anchor, and shortly after discovered the boat of which we were in search, and took on board a pilot. Now, at length, I was free from all the anxieties of navigation, and could enjoy the ease of a passenger on board the "Eothen." Such rest, however, would doubtless become wearisome if it were long unbroken.

All day long we pursued our way under steam. It was perfectly calm, and we maintained a speed of ten miles an hour.

The scenery of the St. Lawrence is beautiful. The broad expanse of the river gives an impression of that vastness in the scale of creation which is a peculiar feature of the American continent. The northern bank of the river is generally rugged and mountainous, calling to mind much of the scenery of the west coast of Scotland. On the southern shore the hills are of moderate height, sloping gradually down to the river. The land is, for the most part, enclosed and cultivated; and villages composed of snow-white houses clustered round a church steeple, which is generally covered with zinc, occur at frequent intervals. The most important town is Rivière du Loup, a hundred miles below Quebec, and a favourite summer retreat of the inhabitants of that city.

Late in the afternoon a large steamer was descried following us up the river. As she approached, we were convinced that it was the Allan steamer due to-day, on board of which were Mrs. Brassey and my infant family. We made preparations to receive them with a feu de joie of rockets and blue lights. At nine p.m. the steamer was close astern, and sent up three rockets, a signal evidently intended to assure us that our long-expected fellow-travellers were on board. We replied with six rockets, and illuminated our little vessel with blue lights. The display was doubtless effective, and evoked a hearty cheer from the steamer, to which the crew of the "Eothen" as heartily replied.

Our pilot deemed it imprudent to enter the crowded anchorage of Quebec in the night: and at ten p.m. we anchored about five miles below the town, having steamed, since seven this morning, a distance of 150 miles. The fine weather had enabled us, for the first time, to hold a Sunday service on board.

At six a.m. on the 9th September we weighed anchor, and in half an hour rounded Point Levi. At seven we anchored off Quebec; and shortly afterwards the family which had separated exactly four weeks ago at Cowes, more than 3,600 miles away, were reunited at Quebec. Strange yet happy coincidence, that we should have reached our mutual destination at the same hour!

#### LOG OF "EOTHEN."

August 12.—Sailed from Cowes, called at Portland, and proceeded to Queenstown. Distance run, 360 miles.

August 14.—Arrived at Queenstown at eight a.m., and sailed for St. John's,

Newfoundland, at eleven p.m.

August 16.—Latitude, 51.56; longitude, 15.57. Distance run, 190 miles.

August 17.—Latitude. 52.51; longitude, 18.40. Distance run, 110 miles. August 18.—Latitude, 52.11; longitude, 22.00. Distance run, 174 miles.

August 19.—Latitude, 52.22; longitude, 26.36. Distance run, 123 miles.

August 20.—Latitude, 51.57; longitude, 29.55. Distance run, 131 miles.

August 21.—Latitude, 51.22; longitude, 31.55. Distance run, 132 miles.

August 22.—Latitude, 50.40; longitude, no observation. Distance run, 120 miles.

August 23.—Latitude, 50.09; longitude, 35.05. Distance run, 60 miles. August 24.—Latitude, 49.55; longitude, 38.20. Distance run, 148 miles.

August 24.—Latitude, 49.55; longitude, 38.20. Distance run, 148 miles. August 25.—Latitude, 49.34; longitude, 42.37. Distance run, 189 miles.

August 26.—Latitude, 49.04; longitude, 44.30. Distance run, 90 miles.

August 27.—Latitude, 49.33; longitude, 45.36. Distance run, 68 miles.

August 28.—Latitude, 48.15; longitude, 50.06. Distance run, 204 miles.

August 29.—Arrived at St. John's. Distance run, 131 miles. Total distance from Queenstown, 1,870 miles.

Head-winds were experienced during the greater part of the voyage. A heavy gale, lasting from nine a.m. to two p.m., was encountered on the 20th of August. On the 21st we were hove-to eight hours. On the 22nd the barometer fell to 29.15, and a heavy gale was experienced, commencing at S.E., suddenly flying round to N.W., after the centre of the storm had been traversed. We were hove-to the whole day of twenty-four hours on the 23rd, and again for thirty hours on the 26th and 27th.

## APPENDIX.

August 31st.—Sailed from St. John's at four p.m. On the following day we encountered a heavy gale from the N.N.E., barometer falling to 28.85. On the 2nd September arrived at St. Pierre. Sailed from St. Pierre on the 4th, and reached Quebec on the 9th. Total distance—St. John's to Quebec—1,100 miles.

	FROM QUEBI	EC TO	NEW YO	PRK.			
Date.						1	Distance run Miles.
Sept. 17 to 18 Quebec to Montreal							180
Oct. 2 to 3 Montreal to Quebec							180
" 4, 5, 6, 7 Quebec, up River Sa			ay, and	on to Cl	harlotte	etown	670
,, 9	Charlottetown to						-
" 10 to 11	Pictou to Halifax						270
" 13 to 14 Halifax to Boston							400
,, 19	Boston to Hawsh	on					150
,, 21	Hawshon to Prov	idence					60
,, 23	Providence to Ne	wport					30
,, 24	Newport to New						-6-
,, 24							
			Total				2,150
	SUMMARY	Y OF D	ISTANCI	ES.			Miles.
Cowes to St. Jo				•••			2,230
St. John's to Q							1,100
Quebec, coastw	rise to New York, i	ncludin	g voyag	e up th	e St. I	aw-	
rence an	d the Saguenay						2,150
			Γotal				5,480
	COALS	CONSU	MED.				
							Tons.
Cowes to St. Jo	ohn's						55
St. John's to Q	uebec						40
Quebec to New							50
		Tota	ıl				145

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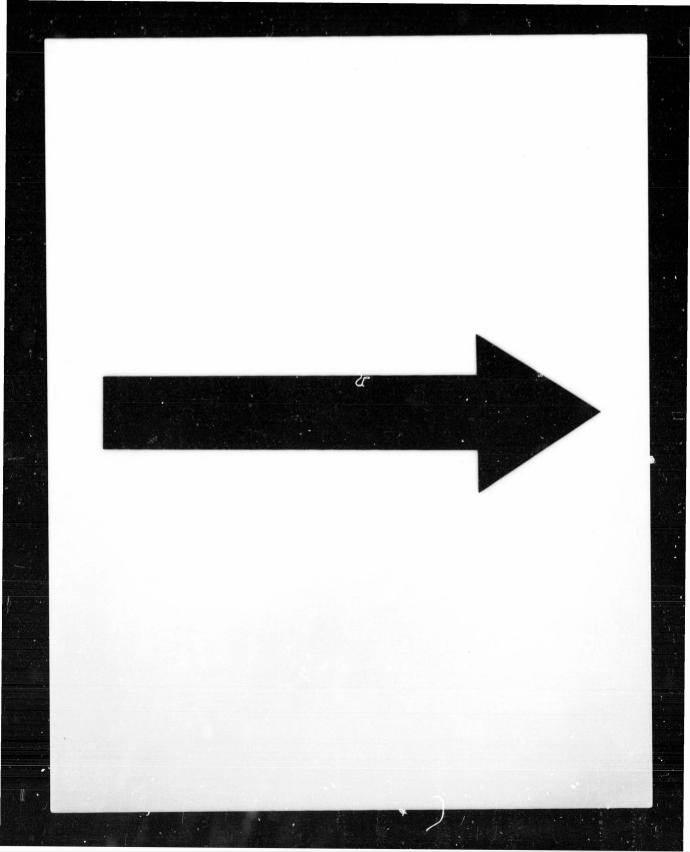
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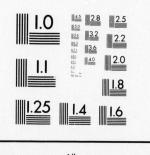
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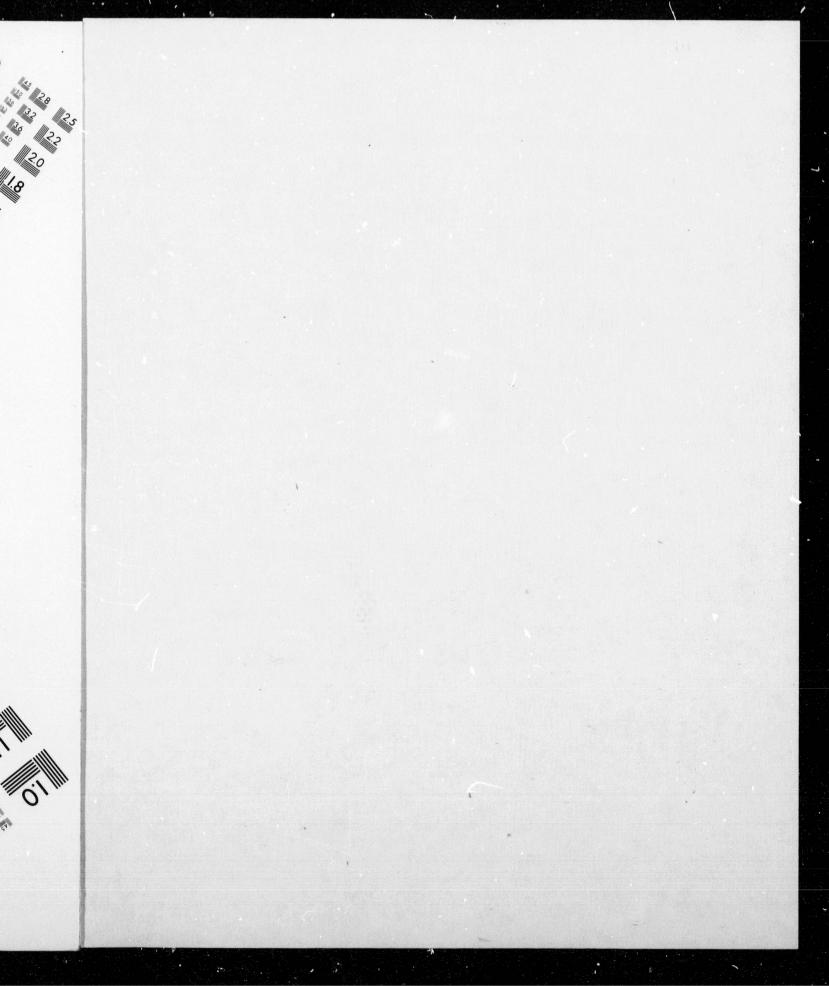
IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580 (716) 872-4503

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From a comparison of the above figures, it will be seen that the "Eothen," a vessel of 345 tons burden, has steamed on an average thirty-one miles for every ton of coal consumed.

Her ordinary speed in fine weather and with smooth water ranges from nine to ten knots an hour. Under sail she has reached ten and a half knots; but, as her screw is three-bladed, and does not disconnect, her sailing powers have never yet been fairly tested.

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# LOGS OF SS. "HIBERNIAN," LIVERPOOL TO QUEBEC.

1872.		Latitude.		Longitude.	Miles.	TOTAL.
July 19	Friday	Moville			 190	 190
,, 20	Saturday	51.01 N.		12.56 W.	 211	 401
,, 21	Sunday	56.32		20.45	 263	 664
,, 22	Monday	56.27		29.00	 274	 938
,, 23	Tuesday	55.51		36.50	 265	 1203
,, 24	Wednesday	54.46		44.23	 268	 1471
" 25	Thursday	53.19		51.09	 254	 1725
,, 26	Friday	51.04		57.26	 270	 1995
,, 27	Saturday	49.11		63.42	 288	 2283
,, 28	Sunday	Off Rivi	ère d	de Loup	 260	 2543
		Distance			 105	 2648

187	,		Latitude.		Longitude.	Miles.	TOTAL.
Aug.		Friday				 190	 190
,,	31	Saturday			12.02 W.	180	 370
Sept.	I	Sunday	56.24		19.58	 269	 639
,,	2	Monday	56.15		28.08	 271	 910
,,	3	Tuesday	55.26		36.26	 284	 1194
,,	4	Wednesday			44.09	 273	 1467
"	5	rm: :			51.03	 261	 1728
"	6	Friday			57.50	 243	 1971
,,	7	Saturday			62.43	 269	 2240
,,	8	Sunday		Bic I	sland	 255	 2495
			Dista	ance	to Quebec	 150	 2645

## ALLAN LINE—SS. "HIBERNIAN."

#### BILL OF FARE.

September 4th, 1872.

BREAKFAST. Beef-steaks grilled. Mutton Chops. Fried Ham and Eggs. Cold Meat. Fried Irish Stew. Smoked Bloaters. Broiled Kidneys. Fried Tripe in Batter. American Hash Porridge.

DINNER. Soups .- Mullagatawny.

Foints.—Roast Beef and Baked Potatoes. Boiled Mutton—Caper Sauce. Crumbed Breast of Veal. Rissoles of Veal. Roast Lamb—Mint Sauce. Pig's Head and Cabbage. Lamb's Head and Minced Liver.

Entrées.—Fowls, Roast and Boiled, and Parsley Sauce. Roast Ducks—Sage and Onions. Curried Rabbit and Rice. Stewed Goose with Onions.

Puddings and Pastry.—Batter Pudding. Devonshire Dumplings. Apple, Plum and Rhubarb Tarts. Arrowroot Creams. Queen's Cakes.

## ST. LAWRENCE HALL, MONTREAL.

#### DINNER BILL OF FARE.

Thursday, September 19th, 1872.

Soups .- Julienne and Kidney.

Fish.—Boiled Lake Salmon—Lobster Sauce.

Entrées.—Selmis of Game with Olives. Pâté de Foies Gras à la Parisienne. Eldrons de Volaille à la Poulette. Irish Stew. Veal Cutlets with Tomato Sauce. Macaroni à la Crême.

Boiled.—Pig's Cheek and Cabbage. Leg of Mutton—Caper Sauce. Fowl—Celery Sauce. Beef Tongues. Ham.

Roast.—Pork—Apple Sauce. Lamb—Mint Sauce. Loin of Veal. Stuffed Goose. Ribs of Beef.

Cold Meats.—Roast Beef. Corned Beef. Game Pies. Ham. Lamb.

Game.—Black Duck—Lemon Sauce.

Vegetables.—Mashed Potatoes. New Beets. New Potatoes. Cabbage. Vegetable Marrow. Cucumbers. French Beans. Tomatoes. Celery. Cauliflowers. Green Corn.

Relishes.—Tomato Ketchup. Anchovy Sauce. Pickled Cabbage. Mixed Pickles. Horse-radish Sauce. Mushroom Ketchup.

Pastry.—Indian Pudding. Apple Pies. Gooseberry Tarts. Sherry Jelly. Cold Custard. Jelly Rolls. Whipped Cream.

Dessert.—Almonds. Melons. Walnuts. Raisins. Peaches. Grapes. Apples. Filberts.

## ALBEMARLE HOTEL.

### BILL OF FARE.

#### DINNER.

#### Wednesday, October 23rd, 1872.

Roasted, Fried, or Boiled Oysters, 50c. Stewed Oysters, 45c. Raw Oysters, 30c. Soups.—Gumbo with Oysters, 50c. Rice, 35c. Printanier Royal, 50c. Tomatoes, 40c. Pea, 35c. Terrapin, 60c. Julienne, 35c. Green Turtle, 60c. Mock-Turtle, 40c. Lobster Farcie, 50c. Crab Farcie, 50c.

Fresh Salmon à la Chambord, 8oc. Filets of Sole, Fried—Tomato Sauce, 5oc. Codfish—Egg Sauce, 5oc. White Fish, 4oc. Filets of Bass au Vin Blanc, 6oc. Scollops, 4oc. Smelts—Tartare Sauce, 5oc. Blue Fish, 4oc. Eels en Matilotte, 5oc. Spanish Mackerel, 75c.

Entrées.—Loin of Beef à la Flamande, 75c. Petit Bouchées à la Reine, 50c. Sweetbread with Spinach, 90c. Filets of Partridge with purée of Lentilles, \$1.00. Mutton Steak—Poivrade Sauce, 90c. Escallope of Oysters au Gratin, 70c. Chicken sauté with Mushrooms, \$1.25. Cauliflower au Gratin, 60c.

Mayonaise.—Lobster, 70c. Chicken, \$1.00. Salmon, 80c.

Roast.—Chicken, \$1.00. Beef, 60c. Turkey—Cranberry Sauce, \$1.00.

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Game.—Chicken Grouse, half, 75c.; whole, \$1.25. Partridge, half, 80c.; whole, \$1.50. Woodcock, \$1.00. Pigeon, 60c. Squab, 90c. Mallard Duck, \$1.75. Quail 75c. Teal Duck, 90c. Canvas-back Duck, \$3.50.

Vegetables.—Cauliflower, 5oc. Preserved Asparagus, 5oc. Stewed Oyster Plant, 3oc. Fond d'Artichauts farcie, 8oc. Spinach, 3oc. Mashed Turnips, 2oc. Parsnips, 25c. Sweet Potatoes, 25c. Potatoe Croquettes, 25c. Potatoes, mashed, 25c. Potatoes, Parisienne, 25c. Boiled Potatoes, 2oc. Mashed Potatoes, browned, 3oc. French Peas, 5oc. Pickled Beets, 2oc. Boiled Rice, 2oc. Stuffed Tomatoes, 35c. New Beets, 25c. Stewed Tomatoes, 25c. Squash, 2oc. Fried Sweet Potatoes, 25c. Boiled Onion—Cream Sauce, 25c.

Salad.—Celery, 35c. Vegetable, 4oc. Lettuce, 35c. Tomatoes, 35c. Water-Cresses, 35c.

Cold Dishes.—Roast Beef, 50c. Pressed Corn Beef, 40c. Tongue, 40c. Ham, 40c. Turkey, 90c. Roast Chicken, \$1.00.

Relishes.—Sardines, 30c. Mixed Pickles, 10c. Gherkins, 10c. Stuffed Olives, 25c. Queen Spanish Olives, 20c. French Olives, 15c. Pickled Cucumbers, 10c. Chow-Chow, 15c. Anchovies, 25c.

Cheese.—Brie, 30c. Neufchatel, 30c. American, 10c. Gruyère, 15c.

Pastry and Dessert.—Queen's Pudding, 3oc. Rice Pudding, 25c. Cocoa-nut Pie, 25c. Sliced Apple Pie, 25c. Baked Apples and Cream, 25c. Soft Ginger bread, 25c. Cranberry Sauce, 25c. Peach Pie, 25c. Apple Sauce, 25c. Raisin Cake, 25c. Sponge Cake, 25c. Assorted Cakes, 25c. Omelette Souffle, 5oc. Macaroons, 25c. Stewed Prunes, 25c. Lady Fingers, 25c.

Meringué à la Crême, 30c. Port Wine Jelly, 25c. Farina Jelly, with Cream, 30c. Madeira Jelly, 25c.

Chocolate Ice Cream, 30c. Vanilla Ice Cream, 30c. Roman Punch, 40c. Pistache Ice Cream, 30c. Raspberry Water Ice, 30c. Lemon Water Ice, 30c.

California Seckel Pears, 25c. California White Grapes, 25c. Peaches and Cream, 3oc. Water Melon, 35c. Delaware Grapes, 25c. Brandy Peaches, 3oc. Preserved Strawberries, 3oc. Fresh Preserved Peaches, 25c. Honey, 25c. Canton Ginger, 25c. Scotch Marmalade, 3oc. California Bartlett Pears, 25c.

Bananas, 25c. Figs, 20c. Raisins, 15c. Nuts, 15c. Oranges, 20c. Extra Coffee, small cup, 15c. Coffee, Glacé, 30.

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## R. M. S. "RUSSIA."

## BILL OF FARE.

November 29th, 1872.

.Soups .-- Mullagatawney and Sago.

Fish.-Baked and Boiled.

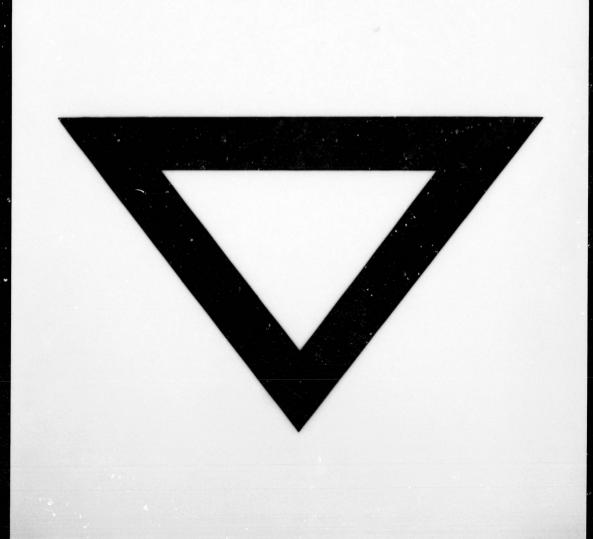
Boiled.—Mutton—Caper Sauce. Ham. Turkey—Oyster Sauce. Tongues.

Fowls—Parsley Sauce. Spiced Beef—Cabbage.

Roast.—Beef. Haunch Venison—Jelly. Pork and Beans. Lamb—Mint Sauce. Ducks. Veal—Tomato Sauce. Fowls. Turkey—Cranberry Sauce. Geese—Apple Sauce.

Entrées.—Curried Lamb. Stewed Kidneys. Lamb Cutlets. Chicken Patties. Vegetables Assorted.—Boiled Cauliflowers. Boiled Rice. Boiled Potatoes. Roast Potatoes.

Puddings and Pastry.—Apple Dumplings. Charlotte Russe. Vol au Vent of Pears. Almond. Cheese Cakes. Sandwich. Pastry. Roll and Bread and Butter Puddings.



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