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BAGGAGE
AND
BOOTS

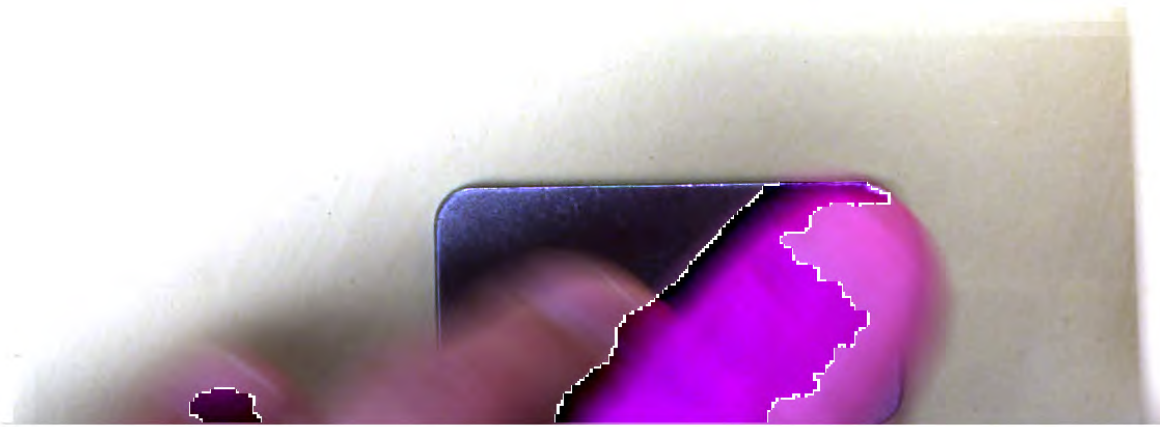
OR



SMITH'S FIRST PEEP
AT AMERICA

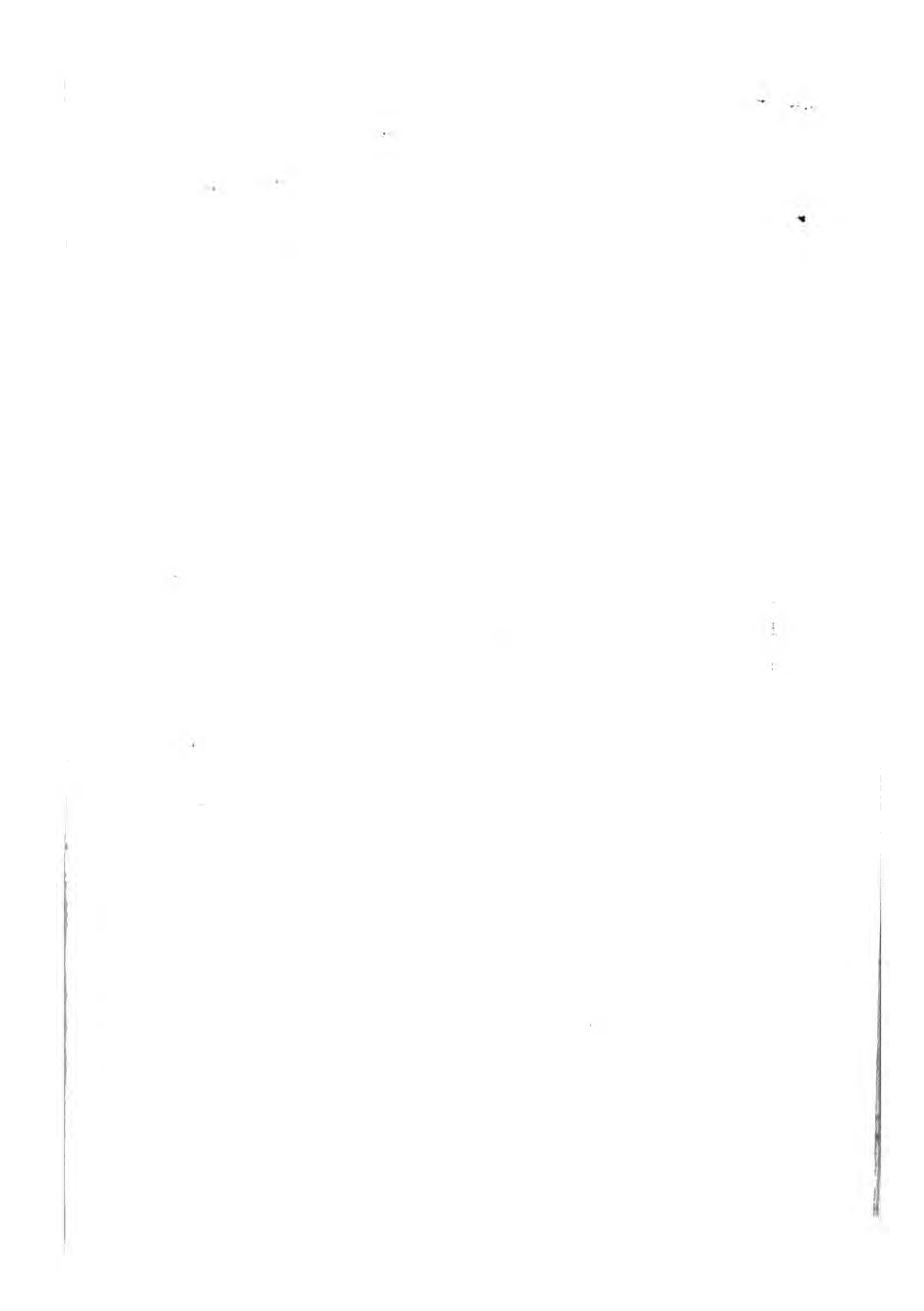


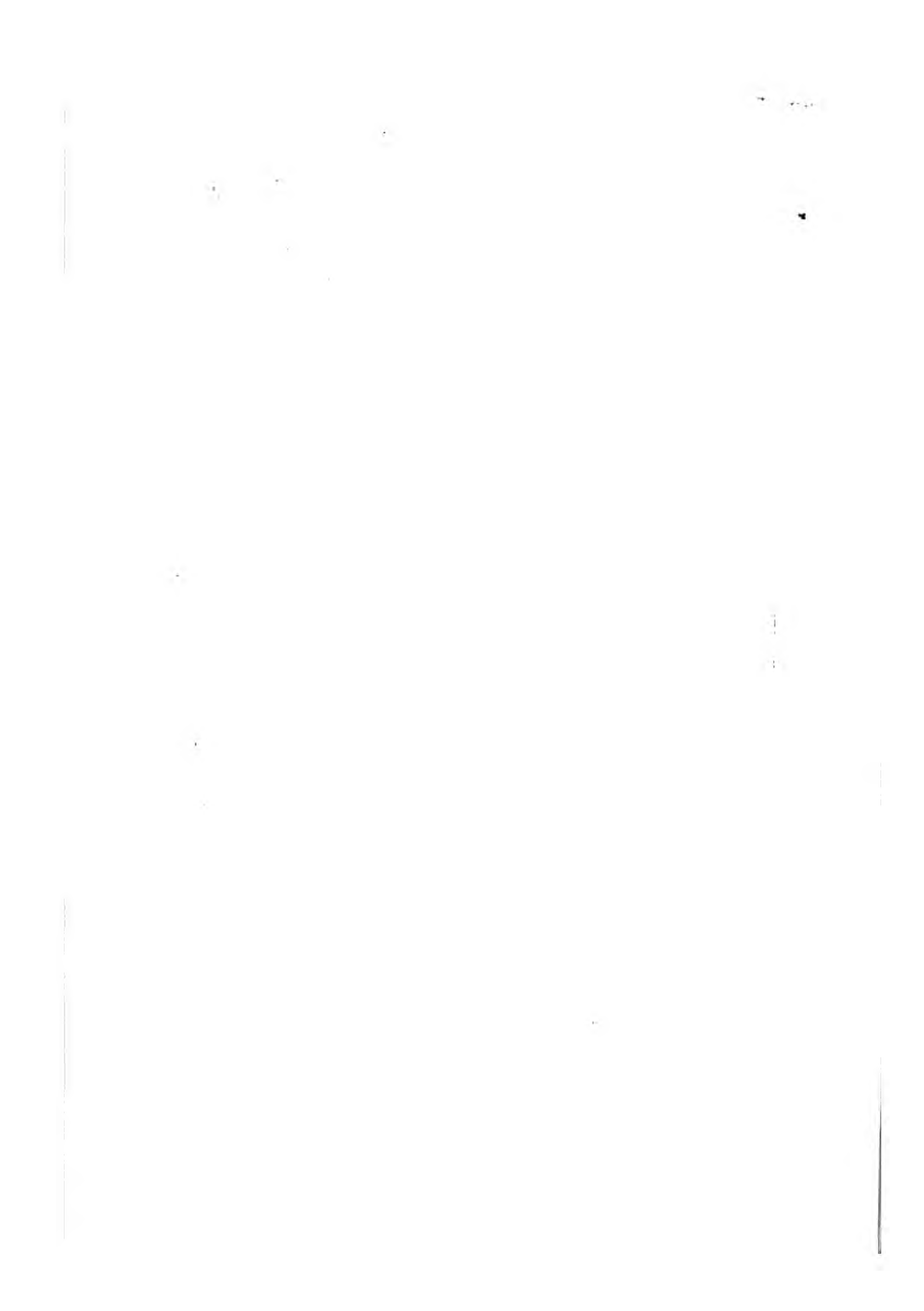
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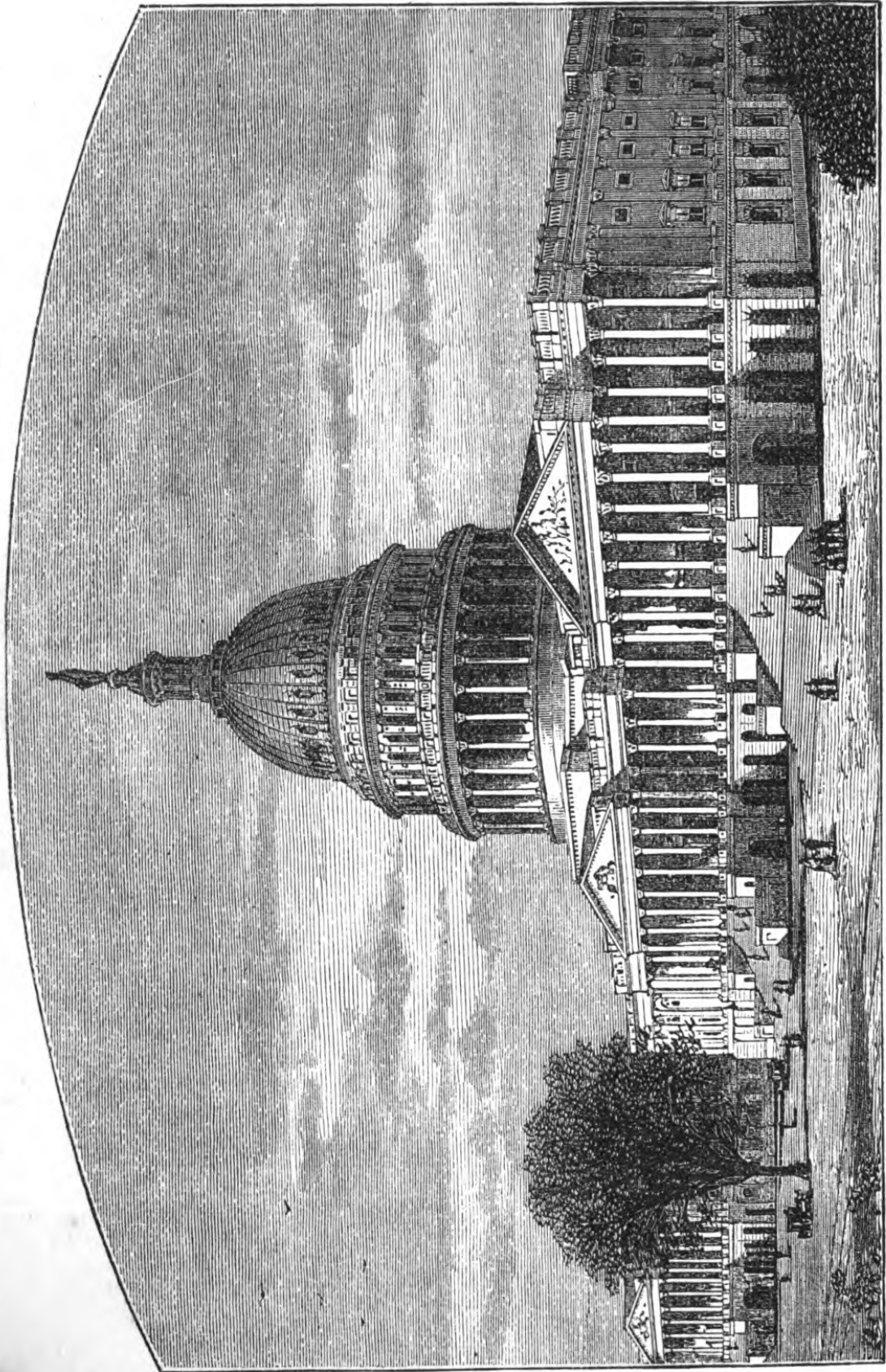












THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

BAGGAGE & BOOTS;

OR,

SMITH'S FIRST PEEP AT AMERICA.

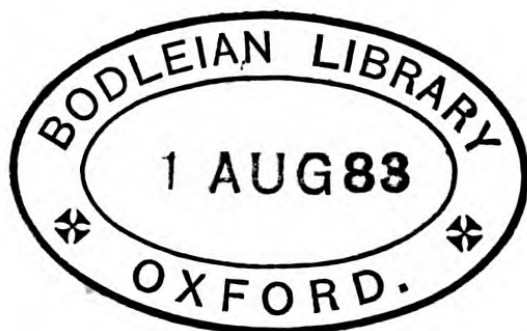
AN INSTRUCTIVE TALE OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

Thirty-nine Illustrations.

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P R E F A C E.

IN the following pages I have endeavoured to give a brief sketch of a tour in the United States of America, together with some description of the peculiarities (from an Englishman's point of view), in the hotels, modes of conveyance, travelling, manners and customs, &c., of our American Cousins.

It is hoped that the younger members of society, for whom the narrative has chiefly been written, will find much in it to interest, instruct and amuse ; and if they will take the trouble to follow the course of our Tourist on a good map, cannot fail to add to their geographical knowledge. Geography learnt in this way, *i.e.*, associating the localities with a good descriptive narrative of actual personal experience, is probably more firmly fixed in the memory, than in any other, with perhaps the single exception of visiting the places one's-self ; while certainly the former has the advantage of being by far the cheapest mode of the two.

The description of some of the great American high and

low pressure river steamboats, also of the telegraph, telephone, and fire-engine arrangements, will, I hope, prove of general interest. Possibly in no one thing is the difference between the English and the Americans so marked, as in our respective railroad arrangements, and as this is a subject in which so many take an interest, I hope the reader will forgive the large amount of space I have devoted to it, and things incidental thereto, such as the American system of jobbing railroad tickets, known as "Scalping." Should any of my readers be contemplating taking a trip across the Atlantic themselves, the information on the above subjects, together with that concerning the hotel accommodation and charges, the time occupied on various journeys, fares, &c., will, I trust, prove of advantage to them.

Some of the illustrations have appeared previously in "Picturesque America"; and are reproduced here by permission of the publishers of that work.

A word of explanation ought perhaps to be given with regard to the title selected for this book. Sometimes a very small thing is capable of causing a great amount of vexation. The two things that annoyed our Tourist, more possibly than anything else, were, the great nuisance he found it, to be encumbered

with more luggage than he could carry in his hand—in America invariably called “baggage”—and the price expected by the street shoeblacks—over there called “shiners”—for their work. Of course these charges form but a small item in the cost of a lengthy tour ; but sometimes little things of this kind cause as much annoyance and irritation, as some far more substantial grievance.

A. B.

93, EVERING-ROAD, LONDON, N.

June, 1883.

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BAGGAGE AND BOOTS ;

OR,

SMITH'S FIRST PEEP AT AMERICA.



CHAPTER I.

Which tells how Smith came to go—He loses his situation—Is unsuccessful in obtaining another—Visits his friend Will Brown, who advises him to take an American tour—Determines to go—Engages a berth on Ocean Steamer—General preparations.

SMITH felt in an awfully bad humour, and disinclined to be sociable and agreeable with anybody or anything. The fact was, he was out of a situation, and was learning by aggravating experience that "*remunerative situations are more easily lost than obtained.*"

Every day thousands of men and women, and younger persons too, are finding out the truth of this statement, and with very many their troubles are embittered by the consciousness that it is entirely through their own fault that they have lost their previous engagements, and are now wearing out feet and shoe-leather, brains and temper, in their search for another.

With Smith, however, this was not the case. Although, like most other people, he had had many things to put up with that he did not like, he had long ago determined that it should have to be something very serious indeed amiss before he would take umbrage at it, as he thoroughly believed in the truth of the old proverb which advises people not to quarrel with their bread and butter.

For all that, he was quite alive to better his position, and always on the look out with that end in view, but was nevertheless determined not to leave his employment of his own accord until he had the definite offer of a better one.

Notwithstanding all this our friend was out of a situation. To do him justice it was through no fault of his own. It came about through the large commercial house, in whose service he had been for several years, failing in business. In consequence, the employees, high and low, one and all, received notice that their valued services were no longer required; and our friend Smith had, of course, to depart with the rest.

Since then, for some weeks, he had been seeking another appointment, but it seemed a futile undertaking. Each day he returned to his apartments with the word "Disappointment" plainly marked upon his brow. Every morning he searched the columns of "Situations Vacant" in the daily papers. Wherever he applied personally he found dozens of others, each eager after the place; some of them, even in spite of a good education (which used thirty years ago to be considered the unfailing stepping-stone to success), evidently so

very hard up that they would gladly accept *anything* ; even at a remuneration so small that it would go but little further than providing them with a good meal to comfort them internally and a new suit of clothes to comfort them without.

Smith, who had of late been receiving a very respectable salary, soon grew tired of applying after places where he saw so many others waiting for an "interview," as, even when he was in every other respect fully qualified to undertake the duties required, he was invariably underbid as regards remuneration by others more hungry than himself ; who had never laid by against a rainy day ; perhaps had never had a chance of doing so.

Many of the advertisements read, "Apply by letter only, stating full particulars"—"No personal applications attended to," &c., &c. Even in answering these Smith was no more successful.

To some seventy-seven letters he wrote, he only received answers from three. The first offered a salary of just one fourth the amount he had recently been receiving ; the second less still, the advertiser at the same time intimating that he had received over a hundred applications for the vacancy, and that the remuneration he named would command the markets considering the very depressed state of trade, &c. With the third there was no such difficulty as regards wages, as that was put at a very tempting figure. The objection here rose from quite another cause. The letter stated that Messrs. Try-it-on, Catch & Bolt, wanted a gentleman for a place of great responsibility, previous knowledge of the

business was not necessary, but as it was a place of trust they required a small deposit of £200 to be placed in their hands as a security. Smith, however, had earned his money slowly, and did not feel inclined to deposit £200 of it in anybody's hands as a security against defalcations, until he had satisfied himself that the parties he deposited it with were not themselves defaulters.

Although well acquainted (by name at least) with most of the city houses he did not remember ever having heard of Messrs. Try-it-on, Catch & Bolt, so turned to find the name in the London Directory; but he searched in vain, for that firm had only taken a single room on the 3rd floor of a building of city offices the day they inserted the advertisement which brought them in communication with our friend.

There was one more resource left open to Smith, viz. to advertise for a situation, which he did. The result, however, was much about the same. To a series of expensive advertisements he only obtained six answers, five of them from agents requesting particulars of his requirements for insertion in their books, the other from the proprietor of a small grocery shop, trying to increase his trade by calling the place a co-operative store, which, however, was merely the private adventure of a small tradesman already on the verge of bankruptcy. As he did not know this at first, he went to the "manager" (?) and learnt that the hours of business at the "store" were from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., Saturdays till midnight; and that the wages paid were in inverse ratio to the time and labour expected of the assistants.

He could not submit to those terms, so wished the proprietor "Good-day," and walked out.

And so at the end of April he found himself just where he was two months before, so far at least as obtaining remunerative employment went.

We commenced by stating that Smith was in an awfully bad humour; and so indeed he was; as he walked slowly home from the interview with the "manager" of the "store" just alluded to, soliloquising by the way on the dulness of trade and things in general, and on his own misfortunes in particular.

On arriving at his apartments, he found a letter waiting for him, which proved to be an invitation from an old schoolfellow, William Brown, urging him to come round and spend the evening at his house. At first he felt little inclined to do so; but, on second consideration, he thought that possibly his friend might have heard of a vacant situation that he wished to tell him about; so he determined to go.

On reaching Mr. Brown's house, his friend opened the door to him, himself. "Well, John, old chap, how pale you look; here, let me hang your hat and coat up. Now, step into the parlour. I'm afraid you're not well."

"No, indeed, I know I am not in my temper—that is very bad indeed."

"How comes that about?" laughingly said his friend.

"Why! through trudging one's legs off, and wearing one's fingers and brains out, answering useless advertisements."

"Is that conducive to a bad temper?" asked Brown.

"Indeed, Will, it is," replied Smith, "and if you ever

go through the same experiences that I have had during the last eight weeks, pardon my saying, I think that you, or any one else, would catch the disease."

"Well, perhaps I should, but now I have a suggestion to make."

"Oh! I am glad of that," he said, brightening up. "What is it? Have you heard of anything you think might suit me?"

"No, it is not that; and even if I had, you do not seem to me to be in a fit state of health to do anything. My idea is that you should give up all thoughts of looking for a situation, for the present, while trade continues in such a depressed state, and in the meantime take a tour through the United States and Canada, the same as I did a few years ago."

"Oh, but look at the expense."

"The cost will not ruin you. It is not a tour that you will be wanting to take every year; and even if it was, you might not be in a position to do so. You would, in all probability, be engaged in business, and unable to leave for several months right off. Or you might have entered into the state of matrimonial bliss, as I have now done; in which case you would find the expense vastly increased were you to take your wife and family, and perhaps after all they would not care to go."

"Well, I should enjoy the trip, I'm certain of that."

"Yes, indeed, old boy, I know you would; and while you are away I will keep a good look out; and if I see anything going in your line, I will endeavour to secure it for you till you come back."

“ Many thanks, Will ; you're a right down good old friend to me.”

“ And when you get back trade will be better ; and the remuneration better ; and your health better ; and the bad temper you complained of—well ! I don't know about that, as on that score you appear to me to be well already.”

And so it was definitely arranged that Smith should leave off searching the daily papers for vacant situations, and instead, set to work and make the necessary preparations incident to a four-months' tour, away from home.

One of the first things he had to do was to engage a berth on one of the Ocean Steamers crossing the Atlantic. A choice of routes presented themselves. He could start either from London, Southampton, Bristol, Liverpool, or Glasgow ; and could select, as his port of entry into the New World, either Quebec, St. John's, Halifax, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore.

The largest and most superbly-fitted passenger steamers afloat sail between Liverpool and New York ; and as Smith thought it probable he might never go again, he made up his mind to pay the highest price, and cross in one of the best. He chose the White Star Line ; and called at the London office to select a berth in their vessel, sailing the following week. To his astonishment he found that all the best rooms had already been taken, and that in order to secure a good one by any of the leading lines, it is necessary to book your berth a month or so in advance.

As Smith was going entirely for pleasure, there was

no necessity for him to cross on that particular date ; so, instead of taking a berth he felt sure he would not like, he postponed the date of his departure a week or two, and selected a berth on the "Britannic," whose departure was fixed for the following Thursday three-weeks.

Besides calling at the steamboat office, he had also to visit his hosier, boot-maker, hatter, and tailor ; cautioning the latter, in particular, that he wanted some clothing of the lightest possible description, as, although the winter in the northern states is so rigorous, the heat in summer is far greater than anything experienced in England.

During the interval that elapsed between finally deciding upon taking the tour and actually starting, Smith called several times upon his friend William Brown, as he was naturally anxious to obtain from him any information that might prove of service, and which his friend was of course very willing to impart. Among other things he recommended him to take a folding-cane, or carpet-garden chair, for use on the ocean voyage, and which he would have no trouble with while touring from place to place in the States, as on arrival at New York he need not take it from the quay, as he could book it there, and leave it with the company, who would take care of it until he returned, free of charge. At Brown's suggestion also, before the day of sailing came, he called at the Bank, and obtained through the manager a Banker's circular letter of credit, so as to be able to draw small sums of money from different banks in the various American cities

he purposed visiting, as he should require it. This arrangement obviated the undesirable necessity of carrying large sums of money about with him when travelling.

* * * *

In the following chapters we will describe Smith's adventures, and the impressions that his American tour made upon him in his own words, as related to the author by him on his return to England.



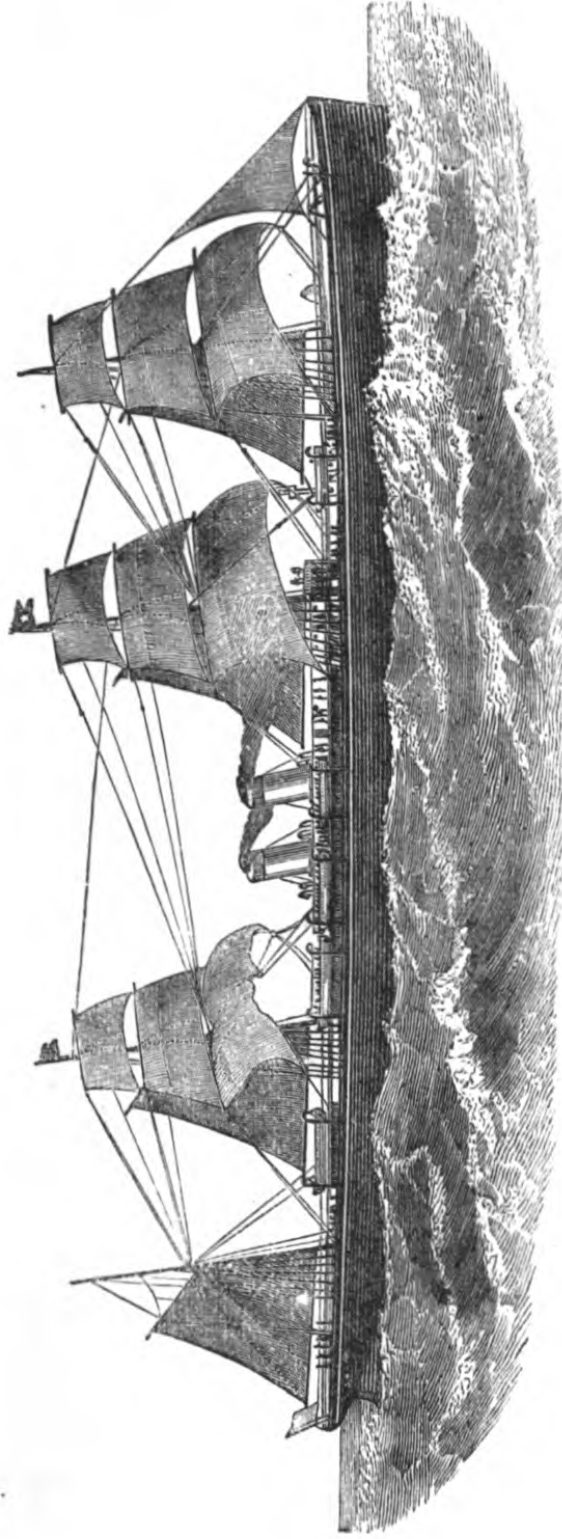
CHAPTER II.

Off at last—Euston Square—Prince's Landing Stage, Liverpool—Ocean Steamer, "Britannic"—Reception of saloon passengers—Adieu to friends—Smith and his "*Compagnon de voyage*" introduce themselves to each other—American cutlery—The first meal—Seats at Table—Arrangement of state-rooms and sleeping berths—Robinson's request, as he sleeps in the lower berth—Noise of machinery—Breakfast—Queenstown Harbour—Waiting for the Mail from London—It arrives, and more passengers—The "Britannic" departs.

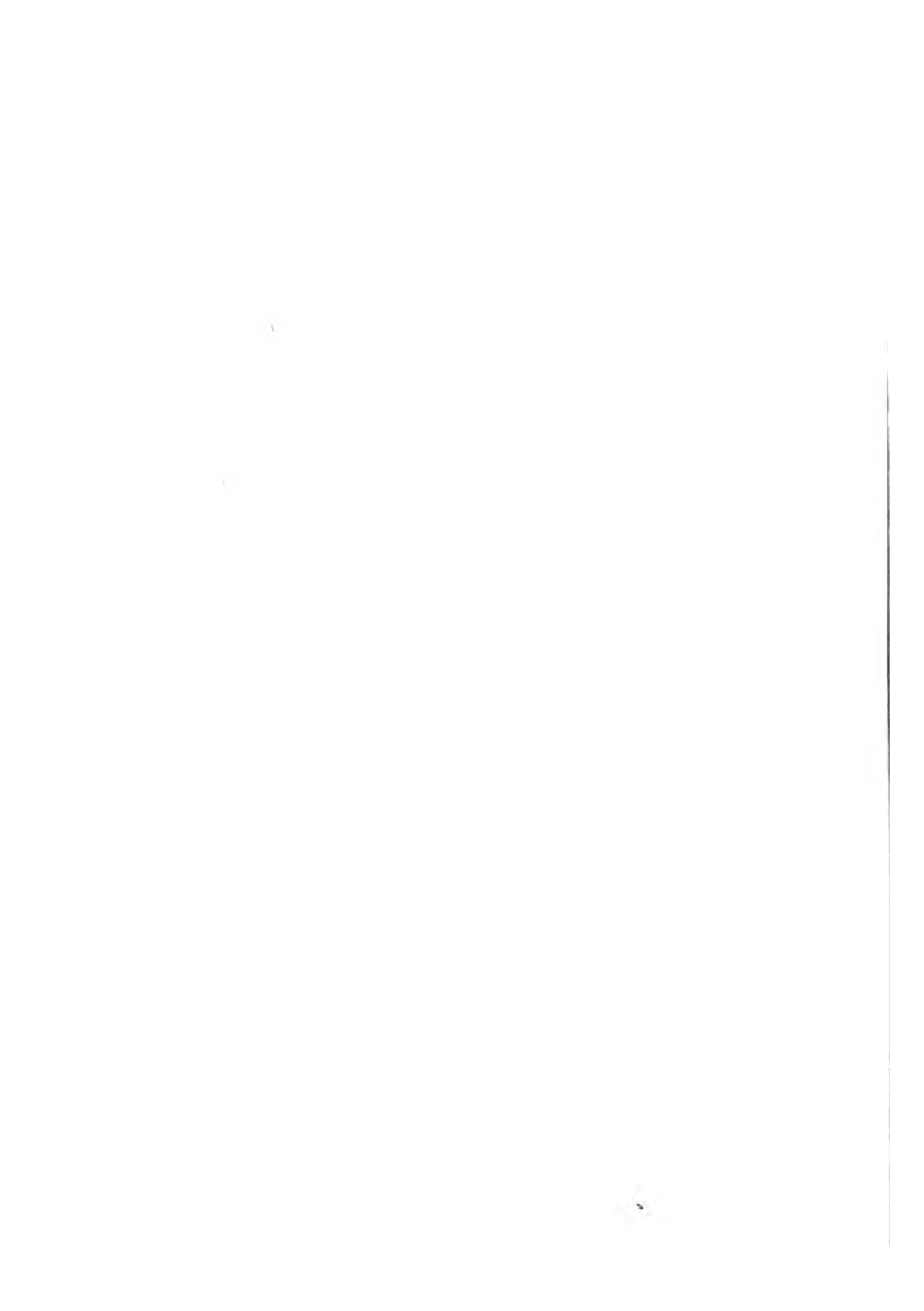
THE day of departure arrived in due course. After breakfast I settled up with my landlady, and entered the cab which the servant-girl had called from a neighbouring rank. My luggage consisted of two portmanteaux, and the steamer chair (that I had been advised to take).

As the cab drove off Mrs. Brown waved a last good-bye, and twenty minutes later I found myself at Euston Square Terminus. A six hours' train ride landed me at Lime-street Station, Liverpool; and another cab ride of ten or twelve minutes conveyed me to the Prince's Landing Stage. This, together with the adjoining St. George's Stage, forms the longest and largest floating stage in the world.

Several ocean steamers were lying in the stream, all about to sail with the tide. The steam tenders of the various companies were moored along the Prince's Landing Stage waiting to convey passengers and their luggage to their respective ships. Punctually to time



S. S. "BRITANNIC,"
Sailing between Liverpool and New York.



one of the "White Star" Company's tenders left the wharf with their passengers and friends, the luggage following in another. The "Britannic" looked very grand as she lay in the river; so majestic and motionless, that it seemed impossible that any sea, however stormy, could have much effect on her.

The steerage passengers, numbering several hundreds, were already there, they having been conveyed on board some hours before. The ship's officers were standing near the gangway to receive the passengers as they came on deck, and stepped forward and shook hands with several they recognised as having crossed with them before.

The two dozen or so stewards all looked very prim, in their dark blue suits, with gilt buttons, as they stood in single file all together, drawn up in regimental order. The passengers for the most part made at once for the companion way, and down stairs; and after a peep at the grand saloon, went off in search of their various state-rooms in order to dispose of small handbags, umbrellas, &c., out of the way.

In about ten minutes a bell rang for those who had only come to see friends off to return to the tender; and in a few minutes more they were conveyed back to the shore.

It took nearly an hour to get all the luggage on deck, from off the other tender; the last being put on board a few minutes after five, when the signal was immediately given to steam ahead slowly.

Soon after starting I went below, and found that the children, among the passengers, and their attendants

were having their evening meal. At 5.30 p.m. a gong was sounded for the other passengers to prepare for dinner ; so I went to my state-room, as I was wanting to have a good wash after my long railway journey. I was also anxious to ascertain who my "*compagnon de voyage*" was to be, as each state-room has at the least two berths in it, so that unless you have a friend with you, or pay a fare and a half to secure the room to yourself, you have to share it with a stranger ; and the comfort of the voyage depends very much on what sort of person he happens to be, and whether he is a good sailor, or given to "*mal-de-mer*."

Since I first peeped into my room on coming on board, someone else had evidently been there, for I now found in the lower berth a leather hat-box, and a small travelling box, both labelled, "J. H. ROBINSON, Sheffield." While I was arranging things in general, and my own toilet in particular, a gentleman peeped in at the door.

"Mr. Robinson, I presume," I said.

"Yes, that is my name, how did you know?"

"Why, I see it there, on your luggage, and since you and I have got to share the same cabin together for the next ten days, whether we like each other or not, I think we had better shake hands and be friends at once."

"With all my heart."

"I see your luggage is marked 'Sheffield : ' I lived in Sheffield, for a short time, some few years ago ; are you in business there ?"

"Not for myself, I am travelling for a cutlery firm there."

“Why, is there much English cutlery sold in the States?”

“Yes, a good deal.”

“Why, I thought the Yankees were so clever that they cut us out of the market altogether, with their hatchet heads, and the like.”

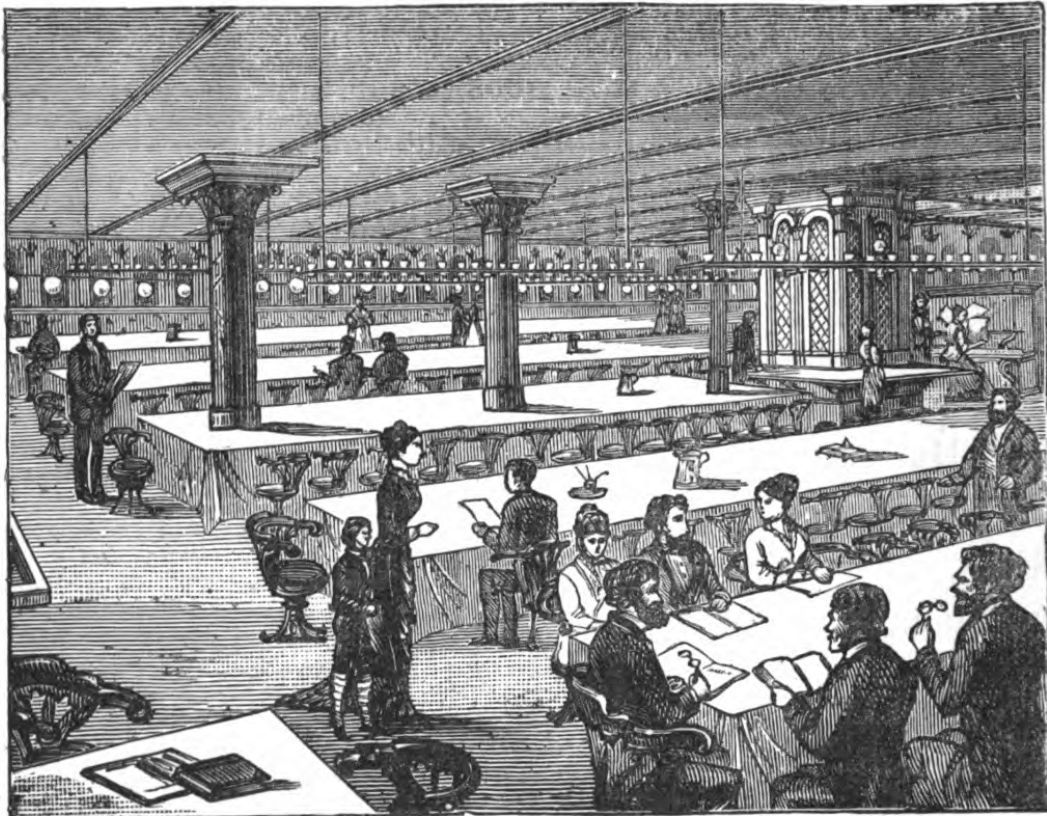
“Oh well, I don't know. It is table cutlery, almost exclusively, that our firm goes in for, and if you come across a dinner knife at any of the hotels there that will cut, you may be sure it comes from England. Why, you might just as well try to shave with a wooden razor as to cut hot bread, or even meat, with an American made knife.”

“Well, I should not have thought it.”

“But I am hindering you, and as there is not room in this scrap of a cabin for both of us to dress at the same time, I will leave you now and return again in a few minutes.”

The ship's purser appointed the passengers their seats at table. Of course he did his best to accommodate those who had a preference for any particular seat. The passengers keep the same seat at each meal during the voyage. As I had never been on an ocean voyage before, and did not know how I should stand it, I selected a seat as near the centre of the ship as I could. I thought that, if the ship rolled much, I should have less motion to withstand there than at the side of the vessel. I also chose a seat at the end of one of the tables, near one of the doors of the saloon, in order that I might slip out and on deck easily, should I be compelled to do so. I found, however, that there was no

need to select an end seat in order the more easily to leave the table, as each passenger had an arm chair to himself or herself, which turned on a pivot like a music stool, so that wherever your seat might be, you could come or go without disturbing your neighbours.



THE GRAND SALOON OF S. S. "BRITANNIC."

At six o'clock the gong sounded again for dinner, when a goodly company assembled and an excellent repast was served, equal in every respect to the *table d'hôte* at any first-class hotel on shore. It lasted for about an hour, after which most of the passengers found their way to the promenade deck ; folding chairs were got out, and their owners made themselves easy, resting comfortably there in the light of the setting sun, and

breathing in the pure sea air ; while others preferred to walk up and down, or to gaze upon the Welsh mountains on the port horizon, the summits of which the solar orb was tinging with his setting rays. As it got dark the passengers, one by one, went below, and most of them turned in early to bed. It was a splendid moonlight night, and the good ship steamed across St. George's Channel as steadily as if it were but a river, although there was a strong westerly wind blowing.

When I retired to rest I thought I should have little chance of sleeping with those engines going bump, bump, bump, incessantly. But Robinson comforted me by saying that I would soon get used to the noise.

"Have you noticed those push stops to ring for the steward if you want him?" asked Robinson.

"Yes," I replied ; "What a fine idea it is to have an electric bell to each berth, and fixed so nicely, too, so that you can ring it as you lie in bed."

"Yes ; but what I wanted to say was this, if you feel at all ill in the night, please do not hesitate to ring for the steward *at once*, because remember I am in the berth underneath you."

"All right ; that was the only consolation I had when I found that I was unable to get a lower berth ; viz., that should we be both ill, I am on the top, and someone else below. A true case of top sawyer, I think you might call it."

"Oh, well, I hope we shall neither of us be troubled that way, though, speaking for myself, I feel rather doubtful."

Having bid good-night to my companion, I tried to go to sleep, but the bumping noise made by the engines kept me awake for a long time. The sensation, as heard and felt in my state-room, could best be imitated by knocking on the centre of your dining-room table with your closed fists at the rate of some seven thumps in two seconds. At last, however, Morpheus had pity on me, overcame all obstacles, and took me into his arms.

When I opened my eyes the following morning I could see, as I lay in my berth, we were coasting along the South of Ireland. Not feeling inclined to get up just then I turned over and tried to go to sleep again. Presently, however, I heard the "getting-up gong" sound ; the noise got louder and louder until it was evidently being sounded just outside my room.

"Halloa!" thought I, "it's eight o'clock, I had better get up." So scrambling down from my little shelf, I dressed myself quickly, and was able to go for a short walk on deck, before the breakfast gong went at 8.30. After breakfast a mail bag was hung up in the saloon, and a good many of the passengers set to work letter-writing, as it would be the last opportunity they would have of communicating with their friends for some time.

The letter writing was not all on love affairs, some were evidently writing on business matters, &c.

At 10 a.m. the "Britannic" entered Queenstown Harbour, and soon after dropped anchor, about a mile and a half from the wharf. The company's tender came alongside and those of the saloon passengers that liked

were allowed to go on shore, as they had to wait there for the mails from London and the Continent, which were not due until 3.30 p.m. Most of the passengers availed themselves of this opportunity to see a little of Queenstown. The most prominent building is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which stands out well on the side of a hill, sloping down to the bay. Queenstown is but a small place comparatively speaking.

A good many of the passengers took the 11.30 a.m. boat up to Cork, returning from that city by the train that brought the mails. The train was late in arriving the mail matter being unusually heavy in consequence of having the New Zealand as well as the usual American letter bags. This resulted in a still further delay in transferring them from the train to three large carts, and again from the carts to the steamship tender, there being no less than 216 sacks; so that it was nearly five o'clock before we left the wharf. As soon as the officers of the "Britannic" saw the tender coming, the vessel was got under way; and steamed slowly ahead. The tender overtook her, was lashed alongside, and mails and passengers were transferred without any delay as they both continued steaming ahead. The most interesting sack was a small one containing letters for the passengers and crew of the "Britannic" which was opened immediately, distributed, and in some cases answers actually written and popped into the mail bag (which was still hanging in the saloon) before it was tied up and given to the agent who returned with it to Queenstown in the tender.

I noticed a sailor taking down a flag with the number

36 on it ; and found, on enquiring, that it was the number of the pilot we had on board, and whose boat, with five men in it, was being towed alongside, ready to take him to the shore as soon as we were once more in open sea.

The 6 o'clock gong having sounded for dinner, the passengers went below. I determined to go in for a right down substantial dinner, as I had some misgivings that it might be the last meal that I would perhaps feel well enough to take for the next day or two. Judging from appearances I was by no means alone in my opinion. An hour afterwards, when the passengers began to re-appear on deck, the pilot boat was no longer alongside, the pilot having completed his duties, and returned to the shore.

CHAPTER III.

On the Atlantic ocean—Sunday at sea—Table racks—Church Service—After all, a lonely path—A sail in sight—Steam versus wind—Description of the “Britannic”—How passengers fare—Calm and mist—The steam fog-horn—The value of a thermometer—Icebergs—Remedies for sea-sickness—Sails in sight—The New York pilot—The news—Fire Island Lighthouse—Crossing the bar—Anchor dropped—All to bed.

WHEN I awoke the following morning, I could tell without doubt that I was at last upon the ocean, and no mistake. Every few seconds the great Atlantic waves came sweeping along the side of the vessel, smothering the closed port holes, although only for an instant. There was a stiff westerly breeze and the long heavy ocean swell caused even the “Britannic” to pitch very considerably.

All day the ship continued to steam against a strong head wind; the spray from the water that came over the bows being sometimes blown as much as 200 feet before it fell on the promenade deck.

The noon-day observations showed a distance run of 271 knots from Queenstown. The next day was Sunday. The “Britannic” was now no longer pitching fore and aft, but rolling tremendously in the trough of the sea. On entering the saloon I found that the “racks” had been put on the tables. These are an apparatus to prevent the plates and dishes from slipping off during meals. Notwithstanding this, a good deal of glass and china

came to grief during the day. At half past ten, the ship's bell tolled for a few minutes for service, which was held in the saloon ; permission being given to those among the steerage passengers who wished to attend. Only three, however, availed themselves of the opportunity to do so. Church of England prayers were read by the purser, and the doctor read the lessons for the day ; two hymns were sung, and at the close a collection taken up for the Liverpool Sailors' Orphanage. There were about sixty-five passengers present altogether, and there was no other service whatever for the rest of the day. The usual midday observations showed a run of 302 knots (about 340 miles) since the previous noon.

Although there is such an enormous traffic between England and America, yet by Monday afternoon I had come to the conclusion that notwithstanding, it was, after all, a very lonely path to traverse, as I had not seen a vessel of any kind since the day we left Queenstown. Soon, however, one of the passengers came down to the saloon and announced " A sail in sight." Slight as the announcement was, it took all the passengers on deck. I looked round but could see nothing but sea and sky until a tiny speck was pointed out to me on the far horizon, miles ahead.

" Why ! what a tiny thing to be out in mid-Atlantic. It can't be larger than a small fishing smack with a lug sail." A quartermaster who was standing by, overheard the remark, and I saw that he was evidently much amused, and that seafaring men evidently did not share my opinion that it was a fishing smack blown off the Newfoundland Bank by the strong westerly winds.

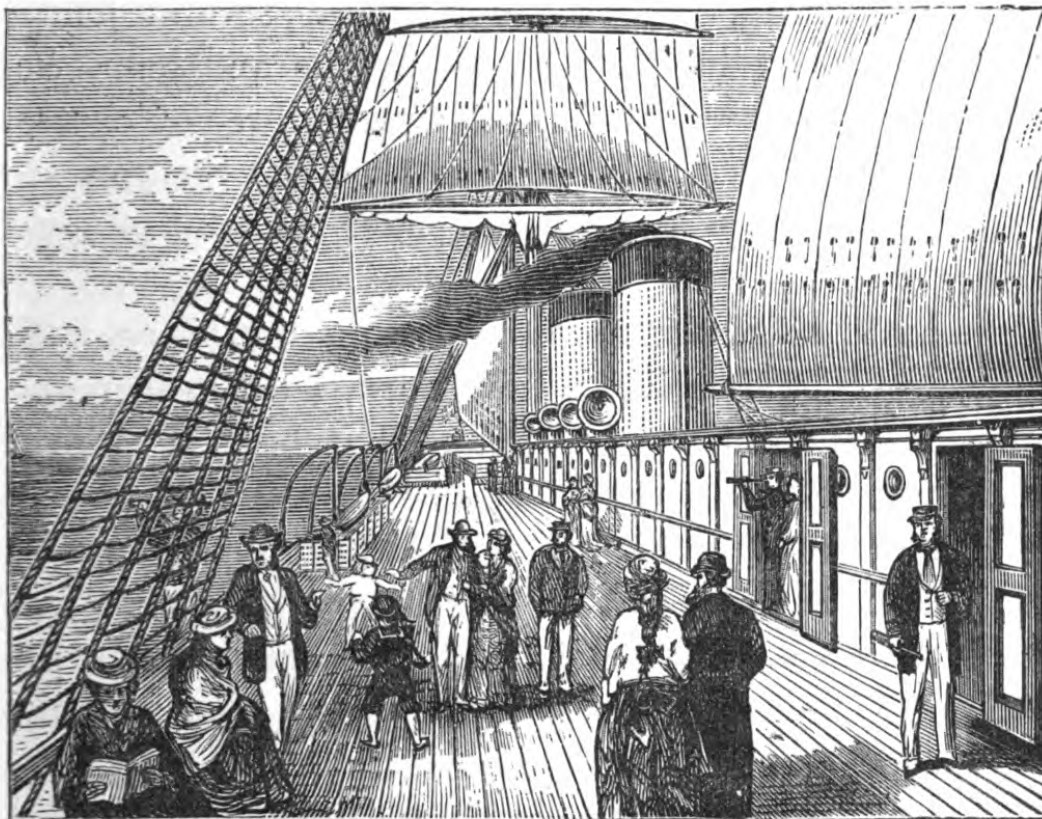
In about an hour the steamer had come up with it, when it proved to be a large three-masted ship, outward bound, beating about against contrary winds. In another hour, it again appeared but a speck on the horizon, and I could not help saying, "I should not like to cross the Atlantic in a sailing ship ; at the rate she is going now she will not reach New York—if that is her port of destination—until next year."

The afternoon I spent pleasantly enough in conversation and indoor games with some of the other passengers, especially Robinson, with whom I became very friendly.

In the evening after a sharp walk up and down the promenade deck for half an hour I went below and occupied the time in writing a long letter to my friend Brown. In it I said "The 'Britannic' is a magnificent steamer, and by far the largest that I have ever travelled on, although some of the other leading trans-Atlantic companies have been building some which, in point of size, far surpass even this one. It is 3,125 registered tonnage, and 5,500 tons shipbuilders' measurement, and is certified to carry 194 saloon, and 1,076 steerage passengers. This voyage we have 176 saloon, and 870 steerage. The saloon is toward the forward end of the vessel, quite removed from the noise and vibration of the engines, which is a great convenience. The ship is 455 feet long, and 44 feet wide at the broadest part, and has four masts and two funnels. There are three decks, exclusive of the hurricane or promenade deck. The steerage passengers are berthed principally on the lower deck, also on the main deck, at

the fore and aft end of the ship. The centre portion of the main deck (which, by-the-bye) many landsmen would consider the first floor down stairs) is occupied by the saloon, state-rooms, bar, pantry, and all the appurtenances for the use and comfort of the saloon passengers, including ladies' bath room, &c. I forgot to mention that the gentlemen's bath rooms, the barber's shop, the lower priced saloon berths, the baggage room, &c., are on the deck below, underneath the saloon. Next to the main deck comes the upper deck, both ends of which are completely covered in, for a distance of some fifty or sixty feet, to prevent the great Atlantic waves from making a complete sweep of the deck. Along the centre are a series of deck-houses some twenty-five feet in width. The first is a lounging room placed immediately over the grand saloon, and to which it forms a sort of gallery, there being a large opening in the centre, with banisters round. This gives a very lofty and elegant appearance to the main saloon, it hereby having a height in the centre of some seventeen feet or so. Next to the lounging room comes a very large companion way, some 18 feet by 25 feet, and on the further side of this from the lounging room, are the smoking room, lavatories, &c., &c. Next comes the cook's galley (or kitchen), the bakery, the entrance to the firemen's and engineer's departments, and many other things. There is also on this deck a small hospital, in order to isolate any case of infectious disease, should it break out while on the voyage. On each side of these various deck-houses there is a width of eight or nine feet, and, of course, in between there is the whole width of the vessel,

which is about 42 feet at the centre on this deck, and less, of course, towards each end. It is here the steerage passengers air themselves. Above this again, there is still another deck, occupying, however, only the middle portion of the ship, for about 180 feet. Along the centre of this deck are the wheel-house, with the chart room



HURRICANE DECK OF S. S. "BRITANNIC."
(The Promenade Deck for the Saloon Passengers).

immediately behind, the captain's rooms, the smoke stacks, the "fiddler" (to let light and air down to the stock-hole), the skylights over the engines, &c. This deck is kept scrupulously clean, like the deck of a man-of-war; and here the saloon passengers promenade, or rest themselves in their comfortable sea chairs (*i.e.*, when the

weather does not prevent), quite separated from their fellow travellers in the steerage ; in fact, they need scarcely know of their existence.

“With regard to the provisioning department, anyhow for the saloon passengers, I had no idea that persons fared so sumptuously when travelling on the ocean. For instance, the bill of fare for dinner this evening included two sorts of soup, two of fish, four *entrees*, several joints, besides Turkey, ducks, chickens, tongue and ham, &c, several vegetables, four kinds of sweets, three of cheese, followed by dessert with tea and coffee. So you see there is no need to fear we shall suffer for want of good things to eat.”

As I had no opportunity of posting my letter until the vessel should arrive at New York, I left it open and added a little to it day by day, until it became quite a long epistle.

Even on the Atlantic it is not always rough ; and on the fourth day after leaving Queenstown the wind and sea moderated a good deal, and the former somewhat changing its direction, some sail was set. Early in the afternoon, however, it was furled again, and the wind died away to a calm. The change in the weather enabled a good many passengers (who had hardly shown themselves for the last two or three days) again to take their seats at table. By the evening every vestige of cloud had disappeared ; there was a perfectly smooth sea, clear sky, and lovely sunset.

The following day the sea was again perfectly calm, but the beautiful sky had disappeared, having given way to mist and rain. About noon they commenced

blowing the fog-horn (an apparatus consisting of three large whistles, one an enormous size). It blew for about five seconds, every half-minute or minute, according to the thickness of the fog. The vessel in no way slackened her pace but steamed ahead at full speed, as, should another ship be within hearing, it would reply to their whistle, when both vessels would stop, if from the sound they were nearing each other. With the smooth sea, our daily run had greatly increased, and at noon was 375 knots, as compared with 342 the previous day, and 309 the day before that. During the afternoon, the weather being very damp and unpleasant outside, most of the passengers betook themselves to indoor games and amusements. A little knot of four or five were conversing together when one remarked what an awful row the steam fog-horn made.

“Yes,” I remarked, “it’s very unpleasant, no doubt, but at the same time very necessary.”

“I don’t know that ; it has been blowing on and off, now, for hours, and I don’t believe a soul has heard it outside the persons on this ship, anyhow nothing has responded to us,” said Robinson.

“Then we may rest assured that we can steam ahead in safety, without risk of collision,” I added.

“That is a mistake ; at this time of the year. there is always risk of collision during a fog, with something that could not reply to our whistling,” interposed Mr. Fox, one of the passengers.

“What is that?” enquired several voices.

“An iceberg,” said Mr. Fox. “In the spring the ice breaks up on the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland,

and the icebergs which have been formed in the Polar regions, and have broken away and drifted south a few miles each summer, at last break away from the floe ice altogether, and drift into open sea and southward, along the edge of the Newfoundland bank, gradually melting away as they travel towards warmer latitudes, until at last they disappear altogether at about 40 deg. N. Lat.

One of the ladies said, "Mr. Fox, you make me feel very nervous, I do not like their steaming ahead at full speed in a fog after what you have said."

"Do not make yourself uneasy," said Mr. Fox, "the officers would not run the least risk with a ship of this class, and so many lives on board. In warm weather they are always able to detect the proximity of icebergs, even in the thickest fog ; and, as a matter of fact, we are only travelling half-speed now, although the fog is by no means dense."

"Then are we near ice? How do they tell?" I asked.

"By the temperature of the sea. You see the mass of ice in a berg is so great that it affects the temperature of the water for miles round. You have, no doubt, seen the quarter-masters standing on the promenade deck and dipping those little canvas buckets into the sea and testing the water they bring up with a thermometer. Well! this morning it stood at 48 deg. when I saw them take it, and since luncheon it has gone down nine degrees in the space of half-an-hour ; that is why we are on half-steam. Should the temperature of the sea decrease much more, or the fog get thicker, we shall

probably be put at a quarter speed, or perhaps stop altogether. But hark! there goes the gong to prepare for dinner; we'll meet again by-and-bye."

After dinner I put on my overcoat, and went on deck, half in hopes of seeing an iceberg. I found that the look-out watch had been doubled and that there were now four look-out men on the forecastle, peering into the mist, and two officers instead of one on the bridge. A few other passengers, with plenty of wraps on, made their appearance. It was so very damp and chilly that I soon went below. About eight o'clock, just as it was getting dark, a gentleman came running down the companion way, and called out, "Where's my mother? quick, there's an iceberg. It will be gone in a minute." Instantly there was a rush for the deck.

"Where is it?—where is it?" was the general cry, as those who had just emerged from the well lighted saloons gazed round but could see nothing.

"There, there! don't you see it? it's close to us," replied those who had been staying on deck and were now intently peering into the mist, "not the length of the ship from us; don't you see it? It's getting less distinct now, it's fading away in the fog; it will be gone in an instant."

"Where? where?" said one and another.

"Why there,—there,—it's too late now; it's gone."

Noticing a sailor, taking the temperature of the water, I went and asked him quietly what it was. "Thirty-four degrees," was his reply.

The engines were now put to a quarter speed and remained going at that rate until about eleven o'clock,

when, some small pieces of ice being observed to pass close to the vessel, they were stopped altogether and the huge ship lay motionless upon the ocean. Of course this event caused considerable excitement among the passengers, and a few chose to stay up and pace the decks all night ; some from fear, and some in the hope of seeing an iceberg. Robinson asked me if I intended to.

“ Not I. In the first place if they are in fear of the vessel striking an iceberg and foundering, and think they will save their lives by being on deck, I’m sure they’ll not, with the water at freezing point, a thick fog, and no chance of being sighted for days or weeks. If good swimmers, they might perchance prolong their lives by some ten minutes or so, but I would sooner go to bed and chance it, and if the ship goes—which I don’t expect—go down in her. If, on the other hand, it is in the hopes of seeing an iceberg, well ! I would join them if I thought we were likely to ; but I’m sure they will not, in this fog, even if one were within half-a-mile of us. So all things considered, I mean to go to bed at once, and in consequence of the noise and vibration of those engines having stopped, I expect to sleep better to-night than I have done all the voyage.”

At daybreak those who had paced the deck all night, in the hope of seeing an iceberg, had their patience rewarded, for the fog somewhat lifted, and disclosed to them its probable cause, in the form of a huge berg not far from the steamer. The engines were put in motion and the vessel steamed safely away from it ; and in two or three hours the weather got sufficiently clear for the ship again to proceed under full steam. The

weather continued dull all day, but cleared up towards evening.

The next morning (Friday) was a lovely one, and what with the delightful change in the weather, and the prospect of arriving in port in two days, the passengers were in very gleeful spirits, and two or three, who had kept their berths nearly the whole voyage, at last put in an appearance on deck and at the meal table, which are by far the two best remedies that can be taken for seasickness.

Shortly before luncheon, I was standing in the companion way, copying the result of the mid-day observations that had just been taken, on to my little chart, when a gentleman (who had never been seen during the whole voyage without a cigar in his mouth) accosted me with "Splendid run, is it not?"

"Yes," I replied, "390 since noon yesterday; just 16 knots an hour."

"I'll lay you an even bet of five shillings that we'll do over that to-morrow," continued he.

"No thank you, I never bet," I responded.

"Why not?" said he, "I've made twenty-five shillings already to-day."

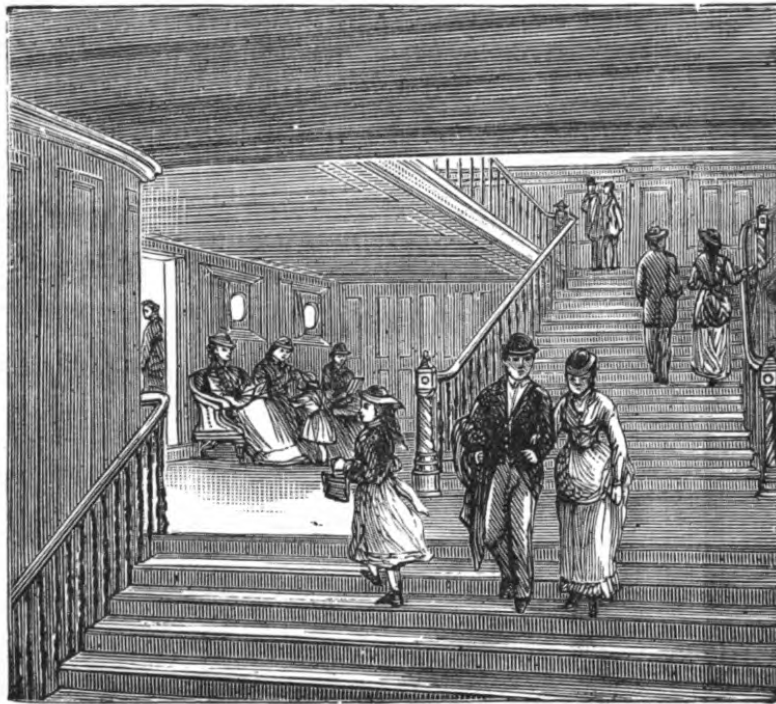
"Then," I returned, "someone else has lost it; it is not money made in the true sense of the word; but how did you get it?"

"Why, whether we should speak to that Italian bark we sighted this morning, or not. But why don't you accept a wager, or go in for a sweepstake?"

I told him, "because I earned my money too slowly to waste it in that way."

“Waste it,” said he, “why you might win ; you stand as good a chance as anyone else. Come now, we’ve got a pool on, as to what time we take the pilot on to-morrow. Ten shillings each. Let me put your name down.”

“No, thank you,” I said, “more lose than win. Look at Mr. Plumpboy, why he lost £75 on Wednesday in one day’s betting.”



THE “COMPANION WAY ;” OR, GRAND STAIRCASE OF S. S. “BRITANNIC.”

“Oh !” he continued, “that was at poker with Deveral and those other two ; this is something quite different. You can’t lose more than ten shillings, and if we get fifty or sixty to join, you might win twenty-five or thirty pounds. Why it would pay your passage across, fees to stewards and all, and leave you something

over besides. Some fellows get over in that way without any expense at all."

"True," I replied, "I don't doubt your word, for one moment, for I've been informed that some successful card sharpers and bookmakers make their livings crossing and re-crossing in these and other vessels, and betting with the passengers."

He did not continue the conversation further, but commenced whistling, turned on his heel, and walked away.

The following morning, when I went on deck, I could count no less than five schooner yachts in sight. Each one had a number painted on the sails. On enquiry, I learned that they were pilot-boats. Each yacht is shared by a number of New York pilots, and a dozen or more will come out in her, and she remains at sea for a week or longer cruising about until she has found them each a job. At noon, the distance run since the previous observation was 371 knots, leaving only 187 more to Sandy Hook, and 207 to New York city. Shortly after, a pilot-boat, with a large figure 1 on the mainsail, was observed standing right ahead in the steamer's course. A small boat put off from her containing two men and a boy. One of the former was a pilot, who was quickly transferred to the "Britannic," and both proceeded on their way. The pilot brought a few New York papers with him, which were distributed among the passengers, and eagerly read by them. The news that seemed most to interest, yet most to trouble the ladies, was the great heat that the New Yorkers were experiencing; resulting in several fatal cases of sunstroke. In the afternoon I

observed a New York young lady looking very doleful, and enquired what was amiss.

“Oh, Mr. Smith, is there not enough to make me sad? Only think, the thermometer 90 deg. in May; what will it be in two months’ time? and I cannot endure the heat, I always feel ill in the summer time, not fit for anything until the end of September, and by that time I shall be melted down to grease at this rate!”

“Then pray send me a pot of the pomade.”

The passengers spent the evening in letter writing, and packing up in anticipation of an early disembarkation the following morning. Shortly after nine o’clock, the bright light from the lighthouse on Fire Island, on the southern shore of Long Island, became visible. I hailed it gladly, as being the first thing on terra-firma that I had seen for over a week, which seemed to me a long time, though nothing to those who had travelled to Australia, or across the Pacific in a sailing ship. Soon the lights at Sandy Hook came in sight. Although late, a good many passengers stayed on deck, some to get their first glimpse of the new world, others who were returning home, pleased to give any information they could to their English fellow-voyagers. The sand bar at Sandy Hook was safely crossed at half-past eleven, and the ocean voyage was now regarded as over.

After an hour’s steam up the beautiful Bay of New York, the “Britannic” dropped anchor for the night off Staten Island; and those few passengers who still lingered on deck, at last turned into bed, which they had to do in the dark, the lights in their state-rooms having been extinguished an hour before.

CHAPTER IV.

New York Bay—Examination of steerage passengers—Declaration of excisable belongings—The steamer proceeds to the city—The landing and examination of baggage—New York “Express”—“Hackmen”—Elevated railroad—Hotels, American plan and European plan—Broadway Congregational Church—Tall hats and stove-pipes—Luggage and baggage—Express charges—Description of the Park Avenue Hotel—Dinner—Smith don’t know what to order—Coloured waiters—American wastefulness—Cold tea—Madison Avenue—“Church of the Disciples”—The service—“Programme” of the proceedings.

AS soon as I awoke I scrambled down from my berth to get my first day-light view of the New World. During the night there had been a complete change in the weather, and there was now a steady down-pour of rain, which, however, had the desirable effect of cooling the atmosphere, and rendering the heat less oppressive.

Early in the morning the “health officer” came on board, and the 870 steerage passengers were marched past him, in single file, for inspection. As there had been no deaths on the voyage, and as there was no case of fever or serious illness, he gave the captain the usual certificate, and the ship was allowed to proceed. So the anchor was weighed, and she steamed slowly across the Bay toward New York city. While the saloon passengers were engaged in hastily devouring a seven o’clock breakfast, a steam tender conveying some Custom House officials, and a few passengers’ friends came alongside. The former soon set to work, and the passengers had one and all to sign a declaration on oath

that they had no contraband or excisable articles with them. Having done so, they were warned that should any such be found in their "baggage" (otherwise than what they had in writing acknowledged to, and paid duty on), such goods were liable to confiscation.

While this business was going on below, the "Britannic" had reached New York, and was now steaming up the Hudson River (which forms the Western side), to the White Star Company's wharf which is about two miles up the stream from the southern extremity of the city, and where the passengers were landed a little before nine o'clock.

As soon as the steamer had been safely moored in her berth, the stewards and sailors made themselves very busy carrying passengers' luggage on shore, and depositing it in the great shed that extended the whole length of the quay. I followed my portmanteaux to where they were set down, and patiently waited for the Customs examination, which I knew there would be before I would be allowed to proceed off the quay with them.

What a busy scene that wharf presented that Sunday morning ; passengers' luggage being opened in all directions, their personal effects being searched by the Custom House officials, and their private belongings exposed to the eyes of the curious.

The United States Government are very prohibitory in their import duties, especially on silks, jewellery, wearing apparel, and on manufactured commodities, generally. As a sequel, the Custom House Executive have to be proportionately rigid in their examination of

everything arriving from abroad ; for the higher the duty the greater the temptation to smuggle ; for it is evident that if a foreign article is put into the American market at all, in the ordinary course of trade, it must be cheaper in the country it comes from than in the United States by at least the amount of the duty (whatever that may be), plus freight and other charges.

Americans are not, as a rule, given to own any superiority of usages and customs in the English or in foreigners generally ; and therefore I was the more pleased to hear an American lady remark that she had travelled a good deal in England and on the European Continent, and passed through many Custom Houses in passing from one country to another, yet nowhere were they so inquisitive and so extortionate, and nowhere did she so much dread the ordeal as each time she returned to her native land.

After waiting a considerable time, the chief Custom House officer put the declaration paper (that I had signed on board the ship) into the hands of a subordinate, and directed him to search my luggage. Nothing contraband was found therein, and in about an hour from my first stepping on to the quay I was at liberty to go where I pleased.

While I was cogitating what to do with my luggage, I was accosted by a man with the word "Express" worked on his cap in silver letters.

"Express," said the man, at the same time putting his hand on a portmanteau ; "How many pieces of baggage have you, and where to?"

"No, I'm not going by express train or any other

anywhere just yet ; I purpose staying in New York for the next week, at any rate."

" Yes, I understand ; which hotel do you wish your baggage sent to ? "

" I don't know, I'm at my wits' end, I don't know one from another ; and, besides, when I have discovered where to go to, what is that to you ? What have you to do with it ? "

" Why ? you'll want your baggage sent up, I guess ; you'll not be able to carry it. "

" I'm not going to try. I shall take it in a cab. "

" A hack you mean ; that will cost you three dollars. "

" What ? three dollars to ride from here to an hotel ? "

Just at this juncture a New York gentleman—one of my fellow voyagers, came to my relief. He assured me that what I had just heard with regard to the hacks was correct, and that the cheapest and usual way was to deliver all one's baggage into the hands of an " Express Agent," who would give me a " check " (acknowledgment) for the same, and deliver it to any address named.

" Which hotel are you going to ? "

" I don't know. "

" Well ! We have so many it is difficult to recommend any in particular ; it depends much in which part of the city you wish to be most ; however, suppose you try the Park Avenue Hotel. It was built by A. J. Stewart, for women only, but failed as a women's hotel, and is now an ordinary family hotel. It is quiet and select, and I think you will like it. "

“Thank you, I will try it anyhow; if I do not, I can but change.”

“How many pieces of baggage have you?”

“Those two leather portmanteaux, my travelling rug and steamer chair.”

“Oh! you had better leave the chair here; it will soon cost you more to take it about than you paid for it.”

“Leave it? Where can I warehouse it?”

“Why, take it into that office, and they will book it and put a number on it and take charge of it for you gratis until you return. They have hundreds upstairs, I warrant.”

Having thanked my fellow-passenger for the information he had imparted, I recalled the Express man, gave the portmanteaux and rug into his charge, and received a check for the same.”

“Where to?” again asked the agent.

“Park Avenue Hotel. When shall I get them?”

“Your baggage will be there almost as soon as you are, perhaps before. We go ahead in this country.”

After leaving my chair, as directed, in the company's office, I, at last, stepped into the street, where I was at once surrounded by a crowd of hackmen, like a pack of hungry wolves, all anxious to obtain a fare. I, however, pushed my way through them, fully determined, after what I had heard of the charges, not to set my foot in a hack while I remained in New York.

Crossing West Street, on which the quays abound, I walked up 10th Street, and almost immediately came upon the Greenwich Street Branch of the New York Elevated

Railroad. At this point 10th Street turns at a sharp angle to the right, and runs due east and west at right angle to the avenues, all of which run due north and south. Three blocks further on I saw an enormous iron building, though, however, painted white to resemble stone. It was evidently what an Englishman would call a large retail shop, and, although no name appeared, I at once correctly guessed it to be the world-renowned store of the late A. J. Stewart.

In coming thus far I had crossed Avenues, Five, and Six and several other streets, but I did not notice 4th Avenue. On enquiring a passer by very kindly directed me one block further and then saw me into a car that would pass my hotel. After a ride of about a mile and a half I reached it, entered and walked up to the counter.

“What are your prices at this house?” I asked.

“Three dollars, fifty, per day,” replied the clerk.

“What for?”

“Everything included, except wines and spirits.”

“Don't you charge separately for room and for meals? Because I shall usually be out all day, and do not want to pay for what I do not have.”

“No, we do not do that sort of thing here. If you want that sort of accommodation you must go to an hotel on the European plan. In American hotels we charge from the time you sign on, to the time you leave.

I was puzzled what to do on account of my luggage which I had already directed to be delivered at the Park Avenue Hotel.

After a minute's consideration I determined to stay where I was for the present, so signed the visitors' book, and was shown by a coloured attendant to a very comfortable bedroom on the second floor, with inside venetian shutters to the windows to let in the air; without letting in the glare and heat of the sun. Both hot and cold water and gas were laid on to each bedroom. An electric bell communicated with this office, and a small card was fastened to the wall stating how many times the bell push was to be pressed for various wants, *e.g.*, Once for bell boy, twice for ice-water, three times for boots, four times for chambermaid, five times for laundrymaid, six times for meals in room, seven times for porter.

I did not forget that it was Sunday morning, so after having a good wash, I walked up 33rd Street, to where Broadway crosses the 6th Avenue, and dropped into the Broadway Congregational Church. Inside, I found it is a splendid edifice, with a great organ and beautiful stained glass windows; which, however, made it rather dark. The pews were upholstered to match; cushions and backs, and also the back of pew before you, in a fawn-coloured rep; and in addition to hymn books, fans were provided for the use of minister, choir and congregation. The service was more than half over when I entered, and the pastor was delivering a farewell sermon to his flock, before setting sail on the following Wednesday, on a visit to Europe. The reverend gentleman had a good flow of language, but the discourse was very unlike an orthodox English sermon, and to me it appeared little else than an

elaborately worded thanksgiving speech to the congregation for a "purse of gold" which they had presented to their pastor wherewith to take his tour abroad. The moment the benediction was pronounced, the gentlemen all seized their hats, and there was such hurry to be gone, as though they were all trying who could get out first.

Outside, a number of private carriages were waiting to convey their owners home. It did not seem at all essential with the New York gentlemen, or their coachmen either, to wear a tall hat on Sundays; in fact, it seemed the exception rather than the rule to do so. The little street arabs designate tall hats "stove-pipes." On returning to the hotel, I asked the clerk if my luggage had arrived.

"Luggage! Baggage, I suppose you mean. No, it has not come yet."

"How much will it be? Shall I give you the money now?"

After looking at the check I had received from the Express man, the clerk said:—"Two valises and one rug, one dollar, twenty, that is, forty cents apiece; but you need not pay now, we will book it to your account."

Forty cents apiece? surely they will never charge that for the rug?"

"That is the usual charge, it is an all round price, whatever the size of the package."

"In that case, it is more economical to have all your belongings in one great trunk if you have to move from place to place."

"That is what people here do."

"Well! I suppose I shall learn by experience."

As I made for the dining-room, I could not help saying to myself, "Well! they know how to charge over here; one dollar, twenty cents, just five shillings English, for conveying my luggage by a parcels' delivery company, from the wharf to the hotel. Why! in London I could have rode up in a cab and brought it all with me for half that sum."

The dining-room was a spacious hall about 100 feet long by 30 wide, with a lofty ceiling and tessellated floor of black and white marble. There were thirty round tables, each covered with a clean white cloth and each set for five guests, and at each stood a coloured waiter. A black man, standing at the door, took my hat as I entered, and the head waiter (also a coloured man), waving his hand to me as a sign to follow, showed me to a seat. While the waiter went to fetch the viands selected (which by the bye he took an immense while to do) I had ample opportunity to look about. My seat was by an open window, which looked into a courtyard, about 100 feet square, surrounded on all sides by the hotel. A fountain was playing in the centre, and there were some tastefully laid out flower-beds. There were, however, no gravel paths, the rest of the courtyard being flagged with stone. A verandah ran along two sides of the hotel, under which a few persons were sitting, the gentlemen smoking vigorously while they poised their chairs on the two hind legs only, and rested their own legs and feet on the hand-rail in front of them. One or two children were racing round the garden on a small bicycle and tricycle, while one or two more still smaller ones were playing with their dolls and chattering

to their coloured nurse-maids. Over head, high above the fountain, and supported by wires stretched from the upper windows of the hotel, was an electric lamp, with which the court is brilliantly illuminated of an evening.

Luncheon over, I walked up stairs and through the drawing-room. It was the same size as the dining-room below, and was well supplied with substantial furniture, including a grand piano and a carpet as soft as down to the feet. The windows were all on one side, looking into the courtyard mentioned above, and the opposite wall was hung with large and well-executed pictures in massive gilt frames.

At first I thought I was the only occupant of the room, but I soon discovered that there were four or five persons sitting in some of the window recesses, which the heavy hangings concealed from view. There, however, did not appear to be any ink about, or tables suitable for letter writing, and as I was anxious to write letters for England I inquired where I could do so, and was told I would find every convenience in the library, overhead.

The library corresponded in size exactly with the drawing-room, and with a carpet as soft to the tread as the one in the room I had just quitted. Between each window was a neat double writing-desk, suitable for two persons to sit at, facing each other, one on each side. Each desk was supplied with ink and pens, blotting-pad, stationery, &c. Against the opposite wall were fixed a series of book-cases, with glass doors, containing thousands of valuable volumes, among others works by

Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Smiles, and many other standard and favourite English writers. The book-cases were locked, but any work could be had by any guest in the hotel by applying to the librarian. This was a very comfortable and pleasant room for letter-writing or reading, and on this particular afternoon I spent some hours there.

After writing what I considered some very long epistles (although I afterwards found their length by no means satisfied my correspondents), I went down to dinner, which is served from five to seven o'clock. A bill of fare was placed before me, but I was puzzled a good deal about what to order, as some of the things I had never heard of before. However, I "drew a bow at a venture" and ordered some *Consommé Rachel* to commence with, to be followed by a little fish. While eating the latter, the waiter again placed the bill of fare before me and leant down his head in order the better to hear. "Capon stuffed, *au jus*," said I, reading off the bill, and without the shadow of an idea of what it was, but prepared to learn by personal experience.

"And"—said the waiter.

"Summer squash," I replied, again perfectly ignorant of what "squash" was, but anxious to learn.

"And"—said the waiter.

Now, I thought that, with what I had already eaten, I had ordered a very good dinner; however, I thought I would surely satisfy the waiter by adding "mashed potatoes and stewed tomatoes" to the order already given. Still the negro waited, attentively listening.

"And"—

“ Nothing else ; I’ve ordered enough, I’m sure.

The waiter bowed and went to execute his commands, and as he walked away down the long room I caught sight of his face reflected in the large silvered mirror at the end. It was all on the grin, with a mouth from ear to ear, showing two rows of pearly white teeth. I felt satisfied, from the man’s evident amusement, that I must have ordered things not usually eaten together, or was in some way partaking of my dinner not *à la mode de New York*. My suspicions were confirmed when I noticed that in a few minutes I was an object of amusement, not only to the negro attending on me, but to all the waiters in the room.

“ There is no help for it just now, no doubt I shall find out and know better when I have been here a few days, and if I had these fellows in London, why then I’m sure I would have the laugh of them. However, all I can do at present is to watch the Yankees and see what they order and how they eat it.”

Just then the head waiter placed an American gentleman at the table. Now, I was as attentive as the waiter while that individual gave his order. To my surprise it embraced nearly the whole bill of fare. “ Well,” I thought, “ he has not dined for a week, and if he eats it all, he won’t need to do so again for another.”

The table was soon covered with little dishes, and the new comer set to work. He messed everything about so that it could not be put before anyone else ; ate very rapidly, a little of this and a little of that, *never* finishing anything, often hardly eating any, and in a few minutes got up and left.

“Well, what waste,” thought I. “I remember that, when a child, anything I left at one meal, even to the crust off my bread, was always put away in a cupboard for my next, and I had no other food until I got hungry enough to eat it ; and that into the bargain I had to learn the famous lines of Dr. Watts :

‘ Wilful waste makes woeful want,
And I may live to say,
Oh ! how I wish I had that crust
That once I threw away.’

If what I have just seen is customary in this country, and judging from others in the room it appears to be, food must be very cheap and labour abundant and well paid, to enable a nation to grow into habits of such wanton wastefulness.” There was one thing, however, that struck me very favourably in comparison with what is usually seen in English hotels and dining rooms. That was the absence of alcoholic liquors. I looked all round the room and there did not appear to be a single guest taking either beer or wine with his dinner. An old gentleman sitting at the next table appeared to be partaking of something of the sort, with ice in it, or else calves’ foot jelly half melted ; I was not sure which, but curiosity prompted me to ask the attendant standing behind me.

“That, sir, is cold tea,” replied the waiter, evidently very much amused at his customer’s ignorance, “shall I bring you some ? It is very refreshing in hot weather.”

“Yes, please, I should like to try it.”

The tea was brought, but I did not like it. I however

got to like it before I returned to Europe, and found it a most cooling and refreshing drink in very hot weather.

While I was finishing my dinner, with a champagne jelly and an ice cream, the coloured waiter asked me if I was a stranger in this part of the country.

“ Yes,” I replied.

“ Do you come from the South ? ”

“ Oh no ! I’m not an American at all ; I come from England.”

“ Oh ! from England. Have you been here long, sir ? ”

“ No, I only arrived this morning.”

“ Oh, then you do not know our ways yet ; I suppose you have different ways in England ? ”

“ I should rather think we have.”

“ You have had a very poor dinner to-day, sir.”

“ Do you think so ? I thought otherwise.”

“ Yes, sir, very poor ! very poor ! Will you be staying here long ? ”

“ Some days.”

“ Then to-morrow you get the head waiter to seat you at this table ; let me bring you a good dinner, very good ! you leave it to me, and I will bring you nice things, very nice ; the best things, and you will like what I bring very much.”

“ Oh ! very well, to-morrow I will let you serve me up a real American dinner.”

In the evening I walked up Madison Avenue, a good broad street, with substantial private residences on either side. About eight o’clock I saw persons entering the Church of the Disciples, so followed them, and found to

my surprise that the service had not even commenced. I soon ascertained that 7.45 p.m. was the usual time for commencing evening service in that and most New York places of worship; and that this evening being the 30th of May there was to be a special soldiers' service, the body of the building being reserved for their exclusive use.

Not understanding the connection between the 30th of May and a special service for soldiers, I explained to my informant that I was a foreigner, and asked an explanation.

"Certainly! Do you not remember that the 30th of May was the day on which General Lee, of the rebel forces, surrendered to General Grant, and thereby closed our civil war? Ever since we keep the date as a public holiday, when all the banks and government buildings are closed; and when the relatives and friends of those who fell in the war go in thousands out to the cemeteries to decorate their friends' graves with flags and everlasting flowers. To-morrow you will see some grand processions, and the streets lined with thousands of spectators; such crowds about, as I guess you never saw before."

I smiled, but said nothing, and my informer continued:

"During the war our pastor was chaplain in the army, and so every year about this date we hold a special service for the soldiers, which we invite them to attend."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of the soldiers, who at once marched to the seats reserved for them, and all vacant seats were speedily filled up by strangers and others, who had been standing aside until it was seen what amount of room the soldiery would require

While persons were seating themselves, I had time to look round. Had I not been otherwise informed, I might easily have mistaken the place for a building consecrated for the service of the Greek Church, as several oil paintings decorated the walls. They were, however, not of the saints, but of General Grant, President Lincoln, &c. ; while behind the pulpit there were the standards of the regiments engaged in the conflict, some of them proving by their torn and tattered state, that they had been in the thick of the strife. Before the pulpit was the representation of a sarcophagus, which was completely covered with flowers.

The organist (who had donned a soldier's uniform) commenced the service by playing a funeral march, by Baptiste, which was followed by a short prayer or invocation, by the pastor, who also wore epaulettes and a military belt. The minister did not announce what hymn or chapter came next ; in fact there was no need, as a black edged programme of the proceedings was widely circulated throughout the pews.

The programme consisted of several organ recitals, and pieces for the choir only ; also two solos.

The minister took no text, and his address appeared to me a mere eulogy on the courage and valour of the Northern army. When the service was over, I could not remember having heard—either in the prayers or the sermon, the name of the Great Master (for whose worship the building had presumably been erected)—once mentioned ; and I came away with a feeling that in New York, at any rate, the religious life of the Americans was of but a very superficial character.

CHAPTER V.

A Bank Holiday in New York—"Commemoration Day"—American breakfast—Broadway—6th Avenue—Description of Elevated Railroad, and trains—155th Street—An unexpected shower-bath—View from the "High Service Reservoir"—Harlem River and High Bridge—Smith sells his English money—Battery Park—Castle Garden—Sharks on land—Intending emigrant's mistakes—A New York swimming bath—Boots—Smith engages in an argument with a "Shiner." He learns the value of a "nickle," a "dime," and a "quarter."

WHEN Morpheus relieved me from his embrace the following morning, I was at a loss to remember where I was. The voyage of the last ten days had so inured me to the motion of a ship at sea, that (like many others have done) I experienced the sensation of being still afloat; my bed seemed to heave up and down, and to and fro, until a conviction came over my mind that I had not yet landed, and that the impression of having spent yesterday in New York was but a dream that had probably passed through my brain within perhaps the last ten minutes.

I, however, soon missed the incessant thud of the engines and said half aloud, "Oh! the engines have stopped; more fog and ice, I suppose; unless it is that we have arrived during the night. I'll look out and see if New York harbour is like it appeared in my dream."

I felt for the hand rail, which I used to find of great assistance in clambering from my berth, to the cabin

floor. Rail there was none. I then stared about the place, expecting to see the usual limited dimensions of a state-room aboard ship ; and I started with astonishment and again wondered where I was, to see the comfortable appointments of a bedroom in a first class American hotel.

Although evidently on land, I think it would be no paradox to say that I was also at sea. However, while thoroughly rousing myself by yawning and rubbing my knuckles into my eyes, I had time to collect my thoughts and to convince myself that my reminiscences of yesterday were no dream of the past night, but that I had in reality already spent one day in New York and that it was now Monday morning and also a "Bank Holiday" in the United States.

At no meal perhaps is there a more marked difference in what is set on the table in England and America than at breakfast ; and I was agreeably surprised, on taking my seat, to have a plate of strawberries and cream set before me to commence my repast with. I noticed, however, that some of the guests preferred eating raw tomatoes sliced, with pepper and salt.

"What would you like for your breakfast?" asked the same coloured man that had waited on me the previous day.

"Bring me what you like, and don't be long."

"Good, sir ; very good ; let me bring you a nice breakfast, *very* nice."

He departed and was gone so long that I beckoned to the head waiter, and asked if the man had forgotten me.

"Oh no, sir, he has not forgotten ; what have you

ordered? he is only waiting for it while it is being cooked, and you will have it as soon as it is ready."

"What have I ordered? I've ordered nothing, except that he should not keep me waiting long."

"No doubt he will be here directly; I'll go and hurry him."

Presently I saw the waiter returning; his left hand resting firmly on his hip for support, while with his right hand he poised a tray high above his head, and on which were a number of small dishes, which he soon arranged on the table.

The waiter had selected cod-fish balls, sirloin steak, link sausages, mash, omelette with ham, potatoes (all cut up into little strips like candied peel, ready for a cake, and baked until they were as hard as chips); also raw tomatoes sliced, cracked wheat (boiled in milk), buckwheat cakes, corn cakes, and American hot rolls, together with a cup of good coffee. Enough, you would doubtless say, yet with all I was not satisfied.

"Waiter, let me have some bread."

In reply he placed the plates containing the cakes and rolls closer to me, which, of course, necessitated moving other things further off to make room.

"Do you call these little hot, flaky, puffy things, the size of a chestnut and as soft as a sponge cake, bread?"

"Do not gentlemen in England like that sort of bread?"

"I don't; let me have some plain bread, off a good quartern loaf of household; and stale, if you have it."

As I sat eating my breakfast I could hear the distant music of a passing band, which again reminded me that

it was a high day and holiday in the commercial capital of the New World, and that it would be as well to be out and about, and see what was to be seen. They declined at the hotel office to change the English money I had about me, but said that I would be able to sell it in Wall Street when I went down town.

“ Well ! but the banks will not be open to-day, being a public holiday, and I want to go out and about ; and I cannot pay railway and ’bus fares with English money, what am I to do ? ”

“ I cannot say ; only I guess the manager would not approve of my changing it, as if I did we should only have to send some one down town on purpose to sell it, and besides I do not know what the rate of exchange is, ” said the cashier.

“ Well, fortunately, I have a small amount of American money that the purser on board the steamer changed for me. I suppose I must manage to make it last out to-day. ”

“ I walked up 32nd Street to Broadway and Sixth Avenue, in both of which thoroughfares the principal shops were closed, which in many cases was done by simply turning the key in the door, there being neither shutters nor even inside window blinds.

Strings of flags were stretched across the roads in many places, and among them, as a matter of course, the stars and stripes bore the most conspicuous place. There were many banners with mottoes, &c., on them, such as,

“ TO THOSE WHO DIED TO SAVE THE UNITY OF THEIR COUNTRY, ” &c.

Processions were being formed in many of the streets abutting on Madison Avenue, which appeared to be one of the principal localities for the crowds of spectators to gather, in order to see the various processions march past. The principal rendezvous for the soldiers' friends who made up the various processions, appeared to be Union and Washington Squares, and after having formed and spent the greater portion of the morning in promenading the principal thoroughfares, they, for the most part, went off to the suburb of Fairfield on the eastern side of the Harlem River, in order to decorate the soldiers' graves there with little flags, in the way I had been informed of the previous evening.

To see crowds of people about was to me no novelty, and as the principal business establishments, manufacturers, and places of interest were closed I determined to follow the holiday-makers into the suburbs. Being anxious to travel on the celebrated New York Elevated Railroad, I proceeded to the 6th Avenue and took the train from 33rd Street to 159th Street on the Harlem River. Before starting out I had taken the precaution to purchase, at the newspaper and bookstall in the hotel, the "New York Guide," which is got up in the form of a newspaper, about the size of the London "Globe." The outside sheet contains a map of New York, while, as its name implied, the inside sheets contain a mass of information regarding the various sights of New York, also Railroad and Steamboat Time Tables, and other items of information of great use to a stranger. I found it an invaluable com-

panion, and considered it the cheapest ten cents worth I bought in the States.

The Elevated Railroads of New York run down the centre of some of the principal streets, only over head. They are supported on iron columns, placed (in the narrower streets) in the stone kerb on each side of the road, and about twelve or fifteen yards apart. These



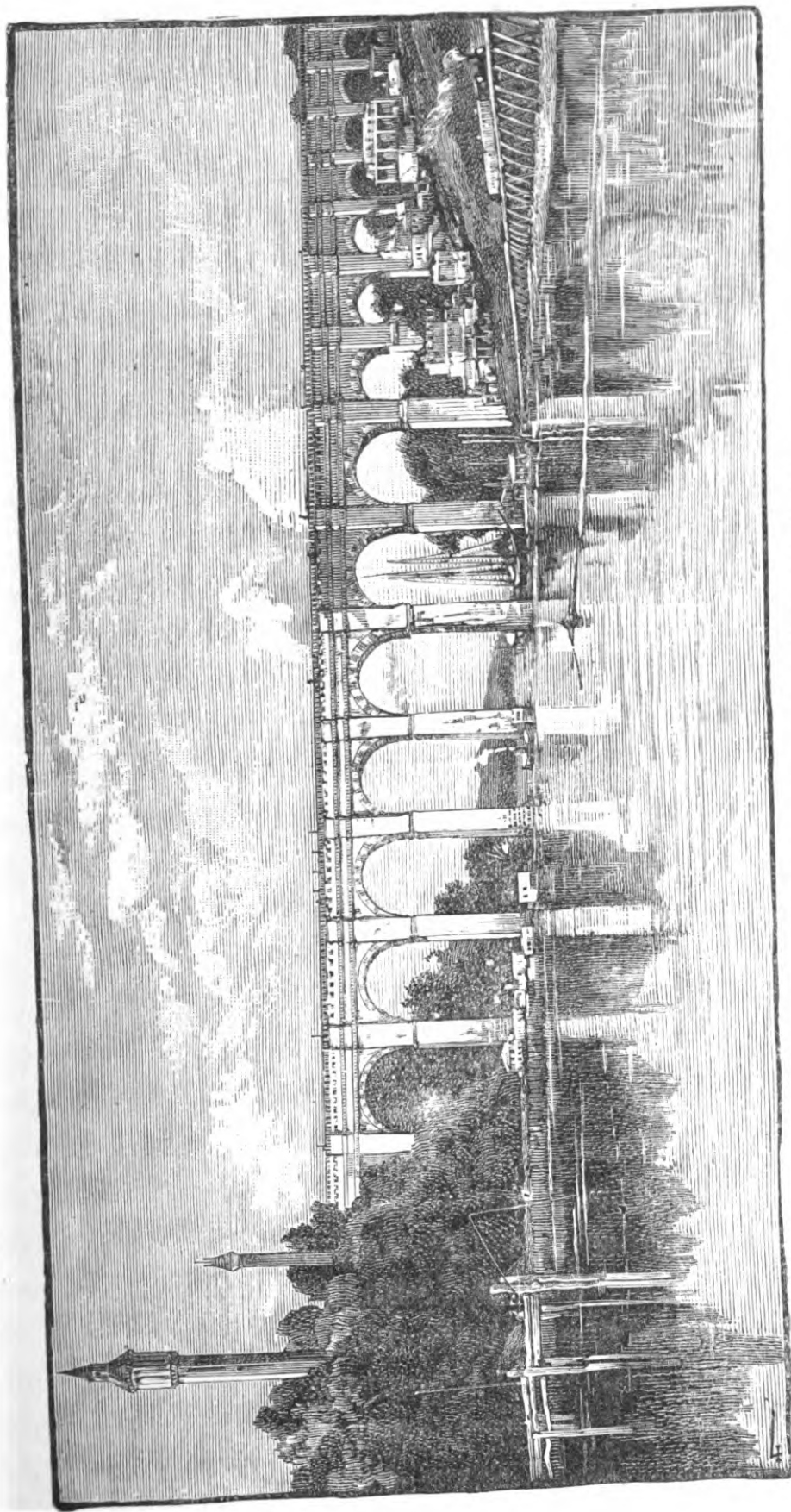
NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.

columns support iron girders which are thrown across the road, and on which the railroad is constructed, about on a level with the first-floor windows of the adjoining houses, and in some parts considerably higher ; while the persons riding in the cars have a good view

of what is going on in the second-floor front rooms, unless the inmates keep the blinds down. The railroad has no groundwork between the sleepers. That is, in order to let more light through to the roadway beneath ; which is almost invariably laid down with a double line of tramrails and traversed by ordinary horse-cars wherever the railroad goes above. In the broader Avenues, the supporting columns are not placed in the side kerb, but nearer the centre of the road, leaving amply sufficient room for a vehicle to pass between them and the footpath. I went upstairs at 33rd Street and took my ticket ; there was only one class of carriage, and a bystander told me that was first class ; and also there was only one fare (10 cents), whatever the distance travelled. The booking clerk tore the ticket off a sort of long tape of them, and while waiting for the change I lost a train, which, however, was of no consequence, as the next one came up in less than two minutes, while two more could be seen following that, they being timed to start every minute and a half. After passing two stations, the train suddenly turned round a sharp corner and ran down 53rd Street, exactly at right angles to the avenue it had just been traversing. It ran along this street, crossing 7th and 8th Avenues, and on reaching 9th Avenue, it again turned at right angles to the right, and resumed its northerly course, as easily or more so than an ordinary street tram-car would do. In going round these sharp curves, the train necessarily passes very close to the corner house, so close, that if you are seated near the centre of the long cars, you could almost (if not quite) touch the building. Although

on looking at a map of New York, almost the whole of Manhattan Island is marked out in avenues and streets, I found that with regard to the upper portion of it, it was on paper only, the neighbourhood consisting of only a few houses here and there. On reaching 159th Street, close to the Harlem River, I got out of the train and descended the station stairs to the road beneath. There was a cloudless sky, and the scorching rays of the sun were very oppressive, so I stepped to the centre of the road, in order to obtain whatever benefit was to be derived from the shade from the railroad overhead. The road was very muddy, notwithstanding all around things were being baked in the sun ; and clouds of dust were blowing in all directions, although it was still only the month of May. " Oh ! how I could enjoy a swimming bath," I said to myself, " even a shower bath would be refreshing, such an afternoon as this." My desire was soon granted, for the wish had hardly shaped itself into words, when I was drenched with a deluge of water, that came pouring down on me from overhead. Instantly forsaking the shade of the line, and looking up to ascertain the cause of the wetting I had just received, I saw that one of the small locomotives was being supplied with water, and the water having filled the tank, had begun to overflow, and as I was standing exactly underneath the spot, I, of course, received the benefit of the overplus.

After this little adventure I made for the Edgecomb Road, and walked about a mile to the High Service Reservoir, which commands a magnificent view for miles round, including a large portion of New York



THE 'HIGH BRIDGE' OVER THE HARLEM RIVER.

and Brooklyn, the great East River Suspension Bridge, &c., &c. Of course Manhattan Island forms far too small a watershed for the supply of a city containing over a million of inhabitants. The water is therefore brought from Fairfield, on the main land, and crosses the Harlem River at High Bridge, by a lofty aqueduct that gives the name to the locality. The aqueduct has been bricked over on the top, and a substantial railing put each side, forming a good broad path, which has been thrown open to foot passengers, free of toll. From the centre of this bridge is obtained a very picturesque view, both up and down the river—a number of pleasure boats, one or two small steamers, the High Bridge Hotel and gardens, and the line of the New York and Hudson River Railroad running along the east bank close to the water, and following the windings of the river, forming together a very pretty picture.

The next day not being a public holiday, business in the city was resumed as usual, and I made it my first business to go to Wall Street (the Lombard Street of New York), and change the English money that I had about me into American coin. I ascertained that my quickest way was to take the 3rd Avenue Branch of the Elevated Railroad from 34th Street to Hanover Square Depot, when I would be close to the banks. At a money broker's in Wall Street I sold my English cash, receiving four dollars eighty-eight cents to the English pound, being a premium of eight cents on each sovereign. With the exception of a few odd cents, I was paid entirely in paper money, which I felt half

inclined to refuse to accept, as I feared I might find persons unwilling to accept it in payment, except at a discount.

“Can’t you pay me in gold,” I asked.

“You can have it in silver if you like.”

“What is the rate of exchange to take it in hard cash?”

“It makes no difference ; paper money is at par, and has been so now for a long time ; since January 1879.”

“I think I would sooner take it in silver.”

“All right, I’ll fix it for you that way if you prefer, but I guess you’ll find it a rare lump to carry about. We, in this country, always prefer paper ; it is so much lighter to carry.”

“But will it pass as readily?”

The clerk burst out laughing. “I guess you haven’t been across this side long, or you’d have no need to ask that. See here what it says on each note : ‘Redeemable in silver at the United States Treasury.’”

I was satisfied at this explanation, and left the office. From Wall Street I went to the “Battery,” a small park of about four acres, and which forms the southernmost point of New York City. It is a lovely little spot, and commands a splendid view of the Bay of New York. In this park, by the water’s edge, is the Emigrant Depot, so well known as “Castle Garden,” which has been erected by the Government, with a view to protecting emigrants, as far as possible, from falling into the jaws of the land sharks that abound in New York, and who used to get hold of the poor foreigners

immediately they landed, and, under the pretence of being able to obtain them employment, take them to low lodging houses, and other places, and in one way or another, with or without the aid of accomplices, swindle them out of the small amount of hard earned savings with which they usually landed, and then taking them up one street, and down another, until they were utterly bewildered and quite lost, would leave the poor emigrant, with perhaps a wife and several children, penniless and forsaken, without a roof to shelter them, or a friend to apply to for assistance and information ; strangers in a strange city, in a foreign land.

On arriving at New York, emigrants are now taken at once to Castle Garden, where they can receive correct and reliable information as to the best and cheapest way of proceeding to the destination they are bound for. Here also they frequently meet with large employers of labour who come to Castle Garden to engage hands. Many poor people in England and Ireland seem to think that if they can but scrape the cash together, wherewith to pay the ocean fare across the Atlantic, and land them in the New World, that success is certain ; although they land penniless. This is quite a mistake, as anyone taking a walk to Castle Garden, and seeing the numbers of poor wretches anxiously longing to be engaged, would soon discover. The fact is that the New York labour market is overcrowded with this class of persons ; and to ensure obtaining remunerative employment, the emigrant should supply himself with at least four guineas more than is required for the ocean fare, in

order that he may be able at once to push on westward for a thousand miles at least, until he reaches a district where labour is in good demand, and consequently well remunerated.

In walking round the Battery Park I saw some free swimming baths built out in the water. The day was very oppressive, and I longed to have a plunge in the liquid element, yet feared to do so there, as I felt assured that, in consequence of the price, the company I would find would be anything but desirable.

A little further on were some more swimming baths, with an admission fee of twenty-five cents. This sum I very gladly paid ; but, on entering, found the accommodation exceedingly poor, consisting of a square space, open to the sky, surrounded by a wooden platform, built out into the bay, and on which were fixed a number of dressing rooms, very small, and built in the roughest possible manner. "Well," thought I, "in London I can go to splendid baths, with glazed roofs and respectable accommodation for dressing, and pure clean water, instead of this muddy stuff to swim in, and where they provide infinitely better towels than they do here, and yet charge less than half the price of this place into the bargain ; although at home the proprietors have to pay a very heavy water rate, while here you are simply bathing out of doors, in New York Bay, only with this boarding round you. I wonder I should not find better accommodation than this, in the largest city in the United States." However the morning was very sultry and oppressive, and despite my grumbling, I felt all the cooler and more comfortable for my dip in salt water,

and determined, in my own mind, to come again another day, if I could not find a better place.

On leaving the baths I met a Brooklyn gentleman who had been a fellow passenger with me across the ocean ; and who now invited me to come and lunch at his house.

I thanked him, and said, " I shall be pleased to do so, but I must first get my boots blacked, if I can find a shoeblack. Do you have such beings in this country?"

" Yes, plenty of them ; but why do you not let the ' boots ' at your hotel shine them for you, while you are dressing ? It would save you time when you are out."

" I don't think the ' boots ' at my hotel is up to his work ; I have put my boots outside my bedroom door each night, when I went to bed, and in the morning have found them there just in the same state that I left them, without having been cleaned at all."

" I wonder that you found them there at all, or that you ever saw them again."

" How so ?"

" Why ! our hotels are so large, and there are so many persons constantly in and out, that it is the easiest thing in the world for a stranger to walk round and pick up anything he sees lying about in that way, and still easier for anyone staying in the house to do so ; and in a large hotel there are persons of all sorts—good, bad, and indifferent—among the guests. The hotel proprietors will not hold themselves responsible for thefts of that kind ; nor even for things stolen from your bedroom, if you leave your room without locking the door, or go downstairs leaving the key in the door. In many

hotels put up notices to that effect in each bedroom. You see we are a go-ahead people, and do things on a big scale here. Why, we're leaving you old fogies in England all behind."

"Thank you. Go-ahead the Americans may be, and, according to your own showing, at taking other people's goods and chattels into the bargain."

"Oh! I did not say these hotel thieves were Americans. We have persons from all parts staying in our hotels; foreigners—some Britishers, who have followed pursuits that your Government have signally disapproved—ticket-of-leave men, &c."

"Thank you, you're very polite; I hope your insinuations are not directed against present company."

"Not in the least; such a thought never crossed my mind. It was certainly very thoughtless of me. I beg your pardon."

"Granted. And now tell me how do you get your boots cleaned in your hotels?"

"Why, I guess you ring for the 'boots,' and give him the pair you want cleaned. He takes them and does them at once, and brings them back to you, when you pay him for the shine, which I guess squares you, does it not?"

"Oh! do you pay the man, don't they put it down in the hotel account?"

"No. I found by experience when I was in England that you do things differently there. I did not know at first, and paid the 'boots' each time he shined a pair for me, and that was four, and was

quite astounded when I came to pay my bill to see down 'Boots, two shillings.'"

"As I am a long way from the hotel, I want to find a street shoeblack."

"There are two shiners over there, sitting on their boxes reading their newspapers. The boys here are great politicians, and you often have to kick them off their blocks in order to be attended to. I will rest myself on this seat till you return."

I walked to the spot indicated; had my boots cleaned by one of the urchins, and paid him two cents, and was walking off when the boy called after me: "Hi, gov'nor, look what you've given me."

I returned and looked at the money, thinking I might accidentally have handed the lad English half-pence by mistake; but found I had not.

"The money is right enough. What's the matter with it?"

"Right enough, indeed! I guess it's not. Why, there's only two cents here, I want eight more."

"Then you'll not get it. What! ten cents for blacking boots in the street? I never heard of such a thing."

"That's the price. Down south the shiners get a quarter."

"What's a quarter?"

At first the boy thought I was fooling him, but finding I was in earnest, and that I really asked for information, he replied: "I guess ye're a stranger here, gov'nor, I mean a quarter dollar, twenty-five cents."

“ I don't believe you ; you never get a quarter, I'll warrant.”

“ Oh, yes, I guess I did, last week, from a real gent. We shiners usually get a dime, and never less than a nickle.”

“ What is a dime, and how much is a nickle ? ”

The lad was much amused at my extreme ignorance of American coinage, but informed me that a dime was ten cents, and a nickle half that sum.

“ I guess you seldom get more than a nickle.”

“ Oh yes, we do,” (then turning to his mate) “ Don't we, Jack ? ”

Jack assented with a—“ I guess we do.”

“ I wish I had you lads where I came from. There you would get two cents, and be glad to get it.”

The boys looked at each other, and stared with astonishment. “ Where's that ? ”

“ Oh never mind, it does not signify. However, from what I can make out, the usual fee here is five cents, and that is what you will get now, although it is the first time in my life I have paid two-pence half-penny for having my boots blacked in the streets.” So saying I crossed to where my friend was sitting, somewhat impatiently awaiting my return.

“ Mr. Smith, you appeared to be having quite an animated discussion with those boys ; what was it about, Politics ? ”

“ No ; Domestic Economy.”

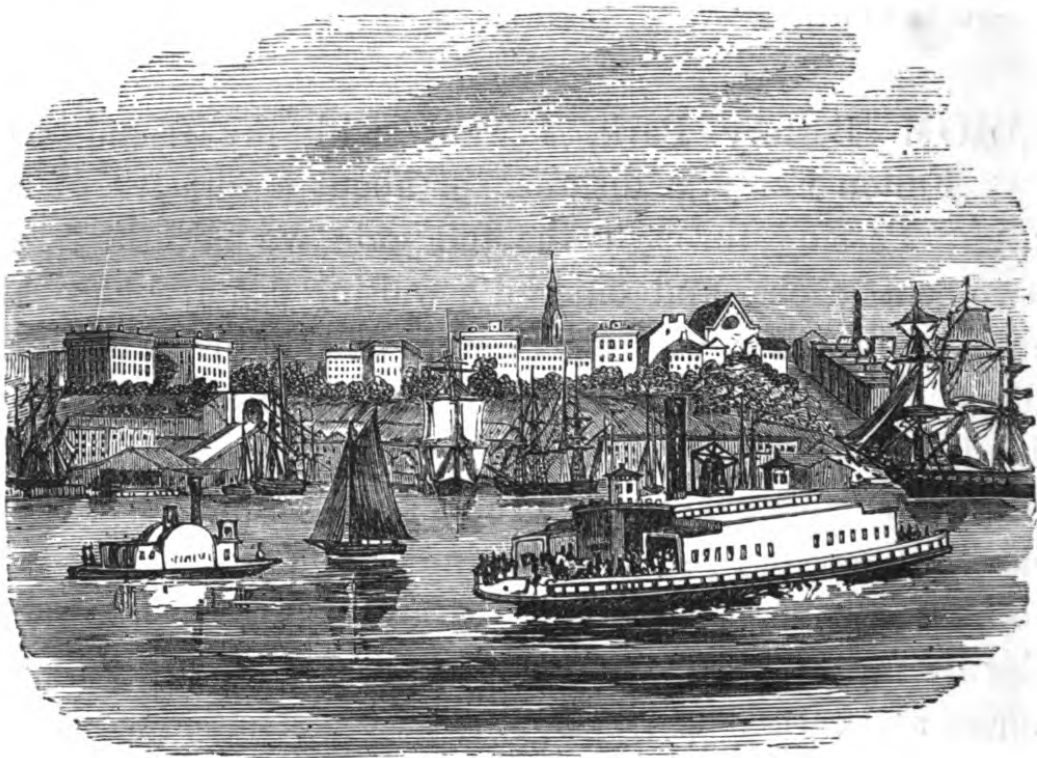
CHAPTER VI.

Fulton Ferry—Ferry steamer—Prospect Park—A novel regatta—Greenwood Cemetery—Monuments, &c.—Brooklyn—East River Suspension Bridge—Central Park; its natural and artificially improved beauties—American birds—English colonists of the feather tribe introduced—They learn bad manners—Zoological collection at Prospect Park—The Mall, Central Lake, and rambles—The cross roads—Fireflies.

FROM Battery Park, I went with my friend to Fulton Ferry, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. Passing through the toll gate we paid the fare (two cents each) and entered a waiting room, where a number of other passengers were sitting or standing about. In a minute or so a bell rang, a gate leading to the dock was thrown open, and we all passed out. The large ferry steamer was before us; not sideways to the pier, but end on; the boat being made just to fit the dock into which it runs, and is drawn quite close to the pier by means of chains and windlasses, in order that horses and carts may run on and off the steamer without danger.

These ferry steamers are about 150 feet long, by 50 feet wide. The hull is occupied by the boilers and stoke hole, and on the main deck, in the centre, is placed the cylinder of the large overhead-beam engine, which appears to be the only design of marine engine used by the Americans for their paddle steamers plying on the rivers, and round the coasts and sounds of the New

York and New England States. On each side of the engine is a sort of roadway, on to which vehicles, horses, and cattle are driven. On the outside of these again is the accommodation for the foot passengers ; the whole being covered over for protection from the weather. On the top of the roof are placed one, and sometimes two, small round wheelhouses, from which the vessel is steered, and the orders telegraphed to the engineer.



NEW YORK FERRY BOAT.

The passage across the river occupied about three minutes ; and on arrival at the Long Island side, the other end of the boat fitted into a dock just similar to the one described above—both ends of the steamer being made alike, to prevent the necessity of having to turn the boat round each time of crossing.

On arriving Mr. Wilmot escorted me to his home, and introduced me to his wife, a good looking American lady of easy yet graceful manners, and evidently very young.

During luncheon Mr. Wilmot asked me what I purposed doing with myself in the afternoon.

"I have no plan in particular, but as I want to make the most of my time, I think I may as well see what is to be seen in Brooklyn and its vicinity, now I am here. Perhaps you can direct me how to go about it."

"With the greatest of pleasure, and as I have a leisure afternoon I will go with you, unless you object."

"Of course not ; I shall be very pleased."

So, after luncheon, I put myself under Wilmot's guidance, and we went by a "Flatbush Avenue horse-car" up to the noted Prospect Park. At the entrance there were public wagonettes in waiting, to make the tour of the park, which is 550 acres in extent. This is perhaps the pleasantest way of seeing it on a scorchingly hot afternoon. It is situated at a considerable elevation, and commands splendid views of Brooklyn and New York cities, and harbour. In the park I noticed a number of masts and sails moving to and fro as though a regatta was taking place. On nearer approach, however, the masts proved to be fixed in a very long circular trough, some fifty or sixty feet in diameter, and about three feet wide by eighteen inches deep. The trough floated in the water, and was kept in its place by lines attached to a post fixed firmly in the bed of the lake, and round which the trough revolved like the tire

of a huge wheel round its axle. Seats were placed across this trough like those in a row-boat, and were occupied by several ladies and children, taking a sail in this very limited area. There are a number of deer in Prospect Park, which, however, are confined to certain preserves, divided off by lofty fencing of stout wire. In another part of the park, there is situated a sort of farm yard. Among the stock are a few sheep from Southern Africa, of a very rare and peculiar breed.

“ Well, what do you think of our park ? ”

“ Oh, it’s very much like an English Park. You do not, however, go in so largely for flowers and bedding out plants of variegated coloured leaves, as we do in our London parks.”

“ I guess its early yet, so if you have seen enough of this, we have time to visit Greenwood Cemetery. It is no great distance from here, and we can soon get there, if you would like to go. Of course you have heard of it ; it is the most noted cemetery in the world.”

“ Yes, I’ve heard of it, and should very much like to see it.”

Greenwood Cemetery is situated to the west of Prospect Park, and about half way between it and New York Bay. It embraces above 500 acres of land, and was first opened as a cemetery in 1842.

A quarter of an hour’s walk brought us to it.

“ Whatever are these garden chairs stuck about here among the tombs for ? ”

“ I guess they’re put there by the friends of the deceased, in order that they may have somewhere to

rest, when they come to spend an hour or two watching by the graves of their departed ones."

"Oh, what a taste! It would be a long while before you would catch me dwelling among the tombs in that way. Why! I have always looked on graveyards and cemeteries as places rather to be avoided than otherwise."

"No wonder; so should I if I lived in England, and saw nothing but those horrid flat headstones you seem so fond of over there, all crowded together in miserable doleful places, where you make no attempt at flower gardening, or smoothly-mown lawns, or anything to render the place attractive and cheerful."

"What a splendid monument that is, over there?"

"Yes, I guess it is. Come and have a look at it. It is erected to the memory of Charlotte Canda, a young lady who died on the very day that had been fixed for her wedding."

"That was very sad. Over there I see a statue representing a captain, taking an observation at sea. I suppose a seafaring man is buried there."

"Oh! an old sea captain had that erected long before he died. It is a statue of himself, and he used to come here frequently, when his ship was in port, and sit on a chair, such as you were remarking about just now, and spend his leisure time watching and admiring it from positions where he could obtain a good view."

"Well, I never heard of such a thing before."

"The same thing is frequently done in this country by those in a position to afford it."

After spending over an hour in the cemetery, we made our way to the East entrance, in order, as Wilmot

said, that I might see the way it was decorated ; from thence we returned by horse car to the city. *En route*, Wilmot pointed out the Court House, a large building with white marble front, and a very fine portico, and an iron dome ; and facing it, the City Hall, also of white marble, surmounted by a belfry with a four-dial clock ; also several other public buildings of less importance.

Declining Mr. Wilmot's kind invitation to return with him to his house to spend the evening, I continued my journey in the tram-car, right to Fulton Ferry. As I crossed the water, the glorious rays of the evening sun beautifully illuminated the great East River Suspension Bridge.

This stupendous engineering work crosses the East River, here over a quarter of a mile wide, in one span. On either side of the river are two towers, of massive masonry, each 268 feet high, over the top of which are stretched the massive cables from which the bridge is suspended. The exact span between the towers on either side is 1,595 feet. The bridge is 85 feet wide, and consists of two lines for horse-cars (tram-cars), four carriage ways, and two foot-paths. It was commenced in 1871, and has cost more than 10,000,000 dols. There was a great deal of opposition to its erection, especially from ship-owners, and wharfingers, whose wharves lay on the East River, above the bridge, as their vessels have to take down their topmasts before they can pass under, and several accidents have occurred.

On landing I walked up Fulton Street, and took the Elevated Railroad to 3rd Avenue and 34th Street, from whence I had but four or five minutes' walk to

reach my hotel. On arriving, I found a large number of the guests staying in the house were assembled in the drawing-room, where a pleasant social entertainment was going forward, consisting of readings and recitations, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

The next morning I went up 6th Avenue for a mile or so, until I reached Central Park, which I entered by what is known as the Artists' Gate, which, however, is merely an entrance place, the gate being missing.

Central Park is rectangular in shape, and contains an area of just one and a quarter square miles; being two and a half miles long, by half a mile in width. It is situated, as nearly as possible, in the centre of Manhattan Island, the whole of which, to the south of the park, is thickly built over; the mile or so of land on either side of it (to the Hudson and East Rivers respectively), less so, especially on the western side; while to the north, although maps of New York show the island ruled out in avenues and streets, some of these as yet exist only on paper.

Central Park is totally unlike Prospect Park, and to an Englishman's way of thinking, vastly superior. Nature has been assisted by art to render it a most charming spot. The thick foliage in every direction, the jutting rocks, the shaded walks and trellis-work arbours, very extensively and thickly overgrown with American vine (or *Westeria*) are very enjoyable. There are several sweetly pretty, though small, ornamental sheets of water. In addition to these, there are some very large reservoirs of water, for the supply of the city,

situated about the centre of the park. The southern end is by far the most visited (or patronized, as our American cousins say), and consequently more care and attention have been expended on this portion. In parts, the rocks and lakes, with pines, and other trees of the fir tribe, together combining to make the visitor forget he is really in the midst of a large city, and requiring but little imagination to picture himself transplanted to some lovely nook in Switzerland. In the early month of summer the visitor finds the magnolia tree with its large white tulip-shaped blossom in full bloom. On the more open parts are to be seen gorgeous peacocks, strutting about the grass ; while as the visitor wanders about among the thickets of the less frequented parts, he, every now and then, starts a rabbit or a squirrel. Blue birds, jays, and other bright specimens of the feathered tribe flit from tree to tree ; while the familiar sparrows are here in thousands.

Twenty years ago, they were unknown in America. A few years later, however, a few pairs were imported from England, and let loose in Central Park, in the hope that they would be able to do, what none of the beautiful birds indigenous to the locality seem able to accomplish, viz.:—to keep under the swarms of grubs, caterpillars, and insects with which the place was infested.

The plan, however, appeared a failure, as instead of multiplying, in a few months the new colonists all disappeared ; probably succumbing to the severity of their first North-American winter ; unless, indeed, they met with a more violent death at the hands of the native

tribes of the feathered race, to whom they were foreigners and enemies.

In the following year, however, the experiment was tried again, another twenty-five pairs being imported from the old country, and let loose in Central Park. They furthermore received legal protection, it being made a punishable offence to kill an English sparrow ; anyone so transgressing being made liable to a fine of five dollars. This time the result surpassed the most sanguine expectation of the promoters of the idea. Not only did the new comers hold their own against other birds, but they multiplied rapidly, and to general astonishment survived the severity of the winter months, and soon became thoroughly acclimatized. As their numbers increased, they fulfilled all that their advocates had promised for them. Under the incentive of their hungry little stomachs, and vigilant search, the plague of insects was rapidly reduced. Not content with this, they went far beyond what was required of them. In the same way that the aboriginal races disappeared before the advance of the white man, so, no sooner were these Anglo-Saxon sparrows firmly established in their new colony, than they made war, and drove out before them thousands of the smaller birds indigenous to the land.

“ I never saw such little creatures to fight,” said an old man, who had been relating the above facts to me. “ I come from the old country, and can remember the sparrows at home well, but I never saw them fight there like they do here.”

“ I'm afraid they have learnt bad manners off the Americans,” I replied. “ When they see the head of

the animal world carrying pistols about in order to avenge any and every little insult no wonder they learn to be pugnacious."

"Why, see them down town," continued the old man, "in front of the City Hall, there, how bold and impudent they are ; they will hop about the path, quite close to you. Why, when persons are sitting on the seats there, eating biscuits or what not, I've actually seen them come and pick up the crumbs they have dropped, and fly off with them with all the impudence in the world, and not seem in the least afraid."

"They are not the only inhabitants of New York that have plenty of cheek," I laughingly interposed.

"I guess they remind me of those pigeons I remember seeing many a time in London, that would almost trip you up when you crossed the courtyard in front of the Guildhall. Are they there still ? "

"Well, perhaps not the identical pigeons you remember, but their descendants are. You know the City Companies are very conservative, and I presume the company of pigeons that inhabit the precincts of the Guildhall, among the rest. Now, can you tell me what is best worth seeing here ? "

"I guess there is a collection of wild animals, out here in the south-eastern corner of the park, and then, a little to the north, is the museum. Then, about a mile further to the north, is the new museum ; there you have to pay twenty-five cents for admission on Mondays and Tuesdays ; the other days are free."

"Thank you, I'm much obliged, I'll wish you good-morning." The zoological collection alluded to above,

I found to be very small and poor; especially when compared with the splendid collection at Regent's Park, London, and I could not help thinking it rather a discredit to so large a city as New York, that that should be the sole collection they could boast. There was one large African elephant there; it was confined in a cage, so small that it could scarcely move round, in addition to which, it was tantalized by being chained by a leg. The polar bear, also, was basking in a temperature of nearly ninety degrees, without any water to disport himself in, other than that which flowed from an indiarubber hose, temporarily inserted into his cage.

Pursuing my rambles northward, I came to a broad gravel walk called the Mall, up and down which little children were being driven in goat chaises at five cents a "ride." On either side of this path are pedestals, surmounted by statues of various American and British celebrities in the political and poetical world; such as Shakespeare, Burns, Scott, &c., including a pedestal, a sort of "reserved seat," the inscription on which informs the visitor that it is intended for a statue of Daniel O'Connell. Across the northern end of the Mall is an erection of masonry, called the Terrace, with a broad flight of steps by which the visitor descends to a small sheet of water, twenty acres in extent, called Central Lake, on which row-boats can be hired at fifty cents per hour. Beyond the lake, to the north, the visitor can take an enjoyable stroll, through a part very appropriately called the "Rambles," and a little beyond you reach the reservoirs for the low-service water supply to the city. They are two in number, the smaller one

occupying thirty-five acres, and the larger one, one hundred and six.

To the north of the large reservoir but little has been done in the way of artificial improvement. In fact, on many acres of this public property a large crop of barley was being reared, for whose especial benefit I could not imagine.

There are four roads across the park, for the accommodation of the street traffic from one side to the other. In order that this should not mar the rural features of the park, they cross in deep cuttings; the park drives and walks being carried over, on broad bridges, with banks of shrubs on either side, so that any stranger making the "tour" of the park by the broad carriage-drive is hardly aware of their existence. The two upper ones especially, seem however, to be but little used. In the north-east corner of the park is a small but pretty sheet of water, called the Harlem Lake. I was in no hurry to return to the hotel; so spent the whole day "exploring" the place. As evening came on, I could not make out whatever was the matter with my eyes. I appeared to see little sparks of light every few seconds give a momentary flash and disappear. Now here, then there, I was at first sorely puzzled to account for it; I felt no pain, and knew of nothing amiss with my eyesight. Presently I became convinced that it was, after all, no defect in my vision, but that the sparks of light were really among the grass and bushes. Suddenly it dawned upon me that I was now beholding for the first time an insect that I had sometimes read about, but had never seen, namely the fire-fly. I wanted to

examine one, but found them difficult to catch, as I could only tell their whereabouts by their little lantern, which flashed forth in the most unexpected places, and was out in an instant. However, I succeeded at last, and imprisoned one in my handkerchief until I should have an opportunity of examining it under a gas-lamp. It was long and narrow, about three-quarters of an inch in length, and in appearance considerably resembled the insect commonly called a "soldier" by country children in England. It is the *under* part of the body from which the flashes of light are given forth every few seconds ; so that it is only when on the wing that you notice it, as its little lamp is hid by its body and wings when resting on the ground.

CHAPTER VII.

Jersey City—Wood-framed Villas—Coloured Domestic Servants—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—Sheets and Table-cloths—New York City Hall—G. P. O. arrangements—The leading Newspaper Offices—Western Union Telegraph Office—Telegraphic arrangements—Trinity Church—Wall Street—United States Sub-Treasury—Custom House—Stock Exchange scene—Street paving—Local excursions—The Cooper Institute—New York street vendors—Smith buys a banana, and does not know what it is.

ONE afternoon I went, by invitation, across to Jersey City to spend the evening with an American gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made while on the voyage. Meeting this friend by arrangement, at the depot of the Jersey Central Railroad, at the foot of Liberty Street, we crossed the river in one of the huge ferry boats, and proceeded one mile further by train, to Communipaw, once an old Indian village. Here I was surprised to find how large a number of the private houses are built of wood. On further acquaintance, I found them very comfortable inside ; where you would not know but that you were in a brick or stone built house. In most cases the street door stood wide open. There was, however, an outer door with panels of wire gauze, which reminded me of large meat safes. These are kept closed, to keep out the mosquitoes, while yet allowing the house to be thoroughly ventilated by the passing breezes.

I was also surprised to find that among private families, negresses were as largely engaged as domestic

servants as their black brothers were at the hotels ; and was much amused at seeing, for the first time, a coloured maid waiting upon the family at meals. The white people look upon their darker skinned brethren with a good deal of contempt ; as though a black skin could not contain a generous heart, or an enlightened mind ; and though acknowledging that they make good servants, at the same time are careful to add that that is only as long as you keep them in their place, and make them feel the inferiority of race. The negro population, on the other hand, by no means appear to acknowledge this inferiority, nor that a black skin is any less beautiful than a white one ; indeed, they are often exceedingly vain of their personal appearance, and spend much time before the looking glass. I spent a very pleasant evening, and at the pressing invitation of my host and hostess stayed the night. The next morning my friend asked me if I slept well, and found my bed comfortable.

I thanked him, and said I was very comfortable indeed.

“ Then you were more fortunate than a gentleman was who slept in that room one night last autumn. My wife and daughter were away at the time, up in New Hampshire somewhere ; and feeling like a poor forlorn bachelor, I had accepted my friend's invitation to go with him to an entertainment up town. It was very late when it was over, and I persuaded him to come home with me and sleep here, as he lived much further off, and, being a single man, had no wife to be uneasy at his non-appearance. It was past midnight when we arrived and the maids had gone to bed long before. So after rummaging about in the larder for something to eat, I

gave him some matches, and directed him to our visitors' room, where you slept last night ; and was just turning into my room, which is the one below, when I heard him shaking his sides with laughter. So I called out to him ' Whatever is the matter with you ? what have you found up there ? ' to which he replied, ' You had better come up and see for yourself.' So I went up, and found him still in convulsions of laughter, when he pointed to the bed ; where, to my astonishment, a dark little head, with fuzzy black hair, was peeping out from between the bedclothes. It was one of our maids, who, taking advantage of my wife's absence, and never dreaming of anyone coming upstairs, had taken possession of the best bedroom. I did feel so angry with her. I sent my visitor down stairs again, and ordered her to get up and take the sheets off the bed ; and although it was past the middle of the night, I made her take them down to the wash-house and wash them, then and there. Then what to do with my guest, I hardly knew. However we went to my wife's linen cupboard, and got out another pair of sheets ; and together, he and I somehow made up the bed, and he retired to rest. In the morning I asked him how he had slept, to which he replied, ' Fairly well, only I guess I found those sheets precious stiff.' A few days after, when my wife returned home, she was almost as angry with me as I had been with the maid, as she informed me that I had placed my visitor to sleep between two of her best table-cloths."

After breakfast I returned to the city with my friend who kindly spared an hour from business in order to show me about a bit.

Walking down town the first object he pointed out was the City Hall; a substantial building, with front and sides of white marble, and occupied by offices and courts, for civic and judicial purposes. It stands some distance back from the Broadway and sideways to it, its front, which looks towards the south, facing a nice open square, laid out in grass, and crossed by concreted footpaths. On the opposite side of this open space stands the General Post Office, an immense, four-storied erection, built entirely of granite, at a cost of 7,000,000 dols. It occupied a plot of ground nearly triangular in shape; the small park just alluded to forming the base, while Broadway on one side and Park Row on the other, joining at the southern end, form the two sides. On entering I was surprised to find how largely the New Yorkers went in for the box system, which can be rented from three dollars per quarter, and of which there were several thousand. I also observed that the officials left a great deal of the letter sorting to be done by those who posted them, there being a separate posting place for each state, which arrangement was further divided by having special boxes for all the great cities. This system causes the office to present a very animated appearance; clerks, with a number of letters to post dodging from pillar to post, and pushing by one another like bees in a hive, according to the destination of the correspondence. After dark the building is lit up by the electric light.

Near the Post Office, on the Park Row side, is the lofty red brick office of the "Tribune Newspaper," and a little further down that of the "New York Herald."

I was grieved to learn that both these newspapers are published on Sunday just as on any other day ; and that their offices are open then for the receipt of advertisements and all ordinary business.

Opposite the "Herald" office is St. Paul's Church, and also the noted Astor House, a first-class hotel, and very centrally situated, but expensive.

A little lower down Broadway are the "Western Union Telegraph Offices," a lofty red brick building of ten stories and surmounted by a clock tower. The basement is used as an office for receiving messages for transmission. It also contains, under glass cases, some of the earliest instruments and machines used for telegraphic purposes, long since superseded by more perfect inventions. Ascending in an elevator to the top of the building, the visitor enters the battery room, where is a steam engine working three dynamo machines for the production of electricity. There are also thousands of glass bottles there, where the electric agent was being generated by means of chemical action. You can then pass on up another flight of stairs into a small gallery overlooking the operating room ; where a large number of young ladies and gentlemen are busily employed receiving and transmitting messages from and to all parts of the continent. From the receiving office, in the basement, to the operating room, the messages are conveyed by means of pneumatic tubes.

In America the telegraphs are not worked in with the Post Office, nor do they form a Government monopoly as in England, but the service is undertaken by public companies, of which there are several, the

Western Union being the largest and most important. The result of this is, that where there is much opposition between any two places, the rate of telegraphing is very low. The companies also undertake the transmission of night telegrams at reduced rates ; usually half-price. Messages thus designated can be given in at any time, but are not delivered specially, but by a regular morning delivery similar to a postal delivery.

Having satisfied my curiosity at the telegraph offices I pursued my walk down the Broadway. A little further on is the splendid granite built building of the Equitable Life Insurance Company on the left, and immediately beyond the noted Trinity Church on the right. It was begun in 1839 and completed in 1846. Trinity parish is the oldest in the city, and the present Church is most wealthily endowed ; the lands from which its income is derived having risen to a fabulous value, since the first Church was built in 1696, and which was destroyed by fire in 1776.

I had just bidden good-bye for the present to my kind friend, who was compelled to leave me on account of business engagements he was obliged to attend to, and was walking slowly along, noticing the various public buildings, and was just opposite Trinity Church, when I was accosted by another New York gentleman, a Mr. Kellog, whose acquaintance I had made during the voyage across. After a few general remarks he asked me where I was going.

“ Nowhere in particular,” I answered, “ I am only strolling about to see your principal public buildings and such like.”

“Have you been into Trinity Church?”

“No.”

“Then come with me. There is something there I should like to show you. I guess it will amuse you.”

We accordingly entered. The church is large and handsome, and has rich stained glass windows. Mr. Kellog conducted me to a small vestibule at the further end, and, pointing to a broken tablet inserted in the wall, said, “Look at the spelling and division of words there.” It reads as follows:—

To the Memory, &c.,
OF OBADIAH HUME, with his Wife, SUSANNAH,
From Credly in Hearifordsheir in Oldingland,
 &c., &c.

We then climbed over three hundred steps up to the steeple, but were well repaid for our exertion by the splendid view of the city and harbour we obtained.

On leaving Trinity Church, Mr. Kellog said, “Now, I guess there is no need to follow the Broadway further ; beyond this it consists principally of the offices of the various steamboat companies and shipping merchants, and leads down to the battery. Let us go down this street opposite ; it is Wall Street, the great street for our large bankers and financial agents. There, on the left, at the corner of the next block, is the United States Sub-Treasury, where the Government banking

business is transacted ; and a little beyond is the Custom House ; there is but little in there that you will care to see ; but if you will come this way, it is just the busy time on the Stock Exchange, and I guess you will be interested in seeing how excited the brokers get over their buying and selling." We accordingly made our way into the strangers' gallery, when I looked down upon the greatest hubbub I had ever seen in my life. The pulling and pushing and shouting at the top of their voices of about a couple of hundred persons united to create a scene of the wildest confusion.

" Well ! what do you think of it ? "

" Why, that it's the nearest approach to an Irish row I ever saw in my life."

" I guess a good many of them descend from that nationality. In matters of local management also, the Irish have it pretty much their own way in this city."

" Perhaps that may account for your streets being so badly paved."

" Do you think they are ? "

" Certainly, why as I walk along in the evening I keep catching the toe of my boot against projecting flags, which upset my equilibrium every other minute."

" But look at the frost we get here every winter."

" I don't see what that has to do with it."

" Everything. When the frost comes, it cracks the earth and bulges up the paving stones in the way you see. Nothing will prevent it, and to keep them in the way you think they ought to be kept, it would require them to be relaid every spring. We do not stumble as

you describe ; you should lift your feet a little more as you walk, and then you would be all right."

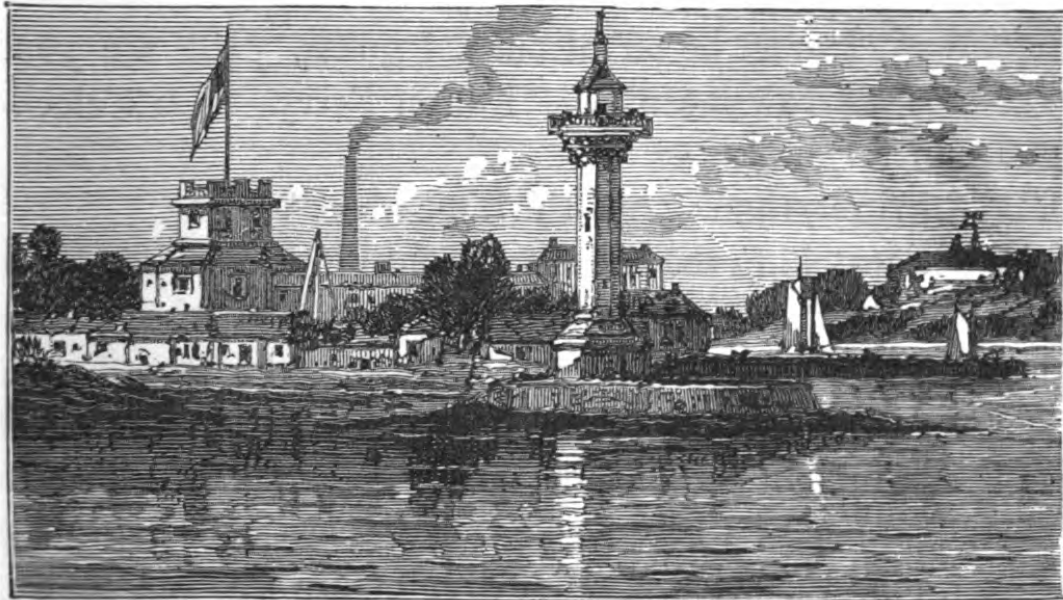
"Oh ! I see now what causes the New Yorkers to be such proverbial 'high steppers.' "

"I should have liked to have spent the day with you, showing you about and teaching you the 'American step' ; but business must be attended to, so I guess I must leave you to find your way about by yourself."

"Many thanks for the trouble you have already taken ; where do you recommend me to go this afternoon so as to use the limited time I have to the best advantage ?"

"I guess you might take the ferry-boat from pier 22 or 24, and go up the East River to Harlem or High Bridge. That would give you an opportunity of seeing some of our war ships, lying off the United States Navy Yard, on the Long Island shore ; as also of the asylums and Government Buildings on Blackwall Wards and Randall's Islands. There are ferries to these islands, but if you want to visit them you must first get an order from the Commissioners of Public Charities, at the corner of 3rd Avenue and 11th Street: or if you prefer the sea, Brighton Beach and Coney Island are most enjoyable, only it is almost as well to make a day of it when you go there. You might, however, take the steamer from No. 1 pier, East River, and spend an hour or two at Staten Island. It contains some nice walks and drives and many pretty villas, belonging to merchants in New York. It is the largest of the islands in the bay, of which you obtain a fine view in running down and back on the steamer. Then, in the evening

you might take a walk along Bowry, which is the great shopping thoroughfare for the lower classes ; and see what an amount of trade is done there on Saturday night. Or you might be interested in visiting the Cooper Institute, which is a philanthropic institution, containing a free library and reading room, and where a free night school is held for the very poor classes, to whom free lectures are also given. It is a very large building,



BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

occupying an entire block between 3rd and 4th Avenues, and 7th and 8th Streets. By the way, what do you intend to do with yourself to-morrow, Sunday ?”

“I proposed to hear the Reverend Ward Beecher preach. I would have gone last Sunday but could not very well, only landing that morning.”

“Is that so? I can't make it out. All the Englishmen that come over here are mad to run after Ward

Beecher, the first thing. Why! although I live in Brooklyn, it is ten years since I was in his church."

"A prophet is not without honour save in his own country."

"If you will cross by Fulton Ferry about ten o'clock in the morning I will meet you on the other side, and we will go together and hear Mr. Beecher; I see he is advertised to preach to-morrow."

"Many thanks for your kindness. I shall be sure to come."

"Well, I must be off at once, I guess. I'll see you again to-morrow morning. Fulton Ferry—Ten o'clock—Don't forget."

"All right, thank you, I'll remember."

After watching the tumult beneath for a minute or two longer I left the strangers' gallery of the Stock Exchange, and again made my way into the Broadway. There were a number of hawkers standing at the edge of the pavement selling all sorts of small trinkets in the same manner as I had ever remembered them doing at home, only the price was usually, "Only five cents, sir; only five cents"; whereas, at home, this class of vendors nearly always cry their goods at a penny. The greatest novelty to me was the fruit on the costermongers' barrows in size and shape a good deal resembling a large pork sausage. I wondered whatever it could be, ticketed two, three, and five cents apiece. I fain would have asked what they were but did not like to betray my ignorance. I had seen them occasionally in London, and wondered how it was they had never excited my curiosity before, but concluded it was their great

abundance here that so attracted my attention. I had an idea that they were plantains, and would have bought one and tried it, only I did not know how to eat it, whether to bite it through just as it was as one would an apple, or if there was any peel or rind to come off first. Again, I did not like to ask, but, as my inquisitiveness increased, I determined to stay about near a barrow full of them and watch, until I had seen some one else buy and eat one, that I might know how to set about it. As ill-luck would have it no purchasers patronised the stock I was watching for some time, and I got so jostled about by the passing crowd that I took refuge a few paces down a side street, at the corner of which the costermonger was standing with his goods. After waiting a few minutes a young man stopped and selected one, and I saw him burst open the soft outer rind by giving it a slight pinch which split it from end to end, take out the soft pithy fruit inside and begin to eat.

“Thank you, my worthy friend, I can do that,” so I immediately went up to the barrow, purchased one, and followed my instructor up the Broadway. I, however, was still unaware of what I had got, but came to the conclusion that as I should have to confess my ignorance to some one before I could find out I might as well ask the young man before me, who was eating the one he had just bought. So touching him on the shoulder I enquired the name of the fruit he was eating. The man I touched turned round, when, to my utter astonishment, I found it was not the one I intended to ask, and that I must have lost my man in the crowd, for the

person I touched was eating an apple. I was, therefore, unable to put my query in the form I had intended, namely, "Would you kindly inform me the name of the fruit you are eating?" I felt that I would be mistaken for a lunatic to ask such a childish question, although to the New Yorker the question I did ask was equally as absurd. Holding out my purchase I said, "What is the name of this fruit?"

The man stared at me in blank astonishment."

"I guess you're escaped from Ward's Island; or else ye're trying to make a fool of me."

"No, indeed I am not. I do not know what I have got, and ask for information."

"Well, then," remarked the stranger as he passed on, "I don't know where you can come from; but I guess ye're the first man I ever saw grow up so ignorant. However, if ye really don't know I guess I'll tell ye. It's a banana, sometimes called a plantain."

CHAPTER VIII.

Sunday in Brooklyn—Plymouth Church—Floral Decorations—Fans—
The Rev. Ward Beecher's discourse—Some American Sunday
Schools—Black Skins and White Skins—Smith argues their
Equality—Goes to Plymouth Church again in the evening.

ON Sunday, I met Mr. Kellog, as arranged, and we went together to hear the Rev. Ward Beecher.

With the size and architecture of his church I was much disappointed. The exterior is a very meagre looking structure, of red-brick, coming within six feet or so of the public roadway, and forms part of a terrace of houses, in a quiet, but respectable side street. Nor was the inside so large as I had expected to find. I had anticipated that the great American preacher held forth in a building, and to an audience, as large as his contemporary's in Newington Butts, London ; and was surprised, on entering, to find myself in a building, nearly square, and surrounded by one deep gallery, and seating, at a rough guess, not more than half as many people as the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The platform was splendidly decorated with flowers, for which the congregation vote a sum of 500 dollars per annum (over £100) ; and in the midst of the floral show sat the reverend orator, lustily fanning himself with a Japanese palm leaf. The worthy deacons, who were showing

strangers to seats, were also doing the same. The service was commenced without any announcement from the minister, by the choir rising and singing : " Who are these in white raiment and whence came they ? " After a short opening prayer, the congregation joined in singing, " How did my heart rejoice to hear," &c. The minister then read the thirteenth chapter of Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, which was followed by another prayer, and then the collection, a part of the programme never omitted from an American service. The hymn, " When all Thy mercies, O my God," was then sung, followed by the sermon. The reverend gentleman took for his text the third verse of Jude's Epistle: " Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." He commenced by saying that pride, arrogance, perverted conscience, evil speaking, slander, and many other sins, people try to shelter under this verse ; but Jude was speaking of that faith which brings newness of life. We are to contend for the faith by a Christian life, and walk, and conversation. It was a false assumption that the church was authoritative ; and that to its edicts men must implicitly yield the dictates of their own consciences. It is a false theory of the duties of conscience, if we think it is our duty to domineer and rule over the consciences of those who differ from us. This false theory has, before now, led to the persecution, imprisonment, and martyrdom, of some of the best men and women who ever lived. The spirit of judgment, and of criticism, and of dislike, is anti-Christian. Men attempt, by machinery, to promote piety. Such efforts are always

futile ; and instead of attaining their object, engender only infidelity and atheism.

The service was concluded by a short prayer ; and after the hymn commencing, " Daughter of Zion, from the dust," had been sung the congregation was dismissed with the benediction.

Mr. Kellog's house was a long way from Plymouth Church, and on our way there he asked me how I liked what I had seen and heard.

" I liked Mr. Ward Beecher's sermon very much, and also his bearing, and manner of conducting the service. What a venerable looking old gentleman he is, with his long silvery hair nearly on to his shoulders. He is evidently an older man than I had expected to find."

" Now, this afternoon I propose taking you to see some of our Sunday Schools, if you would like to do so. You know we, here in America, are strong on Sunday Schools."

" Yes, I know you are ; and I should like to see how you manage."

In fulfilment of this promise, Mr. Kellog took me to see two Sunday Schools. On entering the first, we sat down on a bench reserved for visitors. Our entering did not attract the children's attention, as it would in an English Sunday School ; as visitors, parents of the scholars, and others, are constantly coming and going, listening for a few minutes to what is going forward, and then taking their departure again. After staying some little time in the main school, we went into a nice light room adjoining, tastefully decorated, where a large number of infants were being taught a

new hymn. After a few minutes' stay here, we took our departure in order to visit the Sunday School in connection with a neighbouring Congregational Church. We arrived in time to hear the closing exercises, and the superintendent give out a long string of notices, the most interesting to the children evidently being one about their annual excursion, which was to take place that week. It was a splendid large school-room, situated upstairs ; lofty and well lighted, and provided with a deep gallery round the further end. The furniture of the school also showed the care and attention that was bestowed on the comfort of the scholars. As we walked home, Mr. Kellog asked me, " How I liked American Sunday Schools ? "

" Oh, you do indeed have splendid accommodation, but there are one or two things that do not seem to me quite the thing."

" Such as ? "

" Well, for instance, in that school we have just left, close to the back, where we were sitting, there was a coloured gentleman teaching a class of black boys and girls mixed. I don't see why they should be made in a separate class by themselves."

" I suppose, because so few coloured children come to that school that it is not worth while to make a separate class for the boys and another for the girls ; that is why they are mixed, or it may be that they have not another coloured teacher."

" That is not my meaning at all. Why are they not put here and there, in different classes with the other children, according to their sex, age and ability ? "

“ I don't suppose the other children would like it, nor their parents either ; and besides, I guess the coloured children would not like it either. The other children would be sure to keep as far off them as they could, and give them the cold shoulder, and they would feel the difference much more than when they have a class to themselves, as at present.”

“ The difference, indeed, what difference? Wherein does it lie? Is it in the colour of their skin? The other children need not fear that it will come off and black their pretty white muslin dresses. Is it that they are less clever? Their bright, intelligent faces tell a different tale from that. Is it that they are less attentive? As I looked at the various classes there, I could see none that were paying more attention to what their teacher was saying to them, or that sang more heartily, or that were more devout during prayer, than they. Do the others consider them to belong to a lower order of beings, or more degraded than themselves? I hope not. But if they do, what is it they come to Sunday School for? Is it not to learn that God sent His Son to save the degraded, the lost, the despised? They should remember that ‘ The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.’ ”

“ My dear Mr. Smith, I had no idea you could fire up so. I think you judge rather harshly. You know there are Sunday Schools devoted entirely to coloured children, where there are no whites. They should attend them.”

“ There ought to be no need for such places. Why,

as I sat there, in that school, with all its admirable arrangements, I could not help feeling indignant at a distinction being drawn between the colours of the children's skin. I only know that if I were a teacher there, I would sooner take that class of young coloured people than any other in the school."

"They might not be willing to have you. You have only been in the country a few days ; were you to stay a twelvemonth you would discover that there are many difficulties in the way of that perfect equality which at present you think should exist. But now to change the subject, what would you like to do this evening? Shall we go to Plymouth Church again, or shall we take a stroll, or would you like to go and hear Dr. Talmage, now you are in Brooklyn?"

"Thank you, I think I should prefer to go to Plymouth Church again."

Accordingly, in the evening, we again made our way to Plymouth Church. The service was commenced by the choir singing to the congregation, "Lift up thine eyes," &c., and after the usual preliminary exercises, Mr. Beecher preached from Romans v. 20, 21 ; "Moreover the law entered that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," &c. The reverend gentleman commenced by remarking that in the physical law, "intent" had no place in influencing the penalty. In the moral law it has. He went on to observe that in God's law, real repentance obtains immediate and full forgiveness. God has said, "the soul that sinneth, it shall die," yet when a sinner truly repents, God does not quote that text to him

and say, "Now, in order to forgive you and keep My word, you must go through a certain prescribed ordeal and penance." No! such is not God's way of forgiveness. God meets true penitence with free and immediate and complete forgiveness.

I left the church much interested and impressed. Mr. Kellog insisted on accompanying me as far as the ferry, where we parted after obtaining a promise that I would be sure to call on him in the city before leaving New York.

CHAPTER IX.

A New York Public School—The "Baggage" nuisance again—Railroad ticket agents—The hotel clerks sell them on commission—Courtland Street Depôt—Checking the baggage—Ferry—Clocks at Grand Central Depot, Jersey City—Different standards of time adopted by various lines—American railroad cars—Description of locomotives—Speed of travelling, &c—Philadelphia—Convenience of the American "check" system—Independence Hall—Custom House—Carpenter's Hall—The Mint—Bank Notes for 25 cents—Franklin's grave—Girard College—Fairmount Park Water-works and pumping machinery—A Trip on the Schuylkill—Centennial Exhibition Buildings—Skating Rink—Temperature 90 degrees—Philadelphia Zoological Gardens—The "Dextrel" Mausoleum at Woodlands Cemetery—Arch Street Methodist Church and Schools—Arrangements for infant class, &c.

THE Americans and the English differ very widely as regards the education of the children of the middle and upper classes. In England the Public Board Schools are looked upon as only intended for the children of the lower classes; while in America, private schools are almost unknown, and not at all popular; the children of high and low, rich and poor, studying together in the Public Schools. I visited the school in 12th Street, and asked permission to see what was going on. I was very politely received, and shown all over the building.

The 12th Street Public School is for girls only, of whom there were about six hundred on the books. The teachers were all ladies, the hall porter appearing the only representative of the male sex connected with the establishment. The scholars looked intelligent and attentive, and nothing calculated to assist the intellect

to understand, or the mind to remember, was wanting. Good order was maintained, the girls doing everything in unison ; such as marching to and from their respective classes, which they did to the time of a military air (or other piece of music, where the time is well accented) played upon the pianoforte by one of the young ladies themselves. The girls were well dressed, and were evidently, for the most part, daughters of persons in comfortable circumstances. The education received, together with books, stationery, and every requisite, were all supplied free of charge, the whole of the expenses being paid out of the public revenue ; the United States Government evidently believing that if a man has a large family to bring up, he is doing his quota towards the public weal, and should be relieved of, or at least assisted in, the expense of educating them ; furthermore, that this expense can best be met, and is not contrary to national polity, by levying taxes, largely subscribed to by old maids and bachelors.

It was Wednesday afternoon when I left New York for Philadelphia.

As I found it a great nuisance to be cumbered with so much luggage, I determined to take with me no more than I could comfortably pack in one moderate-sized portmanteau, and to leave the rest at the hotel until my return, an arrangement to which they were quite agreeable, as it secured my custom again when I came back. The porter, therefore, attached small metal cheques to each piece, and stowed them away in the baggage room, giving me the tallies.

The clerk asked me if I had purchased my ticket.

“No, not yet, I will buy it at the station.”

“You may as well have it of me, it will cost you no more.”

“Oh, I see; I suppose the Railway Company give you a commission. Well, will it cost me any less by having it of you?”

“Not on so short a journey. The companies cut it very fine now. I shall only get a quarter (*i.e.*, of a dollar) on this ticket. Where are you going after Philadelphia? for if you like to buy your ticket of me for the whole route, I don't mind sharing the commission.”

“Oh no! I don't care to do that, I may wish to diverge from my intended route, and then I should lose instead of gain; but I don't mind having the Philadelphia ticket of you.”

The hotel clerk sent the “boots” out to buy the ticket from an agent's, a few doors off; and he soon returned with one by the Pennsylvania Central route, for which I paid two and a half dollars. I then went down to the depot, at the foot of Courtland Street, where I found my portmanteau, which had preceded me an hour before by “express.” The porters did not label my luggage as in England, but strapped a small metal check, stamped with a number, to the handle; at the same time giving me a duplicate, engraved with the same numeral, and punching the letters B. C. (baggage checked) out of my ticket. I then went on board one of the company's great ferry steamers, and in a few minutes was conveyed across the river, to the Jersey City Grand Central Depot of this great trunk line.

All over Great Britain we find it advantageous to set our clocks to correspond with one another, and in consequence of the comparative smallness of the country, the slight incorrectness of such time, in places lying east or west of the meridian of Greenwich, and the true local time of such places, causes us no inconvenience.

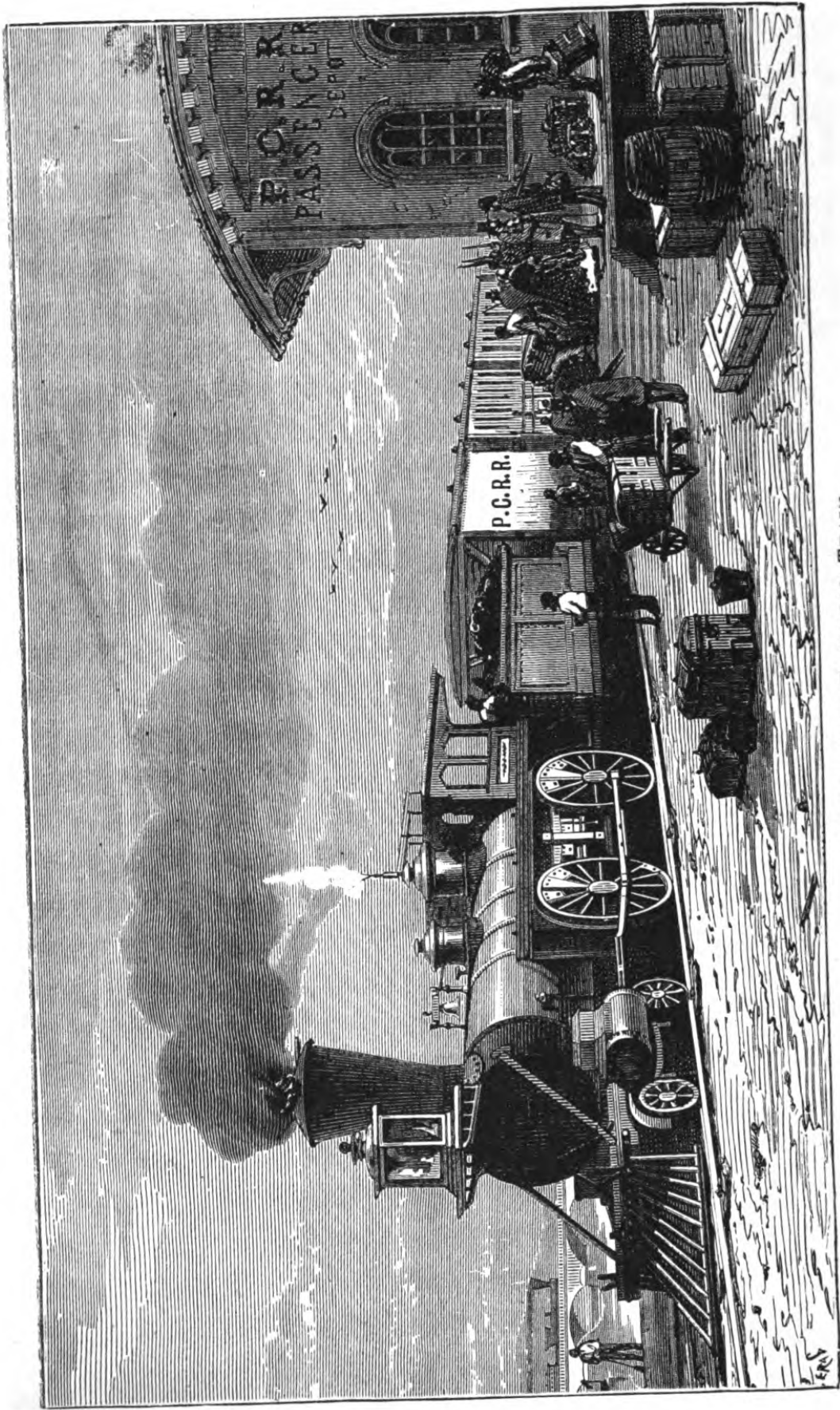
But, in the United States, the country is so vast, and embraces so many degrees of longitude, that such an arrangement is totally impracticable. For instance, between the port of Boston, on the Atlantic coast, and that of San Francisco, on the Pacific, there is a difference of over fifty degrees of longitude, representing a difference in time of three hours and twenty minutes. Local time is, therefore, adopted in all the large cities throughout the Republic; and when travelling west, unless you bear this fact in mind, you are apt to be sorely puzzled by finding the train timed to reach a certain place before it has, according to the time table, passed the preceding station. Not that the train is travelling so fast that you have overtaken the sun, by any means. The fact is simply that some of the smaller intermediate places adopt the time of some city lying to the east of them; while a short distance further on, the good folks are regulating their clocks by those of a city miles to the west of them.

In the depôt at Jersey City I was amused to notice no less than six clocks round the walls of the booking office, all going, but the hands nevertheless all pointing in different directions, and indicating the time of day at as many different cities, the name of such city being painted on each clock.

In consulting American railway time tables, therefore, it is necessary to notice by what time the line at that part is being worked ; as, if by that of a city to the east of you, you may, on arriving at the depôt, in good time as you think, find that your train has gone. On lines working by only two times, between which there is not much difference, it is only necessary to add a second minute hand to the station clocks ; as, for instance, between New York and Philadelphia, which are eight minutes apart.

From the booking office I passed on to the trains. The carriages are totally different in build and arrangement to those on English railways. In external appearance they have some slight resemblance to huge tramcars, though without any seats on top. There is a small platform at each end, and an aisle runs down the centre of each car, so that you can pass on from car to car through the whole length of the train. On account of their great length, each car is on bogies, to enable it to pass with ease round a sharp curve. Each car, therefore, rests on at least eight wheels, four at each end, while many have twelve and a few of the drawing-room and sleeping cars as many as sixteen, eight at each end. The interior of the car I entered was very lofty and elegantly decorated.

The passengers do not sit opposite to each other as in a tramcar, nor as they do in an English railway carriage ; but all sit on short, cushioned benches on either side of the central aisle, each seat arranged for two passengers, facing the direction the train is travelling in. One corner of each car is partitioned off, as a " convenience,"



AN AMERICAN RAILROAD TRAIN.

a very desirable arrangement when persons are taking a lengthy journey of many hours' duration. The opposite corner, at the further end, is sometimes also devoted to the same purpose. A third corner is supplied with a stove for heating the car in cold weather, while in the fourth is placed a filter of iced water, wherewith travellers parched with the heat may quench their thirst. The stuffed backs to the seats are all made to swing over either way, so that, on the arrival of the train at its destination, they are all reversed, that passengers, on the return journey, may still face the engine. The travelling compares favourably with that in England, both as regards the distances traversed between two stoppages, and the speed; the first stop being made at Trenton, a distance of 57 miles from Jersey City, and which was run over in one hour and nine minutes, being a speed of $49\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. The cars are somewhat wider than an English railway carriage, as, although on most of the lines the gauge is the usual English one of 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the cars overhang the rails more than those on British railroads.

The design and build of the engines differ as much as the carriages do from those on English lines. Fixed in front of each locomotive is a contrivance called a "cow-scraper," which is for the purpose of sweeping the track of any cattle, pigs, geese, or anything else in the way that should be cleared off; and before I returned home I came across the case of two servant girls who had been crossing the line and were cleared off by this locomotive crinoline. The "cow-scraper" is wedge-shaped in construction, so as to push the obstacle to either one side

or the other. Lying down the centre of it is a stout iron bar, which is to attach it to any train when the locomotive is travelling backwards; as, in consequence of the "cow-scraper," the engine is unable to come close up to its work when in that position. The funnel is very much larger at the top than at the bottom, truly funnel shaped, having the contracted end inverted into the boiler; though the object in such a design I could not, for certain, discover.

In front of the funnel is always fixed an enormous head-light; the lantern being amply big enough for a child to be shut up in it, in fact, bigger than the large ornamental tea canisters often seen on the shelves of grocers' shops. On the top of the boiler is fixed a big bell, and which, by means of a cord attached, it is the duty of the stoker or bell boy on the engine to toll the whole of the way, in order to warn persons of the approach of the train, and that they will be removed from the track unceremoniously by the "cow-scraper" unless they choose to depart of their own free will, for American lines generally are not fenced in and guarded in the way they are in England.

I never saw a notice board on any line there saying "Trespassers will be prosecuted,"—but—"Persons trespassing after this notice do so at their own risk."

The driver and stoker on an American engine are well cared for, and comfortably housed in from the inclemency of the weather. On the Pennsylvania Railroad the express locomotives take up water while travelling, on the same principle as on the London and North Western Railway.

The train landed its passengers at the main depôt in Philadelphia punctually at five minutes to six. From there I took a Chestnut Street car to 8th Street, and walking up two blocks into Arch Street, took up my quarters at the St. Cloud, a very comfortable and well-appointed commercial hotel, with a fixed tariff of two and a-half dollars per day. I had not troubled about my portmanteau on the arrival of the train, I now gave the check to the hotel clerk, who sent for it, together with the baggage of other arrivals, and for which fifty cents apiece was charged.

The following morning I visited the principal buildings of this city, at one time the capital of the Republic. The first I went to was Independence Hall, a modest looking red brick building in Chestnut Street, with a wide forecourt paved with flagstones. Although of no architectural pretensions, this building is looked upon by all Americans with feelings of reverence, almost of devotion, for it was here that, on the 4th of July, 1776, the declaration of independence from England was adopted, and publicly proclaimed the same day. The room it was signed in looks the same now as then. The furniture, even the very chairs occupied by the senators, are preserved with the greatest care.

A little lower down Chestnut Street stands the Custom House ; while a short distance beyond, up a narrow courtway, stands Carpenter's Hall, a very meagre looking building, but immortalised as the meeting place of the first United States Congress that ever assembled.

I was much struck with the freedom with which

marble is used for building purposes in Philadelphia. Not only are many of the banks faced with it, (where not entirely erected of marble or granite); but the door-steps, window-sills, thresholds and copings in rows of houses, are of the same material. I followed Chestnut Street down to the Delaware, where a busy shipping



CHESTNUT STREET.
(The Regent Street of Philadelphia.)

scene presented itself. Then retracing my steps up Chestnut Street as far as the Mint, I found that no

obstacle was placed in the way of the public being shown over it between the hours of 9 a.m. and 12 noon. I entered and was much interested in inspecting the various processes of coining. After showing me round, the attendant left me to examine at my leisure a large collection of the coins of all nations, from the earliest ages down to the present date.

The amount of gold in circulation in the States is very small indeed ; and from the time I left the Mint until my return to Europe, the following autumn, I never received or handled a piece of gold ; nor did I (with one exception only) ever see a gold coin in the possession of anyone else.

Paper money is used for everything ; and notes are still issued for as low a sum as 25 cents (1s. 0½d.).

Near the hotel in Arch Street, is a quiet graveyard, and looking through the railings on one of the tombs I read the names of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, with the date 1790.

One afternoon I took a Ridge Avenue car, and rode out to the world-renowned Girard College. It is an orphan asylum for boys, of whom there are now some eight hundred and seventy on the books. The main building is erected entirely of pure white marble, the roof even being formed of great marble slabs. The institution was built, and very largely endowed, by Stephen Girard, a native of France, but who settled in Philadelphia, and carried on the business of a banker, and who died there in 1831.

Visitors are admitted to the college and ground by tickets, which strangers have no difficulty in obtaining,

as they are supplied gratuitously to the leading hotels, for the use of their guests.

A janitor shows parties over the building, and conducts them at last out on the marble roof, from which, as the college is built on high ground, splendid views are obtained of the city, and also of the surrounding country.



GIRARD COLLEGE.

One curious request in the founder's will is, that no clergyman or minister of any religious denomination, should ever be allowed within the gates ; the reason being " that while there remained so much diversity of opinion between religious sects, as to what was orthodox, he thought it best that the youthful mind should not be biassed by hearing the partizan views of any ; but left to choose for itself, when it grew to years of discretion."

The Bible, however, is not excluded altogether ; and

at the close of afternoon school, at four o'clock, visitors can see the boys emerge from their various school buildings, and march in good order to the chapel, where the Principal reads a portion of Scripture, hymns are sung, and prayer offered.

After leaving the college grounds, I wandered into Fairmount Park, which is a pretty place, winding for miles along the banks of the Schuylkill, a picturesque river, about the size of the Trent at Nottingham; and which skirts the west side of Philadelphia, about two miles from the Delaware River. The lower end of the park is beautifully laid out as a horticultural garden; at the southern extremity of which are situated the city waterworks; advantage being taken of a fall in the river, at this point, of about twelve or fifteen feet, to work all their pumping machinery at this station, by means of three enormous turban waterwheels.

In the park, there were quite a row of boating-houses, very ornamental in design and workmanship, belonging to various rowing and sailing clubs. There was also a small steamboat landing near the waterworks.

The next day I went from here up the river, in a small steamer, worked with one paddle, placed at the stern of the boat, to a little place called Wissakickon at the further end of Fairmount Park. The passengers were landed at some tea-gardens sort of place, belonging to an hotel, and which seemed to form the chief attraction of the locality.

About half an hour here sufficed, and as it was too hot to enjoy a six mile walk back through the park, however

picturesque the scenery, I returned in a small screw steamer by the same road that I had come.

On arriving at Belmont, I visited the grounds and buildings of the late Centennial Exhibition. The Horticultural Society's building bore some slight resemblance to the new Palm House in Kew Gardens, only not nearly so good nor so well kept. From the west door of this structure ran a broad wall, bordered on each side by sunken beds, containing a goodly show of flower and leaf bedding plants.

The main exhibition building is over one third of a mile in length. The exact length of the nave is 1876 feet, being the same number of feet as the date of the year in which the exhibition was held ; in that respect, copying the plan that was adopted by the promoters of the first great International Exhibition held in Hyde Park in 1851. In some slight degree it resembles the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham ; but it is not nearly so lofty, nor so pretty, having a gable instead of an arched roof. The main, and now the only entrance used, is in the transept ; and immediately before you, on entering, is a very large and ornamental fountain. It is, however, made of iron, painted green. There is also a very large organ at the opposite end of the transept. Despite the thermometer standing at about 90 degrees, a number of young persons were actively engaged amusing themselves with wheeled skates, on the skating rink, between the organ and the fountain. In spite of the forlorn look of the place, there were a number of vendors of ice and iced drinks

On enquiring what there was to see, as I did not pay twenty-five cents to watch persons selling lemonade, if

people would but purchase,—I could see that trade being carried on more briskly outside without paying,—I was informed that there were theatrical entertainments each afternoon at two o'clock. As far as the exhibits go, I found nothing whatever there worth going to see; so soon took my departure fully convinced that it could only be that, and the skating rink, that kept the place going at all.

From the Exhibition Buildings, I went to the Zoological Gardens, which adjoin the Park, on the west bank of Schuykill. The collection of animals here is very large, and very complete; and the general arrangements for their comfort and health reflect great ingenuity and skill on those who had the designing and carrying out of the works. The "Carnivora" house is specially worthy of mention. The place is well worth a visit, especially of New Yorkers, when they go to Philadelphia, as it is infinitely superior to the small collection in Central Park, or to any other that they have to show.

When dressing that morning, I observed that my pocket aneroid stood exceedingly low. The sky, however, was so clear and the sun shone so brightly, that I could not credit its reading; but thought the instrument must have got out of order. Yet such was not the case, for while at the Zoo a violent storm, preceded by a hurricane of wind and dust, came on, detaining me in the monkey house for a longer time than I had ever spent at any one time before with the Darwinian progenitors of our species. On the storm somewhat abating, I returned to the city by tram-car.

The storm allayed, to a considerable extent, the oppressive heat ; so, in the evening, I went by Darby-road horse cars, to Woodlands cemetery, in order to see the Dextrel Mausoleum, said to be the costliest in America. It is built entirely of white marble, and is surrounded by an ornamental barrier of the same. The cemetery, however, lies so far from the business and hotel quarter of the city, and there is so little else there of interest, that I did not think it repaid the time occupied in going.

On Sunday morning I visited Beth-Eden Baptist Church. It is considered a splendid place ; is very handsomely decorated, has stained glass windows (which, however, make the interior very dark) and a profusely emblazoned organ. The church is built of a greenish coloured stone. In the afternoon I went to see the schools in connection with Arch Street Methodist Church. Both the church and schools in the rear, forming one building, are of white marble. The school and class-rooms are all carpeted and supplied with cushioned seats with padded backs. In the infant class-room each child is seated in a separate little armchair with cane bottom, very low to suit little legs. These chairs are arranged on semi-circular tiers, one behind another ; the teacher and the harmoniumist being on the floor, in the centre.

There is a large library, placed in a separate room, devoted exclusively to that purpose. It is conducted on the pigeon-hole system, *i.e.*, a separate place for each book. This plan greatly expedites the exchange of books. By this system it is possible to work the library without any

entering of the books lent into a register. In fact, the shelves themselves form the register, as each space is numbered the same as the book, and when a scholar has out a volume his or her library card, containing name and address, is placed in the vacant space until the work is returned.

The adjoining church was as sumptuously furnished as the schools, if not more so. The aisles, and all the pews, were carpeted to match; while the minister's platform was profusely decorated with costly plants and flowers. That morning a stranger from England had preached, but in the evening I had an opportunity of hearing the regular minister, the Rev. O. H. Tiffany, who spoke such good English that I concluded he must be an Irishman.

CHAPTER X.

The plan of Philadelphia—Mode of numbering streets and houses—The "Natatorium"—A trip on the Delaware—Academy of Fine Arts—Smith leaves Philadelphia—The Susquehanna River—An American "Runner"—A long railway ride—Smith gets a "wrinkle"—Railroad cars cross the Patapsco River on ferry steamer—The train proceeds through the streets of Baltimore—"Coloured" tram cars—Prices of provisions in Baltimore Market—Maryland Institute—The City Hall—View from dome—Fort Henry—A cheap ride—Druid Hill—A "buggie"—Fast driving—Smith proceeds to Washington—First view of the capital and the Capitol—The Grand Depot.

THE mode of numbering the houses in Philadelphia is unique and very ingenious. The city is regularly laid out, the streets crossing each other at right angles, those running north and south parallel to the Delaware River, being numbered consecutively, with the exception of 14th Street, which is usually called Broad Street, a name which it well deserves, being 113 feet wide. The streets running at right angles to the Delaware are named, the broadest being Market Street, one "block" to the north of Chestnut Street, on which are most of the public buildings; not quite all, however, as where Market and Broad Streets cross each other a large square has been formed, on which the vast "Public Building"—occupied as law courts and public offices—has been erected of white marble. Market Street divides the numbered streets into north and south; and, in a like manner, the named streets are called east or west,

according to whether they are east or west of Broad Street. The numbering of the houses is also systematically carried out, the low numbers of all streets running east and west commencing at the Delaware River and running westward ; all the odd numbers on the north side and all the even on the south. Thus, the numbers of all the houses in any street between the river and the first street are under 100, between that and 2nd Street between 100 and 200. As soon as that is crossed, the numbering commences at 201, 202, the intervening figures being omitted ; there seldom being a hundred houses between any two streets. The streets running north and south are arranged on the same plan : the numbers commencing at Market Street, and skipping all the numbers up to the next hundred each time a cross road is reached. By this simple arrangement a perfect stranger to the city can find his way to any address with the greatest ease ; and, moreover, as there are about fourteen blocks to the mile, he can easily reckon the distance. Thus, if the address is 1,336 North 7th Street, he knows at once it is a house on the left hand side about one mile north of Market Street, half way between the Delaware River and Broad Street, and about a mile and a half from the new Public Buildings.

The summer heat of Philadelphia is sultry and oppressive in the extreme, and I was compelled to invest in some alpaca and cotton print jackets weighing but a few ounces apiece, cloth clothes being simply unendurable.

The discomfort the broiling rays of the sun occasioned me quite took away my inclination for sight-seeing and

made me feel disinclined to do anything, unless, indeed, it were to pass the middle part of the day at least, sporting myself in and out a cold water swimming bath. With that end in view I wended my way to a place in Broad Street called the Natatorium, only, however, to be disappointed

From 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. the place was reserved for ladies. Single admission tickets not being issued, three being the smallest number sold, the price for which was a dollar.

As I turned disappointed back into the broiling sun, I vowed that if ever I were to emigrate from the old country, and settle in Philadelphia, I would erect two swimming baths—one for ladies and the other for gentlemen—that should be open all day long, and where anyone might sport themselves in the liquid element at any time, and at a charge of sixpence or eightpence, as at the finest swimming baths in London.

I felt convinced that the exorbitant charges, and limited hours, in vogue at the place I had just quitted, must necessarily restrict many persons from frequently patronising the baths ; and that, in consequence of the great summer heat in American cities, a more liberal policy, both as regarded hours and prices, would so vastly increase the numbers of the bathers and the frequency of their visits, that it would be found to be the most profitable to the owners in the end.

As I could not go in the water, I determined to at least go on, so taking the tram to South Street, I proceeded by boat a short distance down the Delaware River to the village of Gloucester, on the New Jersey side.

The Delaware is a noble river, nearly half a mile in width, and at Gloucester has such a fine sandy shore, that a short sighted person, who could not see the opposite bank, might well imagine that he was standing at the edge of the ocean on a calm day.

From Gloucester, I returned by a railway of only three feet gauge, to West Darby, then crossed by ferry to the city and visited the Academy of Fine Arts in Broad Street. Among the paintings at the Academy is one of Windsor Castle ; there was also a model of Westminster Abbey, executed in cork, besides a model of St. Peter's, at Rome.

That afternoon I left Philadelphia for Baltimore. The principal objects of interest en route, is where the train crosses the Susquehanna River by a wooden bridge about twelve or fifteen feet above the water, and nearly a mile in length. On the way, I got into conversation with a commercial traveller (called in America a "runner"), who, on finding that I was a stranger, took great pleasure in pointing out objects of interest that the cars passed within sight of, and from whom I obtained some useful suggestions as regarded travelling.

"I suppose you sometimes take very long journeys, and are in the train for many hours right off?" I asked.

"Well! I guess I do, I am going now to New Orleans ; stopping over at each of the principal cities for about a day ; and then, when I have done my business there, I come straight back to Philadelphia, without any stop-over at all, 1,605 miles."

“ How long does the train take to do that distance ? ”

“ About two and a half days.”

“ Don't you get tired of being such a long time in the train ? ”

“ No. I'm used to it ; I spend nearly half my life travelling, and can live and sleep as comfortably on the cars as anywhere else.”

“ In this guide book it puts for the prices charged at the different hotels two-and-a-half to four dollars or three to five dollars, as the case may be ; I don't quite understand it. I thought you paid the same whatever you had.”

“ So you do, the difference consists in your bedroom, and in nothing else. If you must do the grand, and have a bedroom on the first floor, you pay the highest price ; but if you are content with a room on a higher floor, the price is less.”

“ Is there no other difference, as well ? ”

“ None whatever ; you use the same reception rooms, dine at the same table, and have whatever you like ; whatever part of the house your bedroom is situated in, that does not in the least matter, and, as you always ride up and down in the elevator the waiters in the dining-room do not know which floor you come from. You may be the wealthiest guest in the house, for aught they know, or the poorest ; they cannot tell. Of course, when you are travelling with a lady, you may prefer to pay a little for show ; but if you are alone you don't need to go that expense. At a good house, any room, whether on the first floor or on the fifth or sixth, is sure to be clean and comfortable ; and for

my part I prefer sleeping on the top floor in hot weather because you get the breeze better up there, besides probably having a more extended view than you would if you were paying one or two dollars a night more down below."

I took the hint, and frequently profited by it during the remainder of my tour.

On nearing Baltimore the train was divided, and half of it ran bodily on to a large ferry steamer on the Patapsco River, moored end on, to the shore. The steamer then started immediately for the other side, where the cars would be met by another locomotive, and continue their journey to Washington, and the South. The remaining portion of the train then proceeded to the city, the line running, to my astonishment, down the centre of the streets, where little children were so engrossed playing with dolls, or marbles, or making mud pies in the gutter, that they took not the slightest notice of the train steaming down the road; and persons crossed the street just in front of the engine as though it were but a tram-car coming along. Of course they travelled very slowly through the city—only about eight or ten miles an hour—but still to me it seemed rather a dangerous arrangement, especially when, as they were proceeding along Canton Avenue, a tradesman's cart came dashing at a furious pace down South Washington Street, and the driver had a near escape from running against the train; when one or other must have come to grief. However, a miss is as good as a mile, and in three minutes more the train ran from the centre to the side of the road, and pulled up at

the depôt, much in the same way that a stage coach, in Wales or Scotland, would draw up in front of a wayside inn.

Following the direction of the "runner," whose acquaintance I had made, I stepped into a Baltimore Street horse-car, and proceeded in it to the Carrolton House Hotel, at the corner of Light Street, which is a large, well appointed, and very comfortable establishment.

In Baltimore mules were very largely employed, especially in the street tram-cars. When horse-cars were first started in Baltimore, about the close of the Civil War, there was great antipathy felt there, as in all the southern cities, towards the newly liberated slaves; and so separate cars were provided for their use. Were a coloured man to have attempted to enter any other car, he would have been kicked off immediately by the other passengers. However, it frequently happened that in the morning, when gentlemen were hurrying to business, they would jump on to a car provided for coloured people, should that be the first to overtake them, and, of course, the whites would never brook the same handling from the coloured occupants that they would have meted to them, had the case been reversed. So the plan of having different cars for the blacks fell through, though even now, when a coloured woman gets into a car, the Baltimore ladies put their handkerchiefs to their noses, as though they smelt a very disagreeable odour, and shrink away from their dark complexioned sister, and draw aside their dresses, as though the black skin of their fellow passenger was caused by the

accumulation of dirt, that might come off and stain their clothes or white skin by contact.

The following morning I took a walk through the market, when I soon discovered that if many things were dearer in the States than at home, food was certainly cheaper—especially meat. Beef was to be had from four cents (2d.) per lb. The sirloin, and just the choicest cuts, fetched, however, twenty-five cents. Rump steak sold at fifteen cents per lb. ($7\frac{1}{2}$ d.). Good dairy butter fetched from fifteen to twenty cents per lb. ($7\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 10d.). With fruit there was not so much difference, though even here the difference was on the side of the American market. At Baltimore, the upper part of the market buildings is called the Maryland Institute; and contains a large hall for lectures, entertainments, &c. Retracing my way a few steps, I visited the City Hall, a magnificent erection, well worth seeing, built entirely of white marble. I wandered about, without let or hindrance, and ultimately reached the summit of the dome, from whence I obtained a magnificent view of the city and harbour, and surrounding country. I was there a long while, by myself, and was surprised to think that no one else should think it worth while to mount up there, when their trouble would be amply rewarded by the splendid view when they reached the top. When I went down, I observed a notice-board, stating that visitors were only admitted to the dome on the first and last Mondays of each month, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., which the day in question was not.

Tourists cannot expect the weather always to be that

which they would choose. Sometimes it will persist in pouring with rain just when they had planned to have a picnic. At others the sun persists in beating down his scorching rays from a cloudless sky, just when they are at some part where the surroundings are moor, or heather, or sea beach and sand, and where a cool, shady spot is not to be found for miles round.

I was no exception to the rule, and my sightseeing was a good deal interrupted by heavy showers of rain. Yet still they were not altogether unwelcome to me, as they cooled the air very considerably, which I felt to be a great relief.

In a day or two the rain ceased, and I resumed my wanderings, in order to see the principal buildings and monuments, of which Baltimore can boast a goodly number.

I also had the pleasure (?) of riding in a South Baltimore tram-car, over the worst laid line I had ever been on, a distance of about two-and-half-miles, to Fort Henry. This fort is to protect the vessels in the harbour in time of war; and is built on a small isthmus of rising ground, which forms the southern side of the harbour. It was unsuccessfully bombarded by the British troops in the war of 1812. Besides having had a very rough ride, I had been nearly an hour reaching the fort, and so asked a soldier if there was not some other and better way to return to the city.

“I guess so. You see that small steamer lying down there? She goes up the harbour at one o'clock, and you can go in her, and it will land you at Light Street.”

“What’s the fare?”

“Nothing, that I know of. I never saw anyone pay. It’s for anyone that wants to go to the city, or that wishes to come and see anyone here.”

I thanked him, but thought he must be mistaken, and that, if correct about no money being taken, then they would probably refuse to carry anyone except the military, or those who had authorised business at the fort. However, I could but try, so I went on board. A few soldiers were on; also a young man carrying a butcher’s basket. Soon a gentleman and two ladies came on board, and at the last minute a military officer, and the little steamer left her moorings. This little trip afforded me a good opportunity of seeing the harbour and the shipping. In about twenty minutes we reached Light Street, at the head of the harbour, and the passengers were all landed, I being agreeably surprised at the cheapness of the ride (free, gratis, and all for nothing), and still more so to find that I was close to my hotel, as it was dinner time, and I felt quite ready to do good justice to a hearty meal.

Later on in the day I took a Madison Avenue horse-car to Druid Hill Park, about two miles out. There is a handsome entrance to the Park, and after passing it, I found myself on a broad carriage drive, flanked on the left by a well gravelled foot-path, and a long row of twenty-two mammoth vases on pedestals, and standing about twelve feet high, and which were well stocked with flowers. On the right, a grassy slope led down to a large reservoir, for the storage of water for the city. In the middle of the lake a fountain was sending a large

jet of water to a considerable height. The park is very extensive, and contains many pleasant drives and walks; and has a collection of small animals. About the middle of the park is a large building, used as a restaurant, &c., in front of which a number of hackmen, with chaises of various sorts and kinds, were touting for hire. The favourite drive from here is either round the lake just alluded to, or to a rising ground at the further end of the park, and about a mile from the restaurant. From here is obtained a splendid view of the country, and of the picturesque village of Woodbury, lying close to the park, at the foot of the hill.

From the notices in various parks, forbidding racing or fast driving, and also from what I personally saw and heard, I learnt that the favourite amusement of the young men of America was to possess or hire a fast horse, and in a light four wheeled chaise, called a "buggie," to drive about the parks as though their success in life depended on the speed they could make the poor horse to go at.

The next morning I left by the 9.15 train, on the Baltimore and Potomac Rail Road for Washington. For a considerable distance the train passed through cuttings and tunnels, under the city, after the English style of taking a railway through a town.

It is only of late years that the Americans have awoke to the desirability of forcing such arrangements upon the railway companies, when they wish to carry their line through thickly populated cities, so that these tunnels are regarded as among the wonders of Baltimore.

The Potomac Rail Road is but a single line, and passes through a very sparsely populated portion of the State of Maryland, in the forty-three miles between Baltimore and Washington. On nearing the Republican capital, the magnificent pile of the white buildings of the Capitol, standing on the summit of Capitol Hill, arrested my attention, as it must that of every traveller arriving for the first time by daylight. At this end of the Potomac Rail Road, the line is not carried through cuttings and tunnels, but after emerging from a short one in the suburbs, passes across and along various streets and avenues, and at length comes to an end close to the principal avenue in Washington, (called Pennsylvania Avenue), at the "Grand Depôt," which, however, was smaller and had less accommodation than many a country station in England.

CHAPTER XI.

Washington guides—Site of Washington—Plan of the City—Description of the Capitol—The Rotunda—Hall of Representatives—Supreme Court—Senate Chamber—View from the top of the Dome—Mount Vernon—The Americans' Mecca—Smith says it is not his—Washington—Botanical Gardens—U. S. Arsenal—U. S. Treasury—Smith mistakes Riggs' House Hotel for Riggs' Bank—Lafayette Square—The White House—Smith's reception—The Grand Parlour—The Blue, Green, and Red Rooms—Buildings of the U. S. War and Navy departments—The Cocoran Art Gallery—The Smithsonian Institute—D.C., District of Columbia—Smith receives and answers a love letter—The Patent Office and Model room—The Dead Letter Office—Dangerous travellers—U. S. Navy yard—Smith leaves Washington—Old Point Comfort—Norfolk, Virginia—Up the James River—Disadvantages of travelling by a mail steamer.

THE train from Baltimore arrived in Washington punctually to time; and as the passengers emerged from the ticket office they were accosted by men who wore numbered badges, with "Licensed Guide" engraved on them, all anxious to conduct the stranger round the city, and point out the principal objects of interest, the fee for their services being 40 cents per hour. Declining their assistance, I went at once to the National Hotel, in Pennsylvania Avenue, almost opposite the station. It is a rambling, old-fashioned sort of house, and appeared to have been enlarged at various times by taking in adjoining premises, as the floors were on different levels, up a few steps, and then down again, and the "elevator" was in a most peculiar position, and had evidently been inserted years after the

original building was erected. I was "fixed" in a very nice sleeping apartment, containing, besides the usual bed-room furniture, a very comfortable sofa, easy chair, rocking chair, and writing table; the place being largely patronised by congressmen, while the Houses are sitting. The sanitary arrangements were, however, very unpleasant, both to nose and comfort generally.

Of course I was most desirous of seeing the Capitol, which is, *par excellence*, the finest pile of buildings in America — Americans say in the world; so, after a refreshing wash, I bent my steps in that direction. The principal streets of Washington are asphalted, and the tram-rails are well-laid; more like a European city, and very different from either New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore; especially the former, where the road paving is in many places more like that of an English stable yard, and the tram-rails project a full inch above the road surface.

When the site of the present city of Washington was fixed on, at the latter end of last century, as a suitable position for the future capital, it was then a mere village, so that the surveyors were able utterly to disregard the few straggling roads that then existed, and at once to devise, and lay out a new plan, on the supposition that the fact of making it the seat of government would naturally lead to a great city growing up there. The position and direction that the future streets were to take was therefore devised by Andrew Ellicott, under the direction of Washington himself. The plan is unique, and is described in Appleton's Guide Book as that of "Philadelphia, griddled across the city of Versailles."

The buildings of the Capitol do not form the centre of the city, various causes having led to a far more rapid growth on the Western than on the Eastern side, the latter being quite suburban.

The grounds of Capitol Hill, about fifty acres in extent, are well laid out as a public garden. The buildings of the Capitol are 751 feet in length, with a depth varying from 121 to 140 feet. The original building is of yellow sandstone, surmounted by an iron dome, 135 feet in diameter, and 307 feet from the base line of the building; the whole painted white, to harmonise with the two wings of the edifice, which are of more recent erection, and built of white marble. The main front is towards the east, and is adorned with three grand porticoes, of Corinthian columns. Groups of statuary embellish the grand flights of steps, and the grounds in front. On entering, I found myself in the Rotunda, immediately under the dome. Round the rotunda are eight large pictures, illustrating scenes in American history. At a height of 107 feet from the floor is a series of figures partly surrounding the Rotunda, that I thought were in *bas-relief* so vividly did they appear to stand out. But I was informed, to my astonishment, that they were not sculpture work at all; but paintings to represent *bas-relief*. This work of art is, however, left unfinished, the artist having died while his work was yet in progress. In walking from the Rotunda to the old Hall of Representatives I passed—what? an old apple woman, who had set up a stall for the sale of very inferior fruit and sweetmeats in that magnificent building. “Well, old lady, this is a free

and easy country, for you to be able to rig up that ramshackle affair in here." The old Hall of Representatives is now used as a Statuary Hall; each state being allowed to send statues of two of its most eminent men. Further to the South a corridor leads to the present Hall of Representatives; which is 139 feet long, 93 feet wide, and 36 feet high. The ceiling is of ironwork, with forty-five stained glass panels, on which are painted the arms of the States. A gallery extends entirely round the apartment. Part is devoted to the press reporters, and to diplomatic bodies. The rest is open to strangers. There being such ample accommodation for visitors, no restriction is put on persons coming, nor is a member's card requisite; but anyone can walk in without let or hindrance, and hear what is going forward. Unfortunately, I was disappointed in seeing the house in session, as it had broken up for its vacation somewhat abruptly the day before. The Speaker's desk is of white marble, and the wall behind is decorated with four very fine oil paintings—two landscape scenes, and a full length portrait of Washington, and another of Lafayette. The Senate Chamber (the American upper house), is in the north wing of the edifice, and is not quite so large as the lower chamber. The halls and staircases leading to the Strangers' Gallery here are exceedingly grand, being of coloured marbles. The Supreme Court, a semi-circular building, decorated with columns of Potomac marble, is also situated in the Capitol, between the Senate Chamber and the Rotunda. Before the wings were built it formed the Senate Chamber.

After spending some hours, wandering at leisure through the buildings, I went up to the very top of the dome. From there, I obtained a superb view of the city, the Potomac River, and the surrounding country. The view of the city was particularly interesting, and the traffic in the streets could be well seen ; the air being very clear and free from black smoke ; and the main avenues very broad, and pointing in straight lines to the dome of the Capitol. While gazing at the panorama spread out before me, a gentleman offered the loan of his field glass, at the same time asking if I lived in Washington, or if I were, like himself and wife, a stranger to the place.

“ Oh ! I am quite a stranger ; I was never here in my life until to-day.”

“ Have you visited Mount Vernon, yet ? ”

“ No, where’s that ? and what’s to be seen there ? ”

“ What ! have you never heard of Mount Vernon ? Then you’re not an American, I’m sure.”

“ No, I’m an Englishman.”

“ Mount Vernon is about fifteen miles from here, down the river ; and there is a boat leaves every morning at ten o’clock for there, returning in the evening. You must be sure and go there, whatever else you miss ; it is where Washington lived, and is buried.”

“ Oh, if that is all, I shan’t trouble to visit the place ; I am rather pressed for time, and have so much I want to see.”

“ What ! come to the capital, and not visit Mount Vernon, the tomb of Washington ? Why ! it is the Americans’ Mecca.”

“That may be, but it is not mine.”

“Ah, I see. Your chief remembrance of Washington is that he thrashed you Britishers, out and out ; and you think we are rather hard on you, now you have come over on a visit to our country, to expect you, forthwith, to go and fall down and worship before his shrine. Is that it ? ”

“Exactly.”

“Then, under the circumstances, I guess we must excuse you. But where do you go after leaving Washington? Will you embrace Chicago in your tour ? ”

“Yes, I expect to be there in about a month.”

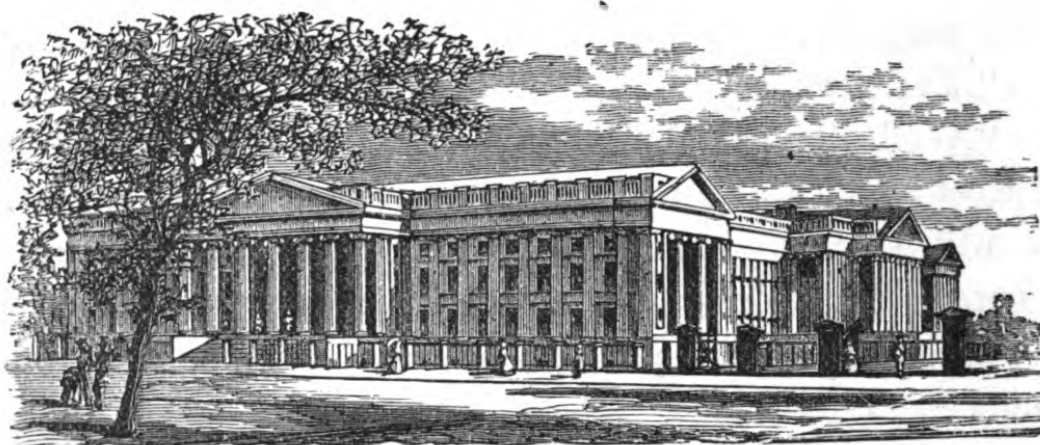
“Well, then, take my card—Mr. Lee, solicitor, State Street—and if you will call on us as soon as you arrive, I will show you how to go about to see the city thoroughly. You know we are the most go-ahead city in the world. Now you will be sure to come, will you not ? ”

In this invitation Mrs. Lee joined, and I thanked them for their kindness, and promised to do so. After a little further conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Lee departed; but it was a full hour before I could tear myself away from the glorious view.

Before returning to the hotel, I went across to the Botanical Gardens, which face the grounds of the west side of the Capitol. The gardens only comprise a very few acres, and the conservatories are very small and insignificant for a national affair. The place seemed devoid of visitors, and in a few minutes the gardener told me to go, as he wanted to shut up, it being 5 o'clock.

As most of the Government Buildings are only open

to visitors in the forenoon, or from two to five o'clock, I was unable to see any more that day ; so, after dining, I took a walk down 4th Street, and round the grounds of the U.S. Arsenal, at the junction of the eastern and western branches of the Potomac River. No ordnance are manufactured here, the narrow isthmus being occupied for barracks and for the storage of reserve unmounted cannon and shot.



UNITED STATES TREASURY BUILDINGS AT WASHINGTON.

The next morning I took the tram along Pennsylvania Avenue, in the opposite direction to which the Capitol is situated, and visited the United States Treasury. It is a massive, three-storied building, with a frontage of 468 feet, and a depth of 264 feet. The building contains about 200 rooms ; there were no large halls, however, or anything of special interest to a stranger, except the "cash room" ; the walls of which are empanelled, from top to bottom, with coloured marbles, six different sorts. The fact of seeing banking business going on in this

room reminded me that my funds were rather low, and that it would be as well to replenish them.

Before leaving England, I had obtained a circular letter of credit from Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., the bankers ; and on turning up "Washington," on the alphabetical list of bankers (printed on the fly-leaf of the letter) with whom they correspond, I found the name of Riggs & Co. I therefore enquired for their establishment, and was informed that I would find it across the road, at the corner of the next block. Opposite the Treasury, I saw "Riggs' House," over the entrance to a large establishment that I at first took to be an hotel. As, however, I could not find any other building where I was directed to that at all looked like a banking establishment, I concluded that Riggs' House must undoubtedly be the place, and that I had at last found, in America, a bank more resembling the palatial edifices of Lombard Street and Threadneedle Street than I had as yet seen. So entering, and walking up to the office counter, I said, "I wish for ten pounds, English, on that letter of credit, if you please."

The clerk looked at me, in a perplexed way, as though he did not understand, and I repeated my request.

"I do not understand you. What is this paper?"

"It is a letter of credit, on Brown, Shipley & Co., of London, and I want ten pounds on it. You are their agents, are you not?"

"I never heard of them : I guess I do not understand you."

"Well, your name is down on this printed list. This is Riggs' Bank, is it not?"

“ No ; this is not a bank, at all. This is Riggs' House Hotel. You will find Riggs' bank at the opposite corner of the next block.”

“ I've been to the corner, and I can't find any bank there. There is only a quiet place, painted yellow, with a door in the middle, and a window each side. That, surely, can't be it. It looks like a private house.”

“ I guess it is, though, and one of the oldest and safest banks in the city. You go in, you'll find it all right.”

Accordingly, I went out much amused. “ What queer folks these Americans are ! Such grand hotels, and such paltry looking banks. They reverse our English order of things in nearly every way.”

I got my ten pounds, receiving, however, only four dollars eighty cents to the sovereign. On asking if it was correct, the bank clerk said—“ I guess so. How much did you expect to get ?”

“ In New York I got 4·88 ; and in Philadelphia 4·87.”

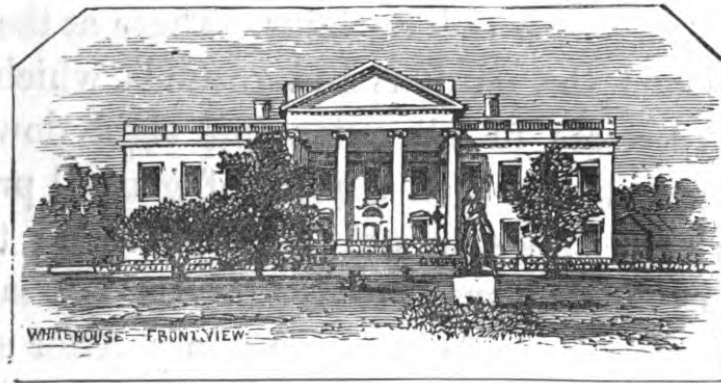
“ We can't give that here. When was it you got that ?”

“ Oh, two or three weeks ago.”

“ The rate of discount was exceptionally high just then. It has come down again now.”

Pursuing my way along Pennsylvania Avenue, I now had Lafayette Square on my right. It is the finest park in the city, and tastefully laid out with trees and shrubs, and winding paths. On the opposite side of the road, and standing back, with a broad carriage sweep in front, is the Executive Mansion, so well known as the White House, the official residence of the President

during his term of office. I had heard English tourists speak of visiting the White House, and certainly thought I should much like to see the state apartments, &c., but did not know whether it was open to the public when the President was at home, if he were so now, and whether it was necessary to obtain a visitor's order first, as the public visiting Windsor Castle have to do ; and if so, to whom must I apply for the necessary permit. I was a great mind to put a bold face on the matter, walk up to the front door, and enquire there ; but had



THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT.

hardly sufficient courage to do so. After spending a long time deliberating with myself, if I should do so or not, I at last summoned up my courage, walked along the carriage drive and under the massive portico, supported by eight columns, to the entrance.

“ Is there any admission here ? ” I asked.

“ Certainly ; walk this way into the parlour, ” replied the hall-porter as he led me into the east room, and, after asking me to take a seat, left me and returned to the hall.

I found myself in a sumptuously furnished room,

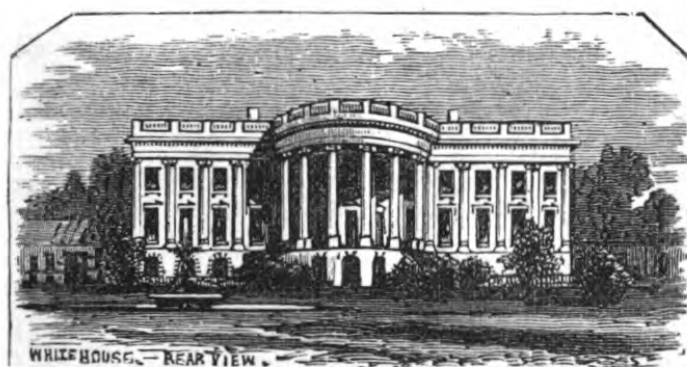
eighty feet long by forty wide, and very lofty. The carpet, as well as the sofas and chairs, were as soft as down. The mantel-shelves were surmounted by large pier glasses, while from the ceiling were suspended several massive chandeliers, that appeared a complete mass of gas globes and glass prisms. I sat there for a minute or two, wondering what the next move was to be, and if any of the other apartments were open to visitors. One or two ladies and their children were alternately resting on the settees, or walking about the room, and I thought I could not do better than to follow their example.

The grand parlour was lit with three lofty windows at each end, hung with rich curtains. Those at the further end overlooked the gardens and grounds, which consist of about 79 acres in all, extending right down to the river's edge. Beyond, on a piece of ground projecting into the river, stands an ugly square tower ; the commencement of what was to have been a colossal monument, 600 feet high, to Washington. After spending 230,000 dollars in rearing it to its present height of 174 feet, the funds gave out, and, like many other national monuments in America that have been conceived on too big a scale for the liberality of the public pocket, it has remained for years in an unfinished condition.

Beyond the monument, a fine view is obtained from the parlour windows of the wooden bridge, nearly a mile in length, by which the Washington and Alexandra Rail Road crosses the Potomac River.

Presently I heard a voice, saying, "Walk this way, ladies and gentlemen." So, following the attendant, the party were conducted into three rooms, very much

smaller than the grand parlour, and called the "Blue, Red, and Green" rooms, respectively. These apartments take their names from the colour of the wall papers, carpets, curtains and upholstery with which each is furnished. The attendant pointed out where the President and his lady stand to receive the guests at a *levée*, &c. The company were then conducted back to the entrance hall, and took their departure after signing their names in the visitors' book.



Just to the west of the White House is another vast pile of buildings, which, together with the White House and the United States Treasury Buildings, form, as it were, three sides of a square. In the new edifice which is for the State, War, and Navy Departments, there is a splendid stone staircase with massive bronze balustrades, and surmounted by an elegant skylight of coloured glass. The southern portion of the building, which is already finished, is now being occupied by the Department for State Affairs. The library is a very ornamental room, with a gallery round, and is two stories in height.

I next visited the Cocoran Art Gallery, which faces

the new buildings just described. It was founded by the banker of that name, who richly endowed it, and, at his death, left it a legacy to the people. It contains a good collection of oil paintings and statuary, some of the pieces being beautifully executed.

After returning to the hotel to dine, I again sallied out and visited the Smithsonian Institute, founded by a fellow-countryman of mine, a James Smithson. It somewhat resembles the British Museum on a small



THE "SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE."

scale, and consists of stuffed birds, animals, and reptiles, birds' eggs, specimens of minerals, &c., and a glass case of live reptiles. The specimen which interested me most was the great meteorite mass which fell at Tuscon, in the State of Arizona, and which weighs no less than 1,400 lbs.

The city of Washington is situated in what is called the District of Columbia, a tract of land about ten miles square, cut out of the State of Maryland, and which

forms a tiny State for which Congress itself is the legislative body. This was done as it was considered undesirable that the municipal affairs of the seat of Government should be under the administration of any one State.

In the evening I called at the Post Office to see if there were any letters for me from England. One was handed to me, and as the initial as well as the surname were correct, I never doubted but that the letter was for me. On opening it, however, I found it was from a young lady whom I had never heard of, complaining bitterly to her young man of his neglect of her, in that he should have sailed to America and left her behind, and begging to know if he had forsaken her altogether.

“Oh!” thought I, “here’s a go; this is too good a joke to be lost.” So, writing across the back of the envelope “Opened in error by J. Smith, of London,” I handed it back to the Post Office clerk; not, however, until I had made a careful note of the name and address of the writer. As it had commenced to rain, I returned to my hotel and spent the rest of the evening writing a long epistle of consolation to the unknown lady, deeply grieving with her in her troubles and disappointments, and adding that, should the original J. Smith never return, I would in the autumn, and should be happy to make her acquaintance.

The next morning I was up in good time, as there were still a great many places I had not visited, and I was anxious to push on with my tour. I first visited the Patent Office, which is built of marble, freestone, and granite, in the Doric style, and occupies two entire

blocks between 7th and 9th and F and G Streets. The upper story of the building is called the Model Room, and consists of four large galleries, forming a quadrangle of over a quarter of a mile round, and filled with cases containing models of mechanical contrivances that have been patented. Among the more recent I noticed that the electrical inventions and appliances of Bell, Edison, and others were very conspicuous. Leaving the Patent Office, I crossed F Street to the General Post Office, which is a massive erection of white marble, occupying an entire block. An attendant showed me through the Dead Letter Office, where I was much interested with the routine that letters sent there undergo. I wondered whether the clerks there might not in a few days be conning over the letter I had opened and then disowned, that was waiting at the City Post Office, a few blocks off, for the heartless J. Smith. In answer to a question, I was informed that when the "Addressee" on a letter coming from abroad cannot be found it is returned, unopened, to the country it came from. On some shelves in the Dead Letter Office they have some snakes preserved in bottles which someone tried to send alive in perforated tin cans to Europe through the post. One was a rattlesnake of considerable size. They were detected and stopped in New York, and forwarded to Washington. There they were unpacked under proper precaution, killed and preserved. There was also there a human skull, which had been carefully cleaned and placed under a glass shade. It had been sent in a sealed up package to a doctor in Philadelphia. However, the postage was not paid, or insufficiently paid, and there

were five dollars more to pay on delivery. The doctor, wondering what was in the package, yet suspecting it was some hoax, refused to take it in ; and so it had come to the Dead Letter Office.

On leaving the Post Office department, I retraced my steps into Pennsylvania Avenue, and took the tram for about two miles, to the United States Navy Yard, which is situated on the eastern branch of the Potomac River, about a mile south-east from the Capitol. At a short distance to the right from the entrance, I first visited a small but interesting Military Museum. Passing on from there to the various workshops, I was much interested in the machinery in motion, manufacturing ordnance, and also marine engines, &c.

From the Navy Yard, I returned to the hotel, and after directing that my "baggage" should be forwarded by "Adams's Express," to Richmond ; went down to the steamboat landing, and left at 6 o'clock in the "George Leary," a large flat-bottomed steamer, of 800 tons burden, with saloon and state rooms built on a floor above the main deck, and propelled by huge paddle-wheels, worked by a single-beam engine, in the usual American style.

The first stop was at Alexandria, seven miles down the river ; and from there, on looking back towards the city, the white buildings of the Capitol, conspicuously situated above every other object, on the top of Capitol Hill, and now gloriously lit up by the rays of the evening sun, looked very beautiful. Eight miles lower down, a passenger pointed out "Mount Vernon." At 6 a.m., the vessel called at Fort Monroe, Old Point Com-

fort, where the James River flows into Chesapeake Bay. Here I went on shore, and spent a quiet Sunday at the Hygeia Hotel, adjoining the landing stage. The place is a narrow isthmus of land, running out into the bay, and connected with the main land by a very narrow causeway about half a mile in length. The isthmus is occupied by a military fort, which, together with the hotel, and a sprinkling of private houses, form the whole of the settlement. It is, however, a favourite resort for the citizens of Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond ; the chief attractions being bathing, boating, and fishing. Although such an out-of-the-way spot, the hotel was supplied throughout with gas ; manufactured on the premises from caroscene oil.

The following morning, I proceeded in the steamer "Accomach," to Norfolk, arriving there in about two hours. At Norfolk there is literally nothing worth going to see, the only public building worthy of the name being the Custom House and General Post Office combined, which is built of granite, and situated in Maine Street. Of course Norfolk is important as a port, the principal commodity of shipment being cotton, from the Southern States. At 6 o'clock, the following morning, I left in the "Ariel," for Richmond. To my surprise, the first place it went to was Fort Monroe, where I had been the day before. As she waited there for the arrival of the boat from Baltimore, which was not yet in sight, I availed myself of the opportunity to go on shore, and have a bathe in the sea ; which was very enjoyable, the water being beautifully clear, with a sandy bottom.

The "Ariel" is the mail steamer on the James River, and had on board a post office, where a Government official sorted the letters received on board at different landings, and made up the mail bags for the various villages *en route*. The United States mail bags are long, narrow sacks, of stout leather; and judging from the bulk of those received on the "Ariel," the good folks in that part of the country seem to be very poor correspondents, as the bags appeared in many cases to be quite empty. The landing stages on the James River are of the most primitive description, having no balustrades; and the floor planking being of every conceivable length; and the whole in many cases in a most dilapidated condition. Wood was burnt on the "Ariel" for keeping up the furnace fires, and a considerable time was spent at some of the landings in taking on a supply of that fuel. The fact of the "Ariel" being a mail steamer, by no means indicated despatch and rapid transit; rather the reverse, as it had to call at no less than nineteen landings, whether there were any passengers or not; so that it was five o'clock before the passengers were, at last, put on shore at Richmond.

“Yes, so I did ; they were smoking hot ; that is why I bought them. I only ate two or three, however ; I thought them so nasty ; yet either they, or the fried oysters at breakfast, or that wretched soup on the steamer to-day—perhaps all three combined—together with this oppressive heat, greater than I have ever experienced before, have quite upset me, and I feel thoroughly sick.”

“I don't think it can be the pea nuts ; oysters you should not eat now ; it is the wrong time of year. As for the soup, I quite agree with you, I thought it seemed flavoured with turpentine, and was obliged to leave it. However, I hope you will be better after a good night's rest.”

The next day, instead of being better, I was much worse ; quite unable to go out, and violently sick so many times that I had to send for a doctor, who wrote a prescription, which the hotel clerk sent out and had made up immediately. The doctor also recommended me to go to the White Sulphur Springs, or other cool mountainous regions, for a few days, which he said would do more than anything else to set me up again.

In accordance with the doctor's advice, I lay down again until late in the evening, when I left in the hotel 'bus, and went about a quarter of a mile to the depôt of the Chesapeake and Ohio Rail Road, which I found a very paltry, tumble-down sort of a shed for the terminus of a railway 421 miles in length without branch lines. The hotel 'bus turned round on the line and drew up close behind the train, so that if the engine in being attached had pushed the cars back even a yard or two, the last one

must inevitably have smashed the omnibus. I took a ticket to White Sulphur, and also paid an extra dollar to have a berth in the sleeping car. On first entering I found it very close; the black attendant, however, told me it would be better as soon as the train started, which it did at 11 p.m. The train made numerous stoppages. At about 2:30 a.m., when it stopped at Gordonsville Junction, a few passengers entered who had come from Washington.

“Oh,” thought I, “what a pity I did not do so too, and have cut out the last few days’ journeyings where there has been nothing worth visiting, and where I have, moreover, only made myself ill into the bargain.”

At Staunton, sixty miles further on, the line joins that of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, and from there, the whole remainder of the route to Huntingdon, on the Ohio River, a distance of 285 miles, it has no branch or connection with any other railroad, except a few short private lines leading to mines or quarries adjacent to the railroad. As the train gradually climbed the passes of the Alleghany Mountains, I felt a cool breeze coming through the cars, which was exceedingly refreshing, and seemed to put new life into me.

The sleeping car contained sixteen berths, eight on each side; two rows of four each, placed one row above the other. One end of the car was partitioned off and fitted up as a lavatory, with a good supply of water, towels, combs and brushes, &c., and also with iced water for drinking. I was unable to sleep more than an occasional doze, no doubt partly from the novelty of the situation (it being the first

time I had ever tried a sleeping berth on a train), and partly due to my sickness, so I pushed open the window shutter a little way that I might see out. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but the steam from the locomotive prevented my seeing much of the country. Being the height of summer it began to get light about half-past three, and I felt for my pocket aneroid, which I found registered an elevation of 1,500 feet above Richmond; after this the line descended some 500 feet to Staunton; after which it again commenced to ascend until at Alleghany Station it reached the highest elevation of 1,650 feet.

About six o'clock the passengers commenced, one by one, to wash and dress; and, having done so, took their departure to other cars in the train. As each did so, the coloured attendant made up the beds ready for the return journey on the following night; as the berths in these cars were fixed, and not like some of Pulman's sleeping cars, where the shelving and bedding can be entirely packed away somewhere in the roof, in order that the same car may be used by day as well as by night.

At Covington the train stopped twenty minutes to allow passengers to breakfast. A number of coloured people brought baskets of meat, and fruit pies, &c., to sell to passengers, but I could not fancy them; and preferred, with a few others, to breakfast at the small hotel abutting on the line. At half-past nine, Alleghany, the highest pass, was reached, where we passed the corresponding train in the opposite direction; and four miles beyond I was very glad to alight at the White

Sulphur Springs, where I hoped that nearly a week's rest would thoroughly restore me to health.

The springs are extensively advertised by the proprietors of the hotel accommodation there, and in whose grounds the Sulphur Spring is situated. In a pamphlet written by the resident doctor, it says, the springs, the hotel, and the gay throng of company to be met there, make the place at once "the Saratoga of the South ; the Athens and the Paris of America."

A rickety 'bus conveyed me and another guest from the station to the hotel, some two or three hundred yards. On alighting, I said to the driver, " Well, I'm glad you've landed us safely ; this old stage is so shaky that I did not think it would hold together till we got out."

" We are to have a new one shortly," he replied. " It has been ordered."

" And none too soon, either."

On entering the office, I was surprised to learn that the guests did not sleep in the house, but in small, two-roomed cottages, built in rows round the grounds. The pamphlet before alluded to says, " The cottage system has proved a complete success, and greatly contributes to the home-like comforts and sociability of the numerous families assembled here." One in " Georgia Row " was appropriated for me. It was a miserably furnished, white-washed room, with brick floor, without any carpet, except a narrow slip by the side of the bed ; and behind, a still smaller room, with only a bed and a chair (intended, I presumed, for your coloured servant, if you kept one), and only divided from your own apartment by an unpanelled, white-washed door, without

lock or key, and that looked as if it had been intended for some cellar. "Oh," thought I, "*this* is not very inviting accommodation for either the invalids or the grand society spoken of in the advertisements."

After a wash, I went in search of the spring, which gives the name to the locality. It is situated at the lower end of the hotel grounds, and is, of course, free to the guests of the establishment. There is, however, an attendant, always present, who persists in drawing the water for you, when you would much sooner do it for yourself. He has a plate, containing a few nickle coins, and a much larger number of silver ones, which is his stock-in-trade, as the earliest visitor to the springs never finds it empty, and to which he expects you to contribute for his unsolicited services.

With regard to the water itself I have nothing to say, except that it is exceedingly disagreeable to the taste, and very purgative in its effects. Among the recent improvements to the property, the pamphlet mentioned a contract with a Baltimore firm for sewerage and drainage. So far as I could discover this still remained to be carried out, as the sanitary arrangements, as I found them, I could not otherwise describe than as disgusting and abominable. Besides all this, there was a wretched table kept, the worst of any hotel I had as yet stayed at. Fruits and ices, even an orange or a banana, were not to be had for love nor money ; nor even salad or green meat of any kind, not even a lettuce or a water-cress, but only things smeared with fat, enough to make anyone sick, and especially an invalid. Added to all, the place was in a complete upset, with carpenters,

painters, and others, doing extensive alterations for the season. I begged for a lemon, but could not obtain one ; and on enquiring of some of the coloured folk about, if there was not some store in the neighbourhood where they were to be had, was informed that the news-boy, who travelled with the mail train, usually had a basket of oranges, and that was the only way of getting any fruit they knew of.

Although the surrounding scenery was very beautiful, the hills and mountains being verdure clad and thickly wooded to their very summit, still I felt that a prolonged stay, far from recruiting my health, would, with such dietary, soon prove fatal to me ; so I decided to leave in the morning.

After passing one night at the "White Sulphur," throughout which an interminable concert was kept up by the croaking of innumerable frogs and toads, in a neighbouring swamp, it was with a feeling of great relief that I again resumed my journey, by the same line of railroad, *en route* for Cincinnati. The train continued the descent of the magnificent mountain passes ; following the course of the Greenbrier River for over 150 miles, until from being a small mountain stream, near the White Sulphur, it had grown into a mighty torrent, rushing madly along over crags and boulders, at Hinton, and sixty miles beyond, at Kanawha Falls, gave a final plunge, and then become a navigable river ; flowing peacefully on, under the name of the Kanawha, through Charlestown, until it at last empties itself into the Ohio River, at Point Pleasant. At Kanawha, the train stopped twenty minutes, to allow passengers to

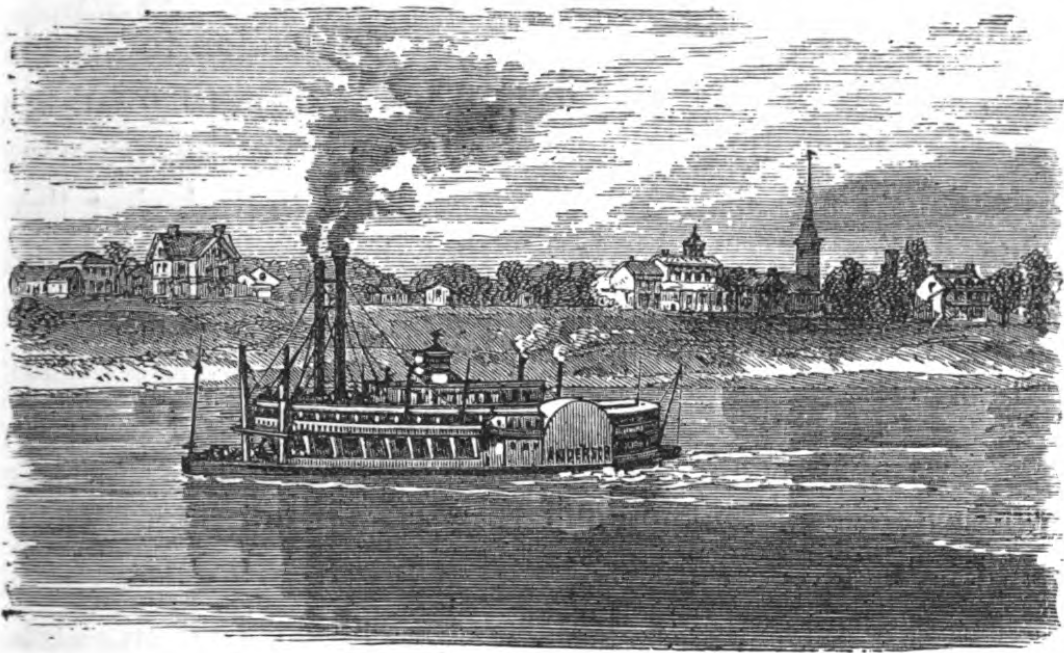
dine. A very enjoyable meal was served at the hotel adjoining the line at fifty cents per head, the railroad conductor having gone through the cars, some two or three hours before, to enquire of the passengers, and wired on the number they were to provide for.

On this railroad journey, the whole of which, from the White Sulphur, lay through the state of West Virginia, I passed large crops of Indian maize, which I saw growing for the first time ; also a sort of silver ash or birch tree, with a conical shaped flower, all matted together, like a coxcomb flower, and which looked very effective ; also, of course, Virginia Creeper. Throughout West Virginia there appears to be a great lack of capital. The houses are, almost without exception, built of wood, and are very small, mere huts most of them ; and of the sparse population the blacks appear to be more numerous than the whites.

Punctually at 7 p.m. the train reached Huntingdon, having been twenty hours in coming through from Richmond, a distance of 421 miles. Here, those passengers whose destinations lay further west (and that included nearly all) went on board the steamer "Bostona," which was in waiting, and which at once started on its journey down the Ohio.

The vessel was like an enormous flat barge, completely boarded over, and having both boilers and engines, and all the cargo, on deck. Above this was another deck, supported on pillars (so as to leave the sides of the cargo-deck open); and on this upper deck was placed the saloon and passengers' state-rooms, the pantry, cook's galley, barber's shop, and lavatories,

the steamboat clerk's office, and saloon passengers' accommodation generally. This, again, was all covered in, so that it was possible to walk on a deck still higher; above which, again, was placed the wheelhouse. The saloon was very long and narrow, extending nearly the whole length of the vessel, and on either side of it were the passengers' state-rooms. Each of these little rooms contained two berths, and at night received a



OHIO RIVER STEAMER.

dim secondary light from the lamps in the saloon, shining through a fanlight of figured glass over the door. Besides the door leading into the saloon, each state-room had another on the opposite side, the upper half of which was glazed to admit the daylight; but was also provided with a muslin curtain, for privacy's sake. This door opened on to a promenade, about six feet in

width, that passes entirely round the vessel, and is covered in by a verandah for protection from the rays of the sun, and from the charcoal cinders constantly falling from the funnels, wood being used as fuel. From the verandah were suspended plants, and flowers growing in pots, which gave a very tasteful and pleasant aspect to the promenade deck.

I was heartily glad again to be travelling by water, where, beside being cooler, I could take more exercise, and have a thorough good wash in the lavatory, in an unlimited supply of water, the only objection to which was, that it was dreadfully muddy, being thrown up from the river by the paddle-wheel, and not in any way filtered. I was also agreeably surprised to find that the nine dollars, fifteen cents, I had that morning paid at the White Sulphur for my ticket to Cincinnati, not only included a state-room on the steamer, for which I had expected to be charged extra, but also supper on board the steamer, which I had not at all anticipated. This meal was served soon after leaving Huntingdon, after which I went on to the lower deck to have a look at the engines. The steam was generated in four long cylindrical boilers, placed side by side; and in appearance much like that of a locomotive, only very much longer (about forty feet). These were supported, about three feet above the deck, so that you could, if you wished, crawl clean under them, from one side of the vessel to the other. The engines also were totally unlike those on English steamboats. The paddle-wheels were disconnected, and worked entirely independently of each other; each being

driven by a single high - pressure engine, placed almost horizontally, with a cylinder not unlike that of a locomotive engine (only very much longer, having a stroke of eight feet), and working up to a pressure of 150lbs. to the square inch. As the engines were disconnected from each other, they often worked at slightly different speeds, and being high pressure, and the steam, after being used, discharging into the air like that of a locomotive, the result sounded very peculiar ; the loud puffs, for half a minute or so, being regular, alternately from each engine ; then, as one gradually overtook the other, the puffs would become very irregular, until they were emitted from each engine at the same moment like one blast with, of course, double interval of time between each, after which again the snorting would gradually resolve itself into distinct puffs, as the precise moment of escaping from the cylinder differed in each engine. The paddle-wheels are very large, and each engine has a separate driver to attend to it, who sits in a little house built out over the water and against the paddle-box, where he can have a good view of what the vessel is approaching. Besides the engines and boilers, the fuel was also strewn about this deck, together with the cargo and emigrant passengers. The steamer made several calls in its journey down the river, and passed several other steamers, all paddle. In some of these, however, there was only one paddle, which projected from the stern of the boat, and had no paddle-box but only a splash-board. A few of these were large tug-boats taking barges of coal, timber, or other freight up or down the river.

The barges, which were usually in fleets of ten or twelve, were lashed, four or five abreast, and the tug, instead of towing them with ropes as with us, pushed them along from behind, like a nurse-girl wheeling a perambulator.

I wondered that none of the passengers went on to the top deck. On trying to do so myself I soon discovered that it was strewn thick with ashes falling from the funnels, which were placed one on either side of the vessel against the paddle-box.

I turned into bed early, and soon came to the conclusion that my room must be close to the funnel, or some of the steam-pipes, as it was as hot as an oven. This, combined with the unearthly snorting of the high-pressure engines, and the frequent sounding of the steam-whistle, was not at all conducive to sleep in the uninitiated, so I went and asked the clerk to give me a different room, but was peremptorily refused, so had to make the best of it.

At nine o'clock the next morning the steamer arrived at Cincinnati, and there, by the advice of a fellow passenger, who had long lived in that city, I went at once to the Gibson House, a large, well-appointed, and exceedingly comfortable hotel and very centrally situated. Here, with abundance of fresh fruits, vegetables, and ices, combined with a cooler atmosphere, caused by torrents of rain falling, I soon recovered my wonted health, and could again enjoy the strange sights and sounds with which I was surrounded.

CHAPTER XIII.

Cincinnati—Tyler-Davidson Fountain—The Exposition Buildings—Surface drainage—An American prison—American prisoners—“Durance vile”—Lynch Law—Ill-feeling towards negroes—The largest Sunday School in the world—Bridges over the Ohio at Cincinnati—Waterworks and pumping machinery—Eden Park—Cincinnati Inclined Planes—Zoological Gardens—German population—Beer gardens—Cincinnati hack driver—“Why, man, I don’t want to buy your hack”—Bad water supply—Where ignorance is bliss, ’tis foolish to be wise—Floating swimming bath—Smith proceeds to Louisville—The Louisville Railroad bridge—American railroad conductors—Baggage master—Church sextons—Green corn—How to eat it—New Albany—Cave Hill Cemetery—City Hall—Depôt of the Louisville and Great Southern Railroad—Waiting rooms—“What is the fare?”—Louisville hack fares—Smith departs from Louisville.

THE Gibson House Hotel is in Walnut Street ; and just round the corner in 5th Street is a sort of public square, a regular rendezvous for the horse-cars to and from all parts of the city, which, on arriving, from whatever quarter, pass round the square (instead of removing the horses to the other end of the car), and then depart again in the direction they came from ; reminding me of the advent of a comet into our solar system, its rush round the sun, and its disappearance again into boundless space. In the middle of this square, on an esplanade, 400 feet long, by 60 wide, stands the Tyler-Davidson fountain, in the centre of a basin 40 feet in diameter. It consists of a group of figures cast in bronze, the top one being that of a gigantic female figure, with outstretched arms, through which the water is carried, and pours down in

fine spray, from the perforated fingers. Also in 5th Street, on the further side of Walnut Street, a massive granite edifice is in course of erection, which will, when completed, be occupied by the Post Office, Custom House, and United States Courts.

Through the streets of the city runs the world renowned Miami Canal ; a broad, shallow ditch of slimy black mud, devoid of water, that element having all run off through the breakage of a viaduct, about twenty-five miles from the city, some short time before, and which had not been repaired, leaving the empty bed of the canal gradually drying in a scorching sun ; a ripe breeder of disease and pestilence to those dwelling along its course. Many of the streets of Cincinnati, too, large and important as the city is, are only surface drained ; at all times a very undesirable arrangement, in any town, especially at such a latitude. In the evening I went to see the shopping, being Saturday night. Many of the streets were lined with barrow-men, and thronged with marketers, buying and selling provisions and merchandise of every description.

The next morning a gentleman told me that if I would like to visit an American prison, a service was conducted every Sunday morning at 9.30, at the County Court Jail, and that he would give me a note that would gain me admission. This I gladly accepted, as I was anxious to see all I could. The place was conducted very differently to an English prison. For instance, at the close of the service, which lasted about an hour, I found the prisoners sitting and walking about the hall, just where they liked. One immediately took possession of

the harmonium, which had been used for leading the hymns, and commenced singing some revival hymns, and playing the accompaniment on the instrument very fairly. Others produced packs of cards and commenced playing with them. None of them wore any prison dress; all being dressed in their own clothes, just as they pleased, and many of them sporting a watch and chain. Nor did they seem to stand in much awe of the warders.

“Where are my shoes?” demanded one of the prisoners.

“I don't know,” replied the attendant.

“Then look for them, sharp, and bring them to me at once, or I'll know the reason why,” said the prisoner.

Prisoners also get up little plays and entertainments, from time to time, which they act for the amusement of one another, as I discovered from the following paragraph, which I happened to light upon some time after in the “Detroit Free Press.” It is evidently considered, by the culprits at least, as hard enough punishment to be kept in “durance vile,” without having it added to by being kept under a stern discipline while there.

“HOUSE OF CORRECTION NOTES.—Superintendent N—— yesterday received a pardon from the President for H—— C——, who was sentenced from Kansas to four years' imprisonment. C—— had an excellent prison record, and utilised his spare time in writing essays, which were read at the entertainments given to the convicts.”

Lynch law is very prevalent in many of the

southern and western states, as will be seen from the prosaic "every-day occurrence" sort of way, in which the following, taken from the "New York Herald," is related:—

"A NEGRO LYNCHED.—*Guthrie, Ky., August 27.*—On Tuesday morning a coloured man, named Green Ellis, assaulted Mrs. Duncan, two miles north of here, with intent to commit robbery. After beating her severely, and taking 12 dols. that were on her person, he left her for dead. She recovered sufficiently to get home and report the facts. Ellis was caught here yesterday and had his trial, and was to have been sent to the County Jail to-day. Last night, about ten o'clock, between twenty-five and fifty men rode into town, overpowered the guard, and quietly removed Ellis. He was hanged not far from the town."

The above, astounding as it may appear, is by no means an isolated case. When a person is lynched it is usually a coloured man. In fact, very much bad feeling is still shown to the negro race, who are sometimes subject to the most wanton outrage, as the following paragraph which appeared on the same day as the one above, will illustrate:—

"TWO MEN KILLED.—*Atlanta, Ga., August 27.*—On Wednesday night, near Cochran, Ga., four young white men disguised themselves, went to a negro cabin, broke down the door, and commenced firing into it. The occupant, John Brown, seized his double-barrelled gun, which was loaded with buckshot, and fired both barrels, killing two brothers, named Dykes. The tops of their heads were blown off. The negro made his

escape. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide."

This time such cowardly assault met with a just retribution ; and this time the law did the negro justice in the verdict of the jury ; but although the law justifies him, he still has to flee, from fear of further violence from his murderous enemies.

That afternoon, I visited, first, a Coloured Sunday School, intended for negro children exclusively ; and subsequently the "Bethel Mission," facing the public landing—the largest Sunday School in the world, 2,042 being present that afternoon, which number was somewhat below the average.

The Ohio, at Cincinnati, is about the width of the Thames at London, and is crossed by two fine bridges. The first reached in coming down the river is a railroad bridge, carried over between huge iron girders of lattice work. It supports a single line of rail, and on either side has a roadway, just wide enough for an ordinary vehicle, and also a narrow footpath, about two feet in width. The other is a suspension bridge, very wide and handsome, and besides broad footpaths and roadway, the latter is laid down with a double line of tram rails for the horse-cars to the opposite suburbs of Covington and Newport. On Monday morning, I went to see the vast pumping machinery, situated at the east end of the city, for forcing water, drawn from the river, up to the reservoirs in Eden Park, for the supply of Cincinnati. Here, as at almost all public and municipal works in the United States, I found I could go about where I liked among the machinery,

without let or hindrance. From here I had a tiring walk and climb, up to the reservoirs ; and afterwards a stroll about the Park. Although the sun, just then, was beating down with terrific heat, it was for all that very muddy under foot, it having rained heavily during the night and that morning. Presently, I espied a tram-car coming along a road in the park with " Tyler Davidson Fountain " on it ; so I jumped in to go to the city, feeling quite ready for my dinner. Presently the car drove into a yard covered with a glazed roof, and I wondered how we were going to continue our journey, the line apparently coming to an end. Besides, we had now come to the verge of a precipitous ridge overlooking the city, the house roofs of which were far below us. The horses, however, knew far better than I did. They drew the car into a sort of cradle where it was fixed by the wheels being blocked. In a few seconds I heard a gong sound on an electric bell ; and, looking out, saw an engineer pull over a lever, and the whole concern, cradle, horses, car and passengers, just as they were, began rapidly to descend the face of the hill over an inclined railway, at an angle of nearly 40 degrees. As we went down, another cradle and car came up the incline, passing, of course, exactly half-way. On reaching the bottom, the gates in front of the horses were thrown open, and the car resumed its journey through the city. There are three other inclined planes, the city being in a sort of amphitheatre surrounded by a steep semi-circular plateau, on the top of which the suburbs and best private residences are built, and which are difficult of

access in any other way. None of the other inclines take up the cars in the way just described, although one or two of them take up and down ordinary street traffic ; and at a much less rate than a foot passenger, who is charged five cents, whereas a cart containing a ton or two of coals, with horses and driver, is conveyed for twenty-five cents. The longest and steepest of these railroads is Price's Incline at the West end of Cincinnati, which is 825 feet long, and has a gradient of $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the foot.

In the afternoon I took the Maine Street car and Mount Auburn inclined plane out to the Zoological Garden ; a very good collection though not so large as that at Philadelphia. It included the largest crocodile I had ever seen alive, and the most peculiar monkey I had ever met with, having blue cheeks and a red nose, exactly resembling morocco leather, and a coat of long fur, which blended all the colours of the rainbow, behind. There was also a capital aviary, and several bear pits containing some very fine specimens.

Cincinnati contains over 100,000 Germans out of a total population of 300,000. These form a complete colony by themselves on the further side of the Miami Canal. Here German is the language spoken, advertisements placarding the walls are in German, a German newspaper is published, and, in fact, all the surroundings would make a German feel as though he had been suddenly transplanted to the " father land."

At the top of each of the inclined planes is an extensive Beer-Garden, where Germans of all classes resort on Sunday afternoons, drinking lager-beer and conversing

or playing cards, while their children amuse themselves and playmates about the grounds.

The next morning I visited the Emery Arcade to purchase photographs, &c. ; also the Masonic Temple, visitors being admitted to view the decorations at ten o'clock each morning ; also St. Peter's Cathedral, the Jews' Synagogue, St. Paul's Church, and several other very fine buildings ; and afterwards to the depot of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Drayton Railroad, as I thought I should like to see if Cincinnati could not show something better in this line than Huntington, Richmond, or even Washington itself. Just as I was leaving, a gentleman drove up in a hack, and on alighting, asked the driver how much he had to pay.

"Three and a half dollars."

"Three dollars and a half?" repeated the passenger ;
"I'm sure that's wrong."

"No, it's not. That's what I want."

"Three dollars and a half for riding from the other depot? Why, man, I don't want to buy your hack."

"That's what you've got to pay ; I won't put your baggage off my hack till you do."

The passenger here beckoned a policeman from across the road and appealed to him.

"Where have you come from?"

"The Little Miami Railroad Depot. I guess the fare's not three and a half dollars, for that short distance?"

"I guess not, nor half either ; if you give one and a half dollars, it will be sufficient, and then I shall want him round at the police-station."

The hackman looked rather disconcerted, lifted down the baggage, and took his fare. The policeman then jumped on the box by his side and they drove off.

The drinking water supplied to Cincinnati, as in most southern cities, is exceedingly discoloured and none too good to the taste, although the inhabitants expressed their surprise at me for thinking so ; and said that they had always considered it excellent and particularly pure and wholesome. I could not help comparing the statement to the description in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" of the old man, grovelling with his muck-rake; and also those lines of Gray, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

On one occasion I was much disappointed on a scorching afternoon, after politely accepting what I thought to be a glass of delicious lemonade, to find, on putting it to my lips, that it was but water, and that of a very indifferent kind.

On enquiring if there was not a swimming bath in Cincinnati, I was directed to the floating bath near the landing stage. It is, of course, needless to say that the water here was worse than that supplied to the city for drinking purposes, in fact, no better than that supplied for washing purposes on the Ohio steamer.

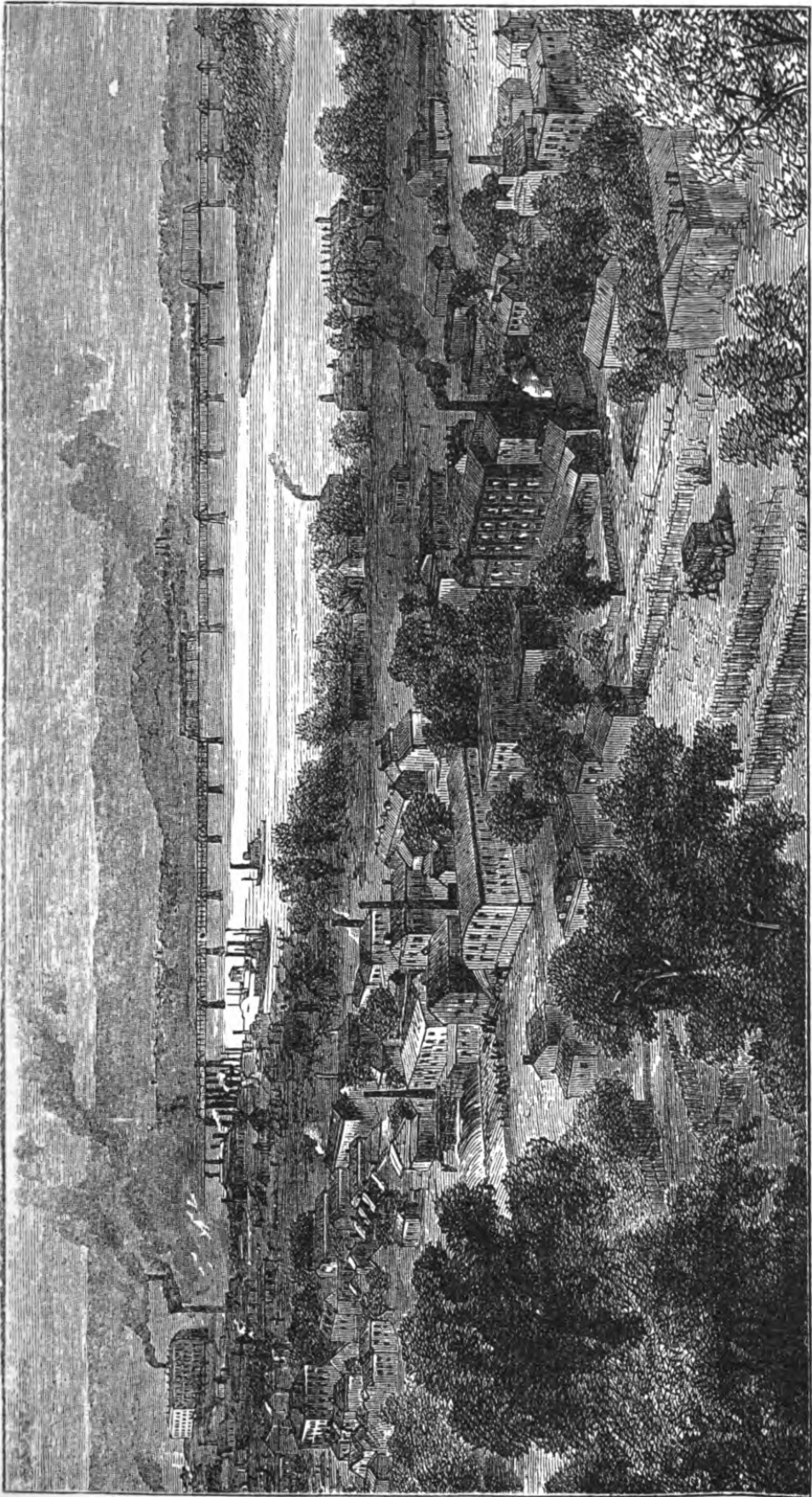
On the following afternoon I left Cincinnati for Louisville in the steamer "United States." I went down in the "hotel stage," an omnibus that called at various hotels for passengers, and the driver of which charged each passenger half a dollar, for the ride of something under half a mile. This time I was fortunate in securing a much cooler state-room, so that I enjoyed a good

night's rest, and when I awoke the next morning found that the vessel had already arrived at Louisville.

Leaving my portmanteau on the boat, they having checked the baggage on the same principle as the American railways, I took a walk along some of the main streets and then fixed my quarters at the "Galt House."

It rained heavily throughout the morning, but in the afternoon it ceased for a short time and I took a car down to the 14th Street Depot, in order to walk over the magnificent railway bridge that crosses the river at this point and connects the state of Kentucky with that of Indiana. It is an enormous work, nearly a mile in length with a single, line of rail, carried sometimes on the top, and in some parts at the bottom, of deep lattice work girders of wrought iron. On either side of the line is a good wood-planked path for foot passengers. The bridge is carried over at a great height above the water, though I could not see that there was much need for such an arrangement, as the river, just at this part, has a fall of several feet and is very shallow, and goes surging along over the rocks at a great rate. The traffic on the river has to pass through locks and along a ship canal one and a quarter miles in length to get by.

In Louisville, as in Cincinnati, mules are very largely used in the tram-cars. A number of the streets are lined with avenues of trees which cast a pleasant shade on a hot day. On arriving, I was struck with the number of business advertisements done out in bright letters, fixed to wire gauze or net banners



LOUISVILLE

and stretched across the street. At first, I thought that I had arrived on a grand gala day, and that the citizens were decorating the streets for a procession. On reading some of them, however, I soon discovered my mistake. On looking in at the depot of the Louisville and Cincinnati Railroad, I was much amused to see the names of the train conductors chalked up on a blackboard against the departure of their respective trains. They are much more important personages, anyhow in their own opinion if not in the directors', than a railway guard is in England. They take the passengers' tickets, and the fares of those who have taken no tickets or who get in at a way-side station where there is no booking office or ticket agent, and, on some lines, give no receipts either; they ascertain where each passenger is bound for, and when approaching a station call out the name of the place, and if any one wishes to alight pull a cord which rings a bell on the engine as a signal to the driver to pull up. The conductor has nothing to do with passengers' luggage, that department being in the hands of quite a different man called the baggage master, who sits on a Windsor armchair in the doorway of the baggage car, the side entrance to which is usually very large and closed (*i.e.*, when it is shut at all) with a sliding door.

Another peculiarity I observed in Louisville was that none of the places of worship there had any tablet or notice board to inform the stranger the name and denomination of the church. Every one is supposed to know. Even the name of the church's undertaker

did not appear, a very unusual thing in America, as, in New York and New England States generally, every church patronises some particular sexton and undertaker, whose names and addresses are painted on the notice board outside, whether the minister's name appears or not.

At different hotels, in different parts of the country, and as the summer season advanced, I was constantly finding new things down on the bills of fare that I had never tasted in England. This evening, at dinner, I saw "Green corn" down on the bill of fare amongst the list of vegetables, it having just come into season : so I ordered the waiter to bring me some. When it was brought, I found it was young Indian maize, boiled in the ear. I remembered having heard that the usual mode in which Americans eat it was to take it up in their hand, and, while twisting the ear round, holding it at each end with their fingers to gnaw the grains off with their teeth. To me, however, this seemed such a barbarous mode that although I thought it possible a negro might eat it in that way, still I thought it could not but be considered very vulgar in good society ; and as the Galt House was quite the tip-top hotel, and had a superior class of guests, I did not wish to scandalize the company present by making any great hole in my manners. So I determined to leave the corn for a minute, and watch how others did.

I looked round the room in vain, however. No one but myself appeared to have ordered green corn. Just as I was feeling in a great dilemma, a gentleman sitting opposite asked me to pass the bill of fare, and in another

second, I rejoiced to hear him say : " Waiter, I'll take some green corn." It was brought, and the guest tried to stick his fork into it, and cut the corn off the husk with his knife. I thought, " There, no doubt that's the proper way," so tried to do likewise, but soon gave up the attempt, as neither could I fix the fork in the ear, nor were the corn grains to be removed by scraping them with a knife, they adhering to the husk far too tightly for that. The guest opposite was no more successful, and soon called the waiter.

" Waiter, this corn is not done."

" Is that so? I'll bring you another ear." The fresh corn was brought ; and the strange guest again applied his knife and fork, and with the same result.

" Waiter, this corn is as bad as the last."

This time the waiter had been watching the visitor from behind, and making signs to the other black boys, who were on the grin all over the room. He was at a loss, however, how to reply to this last remark ; so, coming round the table, and holding a bill of fare before me, he said out loud—" What will you take next, sir?"—and then in a low tone,—“ I wonder where the gentleman has grown ; he has never seen an ear of corn. Do show him how to eat it."

This request took me greatly by surprise, and put me in a greater dilemma than I was before. However, I replied out loud—" Certainly not : show him yourself, for I can't. I don't know myself. Show us both."

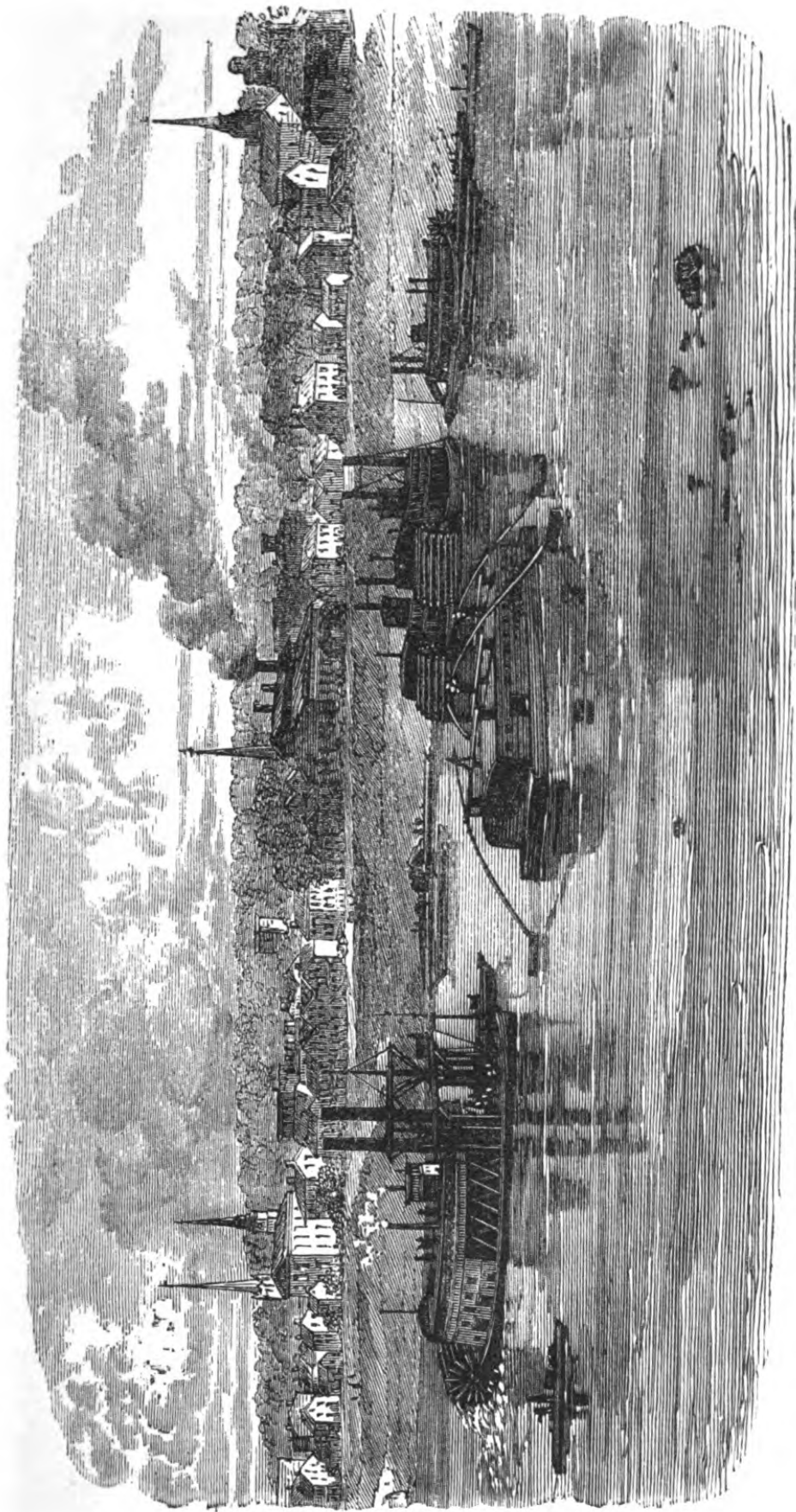
The waiters could no longer suppress their amusement, and turned their backs in order to hide the broad grin on their coloured features. The foreign gentleman

looked up, and the waiter I had just spoken to disappeared in an instant.

This little episode had attracted the notice of some of the other guests, and was evidently causing them some little amusement. A gentleman, however, very kindly came across from another table, and after saying:—"I guess you're strangers to our country," explained that it was usual, in that part, after smearing the ear over with butter, and salt and pepper, to one's liking, to hold it at each end by the fingers, and bite the corn off in the way described.

The next morning I took a Main Street car to the extreme west end of the city, some three miles or so, and crossed by ferry steamer, to New Albany. There are some large iron foundries here ; also, at the east end of the Albany, some good private residences. Most of the private houses in Albany are built of wood. Those built of brick are either white-washed or else painted a light chocolate cream colour all over. Some of the gardens contained beautiful oleander trees, in full flower ; also a flowering shrub, called the Rose of Sharon, which is indigenous to Indiana. I returned to Louisville by train, crossing the Ohio by the magnificent bridge before described. The trains pass over very slowly ; the one I was in taking $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to cross.

In the afternoon, I went by car to Cave Hill Cemetery, quite in the eastern suburbs of Louisville. On arriving, I found that an order for admittance was required. However, after some demur, the gate keeper allowed me to take a walk round. I thought it the most beautiful cemetery I had ever seen. There is scarcely a monu-



NEW ALBANY.

ment that is not either of granite or marble, and the variety of designs is really wonderful. The spot, too, is extremely picturesque — rocks and valleys, and a small lake, and many large and beautiful trees. The footpaths, too, are bordered with a neat kerbing, on either side, of white stone. No flat head stones are allowed, which is a wonderful improvement as regards effect.

The main thing that brought me to Louisville, was that it was *en route* to the world-renowned Mammoth Cave, situated on the Green River, in the south of the Kentucky State. The nearest railway point to the cave is Cave City, on the main line of the Louisville and Great South Railroad. I did not know the times of the trains or fares, so thought it as well to go down to the depôt, to enquire, being unaware that, near the hotel, the company had a ticket agency office, at which I could have obtained all the necessary information. The depôt was further off than I had expected, fully a mile and a half. On the way, I passed the City Hall, the most pretentious looking building in Louisville. It is of stone, and has a clock tower at one corner, the dials of the clock being illuminated at night. Probably the most costly edifice in the city is the Court-house; a massive granite structure, on Jefferson Street. On arriving at the railway depôt, I could find nobody about, although it was the terminus of a long and important line of railway. I knocked loudly at the window of the ticket office, but could obtain no answer. Adjoining the platform were three waiting rooms. The first had up, "Ladies' Waiting Room"; the second, "Gents' Waiting Room";

while over the other one it said "Color'd People's Waiting Room." They were all empty, except the last, in which a black man was sprawling on the table, fast asleep. At any English railway station I could have found out all I wanted for myself, by consulting the time-tables, and lists of fares, in the booking-office. But here there were neither. I searched up and down the platform, and in all the waiting rooms, but could not find a single time-table, of any part of the company's train-service. There were, indeed, one or two posters, of "Rapid Transit Trains," but these were only the advertisements of more enterprising companies, whose lines were, however, hundreds of miles away.

With regard to putting up a list of fares by the side of the booking office window, such an arrangement seems to be unknown on any line in the United States, with perhaps the single exception of the Erie Railway. On one occasion before this I had accidentally discovered that I had been overcharged, but having no means of checking the ticket agent, had supposed, at the time, the fare charged was correct, and was hundreds of miles away when informed that it was too much.

After waiting about some time, a man came down the platform, carrying a signal lamp, and I asked him where the ticket agent was.

"If he is not in there, he's gone home to get his supper."

"There's no one there. How soon will he be back?"

"About ten o'clock, I guess, the train from Paducah comes in then."

"What time did the last train from Paducah come in?"

“Ten o'clock last night: there's one train a-day.”

“How often do they run to Cave City?”

“There are three trains a-day; but if you want to go there, you can get tickets and every information at the office in Main Street.”

“Why, I wish I had known that before; I've just come from there; and might have saved my time and trouble.”

The next morning I bought my ticket at the office named, and having settled my hotel account drove to the depôt in a hack. Here there was no fear of being imposed upon by the driver. They used to do so to such an extent, especially with strangers, that at last people would stand it no longer. The City Council took it up, and decreed that the fare from any railroad depôt, steamboat landing, or hotel, to any other depôt, landing, or hotel, should be half-a-dollar; a rule, the strict enforcement of which has proved a great boon, to strangers especially. I obtained a cheque for my baggage, stepped on the cars, and in a few minutes the train started and I bid good-bye to Louisville.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cave City—Nine miles by stage—The Mammoth Cave—William, the Guide—The temperature—Saltpetre Pits—Ruins of Consumptive Hospital—"The Theatre"—"I'll never marry the man on the face of the earth"—The Star Chamber—Tall man's misery—Stout man's misery—Extent of the Cave—Persons lost in the Cave—The Echo River—The Corkscrew—Out again—No chance for the "Long Route"—Only rattlesnakes—"What our hogs feed on"—American Railroad Signalling—Shunting arrangements—Smith persists in going the wrong way—Bowling Green—Bed without supper—Commemoration Day—Smith asks for a time-table—Result—Off again—Train stops for breakfast—Smith almost left behind—McKenzie—The "Block System" not needed—Cattle on line—Hickman—"Good gracious, it's your boat"—Too late—Yes—No—The Mississippi River—Floating timber—Cairo—Slow Travelling—Taking on Fuel—Illinois harvesting—Burning the straw.

CAVE CITY is a small place, of 375 inhabitants, as proved by the last Government census taken. It is 85 miles from Louisville; and after a ride of three hours and a half, I was landed there. The "stage" to convey passengers to the Mammoth Cave, which is nine miles distant from the station, was in waiting. It consisted of a light, small four-wheeled covered cart, drawn by a couple of strong cobs, driven by a negro. It was raining fast, and the first three miles of the road were the worst I had ever travelled, and took an hour to get over. I could only compare it to being driven over the crab-rocks, at some sea-side place, in a bathing machine. However, it was passed at last, and after giving the horses a short rest the drive was resumed. The road for the rest of the way was a much better one, and

after a ride of about two hours and a half, we reached the large hotel, situated near the mouth of the wondrous cavern.

In the Mammoth Cave, at no very great distance from the mouth, the galleries divide into two main routes, known as the long and the short respectively. I was desirous to traverse them both, especially the former, as on that route you had to cross in a punt a subterraneous river, sometimes called the Styx, and sometimes the Echo River. Here the roof of the cave descends very close to the water ; in fact, after rainy weather, the water rises quite to the roof, thus obstructing a passage in that direction at all. After passing this point, in taking the long tour, the guide frequently entertains the visitor with a thrilling and most vivid description of all the horrors and dangers they would experience should they on their return find that the waters had, in the mean time, risen, and cut off their retreat. You may then hear a graphic delineation of the lamps burning dim, and at last going out, and of the horrors of a slow death by starvation, in a darkness that might be felt.

On the arrival of the "stage," William, the coloured guide, got ready at once, and accompanied me, and two other visitors, to the cave. The mouth of the cave is reached by passing down a wild rocky ravine, just beyond the kitchen garden connected with the hotel. The entrance is gained by clambering down an irregular, funnel-shaped opening, overhung by the luxuriant foliage of the ravine. As soon as I commenced to descend, I exclaimed, "Oh, how cold!" The guide then

called me back a minute, to point out the sharply-defined and flat layer of steaming vapour, where the cold air from the cave struck the warm moist air of the ravine. He then stood me in a position where, when I let my hand hang by my side it was in the cold air, and felt quite chilly ; but when I held it up, it was like plunging it into a warm element at once. We then proceeded into the cave, at the mouth of which is a strong gate, securely padlocked ; as the cave is private property, and a fee of two dollars for the short route, and 3 dollars for the long, is charged to each visitor. About half a mile from the entrance, we came to a large subterranean hall, where still remain the vats used during the war of 1812, for the extraction of saltpetre for the manufacture of gunpowder. Since then, other places have been found where it exists in greater abundance, so that the manufacture at the cave has long since been discarded. The remains of the stabling for the horses used is still visible. A little further on are the remains of a row of cottages, that were erected as a sort of hospital for consumptive patients ; it being thought that the uniformity of the temperature in the cave, viz :—at 59 deg., whatever the heat or cold without, would be very beneficial to persons suffering from diseases of the lungs. The result, however, did not fulfil these expectations, and proved that light and sunshine are as essential to life and health, as air and food ; everyone of the patients dying in a few months, either in the cave, or soon after being removed, the looked-for benefit being thus proved to be illusionary.

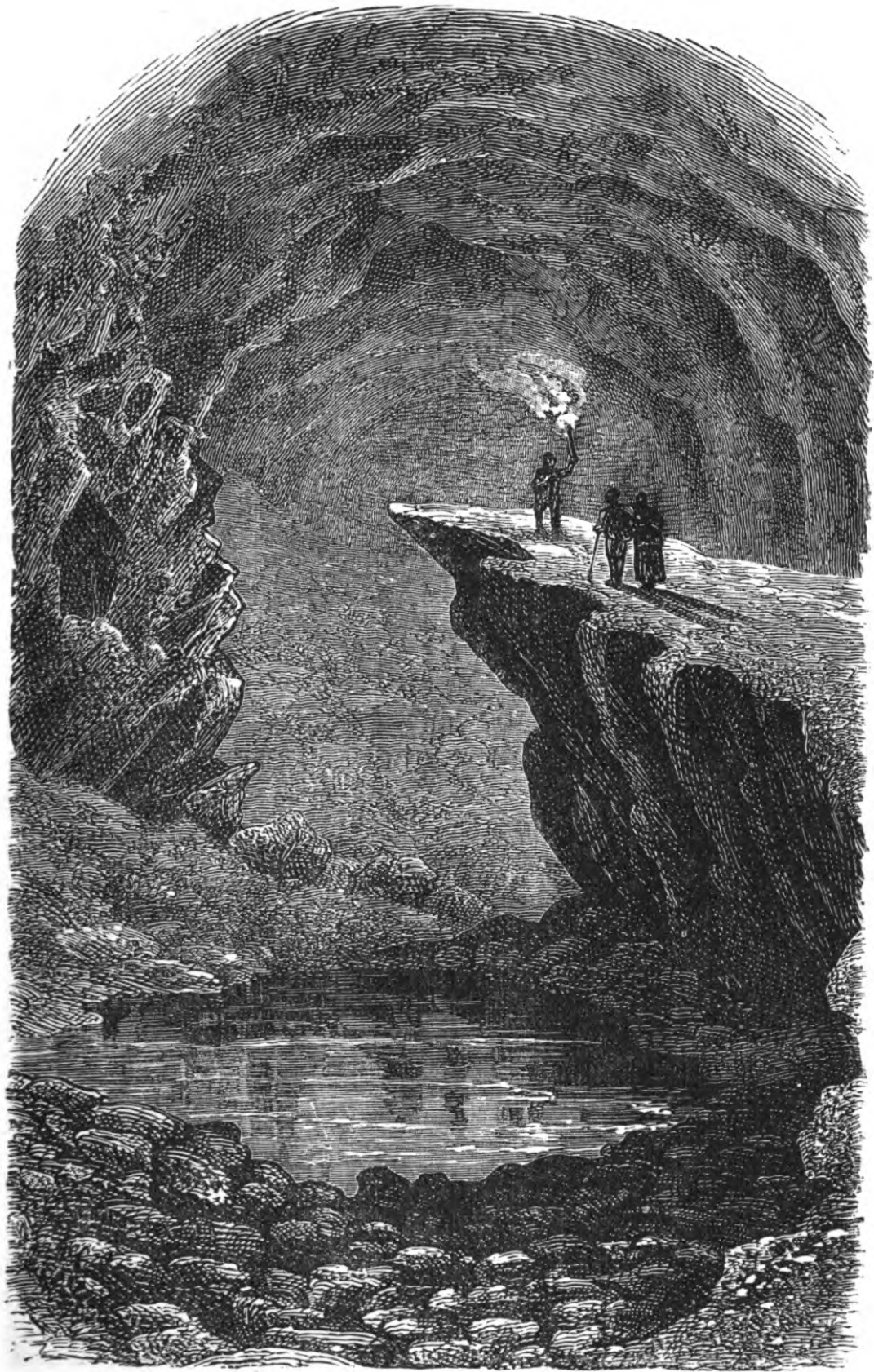
The various galleries and chambers have each their

respective names, suggested by various places with which the imaginations of bygone visitors have connected them ; such as the theatre, with stage, gallery, and pit ; which, in itself, is a large cavern, capable of seating several hundred spectators, and where, before now, pieces have been enacted, when the cave has been visited by a large touring party. Another portion is designated the church ; and the curious, isolated rock in the centre, it of course follows, is the pulpit. Several weddings have actually been celebrated in this underground cathedral ; one, where the lover was highly disapproved of by the young lady's mamma. The mother not only refused her consent, but so fearful was she that that would be insufficient to restrain her daughter, that she pressed her to take an oath never to marry the man. The daughter, who had no intention of making any such promise, or of keeping it if she did, was in a fix. At last, she conceived a plan by which, as she thought, she could do as her mother asked, and yet marry her lover. So she swore "she would never marry the man *on the face of the earth.*" The mamma was satisfied ; but the girl informed her sweetheart that she would never have taken the oath, but that she knew of a place *not* on the face of the earth, where weddings had been celebrated, and could be so again. That place was the Mammoth Cave. They eloped together, and were married at the church in the bowels of the earth.

The part of the cave with which I was most pleased, is that known as the "Star Chamber." Here the cave is very lofty, with precipitous sides overhanging their base, and supporting a perfectly flat roof. This roof is

lamp black, but studded all over with stalactites, which reflect the light from the visitors' lamps, like diamonds. The effect of this is, that the explorer can hardly believe himself under ground, but rather in a deep ravine, looking up into a star-lit sky.

At this point, the guide asked us to rest ourselves on a rock, while he took away our lamps, that we might see lights and shadows on the rocks at a distance. Soon, he disappeared entirely, and we were left in complete darkness—a darkness that might be felt. The stalactite stars ceased to shine, and a terror and dread stole over each visitor, as we began to realize the helplessness of our position, and the utter impossibility of ever discovering the exit to those underground regions without a guide. Presently the sound, as of a cock crowing, fell upon our ears, followed by the dim reflection upon the roof of the cave of a light, from the opposite direction to that in which William had departed. It resembled the gradual dawn of day, on the eastern horizon ; but, strange to say, instead of extinguishing the light of the stars, here the effect was to cause them to shine again. The cave has been formed by the action of water, in ages past, which element is still at work, as, in places, you can hear it rushing and gushing in unseen springs and falls. The floor of the cavern is, for the most part, a deep bed of sand. One part of the cave is called "Tall Man's Misery," on account of the roof being so low, that you have to proceed, for some distance almost on hands and knees. In another part the channel cut by the water is only a foot wide, and designated, accordingly, "Stout Man's Misery." In one party that William showed



VIEW IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.



through, consisting of father, mother, and daughter, the pater-familias (probably an alderman) was so corpulent that he stuck there, and could not, by any means, be got through. It is very dangerous to wander away from the guide and party, partly on account of the numerous pits and holes of water, but more especially on account of the many divergent galleries, so that, although no part of the cave is believed to extend more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the mouth, yet, without a guide, you might wander about for days together, until your lamp went out, and you died of starvation, without being able to find the exit.

Several skeletons have been found in the cave. Those of an Indian woman and her babe were found many years ago, lying in a crevice about half a mile from the entrance. She had doubtless entered, to escape from some pursuers, and after the danger had passed had not been able to discover the mouth. Only about six years ago, a skeleton was discovered at a much greater distance from the entrance. It was apparently that of a young person, and the hair was still in a good state of preservation.

Our guide took us down to the edge of the "Echo River"; it appeared but a muddy pool of water, and was quite impassable, it having risen, in consequence of the recent rains, quite to the roof of the cave in that part; so that it was impossible to cross, in order to explore the "long route." In its waters is found a small fish; not only blind, but positively eyeless; also an eyeless crayfish. Other fish with eyes, but blind, have also been caught here. Beside these, blind spiders, also bats and

rats, are known to exist in the cave. The guide brought us through a new way he had himself discovered, and christened the "Corkscrew." He went first, and we followed, one by one, squeezing through the cracks formed by great boulders, and dropping from stone to stone, lodging our feet on little niches, to the right or left, as we were directed, or rather, where he pulled our legs to. After a descent of some thirty feet, in this manner, we reached a large tunnel not far from the saltpetre pits, and in another ten minutes we clambered out of the funnel-shaped mouth, and were once more directly under the sky of heaven, after having spent four hours in the cave, and wandered about in it for some seven miles. It was now night, and pitch dark, so different from when we entered I could scarcely credit we had again emerged. We followed the guide to the hotel, where, after a hearty supper, I retired early to rest.

I hoped, by staying until Monday, the water in the cave would, by that time, have receded sufficiently to allow of the "long route" being visited. On Sunday, however, the rain poured in torrents; so much so, that the guides were of the opinion that there would be little chance of being able to get by the Echo river for ten days or a fortnight, so that on Monday I resumed my journey.

Remembering the exceedingly rough ride I had had in coming up in the "stage," I determined to return on foot to Cave City. The road lay, for the most part, through a wood; and I frequently left the path, in order to pick blackberries, and walk under the trees, for the benefit of the shade they threw. Presently it crossed my mind

that perhaps it was hardly safe, as I was not now in England or in New England either ; and that possibly the woods of Kentucky contained wild boars, or some other wild animal I might not like to meet. By and bye, I came to a small hamlet, and seeing a blacksmith at work at a forge by the road side, I stopped to enquire, and to rest myself awhile.

“ I like walking along these woods. I suppose it's quite safe ; no wild animals in them ? ”

“ No. It's quite safe.”

“ I mean, no wild boars, or snakes, or anything of that kind ? ”

“ I guess there are no wild boars. There are rattlesnakes, though, but there are not so many of them now as there used to be. We are getting them under.”

“ How do you manage that ? ”

“ We turn the hogs out on them, and they eat them.”

“ Eat them ! Why, I should have thought they would have killed a hog, with their sting.”

“ I guess not. Nothing seems to come amiss to pigs. Wherever they see a snake, they run after it directly, and gobble it up ; and it does them no harm.”

“ Well ! I am surprised ; and then, by and bye, you eat the pigs.”

“ Not all of them ; most we send to Louisville, or Cincinnati, to be killed and packed for Europe.”

“ Goodness gracious, I'll never eat pork again.”

“ I guess you've been up to see the cave ? ”

“ Yes. What a wonderful place it is ! ”

“ I guess so. People come from all parts of the world to see it. Did you see those large piles of stones down

there, in one part, with the names of different countries on ; and every visitor adds a stone to the pile built by his countrymen ? ”

“ Yes, I did ; and added my stone to that of England, though I think some people must put more than one stone each. There was quite a large pile to represent Japan, for instance ; and even the Isle of Man has a cairn of its own. By the way, the depôt we passed on the railway before Cape City is called “ Horse Cave ” ; I suppose there is a Cave there, as well ? ”

“ Yes, a very large one ; only this one, up here, beats the lot. This part of the country is full of caves, in every direction. Why, there’s one down in that hollow, there, where you can go in for about half a mile.”

Having rested myself, I bid the blacksmith good-day, and continued my walk. After this I kept more closely to the road, the last three miles of which were very rough. In due season I arrived at the station ; not, however, until I had been four hours and a half on the road, and had torn a sole off one boot into the bargain. I had some time to wait for the train, during which time I got into conversation with the clerk at the small hotel adjoining the platform.

Presently a train whistled, and looking up, the clerk exclaimed, “ Hallo, a red light ; let’s come and see what’s up.”

“ Yes, I can’t make your signals out ; they either show a red light both ways, or a white both ways. Why ! on these single lines, if it is all right for a train one way, it surely must be danger the other ; otherwise two trains might meet, and there would be a collision.”

“ Oh no ; that is not it. When a white light is shown, it means that the line is all working correctly to time, and that the trains are to pass at the usual places. A red light signifies that the working has got out, and the driver is to stop for orders. Let's come and see what they are at.”

A long goods train, called in America “ a freight train ” was slowly drawing up at the station, as the hotel clerk and I entered the small wooden hut, used at once as booking office, telegraph office, and signal box. The driver jumped down from his engine, and came pushing in behind exclaiming, “ What's up ? ”

“ No. 5 down freight, 35 minutes late, at Elizabeth Town. You are to proceed to Horse Cave, and pass it there,” said the clerk.

“ Who says so ? ” said the driver.

“ Thompson, I suppose ; here's the order, wired from Louisville.”

“ Then Thompson's a fool. If No. 5 is 35 minutes behind at Elizabeth Town, I know I can get to **Munfordville** before I shall meet her.” So saying, he jumped in his engine again, and commenced some shunting operations.

“ Who gives these orders ? Don't you signal the trains on from station to station as they pass ? ” I enquired.

“ No. We have no signaling at all to do when the trains are running on time. If there is a break-down, or delay anywhere, it is wired to the train runner, who sits at the head office in Louisville, and he sends down these orders, saying what is to be done.”

I then left the office, to watch the shunting arrange-

ments. American freight trains consist, almost invariably, of covered cars, very long and bulky, on two four-wheeled bogies, one at each end ; and in appearance more like a Cheshire salt-van than any other railway vehicle which we use ; only it is three to four times as big. Each car is provided with a break, worked by means of a wheel placed horizontally, on the top of a vertical axle, and projecting about a foot above the roof of the car. A plank is fixed along the top of every car, and along these, the porters run, jumping from car to car, when shunting is going forward, and signaling to the driver or switchman, with their lamps, and applying the breaks as required. The freight and passenger cars too, have only one buffer at each end, placed in the centre. This buffer is nearly square, having a sort of open, bell-shaped mouth, into which the connecting link with the next car is thrust, and secured with a peg.

On returning to the office, I asked for a ticket for Bowling Green.

The hotel-clerk who was still there said :—“ I thought you told me you were going to St. Louis ; if so, by far your best way is to take the 8.40 p.m. train back to Louisville, where you will arrive before midnight, and leave again by the early morning train, and be in St. Louis by this time to-morrow.”

“ Yes, I know that would be the quickest, but I want, if possible, to see cotton growing ; which I may, a little further south ; also, I do all the travelling I can by water, I want to go on the Mississippi.”

“ As you like, of course, only it will take four times as long.”

I arrived at Bowling Green at ten o'clock, and went to an hotel for the night. To my dismay, I had to go to bed supperless, in consequence of all the coloured servants having a holiday, and being out on the spree, letting off squibs and crackers in the street, and in other ways giving vent to their joy in celebration of Emancipation Commemoration Day, which had fallen on the previous day—Sunday.

Being sorely at a loss for a good time-table, I asked at the depôt for one, and was told the Company did not issue schedules for the use of the public, as they would not understand them if they did.

“What am I to do, then? there appear to be no time-tables about.”

“Tell me *where* you want to go to, and I will tell you *when* you can go.”

“McKenzie.”

“That's on the Memphis road; there's a train at 5.40 to-morrow morning.”

In the morning I was up betimes, and left by that train; feeling dreadfully hungry, only having time to swallow a bun and a cup of coffee at the depôt refreshment room.

At Erin, ninety-one miles from Bowling Green, the train stopped twenty minutes for breakfast, for which my long fast had well whetted my appetite. Whether it was I ate very slowly, or that I ate more than anyone else, I could never discover, but certain it was that in what seemed an incredibly short space of time I looked up, and to my astonishment found I was sitting at the table alone. Just at that moment, I heard the bell on

the engine tolling again, and looking out, saw the train moving off. Quick as thought, I sprang through the window and made a rush at the train, and was fortunate enough in seizing the handrail, and swinging myself on to the steps of the last car.

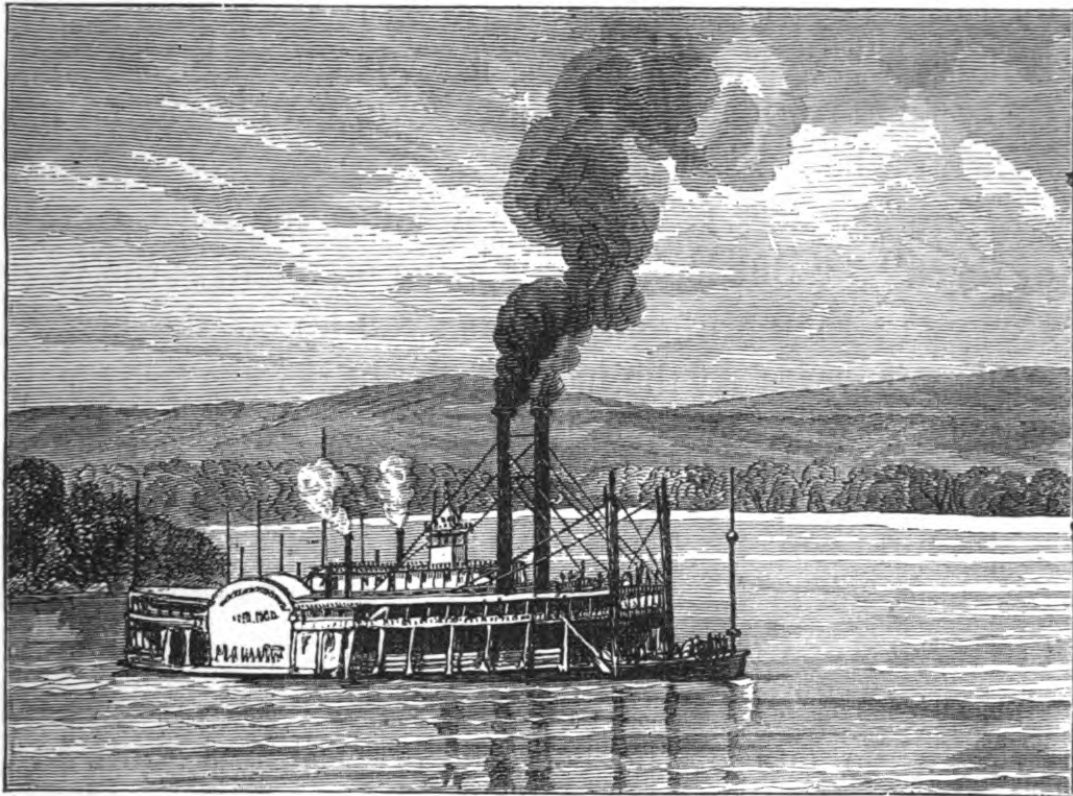
At McKenzie, I changed on to the Nashville Chattanooga and St. Louis Rail Road, by which I travelled to Hickman, a small town on the Mississippi River. The train, with about a dozen passengers in it, was some two hours late in arriving. Although the line is not worked on the block system, there was no fear of being run into by a succeeding train ; as, on the last portion of the way there is but one train a day, freight and passengers combined. There was far more fear of running over the cattle feeding on the line. The engine screamed in vain for one old cow to move out of the way. Instead of doing so, she commenced running down the track in front of the train, with her tail stuck up in the air, no doubt to scare and shock the engineer.

On arriving at Hickman, my first enquiries were as to the next boat for St. Louis, and after some discussion among the bystanders, I was informed that one was due up the river that night, and would probably pass about midnight. It being then five o'clock, I gave my portmanteau to a porter to carry, and went to an hotel. After a six o'clock supper, I unpacked my luggage, to re-arrange my belongings, and while I had them all strewed about I heard the uncouth, sonorous, horn-like blast of a steamboat whistle. I started up in surprise, and said, " I hear a steamboat whistle ; is that the St. Louis boat, do you think ? "

“No. It can't possibly be up for hours yet. This must be the Ohio boat, for Louisville. Let's go and see her in.”

As we walked to the landing-stage, the clerk said, “Whatever boat can she be? I can't make her out at all, she seems to have lost her funnels.”

In another minutes he exclaimed—“Good graicious!



STEAMER ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Why: I do declare it's the 'City of Greenfield'; your boat. I did not expect her for hours yet.”

I stayed to hear no more, but ran off to the hotel as hard as I could go. Before, however, I had time to squeeze my things into my portmanteau and get back to the landing the boat was off.

A small crowd had assembled, near the landing stage, to see the boat ; and as I came running back, followed by a boy wheeling my portmanteau on a truck, they shouted to me, “ It’s no good, you’re too late, she’ll not wait, she’s off,” and true enough, there was the huge vessel steaming away.

“What a frightful nuisance baggage is in this blessed land. If it had not been for that, and a pair of boots of mine, that that lad was cleaning, I should not have lost the boat ; or if I had only a small valise, that I could carry in my hand I should have caught it easily. When is the next ? ”

(Several voices.) “ There’s nothing due for a couple of days.” “ But look,” added one of them, “ the pilot sees you ; they are going to pick you up off the bank.” And so it was. At the head of the boat were two masts abreast one on either side. Each of these supported, by means of ropes and pulleys, one end of a broad planking, about fifty feet long ; the other end resting on the deck. The great steamer came close to the bank of the river ; one of these was let down and swung out, so that the outer end rested on the grass ; and I jumped on to it, while one of the coloured crew jumped off, and seizing up my portmanteau, followed me on board, and the vessel proceeded on her course. I was very glad to be again afloat ; and was soon fixed in a comfortable state room, with nothing to worry me for the present, as I would have no more changes to make all the way to St. Louis. The Mississippi River is very wide and very muddy, with large quantities of floating timber, drifting down it. Sometimes the steamer would pass

through quite a shoal of trunks and branches, the larger ones striking it with great force. During such times, we could hear constant signals being given to the engineers, by means of bells, to ease first one paddle and then the other, in order that the floats of the paddle-wheel should not be broken by some extra large piece of drift timber they were about to strike.

About ten o'clock we called at Columbus, and two hours later reached Cairo, where we stayed for an hour or more while some damage that had occurred to one of the paddle-wheels, in the way above described, was set to rights.

During that night, and the whole of the next day, the boat was pursuing her course towards St. Louis. It was slow work travelling against the stream, which runs very rapidly ; so much so, that at one point, round which the current flowed with peculiar force, the steamer appeared for some time to make no headway at all, and to be at a complete standstill, although the engines were working at full speed. Although the steamer was very large, 1,800 tons, still she only drew three feet six inches of water ; as, although the Mississippi is very wide, it is here and there very shallow. Many of the Mississippi steamers have good passenger accommodation ; they are now, however, but little patronised, although at one time the case was very different. Since the introduction of railways into those parts the steamers have been cut out as regards their passenger traffic ; the difference of time, especially in travelling up the country, being so very great, the trains running through from New Orleans to St. Louis in a little over thirty hours,

whereas the steamers take a week. About thirty-five miles below St. Louis, the "City of Greenfield" ran into the blackberry bushes and wild vines growing by the water's edge in order to take on board a supply of wood for fuel, that had been collected and stacked on the river bank. While the firemen were at this work, the passengers amused themselves picking the blackberries and grapes as they stood on the deck of the steamer. The former were delicious, but the latter were sour, not worth eating. A little further on I noticed huge fires and clouds of smoke in the distance, I wondered if it were a prairie on fire, but was informed that the harvest was taking place, and that the large fires I saw were merely the burning of the straw after threshing out the wheat ; the straw being of too little value to pay freight even to St. Louis. I thought of some of the London dairy sheds, where the poor cows have nothing better than a little saw-dust or sand (and that in a filthy state) to lie in ; and what a boon a little of it would be to them.

It was nearly midnight when the steamer arrived at St. Louis. Very few of the passengers went on shore immediately, as most of them had retired to bed, where they remained until the following morning.

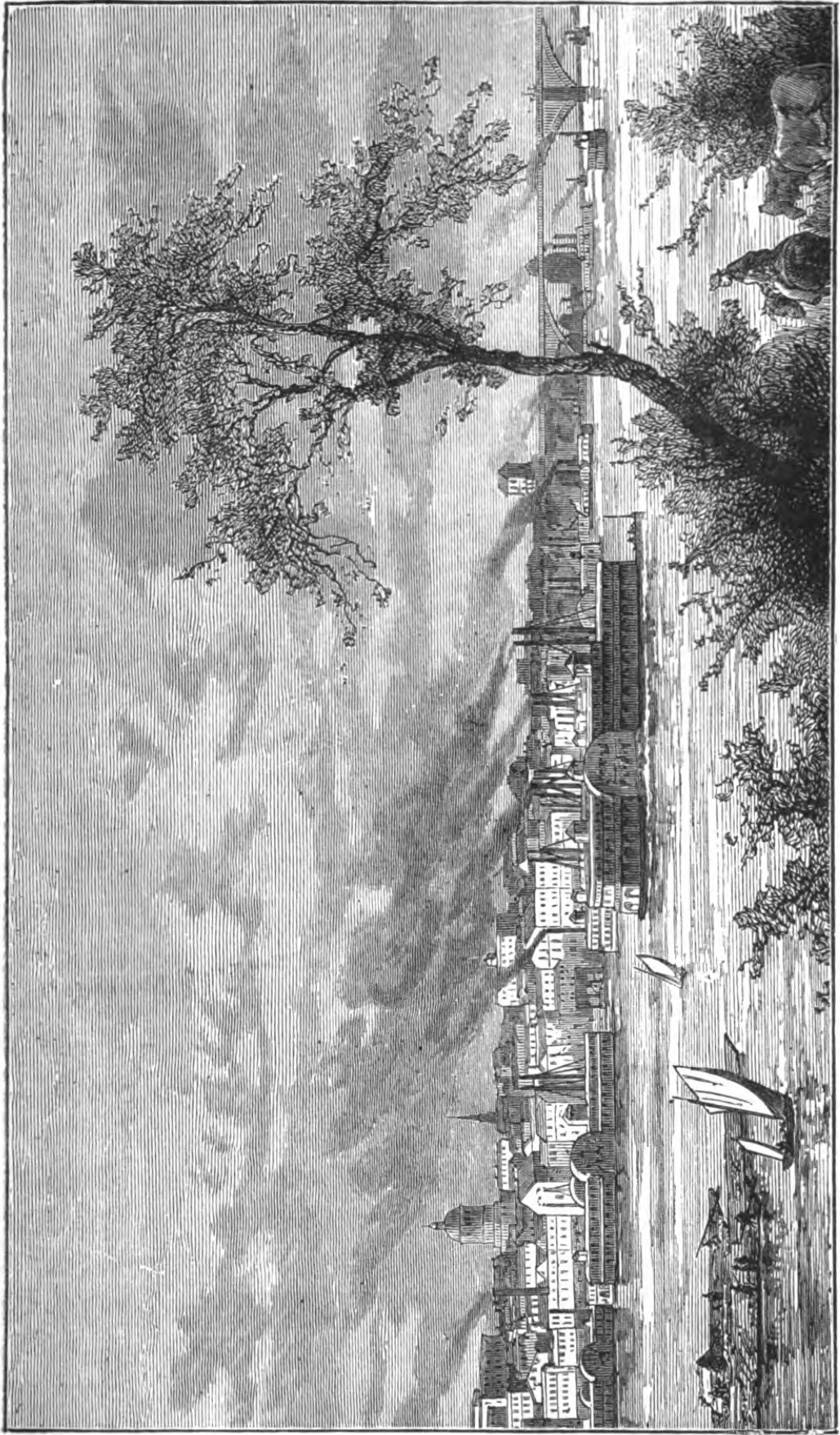
CHAPTER XV.

The great St. Louis Bridge—Mercantile Library—View from Cupola of Court House—Chamber of Commerce—"Baggage steward's" fees—Baggage and Boots—Lower Grove Park—Shaw's Botanical Gardens—Lafayette Park—Ladies' and children's dresses—American stores—Haberdashery *versus* "notions"—St. Louis Waterworks—Belle-fontaine Cemetery—Egg Plant Fruit—Peaches—No Saturday Half-holiday—"Too hot to go to church"—The preacher's remarks thereon—Job railway tickets—"Chicago very cheap"—Ticket scalpers—"Thank you, I'm *very* much obliged."

I WAS awoke the following morning by a coloured steward knocking at the door of the cabin to know if I would breakfast before leaving the vessel. I said I might as well do so, and then dressed and stepped out on to the promenade deck to have a first look at the city of St. Louis. Before me, on the top of a steep bank, was a broad road called the *Levéé*, running parallel to the river, the further side of which, facing the water, was lined with large brick-built warehouses of merchants and shippers. The shore was lined with large covered landing stages, floating in the stream, alongside one of the largest of which the "City of Greenfield" was moored. Looking up the river the great St. Louis Bridge stretches across in three enormous spans, two of which are 500 feet, while the centre one is 520 feet in the clear, the piers which support the iron girders being built of granite and limestone. Two distinct roadways cross the river by this bridge, an upper and a lower one. The bridge is a very good width, the upper roadway

being wide enough for four vehicles to pass abreast, besides having two sidepaths for foot passengers. A double line of tramrails for horsecars to cross the bridge are also laid down on this roadway. On the St. Louis side of the river a viaduct of five arches terminates the bridge at Washington Avenue, while on the Illinois side a viaduct of considerable length carries the traffic over the marshy ground into East St. Louis. The lower bridge is for railroad trains, and carries a double line of rails, and trains coming to St. Louis, immediately on crossing the bridge, pass through a tunnel nearly a mile in length, under the streets of the city leading to the Grand Union Depôt. The bridge and tunnel were completed in 1874, at a cost of over 10,000,000 dols. Financially it is a complete failure, as, a short time since, it was sold for one fourth of that sum.

After breakfast I went on shore and entered my name at one of the leading hotels. After handing the clerk my baggage check, and asking him to send for my portmanteau, I went out to have a look round. The first place I visited was the Mercantile Library on 5th Street, where I spent some time in the reading room, which is well supplied with the principal newspapers from all parts of the North American Continent. A little further on, on the same street, is the Court House, the finest public building in the city, and occupying a whole block. I entered, and at a door leading to a narrow flight of stairs I saw a small notice board, saying it was the way to the dome. So up I went, no man forbidding me, as would have been sure to be the case anywhere in England. After climbing a great many



ST. LOUIS.

stairs, I at last arrived on the narrow balcony round the cupola surmounting the dome. From here is obtained a splendid view. Before the visitor lays the river, with its floating wharves, and lines of huge river steamers; while looking up it, to the left, is the great bridge stretching across it, and connecting the State of Missouri with that of Illinois. Some two or three miles further on can be seen the large pumping houses, surmounted by the lofty chimney stacks of the St. Louis Waterworks. Across the river, the low-lying districts of St. Clair and Madison Counties stretch as far as the eye can reach, while all around lay the substantial buildings of this, the oldest city of the West. After having spent nearly an hour on the top of the dome I at last came down, and next visited the Chamber of Commerce, very near the Court House, and which is the great corn and flour exchange of Missouri and the Western States. The merchants transact their business in a large and splendid hall at the top of the building. It is surrounded on all sides by a gallery, to which there is free admission, and from which I looked down on a busy scene of buyers and sellers, dealing principally in corn (Indian maize) wheat, and other grains; flours, and grasses.

By-and-bye I returned to the hotel to dine, and on going to my room to have a wash, found my portmanteau had not arrived, so rang the bell to inquire the reason.

“The baggage steward on the steamer would not let our porter have it; as he said you had not paid the fees.”

“What fees? I paid my fare, and paid for my meals; I know of no other fees.”

“The fees the baggage steward is entitled to, for handling the baggage.”

“*Fees* he is *entitled* to ! What does the fellow mean ? Why, he belongs to the ship, and receives his wages, does he not ? and as to moving about the baggage, I never troubled him at all ; I don’t know who he is.”

“The baggage stewards on the Mississippi boats are entitled to 25 cents. for each trunk or portmanteau, and 10 cents for each valise or small package ; whether they are required to move it about or not. There is a notice up on the boats to that effect.”

“I never heard of such a thing. You folks, out in these regions, have strange ways of doing things, and set strange values on things. Why, here I see peaches are only five cents a dozen ; while if you just get your boots blacked, the lad wants ten cents for the shine ; and on the steamer they charged me fifteen. And now some unknown person wants twenty-five cents in respect of my baggage. Baggage and Boots again ; but there, if it is the custom here, I suppose there is no help for it but to pay, so here is the money, and tell your porter to get my portmanteau up as quickly as he can, as I want it at once.”

In the afternoon, I went by tram-car to Tower Grove Park, in the South-Western extremity of the city. It is 277 acres in extent, and is well kept, and has more the appearance of an English crown park than anything I had yet seen, having substantial entrance gates and park-keepers’ lodges, broad gravel drives and foot-paths, &c. At the further end of the park is a splendid bronze statue to Humboldt, cast in Munich ;

there is also another to Shakespeare. In this park I noticed for the first time a very pretty flowering plant called the *Althia* shrub.

Leaving the park by the gates furthest from the city, I next visited Shaw's Botanical gardens, about a quarter of a mile beyond. They belong to a private gentleman of that name, who has very generously thrown them open to the public. Besides the gardens and conservatories, there is a small botanical museum in the grounds. A line of public wagonettes run from the entrance to the gardens, through Tower Grove Park, to the starting point of the horse-cars. It being a very hot day, I gladly availed myself of one of these when I returned. Here, as in other American Parks, I observed notices up, forbidding racing and fast driving.

On the way back to the hotel, I got out of the car as it passed Lafayette Park, and stayed awhile listening to the splendid band that was playing there. It is a small square park, of some thirty acres or so, but beautifully laid out; quite a master-piece of landscape gardening, and contains a tiny ornamental lake, besides a pond, surrounded by grotto work, with a fountain playing in the middle. The park is situated in a fashionable quarter of the city, and is surrounded on all sides by private residences. There were crowds of people there, listening to the brass band. Most of the young ladies and little girls were dressed in white, with bright coloured silk sashes round their waists, which gave to the whole a very gay and holiday like appearance.

The next day, I had to make a few purchases. The

weather was so fearfully hot that I required another alpaca coat or two. I had already bought several washing jackets during my tour, having brought nothing from England light enough in weight to endure on an American summer's day. They had, however, got dirty, and I knew by experience that, at the hotels, the charge for washing them was often more than half the original cost ; besides which, they never looked so well after they had once been through the laundress's hands. I had, therefore, given them away, and now wanted some more. So I went to a large clothier's store, and made my purchases. In the centre of the establishment, on the ground floor, was a fountain, shooting a column of fine spray from the top of a pile of artificial rockwork, which cooled the air, and had a very refreshing appearance ; while about twenty canaries, each in a separate cage, were singing in different parts of the building.

Every tourist will tell you that there are other inconveniences you are sure to experience besides that of clothes getting dirty. Buttons come off, socks wear out, clothes get torn, and if you are travelling alone there are all these little things to see to, unless you are contented to stalk about in a slip-shod, slovenly appearance. I, however, determined to have a mending-up day, and try my hand at sewing on shirt buttons, &c., although very inexperienced. So I next went to a draper's and asked the shopwalker for the haberdashery department.

“The what, did you say?”

“The haberdashery department.”

“What’s that? I don’t understand you. We have no such department in our store.”

“Oh, then I have made a mistake; I must try another shop. Can you tell me where I can buy some needles and cotton, buttons, and thread?”

“Certainly, step this way, we keep them all.”

“You just now told me you did not!”

“No, I did not. We keep notions. You asked me for haberdashery. I don’t know what that is.”

“And I’ve no notion what you mean by notions.”

“I guess you have. Buttons, needles, cottons, tapes, the things you’ve just asked for.”

“Oh, what a notion to call such things notions. I have seen up the word ‘notions’ in many draper’s windows, but my notion of what you meant by it has been very erroneous; until now I thought you meant fancy dress materials, the latest fashion, or something of that kind.”

“I never heard of haberdashery before. Where do use that word for notions?”

I told him, and having thus come to an explanation, my small purchases were soon completed, when I returned to the hotel, and shut myself up in my room, and spent an hour sewing on buttons, and pricking my fingers, as I had quite forgotten to buy a thimble, and perhaps could not have worked with it if I had.

In the afternoon I paid a visit to the Pumping Houses of the St. Louis Waterworks. The water is drawn from the river, and forced to an elevated reservoir, about a mile inland. The magnificent machinery required for this purpose is very large and

very powerful, having a total pumping capacity, so the engineer said, of 40,000,000 gallons per day of twenty-four hours.

Now I was out at the north end of the city, I proceeded a mile or two further, by a line of horse-cars, commencing where that from the city terminated, to Belle-fontaine Cemetery, which is much larger, though not so beautiful or well kept as that of Cave Hill, in the suburbs of Louisville.

At Belle-fontaine, several of the monuments consist of full length statues of the deceased, and, in the case of children, a glass case containing the child's toys sometimes heads the grave. This last idea applies still more in the Roman Catholic cemetery of Calvary, adjoining.

On Saturday morning, I took the tram-car up to the Fair Ground, and visited the Zoological Gardens there. The collection is not so large nor so good as that at Philadelphia or Cincinnati, though much better than at Central Park, New York. Although about a thousand miles from the sea in any direction, two fine specimens of the walrus, or sea-horse, had been conveyed to the gardens, and the creatures appeared in very healthy condition.

In the afternoon and evening I amused myself about the city, visiting the markets, noticing the prices of provisions, &c. Here I saw the egg-plant fruit for the first time. It is about the size of a West Indian pine apple, is exactly the shape of an egg, quite smooth and of a very dark plum-colour, almost black. They sold for about 25 cents apiece, are used in tarts, and sometimes sliced and fried and ate with sugar and lemon; or

as a vegetable, but never raw. I was astonished at the extreme cheapness of peaches. They stood in pails-full outside the fruiterers' shops, or ranged on the pavement in the market. These pails were made of broad shavings, or rushes, in the same way that strawberry baskets are in England, and the tops were covered with pink gauze, to keep the flies from the fruit. Instead of taking home a lobster, a young turbot, or salmon trout, as with us, lots of gentlemen returning from business could be seen carrying home a pail full of peaches for home consumption. It was not, however, until the evening that the markets presented their busiest scene, as the Saturday half-holiday for mechanics and labourers does not exist in these parts.

The next day I was trying to find a certain church, and accosted a young man in the street and asked him to direct me.

"Certainly, it is close by; in fact, it is where I attend myself."

"Then perhaps we may have the pleasure of walking together."

"Oh! I'm not going there now. It's much too hot to go to church such a day as this."

I was surprised at such a line of reasoning. We, however, came to the place, and I was glad to enter into the refreshing shade, while the stranger passed on in the broiling sun.

During the service, I found that "being too hot to attend church" was by no means an isolated idea in that part of the world; for, in his sermon, the worthy pastor thus addressed the audience—"It is ridiculous

to hear the way some young men talk, now-a-days, about it's being too hot to come to church, when a young man can come in here, and sit in those pews there, and have a good fan, and fan himself, and be as comfortable here as anywhere else."

If you went to reside in St. Louis, and wished to find out who your neighbours were, you would not have the slightest difficulty in seeing them ; as it is an American custom, even among the well-to-do classes, for the whole family to sit on the doorstep in the cool of the day. About sunset I took a walk along Washington Avenue, the upper end of which is lined with gentlemen's residences, and at almost every house the master and mistress of the establishment were to be seen, each in a rocking chair, just outside the street-door, reading a newspaper or book ; while on either side, down the flight of steps leading thereto, were seated the younger members of the company, some occupied in a similar manner ; while the elder girls were watching to pass recognition nods and glances with any of their young gentleman favourites who might pass by.

On Monday afternoon, as I was passing along 4th Street, I was attracted by a notice board outside the store of a "coupon ticket broker," announcing cheap railroad tickets for sale to all points, north, south, east, and west. Besides the blackboard on which was painted a long list of places and cities to which they regularly kept tickets in stock, there was also another on which was chalked a few specialities in the way of railroad tickets that they had for disposal, and among these it said, "Chicago very cheap."

“Oh!” thought I, “that is just where I am off to to-night; I may as well save a dollar if I can.” I was about to enter the office when I thought “I had better find out first what the regular fare is, or I may get taken in, instead of purchasing a bargain, after all.” So I first went to the city ticket office of the St. Louis, Alton, and Chicago Railroad, which was only a few doors off, and there ascertained that the fare was eight dollars seventy cents. Armed with this piece of information I returned to the broker’s office. “I see you have chalked up, outside there, ‘Chicago very cheap.’ What do you call very cheap?”

“Yes, sir, *very* cheap; seven dollars fifty. You’re going to-night, are you not?” answered the scalper.

“Yes; but what has that to do with it? Will not the ticket be available to-morrow, or any other time?”

“Oh,” said the scalper, “it is all right if you are going to-night,” at the same time popping the ticket as quick as lightning into an envelope; and, as he slapped it down on the counter before me, again repeating, “Seven dollars fifty.”

“Wait a minute; not quite such a hurry please, I want to see that it is all right first.”

“Certainly, sir,” said the ticket broker more quietly, as I opened the envelope and examined its contents. I found there two tickets; on one it said, “St. Louis to East St. Louis,” and covered that portion of the journey through the tunnel under the city and across the great bridge over the Mississippi; the other said on it, “East St. Louis to Chicago” and was the remaining coupon of a ticket first issued in Kansas City, and covered the rest

of the way. The scalper having tried to "rush" me had made me suspicious lest the tickets he had so hurriedly thrust into the envelope were not genuine, or if they covered the whole of the journey. On examining them, however, I could detect nothing amiss, so counted out seven dollars and a half and laid it on the counter.

"Thank you, sir, I'm *very* much obliged," said the scalper, as he took up the money.

In a moment I felt convinced I had paid too much or that there was something wrong, and that I had been duped in some way or other. It was the first time in my tour that I had ever heard an American storekeeper say to a customer that he "was very much obliged." I knew, however, that it would be no use to ask for the money back again, so left the office wondering how I would get on that night when the conductor came along the cars to inspect the tickets.

CHAPTER XVI.

Smith leaves St. Louis by the "Lightning Express"—Springfield—Night in a Pullman Palace Sleeping Car—Fixing the Berths—Lavatory accommodations—Arrival at Chicago—Palmer House Hotel—The Workhouse on Clark Street—The oppressive heat—Smith visits Mr. and Mrs. Lee—Fishing from the Breakwater in the Lake—Mr. Lee explains the St. Louis Scalper's thankfulness—Limited and Unlimited Tickets—Mr. Lee points out to Smith the chief Buildings of Chicago—The Fire Brigade—They visit No. 1 Station—"How long"—"Twelve Seconds"—The Union Stock-yards—"Porcopolis"—A "Popular" Name—House Removing—Flushing the Sewers—Descriptions of the Stock-yards and of the processes of Pig Killing, Curing, and Packing—"Piggy! how do you like it?"—Glue, Phosphorus, and Lard Boiling—South Park—"Dummies"—Excursion to Wankegan—Ticketing the Babies.

IT was about half-past seven when I arrived at the Grand Union Depôt, and I left St. Louis by the 7.50 "Lightning Express," for Chicago. The depôt is a very large one, but very unlike an English railway station.

There are no platforms whatever; the whole depôt was, however, floored over between the rails, and the passengers crossed the metals, and walked about where they pleased; in fact, they had to do so, to get to their respective trains; and had at the same time to keep a sharp look-out, to see they were not standing on the track, and did not get run over by cars that were being shunted. At the depôt, I paid two dollars extra in order to have a berth in one of Pullman's palace sleeping cars. These tickets are issued quite distinct from those for the actual travelling, and are purchased at a separate booking-office. I then went "aboard" the

train, and sought the berth that corresponded with the number on the ticket. This sleeping car was very unlike the one I had travelled in from Richmond, Virginia, as in that the berths were fixtures, and could not be taken down ; whereas, when I entered this one, no bedding apparatus was visible, and the car seemed of similar arrangement to any ordinary American passenger car, only very richly upholstered, and beautifully decorated. In a few minutes, the conductor called out, " All aboard ; " the big bell on the engine commenced tolling, and the " lightning express " left the depôt.

After passing through the tunnel, and crossing the great bridge, the train turned to the north, and followed the course of the Mississippi as far as Alton, a distance of about twenty-five miles, where the river takes a turn to the west, while the line runs nearly due north, to Springfield, the capital of the state of Illinois. Soon after the train started, the conductor came through to examine the tickets, and I felt rather uneasy as I handed him mine. He took the one for the bridge, and having examined the date when the other was issued in Kansas City, punched it, and returned it to me. It is all right, then, thought I, the ticket is genuine, and I have saved five shillings English ; I wonder what made that man I bought it of so unusually polite.

By-the-bye, I have the card in my pocket of a Mr. and Mrs. Lee, whom I met in Washington, and who urged me to be sure and call on them, if I came to Chicago. I will do so to-morrow, and then I will ask them.

Very soon, a lady with three young children called

the sleeping-car attendant, and requested him to fix their berths for them ; and her request was soon followed by one and another of the passengers. It took full two hours to fix all the berths in the car ; and I was very interested in the operation, it being the first time I had seen anything of the sort. The attendant first pulled down the window shutters, and then climbed up and unfastened the panels that formed the slanting roof, and which are fastened by hinges attached at the lower edge, to the side of the carriage. To my surprise, on these being let down, I found they did not form the real roof of the car, but enclosed quite a large space, which was stuffed full of bedding, blankets, sheets, pillows, etc., and also contained movable mahogany partitions, about half an inch in thickness, which fitted into grooves between each berth, so as to divide them, instead of being, as the upper ones would otherwise be, but one long shelf. The outer edge of each of the false roofing panels was supported by strong cords to the real roof of the car, and formed the upper berth. Two short pieces of wood were fitted between the seats of the carriage, and the two cushioned backs, which were movable, were taken out, and rested on them, which then exactly filled up the space between the seats, and so formed the lower berth. The beds were then made up, the curtains hung to the brass rods that ran along near the roof of the car, and all was ready for the passengers to retire to rest. After taking off your boots, coat and vest, if you wish to undress further you clamber into your berth, pull the curtains to, and wriggle out of the rest of your clothes as best you can.

In the morning, you dress, of course, by reversing this operation. Shortly after the train had stopped at Springfield, I retired to rest, but was, for a time, kept awake by the squall of a fretful baby some lady had got, but after awhile I fell into a sound sleep, and was unconscious of anything further, until I felt somebody shaking me by the shoulder, and heard the black attendant say, "It's time to get up, sir."

I looked at my watch. It was a little after six. "Oh!" I replied, "I shan't get up yet a while, it's early yet."

In a few minutes, the negro came again: "You'd better get up, we're near Chicago."

I did not believe him, but as he would not let me sleep unmolested, I thought I might as well get up and see the country. The fact was, the attendant had all the berths to replace before he was off duty, and that was a work of two or three hours, so that he was anxious to get all he could done before the train arrived, so as to be able to go home as soon after as possible.

At each end of the car was a small lavatory, beautifully fitted up, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen; with a good supply of water, scented soap, towels, hair and clothes brushes, &c. My boots had been mysteriously cleaned during the night. While taking a wash in the lavatory I asked a fellow passenger, who was brushing his hair before the looking glass, the name of the large town we were approaching.

"Chicago, I guess," was the reply.

"Surely not," I exclaimed; "the train is not due until 7.25, and it is not a quarter to, yet."

“Perhaps not, by St. Louis’ time,” was the rejoinder, “but Chicago time is a quarter of an hour faster ; and we are only in the suburbs as yet, so I guess it will be about the time when we reach the main depôt.” The train travelled but slowly through the city, and very punctually to time landed its passengers at their destination. Chicago being so large a city, I determined only to engage a room at an hotel on the European plan, as I felt certain I should often be too far away to return to meals ; and if not, that it was more economical to take them at dining rooms in the city, than pay the prices usually charged at hotels. I decided to go to the “Palmer House,” on State Street, as I was desirous to stay at the place advertised as “the finest hotel in the world.” It is certainly a sumptuous edifice. The entrance hall, the lavatories and staircases, are all of marble, as is also the floor of the grand dining room on the first floor ; the halls and passages, on this floor, are also empanelled with a wainscotting of coloured marbles, brought from Italy. On this floor also, opposite the dining hall, are a suite of bedrooms of peculiar grandeur ; one, especially so, and which is designated the bridal chamber. In conjunction with it is a private sitting or writing room for the happy pair ; also a bath room. They are fitted up in a sumptuous manner, and are charged for at the rate of 24 dollars (£5) per day.

After entering my name on the hotel register, I went to the post office to inquire for letters. It is combined with the Custom House, and is a massive granite structure, occupying a whole block. From there I took

a walk down Clark Street, and soon came upon a splendid edifice having ornamental columns of polished red granite.

“What building is that,” I enquired of a passer by.

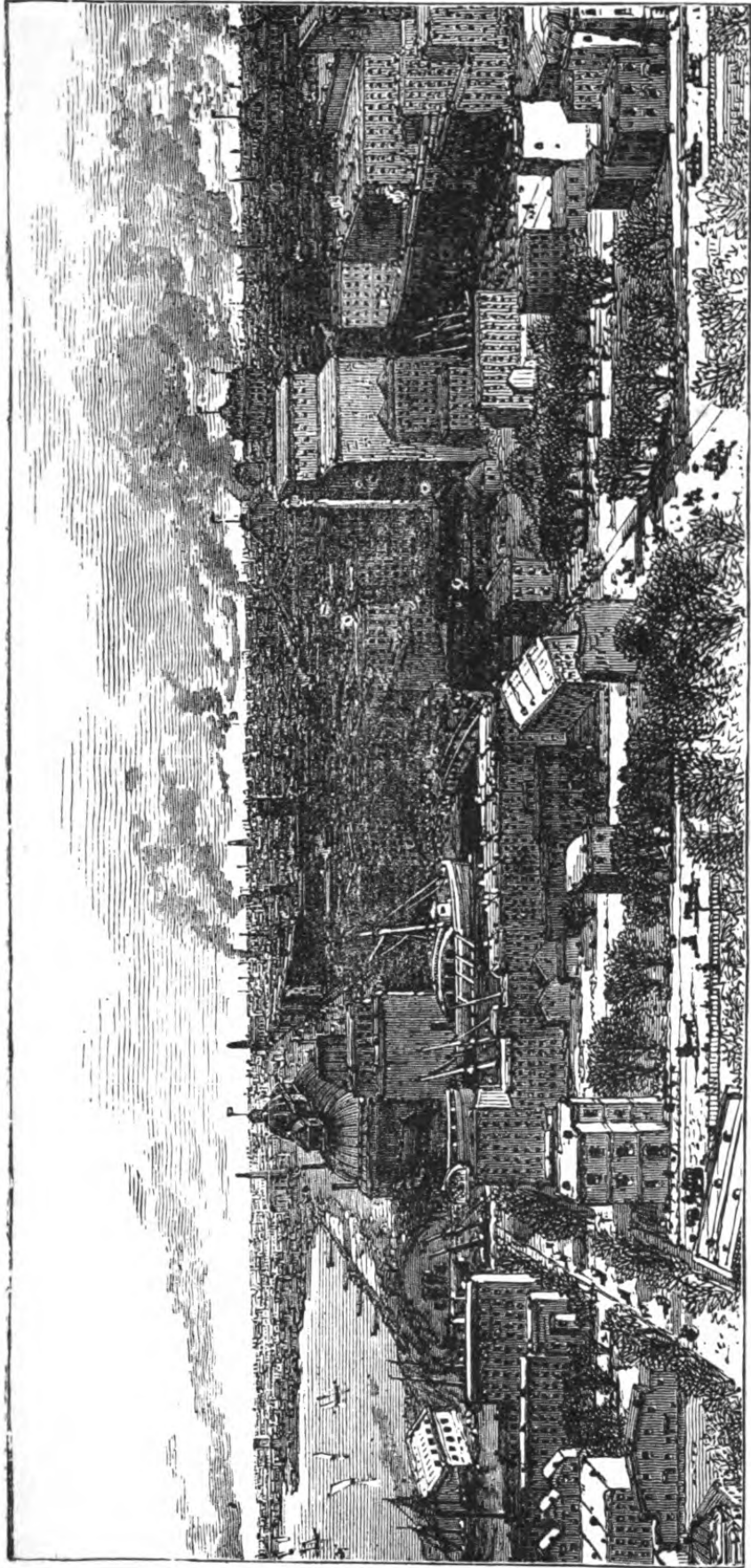
“Workhouse,” the person addressed replied, without deigning to stop.

“Workhouse, indeed,” said I, “you’d be glad enough to have a lodging there,” I guess.

Another gentleman more politely informed me that it was the new City Hall and the County Court House, and that the Chicago citizens declare it to be the finest building in the United States next to the Capitol at Washington. He also pointed out that, although from Clark Street it appeared to be one edifice, occupying an entire block, yet by walking a few yards down Washington Street I would see it was two distinct buildings, designed alike in all the main features, having a narrow space between them, and a courtyard in the middle, and only connected by a tower at the back.

It was now eleven o’clock, and the heat was something fearful, and I thought it would be far better to return to the hotel, or to call on the lady and gentleman whom I had met in Washington, and who had given me their address and urged me to visit them as soon as I came to Chicago, than to wander about in the dreadful heat, and very possibly get sunstroke. From the papers next morning I found that this was no imaginary fear, as that day there were no less than twenty-three cases of sunstroke in the city, of which fourteen proved fatal.

When I called on Mr. and Mrs. Lee they at once recognised me and made me exceedingly welcome.



GENERAL VIEW OF CHICAGO.

They advised me to stay in the hotel during the middle of the day because of the sun ; then, in the evening, to take the Randolph Street cars up to Union and Douglas Parks.

The next morning I was up early, and went in a steam launch out to the breakwater. It is over half-a-mile long, and is constructed by driving wooden piles into the bed of the lake, and filling in the space with heavy unhewn blocks of stone. The entire length of the breakwater, and half its width, are planked over, making a first-rate promenade. There is a lighthouse at the southern end. A number of persons were already out on the breakwater, most of whom were fishing for perch, with which the lake swarms. Some of the fishers had caught quite a large quantity. After returning and taking breakfast I again called on my friends, when I asked them about the men who deal in railway tickets.

“ ‘ Scalpers,’ we call them ; don’t you have them in England ? ” said Mr. Lee.

“ No, certainly not. I never heard of such a business until I came here. Outside a ‘ scalper’s ’ in St. Louis I saw chalked up on a board ‘ Cheap Tickets—Chicago very cheap ; ’ so I went in and asked what he meant by very cheap. He said he meant seven dollars and a half ; so I bought the ticket, and as he picked up the money, he said ‘ Thank you, sir, I’m very much obliged.’ I felt convinced at once that I had been tricked in some way ; yet I came all right with the ticket, I can’t make it out.”

“ Was it a limited ticket ? ”

“ It was the last coupon of a ticket that had been issued in Kansas city, two days before. I think it

did say limited on it, but I don't know what it meant."

"Just this; most of the railroad companies issue two sorts of tickets; limited and unlimited. An unlimited ticket is good until used, however long you may keep it. A limited ticket is issued at a somewhat less price, but must be used within a certain time, otherwise it is void, and the fare paid for it is lost. When the person who bought that ticket in Kansas City reached St. Louis, for some reason or other he wished to stop over, and found himself unable to complete his journey within the time, so sold his ticket to a 'scalper,' who doubtless paid him precious little for it, as unless he found an immediate customer whatever he paid was lost. Possibly the train you came by was the very last one for which the ticket was available."

"Before the ticket-agent sold it to me, he said, 'You're going to-night, are you not?'"

"Then doubtless it was, and sooner than you should have gone out of the office without purchasing it, he would have sold it to you for five dollars, or possibly even less. That is what made his heart throb with thankfulness when you paid him all he asked."

"Thank you; another time I shall be up to them."

Mr. Lee then took me out to "show me round," as he called it. He pointed out to me the Public Library, the leading newspaper offices, the principal theatres, Tremont House, Sherman House, and several of the leading hotels. On Washington Street we passed the Chamber of Commerce, and he told me to take an opportunity, before I left, of going into the ladies'

gallery, any day between eleven and one, when I would have an opportunity of viewing a busy scene of merchants on the floor below, besides examining the handsome frescoes and decorations of the hall itself. Mr. Lee also pointed out to me several traces of the fearful fires which ravaged the city in 1871 and 1874.

“Since then,” he added, “we have learnt wisdom, and have now organised such a fire brigade as is not to be matched anywhere in the world ; so that it would now be a matter of impossibility for a like catastrophe to happen again. If you like, I propose now to take you to one of our fire-engine stations, that you may see the arrangements.”

I of course consented, and we went together to No. 1 station.

“I’ve brought an English friend of mine, and I want you to show him how quickly you can get the engine out, that he may see that we are not the slow old coaches they are, on their side of the Atlantic, but that we’re a go-ahead people out West, and can lick the Britishers all to fits,” said Mr. Lee.

At this speech, the whole party joined in a little laugh, and the captain of the brigade replied, “Certainly, Mr. Lee, we shall be very pleased to do so.”

The engine itself was a steam one, and not unlike those built by Merryweather & Sons, of Long Acre, London. At the back of the engine house were four stalls for horses, three of which were occupied. A pole went through a trapdoor in the ceiling, leading to the upper part of the building, where the firemen slept ; the idea being that, when an alarm of fire was received, it

was a quicker way of descent to slide down it than to come down by the staircase in the ordinary fashion.

The harness for the horses was hanging from catches, fastened to rafters in the ceiling, and arranged just over the spot the animals should occupy when they stood in the shafts of the engine, and the hose carriage. The collars were made in two halves, hinged together at the top, and made to fasten with a snap under the horse's neck, like a lady's necklace, instead of having to twist it over the creature's head, separately, before attaching the traces. This arrangement, of course, saves considerable time, as each piece of the harness is strapped or buckled in its right position, and the whole hung from the roof, in such a manner that when the horse is underneath, a trigger can be pulled, which causes the whole to fall immediately on to the animal's neck and back. An electric fire alarm stood in the office, which not only announced a fire, but also indicated the precise quarter of the city the engine was to proceed to.

I was shown how to set the bell ringing, as though for a fire, and then asked to hold my watch in my hand, and without giving them any warning, to ring the bell, and see how quickly the horses would be harnessed, and all ready to start. Presently, when the men were talking to Mr. Lee, and had apparently forgotten me, I did so. The same current that rang the bell, the same instant unlatched all the stable doors, by means of electro magnets. They flew open, and the horses pranced out, and of their own accord took up their places exactly under the harness, two at the engine, and one in the hose-carriage. A fireman pulled a cord, and the harness

fell ; the traces were quickly attached, and the collars snapped under the horses' necks. One or two men, who were resting up-stairs came sliding down the pole, and all were ready to start.

“Ready,” shouted the fireman : “how long?”

“Twelve seconds,” I replied.

The men were dissatisfied. “You made a mistake ; you mean ten ; that is what we reckon to do it in.”

I said I had made no mistake. The men wanted to repeat the feat to show they could do it in ten seconds, but I was quite satisfied with the achievement already performed and thought it a marvel of alacrity, and suggested that if the horses were again duped they might not be so prompt in answering a real alarm of fire. After thanking the firemen for what we had seen we took our departure and made our way to De Koven Street, where Mr. Lee pointed out the spot where the great fire had originated, and which, it is said, had its commencement in a cow-shed, through an old woman upsetting a small karoscene lamp alight among the straw when she went, after night-fall, to milk her cow. Mr. Lee then said, “I am sorry business will prevent my spending the day with you, but now you are out in this quarter of the city it will be a good opportunity for you to visit the Union Stock Yards.”

“What are they?” I asked.

“What ! have you never heard of the Union Stock Yards and pork packing establishments of Chicago? Why, here we kill and pack more pigs than any other city in the world, on an average about 100,000 per week all the year round. That is why Chicago is often called

Porcopolis. See, here is a note that I wrote before breakfast this morning to introduce you to a dealer in the market up there who will show you how to go about it to see the process. By-the-bye his name is Smith, some name-sake of yours, evidently."

"Oh! is Smith a common name in America the same as it is in England?"

"My dear sir, you must not talk in that way here. In this country we do not speak of a name being common. When a name is largely patronised we call it popular."

"Oh! then I am proud to feel I have a popular name; until to-day I always thought it was a common one."

"This is Halstead Street, and if you take this car that is now coming this way, as far as it goes, you will then have but a very little way to walk, and when you've seen all you wish to there, you might take a 'cross country car' and spend an hour in South Park before returning to the city."

"Thank you, I am very much obliged."

The city of Chicago is very flat, and consequently very difficult to drain effectually. In travelling along Halstead Street the car soon came to a place where a man-hole was open in the centre of the road leading down to the sewers, and over it was standing a large hydraulic van drawn by four horses. The bottom of this van was supplied with a large valve and when they had adjusted this exactly over the sewer-trap the valve was opened and the contents of the water van let down with a rush to flush the sewer.

A little further on I found a household in the act of moving, not the furniture only, but the house as well. It was a large wooden one of two floors, and was being moved by crowbars, by means of rollers running on scaffolding boards laid down for the purpose. It quite filled up the roadway of the street it was in, so preventing any vehicles from passing.

I found the Union Stock Yards very similar to the Cattle Market in the Caledonian Road, London. Besides innumerable pens, there was a large brick building, where the dealers had their offices, and in which were also post and telegraph offices, banking establishments, dining and refreshment rooms, &c. Unfortunately for me, the man with a popular name had gone home to lunch, and would not return to business again that day. His partner, however, directed me to one of the largest packing establishments, and said that if I enquired at the office they would be sure to grant me permission to see all I wished. The horses, cattle, sheep and pigs, arrive at the Union Stock Yards by train, from all the surrounding States. The pigs are turned out, and lie about by hundreds, in deep mire, in large pens, adjoining the slaughter houses, until they are ready for them. They are then driven up an inclined plane, to the top floor of the building, where a man slips a small chain over the hind leg of each pig. The animal is then hoisted from off the floor, head downwards, and the short chain attached to a pulley running on an inclined steel rail, fixed to the rafters of the building, and the pig, by mere force of gravitation, begins to move along this novel railway. The pig by no means admires this treatment,

and grunts and squeaks tremendously. But this is only the beginning of the animal's troubles. Two lightly swung doors are in his path, to hide what is in store for it. The pig bumps against them in his journey, and they open to him, and let him pass. Immediately behind, stands a nearly naked man, up to his ankles in a large trough of blood, with the butchering knife in his hand which he plunges into the pig's throat, as it passes him. If the animal did not like the previous arrangements this is ten times worse ; and its squeals are in proportion. However, another and another followed on, to keep it company ; and still they come, thousands per day being slaughtered in a single establishment. After choking and gasping and plunging for a few seconds all is over ; a catch is pulled, and the body drops from the rail, into a long trough of boiling water ; here the hogs lie, side by side, and are pushed along, from the shallow to the deep end of the trough, where they are hoisted out, and thrown on to a long counter, also on the incline, down each side of which stand a number of men and youths, each having his own particular work to perform. Here, the animal is thoroughly scraped of all hair and bristles, its trotters are cut off, its knees cut, it is decapitated, and finally hung on to another steel rail, and disembowelled. By its own weight, it then runs along this inclined rail, to the next department ; where each hind leg is made secure to a separate rail ; a man comes behind with a hatchet, and with great dexterity, divides the carcase, down the back bone, into two. It then travels on to the freezing chambers, where the meat is next frozen, for forty-eight hours. From here, it slides down a shoot,

on to a block, in the "meating" room. Two men, with hatchets, stand by this block, and as each side arrives, it is cut up by one stroke, from each, into hand, leg and loin. The latter is sometimes sub-divided. Youths in attendance snatch up each joint, and run off with them, and stack them ready for packing. Those intended to be cured for hams are then taken to kilns, where they are hung up in the smoke of wood fires. When sufficiently cured, they are tightly wrapped round in brown paper, sewn up in calico, and then plunged into a vat of yellow ochre and flour, to form a coating over the joint impervious to the atmosphere. They are then hung up, and when sufficiently dry are ready for exportation.

The fresh joints are packed in strong cases, along with quantities of salt, and fastened up under hydraulic pressure. The pigs' trotters, the blood, and the entrails, are melted down in boilers, to make glue and phosphorus, and the blubber is also boiled down for lard in another set of vats. The sickening stench in this department is enough to knock a strong man down, and I was obliged to seek the open air as quickly as possible.

From the Stock-Yards, I went to South Park, which is well laid out, and kept, and possesses a small collection of wild animals and birds. The park is approached by handsome boulevards, on which are erected many fine residences, occupied by the merchant princes of Chicago.

The evening was now coming on, but before returning to the city, I spent a pleasant hour down by the shore of the lake; and at sunset, returned to the city by a local train on the Illinois Central Railroad, which here runs

by the edge of the water. There was no booking office at Oakland Station, where I got "aboard" the train, and the fares were collected by the conductor, as on an English omnibus. In America, local trains such as this was are called "Dummies."

The next day I went a steamboat excursion, in the "Flora," to Waukegan, a town of about 6,000 inhabitants, about forty miles to the north of Chicago. The landing stage is of a very poor description. The flooring planks are of every conceivable length, some projecting over the water, far beyond others, and are full of big holes, and are very treacherous, not being securely fastened; so that if you carelessly step on an overhanging plank the other end is as likely as not to spring up and let you into the water. There are extensive sands at Waukegan, just the place for young children. I noticed a great many of these wore a necklace with a little flat piece of gold or silver dangling from it, on which was engraved the child's name and birthday, in the same way that people in England engrave the name and address on the collar of a pet dog, in case it should get lost. The "Flora" is a very old steamer and very slow, so that it was half-past eleven at night before she landed her passengers at Clark Street Bridge, on returning to Chicago.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Telephone—Its universal use—Prices charged—Consulting the doctor—Chicago Waterworks—The Lake "Crib"—View from Tower—Lincoln Park—The Nursery Jetty"—La Salle Street Tunnel—Raising a "block"—Feeding pigs on peaches—Price of gas—Grain elevators—Chicago dining rooms—Moody and Sankey's Church—An "Upstairs" Church—Smith leaves Chicago—Storm on Lake Michigan—Arrival at Milwaukee—The Court House—Iron blasting and rolling mills—A night on the Lake—The lemonade trade—Grand Haven—A railway chair car—Detroit "Baggage Express."

THE one thing that possibly more than anything else in America astonished me was, the universal use there made of the telephone. In the large cities of the United States, the Telephone Exchange is not only subscribed to by large commercial firms, but by every tradesman who makes any claim to doing anything of a business, besides the hotel proprietors, ticket brokers, and all the leading private inhabitants.

For instance: the day following my excursion to Waukegan, I again called on my friends the Lees. Mr. Lee was engaged with a client, and while I was waiting in the parlour Mrs. Lee came in, went up to the telephone which was fixed there, and signaling to the central office, desired to be connected with Messrs. Carrots & Turnip, the greengrocers. The connection was made, and in a few seconds Mr. Turnip's voice was heard saying "Yes, who is it speaking?"

"Mrs. Lee, of State Street. Have you any nice radishes to-day?"

“ Yes, ma’am, some fresh in this morning.”

“ I wish you would send me round a bunch.”

“ Yes, ma’am ; and the next thing ? ”

“ Nothing else, only I forgot the radishes when I ordered the potatoes and cauliflower of Mr. Carrots just now.”

Mrs. Lee then gave the signal, “ finished,” to the central office, and left the room. Just at that moment Mr. Lee entered, having transacted his business with his client.

“ Good morning, Mr. Smith, how are you ? You look uncommonly pleased about something or other, what is it ? Just received a long letter from some charming young lady in England, eh ? ”

“ No, nothing of the kind. I am so amused at hearing Mrs. Lee use the telephone, to order a bunch of radishes.”

“ Why ! Have you not got the telephone in England yet ? ”

“ Oh, yes, we have it, but they charge such an exorbitant price for it, that it is but little used, except by stock and share brokers, and a few large commercial and banking firms, and the like.”

“ Is that so ? Well, I’m surprised that people in England endure to let such a state of things exist, or if they do exist, to let them continue for another day. I’m sure it would lead to riot and outbreak, almost to civil war, were the free use of the telephone at a low rate taken away from the people here. How much do they charge in England to belong to the Telephone Exchange ? ”

“ Well, you see, so few comparatively are connected with it that I hardly know, but I think it is twenty

pounds per annum, if you are within a mile of the central exchange, and five to seven pounds a year extra for each additional mile of wire."

"How many dollars is that?"

"Twenty pounds is just ninety-six dollars."

"Is that so? People here would not put up with that rate for a single week, I'm sure. Why, I pay fifteen dollars per annum. Besides, it appears to me that they are cutting their own throats in fixing such prices. When the price is low, see how many more will join. Here, in Chicago, we have several thousand members connected with the Telephone Exchange, with any one of whom I, for instance, can immediately be placed in direct communication. And see what an immense accommodation it is. If I am going a journey by boat or rail, without going from my house, by means of the telephone, I enquire the times and rates, and engage a berth, and it is reserved for me. If my wife wishes to visit a friend, she enquires first through the telephone if she is at home, in order that she may not have her journey for nothing. She also gives invitations to her friends to visit her here, through the same medium, besides giving her orders to the tradespeople, as you just now heard."

"I think that must tend to make American ladies very lazy, besides which, they get ill from want of exercise, and then you have to send for the doctor."

"No, we do not have to send at all; nor he to come either. Our doctor lives three miles off, and if we are ill we consult him through the telephone; we are then disconnected, and he is then joined to a druggist in the city near here, and dictates a prescription to him, and

tells him where to send it. The druggist mixes it, and sends it round, and it is all done without anyone going out, except the apothecary's boy, and all within an hour."

"Including getting well again?"

"I did not say that ; but last spring my young daughter was taken very bad, one drenching wet night, with the mully-grubs or something, and we, and the doctor too, found the telephone a wonderful boon on that occasion. You see, the telephone is a great improvement over the telegraph, in more ways than one. In the first place, it saves all the time that the telegraph messenger takes in carrying the message from the terminal office to the address of the person you send it to ; even if it is forwarded the very minute you hand it in, which often it is not. Then again, and this is a still greater advantage, you can ask questions, and receive replies, then and there ; and in endless succession ; in fact, carry on a conversation as easily as we are now doing in this room. Another thing is that the telephone transmits the inflections and modulations of the voice, so that if you wish to speak to a person whom you know well you can tell that it is his voice answering you, and no one else assuming to be the one you want, for the purpose of leading you astray."

"Yes, the telephone is certainly a marvellous invention, and I only wish the price in England was sufficiently low to allow of its being used as universally as with you."

"I'm glad you have come in this morning, because I have a leisure day and can go about with you a bit."

"Thank you. It is very kind of you."

Mr. Lee put on his hat, and we both went out, and took the "stage" (omnibus) to Rush Street, and visited the waterworks. Here is some very fine pumping machinery, though not so large and powerful as at St. Louis or Cincinnati. Opposite the engine-house is a tower, from the summit of which we obtained a magnificent view of the city and Lake. The waterworks stand upon the shore of the Lake in the northern portion of the city; and right out in the Lake, at a distance of nearly two miles, is an erection that has somewhat the appearance of a martello tower, with a dwelling and a light-house upon it. From this erection called a "crib," pure water is drawn from the Lake to the pumpinghouses, through a tunnel about five feet in diameter, bored through the bed of the Lake, and brick lined. Another still longer tunnel, seven feet in diameter, conducts water from the same crib to the south-western portion of the city.

From the top of the water-tower, Mr. Lee pointed out all the principal buildings and churches of the city, also the large and costly Marine Hospital, on the Lake shore to the north of the city. From the tower we walked along the Lake Shore Drive to Lincoln Park. At the southern end are two jetties into the lake. The end of one of these is covered, for protection from the weather, and fitted up as a sort of nursery for sick babies and invalid children. Here are fixed swings, and camping-nets (in which they lay the babies to sleep), and everything that is requisite. A small screw-steamer was lying alongside the jetty, between which and Clark Street Bridge (near the centre of the city), it makes several trips daily, and is paid for by

the Corporation to convey poor children to and from the park gratis. Lincoln Park is very prettily laid out, with small ornamental sheets of water, and a goodly show of flower and leaf gardening. In the northern part of the park is another small zoological collection. The park has a frontage of about a mile, to the Lake shore, where children can play on the sands, as at the seaside.

We returned to the city by Clark Street cars. When we reached the harbour, however, we found the traffic was temporarily stopped, as the swing bridge across the Chicago River was open to allow some shipping to pass. Sooner than wait, we got off the car, walked one block west, into La Salle Street, and walked through the tunnel by which that street is conducted under, instead of over, the river. There are two of these tunnels in Chicago, which cost an immense sum to construct, but appear to be but little used ; people, whether they are walking or driving, preferring to cross by the bridges if they can.

I told Mr. Lee about having seen a house being moved bodily, two days before.

“ Oh, that’s nothing,” he replied. “ Why, close by where we are now is a whole row of brick and stone built buildings, that we raised bodily, a few years ago, by means of screw jacks. Come with me ; I’ll point them out to you.”

On the way, Mr. Lee stopped to purchase a few peaches of a barrow man. When we had passed on, I remarked how exceedingly cheap peaches were.

“ Yes, they always are with us, though this year they

are not nearly so abundant as they were last. Last year they were so plentiful that it hardly paid to bring them to market. I know a man, a few miles out, who gave up sending them; the price was so low. He then threw open his orchard, and let people gather them for themselves, and pay him five cents a bushel; and when he could no longer get customers, even at that rate, he turned the hogs and pigs in, to feed on the windfalls."

"I never heard of such a thing. It is better, however, than letting them fatten on rattle-snakes, as they do down South."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, down in Kentucky, they told me that was how they kept the snakes under."

"We have very fine stores on State, Clark, Washington, and the adjacent streets. Do you not think so?"

"Yes, you have; so fine that I am astonished to see many of them lit with oil lamps after dark, and can only conclude that with all your cheap peaches, and telephones, gas must be exceedingly dear out here."

"Well, of course, I guess, it is dearer than oil."

"It ought not to be. How much do you pay?"

"Three dollars per thousand."

"*Outrageous!* Why, when I lived in the south of London, I paid three shillings; that is seventy-two cents per thousand, and it is now less than that, and in the great towns in the north of England it is only about one-fifth of the price you are paying here."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, indeed it is. American people are very fond of telling me that they wonder we English submit to

"... other they would not, for a single
... yourself: use now, with respect
... all, now I am sure I can well men
... the same to you about the gas."

"... guess you have the advantage of
..."

"... wooden structures that I see
... of the Chicago River?"

"... elevator. You should visit one of
... from the grain grow-
... into a sort of pit, at the
... From there it is carried to
... means of a very broad end-
... attached. Arrived at the top, it
... for storage. Some of these
... eight thousand bushels; and
... have ten or twelve such bins
... different sorts and qualities of corn
... it is transferred from here by
... and steamers for conveyance
... But here are some dining rooms.
... some dinner, for I'm hungry, and
... the same."

"One thing I noticed at American dining-rooms was
that at home ... they bring you the meat you
called for ... you were expected to eat it all of,
but always ... or a small dish; and usually
without gravy or the merest apology therefor. A great
deal of milk and ~~cream~~-milk, and cold tea with sugar
and ice is drunk at dinner, as well as other meals. It
is very rarely that you see an American take either beer

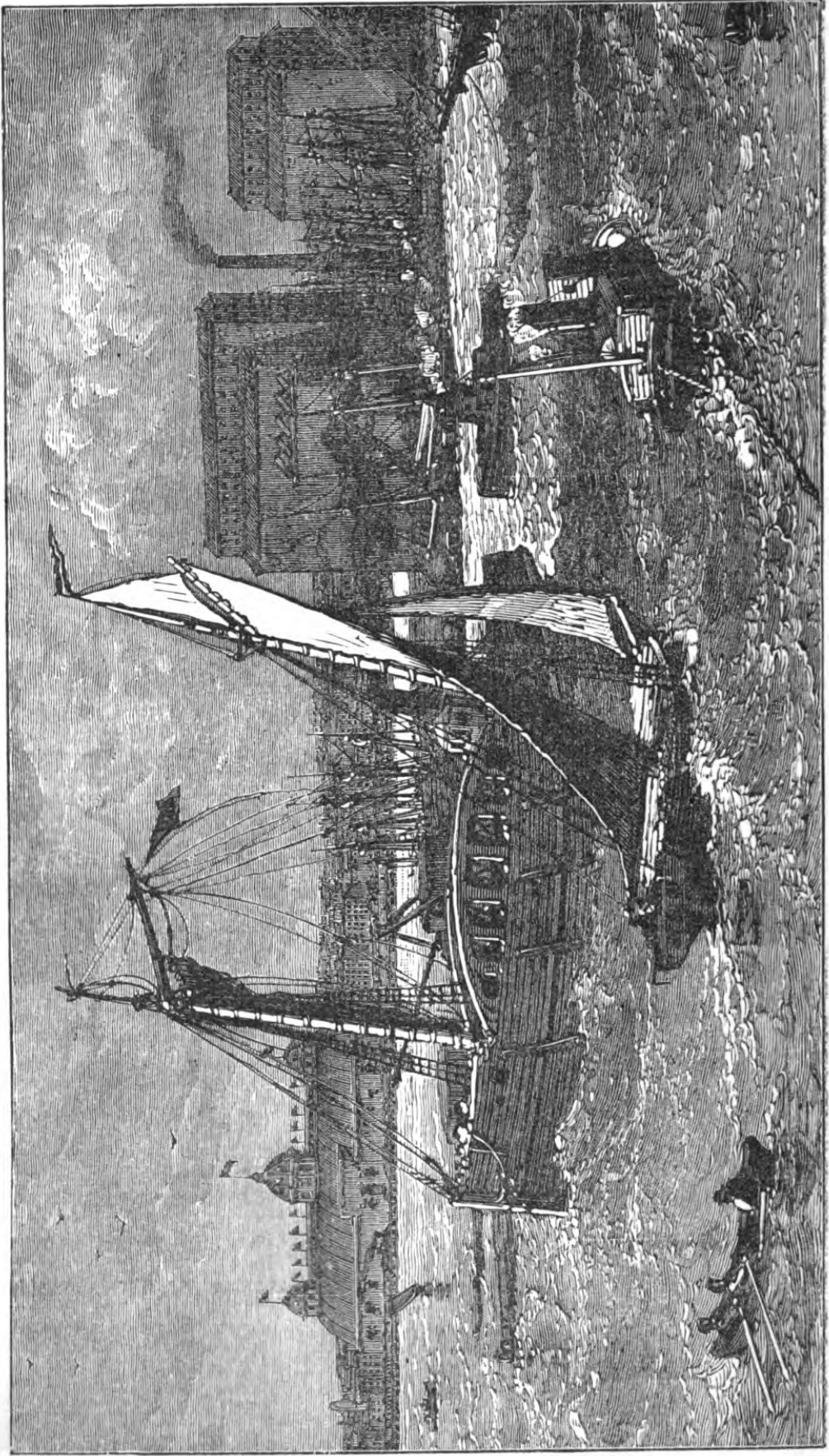
this, that, and the other ; they would not, for a single day. You said so yourself just now, with respect to the telephone ; and now I am sure I can well turn the tables, and say the same to you about the gas.”

“ Well, certainly, I guess you have the advantage of us there.”

“ What are those lofty wooden structures that I see so many of along the banks of the Chicago River ? ”

“ They are grain elevators. You should visit one of them. The corn arrives by train, from the grain growing districts, and is emptied into a sort of pit, at the bottom of the building. From there, it is carried to the top at a great rate, by means of a very broad endless belt, with buckets attached. Arrived at the top, it is shot into immense bins for storage. Some of these bins will hold sixty and eighty thousand bushels ; and a single ‘ elevator ’ will have ten or twelve such bins for the storage of different sorts and qualities of corn and grain. When sold it is transferred from here by similar means, to ships and steamers, for conveyance down the great lakes. But here are some dining rooms. Let us go in and get some dinner, for I’m hungry, and should think you’re the same.”

One thing I noticed at American dining-rooms was that at none of them did they bring you the meat you called for on the plate you were expected to eat it off of, but always on another, or a small dish ; and usually without gravy or the merest apology therefor. A great deal of milk and butter-milk, and cold tea with sugar and ice is drunk at dinner, as well as other meals. It is very rarely that you see an American take either beer



CHICAGO FROM LAKE MICHIGAN.

or wine with his food. Foreign wines and beer are exceedingly dear in the States on account of the very high tariff levied on them by the customs; and as for American made, it is not worth drinking.

On Sunday evening I visited the church built for Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who were not there. The service consisted of short stirring addresses by several speakers. The church is a large semi-circular building which the congregation did not more than half fill. At the corner of Clark and Washington Streets, in the very centre of the city, a congregation of Methodist Episcopalians have erected a building, the ground floor of which is constructed and let off for stores; the first-floor as offices, while above they have erected their church and schools. Of course the rents received from the commercial speculation underneath greatly assist the church funds.

In Chicago, except in quite the main streets, the sidewalks are of wood planking, raised a foot or two above the level of the roadway.

On Monday morning I left Chicago for Milwaukee in the steamer "Sheboyan." There was quite a storm on the Lake, and many of the passengers were sick. The distance is about ninety miles, and the steamer, which was due about five o'clock, was so hindered by the roughness of the weather that it was nearly ten at night before the passengers were landed.

The next morning I visited the Court House, from the cupola of which I obtained a splendid view of the lake, the city and surrounding country, including the water works to the north, and the iron blasting mills

to the south. The houses in Milwaukee are built largely of a light cream-coloured brick, which gives the city a very clean appearance, looking down on it from the dome of the Court House. I thought the streets of Milwaukee better paved than those of any other United States city I had ever seen ; and some of the roads about the Court House are well shaded with avenues of trees. I was also successful in obtaining permission to see over the great flour mill of Messrs. Sanderson & Co., with which I was much interested. In the afternoon I went over the iron blasting and rolling mill, where I saw the blast-furnaces run ; there are two of them, and they make about sixty-four tons of pig-iron every twenty-four hours.

That evening I left Milwaukee in the screw-steamer "Menomonee," having come across nothing particular except an organ-grinder. This event was chiefly and solely remarkable from being the first of these familiar European characters that I had seen in the United States. I could only account for it on the supposition that when any of them made sufficient money in Europe to pay their passage money across the Atlantic, and chose to do so, they soon found that there many other businesses paid far better than turning the handle of a barrel-organ ; such, for instance, as squeezing half a lemon into a glass with a little sugar and crushed ice, filling it up with water, and charging from five to ten cents for it. During the hot weather numbers of men, and sometimes women, have a small street-stall, and drive a thriving business at lemonade making and selling in this simple way.

At 4.30, the next morning I was aroused by the coloured steward to find that the steamer had already arrived in the harbour of Grand Haven, a muddy little creek on the opposite shore of the Lake. The passengers for the most part breakfasted at the railroad depot, and then proceeded by train to their various destinations. The train for Detroit left at six o'clock; and for the small extra fee of only twenty-five cents I obtained a reclining chair in the parlour car. These chairs are very comfortable, and have high cushioned backs, that can be fixed at any angle, by means of a rackwork, so that you can either sit up, or almost lie down in them. In this way I travelled, most comfortably, right across the State of Michigan, and arrived in Detroit soon after noon. Shortly before arriving, an "Express" man came through the train, to check passengers' "baggage" to their private residences or hotels. I handed him my check, and directed him to send up my portmanteau to the Russel House; and received an acknowledgment in return, to be given up when the baggage was delivered. This, however, took them eleven hours to accomplish. I concluded their only possible excuse could be the distance the hotel was from the depot, viz., something under half a mile.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Windsor—The British flag—"What have you there?"—Transshipping a train—Making wheels for railroad cars—Basket parties—Belle Isle—Lost in a wood—View from City Hall—Woodward Avenue—More Sulphur Springs—Cleveland—Absence of garden walls—Euclid Avenue—Lake View Cemetery—Headstones and grave-mounds discountenanced—Costly monuments—Euclid Avenue Park—Germans and German sausage—"Saloons"—Cask making by machinery—The reservoir and pumping houses—Bridge across the valley—Smith learns more about railway ticket scalping—He proceeds to Erie—Massassanga—Cheap gas and firing—Cruising in Erie harbour—Departs for Buffalo.

THE streets of Detroit are wide and well paved, many of them being shaded by avenues of trees; and there is also a good service of tram-cars in all directions. Russel House is very centrally situated, being on Woodward Avenue, opposite the City Hall and the Opera House, from which point any part of the city is easily accessible by means of the horse-cars.

After luncheon I took the ferry steamer, which plies every ten minutes, and crossed the Detroit River, to Windsor, on the opposite shore, and so was once more under the protection of the British flag. "What have you there?" I heard a voice say to a buxom dame, who had returned in the steamer from marketing in Detroit. "Only some butter, eggs and groceries; do you wish to see?" was the reply. I turned round, and saw a Custom House official peering into the old lady's basket. He appeared satisfied, and let her pass, and accosted

another, a man who had crossed on the steamer with a light cart. The inspection here was not so satisfactory, and he had to march into the Custom House.

In Windsor, I noticed one or two little things that showed how much more closely the Canadians follow English manners and expressions, than their English speaking neighbours in the States. For instance, I saw a board, at an empty house, stating, "This house to let," whereas, in the States, it is universally, "This house for rent"; and they also in letting apartments say, "A flat for rent;" instead of "A floor to let," as we should. Again, at the Windsor railway terminus, (that of the Great Western of Canada), a table of fares to every station on the line was hung up in a position where the public could inspect it. I saw a train come in, when part of it was run on to a large ferry steamer, fixed in a dock, by the water's edge; and was, in this manner, taken across the river, to continue its journey through the State of Michigan to Chicago, without the passengers or the baggage being moved, except so far as they may be disturbed by the United States' Custom House Officers.

Unlike Philadelphia or Washington, Detroit has no public buildings of any great political or historical interest; and it derives its importance partly from its geographical position, and partly from the extensive manufacturing enterprises carried on in and near it. One of these, the Car Wheel Works of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, I obtained an order to inspect. They are about three miles from the city Court House, and are well worth a visit. A wheel made of hard wood

is pressed into a paste bed made of sand and flour, mixed with clay and water. This is allowed to dry, and another mould to form the back of the wheel is made in the same way, and carefully fitted over the first. Nearly five hundred weight of molten iron is then poured into the united mould, and kept in slight motion, by a man pushing an iron rod up and down in it until it begins to settle. This takes place in about two or three minutes. After about ten minutes the mould is broken up, and the wheel, in a state of brilliant red heat, placed into a brick lined pit, about fifteen feet deep. Another and another are placed on the top, until they reach to within four feet of the surface ; when they are covered over, and the pit filled in with sand, and the wheels are allowed three days to cool. If they were not thus tempered, but allowed to get cold more rapidly, they would turn out brittle, and be liable to fly when in use, should they strike against a stone, or any other unevenness on the railroad.

In the Detroit River, opposite the northern extremity of the city is a small island, about three miles long by one broad, called Belle Isle, and which is much visited by picnic or "basket" parties,—a great American institution everywhere. It is so thickly wooded, that I managed to lose myself there; I got quite alarmed at the prospect of being unable to regain the pier in time for the last return ferry, and so having to spend the night there. I pushed on and on, evidently, however, not in a straight course, although that is what I was trying to do. It seems so absurd to be lost in a wood, when the whole island that it is on is as small as Belle

Isle. Anyone, however, who has had a similar experience, will know that in a forest, on a dull, cloudy day or night, with dense foliage over head, or thick underbush all about you, without a compass, it is a matter of great difficulty to travel in a straight line. After wandering about a long while, I at last emerged from the wood, and was rejoiced to see the river before me. On which side of the island I had come out of the wood I could not tell, as I was unable to discover in which direction the river was flowing. I, however, followed along the water's edge, until I again caught sight of the landing stage. A steamer was just coming up to it, which, by dint of hard running, I was just able to catch. The city authorities have recently purchased the island, with the idea of converting it into a public park. As yet, however, but little has been done in that direction.

The next morning I went to the top of the tower that surmounts the City Hall, from whence can be obtained a splendid view of the plan of the city. It lay spread out like a map beneath me. I could also see the shipping on the river, and the Canadian shore beyond. A watchman is stationed up there day and night, who takes note of all that passes on the river. He is also placed in direct telephonic communication with the fire-engine stations of the city, as from his elevated position, he is often the first to detect a fire, and is able to signal its locality to the fire brigade.

Woodward Avenue is the principal road in Detroit. Commencing at the river, it runs at right angles to it, in a westerly direction for miles, with a gradual gentle rise the whole of the way. At the lower end are situated

the principal stores, hotels, and public buildings ; while further on, it is lined by private residences belonging to the leading inhabitants. Some of these have their name cut on the stone mountain step, at the edge of the roadway, in front of their gate.

In Detroit the letter carrier collects as well as delivers, people running out and handing him their letters as he passes, which he pops into an extra bag, slung round his neck for that purpose.

I left Detroit that evening in a fine steamer of 1,094 tons, called the "City of Detroit." I had a state room to myself, where I enjoyed a good night's rest, and when I awoke at six o'clock next morning, I found the steamer was in the harbour of Cleveland.

The streets and roads of Cleveland, even in the suburbs, are laid down with wood paving blocks, which cause the traffic to pass comparatively quietly. Many of the private residences here, in the best quarter of the city, have no fencing whatever to divide the garden surrounding the house from the road, nor to divide one garden from that of the next door neighbour. It has a very novel but at the same time a very social appearance to see a number of houses, standing in a row, on one great lawn.

Cleveland is often called the city of trees, on account of most of the streets being lined, on either side, with long rows of them.

In the centre of the city is a nice open space, surrounded on all sides by "stores" and offices, and cut up by roads. It is called the "Public-square," and is laid

out as an ornamental garden ; and at night is illuminated by the electric light.

There are some fine streets of private residences in Cleveland. One in particular, called Euclid Avenue, has a world-renowned reputation. Some of the houses on this road are very large and handsome, standing a good way back from the roadway, with spacious and well-kept lawns, and gardens in front, beautified with statuary, and casts of dogs, stags, &c. From there, I proceeded by tram to the most beautiful cemetery I think I have ever seen. It is called Lake View, and is about five miles from the city. The head gardener (a Scotchman) when he found that I was on a visit from the old country, took special interest in pointing out the natural and artificial beauties of the place.

“ Well, Mr. Gardener, this is a beautiful place, totally unlike any cemetery I ever saw in England ; and yet, for the life of me, I can't tell wherein the difference lies. I wish you'd inform me.”

“ Certainly. In all the graveyards in the old country you have great, ugly, flat headstones, leaning about in all directions. They are very unsightly when first put in, and they soon get out of the perpendicular, and become a greater disfigurement still. Here, we allow nothing of the sort. There is not a flat head-stone anywhere in the grounds. If the relatives of the deceased cannot afford, or do not choose, to erect a monument that shall be ornamental and pleasant for the eye to rest on, they have the option of not marking the grave at all, or if they do, the headstone must not exceed fourteen inches above the ground ; and if you look round you

will see they are usually of marble, and very thick. The other great difference is that here we allow no grave mound to exceed three inches above the level of the surrounding surface, and we prefer that there should be none at all. At home you pile a great heap of earth on the top, as though you were anxious to keep the persons you have laid underneath the sod down, but were afraid they would rise again, and meet you before the judgment day. See what an improvement it is to do away with such an absurd disfigurement. Why, it makes the place look like the lawn of a gentleman's garden."

"Some of the monuments here are very fine."

"Yes, we have a few fine ones; but as yet the cemetery is comparatively new, only having been opened in 1870. In a few years' time it will be much improved. Still we have some very costly ones. This mausoleum, with a statue inside of a young girl kneeling on a cushion in the attitude of prayer, is erected to the memory of a young lady, the only daughter of one of our wealthy citizens, who died at school in Paris (France) when only sixteen years of age. It cost 16,000 dollars, and is the most costly monument we have as yet. Over there is the Rev. Mr. Goodrich's monument; the son of that author of books for boys who wrote under the name of 'Peter Parley,' and yonder is where President Garfield is buried."

On the way back to the city I took a walk round Euclid Avenue Park. It is the property of a private gentleman who has very munificently thrown it open to

the public. There is no attempt at flower gardening there, but there are some delightful drives. A small stream runs through it, and there are some pretty cascades, which have been artificially improved.

There is a large German population in Cleveland, and on Saturday night the market on Ontario Street is thronged with them, both buyers and sellers ; bargaining in the German tongue over American-made German-sausage, &c.

I was painfully struck with the large number of low beer-shops in America called "saloons." On Ontario Street, in a row of nine consecutive houses, four of them were saloons, where on Saturday night they had either a fiddle or a concertina going to attract customers. On the other side of the street, nearly opposite this row, I counted three houses adjoining that were all saloons. Beershops and also waiting-rooms at railroad stations, &c., are all called saloons in the States. During my short stay in Cleveland I managed to pay a visit to the cooperage works of the Standard Oil Company. They are well worth going to see, but it is necessary to get an admission order from the office in the city first. I saw them making fifty-gallon casks in which to store the petroleum oil, when purified, at the rate of 5,000 casks a day, or about seven per minute. The great circular wheel-planes, by which the straight boards were shaped into cask staves, astonished me most. The oil wells are many miles from Cleveland, and the petroleum is forced through pipes the whole way to the company's works, where it is refined and barrelled. The reservoir is situated in the western portion of the city

across the Cuyahoga River. It is a very small affair considering the size of the city that is supplied from it, and in the event of a large quantity of water being required to extinguish some great conflagration, would be exhausted in a few hours. Round the top of the dam which forms the reservoir, is a public promenade, which, being situated at the highest point of the city, commands an extensive view. The water is drawn through a tunnel extending under the Lake for over a mile, and terminating in a crib, the same as at Chicago.

I afterwards visited the pumping houses, which are down near the shore of the Lake, and which, as at all the other American cities, are open, and perfectly free for the public to walk through.

The river, which divides the east and west portions of the city, runs through a deep valley over half a mile wide, the general level of the city on either side being about a hundred feet above the water. The river and valley have been spanned by a splendid stone viaduct, with an iron swing bridge, where it crosses the river, to allow of the tall masts of ships, going father up the harbour, passing. It was completed in 1878, at a cost of nearly half a million pounds English.

Purposing to leave Cleveland early the following morning for Buffalo, I thought of the purchase I had made a fortnight before, when travelling from St. Louis to Chicago, and the five shillings I had saved through buying my ticket off a scalper. So I took a walk round to see if any of the ticket agents in Cleveland had a ticket to Buffalo to sell cheap, as I thought that after the information I had received from my friend Mr. Lee,

at Chicago, I would now know how to go about it, and to strike a better bargain. I looked on the notice boards of several, but none had any particular bargains to offer for where I wanted, that I could see, so at last I went into the store of one in Superior Street, and enquired.

“No, I’ve none to Buffalo only, but if you like to speculate about sixteen or seventeen dollars, I have one to New York *via* Buffalo, by which you will save a dollar.”

“But I don’t want to go to New York: I have a lot of places I wish to visit first, the rest of the ticket will be of no use to me.”

“I know that; but I will give you an order on an agent in Buffalo, and when you get there, you take the remainder of the ticket to him, and he will refund the difference, and you will save a dollar on the fare between here and Buffalo.”

“But perhaps he won’t; or, will offer to buy it at a price at which I shall lose instead of gain.”

“Oh no, you will not. Perhaps you do not understand our system.”

“No indeed, I think I do not. When I was at Milwaukee last week, I went to a scalper to buy a ticket to Detroit, and he had not one, but wanted me to buy one for beyond, and get the difference refunded at a place he told me of, in Detroit, and I would have nothing to do with it. I thought the party he named might not be willing to refund so much as he said he would.”

“Oh yes he would; you would have found it all right. I will explain. We have a Ticket Agents’ Association,

with about two hundred members altogether, at different cities, all over the United States. When I sell you a ticket that extends beyond the place you are going to, I give you an order on a member of the association at that city, to refund you so much on the remainder. You take him the ticket and the order, and he will hand you over the amount stated, without any difficulty whatever. If the sum is wrong it makes no difference to you, as he pays it without any demur, or even informing you that it *is* wrong. The agent who sold you the ticket is responsible for that, and if it is too much, it is he who makes it good."

I left Cleveland at half-past seven the next morning, and reached Erie in about three hours, where I "stopped over" for a day. The town is a very dull, quiet little place. After an early dinner or luncheon, I walked down to the harbour. It is a beautiful bay on the shore of Lake Erie, about five miles long, and by one to two broad, and is formed by a narrow arm of land, stretching out into the great lake, from the western end, and nearly encircling this inner sheet of water, leaving only a small entrance on the east side. I went in a small screw steamer to Massassanga, at the further end of the inner water, and about four miles distant. Here there is an hotel, and a sort of tea and pleasure gardens, and it is a very favourite place for picnic parties from Erie. There is a large supply of natural gas here, issuing from a well sunk by the hotel proprietor, at the cost of seven hundred dollars. It is a gas generated from petroleum oil, with which this end of the state of Pennsylvania, in which Erie is situated, abounds. The top of the well is bricked

over, and a pipe inserted, thus forming a sort of subterranean gasometer. Not only do they use the gas for lighting the hotel throughout, and for doing the whole of the cooking by, but also to illuminate the outbuildings and grounds, in the most extravagant manner, it being left flaring away in flames a yard long, in broad daylight.

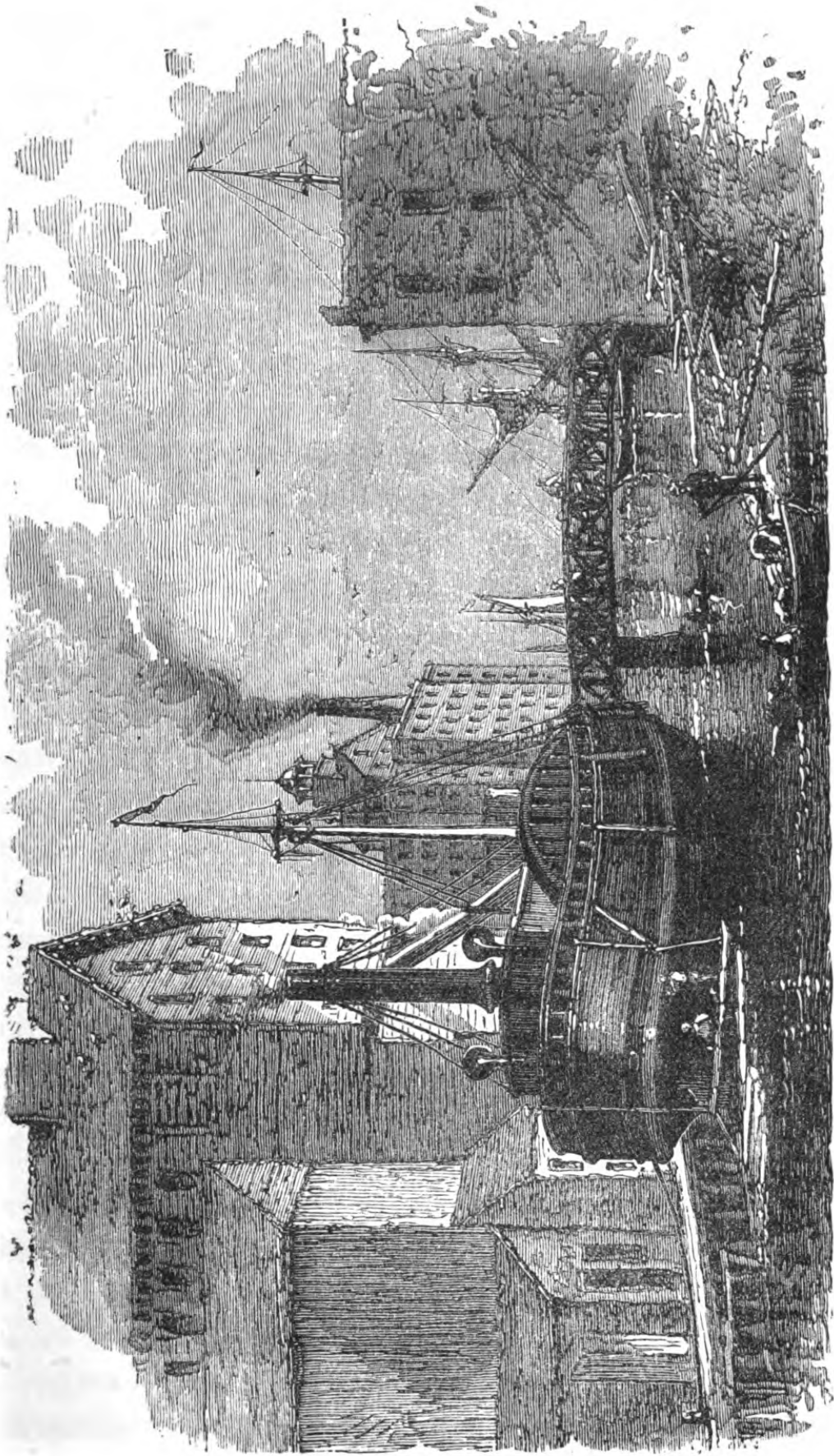
Erie harbour forms a first rate place for trying one's skill in navigating small sailing yachts, as it is sheltered from the storms often experienced on the great lake beyond. This form of amusement is consequently very popular in Erie, and that afternoon and the next morning, I spent a very enjoyable time sailing about the bay, in a small quarter-deck yacht of about three tons burden. Delightful as the amusement was, I knew I must not stay long to indulge in it, or I would be compelled to return to England without visiting many places and scenes that I longed to see. I therefore said good-bye that afternoon to Erie and the boating, and continued my journey by train to Buffalo, arriving there in about two-and-a-half hours.

CHAPTER XIX.

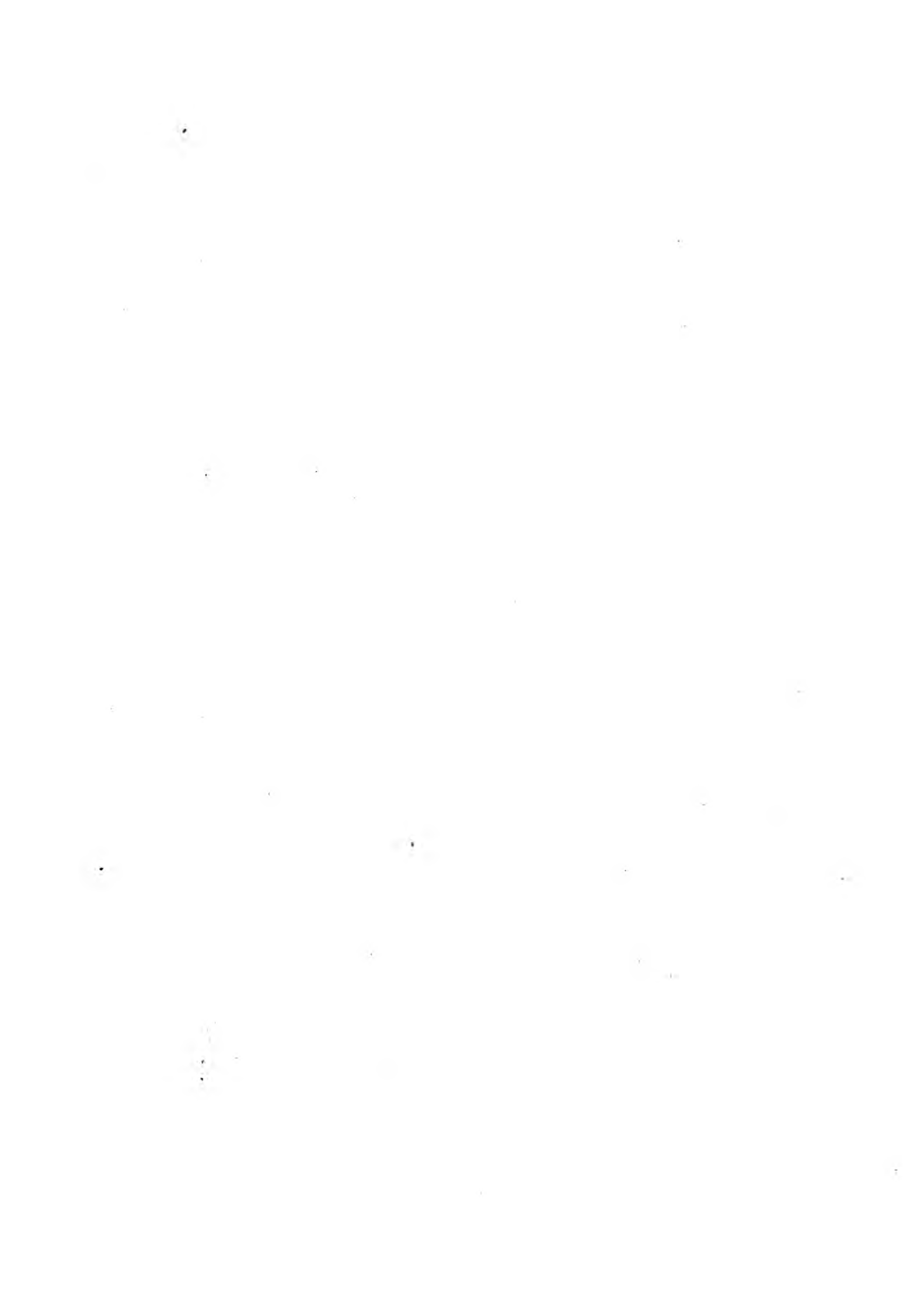
Buffalo—Discharging a cargo of corn—City Hall—Excursion to Grand Island—International railroad bridge—Proceeds to Niagara Village—Depot arrangements—Niagara hackmen—Goat Island—The Rapids—The Three Sisters—The tragedy here in 1879—The American Fall—Luna Island—“I'm going to throw you in”—The Canadian or Horseshoe Falls.

AT Buffalo, I was once more in New York State, although over four hundred miles by rail from the commercial capital of the Republic that bears that name. Buffalo is a great port for the transshipment of grain (that has been brought down the lakes from the western States), from the vessels to the railroad cars, or Erie Canal barges, for transfer to New York or other ports. I took a walk among the grain elevators, down by the harbour, and was much interested in watching the great rapidity with which a cargo of corn was transferred from the hold of a “lake steamer” to the bins of the elevator. A long wooden contrivance, like a cattle drinking trough, boarded over, is let down obliquely from the top storey of the building, into the grain in the vessel; at each end of this trough is a roller, over which a broad band is stretched. Tin buckets are attached to this band at about a foot apart; the whole is set in rapid motion, and thousands of bushels are soon transferred from the boat to the bins of the elevator.

From the harbour I walked round the city to see the



STEAMER DISCHARGING GRAIN.



principal buildings. After a peep in at St. Joseph's Cathedral and St. Paul's Church, I visited the new City Hall and Court House, which is an imposing building, both inside and out. Besides the council chamber and court of justice rooms, it possesses an imposing staircase, lit by a beautiful sky-light in the roof of the building.

In the afternoon I took a trip by an excursion steamer to a favourite picnicing spot for Buffalo holiday makers called Niagara View (*i.e.*, of the river, not of the Falls). It is on an island in the Niagara River called Grand Island, which is about seven miles in diameter, and is formed by the Niagara dividing into two rivers, which meet again about two miles above the Falls. Where Lake Erie enters Niagara River the stream is very rapid. The river has a fall of several feet to the mile, and the current runs at some six and a half miles per hour; consequently it is only steamers with powerful engines that are able to return against it. Opposite Niagara View, is the town of Tonawanda, the greatest lumber mart in the states. In going and returning, the steamer passed the magnificent International Railroad Bridge, which connects the United States Railways with those of the Canada Southern and Grand Trunk.

From Buffalo I proceeded to Niagara Falls, and a railroad ride of about fifty minutes landed me within half a mile of the greatest wonder of the world. The New York and Hudson River Railroad has a good depot at Niagara Village, suitably arranged for exceptional excursion traffic at times. Inside the station yard

there was no crowding of conveyances, plying for hire, with drivers impeding your progress, and thronging round you, all endeavouring to obtain you as a fare ; the only vehicles allowed there being some half dozen stages (omnibuses) belonging to the principal hotels. Outside the depot it was different, but I had been previously informed that the Falls, the depot and the hotels were all close together, so that it was quite unnecessary to ride. I had also heard so much about the extortions practised on visitors by the Niagara hackmen that I had fully determined not to set my foot in a hack the whole of the time I was there, a vow which I managed to keep, although I found it very hard to do so.

I entered my name at one of the hotels, and, after a refreshing wash, determined to go out at once, and obtain my first view of the Rapids and Falls. In the bedroom a card was hung, asking visitors requiring hacks or carriages to engage them at the hotel-office, so as to be protected from the extortions for which outside hackmen were so notorious. No sooner had I made my appearance downstairs, than a man accosted me with,

“ Are you going for a drive, sir ? ”

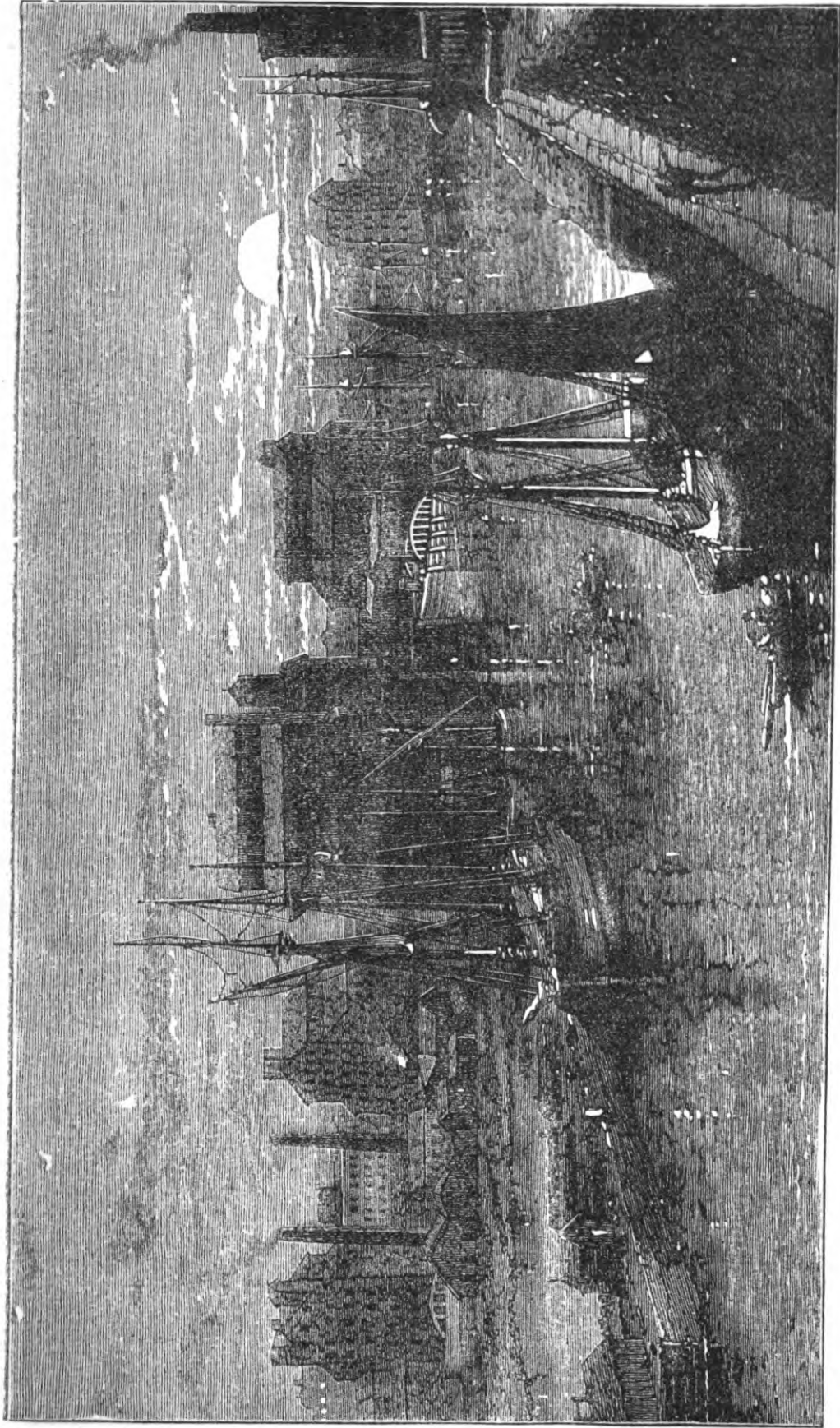
“ No, I am not. I'm going for a walk,” I replied, and passed out.

The fly-proprietor followed.

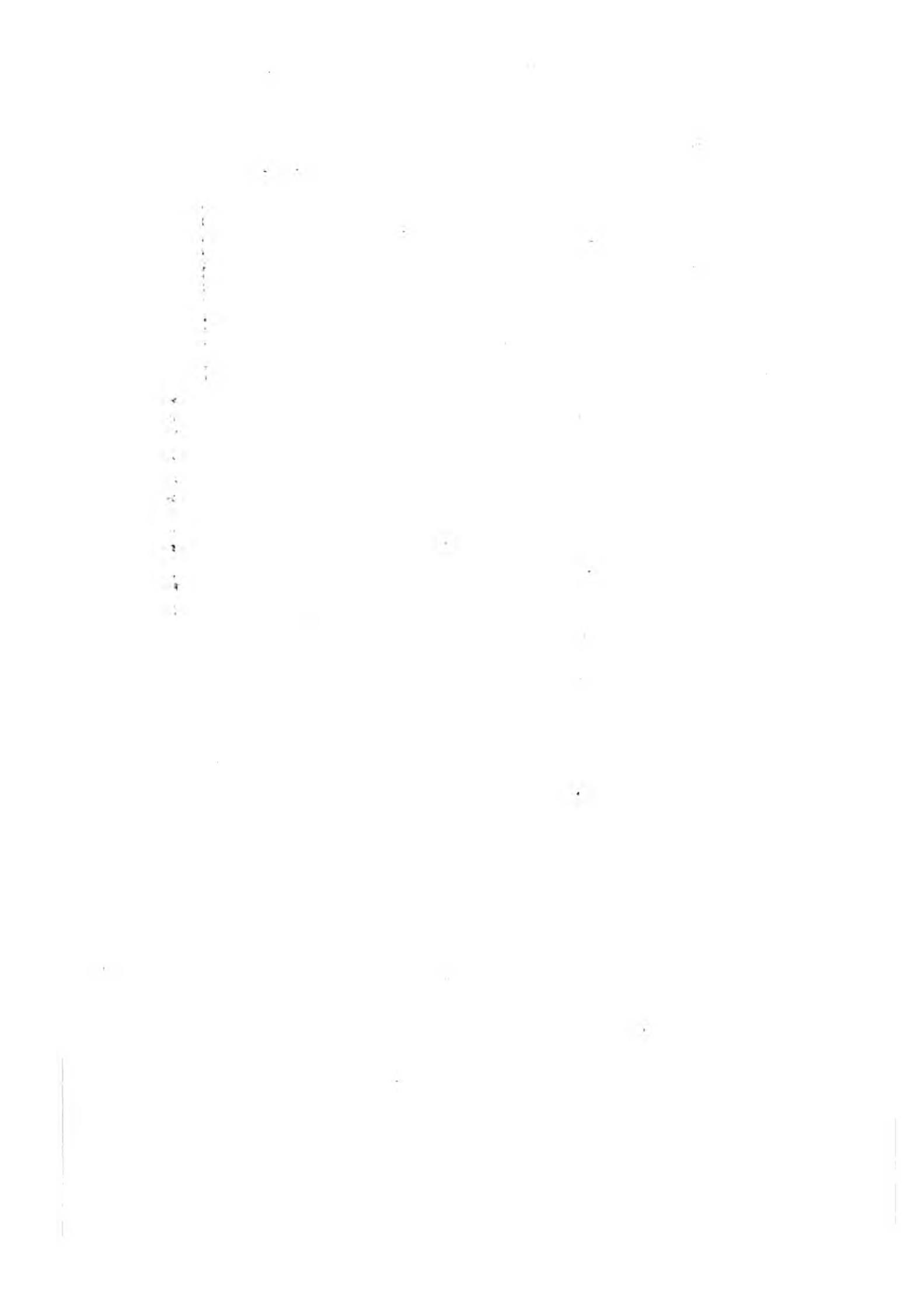
“ You'll not see nearly so much by walking as you can if you ride.”

“ Oh, indeed, I thought it was just the reverse.”

“ I guess not. It stands to reason you can get over



BUFFALO.—ENTRANCE TO HARBOUR AND RIVER FROM LAKE ERIE.



more ground riding than if you walk ; besides which, if you are a stranger, my man who drives you will be able to explain everything you pass."

"When I require your services, I'll come to you. You need not follow me about in this way; you'll gain nothing by it." So saying I stopped short to look at the things exposed for sale in the window of a fancy store, more to shake my tormentor off than anything else.

But it was no good. No sooner did I stop than the fly proprietor stopped to look in the same store window.

"Those photographs are well taken, are they not?"

"Yes."

"It's a beautiful afternoon for a drive."

Turning round sharply, I exclaimed, "Just you look here. You are only wasting your time. I do not mean to set my foot inside a hack *once* while I am at the Falls."

"Indeed, how is that?"

"Why! I have been told over and over again to be sure not to do so, or I shall be fleeced through thick and thin, and I believe it is correct, for either you must make an exorbitant profit out of your customer, or else you must be half-starved, to follow a person so persistently to obtain a single fare."

"Whoever told you that has probably hired a hack of some irresponsible hackman out in the road. When persons do that they may expect to get imposed upon. When you hire it from the hotel nothing of the kind can take place. When you return there is no squabble about fare, as there usually is with outsiders. You

don't pay the hackman, or me either ; nothing is said about it. It is booked to your account with the hotel, and you pay when you leave."

" Well, it is no use to-day, I can assure you."

The fly proprietor saw that I meant what I said, and that it would probably do more harm than good to press the matter further, at this time, so he let it drop with simply saying, " Perhaps, sir, another time you may be requiring a carriage, when I shall be glad if you will have it of me," and then went in search of a fare who would better repay his eloquence in arguing.

I was glad to get rid of him, but immediately another man followed me to the corner, sitting on the box of his hack, and talking in the same strain as regards the advantages of riding over walking. A few yards further on, I was accosted by another.

" My good friend, it's perfectly useless; why, a chap up there, outside the hotel, has been wasting about ten minutes, trying to get me into a hack, but it's no good, I'm not going to trouble you gentlemen at all while I am here, for I can't afford it."

" No ; and no wonder if you engage a hack at the hotel, for they charge about double what we do," said the hackman.

" Up at the hotels there are notices hung in the bedrooms, stating just the reverse; and advising visitors to hire them at the office to prevent being imposed upon by outside hackmen."

" It's nothing of the kind, sir. It is not we who impose upon the visitors. It is at the hotels, where they cut the visitors' throats. I'll tell you how it is. A man

who owns about a dozen hacks or so will pay to an hotel a thousand dollars for the season, to be allowed to loaf about in the office and entrance, and tout for fares from their customers."

"Oh! is that it."

"Yes, sir. So you see it stands to reason that a 'boss,' who has to make up that amount for the hotel, besides paying the men he employs to drive, before he has a dollar for himself, cannot afford to do it as cheaply as we can, who have nothing of the kind to pay. He has large expenses to meet, which he must make up from somewhere; and of course it is those who ride in his hacks that have to pay for it. If you will get in my hack I will take you all round for two dollars, including Goat Island, and Table Rock, and the Burning Spring, and explain everything to you as we go."

"No, I told you it's no good."

"I'll take you for a dollar."

"It's perfectly useless."

"Fifty-cents. There, sir, step in, I want a fare."

"You're only wasting your time."

"Come, sir, get in, I'll take you a ride for ten cents."

I shook my head. "It's useless, I've made a vow not to set my foot in a hack as long as I'm here."

"How is that? see I'll take you for nothing, if you will only come. You can't say that is unreasonable."

"Indeed I can, for that would not pay you."

"Well, perhaps not; but if I choose to do it—there I'll leave it to yourself, whatever you like to give me."

I was more determined than ever not to go with the man; and was heartily glad to escape him by crossing

the bridge over the rapids to Goat Island, where my tormentor could not follow without paying a heavy toll."

About half-a-mile above the Falls, the Niagara River is divided into two, by what is known as Goat Island. Between the upper end of this island and the edge of the Falls, the bed of the river has a fall of fifty-feet, which of course causes the water to surge along at a fearful velocity. Besides Goat Island, there are in these rapids several other rocks and islets, known as Bath Island, Luna Island, the Three Sisters, &c. A good bridge, three hundred and sixty feet in length, across the rapids at their most impetuous point, connects the main land on the America side with Bath Island, on which there is a large paper mill. This is soon crossed, and another and much shorter bridge continues the roadway on to Goat Island. This island divides Niagara into two separate falls, that known as the American Falls, being over 1,000 feet across, while the Canadian or Horse-shoe Fall, so called from its semi-circular form, is about double that distance round. Crossing Goat Island by a path through the wood, with which it is covered, I found before me a river three times the breadth, with rapids if anything grander than those I had already crossed in coming from the main land. Some distance to the right, a cloud of spray, curling like wreaths of smoke high into the air, indicated the spot where the Canadian rapids terminated, with a grand final plunge at the Horse-shoe Fall. I decided however, to defer seeing that impressive spectacle for a little while, lest it should take off from the enjoyment I

felt in watching the surging torrents of the rapids before me as the water raced by. So I turned to the left, and visited three small islet rocks called the Three Sisters, at the Northern end of Goat Island, and connected with it and with each other by bridges. These islets are each about a hundred yards long, by twenty in width, and thickly wooded. Standing at the edge of these, and looking up the river, one can see where the rapids commence, by the water passing over a ridge across the river, about 200 yards before you, thus giving the appearance of a horizon at sea. The bed of the river descending very rapidly from this point, the water comes furiously on, as though it would sweep the little islets before it, but instead, passes round and between them like a millstream. They are a favourite resort for visitors, who spend whole mornings or afternoons there reading newspapers or books, or doing fancy needlework.

In June, 1879, a lady and her husband came to spend a few days at Niagara Falls. Among other spots of interest, they one morning visited the Three Sisters. In an hour or two the husband returned to the hotel alone, and announced that he should have to leave at once as his wife had slipped into the water, and he was afraid she had gone over the Falls. He thereupon went upstairs, packed up his baggage, together with his wife's jewellery, which, by some unaccountable omission, she had neglected to put on that morning, paid his hotel account, left thirty dollars to bury her with, should her body be found; then took his departure, and has never since been heard of. The strange part of the story is, that although

there must have been people about, as there always are during the visiting season, he did not cry for help, or call anyone's attention to the accident at the time, but returned composedly to the hotel, without telling anyone of those he must have passed on the way, as one would have naturally expected a loving husband, in his anguish, to have done ; nor did he return to take his proper place as chief mourner at the funeral of his wife's body, which was found shortly after, below the Falls.

From the Three Sisters, I continued my walk round the upper end of Goat Island, and along the other side following the American Rapids, until they come to the final precipice. At the lower end of Goat Island, called the Hog's Back, on emerging from the wood, a magnificent view burst upon me. The grandest waterfall by far that I had ever beheld. A river over 1,100 feet in width, rushing furiously along, here gives a headlong plunge of 164 feet. The depth it is difficult to realize, as a dense and incessant cloud of fine spray is constantly rising from the rocks beneath, thereby obscuring the foot of the fall. After gazing for some time in silent wonder and awe, I descended the flight of steps that led to the water's edge above the Falls, and crossed by a small bridge that led to a tiny islet named Luna Island, which is situated in the American Rapids just at the edge of the fall, and so diverts a small portion of it from the main stream. The small portion thus diverted is still sufficient of itself to form a splendid fall, probably exceeding in grandeur anything the British Isles can show, even that of the Foyers.

It is from Luna Island that the nearest and grandest

view of the American Fall can be obtained. A strong iron rail surrounds the rock, so that visitors can approach the very edge without danger. It was here that a tragedy, probably the most mournful that ever happened at the Falls, occurred. A party consisting of a Mr. De Forest and family, together with a friend, named Mr. Charles Addington, were viewing the falls from this spot, on June 21st, 1849. The party, in high spirits, were about leaving the island, when Mr. Addington playfully caught up one of Mr. De Forest's children, a little girl named Annetta, saying, "I'm going to throw you in"; at the same time lifting her lightly over the iron rail that surrounds the rock. The child was frightened, and wriggled, and writhed so that he was unable to hold her, and she slipped from his hands, and fell into the wild current of the rapids. With a shriek the young man sprang to her recovery; but before the terror-stricken group on the island had time to speak or move, they had both been swept over the precipice. The crushed remains of the little girl were found the same afternoon, in the "Cave of the Winds," which is underneath that comparatively small portion of the fall which Luna Island cuts off from the main stream. The body of the unfortunate Charles Addington was likewise recovered a few days afterwards.

Returning from this spot to Goat Island, I continued my walk and soon came to "Biddle's Stairs," where a notice board outside the office at the entrance announced was the way to the "Cave of the Winds"; and that dressing rooms were provided, and oilskin dresses were to be had, to enable visitors to pass right under that portion

of the Falls, for a fee of one dollar. A little further on I obtained through the trees my first view of the Canadian Fall, and a few yards further I saw the steep path by which visitors are enabled to descend to the water's edge. Some light foot-bridges with hand-rails, provide a way to pass to sundry rocks at the edge of the precipice, some distance out in the stream, on one of which a tower used to stand, but has now been demolished, in consequence of there being signs of the foundations giving way.

The fall is majestic and grand to the extreme. From its semi-circular outline, it is often called the Horse-shoe Fall, and used to describe that figure more perfectly than it does now, but a few years since an immense mass of the rock gave way, and fell with the noise of thunder, leaving a triangular shaped gap about the centre of the curve. The Canadian Fall is about 2,000 feet round, and the mass of water that passes over is three or four times as great as that over the American Fall. Here, in parts, the water as it passes over, assumes a brilliant emerald green colour, which indicates a great depth, experts estimating it at twenty feet in thickness. From the immense cauldron formed by this circular fall, over a third of a mile round, a great cloud of spray rises in wreaths high into the air, like clouds of smoke issuing from the crater of an active volcano; and floats away on the wind, to fall in copious showers a mile or two off. On the rocks, at the very verge of the Horse-shoe Fall, I stayed entranced, until the shades of evening coming on warned me that it was time to return to the hotel.

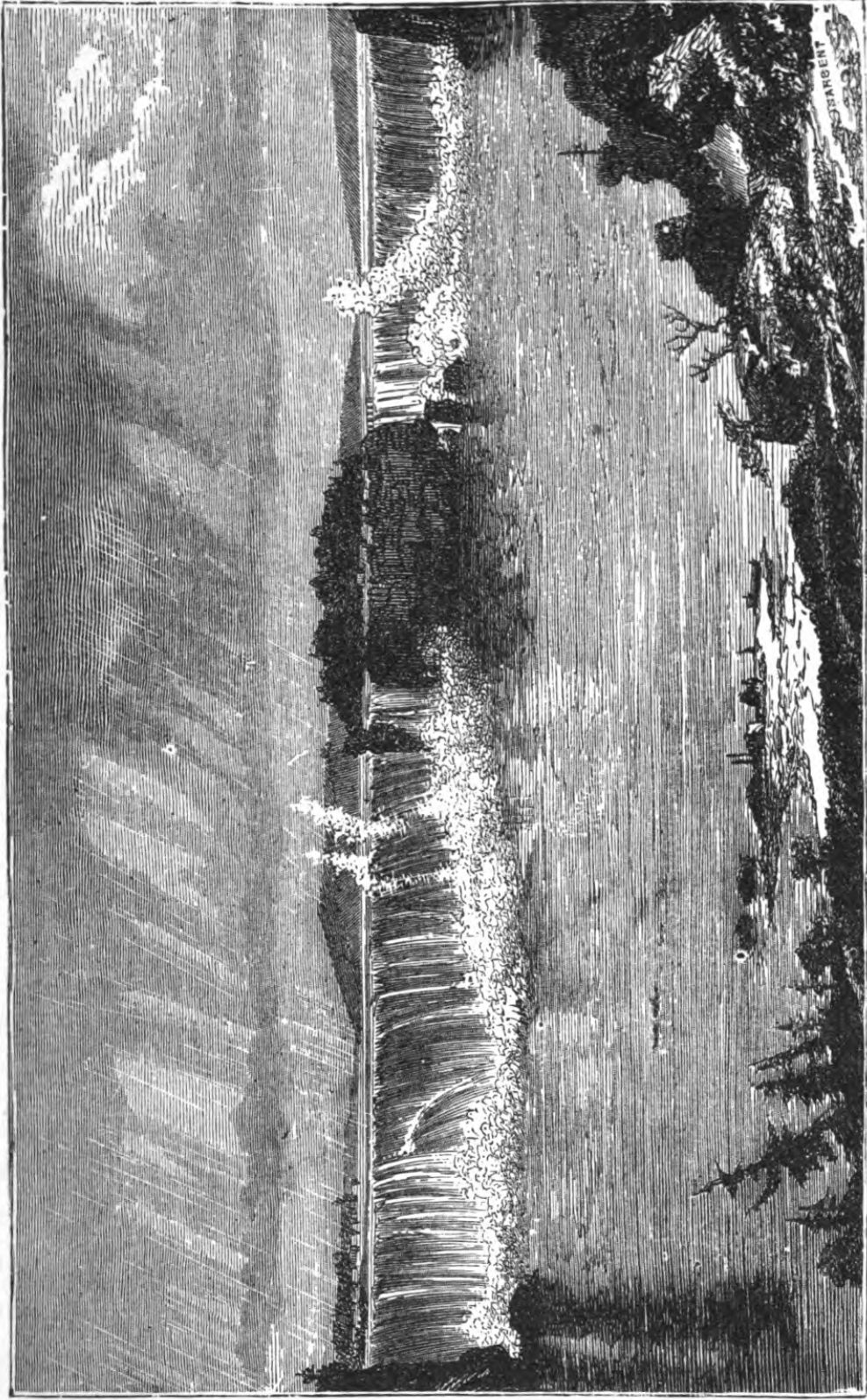
CHAPTER XX.

General flow of the Niagara River—The Suspension Bridge—A foolish wager—Prospect Park—Another tragedy—View from the Park—The missing pot of gold—The elevator—The “Shadow of the Rocks”—Under the Falls—A Bath in Niagara River—“You speak such broken English”—View from the Canadian side—Dalrymple’s experiences—Cost of a gratuitous ride—A “free view”—Camera-obscura view of the Falls—Indian trophies—Cost of a day’s outing—Niagara City—Railroad Suspension Bridge—Water-Mills at Niagara—The Whirlpool Rapids—Canadian spelling—“No, I can get rice at home”—Cave of the Winds—Circular rainbows—Bathing at the Foot of the Falls—Evening at Prospect Park—Electric coloured lights—Illumination of the Falls, &c.—Smith removes to Prospect House—Table Rock—Horse-shoe Falls from below—The Burning Spring—View from Great Western Railway—A Yankee’s idea of seeing “all round”—Departure.

ALTHOUGH the general run of the Great Lakes is from west to east, that of the Niagara River, which connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, is from south to north; while at that portion just above the Falls it is actually flowing from east to west. At the Falls the river turns at right angles to the north. The result of this is that on the American side, you are only able to get a side view of the Falls; and that in order to get a full front view, it is necessary to cross the river to the Canadian side. This is easily done, as there is a good suspension bridge across the deep chasm through which the Niagara runs for some miles after going over the great Falls. This bridge is very narrow, having a width of roadway just sufficient for one vehicle, and a very narrow footpath on one side only. The ravine is 1,190

feet across from cliff to cliff, and the bridge is 1,268 feet from tower to tower, and the roadway is 190 feet above the water. While it was in course of erection, a foolish man, for a heavy wager, actually dropped from it into the river below. Nearly four seconds elapsed from the time he let go till he disappeared in the water. In a few seconds more he appeared on the surface, terribly bruised. A small boat was taken out to him immediately in which he rowed himself to the shore, and thus won his wager, but was ill in consequence for months after. The river at this point is of great depth, and in accepting to undertake such a hazardous feat, the man calculated on being able to dive to a great depth when he entered the water.

The Suspension Bridge is certainly a great convenience in giving easy access from one side of the river to the other, and must be specially appreciated at the beginning of winter, when the ice forming prevents the passage of rowing boats across ; and again in the spring when the thaw is breaking it up, so that it is unsafe to walk on it. The most disagreeable part connected with using the bridge is that there is a toll of twenty-five cents to pay, each and every time you walk across, and more if you ride, beside the liability of being searched as soon as you reach the other side by the Custom House officials of the country you are entering, to see if you are bringing any contraband merchandise into the land. On the mainland abutting on the American Fall is a pleasure garden, which in 1872 was purchased by a company, much improved and beautified, and is now called Prospect Park. It is of no great size, about four



GENERAL VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS FROM CANADIAN SIDE.



acres in extent, and is bounded on one side by the rapids above the Falls, on another you look over a precipice, and view the river flowing through the gorge that the Falls have themselves cut in ages past. I entered my name in a book at the entrance gate, and paid the seventy-five cents for a free pass for the season, as I felt I should like to feel free to come and go whenever I liked while I stayed at Niagara; and that it was much better than paying twenty-five cents admission each time I entered the park. The place is prettily laid out with flowers and trees, while a small stream diverted from the river a short distance up the rapids runs through the grounds supplying sundry fountains and ponds, and then into the engine-house to drive the machinery for working the elevator, which I will describe presently, and also the dynamo machine for generating the electric light, with which the park and fountains together with the rapids and the edge of the Falls, are illuminated after dark. Prospect Park has already witnessed two or three mournful tragedies. Not so very long ago a young man paid the entrance fee at the gates, and then walking deliberately to the river, took off his coat, and plunged into the mighty rushing torrent of the rapids, and in a few seconds was swept over the edge, and dashed to pieces on the rocks below. One corner of Prospect Park is at the very edge of the Falls, and has been rendered perfectly safe by a low brick wall having been built round, so that you can stand there and see the never ceasing falling sheet of water, and be close enough to touch it at the very edge that it falls over, with a walking stick or umbrella

in perfect security. Standing in the corner, the visitor has to his left, the rapids, coming tumultuously on; while straight before him, stretching from the spot where he stands for 1,100 feet across to Luna Island, this mighty torrent ever plunges headlong 164 feet on to the rocks below, where it again unites with the waters that have come over the Horse-shoe Falls, and flows off at right angles to the American Rapids; only again to be caught in more rapids a mile and-a-half lower down, and to go surging along through a ravine more or less deep and grand, for seven miles further to Lewistown. On the rocks at the water's edge below the Falls, the Prospect Park Company have erected a long corridor-shaped building, with a many-coloured dome at one end. It is reached from above by an inclined railway plane, something like those at Cincinnati, only worked by water power, and the cars running under cover all the way down. The building below is called the "Shadow of the Rocks." Looking at it from above, I found it almost obscured from view by the clouds of spray from the Falls, which a southerly wind was driving in that direction. The sun was shining brightly, forming a brilliant rainbow that I looked down on. One end of it appeared to rest on the galvanized roof of the "Shadow of the Rocks." That I could see very distinctly, and at once thought that it would be a good opportunity to recoup myself the expenses of my lengthy tour from the pot of gold proverbially to be found there.

It is needless, however, to add that I searched for it in vain; as, on this particular occasion, it was, for some unaccountable reason, missing.

After gazing at the grand spectacle before me for an hour or more, I thought I would go down to the rocks beneath, where I could now and again see persons crawling about like drowned rats, and view the mighty cascade from below. So, paying the fees in the office at the head of the inclined plane, I stepped into one of the cars, and was quickly lowered to the bottom of the cliff. The interior of the "Shadow of the Rocks" is a corridor about 60 feet long, with dressing rooms on either side, for those who, like myself, wished to scramble over the rocks, and pass behind and under the fall for a little way. At the end of the corridor, under the painted dome is a circular room, surrounded by windows of plain and coloured glass, for viewing the Falls without getting wet. A south-westerly wind was, however, driving the spray so violently against them that little could be seen. I next gave one of the guides my ticket for a bathing suit, wherewith to go out on to the rocks, and was shown into one of the dressing rooms, and directed to divest myself of every article of my own clothing ; as, despite every precaution, I would be drenched to the skin. I soon re-appeared, attired in a pair of very coarse blue serge pants, a yellow oilskin coat with a hood, and a pair of felt slippers, to prevent the feet from slipping on the wet rocks. Another gentleman emerged at the same moment from another dressing room, and we followed the guide, who was similarly dressed. He took us first to a prominent rock standing out before the falls, for the sake of the view ; which, however, it was impossible to get, by reason of our eyes being instantly blinded by showers of spray every time we ventured to

look up. The guide then beckoned us to follow him, and guided us over the rocks, and along a plank footpath that led behind the sheet of falling water. I kept squeezing the water out of my eyes with my knuckles. To look up was impossible, to look before me was almost as bad. It was difficult to see where I was stepping. The guide did not speak, but merely made signs, as the roar of the falling torrent rendered it impossible to hear a word. When either of us held back, afraid to proceed further, the guide took us firmly by the hand and drew us on. A narrow plank footpath passed right under the falls for a short distance. Along this the guide took us singly as far as it went, drawing us backwards; and passing along in the same position himself, in consequence of the still heavier splashes of water with which we were now deluged. He then, by signs, bade us look at the falling sheet of water, suspended like a living curtain of whitish green before us. In returning, he pointed out how the sun, shining on the spray, caused rainbows to appear wherever a dark back ground could be obtained. Before we again dressed, he pointed out a spot in the river where it would be quite safe to bathe, as it was surrounded by a railing fixed in the water, to prevent persons being carried away, should they be unable to swim against the current. Here, however, owing to the great depth of the river further out from the shore, it is not so strong as one would be led to expect, after viewing the rapids from above. Being a very hot day, we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of taking a swim. While doing so we got into conversation, and very soon the strange gentleman,

whose name was Dalrymple, said to me, "You're a foreigner, are you not? You're certainly not a Yankee, and I guess you're not an American at all."

"Are you sure?" I replied.

"Positive, for you speak such broken English."

"If you wish to learn pure French, where would you go to pick it up? To lower Canada?"

"I guess not. I guess I'd go to Paris."

"Very well. If you acknowledge that French people should speak the best French, you certainly should accord the same to England and the English."

"Oh, I guess by that that you're an Englishman."

From this introduction, an acquaintance sprang up between us, which lasted during our stay at the Falls. When we had again dressed, we crossed in a row-boat to the Canadian side, where we were met, on landing, by several importunate hackmen, who followed us with their buggies up the steep winding road that lead to the top of the cliff; each trying, by arguments similar to those I had heard on the other side, to induce us to ride.

"You're only wasting your time, for I am fully determined not to set my foot in a hack, while I am at the Falls," I said. Then turning to Dalrymple I said quietly, "I can't make those men out at all. Yesterday a man, after boring me for ever so long to ride, at last offered to take me about for nothing. I did not believe him, because that would not pay him."

"Oh, yes, it would," replied he. "Not but that he would have finely abused you at the end of the ride all the same. I tried it the other day, and in a few yards he drew up at a place with a few shells and trinkets in

the window and said, ' You must go in here, Sir, they have here some genuine articles of real Indian manufacture.' I said I did not wish to buy anything of that sort ; but he was extremely solicitous, and their touter ran to the hack, and assisted with his solicitations to get me in. A hundred yards further on, he drew up again at a shooting gallery, and asked me if I did not wish to try my hand at a shot. He next drew up at a petty fogging place, where he declared they had some Indian curiosities of great value. Admission to view, only 25 cents. From there we crossed the Suspension Bridge, for which I had to pay half a dollar each way. He then drew up again at Dr. Somebody's Museum, which we shall pass directly, and then at another fancy store place. Further on the hackman drove me to see the burning spring, for which there was another fifty cents. to pay. It is, however, a great curiosity. But it soon became evident to me, from the great interest the hackman took in inducing me to spend as much money as possible, that he received a large commission from the proprietors of these various establishments, on the amount of custom he brought. When we returned, however, he was by no means prepared to fulfil his promise of the ride being a gratuitous one, but demanded three dollars ; and was somewhat abusive because I would not pay him more than two, and reminded him of his promise to take me for nothing, so that, altogether, with the money I spent, and the bridge tolls, &c., I thought the ride cost me quite enough."

"Indeed, I should think it did."

During this conversation, we had reached the top of

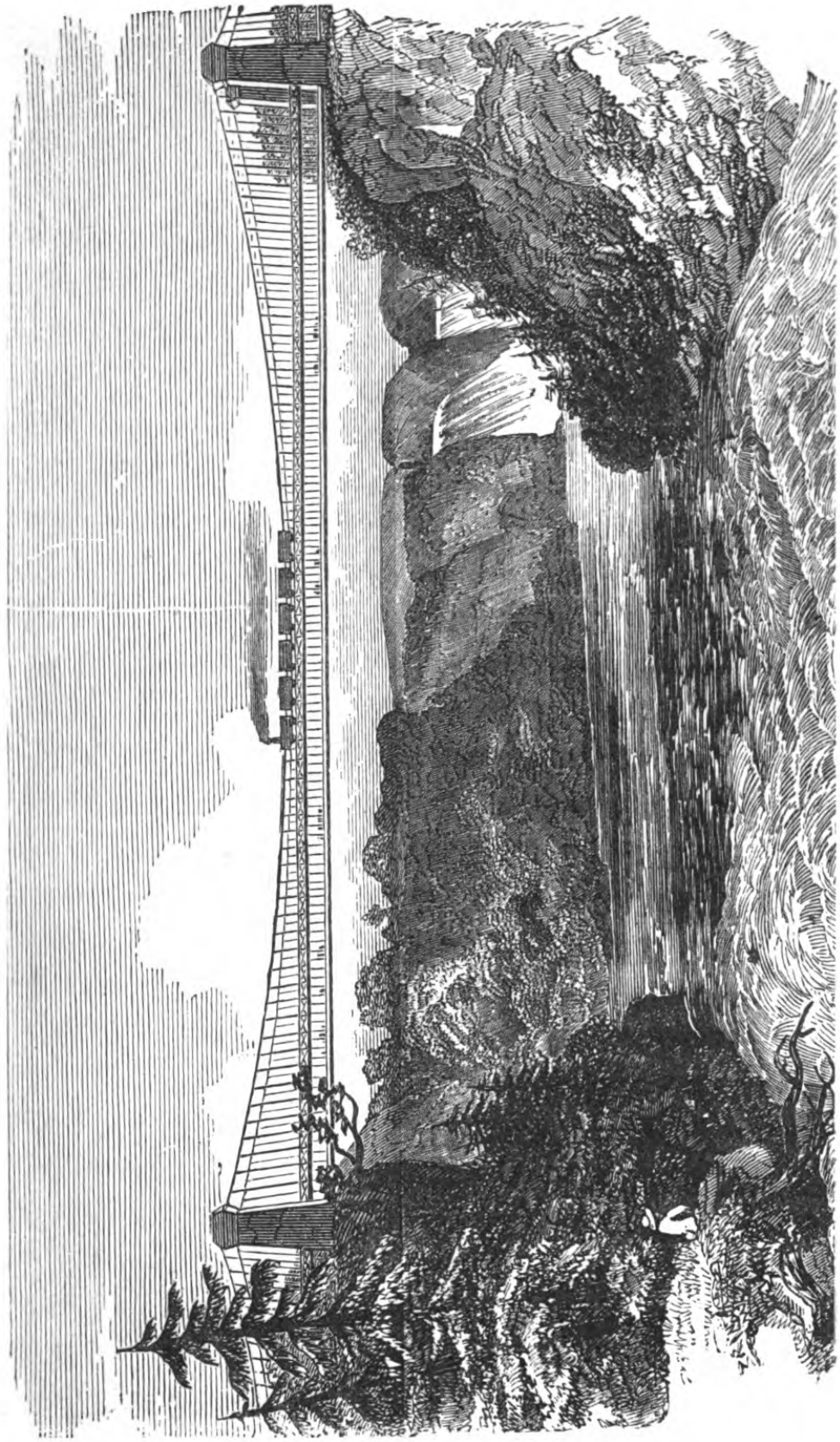
the cliff, where there was a small Custom House, about the size of a garden summer house, and opposite, across the road, stood the "Clifton House," the grandest hotel at the Falls. Turning to the left, we wandered along the carriage drive, towards the Horse-shoe Falls, stopping now and again to admire their beauty, as seen from different points as we approached them, as also that of the American Falls, of which we now had a full front view.

Presently we reached the edge of the Horse-shoe Falls, which are grand in the extreme, and sat down on a beam of timber for a while, to watch the ever falling, mighty torrent of water. Soon a touter came up, and tried to induce us to pay a dollar each for a bathing suit, and to view the Falls from below. We, however, declined on this occasion, having just had one wetting. We also declined the offer of a "free view" from the top of an adjoining house, as we certainly had a nearer view from where we were sitting. We, however, agreed to see a picture of the Falls, as thrown on the table of a camera obscura, for 25 cents each, and a small fee to the attendant. After spending some time at this spot, we returned by way of the Suspension Bridge, to the American side, Dalrymple all the while entertaining me with amusing anecdotes of persons who came to the Falls, and spent money there, quicker than they earned it at home.

It appears that a great many persons who come to the city of Buffalo on business, take the opportunity, as they are then so near the Falls, of running over by train, and after spending the day at Niagara return to Buffalo again in the evening. When staying at Buffalo a few

days before, a party of commercials, or "runners," as the Americans say, had taken a day's holiday in this manner. In the evening they all returned in high glee, one of them in particular, more merry than sober. When he came in he was loaded with a bow, arrows, shield, tomahawk, scalping-knife, etc., that he had been induced to buy, as being of *real Indian manufacture*, and very rare and valuable; although, in all probability, they had been made in New York State, and could be replaced by the gross at any time. Under his arm he carried a bottle of wretchedly poor champagne, which someone at Niagara had induced him to pay eight dollars for, and his friends said he had drunk more than he brought home ; under the influence of which he had probably been induced to purchase this eight-dollar bottle, together with the Indian trophies. At the hotel his friends persuaded him at once to go to bed, which he did. The following morning he knew better what he was about, when on counting over his money, discovered that one way and another, his day's excursion to the Falls had cost him forty-seven dollars, of which one only went for the railway fare. He certainly had in return the so-called Indian-made goods, and his bottle of bad champagne. These, however, only added to his vexation, as they caused him to be the laughing-stock of the guests at the hotel, the other runners plaguing his life out for the "authentic history" of the manufacture and career of his "Indian" bow, shield, and scalping knife.

After luncheon Dalrymple and I again met by appointment, and took a walk along the banks of the river, below the Falls to Niagara City, about a mile and a half



THE DOUBLE SUSPENSION BRIDGE ON NIAGARA CITY.

from Niagara Village. Near the latter place are some large mills, worked by water power; the water is taken from the river, near the head of the rapids, and brought by a canal, nearly a mile in length to this spot, where it branches right and left to the various mills, and ultimately pours again into the river, from tunnels bored in the face of the rock, about half way up. One of these mills is fitted with three turban water-wheels, each of 1,000 horse power, working under eighty feet head of water. At Niagara City is another and very much more substantial suspension bridge. It is 800 feet across, and connects Niagara City with the town of Clifton, on the Canadian side. The bridge is a double one, the upper roadway being used by the trains of the Great Western of Canada Railway, the lower, being for foot and ordinary street traffic. 230 feet below, the Niagara is here again seething along in a most tumultuous torrent. On both sides of the river are elevators, worked by water power, where for a fee of fifty cents the visitor can descend to the water's edge. We crossed by the suspension bridge, which is somewhat cheaper than the other one, as the fee of 25 cents franks one back again, any time the same day, without further payment. We then followed the course of the rapids, intending to walk to the whirlpool, about a mile below, and just above which the river contracts to a width of only 220 feet, where, surging through the rocks, it sweeps completely round a small circular bay on the left, forming a sort of whirlpool, and then turns sharply to the right. It is stated that any floating substance caught in this whirlpool will frequently revolve about the centre of it for weeks

together. We did not reach the spot so easily as we expected, as when we were nearly there, we found the road turned sharply to the left, inland, and we were faced by a field, on the fences of which was painted, "Take *head* not to *trespas.*" "Notice:—Not *too* cross the fences." "Trespassers will be *delt* with according to law," &c. We were so frightened by these alarming threats, and still more astounding spelling, that we actually followed the road for about a quarter of a mile round this field, until it led to a spot where it was possible to descend to the water's edge, and where a house had been erected, and a fee of fifty cents each demanded for so doing.

On our way back to the hotel that evening I asked my companion if he considered himself a Yankee.

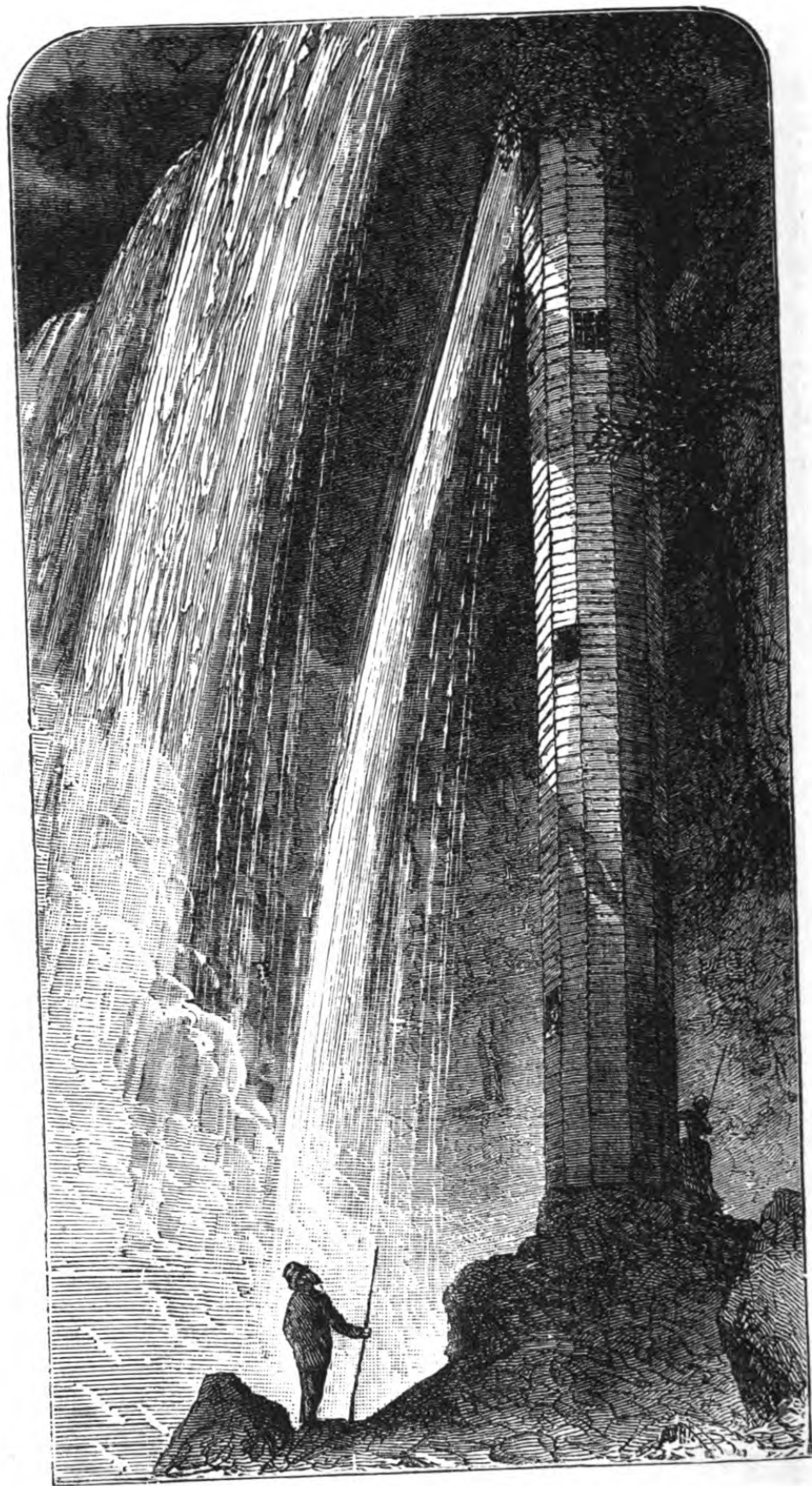
"No, I guess not, I live in Atlantic City, New Jersey State," was the answer I received.

"Are the folks there as cute as those here?"

"I guess we're not far behind. Why, the other day my mother had a little boy to dinner from just across the road. The child is only four years old, but at the same time was 'cute enough to let us know that when he came we had a visitor in the house, and should provide accordingly. My mother, considering how juvenile our guest was had not troubled herself to prepare anything extra, which seemed rather to annoy Master Charlie, for when he had finished his meat, and she asked him if he would like some rice, he instantly replied, "No, I can get *that* at home."

One afternoon we went together to the dressing-rooms on Goat Island, at the top of Biddle's Stairs, and having put on the usual coarse serge pants and shirt,

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CAVE OF WINDS—NIAGARA.

and oilskin coat, descended the wooden spiral staircase, to a ledge of rock about forty feet above the river. Following the path, we came to a place known as the Cave of Winds, and which is exactly under the place where that portion of the American Fall which is cut off by Luna Isle from the main body comes shooting down from an overhanging ledge of rock above. The guide takes the visitor right under this portion of the Fall and out on the other side, returning in front of the Fall, over the great masses of fallen rock, through which the water is rushing like mountain torrents, to join the main river.

The amount of air carried down with the falling water is so great as almost to take away the breath of those who attempt to pass behind the liquid curtain, hence the name by which the spot is known. Before coming down we had declared that we would not require a guide, as we would find our way by ourselves. The attendant, however, knew better, and as we were turning back, afraid to proceed further, in consequence of the path contracting to a ledge, only a few inches wide, and in parts covered with the eddies formed by the backwater of the Falls, we found the guide was close behind us. He now passed to the front and drew us with a firm hand, one at a time, past the point we feared to pass, pointing out where we could place our feet on firm spots which we could not see, being covered with the boiling eddies. We both felt a sense of relief when we emerged on the other side, and the guide conducted us to the front, and from rock to rock, crossing in some places by light foot-bridges with a handrail, that had

been erected for the accommodation of visitors. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon—I had purposely chosen that hour, as I had learnt that on a sunshiny afternoon rainbows, forming complete circles, were to be seen here in the clouds of spray, and that from three to five o'clock was the most likely time to see this phenomenon. I was rewarded on this occasion by seeing many such, some appearing so close as almost to touch my feet. Presently the guide pointed to a squarish-shaped pool among the rocks. I could see nothing in particular only a rapid torrent of water rushing through and over a wooden barrier at the further end ; so I shook my head to indicate I did not understand. The guide then shouted in my ear, “Your bath, sir.” Dalrymple and I thereupon threw aside our oilskin capes and hoods, and dived in, and soon fixed ourselves in firm positions, where we enjoyed for the next five minutes a rush of water over our shoulders, and down our backs. There is no danger, as should the bathers be swept away by the torrent they would be stopped by the wooden barrier erected by the guides.

The evening we spent among the company congregated at Prospect Park, watching the beautiful effect caused by throwing various coloured lights upon the Rapids and Falls. Far less grand, but if anything more beautiful, was the result of similar coloured lights (placed out of sight behind some rockwork) thrown on to three fountains of very fine spray, situated in the centre of the park itself, and reflecting in turn all the colours of the rainbow.

The following day I removed from the American to

the Canadian side for a brief sojourn. I fixed my quarters at a small hotel called Prospect House. It is well named, as it commands a magnificent view of both Falls, which I could actually see as I lay propped up in bed.

The roadway from this hotel to the edge of the Horseshoe Falls goes by the name of the Table Rock. It received that name in consequence of the cliff, at this point, overhanging its base very considerably, like a table-flap. Of late years, however, this overhanging ledge has broken away, piece by piece, and fallen into the river, and has now entirely disappeared.

Near the hotel is another spiral staircase, leading to a ledge at the base of the cliff, and passing to the edge of the Fall. A notice at the fancy stall opposite announced, "Suits and Guides to pass under the Fall, One Dollar." I went ; as, although I had heard from others that it was nothing after those on the other side, I was determined to see for myself. I had, however, been correctly informed, as, although I had dressed in the orthodox oilskin cape and serge pants, that made me look like a monster Colorado beetle, I found, in this case it was quite unnecessary, as I was unable to pass under the Fall, like on the American side, and therefore need not get wet at all. In fact, there were several persons there who had not changed their clothes at all, and who, instead of paying a dollar, and feeing the guide, had only paid twenty-five cents for the use of the stairs. After having changed the oilskin suit for my own clothes again, I followed the course of the river for about a mile and a half, and across some small

islands in the rapids, connected by light bridges, in order to visit the Burning Spring, with which I was very pleased. It is situated close to the river, just at the head of the rapids, and is a natural spring, the waters of which are highly charged with sulphur, hydrogen, and magnesia ; and when touched with a lighted taper, a bluish-coloured flame is instantly kindled, and plays over the surface, burning as though methylated spirit had been poured on the water. To heighten the effect a small house has been built over the spot, so as to exhibit the phenomenon in a darkened room. The gases come bubbling through the water, and are liberated on the surface. The attendant has a conical-shaped receiver (the shape of a sugarloaf, only much larger) standing about four feet high. This is open at the lower end, the other being closed, and having a half inch tube inserted. This he places over the bubbling water, and in a few minutes it gets filled with gas, which issues from the tube at the top, and when ignited, produces a flame about two feet long, which continues to burn for about twenty minutes after the receiver has been removed from the water, the flame gradually dying down, until it, at last, goes out.

The Great Western Railway of Canada passes close to the Niagara River, just at the Horseshoe Falls, and, being at a high elevation at this point, commands a splendid view. The depot is about a mile off ; but the Company have erected a platform at this point, and every passenger train that passes during the day-time stays here five minutes in order to allow the travellers a view of these majestic, world-renowned Falls.

I had been six days at the Falls; and although I could have well enjoyed six weeks, felt that it was time I continued my tour; so, that afternoon, I packed up baggage and took my departure. While waiting at the depot for the train, I entered into conversation with a young New-Englander, who was out for a fortnight's holiday. Having nothing much in common to talk about, our conversation naturally was about the Falls, which the Yankee assured me he had seen from every point, as well as exploring the whole surrounding neighbourhood thoroughly.

“Have you ever been here before?” I asked.

“No, it is my first visit.”

“I suppose, then, you have made a pretty long stay, as you say you have seen all that is to be seen.”

“No, not very long. I arrived in Rochester last night, and slept there. This morning I got up early, and saw all round Rochester, and then came on here. I have been round, and seen all I want to here; and now I am off to Buffalo.”

As Rochester is a city of near 100,000 inhabitants, seventy-seven miles from the Falls, and containing much to interest the visitor, I was at a loss to conceive how any one could see both *thoroughly*, and then proceed to Buffalo, all in one day; which is, however, a fair example of American touring. As the train had arrived I was unable to continue the conversation; and soon obtained my last view of Niagara from the railroad cars, as they bore me away.

CHAPTER XXI.

Author's Note—Crossing the Boundary Line—Custom-house Officials—Smith argues for Free Trade—Rouse's Point—Plattsburg—Port Kent—Birmingham Falls—Au Sable Chasm—Remarkable Optical Illusion—Lake Champlain—Fort Ticonderoga—Lake St. George—Rogers' Rock—Smith's Ticket diminishes in length—Glen Falls—When will we reach Saratoga?—"Saratoga! Saratoga!!"—Phila Street—Early Suppers—Saratoga Hotels—The "United States" Hotel—The Grand Union Hotel—Great Picture, "The Union of the Nations"—Prospect Park—Mineral Springs—An Indian Camp—The Geyser and Champion Springs—The Doctor's services anticipated—Saratoga Lake—Fireworks and Illuminations—"Free" Springs—Smith proceeds to Albany—New State Capitol—City Hall—Baggage—An American's experience in England—Checks no "charm" against loss—The Hudson River—Hudson City—Catskill Mountains—West Point—Traffic between Albany and New York—Description of the new Steamer, the "Albany"—Arrival in New York.

THE next three weeks after leaving the falls I spent visiting places of interest in Canada. I will not, on the present occasion, however, tire you with a description of my rambles in the large provinces of Ontario and Quebec, but will resume my narrative at that point where, near the head of Lake Champlain, I again crossed the boundary line and re-entered the United States.

It was a hot summer's morning, towards the end of August. I was seated in a train on the Grand Trunk Railway, that had left Montreal some two hours before, *en route* for New York. I noticed a small knot of men standing on the track, some distance ahead. The engine-driver slackened the speed of the train as he neared them; and, as it passed, they clambered

“aboard,” and the train resumed its usual speed, without having stopped.

“Halloo! What’s up?” said I, to a passenger sitting by my side, with whom I had been having some conversation.

“Those men are some of the United States Customs officers,” was the reply. “I guess we’ve just crossed the boundary.”

“Well,” said I, “they’re sharp enough after the revenue, to board the train in this way, and not even wait till it arrives at a station. Is the United States Government hard up for money?”

“I guess not; only we do not mean to have the trade of the country injured by the competition of Canadian and English manufactures.”

“Whether that would be the result is *questionable*. It is, however, *certain* that where a foreign commodity can be placed in the American market, despite an exorbitant tariff, however small a proportion the quantity imported may bear to the whole consumption of the country, the American consumer pays the American manufacturer an *extra* profit, equal in amount to the import tax, and that from this great burden laid upon a large class of its subjects, the Government reap no benefit whatever.”

“Oh, I guess you’re a Britisher. With a large class of Englishmen ‘free trade’ is a passion—almost a religion. We look at the matter from quite a different standpoint.”

The conversation was here interrupted by two of the Customs officers coming into the car in which we were riding.

“ Whose is this ? ” said one of them, at the same time taking a small satchel from the netting ; while his companion commenced similar proceedings on the other side of the carriage.

“ Mine,” said I.

“ What have you in it ? ”

“ Only a brush and comb, a guide-book, and some maps.”

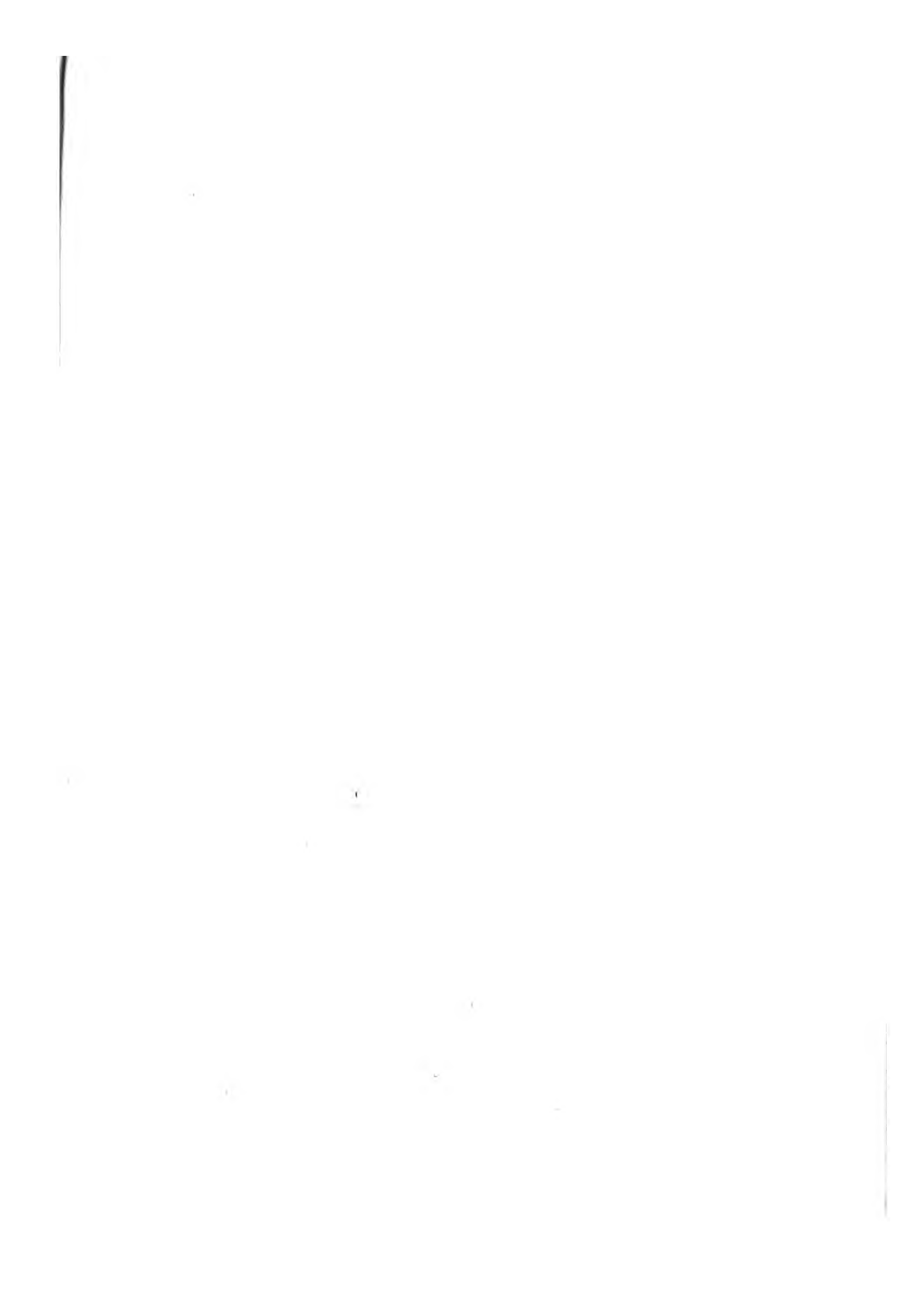
“ Let me see, please,” replied the officer.

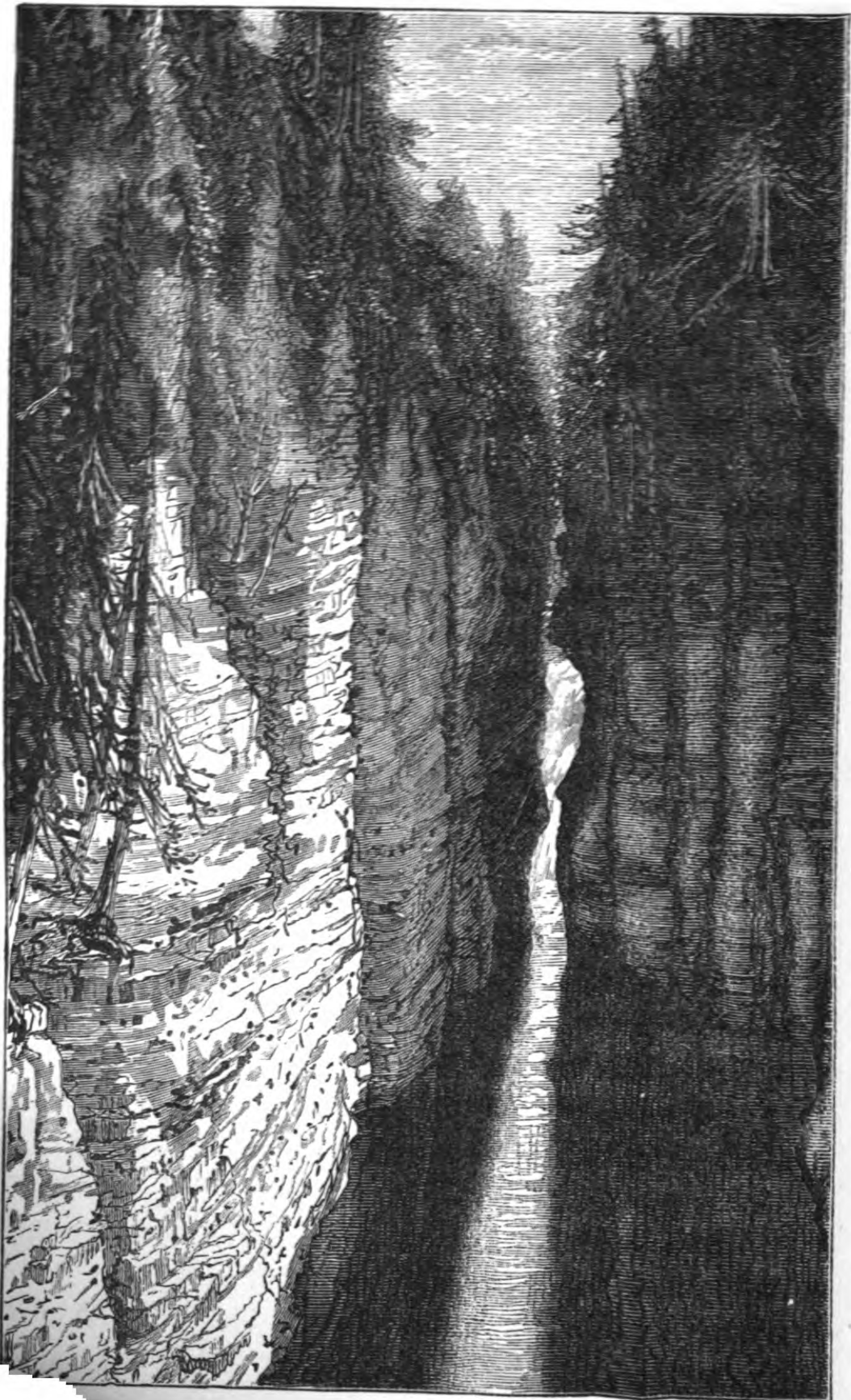
I opened the bag, and the veracity of the assertion was proved to the satisfaction of the Government official, who then passed on to others, in the same way.

In a few minutes more the train stopped at Rouse’s Point, where the whole of the trunks and portmanteaus were turned out of the baggage van, and all that did not bear the Government mark as having been examined in Montreal, before the train started, (by the officers there employed for that purpose by the United States Government), had now to be opened by the owners and the contents examined before they could be allowed to proceed further.

This occupied about twenty minutes, when the train resumed its journey, and thirty-two miles further on arrived at Plattsburg. Here the traveller journeying south has the choice of proceeding either by train, or by boat on Lake Champlain, his ticket being good for either, as both are worked by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company.

I continued in the train for another thirteen miles, to Port Kent, where I broke my journey, or “ laid over,” as the Americans call it, in order to visit the Au Sable





THE AU SABLE CHASM.

Chasm. At the depot a "stage" was in waiting to convey passengers to Lake View House, an hotel near the upper end of the ravine. Close to the hotel grounds is a fine cascade, known as the Birmingham Falls, where the water plunges about sixty feet, from a ledge of rock into a deep and precipitous ravine, and thus forms the commencement of the Au Sable Chasm.

This remarkable natural wonder is formed by the egress of the Au Sable River from the northern end of the Adirondack Mountains, in New York, on its way into Lake Champlain. The river has carved a channel in the Potsdam sandstone formation, in some places reaching a depth of two hundred feet, leaving precipices of every shape towering above the dark water. At one place the river is compressed to a breadth of only ten feet. The waters dash madly through their confined channel, and are precipitated over falls, cascades, and rapids, the first fall being twenty and the second sixty feet high.

The length of the chasm proper is nearly two miles, and its sides and top are fringed with cedars, which cast a sombre shadow over it, and add to its mysterious grandeur. It is private property, and there is a fee of fifty cents charged to each visitor. This includes passing through the lower end in a boat. The sides at this portion of the chasm rise sheer out of the water to a great height. Here there is a very peculiar phenomenon, the river having the appearance of flowing in the opposite direction to what it is doing in reality. This is caused by the unusual angle at which the strata of the precipitous cliffs dip into the water. People say that

seeing is believing ; and we are so used to believing our eyesight that it is difficult to convince ourselves that a thing is *not* as we appear to see it. Yet such is the case here, the strata of the rock being not quite level, although very nearly so, and declining slightly in the direction of the current of the stream, creates the illusory appearance of the river either flowing up-hill, or else in the opposite direction to its real course ; the water at this part being sixty feet deep, and so placed as to prevent the error being readily perceived.

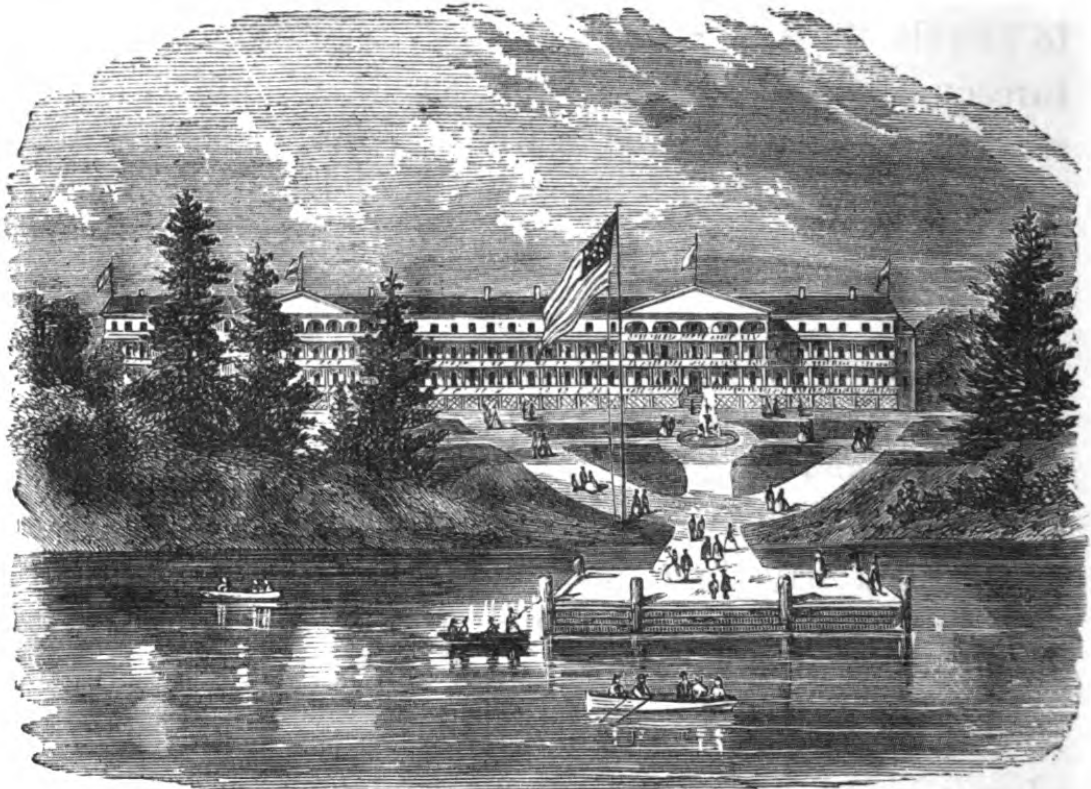
Leaving Lake View House the next morning, I returned by the "stage" to Port Kent, and from there proceeded down Lake Champlain in the steamer "Vermont." The vessel made several calls, the most important place being Burlington, on the eastern shore of the lake. At half-past eleven a capital dinner was served at a dollar per head ; and soon after twelve we arrived at Fort Ticonderoga, beyond which place the steamers do not go, as, although the lake continues for another twenty miles, it becomes narrow and shallow, and the navigation is difficult.

Fort Ticonderoga was first built by the French, in 1756. The English captured it from them in 1759, and then enlarged and greatly strengthened the two fortifications at an outlay of nearly two million pounds. After the French ceded Canada to them in 1763, this fort was allowed to fall into partial decay, and was one of the first places captured by the Americans in the War of Independence, which commenced in 1776. The following year it was re-captured by the English ; but at the close of the war the fort was dismantled, and from

that time the works have been suffered to fall into ruin and decay. They are situated on the summit of a small hill, a mile or two to the north of the steamboat landing.

At Fort Ticonderoga, persons travelling south have to resume their journey by train. Most of the tourist passengers, as well as myself, had tickets that permitted them to take a short branch line—four miles—to a place called Baldwin, at the head of Lake George, in order to enable them to visit that most charming and picturesque of American inland sheets of water. The steamer "Horicon" was in waiting, and, as soon as the passengers and their "baggage" had been transferred from the train, at once started. "Horicon" is the old Indian name for Lake George. On the right is Rogers' Rock, a steep promontory about 400 feet high, down which the Indians, to their great bewilderment, supposed the bold ranger, Major Rogers, to have slid when they pursued him to the brink of the cliff. Lake George is thirty-three miles in length and very narrow—in some places more resembling a river than a lake. The shores are well wooded, and with the exception of Rogers' Rock, slope in gentle undulations to the water's edge. There are many hotels and gentlemen's residences along the shore; and little islets dotted about in the lake, especially towards the southern end, among which small steam launches may be seen plying hither and thither. In about three hours the steamer arrived at Caldwell, at the southern end of the lake; and here I was glad enough to part with a large and somewhat noisy touring party, numbering about seventy, who had come on board the Lake Champlain steamer that

morning at Burlington, and who had been travelling over the same route as I had. Here, however, they scampered off to the Fort William Henry Hotel, yelling and shouting to their friends, who had already arrived in another detachment, while most of the other passengers resumed their journey by coaches to Glen Falls, a distance of nine miles from Caldwell.



FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE.

At each stage of the journey some railway conductor, steamboat clerk, stage guard, or other official detached a coupon from my pass ; and the ticket, which was nearly half a yard long when I bought it in Montreal, to carry me through to New York, was now reduced to about half that length.

At Glen Falls the Hudson River leaps over a cataract

some fifty feet high. The place is of peculiar interest as the scene of some of the most thrilling incidents in Cooper's romance, "The Last of the Mohicans."

From Glen Falls I proceeded six miles by a branch line, and then, at Fort Edward, changed into a train on the main line, and continued my journey southwards for another sixteen miles to Saratoga.

Saratoga is noted for its mineral springs, of which there are as many as twenty-eight. The surrounding country is flat and uninteresting, and the springs alone could have been the first attraction. Now, however, the grandeur of its hotels and the gaiety of the company annually attract tens of thousands that are already in good health and have not the slightest expectation of the mineral waters having any effect on them, unless it is to make them sick and bilious. Saratoga is, in fact, the American belle's elysium, who, if she is not already possessed of a sweetheart, never expects to come away without an engaged ring on her finger.

"Oh dear! How much further is it to Saratoga?" asked one and another of such young ladies of the train conductor, each time he passed through the car we were riding in.

Presently, on leaving Gransevoort, the conductor, as is the custom in America, opened the door of the car to announce the name of the next stopping place. After saying in his ordinary voice, "The next depot is—" he made a pause, and altering his voice to the lowest pitch he could produce, shouted through his nose, "Saratoga!" and immediately disappeared, slamming the door after him. At the same instant, the door at

the other end of the car opened, and a breaksman, in a voice as high and squeaky as any female could produce, repeated, "Saratoga next depot."

The train arrived shortly before seven, and instead of going to one of the very grand hotels, I fixed my quarters at a very comfortable boarding-house on Phila Street, that I had been recommended to by a lady and gentleman I had met on a St. Lawrence steamer a fortnight before. Phila Street almost consists of boarding-houses. I was well satisfied with the one I went to, the accommodation being more homely than at the large hotels, to which I did not at all object ; and the expense less than half, which was a very satisfactory aspect of the arrangements.

I was ravenously hungry, for I had been travelling the whole of the day, and had nothing whatever to eat since the half-past eleven dinner on board the Lake Champlain steamer. The first thing I did, therefore, was to request the landlady to get me a good supper, which meal I partook of all by myself, as Americans in private life do not, as a rule, have late suppers like their English cousins, but take their last meal, which they call supper, about six o'clock.

During the evening I made the acquaintance of some of the other visitors ; and the following morning I went with two others to explore the neighbourhood.

Facing Phila Street is the United States Hotel, an immense edifice containing 1,000 rooms, and accommodation for about twice that number of guests. Adjoining it is another, equally as large, called the Grand Union, built by the late A. J. Stewart, the wealthy merchant of New York. We entered and took a walk round, as the

Yankees look upon hotels almost as public property, and walk in and out as freely as Englishmen do a railway station, no man forbidding them. The drawing-room is most sumptuously furnished, the dining-room will accommodate about 500 guests at a time, and considering the number of persons about, I was quite unable to see what there was in an hotel conducted on the American plan, by which to detect and prevent outsiders sitting down and having a sumptuous dinner fit for an alderman, and afterwards walking out again without paying. The Grand Union Hotel forms three sides of a square round the hotel grounds, which after dark are illuminated by the electric light. At the further end is a very fine ball-room, and large placards in the hotel entrance and outside announced that there would be a grand "hop" there that evening, commencing at eight o'clock. At one end of the ball-room was hung an immense picture, the largest I remembered ever having seen. It is entitled the "Union of the Nations," and was painted to Mr. Stewart's order at a cost of 60,000 dollars; and is a symbolical picture intended to represent the "March of Liberty" as exemplified in the American nation. A coloured attendant stays there whenever the room is open to see that no damage is done to it, and he will, for a fee of half-a-dollar or so, explain in a very lucid and eloquent manner the meaning of the various emblems therein represented.

Opposite the Grand Union is another very large hotel, called the Congress Hall; and there are several others, some of which, although not so large, are if any-

thing still more aristocratic ; so that at no place in the United States can the visitor see American hotel life to such perfection as at Saratoga. On the Broadway, at the corner next Congress Hall, is the entrance to Prospect Park, a small pleasure ground in the shape of a horseshoe, round the base of a low hill, and containing two mineral springs. We paid the fee (ten cents each), and entered, and tried the waters of the springs. In every pint of the Congress spring waters there is 75 grains of mineral matter, and 49 cubic inches of carbonic acid gas. In the ingredients of the other spring more iron is found. After strolling about the park for a short time we quitted it, and next paid a visit to another mineral spring, only 200 yards away, on the other side of the Broadway. A short distance from Prospect Park, on the outskirts of the village, is the Indian Encampment, which is very much like a gipsy encampment ; and where those that care for such things, can disport themselves with swings, roundabouts, shooting galleries, and purchase all manner of things in the basket, fan, toy and general small ware way. The Indians come every summer, and camp here in tents during the visiting season ; and their quarter has much the appearance of an English country fair. From the Indian camp we took a walk to the Geyser spring, about a mile and a half from the village. The waters of this spring issue through a pipe from a closed chamber, and the pressure is so great as to form a fountain, the water spouting several feet into the air. A house has been built over this spring ; and in it some men were at work, filling grosses of bottles by

machinery with the waters, and packing it in cases for carriage to New York and other cities. Near by is the Champion spring, with a bottling establishment in connection. Here also the waters spout through a pipe with a quarter inch nozzle to a height of thirty-five feet or so into the air ; and it is said, will shoot a hundred by unscrewing the nozzle from the pipe through which the water rises. The carbonic acid gas generated in the well below is so powerful as to create a pressure of forty-two pounds to the square inch, thus causing it to shoot to such a height into the air. At both these springs the water is so highly charged with carbonic acid gas, that it foams like soda water when drawn from a faucet.

At dinner, the landlady, who was presiding at the head of the table, said, "Well gentlemen, have you tried any of the springs yet?"

"Any?" I replied, "yes, a lot. Did we not?" I continued, addressing the two persons who had accompanied me.

At this there was a general laugh ; and a chorus of voices said, "Then you three are in for it ; you'll want the doctor soon ; we wonder you feel able to come to dinner at all, after that."

"How so ?" I asked ; whereupon the landlady explained that some of the springs were so very powerful, and had such very opposite effects, that it was very undesirable to drink from several springs in one day ; the orthodox way being to try one, or at the most two, one day ; and then try one or two others the next ; and so on.

“ Well, for my own part, I feel no ill effects as yet, though after what you have said, it will be as well to avoid taking any more to-day and to find some other amusement for this afternoon.”

After dinner, in accordance with this sentiment, we same three hired a buggy, and drove to Saratoga Lake, four miles out, where we amused ourselves for a couple of hours tacking about in a small sailing yacht.

The Lake is a pretty sheet of water, eight miles long by about two wide ; and two or three times a day a steam launch makes a trip to the other end and back with excursionists.

After having returned to “ supper,” we again wended our way to Prospect Park, where we found the admission was now fifty cents, in consequence of there being a grand display of fireworks that evening. There were present a large company of visitors, many of the ladies being attired in evening dress, without either hat or bonnet.

During the display an ornamental pond in the centre of the park was illuminated with Chinese lanterns, which had a very pretty effect, their reflection in the water making them appear a double row.

The next day we took a different route, and visited some of the other springs. This time, however, we did not try so many, as, although we had not had to send for a doctor in the night, we had not felt altogether comfortable. Most of the springs are supposed to be free ; however, wherever there is no fixed charge you are sure to find a collection-plate in charge of some lad or girl, and as they look for at least a nickle (2½d.), it

comes no cheaper than having bottled soda-water at your own home.

Immediately after tea (or the six o'clock supper) I went off to the depot, and left Saratoga for Albany, arriving at the latter place in something under two hours.

From the depot I went direct to the Delevant House Hotel, and feeling very tired, retired at once to bed.

Albany is the capital of the New York State, and I was anxious to see the principal public buildings, and as much of the city as I could in the time at my disposal, which, indeed, was exceedingly limited, as I had made an engagement with an English tourist I had met, to accompany him to New York the following day by the steamer which leaves Albany at half-past eight every morning. Under these circumstances I was up by times and out quite early.

By far the largest, handsomest, and most costly building in Albany is the New State Capitol. It is of granite, and is said to be the largest and grandest building in America next to the Federal Capitol at Washington, though I remembered the citizens of Chicago told me the same with regard to their new Court House.

I was too early for the regular hours of admitting the public, but, by a little persuasion, induced the door-keeper to let me in. The senate chamber is upstairs, and is a very richly adorned apartment, and contains two massive columns of red-polished granite.

The next most important building in Albany is the City Hall, which is built of white marble, and has a rich Ionic portico in front.

After returning to the hotel and settling my account, I hurried off to the steamer, where I met my friend, and we both at once adjourned to the dining saloon to take breakfast. Fortunately, I had no further luggage than a small hand-bag, which I carried in my hand, as, when leaving Saratoga, I checked my baggage right through to New York, to prevent the bother and expense of shifting it about to and from the hotel in Albany for one night only. I held the tally-check for my portmanteau, and admitted to an American fellow-passenger that in that respect their system had advantages over the English plan, though I did not neglect to add that it was no absolute protection against persons losing their baggage all the same, as I had met with those who had.

“Oh but,” said the American, “it must be more satisfactory to have a check given you when you hand your baggage over to the care of the railway company. I have been to England, and I know that the first railroad journey I took—it was from Liverpool to London—I was in a great way because they would not give me a check for it. I went to Lime Street Depôt, I think you call it.”

“No, we don't, we call it station, we never speak of railway depôts for passengers, only for goods and coals; but I beg your pardon, interrupting you, pray proceed.”

“Well, Lime Street; that is right is it not?”

“Yes.”

“And I bought a ticket for London, and the railway porter, instead of attaching a check, pasted on a paper label, and was wheeling off my trunk when I stopped him for the check. He did not understand me, and

said so ; and when I explained, he said they did not give checks. I insisted they could not have my luggage without they gave me a check or receipt. He said I could have neither unless I sent it by freight train."

"Luggage train."

"I guess that was the expression he used. I did not want to do that, and yet I thought that I was most certainly going to be robbed of my baggage. So I watched where he put it, which was in a small baggage compartment in the middle of a passenger car. I then got into the compartment next to it, and at every depot the train stopped at by the way I put my head out of the carriage window to watch that no one stole my trunk."

"Oh ! there was no occasion for that, it was quite safe."

"So I found, afterwards. Yet, in all my railway journeys over there I always felt uneasy about my baggage, and wished I could have a check."

"We never think of such a thing ; and for my own part, I have never lost anything yet."

"And if you had, and the railway company disputed it, what proof have you to show, when they do not give checks? "

"And here, where they do, and anything is lost, what proof have you of the value of your property? You might declare it to be a large trunk, contain two hundred dollars' worth of property. If the company disputed it, and said you only handed in a small worthless valise, what proof have you to offer to the contrary? Nay, more ; some dishonest employé, or other person, might

be able to exchange your check for one of their own ; stamped for some intermediate town, and when you arrived at your destination, you might find some small, worn out old satchel, stuffed with rags, for you."

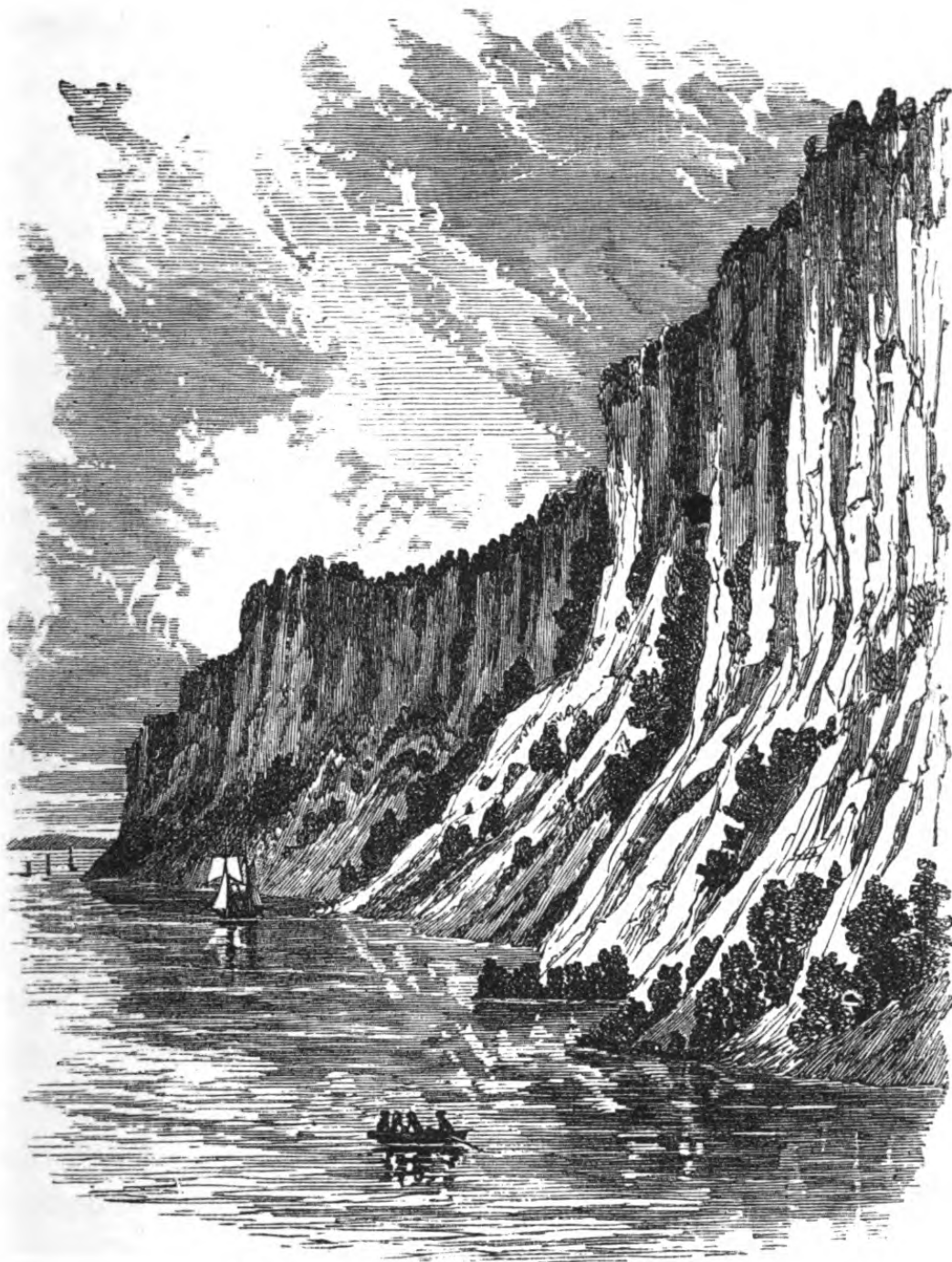
"That is not very likely."

"Perhaps not ; only as far as *safety* is concerned, I do not see that one system is better than the other."

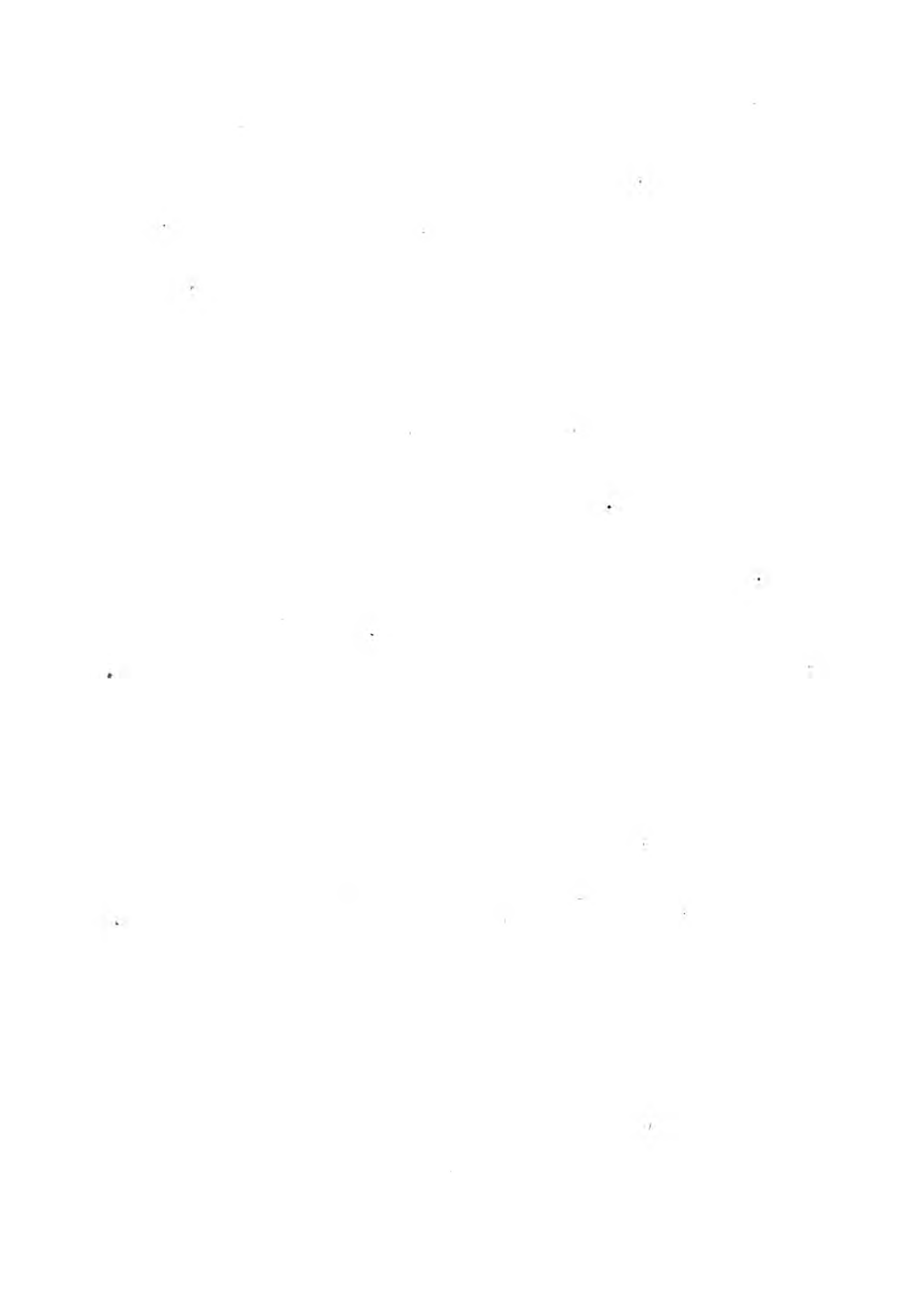
From Albany to Hudson, a distance of twenty-three miles, the river is very shallow ; and the navigation is difficult in consequence. The scenery about here, also is somewhat flat and uninteresting. Below Hudson city, the river becomes deeper, and the surrounding country more picturesque. Four miles lower down, the steamer calls at Catskill ; from whence "stages" convey passengers twelve miles, to Mountain House Hotel, in the far-famed Catskill Mountains. As you descend the river, the scenery on either side becomes increasingly grand ; especially for a few miles both above and below West Point, at which place there is a very large Military School ; and again, near New York, where for twenty miles the western bank consists of almost precipitous cliffs named the Palisades.

The traffic, during the summer months, between New York and Albany is very great ; there being two night boats, and one day boat, each way, daily. These steamers are very fine ; the one I travelled by was named the "Albany." It was splendidly fitted and furnished throughout.

The dining room was on the main deck, and had large glazed windows all round. The whole of the upper saloon was handsomely carpeted, and supplied with



THE PALISADES ON THE HUDSON RIVER.



luxurious easy chairs, settees, &c.; all covered in Utrecht velvet, to match, and supplied with antimacassars, &c. The panelling round the engine space, and paddle boxes, and staircases, instead of being of some plain wood, grained and varnished, was inlaid with real cherry, maple, and other variegated woods, richly polished. Several good oil paintings were also hung about the saloon. I could not help noticing a very selfish trait in the Yankee character. On first coming on board, they would place a water-proof or satchel in an easy chair, and consider that they had thereby reserved it for the whole way, and although they might not want to use it for the hour together, would be quite cross if they saw another passenger make use of it.

The steamer arrived in New York about six o'clock; and my friend and I went at once to the hotel at which I had left some of my luggage, nearly three months before. I presented the check they had then given me, and now had it placed in the room allotted to me. I also gave them the check I had received at Saratoga, in order that they might send for my other portmanteau, from the steamboat wharf.

CHAPTER XXII.

Coney Island—Manhattan Beach Railway and Hotel—Clams—Nominate your poison—A short Railroad—Brighton Beach and Pier—The Five Points House of Industry—Routes from New York to Boston—Hell-Gate—The steamers “Bristol” and “Providence”—Fall River—Martha’s Vineyard—Cottage City—Nantucket.

ONE of the most popular resorts of New Yorkers, for picnics, &c., is Coney Island. It is about ten miles from New York, and is an extensive sandy beach, about four miles long, just outside the Bay of New York, and on the south shore of Long Island, of which it in reality forms a part, being only divided from it by some salt marshes. The easternmost end of Coney Island is called Manhattan Beach, and the central part Brighton Beach ; while the name Coney Island is now usually confined to the western portion, which is not so much visited as the other parts.

There are several ways of reaching Coney Island from New York, and the one Mr. Brown and I took was by ferry, from No. 1 pier, East River to Bay Ridge, about three miles down New York Bay, and thence by train. The gauge of the Manhattan Beach Railway is only three feet, and the cars have transverse seats, running right across, and arranged for the passengers all to face the way they are travelling. There are no doors, the sides of the cars being quite open ; and supplied with curtains

of tent canvas, to be stretched across and buttoned down in case of wind and rain. The cars overhang the rails very much ; as, although the gauge is so narrow, each seat accommodates as many passengers as in an English Railway carriage. A ride of some twenty-five minutes in the train landed us at a good depot, adjoining the Manhattan Beach Hotel, a large pavilion sort of place, with accommodation for dining fifteen hundred guests at a time, either indoors or outside under the deep verandah.

“ Come, before we go any further, let's provide some stay for the inner man,” said my friend.

“ With all my heart,” I replied ; “ let us take a seat at this table. See, here is a bill of fare. What shall we have ? ”

“ Clam Chowder, Clams fried, Clams baked, Clams stewed, Clam fritters, &c. Well, this place is clammy enough. What are clams ? ” asked my companion, after reading the bill of fare.

“ I don't know ; something in the fish line, I believe.”

“ Hard shell crabs, soft shell crabs, lobsters, Bluefish, Striped Bass, Baked Halibut, and wine sauce, &c. Well, this place is fishy enough ; what will you have ? ” continued my friend.

“ Oh ! I'd sooner have a steak, or something of that kind. Is there any down on the bill ? ”

“ Yes, and the prices too, ‘ Porterhouse steak, seventy-five cents to three dollars.’ ”

“ What ! three dollars for a steak, when the finest sirloin of beef can be had in the market at twenty-five cents a pound ? ”

At this moment a waiter came up, and asked what he could bring us.

“Why, certainly not a Porterhouse steak,” I replied.

“What are clams?” asked my friend.

The waiter looked astonished, but I at once explained our ignorance of American dishes, by telling him that we were Englishmen.

“So am I;” replied the waiter, “or rather was, for I have been nationalized now. Clams are a shell fish, something like oysters, and are a very great institution in America. Shall I bring you some?”

“Yes, you may as well.”

“How will you have them? Raw, or in a soup, or boiled, fried, baked, or frittered?”

While we were practically discussing the quality of boiled clams, we were unexpectedly joined by the American, who, the previous day, had been discussing the “baggage check” system with me.

“Well, gentlemen, what do you think of Coney Island?”

“We’ve seen precious little of it, as yet.”

“Ah, prudently fortifying yourselves first for the exploration, I see. Well, I am glad to meet you again, under such auspicious circumstances. Come, gentlemen, nominate your poison.”

“What ever do you mean?”

“Don’t you understand that expression? Then I will put it into the English form, and say, ‘What will you have to drink?’”

After we had satisfied our hunger, we all three took a walk along the promenade by the sea, in front of the

Oriental Hotel. The beach consists of a very fine silvery sand, on which little children were playing, and building fortifications and moats, with little wooden spades and pails; while the broad ocean, then very calm, rippled gently before them. A few sailing boats plying up and down, with one or two steamers passing in the distance, completed a scene very familiar to any who frequent our own most visited watering-places.

After resting ourselves on the promenade benches, and breathing in the sea-breezes, while watching the scene before us, our American companion suggested that we should wend our way westward, to Brighton Beach, as that was the most "patronized" part of Coney Island. I suggested we should go by train, to which the others agreed. After retracing our steps about half a mile, we reached the terminus of the Brighton Beach Railway, paid our fare, and entered the cars. After a ride of about a quarter of a mile, the train stopped, and the passengers, myself excepted, got out.

"Come along, the train goes no further," said the American.

"You don't mean to say we are at Brighton Beach, already?" I exclaimed.

"As near to it as the line goes."

"Why! we've not come five hundred yards."

"I guess that is so; but if you don't get out quick, you'll be taken back again."

"Well, then, if that is the total extent of the Brighton Beach Railway, I'll lay any wager its the shortest line in the world; and I wonder they can get people to pay five cents each to be carried such a little distance; and

I don't think they could, in any other country but the United States."

On emerging from the depot, we found more large hotels, close to the sea, with dining, drinking, and billiard saloons, &c., together with dressing-rooms, for persons wishing to take a dip in the ocean. The Americans follow the French custom, of ladies and gentlemen bathing together, each of course being dressed in full bathing costume. From here to Brighton Pier, nearly a mile beyond, the shore presents the appearance of a fair, with round-a-bouts, shooting-galleries, and trumpery exhibitions and entertainments of the cheap-jack or "penny gaff" class.

Brighton Beach Pier is a handsome jetty about the length of the Brighton Beach Railway. It forms a splendid promenade, whatever the weather, as it is very broad, and has a roof throughout its entire length, the sides, of course, being open, except at the end, where it expands into quite a large hall, surrounded by glazed windows, and fitted up with the usual small round marble-topped tables, as there is a buffet attached. Here visitors love to sit, eating ices, or drinking lager beer, or iced lemonade, and smoking, while they listen to excellent music, discoursed by a good band, in the centre of this "hall on the sea." Brighton Pier is a sort of double one, having a lower floor or deck, fitted up with twelve hundred dressing rooms, for bathers, ladies and gentlemen, who descend by steps into the water, and, unless they are strong swimmers, bathe near the shore, in a portion enclosed by ropes, to prevent them from being swept away by the tide.

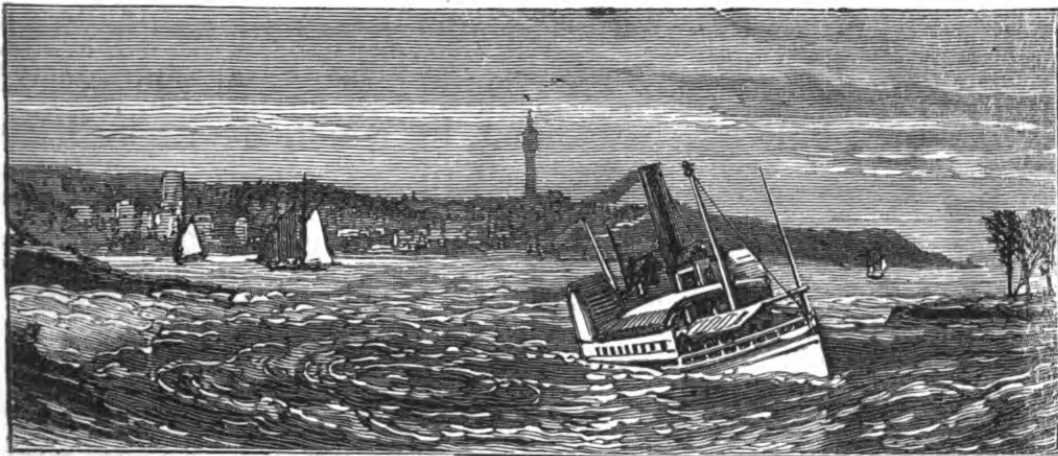
In one of the lowest portions of New York—a part corresponding to Seven Dials, London, England,—some benevolent Christian men and women have erected a Refuge for the destitute gutter children of that great city. The building is called the Five Points House of Industry, and is conducted somewhat after the style of Dr. Barnado's Home for Destitute Boys at Stepney Green, London. As soon as ever they are old enough the boys are taught a mechanical trade, or sent out to situations as errand boys, and such like, returning each night to the House of Industry, until they are old enough to earn sufficient to entirely provide for themselves. Those who are taught bootmaking and tailoring make the clothing for the whole of the boys. The girls do the same, on their side, and are trained for domestic service. In the building is a chapel, which, through the munificence of a kind-hearted gentleman, has been provided with an organ. Each Sunday afternoon an hour's service of song is held here, to which the public are admitted. At the suggestion of a gentleman staying at the hotel I availed myself of this opportunity of seeing the place and the children ; so shortly before the appointed hour I wended my way thither. After a preliminary voluntary the gentleman who presided at the organ commenced playing "The Church's One Foundation," to which tune the children came trooping in two abreast, and took their places in the orchestra, on either side and in front of the organ, all the while singing and marking time with their feet, with the exception of one poor little boy, who hobbled in on crutches, and therefore could well be excused doing so. With the ex-

ception of two short prayers and Scripture-reading, the whole time was occupied by the children, who sang in parts, and very well. Many of them were without shoes and stockings, that not being considered a necessity for many of the younger boys, who did not have to go out to work. At the conclusion of the service a collection was made on behalf of the school ; and the children then marched from the hall to their supper room, singing, as they filed out in good order, the hymn, " We are Marching Onward." Visitors were invited to inspect the premises, and see the children have their supper, which they do at five o'clock, after which they go to bed. The very young children had theirs by themselves, in a separate room, and were attended to by some of the elder girls. I was much amused to see some two dozen of these tiny mites, mostly under three years of age, and one or two not half that, sitting in little chairs, only a few inches high, round a table about a foot from the ground, eating their supper of bread and milk. Some of them were so young that they could not manage to find how to put the food in their mouths with a spoon, so gave up the attempt ; and when they had satisfied their hunger by clawing the sopped bread out of the basin with their hands, offered to share the remainder with the visitors around them.

The traffic between New York and Boston, especially during the summer season, is immense ; and the traveller has the choice of some half-dozen different lines to select from. Several are by steamboat, from New York, either to Stonington, Providence, Newport, or Fall River, proceeding the rest of the way by train. In

each of these cases the boat portion of the journey is invariably a night one. The last-named route is the most popular ; the two steamers employed on this line, namely, the "Bristol" and the "Providence," in size and luxuriousness probably surpassing all the many splendid steamers that ply on American rivers and bays.

On Monday afternoon I left New York in the steamer "Bristol," of this line. The Company's wharf is on the Hudson River, which, locally, is usually designated the North River. After running down to the southern extremity of the city, the steamer rounded the point at



"HELL GATE."

Battery Park, and proceeded up the East River, passing under the colossal Fulton Suspension Bridge, and by the United States Navy Yard, and Blackwell's Island ; and after a run of about seven miles, reached the passage through into Long Island Sound, called Hell Gate, on account of the extreme danger attending its navigation, until the last few years. At this point the great strength of the tide, surging along among sunken rocks, was a terror to navigators, and proved the

destruction of many a vessel. Of late years, however, the channel has been much improved by the removal of the most dangerous rocks by means of dynamite, this spot having been made the scene of some of the most gigantic attempts at marine blasting the world has ever witnessed. The "Bristol" passed through at half speed, and soon emerged into the placid waters of Long Island Sound, between the island of that name and the main shore of Connecticut.

The "Bristol," and its sister boat, the "Providence," are both of enormous size, each being 373 feet long and 83 feet beam, and 3,000 tons register. In each steamer the grand saloon is about seventeen feet in height, and has a double tier of state rooms, one above the other. It is surrounded by a gallery, by which the upper tier of rooms are reached. They are lighted by gas, steered by steam, and each cost 1,250,000 dols. (£262,250). During the season a good string band accompanies each steamer, and discourses a good selection of music from eight o'clock till ten. I obtained a comfortable state room, and enjoyed a good night's rest. About five o'clock I awoke, and was conscious that the vessel had arrived at Fall River, as the machinery had stopped, and I could hear a bell ringing, and some one shouting, "The Boston express leaves in twenty minutes."

"Oh, does it," thought I ; "then it can go without me ; I'm not going to get up yet, and when I do I mean to have a look round this place first now I am here." I was unable to get much more sleep, however, as every now and again a coloured steward came round knocking at the doors of those cabins that were still

closed, and announcing to the sluggards who still lay in bed, that they had arrived at Fall River, and that it was time to get up.

Fall River is a prosperous city of 45,000 inhabitants; and the great industry is the manufacture of cotton fabrics, some of the mills here being very large. The streets are regularly laid out, and the houses well built, some of the public offices being of granite. The private houses are, many of them, of imposing appearance. The gentlemen's villas are mostly built of wood, and painted—some white, some yellow, and some drab.

From here, I proceeded by train fourteen miles to New Bedford, and thence by steamer to the Island of Martha's Vineyard. This is the place where the great camp-meetings of the Baptist and Methodist Connexions are held. Every year 20,000 to 30,000 persons visit the island, specially to attend these meetings. On arriving, the steamer calls first at a jetty, called The Baptists' Landing, and then proceeds to the Methodists' Landing, alias Oak Bluffs or Cottage City. Although I did not belong to either of these worthy bodies, I felt I must land somewhere, so went on shore at the latter place ; and left the pier without meeting with any interrogation as to my religious views. I now found myself in the most comical place that ever I was in. Cottage City it might well be called, for there are rows of tiny houses that are but mere summer houses, and appeared to have but two rooms each. The outer one is invariably entered by a doorway in the middle, usually of Gothic shape, with a small casement window on either side. The orthodox furniture for this room is a tiny round table in the centre,

a small sofa, two chairs, and one or two rocking chairs. The small room behind is only divided from the one in front by a curtain ; and in some cases the beds appeared to be ranged one above the other on either side like berths in a ship. These cottages had just the appearance of doll's houses. The roads were asphalted, and after dark were lit by oil lamps, on dwarf wooden posts, only five and a half feet high. In many parts there was no distinction between the carriage way and footpath, it being but one asphalted path, about fifteen feet wide. Many of the cottages had a couple of shrubs, or flowering plants, in large pots, one on either side of the doorway. They mostly stand on grass-plots, but without any divisions between them and the pathway, or their neighbour's plots, which gave them still more the appearance of a collection of doll's houses. The majority of them had no kitchen, or even a fire-place of any sort or kind, so that the families who took lodgings there had to get all their meals out at dining-rooms, of which there were several. What astonished me more than perhaps anything, was that at some of these little summer-houses, that already appeared to be full of visitors, boards were exhibited, announcing " Rooms for Rent."

The great Methodist Meetings, which take place here every August, are held on a large circular plot of ground, in the centre of which is a big covered erection, but with the sides perfectly open, and fitted with a platform for the speakers, and benches for the audience. I did not see anything of them, as the last had taken place two days before I arrived, and the visitors who had been attracted by them were now leaving daily in swarms.

The following day I proceeded to Nantucket, an island thirty miles to the east of Martha's Vineyard. It is flat, and has but few trees, although when first discovered by Europeans, in 1602, it was covered with forest trees. In 1641 it was deeded to a certain Mayhew and Son, by Lord Sterling, and in 1659 sold by them for £30 and two beaver hats to a company of ten proprietors. There were then about seven hundred Indians inhabiting the island. The race is now quite extinct, the last having died in 1822.

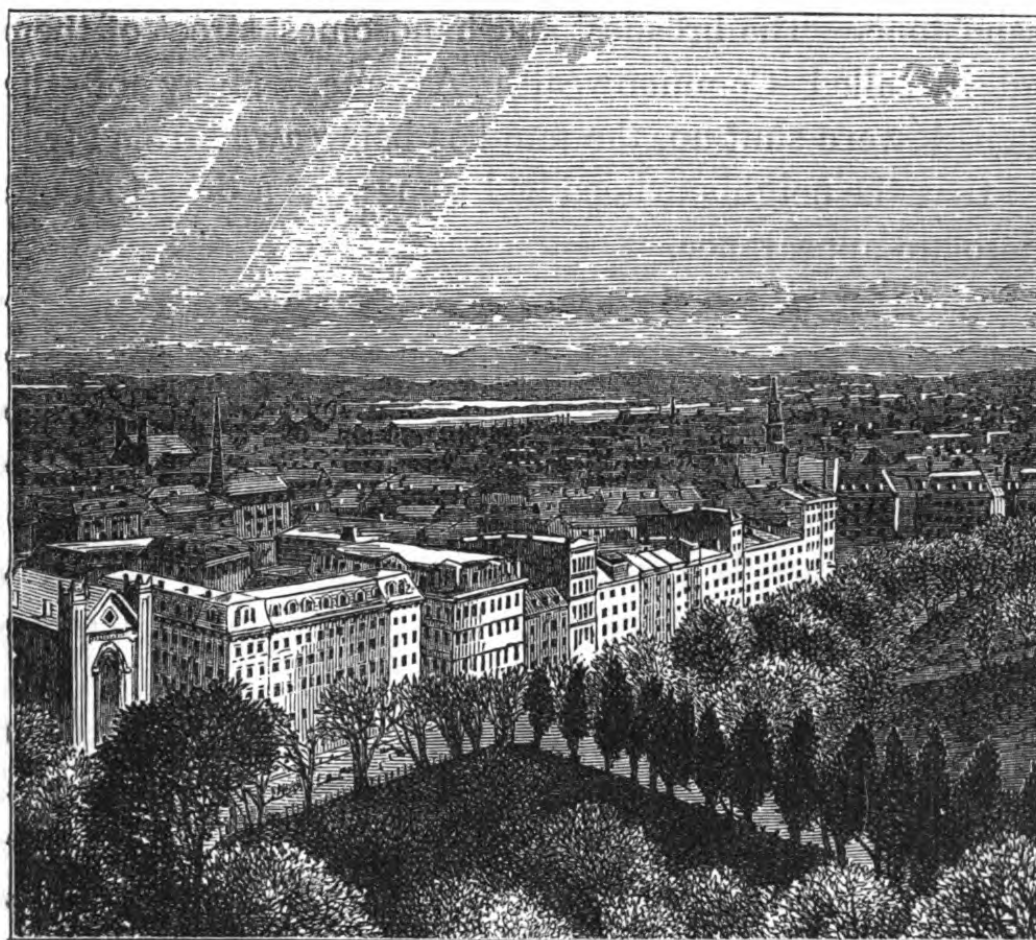
By degrees the principal industry of the island became whale-fishing, and in 1820, the inhabitants possessed a fleet of no less than seventy-two vessels engaged in this trade. In 1846, a great fire ravaged the port, destroying an immense amount of property ; from which time the whale-fishery steadily declined, and the prosperity and population of the island with it, the latter from 8,779 in 1850, to 3,201 in 1875. It is now somewhat improving, on account of becoming a favourite summer resort. After staying a short time at a comfortable boarding house there, I returned in the "Island Home," one of the regular steamers plying between Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and New Bedford, to a place called Wood's Hole, from whence I proceeded by train to Boston.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Boston—The Common and Public Garden—Commonwealth Avenue—The State House—The City Hall—Old South Church—Faneuil Hall—Rowdy-dowdy meetings—Bunker's Hill monument—Plymouth—Museum at Pilgrim Hall—Precious chips of rock—The Court House—Early legal documents—Six shares in the "Red Cow"—The veritable rock—Leyden-street and Coles' Hill Burial Ground—Roger Williams and Providence City—Liberty Hill—American national monuments—Return to New York—Punctuality.

ON arriving at Boston, I entered my name at the United States Hotel, a very comfortable establishment, close to two of the principal termini, and then made my way to Washington Street, on which are situated the largest and best retail stores in Boston, one of which I entered as I had a letter of introduction to the proprietor. This gentleman, Mr. Dunlop, welcomed me very cordially, and after giving a few directions to his manager, put on his hat and came out with me. We first visited the "Common," a well-shaded park near the centre of the city, forty-eight acres in extent. It has been considered public property for nearly two hundred and fifty years, and by the City Charter is reserved to the people for ever. Adjoining the Common, and only separated from it by Charles Street, is a rectangular park, twenty-two acres in extent, called the Public Garden. It is beautifully laid out, and presents one of the most successful attempts at flower gardening to be seen anywhere. In the centre of the Park is a small ornamental lake of

four acres, across which is a foot-bridge of pretty design. Several handsome statues adorn the gardens, the finest of which is one of Washington on horse-back, and altogether it is a lovely spot. As the Public Garden and the Common are surrounded on all sides by land thickly



GENERAL VIEW OF BOSTON.

built over, they are an immense boon to the citizens of Boston, and such an one as could not now be obtained except at an enormous cost, on account of the great value land so near the centre of the city has now acquired.

Beyond the Public Garden to the west, are the town

residences of the most wealthy citizens—the Belgravia of Boston, in fact. The land on which it is built has been reclaimed from the broad and shallow Charles River, which flows along the north side. The houses in this quarter of the city are all very large and handsome, and are all built either of red brick or else red sandstone. The broadest and handsomest street of them all is called Commonwealth Avenue. Many of the houses were shut up, the families being away from town, so that the neighbourhood had somewhat a deserted and desolate appearance.

We next visited the State House, Boston being the capital of the State of Massachusetts. It faces the eastern side of the Common, and is surmounted by a gilded dome, from the summit of which is obtained a splendid view of the city and harbour. In the entrance hall, a recess is glazed off in which is displayed a collection of banners—trophies of wars in which the Republic has engaged.

Passing down School Street, Mr. Dunlop pointed out the City Hall, a handsome edifice built of white Concord granite, and then on to Washington Street, where he pointed out an episcopal edifice, called the Old South Church, on the opposite side of the way, and told me that the congregation formerly meeting there had now erected a new and very handsome church a little further out.

“That is like it is in London,” I remarked, “so few church-going people live in the City (now that railways render it so easy to reside a few miles out, and run to and fro daily), that the City churches are almost

empty. So several of them have been demolished, and land in the City sells for such a fabulous amount, that the sum realized by the sale of the site is sufficient to build a larger and handsomer church in the suburbs, where a congregation can be obtained, and pay for the land required into the bargain. I suppose they mean to do the same with this one."



THE STATE HOUSE.

"Oh dear me, no, nothing of the kind. A proposition of that sort was started some years ago, but there was a great outcry against it, and a subscription was set on foot to preserve it to the public."

"Whatever for? Can't they get a bishop to unconsecrate it for them?"

“That’s just the grievance. You wretched Britishers have stepped in without asking, and done that for them.

“They ‘boarded’ their horses there during the War of Independence, and the Christians of this city wish the American people never to forget it. Read what it says on that marble slab over the porch.”

I read. It was an inscription to the effect that the church was erected in 1729, and desecrated by the British troops in 1776—77.

“I think the bishops would draw a distinction between un-consecrating and desecrating. Besides, if the British troops had not done so, I should think some one else has, for look at those turnstiles in the porch, with a collector there, taking a toll of 25 cents off each person that passes in to some show or bazaar that appears to be taking place inside.”

“I guess it has been used for lots of things since. Since the great fire of 1872, the Post Office has had it for some years; while the magnificent new edifice on Milk Street has been building, and which is only just completed. I do not approve of what your soldiers did, but at the same time, I guess there is now no reason for trying to perpetuate the event.”

“Come, that’s right. I’m glad to hear you say so.”

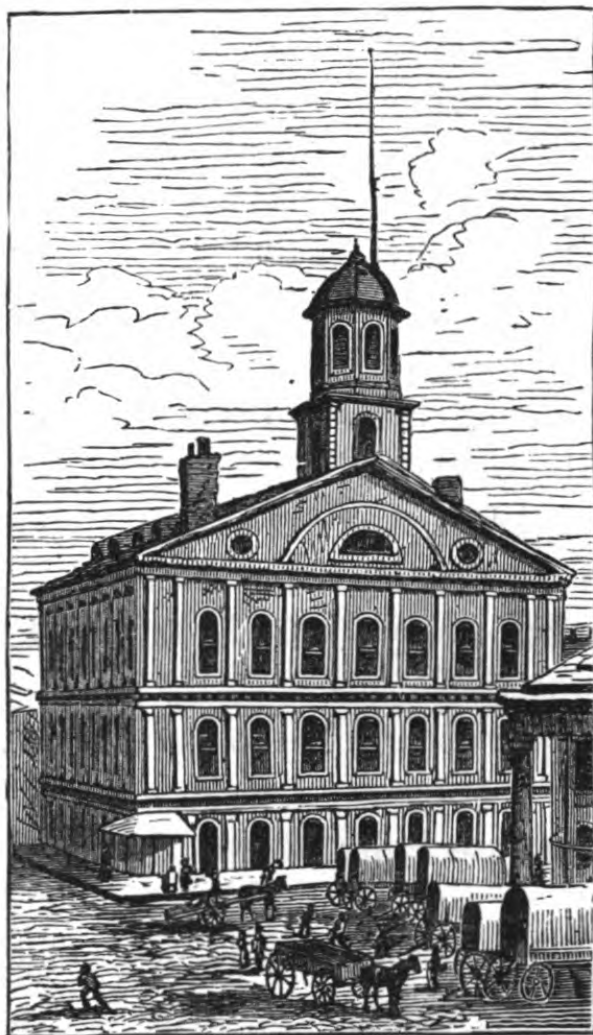
As we were walking past Quincey Market, Mr. Dunlop pointed to a red brick building just beyond, and asked me if I knew what it was.

“No,” I said, “I do not.”

“Have you never heard of Faneuil Hall?”

“Oh, yes. It is where you hold your rowdy-dowdy meetings, is it not?”

“Rowdy-dowdy meetings indeed. That Hall, sir, is the cradle of freedom ; the most interesting building in the United States, unless it be ‘Independence Hall,’ in Philadelphia. It was here that, in 1776, meetings were



FANEUIL HALL—BOSTON.

held and speeches were made, denying the right of England to tax us without our consent ; and where the first steps were taken towards freeing ourselves from her yoke. It was here also that, in later times, Mr. Garrison lifted up his voice on behalf of another great stride in the cause of freedom,—the abolition of slavery.”

“Yes, true enough ; but for all that, the meetings have often been very uproarious, and excited fanatics have had their feelings worked up to such a pitch, that they have gone and wreaked their excitement in acts of wanton destruction of public or private property, if not of personal violence even.”

“No great reform was ever yet accomplished without the movement was aided, at its commencement, by fanatics.”

“I don't feel so sure of that.”

“Now I guess we just have time before the sun sets to take a Charlestown car, and visit the monument at Bunker's Hill. You know what that commemorates ?”

“Yes, —the battle of Bunker's Hill, fought in 1775. Who erected the monument ?”

“I guess the Americans, of course.”

“Really that's very kind of you, for I always heard *we* won the battle.”

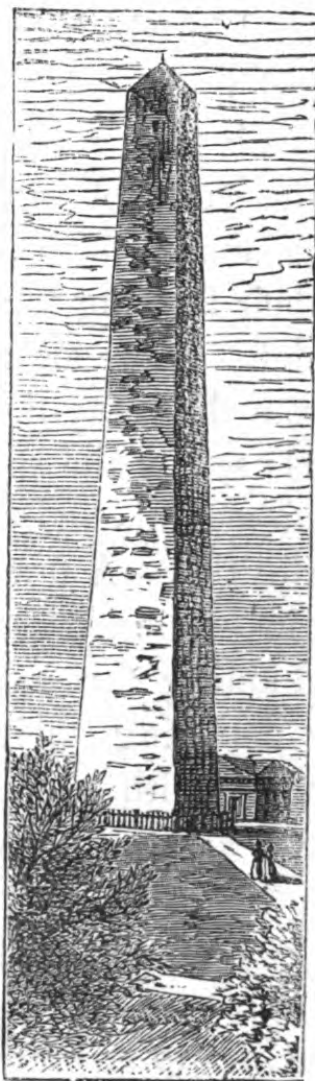
“Oh, did you though ! To say the least, it remains a disputed point.”

“Then I'm sure I should not have troubled to erect a monument.”

Bunker's Hill monument is an ugly, plain obelisk, very much resembling “Cleopatra's Needle,” on the Thames Embankment—only, of course, not one block of stone, as that is—and is very much larger, being 221 feet high, and standing on a base 30 feet square. Near the top are four square openings, one on each side, which have very much the appearance of eyelet holes, only, unfortunately, they are placed at the wrong end of the needle.

Every now and then persons' heads could be seen,

peering out of these eyelets, as there is a spiral staircase up the inside, by which visitors can ascend to a small chamber near the top, from which a very extensive view is obtained.



BUNKER'S HILL MONUMENT.

The following morning I was up by times, and off by the eight o'clock train, in order to visit Plymouth, the place where the early Pilgrim Fathers landed, and commenced the first English settlement in New England;

which has grown and spread, with such marvellous rapidity, over the North American Continent.

Plymouth is thirty seven miles from Boston, and is a town of about 7,000 inhabitants. On arriving, I first visited Pilgrim Hall, which is on Court Street near to the railway depot, and in which are sundry relics of those first settlers who crossed the Atlantic in the "May-flower." There is the cradle in which the first baby was rocked: the barrel of an old gun, wherewith Miles Standish (the man whom the holy Puritans brought over to do their fighting for them,) shot King Philip, an Indian chief. There are also various articles of cabin furniture, from the "May-flower," together with sundry pots and pans used by the emigrants during the voyage, and after their arrival, and various small Indian implements and curiosities. A few good oil paintings of more modern origin—(one representing the departure from England, and bidding farewell to friends at Plymouth, and another depicting their landing, in deep snow, and their pleading with the menacing Indians to be allowed a footing)—about complete the museum.

In a glass case on the wall were various small pieces of granite rock for sale, varying in size from half a cherry to a walnut, and priced from 25 cents to two dollars. These were said to be chips from the veritable rock on which the Fathers first stepped from their boat when they landed, but although I had no reason to doubt the assertion, I felt I might have much difficulty to prove the fact to an incredulous hearer, and that even were I able to do so, my listener might still feel very indifferent as to whether they were genuine or not,

seeing that it would be easy enough to pick up similar looking pieces in almost any quantity. Under these circumstances I thought it just as well not to trouble the janitor in charge of the room, but to let the dollars remain in my pocket, and the chips of rock on the shelves in the glass case.

On the plot of ground in front of Pilgrim Hall is a large mass of rock, which is a *portion* of that on which the Fathers first trod, and from which it was accidentally broken off. It is surrounded by strong iron railings, so that there is no opportunity of breaking still smaller pieces off to carry away as relics, instead of buying them off the shelves in the glass case, at the Museum.

The names of twelve of the early Fathers are worked in iron letters on small iron shields forming part of the fence surrounding the precious stone.

A little further along Court Street, on the opposite side of the way, is the Court House ; in a back room of which is a cabinet, containing some of the earliest legal documents of these early emigrants. Among others, the visitor is shown one which is very amusing. It is an agreement, duly signed and witnessed, by which certain of the Fathers sold to Miles Standish "six shares in the Red Cow." The "Red Cow" was not the sign for a public-house or roadside inn, American "saloons," being of later origin. No, the Red Cow was a veritable live quadruped. It appears that there were, at first, thirteen owners of this said cow ; anyhow, the joint ownership was divided into thirteen shares. As the colony grew, some of the more adventurous wished to push on to other parts, and among them some of the owners

of the Red Cow; so that the poor creature was in danger of being pulled in different directions at once by the contending proprietors. The only way that could be found to settle the difficulty, was for some of them to give up their claim to any portion of the creature. Accordingly they sold out, and Miles Standish became the purchaser of six-thirteenths of the Red Cow.

A short distance from the Court House, a street leads down to the water-side, at the identical spot where the emigrants stepped on shore. The noted Plymouth Rock, on which they first set foot, is not now by the water's edge, as coal wharves have been built, and a short pier run out into the Bay in front of it. The rock has also been raised several feet, although it still remains exactly over its original position. It was during the process of raising that the mass now in front of Pilgrim Hall became detached. A granite canopy has been erected over the portion by the water-side. The top constitutes a sarcophagus, which now contains the bones of some of the Fathers.

Not far from the rock, and running from the water's edge straight inland, is Leyden Street, the first street ever built in New England. Near by is Coles Hill, the Pilgrims' first burial ground. Here, in less than six months from their arrival, they laid nearly half their number, who died under the severities of that first terrible winter. No headstones marked the graves ; and in the spring they sowed the place over with corn, for fear lest the Indians, discovering what fearful havoc death had wrought among them, should now attack their reduced numbers and annihilate the rest. Religious persecution

at home drove these Puritans to seek a refuge on such an inhospitable shore. Their hardships, however, did not seem to teach them what in Europe they thought was so sorely needed, viz., religious toleration; for when, a few years later, a Quaker named Roger Williams sought a home among them, they drove him out on account of the different views they and he held on certain religious topics. He wandered forth and sought an asylum among the Indians, although in so doing he went with his life in his hands, as the chances of being massacred by them in retaliation for the depredations of Miles Standish, (the Brethren's fighting man,) were very great. Williams' conciliatory inoffensive manners, however, preserved him, and the Indians suffered him to live. He founded a settlement about thirty-five miles from Plymouth, which, in remembrance of the Divine care that had preserved him through so many dangers, he named Providence. Providence is now the second city of the New England States, both in wealth and size, having a population of over 100,000. On a small prominence at the back of Plymouth called Liberty Hill, a monument was commenced that was designed to be a "National Memorial to the Pilgrims." In order to carry out American ideas, it was planned of course to be of colossal proportions. On a massive granite base, 40 feet high, stands a mammoth statue of granite, intended to represent Faith. An inscription below informs the reader that the Memorial has been erected by the voluntary subscriptions of a "grateful nation," &c. As the Irishman however, would say, "the grateful nation is very backward in coming forward," for the funds gave out long

before it was completed; probably it would be more correct to say, they never came in, and although it was commenced twenty-four years ago, it still remains in an unfinished condition.

I was informed that it would be a rare job to raise the necessary funds to complete it; and in no sense can it be regarded as a national monument, raised by the whole of the American Republic, as nobody outside the New England States cares a pin about it. The Americans are not, as a nation, the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, nor are they by any means exclusively of English origin. Manhattan Island, for instance, on which New York now stands, was colonised by a party of Dutch emigrants before ever the voyagers in the "Mayflower" set foot in the New World.

A few miles from the unfinished monument, on Liberty Hill, on some rising ground on the opposite side of Plymouth Bay, is another monument to Miles Standish, also left unfinished. America is a land of unfinished monuments. Their ideas are at present far too big for their pockets. The great monument to the ever illustrious Washington, at the Federal Capital was to have been 600 feet high, nothing lower being sufficiently lofty for the flight of the American mind. They had not, however, raised it *one-third* of this height (174 feet) when the funds gave out, and it has long remained, an ugly square tower without finish, grace, or beauty, but, on the other hand, quite a disfigurement to the otherwise beautiful city of Washington.

That afternoon I returned to Boston, where I remained some days, visiting the various sights, and places of note, in the surrounding districts.

It was a lovely September afternoon when I took my seat in the six o'clock "boat express" from Boston to Fall River. The run of forty-nine miles was accomplished in one hour and twenty minutes, and the passengers for New York walked on board the "Providence"—the sister boat to the "Bristol," which I have already described. I was unable to obtain a state room, the whole of them, about two hundred in number, having been previously engaged. I, however, came off better than I expected, for instead of having to sit up all night, or sleep on a mattress on the floor of the saloon, I found that my passage ticket provided for a berth downstairs, in one of a set of comfortable cabins placed round the supper saloon, in the hold of the vessel, the principal difference being that I did not have the room to myself, but had to share it with two others. When I made my appearance on deck the following morning, about half-past seven o'clock, I found the "Providence" had completed her journey, and was already moored in her berth, along pier No. 28, North River, New York.

One of the first things to do was to visit the office of the "White Star Company," and exchange my return ticket for a passage ticket. It is always advisable to do this as long beforehand as possible, in order to obtain a good state-room, although so late in the season there was no fear of every berth having been taken, as the exodus of Americans to Europe takes place earlier, to avoid the oppressive heat of the United States summer.

The vessel was advertised to sail the following Satur-

day morning at ten o'clock, with the United States mails, &c., and all passengers were requested to be on board by nine o'clock at the latest. This is a very necessary direction, as there are some people who do not seem to understand punctuality, and are always behind, especially when they are cumbered with luggage ; and who, if they have not crossed before, are unaware that with the Mail Steamers between England and America, ten o'clock means ten o'clock, and not half-past, or five minutes past, or one minute past either.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Smith starts for Home—Punctual Departure—The Gulf Stream—Little Feathered Prisoners—"Purgatory" and "Paradise"—Big America—Sickly Americans—Druggists versus Saloon-keepers—Patients who don't wish to be cured—Medicine to suit the Taste—The Ship's Doctor prescribes—Cutting off the Gulf-Stream—The Iceberg Hoax—Paying to pass Temple Bar—Shipboard Games, Bull-board, Shuffle-board, and Quoits—Conversation about Montreal—The Roman Catholic Cemetery there—The Fourteen Stations to the Cross—Joseph Guibord—Buried under Military Escort—Winter Funerals in Lower Canada—A Heavy Tombstone.

IT was a beautiful autumnal day, that on which I found myself standing on the promenade deck of the White Star steamer, "Celtic," watching the final preparations that were going forward for the ocean voyage before us. It was about half-past nine o'clock, and apparently the passengers had all arrived in good time, in accordance with the notice on their passage tickets, that stated they should be on board by nine o'clock at the latest. But no, another hack drives on to the Company's quay, with some more passengers and their baggage, who, if they had not been told to be on board an hour before the sailing, would probably have been later still, and left behind.

About a quarter to ten a two-horsed dray drove up with the mail-bags, about seventy in number. The mails from America to England are never so heavy as *vice versa*, as the United States government "patronise"

five different lines of steamers to send their letters by, while the British Post Office only employ three of these lines.

The ship's bell now commenced to ring, and the quarter-masters to call out, "Now for the shore." Last "Good-byes" and "Farewells" were hurriedly taken, and full half the apparent number of passengers proved to be only friends come to see the voyagers off, as they streamed on to the quay. One or two more passengers arrived, and were hurried on board at the last minute.

"What's the time," called the Captain to one of the quartermasters.

"Ten o'clock, sir," was the reply.

"Pull in that gangway. Sharp. Do you hear? Let go that cable."

The pilot, who was standing on the bridge with the Captain, now took command, and the vessel slowly backed out into the stream just as the neighbouring clocks were chiming the hour of ten.

The "Celtic" proceeded very cautiously along among the shipping and ferry steamers plying hither and thither on the Hudson or North River, until it reached Battery Park, and then increased its speed as it steamed away past the various small islands in the beautiful bay of New York. In about two hours we had passed safely over the noted Sandy Hook Bar at the entrance to the bay, and the pilot then left, and returned in the small boat that had been in tow alongside.

The surrounding country about here is flat, and in less than an hour the last sight of land had disappeared from the view of those on board the steamer, who

now adjourned to the saloon as the gong sounded to announce to the passengers that it was one o'clock, and that lunch was ready ; after which they began to shake down into the regular routine of Atlantic steamer life by taking an afternoon nap in their state-room, or spreading their steamer chairs on the deck and lolling there, half asleep, with a book in their hand or a cigar in their mouth.

The next day the steamer entered the Gulf Stream, which was easily ascertained by the temperature of the water and the quantity of seaweed floating on the surface. Being Sunday, the usual regulation service was held in the saloon at half-past ten. There was no sermon or address of any kind, nor was there any other service held in the after part of the day.

On the previous afternoon, a few hours after we lost sight of land, several small birds came flying to the vessel, which the second mate said had doubtless been blown off Long Island in the gale of the day before, and were unable to regain their home. They remained, clinging to the rigging or flying to and fro, for the rest of the day, every now and then darting down to pick up any crumbs of food they could spy about the deck. One of them, a pretty little creature, very swift on the wing, and with a pretty little tuft on the crown of the head, was still flying about the ship. It appeared to be of the woodpecker tribe, as it would cling to the cordage and peck into the tarred ropes, evidently in search of insects for food. The other two had disappeared, and on enquiry I learned that they had been caught, but were not likely to live, as they had been

too used to a life of freedom long to survive a caged existence. The following day the third little visitor had disappeared, and had probably died, as it did not come to feed on the crumbs thrown about for it.

Among the passengers I soon made several acquaintances. In the first place there was Mr. Standish, the gentleman who shared the same state-room, and who had just come right through from San Francisco, having been eight days and nights in the train, which he described as "purgatory," wearying in the extreme (as doubtless it was), and declared the longest sea-voyage, on board a splendid steamer, like the one we were travelling on, to be "paradise" by way of comparison. Another passenger I already had some slight acquaintance of, as we had crossed together on board the "Britannic," in the previous May. He was a Mr. West, a Canadian gentleman in the timber trade, and was now crossing the Atlantic for the seventy-seventh time, as he came to Europe on business twice every year, and had done so for the last nineteen years.

Another acquaintance that I made on board, was that of a Mr. Burns, a Louisville gentleman, who was pleased to find that I had visited Kentucky in my tour through the States.

One evening, after dinner, a small party consisting of the above and one or two others, had adjourned to the Smoking Room, where we were sitting cracking nuts, and sipping our after dinner coffee, when one of them asked what brought me to the States.

"Oh, I came simply on pleasure, to have a look round, as I think you American gentlemen would call it."

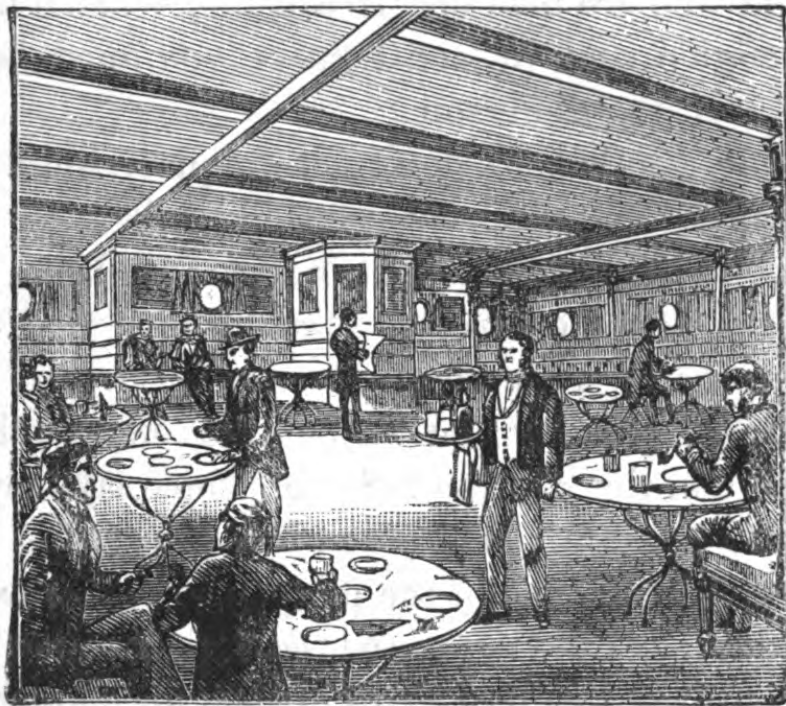
“ Well, I guess you’ve enjoyed your tour,” said Mr. Jefferson, a New Yorker.

“ Yes, indeed. I have, immensely.”

“ We are a big people, and live in a big country, do we not?” asked Mr. Standish.

“ As for the size of the people, they’re much about the same stature, as far as I can see, as the human race generally. You certainly have a large country to live in, too big for you, ever so much,” I replied.

“ How so ?” exclaimed several voices.



SMOKING-ROOM ON ATLANTIC STEAMER.

“ Why, I mean too big to be successfully ruled by one government. The interests of east, south and west, are so very different.”

“ But don’t you know each State make its own laws? What is legal in one State, is often illegal in the next. Our Government is a confederation of independent States,

for military purposes and foreign relationships," said Mr. Jefferson.

"Yes, I know that ; but even in military affairs it is necessary that they should be in harmony with the general feeling of the people. For instance, you would never draw soldiers from the Western States, where the interests of the inhabitants dictate a free trade policy, to fight in the cause of the high tariff and protective policy that New Englanders seem so mad on."

"Mad on, indeed. There is a large class of people in England who are mad on 'free trade,'—make it almost their religion, and, in fact, I guess you must be one of them," said Mr. Jefferson.

"Come, gentlemen, don't get to quarrelling. Well, Mr. Smith, tell us what you liked best of all you saw in our big country," put in Mr. Standish.

"Niagara, undoubtedly. I could have well enjoyed a month there," I answered.

"I heard you say you visited the Mammoth Cave ; what do you think of that? Some people say they prefer it even to Niagara," interposed Mr. Burns.

"Yes, I know, one of the party who went through at the same time I did expressed those views. For my own part, however, I cannot share in such an opinion."

"Did you visit Cave Hill Cemetery, when you were at Louisville?"

"Yes, I did, and thought it was the most beautiful I had ever seen."

"I guess that is so, after your ugly, doleful English churchyards, with those large, unsightly headstones, many of them leaning twenty or thirty degrees from

the perpendicular; and the ground banked up, as though to keep the dead ones from escaping from their graves before the appointed time."

"I quite agree with you, as I have seen many English cemeteries. I have often, however, been amused with the inscriptions I have seen on the head stones, in some of the country places," said Mr. West.

"Tell us some of them," demanded several listeners.

"Oh, I forget them. The only one I can remember just at the present moment was on a tombstone in a small country churchyard, which read as follows:—

'I was ill;—Sent for the doctor,
Took physic;—And died.'

"I guess that was not much of an advertisement for the village doctor," interposed Mr. Raynor (of Boston).

"If I had been he, I guess I should have at once struck out for another locality. I've heard say the doctors and the undertakers are in league together."

"I think the Americans must be a sickly lot, especially down Kentucky way," I said.

"How so?" asked Mr. Burns.

"Why, because of the flourishing state of all the druggists' stores. In all the country villages that I visited the druggist appeared to prosper, even if no one else did, not even the publicans—saloon keepers you call them."

"That is so, and shall I tell you why?"

"Please do, for it was an inexplicable mystery to me. I saw their stores apparently full of customers, when every other store was empty."

"That is simply because they sell spirits, the same as

the saloon keepers, and at the same time stand at a much greater advantage to the latter, as they do not have to take out a license."

"Then why don't the saloon keepers call themselves druggists, and do the same? Why should a chemist be able to evade the law, by simply painting up the word 'Druggist,' on the fascia over his store?"

"Oh, but it is only as a medicine that the druggist is allowed to supply anyone with spirits. If he sold them to any casual customer that might step into his store, he would then be infringing the law. He can only supply spirits '*as a medicine,*' and the customer has to bring a doctor's prescription to that effect."

"But how can a person who is not ill get a doctor to write him out a prescription? If he went to a doctor with a tale that he was ill, in nine cases out of ten the prescription would not contain what he really wished for ; and even if he could make sure of all these things, I should not have thought it would have paid to go and visit a doctor first each time he wanted a ten cent glass of alcoholic liquor."

"That is so, of course it would not ; but this is the way it is managed. The intending patient goes to the doctor, and tells his tale. Of course the doctor sees through the disguise, and knows very well what he really wants, and writes out a prescription that will *suit the taste* of his patient. If he did not, it is very certain his customers would soon leave him, and he would have to strike his tent and be off to another State, as he most certainly would never prosper in Kentucky. The 'patient' then goes to the druggist to have his pre-

scription 'made up,' which he does times without number, as the same paper is allowed to remain in force for a twelvemonth."

"Why, in England, if the doctors did not cure their patients quicker than that, they would soon lose their practice."

"No, I guess they would not, if they prescribed the same as ours do. With us, the experience is quite the reverse; after taking their medicine most diligently, and persistently, for a whole year, the patients invariably return to the doctor to have the same prescription renewed quite satisfied with the results, although not cured."

During the above conversation the ship's doctor had joined the group, and was apparently much interested in what was being said. Mr. Raynor here broke in:—"Well, doctor, what do you say to all this? Is that the way you prescribe for your patients?"

"Well, gentlemen, I've been thinking how bad you all look, and that I had better prescribe for you a brandy cock-tail all round, or whiskey for those who prefer it, to be drunk at once on the premises."

A general laugh greeted this "all round" prescription, and Mr. Jefferson replied, "Well, doctor, for my own part I quite agree with you, and I think we all do, and you'll join too, will you not?"

"Well, thank you, I have no objection, and shall be very pleased to do so."

Immediately followed a general chorus of "steward." A steward at once came forward for orders.

"Two whiskey cock-tails, three brandy dittos, and one soda-water with brandy," said Mr. Jefferson.

While the waiter had gone to fulfil this order, the conversation turned on the weather, and the speed of the ship.

“ Doctor, we’ve got beautiful weather, and ought to make a quick passage. When do you think we’ll arrive.”

“ Oh, that is difficult to say. The weather has been good at present, but we can’t tell what may be before us. If it continues as it is now, I should say we shall be in Liverpool on Tuesday morning of next week.”

“ What course are we running—East ? ” asked Mr. Burns.

“ No, that I know we’re not,” I exclaimed. “ East-north-east would be nearer the mark. Why the most southern part of England is nearer the North Pole than the northern shore of Lake Superior ; although people in general don’t seem to recognize the fact.”

Mr. Jefferson (who always enjoyed a rap at me, when he could get an opportunity), “ Yes, those wretched little British Islands, enveloped in choking fog, and chilling mists and rain, why they would be totally uninhabitable, frozen up altogether, if it were not for the warm water we send you across the Atlantic from our Gulf. So you see you have America to thank for all you get.”

“ *You send*, indeed ! Well, then, cut it off. I know you would if you could.”

The laugh was now turned upon Jefferson, but he was not to be done so easily, for he promptly replied, “ Yes, we are going to. A company is being formed down south for that purpose.”

“ Mr. Smith, when you came across in the spring, what sort of passage did you have ? As good as this ? ” asked Mr. Raynor.

“No, it was much colder and rougher.”

“You might cross twenty times and not have so calm a passage as we are having now,” said Mr. West.

I added (giving a nod to Jefferson), “And as we neared the American shore, it got colder still, with chilly mist and fog off the Newfoundland bank, so that we were nearly running into an iceberg.”

“I will still maintain that was British weather, as Newfoundland is not under the Stars and Stripes, but under the Union Jack,” said Mr. Jefferson.

“I know that,” I replied, “but it is American land for all that; and I am quite positive that even if the Stars and Stripes floated there, the fogs, and mists, and rain would still continue, in spite of United States legislation.”

“That remains to be proved.”

“Did you see the iceberg?” asked Mr. Burns.

“No. We passed it very early one morning, but a few of the passengers did, and determined to have a lark with some of the others. So they clustered in the companion way, and as one and another made their appearance, they pretended to be in earnest conversation between themselves. ‘Yes, and was it not an enormous size?’ one would say. ‘Indeed it was,’ another would reply. ‘What is it your talking about?’ the new arrival would be sure to ask. ‘Oh, don’t you know; did you not see the iceberg?’ ‘No, have we passed one? When? Where?’ ‘Yes, this morning,’ ‘Yes, and was it not a size?’ would chime in another. ‘Yes, you could not see the summit, it was lost in the fog.’ ‘Yes,’ added a companion, ‘and did you not see the polar bear sitting on the top?’ ‘Yes, and it was sitting

on its haunches.' 'Yes, and did you not see the captain shoot at him?' and so on."

"And was that really so?" asked Mr. Standish.

"At first I did not know what to believe. I knew that polar bears were sometimes found on ice-floes, but had never heard of their being seen on the top of an iceberg, 'sitting on its haunches, looking over the edge,' as they said, but when they asserted that the captain fired at it, as far as I was concerned I felt convinced that if the ship had been as near an iceberg as all that, the captain would have something else to think about than to go bear-shooting, even had there been a hundred there. At last, however, the whole tale exploded by one of the fellows so overstretching the mark as to say, 'Yes, and it was singing Rule Britannia.'"

"It was a pity that young chap should have spoilt the fun in that way, but I suppose they were trying how much the English passengers would swallow. I've heard they will credit the most extraordinary statements," said Mr. Raynor.

"Not more than other people," I replied. "Why, when I was in Boston, I met a man who had been to London, and who told me how he had been sucked in by an omnibus driver. He and a friend got up on a 'bus in the Strand to ride to the city, and took their seats on the knife-board, by the side of the driver, in order that they might ascertain from him the names of the public buildings they passed. Presently they came to an ugly structure built across the road, with one central arch for the road traffic, and a smaller one on each side for the foot passengers. I will tell you the rest in our Boston friend's own words.

“Coachman, what is this we’re coming to?”

“This is Temple Bar, and marks the entrance to the City of London. You pay sixpence to pass here. Even the Queen never passes without permission from the Lord Mayor, and he and the Aldermen come to escort her through the City.’ ‘Who do we pay the sixpence to?’ I asked. To which the driver replied, ‘To me.’ So my friend and I each forked out sixpence, which we gave to him. He looked very smiling, but put the money in his pocket, and a few minutes later we arrived at St. Paul’s Cathedral, when we got down, and the ’bus drove on.

“As we walked into the Cathedral, I said, ‘What did you give that man sixpence for?’ and he replied, ‘Because you did; but I guess we had no need to do so, for I saw no one else pay anything, whether riding or walking.’ So we came to the conclusion that we had been done, and afterwards made some enquiries, and found it was so, and got a good deal laughed at.”

“And serve them right,” interposed Mr. Raynor. “I don’t believe, however, that the men were born Yankees, although they may live in Boston.”

“Doctor, what has become of that letter that was lying on the mantelshelf, here, for two or three days? Have you found the owner?” asked Mr. Standish.

“Yes, I believe so,” said the doctor, “I understand it was for one of the steerage passengers, although being addressed Esquire, we never thought to ask in that quarter.”

“When I came over in the spring,” said Mr. West, “at Queenstown a telegram came on board for one of

the passengers, and was put on the mantel-piece, and he never noticed it until the next morning, when we were at sea. It was to tell him to return on most important business. He was in a great way about it, and said he would give a thousand pounds to be put on shore ; but of course it was useless, as we were many miles away. So he had to go all the way across the Atlantic, only to start back again by a vessel of another line, sailing the day after we arrived."

It was now getting late, and the company having paid for and taken the "physic" ordered by the doctor, separated, some to the smoking-room, others to their state-rooms, or else for a sharp walk up and down the promenade deck, before turning in for the night, it being a beautiful moonlight evening.

The principal out-door games provided for the amusement of the passengers during the voyage, are known as bull-board, shuffle-board, and quoits. The bull-board is a large flat board, about the size of an ordinary kitchen-table, and covered with black canvass stretched tightly over it, and nailed at the edge or back. White lines are painted across the face of the board, dividing it into twelve squares, on each of which a number is clearly painted. The game is played as follows :—The board is laid on the deck, and something usually placed under the further end, to raise it about a foot. A chalk mark is drawn a few yards off, and the object of the game is to throw small leaden weights, about the size of an old-fashioned turnip watch, on to the prize squares, a bystander keeping account of the scores made by the respective players. Of course the rules of this game can be varied almost indefinitely.

Ship's quoits are made of rope, covered with canvas, and the game is played somewhat in the same way as land quoits. In the game of Shuffle-board, squares are chalked out on deck resembling those drawn by the London Board School children on the street pavements for the game they call "Hop-sotch." Shuffle-board is played somewhat in the same way as bull-board ; only, instead of throwing anything, the players are provided with a sort of wooden spade, and standing at a certain distance endeavour to shove round discs, made of india-rubber, on to the squares marked with the highest numbers, while your opponents in their turn endeavour with their discs to send yours off again.

One afternoon I and some others had been trying our hand at each of these games in turn, but had grown tired, and were standing by, having a chat, while watching some others play, who had staked half-a-crown a-piece on the issue, and were therefore somewhat inclined to be contentious whenever an opportunity for dispute arose.

" I believe you visited Montreal in your tour. What did you think of it ? " said Mr. West to me.

" I think the situation is beautiful, with that glorious Mount Royal for a back-ground, towering seven hundred feet above the city, and thickly wooded to the summit. It is a capital idea to have reserved it as a public park for the inhabitants."

" Did you visit the Roman Catholic Cemetery, on the further side of the mountain ? " he asked

" Yes, and saw the fourteen Stations to the Cross."

" What are they ? " enquired Mr. Raynor.

" It is evident you do not belong to the Roman

Church, or you would know. The fourteen Stations to the Cross are representations of some of the leading events in the life of our Saviour; such as the Feast at Cana of Galilee, the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, which, by the bye, is the thirteenth, while the last is the empty tomb, intended to represent the Resurrection. At the Cemetery at Montreal, each of these events is depicted by models and bas-relief representation, carefully protected from the weather, and preserved under arches of stone, built up at the back, and glazed in front. This does not apply to the thirteenth, as the Crucifixion is shown by life sized figures to represent Christ and the two thieves, hanging on crosses about twenty feet high, implanted on a rising mount at the further end of the Cemetery. On Good Fridays and other fast days, thousands of devout Catholics make the 'tour,' as it is called, falling down on their knees before each station as they come to it, to say an Ave-Maria or Pater-Noster, however bad the weather."

"I'm sure you cannot but admire their devotion, however much you may disapprove of the form their religious opinions take," said Mr. Standish.

Mr. West then enquired if I saw Joseph Guibord's tomb, when I was in the Roman Catholic Cemetery at Montreal.

"Yes, you mean the grave covered with a massive block of granite, the shape of an enormous coffin, with a small slab of white marble inserted in the top containing the name of the deceased, and date of his death. It has however, been so mutilated, that I could scarcely read it, and the block of granite also has been so chipped

about in all directions, as to be almost undefinable in shape."

"How has that come about? Is it an old tomb?" inquired several of the listeners.

"Oh dear, no," said Mr. West. "Mr. Guibord only died in 1875. He was a Roman Catholic gentleman residing in Montreal, and became a member of the Montreal Institute, a high-class literary society. In consequence of the society, although nominally Catholic, choosing to admit on to the shelves of its library certain works forbidden by the Pope, he condemned the Institute, and all true Catholics were called upon to sever their connection with it. Mr. Joseph Guibord declined to do so, and in the end he was excommunicated. Previously to this he had purchased a plot of ground in the Roman Catholic Cemetery; and when he died, in 1875, his family wished to bury him there, but the priests refused to allow it, on the ground of his excommunication. The Montreal Institute took the matter up, and determined to try the case; and after passing through all the Canadian courts it was transferred across the Atlantic for final decision in the mother country; as then we had no supreme court sitting at Ottawa, as we have now. In England it passed from court to court, until it was finally decided by the Privy Council or the House of Lords, I forget which."

"And what was the verdict they finally arrived at?"

"A decision that I thought a very just one. They said that the priest could not be forced to read a burial service over him, but that the sale and purchase of the grave was a civil transaction, which no change of reli-

gious opinions on the part of the contracting parties in the least affected, and that, therefore, the family of the deceased had a right to bury him in the grave he had purchased."

"I guess that then the poor man was at last put under the ground, without more ado," said Mr. Standish.

"Not without a good deal of disturbance," replied Mr. West. "The priests vowed that, despite the decision of the judges, the body of the heretic should never be buried among those of the true sons of their church ; and from the pulpit, and in the confessional, instigated the Catholics to organise an armed resistance. The law could not, of course, be allowed to be set at defiance, and had now to be carried into effect by main force.

"The Lieutenant-Governor—Lord Dufferin—ordered some of the military from Quebec and from Ottawa, beside those who were already garrisoned at Montreal. The Catholics gave out that the ground around the grave had been undermined, and that if the interment were attempted, the whole funeral party should be blown up. Precautions were taken, and this was proved to be false. It was, however, thought desirable to place cannon on various commanding positions in the Cemetery, besides other places ; and the road and grounds were kept by the royal forces, and the funeral party escorted by a detachment of the same."

"Where had the dead man been lying all this while ?"

"Why, during the months all this litigation must have taken, his remains must have gone putrid," I said.

To which Mr. West replied, "In Montreal, and the

whole of Lower Canada, we never bury during the winter ; it is impossible to do so."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why, the ground is completely ice-bound by the severe frost, which lasts for five months without a break."

"But people die in the winter, I suppose, in Canada, the same as other places. Then what do you do with them?"

"That is so ; and we do not keep them in our houses, you may be sure. We take them to the Cemetery just the same then as at any other time, only the hearse and coaches are on runners instead of wheels. At the Cemetery the coffins are placed in a general catacomb until the spring, when the frost breaks and the ground can be opened, and the bodies finally buried. Besides, in Guibord's case, the priests had no objection to his being buried in a portion of the Cemetery that they regarded as unconsecrated, and set apart for the interment of heretics, and those who had died without receiving the rites of the church ; so that this funeral, under military escort, was only the removal of the body from one part of the Cemetery grounds to another. As the Catholics gave out that even if buried by force of arms the body should never remain there, the Government placed *upon the coffin two immense blocks of granite*, so as to make it impossible to remove it without adequate appliances for the purpose, and the expenditure of so much time and labour that it could not be done in a hurry or secretly. Guibord's remains, therefore, lie there, but every Catholic considers it a meritorious act

to mutilate the tomb with hammer and chisel as much as possible.”

“Have you many Roman Catholics in Canada?” asked Mr. Burns.

“In Montreal the Protestants and the Catholics are about equal in numbers,” said Mr. West. “In Ontario, and the whole of Upper Canada, the Protestants greatly predominate; but eastward of Montreal—in Quebec and the whole of Lower Canada—they disappear almost entirely, the population being Roman Catholic, largely of French origin, and speaking the French language. Both in Montreal and Quebec there is a large Irish element, who are also Roman Catholic in religion.”

“Does not this difference of religion, when so evenly balanced as in Montreal, frequently lead to serious brawls or riots among the lower classes?” continued Mr. Burns.

“Yes,” I interposed, “I know it does.” And I was about to give an instance that was told me a few weeks before, when the gong sounded to prepare for dinner; so Mr. Jefferson suggested that it might be as well to postpone hearing the anecdote until the next day, to which the rest agreed; and we then dispersed to our respective state-rooms to wash and dress for dinner.

CHAPTER XXV.

When are games not worth playing?—The Orangemen and the Catholic Union of Montreal—Breaches of the peace—Murder of an Orangeman—Great excitement—Class hatred between French and Irish Catholics—The dock labourers of Quebec—Injurious trade's union regulations—The French Labourers' Union—A fatal fray—Quebec in a state of terror—Tin Roofs—Saintly street nomenclature—Enlightened and benighted—Short of gaslight—A Kentucky sermon—Plain preaching—How to get a good collection—Pulpit notices—Spitting in Church.

ONE afternoon after the "Celtic" had been at sea for about a week, I had unfolded my sea chair on the upper deck, and was sitting comfortably there reading a book, when someone tapped me on the shoulder, and on looking up I saw Mr. Standish beside me.

"It is a beautiful day is it not; come and sit down on this next chair for a while, and let us have a chat," I said.

"No, thank you, not now. In fact, I have been sent to seek for you, as some of us want to hear what you were about to tell us when the gong went for dinner yesterday."

"Oh, very well, I will do so. If you will lead the way I'll follow."

We accordingly adjourned to the Smoking-room, where the others were seated round a small marble topped table, on which stood several empty glasses and a pack of cards, while the players were now counting their money, and making a reckoning of their gains and losses.

"Well, Mr. Smith where have you been all this while? Why don't you join us in a rubber at whist sometimes?"

“ Because I make a rule of never playing for money.”

“ Is that so? Why, I have won ten shillings this last half hour, and we have only been playing for shilling stakes,” said Mr. Jefferson.

“ And some one else has lost as much, that is equally certain ; and for my own part I have no money to fool away.”

“ Well, I have been one of the losers this time, but the amount is not much, and I may win it back another time, and I guess it gives a little excitement to the game when you have some money staked on it, however small the amount,” said Mr. Raynor.

“ Oh, do you think so,” I asked, “ for my own part I always consider that if a game is not of sufficient interest in itself, without the stimulus of a money wager on the issue, it is not worth playing at all.”

“ Is that so? Well, I guess we are not going to play any more just now, as we want to hear what you were about to tell us yesterday ; and for my own part I promise not to stake anything on the issue,” replied Mr. West.

“ Very well, gentlemen, I’ll commence at once. Yesterday Mr. Burns was asking if there were not sometimes serious party disputes between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics in Montreal, and I was about to tell you of one, by way of illustration, which occurred only comparatively recently, and since the disturbance about Joseph Guibord’s burial. I must tell you that in Montreal the Orangemen, the ultra-Protestants, principally from the north of Ireland, are a very numerous and powerful body. In England, at the present time, we

hear but little of Orangemen, but that society seems to thrive greatly on the western side of the Atlantic, and nowhere more so than at Montreal. There, however, they are met by an opposing society, equally as powerful, called the Catholic Union, and consisting of ultra Romanists. Whenever one party was to have a fête-day or procession, the other got up a counter demonstration, and breaches of the peace so frequently ensued, that at last after some difficulty an arrangement was entered into between the leaders of both societies, by which they each agreed to cease having street processions, and outdoor demonstrations altogether. This was strictly observed for two or three years, though not without much discontent on the part of many members, both among the Orangemen and the Catholic Union. The agreement of course did not prevent them from holding any number of meetings they liked in public halls or any other building. On the particular occasion that I am now referring to, the Orangemen had a fête, taking place at a hall in the city, and as one of their number was on his way thither he was set upon by a mob of Roman Catholic roughs, on account of the orange coloured favour that he had imprudently pinned to his breast before leaving home, instead of waiting until he arrived at the place of assembly. He took refuge in a tobacconist's shop, on Victoria Square, the principal square in the city.

The mob called upon the tobacconist to give him up to them, and threatened immediately to demolish his house about his ears if he did not do so. The terrified shop keeper accordingly turned the poor young fellow out. He fled across the Square hotly pursued by the yelling crowd

who pinned him against a wall on the opposite side, and fired six shots at him, of course killing him on the spot."

"Oh, how dreadful," remarked several of my hearers.

"That is the result of allowing persons to carry fire-arms about with them. It naturally makes them too apt to resent an insult, and to make use of that means of revenging themselves on the spur of the moment, and in most cases have bitterly to repent it afterwards," said Mr. Standish.

"Well, I am surprised to hear *you* say so, above everybody. I thought that everyone in California carried fire-arms. I know I was told I must not think of venturing further west than Kansas City, without doing so," I replied.

"That is so," said Mr. Standish, "but for my own part, I highly disapprove of it, and think the Government ought to put a stop to it. If nobody were allowed to carry fire-arms, people would be equally as safe as when all do, and safer too ; but when *some* do, why the immediate result is that *all must*, or those who were known not to, would at once become the butt of insult and imposition."

"Well, I am very glad you don't, seeing I share the same state-room with you."

"What was done about this Montreal murder?" asked Mr. Burns.

"Of course the whole Protestant population of the city were indignant at such a brutal outrage, and determined to show the Catholics that they had made a very great mistake in what they had done, by giving

the murdered Orangeman such a funeral as had never been seen in Montreal. Every Protestant in the city was urged upon to follow the *cortége*, in fact they wanted very little urging, as they all felt it was high time, by a vast public procession, to show their numerical strength and sympathy with the victim. The leaders of the Catholic Union saw that their more ignorant followers had, in their fanaticism, perpetrated an act that had done incalculable injury to their own side, as it at once made them abhorred in the eyes of thousands who hitherto cared very little for either party. They dreaded the result of feeling which the proposed demonstration would call forth, and did all in their power to prevent its taking place. They appealed to the leaders of the Orangemen, and quoted the agreement both sides had entered into against holding street processions. But it was evident that all such agreements were for ever at an end. They appealed to the authorities to forbid the demonstration, but the authorities were powerless in the matter, as the excitement of public feeling was so intense, that no prohibitions would have prevented thousands from following the funeral procession to the Cemetery. All that the Government could do was to take every precaution in its power to prevent any further breach of the peace. With this view, the Montreal military were again had out, beside some from Quebec and from Ottawa, to line the route to the Cemetery ; as, should some zealous but misguided fanatic fire a shot at anyone in the procession (a contingency which was but too probable), a general fray and much bloodshed must have inevitably been the result."

“ And was there ? ” eagerly asked Mr. Standish.

“ No, although at one moment it was feared that there would be, as some mad Romanists pushed their way through the crowd and shook their fists at the coffin, as the hearse passed. They were at once seized by some Orangemen, and trouble was expected ; the police, however, promptly interfered, and a riot was prevented.”

“ Did many follow ? ” asked Mr. Burns.

“ Yes. Every Protestant felt it a duty incumbent upon him to do so. The shops along the whole line of route were closed, and the hearse was followed by a procession of thousands ; such a funeral has never been witnessed either before or since in Montreal.”

“ Did not the Catholic Union get up a counter demonstration ? ”

“ No, their leaders felt their cause was justly disgraced, and that it was not the occasion for such a demonstration. Besides, when the funeral came off, they were so astonished at the numerical strength of their opponents and their sympathisers, that they kept quiet for a long while after that, seeing that their own members had made the Union so unpopular.”

“ I guess now the Catholics and Protestants in Montreal hate one another pretty heartily,” said Mr. Jefferson.

“ I guess that is so, but there is a class hatred in Montreal and Lower Canada, more bitter than that even,” said Mr. West. “ It is the hatred with which the French Roman Catholics and the Irish Roman Catholics regard one another.”

“ Yes,” I added, “ when I was in Quebec a gentleman

there was telling of the fatal riot they had there in June, 1879, between the French and Irish dock labourers."

"That," said Mr. West, "was a trade dispute, not a religious quarrel."

"That is so, but the fact that both French and Irish profess the same faith did not lessen their hatred of each other," I said.

"What was it all about?" asked Mr. Burns.

"Why, in Quebec there is a Dock Labourers' Trade Union. Not content with having procured a rate of pay that would perfectly astound the dock labourers of London or Liverpool, they proceeded to make and enforce rules forbidding any work after six o'clock under any circumstances. The working of this rule proved exceedingly irksome to the shippers, as it often occurred that a ship was prevented from sailing with the tide her owners intended her to, and was detained a whole day, simply because when six o'clock struck there remained a few planks or other cargo to be shipped, and the labourers refused to work another minute although half an hour's work would complete the whole."

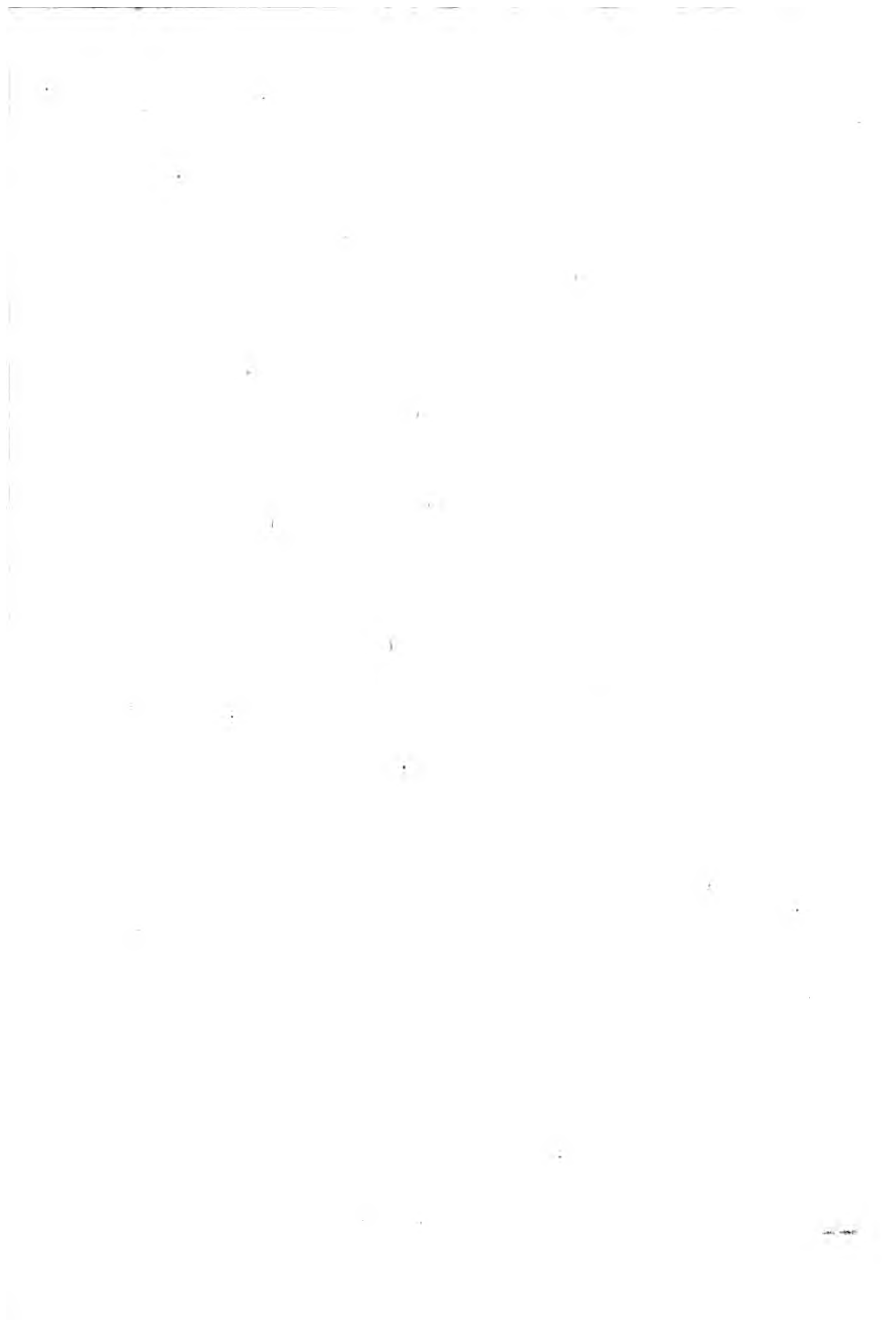
"In such cases were I the captain of the ship, I should direct my own sailors to bring the goods on board," remarked Mr. Burns.

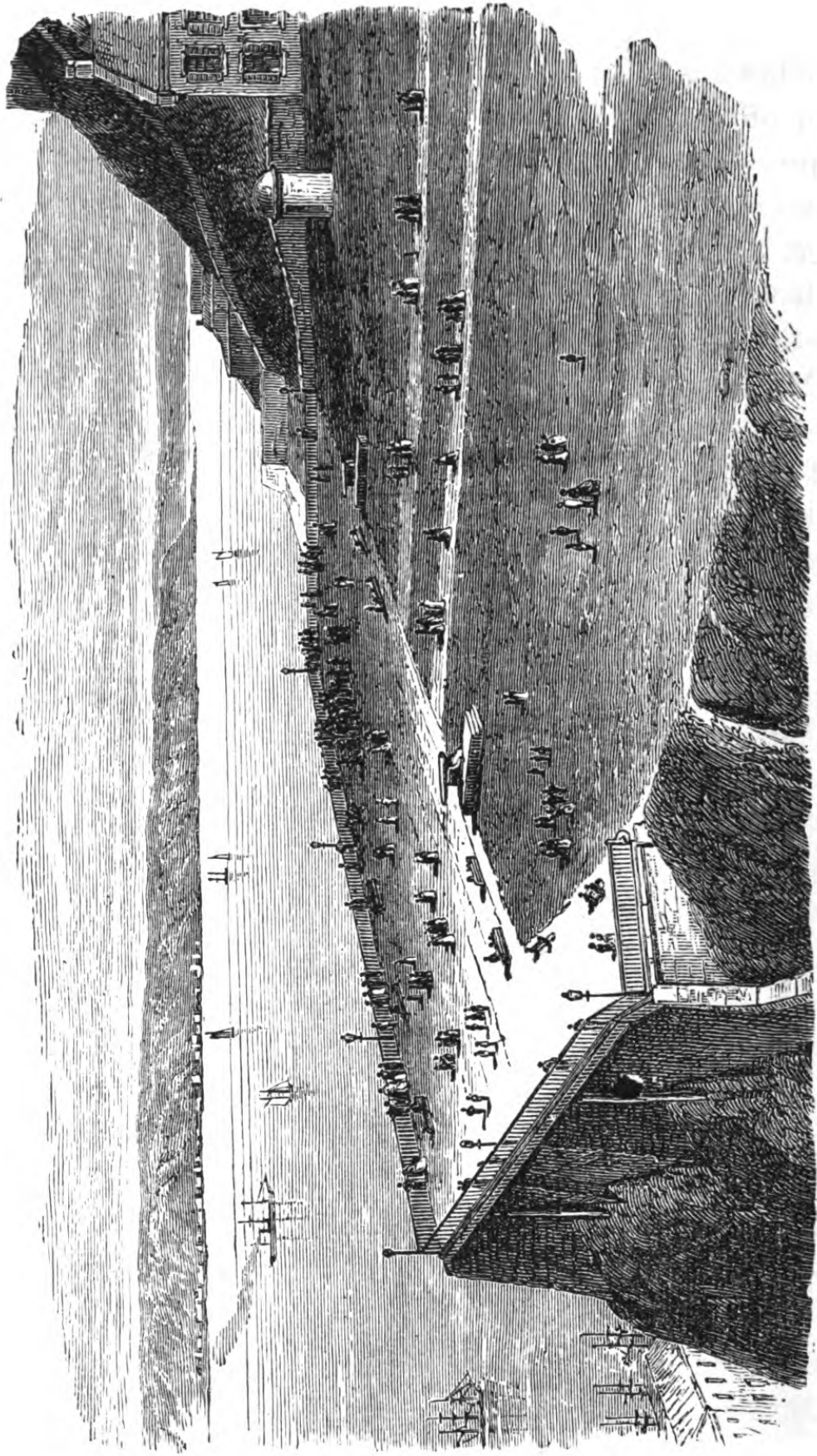
"They could not, for the Union men were like the 'dog in the manger.' They would not do it themselves, nor would they let any one else, deterring them by actual violence. Such rules and regulations were a very short-sighted policy, as all artificial restrictions to the free development of any trade are; and in the present case ship owners soon began to leave Quebec for other ports,

where such harassing restrictions did not exist ; and the timber shipping trade of the city rapidly diminished. The French labourers soon perceived this, and were brought to believe in its true cause. They wanted some alterations made in the rules of their Union, but were out-voted by the others. So a large number of them determined on withdrawing from the old Union, and creating a French Dock Labourers' Union, with such alterations in the old rules as they thought would be beneficial. They notified the shippers of what they had done, and offered to tender for the loading of cargoes. The merchants were willing enough to employ them, but were afraid to do so, as they expected it would result not only in violence to the persons of the French labourers, but also in wilful damage to the goods and shipping of those who employed them. The poor fellows were left, therefore, without work. In order to show that they were not afraid, and that the masters need not fear to entrust work to them, they arranged to have a procession to show their numerical strength, and, not content with promenading the principal business streets, they very foolishly determined to finish up with a march through Champlain Street down by the water side, and the residential quarter and strong-hold of the Irish Dock Labourers."

Mr. Raynor here interposed, "Anyone might have guessed that would lead to a row."

"Yes, it did. The Irish heard of the intended visit, and resolved to receive them in a way anything but brotherly. They fetched an old rusty cannon that was lying about, and placed it on Champlain Street below





DURHAM TERRACE, QUEBEC.—200 FEET ABOVE THE RIVER.

the citadel, and loaded it with powder and small iron chain off the docks, which they determined to fire into the procession as soon as it should arrive past the curve in the road which would bring them within sight and range."

"Iron chain! What fearful havoc that must have caused. Were many killed?"

"No, for it was never fired. So mad were the Irish at the prospects of a row, and so anxious to assist in the work of slaughter, that a number of them assembled on Durham Terrace, a broad promenade on the cliff overhanging Champlain Street, and nearly two hundred feet above it, in order that they might add to the havoc caused by the cannon by hurling down great stones on the panic stricken demonstration. And it was this very thing that saved them from a dreadful slaughter. The French procession came, quite unconscious of the reception that had been prepared for them as soon as they should reach the bend in the road. Fortunately, however, they did not get so far, as the excited Irish, who were up above them on Durham Terrace, were so anxious to begin the fray that they would not wait for the appointed signal, but commenced pelting down the great stones they had collected, before the members of the new Union had come within sight or range of the old piece of ordnance. This was the first intimation the French received that serious injury was intended them. A few of their number were struck, and one or two killed. This was quite a definite notice enough that it would be sheer madness to proceed further, and that they had already come too far. The demonstration at once came

to an end, and the panicstricken members fled in dismay, hotly pursued by a mob of excited Irish."

"Then the Irish got the best of it?"

"Yes, for a short time, and put the city into such a state of terror, that the French and Protestant English went in dread of their lives for the next two or three days, fearing to venture out of their houses especially after dark."

"I guess you found the place quiet enough when you were there, did you not?"

"Oh, yes, there was nothing of the kind going on then, I am thankful to say, or I should soon have decamped."

"What sort of city is Quebec?"

"A somewhat quaint old fashioned town, very strongly fortified, in fact, the citadel is considered to be all but impregnable, so that it is often called the Gibraltar of Canada. Almost all the churches, besides a large number of the private houses are roofed with wood, covered with tin plates, which glitter in the sunlight and give the place a somewhat remarkable appearance. Judging from the names of the streets I should take the inhabitants to be very religious, seeing the large number of saints they have called to their assistance in the nomenclature of their thoroughfares. For instance, the only line of tramway they have runs along Saint Peter, Saint John, and Saint Joseph's Streets."

"Is that so? Then I am sure Quebec ought to be a very enlightened city, when so many saints possess the place."

"I am afraid the facts do not warrant the belief. Be that as it may however, I am quite sure that a little more material light in the way of gas for street illumination

would prove a blessing. When I was there, there was no moon, and I had the greatest difficulty to find an address I wished to call at one evening after dark."

"How is that? Are they so uncivilized in that region of the world as not to have gas even yet?"

"There is a gas company at Quebec, and there are gas lamps in the streets, but when I was there they had not been lit for three weeks in consequence of a disagreement between the company and the corporation."

"What about?"

"About the price. The city authorities had come to the conclusion that they had been paying too much and wished to reduce it, to which the Gas Company would not agree, and had refused to supply the Corporation, so for three weeks the streets had been left in complete darkness after sunset."

"That is a strange way of doing things; we manage our affairs better in Kentucky," said Mr. Burns.

"Possibly so in Louisville, but in some of the country parts of Kentucky they say and do some of the strangest things I ever came across."

"Is that so? Give us an example."

"Well, for instance, in the Sunday discourses of some of your ministers, and the mode in which they take up a collection at church."

"What is that? Tell us how they do it," eagerly enquired several. Mr. Burns lit a fresh cigar, and was just walking off when the others called him back. "Mr. Burns, don't go away just this minute, stay and hear this description of a Kentucky collection, that we may have your testimony as to its correctness." Mr. Burns complied,

and I began. "Well, gentlemen, as the collection was preceded by a sermon, I think I will tell you a little about *that* first, as I thought it rather a remarkable one. The minister selected for his text, 'We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake.'

"The preacher did not mince matters, but from the verses I have just quoted, delivered the most out-spoken plea for a better support of the ministry that I ever heard from the pulpit. I have not the slightest doubt of his hearty belief in all he said on that occasion, and which thousands of other ministers from among all denominations would like to say to their congregations had they only the courage.

"'Now,' he proceeded, 'I know very well what you will say, Oh yes, it is all very well for him to talk thus, because it is for his own benefit. Well, I am not the first to say it. The great Apostle himself preached it before me. The Bible is as clear on this point as on any other, and so I will say it to you'" &c., &c.

"I guess that was plain enough preaching anyhow. How did the collection proceed?" asked Mr. Raynor.

"Towards the end of his sermon he took out his pocket knife and began cutting up some paper, and sharpening some lead pencils, in the pulpit, while he informed his hearers that he had some notices to give out. 'One of them,' he remarked, 'I know you will like, and another you will *not* like at all. Now I know what it will be. If I tell you the one you will like first, then you will get up and go before

we can attend to the other, so I had better tell you the one you will *not* like first, as I can then make sure of you staying to hear all about something you *will* like. The first notice, then, is that there is to be a collection, which will be taken up *now*.'

"Now I know very well what you will say, Oh! but you should have told us before, we have brought no money.' Not a bit of it, I know you too well for that; if I had told you last Sunday you would not have come this, and as to having no money with you, that does not signify one bit. If you have none with you now, you can just put down on this paper what you will give—it will do any time between now and this day month."

Then addressing himself to the two belles of his congregation, who were sitting in the body of the church, he said, 'Miss Leyland and Miss Angelina, will you kindly borrow two gentlemen's hats and take up the collection.' The young ladies addressed borrowed two hats, took the paper and pencils which the reverend gentleman handed to them from the pulpit, and commenced with those sitting in the pews nearest to them. 'No ladies,' broke in their pastor, 'kindly commence at the other end of the church if you please, or I know very well what it will be, before you get to the further end those men sitting near the door will slip out.' This remark created a slight commotion, but the preacher, addressing those spoken of said, 'It is all very well for you to laugh, but I know you of old, I have not lived in the world all these years without finding out what human nature is.' "

"And was the collection a good one?"

"Yes, fairly so, and I think it was to be attributed to

the wise selection of collectors made by the preacher. The young ladies would not take 'No' for an answer, but if anyone shook their head, argued the claims of the cause, and held the pencil and paper before them, until it was impossible to resist such pleading any longer."

"And what was the other announcement, the one the reverend gentleman said they would all like?"

"That on that day three weeks they were to have a 'Basket Sunday.' A tent was to be erected on the small green outside the church, where the horses of those who had come from a distance were then grazing, tethered to stakes fastened in the ground, while their owners every now and then got up and peered out of the church windows to see that they were all right. On Basket Sunday every one was to bring his or her dinner with them, as it would be a sort of pic-nic interspersed with religious exercises."

"What you heard has evidently made a great impression on you, seeing you have not yet forgotten it. I hope you enjoyed the exercises" (services).

"Yes, and would have done so still more if a man before me, lounging all the while with his arm over the back of his pew, had not so dreadfully annoyed me by constantly spitting during the whole service, sometimes in his own pew, but mostly turning round and doing so into the pew in which I was sitting."

"What of that, don't people spit in England?"

"Not in church, certainly. It would be considered most disgusting to do so."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Captain's dinner—English and American dishes—Last day of the voyage—Calling off Queenstown—Mr. Burns seeks information how travellers manage with their "baggage"—Some people seem to prefer checks to baggage—Revolver carrying—Preaching and practice—Arrival at Liverpool—Journey to London—End of all troubles *Rz* "Baggage and Boots."

IT was Sunday afternoon. The "Celtic" had now been eight days at sea, and the passengers were looking forward to seeing land the following morning. Mr. Burns and I had both been enjoying ourselves on the promenade deck, taking it easily, resting ourselves in our steamer chairs, each with a book borrowed from the ship's library. Presently I said, "Why, it is half-past five already, there goes the gong to prepare for dinner. I wonder whether we are to have the wedding breakfast this evening or to-morrow."

"What do you call the wedding breakfast?"

"Why, the last dinner of the voyage is usually an extra grand one. The provisions are even more sumptuous than usual and covered with ornaments as though they had just been sent in from a first-class pastry-cook's, and stuck over with little English and American flags. The cakes are covered with splendid ornaments just like a bride's cake, and bon-bons are placed by the side of your plate. That is why I call it the wedding breakfast, although it is, I believe, usually called the Captain's dinner. Of course we do not expect to land until Tuesday, but

the passengers for Ireland will probably have left before this time to-morrow."

"The provisioning has been very good throughout the voyage, any one not satisfied must indeed be hard to please."

"I think so too. Here we have had both English and American dishes."

"Is there much difference between the food in American and in English hotels?"

"Yes, I noticed several things that to me at least were novel. For instance Clam Chowder soup, or, in fact, clams in any form, then Blue fish, Bass fish, and soft shelled crabs, also the bear flesh, that was occasionally to be had at the tip-top hotels ; and the large variety of hot bread that you eat, and which, for the most part, I did not like at all; besides sundry vegetables and fruit quite new to me."

"Such as what?"

"Well, Green-corn, for instance, is quite unknown with us, and then, again, the immense number of tomatoes the Americans eat quite astonish an Englishman. Tomatoes for breakfast, tomatoes for luncheon, tomatoes for dinner, tomatoes for supper, tomatoes raw, tomatoes boiled, tomatoes baked, tomatoes stewed, tomato sauce, tomato soup, &c., in fact tomatoes everywhere and always. Then, again the great abundance of peaches, sweet melons, and canteloupes, which I thought very nice, as also the blue berries, so plentiful during August in Lower Canada. There was another thing with which I was a good deal struck, and that was the number of eggs you use, and the great variety of ways in which you cook and eat

them. Eggs boiled, fried, poached, shirred, dropped, scrambled. Omelettes plain, omelettes with sugar, with herbs, with parsley, with cheese, with ham, with kidneys, with onions, with jelly, and with your everlasting tomatoes."

"Are peanuts ate as largely in England as with us?"

"No, indeed, they are almost unknown, and not much of a miss either, for I think them no better than acorns, and cannot imagine what makes the Americans so fond of them."

"Is that so? Well now, let us come below and see the decorations before the company take their places for dinner."

We accordingly did so, and found the tables beautifully arranged, and ornamented in a manner reflecting great credit on the stewards.

The following morning the first thing I did on waking was to jump up and look out of the porthole of my state room to see if land was in sight. I hardly expected it would be, and was much surprised to find that the vessel was steaming along quite close to the wild, rugged cliffs that form the coast line of the south-west of Ireland.

I dressed quickly, and hurried on deck in order to obtain a more extended view just in time to see a string of colours denoting the number of the ship, &c., run up the mizzen mast, and which were soon answered by a signal from the coast guard station on shore, and from where the arrival of homeward bound ships is telegraphed to the owners' agents in Queenstown or elsewhere.

After breakfast a mail bag was hung up in the saloon for the reception of passengers' letters intended to be

posted in Queenstown, and telegraph forms were laid on the table for those who wished to advise their friends either in England or America of their safe arrival.

About noon the "Celtic" reached the entrance to Queenstown harbour, where she was met by the company's tender, which brought out the pilot who was to navigate the ship into the port of Liverpool, and to which were transferred the whole of the mails brought by the "Celtic" and the passengers bound for Ireland, together with the letters and telegrams written by the passengers. This operation only occupied about ten minutes, during which both steamers had continued travelling in order that not a minute of time should be lost. As soon as it was completed, the tender let go the cables with which she was lashed to the ocean steamer, and turned her head towards Queenstown, while the other pursued her course for the St. George's Channel.

That afternoon, as Mr. Burns and I were taking a "constitutional" up and down the promenade deck, he said, "I have never crossed before, and should be glad if you would give me a little information on one or two points."

"I shall be pleased to do so, if it is in my power."

"One thing I want to know is, on landing do I give my baggage to an 'express-man' to convey to the railroad depot for me?"

"No, indeed, as soon as you set foot on our happy shore the American miseries of 'Baggage and Boots' will disappear like snow in the sun. As soon as your luggage has been examined by the Custom house officials you hail a hack—we call them cabs—and you and your

luggage go together wherever you want, at about one third the price charged for the same services in the United States."

"And at the depot I suppose I can get my baggage checked through to London?"

"Not in the American sense of the word, as our Railway Companies never give any tallies in exchange, as with you."

"Is that so? I wonder the people will put up with that, I should expect to have my baggage stolen very soon."

"You need not fear that. Show the porter your ticket, and he will paste a paper label with the name of the station you have booked for on to your luggage. When you have seen that done, you need trouble no more about it, it is quite safe, and safer too, as you have no check to lose, and you will find it all right at your destination."

"I don't like that plan, I should prefer a check."

I laughingly said, "It is, I suppose, what we have been used to. The Americans are so passionately fond of checks that they seem to prefer them to their luggage. I know one, in fact, who came from New Hampshire to New York some weeks ago, having first checked his baggage; he has the check now, but where the baggage is no one knows. He said to me, 'Where would he be without the check?' and I told him, as well off as with it, and that for my own part I should prefer to lose the check than lose my luggage."

"Did you wire to your friends from Queenstown?"

"I sent a telegram to my former landlady to know if

she had any apartments vacant, and could again receive me. I directed her to write to-night, and I shall find the letter at the Liverpool Post Office to-morrow morning."

"I wish to go on to London at once, and if you intend to do the same perhaps we may travel together."

"I shall be very pleased to do so. By the bye, do you remember Mr. Standish running down the practice of carrying pistols, and I told him I was glad he held those views, seeing he shared the same state-room?"

"Yes."

"Then judge of my surprise this morning to see the handle of a revolver projecting from a pocket at the back of his pants. I had not observed it before, as until to-day he had not got up until I was dressed and gone. I *was* surprised after the way we had heard him talk."

"Were you? I should not have been, for I never yet met a man from California who did not carry fire-arms about him."

When the passengers awoke the following morning they found that they had arrived in the Mersey during the night, and that their voyage was now finished, and the "Celtic" was lying quietly at anchor in mid stream opposite the Prince's Landing Stage at Liverpool, where, after an early breakfast, the passengers were landed in the "White Star" Company's tender. The inevitable Custom House ordeal occupied some little time, after which many good-byes were said, and the passengers separated hither and thither, in the majority of cases never to meet again, but for the most part carrying away with them many pleasant recollections of the ten days during which they were necessarily thrown so

much into each others' company in their voyage across the Atlantic.

Hailing a cab, Mr. Burns and I went together to Lime Street Station, calling on the way at the General Post Office, where I found the letter I expected.

After a rapid railway journey of five hours only, we arrived in the "Metropolis of the world," and alighted from the train in Euston Square Station, where we at last had to bid each other good-bye, Mr. Burns promising soon to come and spend an evening with me and tell me his first impressions of London and the English.

As I drove through the familiar streets I could not help noticing the eagerness with which the shoe-black boys looked out for jobs at a penny a pair, and comparing them with those of the same "profession" in Chicago, who sit on their boxes reading their newspaper, and have to be kicked off to transact business at ten cents a "shine." Again, as to my luggage, I knew *that* to be all right on the top of the cab I was travelling in, and felt it a relief to be able to dispense with the services of the American "Express Baggage Agent."

Very soon the cab drew up at my old address, and in answer to my knock and ring my former landlady opened the door with many expressions of welcome and of congratulation for my safe return.

* * * * *

Thus ended Smith's first American tour, which I have endeavoured to tell as nearly as possible in his own words, and must now bring to a close my tale entitled

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