



HAMILTON, UPPER CANADA.

WESTERN WANDERINGS

OR, A

PLEASURE TOUR IN THE CANADAS.

BY

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON,

AUTHOR OF

“THE PRIME MINISTER;” “LUSITANIAN SKETCHES;” “BLUE JACKETS;” “PETER
THE WHALER;” “HOW TO EMIGRATE;” “THE EMIGRANT’S HOME;”
ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO

ARTHUR MILLS, Esq.

MY DEAR MILLS,

To your introductions I am indebted for some of the most valuable acquaintance I formed in Canada and the United States ; and I cannot, I think, better evince my appreciation of them, and of your kindness, than by dedicating to you the following pages.

While engaged with you in labours which we believed would benefit the colonies and their future inhabitants, I first learned justly to appreciate those noble possessions of the British crown ; and I feel that the adoption of your enlightened views has

been the main cause of any service my pen may have rendered them.

I have only to regret that circumstances have not enabled me at present to enter, as deeply as I could have wished, into several important subjects, but I feel sure that the work I hear you are about to produce will make ample amends for my deficiencies.

With sincere esteem,

Believe me

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

Blackheath, 23d Oct. 1855.

PREFACE.

THE reader must not expect to find, in the following pages, any profoundly philosophical or otherwise learned research into the origin, history, institutions, or manners, of the people of America. My book is the result of a visit made to that continent by myself and my wife when (I see no valid reason to disguise the fact) we were on our wedding-tour. During it we kept our eyes and ears open, and I have attempted little more than to note down what we saw and heard.

Perhaps, as was to be expected, we looked at things generally through rose-coloured spectacles; and as they are, I opine, under all circumstances of life, more agreeable to use than a yellow or smoke-tinted lens, I shall be truly glad if the reader glances at our sketches through the same pleasant medium.

Advice as to the plan of our tour we received in abundance before starting. Our destination, in the first place, was Canada, after seeing which we proposed making as long a sojourn in the United States as time

would allow. We were told that we must not fail to visit London, and Paris, and Woodstock, and Hamilton, which places we supposed were little villages with big names somewhere in the backwoods. Everybody said, Of course you will go to Niagara ; and some young ladies entreated that we would not fail to sing “ Row, brothers, row,” as we descended the rapids of St. Anne,—but where those rapids were to be found they knew, I suspect, as little as we did. With this vague notion of localities, all we could definitely resolve on was to glide over the waters of the great lakes, to climb the mountains, and to descend the streams, of the mighty continent ; to thread the mazes of the dark forests, to search for the wigwams of the Red Indians, to visit the rough settler in his log-hut, the farmer at his cleared homestead, and the citizen in his town dwelling ; in fact, to behold a specimen of each style of scenery, and become acquainted with every class and phase of society to be found in that rich portion of the New World. We also subscribed to two principles : —One was not to bind ourselves to proceed in any particular direction, should we find it convenient to alter our course ; the other, not to allow ourselves to be disquieted by any of the *contretemps* to which travellers in all lands are liable.

While we were laying in a store of waterproofs and woollens to shelter us from autumn rains and winter frosts, our friends collected numerous letters of introduction, so that we might not appear as unknown strangers

in the New World. On examining the packets we found letters addressed in Canada to all classes of the population, including the Governor-general, some of the bishops and clergy, officers, military and civil, merchants, settlers, and farmers; and in the United States, to several who are as highly appreciated in England as they are in their own land; to the historian Prescott, to the poet Longfellow, to Wills, Mrs. Sigourney, Professor Agassiz, Dr. Howe, the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, and to many other literary and influential persons engaged in mercantile pursuits, or moving in the world of fashion among the "Upper Ten Thousand" whom it would be most agreeable for us to know, and who were likely to give us a favourable impression of American society. Thus prepared, we started on our journey.

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WESTERN WANDERINGS,

§c. §c.



THE GRAVE OF THE BACKWOODSMAN.

CHAPTER I.

A VISIT to America having been proposed, duly discussed, and finally resolved on, we found ourselves, on the 24th of August, 1853, on board an active, bustling little craft, with a huge specimen of Uncle Sam's banner flying over her taffrail, paddling towards one of the magnificent steam-ships of the American Collins' line, the Atlantic,

which lay in the mid-stream of the Mersey. The decks of the tiny satellite were crowded with passengers and piles upon piles of trunks, carpet-bags, hat-boxes; but notwithstanding this vast amount of luggage and apparently irretrievable confusion, when we got on board the huge steamer, the officers and men paid so much attention to the passengers, and took so much pains to show them where each chest, parcel, and package, was stowed, that after a search of some minutes, while my wife sat on deck amused with the novel scene, I ascertained that not a particle of our property was missing.

Retiring to our cabin we wrote letters, which we despatched by the agent; and I then, like an old voyager, hung up our cloaks and secured our trunks, dressing-cases, and books, so that, should a gale overtake us, they might not go independently cruising about the cabin. This done, with consciences at ease and hope in the future, we returned on deck to watch the fun. The persevering tributary was again employed in discharging a motley assemblage of voyagers and their luggage into the ship.

Noon arrived, the mighty engines began to clank, and, at a pace slow and dignified, we commenced our progress, soon to increase it to the headlong speed of fourteen miles an hour. Just then two river-steamers came spluttering past under our stern, with bands on board, which struck up in compliment to our starry and striped banner, "Hail, Columbia!" and "Yankee Doodle." Our American fellow-passengers seemed much pleased with the compliment. May the national anthems of our two great nations ever sound with friendly notes in each other's waters!

This reminds me of a story I have since heard

regarding Jullien, the most dictatorial of musicians, playing just then to a hat-wearing, down-sitting audience in republican New York. Often had his mighty soul chafed at the visible want of that respect he justly deems due to his potent art. One evening, with all the power of his vast genius thrown into the whole strength of his band he struck up "Hail, Columbia!" Every one was enraptured; and "Encore! Encore! Encore!" resounded through the hall. He rose, bow in hand, and waving it on high, bowed to the sovereign people: "Gentlemen," he cried, "when I play 'God save the Queen,' and other national anthems, in the Old World, my audience are wont to stand up uncovered in respect to the sovereign who rules the land. In this happy, glorious country the people reign supreme: they themselves the only sovereign they acknowledge—therefore, most enlightened of audiences, in respect to yourselves, with hatless heads, rise to your feet, or my instruments will refuse to produce those inspiring strains which speak to your souls of your nation's glory." The spark of enthusiasm thus kindled blazed up brightly—"Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" was the vociferous reply. All present rose to their feet; and Jullien claims the glory of having taught our good cousins to honour themselves, though they may hold but in light esteem the occupants of what they may regard as the tottering thrones of the ancient world.

The day was intensely hot for England, for there was an unclouded sun, and scarcely a breath of air; and as hundreds of small steamers were puffing about before Liverpool, the slight wind stirring blew their smoke in dense, black wreaths towards the city, making it appear precisely as if they were hotly engaged in bombarding it.

At one the purser and letter-bags came off, and as our busy little attendant, having performed her last trip, turned her bows away from our lofty side, we felt infinite contentment at being started on our expedition; and having congratulated ourselves on the event, I hastened below to inquire the probable hour of dinner. In the evening we were in sight of the high and rocky shores of the Isle of Man, steering between it and the north end of Ireland. We took a more than usual northerly course, by which we made a shorter voyage, but encountered cold weather and fogs. I would gladly have bargained for a longer voyage with fine warm weather. At seven the next morning, being twenty miles from North Cape, we bade farewell to Europe.

There were on board 170 chief cabin passengers and 60 in the fore-cabin, while the officers and persons of all grades employed in the ship amounted to 146 souls. Among these is a surgeon and a barber, a coloured man, Amos by name, who has followed the captain's fortunes many years. The stewards, who wear a neat uniform, are mostly black or coloured, and are merry, active, intelligent fellows: I learned to prefer them in many respects to their white brethren. Four priests of ebon hue officiate in the caboose for the benefit of the passengers, and two devote their services to the crew. Their chief has ministered to Captain West for twelve years; and, negro though he is, a better sea-cook I never wish to find. How can I sufficiently praise his super-excellent Irish stew, a dish fragrant to the nose and delicate to the taste, unlike any Irish stew I ever before eat—such as one might suppose Nora Creina, or some other fair daughter of Erin's Isle, to have concocted in her happiest

mood—his delicious puddings, his exquisite *petits plats*?* Be it known to my non-nautical readers that the “caboose” is a kitchen; it is the name given by the Phœnician worshippers of fire to the temples dedicated to their God, which they carried on the decks of their ships. When it was found convenient to cook dinners therein, the name was still retained, while Blackie, the cook, took the place of the officiating priest.

* I here for the first time met with a most delicious preparation of maize or Indian corn flour, which I afterwards found in general use both in Canada and the United States. I introduced it into England under the name of Maranta, or Refined American Maize Flour, and placed it in the hands of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason for sale. It can be used for all the purposes for which arrowroot is employed, and may be cooked in the same way. It is, however, of a lighter nature, and possesses a far more delicate flavour. It serves to make the lightest and most excellent baked puddings, soufflés, cakes, blanc-mange, custards, ice-creams, and tarts. I can more especially recommend the blanc-mange, custards, and puddings, made with it. Plainly boiled, and afterwards mixed with milk, it makes a most wholesome food for infants. Persons with delicate stomachs may use it simply boiled in water, and allowed to cool in a form, or warm with sugar and wine or brandy. It may have a little strong meat gravy mixed with it, and being allowed to cool in a form it will make an excellent dish of gravy jelly. From its extreme delicacy, it will take the full flavour of every kind of seasoning. To test its superiority over arrowroot, I placed some boiled maranta in one basin, and some boiled arrowroot in another, and allowed them to remain for three days. The arrowroot had turned into liquid, while the maranta had retained its original consistency.

I procured the following recipes in America, and think them worthy of being copied :—

“*Baked Pudding*.—Five table-spoonfuls of the flour to one quart of milk. Dissolve the flour in some of the milk; heat the remainder of the milk to nearly boiling, after having put in a little

Every luxury we could desire we were amply supplied with. Besides an abundance of *pièces de résistance*, we had numerous well-made *entremets*. Meat, fish, and vegetables, were preserved fresh in ice; and we had ice at every meal to cool our water, milk, and wine. The routine of each day was much as follows:—At half-past seven a gong sent its deep sounding breath through every corner and cranny of the vessel to awake sleepers to the

salt; then add the dissolved flour; boil three minutes, stirring it briskly; allow it to cool, and then thoroughly mix with it three eggs, well beaten, with three table-spoonfuls of sugar. Flavour according to taste, and let it bake half-an-hour.

“*Blanc-Mange*.—One quart of milk and six table-spoonfuls of flour. Beat the flour with three eggs and some salt and sugar, if required, and add to it the milk when nearly boiling. Boil it a few minutes, stirring it briskly. Flavour it with rose, vanilla, or lemon, and pour it into a mould. It may be used with a sauce of sugar and cream, and should be eaten cold.

“*Minute Pudding*.—Prepare as above, with any sauce that may be fancied; or by stirring in fruits an excellent plum-pudding may be made. To be eaten warm.

“*Boiled Custard, or Mock-Cream*.—Two table-spoonfuls of flour, one quart of milk, two or three eggs, half a tea-spoonful of butter. Heat the milk to near boiling, and add the flour previously dissolved in a part of the milk; then add the eggs well beaten, with four table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar; let it boil up once or twice, stirring it up briskly, and it is done. Flavour with lemon according to taste.

“*Ice-Cream*.—Omitting the butter and salt, the above preparation for custard can be made into a very excellent ice-cream.

“*Pies*.—Line a deep plate with crust, and bake the crust in a quick oven. When done, fill with the custard, strew the top with powdered sugar, set it again into the oven to bake.

“*Cake*.—One pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, six eggs, one pound of the maize-flour; bake in small patty tins. Exquisitely light cakes are produced.

business of the day. At eight it again sounded, and they commenced this same onerous business by going to breakfast, which continued on the table till ten o'clock. A tempting bill of fare was handed to each person, from which he selected food to his fancy, and this was placed in a few moments hot and appetite-encouraging before him. Excellent bread, rolls, corn-bread,—that is cake made of Indian corn,—served up hot, and looking like small close sponge-cakes, buckwheat-cakes, rice-cakes, somewhat similar to pancakes, of ground rice, and other farinaceous delicacies, were baked on board. The advent of every meal was announced by a gong, and as people were always feeding, the gong had little rest. When aroused from sleep, I used to wonder whence came the dread sounds I heard, nor could I for many days discover their source. It seemed as if some noise-loving spirit were ranging at large about the decks. At length, one morning resolved to solve the mystery, I rushed from my cabin as I heard them approaching, and encountered a youthful negro, with white teeth grinning and eyes rolling, performing, to his very evident satisfaction, the office of sleep-rouser general.

A luncheon, of hot soup, potatoes, and meat, was served at noon. At half-past three the gong once more sounded, warning that dinner was preparing; and at four, people being seated and an army of waiters marshalled outside, the head steward entered, and, looking round at the guests to see that all were accommodated, waved his hand. At the signal, the black troops entered in files, armed with plates of fish and soup, which they offered to the diners. Each steward had three or four persons under his charge, to whose wants he was bound especially

to attend. For the second course, the waiters again entered in file, bearing covered dishes. As soon as the leading man reached the further end of the saloon, they halted and faced right and left. At a signal, they place the dishes on the table, and at another they whisked off the covers. The principal viands, however, did not make their appearance, but were carved in the buttery. The immense variety of puddings and tarts surprised us, when we remembered the small space allotted to their preparation. A card with a pencil was given to each person who required wine, that he might sign his order and be satisfied that he was not charged for more than he had consumed. Tea was on the table at seven, and supper was ready at nine for those who wanted it; so that truly the most hungry of mortals would find it difficult to keep a constant sharp edge on his appetite. On going on board, two days before sailing, we remarked in the dining saloon cards with the names of passengers pinned to the table-cover. In this way people engage the seats they may wish to occupy during the voyage. We accordingly made our selection, but the first day, when we had taken our places, we were politely invited by Captain West to occupy seats at his table, and he installed us in a snug corner, which we retained, to our very great comfort, during the voyage.

People talk of the tediousness of a voyage. For my part I love the deep majestic sea too much ever to weary of it. I have a predilection, however, for pleasant companions, a good ship, and fine weather. We had left port about forty hours when thick weather came on, and some sportful seas getting up began to tumble the ship about, continuing so to do incessantly for some days,

sadly thinning the dinner-tables, while most of the passengers who ventured to emerge from their berths sat mopingly silent and looking very sorry for themselves.

When the ocean became calmer, the men, issuing from their dens, monopolised one-half of the deck with the game of "shovel-board," which went on from morn till eventide. It is doubtlessly of nautical origin, and well calculated for shipboard. Squares, with a number in each, are marked with chalk on the deck. The players use flat, round boards, which they shove with a stick or the hand towards the squares. Their aim is to send the boards into the squares with the highest numbers.

On Sunday the 28th, a fine and calm, though still cold day, Dr. Tyngge, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, performed divine service in the dining saloon to a large congregation, many of whom I understood were not Episcopalians. The service differs slightly from that of the Church of England, chiefly by the omission of repetitions—a few expressions being also changed, I think for the better. He afterwards gave an extemporaneous sermon with much eloquence, well fitted for so varied an assembly.

On, on, sped our ship. Often on my way to our cabin I stopped to watch the mighty engines at work. Ceaselessly they toiled—day after day, and night after night—unwearied by their herculean labours, with measured strokes moving majestically. There is true grandeur in that mighty steamship—triumph of human art. Vast in bulk, powerful in frame, independent almost of weather, on she hastens in her determined course, beneath bright or o'ercast skies, through blue or leaden-coloured seas, in calm or storm, for thousands and thou-

sands of miles, persevering and confident of attaining her destined port within some short hours of the time long before arranged—fit emblem of an unconquerable will. I took still greater interest in the stout Atlantic, when I heard her Captain tell how her keel was laid, each timber brought to the yard, and fashioned, placed together and secured, under his own watchful eye; how he had traced the shapeless masses of iron cast into the furnace, melted, and wrought into form; how, with shears, and blocks, and ropes, the perfect engines had been hoisted into their destined places; how, with eagerness intense, he had seen the fires lighted, the caldrons heated, the steam gradually let on; and, oh! his intense gratification as the mighty pistons began to move, the vast wheels to revolve, and the noble ship he was to command rushed majestically through the yielding waters. It seemed to him truly, he said, as if the breath of life was being breathed into some Frankenstein-like monster. That moment could never be forgotten by him. His manner, usually so calm and unimpassioned, became warm and enthusiastic as he gave us the description to which I have in no way done justice. It was poetry spoken from the gallant seaman's heart.

“Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true;
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!

And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamours
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the master and his men :—
‘ Build me straight, O worthy master,
 Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle ! ’ ”

Captain West’s description reminded us of Longfellow’s magnificent poem, “ The Building of the Ship,” from which I cannot help quoting. I delight in it. Had he written nothing else he might have taken high rank as a poet. Our captain also told us of what steam and electricity can do. Leaving Liverpool, after a speedy passage the Atlantic reached New York one morning at half-past seven. The price of cottons at Manchester was the important news she brought. On it the prosperity or ruin, perhaps, of many depended. The electric wire, soon after charged with the intelligence, conveyed it unerringly to New Orleans, one thousand six hundred miles distant. The effect this news had produced on the markets of that far-off city was published the same evening in the New York papers. What may seem stranger still to those who forget how the world turns round, this news, which left New York at about a quarter before eight, reached New Orleans at a quarter past seven, thus beating time by a full half hour! Rapidly, indeed, does news travel in America. Day after day as we moved on chasing the sun, whose bright sheen glit-

tered on the waters ahead, we managed to pick up nearly half-an-hour in addition to our usual quantum of four-and-twenty; but as we lost it again on our return home, we cannot boast of having increased the length of our days by our trip to America.

When we got well to the south and west of Cape Race, so as to be sheltered by the shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia from the cold draughts of the north, and into blue water, the sea became calmer and the atmosphere increased in warmth. The sunshine and calm brought out the hitherto forlorn and sorrowful passengers, and those who had been shrunk up like mere grubs in their berths for many a day came forth in gay suits, and skipped and frolicked about like gaudy butterflies; but not like them silent, for louder clatter was never heard from human tongues. We sat on deck reading, drawing, talking, or looking on amused at the scene, or gazing on the fair ocean, or watching at noon the rainbow tints playing on the spray cast up by our mighty wheels. In an evening fully a hundred persons collected in the saloon; the ladies working, the men playing cards, or reading or talking. There were some fine voices among them which sang deliciously. Their nigger songs delighted the coloured boys. Many of our companions were returning from their travels in Europe. They spoke with affection of the Queen of Great Britain. Our sovereign, by some acts of courtesy she so well knows how gracefully to bestow, has gained the love of all right thinkers and feelers in the States. All liked England also. That worthy Colonel — praised our cities, but especially Edinburgh. He bore no love to Paris however—to the Parisians still less.

“There are many fine buildings, and sights enough

to tire one's eyes out," observed my friend; "but for my part I was soon heartily sick of their carries on, and potter, and all their Punch-and-Judy tomfooleries. The French may be a great people, but they don't suit me, I guess."

Among those on board who deserve mention was Amos, the coloured barber and captain's factotum, of bright eye and intelligent countenance—how every morning he plied his razors on the chins of the passengers in front of our cabin-door. In a calm or tumbling sea with equal art he cleared the stiff stubble. Those he operated on sat in a high chair with a low back, secured to the deck, their feet on a stool level with the lower button of their waistcoats, while he stood with outstretched legs firmly planted fearlessly lathering. He proudly boasted that even when leaning over a sick voyager in his berth he had never drawn blood. The airs and graces of those coloured boys amused us much. I often heard them betting among each other, the stakes many dollars; and judging from their conversation they were large owners of railway or canal shares and similar property. Our voyage sped pleasantly along; indeed it appeared to us that we had scarcely arranged our cabin and made ourselves at home before it was over.

Our fellow-voyagers did their best to make themselves agreeable. One gentleman entertained a large audience for several calm evenings by an exhibition of his unrivalled electro-biologic power over his own or any other person's walking-stick. By a few passes on each side of its head he made it support itself at an angle of forty-five degrees, more or less. There it stood, to the astonishment and admiration of all beholders. Some smiled, some gaped, but most looked awe-struck, and

glanced uneasily at one another, doubting whence the stranger's art might come. Often was he pressed to show the effects of his hidden powers during the day; but he invariably declined, on the plea that the requisite strenuous exertions of mental will never failed to bring on a severe headache, which nothing but a night's rest could remove, and that he must therefore wait till near bedtime to perform the work. He spoke so much and so learnedly on the subject that few could remain sceptical as to his powers. After each performance the gentlemen attempted to make their sticks stand in a similar way; and it was infinitely amusing to watch them patting them on either side of the head in vain, coaxing and coercing them in every possible way. Not a stick would acknowledge their mesmeric influence, but each fell helplessly on the deck. Even that of the great mesmeriser himself, in other hands, was unstable as the rest. On the last evening of the voyage, the larger number of passengers being collected around him, he gave an eloquent lecture on mesmerism, which, if not exactly comprehended by his hearers, was not owing to his want of words. If somewhat obscure at times, he allowed the full light of the noble science to blaze forth at the end. "Yes, ladies and gentlemen," he exclaimed, "the great, the important secret shall be revealed. This black thread fastened to my knees is the only portion of the black art I possess. For what I know to the contrary, electro-biologists may—I beg their pardons if I wrong them—humbug as much as I have for a brief space deceived you; but I deceived at first to instruct in the end, and you will, I am sure, forgive me in consideration of the humble share of amusement I have afforded you during the voyage." His explanation of

the art electro-biologic was about as lucid as that of another gentleman on board, who wished to enable a lady of inquiring mind to comprehend the principle of the steam-engine.

“Why you see, marm,” quoth he, “it’s just one thing goes up, and then another thing comes down, and then they let the smoke on, which makes the wheels go round. That’s what they call the hydraulic principle. It’s quite simple when you know it.”

“La me! I never understood it before; but then I never had it properly explained,” replied his fair listener, with a smile of satisfaction.

The last day’s dinner was marked by champagne, clean napkins, and the utmost exertion of the cook’s art. On the cloth being removed speeches innumerable were delivered. I was deputed to return thanks for the honour done England when the health of England’s Queen was drunk, which it was right loyally. I said, among other pretty things, that I hoped the Stars and Stripes might ever float at peace alongside the Union Jack of Old England, and that I felt towards Americans as towards brothers, with the certainty that as a brother I should be treated through whatever part of their country I might journey. Dr. Tyngge, in reply, hoped to bind me to the States with bands of gutta-percha, that when I departed I might be drawn back closer than ever. After dinner, and during the next morning, many Americans with whom we had not before spoken came up and politely addressed us, evincing a strong wish to show us every attention in their power. It is pleasant to think of the cordial feelings, thus easily excited, with which we parted from our fellow-voyagers. During the

voyage, also, we received the kindest attention from Captain West, than whom it would be difficult to meet a better specimen of the American sea-officer. Considering the mixed multitude we had on board, and putting aside a few peculiarities, I rejoice to say a better-behaved or kindlier-mannered set of people I have never met.

CHAPTER II.

A WHITE and silvery fog, but so opaque as much to circumscribe our view, had been resting on the calm ocean since early dawn, when, as I was stepping on deck, one of the officers of the ship touched my arm and said, "Sir, I guess you'd like to see the land. There it is!" On a sudden an unusual sensation, somewhat more akin to enthusiasm than one is apt to feel in this material age, rose in my breast. There, before my eyes, lay stretched out the land I had so often read and dreamed of,—that wondrous New World! All of it, however, that I saw just then was a deep blue wavy line clearly defined against the bright sky,—the east end of Long Island. In a short time a wide sandy beach appeared, and then dark trees rose up beyond it. To the eye the shore was devoid of all beauty, but, brightened with the tints of the imagination, I gazed at it with intense eagerness. It was America, with its interesting past, its magnificent present, its glorious future!

Travellers are apt to pick up very wrong information on the commonest matters even on the spot where they might expect to obtain it most correctly. I met

with a curious instance of this. One American gentleman assured me that the island in sight was, for the most part, a wild district, through which deer and Indians ranged at large. Immediately afterwards another of our fellow-passengers came up and told me that the land is mostly fertile, the scenery very pretty, and that there are on it a large number of first-rate, admirably cultivated farms, while a railroad runs from one end to the other; and if there are a few miserable Indians and deer, they are all cooped up within some belts of wild ground existing in the interior. At the west end of the island is Brooklyn, one of the vast suburbs of New York. Numbers of the inhabitants of that city congregate on the coast to bathe. The bathing-season is made one of constant festivity. Then it is, we were told, that having danced all the evening, chivalrous cavaliers, to exhibit their gallantry, lead timid damsels into the water, and, hand in hand, aid them in confronting the roaring billows of the raging ocean.

At 11 A.M. the two stumpy masts and well-rounded, broad-beamed hull of a stout little pilot schooner, loomed through the moist mist, which had again settled down over the sea; and a cockle-shell of a boat, leaving her side quickly, put a pilot on board us. Immediately the stranger stepped on deck he was pressed upon by an anxious crowd inquiring for news. Instead of giving verbal replies, he produced a bundle of papers. Sad, alas! to the hearts of many from the Southern States was the intelligence they contained. The yellow fever, the scourge of the Tropics, was raging in New Orleans, and thousands were being struck down daily by its dire powers. Frequent exclamations of "Ah, he's gone!" and deep sighs met our ears as the deaths of fellow-

citizens and friends were found recorded. The unusually hot weather in New York had also been telling with fearful effect on the lives of its inhabitants, and we were informed that we should find the temperature on shore still very excessive.

On, with calm dignity, glided the stout ship, seeming conscious that she had almost performed her contract in bearing her freight of near 300 souls across the ocean, and was resolved to land them safely at their destined port. There was no noise, no bustle; the very wheels revolved, I am sure, more silently and cautiously. Only at intervals was heard the voice of the officer of the watch as sharply and distinctly he reiterated the pilot's orders to the helmsman. Our American friends were most anxious that we should have a fine day, to enjoy the beauties presented by the coast in the neighbourhood of New York; and at length their wishes, as well as ours, seemed likely to be gratified. Slowly the mist began to roll away from the land; and hills, and groves, and green fields, and white villas, and flowery gardens, peeped forth in confused masses from under the mantle which had enveloped them, glittering like rich gems beneath the shining rays of the sun, while the snow-white sails of the schooners and other small craft which swarmed around us danced cheerily in his beams. As we advanced Sandy Hook was seen with its spectre lighthouses on the southern side of Baritan Bay; and as we drew still more in with the land, it seemed gradually to close around us, till we found ourselves in what appeared to be a magnificent bay, but which was in reality the entrance of the passage between Long and Staten Islands. As we approached yet nearer we could distinguish the high shores of Staten Island, covered

thickly with pretty villas, with cool-looking, deep verandahs rising from among groves of shade-giving trees, and fields, and gardens of refreshing greenness. On each available spot stood a villa of every variety of architecture; some, perhaps, from their style, as old as the "Lust in rust" of the worthy, comfort-loving Dutch who once owned that fair land. To our eyes there was a bright, foreign, somewhat tropical look about the scenery. The fields and lawns, too, were painted with a light yellow dazzling tint, totally unknown to dwellers in England. The clear atmosphere, the deep blue sky, and the shining waters, increased the beauty of the scene, and gave it a fairy-like aspect it may not always wear. As the passage through which we were to pass was just opening out before us, a towering steamer came rushing forth from it. She was the Pacific, starting on her outward voyage. Our respective guns thundered forth a noisy greeting—our banners were lowered and hoisted, and the voices of the crews and passengers joined in cheerful shouts, as the two mighty ships, their sides almost grazing, swept majestically past each other; and I doubt not, had there been bands on board, they would have played "The Meeting of the Waters," as appropriate to the occasion. Entering that picturesque channel, called the Narrows, we soon found ourselves in the superb expanse of New York Bay. Having landed a passenger on the northern shore, we took a health-officer on board in his stead. The absence of a fee-expecting official, with gruff voice demanding our passports, made us feel that however foreign in appearance was the land before us, it was a land owned by a kindred race—a land of freemen. No one asked us whence we came or whither we were going, except from the purest and most innocent curiosity.

New York was a-head, and as we steamed on towards that great emporium of the Western World's trade, we found ourselves among clustering forests of masts, collected from every port in America, as well as from the furthest parts of old Ocean's confines. It was a fine sight, and well might an American's heart be proud of it, for the stars and stripes outnumbered far the flags of all other nations. Besides the little schooners I have spoken of, there was a vast number of high flat-sterned, long-stemmed cutters, painted all over of a bright green with white sails. They are unlike any other craft I have seen, except in a toy-shop. I conclude they are employed in the navigation of the numerous inlets in the neighbourhood of New York, and I have no doubt are better sea-boats than at first sight they appear. But we were very soon attracted from all other objects to a class of vessels for the invention of which America has all the glory. That they were steamers we discovered by their funnels, whence smoke issued, and by an odd iron affair at the top of everything, evidently part of an engine, which kept see-sawing up and down; but from their long white hulls, with galleries and decks, or platforms piled one above another, we should otherwise have taken them at a distance for Chinese junks. Phantom-like they were flitting about in all directions, every tier crowded with human beings. Many were crossing the harbour and other wide arms of the sea, and my first impression was, that should they be caught in a squall they must inevitably be blown over and over; but on examining them more minutely, I saw that the wide platforms, extending on either side of the paddle-wheels and almost flush with the water, would tend much to keep them on an even keel; and I afterwards learned that the exact sort of catastrophe I

anticipated for them seldom or never occurs, though they are tolerably well accustomed to being blown up, driven on shore, snagged, burned, and to many other of the little *contretemps* to which things floating are subject. As Cousin Jonathan is fully satisfied with all his belongings, I do not wish to over-praise any of them, but he would be indeed a man of no taste was he not proud of the approach to the chief of his cities. We at all events gave it its full mead of admiration. Directly before us lay the south end of Manhattan Island; out of which, seen beyond a forest of masts, the light tracery of their rigging forming a thick net-work, rose numerous towers and spires, tall chimneys and lofty warehouses, while several fortified islands stretched right and left in the foreground, guardians of the great city's wealth. On one of them, Governor's Island, stands a fort called Castle William, which is a conspicuous object, as it is sixty feet high and has three tiers of guns; but formidable as it looks, from its very height, I much doubt its strength or its capability of withstanding for many hours the battering of a steam-frigate's long guns. I trust it may never be tried. It also has probably long guns, and would prove that two can play at that same game of battering. On our left appeared the mouth of the Hudson, and more to our right, East River, which runs into Long Island Sound. On the west shore of the Hudson, opposite New York, we saw Jersey City—a large place; and at the north end of Long Island, the still larger town of Brooklyn, both of which may be looked on as vast suburbs of New York itself. Many of its chief merchants have their residences in them. New York, standing on an island, is almost surrounded by wharves. Those on the East River side are devoted to the use of sailing ships navigating the

ocean, those on the Hudson side to the use of steamers. We now found ourselves advancing a little way up that beautiful river towards our destined stopping place. I had always fancied that New York consisted of interminable streets of tall red brick warehouses, like those at Liverpool, with huge cranes wagging their heads out of each story, ready to crush with bales of cotton the ill-starred passers-by; but we were most agreeably disappointed, for, instead of this, to our pleased eyes, it wore a very foreign and picturesque look. There were numerous steeples and towers, and old-fashioned gables and balconies, and large gaily-painted sign-boards; but the picturesqueness of the scene was much heightened by the rows of quaint stalls (so we called them) or docks, each of which held a fantastic, junk-like steamer. The divisions of these docks were formed by long wooden piers, covered with ancient sheds of primitive construction, evidently intended more for use than ornament. We speedily glided into one of the stalls, and warps being carried to the quay, after a little pulling and hauling, just as the clock on the neighbouring spires marked the hour of five, we found ourselves attached to the shores of the New World.

For some minutes we stood silently looking at the big shed and the broad-brimmed-straw-hat-and-nankeen-trouser-wearing personages under it, and the sign-boards and towers, and high gables beyond, while we endeavoured to realise to our minds the fact, that what we saw was really and truly a portion of America, and that a few steps would take us on shore. Had we been tossed and buffeted by waves and winds for many past weeks or months, half-starved and near shipwrecked, as were the old voyagers one reads of, the truth would have been

more credible; but we had reached our bourn so easily and so speedily, so comfortably and so safely, so amply fed and cared for, that it was indeed very difficult to persuade ourselves that we had bodily crossed that broad Atlantic, which takes up so much space on the map of the world. I scarcely think we were convinced of the fact until, many weeks afterwards, we found ourselves, far, far away, squatting in a veritable Indian wigwam and nursing a veritable papoose, whose red-skinned mother sat opposite grinning her approbation. As soon as the ship was secured, the ends of two huge boards were hoisted up to her side, and the passengers and their luggage were shot or slid expeditiously into the shed, our gallant captain standing at the gang-way to give each a parting farewell. I slid on shore with the rest, and having engaged a vehicle, the driver aided me in finding, and then in uncording, our trunks, which a very civil custom-house officer examined as speedily and with as little annoyance as possible. But even civility could not make amends for the warmth of the weather. Oh, how hot it was! Dear reader, if you value your comfort, do not attempt to unpack and unstrap, and to pack and strap up again, eight trunks, portmanteaus, and carpet-bags in succession, with the thermometer at 90°, especially after a chilly voyage across the banks of Newfoundland. I felt as if no internal or external icing would ever bring me down to a comfortable temperature again. At last the work was finished, and returning for my wife, we bade farewell to the Atlantic.

New York abounds in hotels, some of which are the largest in the world; but as size does not insure comfort, we had been advised to go to the Clarendon or New York Hotel, where, we were told, we should find as much

as we could reasonably desire. We, however, wanted to see American life, and had therefore determined to go to the St. Nicholas in Broadway, as being the newest, the largest, and most gorgeous of all the hotels in America. Thither, accordingly, we proceeded. As we drove through the city we were in no way disappointed with the interior, as one often is with many towns after admiring them at a distance. The broad streets, with rows of trees on either side, the green blinds and railings, the painted sign-boards and other devices, and the infinite variety of architectural adornments, illuminated by a profusion of gas-lamps, gave it a novel and fantastic appearance, which the clearer light of day did not greatly alter. Then there was the hurry and bustle, the incessant hum and rattle of human voices and carriage-wheels commingled, increasing as we advanced, which made us sensible that we were in the heart of a large city.

At length we arrived in front of a vast palace, a blaze of light streaming from the interior. Our driver pulled up, and telling me that this was the St. Nicholas Hotel, advised me, before unloading the carriage, to ascertain at the office whether we could obtain rooms; of which, though it affords sleeping accommodation to some six hundred people, he seemed by no means certain. I entered, accordingly, a large marble hall, full of men smoking in straw hats, with a long counter at one side, at which a number of clerks was standing, with a row of waiters sitting opposite, ready to obey the summons issued by any of the hundred bells over their heads. I inscribed our names in a large book presented by the head clerk, who, calling out the number of a room, told a waiter to conduct me to it. Having unloaded our carriage, which carried the whole of our luggage, and

would have carried twice as much by aid of a platform let down behind, we entered the hotel by a private door pointed out by the coachman, up a thickly-carpeted staircase. It must be understood that we felt not a little travel-stained and unpolished, and that our habiliments, though well suited to defend us from sea-spray and coal-dust, were in no way fitted to enter into society. We were expecting to be led unobserved to our quiet rooms, when, to our astonishment and no little dismay, we found ourselves in the midst of brilliantly-lighted corridors, with richly-adorned apartments opening on either side, all crowded with ladies and gentlemen in evening costume, talking, laughing, and bowing. Some of them took the trouble to look at us; but we certainly did not appear to create any sensation.

“Why, we must have made a mistake, and got into a house where a ball is going on!” exclaimed my wife. “Do let us get away again.”

I was somewhat of her opinion, and after we had made two or three turns among the gay and laughing throng without meeting any one to whom we could apply for information to direct our steps, I agreed to beat a retreat, when I recognised the waiter I was to meet. He quickly led us to our rooms, which were on the same floor, in the very midst of the hubbub and bustle. Gladly would we, at that moment, have exchanged this gorgeous magnificence for a neat, whitewashed, dimity-curtained quiet chamber in a cool climate; but we were too tired and hot to attempt to move, even to another floor, after we had once thrown ourselves into two damask-covered chairs which offered some temptation to rest our weary limbs. There we sat contemplating our apartment, while some Irish porters were bringing up our dingy black

trunks—incongruous articles among so much splendour. From an arabesque ceiling hung a gilt lamp, emitting bright jets of gas; large mirrors in gilt frames adorned each wall; richly-coloured damask curtains shaded the windows; and damask-covered sofas and chairs were scattered about; but in the centre, four crooked legs supported a small marble slab, the only and most comfortable apology for a table in the room. Even the bedroom had no dressing-table, and but a scanty washing apparatus.

Fancying it was necessary to don a costume fit to encounter the gay throng at the tea or supper table, and feeling ourselves incapable of so much exertion, we rang the bell, in the hope of getting some food brought to us. After some time an Irish lad rolled into the room, and placing a jug of iced water on the table, was rolling out again, when I begged him to bring us tea.

“That ain’t my business; but I guess I’ll see about it,” was the reply, and he disappeared.

We waited till our parched throats would let us wait no longer, and I rang again. At the second summons another Irish lad sauntered in with a further supply of iced water, and he likewise promised to endeavour to get our wants supplied; but he proved faithless as the first. A third time I rang, and a third youth came in, like the first, with more water, huge lumps of ice floating in it, as if we could not possibly require anything else in that hot weather. I, however, so pathetically entreated to have some more substantial food, that at length he induced a fourth waiter to come and receive our orders. A tea-pot, with a few broken bits of cake and rolls, were, after some time, placed on the table by the waiter, who appeared to consider he had done us a great favour in

bringing them. We were fain to eat what was put before us, for by this time we were too hungry and weary to struggle further. I do not wish to excite commiseration, but rather to advise my friends to take warning by our example, and to conform to the rules of the house. We should have acted more wisely had we gone in our sea-stained garments into the public rooms, where we should have got a very good tea and an excellent supper. What would it have mattered had the gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen chosen to take notice of us? They would have seen that we had just arrived and were hungry; and they, knowing that our only chance of getting fed was by coming to the public room, would, had they considered us worthy of further thought, supposed that we were old travellers who knew the country, and were doing exactly what, in our situation, they would have done themselves. The fact is, that in those vast American hotels, ample arrangements are made to afford a supply of creature comforts for the guests in public, which would be totally inadequate were they to require their meals in their private rooms; and to prevent such a custom being introduced, every discouragement is thrown in the way of private feeding. Meals, therefore, sent to private rooms are often scanty, cold, and ill-dressed; and solitary eaters are compelled to pay nearly twice as much as those who feed in public. Experience teaches wisdom, and we resolved in future to brave the criticism of beaux and belles; and in spite of dusty coats, crumpled gowns, and stain-marks of travel, to satisfy the cravings of hunger wherever the best provender could most speedily be found.

Having despatched the broken cakes and unsatisfactory tea with such contentment as we could muster, we

rang for a chamber-maid to put our rooms into habitable order. For many minutes we feared our ringing would have as much effect as Glendower summoning spirits from the vasty deep. Several Irish lads bobbed their heads into the room, and as speedily vanished when they heard what we required; but still no chamber-maid appeared. At length a damsel glided into our presence, and asked what we wanted.

“Cans of hot water, tubs and washing-stands, soap and towels,” &c. &c. I replied.

“Well, I guess, you won’t get them very easily to-night, for the help on this floor has gone out to a party, and I know nothing about things down here,” she replied.

She looked as if she intended to be civil, so I begged her to try what her influence could effect for us, and she therefore guessed she would see what she could do. The result was, that, though we obtained what we wanted, I had to put my basin on a damask-covered chair in the absence of a washhand stand. The civil damsel regretted much we had not arrived a few days before when there was a grand ball at the St. Nicholas. We did not tell her how thankful we were at having escaped such an infliction. We had little comfort, quiet, or retirement now—what should we have found with dancing, fiddling, and extra feeding, going on? As it was, we heard, till a late hour, the loud echo of laughing voices and the tramp of feet; and every now and then some one would put his head into the room, and having contemplated us steadily, observe, “I guess I’ve made a mistake; I thought this was a saloon;” till at last we bethought ourselves of locking our door. We finally resolved not to take up our abode at a fashionable hotel in America, unless we were prepared to enter into the

spirit of the occupants. I am obliged to confess, that we did not just then see that the cause of our non-enjoyment lay more with ourselves than with the place we were in; indeed, the hotel was so full, that we had been placed in the region of saloons, instead of on the bedroom floors, where we should have enjoyed more quiet and comfort.

Oh, how hot it was! The weather, however, had become more temperate than it had been some weeks previously, when hundreds of persons had died from the heat. In spite of our fatigue, the gnats made it impossible to sleep, and though I committed great havoc among them, I found it as difficult to extirpate them as it is to destroy an army of Kaffirs.

About midnight I heard a loud shouting in the street, and, on going to the window, I saw a long procession defiling past, of men dressed in white, each of whom held a torch which he waved above his head. In front came a band of wind instruments, and, at intervals, banners with various inscriptions and emblematic designs, but I could not decipher their meaning. There must have been a thousand or more people in the procession. Now and then they halted and shouted, and then marched on again in good order. I made inquiries next morning who they were, but no one could or would give me any information about them, and I consequently took it into my head that they were members of the Lone Star Association. Perhaps my idea may have been wrong, and they were only pacific members of some Trades' Union; yet the steady march, the waving torches, and the loud shouts, might well excuse me for fancying them a band of that ill-omened confederation. Ill-omened—accursed, truly, it must be in the sight of God and man, unless report speaks falsely of its objects and designs.

I dare say that sophistry may induce many of the more conscientious members to fancy those designs just, from believing that it is patriotic to endeavour to add to the extent of their already mighty Union. But, putting aside the obvious injustice of attacking with fire and sword a peaceable people for no other object, I suspect that every increase of territory will tend to weaken the power of the Union, and diminish rather than add to its wealth.

Sunday arrived at last, but no coolness came wafted on the wings of the morning. After ringing incessantly for upwards of an hour, an Irish Hobedehoy (one of the call-boys, I believe they are called; the same name given to those employed behind the scenes) poked his head into the room, and informed us that, it being Sunday, the chamber-maid was not yet up, and that till she was we could not have what we wanted. The young lady was fatigued after her party, we concluded, so we summoned the angel of patience, and waited. It seems absurd to write about such trifles, but I own they were annoying enough at the time. Yet probably an American in England would find many greater reasons for complaining.

Our good-humour was speedily restored at the sight of the numberless delicacies spread out on many long tables in the two superb breakfast-rooms of the hotel, to which a gong summoned us at an early hour. Water melons, and sweet melons, and peaches, and grapes, and pears, were in profusion: there were hot meats, and cold meats, and potatoes dressed in various ways; and delicious bread, light and pure, in every variety of form; and Graham rolls, made of brown meal, very nice; and Boston bread, also manufactured with brown meal, or some mixture with treacle far too heavy and luscious for my

taste; and corn-bread, made of maize-meal, in attractive little squares, very palatable; and Indian cakes, and rice cakes, and buckwheat cakes, in thickness like pancakes. The latter pleased my taste, and I was proposing to send some of the flour home to manufacture them, when I was advised by my American friends to despatch a Yankee cook at the same time, as they were sure no Englishman would ever turn them out in a satisfactory manner. Dipped toasts was a favourite dish. It seemed to be simply toast soaked in hot milk. We pronounced it very insipid. To wind up my list of comestibles, there were eggs cooked in every variety of way—plain and poached, and scrambled and fried. At all events, we were enabled to make ample amends to our appetites for the very objectionable tea of the previous evening. I am not quite certain that a Scotch breakfast, or the substantial meal in an English country-house, with some ten or a dozen cold dishes on the well-covered sideboard, is not altogether more satisfactory than even such as the St. Nicholas can produce. Yet for a change we were well content to partake of the latter.

We found sitting opposite to us some of our fellow-passengers, an American gentleman and his two daughters—most polished people, with whom we had much pleasant conversation about Italy and other places in the old world they had visited. We were somewhat surprised at the costume of many of the ladies—high dresses, with short sleeves and inharmonious colours, detracted much from the beauty many of them possessed. A large proportion were from the far South, fugitives from that non-respecter of persons, the deadly yellow fever.

One of the greatest of luxuries in hot weather is the abundance of ice with which the thirsty inmates of hotels

are supplied. On the breakfast-table stood cut-glass jugs of water with ice floating in them, and milk-jugs with ice bobbing about; and there were huge lumps of ice in the centre of each half of the pink-flesh water-melons ranged along the centre of the tables; and, besides, there were basins full of ice, that people might eat of it as they listed. By the advice of some one I put a lump into my hot tea, and let it bob against my lips as I drank. I could easily finish the contents of the cup before the ice melted, and I am able to affirm that the effect it produces is most refreshing and cooling.

Breakfast is the most satisfactory meal in a good American hotel. There is none of the hurry and scrambling wayfarers meet, to their great discomfort and disgust, on board steamers and in ordinary inns in the States. At the St. Nicholas it commenced at six, and continued till midday. Luncheon was ready at one o'clock, and there was a dinner at two, and another at five o'clock. Tea was on the table from six to eight, and supper went on from nine to eleven at night, so that at any hour of the day hungry people were certain to find something with which to satisfy their appetites.

Magnificent bills of fare at dinner were handed to each guest, tempting them to eat; but very often the viands which appeared on our plates sadly disappointed us. All the dishes are carved out of the room, and the carvers appeared to me to dispense their favours with very unequal hands, or else the sharper waiters managed to get possession of the best shares for those under their especial care. One cause of this somewhat unfair distribution of favours arises, I was told, from a mode of bribery practised by many old stagers among the Americans, of putting a dollar note under their plates the first

day of their arrival at an hotel. The sharp-eyed waiter, whether white or black, speedily espies it, and nods his firm resolve to attend to their interests as long as they remain. We were at the time not acquainted with this ingenious mode of securing proper attendance; and I cannot exactly understand how people can reconcile it to correct notions of justice, as certainly, if some guests are unduly cared for, others must proportionably suffer. At all events I never put a dollar note under my plate, and though thereby I now and then got the drumstick of a turkey, and was told that the dish I particularly desired was exhausted, I seldom failed to make a very fair dinner. At most of the hotels we visited in the States every one was as attentive and obliging as we could desire, without expecting fee or reward.

The St. Nicholas is truly a vast establishment, completely casting into shadow the once far-famed Astor House. It makes its own gas and its own bread, and washes the linen of its visitors, charging somewhat exorbitantly, by the by, for the last operation. It contains, moreover, a bridal-chamber of richest decoration, for the use of which one hundred dollars a-night are charged. I heard of only one couple who have occupied it. The whole house is a mass of gilding—gilt candelabras, and mirrors with gilt frames and gilt cornices, marble tables, and rich hot damask curtains and chair and sofa covers, and thick gaily-coloured curtains. Never had I been in a mansion so abounding in gilding and gaudy hues.

It being Sunday, we had purposed attending the church under the ministry of Dr. Tynge, our fellow-passenger, he having kindly offered us seats in his pew. The heat, however, was far too great to allow us to attend the service with the hope of any moral or physical

benefit. We, therefore, remained quietly in our rooms and read, and tried most assiduously to become cool. Vain, vain, was the attempt. We drank iced water, and washed our faces therein, and held big lumps of ice in our hands till the lumps dissolved into streams of tepid water; but, alas! when we had consumed all our ice we were as hot as ever. At length, somewhat revived by some cool water-melon at luncheon, we resolved to stroll forth before the dinner-hour, to see what sort of a place this far-famed New York might be.

Out we went, therefore, and walked up Broadway and down Broadway, and looked along a number of cross streets; most of which were lined with fresh green trees, cool and pleasant, and shade-giving. We came speedily to the conclusion that Broadway, if not as fine a street as we had been led to suppose, was a very picturesque one. Its footways, also, are shaded by rows of trees. Then there is an infinite variety of architecture displayed in the buildings; the houses are of all sizes and heights, no two alongside of each other, or facing each other, being alike. Some are truly superb palaces, with marble façades, and almost as extensive as one side of Portman Square. The shop-fronts and their signboards, each vie with the other in the elaborateness of their designs, the brilliancy of their paint, and the size of the gilt letters by which the public are made aware of the names of their owners and the valuable articles they have to sell. The streets were crowded, chiefly with artisans; the beards which most of them wore, and their style of dress, gave them more the appearance of Frenchmen than Anglo-Saxons. Many, probably, were French or Germans, a great number of whom are settled in New York. Indeed, few cities contain people of so many

different races. I was struck by the swaggering, independent air with which most of them walked; looking, I fancied, as if they would have had no little satisfaction in gouging out one's eye, or smashing in one's nose, in the case of a rowdy-row being got up in a hurry. The part of the population most novel and most amusing to us were the Negroes, who, dressed in their Sunday best, came tripping by, men and women, with smiling countenances, grinning teeth, and round rolling eyes. They were the only people who looked careless and happy. What was the heat to them? What cared they for president-electing, governor-choosing, dollar-making, Texas annexation, or the other weighty matters which kept away the smiles from the visages of their fellow-citizens? Nearly all the white men we saw wore straw hats, white vests, goatly beards, and nankeen terminations; while the blacks were generally clothed in white trousers, gaily-tinted vests, black hats, and were free from beards of any sort. The sign-boards are highly ornamented after the fashion of Paris—somewhat in the extreme, perhaps—and nearly every other name was French or German.

Sunday out-of-doors appeared to be kept much in the same way that it is in an English town, everybody we met seeming to be orderly and well-disposed towards each other. Inside our hotel the ladies and gentlemen paraded the corridors, and flirted and laughed much as usual. Episcopacy is decidedly the most fashionable church establishment in New York: the city contains no less than fifty-two Episcopalian churches. In Boston the Unitarian creed predominates, and is professed by many of the most wealthy citizens. Our friend, Dr. Tyng, appeared to be a great favourite with his congregation.

Once in every two or three years they raise a subscription, and, presenting him with a purse, give him leave of absence to travel and recruit his health. Fancy a set of English parishioners franking their vicar or his curate on his travels for his health and amusement to Greece or Egypt.

An ornament in Broadway which especially attracted my eye was a lofty pole, once a giant of some far-off pine-forest, now surmounted by a flaming cap of liberty. Probably it was erected by some red-hot Red Republican from France, sent across the Atlantic to cool his ardour, for the Americans have too much of the reality I should think to care about so paltry a symbol. There it stood like some monster fishing-rod, waving high above the roofs of all the surrounding houses, to prove how much esteemed is liberty, equality, and fraternity, even in the barbarous regions of the West.

If the accounts I heard were correct, I fear that the morality of the population of New York is not better than that of many European cities; nor is there much less suffering, or even poverty. Vice is rampant among all classes, and folly seems to reign over those who wish to be considered the exclusives and fashionables. It is no longer an American, but a perfect cosmopolitan, city; and if it contains all the luxuries, so it does all the vices which can be imported from other lands. This is the true dollar-making, money-worshipping centre of the world—the mighty city of Mammon. Here wealth, and wealth alone, is respected; and wealth forms the only mark of nobility, the only difference in the social scale. If a man abounds in riches, no matter how procured, he is a merchant-prince; if he is destitute of it, he is a low

scoundrel, at whose approach it is wise to take care of one's pockets.

There is, however, fashion at New York, and there are fashionable people. How they pass their time, the authors of "The Upper Ten Thousand" and "The Potiphar Papers" give us some notion. Both these are admirable works, written by Americans, somewhat after the manner of Thackeray.

I have too much regard for the Americans, and too grateful a sense of the kindness I received from many I met, to say a word against them which their own people would not utter. In fact, from my own personal experience, I know nothing of society in New York, and can only speak of what I heard. There are exceptions to every rule, and I have no doubt, in spite of what I have said, that there is a considerable number of the well-to-do citizens of New York who spend respectable, useful lives, and in no way deserve the censure of these satirists.

There is a class of men who do a considerable amount of mischief, and whom it is difficult enough to keep in order. They are somewhat like the Alsatians of old London city, and are well known under the name of "Rowdy boys." They would speedily be put down did there exist an efficient police in New York; but unfortunately the very materials for such a force are wanting. No true American fit for the duty would think it worth his while to turn policeman, because with half the labour, and without daily risk of a broken head, he could make twice as many dollars by his own independent exertions; and though Germans and Irish might be found willing enough to accept the office, as they are to take service in

the ranks of the army, I was assured that if such a force were to be sent to keep order among a band of those excitable gentry, they would instantly be annihilated. If Americans could be got to act as policemen, American rowdys might consent to be kept in order.

New York should not be stigmatised as prominently bad. It should rather be said that it is a large city, with a mixed population, many individuals of which, imperfectly educated, possessed of much wealth quickly acquired, spend it foolishly, if not viciously; that there is a large number of wild spirits, easily able to support themselves, and restrained from doing that which is pleasing in their sight by no respect for laws, human or divine; and, finally, that Ireland has been pouring annually many thousands of the poorest of her ignorant and debased population into the city, a considerable percentage of whom remains in her courts and alleys festering and corrupting, as they do at home; while strangers from all parts of the globe are daily arriving, some the offscourings of their native lands;—my surprise is, not that disorders exist, but that so much order is maintained among so mixed an assemblage. This, I fully believe, is owing to the good sense of the American part of the population; and I do think that even the greatest admirers of monarchies must acknowledge that Republicans have this advantage over those who live under other forms of government—that they learn to govern themselves. But I must return to our narrative.

After our walk in Broadway a gong summoned us to dinner. A master of the ceremonies—or steward or head-waiter he may have been—stood at the door to direct us to the seats we were to occupy. I had never sat down with so large a party in my life before. Even

the extensive dining-rooms at the German watering-places sink into perfect insignificance when compared with the sumptuous halls of the St. Nicholas. The latter, also, far surpass them in decoration, cleanliness, attendance, and style of provision. In Germany one gets tarts and puddings in the middle of dinner: here the courses succeed each other in the order observed in England. In Germany each dish is handed round: here one orders from a bill of fare. But the great difficulty I found at first was to know what first to order so as to secure a sufficient supply of satisfactory food. The greatest inconvenience, also, from the style of dining of which I am speaking is, that a person with a fair appetite really has not time to talk or think about any other matter than the character of the food he is discussing, or that he contemplates eating if he can get it. We, I must own, could do little more than select our food from the gaily-decorated *carte*, and eat it up. Our neighbours seemed generally to be equally assiduously employed. Indeed anything like general conversation was out of the question. I was reminded of the reply a friend of mine received at a quality ball in the West Indies from his sable partner, "Hold your tongue, massa; me come here to dancie, not to talkie." Everybody—and we certainly did not pretend to be exceptions to the general rule—evidently came to eatie, not to talkie. There was a profusion of fruit, especially of peaches; but they were inferior in size and flavour to English wall peaches.

We had been told that it was necessary to dress in evening costume for these large hotel dinners; but we found that most of the gentlemen appeared in gingham coats, light handkerchiefs, and many without waistcoats—a highly commendable mode in this hot weather. At

fashionable watering-places fashionable people probably pay more attention to their toilette. Many of the ladies, however, came out in very elaborate costume; and though there might to our eye have been a want of harmony in the colours they wore, and some of the dresses might not altogether have been after the style in which the first of Parisian *modistes* attires her customers, we could not but admire the numerous young and pretty faces above which fluttered many a tasteful and airy French cap.

Before dark we again strolled out. The streets were quiet and orderly, though thickly thronged with foot-passengers, omnibuses, and vehicles of all descriptions, from the heavy coach to the light, spider-like gig.

We were struck by the brilliant appearance of some of the coffee-houses and *restaurants*. I doubt if the Boulevards of Paris can show anything more magnificent or in better taste. Probably these were established by Frenchmen; but *c'est égal*. The wise boast of the Americans is, we import from all parts of the world every article of luxury or convenience they can produce, and what good things we don't happen to invent we show our sense by appreciating.

In one respect the streets disappointed us. Though few thoroughfares can exhibit so many fine buildings as Broadway, many of the houses are disproportionably low and insignificant; the pavement is in many places of wood, not more convenient than in several of the far-west towns we visited; while from one end to the other houses being erected, and piles of brick and forests of scaffolding impeding the way, gave it the appearance of a city lately sprung into existence. Probably while I write the disorder may have disappeared, and Broadway

may be shining forth more brilliant and polished than ever.

The heat and fatigue drove us soon back to our hotel. Tea, with suitable light comestibles, was set out in the breakfast-room ; but, to my dismay, I could procure nothing but green, though the waiters stoutly denied its verdant hue. The long corridors and some dozen or more public parlours were brilliantly lighted up, and the ladies and gentlemen passed the evening in walking up and down, or sitting in groups on the ottomans, laughing, flirting, and fanning themselves most assiduously with huge palmetto-leaf fans. We joined the throng for a few minutes, and then retired to our rooms to try and read : — and thus ended our first day in America.

CHAPTER III.

So intense did we still find the heat on Monday morning, that we agreed it would be impossible to endure another four-and-twenty hours at New York. I sent, therefore, to inquire when the steamers started up the Hudson, when, to our disappointment, I found that no vessels were then navigating the river during the day, as the greater number of passengers, for the sake of economising time, prefer travelling by night.

The route we purposed following was up the Hudson to Albany; thence, by rail and coach, to Lake George; through that lovely sheet of water and Lake Champlain, to Plattsburg; and on again, by rail, to Montreal. We resolved, however, as we had intended, to start that very night, with the hope that we might be able to return down the Hudson some future day. In the meantime we set to work most diligently, in spite of the broiling heat, to lionize the city.

The streets in New York stand mostly at right angles with each other. Those running east and west are called Avenues, and are numbered thus,—Second, Fourth, and Fifth Avenue, and so on to the Tenth. The streets are mostly honoured by names, but some thirty

in the newer part of the city are distinguished only by numerals, from First Street to Thirtieth Street. I should never recollect the address of my friends living in such undistinguishable quarters. Among the squares, Washington Square, Howard Square, and the Battery, sound well, but Tompkins Square does not strike euphoni-ously on ears accustomed to the aristocratic names of Grosvenor, Berkeley, and Belgrave.

Up the Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, and Tenth Avenues run long lines of railway communicating with the business parts of the city. The rails are laid down in the centre of the road without any paling or protection; but as the huge vehicles which run on them, each holding some fifty people or so, are dragged by horses, foot-pas-sengers are not more endangered by them than they are by the omnibuses which ply in the other streets. The first time I saw one of those cars (for so railway car-riages are called) moving along a crowded thoroughfare, I fancied that it must be some monster caravan belong- ing to a wild-beast show.

The omnibuses in New York are very superior to any the London 'bus-proprietors choose to turn out. They are broad, high, and well ventilated, and the pas-sengers are provided with the means of stopping the vehicle by a line fastened to the driver's arm, and run- ning along the roof, while the other end is secured to the door. The tendency of the door is to swing open, and thus, when a person wishes to get in, the driver slacks the line and lets him enter. When a passenger desires to get out, he pulls at the line, and having paid his fare through a little trap in the roof behind the driver's seat, the door is allowed to open, and he descends by a flight of broad steps, with a good rail to hold on by.

Thus no conductor is required, and the proprietors save the expense of his wages. These omnibuses are gaily painted inside and out, the pannel on the door generally having a picture intended to represent Jenny Lind, Fanny Kemble, General Jackson, or some other celebrity. Up and down Broadway they run without cessation all day, and most of the night. In one of them we took our seats soon after breakfast to drive to the Great Exhibition of New York.

I invariably received much attention and civility from any stranger I happened to address in public conveyances in the States. One cannot but be struck by the general intelligence of all classes, and the amount of information they possess about all matters coming under their immediate notice. The same men are, however, not a little prejudiced, and their mistaken notions with regard to England—her nobles and landed gentry, her labourers and paupers—would be amusing in the extreme, were they not somewhat prejudicial to the good understanding which should exist between the two countries. In most of the kingdoms of Europe the ignorance or wrong-headedness of the mass of the population has but little influence on the political relations of the Commonwealth; but in the United States, where every man has real practical power, it is of vital importance to the well-being of the State that all should be well informed on public matters at home, and on the constitution of foreign countries: it is, therefore, with regret that I see that the public press in America does not attempt to instruct the million as to the institutions of England and the character of her people. I am very certain, from what I saw of America and Americans, that the better we become acquainted with each other the firmer friends

we shall be, and the more we shall appreciate each other's good qualities.

The Exhibition is at the east end of the city, and, as we drove towards it, we passed the ends of numerous streets, full of dwelling-houses and shaded with trees. The houses were generally of two stories, built of stone, with green blinds to the windows, and they have a very substantial, comfortable look.

Nearly all the streets, except those built within the last ten years, have trees planted on either side. Latterly, that most admirable custom in a hot climate has been much neglected, and in some of the business parts of the city the trees have sacrilegiously been cut down to burn offerings on the altar of the false god of the Heathen, Mammon. The trees are, I consider, the great beauty of New York. Their bright fresh foliage must remind the dwellers among the dry, hot, glaring buildings of the city of the cool green fields, the laughing streams, the quiet, the innocence of the country; and, perhaps, some engaged in the rabid pursuit of wealth, may, as they smell their sweetness and feel their shade, recollect that there are better things than gold, a happier life than that of the city.

Longfellow must be amused at seeing the odd adaptations of the title of one of his most beautiful poems—among others we passed in our drive the “Excelsior” Bakery, and I fully expected to see the “Hyperion” Brewery.

The Exhibition building has no pretension to being called a Crystal Palace. The outside is not attractive. It has the look of a huge barn theatre—a big wax-work show, van-covered, with brown and red paint. It is injudiciously placed close to the Croton Water-works,

which have, far overtopping it, a lofty Chinese-looking tower, containing the pipes through which the water is forced to supply the upper parts of the city. The reservoir itself is a magnificent work, composed of mighty blocks of hewn stone, formed somewhat like the base of one of the proudest of Egypt's temples. This edifice, solid and grand, built to endure for ages, made the other by contrast look tawdry and ephemeral. The interior was, however, far more pleasing than I expected, although to my taste rather too profusely decorated with arabesque and other meaningless designs. In size it does not bear comparison to the original, for it is smaller even than the Dublin Exhibition of 1853; still, had I not seen the others, I should have considered it a large edifice to be built of wood and glass, and a very creditable affair. The centre is the highest part, with four broad roads branching from it, forming a cross, and galleries similar to that of London.

Many of the contents are of great interest. The centre ornament is appropriate—a statue of Washington, at which I looked, now first seen on his native soil, with that respect and admiration one must feel for so great and good a man.

Some old friends also I recognised—Kiss's statue of the Amazon and Panther now astonishes and amuses the unsophisticated minds of the New York damsels. "I can't make it out; is the beast a-kissing the horse, or the horse the beast?" asked a worthy dame, who now came for the first time in her life to view a collection of works of art. Power's "Greek Slave" has also recrossed the Atlantic, and now stands pre-eminently beautiful among a group of his works, but unfortunately several are so much larger that they overpower her. There is

a boy with a shell, and an Eve, who looks gigantic in her presence, though the figures by themselves are graceful and excellent.

I examined some life-boats and their carriages built for the United States' Government, and I recognised the same birch-bark canoe which hung up in the Canadian department of the London Exhibition.

The galleries are high and broad, and the whole side of one is devoted to paintings. Several we thought good, but had no time to give more than a cursory glance over them. Below them was the compartment for machinery. Shavings lying about and carpenters at work reminded us of the early days of its predecessor.

We were told that if we ventured into the building we should be roasted alive, but we found it the coolest spot on which we had set our feet since we landed.

As we expected to see it again, we were content with our hurried visit, and entering a Fifth-Avenue omnibus, we drove down that most aristocratic of thoroughfares, passing a number of the palaces of the merchant-princes (as the New Yorkers delight to call them), situated in it and in streets branching off right and left from it. Those houses are mostly built of white stone, and have a very handsome appearance.

We reached the St. Nicholas in time only for the fag end of the early dinner; but we were fain to eat what we could get and be thankful. Having then packed up our goods and chattels as well as the heat would let us, we rumbled down in a big coach to the pier whence the Albany steamer was to start.

On getting out of the carriage at six o'clock, I was saluted by a tall gaunt man, asking, in a rude and authoritative tone, where we were going to. At the

same time several lads were reminding us that we should ticket our luggage, and inquiring which we would take with us and which frank on; while numerous Irish porters were offering to carry it on board the steamer, everybody vociferating that the steamer was on the point of starting, and our driver was insisting on being paid double his right fare—a dollar being the proper amount, which I had ascertained at the hotel. “One at a time,” said I. “Here, my man, take your dollar and go about your business.

“Perfectly right; perfectly right,” said our tall friend. The ticket-boys echoed the remark.

“And now, what is it you ask?” said I, turning to him.

“I presume, sir, you are bound for Canada. Which is the first town in that province to which you go?” he replied, in so altered a tone that I looked hard at him to assure myself that he was the same man who had before spoken.

“To Montreal,” said I.

“Then as you will find it utterly impossible to carry all this luggage with you, you must have most of it ticketed, and take the checks. You will go up Lake George and Champlain, land at Plattsburg, and on by the cars,” &c. &c.

Before I had time to reply, each package had a brass plate with a number strapped on to it, duplicates being handed to me; though it was not without some misgivings that I left the greater part of our property to the tender mercy of strangers, taking under our own care only a few necessary articles. Even these I found could not be put into our cabin, but were seized upon by the Irish porters, and carried off, by the advice of our tall

friend, to be placed under charge of the barber of the steamer.

Following our portmanteaus and bags, we found ourselves among piles of bales, casks, and packages of every description; and I was wondering when we should reach the vessel, when we discovered that we were already on board and half across her decks. Leaving my wife in the ladies' saloon, I followed the porters through a narrow lane of boxes, past the huge mass of intricate machinery, till at length, somewhat in the fore part of the vessel, we reached the spot where the barber reigned supreme—a good-sized cabin, with washing-places attached to it.

The barber was a man of colour, and so was his assistant, as I believe are all barbers in the States. A gentleman was undergoing the lathering process, and others were standing ready for its performance, discussing meanwhile the affairs of the nation.

Our cousins know the value of time, and so every steamer is provided with a barber, that when travelling they may not only sleep and eat on board, but get shaved, and be ready on landing to commence the work of the day. Washing is a simple process, and one towel serves for many faces and hands.

The barber having promised to deliver my luggage to me on demand, I dismissed my Irish porters, they requesting half a dollar each as moderate compensation for the task they had performed. "Get money—honestly if you can, but get money," seems to be the rule with all classes in New York. I bought my experience at the St. Nicholas, and in every money transaction during the two days I was there.

I now threaded my way back among the piles and

piles of goods to where I had left my wife, having, I must own, a very indistinct notion as to what part of the vast fabric we were in. The vessel was crowded with passengers; and on going to the office of the purser to take a cabin, I found that not one was to be had.

We had now time to look about us. I found that we were on what may be called the main-deck. It is that immediately above the water, which it overhangs on either side considerably, extending to the extreme width of the paddle-box platforms. It is open at the sides; that is to say, the deck above is supported by pillars. Parts are, however, closed in; but they do not extend the whole width of the vessel, leaving a sort of gallery running all the way round. In the after-part of this deck is the ladies' saloon, while the machinery and some other portions forward are more or less closed in. A pair of folding-doors divides the ladies' saloon—in which about a hundred beds were made up—from the main-deck. The outside is handsomely decorated, making it look somewhat like the front of a theatre. On either side a flight of steps leads to the saloon above.

We ascended, and found, to our astonishment, a vast hall—for so it may rightly be called—with an arched roof supported by iron pillars, and joined by light tracery-work arches like that of a Gothic cathedral. The centre of the roof is composed of coloured glass. This immense saloon runs the whole length of the vessel. The vista is, however, interrupted by the machinery which passes through it to the deck above, though on either side are broad passages. Sleeping-cabins—or I would rather call them cabins containing beds—open from each side of the saloon, and are dubbed “state-rooms.” At each end of the saloon is a platform or terrace, with a

roof over the after-one; and here people may sit in the open air viewing the scenery. No passengers are allowed on the roof of the saloon; but there is yet another deck, or part of a deck, on which is placed the wheel-house, where stands the helmsman, perched high above everything, so as to obtain a clear look-out ahead. To this upper deck only the crew and officers have access.

I have not yet half described the saloon. It is elegantly painted in white and gold with arabesque patterns; and the floor is covered with a rich carpet. From one end to the other, also, are placed sofas, and chairs, and settees, of every shape and design. Nor are spittoons—those elegant little usefulnesses in an American sitting-room—forgotten. They are made of white-and-gold china.

Before our survey was completed the stewardess brought us the key of a state-room which she had secured. It was truly an elegant little room, painted with white and gold: the curtains were of gauze. It had a looking-glass in a gilt frame, and appeared neat and clean. We deposited our carpet-bags therein, contemplating with no little satisfaction a quiet and cool night's rest.

The gong soon sounding for tea, we rushed down with the rushing throng, first to the main-deck, and then through the ladies' saloon to another deck below that, where we were brought up by a pair of folding-doors. As others stood in patient expectation of the doors opening, so did we. At length they did open; and in we all rushed pell-mell as if we had not eaten for the last twelve hours, or as a band of thirsty pilgrims hurry towards a stream of pure water after crossing the arid sands of the desert.

The scene was novel—a vast saloon was before us,

with rows of tables extending apparently to the other end of the vessel, and covered with a variety of viands, at which already some hundred persons were making desperate onslaught. On either side of the saloon were two tiers of berths for gentlemen, with rows of life-buoys hanging up between them, so that in the event of the craft being casually snagged, the passengers might have wherewith to float them.

The provisions were not bad, but it was far too hot to allow us to eat. All we could do was to imbibe tea; but that, and the atmosphere of the cabin, added so much to the caloric in our frames that we were glad to get back to the upper saloon.

I have not attempted to describe the scenery of the Hudson; in the first place, so crowded was the after-platform, that it was impossible to get a seat there, and in the next, it very soon became too dark to distinguish any object on the shore. I suspect, however, that no portion of the river surpasses in beauty the scene at its entrance.

The sensation of being on board an American river steamer for the first time is very curious. One hears the splashing of the paddles, and one experiences the slightest possible vibration, and one feels oneself carried rapidly onward; but neither helmsman, officers, nor crew, does one see. Now and then one hears a bell tinkle—the huge fabric stops—the bell tinkles, on, on it goes again. That is the only sign the passengers have that the vessel's course is directed by human agency. In fact, the captain and crew have no communication whatever with the passengers.

In hopes of obtaining some much-required rest, we retired to our elegant little cabin; but, alas, alas! scarcely had our heads touched our pillows, when so

terrific an onslaught was made by a whole army of previous occupants, that we were fain to rise and beat a retreat. Accordingly, we spent the night on chairs as best we might, in front of the cabin; for, as may be supposed, all the sofas and comfortable settees had long been occupied.

I must confess to the folly of having made very frequent visits to a large tank of iced water, which stood temptingly in the fore-part of the saloon, with a number of glasses beneath it. It scarcely quenched my thirst, and tended to increase the sensations of heat from which I was suffering. Now and then, also, I tried to catch a breath of air on the forward platform, but in vain; even the rapid motion of the steamer seemed to create no current. Never do I recollect so oppressive a night.

As I stood watching the stars and the dark water through which we were cleaving our way, I now and then caught the outline of some mountain-ridge or rocky height seen against the sky; and anon some lights gliding by, and the tinkling of bells, gave us notice that we were passing another of the floating dwellings of those waters. At length our bell tinkled more frequently than ever—a few murmuring sounds from the regions above us reached our ears—a few faint lights danced before our eyes, and we discovered that we were at Albany, it being then about four in the morning.

As the cars were not to start for some hours, and no hotels were open, we were glad to remain on board; indeed, we should not probably have found so cool a place as the after-platform then was. I left my wife there while I went to redeem our luggage from the hands of the barber. She was inquiring of a damsel who sat near her the distance from Saratoga to Caldwell on Lake George.

“ Well, then, I don’t know just,” was the answer. “ It’s not far, I guess; just about in the neighbourhood, I’m sure,—not more than a hundred miles!”

What an expansive intellect! what grand ideas of distance and space must the maiden have possessed! She, probably, would have thought no more of journeying a thousand miles or so to visit her friends in the Western States, than does an Englishwoman of going from London to Putney!

At length daylight appeared, and we were able to get on shore without the risk of tumbling into the river.

Albany is one of the oldest cities in the Union. What we saw of it, however, did not look very venerable. It seemed a decent, respectable place, and being a centre whence several canals and railroads diverge, and having, moreover, the magnificent Hudson flowing past its quays, it has risen to considerable wealth and importance. We did not stop to admire it, but hiring a cab, drove forthwith to the cars, which were starting for Saratoga.

We found the cars—as the railway carriages are called—standing in the middle of the street. There was an office near at hand where we procured our tickets. It was a mere shed; the cost of erection not more than twenty or thirty pounds probably. British railway directors might take hints of no little value to their shareholders from our American cousins.

The cars are unlike any English railway carriages. The entrance-doors are at each end, to which convenient steps lead up. Platforms project over the buffers, and thus join all the carriages, and as there is a passage through every carriage, the guards can traverse them from one end of the train to the other without let or hindrance. Each carriage contains from ten to twelve

rows of seats; four people in a row, with the passage in the centre. Thus two people sit together. The backs being moveable, they may face the engine or not as they please. The windows are placed like those in an omnibus, but open and shut with perfect ease, and have, besides, Venetian blinds. In the winter, stoves are placed in the carriages, and, besides, there are withdrawing rooms, and a sofa for any lady who may be unwell.

I like the style of carriage very much for summer travelling; but as there is only one class, people of very different habits find themselves sitting alongside each other—the more refined having their sensibilities not a little shocked by the manners of their coarser fellow-creatures. Could, however, the almost universal custom of spitting be given up, I believe a traveller would meet with fewer annoyances in an American rail-car than he would in general in second and third-class carriages in England. As both ends of the carriages are alike, there is no necessity for turning them to get in or out of a station.

Taking our seats, away we went with much contentment. The carriage was hung apparently on springs; for though the movement was considerable, there was not much jolting. If we might judge of the speed by the noise produced, we must have been going at a terrific rate, as we rushed roaring, and rattling, and hissing along through the wild forest. Never have I been in a conveyance which made so much clatter.

The scenery to us was novel and very beautiful. Now we were traversing a bit of forest, then we would come to a wide clearing, with snake-fences and Indian corn; next we were passing along the summit of a range of hills, with views of the Hudson below us on our right,

sometimes expanding into the appearance of a lake, at others tumbling and foaming over high rocky ledges in a succession of white sparkling waterfalls; while in the distance was seen ridge beyond ridge of deep blue and purple mountains, a mixture of tints rarely met with in Europe. In truth, the colouring was most exquisite. We rattled over several wooden bridges, somewhat trying to the nerves; but generally our road was through bits of forest, or fields with black stumps sticking up in all directions.

At 9 A.M. we reached the station at Saratoga Springs—the great Cheltenham or Leamington of the States. Several large hotels near the station tempted us to stop and breakfast. So leaving our luggage there, we walked straight into the breakfast-room of one nearest at hand, where we found a large party assembled, doing justice to tempting-looking fare, and attended by a regiment of active, clean black waiters. In two or three minutes our sable attendants had placed before us an excellent omelette and other attractive edibles, with some unexceptionable coffee. We were then by our desire shown into a room, where the application of hot water, brushes, and towels, much refreshed us.

The States Hotel, into which we had thus by chance entered, was a huge building forming three sides of a quadrangle, the interior of which was a lawn full of trees, cool and fresh-looking. The house seemed fitted with every attention to cleanliness and comfort, but none to mere show. The rooms we saw were simply white-washed, and had dimity or chintz curtains.

I remarked a very good plan for securing in a hot climate some degree of privacy and coolness at the same time. Every doorway had before it a light-coloured

calico curtain, sufficient to prevent idlers from looking in without impeding the circulation of air. As every curtain was of a different colour, people could not mistake their own rooms.

Both on the garden and street sides of the hotel were deep verandahs, in which a number of men were sitting smoking, in attitudes which Mrs. Trollope has made familiar to the English eye. But then the weather was very hot, and, with the thermometer at 90°, the comfort of placing the feet on a level with the nose is very great.

The season of the Saratoga Springs was now over; the fashionables—"the Upper Ten Thousand"—had flown back to their country-houses, to the sea-side, or to other places of public resort. The people who were there were chiefly those who remained really for the sake of taking the waters.

The Americans go ahead in their amusements as much as they do in business, and out-Herod Herod in following English or French customs. In the season the company give themselves up body and soul to dressing, eating, dancing, flirting, and driving. The *élite*, by all accounts, put on a fresh costume for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and the evening. Indeed, I suspect it would be impossible to find a better place for studying the humours of Vanity Fair than the Springs of Saratoga.

The town is full of hotels of the first magnitude; and though the bedrooms in them are small and unpretending, the public apartments are spacious and handsome, with gardens well fitted for public resort. Indeed, it is altogether an amusing place for those employed in the melancholy occupation of killing time.

It was here I received a very proper rebuke from one

of the black waiters. Entering the breakfast-hall directly from the verandah I had forgotten to remove my hat. "Take off your hat, sir; people don't like it," said one. "Yes, people don't like it," echoed another. I instantly doffed my *sombrero* in obedience to the order, and begged blacky's pardon for my schism in good manners.

At an office near at hand we took tickets to frank us on to Montreal by the variety of conveyances in which we were destined to travel. Having rested for some time in the cool shade of the verandah of the hotel, we once more repaired to the railway-station, to proceed to Moreau, whence a stage was to carry us across the country to Caldwell, on Lake George.

This was the only occasion on which I was addressed with, "Well, stranger, where do you come from? England, I guess?"

"Yes," said I; "I have that honour."

"Well, then, and where are you going to now?" continued my friend.

"Oh, back again, by all means," I replied. "It's too fine a country to leave for ever, if one can help it."

His manner was perfectly civil, and I should have liked to have had more conversation with him.

We had satisfactory demonstration that our luggage, which we had left under such suspicious circumstances, was on its way north, by seeing it piled up in a van in the very train by which we were going. The regulations under which luggage is sent about the States are very excellent, and no charge is made when travellers go by conveyances belonging to the same owners.

Moreau is a small village where there was no hotel, but we found stages waiting to convey passengers to Lake George. We took our seats in one of them. It was like

one of the ancient coaches which Dick Turpin might have stopped with his terrific "Stand and deliver!" The back-seat held two persons, a blind Scotch gentleman and his American wife; the middle, three, their daughter sat on it with my wife and me. A broad strap served us to lean against. Two gentlemen from the South sat facing us; and our Jehu was perched on the box, with a long whip to urge on his four steeds. He was a driver of some dexterity, or we should scarcely have escaped an upset into the Hudson, or some of the numerous valleys, streams, and gullies, we passed, as we galloped along a road, now corduroy, now of plank broken and rotten, now of shingle, now a rough and rugged composition of all three.

"Oh, the railways have done all this!" observed one of the party, as we bumped and jolted along. No one dreams of mending roads when they have to compete with rails and steam-engines.

Our companions were all of the old school—high Tories they would have been in England, and liked things as they were. The vexed question of slavery was introduced. They considered it an institution, if not to be admired, at all events not to be got rid of. Mrs. Beecher Stowe was then brought on the tapis, and not few or gentle were the anathemas hurled on her head. The very attack they made on her would have convinced me, that the whole of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is founded on facts. Indeed, from the columns of American newspapers instances might be quoted to corroborate every tale she narrates. She does not attempt to prove that slavery universally produces the results she describes, but that it may and frequently does so, while it invariably lowers the moral feelings both of owners

and slaves, preventing, in the latter, the development of any of the higher qualities of human beings, and encouraging the worst passions in the former. Our companions were so pleasing and courteous, that I was most unwilling to say a word to wound their feelings. I, therefore, acknowledged, as an abstract principle, the impropriety of one State attempting to interfere in the internal affairs of another, and observed, that though most Englishmen—thanks to the teaching of Wilberforce and other philanthropists—now looked upon slavery with abhorrence, all sensible men were fully aware of the great difficulties Americans must encounter in abolishing a system which has taken such deep root in the land. I had resolved, before entering the country, to take no part in any of the questions of the day likely to excite unpleasant feelings; I, therefore, contented myself with leading on my companions to express their opinions on the subject.

Should, however, these pages ever meet the eye of any slave-holder or advocate of slavery, let me assure him of the utter detestation in which the system is held by all right-minded men in England; and let me urge him, as he would avert the direst curses of Heaven from his magnificent country, to spare no exertion in securing its timely abolition. This desirable end, I am aware, can only be produced by degrees; but let every year see a reform in the slave-laws, and, without violence or disorder, the stigma which rests on the great Republic's name may be removed for ever, and she may stand forth proudly as one of the civilised nations of the earth. The work would not be so difficult were all slave-holders to set about it with a will—no longer allow the separation of husbands and wives, parents and children—let no

slaves be sold away from the estate on which they are born—let all children born from henceforth be free—spread education among them—encourage them to legislate among themselves on all matters in which they are interested—fit them, by every possible means, to become free, and thus make them comprehend that the whites are truly anxious to enable them to enjoy the benefits of freedom; and I feel assured that, until they are fitted for the change, they will make no undue exertion to obtain it.

However, we are on our way to Caldwell. Our friends seemed highly gratified with the flattering reception a lady from one of the Southern States had received from the Queen of England, while no similar compliment had been paid to Mrs. Beecher Stowe. They amused us much by describing the go-ahead ladies of America,—the moral Bloomers, who, instead of looking after their babies and household affairs, claim their right to seats in the legislature and the privilege of wearing breeches.

With conversation on subjects so amusing, we journeyed pleasantly on in spite of the heat; and soon a thunderstorm broke over our heads, laid the dust, and cooled the air, giving a wonderfully improving wash also to the face of Nature. The beauty of the landscape was much heightened by the bright gleams of sunlight and the fitful shadows of the clouds as they floated through the sky, in addition to the varied tints of the wide forest, the mellow corn-fields, and the green pasture-lands.

We were here first introduced to snake-fences. They are well so called; for, in all newly-opened districts they are seen wriggling through the country, up and down hill and across the plain in all directions,—the first rough boundary thrown up by the farmer when he has con-

quered the ancient forest and laid it prostrate before him.

We now also met with a plank-road. It is composed of thick fir-boards laid across the road, and when new is as smooth as the floor of a room, but when old and rotten, as was this one, it is far from pleasant to drive over, as every instant one finds the wheels let into the soft, boggy earth beneath, out of which nothing but a dislocating jerk can pull them.

About five miles from Moreau we passed Glen's Falls and the village so called. Here the Hudson leaps furiously over a steep ledge of black rock. Once the spot must have been wild and romantic in the extreme, but mill-owners have taken possession of the water-privilege, and it now turns some forty wheels or more; and though the lovers of the picturesque may mourn the degradation of the torrent, their cheery sound reminds one of the many hearts they make to rejoice by the employment and food they afford.

Though, perhaps, wild and forest land predominated, we found wide patches of partially cleared ground, where the black stumps of the pines which had been burnt down remained, while green grass and young shoots clustered round them in strong and picturesque contrast. Some of the fences, formed of the twisted roots of the pines ranged in long rows, have a very curious effect, being not unlike gigantic branches of grey coral sprouting up from the earth. Anything like good cultivation there was not. The fields produced chiefly Indian corn, sometimes mixed with the large gold-coloured gourd and its handsome flower, and sometimes these grew together under the branches of an uninclosed orchard of apple-

trees, laden with a small fruit of a bright red and yellow.

We were told that the farms in this part of the State of New York seldom exceed three hundred acres. The land, in days of yore, belonged to the Dutch Padroons, a title some of the proprietors still keep up.

The settlers are generally of a bad description and lawless disposition, and they have, moreover, a mortal antipathy to paying rent. For some years they maintained that no one had a right to demand it, but the law decided against them. They still, however, amiably give as much trouble as they can to the collectors.

Some years ago, when not a particle of rent was forthcoming, a spirited proprietor resolved to take the matter into his own hands; so, arming himself with four brace of pistols, a rifle, and bowie-knife, he rode up to the cottage of one of the most contumacious of his tenants.

“I’ve come for my rent,” said he, as soon as he had entered the cottage and closed the door.

“Rent! who’s going to pay you rent?” quoth the tenant.

“Why, you are, my smart fellow, I guess,” said the proprietor, drawing a pistol, and cocking it; “I’ve not come here to play the fool. Hand out the rent, or, by the Immortals, I’ll shoot you as dead as that flitch of bacon over the fire-place!” The tenant saw he was caught. He looked up wistfully at his rifle hung against the wall.

“Yes, but that won’t do,” said the proprietor. “If you attempt such a trick, I’ll blow your brains out. Hand me the dollars: you’ve got them in the house, I guess.”

While the tenant stooped to get out his dollars, the proprietor quietly took down his rifle, and, knocking off the hammer, restored it to its place. Having got possession of his money, he mounted his horse and galloped away; nor did any of his tenants afterwards refuse to pay him his rents.

Most of the cottages, as well as houses, we passed were built of plank, and being painted with bright colours, had a fresh, gay appearance. One we remarked, with some pretension as to size, and in the Italian style, was painted of a bright salmon colour, and had white doors, and window-blinds of the most intense and brilliant blue, while red, and pink, and yellow, adorned other portions of the edifice.

The stages stopped at a very neat and pretty hotel, to allow those of the passengers who might be hungry to dine. All the hotels which we saw in the States, both large and small, are equal, if not superior, to those of any country in Europe, though they may not beat an old-fashioned inn in an English country town.

After we left Glen's Falls the scenery became far wilder than before; tolerably high hills rose up around us; the lofty blue mountains of Vermont were seen in the distance; and we bumped and thumped along over plank-bridges, which gave symptoms of letting us through, and by the edge of deep ravines with tall trees growing in them, on whose branches we thought there was every probability of our finding a roost.

At length we came in sight of Lake George, its lofty banks covered with luxuriant foliage; and on the opposite shore Sherrill's Hotel, to which we were bound, with its green lawn sloping down to the water, looking cool and attractive. We accordingly skirted the head of the

lake, among tall and graceful trees, to the front of the hotel, immediately before which is a dear old-fashioned green, and beyond a high hill thickly covered with shrubs and trees. The landlord stood ready to receive us, and politely ushered us to the drawing-room while our rooms were being apportioned to us. Indeed, with scarcely an exception, we found the masters of the hotels in the States as attentive and obliging as any in England can be. A tea-and-supper meal was immediately put on the table for our benefit; and afterwards the housemaid brought us an ample supply of tubs and cans of water. I won her heart by admiring the pail in which she carried hot water. It was of iron, painted white, and looked neat and strong. Our room was very neat, with a beautiful view of the lake from the windows. A deep verandah ran round each of the stories of the house. We sat in the lowest all the evening watching a thunder-storm, which, long before threatening, now broke in earnest over the lake, and gave an unwonted freshness to the air; but too much caloric had been instilled into us to allow us to get cool in a hurry. We resolved to give ourselves a complete rest during the next day; and a succession of thunder-showers and storms of wind much assisted us to keep our resolution. We got out, however, in the evening to sketch and wander about on the banks of the lake.

I cannot forget the deliciously cold water my friend the chamber-maid brought me in the morning, and that for the first time since landing I felt really cool and able to enjoy existence. Most of the waiters were Negroes. We were much amused by the grin of delight with which a youthful blacky ran through the house sounding the gong for dinner, and scarcely less so at the dignified

attitude with which the head-waiter—a man of light colour—stood, his arms folded across his bosom, while his subordinates brought in some huge piles of plates, others numberless ice-saucers, others trays with knives and forks. At a nod of his head one put down a plate, the next followed with a saucer, the next with a knife and fork, and so on.

The shores of Lake George are richly wooded; and though it reminded us of some of the most beautiful of the Scotch lakes, the hills surrounding the latter are generally far loftier, more abrupt, and rugged. It is a most lovely spot, and the hotels on its banks are much frequented in the summer. A number of boats were moored off the garden for the amusement of Mr. Sherrill's guests. Pleased as we were with the States, it was with no slight satisfaction that we looked forward to entering Canada on the following day.

CHAPTER IV.

MAY the thunder-clouds which have broken over the world purify the moral atmosphere as much as did the storms of the previous day brighten up and refresh the air the morning of our departure! At seven o'clock, after a hurry-skurry breakfast, we embarked from a rough, wooden pier at the foot of the garden on board the steamer John Jay, to proceed down Lake George. She was a neat and clean vessel, and the roof of the saloon being decked over, enabled us to enjoy the beauties of the lake-scenery.

By an excellent plan we were preserved from the dirtiness of the smoke. The mouth of the funnel was covered with a close wire-net, within which the imprisoned blacks, like birds in a cage, skipped, and jumped, and fluttered, in fruitless efforts to escape. As wood is used, and as the sparks from it are much larger and keep burning far longer than those from coal, I suspect that the network is employed rather to prevent the vessel from being set on fire than for any extraordinary solicitude for the cleanliness of the passengers' habiliments.

The air was positively cold, though most exhilarating to our feelings; but the sun soon brought it to an enjoy-

able temperature, without in any way impairing its brilliant clearness. Indeed, during the greatest heat we had endured we had never in the least suffered from anything like oppression, nor had we felt any weight in the atmosphere. Very delightful did we find it as we sat on the deck watching the soft outlines of the richly-wooded hills which on all sides enclose the bright blue waters of Lake George, dotted with innumerable tree-covered islands of all shapes and sizes. One we passed, clothed in the most luxuriant and graceful foliage, looked like a beautiful bouquet floating on the azure bosom of the lake. In some places the shores are broken into high and steep precipices.

At the farther end of the lake is a rock, about two hundred feet in height and standing at an angle of twenty-five degrees, which goes by the name of Rogers's Slide. During the war between the English and the French, which ended in the former gaining possession of Canada, a British partisan officer, Major Rogers, was traversing the country alone during the middle of winter, when his trail was discovered by a party of hostile Indians. They gave chase; but he happily got warning of their approach, though he felt that the chances of escape were few. He hurried on as rapidly as he could on his snow-shoes through the forest; for by speed alone, unless help should arrive, could he hope to elude his crafty foes. His trail, clearly marked on the snow, would too well indicate the direction he had taken. Still undaunted he persevered. Lake George was before him: valleys and ravines running up inland would prevent him skirting its shores. Already he heard them close behind him as they broke through the underwood.

Their bright tomahawks glittered in the sunbeams as he cast one glance over his shoulder. A precipice was before him. Not far from the opposite shore of the lake a British outpost might be reached. Providentially he was no stranger to the locality. The precipice was at a sufficient angle to allow the snow to rest on it. Without hesitation throwing himself on his back, he launched himself over its edge, and with fearful velocity slid down to the bottom. Even the Indians thirsting for his blood stood aghast at the daring feat, and shrank from following him. The ice was firm: he reached it in safety, and, rapidly running over its smooth surface, he gained the opposite shore before his foes had recovered from their astonishment and found a path by which to resume the pursuit. In those days rifles were less common in the hands of the Indians than they afterwards became when the white men supplied them to aid in each other's destruction. The savages were without one, and before they could overtake him he had reached in safety the British post.

On the east side of the lake is the Black Rock, a mountain 2200 feet above its surface. It is encircled by rounded hills and covered with trees, shrubs, and grass, and adds much to the picturesque beauty of the surrounding scenery.

The names of numerous spots in the neighbourhood commemorate sanguinary encounters between the French and English, and their Indian allies. Two miles from our hotel is a piece of water called the "Bloody Pond," in consequence of a thousand dead bodies of both parties having there found sepulture at the termination of a battle. We passed a projection on our left, called "Sab-

bath-day Point," where, one Sunday, a furious engagement took place between a party of English and a tribe of Indians in alliance with the French.

The voyage altogether was most interesting. We were continually entering some wood-surrounded bay, to call at the romantic retired little hotel sheltered therein, or we were passing between the shores of the numerous islands, of which the lake contains three hundred or more.

As we glided smoothly on, our ears were assailed by the loud baying of dogs close to us, and looking over the side, we saw two boats pulling about in an eccentric manner, with a man in each, accompanied by several dogs swimming near them, in chase of a fine roebuck, who, poor beast! was straining every nerve to escape from his pursuers and to reach the shore. The prospect of his return to his wooded hills, whence he had evidently just been driven, was small indeed. His foes waved their hats and shouted as we passed, in triumph at their expected success. Their object, evidently, was to throw a net over his head to hold him secure, while they despatched him. Had I been one of the hunters, I should have been as eager for his death as they were; but I was not sorry that the steamer was too far off to see distinctly the end of the tragedy.

The Roman Catholic Indians are taught to consider the water of the lake holy, and it is used in baptism by their priests.

I doubt whether, in any part of the States, a more delectable spot can be found in which to pass the hot months of summer than the beautiful shores of Lake George. We landed at half-past nine at the head of the lake, where we found a stage, which carried us by an

execrable road, bumping and thumping, in rather more than an hour, across a neck of land to Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain. In spite of the jolting, the trip was pleasant; for we had our former kind companions—the blind gentleman and his family, and some agreeable friends who had joined them, and the scenery was highly interesting.

The ever-graceful and elegant novelist, James, who is now residing in the States, has made this the scene of one of his latest novels, selecting a period a short time before the capture of Quebec. I have since read the tale with great interest. His descriptions of scenery are most truthful, and the highly-wrought-up adventures he introduces give one, I should think, a very good idea of the style of life of border settlers, and the system of warfare carried on in those days.

The fort, when held by the French, was attacked by a British army of 16,000 men under Lord Howe, and captured after much fighting. Its ruins still remain on the summit of the hill overlooking the lake. We waited here two hours, enjoying the delicious breeze, for the Canada steamer, which was coming from the south through a long narrow branch of Lake Champlain. At length she arrived. We were surprised to find so large a vessel on comparatively so small a lake. She had the same number of decks as the one we voyaged in on the Hudson. She was smaller, certainly, but still a vast structure. Whether it was expected that she would sink or blow up some day, I do not know; but in preparation for such an event, between each berth, in the sleeping-cabin, was suspended a huge life-buoy, sufficient to support two or three men at least. The truth is, that in consequence of the numberless accidents which have

occurred, the Legislature passed a law compelling all steamers to carry a life-buoy for every person on board. The English might take the hint and pass one to the same effect, especially with regard to emigrant ships.

The scenery of Lake Champlain is totally different to that of Lake George; it is far more extensive, ranges of lofty mountains are seen in the distance, towns and villages are scattered along its banks, and numerous vessels float on its waters.

The largest town is Burlington, in Vermont State, on the east shore, where we touched about four o'clock. It stands on a commanding height, backed by ranges of picturesque hills, and with a splendid panoramic view of the mountains across the lake. As it possesses a large collegiate building, and several churches and other public edifices, it must be a place of some importance; at all events, as seen from the water, it has a very fine appearance.

We nowhere on our travels met with finer scenery than on this lake, with the exception of that in the neighbourhood of Quebec. Nothing could exceed the beautiful colouring of the landscape — the lights and shadows were perfect; for though the day was most brilliant, the sky was not cloudless. Towards sunset it increased in beauty. The lake on which we floated was of the brightest blue, and overhead was a lighter, yet scarcely less brilliant colour; the whole eastern sky was of the softest pink tint, blending into yellow, and a long range of mountains appeared of a tender blue, while the sun tinged with the most dazzling gold a cloud somewhat in the shape of a coronet which rested on a hill to our left.

“ Ah!” said I to an American, who stood near admiring the scene with us, “ Russia’s Czar, or the proudest

monarch of ancient Europe, never wore so bright a diadem as this you can show us in your land of freedom."

A vast number of curious cutters, painted white and green, with broad cock-up sterns and cabin windows in them, navigate the lake. It has a communication by water with the St. Lawrence, through which a vast quantity of timber from the river Ottawa and merchandise is carried in and out of the States, so that the towns on its shores have all the advantages of a sea-board.

It had become so cold, that we were glad to don cloaks and great-coats,—a great contrast to New York, where a shirt of gauze and a coat of crinoline were as weighty clothing as a man would wish to wear as far as his comfort was concerned.

It was dark when we landed at Plattsburg, where we took the rail, which carried us to the banks of the St. Lawrence, opposite La Chine. A small, dirty, ill-conditioned steamer ferried us across the river. We found our luggage on board. How it contrived to meet us I do not know. A civil custom-house officer desiring me to declare that it contained nothing contraband, it was allowed to pass without examination.

La Chine is nine miles from Montreal, a distance we were conveyed by the first railway established in Canada. The carriages are on the usual English plan. The village got its name from some of the early French settlers, who, wandering westward, with their notions of localities formed from the original idea of Columbus, fancied that they had arrived on the confines of China. On emerging from the train, we were beset by swarms of drivers and *commissaires*, with deafening cries recommending their respective hotels. We had fixed to go to

Donegana's, the chief hotel in the city. Without any care for our luggage we drove thither, and then sent the porter with our brass checks to claim it.

The master of the hotel was away, and some raw Irish waiting-lads stared at us as we walked in, without offering any kind of welcome. In truth, our first reception in Montreal was far from gratifying. However, as, on a subsequent visit to the hotel, we found it as comfortable as any we had been in, I blot out the irate remarks I was about to commit to print.

Never have I enjoyed purer or fresher air than that I inhaled as I sallied forth early the next morning to get a glimpse of the city. Soon after breakfast we went out again, but the sun had much warmed up the air, and we were glad to keep on the shady side of Notre Dame Street, along which we took our way.

Montreal stands not far from the confluence of the timber-floating Ottawa and the mighty St. Lawrence, and is built along the north bank of the latter stream. A narrow branch of the Ottawa, however, runs to the north of it, and joining the St. Lawrence, forms the land on which the city is built into an island, with a hill in the centre, called Mont Royal, from which the city derives its name. For want of any other high ground to compare it with, it is dignified with the title of the mountain. We were much struck by the effects of the great fires in all directions. Last year whole streets were burnt down, and one cannot but feel that at any moment the inhabitants may be exposed to a similar catastrophe.

Our first exploit, in order to get a thorough view of the city and its environs, was to ascend the tower of the Roman Catholic Cathedral.

The cathedral is built of white stone, and looks fresh and clean; but it is a huge, ungainly edifice, and the interior is ornamented in the very worst style of Roman Catholic tawdriness, where anything like ornament is attempted, but the greater portion is whitewashed and shabby. It is fitted up with pews, as are generally the Roman Catholic churches in Canada. Having paid a fee of a quarter dollar each, a guide led us up innumerable steps to the top of the tower; but we were well repaid by the perfect idea we thus speedily obtained of the city and surrounding country, and the extensive view we enjoyed of the majestic St. Lawrence, with which we were destined soon to become so intimate.

A poor fellow had a most providential escape here lately from a horrible death. He was working on some scaffolding near the top of the tower, when he missed his hold, and was precipitated downwards. In his fall he struck a buttress, rebounding from which he was thrown into a niche where stood the figure of a saint, to whom he tenaciously clung. Fortunately the saint kept his post, and the man held on with all the strength of despair till succour was sent him. The priests failed not to take advantage of the event, and gave to the saint the credit of working a miracle, instead of ascribing honour to Him to whom alone honour was due.

Most of the roofs of the houses, and all the domes and spires, are covered with tin, and the sun shining on them at different angles, caused beautifully-diffused degrees of gleaming brilliancy. To the south of us was the St. Lawrence, stretching away to the north-east and south-west, with the island of St. Helen's in the centre, and far beyond it could be seen the blue mountains of the United States. To the north was the mountain *par*

excellence, and all the rest of the surrounding country was flat, though not unprofitable, for the island of Montreal is particularly well cultivated. We looked down, also, on the scene of desolation caused by the fire, among which were the ruins of the Roman Catholic bishop's palace and a college. Some of the streets were in course of rebuilding, but many of the blackened shells remained as the conflagration had left them. Were Montreal peopled by Yankees instead of French Canadians, I suspect that long ago the burnt portion of the city would with new vigour have risen from its ashes.

The market-place, built on a steep hill reaching down to the river, is a handsome building, surmounted by a large dome. In the upper story is the court-house, the next is devoted to butchers; and in the lowest, fruit, vegetables, and fish, are sold, but the latter articles of food are arranged in so untidy and unnice a way that they looked but little tempting to us. A number of Indian women were wandering about it. One broad-faced old squaw had on a man's hat, a new blanket worn like a shawl, a blue petticoat like a serge bathing-gown, and under her arm she carried a basket with a queer little dog in it. Some of the others were sadly dirty; nor did the gaudy gilt necklaces they wore set off their brown throats to advantage. They were remarkably like the lowest class of old Irishwomen. A party of them, dressed in cloaks and wide-awakes, were sitting at a table eating, and using knives and forks with the greatest gravity; while some young girls were making purchases at a toy-stall of miniature dogs made to bark, and it was amusing to mark the grin of delight with which they contemplated their treasures.

Montreal has been so often described that my readers will thank me, I doubt not, for proceeding with our journey.

We dined at five o'clock, and walked down to the quay to embark for Quebec on board the steamer John Munn, which was to sail at seven. Again we could not help remarking with admiration the effect of the setting sun on the roofs and spires, while a soft, rich glow was suffused over the whole city. The mail from England, *viâ* Boston, did not arrive for an hour after it was due, so that we had an abundance of time to contemplate its beauties.

The John Munn was a huge, spider-looking, American-built boat, as are nearly all those on the American waters, but much inferior, in point of elegance, to those we had paddled in both on the Hudson and Lake Champlain. The saloon was full of passengers—French Canadians, English, Americans, and the usual sprinkling of other nations. A large party were grouped round a square pianoforte, on which several damsels performed by turns most execrably, except one little body with a sallow face, black hair all drawn back, and huge glancing ear-rings, who played Scotch reels very well, though most certainly she came not “fra the north.” There was a party also of jovial priests in broad-brimmed hats and long petticoats, with their tails tucked up inside their waist-belts, who seemed to have a great many good jokes among themselves. One of them was a sleek ecclesiastic of higher rank in a mulberry-coloured robe turned up with crimson, and grey locks escaping from beneath a black skull-cap.

A few words will suffice to describe the scenery of

the St. Lawrence, near Montreal. The banks are low and wooded, with here and there railroad-stations and farm-houses appearing among the trees. The river is about a mile broad, with a wooded island in the centre, and on it a fortified barrack. Of the scenery of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec, except from hearsay, I can describe no better than I can that of the Hudson, as all the passenger steamers, for the sake of saving the time of merchants and other regular passengers, run at night. Unfortunate tourists, therefore, their interests uncared for, have to draw somewhat largely on their imagination as they glide through the midnight gloom on those mysterious waters. There is, however, nothing striking in the scenery if I may judge by the glimpses of the river we got as we travelled up by land in the winter, except in the neighbourhood of Quebec. I at first strained my eyes through the darkness in an endeavour to trace the outline of the coast; but all I could see was every now and then some big craft on her way down the river, or some tug-steamer towing up a long line of sailing-vessels, ships, brigs, and schooners.

We stopped to wood and land passengers and cargo at Trois Rivières somewhere about midnight, when the crew and people made so much noise that we for a time were under the impression that we were snagged, or on shore, or had run another vessel down, or were ourselves going to blow up.

In the morning, when we went out on the platform in the fore-part of the vessel, we were saluted by a drizzling rain, through which we could see some high cliffs on either side of us, and very soon the Heights of Abraham; the citadel of Quebec, with a few buildings

below it; the village of Point Levi on the opposite shore; a line of ships at anchor; and in the distance a fine range of lofty mountains loomed through the watery atmosphere. Having made a wide sweep round and come in sight of the city, the greater part of which climbs up the north-eastern side of the cliff, and was thus before hid from our view, we ran alongside a quay swarming with Irish and Canadian car-drivers and porters.

We landed under shelter of umbrellas and mackintoshes, and were welcomed by a relation, at whose house we were to stay. Landing, we drove up a very steep hill, through a massive gateway, into the city.

The most determined irregularity of the streets—their ups and downs, and twists and turns, the odd-shaped open spaces, and the green Venetian blinds with which every window was furnished, give Quebec a very picturesque appearance. When, however, we returned in the winter, and found the gay Venetians removed, and flat, additional windows hooked on in their stead, while the streets were some feet thick in a compound of snow and mud, our admiration of its beauties fell with the thermometer.

I give no description of Quebec at present, as we remained there but a few days, being anxious to explore the Upper Province before the commencement of winter. At that time, also, there was but little society. Lord Elgin was in England; General Rowan, the acting Governor, was at Montreal; the Bishop was away. Many of the residents, who had gone to the sea-side to avoid the scorching heat of the summer, had not returned; and all the merchants were still incessantly engaged in business in preparation for the coming winter, when little or nothing

is done, and most of them visit England and the States to buy goods.

One object in going first to Quebec was to obtain directions to guide our steps through the Upper Province, but no one we met could give us the information we sought, with the exception of our very kind friend, Mr. Russel, a Government inspector of crown lands, who has explored the remotest parts of the Province, and from him we received a number of most valuable notes and hints.

Sunday, the 11th of September, being cold, dreary, and rainy, gave us a very unfavourable idea of the climate of Quebec, for the great heat having only just abated, it appeared as if we had plunged from summer at once into winter. However, some fine days succeeded the bad weather, one of which, as delicious as I ever experienced, tempted us to set off on an excursion to the Chaudière Falls on the opposite side of the river, and which we had been told are superior to those of Montmorency. With wallets at our sides, containing provisions and sketch-books, we crossed by a frail, rattletrap ferry-steamer to Point Levi.

The steamer was the very worst I ever entered, carts, men, and horses, were all huddled together; the water from the paddles was washing over the decks, the shafts were exposed, and so were the rudder-chains, in a way well calculated to catch women's dresses and seriously to injure them. I met on board an Irish caleche-driver, a very intelligent man, who told me that he had driven in Quebec, where he arrived farthingless, for sixteen years; that he had saved money, and with it had bought a property in the neighbourhood of Toronto, to which he was on the point of removing with his family.

“Faith, your honour, the Upper Province is, after all, the place to live in. The Lower is all very well when one can’t get away from it.”

This is one reason that the Lower Province advances so slowly compared to the Upper, the best men for settlers, the thrifty and industrious, invariably move upwards when they have made money, or migrate to the States.

Landing at Point Levi, from a number of caleches, whose Irish and French drivers in their respective languages offered their services, we selected one driven by a French lad, who looked as if he could communicate information, and had, moreover, an active little steed. It was a very light, spidery, large-wheeled, little-bodied vehicle, with a big hood, out of all proportion to its size, and a curiously uncomfortable bit of a seat for the neat, straight-backed, ugly lad who drove—exceedingly well, too, he did drive. He reminded me of the way in which his Neapolitan brethren of the whip dash up and down hills, and turn and back out through the narrowest passes and over the worst roads. Our merry-going, active grey pony spun away with us as soon as we were seated; and along we flew at a great rate, our lad most cleverly evading the worst of the pitfalls and the biggest stones and bits of timber in the road, without once relaxing his speed; and even when we came to a precipitous ascent, he jumped off, laid a hand on the shaft, and the little horse changed its smart trot into a strong, bounding, pulling gallop, quite delightful to see and feel, and we were at the top of the hill, and the boy on his perch again, in a second.

The distance from Point Levi to the Falls is about ten miles, a considerable portion of which is along the

banks of the river, whence the views are very lovely, especially looking back at Quebec and the Heights of Abraham, surmounted by Wolfe's Monument, the crowds of shipping lining the shore, and anchored out in the stream, and the magnificent range of mountains down the river to the north. The buildings, too, on either side of the road are very picturesque. They are of plank, or logs planked over, mostly of one story, with extremely deep verandahs all round, and stand on pedestals or terraces of stone or wood, so that when snow covers the ground they may be raised above it. They were, indeed, exactly like Swiss cottages, or the little wooden models one sees brought to England. A considerable number nestle in the nooks of the high wooded cliffs under which the road passes; and they must have a superb view from their windows, though I doubt if their inmates can appreciate it. Judging by the names over the doors they are all Irish or French.

Farther on, scattered over the country, we passed a number of square little box-like log cottages, containing only one room with a huge stove in the centre. We were assured that they are very warm in winter, as the French inmates allow the snow to heap up round them to the very roof, often not even clearing it from the windows.

A large number of vessels were building along the shore, schooners, brigs, and even ships; and there was a general air of prosperity in the villages through which we passed, but the fields were mostly small and roughly cultivated, though the fences were substantial and in good order.

The most gratifying mark of improvement, however,

was the railway to Richmond, which we crossed continually, now rapidly advancing towards completion. By its means Quebec has now a railway communication with the States, and will be connected, *viâ* Montreal, by the Grand Trunk line with the Upper Province, as also with the fertile district of the Eastern townships, instead of being, as it then was, cut off during the winter months from the rest of the civilised world, except by a disagreeable journey over the snow.

We speedily accomplished our ten miles of bumping, when our driver, pulling up at a cottage in a field, exclaimed, "*Là voilà!*" We looked and listened, but neither could we see or hear the expected falls.

"You must go across some fields, and you will come to them," he added. So across these fields we trudged, and at last, through a line of trees, saw some spray, and heard a slight roar. Going a little farther, the spray announced its existence by sprinkling us thoroughly, and then we saw a river tumbling over a black wall of rock in isolated spouts, some eighty feet high or so, without any pretensions to grandeur or even picturesque beauty. We looked up and down, and in every direction, and then agreed that we had made some unaccountable mistake, and that this could not be the beautiful Chaudière we had heard so highly lauded. Still it was a waterfall, and there could scarcely be two together of so large a size even in the land of torrents. Still doubting, we beat a retreat from the spray, and, selecting a shady spot, we sat down on the trunk of a tree, and discussed both the contents of our wallets and the possibility of this being the Chaudière. Before we had finished our luncheon, we concluded that it could be

nothing else; and then the horrible idea occurred to us, whether the great Niagara itself might not have been equally over-praised, and whether we might not be equally disappointed. The sequel will show. However, when we had satisfied our hunger, we again braved the wetting spray, and descending the bank a little way, took out our sketch-books, and in them immortalised the water-fall. We, however, observed that the black rock was full of cracks and cavities, and, recollecting that it was autumn, and that the summer had been very dry, we concluded that our informants had seen it under more favourable circumstances for a watery exhibition, after the melting of the winter snows,—and our minds thereon felt happier with regard to Niagara. At all events, it is superior to some of the Italian water-falls visited by tourists, who, in dry seasons, have to wait till the custos lifts up a sluice, and lets down a scant torrent for their edification.

On our way back we met a large wedding-party of *habitans*, as the French Canadians are called. They were a well-dressed, well-looking, and merry set. Indeed, I saw no physical inferiority in them to the English settlers. On the contrary, I observed among them at different times some very fine specimens of humanity, who would have done credit to any nation. I heard them, also, always well spoken of by English friends long established in the country, as honest, industrious, good-tempered, obliging, charitable, kind, and intelligent.

A magnificent sunset lighted up the cliffs of Quebec and the distant mountains as we recrossed the river.

Another day, passing through the suburb of St. Roch, I walked to the village of Beauport, on the road to

Montmorency, on the other side of the river Charles. One of the last great fires in Quebec took place in St. Roch, and consumed the whole quarter. It has been rebuilt, and considerably improved in point of appearance; but as the houses are constructed of wood, it will probably be burnt down again when, in the course of a year or so, they get thoroughly dried. To prevent fires spreading from the sparks falling on the roofs, a law exists by which they should be covered with tin. A friend of mine was residing at a boarding-house kept by a Canadian, when the stove in his room got red-hot, and set the floor on fire. He rushed to the master of the house to demand his assistance. "Oh, never fear, Monsieur," he replied, quite coolly. "My house cannot be burnt, for the roof is covered with tin. We have obeyed the law, Monsieur—have no fear." My friend, not having the same faith in his tin-covered roof to prevent a fire from raging which has begun inside, insisted on having some buckets of water brought to extinguish the conflagration. In spite of the vast number of dreadful fires which have taken place, the inhabitants of the suburbs will persist in building their houses of wood, and have hitherto been very careless in bringing a supply of water into the city.

The mouth of the Charles River is filled with rafts of timber, which have been brought down hundreds of miles by the tributaries of the St. Lawrence. Here they remain in readiness for shipment.

On the shores of the Charles, also, a considerable number of fine ships are built, chiefly by Canadians. I observed ten building within sight of each other. I looked over one which was of one thousand five hundred

tons burden, and had some conversation with the builder, a very intelligent man. He told me that she had been six months only on the stocks, and in another month would be launched and have her cargo on board, in readiness to proceed to England.

There is very great difficulty in finding crews for the ships built in the country. To supply the demand, a horrible system of crimping has hitherto been practised. Every inducement is offered by those most detestable of human beings, the crimps, to the seamen of the English merchantmen to desert; and they are then kept concealed, in a state of drunkenness, till the colonial-built ship is ready to sail; or they are, perhaps, put on board another English ship, which has been deprived of her crew by the very wretches who now sell her captain a fresh one. The men at first are of course totally unfit for work, so the pilots and people from the city get the ship under way and carry her down the river, and it frequently happens that she is out at sea before the men come to their senses. A naval friend told me that he once boarded a ship just clearing the river, when he found the master in a violent rage with the crimps for having sent him a dead body instead of a living seaman. The corpse had been hoisted on board with a number of drunken men, from whom it differed so little in appearance that it was only after it had been stowed away in a berth for some time that it was discovered to have been dead several days. The annoyance is so great that respectable masters will not go to Quebec if they can by any possibility get a freight elsewhere. Various plans have been suggested to remedy the evil, and it has been proposed to pass a law to compel shipbuilders to import

crews for their ships, or to have half of them native-born Canadians. I fear, however, that the abuse will exist as long as seamen will get drunk and desert, or till the colony can breed up a race of mariners capable of manning the ships she builds.

Beauport is a pretty French village, with a church having two tall tin spires, and its houses are on platforms, and have broad verandahs. A few miles beyond it, to the north, close in sight, rise up some tree-covered hills, which form the extreme borders of civilisation. Beyond is wild forest-land, chains of rugged hills, lakes, and streams, among which the Red Indian and the moose-deer range at large. It seems strange to find a complete wilderness so close to the gates of an old-established city like Quebec.

On our walk we met, coming from school, a party of little Canadian girls, neatly dressed, with the broadest brimmed straw-hats, extremely pretty features, and full of life and spirits,—probably the same style of hats in which their ancestors had come across the sea. Interested in their appearance, I was led to make inquiries respecting the education of the lower orders in the Eastern Province.

Government, it appears, is anxious to do its duty in affording the means of instruction to the rising generation, but at the very outset it has the greatest of difficulties to overcome. There are no instructors of either sex fit to teach, and the priests, fearful of losing their influence, throw every impediment in the way which their ingenuity can suggest. Large sums have been voted, as yet to little purpose, for where the inspectors of schools are very ignorant, and the masters

and mistresses can scarcely read or write, the unfortunate pupils have but little chance of picking up any crumbs of knowledge. However, on this, and on many other interesting subjects, I hope to enlarge on our return to Quebec.

CHAPTER V.

THE river Saguenay, we were told, is a locality unrivalled in interest and magnificence of scenery throughout Canada. Thither, therefore, we resolved to steer our course before proceeding westward. Probably many of my readers have never heard it even named; yet already ten thousand British subjects, mostly Britons, inhabit its banks; and those persevering pioneers of civilisation, the hardy lumberers, are every season hewing their way up its tributary streams.

The mouth of the Saguenay is to be found about a hundred and forty miles below Quebec, flowing into the St. Lawrence on its north side. About a hundred and twenty miles from its mouth, in a north-westerly direction, is the Lake of St. John, a fine sheet of water, whence it takes its rise. A considerable number of rivers, flowing from the wild and hitherto unprofitable regions of the Hudson's Bay Company, fall into the lake; many of them are navigable, and one of them is said to be so for a hundred miles from its mouth. The lake itself, however, from its comparative shallowness, is very dangerous to navigate: the slightest gale causing a heavy sea to break over its surface.

Near the mouth of the Saguenay, is the village and harbour of Tadousac, whence the distance to Chicoutimi, another settlement, is about seventy miles, a short way only above which the river is navigable, as here commences a series of rapids which extend to Lake St. John. For about fifty miles from its mouth, the shores of the Saguenay tower up in perpendicular cliffs, from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height, giving an air of the wildest grandeur to the scene, while the depth of water is so great, that large ships may sail close under the rocks, so that those on board can look up to their summits, which, beetling above them, appear broken into a variety of fantastic shapes, representing castles, and houses, and trees, and figures, and faces. In truth, the scenery is very fine, and very wild, and very curious, and, moreover, very little known to civilised ladies and gentlemen, though a visit to it is now easily accomplished.

Far north as it appears on the map, the climate is scarcely as severe as that of Quebec, while on the shores of Lake St. John it is considerably milder.

My friend, Mr. Russel, told me that he had explored, in a canoe, a number of the rivers and streams, which run in a somewhat eccentric course to the west and south of the lake, and invariably found the country in their neighbourhood exceedingly fertile. The great drawback to the district is, that the only means of communicating with it is by sea, and that for the five long winter months it is completely cut off from the rest of the world, as between it and Quebec there is a wild desert of a hundred miles or more, across which, in the first place, it would be difficult and expensive to cut a road, and without inhabitants along it, impossible to keep it in proper repair in summer, or practicable for sleighs in winter.

Though land may be purchased there very cheaply,

I do not advise any of my readers to take up their abode in the district just at present, unless they have a fancy for a complete hermit-like existence. During the summer, however, they might have plenty of visitors; for a steamer frequently runs from Montreal and Quebec to Ha-ha bay, a few miles from the lake; and the previous autumn, a powerful sea-going vessel was built, called the Saguenay. She was now to make a trial-trip, and we waited for her arrival at Quebec, with the intention of proceeding in her, expecting to be absent from between three and four days. We were very anxious, also, to see the grander features of the St. Lawrence, which are to be found only below Quebec. Above it there is much very attractive scenery—the rapids are wild and furious, the Thousand Islands are soft and beautiful, and the width of the river, so many hundred miles from the sea, is in itself interesting; but nowhere do the banks rise to an elevation above an ordinary hill, and the term of grandeur is in no respect applicable to it. On going down the stream, on the contrary, soon after one passes the Isle of Orleans, Cape Torment, on the north, rises to the height of nearly two thousand feet above the water, and the river itself expands to a width of about thirty miles.

The south shore is generally tolerably level and well cultivated, and a number of small towns, villages, and settlements, are scattered along it. On the north, on the contrary, mountain-ranges extend the whole way to the mouth of the Saguenay; but even they are not destitute of cultivation, and hamlets and farms are to be seen perched on every available spot, often a thousand feet or more above the river.

The occupants of these mountain abodes are chiefly *habitans*. They are a hardy and industrious race, though, I doubt, their wisdom in selecting spots so elevated in

that severe climate, except that they must have got their land without payment. Wheat, I fancy, they cannot raise, but of barley, oats, and potatoes, they produce an ample supply. Such was the amount of information we received while we waited for the arrival of the Saguenay.

The weather, however, having in the meantime become cold and rainy, made us fancy that the winter was setting in, and the steamer not arriving at the time expected, our ardour cooled down so much, that we abandoned the excursion, and resolved to proceed westward without delay. Little did we then know what we should find the real commencement of a Quebec winter. We hoped to accomplish the trip at a more favourable season; one I should advise every lover of the picturesque who visits Quebec to make if he can.

Another trip we were advised to take in search of the picturesque was to the Falls of Shewinagan, on the river St. Maurice, which runs into the St. Lawrence at the town of Trois Rivières. The steamer leaving Quebec in the afternoon reaches Trois Rivières by midnight, and there is ample time to make the excursion and to return so as to proceed on to Montreal by the following night, thus losing only a day. There are some tolerable hotels at Trois Rivières. The best mode of proceeding is to hire a carriage at daylight, and to drive to the portage du Grès, visiting on the way the Forges of St. Maurice. This foundry was established in consequence of the discovery of a fine iron mine. The ore is abundant, and said to be equal to the best Swedish. Stores of every description, caldrons for potash, and maple-sugar boiling, machinery for mills, wheels for railway-cars, are manufactured, and pig and bar-iron is exported. Upwards of three hundred men are employed. The

manager is a Scotchman; but most of the workmen are Canadians. We were to have had a letter to him or to his second in command, and were told that he would gladly have aided us in finding a canoe and Indians to paddle it. As the smallest hut in the country has a stove, and every house has several, recollecting, also, that for five months in the year they are burning day and night, an idea may be formed of the great demand there must be for them in the country.

Embarking at the Grès, a paddle of eight miles carries one to the mouth of the Shewinagan, or rather to the foot of the falls where it is precipitated into the St. Maurice from a height of nearly two hundred feet. The St. Maurice also here makes a considerable descent, uniting its waters with those of the smaller stream in a boiling caldron. On descending again one may shoot the rapids of the Grès in the canoe, and return the whole distance to Trois Rivières by water.

There is a vast quantity of lumber cut on the banks of the St. Maurice, and brought down the rapids by slides, such as I shall have hereafter to describe. A large portion of it is conveyed into the United States through the Richelieu river and canal; and now that timber has become so scarce there it commands a high price. This trip, like that to the Saguenay, was put off to another day.

Meantime we had been making vast preparations for our journey to the "west countrie." I cannot exactly recollect what sort of a land we thought it was; but I believe we had an idea that log-huts and shanties were the principal residences; wagons and bark-canoes the chief means of conveyance; and that the inhabitants principally wore long beards, and hatchets in their belts,

and occupied themselves in cutting down trees and digging potatoes. Perhaps Mrs. Moodie, in her very amusing book, or perhaps some other writers on bush-life, had given us this impression—one entertained, I can answer for it, by a very large number of people at home, who do not take the trouble to look into a map to see the position of the locality about which they are reading.

A Canadian friend of ours was in England a short time ago, when, on a visit to a country residence, as he was wandering with a fair companion through the grounds, they came to one of those little rustic summer-houses covered over with split branches—very picturesque, but totally unlike any real abode—“Ah!” said the young lady, as they entered and sat down, “this is just like the sort of house you live in out there, is it not?” My friend laughed, and assured her that if Canadian log-houses and English summer-houses were not very different, the inhabitants of the former would very soon be frozen to death, and that brick, stone, and mortar, were in pretty general use even in the upper country.

We, indeed, knew that there was a town called Toronto—we had friends living there, and were bound thither; but whether it was built of brick or wood we had not considered; and certainly we were under the impression that after we had passed Montreal we were not likely to be able to procure any other articles except those of the most ordinary necessity. We laid in, therefore, a large stock of everything that travellers could require, not omitting even hammer, nails, and rope, to mend the wagons we intended to travel in, should they break down. We discarded all our heavy luggage, and

packed our property in small portmanteaus and cases convenient to be carried—an arrangement from which we afterwards much benefited.

All these mighty preparations perfected, on Friday, September 16, at five P.M. we went on board the steamer Canada, which was to convey us to Montreal. The weather, though no longer rainy, was cold, and unpleasant, and unpromising. I mention this to mark the change we experienced as we got farther south, as people are too apt to confound the climates of the two provinces; whereas clouds, rain, and storms, may prevail in the Lower Province, while Western Canada may be basking in sunshine and calms.

The view looking back on Quebec as we got a short distance from it was very fine, and on that evening especially the tints were remarkably picturesque; the distant mountains were of the bluest blue; and the surrounding cliffs were tinged with brightest patches of yellow, and green, and pink, and red, and grey; and the stern, stout walls of the fortress, bristling with guns, rose up on the left, looking down on the lines of shipping which lay secure beneath them anchored across the stream, or moored in every cove, and nook, and bay, along the north shore, ready to take in the mighty logs of timber therein collected. We longed to be able to stop the steamer to make use of our colour-boxes; but, as we paddled quickly on, all we could do was to take a hasty sketch of the lovely scene.

After a time, as we sat on the after-platform, the moon rose from behind the south bank larger, and redder, and rounder, than I ever saw her before even in Portugal or Italy. Without making use of poetical license, she seemed truly to float in the pure ether. Our friend

Captain West declared that the moon seen in England looks like a dab of red putty stuck on a wall compared to the American luminary; and though among foreigners I think it patriotic and praiseworthy to stand up for everything English, even for our sun, and our moon, and our climate, we now acknowledged to the full the correctness of his remark, though my readers may not admire the poetical beauty of the simile. I looked at her through my spy-glass—a very good one—and could distinguish, more clearly than I ever could before through a common telescope, the mountains, and plains, and the ocean boundaries. She seemed to ascend, too, in a more rapid way than usual; and, as I have seen a balloon do, she soon shot upwards into a dense cloud, and was hid from sight. After a long contest, however, with heavy clouds, she triumphed gloriously, and gave us her light for the rest of the night.

By the by, this reminds me that I must join issue with Sir Francis Head on some of his remarks about America as far as Canada is concerned. He says, “The heavens of America appear infinitely higher, the sky bluer, the clouds are whiter, the air is fresher, the cold is intenser, the moon looks larger, the stars are brighter, the thunder is louder, the lightning is vivider, the wind is stronger, the rain is heavier, the mountains are higher, the rivers larger, the forests bigger, the plains broader,” than in the Old World. Had he spoken only of the rivers and forests, and described the foliage more varied and beautifully tinted in autumn, and the lakes more extensive, I should have agreed with him; but, comparing Canada with Great Britain, the mountains of Scotland and Wales far surpass the latter in height and picturesque beauty; the clouds are as white, the wind as strong, the

rain as heavy, the thunder as loud, and the lightning as vivid, I suspect,—though points not more to boast of than the length of a Portuguese league, which I heard, when travelling in Spain, my Lusitanian attendant declare far surpassed the miserable ones in that country. “We,” quoth he, “have got leagues which take three hours to travel, while one may trot over one of yours in thirty minutes.” The sky is as blue, the air as fresh, the moon looks as large, and the stars as bright, in Italy or Portugal; and surely the cold is as intense, and the plains as broad, in Russia. That style of description is apt to mislead people. We never, again, saw the moon wear other than her ordinary European aspect; and even during the clearest nights in winter the stars were not very unusually bright. Canada has a sufficient abundance of excellencies without exaggerating any of them, or giving her qualities she does not possess.

At tea-time a large multitude collected; but where they all came from puzzled us, for there did not appear to be many scattered through the saloon. They rivalled our cousins Jonathan in the speed with which the meal was discussed. Why, when there is nothing else to do, people should be in so great a hurry to eat it, is difficult to say. I always, like a sturdy Briton, sat quietly at the deserted tables, in spite of the frowns and hints of waiters, till I had at a moderate speed satisfied my hunger. It is to be hoped some day that Americans will learn that they can make quite as many dollars without bolting their food, and enjoy them far longer. We got through the night, however, and in the morning found ourselves moored to a wharf at Montreal.

As soon as I had transferred our luggage to the Kingston steamer, the Ottawa, we went to the Montreal

Hotel, near the river, where we got a very good breakfast in a clean room with civil attendants. Having returned to the Ottawa at nine, we entered the first lock of the La Chine Canal, at the west end of Montreal.

This canal was cut at an expense of 137,000*l.*, to avoid the rapids of St. Louis, and reaches about nine miles to the mouth of the Ottawa. It was very curious, as we sat in the cabin, to watch the vessels, houses, trees, and fields, coming into sight as the big steamer rose in the lock; and still more curious was it to find ourselves passing through a thoroughly rural landscape, and to be unable to see the water on either side. The basin, or dock, from which we started, was crowded with steamers and sailing craft of all descriptions, while a number of new buildings in the neighbourhood gave signs of the increasing prosperity of Montreal.

The surplus water from the canal is not allowed to escape without doing its duty. It is made to turn a variety of mill-wheels. Waterworks have also been erected to supply the city with the water of the Ottawa, it being considered far more wholesome than that of the St. Lawrence.

We saw a number of rafts passing through the canal on their way, probably, from the Ottawa to Quebec. They were compactly formed, but were only small portions of the floating islands which navigate the St. Lawrence.

During our voyage through the canal we got a good view of Montreal, and a very fair idea of a large portion of the city and the country to the west of it, which sufficiently repaid us for the somewhat tedious mode of proceeding.

We reached La Chine at twelve, where we found the

rest of the intended passengers, who had come thither by the railway. Several light ships mark the entrance to the canal. After waiting an hour, we steamed across a wide expanse, formed by the junction of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, called the Lake of St. Louis.

On the opposite shore to Lachine is the Iroquois settlement of Caughnawaga, or "the village of the rapids;" and at the west end of the lake is Isle Perrot, with a windmill at one end of it. There is nothing grand in the features of the scenery, except the mere expanse of water at this junction of the two mighty rivers; but the banks and islands are wooded and fertile, and in the present utilitarian age this is far better than the barren magnificence of rugged mountains and lofty precipices.

We passed here one of those floating islands of the St. Lawrence, a log-raft, just come out of the Ottawa probably. It had on it huts, and sheds, and flag-staffs, and a number of people, and looked indeed like a village taking a pleasure excursion down the river.

Soon afterwards we saw, among groups of islands ahead, several lines of dark foam-crested waves, leaping, and tumbling, and roaring, as if about to rush down to our destruction; but we, turning south, entered the Beauharnois Canal, which was constructed by the Government, to avoid a succession of very formidable rapids, known by the names of the Cascades, the Cedars, or the Split-rock, and the Coteau du Lac. This canal cost 162,281*l*. It is eleven and a quarter miles long, and has nine locks.

Working upwards as we were the steamers pass through the canals, but on their descent they shoot the rapids. We had ascended two or three locks, step by

step as it were, in a curious manner, when we were summoned to the windows of the saloon, whence we looked down, as from the upper story of a house, on the river to see a steamer, the "Jenny Lind," performing that operation. The "Swedish nightingale" glided on merrily and quickly, now rose a little to the heaving billow which bubbled and foamed around her, then plunged a trifle and rose once more, and in a few minutes was again in smooth water. There seemed nothing very formidable in the feat when those who know every rock and stone are at the helm, and nothing but gross carelessness could cause an accident. We had to look forward till our return to the pleasure of shooting the rapids. I have often descended the Douro, in Portugal, through far more turbulent-looking waters in small flat-bottomed boats, though with a skilful crew I did not feel that I was running the slightest risk. Our steamer's wheels propelled us through the canal, nor did they appear to injure the embankment. By the by, I must remark, that the canals of Canada far surpass, in size and solidity of construction, any I have seen in England.

We were four hours and a quarter in the Beauharnois canal, passing among green fields and forests, gardens and cottages, so that it was evening before we emerged into a fine expanse of water called Lake St. Francis.

The St. Lawrence in its course widens frequently into these beautiful expanses, which are called lakes. About halfway through Lake St. Francis, which is forty miles long, stands the village of Lancaster, on the north bank, near the boundary line of the East and West Provinces. A large body of Glengarry Highlanders are

located here. When Sir John Colborne, now Lord Seaton, was Governor-General, as a mark of their respect for him, they erected in the neighbourhood a large cairn, or pile of stones, such as of yore was thrown up for renowned warriors in Scotland.

The shores and scattered islands were low, scrubby, and dreary, in the extreme, as seen in the evening gloom; and a more desolate-looking place I never beheld than a little grey, wooden hamlet, sitting on a damp flat field, at which we stopped to take in wood. Then a strange, lurid, egg-shaped moon arose over the dull, leaden waters, totally unlike the moon of the previous night. The air ceased to move, and became heavy and oppressive, and dark vapours obscured the blue vault of heaven; while, as if to increase the threatening aspect of the atmosphere, the funnels of our steamer cast forth immense quantities of large bright sparks, which rose high up above our heads, and then dropped on every side, and far astern, in heavy showers of falling stars; and as they approached and alighted on the dark, calm water, the tremulous reflexion seemed hastening upward to meet them till they both vanished together. Every instant, too, the night grew more and more sultry—thunder rolled in the distance, and bright flashes of blue lightning burst forth from the gathering clouds and illumined the sky around. At nine o'clock heavy torrents of rain came on, at which we could look complacently from our snug cabin. They tended much to relieve the weight in the atmosphere.

We now entered the Cornwall Canal, which cost the Government 60,000*l.*; it is eleven and a half miles long, and has seven locks. They are worth examining from their size and the solidity of their construction. Close to

the canal is the town of Cornwall, a place of some size, with a population of about two thousand.

Opposite Cornwall, on the south bank, is the village of St. Regis, inhabited by Iroquois Indians. Here the boundary-line between Lower Canada and the State of New York strikes the St. Lawrence. Thus the territory going upwards on the left hand is that of the United States, while that on the right is of the Province of Upper or Western Canada.

It is a curious way in which one literally steps up the St. Lawrence by means of these canals. The huge vessel glides into a space between two stone walls, with a gate at the farther end—a gate is closed behind her, the water which comes from above is slowly let into the space, and as gradually she rises a new country is seen from her deck. The front gate is then open, and she having attained an upper level even with another space, the same process is repeated; or, if there is only one lock at that place, she paddles on along the canal, splashing with her paddle-wheels the muzzles of the sage old cows, who look calmly up at her as they crop the grass in the green fields through which she passes, or putting to flight herds of frisky young colts, or innocent lambs, who cannot make out, for their lives, what strange noisy monster has got into their nursery. To be sure, this process of mounting locks is somewhat tedious after the novelty of the thing has worn off; but then again, as one may be walking about, or eating, or sleeping, or reading, or drawing, or talking, it is one's own fault if one cannot find amusement inside the vessel. Thus our huge steamer was carried up a hill some hundred feet in height without any further manual exertion than that employed by the old lock-keepers in turning the wind-

lasses to open the gates and let in the water. They even do not hurry themselves, and I was amused by seeing a fellow munching an apple as he slowly turned his winch. We went to bed while going through the Cornwall canal, and in the night passed several villages, and worked our way against several rapids not sufficiently formidable to be avoided by canals. We thus did not make much way during that period.

On looking out of the window of our cabin in the morning, we were passing amid smiling, tree-covered little islets, and deep, clear, flashing, rapid water, with fields, and woods, and cottages on the banks. We soon after reached the town of Prescott, when we stopped to wood, and found a number of steamers waiting there for the same object. It was called after Sir G. Prescott, lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada. It contains about two thousand inhabitants, but for the last ten years has not made much progress. It was a place of considerable trade before the formation of the Rideau Canal, which connects Bytown with Kingston, and which trade was of course carried to the latter place. However, its prosperity will probably return again with the opening of the newly-formed railroad between it and Bytown, to connect that city with the St. Lawrence, and still more so when the Grand Trunk Railway comes into operation.

The river is here a mile and a half broad, and directly opposite Prescott is the American city of Ogdensburgh, which I must confess, in size and appearance, far surpasses her British sister. Seven miles farther on we came to the attractive-looking little town of Brockville, called after the well-beloved General Brock, who was killed in the last American war. The many small

islands scattered before it, the fine width and clearness of the river, its grey, rocky banks, its elegant villas, its neat cottages, its spires and houses, its surrounding woods and green smiling fields, with a number of gaily-painted pleasure-boats anchored near it, made it appear to our eyes by far the prettiest place we saw in Canada: indeed, in that style of calm, soft, cheerful scenery, it would be difficult to find a place to surpass it in beauty.

The Lake of the Thousand Islands, as a wide expanse of the St. Lawrence is called, full to overflowing of islets, may be said to commence in sight of Brockville. The locality is famed throughout Canada for its beauty,—and beautiful, or rather pretty, I should certainly say it is; but it has no right to claim any larger amount of praise. There are in all, some scattered up and down the stream, and the rest grouped together, the full score of a thousand, all so much alike that it is impossible for a passing stranger to distinguish one from the other. A light-house on one of the easternmost isles put me in mind of a shepherd's dog driving an unruly flock of sheep before him, some of whom have contrived to slip back again to the rear.

The islands are rocky, covered with graceful, feathery trees, and are of various sizes, some of several acres, and others with a single solitary bush growing on them, or still smaller, scarcely affording resting-ground to the wild fowl which inhabit the regions. They are interesting, however, from the variety of their shapes and their positions, now clustering together, and leaving passages so narrow, that the steamer can scarce force her way between them, or separating to a distance and allowing fine broad, lakelike expanses of clear water to appear.

Had not our expectations been raised too high, I

should probably have felt more inclined to enlarge on the beauties of the Lake of the Thousand Islands. Let it rest content with its calm loveliness, with its grey rocks, its clear, blue, sparkling waters, its graceful trees, and its autumn-tinted leaves, and well is it worthy of the painter's brush and the poet's praise.

Soon after clearing the islands, we stopped to wood at a place called Garronochray, which may be taken as a fair specimen of a new Canadian village. There was a rough wooden quay, built of unhewn, unbarked timber, with numberless piles of wood heaped up in long rows around, ready to supply the steamers on the river. Along the shore, and extending back from it, were rows of plank cottages, mostly of the natural colour of the wood a little darkened by exposure: others painted white, and some black. There was a rough, muddy road leading from a distance down the centre of the village, with a raised plank footpath by the side of it. Behind it, and circling round it, was the dark pine-forest, out of which this nook, where the location stands, has been cut. The spire of a church, and some ambitious store, or wealthier settler's mansion, were seen a little beyond the other buildings. A few canoes were on the shore, and others paddling about, with boys or Indians fishing. A cart was standing in a yard rudely paled in. There were a few cattle in the neighbouring fields, some rough men and women, in rougher habiliments, moving about, and here and there wreaths of white smoke curling upwards to the calm blue sky, with the bright waters flashing in front of the landscape. Such is an exact picture of the scene before us.

We had several passengers on board, to one of whom, a resident of Kingston, we are indebted for much after

kindness, courtesy, and attention. When we then met for the first time as strangers, he gave us many very useful hints and much valuable information. I entered into conversation also with a very amusing and original character. I had observed near me at dinner a dame whose use of the knife and fork showed that she did not belong to the more polished orders of society, yet from her independence of manner that she did not feel herself in the slightest degree out of place. I found that she was the well-known and much-esteemed Mrs. Belton, keeper of the parliamentary fruit and luncheon-store. Wherever the eccentric legislature of Canada moves, there she follows, ready to supply the hungry members with their midday meal. Born an Irish woman, she married a soldier and followed his fortunes for thirty years half round the globe—to the Cape, the West Indies, and every part of Canada. During this time he became a sergeant, when she kept a canteen. Her adventures on the Lakes were amusing. She told us how she had been wrecked with a large party, among whom were several Indians, on an island; how they caught salmon and trout; and how, having saved some flour, she made paste, and, fastening it, with some fish, on the ends of sticks round a fire, she produced some dishes which astonished everybody. On the death of her husband, she went into service as cook, but she had been independent too long to like the life, and so set up her present business, in which she flourishes. She is a first-rate politician, and knows everything that goes on better than most members of the Legislature, and speaks of men and their manners with the greatest freedom; while, judging from the hearty slap on the back she gave a young officer on board, she is hail-fellow-well-met with

her very large circle of acquaintance among the military as well as the civil members of society.

After leaving the Thousand Islands, the river expands very much. We now passed the north shore of Wolfe's Island, on the other side of which is the American channel of the St. Lawrence, issuing from Lake Ontario.

Kingston then, with its white stone forts and marteello towers, its town-hall, and churches and villas, appeared on our right; and very soon, with the wide, ocean-like expanse of Lake Ontario before us, our voyage terminated at one of its quays, where lay, also, a number of white-painted vessels, chiefly three-masted schooners, large cloud-like craft, with sharp bows, long low hulls, and wide-spreading snowy canvass. Picturesque they are, but there is a thorough fresh-water look about them.

We took up our abode at the British American Hotel, which we found as comfortable as the excessive heat would allow us to be. The storm which had raged over our heads on Saturday had, we found, done much mischief here, injuring several people severely.

Kingston is no longer a naval station, the last ship of war having been sold two years ago. Government, however, wished to have steamers at command, and consequently paid 5000*l.* towards the building of the *Magnet*, that she might be sufficiently strengthened for war purposes; thus securing also to themselves the right of buying her. As, however, she was built of iron before it was discovered that round shot have an ugly knack of going in on one side and coming out at the other, between wind and water, she would have been of little use for the purpose for which she was intended. They made a similar bargain about a vessel on Lake Huron; but the

owners wishing to sail her under American colours, did some smuggling in her, and by a private arrangement with some smart Yankees, got her seized and bought up immediately by their friends. So the Government have lost their 5000*l.*, and if we should ever unhappily quarrel with the Americans, they would have the war-steamer which ought to have been ours.

However, it is pleasanter, more satisfactory, and more consoling, to see suspension-bridges and railways running across the Niagara river, and steamers and ferry-boats of every description plying hourly from shore to shore, than to have our forts bristling with cannon and the dockyards of Kingston crowded with vessels of war. Unless Great Britain could have kept up a regular fleet on those inland waters, it was far wiser in her to disarm completely, as she has done,—a strong proof to her cousins of her earnest desire for peace. To be sure, she might have saved her 10,000*l.* by inquiring a little more into the state of affairs, much in the same way that she might have avoided sending out water-tanks for the vessels building on these fresh-water lakes during the last war! The people of Canada will have to look after their own naval and military, as well as civil affairs; and if they will go to loggerheads with their neighbours, they must create a Board of Admiralty on the spot, better able to manage matters for them than one across the Atlantic.

A considerable number of merchantmen are built at Kingston, chiefly for the lake navigation; but a short time ago a builder finished a large vessel, which, with a Canadian crew, he navigated to Liverpool, where he sold her so well that he is now building another to take to the same market. I was much pleased with the handsome appearance of a large three-masted schooner, called

the Cloud. She was a long, low craft, painted white with a touch of red paint, taunt masts, and snowy canvass,—altogether a very phantom-like bark, fit to figure in one of Cooper's admirable sea romances.

A curious phenomenon takes place on the lakes with regard to the rise and fall of the waters. On Lake Ontario there is a considerable rise every fourteen years. The water takes seven years to rise and seven to fall; and this year, 1853, it had been higher than was ever before known; but had already decreased considerably. We were shown a quay which it had completely covered, and which had now again emerged from the water. I made a number of inquiries as to an explanation of the cause of the phenomenon, and read several papers on the subject; but none of them were satisfactory. The wind by some is said to be the agent, and certainly the wind has a great effect on the lakes, and will raise the water to a considerable height in the direction towards which it blows, especially if the shores there narrow much. A better solution of the mystery is, that the current issuing from the lakes throws up a bank in the St. Lawrence, and thus decreasing the size of the aperture, throws back the mass of water above it; but that having attained a certain elevation, it is gradually worn away by the force of the water rushing from the lake, which thus finding an outlet, subsides by degrees to its natural level.

Vessels of some hundred tons burden may pass by means of the canals into Lake Ontario, and from thence by the Welland Canal into Lake Erie, and on through Lake St. Clair to Lakes Huron and Michigan, and very soon when the Saute St. Marie Canal is finished, into the far-off mighty Superior itself. I was, therefore, at first surprised to find that more sea-going vessels did not

perform the voyage, till I was reminded of the incomparably cheaper rate at which vessels adapted for inland navigation can be sailed, than those fitted for the heavy seas and storms of the ocean. A barge suited for the waters of the St. Lawrence costs (say) 300*l.*, while her amphibious crew of aspiring seamen, with hay-seed still in their hair and tar on their hands, are content with low wages while learning their new business; whereas a sea-going craft of the same burden costs 2000*l.* and her crew of real seamen demand the full wages of their class,—thus merchants can afford to pay the expenses of transshipment, and still employ less capital, by using barges and steamers, while the vessels are sent back across the ocean.

We reached our hotel, which is at no great distance from the water, at about half-past one; and as it was Sunday, we attended divine service at a church near at hand, performed especially for the benefit of the troops quartered there. We found that we must remain at Kingston till three o'clock on the following day, the steamer awaiting the arrival of the Montreal boat, which on Sundays leaves later in the afternoon.

The heat was almost as great as it had been at New York, and we did not therefore see much of Kingston at that time; we, however, got out sufficiently to form some idea of the place. It can certainly boast but of little picturesque beauty, and even the usual features of a Canadian landscape are wanting; for every tree in the neighbourhood has been cut down. The streets are well laid out, broad and clean, rising on a gentle slope from the water; many of the houses are of granite, and the market-place, or town-hall rather, has a fine appearance, while Fort Frederick, joined to the city by a bridge, and Fort Henry, the principal fortification on the other side

of Navy Bay, have an imposing effect, increased by the martello towers, which skirt the shore. Fort Henry stands on a hill rising from the water; the front is scarped, and it is in the most modern style of fortification. The views from it of the town, the harbour, the lake, the islands, and the American shore, are very interesting.

Kingston stands on the site of the old Fort Cataraqui, which was afterwards changed to that of Fort Frontenac, in honour of the French Viceroy, Count de Frontenac. The seat of government was removed to it from Toronto in 1841 by Lord Sydenham, but it was once more transferred to Montreal in 1844, and has not since been brought back.* When the troops leave the town, which they probably very shortly will do, it will depend alone for its prosperity on the energy of its citizens and its position as a mercantile post.

The market-house is the finest and most substantial in Upper Canada; it cost 25,000*l.*, and besides, the market below it contains the town-hall, several public offices, and some large stores. It has a fine dome. To the top of the dome we mounted, and enjoyed an extensive view of the lake and islands, the beautiful country towards the Bay of Quinté on one side, and on the other Navy Bay, with the commencement of the Rideau Canal, the forts, and the St. Lawrence flowing away in the distance.

There is in the city a large Presbyterian collegiate institution called Queen's College, as also a Roman Catholic college and cathedral.

Near the town, in the direction of the Bay of Quinté, at Portsmouth Harbour, is the Provincial Penitentiary for both provinces. It contains about four hundred men and twenty-five women, who are so far kept on the

* It has lately been removed from Quebec to Toronto.

silent system that they are allowed only to speak about the work on which they are engaged. The men are employed in cabinet-making, shoe-making, brush-making, &c. ; and the women bind shoes and mend clothes. This work is now leased out, at one shilling per diem for each person, to an American, who is allowed to come in and superintend them, so that he may get his due quantum of work performed. Each man, on being dismissed, is allowed a suit of clothes and four dollars to find his way home. The building, which we saw well from the lake, is a remarkably fine granite edifice, with round towers and high walls.

To the west of the city there are several fine houses, with colonnades in front, and a number of very pretty villas. In its neighbourhood, also, to the west, is the beautiful Bay of Quinté, as a narrow channel, with numberless sinuosities and offshoots to the north of Prince Edward's Island, is called. The whole shore is covered with fine woods, interspersed with villas and farm-houses, orchards, corn-fields, and green meadows. We were strongly advised to make an excursion up this same Bay of Quinté, which would occupy a couple of days going and returning; but "Westward! westward! ho!" was then our cry.



VIEW OF TORONTO, FROM LAKE ONTARIO.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER a heavy shower we embarked, at three o'clock on Monday, September 19, on board the *Magnet*, Captain Sutherland—by far the most seaworthy-looking steamer we met with in American waters, thanks to the liberality of the British government. Our skipper, also, was an old salt; and he told me that it was only the previous year, in consequence of the remonstrances of his passengers, he had been compelled to build a saloon on deck, previous to which she was a regular flush-deck,

sea-going vessel; but her accommodation was, in consequence, very limited.

She had on board a most useful style of life-buoy. It was a seat in the shape of an hour-glass, and the part which would be of glass made of tin, water-tight. While, however, the captain was careful to save his passengers from drowning, they and the stewards seemed very careless about being burnt. Unguarded candles were left most thoughtlessly close to the bed-curtains in the cabins; and such was frequently the case in other American steamers.

The view of the St. Lawrence, as it rushes full-grown at its birth from Lake Ontario, with Fort Henry on the left, and Wolfe's Island and the American shore on the right, is very interesting; and seen with the changeful light of a storm-threatening sky was highly picturesque. We met a tolerably strong breeze as we coasted along Prince Edward's Island.

There is something very grand in the contemplation of those vast lakes as one enters them for the first time, the long line of forest-covered shore on one side, the trees extending, one knows, for hundreds of miles far away, till they become stunted, dwarfed, and finally destroyed by the icy blasts of the North Pole; then, on the other, the wide sheet of glittering waters, fresh and pure as the crystal fountain, with its horizon unbounded to the eye, and here and there white glancing sails coming into view, increasing the idea of their extent. Then to remember that these waters, aided by the science and industry of man, afford a communication far towards the interior of that mighty continent to fertile lands, where, on hundreds of miles of yet uninhabited coast fit for the abode of millions of human beings, no axe has yet been heard to

sound, no plough has broken up a sod. But still more strange is it to find one's-self on those fresh-water expanses when strong winds are blowing, and their fretful surface is lashed into foaming seas. Far rather would I be in a heavy gale in mid-Atlantic than on one of those inland lakes, the huge, but frail-looking craft rolling, and pitching, and heaving, and tumbling, groaning, and creaking, and appearing as if every instant she was about to go down bodily, or turn the turtle. Many an old salt finds himself strangely moved on such occasions, and has to acknowledge that the men who navigate those waters, though they do float on the beverage they drink, cannot be such despicable seamen after all.

We in the *Magnet* tumbled about a little, but not near enough to disturb our equanimity. The strangest thing to me was to find myself on the deck of a vessel, to watch an ocean apparently encircling me, and to feel a strong breeze blowing in my face, but to find that breeze totally unlike any sea-breeze I had ever inhaled before—balmy and cool, but without a particle of salt in it, without briskness or animation, vapid and dull: it was like iced sugar and water compared to champagne. I was no longer surprised at an old seaman dwelling far up the country pining, and at last dying, for want of a sniff of the briny ocean. I felt myself that I could not go long without it.

We found our cabin very comfortable, and everybody on board most civil and attentive. A grey morning, which by degrees brightened as the sun rose, and a fine fresh breeze just crisping the water, and adding to it life and animation, gave promise of a fine day. The mists, too, which lay like snow-drifts in the valleys on the shore to our right, gradually floated away; and a line of low

cliffs, surmounted by feathery trees, were seen heading us, and circling round to the left; and soon after the steeples, and spires, and domes, and white buildings, of Toronto appeared before us in the distance.*

Toronto faces about south-east; and, from the north side of the city, a very narrow tongue of land, with a line of trees on it, springs out, and sweeping round to the south and west, forms a breakwater in front of the city, with a long, spacious bay or lagoon inside; thus creating a most perfect and valuable natural harbour. Vessels and boats, with white sails, moving inside this fringe of wood, had a very picturesque appearance; and the blue water and clear sky, the bright sun and sparkling atmosphere, made everything look doubly beautiful. Beyond rose the city on a gentle slope, backed by a dark pine-forest, some hundred and twenty feet above the water. On the south-west end of the point is a lighthouse, rounding which we entered the harbour, having passed, on our right hand, a fine stone edifice with a large dome, the provincial lunatic asylum; the new Church-of-England University, Trinity College; and an extensive stone pile, formerly the House of Assembly, and now converted to the use of the University of Toronto. Having touched at one quay to put some passengers on board a steamer bound for Niagara, we proceeded to another, where we landed near several other steamers and a crowd of sailing craft, giving us at once a favourable idea of the mercantile prosperity of the place.

When leaving Quebec, we had, as I said, a sort of indefinite notion that Toronto was a regular city of the backwoods—in point of civilisation a century or so behind that town and Montreal, and in point of archi-

* My sketch shows the position, but in no way does justice to the size and handsome appearance, of the city.

ecture, a primitive jumble of log-huts, brick-buildings, mud-cottages, and plank-houses and shanties. We had heard it spoken of by some comparatively recent travellers as "muddy little York;" and Mrs. Moodie had led us to expect to find everything in the rough beyond the shores of the St. Lawrence. Our surprise, therefore, was very great, and very agreeable, to find ourselves in a large, handsome, admirably-laid-out city; the streets wide, long, and straight, running at right angles to each other, and with many fine public buildings, and stores, and private houses in them; and with shops, which, in size, elegance, and the value of their contents, may vie with those of any city in England, except, perhaps, London and Liverpool. It is especially free from the narrow, dirty lanes to be found in nearly all the cities of the Old World, and even in Quebec and Montreal, and the old French towns of Canada; while all the outlets to the harbour are broad and spacious, and allow an ample scope for the erection of fine quays and wharves, which London might well envy. Most of the streets not only run through the city without a turn and with equal width from one end to the other, but extend far away into the country, so as to allow of its indefinite extension; and as the ground on either side is laid out in building-lots, it is already making rapid strides into the country. Yonge Street, indeed, may boast of being the longest in the world; for it extends for upwards of forty miles, only it does not happen as yet to have houses on either side of it for the whole distance. I believe, however, that along its entire length, from the shore of Lake Ontario to that of Lake Simcoe, very little uncultivated ground is to be found, as there is on either side of it a succession of some of the finest farms in Canada, the property of many of her most respectable settlers. To those who take delight

in agricultural prosperity, there cannot be a more interesting drive than an excursion of ten or twenty miles through Yonge Street.

In speaking of Toronto as a very handsome city, it must be understood rather that it contains all the requisites for becoming one. As yet it is young; its prosperity is of late years, and it contains many of the imperfections of youth; but so rapid has been its progress, and so rapid will it, I think, continue, that those imperfections which I speak of to-day may in another year or so have completely vanished. Though in many of the streets there are rows of handsome brick and even granite buildings; in their near propinquity are to be found small and shabby houses of plank; though the streets are broad, many of them are undrained, unmacadamized, and full of holes and ruts, while a narrow plank-causeway affords the only means by which passengers on foot can traverse them. This footway, however, is throughout the city kept in good repair and clean, so that in the wettest weather a dry walk can always be found.

The soil on which the city is built is of a fine sandy nature, and in the streets, left in their primitive condition, the hot sun in summer creates masses of dust, which the wind wantonly blows into thick and disagreeable clouds. Fortunately for us, some heavy rain had laid the dust, so that we did not suffer from this infliction. Great exertions, however, were being made by the corporation of the city both thoroughly to drain and macadamize the streets; and, fortunately, having fewer prejudices to overcome than London Aldermen or British Commissioners of Sewers, they every year contrive to get a considerable portion of work done on a systematic and good plan, so that by the time any reader of this work visits the place,

he may find the whole city as well paved, well drained, and well lighted, as any in Europe. From all I could hear and see, I should think it as healthy a place as any in Canada; and as the gentle slope on which it stands affords every facility for perfect drainage, this all-important point may be attained, while from the higher ground above it, water may be carried up to the tops of the houses.

Toronto is bounded on each side by a small river. That to the north, the Don, is slow and meandering, with picturesque banks; while the Humber, on the south, is a rapid, brawling, mill-turning stream, with still higher and more romantic banks, along which we took a very interesting, though somewhat upset-risking drive.

We went to Beard's, now Russell's Hotel, which will be found, unless it has altered for the worse, a very comfortable and well-ordered establishment. We reached it while breakfast was still on the table in the long eating-saloon—a meal to which we were able to do ample justice. The Canadian hotels have very much the same system of management as the American, though in appearance not so handsome or luxurious; but their guests have the advantage of seeing their dinners put on the table in English fashion; and if they are late for any meal, of being able to procure food to satisfy their hunger without being obliged to wait for the next prepared for the public. Most of them, however, have dinner at the very inconvenient hour of two o'clock, and at first we had some little difficulty in getting our appetites sharpened sufficiently to partake of it at that time.

The weather when we landed was very hot and sultry, though in the open air it was in no way oppressive. As soon as we had breakfasted and dressed, we chartered a

cab to carry ourselves and card-cases, and drove off to leave a packet of letters of introduction. Our vehicle was remarkably like a modern London cab in shape; but it had leather curtains at the sides, and the doors were taken off to allow a freer circulation of air—a very sensible arrangement in hot weather. We had the pleasure of finding most of the persons we called on at home, and we afterwards received from them all the greatest kindness and attention.

In the course of our drive, we went two or three miles along Yonge Street, and for the greater part of the distance there were few spaces unbuilt on. We were amused with the mode in which the shop-keepers exhibit their rivalry, each trying to outvie the other in the size of the letters with which his calling and the goods he has to dispose of are notified, either over his shop-door or at the side of his house.

An old family friend on whom we called invited us to dinner. Though able to live in the most perfect luxury in England, having a large number of sons and daughters, he judged it wise to emigrate to a land where he might find employment for his boys. He travelled through the States and a greater part of Canada, and finally settled at Toronto, as, under his circumstances, the most eligible place he could fix on. He wanted to find society for his elder children, education for the younger, and a variety of occupation for his sons, while he might not be without objects of interest himself. In all these points he has been completely successful. With regard to society, Toronto may vie with any of the larger county towns in England. In the first place, it is the chief seat of the law, the residence of the Judge and Bar of Upper Canada: then there are the two univer-

sities, that of Trinity College and the Toronto University, and several other scholastic establishments. Till lately, British troops were stationed there; it is still the head-quarters of the Canadian Rifles. There are several banks, with their managers and directors. A number of old Canadian families, whose property is in the neighbourhood, have their permanent abodes there; and a great variety of settlers of education, of all professions, now turned farmers, live within a stage-drive of the city, while the railways opened and opening in several directions, will bring a still larger circle within visiting distance.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Toronto is not particularly interesting; but as a few hours' absence will enable one to visit Niagara and some of the finest views in the country, such is of no great moment; and, with that exception, I think no more desirable residence for a family is to be found in Canada. Indeed, very picturesque views of wood, and lake, and distant shores, are not altogether wanting. Everybody we met seemed contented and happy that they had cast their lot in that place. Ordering our cab again, with doors to it, for the rain had begun to fall heavily, we drove off to our dinner-party. We had, in truth, the greatest difficulty in persuading ourselves that we had crossed the Atlantic—had come all the way up the St. Lawrence so far westward. The streets we passed put us in mind of the suburbs of London. We reached an English-looking lodge-gate, which was opened by a tidy, pretty damsel just as a church-clock in the neighbourhood gave forth the hour of six; we drove through an avenue of European-looking trees, and descended at the portico of a thoroughly comfortable mansion. On entering, the illusion was still

more complete, when we met familiar faces, arrangement of furniture, kindly welcomes, sights and sounds speaking strongly of an English home and English comforts. We were waited on by women-servants, the general custom of the country where men can find ample and more manly employments out-of-doors. Indeed, I prefer the attendance of women, and feel that it is a duty one owes to society to find as much occupation for them as one can. A butler or a footman is generally a fine fellow spoilt; and a valet, nine times in ten, an honest man turned into a rogue. This was our first dinner-party since leaving England, and a most pleasant one we found it. Several times we discovered ourselves forgetting that we were so many thousand miles away from home, and could scarcely be persuaded of our real whereabouts.

Some of our letters of introduction had not that definite direction which would enable us to find the persons to whom they were addressed. One especially was to J—— W——, Esq., of Lake Ontario. Now, as Lake Ontario is some two hundred miles long, and nearly half as many broad, our chance of finding Mr. W—— was small indeed. The friend who gave me the letter doubtless thought that in size it was equal to Loch Lomond, or Windermere, or the Lakes of Killarney, or some such little pools in Great Britain. For some time we had inquired in vain, when, fortunately, to-day mentioning the circumstance, a lady at table said, "I have no doubt he is Mr. W——, near H——, who succeeded his brother, Colonel W——." On making further inquiries, I felt sure that the Mr. W—— she described was my friend of Lake Ontario.

We were now in a considerable dilemma as to what course we should pursue. The weather had broken up,

and those who professed to understand its proceedings assured us, that it would continue unsettled for ten days or a fortnight, and that we should be wise to remain in the neighbourhood till the termination of that period. We had been, however, advised to make a tour through Lake Simcoe along the head of Lake Huron to the Saute St. Marie on Lake Superior, returning down Lake Michigan to Chicago, or by Lake Huron, visiting Detroit and Buffalo, and so on to Niagara. At the same time, we had a strong desire to see the great and terrible falls without delay. Three hours would carry us there by steam. We might choose a fine day, and go and return so as to sleep at Toronto the same night. But Niagara was not to be thus beheld for the first time in such a mere sight-seeing mode. When we should go, we would remain till we had not only seen it, but comprehended it;—gazed at it on every side—mastered whatever of grandeur or sublimity it might contain—stamped it indelibly on our minds, so that to whatever part of the world we might wander, we might ever have its grand outlines fresh and vivid to our recollection. Nearly everybody we met had seen it: but, notwithstanding the praise they lavished on its beauties, I must own that all this time the nearer we drew to the portals of this majestic temple of the floods, the more we were afraid we should be horribly disappointed. By going also first to Lake Superior, we should see it to better advantage by being able to follow its waters down from their source till they took the frantic leap over its rocky precipice. To Lake Superior we determined, therefore, if possible to give the preference. We hoped, by going there, first to be able to reach Hamilton in time to be present at the Great Industrial Exhibition of Canada, which was shortly to take

place, and which, we were assured, would be well worth seeing. This, therefore, we were very anxious to do, though we might have to defer beholding Niagara, so as to make it our last act before leaving the Upper Province. Not only should we see fat cattle and fat pigs, fleet horses and long-legged fowls, wheat and corn of all sorts, vegetables and fruit, copper and iron ore, and steam-engines and omnibuses, and ploughing and reaping machines, and cloth and leather manufactures, bark canoes and models of sailing vessels, but it was promised us that we should be introduced to all the rank and fashion of the province to be there collected at a grand ball to be held during the time of the Exhibition. We were, therefore, very anxious to be present. I believe it in no way fell short of the most sanguine expectations of its patriotic promoters, very clearly proving the extraordinary progress made by Upper Canada during the last few years.

The weather remained unsettled all the time we were at Toronto; and though the heat was considerable during the middle of the day, the air in the mornings and evenings was pure and exhilarating in the extreme; and I certainly had not for a long time felt my spirits so light and cheerful as they then became. From sleeping with the window of our cabin open while crossing Lake Ontario A—— had caught so bad a cold that our plans, of necessity, remained as unsettled as the weather. A magnificent day, however, induced us to accept the kind invitation of a friend to drive with him along the banks of the Humber, and at two o'clock we started in a Canadian wagon. Now a Canadian wagon has four wheels like an English one, but here the similarity ends; for there are two seats; and it is, in fact, a very com-

fortable phaeton, though, for a reason I cannot comprehend, its front axle is not made to turn. Going westward we passed Trinity College on our right, and the Lunatic Asylum on our left, the latter a very handsome large stone building surmounted by a dome, on the top of which is a large tank, so that in case of fire the whole edifice may be flooded in an instant. In front there is a large balcony enclosed by iron bars, through which we could see the unhappy inmates thrusting their arms and legs in a vain endeavour to escape.

The road was very good, broad, and even; here and there a little plank, but chiefly roughly macadamized, with excellent bridges over streams and gullies; but the ground on the sides was not as much cultivated as I expected to find it. The primeval forests had been felled long ago, a few patriarchal trees alone remaining to speak of former days; but a new growth had sprung up in many places, and had already attained a considerable height. In other places tall trees were standing, but branchless, burnt, and charred; in others black stumps alone, two feet above the ground, remained, left thus to rot by themselves till their roots can easily be removed. Log-huts were common, and snake-fences general. Indeed, they only disappear when cultivation has progressed considerably. There were, however, abundant signs of advanced civilisation. As we drove on the horse shied a little, and no wonder if he had been raised in the backwoods; for, from a long cutting below us, rapidly there hissed, puffing by, a locomotive, with panting breath dragging after it a long line of railway-carriages bound for the shore of Lake Simcoe. Directly afterwards we passed two more railways, one of which then nearly completed, and now long since open. Coming on them

amid a wild piece of forest they had a very curious effect. One was the Hamilton and Niagara line, the other the Guelf, Paris, Brantford, and Sandwich line, opening up a great extent of country, and shortening the communication with the Far West by two hundred miles or more, thus bringing through Canada a large amount of the traffic of the Western States. No railways have been more judiciously planned, or more certain of proving advantageous to the country through which they pass.

The railways were not the only marks of progress. On each side of the road was an electric-telegraph wire, supported on high rough poles. We were told they were rival lines, communicating at the Falls of Niagara and Sandwich with the States, and extending all the way round the north shore of Ontario, having branches in every direction down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, up the Ottawa to Bytown, and across the former river through the Eastern townships; thus connecting the whole of Canada, even to remote villages, in a network of electric wires. Rivalry creates cheapness; and in this case, I believe, a message of twenty words is carried for about four shillings from one end of the Upper Province to the further end of the Lower.

The toll-gates in Upper Canada are very convenient, especially in preserving the health of the keepers in winter. The house is of two stories, and in the top one is a small window, from which the custos can look out; a broad shed extends across the road, and the gate slides in grooves like a portcullis, the keeper having a winch inside his house to raise and lower it. He has also a ladle, with a long stick, to receive his toll, and a small hole to pass it through. Thus, instead of having at night to descend into the cold, or even to open a window, he

looks through the glass when a traveller appears, pokes out his ladle through the hole, and raising his gate, lets him pass. In Lower Canada the common English toll-gate is still used, to the constant killing, I should think, of the unhappy keepers, if they do not rather refrain from levying toll at night. I describe the plan as a hint to English philanthropic boards of highway trusts. The toll for the one we passed was twopence only for our one-horse vehicle.

Our friend told us of the vast flight of pigeons which, like quails in the Syrian deserts, at certain seasons of the year fly over Toronto, and when resting in the neighbourhood completely cover the ground. As soon as they appear the sportsmen, gun in hand, rush out and commit dreadful havoc among them, to the great advantage of their larders.

In our progress we saw what we had often heard of, a house changing its locality. There it came moving along the road, up a slope indeed, a big two-storied plank tenement, with as much dignity and self-possession as if it was still standing in its own cabbage-garden. The back-door was open, and there was the furniture, tables, chairs, and beds, in their places. The cups and saucers I don't think were on the table, the children and other inmates were out, and the pigs could not scramble in, as it was somewhat lifted above its usual level on stout rollers. The effect altogether was irresistibly comic. A row of levers was applied to the rear, on each of which sat a man as if on a see-saw, or spring-board, working himself gently up and down, and by the movement he thus made the house was inch by inch edged on. Other men, with crowbars, stood at the side to jog on the front rollers, and to keep them in their places. The house

stood as steadily as if it was well accustomed to take a journey: even the brick chimney kept its place with becoming decorum, nor did the windows shake as much as they are apt to do in a London mansion when an omnibus rattles by.

We were remarking on the scarcity of birds we observed, when we were told that this part of Canada, and the districts still farther south, swarm with them in summer; but that by far the larger number of species had already migrated to regions where wild fruits, and rice, and seeds of various sorts, are to be found in greater abundance.

Having gone some way on the Hamilton road, we returned, and struck off into a piece of wild forest land towards the lake. At first we began to fear that our ideas of an American forest were much exaggerated, for though there were some rather gigantic stumps, the trees were not taller or so wide-spreading as those in most parts of England. The fact is, that all the finer trees have long since been "culled," but enough remain to make the spot very pretty and romantic; at least we then thought it so, especially as the leaves were beginning to change colour, and the reds and oranges, pinks and yellows, which after a short time so delighted us were appearing in the foliage. We soon found ourselves on the summit of some high ground above the Humber, looking down on a very picturesque view, with its rugged broken banks, and the river brawling and foaming far below us. The stream turns a number of mills.

We had intended keeping along the banks to the lake; but after proceeding by a narrow path for some way, with deep ravines on either side, we stuck fast, and came to the conclusion that we could get no farther; in

fact, that we had lost our way. Now, as Canadian carriages are not made to turn on their axles, turn we could not, without an almost certainty of going down the steep bank into the Humber. Fortunately, we found a wider space a little farther on, and taking out the horse, by "backing, and filling the carriage," as a sailor would say, we got it at last round, and drove back the way we came. Our good star was in the ascendant, for we hit on the path we were searching for, and driving merrily through the dark green forest, we reached, by a picturesque descent, the shores of the splendid bright blue expanse of Lake Ontario; and as by the bright edge of its shining waters we drove quickly back towards Toronto, we passed on our left hand a number of remarkably pretty villas—some of them handsome mansions, facing the lake. We had to turn aside near the city to avoid the deep cuttings for draining it, and the railway works which were going forward.

We had a pleasant dinner-party at the house of the principal of the University of Toronto. He is well known as a man of high talents, very musical and poetical, and full of wit and humour. My wife had been suffering so severely from a cold that, when we returned to our hotel, our plans for the following week were still unsettled.

I awoke by daybreak: the morning was bright and cheerful. The Simcoe steamer only proceeded to the head of the lake once in the week. If we missed this day we should have to wait seven days for another opportunity, and be unable to return for the Hamilton Exhibition; so, suddenly, we determined to "chance it," and proceed at once to the far, far-off, unknown regions of the West. There was a delightful uncertainty as to

what we were to see and how we were to proceed, which gave much interest to the expedition. We again divided our luggage, taking with us only our rough-and-ready garments, and sending those of more civilised make to meet us at the Falls.

In spite of all our packing, dilatory waiters not preparing breakfast, sundry directions and notes to write, we found ourselves seated in one of the cars of the Lake Simcoe railway by eight o'clock. As in the States, we stepped into the car from the public road, a few wooden sheds serving for offices. The carriages, also, are called cars, and are similar to those across the border, but superior in neatness and cleanliness, and were far more easy and less noisy. There was a shriek and a whistle, and away we plunged out of Toronto into the backwoods at the rate of twenty miles or so an hour! The ground on either side was generally undulating, the road taking us through the wild forest; but here and there were clearings, with cottages, or log-huts, or shanties, on them; and others could be seen picturesquely situated among the trees. I observed vast heaps of the charred remains of trees which had been cut down and burned, and suggested that they might advantageously have been carried to Toronto for sale; but, in reply, I was told that the profit to be made on them would not pay the expense of transport.

When a settler wishes to clear his ground his great aim is to get rid of the timber which cumpers it. What he cannot use for his snake-fences, or his log-house, he drags with his oxen into great heaps, and burns as rapidly as he can. He thinks not of the future, when he may want more timber, or of the price it might fetch at the nearest town. Even if it would pay him he could

not spare his oxen to take it thither; so, notwithstanding the high price of firewood in Lower Canada and the States, thousands and thousands of acres of superb trees are each year burnt off the face of the fair earth, their ashes alone being of any use, as serving to aid in fertilising it. Unaccustomed as we then were to the charred stumps, the blackened logs, and *débris* of fires, to be seen in a newly-begun clearing, their desolate appearance on either side of the line at first gave us quite a melancholy feeling. Even now I am not perfectly convinced that the logs might not have been carried by train to Toronto and sold to advantage, or piled up to form a wall to remain till wanted. However, I have no doubt that the engineers who made the road know more about the matter than I do.

The railway brought us, at a quarter to eleven, to a spot called Bradford-landing, at the head of a narrow, sedgy creek, which runs up from Lake Simcoe. Here we walked out of the car into the steamer *Morning*, awaiting our arrival to start. A stage-coach, also, went away across a newly-erected bridge somewhere into the backwoods; but these marks of advancing population looked out of place in the wild, desolate region to which we had come—a birch-bark canoe and a few Red Indians in war-paint and feathers would have been more appropriate to the spot. On each side of the creek, and far away as the eye could reach, were vast fields of sedges, with a line of dark pine-forest appearing in the distance above them. These, with the narrow, silvery, snake-like piece of water, and the blue sky overhead, were the only features in the landscape. Our very civil captain had done what he could to make his steamer suit the scenery; for he had ornamented her bows with a huge pair of

antlers, and had stuck a pine-branch over the wheel-house. In consequence of the increasing traffic brought by the railway, a saloon was being erected on deck, a work at which the carpenters were busy during our voyage. For upwards of an hour did we paddle slowly through this sedgy expanse, the creek being fully seven miles long. Sometimes we had to cut our way between the sedges, and frequently through floating islands, and now and then to stop the engines, or reverse them, to avoid the logs, which had we struck might altogether have stopped our progress. Here and there a single stunted tree grew on some mound among the reeds, increasing the desolate look of the scene; and to add to it, a hawk, after circling high in the air, perched on one of them, where he sat watching for fish or fowl which might pass within his ken.

Nature sprinkles her brightest gems often in the most dreary regions, and here she has covered the dull stream with a profusion of water-lilies. As we floated by they modestly drew their wide-spreading leaves beneath the surface, as might bashful water-nymphs endeavour to conceal their beauties as some monster of the land comes prowling along. Divers and a quantity of wild fowl were flying about, affording abundance of game for the sportsman. We saw also a number of fish leaping. The lake abounds with a vast variety of species, and for one especially, the Maskanonge, a kind of pike or sturgeon of great size, it is celebrated. On emerging from the creek, we entered a sheet of water called St. Paul's Bay, and then passed between two points to the wider expanse of Lake Simcoe itself. The open blue water, and the farms, and cottages, and gardens, and orchards, which line the east shore of the lake, were most pleasing and refreshing

to the eye and feelings after the dreary scene we had passed. The heat of the sun in the creek, also, had been most oppressive, but now the breeze which met us was cool and cheering.

The shore of Lake Simcoe is considered the most healthy part of Canada, and its waters the purest, in consequence of its much higher level than all the neighbouring lakes. It is 472 feet higher than Ontario, and 120 higher than Lake Huron, while Lake Superior is only 20 feet higher than the latter; thus making Simcoe 100 feet higher than Superior, which is also, on account of its height, considered very healthy.

We passed close to Rochas Point, on which is situated a pretty village surrounded by rich orchards, called Keswick. A gentleman now addressed us. He was a man with a large, clear, bright eye and most intelligent countenance.

"In that pretty cottage," said he, "Mrs. Jamieson, in her Tour through Canada, tells us that she stopped, and that most unexpectedly she found in it a copy of Shakspeare and a Spanish guitar, and that it made her think highly of the inmates. The owner was my brother, and she was right in her judgment."

I soon found that the speaker was Mr. Smith, Sheriff of Simcoe county, consequently the chief authority in that district.

A little way farther on we came near some islands reserved for the exclusive use of the Indians. They are under the care of a missionary and a schoolmaster, and occasionally a medical man visits them, paid of course by Government. I shall describe by and by more fully the system of Indian reserves. The largest of the isles is Snake Island, covered with graceful feathery trees,

already tinted with the gorgeous hues of autumn, and full of romantic little bays. Here the small portion of the tribe of Chippewas, a remnant of the Red men who once thickly inhabited these regions, pass an easy and contented, though somewhat lazy life, fishing and catching small game when so disposed, and making mats, birch-bark canoes, and baskets, and trusting to the white man for aid when pressed by famine.

“Often as I behold that spot I feel that the poet’s dreamy imaginings of ideal beauty are there indeed realised,” observed the Sheriff.

Truly, as I looked, I thought the Sheriff was right. The island was considerably elevated above the water, and partly surrounded by crumbling cliffs. Here and there were cleared spaces, on which stood the huts and wigwams of the inhabitants; and from one of the wood-surrounded little bays a canoe shot out into the lake, while near at hand another lay floating idly on its placid surface. Here, too, for the first time we saw some tolerably rough specimens of the children of the wilderness on their native lands. They were dressed in garments of red, blue, and black, their long ebon hair hanging over their shoulders. They appeared to be young girls and little boys, and seemed to be busily engaged in playing hide-and-seek among the stumps and roots of the trees which lined the shore.

To the west of Snake Island is Bird Island—heart-shaped and covered with graceful trees, among which grows in profusion the wild vine. On another small island there are quantities of strawberries. The Sheriff told me that, one day landing to pick some, he was so furiously assailed by hosts of mosquitoes, who flew forth like guardian genii to defend them, that he was fain to

beat a hasty retreat without his intended dessert. Though the east shore is so thickly populated, on the west scarcely a house is to be seen. This is owing to all the best water-frontages belonging to absentee proprietors, chiefly officers in the army and navy, and other gentlemen settlers, who failing, as is too commonly the case, as agriculturists, have abandoned the country in disgust.

Farther back, on the second line, there are a number of hard-working, thriving settlers, who are obliged to be content with inferior locations while the best are lying idle. The only successful way of remedying the evil according to law, has been found to levy a tax on all lands; and after a certain time, if the tax is not paid, to sell the land for the amount due. In this way absentees, who have often not a notion where their land lies, are justly deprived of what is not only of no use to them, but by keeping which in a state of nature they are retarding the progress of the industrious settler.

The railway is to come down to the west shore, towards its southern end, and then to continue on to Barrie and the shore of Lake Huron, to a spot called the Hen and Chickens in the Georgian Bay, where the new settlement of Collingwood is situated.

The little steamer *Morning* runs only once in the week to Orillia, passing the rest of her time between Barrie and Bradford. Barrie, the chief town of Simcoe County, is about six miles up a gulf, or creek, on the west shore of Lake Simcoe. The lake at this part is about fifty miles broad—the shores, as we passed up the centre, forming a low and distant blue line.

To the north of Lake Simcoe, and opening into it, is Couchachine Lake; into which we entered, passing through a turning wooden bridge. Some fine marble

quarries exist on the shores of this lake, and five vessels are already employed in carrying it to Bradford, whence it is transported by train to Toronto. On the west shore of Lake Couchachine is the sweetly smiling village of Orillia, to which we were bound. It retains its euphonious Indian name. Mr. Cameron, the manager of one of the Toronto banks, was on board on his way to see a villa he had purchased close to the water, intending it for a summer residence. He pointed it out to us, and a very prettily situated place it seemed. The water of the lake is said to be very healthy for bathing; and I have no doubt, before many years are over, that from this circumstance, the beauty of the scenery, and the invigorating purity of the atmosphere, the shores of the lake will be lined with commodious villas and cottages, which the inhabitants of Toronto and Hamilton may retire to avoid the heats of summer. Opposite Orillia is the island of Rama, an Indian reserve; and we observed several canoes putting off from it as the Red Man saw the steamer approach, most of them steered by women. They look far more picturesque at a distance than near at hand. The waters of this bright lake are so clear, that fish can be seen swimming almost down to their very depths. We should much like to have caught sight of a patriarchal maskanonge—one of which has been taken weighing, we were told, one hundred and six pounds: I don't know whether by line or net. The sloping banks, distant heights, and numerous islands, all richly wooded, as indeed is every shore and hill in sight, make this truly a very beautiful lake; its attractions being much increased by its crystal waters, bright skies, and bracing atmosphere.

Lake Couchachine is called the Killarney of Canada.

I cannot say that I saw any resemblance, except that, as the geography-books say, both are "expanses of water surrounded by land." However, in their own peculiar way both are very beautiful, but I doubt if Killarney would take it as a compliment to be compared to Couchachine; and probably Couchachine would pique himself on being a much larger and finer fellow than that little Irish chap Killarney.

CHAPTER VII.

AT 4 P.M. we landed very deliberately at the pleasant smiling little village of Orillia, which stands scattered about on the sides of a tolerably high, sloping hill, facing the lake, and backed by a forest of tall, aristocratic-looking pine-trees. While our luggage was coming on shore, and preparations were slowly being made for starting across the country to Lake Huron, we sat ourselves down in front of a little inn looking towards the lake. The steamer Morning having landed one set of passengers turned herself round, and taking another set on board, steamed away by the track we had come, leaving us on the outskirts of civilisation. I noted the scene before us as we sat patiently waiting for the coach to move, by which, in our innocence, we fancied we were to travel. There it stood near the inn, with four wheels and a flaming red body of bulky proportions and a coach-box, its style clearly proclaiming it to belong to a bygone age. It was just such a vehicle as the renowned Dick Turpin was wont to stop with his terrific "Stand and deliver!" but though gentlemen of the road are unknown in Canada, we had some uncomfortable misgivings that,

unless the roads were very good, we might possibly be brought to a halt by a break-down or an overturn. Indeed, how *it* in any way was to carry all the passengers and their luggage across to the waters of Lake Huron puzzled us exceedingly.

The calm beauty of the view prevented us from being much troubled by the possibility of disaster. Below us were the bright waters of the lake, and its blue shores in the distance; a little way off, the Island of Rama, with here and there an Indian cottage or wigwam peeping from among the trees, and several open spaces where maize and corn, pumpkins, and other plants, were cultivated. Other islands lay scattered about, and many green points ran out into the lake on both sides of us; while higher up, to the right and left, appeared the plank and plastered cottages of Orillia. Every now and then a birch-bark canoe would come into view from behind some island or green point, and landing near the village, its red crew would stroll up through the road, to hear the news, or to barter wild duck or other birds, and fish, with the white strangers. A crowd of people had collected on the rough, long wooden pier aiding the departure of the *Morning*; and as she glided away, her smoke formed a graceful wreath over the picture, the whole lighted up brilliantly by the sun, which, with undimmed splendour, was sinking towards the tops of the fringe of dark pine-trees in our rear.

All this time the big coach did not move, and we began to think that we were to remain at Orillia all the night, when up drove several vehicles with four horses, into which the luggage and most of the passengers were, after much packing and fitting, stowed away. We had to wait a little longer for one of more aristocratic pre-

tensions, fit to carry the Sheriff, a civil engineer, his friend, ourselves, and a fat, fussy, take-very-good-care-of-myself old gentleman, who, with carpet-bag in hand, mounted the box next the driver. I call it aristocratic relatively to its companions. It was an extraordinarily long open car, like a tray or shallow box, with five benches across it, each of them intended to hold three human beings by packing very tightly. Happily we were but ten. First, our driver, a good-natured, jolly fellow, in a straw hat, white shirt, with red under-sleeves showing, and unbuttoned waistcoat; our fussy friend, who for want of another name we shall call Briggs; then Mr. Smith and Mr. F — sat opposite us; and behind were two men, one rather elevated, and two women with a baby. How the infant survived that limb-dislocating journey seemed afterwards a miracle. I doubt if the machine had springs; if it had they were of a very unbending nature. Instead of cushions, a buffalo robe was thrown in, on which we sat and wrapped up our legs. Our Jehu, now gathering up his reins, turned his four horses, with rotten-looking harness and gaping blinkers, off the highroad into another grassy one, where out of a cottage came her Majesty's mails; and after stopping at Tipping's store, where stood a dirty Indian in a blanket-coat smoking, a chief rejoicing in the romantic name of Leatherlegs, and passing a number of plank cottages, some of rather tasty architecture, and a neat little wooden church with a tin spire, we at length fairly left Orillia behind, and entered on the wild forest road, with the tall trees on either side of us, and the red sun setting in a flame of fire directly ahead. Humble as was our conveyance, we soon had cause to rejoice that we were not enclosed within the dusty, fusty, all-be-

painted, old, asthmatic, lord-mayor's-show-looking stage we saw before the inn.

In a few minutes we began a series of bumpings, thumpings, joltings, and other dislocating movements, which ended not till the termination of our journey. Our companions, however, with most agreeable conversation, so beguiled the way that we cared but little for the roughness of the road. The sun very soon set amid a wide-spreading radiance of gale-betokening ruddy hue, in the centre of a wild forest vista; and this made us inquire, somewhat anxiously, how we were to traverse such a road by night, or, if such was impossible, where we were to stop? We were then told, that at the distance of about a third of the way from Orillia was to be found Mrs. Barr's clearing and log-hut, where we might remain if we pleased till morning dawned, and rest our limbs after the fatigue they were then undergoing. As there was something interesting in the idea of becoming inmates of a log-hut, and that one on the extreme verge of the inhabited portion of the globe, we did in no wise object to the plan, so bumped on contentedly; although, as every now and then came a more than usually fracturing jolt, our vehicle appearing about to separate to the four quarters of the world, we did feel somewhat anxious to arrive at our bourn.

We passed a number of clearings—little nooks chopped out of the forest, with log-huts standing in the centre of the space. The black stumps, some two feet high, still remaining in the ground, there to continue till, in six or seven years, they rot away, or till the settler has time and strength to root them out. This was the wildest forest we had entered, but for some time we were disappointed with the size of the trees, for they did not

appear larger than many in Europe, and the Sheriff assured us they were not under the average height. When, however, we stood directly under them, looked up to their topmost boughs, and attempted to span their girth, we found that our eyes had deceived us, and that they would indeed be considered giants in the Old World. The log-huts and clearings became more solitary, the tall trees grew taller and arched closer over our heads, and by degrees the gloom gave way to total darkness; and yet we plunged on, along the broken corduroy and rotten planks, into slushy mire and pools, over rocks, ruts, and holes, while we had to hold on, like grim Death, to the sides of the waggon, not knowing where the next moment we might find ourselves lodged. Had it been light, we should have seen through the trees the pretty Bass Lake, so called from the fish with which it abounds.

An average good corduroy road affords a certain amount of regular bumping, against which precautions can be taken. It is composed of rough logs, as long as the width of the road, laid close together and parallel to each other. It is formed where the swampy nature of the ground allows of no other foundation. When the trunks of the trees are not of large girth, and the interstices are filled up with twigs and rubbish, it is tolerably smooth. But this road set all calculation at defiance, and our steeds showed wonderful sagacity in picking their way. How they managed not to fall I cannot tell.

We had great cause for thankfulness in the death or slumber of the venomous tribes of mosquitoes for which this road is notorious, so that people are frequently compelled to carry little torches to drive them away from their faces.

We came upon three magnificent fires, which, seen among the trees under the dark vault of heaven, looked wild and picturesque in the extreme. They were burning log-heaps, each log the trunk of a mighty tree. The hardy backwoodsmen stood by, their figures glowing with the ruddy light while they fed the fires, and watched that the flames did not spread to their huts or the neighbouring trees. As the trees are felled, they are dragged together by oxen, and piled in heaps thus to burn—the operation being called “logging.”

I have remarked that the birds of Canada, though they make odd noises, have no notes like our own dear English songsters of the grove; but both our companions asserted, that of late years it has been generally observed that, in the neighbourhood of the habitations of men, they have been heard to sing as they never sang before.

At about eight o'clock we came bumping up to Mrs. Barr's clearing and inn. It was a regular log-hut, or rather house composed of huge trunks of trees, grooves being chopped in their ends so as to allow of one fitting into the other. It had several rooms. The entrance had a noble, wide chimney and fireplace, worthy of the mediæval age, full of blazing logs, in front of which sat a number of rough backwoodsmen, regular pioneers of civilisation, smoking short black pipes. Upstairs were six little rooms lined with plank, and in each was a clean bed, a table, and chair, so neat and comfortable that we were well content at the thoughts of resting there. In a good-sized inner room, neatly lined and roofed with the ruddy pine-boards, on a long table, with a clean white cloth, was laid out a capital supper and tea—consisting of wild-pigeon pies, cold lamb, excellent hot potatoes,

such as grew before the disease was known, apple-tarts, good bread and cake; and at one end stood our jovial Scotch hostess ready to serve her guests. Her cheering fare enabled us to bear the announcement that as soon as the moon arose the stages would proceed onward, and that the Kaloolah would start by daybreak in the morning. While awaiting the luminary's appearance, we discoursed with good Mrs. Barr on the relative merits of *Glaskie* and *Cannady*—she infinitely preferring the latter. She came from Glasgow twenty-one years ago, and settled in the forest near this spot. She has now a hundred acres of land, fifty of which are under cultivation. Two years ago she went to Scotland, but “didna just like it:” old friends were dead, their children did not care about her; when she rose in the morning felt cold and damp—could not breathe, and got the asthma. The doctor told her that she would recover when she returned to the air she was accustomed to in Canada: that she had done so her cheerful, ringing voice assured us.

At half-past nine we again started, lighted by a bright moonshine, which fell in sidelong gleams, through the openings between the tall pines, across the rugged road, over which our primitively constructed vehicle went jolting, and bumping, and creaking along, though almost at a snail's pace, yet with no less violence than before. There we all sat, our legs firmly wedged in among sundry boxes and carpet-bags, securely jammed down with a big, dusty buffalo-robe; we often giving way to uncontrollable fits of laughter, in spite of our misery, as our unlucky persons bounded and rebounded on the benches; our vehicle sometimes leaning over at an angle of 45° , as the wheels of one side sunk into a deeper rut than usual,

where the planking had rotted away, or into some ditch or natural watercourse. My surprise is, that we escaped rolling over and over into the ponds and valleys below us. Briggs sat on the box, holding on with both hands and pressing his feet on the splash-board, while he adjured the driver to be careful not to upset him and his carpet-bag; but we suspected that he totally forgot that he had any companions to share his destiny.

Sometimes we passed a wide track, where tall, branchless poles and black stumps showed where fire had been committing its devastating work. Besides pines there were many other trees, among which, by their spire-like tops, we could distinguish the Canadian balsam, a species of spruce. We knew, too, when we were passing a cypress swamp by the greater gloom, and by the roughness of the corduroy, or the depth and watery consistence of the mud.

This road was long ago formed by Government, as a military communication between Toronto and Lake Huron, and now being of no further use for that object, has been allowed to fall into decay. Originally a width of sixty or seventy feet was cleared of trees, but the stout underwood has grown up, and so narrowed the road, that often we were nearly hooked out of the carriage by the branches. The forest abounds in wild plums, grapes, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, and many other fruits less tasteful to man; but the only living thing we saw on the road was that most odious of animals, a skunk. If one happen only to pass in and out of a cottage, his visit can be perceived for a week afterwards; and if one is killed, it is scarcely possible to get rid of the odour. We bounded and jolted on between tall trees and high banks till midnight, when we reached

a large clearing ; in which stood a gaunt, dreary-looking plank-house, where we stopped.

To our no small satisfaction we heard that this was Coldwater, and believed that here our journey was to terminate. What was our dismay, however, on learning that we had still five miles farther to proceed, over a road far worse than we had yet passed ! Leaving us to descend at our leisure, our driver disappeared into the darkness with her Majesty's mail-bag on his shoulders. We were too glad of the opportunity of stretching our legs, and of ascertaining whether any of our limbs had actually been jerked out of place.

We found, on entering the house, a large hall, which served as bar-room, kitchen, sitting-room, and sleeping-room for the family, where a half-awake woman in a nightcap was serving out drams to a number of rough-looking men. Hearing an odd, sniffing noise proceeding from a huge chest with the lid open, we looked in, and amid a heap of clothes discovered, by a light which the Sheriff brought to exhibit it, a most unwashed infant.

"That's a buuk," said he. "It serves thus as a bed at night, and in the day-time as a seat—a useful, though not ornamental, piece of furniture."

This large melancholy-looking frame-house was erected by Government as a school-house for Indians, a missionary and protector of natives being established here ; but the Indians have long since died off in the neighbourhood, or have been removed to some more distant location, and the people who have rented it are little able to keep it in repair.

The first part of our journey was calculated to leave a tolerably permanent impression on our minds, but the last five miles it is impossible to forget, for never

were mortals exposed to more tremendous shaking; and I doubt whether four wheels ever attempted to pass over a worse road without sticking fast. It appeared exactly as if we were jolting headlong down the rough bed of a mountain torrent. We had to be grateful to our coatless driver, and our good fortune, in escaping all the perils to which we were exposed. No lady could have borne it better than did my wife; and certainly we laughed far more than we groaned as each successive jerk or heel over sent us almost flying out of the carriage. Our companions expressed themselves delighted that an English lady should bear with such perfect good humour the rough experiences of life in the backwoods. At last, just as the dawn was breaking, we came to the top of a hill, and beheld, to our satisfaction, the glitter of the lake below us. Down we rattled faster than we had gone the whole night to the very border of the lake, where, at a wooden pier, we found a huge, white, unsubstantial-looking construction, which proved to be the steamer Kaloolah.



INDIAN SETTLEMENT, MANITOULIN ISLAND

CHAPTER VIII.

HAD we been told that the vessel on board of which we were about to embark was built of pasteboard, we might almost have believed it. She appeared as if she was kept together alone by the huge arch which ran from her stem to her stern; but which in reality adds great strength to vessels of her construction. On going on board, we found that the captain had quitted her, as had some of the mates and engineers. I believe the stewardess, also, had been dismissed; so that, considering

there was a heavy gale blowing, we had but little promise of safety or comfort. Had it not been for the rugged way we must retreat, I think we should have turned back. However, as the owner and his son were on board, and by the map it appeared that our course would not lead us through any broad part of the lake, we resolved to bide by the ship.

A very steady, tall, gaunt, old West Highlander, with a round blue bonnet on his head, acted as master, aided by a most respectable young man, the owner's son; and then we had a steward, Luis, an Italian, who was a host in himself,—a more active, intelligent, willing fellow I never met. How he, the native of a southern clime, managed to get into this out-of-the-way northern region I could not learn. Without him I verily think the ship would not have kept afloat. He acted the part of steward and stewardess, chief cook and barber, waiter and carpenter, &c.; every now and then he was to be seen hurrying about with hammer in hand, mending windows and nailing up doors which the gale had broken open. We were accommodated with the only enclosed cabin in the ship, the rest of the sleeping-places being mere ordinary berths at the side of the saloon and the ladies' cabin; and most thankful I was that my wife had a place in which to rest after her unwonted fatigues. As the light increased, I found that we were at the head of a gulf, the thick forest completely covering its shores, with the exception of a nook in which stood a solitary little inn for the accommodation of voyageurs, Indians, and other chance passers-by, for the steamer only visits the place once in the week.

Far as we appeared to have come, and on the extreme verge of civilisation as we were, it must be re-

membered, that after all we had not travelled a greater distance than can, with a little exertion, be performed in one day when the road between Lake Simcoe and Lake Huron is properly repaired. I must beg my readers to look at the map to see our whereabouts. We were now entering the Georgian Bay, as the eastern portion of Lake Huron is called. Thence, in a north-westerly direction, runs a series of islands called the Manitoulin Islands. They reach almost to the mouth of the St. Marie river, which flows from Lake Superior into Lake Huron. Along the north shore of the chain of islands lay our course. The north coast of Lake Huron, as far as the Bruce Mines near the St. Marie river, is entirely unsettled,—not a white man is to be found there, and but thin and scattered families of natives, chiefly Chipewas.

The Manitoulin Islands are Indian reserves, some thousands of Red men are located on them under the superintendence of Captain Ironsides. As the Indian tribes are considered independent, he is nominally a sort of envoy or resident minister to them; but in reality he is their governor and protector. A large number of the Indians are Roman Catholics, and have several Romish priests residing among them. The Protestants, who are decidedly in the minority, have a Church-of-England clergyman ministering to them, who resides, as does Captain Ironsides, at the village of Manatouwanning in Great Manitoulin Island. Few of those inhabiting the north shore of the lake are, I believe, Christians, but they are generally peaceable and well disposed, though sadly inferior to the Red warriors Cooper so beautifully describes.

On the south and west coasts of the Georgian Bay there are several English settlements, which we were now about to visit, as also a few Indian reserves. We got under way at about five A.M., and in two hours reached Penetanguishine. The harbour is a deep gulf, like a Highland loch, completely sheltered from all winds. On the left side is a village, and on both shores a number of farm-houses and clearings scattered about amid the forest. The village is chiefly inhabited by Canadian voyageurs and half-breeds. A little way from it, down the harbour, there are Government stores and barracks, and the ruins of a fort. Troops were quartered here in the American war to guard this part of the province against any expedition the enemy might send by water. We here took in wood and a tipsy old Indian, who vociferated continually most vehemently.

As we were steaming away, we were hailed by two Indians who came paddling after us in a canoe. We stopped, hauled them up with a bag of corn and some fishing-tackle, and then hoisted in their birch-bark canoe. They were on their way to fish among the Manitoulin Islands, a distance of some sixty miles or more, nor would they have hesitated to perform the voyage in their frail bark. We had several Indians on board. Most of them were dressed in coats made out of blankets, the black edge serving for collars and cuffs. Their colour is rather dirty brown than copper, their features coarse in the extreme, thick noses and heavy lips, narrow foreheads and eyes pointing downwards, and long straight black hair. Generally they are smaller than Englishmen. They are intelligent and energetic enough when they have some object in view, but otherwise they are

indolent and apathetic like most savages. We had on board a very superior and interesting Indian of the name of George.

I mentioned that with us in the stage was a white woman and a child. I heard Luis, the steward, tell her that her husband was on board, and presently the Indian appeared, and the white woman and the red man, for they were husband and wife, shook hands with the most stoical indifference. Of the two the Indian was the more animated, when he looked at his little whity-brown baby, who seemed not a bit the worse for its terrific bumping during the night. Mrs. George had been to visit some relatives near Toronto. She was dressed as a somewhat fine housemaid in England would be. He wore a shooting-jacket and round hat, and looked like a superior mechanic. George narrated his own history to me in his simple, though somewhat broken English. As a boy, he was taken to serve in the house of a clergyman at Manatouwanning. Being found to be a lad of quick parts, the minister educated him, and had him taught a variety of mechanical arts, so that he became a very good carpenter, with a fair knowledge of farming matters. His wife, an American by birth, was a servant in the house, and he married her. He was then employed in assisting the missionary in teaching in the schools and in preaching the gospel to the Indians; and I was told that he preached very well. Indeed, the Indians naturally excel as orators. He saved a good deal of money, built himself a house, furnished it nicely, and cleared a farm and stocked it with cattle and sheep, but he was not content. He was ambitious of becoming a chief, and of forming a settlement of his own. Indians have nothing to pay for land on Indian reserves; and to the north-

west of Manatouwanning there are numberless beautiful spots fit for his object. He selected one on the shore of a deep channel, between two islands, through which the steamer passes each voyage she makes, and where it is found convenient for her to stop to take in a supply of wood. Thither all his family had followed him—his grandfather, uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and he had now come up to Coldwater to buy provisions for the coming winter. He seemed a kind-hearted fellow, very fond of his wife and baby. While she dined in the saloon he always nursed the infant, and dined himself at the second table. He recited prayers, scraps of sermons, and bits of poetry, to give me a notion of the Chippewa language. It sounded sonorous, though not musical; but I daresay, when uttered by an enthusiastic chief, endeavouring to excite his hearers to follow his counsels, it would appear to far greater advantage.

On getting outside the harbour of Penetanguishine, we found that the expected gale had sprung up, and we began rolling, and pitching, and tumbling about in the most unenviable manner; the short chopping seas looking as if every instant they would break aboard of us and send our frail craft to the bottom. Not a stitch of canvass, nor a stick to set it on, had she to aid in steadying her; and I saw that if our machinery gave way, we must be driven, without the power of guiding ourselves, at the mercy of the winds and waves. As we could see the waves breaking with no little violence on the headlands and points to leeward, to contemplate the possibility of such a disaster was far from pleasant; so I said nothing about the matter, and endeavoured myself not to think of it. Had I known what a civil engineer, a fellow-passenger, afterwards told me, that the engine was high-

pressure, and that it was terribly out of order, I should have been far less at my ease. One is apt to fancy a lake an ornamental and harmless bit of water, but I would a hundred-fold rather have been in a tolerably good ship in a heavy gale of wind in mid ocean than where we then floated on board the Kaloolah. All we could do was to sit in a sort of stern-gallery outside the saloon, holding on by the stanchions which supported the roof; and here our two friends joined us and did their best to amuse us.

The Sheriff gave us a sketch of his early life, with permission to publish it for the benefit of the rising generation. His father, a baker by trade, came from England and settled in Canada, somewhere near Kingston, where he had a large family. He afterwards removed to Penetanguishine, the place we had just left. Having made a fair fortune, but being without education, and feeling much the want of it, he resolved to give his children the benefit of a good one. His boys he therefore sent to the best school in the province, then kept by Dr. Strachan, now Bishop of Toronto. One of the youngest, our friend, then about twelve years old, took it into his head on one occasion that his clothes were not fit to appear in at an examination which occurred just before the holidays, so ran off, a week before they began, to find his way across the wild forest to Penetanguishine. Aided by a carter, who gave him a lift, he, in two days, reached Holland's Landing on Lake Simcoe. Here he joined company with a Canadian fur-trader and his squaw, who were proceeding in the direction he wished to take; but after a day's journey their route altered, and he then engaged two Indians, for half the money he had in his pocket, to escort him home. One went before and one behind through the narrow

forest track. The men were accompanied by their squaws. On their way they encountered four bears—two big ones and their cubs. The latter climbed up a tree. An Indian shot one of them, and our friend was about to attack the other, when a squaw stopped him, telling him that the big bear would have turned and torn him to pieces. He arrived at home with his clothes rather more ragged than when he left Toronto. People asked him if he was not afraid to trust himself with wild Indians; but he said that as he had never harmed them, he was sure they would not harm him. On the death of his father, his eldest brother got possession of the property, and refused to give any of it up to the rest of the family. He was, therefore, glad to get apprenticed to a chair-maker, as was a younger brother to a blacksmith. When he had learnt his trade, finding his brother not sufficiently strong for his, he ransomed him from his apprenticeship by giving his master six first-rate chairs. While working at chair-making, he had not neglected his studies, and having attracted the attention of a printer, got a good engagement from him as a compositor in his office. When his term was out, an extensive store-keeper wanting a clerk made him a good offer, and after some time sent him up to manage a store at Keswick on Lake Simcoe. When a steamer was put on the lake, the owner made him purser, with permission to execute commissions for the settlers, half-pay officers, and others on the banks, on his own account. This answered so well, that he was able to open a store himself at Barrie, while he set up his brother in another at Keswick. He now made several successful speculations in land, and much increased his means. Lately, discovering that there was a considerable extent of crown

land at Collingwood, the proposed site of a settlement, he bid for it, and having no competitors, bought it at eight shillings per acre. In a short time he had sold a small portion of it in lots for 3000*l*. He next stood a contested election for sheriff of the county of Simcoe, and though his opponents accused him of being a mere pedlar and speculator, he was returned triumphantly. The simplicity with which he gave us this brief account of his career was very interesting. It reminded me much of Galt's history of Laurie Todd.

He told me that the Sheriff of the neighbouring county had risen in a very similar manner. Indeed, his is only one of numerous examples that talent, uprightness, perseverance, and energy, are certain of bringing success in a new country like Canada, where they have free scope and abundance of opportunities of exercise. Our next port was to be Collingwood, the Sheriff's new settlement, where he and Mr. F—— were to land. A hot dispute had been raging as to the propriety of bringing the Lake Simcoe and Huron Railway down to this place, or avoiding it altogether, and carrying it on to the flourishing village of Sydenham, at the head of Owen's Sound. Collingwood is on the shore of an open bay, with certain reefs and rocks running out, which form a sort of natural harbour, and is, therefore, easily accessible for sailing vessels, whereas they would have often to beat up Owen's Sound, which is a deep inlet of the lake, and lose thereby much time. However, the latter appeared to me a very fine and secure harbour, while with a gale blowing on shore, the Hen and her Chickens did not appear capable of affording much protection to vessels brought up inside them.

We kept the coast aboard on our larboard side all

the way—now and then crossing deep bays and standing off a little to double some headland or other. It was uniformly covered with wood. Here and there, scattered wide apart, were a few clearings, but in general the country is unsettled.

We passed a clearing belonging to a French gentleman, M. Le Batte, with whom F—— was acquainted. He told us, that during the winter he was making a journey on snow-shoes along the edge of the ice, when, almost done up with fatigue, he came in sight of the residence of Le Batte, who treated him with the greatest kindness. Thirty years ago Le Batte was making a voyage in a fur-trading bateau, when he was wrecked on this spot. He built himself a shanty and remained some time. Afterwards he purchased some land and soon disappeared; but returned again shortly with a wife, erected a house and settled. He has brought up a large family without ever quitting it. Who he is, or whence he came from, or what brought him to Canada, no one knows, but he seems to be a gentleman of education and talent, though somewhat eccentric. Next day F—— tried to walk to Penetanguishine, sixteen miles, but the water having got over the ice, made it so sloppy and heavy, that he had great difficulty in performing his journey.

In the winter the mails are conveyed from Coldwater to Manatouwanning, the Bruce Mines, and the Sault St. Marie, by Indians, with sleighs and dogs. The course they keep is on the north shore of Lake Huron. This is the only communication these places enjoy during the long winter months with the civilised world. F—— described to us a number of cases in which men are lost in the woods in winter. He was one of a searching

party for a poor fellow who was missing from his home. They discovered him at no great distance from a spot where he would have found shelter. He was sitting with his back against a tree, but dead, with his faithful dog crouching at his feet.

I was much amused at hearing that one of the men in the hind seat of our waggon took me for an American, because I was *so proud*. We went on pitching and rolling about dreadfully all the morning; Briggs buttoning his coat up closer, pressing his spectacles firmer on his nose, and tying his wide-awake tighter under his chin, looked askance at us from a distance, but he did not draw near, for he evidently had taken a dislike to the Sheriff. He fancied him a sort of Jonah, I believe, whom he longed to pitch overboard. Briggs, also, most certainly, did not admire this method of making a pleasure tour, nor did he the way matters were managed on board. I think he was right.

We passed Tomb Island, so called from having a curious elevation in the centre like a long oval tombstone. One might fancy it the resting-place of some giant warrior, a mighty chief among the Red men, long before their days of degeneracy. Our pitchings and numberless eccentric tumblications had now reached a point which the ruling powers on board deemed no longer safe, and, fortunately, the Christian group of islands being near at hand, we ran for shelter under their lee, and anchored in a deep bay, on the rising shores of which grew so dense a forest of tall trees, that though the gale howled outside, scarcely a zephyr reached us. The sky above us was bright and blue, the air warm, though pure, the water calm, and the trees so fresh and green, that we appeared all of a sudden to have leaped

from autumn back again into the middle of summer. After a one o'clock dinner, at the suggestion of the Sheriff, we borrowed one of the ship's boats, in order to visit an Indian settlement on the shore. Our party consisted of the Sheriff and F——, and several other passengers, including, of course, Briggs. We pulled on shore, and speedily found ourselves with real Indian wigwams, birch-bark canoes, bows and arrows, fishing spears, and other articles which we had been wont to see in museums, now actually before our eyes, backed by a forest of tall thin trees, and, what was more, face to face with a party of living Red Indians, who, with appropriate stoical indifference, stood gazing before their conical bark-covered habitations, without advancing a foot to meet us. A number of squaws were also seated on the ground and engaged in some work or other, but our appearance in no way interrupted their occupations. We landed among several canoes, a little way from the village. On a tree close at hand, hung some bows and bolt-headed arrows, with which Briggs endeavoured to exhibit his talents as a marksman. Shoving back his wide-awake, he threw himself into an attitude, and shutting one eye, he gazed with the other fiercely through his spectacles, and drew the string, aiming at a tree some twenty yards off; but, instead, the arrow flying up towards the Indians, made them fancy we had landed with hostile intent, and two of them came down to learn what was the matter. Though we did our best to persuade our eccentric companion that they were bent on demanding our heads or their scalps, and of hanging them upon the trees above their bows, Briggs, nothing daunted, seized a second arrow, and shot again; but even he could not withstand the grin of amusement

which his attempt actually brought out on the generally grave countenances of the Red islanders. We, in the meantime, were examining the canoes, which were beautifully made with ribs and inside planking of white cedar, split and scraped as smooth as ivory with a common knife; the outside being composed of a single sheet of birch-bark, sewn on with the root of the tamarack-tree, the gum from which serves to cement the seams. The Indians sell canoes such as I am describing for about twelve dollars. One of them carried four whites of our party, and three Indians as crew, and could easily have held two or three more people. Briggs, growing tired of shooting, had bustled off to the village, with his wide-awake pressed deeply over his brows, and his stick clutched firmly in his hand, evidently intending to create a sensation; but he had to retreat somewhat hastily before a crowd of dogs, who rushed forth, barking furiously at him; their Indian masters not deeming it requisite to call them off. He afforded a strong contrast to the Sheriff, who, knowing well those we came to visit, led the way with dignified slowness among the stumps of trees up the slope, towards the wigwams, huts, and lean-tos, which appeared scattered about before us. Their fields and gardens, we were told, were some way off, where the soil was richer, in the centre of the island. We visited most of the habitations in succession, shaking hands with the squaws and men, and saying, "Boo joo," "Boo joo," they answering "Boo joo,"—a corruption, evidently, of "Bon jour," which they have learned from the Canadian voyageurs, who themselves do not speak the purest French.

These wigwams were formed of eight or ten long thin poles, their lower ends spread out on the ground,

while near the upper end, they are tied together so as to form a cone. On the outside are laid one or two layers of birch-bark, reaching almost to the top, where, however, a small space is left to allow the escape of the smoke from the fire. They are sometimes lined with mats, with which also the floor is carpeted, having a space left in the centre for the fire, which is always placed there. The lean-tos are more like gipsy-tents in shape, though they, like the others, are made of the all-useful birch-bark. Some have only one side,—that on which the wind blows—covered, in. Besides these more primitive habitations, there were several good plank huts in the village. Some we entered were divided by a curtain into two apartments, with broad benches all the way round, covered with beautifully made straw mats. These benches serve for beds. The roof of each was thickly hung with the yellow heads of Indian corn—the winter store of food for the family—forming a richly-coloured ceiling.

In front of one of the first we came to, seated on the ground, was a large family party, consisting of a smiling buxom mother and several girls and little brown boys, all busily employed in husking the ears of Indian corn. They left only a few paper-like leaves near the stem by which to hang them up. The little boys gazed motionless at us with open eyes and mouth; and one papoose, not satisfied,—as he saw Briggs's spectacles, wide-awake, and nose,—but that we were some strange wild animals, took fright and began to roar and cry most lustily, nor would he be consoled by his laughing mamma, who wiped his eyes and caressed him most affectionately, nor by a glittering sixpence which the Sheriff bestowed on him. This latter gift, however, won the hearts of the rest

of the party. They all laughed heartily as we carried on a most voluble conversation by signs, which they seemed perfectly to comprehend. They appeared a very merry and contented set, not at all addicted to scalping, and totally unlike all the ideal I had formed of North American Indians, whom I had fancied grave, taciturn, and somewhat morose, scarcely indulging in a smile, and never giving way to laughter. Some of these girls had regular features, and were very nice-looking. One, the flower of the flock, had a broad brass ring on each of her eight fingers, and two or three necklaces of coloured beads. Both men and women wear ear-rings of every variety of form, often appearing from under dirty long shocks of black matted hair redolent of grease. This happy-looking family party were dressed chiefly in blue cotton print gowns. On parting, we repeated "Boo joo," and shook hands all round.

A little way off, sat by herself an old woman, sheltered from the wind by a blanket stretched on poles, shelling maize, which she tossed into a big iron pot, making a mixture, in appearance very like pea-soup. The Indians make soup of everything—fish, and fowl, and corn, and vegetables. They are certainly not epicures. They say, as it meets after it gets into the mouth, why should it not before, and thus save trouble? I took a head of the corn, giving the old woman some pence in return; she made no objection, but neither smiled nor stopped in her employment. She would have served a painter as an excellent model for a witch in Macbeth. Another pot full of leaves, with two big stones to keep them down, was stewing away outside a hut. The leaves were to produce some dye for staining the rush-mats.

Creeping under a ragged blanket, hung up to serve as a door, we next entered, accompanied by the Sheriff and F——, a birch-bark wigwam. On one side sat a fat middle-aged woman, dressed in a blue cotton gown, plaiting a mat of dyed rushes. "Boo joo," said we. "Boo joo," replied the matron, and we all sat down, uninvited, round the wigwam, on tolerably clean mats, which covered the ground, not, however, apparently causing her any displeasure. Had she felt any at first, the Sheriff's gift of a silver coin speedily made us welcome. The frame of this wigwam consisted of eight long sticks, spread out to form a circle about nine feet in diameter. In the centre were the embers of a fire, over which, from the top, hung an iron pot; round the side were placed, without any order, boxes, and bundles, and baskets, and tubs, made of birch-bark, and wooden spoons; while from the roof were suspended fish-roe, dried fish, fishing-spears and other tackle, two iron pots, and a number of fine heads of Indian corn. There was also a little blanket hammock, and on lifting up the covering, we there discovered, apparently almost smothered by a heap of blankets, a little red, or rather brown papoose, whose physiognomy would certainly have been the better for washing. I offered to adopt him if my wife wished; but even four dollars would not tempt his mother to part with him, and I would not give more; indeed, I could have bought one of the beautiful mats she was making for about the same sum, and that would have been more convenient to carry away. The good squaw seemed highly gratified with the attention we were paying her papoose—a sign that a mother's heart is of much the same material under whatever coating it beats.

We were about to take our departure, when we heard Briggs outside inquiring what had become of us; presently his spectacles, snub nose, and wide-awake, appeared above the blanket, which served as a door, while, forgetful of the frail nature of the structure, he leaned his elbows on the line which supported it, and narrowly escaped bringing the whole tenement down about our heads. As it was, the line gave way, and he toppled headforemost into the wigwam, very nearly landing among the burning embers in the middle, and upsetting the pot of scalding soup over himself and us. However, without doing any real damage, he contrived to pick himself up and to take his seat in the circle. He amused us much with his attempts at nursing the baby, and with the remarks he addressed to the mother. As my wife would not have it, I endeavoured to persuade him to adopt the papoose, and to exhibit it to his friends in England as a proof of his desire to introduce the advantages of civilisation among the Red children of the far West. On the ground near the hammock was a curious little tray cradle. It is, as I have called it, a tray, on which the child is laid on its back, firmly secured by bandages, while a half-hoop, projecting from the upper part, guards the head. The mother hangs it over her back with straps when she moves about, its face turned outwards, or leans it against a tree or bank when she wishes to rest. I am surprised that when Indian children begin to walk, they do not try at first to walk backwards.

I have not, as yet, described the costume of the men, because it would have sadly spoilt the picturesqueness of the sketch; but truth compels me to confess that most of them wore not ill-made blanket coats and decent

trousers; that some even had on shooting-jackets and caps, and others black coats and trousers, and black round hats; nor did the complexion of the wearers differ much from that of many Portuguese and Brazilians I have met. They looked not quite like gentlemen, but rather like the coloured waiters at an hotel, or those remnants of barbarism, mutes in attendance on a funeral, though the latter might well have envied those natural weepers, their long elfin locks, which hung from under their hats and caps. One jolly young fellow, and good-looking withal, made his appearance from one of the best huts in the village, his smiling face painted with red stripes and a white and red turban on his head, though his lower man was clothed much like his companions, except that he had adorned his cuffs with beads, and hung some fringe round his knees and ankles. He was evidently got up extensively to commit execution on the heart of some bright tinted damsel, though he denied the soft impeachment, and declared that he had a wife working in the fields. As a professing Christian, his allowance would only be one. All the men comprehended what was said to them, though none of them uttered a word of English.

The Sheriff, notwithstanding that he had not been here for twenty years or more, recollected that in the neighbourhood there then existed the remains of a fort, built by the French Jesuits, either the celebrated Father Hennepin, or his immediate successors, the first pioneers of Christianity and civilisation in those benighted regions. Though the success of the pious fathers was small, and has left but few traces behind, their courage and perseverance were great. Not only were they surrounded by fierce and warlike tribes longing for the scalps of

white men; but they had to make their way through unknown forests, across rivers and lakes, with a most precarious supply of food, and to remain for the long dreary winter months shut up without the possibility of holding communication with civilised men. To learn the whereabouts of the fort, the Sheriff called a tall Indian, the father of the smiling damsels, and others of the men who stood round, while he drew its form with his stick on the sand, indicating the direction in which he believed it to exist. He then took out a shilling, and, holding up two fingers, pointed to a canoe, and then again doing the same, pointed to another. At each telegraphic process, the Indians grunted out, in their deep-toned voices, an acknowledgment that they comprehended, and also let us know that the fort was two miles off.

Before launching the canoes, turning them bottom up, they brought some lighted torches from the huts, and held them over the seams, applying, at the same time, some more tamarack gum. Two men then gently lifted them into the water, and they were brought alongside our boat. Briggs, eager to lead the way, instantly tumbled into one, very nearly capsizing her. Great as is the weight these canoes are capable of carrying, it is necessary to step very carefully into the exact centre to avoid a capsizing. Escaping such a catastrophe, we, with the Sheriff and F——, embarked in one, having two Indians sitting on narrow thwarts level with the gunwale, paddling in the bows, and a third at the stern. A low box was placed for my wife to sit on, but we men had to squat down in a posture neither graceful nor comfortable. Away we went right merrily, cutting rapidly through the bright blue waters along the tree-

fringed shore, our jovial crew singing, laughing, and talking to each other, delighted, doubtless, with the unexpected harvest of wealth they were about to make. Briggs, with three other men, were in another canoe, his wide-awake and spectacles just appearing above the sides on which his two hands grasped firmly, afforded us amusement the whole way. We were rather jealous, however, of his having the be-painted Adonis, who, pulling the bow-paddle, made a capital figure-head to the canoe. The idea then struck me that the world would be much edified with a true and authentic account of the Briggs's adventures among the Indians. The trees on the shore looked like mere saplings as we pulled along, being at some little distance from them ; yet when we stood near their branchless stems, we found their size considerable. We coasted thus for two miles, highly delighted with our novel position and mode of transit, when we landed by means of a fallen log, and plunged at once into the intricate labyrinth of an Indian Bush. Our Red friends led us in Indian file, breaking off the twigs as if by instinct to mark our course, as we threaded our way among trees of all heights and descriptions, maple, black-thorn, pine, birch, while the wild vine and numberless other creepers twined round their stems, and hung in graceful festoons over our heads ; and thousands of shrubs and plants, with leaves of every shape, and often of great size, covered the ground in rich profusion. Countless fallen trees, some of them giants of the forest, in all stages of decomposition, lay in our way ; and frequently, as some of the party sprung on their seemingly firm bark, they sunk up to their knees in the softest touch-wood. After walking in this manner for some little distance,

and passing over bits of very swampy ground, suggesting rattlesnakes and other unpleasant denizens of the forest, we came upon the ruins we were searching for.

The walls were still three feet or more above the decayed vegetable soil which surrounded them. The fort was square, with a round tower at each corner, and the stones were fastened with cement. In the interior were two tanks and a deep well; for, though the lake was but a few yards off, in case of an attack, the defenders might have been unable to supply themselves with water. There were division-walls, showing that the fort contained three or more apartments on the ground-floor. Round the outer walls we found the remains of what must have been a deep trench, or it would long since have been filled up, and we could trace the channel by which the water from the lake was let into it. A tall tree now grows with flourishing branches on the highest wall. This island-fort is the only existing trace of the Jesuit Fathers and their self-denying labours, while the Indians still roam their native wilds and blue lakes. But a change has come over them—their numbers are rapidly thinning, and soon they will scarcely be known in the lands of their fathers, but by tradition. Even now they are no longer the same people they once were; for, unless historians, poets, and novelists, strangely deceive us, the good-natured, easy-going, laughing, idle, brown fellow of the present day contrasts greatly with the fierce Red warrior of a century ago. These are said to be the most ancient, if not the only ruins in Canada.

Having satisfied ourselves with inspecting them, my wife and I set out to find our way back to the canoe, not waiting for our Indian guides or the rest of the party,

and in two minutes had practical experience with what perfect ease people may lose themselves in an American forest. We did the wisest thing under the circumstances, stood still, admiring the wild luxuriance of the forest thickets, till the Indians found us and led us to the canoes, which there were a hundred chances to one we should not have found by ourselves.

Seeing smoke ascending from the steamer's funnel, we paddled back to her, fancying she was preparing to get under way, but either the cook was stirring up his fire or the blacksmith was mending some of the machinery, for she remained steady at anchor till next morning. I missed the opportunity of sketching the village, with its half-savage inhabitants, their canoes, and the various articles of domestic use and manufacturing implements scattered about it. In the evening several canoes came off, some with squaws and their papooses, and others with men; but our friends had made an extraordinary change in their costumes, and had donned what they considered their ball-dresses. They were no longer the mute-like, respectable-looking citizens, in black coats and tweeds, we had seen in the morning; now huge plumes of many-coloured feathers decked their heads, and tails of foxes and other animals hung down their backs. Their faces were painted in stripes of red and black, while beads and feathers formed fringes round their waists, their knees and ankles. One carried a drum, and the rest bore in their hands war-clubs, tomahawks, and calumets ornamented with feathers, while their feet were covered with embroidered moccasins. To be sure trousers and tweed coats could be seen from under the feathery and skin-coverings of bygone days; and one or two had put coloured shirts over their other garments to add grace

and elegance to their costume. A funny jumble it was truly, the oddest mixture of the past and present I ever saw. There was a far greater variety of costume than is to be found among the members of the most civilised circles, as each man had consulted his own taste or notions of elegance. One exquisite had painted one cheek red and the other green. The physiognomy of a second was adorned with red and white stripes, and a patch of red on his brow; a third had covered the whole of his face with the brightest vermilion; some wore huge straggling head-dresses of feathers; another's scalp was covered with three distinct bushes, while several had on turbans of red and white linen, the ends hanging down far over their backs.

While the men were coquetting, in order to find out how much fire-water they were likely to receive as a reward of their exertions, rather than from any native bashfulness, the squaws came on board, leaving their infants leaning up in their frames against the side of the canoes. Not a cry escaped from one of the little creatures, but, with their bright intelligent eyes, they seemed to be contemplating the curious-looking monster before them, and deeply interested in watching every movement on board.

The negotiation about the grog having been satisfactorily arranged, the man with the drum seated himself on some of the cargo, and began drumming away, and uttering a monotonous chant, the rest arranging themselves in the open space in front of the ladies' cabin, which was to serve as the ball-room. Our friend with the enormous feather head-dress, and a fantail down his back, opened the ball with a *pas seul à la grenouille* to the most lugubrious of chants and least musical of

drummings; though, when he had concluded, he appeared to have performed some most amusing act, for he burst into fits of laughter, in which he was joined by all his companions. Next, six or eight of them came on at once, with war-hatchets or tomahawks in their hands, jumping round and round, following each other in a circle in a squatting attitude, sometimes rising and then sinking again, all the time uttering loud cries and yells, grunts and squeaks, apparently to imitate foxes; the drum and the singer making very appropriate music. At the conclusion they gave way to shouts of laughter, to hide, I began to suspect, a certain amount of shame they felt at thus exhibiting themselves for the amusement of strangers. Next, two of them advanced to perform a war-dance. This was far better; though, instead of war-clubs, by the advice of the missionaries, on such occasions, they held in their hands large bunches of feathers. They knelt, they sank down, they glided cautiously towards each other, they struck, now slowly, then rapidly, they sprang backwards, then forwards, then on one side, then on the other; indeed, with the most admirable precision as to time, they went through every attitude into which men engaged in a deadly combat with short weapons could be supposed to throw themselves. All the time they were uttering the most unearthly shrieks and cries, while their eye-balls seemed almost starting out of their heads with their excitement and exertions. One of the dancers afterwards got a large bell, and rang it, instead of shaking the feathers, in his adversary's face, to the great amusement of the rest.

On a second performance of the comic dance, a huge figure, covered with white skins, rushed forward with a

big club in his hand, and hopped round with even greater vehemence than the rest. We had concluded that he was the great medicine-man of the tribe, when part of his head-gear getting loose, revealed the good-natured features of our friend F——.

All this time the squaws had been getting up a private dance by themselves, at which Briggs stood admirably gazing. One of them had intrusted him with her papoose, when, he not being able again to distinguish the mother, began to be dreadfully afraid that she contemplated leaving it on his hands altogether. In like manner, after examining a tomahawk, and flourishing it about most vehemently, it was highly amusing to watch his perplexity as he went round from one red savage to the others, to find the lawful owner. Poor Briggs! thou wert an honest good fellow at bottom, I verily believe, though, from necessity perhaps, a little self-caring, from nature not a little eccentric. It was late before our savage guests took their departure, and I was not sorry to be free of them.

That they were still more savage than civilised, the mode in which they treat their women undoubtedly proves. Such is the only remnant of wild Indian life to be found in these regions. We should have had to travel many hundred miles towards the Far-West to see the Red Man in his primitive savage condition, where blankets, beads, and fire-water, cannot reach him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE wind falling somewhat at daylight, the steamer was got under way and ran towards the new settlement of Collingwood. As we neared the place about eight o'clock, the Sheriff, who was enthusiastic about its beauties, begged me, in defiance of the icy-cold wind which was blowing, to come on deck and behold the Collingwood mountains and the site of the future town. On looking out, I saw a range of wood-covered hills, a saw-mill, and several plank-houses, the principal one a large store which had suddenly arisen on the forest-shore. To the left we could distinguish the long cutting through the forest, made for the railway, which already reaches close down to the water; and to the right were the rocks, called the Hen and Chickens, said to constitute it a safe harbour. Briggs having surveyed the place through a telescope, I asked him what he thought of it.

“Think, sir! why that the whole affair is a hum-bug!” he replied, testily. “It’s an open roadstead, and the Hen and her Chickens they talk so much about can be of no more use in protecting vessels at anchor than a duck and her ducklings would be. The country about

looks fine enough, but no one who hasn't got land to sell can see anything like a harbour in there. That's my opinion, sir, and the public are welcome to it."

The Sheriff had politely asked him to go on shore to correct his opinion by a nearer inspection, but he shook his head, and muttered, *sotto voce*, "It's a humbug!—it's a humbug!—I'll none on't!" We, however, very gladly accepted our companion's invitation to visit the place, as it was precisely the sort of settlement we wished to see, one in the first few weeks of its existence. We landed in the steamer's boat near where a stout wooden pier was in the course of construction, with the railway embankment coming down to it; and then we took our way along a fine hard sandy beach, among logs and heaps of sawn timber, to the house of the place, a large plank-store of three stories, capable of holding many thousand pounds' worth of rough merchandise suited to the wants of the country. Several sites of future streets were marked out. One called Pine Street, and another Hurontario Street, which is to reach in a straight line from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario,—but not, however, to be lined all the distance with houses, I presume. I always was interested in looking down a long vista cut through the forest for a new road, the pioneer of progress and civilisation in a free country, of tyranny and extortion in a despotic one. Every inch of the ground was rough with logs, fallen trunks, great and small branches, chips, stones, planks, and other sawn timber, down to the very water's edge.

Seeing a number of people with their hands in their pockets standing about, we inquired how it was they could find time to be idle, "We don't work in this country on a Sunday," replied the Sheriff. We had only got up just before leaving the vessel, and had for-

gotten the day. Many, I fear, are apt to do so in the back-woods.

Most of the intended streets were still filled with blackened stumps, some three and four feet high, looking like representatives of the future population hurrying out of their dwellings on some exciting occasion. Other streets were only to be distinguished by the blazing on the trees. Having made our way to Pine Street, we entered a two-roomed house, where a quiet, respectable, happy-looking family were sitting in their kitchen-parlour after breakfast "reading their books," as they say in Scotland. We were introduced in form, shook hands all round, and then sat down and chatted a little with them, and found they liked the place and their prospects. Our visit was, of necessity, short. Hand-shaking as before, we wished them farewell. Lastly, we entered the cottage of a gentlemanly young man, the American engineer employed on that part of the road. He had a pretty young wife and sister. It seemed strange to find so much refinement in so wild a spot. They were tired of the life, and were looking forward to the winter to return to the States. Of course we shook hands with everybody, both entering and leaving. We then hurried back to the boat, and taking a cordial farewell of the Sheriff and F——, than whom more good-natured, agreeable companions I have seldom met, we embarked on an impromptu pier of planks constructed for our accommodation.

In spite of the prognostications of the worthy Briggs, may Collingwood succeed, and may we live to see it a fine and flourishing town, as we beheld it in a state of sturdy and promising infancy. Coasting along, we passed a number of clearings, "little bites," as A——

called them, out of the huge, even, cake-like forest which covered the face of the earth.

Stopping at another new village, with a few acres only cleared, and four or five log-huts on it, we entered that very fine estuary, Owen's Sound. The land on the right is an Indian reserve, and thither a large tribe of Indians had been removed from the neighbourhood of Montreal about a year before. They appeared to have been very industriously employed; for, in that short time, clearings had been made all along the shore, and log-huts, frame-houses, and wigwams, had sprung up in all directions.

At the head of the Sound we brought up alongside a substantial pier, close to the thriving-looking town of Sydenham, with its river flowing into the lake a-head of us, and on the opposite shore the picturesque little Indian village of Neewash. The inhabitants of the town came down in crowds to visit the steamer, neatly dressed in Sunday attire, all looking thoroughly and perfectly English. Seven years ago, Sydenham was like Collingwood—a speculation—a town in prospect, but then a name in a nook of the forest. Now many hundred acres have been cleared round it, several long streets have not only been laid out, but have dwellings, frame-houses, brick-houses, log-houses, and cottages, on each side of them, two or more places of worship, a substantial stone court-house and gaol, and several mills on the river. It is prettily situated on a hill-side on the east shore of the Sound, and extends some way up the bank of the river. It is about to stretch itself on the level ground on the top of the hill, which seemed from fifty to a hundred feet high. We landed, walked along the pier, and over a new road of shingles and logs, with the black stumps of

lately-cleared ground on either side of us, looked up a long broad street of cottages, with a good-sized inn at one end, and then thought it prudent to retrace our steps. Some of the dwellings were as rough as any romantic lover of the backwoods might desire, but others were formed of neatly-cut and smoothed planks, some decorated with columns and Corinthian or Doric capitals; others with deep verandahs and green blinds, a style most fitted for the country; some were neatly painted to look like stone; a few were of two stories; and two or more were of brick: but all wore an air of comfort and prosperity. Each stood in a good-sized plot of ground, fitted for the reception of a far larger mansion when the means of the owner will allow him to build one.

The Lake Simcoe and Huron Railway is to be extended shortly as far as Sydenham, and will add very much to the prosperity of the place. Surrounded also, as it is, by a fine agricultural district, and with the commerce of the lake in addition, and cheap water communication to the farms which will ere long fringe the shores of the gulf, and a perfectly secure harbour, it cannot fail to grow in size and flourish exceedingly.

It was provoking to find that the steamer did not sail again till dusk, so that we might have made an interesting excursion into the interior, where we were told the scenery along the side of the river is very pretty. Some pleasure-boats were sailing about, and a number of canoes, with Indians, came off from their village to have a look at us.

Briggs was enraptured with the place: "Compare Collingwood with this, sir! Pooh! pooh! it is not to be compared," said he. "Here is a harbour, if you please, — a well-sheltered natural harbour. Now, this is a spot,

on the top of that hill there, for instance, where I could settle down and make myself comfortable. When the railway is brought here, as well as to Collingwood, it will soon be proved who was right!"

All night long we were steering a northerly course along the Georgian Bay, rolling and pitching in the most disquieting manner. Our state-room was a sort of pocket out of the ladies' cabin, and having windows looking on the water, I could watch the dark leaden waves leaping and tumbling, and appearing every moment as if about to wash over our low deck and send us to the bottom. For a couple of hours or more, till we got under the lee of the Great Manatoulin Island, we were exposed to the full sweep of the Lake Huron. A glance at the map will show, that there is here ample distance to allow a very disagreeable sea to get up. Fortunately, at that time we were still in blissful ignorance of the condition of our high-pressure engine. The space between our cabin and the bulwarks was occupied by five or six Indians, men and women, habited in blanket-garments; and there they sat, crouching down side by side all night long, their long lank hair and dark brown features alone showing that their bodies were not bundles of bed-clothes. They were miserable, melancholy specimens of humanity, brought thus low by a pseudo civilisation. I was truly thankful when, at early dawn, we got into smooth water, and I could distinguish the low-wooded land stretching away on our weather-side.

Rounding the eastern end of the Great Manatoulin, we entered a deep gulf, called Heywood Sound, and brought up before a picturesque little village of cottages, and a church with a tin-covered spire standing on a

point running into it. This was Manatouwanning, the capital of this Indian inhabited island. In a neat cottage, with green Venetian blinds, at the end of the point, resides Captain Ironsides, the Indian superintendent for all the regions in the neighbourhood of Lakes Huron and Superior. Under him is a chaplain, school-master, and surgeon, but no white persons are allowed to settle on the islands. This was the place where George was brought up under Mr. O'Meara, the clergyman. There are only twelve families living in the village, though there are upwards of two thousand natives on the island, the greater proportion of whom profess the Romish faith. At a settlement on the other side, a considerable number reside under four Jesuit fathers, and they are said to be a very obedient, industrious, and intelligent set, and superior to the Protestants; but of the truth of the assertion I have no means of judging.

Landing, we walked to the little church, which was of planks, and had a small spire. The door yielded to our pressure. The interior was white-washed, perfectly plain, and full of benches. On the desk was a New Testament in the Chippewa dialect. The Jesuits probably offer more attractions to the eyes of the savages than can the worthy Mr. O'Meara. The whole population, clad in blanket-garments, turned out to meet George and his wife and baby; but he appeared to treat them all with the most apathetic indifference. The tinkling of the steamer's bell made us hurry on board.

Nothing can be more retired than the life led by Captain Ironsides' family. Two of his daughters and two nieces came off to go for a little gaiety (as they told us) to the American village at the Sault St. Marie, and that is one of the most remote outposts of the United

States. Everything is by comparison. Poor girls! they were sadly disappointed: we had a rainy, stormy time of it there, and the steamer being late, started again the very morning after her arrival, and they had to return in her, instead of spending the day with their friends.

Heywood Sound is a very picturesque place, and twenty years hence, or perhaps even in less time, when the white tide of population sweeps thus far, and the dark-skinned natives recede before it, as hitherto they have unfailingly done, these islands will be covered with fertile and flourishing farms and villages, and will support many more thousand inhabitants than they at present number families.

The weather was so cold that we were glad to have the fire lighted in the cabin-stove. I found George nursing his baby close to the chimney, which was nearly red-hot. I told him he would roast it. He laughed at the notion, and shook his head, as much as to say, it takes a great deal to hurt an Indian baby, but he moved away. He is a clever mechanic, can make furniture, and build houses and canoes, and sings well. He dresses neatly in a shooting-jacket, and, though a full Indian, does not look darker than many a Portuguese or Brazilian I have seen. He married, when he was twenty, an Indian wife, but she took ill and died, he told me; and then he fell in love with his present wife, of whom he seems to think a great deal.

We now ran between a succession of wooded islands, with the distant shore to the north and east seen beyond them, till at length we appeared to be entering a long narrow gulf, when, on the left, were seen on the shore a number of white spots.

“There is my village!” said George, somewhat

proudly. "We call it Little Current. I go ashore there, and must wish you good-bye." I shook hands then, in case I should miss him in the hurry of landing. The white spots were the birch-bark covered wigwams of his followers, and the seeming gulf was the passage of the Little Current. We soon threw our hawsers on shore at a wooded point, while, with shouts and cries, a party of Indians rushed down to secure them. The point was partly cleared of trees, and on it were piled up a number of cords of wood ready for the steamer. Above it rose a wooded height, on which George told me he should build his house; and close to the water, a little way on, were six wigwams, and a large shanty intended for his present use. A few acres along the shore were partially cleared, though the black stumps and many fallen logs still remained.

Scarcely were we moored, when an extraordinary figure came hurrying out of the forest towards us with loud halloos and shrieks or shouts of laughter. He was a very old Indian, with a broad-brimmed hat turned up on one side and stuck full of feathers, a coatee and trousers trimmed with leather, a leather-belt round his waist, and yellow moccasins on his feet, and a long thick stick in his hand—a complete Indian Edie Ochiltree he appeared. He was George's grandfather, a prophet, conjuror, medicine-man, and chief of his family. Long white hair straggled from under his hat; he had a short white beard; his features were strongly marked, and his eyes intensely bright, with the fire, I suspect, of insanity. He continued gesticulating and vociferating all the time we were there. His death is daily expected, but he appeared to me full of life. When he departs George will succeed him as chief.

The rest of the population — all George's relatives — were wild-looking, active fellows, and busied themselves energetically in getting the wood on board. While this was being done, we landed in a drizzling rain, with water-proof boots and sticks in hand, and walked along an Indian path to the village. We first came to a small log-hut, which was being erected for the winter habitation of Mrs. George and her brown baby, and close to it was a shanty, their summer residence. The latter was a circular-roofed hut, the frame formed of stout saplings, bent over and joined at the top, the whole covered with thick layers of glittering white sheets of birch-bark. It was rather square than round, about twelve feet in diameter and seven or eight in height. At each side were wide bed-places like broad benches or tables raised from the ground, covered with matting and piles of blankets. The floor was also covered with matting, and several chests, and baskets, and bundles. Cooking utensils and articles of domestic furniture lay about, so that it looked capable of being made tolerably comfortable, and we did not, therefore, so very much pity its white mistress. As also, in the winter, she would have a stove in her log-hut and abundance of fuel, she would be far better off than thousands of the poor emigrants who arrive towards the fall in Lower Canada. Yet when we saw her, on that dreary day, sitting on the bank, with her town-adapted garments, in a shower of rain, under an umbrella, her baby in the arms of a squaw, she the only white woman for many a mile, she certainly did look a subject for pity; yet the fact is that George is a very fine fellow and infinitely her superior.

George has chosen his settlement with great taste and

judgment. It is on the shore of a beautiful little bay, free from the current which rushes by outside, with high land rising above it; while from it are seen a number of beautifully wooded islands, and the blue-ridged mountains of La Cloche on the mainland beyond them. A long, narrow island forms the opposite side of the narrow strait, and completely land-locks and shelters the bay; while at the point close at hand the water is so deep that our paddle-box projected over the shore, while we had many feet of water under our keel. He purposes to open a store here, and will find voyageurs, woodcutters, and Indians, his customers. He has engaged, also, to supply the steamer with wood; and as his people are expert fishermen, and fish swarm in the neighbourhood, while by salting them he will have a certain market with the fish-dealers who come round on purpose to buy from the Indians, I see a fair prospect of his becoming a wealthy man. Near his shanty was a clearing, with a fine crop of potatoes growing among the stumps, as also squashes, or pumpkins; some canoes and two Mackinaw boats were hauled up on the beach, with some fishing-nets hung on poles, some spears and paddles lying near them; and a little way on were four wigwams, towards which we wound our way among the stumps and fallen trees. They were of a similar conical form to those I have before described, with frames of eight long poles; but the bark which covered them was of the silver birch, and beautifully white. In one was a woman and three children; but though the urchins smiled, they stood sturdily before the curtain to bar our entrance. In another the sole furniture was a travelling cradle, two iron pots, and a few mats. There was a lean-to, with a frame in it for making mats, and a very neat one on it

nearly finished. There was a small trunk of a tree hollowed out at the end to form a mortar, and a long pestle, with a pounder at each end, for pounding corn; also a frame for hanging the ears of corn to, and a variety of other articles of domestic use of the most primitive construction. Across a stream was another wigwam, so romantically situated on a hill in a little nook of the forest, that we longed to reach it. We found a log thrown across the stream, and another log with notches cut in it to enable us to descend the bank. We got across, and I took a sketch from the spot, but the heavy drizzle soon compelled us to retreat shipward.

On our way back we found friend Briggs endeavouring to convince an Indian that he ought to have made the door of the log-hut on the side next the hill, and not to open towards the lake. He held forth energetically in English, while the Indian listened attentively, and replied, with equal eagerness, in a long speech in the choicest Chippewa; and then they walked round the house together, and Briggs pointed more vehemently and spoke still louder. Next, in his turn, the Indian nodded, and grunted, and threw about his arms, and harangued at Briggs, who seemed to be paying the greatest attention to his view of the case, till we could no longer restrain our laughter, in which even Briggs good-naturedly joined as he accompanied us on board.

“Those fellows have no *nous*,” he observed. “They might once have been handy chaps at scalping; but when you come to teach them the arts of civilised life, they are worse than babes. Now, after all I said, I don’t suppose that copper-faced gentleman will follow my advice.”

In a heavy rain George and his wife and child were

put on shore, on that wet leafy bank, not even in sight of their shanty; and the last we saw of the white woman, she was seated on her box among a group of blanket-clad squaws. One, a gentle-faced girl, had taken her infant, which a number of little brown children were pressing round to examine; while George and his men were shoving the steamer off the bank with long poles, yelling and laughing, and some of them calling out in broken English, much to the merriment of the rest, "*Go way! Go way! Goot bye! Mek hest!*"—the old prophet all the time waving his wand, and prophesying and shrieking out most unearthly farewells. A lighthouse is shortly to be built at the entrance of this passage, which, though narrow, is deep and free of dangers. George began his settlement about a year ago, and, considering his means, has done well. I shall always be anxious to hear of its progress.

Continuing our course we passed between a number of small islands, having the Great Manatoulin on our left, and the long, though not very high, range of the La Cloche Mountains on our right. They are so called from the fact of a rock found among them giving out, when struck, the sound of a bell. In fine weather the voyage would have been interesting, but it was bitterly cold, damp, and dreary; the wind howled, and the rain ever and anon came down in torrents: so that our chief resource for amusement was to sit round the stove, and listen to the conversation of our rough companions, picking up such information as we could draw from them. They were chiefly miners bound for the Bruce or Lake Superior Mines, backwoodsmen, log-cutters, fishermen, or fish-pedlars, carpenters, or other artisans or petty tradesmen; but they were mostly honest, good-natured,

civil fellows, and we infinitely preferred their society to that of many we had before encountered. They put many persons to shame who plume themselves on their civilisation by their moderation in eating; and I observed that having satisfied their hunger with the first dish placed before them, they never thought of helping themselves to any other. One fish-trader landed a number of barrels at an Indian village, to be filled with the fish caught and salted by the inhabitants. Barrels were also left at other places to be called for on his return. This rough man was a good pioneer of civilisation. In the same way the steamer, by her consumption of wood, induces the Indians to chop it down to supply her. Then she takes their fish and their mats, the canoes they build, and other manufactures, to a better market than they could otherwise find, and brings them blankets and printed cotton from Manchester, and iron-pots from Birmingham; and the despised Indian may thus claim some recognition even from the hand of the disciples of the Manchester school.

Wood is sold throughout Canada by the *cord*. A cord is a pile of chopped logs of a size to enter a steamer's furnace, and is eight feet long and four feet in height and depth. A cord here costs four dollars and a quarter. A white man in the neighbourhood used to supply the steamer, but he cheated the Indians he employed, so they wisely left him in the lurch.

Some of the canoes belonging to the Great Manitoulin are thirty feet long, carrying twenty-five persons, all paddling together. They go as far as Owen's Sound, but seldom venture out of sight of land towards the centre of the lake. The price varies from three dollars to twenty. The one we were in, which was about thirteen

feet long, would have cost about eight dollars, and an expert workman might have built it in a week after he had collected his materials.

Entering the saloon while the second dinner was going forward, I saw two blanket-coated Indians, and a squaw of the wildest aspect, seated at table in company with several white men, and using their knives and forks with the greatest propriety. The squaws use their blankets as cloaks. They keep them very clean, washing them constantly on a flat, sloping stone, on which they beat them, letting them glide gently and slowly backwards and forwards in the water.

The purser gave me an account of the young Englishwoman who became the wife of a half-caste Indian, one of the men exhibited as a Red chieftain in Catlin's exhibition in London. Poor, poor girl! little did she dream of the sad fate awaiting her, or of the melancholy contrast between the life her romantic imagination had pictured and the reality. She came through the lake in a steamer, and had a piano and a variety of elegant furniture on board. He described her as a fine, handsome, intelligent person. She sang and played well: indeed, her great delight was music, and it was her sad and only solace when she reached, not as she expected the rustic palace of the great Red chief, but the miserable shanty of the rough half-caste carpenter, her husband, to instruct the young squaws in such music as they were capable of learning. What we then heard respecting the poor girl deeply interested us in her fate, and when we reached the Sault St. Marie, we made all the inquiries about her in our power. She had then rested from all her troubles for nearly two years; and should these pages ever meet the eyes of her relatives, it may be

a consolation to them to know that, infatuated as she was, she proved herself a virtuous, high-minded, and devoted woman, striving even to the very last, when all feeling akin to love must have fled her bosom, to enlighten the spiritual being of the man who had so deeply wronged her.

The wind continuing to blow hard, and the weather being dark and rainy, greatly to my satisfaction it was deemed prudent to bring up for the night under shelter; and to obtain it we ran, towards the evening, into the most curious and romantic little woodland-surrounded bay it has ever been my lot to see. The entrance is narrow, with one or two turns, so as completely to shut out the rest of the lake; and then suddenly we found ourselves within a complete circle of tall trees, so closely packed that not a glimpse of light was to be seen between them. It was called Gore Harbour, from having been entered by the Kaloolah's predecessor, the Gore steamer. The water is forty feet deep close to the banks, so that she used to be moored fast to the trees. Blowing hard as it was outside, the water was here as smooth as glass, though every now and then an inquisitive eddy would find its way in, and run like a cat's paw over the surface. With a bright sun shining on the blue waters, when the unnumbered hues of autumn have tinted the leaves, it must appear an amphitheatre of most fairy-like beauty. The boat went away with some of the passengers to endeavour to kill some wild fowl, the only inhabitants of the place which made their appearance. To us it seemed little short of sacrilege to disturb the silent tranquillity of the spot.

Towards dusk the wind went down, but our freshwater navigators were afraid of tempting the dangers of

the voyage across to the Bruce Mines in the dark ; so, in perfect accordance with our wishes, the good ship *Kaloolah*—as by an excess of courtesy she might have been called—lay quietly at anchor during the night.

As she neither blew up nor went down, we certainly benefited by her peculiar qualities ; for we thus saw several interesting spots which, had she been more seaworthy, we should have missed. Our voyage was more like that of the early navigators than those performed generally in the nineteenth century. I asked the old Scotch master how he liked floating about in a craft without a mast and an engine which threatened dislocation.

“’Deed, no very weel ; but ye ken if she was ony better craft I wadna likely be master.”

Honest Sandy’s answer was humble, but true. Since the *Kaloolah* had the honour of bearing Briggs and his fortunes, and our humble selves, she has undergone, I hear, a thorough repair and refitting, and is consequently equal to any boat probably to be found on those waters. Her name reminds me to recommend my readers, if they have not perused the adventures of the fair *Kaloolah* and Jonathan Romer by Dr. Mayo, forthwith to purchase it for a shilling on their next railway journey ; and much do I pity their taste if they do not find it a most delectable and laugh-inspiring history.

CHAPTER X.

WE were to have left our anchorage at early dawn ; but, as the owner ingenuously informed me, the master and the engineer, and even Luis the steward, overslept themselves, and thus it had been some time broad daylight before there was anybody up to light the fires—an account somewhat pleasantly suggestive that it was not the custom of the ship to keep a watch on board. Truly, according to nautical notions, this inland navigation is queer work.

“ It’s too bad—it’s too bad, sir,” observed Briggs. “ Why, sir, we might all have been blown up out of our beds sky-high, and not have found it out till we were hanging like clothes to dry among the trees yonder. If I’m ever caught again on board this precious craft, say I’m a Dutchman.”

When we got outside, we found it raining in torrents, and blowing almost as hard as ever from the north-east. On went the uncouth monster, rolling and scrambling, and shaking her life out with her engines jumping ; her whole frame quivering, and her bulkheads and windows creaking and rattling, offering a very strong contrast to

the fair and beautiful African princess from whom she takes her name. Every now and then a window would blow in, and Luis had to hasten to mend it, as the rain found its way through the upper deck; or a door would burst open, and it was so cold withal that we were fain to sit, as we did yesterday, round the stove, with our faces roasting and our backs icing. Outside, with no land to be seen, a dark, louring sky, leaden waters topped by white foam, formed a picture of a wintry sea far from attractive. We were told that we were merely feeling an equinoctial gale, and that it will blow itself out in three days; but a Job's comforter in the circle asserted that he had known such gales last three weeks. We devoutly hoped that he might never find another of so persevering a character.

At about one o'clock we reached the Bruce Mines, on the north shore of Lake Huron, at no great distance from the mouth of the River St. Marie, which connects that lake with Lake Superior. The region, from being rocky and bare of trees, is wild and desolate; but the mines have already collected a number of inhabitants, and upwards of twenty cottages of stone and plank, and a large smelting-house, greeted our eyes where we expected to find scarcely a human habitation. While some oxen and provisions were being landed for the winter store of the inhabitants, clothing myself in waterproofs, I ran along a wooden pier, and onwards for five minutes, to the nearest shafts. At one of them two men were managing a copper bucket, which, raised by two horses and a large wheel at a distance, came up each time full of the finest ore. A little way off the ore crops out so near the ground that no shaft is necessary. I saw a vein being cut into from the surface. Filling my pockets with

specimens, I followed the course of a little railway by which the ore is conveyed to the water, and got on board the steamer just before she started.

The Bruce Mines were discovered about six years ago, and were so called in compliment to Lord Elgin, Governor-General of the Canadas. Three vessels have loaded at the pier where we stopped, and have gone thence direct to Swansea. Many others have transhipped their cargoes at Quebec. A large proportion of the produce is sold at Boston for making boilers. The deeper the shafts are sunk the richer the ore is said to be. Another mine was then about to be opened a mile or so off. An English company, also, I understood were commencing to work one several miles to the east of the Bruce Mines. Indeed, from what I could learn, the whole of that region on the northern shore of Lake Huron, extending almost round Lake Superior, is abounding in mineral wealth, awaiting energy, science, and capital, to win it for the benefit of man.

A run of five miles carried us to the mouth of the St. Marie River, or rather strait, for it is but a connecting link between the two great lakes. The entrance is full of islands composed of rocks, many of a considerable height, and covered with waving trees often bending over the deep eddying waters below. The rain ceased at times, and the sun shone forth, lighting up the scene with a brilliancy which made us note it as infinitely superior in picturesque beauty to the much-talked-of Lake of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence. As we advanced fantastically shaped hills appeared before us; and to our right, with a long, low line of trees in the foreground, was seen, among a range of broken heights, a beautiful lake; and a little farther on, from

out of the forest beneath the hills on the British side, peeped forth a succession of Indian habitations, the varied foliage of the woods and the tints of the wigwams, the shanties, and huts, combining to form a richness of colouring we had seldom or never before seen. On our left, which was the American side, we passed, at a French location, a pretty cottage, with a deep verandah full of smiling children. They waved their hands, and seemed highly delighted at seeing a venerable, gentlemanly-looking French priest, who came on board at the Bruce Mines. Several Indians we passed, in their canoes or on the shore, saluted him respectfully and affectionately. Indeed, he seemed a man of manners so winning that he might easily gain the hearts of all he meets in that wild region, where courteousness, from its rarity, is so much more valued. He told me that there are about five hundred Indians scattered in and about the Sault St. Marie, but many of them have much French blood in their veins. In the evening, the weather becoming fine, we could walk on the fore-castle, and enjoy the beautiful views which each turn of the river presented to our eyes: trees, and rocks, and hills, and islands, and water, and Indian huts and wigwams, in various combinations, forming the pictures. Altogether this was by far the prettiest scenery we have met with since we came to Canada; nor need it make the Americans jealous, for half of it belongs to them.

The Sault de St. Marie, or the rapids (literally the Leaps) of St. Marie, are situated at the point where the waters of Lake Superior find that outlet which ultimately, through Lakes Huron, St. Clair, Erie, Ontario, and the St. Lawrence, carries them into the distant Atlantic. On the south shore, in the territory of the United States,

and directly abreast of the rapids, is the little town of the Sault, but which the people in the neighbourhood abbreviate into the "Soo." There are several hotels, which are resorted to in summer by visitors both from the States and Canada, who go there to enjoy the cooling and invigorating breezes from Lake Superior.

Opposite to it is a considerable outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company, and there also stands in the British territory a substantial stone-house, built by an enterprising gentleman some fifty years ago, for the purpose of establishing a fur-trade with the Indians in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company. He succeeded some time tolerably well, but ultimately that all-monopolising body swamped him. The farm lay uncultivated, the fences decayed, the outhouses tumbled down, and the sturdy house itself remained unoccupied till it was taken by a worthy, industrious, little Irishman, Pim by name, with a Canadian wife, who opened it as an hotel; and there we had been advised to take up our abode. Besides Pim's hotel there is the plank residence of the police-magistrate, custom-house officer, postmaster—one individual, a very courteous and intelligent gentleman, representing all the official dignity in the place. A few Canadian half-castes make up the sum of the population owing allegiance to Her Britannic Majesty.

It was growing dark as we approached the "Soo." The rapids, foaming and leaping as they rushed headlong down an inclined plain between the tree-covered and rocky islets, now first seen in the evening light, had a truly wild and gloomy appearance. Above them was the wide watery expanse of the somewhat mysterious Lake Superior, with distant blue hills lining its shore; to the north an almost untrod wilderness of forest, extending

far away to unknown regions; the trees blackened and branchless for many miles, the result of a raging fire; but there was a relief to the excessive dreariness of the prospect in the neat white-washed houses and little palisaded fort yecept Brady on the American side, and more than all in the welcome sight of friend Pim's comfortable hostelry.

On the American side a large steamer lay near the quay; and as we looked up the watery hill, we could see another above the rapids letting off her steam, having just come in from the mining regions of Lake Superior. Passing close to the American shore and the entrance of the new canal, then lately commenced, we shot close to the rapids across to the British side, and brought up at a wooden pier near the Hudson's Bay Company's post. Here Pim, the landlord of the Stone-house Hotel, took charge of us; and not having his boat in readiness, we embarked in one full of fish-barrels, and pulled by several wild-looking half-caste Indians. Thus, seated on the casks like a boat-load of young Bacchuses, we were ferried off to a landing-place near the hotel; and, in a few minutes, found ourselves comfortably seated before a blazing fire in a neat little parlour, with all sorts of nick-nacks and books scattered about,—sofas, arm-chairs, and footstools.

Having seen that our bedroom was also habitable, we were speedily seated at a well-covered supper-table, with a magnificent white-fish as one of the chief dishes. We tasted it with the consideration due to its novelty and reputed merits, and pronounced it the most delicious fresh-water fish we had ever eaten, not excepting the trout,—at least for a continuance. One may enjoy trout every day for a week, but after that one would desire a change, whereas the delicate-flavoured, tender, yet

firm white-fish, may be eaten every day while he is in season, without wearying the palate, if dressed with the science bestowed on him by the active-handed Mary, Pim's cook, and the bride of our friend Luis, the Kallolah's steward. The white-fish had somewhat the appearance of a carp, but with a longer body and snout, and is as handsome as he is good. His beauty is not only skin-deep.

After supper we returned to the parlour, and voted it the most comfortable public room we have been in since we left England. We had two companions, our intelligent fellow-travellers; the engineer, and a stout, burly, rough-looking, but good-tempered and communicative young man, who was dubbed "Captain" by Pim's household. At first I thought he must command some lake-trader, but his ignorance of affairs nautical convinced me I was mistaken. I could not fancy him even a militia-man, but at last I discovered that he was a mining captain, that is, the chief of a gang of miners,—the very man I wanted to meet; so I forthwith set to work to extract all the ore of information his experience would yield. I give the produce of my labours almost in the unadulterated form I received it, and as I roughly noted it at the moment in my journal.

Our friend the "Captain" had voyaged in a canoe with an exploring party round the whole coast of Lake Superior. At night they hauled up the canoe: some slept under it, and some under a tent, where there was ground whereon to pitch it. They would then make excursions into the interior, where the rocks gave signs of mineral wealth, returning to prosecute their voyage. He assured us that he had become so accustomed to the open air, that he caught cold the first night he slept in a bed.

(I suggested it might have been a damp one.) The whole eastern coast of Lake Superior, which belongs to the United States, from its northern point at the River St. Marie opposite Gros Cap to Fond du Lac, is full of the richest veins of iron and copper ore, and of native copper. The most northern American mine is at Carp River, whence the purest iron ore is produced. It is melted into bars, and then shipped off to the "Soo." To show its purity, a horse-shoe was hammered out of a piece of ore, rough as it was won from the mine. There are copper-mines at Copper Harbour, Eagle River, and there are several on the banks of the Ontonagan River. Some appear to be complete hills of copper, from the sides of which the copper may be wrenched off with pickaxes and crowbars. There are rapids in the river, and a bar at its mouth, so that the copper thus easily won has to be brought down at some risk in boats and embarked outside on board the steamers, thus giving a considerable advantage to the Bruce Mines, from which it is shipped into sailing vessels at little cost and no risk.

There are three paddle-wheel steamers, and four screw or propellers, as they are called, on Lake Superior. The paddle-wheel vessels are of considerable size; and having been built on Lake Erie, or somewhere in the south, have all been carried over the land for a distance of upwards of a mile to avoid the rapids, and launched again on the lake. They go as far south as La Pointe, and we proposed making a trip in one of them.

The whole United States coast is very bold and rocky; and there are few, or indeed no good harbours, and even the tolerable ones are far apart, so that the casualties among the shipping are very serious. Until within the last few years, except a remote fur-trader's

post, no habitations of civilised men were to be found on the shores of that vast inland sea; now, since the mines I have spoken of have been opened, towns have sprung up at each of them, with hotels and eating-houses, and every accommodation for travellers. It appears that the British shore is equally rich in mineral wealth; but, either from want of enterprise and capital among the Canadians, or perhaps from there having an abundance of employment elsewhere for both, few satisfactory explorations have been made.

By the by, I heard a very just excuse for any deficiencies in the Canadians when comparing them with their neighbours. The people of the United States are at home, backed by the unrivalled resources of a vast territory and a mighty republic; whereas the Canadians are but the inhabitants of a colony, till lately but partly appreciated by the mother-country; many of them but newly arrived, with all their capital and energies of necessity employed in founding homes for themselves in their adopted country. Compare, also, the population of Canada with that of the United States, and, in proportion to their numbers, truly I think they should not be accused of having progressed at a slower rate than the Americans. That they might have done more, with considerable advantage to themselves than they have performed, is very possible, especially in this very region of which I am writing. They might have explored, discovered, and worked mines which doubtlessly exist; they might, could, and should have cut a canal through British ground to connect Lakes Superior and Huron; and they might have established extensive and lucrative fisheries along the coasts of both lakes; but none of these things have they done, while their neighbours are working

numerous rich mines, are cutting a most important canal to connect the two lakes through their own territory, and are the chief purchasers of the fish caught in these waters.

No sooner does a young American find himself possessed of a little knowledge of geology, a little money, and a little time to spare, and health and strength, than he joins with others enjoying a similar remunerative capital, and sets off to chance it at the mineral regions. If the party find a mine, it is very possible they may make their fortunes; if they fail, they return home, having made a pleasant tour, not much the worse in pocket, and probably the better in health. By such parties most of the American mines have been discovered.

The neglect of the Canadian Government in forming the canal is a sore subject with all the British acquainted with this region. The ground was actually surveyed, and found more practicable than that on the American side. Why it was not done seems a mystery. The Lower Canadian party are accused of throwing obstacles in the way of the work through jealousy at the advantages it would bring to the Upper Province, but that I should scarcely think possible. It is far more probable that the neglect arose altogether from ignorance of or indifference to the important advantages the undertaking would have secured to the country at large. What nourishes the limbs, must surely benefit the mouth as well as the rest of the body.

The population on the British side, and a large proportion of that on the American, are half-castes, the offspring of Indians and French Canadian voyageurs, and are a degenerate, dissolute, ill-conditioned set. They work when driven by necessity to find food; but as

they can generally obtain good wages, they pass away half their time in idleness. There are exceptions, of course, to this rule.

We heard of a very interesting character residing at the "Soo;" a pure Indian woman, the widow of a great chief among the Chippewas, whose daughters have been well educated, and have all married white men of good standing in society, mostly ministers of the Gospel; one, I believe, is the well-known and talented missionary and Indian superintendant, Mr. Schoolcraft. The chieftainness lives in a comfortable, well-furnished house; and though now of great age, retains all her faculties, is full of life and spirits, and takes great pleasure in society, and in hearing what is going on in the world. Her manners are dignified and courteous, and worthy of the high rank she holds among her people. (It strikes me that she must be the daughter of a great chief, and that her husband was a white man: as a daughter, she would succeed to her father's dignity and power.) The half-Indians, half-Frenchmen, who abound here are generally, we are told, not only degenerate in mind, but in physical strength; for though they exert themselves in fishing and hunting at times, disease, when it attacks them, speedily carries them off.

The following account of the shores of Lake Superior was written by my friend Mr. Logan, the eminent geologist and head of the Geological Survey of Canada, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information:—

“The Canadian shores of Lake Superior in general present a bold and rocky coast, diversified in the character of its scenery in accordance with the distribution of its different geological formations. Cliffs and eminences rise up to heights varying from 300 to 1300 feet, close

upon its margin, and this deeply indented in some places with extensive bays, and in others presenting extensive clusters of islands, is, in a multitude of places, carved out into well-sheltered coves and inlets, affording innumerable harbours of a safe and commodious character, destined greatly to facilitate whatever commerce may hereafter be established on the lake, whether in the produce of its mines or its fisheries. The timber of the district does not seem to promise much encouragement to traffic; it is not of the size nor of the kinds most esteemed in traffic, though there is much useful wood capable of being rendered available for mining or house-building purposes, as well as for fuel. Hard-wood is scarce, red pine not often seen, and white pine not abundant. The trees most common are spruce, balsam-fir, white birch, and poplar, with cedar in moist places. On the immediate coast, many of the hills are nearly denuded of trees, particularly where granite and gneiss prevail. The hills composed of trap are better clothed; but it is in the trappean valleys and on the surface underlaid by sandstone, which are usually flat, that the largest growth is met with. It is chiefly in these localities, also, and at the mouths of the principal rivers, that is to be found whatever land may be fit for cultivation; and, although of this, in comparison to the area of the district, the extent cannot be called great, nor such as even less remotely situated would tempt settlement, sufficient would probably be found to supply many of the wants of a mining population, should the metalliferous minerals of the region be found in sufficient abundance to be worked with profit.

“Several considerable streams fall into the lake, the chief of which are the Kamanitiquia, the Neepigon, the

Pic, the Michipicoten, and the Montreal. The first three flow in on the north, and the other two on the east side; and the whole taking their origin in the height of land separating the waters of Hudson Bay from those of the St. Lawrence, may pass through 100 to 200 miles of country before yielding their tribute to the grand head reservoir of the latter, which, with a run of 500 leagues, comprises an area of 32,000 square miles, its greatest length being 300 miles, its greatest breadth 140. Its greatest depth is supposed to be 1200 feet, which would make its bottom 603 feet below, while its surface is 597 feet above the level of the sea; and its mean depth being taken at 600 feet, would give about 4000 cubic miles of water.

“The frosts of winter are not of sufficiently long duration to cool, nor the heats of summer to warm, this great body of water to the temperature of the surrounding surface; and the lake, in consequence, considerably modifies the temperature of the country on its banks, which is neither so low in the one season, nor so high in the other, as it is both to the east and to the west. In the middle of the lake, on a calm day of sunshine on the 7th of July, it surprised me much to find that the temperature of the water at the surface was no more than 38° Fahr. For this fact, which was ascertained by repeated trials, it appears difficult to account, even allowing a degree or two for inaccuracy in the construction of the thermometer: as it is known that water attains its greatest density at 39½°, and hence it might be expected that the body of the lake having once attained such a density, the stratum of particles at the surface would maintain its place, and be readily either heated or cooled. But whatever might have been the cause, a consequence

was that the temperature of the atmosphere above the lake was no more than 51° , while in the interior of the country, it may probably have been between 70° and 80° or more.

“The result of such differences is the great prevalence of fogs on the lake, the vapour brought in warm currents of air from the interior land becoming condensed over the cool water of the surface. These fogs, as was to be expected, appeared to diminish in frequency as the summer passed away; but it is probable they would increase again in winter by a reverse of the process, the lake giving the vapour, and the land the condensing currents of air.”*

* Extract from Logan's "Geological Survey of Canada." 1847.



SCOOP-FISHING.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE ever found my anticipations of evil less frequently realised than those of coming good in things both great and small. We had prepared our minds for a stormy, rainy day, for which we thought the previous evening gave certain promise, instead of which the morning of the 28th of September broke bright and beautiful, the day continuing splendid to its close. Those who professed to understand the eccentricities of the weather, said that it would continue fine.

After breakfast, we embarked in our landlord's flat-bottomed boat, and, engaging a sulky Englishman to pull, we crossed over to the American side of the river. We had to keep up the stream some way, and then to dart across, to be as short a time as possible in the current. Because I made a remark to our crew for bumping us purposely against the pier, to show his independence, he walked off and left us to row back by ourselves.

The American fortress, called Fort Brady, is to the east of the town, on the water's edge. It is merely a collection of barracks, offices, quarters, and store-houses, surrounded by a high white-washed stockade, looking as if the tall branchless stems of some burnt forest had fallen into the ranks, and been whitened over as a reward for their good conduct. It is in the style of the old border fortifications, intended to guard against any sudden attack of Indians.

This is the most northern point of the United States; a station in no way desired by her military officers, who are so unfortunate as to have to remain here during the five months of winter. A company of infantry are now, I believe, the only troops stationed in the fort. The officers, the first soldiers we have seen, are dressed and look like Frenchmen, in green full short surtouts and long thin peaked shades to their caps. We met some of them who were, as I believe is generally the case with the officers of the United States' army, pleasing, gentlemanly men. Their costume, if not so martinet-like, was far more serviceable, healthful, and comfortable, than the British defenders of their country are doomed to wear to the outrage of common sense and humanity. The rank and file had certainly not a soldier-like appearance; they are mostly Irish, Germans, or Dutch. Very few native-born

Americans will enlist in the regular service. The discipline is strict and the pay less than they can get by any other work; and those warlike youths who want a little fighting, are pretty certain to find work to their taste under the banner of the Lone Star in Mexican wars, sympathising out-breaks, Cuban expeditions, or similar creditable undertakings.

A short time ago, some disturbances among the Indians on the Lake Superior shores being apprehended, a company of British troops were sent up to the English "Soo," to keep them in order. The men were stationed there for some time without any occupation; not liking their quarters, probably, and hearing that liberty, equality, and fraternity, were the order of the day across the border, or more probably that they could get good wages and plenty of liquor, several of them, like recreants, deserted their colours and imprudently took up their quarters in fancied security in the American "Soo." Now the United States and the British captains were on the most intimate terms, and the former feeling how he should wish to be treated under similar circumstances, gave his friend a hint where his men had stowed themselves away, intimating that he would not interfere with any plans he might form for their recapture. Accordingly, Captain ——, getting some boats and arming a party of his men with stout sticks, pulled across the river as soon as it was dark, surrounded the house where the deserters were carousing, dragged them out, and before any sympathisers could come to their rescue (had any Americans been disposed to interfere), got them into the boats, and returned with them in triumph to their quarters. The matter, of course, came to the ears of the United States' Government, and was made the subject of

much diplomatic correspondence; but, I believe, ultimately both officers got much credit, as I think they deserved, for the spirited manner in which they acted.

The town of the Sault St. Marie is composed almost entirely of frame-buildings neatly whitewashed. Van-Anden's large hotel is built entirely of wood. Brick chimneys, even, are not required, as iron stoves with iron funnels alone are used. We landed close to the eastern entrance of the Huron Canal. Men were busily at work with pickaxe and shovel; and big cranes were lifting the mud and gravel they dug up, or lowering huge blocks of granite to form the locks; while stone-masons and carpenters, with chisels and saws, were fashioning the materials to be employed in the work. A number of plain, boarded frame-houses formed a long line built for the use of the labourers. A large proportion of these is Dutch; and it is hoped when the work is done they will remain in the place, as they make good settlers.

Pim, who was our cicerone, gave us this and many other bits of information, regretting that the many benefits accruing from the undertaking were not to be reaped on the British side. We walked about three-quarters of a mile along a capital plank road, smooth as a floor to the portage (the landing-place) on Lake Superior.

The canal will be about a mile long, as it debouches on Lake Superior a little to the left of the old portage; but on that side the line was merely marked out, no cutting having been commenced. The Americans do not understand blasting rocks, and the difficulty of finding labourers who do had caused some delay. It is an awkward operation to perform in a bungling way.

The contractors had engaged to complete the canal by July 1854; but as not more than a third of the work

was then done, and that had taken two years, great doubts were entertained as to their power of accomplishing their undertaking.

We examined the tramway by which the *Sam Ward*, a large paddle-wheel steamer, was conveyed a full mile over the portage from Lake Huron to Lake Superior. The ground is perfectly level, but still it was a triumph of engineering skill. The expense, however, very nearly equalled her value. The success led to two other large steamers being carried over, besides several smaller propellers.

In another year, probably, by means of the canal, the waters of Lake Superior will be crowded with shipping, and flourishing towns will soon afterwards be found springing up along its now silent shores.

We sat down on a stout wooden pier at the portage to sketch and to watch several gentlemen catching most attractive-looking trout. The water was so clear below us that the fishermen could see the fish they wished to hook; but this did not prevent the silly things taking the bait. One I saw caught, weighing about a third of a pound, had the spots much yellower than those on an English trout. There was not much beauty in the scenery here, but it was interesting as being the junction of two mighty lakes. The sky over-head was brightly blue, and the water under our feet beautifully clear. On the side of Lake Superior was a deep bay with wooded points; on the other, the white, foaming, tumbling, bubbling water rushed between two cypress-covered islands into the *St. Marie*.

On a sheltered nook among the trees on the British side a steamer lay moored. She was the *Independence*, wrecked last year, and only lately got up; and being

in debt, was placed under English protection to avoid seizure. The two Governments would do well to come to some understanding to prevent such tricks.

The Sault St. Marie is upwards of four hundred miles distant from any town of size, the nearest being Detroit ; while the next, Chicago, is six hundred miles. In winter the only communication is by means of wild Indian tracks through the forest. While the steamers are running, however, it is well supplied with all the necessaries, as well as some of the luxuries of life ; and we found several fruit-shops with melons, water-melons, peaches, and grapes, as well as bakers and confectioners.

We returned to a capital dinner at Pim's, of delicate white-fish, tender roast mutton, mashed potatoes, roast chickens, and other delicacies, very well cooked. Three Englishmen and a very gentlemanly American officer dined at table. They assured us that we should find the island of Mackinaw at the entrance of Lake Michigan well worthy of a visit. It contains a curious natural arch in a rock of great height and depth thrown over the sea, so that a ship may sail under it. A number of Indians reside there. A strong fortress stands on it, garrisoned when the British held sway in the land during the wars with the Indians by a strong force.

The principal scenes in "Wacousta," a novel of considerable interest, are laid there ; so that from what we heard we became anxious to visit it. We had at this time a very interesting trip in contemplation. We proposed stopping first at Mackinaw, and, taking the following steamer, to proceed down Lake Michigan to the new and wonderfully flourishing city of Chicago, calling at Milwaukie and several recently established settlements. From Chicago we contemplated going across

the prairie by railway to Galena, a short distance from the banks of the Upper Mississippi, to take a stage to that river, where we should find a steamer which would carry us up to St. Paul's; whence we intended visiting the magnificent Falls of St. Anthony. At Chicago we hoped to meet some friends who were on a shooting excursion in the neighbourhood,—their game, the delicious prairie-hen, almost, if not quite, equal to the grouse. We also hoped to view that grassy ocean, an illimitable western prairie. In our expectations of its sublime expanse, we should very probably have been disappointed, and certainly of its aboriginal inhabitants of the order *Feræ*—not a buffalo should we have seen.

We might, however, have witnessed a prairie fire, which an acquaintance of ours did about that time out of the railway carriage or a stage. He described it as truly magnificent. The raging flames flew along the ground on a line parallel with his road, darting high up into the air, and illuminating the whole heavens with their blaze.

Returning to Chicago, we had some notion of striking south to visit the famed Mammoth Caves of Kentucky. We heard so much of their wonders, that our eagerness to behold their subterranean porches, and halls, and cloisters, and lakes, and streams, and mountains, and valleys, and eyeless inhabitants, was sufficient to put our bodies in motion to attain that object had not the fates been unpropitious. Had we not gone to Kentucky we should have crossed through the southern extremity of the state of Michigan to Detroit, and from thence gone direct into Canada.

We had before this a somewhat vague plan of going

by steamer through Lake Superior to Fond du Lac, which will be found at the southern extremity of that mighty sheet of water; and thence to proceed down the St. Croix river to St. Paul's. The plan looked most temptingly easy of execution on the map; but when we came to make inquiries as to the best mode of proceeding, we found that birch-bark canoes, with not over-trustworthy Indians as guides, were the only means of transit; that many days must be spent on rivers, and many nights in wigwams, or under the canopy of heaven amid the wild-beast-haunted forest, before we could hope to reach St. Paul's, with a tolerable probability of catching marsh-fevers or agues; and that though sportsmen might find the excursion amusing, and accomplish it without martyrdom, it was far too difficult an undertaking for a lady to hazard.

That scheme was, therefore, quickly abandoned; and we now awaited the arrival of the Garden City steamer to proceed to Chicago, and to follow up one of the other plans I have sketched out. In case they should fail, we had yet another in contemplation. Our purpose was, having watched the waters of Lake Superior bursting from their boundaries over the Sault St. Marie, to follow them through Lakes Huron, St. Clair, and Erie, till we should see them taking their terrific plunge over the lofty precipices of Niagara, and then afterwards to float down with them more calmly to Quebec. This was the plan we were ultimately compelled to adopt; and it is one I strongly recommend to all who would see, and, moreover, feel Niagara aright. But to my present story.

There is an abundance of excellent fishing in the rapids, as well above as below them. Trout, white-fish,

herrings, or a fish so called, maskinonge, and many others are caught in great numbers and salted down to be sent to the eastern markets.

The Indian population live chiefly on fish, which they catch, not only in summer, but in winter through holes in the ice. They catch the white-fish in the very rapids themselves during the evening and night, with what is called a scoop-net. Two men go in each canoe; one sits aft to paddle and steer, the other stands in the bow, furnished with a long pole and a net something like a landing-net, three and a half feet in circumference and six feet deep. He knows exactly the holes under the rocks where the fish are wont to lie; so, urging his light canoe up the rapid with his long pole, as soon as he reaches the desired spot he lays it down, and seizing his net with a rapid whirl over his head, he scoops out the hole, as it were, and seldom fails to bring a fish to the surface. They also spear the fish in the usual way on the rapids.

Since our arrival, I had been looking with longing eyes towards the mysterious north, unexplored, as far as I could learn, by any of the white inhabitants of the "Soo." So after dinner, with waterproof boots on my feet, and a stout oak-stick in my hand cut from a wood in the Highlands, I set off due north on an expedition of discovery. Striking across a field, I found my way, by following a cattle-track, through a dense wood; when, ascending a hill, I came suddenly on an old, plank-built chapel. The door was open. The building had not even been completed. Sitting down on a stump, I sketched the romantic scene—the little church—the wild forest—the lofty Gros Cap hill, and Lake Superior in the

distance. Around me were fallen trees, black stumps, and stunted sprouts; below, were the foaming, roaring rapids, the Hudson's Bay post; and across the water the white-washed American town; while turning round, I could see the blue river winding its tortuous way towards the far-distant Huron, among broken hills and dark forests, with here and there the cottages of the French settlers peeping out from among them. Again moving, I pushed my way through a thick wood up to my ankles in water, with certain unpleasant recollections of rattlesnakes spoken of in the vicinity, and at last emerged into what was truly a scene of the wildest and most melancholy desolation. For six miles on either side, far as the eye could reach, lay spread out before me a burnt forest, — not a tree had escaped. A few tall, gaunt, black, and branchless stems still stood defying time and the elements, — sad memorials of the once green and joyous wood; but the ground was mostly covered with short stumps, fallen logs, and numerous stems of saplings; the scorching flames had not even spared them — all were alike charred and blackened. The only green visible was the rank grass, which, with an unwholesome growth, had sprung up among the burnt timber. The saplings, from having been green when the fire reached them, slight as they were, had escaped total destruction at the moment; but they, too, were branchless and dying. I walked on, taking note of the shape the tops of some of the taller trees had assumed, so that I might steer my course by them on my return. In many places the ground was very swampy; and having to avoid them, and to thread my way among the stumps and fallen logs, I speedily got out of my direct line. At last I came to a deep

ravine with a stream at the bottom; but having in vain tried to discover a way across it, I thought it would be wise to retrace my steps.

As I turned round, the confusion of black stems at once convinced me that, should the sun, now my only sure guide, sink beneath the horizon before I could reach the chapel, I might chance to miss my way and have to pass a night most unsatisfactorily in this barren region. I therefore made the best of my way towards the river in time to stop for a few minutes before I plunged into the wood to contemplate this strangely wild and desolate scene. No churchyard, no battle-field, no city of tombs, could create feelings more melancholy and oppressive than did this burnt forest. It seemed the abode of the very spirit of sadness and regret; and as the gloom came on, the blackened trees shaped themselves into gaunt spectres stalking over the ground—fit denizens of such a locality. I could endure the depressing influence no longer, and hurried away; splashing through the wood, heedless of rattlesnakes or adders, nor stopped to meditate again till I found myself under the shelter of friend Pim's hospitable roof. I had, however, on my way up taken a look through my telescope of the ground over which the British canal ought to have been cut; and as far as that glance enabled me to judge, there are no engineering difficulties to be encountered.

Briggs, who had taken up his abode on the American side, ignorant of the comforts to be found at Pim's hotel, declared that the whole Canadian Parliament ought to be forthwith sent up, chained two and two, from opposite sides of the house, to form the canal before the Americans could finish theirs.

The chapel, I found, was built by the Rev. Mr.

M^cMurray, partly for the benefit of the few Protestant whites in the neighbourhood, and partly for that of the Indians, for whom a mission was then about being established. He, however, was appointed to some other sphere of usefulness, and the mission was withdrawn before the building was completed; and it was a matter of regret that no one on the spot seemed to trouble themselves further about the matter. I must, however, urge on the Bishop of Toronto the importance, if he cannot station a minister of the Gospel here, at all events of sending one up occasionally in the summer, when the journey can be performed with the greatest ease, and of finishing the almost-completed church. He would find a congregation, not only on the British side, but numbers would come from the American, where there is no Episcopal church; and it seems to me where souls are to be fed it matters not whence they come. There is a Jesuit mission at the "Soo;" indeed the Romanists have it all their own way, and keep the French Canadians, half-castes, and Indians, completely under their government.

This stone house, we hear, was built forty years ago by Captain Armitage, whose son is the proprietor. He established a fur-trade with the Indians by giving them good value for their skins, cut down many acres of trees, fenced them in with stout rails, built on the river a little mill, which only ground a bushel of wheat, a farm-house, and many outhouses now tumbling down. The stone house is a square building with a porch, and four large rooms on each story, now divided into smaller ones; it is furnished as comfortably as necessary, and never was there a more attentive landlord or landlady, nor have we tasted better provender since we landed in America. More especially do I remember with tender regard

Mary's delicious soufflé pancakes; but to Pim's deep regret that rogue Luis carried off the neat-handed Mary to make pancakes at an inn they were elsewhere about to establish. Besides excellent fishing there are snipe, woodcock, and wild fowl, ready to be shot; beautiful and interesting scenery down the river to be sketched; Indian wigwams to be visited, and Indian curiosities to be bought; a trip to Gros Cap in a canoe, and a descent down the rapids to be accomplished; excursions to be made along the east shores of Lake Superior to the mines in a steamer, or along the north coast in a canoe, with abundance of boating on the river; but of roads there are none, nor means that I could discover of penetrating into the interior on horseback.

A hard frost, making us fancy that winter was coming, ushered in the morning of the 29th September. I never have seen elsewhere the flakes of frost so large as those which covered every piece of timber about the house. The air was truly pure and bracing, and a warm sun soon dissipated the whiteness.

The most interesting trip from hence is to Gros Cap. The best way to perform it is in a large canoe, manned by five Indians, each of whom demands a dollar and a half or two dollars as pay. Send them by dawn above the rapids to wait at the Portage on the American side, and follow as soon as possible by land, so as to have all the day for the excursion. It takes seven or eight hours to get there, but less to return. Gros Cap is a lofty, precipitous, tree-covered promontory, seven hundred feet high, commanding an extensive view over Lake Superior, and along its eastern and northern shores. On returning, the exciting thing is to shoot the rapids, an operation, with steady boatmen, to be performed without any risk.

We had intended going there; but with the weather uncertain as it was, the days were too short to allow us to perform the trip without danger of being kept out longer than we thought advisable. I must, therefore, leave it to some more fortunate travellers to describe.

Canoche, an half-caste Indian, well known to Pim, is one of the best men to act as captain. The men ask high wages, as they can all make several dollars a-day by fishing. About six miles of the distance is through a narrow passage, and then nine miles across a wide bay in the open lake. Should a sea get up, it may be necessary to skirt along the shores of the bay, and so much prolong the voyage. Frail, however, as the canoe may appear for so long a trip, with a good crew, there is no danger, provided the passengers do not attempt to stand up or to press a sharp-pointed stick against the bottom.

We dined at the primitive hour of one, in company with the miner, the cooper who works in the old mill manufacturing fish-barrels, and one or two similar characters; but better-behaved men I do not desire to meet, besides which I was able to draw from them a good deal of interesting information. After dinner, we engaged Canoche to pull Pim's boat, and went up to the Hudson's Bay Company's post at the Rapids.

Our boatman was a most intelligent fellow, and in appearance far more white than red, his Indian blood showing only in the shape of his nose and eyes. Yet he is more than half-Indian, his mother being a squaw and his father half-caste; but though he married a half-caste wife, his children are all fair. He spoke English perfectly, as well as French and Chippewa.

The post is a neat white-washed edifice, partly built of

logs and partly frame, and surrounded by a paling. More in the interior, it would be a stockade. The log-building is infinitely the most comfortable, and when planked over looks very neat, and most effectually keeps out both cold and heat.

All the dwellings at the Hudson Bay Company's posts are of log; but their stores are frame-buildings. Mr. Hargraves, the superintendant, an old officer of the Company, with cordial hospitality invited us into the house, where he and his wife treated us with great kindness. We spent an hour with them most pleasantly, receiving a great deal of information about the country. Two years ago, having to move from York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, to his present post, as the shortest and least fatiguing route, he sent his wife and children to England direct; thence they again crossed the Atlantic to New York, and came, *viâ* Buffalo, to the "Soo." He, meantime, embarked in a canoe with seven Indians, taking a course through Lake Winnepeg, and after descending a number of rivers and traversing various chains of lakes, emerged at length near Fort William, on Lake Superior. The Company employ the half-castes about here as messengers and carriers to their various stations and posts in the interior. They are generally not so strong as either whites or Indians, and have a tendency to consumption. A large proportion of the children of the Company's officers sent to England for their education perish.

People in England have a very mistaken notion of the character of Indians. There are some fine, honourable, brave fellows; but Cooper's characters are altogether imaginative. Those living close to the white settlements, thanks, probably, to the instruction they receive, lie,

cheat, and steal, whenever opportunities offer; those in the interior are honest and truthful; but, according to an European's notion, arrant cowards. They never think of a stand-up fight, or of exposing themselves to any danger they can avoid. There is not, in fact, a warlike tribe on this side the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Hargraves has been among fiercer tribes, who sport bears'-claw collars, and rejoice over an enemy's scalp. "Ah," he continued, in his warm, genial Scotch; "but even with them there's no so much valour as ye would think; no, no. They'll be as proud if they can get the scalp off an auld wife, as if it was a first-rate warrior, and go about dancing, and yelling, and boasting, like frantic fools." They all murder their enemies if they can catch them unawares, but run away from them unless certain of victory. The greater number on this side the Rocky Mountains dress in blanket-coats, given by Government, and use fire-arms. Those on the plains use the bow and arrow to hunt the buffalo, and are braver and fonder of fighting. They, however, go about almost naked, and paint their bodies.

The Indians employed by the Company have an ingenious way of catching fish. They form across the soft bed of a river a sort of gridiron, with sides to it of sticks and thin poles, and then drive the fish down the stream into it, picking them out by thousands. This is done late in the autumn, as soon as the frost sets in. They are then frozen and piled up like bricks in the Company's stores for winter consumption. All their meat is kept frozen.

There are numerous settlements of half-castes throughout the Company's territories. The largest is on the Red River, where Dr. Anderson was sent as Bishop. They are

superior to those I have before described, and were they not thus brought within the pale of civilisation by being collected together, encouraged in the pursuit of agriculture, and by having clergymen, missionaries, and schoolmasters sent among them, would prove a somewhat dangerous ingredient in the social body. We shall hear some day of this hyperborean population, of whom the world has taken so little cognizance, forming a state and demanding a constitution. Even when a bishop was appointed, people wondered for what he could be required in so remote a region.

From the Indians we fell to talk of natural history. The black bear is found near Lake Superior, and in many parts south and west. He is a tame, good-natured beast; somewhat of an inquisitive disposition, and fond of maple-sugar and other sweets; but he never attacks the lords of the creation. The grizzly bear, however, is no respecter of persons, and shows fight on all occasions. Mr. Hargraves having caught a young one, took it to England; but it grew so big and so fierce on the passage, that the seamen could not approach it. The sea-life, probably, did not agree with its temper, so it was turned into bacon. He saw one on the shore near York Factory, and hastening out, it took to the water, when an Indian with him shot it dead. It proved to be one of the largest ever killed, so he sent the skin to the British Museum. He has been thirty years in the Company's service. With kind politeness he insisted on seeing us to our boat, and with many a sincere farewell, we parted from him.

We next steered our course for the rapids, on reaching which, Canoche poled the boat up to a point among the rocks, where the water running with less

violence, we could remain at rest, while we watched the proceedings of the scoop-fishermen. Though we lay so quietly in our little nook, we were close to the bubbling, foaming, leaping mass of roaring waters. Near us were some log-huts, where some wild-looking, red-skinned fishermen, and big Indian dogs, were lounging about, among a number of calves, chickens, goats, and children. It was pleasant to watch the waves, as, rushing over the rapids, they tossed and glanced in the low evening sun. Two steamers at anchor, far above us, looked very strange, as we saw them up this wild watery slope. On the other side, white frame-houses dotted the landscape; then there was the modest-looking Fort Brady, with the American flag flying, with a back-ground of low covered banks, with a beautiful sweep of the blue river below us and soft woods beyond.

In the centre of the picture soon appeared four, five, and then six canoes, two men in each, one paddling, the other managing the long propelling pole and scoop with its thin, pliant handle. The canoes lay floating side by side, till first one, then another, and then altogether, were urged strongly upwards into the midst of the rapids, riding merrily over the riotous waves. Now was the exciting moment; the bow-man, as he stood balanced with wonderful firmness in his frail bark, laying down his pole and seizing his nets, plunged it deep into the water, and while the canoe fell back to its station, he quickly swung round the scoop, and behold! on most occasions, a great fish wallopped in the long net pouch. We saw several fish thus caught of four or five pounds each. The scene was animating and beautiful; the latter quality due more to the bright evening light and the glittering waves than to the actual features of the land-

scape, as a beaming smile often imparts loveliness to a very ordinary face. For sixpence I became the possessor of two fine white-fish to serve for our supper and breakfast.

Canoche assures us that there is no danger in navigating the rapids by people accustomed to them. He knows only of three people drowned in them. On one occasion, six Americans put off from the Upper Portage in a large boat, and, unable to manage her, were carried by the current into the midst of the rapids, when she was speedily capsized. At first they all clung to the boat; but three of them, in the hopes of reaching the shore by swimming, struck off from her, and were soon sucked under and drowned. Two remained holding on to her keel and were ultimately picked up; a third poor fellow, however, was washed off by the foaming waves, and sinking, was carried hurriedly down the rapids beneath the waters. Now it happened that a half-caste Indian, who had not seen the accident, was spearing fish at the foot of the falls, when his quick eye detected a dark object, too large for an ordinary white-fish, floating some sixteen feet below the surface. Thinking it some curious monster, he darted his unerring spear at it, when, to his surprise and no little consternation, he brought up not a fish, but the body of a human being, speared only, however, through the leg of the trousers. Though the body gave no signs of animation, the fisherman fancied there might yet be life in him, and pulling his canoe to the shore, took him instantly to the house of a surgeon near at hand. Means for restoring life were at once resorted to with such success, that the nearly drowned man at length opened his eyes and finally recovered, living many

years afterwards to tell the tale, showing thereby that a man may, after all, be the better for being run through with a spear. Had, however, the weapon struck him in the body, he would have had a different tale to tell, or rather might, most probably, have been unable to tell any tale at all.



BURNT FOREST, NEAR SAULT ST. MARIE.

CHAPTER XII.

ON the last day of September, the weather continued so threatening as to compel us to abandon our intended excursion to the Gros Cap. After breakfast, therefore, not altogether to throw away the time, I engaged a little half-caste Canadian to act as my guide in penetrating through the burnt forest into the interior. With waterproof boots on my feet and my trusty Highland oak stick in my hand I sallied forth, gained the wooden church, traversed the region of charred wood, crossed

the ravine and the stream at its bottom by scrambling on hands and knees along a blackened log, whereby much of its sombre tint adhered to them, and again ascending, found myself on the confines of a new growth of trees, with the ground, however, of a nature so swampy, that it seemed impossible to plunge across it. There was certainly a path to the right, leading, as my guide told me, to "the sugar-bush;" but it seemed marked out more for the use of alligators and eels than for bipeds, so I declined pursuing it. Which way to turn I knew not, and yet I was certain that a path to lead me aright into the bush should exist; but the unrestrained roguish glance in the young monkey's eyes convinced me that he was resolved not to take a long walk, and that he had purposely led me through the swampy places instead of picking out the dry ground as he might have done.

A sugar-bush is the Canadian term, be it understood, for a maple forest, and very anxious I was to see one in its primitive condition just at that time of the year, especially when the leaves are beginning to assume their gorgeous livery of red and pink and many golden hues, and I wanted also to examine the trees which had been tapped to let the rich sap run forth from which the sugar is made; but after many attempts, I was obliged to abandon the undertaking and to own myself outwitted by the little urchin who pretended to be my guide. So perfect a little imp did he look, that had I seen him take a hop, skip, and a jump across the Rapids to the starry-bannered land of liberty, I should scarcely have been surprised.

As I was wandering about the high ground, looking down on Lake Superior and the foaming waters flowing from it, I came suddenly upon a solitary tomb—some

backwoodsman's humble grave. It was composed appropriately of logs of equal length, each layer three deep, placed at right angles to the other, so as to form a square. A few tall trees overshadowed it, a few others, hewn down with the hatchet, lay about; the work, it might seem, of the mouldering tenant of the spot. Lake Superior, into which the sun, with a warm, red glow, was dipping, when I visited it the following evening, lay beyond it. I noted it as a fitting subject for a picture or a poet's pen.*

On my way back I examined a snake-fence. It is thus formed:—At each end of a long thin log, a short piece of timber is placed. The log is then kept down by two stakes stuck firmly in the ground, and crossed over it. On the fork of these two stakes another log is placed, as are also the ends of the logs forming the continuance of the rail at an obtuse angle, from which it gains its name of snake-fence. These, again, are kept down by longer stakes, on the fork of which the upper and heaviest tier of logs is placed.

On my way through the swampy wood, I was furiously assailed by hosts of flies and midges; a slight taste, I suspect, of what one would have to experience in a summer ramble through the forest-wilds of Canada, and a sure indication of coming rain, which did not fail speedily to follow soon after I got housed. The day before, on going through this wood, I put up a brownish snake, very thin, and about five feet long. Fortunately, I did not attack him, and the reptile wriggled away into the bush. On getting to the inn I was told that he was of a very venomous character, and most tenacious of life. Pim, I think it was, asserted that our friend Luis, the Italian steward, encountered one of them in the woods,

* See vignette to first chapter.

when, with his accustomed bravery, he attacked it, and cut the reptile in two. What, however, was his horror, when the head portion turning round with fiery eyes, made chase after him along the grass! Human courage could not avail against so ferocious an antagonist. Luis fled as fast as his trembling legs would carry him, the snake pursuing full of vengeance dire against the man who had deprived him of his tail. Thus hastening on with pallid countenance and hair on end, the steward was met by a backwoodsman with a gun. Breathless, all he could ejaculate was, "De snake! de snake!" and sunk fainting on the ground. The man shot the snake and carried Luis to the inn, where Mary tended him till he recovered. For the truth of the tale I do not vouch, however.

Pim informed me that this district is forthwith to be formed into a county, that Colonel Prince is coming as chief magistrate or sheriff, and that the land is to be put up for sale. Now, as all the people here are squatters, they will either have to purchase the land on which their huts stand, or quit them. This causes great dismay among the half-caste fishing population, who, not being a saving race, are not likely to possess the necessary purchase-money. Indeed, it would be a disadvantage to the future town if they could, as they possess nearly all the best water-frontage. From its position, this should become a thriving place, as it may be made a *dépôt* for the trade with the mines, which will probably be opened in the course of a few years along the northern shores of Lake Superior. The ground in the neighbourhood must afford good pasturage, judging from the appearance of the cattle which feed on it, but it appears too cold and swampy for agricultural purposes. However, I was told that fair

ground for farms is to be found at no great distance. A British canal would have much contributed to the success of a town on the spot, but even with the aid of the canal on the opposite side, it might become a flourishing place.

At present five steamers come up here during the week. The Garden City, the finest of them all, should leave this on Monday for Chicago, and by her we intended to go; but from the bad weather or some accident, she did not make her appearance. The Kaloolah leaves on Tuesday, the Albany on Wednesday, the Northerner (a high-pressure boat) on Friday, and the Pacific on Saturday for Detroit. The stormy weather had, however, thrown them so entirely out of their usual course, that it puzzled us much to know by which to proceed. We had no intention of remaining so many days in a place possessing so small an amount of interest as the "Soo," unable as we were to make excursions from it; but baited with the hopes of seeing the Garden City, we were completely entrapped. Fearing to miss her, we did not even make an excursion by steamer to one of the American mining-stations, which we might, without much difficulty, have done, and I fancy they are well worthy of a visit.

The weather clearing up one afternoon, I acting as crew, we pulled across in Pim's boat to the American "Soo," for the purpose of getting some peaches, having purchased some very delicious ones on a former occasion, but none were to be procured, for as they ripen only some seven or eight hundred miles off—the supply depends on the arrival of the steamers. We saw also melons, water-melons, and other fruit, which come from a still greater distance, and which, being so unsuitable for food in so

cold a climate, the medical man here told me he considered caused much illness. However that may be, it served to show how, by means of railways and steamers, the luxuries of a southern clime, its rich and juicy fruits, may be brought to the door of the distant hyperborean log-huts.

Our dinner-companion, the stout Cornish mining captain, is an intelligent fellow, and I managed to dig a good deal of information out of his huge body. Having received very high wages while at work, he now spends them, in his own estimation, like a gentleman. He showed me some beautiful specimens of copper ore, and other products of subterranean regions, which he cherished as he might have done had they been of gold. On his trip along the north shore of Lake Superior, he discovered numerous and certain indications of rich mines. There is a fine sandy beach along the whole coast, with the exception of about nine miles, where the rocks rise sheer out of the water. He told us how on landing one day he came suddenly on the bones of a man still covered with his clothes, but that the "varmint" had eaten all the flesh off him. His canoe, broken to pieces, lay close to him. He probably had been seized with some illness while paddling along the coast, and unable to manage his canoe, had been cast on shore and died of hunger.

The cooper who makes barrels for the exportation of fish caught in the lakes, told me that some thousand casks, each weighing about 200 lbs., are annually sent from this district. Salt is brought up by traders, carried across the portage, and embarked in Mackinaw boats to be conveyed to the shore near where the fish are taken, and where they are cleaned, salted, and packed. By far the largest quantity of the fish caught are white-fish;

then come trout, and then the luscious sciscowett. Of these taken, there are two sorts distinguished by the different tints of their pink colour. The cooper affirmed that they are a fresh-water salmon; but except in the colour of their flesh, I could discover no similarity. They are most delicious, though very rich when properly cooked; but unless placed before the fire with great care, they are of a nature so oleaginous, that they will melt away till nothing but their bones and skin remain. Many a hungry stranger, in expectation of a rich dinner, has thus been cruelly disappointed, as was the furious polka-dancing youth in the dog-days, who, going to get an ice for his somewhat fat, yet fair partner, found, to his sorrow, on his return that she had dwindled into her satin shoes. A pint of oil can be produced from one sciscowett. There are also fresh-water herrings, similar in most respects to those which inhabit the salt ocean. In the spring they are very rich, but at other times dry. There are excellent harbours all along the British coast of Lake Superior fitted for fishing-stations; but he asserted, what I heard very strongly contradicted, that the Hudson's Bay Company oppose every attempt made to establish such stations, and that their agents instigate the Indians to destroy the nets, huts, boats, and barrels of the fishermen, and to offer them every other annoyance in their power. My informant, it must be remembered, was a wild backwoodsman. "Aye," he added, "if they had treated me so, I'd have been like to put a rifle-bullet through the head of one of them!" I tried to persuade him that such was not the Christian nor the worldly-wise way of settling a difficult question, and promised that I would make his tale known as far as I could. He shook his head as he replied yet unconvinced,

“ Well, well, if I'd a shot two or three on 'em, it would have put 'em off from trying suchlike jokes again, I guess.” As I looked at the young man's cold grey eye, I felt that if he was not already a homicide, he would not scruple to be guilty of such an act. At all events, there can be no doubt that those magnificent inland seas afford an abundance of delicious and wholesome food for thousands of human beings, and that they may become a source of wealth to any who have the necessary capital, and knowledge, and energy, to come and take it.

The fish are mostly taken in gill-nets, like the ordinary deep-sea net, about thirty fathoms in length, with leads and floats. They were introduced on the lakes by a Brazilian fisherman, and soon superseded the sein before in use. About sixty small boats are employed on the lake in fishing. Some are owned by the fishermen themselves, and others by the fish-traders, who, however, supply the salt to both parties. A good many white men are employed, chiefly Americans, but the larger number are half-castes. As their chief market is found in the States, the boats must all be under the American flag, otherwise their present tariff would prevent the importation of the fish.* The men live in tents and wigwams on the beach while they cure the fish. The bateaux, which bring up the salt and barrels, return about every two months with their full cargoes.

On further cross-questioning the cooper, I drew from him that the Hudson's Bay Company had not of late attempted to interfere with the fisheries. They certainly, however, appear to be in bad odour in these regions, partly, perhaps, because the ill blood between them and the

* This was written before the present commercial treaty between the United States and Canada was in force.

North-West American Company is not forgotten, and partly because the pursuits they encourage are not compatible with advancing civilisation. Before its tide they must inevitably retire, and it is worse than folly if their agents are permitted to oppose it. I believe they have, in a degree, benefited the Indians by encouraging them in the pursuits of partial civilisation, and have done their best to keep from them the baneful fire-water, whatever might have been their motive for so doing. Perhaps even without this means the Red man in the North would have diminished as rapidly as have those near the Canadian and United States borders. Mr. Hargraves, indeed, insists that the Indian race is not dying out, but that, amalgamating with the white, it will ultimately form a separate type, the red merging in the stronger race of the white. I cannot say that I think facts bear out his theory; for in the localities I visited where now dwell a few ill-conditioned half-castes, once powerful tribes of warlike Indians owned the land. Whither also have gone the people who once roamed through the wide-spreading lands now inhabited by the Anglo-Saxon race? Perhaps in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories the number of half-castes equal that of the pure Indian stock, who found subsistence there before the advent of the white traders; but as by all ordinary rules, civilisation should enable a far greater number of persons to exist in a country than could by possibility do so in a state of barbarism, it is only proved that in this case civilisation, rather than amalgamation, has retarded the total extinction of the red blood when brought in contact with the white man. He had, indeed, before told me that the offspring of the two were of far weaker constitutions than their parents; and such being the case, they are

unlikely to escape the doom awarded apparently to the race of the darker blood.

The officers of the Company are, of course, in duty bound to place in the best possible light the proceedings of the body to which they belong, and who are undoubtedly composed of a most respectable and individually honourable class of men, from Sir George Simpson downwards; but these are not days for monopolies, or if a monopoly is in special instances allowed to exist, its transactions should be made manifest in the broad light of day, as it is the duty of those charged with the interests of the British public, of humanity, and of national honour, to take jealous care that neither are betrayed, by watching, with lynx-eyed scrutiny, the proceedings of the monopolists.

I must now tell a sad tale, the particulars of which I learned chiefly at the "Soo," from several persons who knew well those principally concerned. Some years ago Mr. Catlin, the well-known exhibitor of North American Indian curiosities, and exemplifier of the manners and customs of the people, in his anxiety to cater for the amusement, if not instruction, of the British public, bethought him of collecting a band of real live Chipewas, and of carrying them to that most civilised portion of the globe, London, and to its most civilised quarter, Regent Street itself; where they might show to astonished multitudes how the Red man in his native wilds danced his war-dance and sung his war-song, tomahawked and scalped, tortured and triumphed, over his victim; or when, in less ferocious mood, he danced the dance or smoked the calumet of peace, drove his sleigh, paddled his canoe, or harangued his tribe or family. The idea was excellent, doubtless, but its execution far

from easy. An hyena, even of the laughing species, may be caught, if not tamed; an elephant may be taught to stand on his head, and a lion or tiger may be made to lie down at their keeper's bidding; but the wild man of the forest, savage though he be, is one of the lords of the creation, and believing in the sweets of liberty, is too wary to be caught, or, if caught, to be tortured into the habits of civilisation, still less to obey the orders of a white man for such a pittance as he could offer. Of this the indefatigable exhibitor soon became aware, and though he could not bring over a wild chieftain and his band of Red braves, he could with comparative ease tempt any number of tame Chippewas, or their brown-tinted descendants, with magnificent promises of an unlimited supply of rum, to follow him round the world, to dance, or sing, or scalp, either in fact or in fiction, whenever he might bid them. The requisite number to perform the scalp-dance of war, or the fox-jump of peace, were soon collected in the outskirts of the "Soo" itself; but a chieftain was wanting who might in appearance, if not in deed, give dignity to his exalted rank. Now, there dwelt at the said town of the "Soo" a fine-looking fellow, a carpenter by trade, of French descent, whose mother, or grandmother rather, was a squaw. Besides French and English he spoke the Chippewa and other Indian dialects, and having been much among them was completely conversant with their habits and customs. He had, too, been employed as interpreter on those occasions when the Indian tribes assemble to receive presents from the Government, as bribes to keep them on their good behaviour. Here was the very man to suit the exhibitor's purpose. If not a real chieftain, an unlimited supply of red and yellow ochre, birds' feathers, foxes'

tails and teeth, deer's skins, beads, and bears' claws, would make him every whit as good as one, besides being much better able to explain to all inquisitive inquirers the customs and habits of the tribe whom he and his companions so admirably represented. An overture was made, the terms were agreed on, the bargain was struck; and Luis Cadotte, laying aside his saw and hammer, turned his talents, evidently intended for a higher sphere, towards a new field more suited for their display. In course of time the exhibitor, with his wild Indians and other stage properties, arrived in London; and there, I need not tell how successfully they competed in interesting an enlightened public with Bushmen, Siamese twins, Esquimaux, elephants, and the happy family. Luis Cadotte played his part to perfection; looking every inch the chieftain, as he described, in glowing terms, to his admiring audience, the pleasures of a freedom unrestrained by the heavy shackles of civilisation, the delights of a wild life in the far-off forests of America, where thousands of brave warriors were ready to follow their chief to battle, or to obey his slightest behests. These and many other tales did he tell, of gallant deeds performed, of hairbreadth escapes, of adventures on shining lakes and glittering streams, of buffalo-hunts and deer-hunts, of burning forests and blazing prairies; in truth, not an incident of which romance-writers have taken full advantage escaped his appropriate illustration, sketched out for him by the well-practised proprietor of the exhibition. Now comes the serious part of my history. Among the crowd of visitors to the spectacle was a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy and highly-respectable citizen of London. She was handsome, virtuous, amiable, and accomplished, as far as a knowledge of music

and languages could make her so, and well read in much elegant literature, especially of Cooper's unrivalled romances. Of an enthusiastic and poetical disposition, her imagination pictured scenes and circumstances which had no existence except in her own ill-regulated or disordered mind. With credulous ear she listened to the tales flowing so glibly from Luis Cadotte's facile tongue. She taught herself at length to believe that he was himself the heroic chieftain he so artfully described. Again and again she went and listened to the guileful serpent—the rich blood mantling to her cheek, her eloquent eyes, her breathless attention as he spoke, soon showed him the power he possessed. He inquired, and heard that she was wealthy, or would possess what to him would be wealth. On this, growing bold, he talked of love and happiness to be culled in the far-off parts of his native land. Perhaps he persuaded himself that he spoke but the truth, and that he really loved the hapless girl. He never told her that he was a chieftain, but she would make him so in spite of himself. Her heart was no light or wanton thing. It was formed for love; but to love but one, and for once. Fearful was the stake for which she threw her all. They often met, and with pride and joy (how miserably to be disappointed!) she consented to become the bride of the supposed chieftain, and to accompany him to his woodland home across the Atlantic. Her relations and friends in vain endeavoured to persuade her to abandon her mad project. She was firm in her resolution; she had pledged her word to one worthy of her, she said, and would redeem it. It seems strange that all her friends should have failed to detect the real character of the man, and should have entertained with her the preposterous notion, that a proud Red chieftain

would consent to come and exhibit himself before a gaping crowd of white faces. That the exhibitor himself should not have warned her or her friends of the real position of Cadotte speaks little in his favour; but that some of the unhappy girl's acquaintance, who, if ignorant that Cadotte was not what he appeared, at all events knew sufficiently of the life of an Indian to be aware that an English girl of refined habits could not fail to be miserable as the sharer of his wigwam, even should she escape being brought down to the level of the squaws with whom she would have to consort, should not have endeavoured, by every means in their power, to open her eyes to the reality of the dreadful condition to which she was reducing herself, was most cruel and unpardonable. "They could not interfere, she was not a daughter of theirs—she might fancy the life, though the fancy was a strange one;" and uttering similar frivolous excuses, they allowed, with unmanly cowardice, the misguided victim of credulity to rush to her destruction. The proposed marriage between a handsome English lady and a Chippewa chief became the subject of conversation for some days, if not weeks, in London, and did not fail to bring grist to the mill of Mr. Catlin, as numbers crowded to the exhibition to see the distinguished and happy bridegroom elect. Some few, with a slight sensation of pity, regretted that a Christian girl was about to marry a heathen; but that he was one Cadotte indignantly denied, affirming that not only was he a Christian, but a true son of holy mother Church, a pious subject of the Pope. The poor girl's unhappy father, partly, like others, deceived, having exhausted all his influence to prevent the inauspicious union, gave his reluctant consent, and promised to make some allowance for her support. At

length the term for which the Indian troop had been engaged having expired, Cadotte and his bride sailed for the land where his supposed government existed. She took with her her piano and books, and several articles of elegant furniture, an abundant supply of fashionable dresses, and many luxuries for the toilette. Arriving in the St. Lawrence, they proceeded at first to a backwood village on the shores of one of the great lakes. Here the now doubting bride began to inquire when they were to reach the chieftain's country, of which her lord had so eloquently spoken. A shout of brutal laughter was his first reply; the next, the fire-water mounting to his brain, a blow, not once, but often repeated. Then the eyes of the loving, devoted, and infatuated woman began to open, and soon she felt convinced how grossly she had been deceived. For two long years she endured, uncomplainingly, this existence, supporting her husband with the remittances she received from home; but at length he grew tired of the place, and resolved to return to his native village at the Sault St. Marie. Any change to her was welcome. Perhaps even then she expected to find that he was really the chief she had supposed. Still carrying her piano and furniture she reached the village of the "Sault." Here she was taken, in the first instance, to a miserable log-hut; but it appears, either from his finding occupation at his former trade to employ his time, or from his heart softening towards his unhappy wife, that Cadotte no longer treated her with his former brutality. Her friends had in the meantime heard of her miserable condition, and frequently offered to receive her back should she desire to return to her home, but she positively refused to quit her husband on any terms. With a noble and virtuous spirit, she replied that she had

become his wife for better or for worse ; that if he was bad, the more was it her duty to remain and endeavour to reform him ; and that if he had deceived her, it was his love for her had persuaded him to the act, while she confessed that she had deceived herself. She now sought for comfort at the only source where, either in prosperity or affliction, true comfort can be found ; but, alas ! no minister of her own faith was there to give counsel to her distressed heart. But there were priests of Rome, and they soon obtained that mastery over her mind they ever seek to possess. She became a Roman Catholic : through their aid her husband built a better house, and by their admonitions ceased to ill-treat her. They also enabled her to open a school for the children of their faith, which contributed to her support. Her great hope, it was said, in thus assimilating her faith to that of her husband was to reform him. She believed that she perceived the germ of better things within his dark soul, and she trusted to draw them forth, and see them fructify. Was it possible after the deception practised on her that she could still love on ? No, the idol she had once adored had proved a hideous monster—her love had fled, and her heart was breaking. Yet to the last she refused to leave him, with her English home, comfort, and a kind welcome, offered her ; her sole earthly desire to see him better prepared for the eternity to which she was herself so rapidly hastening. And thus she died and slept at last in peace—another of the many examples of woman's folly, and of woman's constancy, and of severe and bitter punishment for one fault. No sooner was she dead than her prayers seemed answered. Cadotte was inconsolable, and obtaining leave from his employers for a week, he devoted it to building a tomb over her grave. Here every even-

ing, it is said, he goes, and, moaning, prays for her his cruelty has destroyed. From that time he became an altered man. Shunning society, as soon as his daily work was done he would retire to his hut, where he would read and meditate half the night through. Thus, it is said, he still occupies his time. When we were at the Sault he was engaged on the works of the new canal. Thus ends my tale.

The latter portion I heard from an American merchant, who had been residing at the Sault and knew Cadotte thoroughly. He said that he was one of the few in whom he had any confidence, that he would come and sit with him for hours together, and unburden his heart to him; and that, while confessing numerous faults, he most emphatically denied having intentionally deceived the English girl, or knowingly tempted her to her fate.

Nearly every day I spent at the Sault I found my way up to the chapel, whence I could look down on the rapids and neck of land where the British canal ought to have been; and I own that as I looked I did not feel so proud of my countrymen as I could have wished. For hundreds of miles from the spot there is not a road on British ground; yet the Americans have long had a good one across their portage, while the British portage is almost impassable. They have numerous mines at work, and towns springing up, on the shores of Lake Superior; the Canadians have none. They have seven steamers ploughing its waters; the Canadians have none. Eight or ten steamers under the stars and stripes run between St. Marie and the ports of Detroit, Chicago, and many others; the *Kaloolah* is the only one under the British flag, and she visits the place but once in the week.

The Americans have a thriving town, with a fort and a garrison, two large inns, and other houses of entertainment; our friend Pim is the sole unofficial upholder of the British name across the straits; while Mr. Wilson maintains the dignity of the British empire by representing, in his single person, the character of Chief Magistrate, Postmaster-General, the Board of Trade, and holding, for what I know to the contrary, several other posts of honour, if not of emolument. The Americans, also, have buildings in which different sects worship God; the British have only the little unfinished chapel which, like a good resolution not carried out, stands as a testimony against them. Feeling that it was the duty of any man capable of performing the service of the Church of England to worship God in public, I begged our landlord to assemble all he could find on the Sunday morning, hoping to offer up prayers with them, and to read a sermon afterwards; but though Pim seemed much pleased with the proposal, the result proved the melancholy consequences of the habitual neglect of His ordinances from whom all blessings flow. Alas! when the time arrived, excuses alone came. Mr. — was unwell, Mrs. P — was dressing, Mrs. — had the baby, Mary was busy with the dinner, and so on. I mention the circumstance, not to find fault with the persons concerned in the present instance, but to remark on the effect which the want of God's ministers produces, and to urge on the laymen of Canada and our colonies generally, as well as on the bishops and other ecclesiastical authorities, the importance of sending travelling missionaries throughout the country to collect the scattered people when and where they can, to offer prayers to God, and to deliver the messages of His grace.

Busy, indeed, had been Mary with the dinner, for we were summoned to eat it at half-past twelve. Afterwards, to our no little satisfaction, the Pacific from Detroit came in; and hearing that she would depart the same evening, we crossed the river with Canoche, to secure a passage by her instead of waiting for the vessel to Chicago, which might not after all arrive, and we had no wish to stay another day at the "Soo." Finding, on reaching the American shore, that the steamer would not be off till late at night, we took a real walk along a fine, broad road, a luxury not to be enjoyed on the British side; then we returned to pack up and have an early tea, so as to recross by daylight. Our vexation was not small when on going back we were told, with the most provoking coolness, that the Pacific would not start till some time the following morning; so we had to row over the river for the fourth time, again to take up our quarters at the inn. By the by, I must do justice to the moderation of Pim's charges, which did not exceed a dollar a-day for each person, and on this occasion he refused to accept more than a small trifle in addition for our night's lodging and breakfast.

On Monday, the 3d of October, at an early hour, we made our last breakfast on white-fish, strapped up, shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Pim, the fat Cornish miner, and the rights-of-man-believing cooper, and, Canoche being our Charon, finally crossed the St. Marie Strait to the land of Liberty. The morning was lovely, and we anticipated a delightful paddle and full enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, when, again, our hopes were disappointed by being told that the Pacific would wait for the Manhattan expected in from Lake Superior. With many a grudge at the loss of that magnificent day in the

little uninteresting town of the "Soo," we waited hour after hour in the hopes of starting. Again, we walked past Fort Brady, with its white-washed palisades and mushroom-looking little towers at the four corners,—a castle, I should think, unrivalled in modern architecture.

On the green sward before the gates an awkward squad of matchless awkwardness, in blue shell-jackets, were drilling under a corporal with the most powerful Irish brogue, evidently imported lately from the bogs of Kilkenny. The physiognomies of most of the men betokened them to have come from the same Green Isle, though some were undoubtedly Germans or Dutch. We watched them, much amused at seeing one give his front file a punch in the small of the back to make him move faster, and another a kick in a less honourable part, apparently with the same object in view.

We dined at Van-Anden's big wooden hotel at one o'clock, in company with Mr. Wilson, the British magistrate at the "Soo," and several residents of the place whom we had met before. We were attended by two quiet damsels and a moustachioed, imperialled, hyacinthine-locked Apollo of a waiter, who, while we were still at the table, sat down at the head of it, to the roast beef and other comestibles we had left. As we were going out, I inquired whom I was to pay for our dinner, when Apollo, without rising from his seat, stretched out his hand and took my dollar with the most sublime and truly impressive indifference.

In the parlour, a small room with all the windows closed, and, exquisite as was the day, with a stove absolutely red-hot, we found two women in rocking-chairs, with their feet on its edge, complaining mournfully of sick headaches. I afterwards, on board the steamer,

expatiated largely on the destructive effects to female beauty of hot stoves and mixtures of sweet things and rich food.

Mr. Wilson assured me, that the Hudson's Bay Company do not interfere with any one fishing on the coast of Lake Superior. Their own people catch as many fish as are required for their wants, and there is an abundance for all. Though there is much fishing on the British shore, and many British subjects, whites and half-castes, are employed, the boats and capital are all American. I consulted him about sending out a party of Shetlanders to these regions (an idea I had for some time entertained); and he was of opinion they would most certainly thrive. In Shetland they all cultivate small farms or crofts, aided actively by the women, and are, at the same time, bold and successful fishermen. Boat-builders, he told me, would succeed, as there is a great and increasing demand for boats. I afterwards communicated with the Canadian Government on the subject, and received every encouragement from them to carry out my plan. The land, Mr. Wilson assured me, some little way from the shore on the British side where there is a maple-bush, is excellent for all agricultural purposes.

Alack! how we wandered up and down that day!—sometimes on board, sometimes on the quays—sometimes towards Lake Superior, sometimes towards Fort Brady—till at last we saw the rear of the van which had been waiting for the Manhattan's passengers disappear round the corner, and with hope of emancipation reviving within us, once more repairing on board, we sat down in the saloon among other weary mortals and awaited our fate. In the course of half-an-hour big fellows with

little carpet-bags began to come on board, the first bell rang, and we, to express our satisfaction, gave a subdued "Hip, hip, hurrah!" and felt more amiable. Then some stir occurred on the wharf, where dull apathy had reigned all day—a clatter of plates in the saloon betokened preparations for tea. The second bell rang. Female friends came to see others off, got afraid of being carried away, and men had to go and make inquiries to pacify them. The third bell rang. Away they hurried. There was a shouting and a heaving of ropes, a fizzing and a splash, and the Pacific was positively moving. Now, as if a weight were removed, upsprang our elastic spirits—the bright evening seemed brighter, and the golden and crimson hues of sunset attracted our eyes, and excited an interest of which a few minutes before we had felt incapable. Thus, probably for ever, we bade adieu to the Sault St. Marie.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE quiet features of the landscape wore their sweetest smile as we were borne down the blue stream of the St. Marie. The ripple of our wake glowed with a rosy light; several quick-gliding canoes, and a large boat with white canvass passed between us and the setting sun, whose level rays rested with a calm mild radiance on the woodland shores and lonely log-huts which ever and anon peeped forth as we glided by.

We stopped for the night twelve miles from the Sault, that certain sand-banks might be passed by daylight, and that the ship might be stored with fuel. Huge piles lay on the bank, and soon, with much noise, and torches waving to and fro, were brought on board. Then, as we stood on the small verandah deck, happily deserted by the rest of the passengers, silence and a deeper darkness settled over us. Lights gleamed at a distance from Indian huts across the lake-like stream; as the stars shone out, their soft reflexions looked steadily up at us, scarcely quivering on the placid surface beneath. Canoes came noiselessly gliding from out of the obscurity and crept stealthily round the steamer. One was paddled by

women, and they were singing a low mournful chant, which, coming from afar, struck melodiously on our ears—in truth, the beauty of the scene recompensed us for the delay. We stood there for long and talked of Niagara, for we were now fairly on our way to see it as we conceived it should be seen.

The rest of the passengers sat round a fearfully hot stove, the stifling smell from which, as pacing backwards and forwards we passed the open door of the saloon, actually oppressed us. Yet these people remained under its malign influence the whole evening through. No wonder so many women look dull-eyed and pasty. There was heat enough in the place to stew an oyster.

Our companions were not the most delectable specimens of humanity—mostly petty shop-keepers from the new settlements on Lake Superior, with whom the rough miners and backwoodsmen bore a favourable comparison: yet they were all as civil to us as we could desire. The gregarious habits of the lower orders of Americans teach them a courtesy and forbearance towards their associates which English people of the same class do not possess.

All were not alike. We had an agreeable man, who gave me the curious tale of Cadotte's life, and there was a gentlemanly young officer relieved from his post at Fort Brady. From what he said, the officers of the United States' army have decidedly aristocratical tendencies, and would willingly interpose a barrier to the progress of democracy. They are, in consequence, looked on with no little suspicion and with small love by the people. No British scion of nobility could be more anti-republican in his feelings than was our young friend,

and yet he was a thorough patriotic American. The men are well disciplined, and being, with few exceptions, strangers from all parts of the world, obey their officers from instinct, and follow those who pay them. Knowing this, I was amused at the boast of my young friend that the American army fight as patriots to defend their hearths and homes.

“I ask pardon,” I continued, laughing; “truly the fellows we saw yesterday don’t dream much of patriotism; nor did your men in the Mexican war of their hearths and homes.”

“Well, no; perhaps not: but our militia are patriotic,” he replied.

“Granted willingly,” said I. “I believe that not a more patriotic, braver body of men exist than the United States militia, nor have they degenerated from those who won the independence of your people.”

I had taken a cabin on the lee-side, the wind holding, as I expected, from the west, and thus we were able to sit with our door opening on the deck pleasantly sheltered, and as exclusive as we desired in our society.

A perfectly lovely sunrise awoke us the next morning, and most luxuriously we indulged ourselves in gazing at it through the cabin windows without getting off our shelves, our steamer meantime hurrying towards the open lake. First when we looked out, the whole sky was tinged with a bright glow of yellow and red, every instant changing, till the sun, like a ball of glittering gold, shone forth from among the branches of the feathery pine-trees covering the numerous islands among which we were threading our way. Truly these sunrises and sunsets on the lake are beautiful, but all else sadly unsatisfactory—vanity and vexation of spirit.

We were compelled, however, to choose between romance and reality, to get up or to lose our breakfast. So, as the inward man would not agree to do the latter, we had, much against our will, to appear in the world. Our repasts on board this vessel were even more hurried than usual, for there was what I should scarcely have expected in so republican a part of the country, a second table, the sitters at which being the hungry stewards themselves, they used to spirit off the provender with such lightning-like rapidity, that we had rarely got through one quarter of our meals before we were deserted by our companions, and had to lay violent hands on any dishes within our reach to save ourselves from starvation, while I humbly requested the expectant feeders, not regarding our presence, to fall to and eat. This they generally did very much to my satisfaction, and I hope to theirs.

Running along with the end of the Great Manitoulin on our left, at about ten o'clock we emerged into Lake Huron, then looking bright, and beautiful, and calm. We soon afterwards passed, with many regrets at being unable to visit it, the curious island of Mackinaw, rising like a blue hillock out of the glittering waters in the far distance. Often we saw a whole fleet of vessels together on these remote waters, several of them large three-masted schooners, with taunt masts and a wide spread of white canvass, but there was little to interest us during the rest of the day.

At night it came on to blow, thunder, lighten, and rain, and continued so long that we began to question whether the amount of pleasure to be found on these great lakes could counterbalance the disagreeables they so liberally provide at the time of the year we had taken

to traverse them. At about ten in the morning, however, the storm blew off, and with a bright cheering sunshine, we entered the River St. Clair, here about half a mile wide.

We had now many objects on either hand to interest us. On the Canadian shore was the neat and pretty little town of Sarnia, about to become the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway. Two steamers lay there; while on the American side was Port Huron, a thriving-looking place. In strong contrast to them, we came shortly after to an Indian reserve on Canadian territory, all forest or wild land, a few miserable wigwams only appearing here and there, while a canoe passed us, paddled by two uncouth, dark-skinned squaws. The whirling eddies of the dark blue waters showed how rapidly the current ran which bore us on to Niagara.

The Canadian shore was the most interesting, though both sides wore an air of advancing civilisation. There were villages and farm-houses, corn-fields and meadows, rustic cottages and log-huts, sheep and oxen feeding; township cuttings striking up through the forest in a far away perspective; railways begun; ordinary roads, with carts and carriages running on them; steamers and other boats plying along shore, added to which, the sky was bright, the air was pure, and the maple-groves and many forest-trees had already begun to assume the rich and varied tints of crimson, red, and pink; of yellow, purple, and of brown, in which autumn, in seemingly fantastic mood, delights to deck them.

At about one o'clock, emerging from the Straits, we found ourselves amid a wide expanse of green rushes on the waters of Lake St. Clair, which, from its name, I suppose, I had all my life been accustomed to fancy must

be a most lovely and romantic sheet of water. In reality, the shores being rather low, and itself too small to excite the imagination, it is the least interesting of all the lakes.

Towards three o'clock, we entered the River Detroit, or narrow river, very appropriately so called, with a number of windmills, speaking loudly of agricultural prosperity on the Canadian shore; and an hour afterwards we arrived off the American town of Detroit, which, with numerous spires of churches towering above handsome buildings, has from the water a somewhat imposing appearance, while the number of steamers and other vessels at the quays, and the general stir and bustle in their neighbourhood, showed that there must be a considerable amount of commercial business transacting. A variety of omnibuses, cars, carriages, and vehicles, awaited our arrival on the wharf, so closely packed, that it appeared impossible to pass them. While one set of ticketed porters took charge of our luggage, we found ourselves handed into an airy and clean omnibus, to be conveyed to the National Hotel, which we had heard well spoken of. How we were to get through the throng of carriages standing hither and thither across the noses of our 'bus horses, seemed a puzzle; for one and all were deserted by their Irish drivers, who had gone to "devart" themselves by seeing the passengers land, and perhaps pick up a fare. However, our driver, a genuine Yankee, mounted his box, and by snapping his whip at one pair of steeds, cajoling a second, calling "Get out there!" to a third, shouting to a fourth, they began to back, and to side, and in the funniest manner possible a way was cleared for our exit without the intervention of any other human being. Passing through

several fine broad streets, with good houses and handsome shops, we stopped in an open space before the National Hotel, which showed an imposing front, and had a flight of many steps leading up to its first floor.

We found it very clean and most comfortable. It was handsomely, but not gaudily, furnished; the master was very civil and his servants attentive, and altogether it was as nice an hotel as any we had seen.

Before tea was ready, we took a walk through the town. First we went along a broad street of detached houses, or rather villas, of considerable size and of various styles of architecture. If not elegant, they were thoroughly comfortable-looking; then we turned into one full of factories, our ears being assailed by the roaring of bellows, the hammering at steam-boilers, the clank of engines, while huge masses of machinery met our eyes, and smoke and dust came raining down on our heads. Gratifying as were these signs of prosperity, we hastened away from the deafening din into another street, lined with handsome shops, where we made some purchases at about the same price we should have paid in Oxford Street. All the streets are broad, and in many trees have been planted on both sides of the road,—a custom of which I am most especially fond. It contains from 20,000 to 25,000 inhabitants, to whom no little credit is due for building so neat and pretty a town.

We rose at six, and found an excellent breakfast on the table at seven; after partaking of which, and being handed to our omnibus by the head clerk, and politely bowed out by the master, we embarked on board the Buckeye State steamer, bound for Buffalo. The crush to get tickets on board was frightful; and anxious to

secure a cabin for my wife, I had to fight my way up to the counter where the clerk was serving them out. I then, having exhausted all my dollar notes, tendered him English sovereigns, which he refused at first to take; and when he did, would not allow their proper value for them. However, this was one of the very few occasions on which I met with any incivility in the States.

One or two other vessels which ought to have gone during the previous week to Buffalo having broken down or blown up during the bad weather, the Buckeye State had an undue share of passengers, which circumstance made our voyage through Lake Erie very far from pleasant.

Opposite Detroit is the Canadian town of Sandwich, at which, as we remained an hour on board before starting, we had an abundance of time to gaze. It consists of a large number of neat and many very pretty houses surrounded by gardens, so that from the water it looks like a town of villas. It is now the terminus of the Great Western Railway; and must, in addition to that, with its extensive water communication, become a place of considerable importance. We had thought of crossing to it, and from thence travelling overland to Niagara, London, and Hamilton; but as we should then have had to abandon our plan of gliding down the waters of Niagara, we kept to our original intention.

The next Canadian place we came to was Malden, just at the entrance of Lake Erie. It appeared to consist chiefly of cottages closely packed together. The shores of Lake Erie near the Detroit River are composed of a succession of low sandy cliffs, fringed on the top with lofty trees, from among which appeared a number of pretty cottages and cultivated farms; while lakewards

several wooded islands floated sleepily on the blue waters, making a view, altogether aided by a bright sunshine, of much interest and beauty.

We had some curious specimens of humanity among the heterogeneous crowd on board. One lady, a cabin passenger, was smoking a short pipe of strong tobacco all day—a “dudeen” it would be called in Ireland; and she would persist in coming and sitting next to us wherever we moved. I fancy that she had the same taste for the picturesque that we had, and consequently came to the side whence the views most pleased her; but she spoke not a word to us, or to any one else that I saw.

As we sat on deck two women, after long examining us, came forward; one of them addressing me with “Please, sir, let me look through your glass.” I thought she meant my telescope, but she pointed to my eye-glass; and without giving me time to take the ribbon off my neck, down she went on her knees by my side; and with many contortions of visage peeped earnestly through the glass, while I sat perfectly unconcerned, wondering what she would next do. “Well,” said the damsel at last, “I can’t see nothing. We thought it was an opera-glass.”

A civil stewardess I had asked to attend my wife in her cabin, replied, excusing herself for the moment on the plea of pre-occupation, “After that, sir, I’ll come and fix your missus right away.”

We saw many lovely sunsets, but none more beautiful than that on Lake Erie. The most delicate tints of red, pink, yellow, and green blending softly into each other with a perfect velvety look, covered the greater portion of the sky, except the space overhead, which was mottled like a trout’s back. Though the sign, as it proved, of

fine weather, the night to our cost was bitterly cold ; and as the state-room, awarded to us after all my struggling, being close to the engine and horribly odorous, was totally uninhabitable, we were compelled to sit up in the saloon the live-long night by the side of the stove, a murderous draught pervading the whole place.

When driven into the saloon by the cold, we heard a violin squeak several times, and a voice crying loudly, "Ladies and gentlemen wishing to dance, please step forward." On this a universal move to the forward saloon took place. Damsels appeared from their state-rooms in low gowns, long gloves, and roses in their hair ; beaux cast aside Chesterfields, or exchanged shooting-jackets for tail-coats. We followed the crowd. A black fiddler, and a guitarist of the same hue, with huge shirt-collars and enormous white ties, stood at one end of the saloon, while the passengers arranged themselves with all the gravity of the Anglo-Saxon race in position for a quadrille. Then the negro fiddler, with a graceful flourish of his bow giving forth the figure to be danced, struck up the tune. Never did musician play with more animation or stamp with more vehemence ; and never did a dancing-master of the ceremonies feel more interest in the display of his favourite pupils than did Sambo in the terpsichorean exploits of those now ranged under his directions. I scarcely think the latter did him justice. The damsels smiled and looked animated enough, but the men seemed to make it rather a matter of business than pleasure. In some of the tunes the two musicians sung a queer kind of negro melody as an accompaniment ; and then he of the fiddle-stick plied it more vigorously and stamped more vehemently, till the dancers, catching

his enthusiasm, whirled, and twisted, and turned as furiously as he could desire; and thus the ball was kept up with the greatest animation till midnight.

The slow "ting ting" of the captain's bell—a signal to the engineers below—announced to us that our far-from-pleasant voyage through Lake Erie was on the point of being terminated. This auspicious moment was about half-past five on the morning of the 7th October.

The rosy dawn slowly found its way through the stained windows of our gaudy prison-house; and after a vast deal of quarrelling and bloodshed,—one man having knocked another down and broken his nose with no little satisfaction,—we got clear of the ill-managed Buckeye State. During her last voyage, in a gale of wind she ran down a schooner near Buffalo, and got her own star-board paddle-box stove in, which, in addition to a number of broken windows, gave her a somewhat dilapidated appearance. The schooner foundered immediately. The officers of the steamer stated that on this they lowered a boat, but after pulling about for three hours could find no trace of the people in her. The gale had increased so much, that when she came in with this news no persons from Buffalo would go to prosecute the search. However, the masters of several schooners in the harbour, with a fellow-feeling for their brother lakemen, got a life-boat, and putting her into a waggon, drove down along shore to the spot near which the accident was said to have occurred. Knowing the depth of water, they fully expected to find the masts rising some way out of it. Nor on launching their boat were they mistaken; for after pulling a short distance, they discovered a poor fellow still clinging to the fore rigging, and he declared that no boat had come near him since the accident. The

master, who was owner, and three men, were lost in the schooner.

On landing we took a cab, and drove to the Clarendon Hotel, an excellent, clean, and handsome house, where the master, perfectly the gentleman in his manners, was walking about, and watching that all the servants did their duty. We got an excellent breakfast for the usual charge of one dollar fifty cents for two persons; but then, in addition, we had the use of a room for washing and dressing, and received plenty of civility, for which I am always ready to pay, as it puts me in good-humour, not only with the place and people present, but with the world in general.

Buffalo is decidedly a fine city. At the head of the navigation of the upper lakes, and with railroads branching from it east, west, and south, it has become a place of great commercial importance. The streets struck us as very wide even for this land of fine cities. They are lined with lofty, massive-looking houses, not run up for a day, but intended to last. The shops are also handsome; the greater number of them, judging by the names, kept by Germans, French, or Italians; though, as in no country does the process of denationalisation go on so rapidly as in the States, many of them might have been in reality thorough Yankees. Near the harbour we passed several canals, or perhaps the same canal turning in different directions; with large warehouses built along their edges, reminding us of Antwerp and Rotterdam, and other towns in Holland and Belgium. It contains upwards of sixty thousand inhabitants, and is, consequently, about the size of Toronto; but the houses appeared to me larger and more substantial than in the Canadian city. This, however, may have been owing to our eyes having been

accustomed for so many days to the sight only of plank edifices and log-huts. The city has near it a fine sandy beach, and possesses a small artificial harbour; but a much larger one is in course of construction more suited to its commercial wants.

As we were in a somewhat excusable hurry to see Niagara, we left the hotel the same morning and went by an omnibus, for which the charge was at the rate of a York shilling each, on board the Emerald steamer, starting at 9 A.M. for the Canadian village of Chippewa, situated a short distance only above the Falls.

A railway connects Buffalo with the American side of the Falls; but as it is a most unromantic, and far less interesting and agreeable way of approaching the mighty spectacle, I strongly advise my friends to pursue the course we did. On our way to the steamer we passed the Niagara line of railroad; cars were standing in the middle of a street without even a shed or office near them, or any gate before or behind, or any railing at the side to guard people from getting in their way. The truth is, I suppose that the Americans are so early taught to keep their wits and eyes in active operation, that they do not require the safeguards considered requisite to shield the denizens of other countries from danger.

Buffalo is situated in a bay at the entrance of the Niagara River or strait, which is just here so very narrow that, looking at it as we left the harbour, I thought it must be some small creek, and could scarcely persuade myself that down its channel hurry with impetuous force millions of tons of water per hour to take their terrific leap over the lofty cliffs of Niagara. On looking up the lake westward, I saw no less than twelve good-sized vessels under sail, two and three masted schooners;

which fact gives a favourable idea of the extent of the commerce carried on in this district. Some, probably, were only bound to Sandusky, Cleveland, or Detroit; but others were doubtlessly on their way to the entrance of Lake Superior, or through Lake Michigan to Chicago, or along the Canada shore, with stores for the new towns of Sydenham and Collingwood. Some had sailed from Buffalo, and others had come through the Welland Canal from Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence.

The Lake Erie entrance of this magnificent work, the Welland Canal, of which Canada may justly be proud, is some miles to the west of the Niagara River at Port Colborne; it is, however, joined to the Niagara River by the Chippewa River, which, intersecting it at right angles, is connected with it by means of a series of locks. "This canal," as Briggs observed, "has done what nothing else would do—it has, in spite of its power and size, its foaming and leaping, its roaring and raging, completely circumvented the mighty cataract."

Our steamer, the Emerald, was a remarkably nice, clean, little vessel, with a good, clear walk fore and aft on her upper deck, whence we could enjoy the points of interest to be seen in our progress.

The moment also I heard the captain issue his orders, I knew from the tones of his voice that he was an old salt; and on telling him so, at which he was much pleased, I found that I was right. We soon became friends; and as we walked the deck together, he gave me an outline of his history. There is nothing romantic in it, but it may be of practical use to others, on which ground I know that he will allow me to repeat it. He followed the sea for sixteen years, part of which time he was a master. He then married; and wishing to live on

shore, came out to Canada to settle as a farmer, hoping to make up by intelligence for what he wanted in practical knowledge. He accordingly bought a section of wild ground in the neighbourhood of Toronto, and set to work manfully and hopefully to clear it. In the winter time he remained on shore, labouring with his own hands; in the summer he commanded a steamer, and then he had to pay labourers to work for him. This he found far from remunerative. So giving up the command of his steamer, for a year he tried how far he could succeed by working himself, and by employing others under him whom he could efficiently superintend. He was very active, was always ready to help a neighbour, got up "*bees*," and did his best to set a good example. When others were idle he used to say, "Never mind! You stay at home by the fire and smoke your pipe: we'll do the work, and you'll get the benefit you know." This never failed to shame his neighbours into helping each other. He saw how much time people wasted by want of management and a little pre-arrangement. As an example, every time a man wanted to go out of his field on horseback, he had to lower a pole in the fence, get off, and put it up again. So he had a gate made on board the steamer. And when he got it put up before his house, all from far and near came to look at it; for no one in the neighbourhood had before thought it worth while to go to the expense of making a gate. At length he hurt his hand with an axe, and could no longer work himself. He, therefore, had to hire more labour: and at the end of the year he found that he was much out of pocket. Despairing of success, he sold his farm, and has regretted doing so ever since. With the proceeds he went into business; but a Yankee correspondent did him

out of all his property, so he had to begin the world again. Friends who knew him were kind, and got him the command of the Emerald. The Company were building a new vessel for him, which he showed me on the stocks at Chippewa with no little pride. She is to accomplish the distance between Buffalo and that place in less than an hour, and to return against the current in two. He told me that he has never known young men accustomed to luxury and to society succeed as farmers in Canada. The greater number (I speak of bachelors, of course), get tired and disgusted with their solitude; and thinking no one observes them, take to drinking, and soon are ruined in mind, body, and estate. If a man, though a gentleman, and a strong, active, intelligent fellow, were industrious and would not get disgusted, he would succeed as well as a mere hard-working labourer, if not better. But then, unfortunately, there are few such. Many flatter themselves that they have all the requisite qualities for success, but when they come to be tried they are found wanting. "There," observed our worthy, kind-hearted captain, pointing with pride to the Canadian shores, "that's as fair a country as any in the world; there's not better land anywhere throughout the States, or a better to live in in every respect for all classes, gentle or simple. All can get on, if each one will only attempt what he's fitted for by nature and education."

The shores on either side of the river, as we floated rapidly on over the deep blue, calmly whirling waters, appeared low and fringed with trees, with many fine clearings between them, showing undoubted signs of being fertile and cheerfully inhabited.

The first point of interest we came to on the Canadian shore was Fort Erie, long since dismantled and aban-

done, but enough of the walls remains to show for what purpose they were erected. During the last American War, it was attacked and defended, and taken and retaken, I believe, several times. I trust that railway termini will prove more lasting securities for peace than would a hundred Gibaltars or Ehrenbreitsteins built along the Canadian coast.

We next came in sight of Grand Island, belonging to the United States. Here one of the principal agriculturists in America has a vast number of sheep and also cows, from which he used to supply all Buffalo with milk; but the railways now bring it in at a cheap rate from all parts of the country, and enable others to undersell him. Thus the inhabitants both of city and country benefit; the first by being able to obtain cheaper and better provisions, and the second by having a certain market for their productions.

We found ourselves soon near the scene of the Filibustering expedition under Mackenzie. On the Canada shore, in a wide clearing and close to the river, a neat little cottage was pointed out, once the residence of poor Major —. Some of the sympathisers owed him a grudge, and, aware that he was on his guard and would certainly sell his life dearly if they attempted to attack him openly, had recourse to a cruel stratagem to destroy him. Accordingly, a party of them crossing the river one night, seized a neighbour of his, whom they compelled to accompany them to his cottage, and then threatening him with instant death if he disobeyed, ordered him to call the Major up, and to entreat him to come out and assist him, as his house was being attacked. I need scarcely stop to ask how even the fear of death could make any man guilty of such an act of

treachery. The terror-stricken man, however, obeyed, and the Major, thrown off his guard by the sound of a friendly voice, appeared with a light at his door; at the same moment the atrocious villains shot him dead with their rifles, and instantly decamping, re-crossed the river. The annals of the rebellion do not contain a more cowardly or barbarous action.

We had a full account of the Caroline affair and Navy Island heroes. How the gallant Captain Drew cut her out with the hopes of bringing her in triumph across to the Canadian side, and how, when he found that she was drifting too close to the Rapids to give him a hope of saving her, he had set her on fire and allowed her to drift away over the Falls. These and many other things were told us; but our thoughts were all so concentrated on one great object, that we could think of little else; and yet, now that every instant was bringing us nearer to our destination, we had many misgivings whether we should not be disappointed even at the last. But Niagara, often as it has before been described, merits at least a chapter to itself.



NIAGARA, FROM ABOVE THE FALLS.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR steamer was somewhere off the west end of Grand Island, and we were walking the deck with the captain, when stopping, he touched my arm and pointed out a white cloud, suspended in mid-air in the far distance, just then shaped like a barrister's wig, though of somewhat large dimensions. Ever and anon other little white clouds rose up from the earth, some of them joining it without much increasing its size, the rest floating away independently to leeward, in the otherwise unclouded sky, looking as if they had no right to be up there to detract from its azure splendour.

“There,” said our captain; “yonder, fully twelve miles away, is the vapour from the Falls. Sometimes it will arise and form a large cloud, which it continues to feed, and which at each instant grows darker and darker, till the wind rising, bears it away, and it bursts over the country in a dense shower of rain. Sometimes you may thus get a thorough drenching from the Falls of Niagara twenty miles off. Some winds have the effect of beating the vapour down and preventing it from rising.”

Such was the first thrilling intimation we had of our near approach to the great object of our pilgrimage. We had already watched those waters, some of which were just now hanging up like a beacon in the sky to guide us on our way, whirling by us with mighty force as they rushed forth from Lake Superior; we had seen them collecting from Lake Michigan and Lake Huron, hurrying through the Straits of Detroit and St. Clair, traversing the shallow bed of Lake Erie, and at length, in another hour or so, we should behold them taking their awful plunge. The current bore us swiftly on, whirling and eddying in its course, and passing between Navy Island and the Canadian shore. Goat Island appeared in sight when the foaming rapids, leaping, and curling, and foaming in their troubled career, spread out before us. As we gazed at the giddy sight, and saw the dark waters whirling in rapid eddies past us, knowing what was beyond them, we could not altogether avoid feeling a certain uneasy anxiety lest some of the machinery of the steamer giving way, we might be hurried, with little time for shrift, to inevitable destruction. Though the entrance to the river, as I have said, is very narrow, it here expands, as the waters rush over

a shallow and rocky bed into a wide field of whitened foam. It was, therefore, with much inward satisfaction that we found the steamer gliding between embankments into an artificial mouth of the Chippewa River; the real mouth being a little way down and too near the full force of the rapids to make the entrance pleasant or safe. We passed through a drawbridge to the quay of the village of Chippewa, where landing, we found some antique-looking railway cars, drawn by sober-minded steeds instead of locomotives, standing ready to convey us and our baggage to Niagara Falls.

“Ah,” said a colonial youth, who saw us shaking hands with the steamer’s worthy captain; “he’s a fine man now that, ain’t he?” The compliment was from the heart and deserved.

A busy scene presented itself on the banks of the little river. Saw-mills and flour-mills were at work, turned by its untiring current; the new steamer to take the place of the Emerald, was on the stocks, near which other craft were building, and boats and barges were loading and reloading. We, however, were in too great a hurry to reach our destination to take much interest in what was going forward. To be sure, we would rather have approached the mighty cataract by any other means than by so unromantic a conveyance as a railway car, though drawn by broken-winded nags; but as we had no choice, we were fain to submit to our fate.

Instead of a whistle and a shriek, the driver cracked his enormously long whip, and the train was put in motion, taking us directly along the banks of the river. The doors of the cars were open, or rather doors there were none, and many a neck was outstretched to catch the first glimpse of the mighty sight all had come to see.

We had resolutely determined not to look at it, and tried to turn our heads the other way over our shoulder. It must be understood that we were travelling along a pleasant open down, on high ground above the Falls; for though we had not ascended since we landed, the river had sloped downwards towards the east, so that we now looked down upon it from a considerable height, or rather should have done so, had not thick woods of graceful trees of many kinds and many hues hidden it from our sight. We kept our resolution most magnanimously as long as there was nothing to see, and we were congratulating ourselves in so arranging that Niagara should burst upon us in all its magnificence; but when our companions exclaimed, "Ah, there it is, oh, my!—how fine!" I must own that I could not resist a glance. I intended it should only be a single one. However, when I looked I could not withdraw my gaze.

I saw between the trees, not the river—not the waterfall, as I expected, but what seemed to be the huge rounded rim of some gigantic vase of green malachite, yet unfinished by the hand of the monster workman. It was the upper edge of the cataract at the centre of the Horse-shoe Fall, where the great bulk of the water rushes over the rocky precipice before it breaks into masses of foam and vapour. I would not look again; but that single glimpse convinced me that we might have raised our expectations far higher than we had done and not have been disappointed.

From the accounts we had read, we expected to feel the ground shaking, and to find the human voice overpowered by the roar of waters; but not a perceptible quake did the ground give, to the best of my recollection

there was not sufficient noise to attract our attention; certainly we were not required to speak louder than usual. Of course, the loudness of the roar depends very much on the position in which one is placed, whether down the river, where it comes like a shot from a gun, concentrated by the high precipitous banks, or to windward or leeward.

The car stopped where the railway crosses a high-road on the side of a steep hill on the left, leading up to Lundy's Lane, on which stand two lofty wooden towers, built to enable visitors to inspect the field of battle fought between the English and Americans. Tourists of the latter nation are very fond of visiting the battle-field, conceiving, I believe, that they gained the victory, whereas the Britishers equally lay claim to the honour. The Irish car-drivers take ample advantage of this fancy, and drive the visitors about in all directions, with *naïve* discursiveness narrating events which never occurred, and with equal talent selecting spots as remote from each other as possible for the scenes on which they pretend they took place.

The termination of our journey was doomed to be as unromantic as the commencement. A comfortable omnibus was in waiting, into which we got, and were conveyed, in the company of several English and Americans, to that most magnificent of hotels, the Clifton House. The whole expense of the journey from Buffalo to our hotel was seventy cents (three shillings sterling) for each person,—steam-boat, railway, and omnibus.

“Now let's go and have a grand look and be done with it,” exclaimed one of our Yankee companions, as he with his friends jumped out of the 'bus, and rushed away

towards the Table Rock. It is possible our friend was joking; but a large proportion of the visitors get through the sight with equal rapidity. They take it as a matter of business or duty. Niagara has to be seen, because everybody who can afford to move goes to see it—it is respectable, and serves to employ a holiday.

We took another glance at the new aspect of the Falls seen from the front of the hotel before we entered the house, and had to make the necessary arrangements for securing accommodation. Fortunately for us the season was past, and a very comfortable room was assigned to us on the most favoured side of the hotel facing the river. The Clifton House is a vast building, of a square form, in very good taste; one angle is so turned to the Falls, that a good view can be obtained of them from two sides, while, to afford shelter from sun or rain, deep covered verandahs run entirely round two of the principal stories.*

To see the Falls in all the grandeur and sublimity with which nature endowed them, one should behold them as did the renowned Father Hennepin, their first European discoverer, when after toiling for days through the tangled forest they first burst on his astonished sight in all their pristine magnificence; but as such a mode of proceeding in these civilised days was not allowed to us, we did the best that circumstances would permit.

As soon as our luggage was arranged, the porters dismissed, our dresses dusted, and our hands washed, we opened the Venetian blinds with reverential awe, and stepped out together into the broad verandah, where a full and perfect view of the Falls appeared before our

* The position of the Clifton House is seen in the sketch of the Falls.

eyes. There were the very waters on which for days past we had floated, so calm and placid generally, now leaping, foaming, spouting, and dashing over a lofty cliff, from a wide and liquid plain, about level with our eyes, and plunging into a deep chasm far down below our feet. We were, however, very much more struck with the beautiful and picturesque view than with the grandeur of the spectacle, so totally different to what all prints, sketches, and models, had led us to expect. We were delighted with the form of the cliffs, the varied tints of the trees, the unique combination of wood and water, but we were not overwhelmed with awe. The roar even was neither loud nor deep, nor was it necessary to speak at all in a higher key than usual to make ourselves heard. Every now and then an eddy of wind would bring a light shower of spray towards us, to prove to us the reality of the waterfall. Even in spite of this, our feeling was for some time, till we had gone over, and under, and on either side, and touched the foaming waters of the cataract, that we were gazing on some strange and wonderful picture rather than on an actual object in nature. My wish is to make my readers understand what Niagara really is, as far as pen and pencil can do so, rather than to fly into ecstatic raptures and to utter oft-repeated notes of admiration on its grandeur and sublimity, or to enlarge on our own sensations of wonder and awe.

The Niagara River runs nearly south and north from Lake Erie into Lake Ontario, and thus the American shore is on the eastern side, and Canada on the west. Lake Erie, it must be known, is 565 feet above the level of the sea, and 334 above Lake Ontario.

The river below the Falls, extending for some miles,

is like the most picturesque part of the Avon, near Clifton, but the perpendicular cliffs on either side are more lofty, and fringed with a great variety of tall trees, now assuming the most brilliant of their short-enduring autumnal tints. Suppose us, then, standing on the west or Canada side of this deep gorge, the river rushing smoothly, but in whirling eddies at our feet, to the right, or towards the south, the gorge is abruptly terminated by a wall of rock running directly across the river, almost to the height of the bank on which we are standing, in somewhat of a horseshoe form, that is to say, it recedes in a circular shape towards the centre, and bulges out slightly at the ends. On a level with the top of this wall, which looks as if the gates of some gigantic lock had been removed, and their place blocked up by rocks, over which a vast overplus of the upper stream has begun to flow, is seen extending a wide lakelike sheet of water, fringed by the covered banks, with several small islands floating on it. Far off up towards the south end of this seeming lake, which is the wider portion of the Niagara River, the water is blue, bright, and calm. As it draws near it leaps, bubbles, and froths, sometimes rising in huge jets, till across its entire width long lines of foam are formed — these are the great rapids of Niagara, once getting within whose power scarcely a hope remains for any floating thing, the stoutest ship or frailest birch-bark canoe, of escaping destruction — the waters seem to writhe and struggle for a time, as if unwilling to take their mighty plunge; then yielding to their fate for an instant, they grow calm, and the next glide rounding their backs over the wall-like precipice I have described; and as they do so in their almost perpendicular descent, jets of foam burst from their many

folded liquid sheets, till they break entirely into masses of froth, and are lost to sight in the clouds of white vapour caused by the force of their rapid descent into the bottom of the ravine. This is the Horseshoe Fall.

At its eastern extremity is a huge mass of rock, of some acres in extent, covered thickly with trees, called Goat Island, one part of which forms the cliffs on the east side of the ravine through which the river flows, and which are almost at right angles with the general line of the Horseshoe Fall.

The upper level of the ravine sweeping round Goat Island, rushes onward in a succession of rapids through a narrow channel till it leaps over the cliffs on the eastern side, in a perpendicular sheet, into the river below, forming what is called the American Fall, and directly facing the bank on which we are standing. It is of itself a superb water-fall, and were it not for the Horseshoe Fall would be looked on with wonder. A small island covered with trees, at the north end of Goat Island, cuts off a portion of the water, which flies over the cliff in a thick massive jet, projected many feet from the rocks, and from the force with which it flies out is entirely covered with foam. This, from its hurry in separating itself from its parent stream, and its brawling, foaming, blustering manner, we forthwith appropriately dubbed "Young America." Verily, however, it is a noble little jet, and often have I journeyed many a mile to gaze at a spout very much its inferior, so Young America need not be ashamed of its namesake. We have now got the two falls united in the lower channel of the river. From the base of each of them arise clouds of white vapour, sometimes kept down by the winds to the upper level of the cliffs, but oftener surmounting them, and sending plentiful showers in the

direction in which they are driven, the lighter particles forming clouds in the clear blue sky, to be floated away far from the spot which gave them birth. We delighted to watch the magnificent and perfect iris which was formed when facing them with the sun behind us on these masses of spray. A small round tower has been built on the very edge of the precipice, on some rocks which rise above the water some thirty yards or so from the west end of Goat Island. Standing on the top of this tower, we could see part of the bow formed on the spray rising from the Horseshoe Fall, and the remainder of the arc on that caused by the American Fall, the effect being most beautiful and curious.

To return to the lower level of the river. It now flows on in a deep eddying stream, closely confined between its lofty perpendicular banks for about two miles, where it meets, directly facing its strong-willed impetuous course, a lofty circular cliff, forming almost an entire basin, its only outlet being a narrow channel at a very acute angle to that by which the river enters.

The excited waters meeting with this obstruction, and hotly pressed in the rear, flow round and round the sides of this circular basin, and do not escape at once by the narrow channel open to them, but obtaining a rotatory motion, form a tremendous whirlpool, in whose eddies huge trees are often retained for days, and even weeks together, their ends being thrown every now and then many feet above the surface, to be again carried down to its lowest depths. The centre of the whirlpool, instead of being lower, is, it is said, seven feet higher than at the edges.

Across the river, from cliff to cliff, in sight of the

Falls, a light suspension-bridge has been thrown, whence the view is very beautiful.

The width of the Horseshoe Fall, following the line of the curve from the Canada shore to Goat Island, is about seven hundred yards. That of the American Fall is three hundred and thirty yards, and the small centre Fall is about thirty-three yards across. The American Falls have the advantage in point of height over the Canadian, being one hundred and sixty-four feet, while the latter are only one hundred and fifty-eight feet high. From Chippewa, on the Canadian side, to Schollosser, on the American, the river is the widest, and thence there is an inclined plane, with a descent of ninety feet, forming the rapids to the top of the perpendicular falls. The river below the Falls, at the ferry opposite the Clifton House, is fifty-six rods wide, and about ten minutes are required to cross it. It is said that the cloud of spray rising from the Falls can be seen a hundred miles off, but I suspect that must be on the American side. To give an idea of the volume of water which falls over the cliffs, a very ingenious calculator has computed that 5,084,089,280 barrels descend in twenty-four hours, 211,836,753 in an hour, 3,530,614 in a minute, 68,853 in a second. How many saw-mills, flour-mills, and cotton-mills, this quantity of water would be able to set in motion I cannot find anywhere stated; that it does turn some dozen or more we had ocular demonstration, and very unromantic blurs they are to the beauty of the scenery.

I do not pretend to say that we saw all I have described, as we took our first gaze from the verandah of our hotel. What we did see was a landscape of very great beauty, unique, if not unsurpassed by others on the face of the globe. After spending several days at

Niagara, viewing the Falls in every direction, above and below, on every side, and at each angle, we came to the conclusion that although there may be nothing like it in the world, and though it may be very mighty and very grand, and full of ever-varying beauties and attractions; yet that there are other spectacles in nature more grand and beautiful—more sublime and attractive. However, so far from feeling any disappointment, we were very much delighted with the scene we beheld. It was not so vast, so grand, nor so overwhelming, as we expected, but it was far more beautiful, far more picturesque, and far more attractive, than any accounts we had read had prepared us for.

All the writers I have met with have been so occupied with describing their own sensations that they have forgotten to give any account of the scenery, and I hope, therefore, my readers will pardon me for offering them the somewhat prolix one I have attempted. After looking at the scene for some time, as we were rather fatigued from not having been in bed during the previous night, and were, moreover, very hungry, we returned to our rooms, and dressed for the two o'clock public dinner. Nature being somewhat recruited with the meal, we afterwards sallied forth in order, by a closer inspection, to become more intimately acquainted with the Great Fall. We had formed a plan to see it on the same principle on which we were viewing Canada, namely, first to circle it round so as to get a sort of general outside view of it, and then to visit the spots of greatest interest in detail.

An excellent road runs along the top of the cliff, as far as the end of the Horseshoe Fall, and along this we bent our steps. Another road, directly in front of the hotel, winds down the cliff to the river, across whose

troubled waters two small ferry-boats constantly ply, pulled by slight lads. The landing-place on the opposite side is within a few feet only of the American Fall, and, consequently, crossing is often a very wetting operation.

It appears also as if it must be a very difficult and dangerous one, as the boat is tossed about by the waves, and drifted rapidly down the stream for a few minutes towards the voracious whirlpool, but in reality a back eddy on either side makes it a very easy affair, without the slightest risk whatever. The road we took is lined with a collection of museums, curiosity shops, refreshment booths, and raree-shows, where guides and cicerones congregate; but fortunately, as the season was over, most of the tribe had taken their departure, and we were but little persecuted by their offers of service. A number of Chinese pagoda-looking edifices and other incongruous buildings have been erected on the Canada bank, and others are rearing their ill-shaped forms wherever a spot can be found whereon to perch them. But it matters little; the puny efforts and bad taste of man, in his attempt to adorn nature, can do little towards spoiling Niagara. Its might and majesty can scarcely be blemished by his Lilliputian efforts.

We walked on with high wooded banks on our right, and the river on our left, till we reached a ledge of rock projecting over the stream, and some twenty or thirty feet only from the edge of the Great Fall, with the top of which it is about level. This ledge is called Table Rock. Notwithstanding its somewhat perilous position—a huge crack running directly across it—and knowing also that a portion had already lately given way, and now lay in fragments below, we ventured out

to the extreme edge, that we might there look the mighty cataract face to face. There we stood, and gazed our fill with a feeling somewhat akin to that with which one looks at a newly-caught lion, having a double row of stout iron bars between his claws and one's own body. The cataract roared and raged, but near as we were we felt beyond its power. The deepest part of the edge of the fall, just where it curls over before it takes a perpendicular direction, is said to be seventeen feet in depth. This is at the end, near which we were standing. It comes along from the rapids above in a solid rounded mass of deep-green colour, and descends unbroken for some feet, when jets of foam burst from it, increasing in number till it becomes one confused mass of vapour. In other parts, the water the instant it passes the edge breaks into froth; in some it comes foaming down from the rapids above; here and there it spouts upwards from striking on some hidden ledge, while the whole is ever moving, ever varying. Now one portion is hidden, or only dimly seen as the wind drives hither and thither the white clouds of spray—sometimes one part is cast into shadow, then another as the sun moves onward in his course—in the afternoon giving the greatest beauty to the scenery on the Canadian shore, in the morning to that on the American side. From the point where we were standing, the concave or horseshoe form of the Fall can best be seen. Near Goat Island it bulges out like a huge buttress, and on some rocks above water, on the top of this buttress, the round tower of which I have spoken has been built, with a wooden bridge leading to it, supported on smaller rocks, under which the waters rush, it being a few feet only from the edge of the precipice. As the tower is built of

rough stone, without any architectural ornament, so far from being out of keeping with the locality, it is a picturesque object.

A few feet beyond Table Rock, by leaning over the edge of the cliff, we could see under the water as it was projected away from the cliff. It is on a narrow ledge under this portion of the Fall that people, ambitious of enjoying the largest shower-bath in the universe, are conducted. From this spot, also, we always heard the roar of the Fall deepest and loudest, but even there it is in no way deafening. Again, a few feet farther, we stood at the very edge of the Fall, and I dipped my stick into the fretting, troubled water.

Just at this spot we were told, by one of the best behaved of guides (best behaved because he retired with a bow when he perceived that his services were not required), that five weeks ago a lady and gentleman were seen standing gazing at the Falls. Suddenly the lady sprang from the side of the gentleman towards the precipice. He rushed forward and seized her clothes, but they tore in his grasp, and she plunged headlong into the frightful abyss. Some six feet below the top of the cliff is a narrow ledge, which, seen from the spot where we stood, seemed scarcely capable of supporting the feet of a single person using every exertion to remain there. Yet on this awfully perilous spot hung the unhappy lady. Without a moment's reflection or preparation for the almost certain death he braved, the gentleman sprang down to where she convulsively clung. Just there the cliff slopes slightly backwards, and is composed of loose and broken stones. He seized her in his arms, and with almost superhuman strength climbed up by this giddy ascent to the summit of the cliff. "I would not for ten

thousand pounds leap down to that place as he did," said the guide. I agreed with him that neither would I; nor would, probably, the very man who had lately performed the feat. The poor lady, we afterwards heard, was slightly deranged; and the gentleman, who had so imprudently brought her to a spot so calculated to excite a brain thus afflicted, of course felt that he must save her or perish in the attempt.

We continued our walk through a copse by the margin of the rapids, and then climbed up a steep bank, among a variety of beautifully-tinted trees, till we reached the open downs above. Thence, as we made a circuit homewards, we caught occasionally most picturesque glimpses of Navy Island and the river, the foaming rapids, the Horseshoe and the American Falls, Goat Island and its little tower; indeed of all the points I have been describing, seen now, however, far away down below us. It was dark by the time we reached our hotel, and we agreed that we had never taken a more beautiful or interesting walk, or indeed seen so much of novelty in one day. Since we last slept we had seen Detroit, some hundred miles away, and Buffalo, and had, as the guide-books say, "opened a new page in our life's history" by gazing for the first time on Niagara.

CHAPTER XV.

OCTOBER the 8th was a lovely day, and late as was the period of year, the air still retained the genial warmth of summer, at the same time that it was pleasantly mixed with the briskness and freshness of autumn. Not to give cause of offence to the American side of Niagara, we had determined to devote the forenoon to an inspection of its beauties; as soon, therefore, as breakfast was over, with waterproof cloaks on our arms, we descended by the winding-road which leads down the cliff from the hotel to the ferry directly facing the American Fall.

The bank on our right was covered with the richest foliage of every tree, from the deepest red to the faintest yellow, and with every variety of green and brown which Nature's brush can produce. Beyond this highly-coloured framework were seen the Falls, with their green and blue and whitened waters. A neat, well-built boat, about sixteen feet in length, lay drawn up on the rocky beach. In attendance on her stood a most uncouth-looking lad, whittling to keep his fingers from being idle. As we gazed at the white mass of raging foam hurtling

down the cliff before us, and the whirling, eddying waters which must be crossed before we could reach the opposite shore, we felt that had we not seen the same slight lad rowing backwards and forwards many times in the day, we should have hesitated long indeed before we had ventured within the power of their fearful vortex.

“Well, my lad,” said I, seeing that the whittling ferryman did not move, “we should like to cross the river.”

“Step in, then,” answered the youth, with a nasal growl. “You won’t if you stand there.”

We did as we were bid, and after whittling a little more, and looking up the road to see if other passengers were coming, he followed and shoved the boat into the water. A back eddy enabled us to get up the stream towards the great fall without difficulty, and then thrusting forth into it, we were whirled downwards again many fathoms in the direction of the whirlpool; while clouds of spray, driven by the wind from both falls, showered down upon our waterproofs, till we looked as if we had been diving under the very cataracts themselves. Our surly Charon pulled right sturdily across the troubled tide, when, much to our satisfaction, another eddy caught our boat, and took us up to a rough stage at the foot of a perpendicular cliff, up which it was difficult to discover how we should manage to ascend. It was grand to look upwards through the mist, for not fifty yards from our heads came thundering down the American cataract, with a fury which made us content not to approach it nearer. The boat was now urged up a slide, and landing in a dense shower of spray, we found ourselves at the foot of a long wooden tunnel, with a railway and a flight of steps within it leading to the top of the cliff. As we had no

fancy to perform a labour which would be looked on as a highly satisfactory penance by a pious Romanist, we took our seats in a car; and a bell being rung by our boatman, we were speedily drawn upwards into the interior of a large shed, which we found stood on the summit of the cliff. Dismounting, we paid sixpence to a man who, pointing to a door, said, "There are the Falls."

The show-like look of the place, and the man's indifferent tone, were dreadfully unromantic, and almost made us fancy that we were going to see a painted panorama instead of the reality. However, on passing through a garden, and finding ourselves on the very edge of the Fall, we instantly forgot the vulgar method by which we had reached the spot. In a succession of the wildest foaming billows the waters come rushing down a steeply-inclined plane, till they glide in a compact mass over the cliff, where they burst instantly into sheets of foam.

Passing along the edge of these whirling, giddyng rapids, we crossed a small stream, a modest contribution to the waters of Niagara; then through a lumber-yard, belonging to one of many saw-mills with which the American Falls are adorned; and finally taking the way over a long wooden bridge to the right, thrown from rock to rock, we crossed the very rapids themselves to Goat Island. Looking upwards from the centre of this bridge, the spectacle is indeed curious. From so much greater a height do the waters of the rapids come than that on which we were standing, making it impossible to see the land beyond them, that literally they seem to be leaping, rolling, and tumbling, in long wreaths of foam out of the sky itself. On our left, bordering the river, were flourishing rows of saw, corn, cotton, and paper mills;

while others, in their lust of gain, had boldly encroached into the very rapids themselves. Truly Jonathan has made good use of the unrivalled water-power at his disposal; though we, in our romantic mood, felt a high-souled contempt for the sordid minds which can make Niagara turn their mill-wheels on the very verge of his own cataracts, like a captive prince chained to mean labour in the palace of his fathers. We were glad that the Canadian side was free from such incongruous ornaments, but we agreed not to make too minute inquiries as to the cause. The pagodas and temples, and eating-booths and museums, show that refined taste has not much to do with the matter.

My readers must not be shocked at the unromantic digressions I make, nor at the uncouth objects I describe. I wish to paint Niagara as it exists in these days of civilisation, not as the enthusiastic imagination of most writers have pictured it to the reading public. Ample enough of grandeur and beauty remains to make it still the boast of America. Perhaps, indeed, I may not be thanked by some for blurring over the landscape; but I would rather be the means of affording an agreeable surprise to some future visitor now reading these pages, than the cause of disappointment by presenting a too highly coloured portrait.

The first bridge ends in a small island decorated with a pavilion, containing Indian curiosities, walking-canes, and refreshments, as also the residence of the custos of Goat Island, to whom, by payment of one shilling for each person, we were made free of the insular territory, the property of a private individual, during our stay in the neighbourhood. Behind the pavilion a little wooden bridge led us to another small island, on which grow

several writhing twisted cedars. Hence the rapids appeared even to greater advantage than from the bridge; and more terror-inspiring, for, rushing towards us, they seemed about to sweep the plot of ground and our own precious persons to destruction over the Falls. Another stout plank-bridge, passable also for carriages, carried us over the rapids to Goat Island; in which, by keeping to the right, we discovered every point of interest without difficulty, and free from the tiresome race of guides.

We followed the shore of the island some way, bordering the rapids, till, descending a flight of steps in the bank, we found ourselves close to Young America, with a magnificent view down the river, terminated by the suspension-bridge, including the larger American fall on one side, and the Clifton House, an object of no little interest, on the other.

Crossing Young America by a wide plank, we stood on a little island, or rock, not ten yards in circumference, with a roaring cataract on either side of it. As we saw the foaming water rushing round us, it required no little mental exertion to recollect that, as probably the rock on which we rested had there remained for centuries, we need be under no immediate alarm of its being hurled down over the cliff before we could escape from it.

By grasping the trunk of a tree which hangs over the fall, I managed to look down into the terrific abyss without fear or giddiness. Not for worlds under ordinary circumstances could I have gazed into so dreadful a depth, but after living much in the open air, travelling over mountain heights, floating on the ocean, or among any exciting scenes, I have invariably found that my nervous system was so strung up and strengthened that I

could stand with pleasure on spots from which a short time before I should have shrunk back with horror, and could do many other things which I should at other times have found impossible.

Returning up the steps, we continued along the top of the cliffs till we came before a most picturesque view of the Horseshoe Fall, with a fine foreground of richly-tinted trees on broken banks, and the frothy stream below, while the little tower came in appropriately on the left overlooking the cataract. The whole island is beautifully wooded with a great variety of trees, and is as romantic and interesting a spot as the most enthusiastic of meditative poets could desire.

Some years ago a young Englishman took up his abode here, in a hut he built with his own hands by the side of the rapids. He spent his nights in gazing on the starlit waters, and his days in playing his flute and writing poetry; but whether he grew tired of such unproductive amusements, or died in his madness, I know not.

We next came to a signboard indicating that hard by was the entrance to the Cave of the Winds. To our earthly eyes it looked like a wooden trough leading perpendicularly down the cliff; and as we had heard that wet jackets, not to speak of rheumatism and influenzas, were the reward of those who ventured into that romantic region, we declined the exploit. The Cave of the Winds is, I believe, a cavern a hundred and twenty feet wide and thirty feet deep, in front of which descends a part of the American Falls. When the sun shines in the afternoon, a perfectly circular rainbow can be seen from it. I should think it is more worthy of a visit

than its rival on the Canadian side, but I should wish to pay my respects to either of them in the dog-days rather than at any other time of the year.

Descending a winding path, we reached the south end of the Horseshoe Fall, where a wooden bridge, some forty yards long, or more, resting on a succession of small rocks parallel with the very brink of the Fall; but three or four feet from it carried us to the foot of the little tower, whence we ascended a spiral stair to a platform on its summit, surrounded by a light iron railing literally overhanging the great cataract itself. Here the sight is grand and awe-inspiring. We stood where thousands had stood before; but, as we looked up the river at the wide-spreading rapids, and watched the fiercely-foaming mass come rushing down towards our resting-place, and whirling under our feet, then taking its tremendous plunge down into the caldron on the brim of which we stood, and sending up clouds of vapour which kept circling round our heads, already somewhat confused by the din and roar, a more than usual exertion of mind was required to feel the reality of the security we were enjoying. Not that we experienced anything akin to fear, more than the trained soldier does in the raging battle-field. After we had encountered the first shock of this novel existence, though the wind blew strong round the tower—though the frail fabric shook beneath our feet—though the whirling spray blinded our eyes, and the roar of the cataract—for here indeed it did roar—almost deprived us of the sense of hearing, such only tended to excite and strengthen our nerves, all other feelings were absorbed in the wild grandeur of the scene.

For some time we were left to the full enjoyment of

our sensations; but at length another visitor came, a tall, lank, cadaverous fellow. "Well, I say, can you tell me where the man went over the other day?" was his salutation. Shuddering, I denied all belief in so dreadful a catastrophe, all belief in anything, except that I was looking down into the raging caldron of Niagara, and wished him, not at the bottom of it, but safe back at his home. Seeing that no information was to be gained from me, he pulled out his guide-book, and therein found all he was to see, think, and feel. We left him reading; and, as we regained the bank, we saw him deliberately turning his back to the Falls and busily employed in carving his own great name, among thousands of others, on the woodwork of the tower.

We now continued our circuit of the romantic island, passing a spot where, between it and another little island, the waters rush with a fall of many feet, and where the young English hermit dwelt in his log-hut. The hut, as well as its occupant, have long since disappeared.

Our steps were now hurried by the near approach of the hotel dinner-hour. Eating may be considered by romantic youths and damsels a base interruption to the time which should be devoted to the contemplation of grand scenery; but let them try how very soon romance would fade away without the modest invisible support of food, and they will excuse our anxiety to return in time to enjoy the entertainment provided for us by the Clifton-House *chef* at two o'clock. We hastened across the bridge, ran down the steps, were ferried over the river by the young Charon, and climbed up the hill before the rest of the guests had taken their seats.

After dinner, we again sallied forth with our sketch-books on a road leading down the river along the edge of

the cliffs. At the distance of a mile from the hotel, we reached the suspension-bridge leading over to the American side. It is supported by huge wooden-work pillars. A vast structure close to it was in progress, with magnificent stone pillars, to support a tubular tunnel which was to contain a railway for locomotives, a road for horse-carriages, and another for foot-passengers.* The river, where it rushes under the bridge, with calm but tremendous force, is said to be one hundred and twenty-five feet deep.

Since the opening of the Great Western Railway, a considerable village has, I understand, sprung up in this spot where then, besides the toll-house and a few cottages and log-huts inhabited by workmen, there was not a building to be seen. The highroad turns off to the left; but, as we were bound on an exploring expedition to the Whirlpool, we kept along the top of the cliff through a thick and very picturesque wood. The path was so slightly marked that we had no little difficulty in tracing it. Now we climbed over logs, then among stumps—sometimes close to the edge of the cliff, and often through beautiful woodland glades of greenest grass, where there was no path whatever to be discovered. At last we came to the conclusion that we had walked quite far enough to have reached the Whirlpool, but how to descend the bank to look at it was now our puzzle. The sun had nearly set; and as a fall over the precipice into the whirlpool below might be our fate should we miss our way and get benighted, we became most unromantically anxious to obtain a sight of the object of our expedition, and to find the highroad again with as little delay as possible. We made several attempts to

* This is now open.

descend the banks, and I had already clambered down some way, and might, in another moment, have toppled over, when we heard some voices above us, and espied a party of Americans, the driver of whose carriage was acting as their guide. He civilly showed us a path we had not observed, leading to a spot whence we could look directly down into the basin of the Whirlpool. I have seldom been in a wilder situation. We stood on the side of an amphitheatre of lofty cliffs, mostly covered with trees, here and there only the rocks appearing among them. On our right the river, through a narrow channel, came roaring into the basin, and ultimately again made its escape through an equally narrow passage on the other side of a sharp point almost in the same direction.

I took a sketch of the same, my feet resting on a scathed stump which overhung the pool, and then we climbed the bank, and exerted all our faculties to find the way out of the wood again. Every instant it was growing darker and darker. At first the wheel-tracks of the American party guided us, but that guide we soon lost. However, by keeping the most open-looking ground we at last, after a circuit of a mile or more out of our way, found ourselves on a fine new plank-road, pleasant walking for weary feet. Springing cheerily along, in full enjoyment of the soft moonlight and the balmy air, with the suppressed murmurs of Niagara in our ears, we crossed the new cutting of the railway to Queenstown, passed the suspension-bridge, and reached our hotel in time for the last meal, a matter of some importance after our day's hard exercise.

CHAPTER XVI.

NIAGARA is not to be seen in a day; and yet too prolonged a view even of its manifold wonders may weary, as does any other great excitement. Happily Sunday—that blessed day of rest from toil and the cares of the world—came to our relief; and though we had no thought of shutting our eyes to the beauties of God's creation, we resolved not to do any lionizing of the Falls. We were, however, induced to take more exercise than we intended, by hearing that divine service was to be performed at Chippewa, and that we should find it an easy walk thither. Accordingly, we set off across the open downs, and enjoyed a very pleasant, though a far longer journey than we expected, heard service in a very neat and well-arranged church, got a fine view of the river beyond Navy Island and up to Grand Island, as also of the rapids, and found dinner nearly over on our return.

As far as I could learn, one clergyman only has the care of souls over a wide and populous district, so that few of the inhabitants can benefit by his ministry. He was to perform service again in the afternoon at Drum-

mondville, a village a little way above the Falls. When it is possible, I think man is bound to give the best of his strength and the first of his thoughts to the worship of God.

In the evening we took a stroll, by the pale light of a young moon, to Table Rock, where we stood indelibly impressing on our minds the scene before us. Beautiful and grand as it is, I cannot at all enter into the feelings of those (supposing people to feel as they write) who speak of Niagara as showing the greatness and power of the Almighty, who describe it as drawing them nearer to heaven by its sublimity, and talk of it as impressing them with a sense of the insignificance of man, the littleness of human affairs, and very much in a similar strain. Such terms, we agreed, are not only inappropriate and often ridiculous, but approaching even to blasphemous. The creative power of the Almighty is shown as much in the smallest of the creatures which crawl the earth as in the largest animal which has life; and it appears to me, that instead of fancying we hear His voice in the roar of the cataract, in the rattling of the thunder, in the raging of the tempest on the billowy ocean, we might rather consider, on such occasions, He has thought fit to relax His omnipotence over the elements. Justly we may pray to Him for aid against the injuries they may inflict; but, looking on Him as we ought as a God of mercy and love, we cannot associate strife, and tumult, and disorder, with His attributes. Surely He created rivers to irrigate the land and to afford easy means of communication to those dwelling on it. Niagara is an exception to the ordinary rule. It was allowed to exist, perhaps, as an ornament on the face of nature, or to test the ingenuity of man to counteract the impediment

offered to the free navigation of those inland seas. It is no wonder, surely. A poet may describe it as his fervent imagination may dictate, but, in earnest unexaggerated prose, it consists simply of a good-sized river falling over a very ordinary-sized cliff, and very, very inferior in grandeur or in terror-inspiring power to a storm on the ocean when lightnings dart from the lowering sky, the wind howls, and the waves, lashed to fury, threaten the labouring ship. Let us give Niagara its due. It is a very beautiful sight, and more worthy of a visit than most sights (though defend me from living long near it), and Cousin Jonathan finds it very useful for turning his mills, and it has afforded ample amusement for sketchers, and will afford subjects for the painter's brush as long as the world lasts.

We crossed again the next morning to Goat Island. An old man, standing on the bridge, was drawing out fish from the most rapid part of the rapids. "Can fish indeed swim in these waters?" I asked. "Little ones can, but big ones get sent over the Falls, I guess," was the reply. Such, thought I, is often the fate of the great of the earth when they attempt to swim in troubled waters.

We stood long in a shower of spray, watching a magnificent iris formed on the mist rising from the American fall, and I did my best to sketch the scene of which it was the most attractive feature. Then we went to the top of the tower, once again looked into the foaming caldron, got almost drenched with the dense white showers which came flying over, and looked at a still more beautiful and curious iris. Three portions of a bow appeared on as many different clouds of spray, altogether forming an entire bow. The part on the left was formed on the

spray of the Great Fall, the centre on that of the American Fall, and the right on that which ascends from the water projected to the right of the tower close to Goat Island. Dark clouds gathering rapidly in the west gave a more purely malachite tint to the edge of the Falls, and brought out the white foam in greater relief, so, warned by the signs of approaching rain, we hurried home. It came in a pelting shower, but after dinner we were able to pay a visit to Table Rock, when we watched a number of wild fowl sporting on the edge of the Fall. Now and then one would pitch on the hurtling waters, when down it would be carried amidst the mass of foam; but, though we narrowly watched several thus treated, we could not discover whether they ever again rose, or were destroyed in the vortex below. Others were flying rapidly backwards and forwards in the mist, seeming to enjoy themselves, though I have some doubts whether they were not more frightened than amused. The boys in the ferry-boats shot those within their reach, and several of the slain were floating in the eddy. Our young Charon requested leave to pull off into the very centre of the boiling current in order to pick up one he had just killed, on which proceeding, however, I put my veto till we were safe out of his boat.

In the evening several officers and gentlemen assembled at the hotel to be in readiness to attend the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the monument to be raised to the memory of General Brock, on Queens-town heights, in lieu of the one destroyed by an American sympathiser of the name of Lett, one of the rebel Mackenzie's rag-tag followers.

Captain Baker, an old artillery officer, most kindly invited us to visit him in the neighbourhood of Bytown

should we bend our steps in that direction. As neither of us had known of each other's existence five minutes before, Colonel Irvine, who had come from Quebec, and who knew my brother there, having only just introduced me, I at first thought that the invitation was intended as a simple compliment, but, from the warm way in which he pressed us to accept it, I felt sure that it would please him as much as it would us if we did so, and accordingly gladly promised, if we possibly could, to take Bytown in our route, and to descend the Ottawa to Montreal.

The next morning the weather changed very much for the worse; we, however, managed to take a walk up the river along its banks to the upper part of the rapids, whence the scene of the wild troubled waters, as they rush on in a succession of huge, fantastically leaping waves, seen through the beautifully varied tinted trees, is very fine.

Mr. Street, the owner of the only mills that I know of on the Canadian side near Niagara, has a lovely residence on the hill above the rapids, and is well known for his hospitality and kindness. The mills are for the manufacture of a coarse brown woollen cloth, which, from its appearance, seemed very good and well fitted for the climate. From the top of the hill leading down to Street's mills, I took a sketch of the rapids looking eastward, and I think it will be found to give a very good general idea of the upper level of the Niagara river, as well as of the appearance of the country on either side of the Falls.*

Instead of turning down to the river, we kept on through a turnpike to Drummondville, a cheerful large

* See vignette of Niagara.

village, full of neat houses, and cottages, and several shops, and small hotels, and lodging-houses. We agreed that on another visit to Niagara, we would rather take up our abode here, out of the noise of the Falls, and away from the clatter which the concussion of the plunging water causes all the windows to make in its neighbourhood.

Turning out of Drummondville to our left, we went along a broad plank-road, known as Lundy's Lane, and which has had the honour of giving the name to a battle fought here between the Americans and British in the last war. On the right of the road are two lofty wooden frame-work look-out towers, held by rival owners. In each is stationed an old soldier who was at the battle; one informs his visitors that the British won it, the other gives the palm of victory to the Americans, though they occasionally vary their tales, as did the famous physician, who suited his medicine to his patients' tastes. We got the American version of the story from an old Republican soldier, who assured us that the Britishers were "wopped" at Lundy's Lane. By his account, the Americans having taken and destroyed Fort Erie, advanced to Chippewa, where they drove the English before them; thence they marched on victorious, and twenty days afterwards planted their cannon on a spot close beneath the tower, where now a graveyard is situated; that the British first retreated, but again rallying, remained masters of the field. My hearty prayer is, that similar scenes of bloodshed between kindred races may never again be enacted on that lovely spot.

The view from the top of the tower is very interesting, not on account of the battle-field below it—a mournful subject of contemplation, and which I would far

rather were wiped away from the memory of man—but from its extending over one of the richest and most beautiful positions of the Upper Canadian Peninsula. The eye can reach the waters of Lake Erie on one side, and Ontario on the other, with numerous villages and hamlets scattered between.

Some fifteen miles off is the British town of Niagara, a place of some importance, which must not be confounded with the new town of the Falls, nor with the American town of mills and hotels close to the cataract. The hotels at the American town are very large and magnificent; but none of them have any view of the Falls, so that a great number of Americans come over to the Clifton House. We saw the Clifton House with its winter establishment; but in the summer, it is the most frequented hotel in either province, and a very amusing place to spend some time at. There is a magnificent ball-room attached to it, a reading and billiard-room, and eight or ten private houses, where families can live separate from the other guests, attended on by their own servants, and having their meals provided from the hotel. There is also a large garden belonging to the hotel, which is lighted up in summer nights with variegated lamps, and must have a very pretty appearance. For my own part I would infinitely rather avoid anything to draw off my attention from Niagara itself; but as a few years ago I might have thought differently, I will not rail against those who, amid scenes of grandeur, can spend their time in amusements so frivolous as dancing and flirting.

We did not see all the sights of Niagara. I was sorry to find that we had missed visiting a menagerie,

containing all the animals of Canada, which would have been excessively interesting to us. A favourite pet animal among the Canadians is the raccoon. We saw several chained outside the doors of the cottages. They are something like pigs, with long brown hair and short yellow snouts; they seemed very tame and fond of nuts. They make use of their claws like monkeys.

In the afternoon we went to Table Rock, to bid farewell to Niagara, perhaps for ever. A wooden shaft, with a winding stair, has been formed to enable people to descend the cliff. We found our way down it, and passing under Table Rock, scrambled along till we got close to the Water-fall, and farther it would have been dangerous to proceed without a guide. The sun had set, and the moon was shedding forth her pale light above the Falls. Over our heads rose darkly the vast mass of the Table Rock; at our feet were large blocks of stone, and the seething, creamy, foaming waters, while before us came thundering down the mighty cataract, half concealed by the vast mass of mist which rose from the caldron beneath it; and as I gazed, it seemed to assume the dim outline of some sage with flowing beard and streaming locks. I called him the Spirit of the Cataract,—that insatiate being to whom the Indians believe must every year be offered up two human sacrifices. Unhappily, he never fails to obtain his due: the last victim was offered up but a few days before, as I will narrate. The sound here was indeed terrific, and I could scarcely help fancying that the cliff was about to fall and crush us, as a part of it had lately done, and that the Spirit of the Cataract had appeared to warn us of the danger or to

forebode our destined fate. At all events, we gladly climbed up the shaft again to a safer position, where we walked about enjoying the scene, watching a lovely pink tint which glowed over the upper banks of the river, while the moon grew brighter and brighter, and two glittering stars came forth, and shone over the hoary head of the Spirit of the Cataract.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE were at length compelled to bid farewell to Niagara. We had spent five very delightful days within its influence; we had experienced many new sensations, and had truly opened a fresh page in the journal of our existence; but still I must own we were not sorry to go away. We were literally fatigued with the roar and tumult of the watery spectacle, with the unceasing concussion of the ground we stood on, and oh! most unromantic of causes, with the constant rattle and clatter of the windows of the hotel. In the bed-rooms, or the eating-rooms, or sitting-rooms, our ears were assailed by the same ceaseless din, putting us forcibly in mind of the passing of a line of heavy omnibuses along the stone-paved street in front of a London lodging-house. One of the guests suggested that the windows were allowed to be loose, that their rattling might give greater effect to the Falls.

A visit to Niagara is, indeed, too exciting to be long enjoyed, if a person is at all of an excitable temperament; we felt at last, as we should have done in a heavy gale of wind at sea, and experienced the same relief when we

got away from the neighbourhood, as one does on reaching a calm harbour after being tossed about on the billowy ocean. We had engaged a carriage to convey us through St. Catherine's, where some of the finest works of the Welland Canal are to be seen, to Hamilton, whence we proposed visiting London, Woodstock, Paris, and other places to the west, before returning to Toronto.

Our driver was an Irish lad, and possessed of the descriptive power so constantly found among all classes of his countrymen. I was standing, early in the morning, looking at the American Fall for the last time, when he drove up, and descending from his box, touched his hat, and asked if I had heard tell of the dreadful accident which had lately occurred there. I replied, that several versions of the story had been narrated to me, but that they materially differed from each other. "Well, yer honor, as I was looking on for most of the time, I can tell ye all about it," he answered. I cannot give the account in the Irishman's own words, which I regret, as they were most graphic and forcible; but I have endeavoured to throw as much as possible of his spirit into my description.

On the evening of the 18th of July, three men were loading a barge with sand on the American side of the Niagara River, some way above the Falls. The youngest of them was Joseph Ebert, a fine, tall, active lad, of about eighteen years of age. Their day's work being concluded, one of them proposed to try and catch some fish for their supper before returning homewards. They accordingly got into the small boat belonging to the barge, and at once became completely engrossed in their sport. No sooner did they throw out their lines than

the bait was seized, and they very quickly had caught as many as they could wish for, when the gathering darkness warned them that it was time to pull to the shore. Still unwilling to desist, they were about to throw in for the last time just to catch one more apiece, when the boat gave a sudden whirl, lifting slightly on a wave. The unexpected movement now for the first time made them look up to see where they had got to. Horror seized their hearts, when they perceived, through the thickening gloom, that they were already within the power of the dreaded rapids. They seized the oars, and with frantic strokes endeavoured to pull towards the shore. The fierce current carried them away rapidly to destruction. They strained every nerve. The oars bent with the force of their strokes. They shrieked in their eagerness; the waters answered mockingly to their cries. In vain were all their efforts. No bark had ever floated on that foaming tide and lived. Still hope did not abandon them; like true sons of the Anglo-Saxon race, they exerted themselves to the last. They might still guide their boat, if she should escape the rocks in their course, to reach Goat Island, if not the main shore. Alas! that faint chance of escape was denied them. As they tugged and tugged, with a strength which despair alone could give them, one of their oars broke, the next instant the boat came broadside to the current, and, hurled against a rock, was instantly dashed to pieces. For a few moments they struggled in the wild vortex, and then the waters closed over the heads of two of the party for ever. One still floated, keeping his head above the boiling flood. Dreadful, indeed, were his sensations, as he was thus fiercely hurried along to what he deemed inevitable destruction. He approached the Falls; a few

yards more only, and he must take that fearful plunge, to be no more seen, when, directly before him, appeared a log of timber, firmly jammed between the rocks in the stream. With a desperate effort he clung to it, and succeeded in dragging himself out of the water. Hope now revived; but still his position was full of danger. Night had come on. No chance passers-by could see him, and the roar of the cataract would drown his voice should he cry for aid. How he passed that dreadful night it is impossible to describe. When morning dawned, he was seen by those on shore clinging to the log. He soon discovered that he was observed, and he knew that his fellow-men would rescue him if they could. His dreadful situation quickly became known, not only in the village, but throughout the country, and thousands from far and near came hurrying to the spot, either anxious to learn if means had been found for his escape, or to assist by their own efforts in his rescue. The position he was in was about half-way between the bridge leading to Goat Island and the American Fall. The bridge was soon crowded with anxious spectators; but among them all there was no naval man capable of taking the command in any measures adopted for his preservation. At first sight it might have appeared easy to let a rope with a piece of timber float down to him, with lashings by which he might secure himself to it, and thus be hauled up to the bridge; but, dragged through that tremendous current, there were many chances against his being landed alive, even if the rope should withstand the strain, or escape being cut by the sharp rocks which there rise almost to the troubled surface of the water. It was painful in the extreme to watch him as he clung to the log, which itself might any moment be washed

away. So near was he, that it seemed a hand might almost have been stretched out to help him, and yet how far from human aid. Sometimes he would descend from the end of the log and walk about on the rocks surrounding it, as if contemplating the possibility of reaching dry ground by swimming or wading, till he was beckoned back by the spectators. In the meantime, numbers were at work to render him such aid as they could devise. The first thing suggested was a raft. This they formed by placing a cask in the centre, with some strong timbers fastened over it in a square form, and several stout ropes secured to it on either side. The spirits of the poor lad revived when he saw the preparations making, as did the hopes of the spectators. The raft was launched, and floated slowly down towards him. All watched it with anxiety; but none could have felt as did he for whose preservation it was intended. It swam buoyantly on the waves—it drew nearer—it was almost within his reach—in another minute he might be saved, when, alas! more of the rope was slackened than was requisite, and sinking for a moment, it jammed between the rocks, leaving the raft floating scarcely a dozen feet from him. A sigh of regret ran through the crowd; but other means of escape for him might be found, even should this fail. Ebert, still undaunted, maintained his spirits. He sat contemplating the raft for some time as if discussing in his mind the possibility of disengaging the rope from the rocks. Then bracing up his nerves to the hazardous task, he slid down into the water and waded out till he could reach the rope; grasping it, he hauled, and pulled, jerking it up and down, till, after some time and great labour, he succeeded in freeing it from the rocks which held it. The spectators shouted

with satisfaction, and still more so when they saw him manfully towing the raft out of the strength of the current towards the place of his refuge. He was not long in securing himself to the raft by the lashings made fast for that purpose, and in giving the signal that he was ready to commence his fearful voyage. Those who had charge of the raft commenced hauling away, and it floated in the boiling current where the water was deepest; then it sheered over towards the little islands near Goat Island, and had reached within thirty feet of one of them in safety, when again the rope caught in the rocks, and the raft lay in the most fearful part of the rapids. Now more than a sigh—a groan of sorrow and commiseration, escaped from the bosoms of the spectators. In vain those on shore hauled at the rope, fearful all the time lest it should be cut by the rocks, and the poor fellow after all be carried over the precipice. Ebert himself could not now venture to move lest he should be washed off the raft. But there were many gallant hearts anxious to save him, though the wish to do so was evidently greater than their knowledge of the best means to obtain success. A boat was now brought overland, and with a tow-rope secured to her, a volunteer bravely shoved off from the island as far as he could venture towards the young man. “Courage, Ebert! courage, my lad!” he sang out; “we’ll heave you a rope, and just you make yourself fast to it, and we’ll haul you safe on shore.” But Ebert shook his head. He felt his strength failing, and feared that while he was securing the rope to his body he might be washed off the raft. Various other plans were now proposed for getting the raft or its occupant to the shore; but one after the other was abandoned as being too full of risk. Seldom has a

human being been placed in a position of danger so terrific, yet so close apparently to aid. As soon as he was discovered, some humane person had sent off to Buffalo for a life-boat, under the belief that it would more safely float in those troubled waters than one of ordinary build. How frequently are the best intentions the means of destroying those they are intended to aid! Had Ebert remained on his first resting-place, while in the meantime food had been conveyed to him, till the arrival of the life-boat, he might have managed to leap into it, and have escaped the peril in which he was now placed. However, at length the life-boat arrived by the railway, was dragged down to the Falls, and with a strong tow-line attached to her, was launched a little above where the raft floated. With anxious gaze poor Ebert watched what was going forward. Now was the time to summon all his energies. In another moment he expected to grasp the side of the life-boat and be saved. He cast off the lashings by which he was held to the raft—the boat came floating down buoyantly towards him—the lookers-on held their breath with the intensity of their anxiety—would the boat reach him, or would it even then be dashed to pieces in those fiercely agitated waters? No; she floats, she floats—the boat nears him—she has touched the raft itself—Ebert sees her—the courage for which he has been so conspicuous throughout this terrible day revives within him. A shout of joy is heard—all think he is in safety. He springs up and leaps towards the boat. What means that cry of horror which escapes from the crowd? Alas! he has missed his aim, the boat sheers away from him, and he falls headlong into the foaming current. “Haste! haste ye who hold the rope, slacken it out—let the boat drop

down to him—he may grasp it yet!” Still he is not lost. He rises to the surface—he strikes out boldly—his foot touches a rock—he springs with the last efforts of despair towards the shore—he makes three or four almost superhuman leaps—as many more, and he will be safe; but, alas! the water deepens—again he swims—he swims strongly in spite of all his exertions. Life is sweet, and Ebert has life, and youth, and strength; the fair world, and its joys and pleasures. He seems to make way against that headlong tide; it was but for a moment—the waters are too mighty for him—his strength begins to fail—his strokes grow feebler—slowly he recedes from the shore—his straining eyeballs fixed on those who would save him, but cannot. Now he is borne backward into the fiercer part of the current. All hope has fled; swiftly and more swiftly he is borne onward towards the brink of that terrific precipice. The unrelenting Spirit of the Cataract claims the brave youth as his victim. He has him as his own. No human aid can avail him now. His fellow-men, those standing around, sicken at the sight. In another moment he reaches the fatal edge, still full of life and nervous energy. Even then he strives to combat with his inevitable fate. Just as he reaches the very edge, as if to gain one more look at the fair world he is about to leave, he springs upright, clear out of the water—his arms waving frantically above his head; he seems thus to stand for a moment, rigid and fixed, then uttering one last fearful shriek, heard even above the ceaseless roar of the torrent, he falls backwards, and the next instant is hid for ever from human ken, amid those wildly foaming waters as they fall into the river below.

“ Oh, yer honor, ye may belave me, it was many a

night before I could get the sight out of my head at night of that poor fellow as I saw him last standing up against the waters there, and shrieking out for mercy, which was not for him in this world. Och, it was terrible!" This remark was made by our driver just as we entered our carriage, and with the sensations excited by this horrible story still vibrating on my nerves we drove away from the scene of its occurrence. I could never again look at the sketch I made of the spot without thinking of the tragedy.

Accidents are constantly occurring at the Falls, and when we consider the great number of people who visit them annually, this is not surprising. One of a very sad description took place three years ago. A party of Americans were spending the evening on Goat Island, when one of the gentlemen took up a little girl, the daughter of a lady present, and in a playful manner was swinging her over the rapids, when he lost his balance and fell in. The spot was some twenty feet from the American Fall, where, though the water is shallow, yet the current is so strong, and the stones so slippery, that he could not regain his feet. He struggled bravely for some moments, still grasping the little girl, when the fierce tide overpowering him, carried them both together over the Falls.

Not a year passes, indeed, but two or more persons lose their lives in the Falls, or in the rapids above, giving a sanction to the belief of the Indians that the Spirit of the Cataract demands annually two human victims to appease his anger. The legend would form a good subject for a tale; and I intended, while on the spot, to have written one for this work, but Canada is full of so much interesting reality that fiction, I feel,

would be out of place, and almost like an impertinence to my readers.

The morning we started was cold and dull at first, but the sun soon broke through the clouds and mist, and warmed up the atmosphere to a most genial temperature. Our carriage was open, it conveyed all our luggage, and including all charges, we paid ten dollars and a half from Niagara to Hamilton. We drove pleasantly along over a broad road, tolerably well kept, with fine clearings, farms, and orchards on either side. The orchards especially attracted our notice, by the bright, ruddy hue of the apples with which some of the trees were loaded, and by the milky whiteness of the fruit which others bore. In most of the farms we observed huge piles of large red pumpkins near the orchards, and sometimes in the open fields. Here they are not only used as food for man, but are given to the cattle, which accounted for the quantities which had at first surprised us. Soon after starting, we drove under a magnificent arch of the Great Western Railway — quite like an Egyptian work, from its solidity and boldness of execution. We crossed and recrossed the Railway constantly. Great efforts were then making to complete it in the time proposed, which was triumphantly accomplished. Among other unexpected objects were the electric-telegraph wires, which border nearly all the roads in Canada, and convey a message for a few shillings from one end of the British North American possessions to the other. A traveller can thus, at a very small expense, let his friends at home know of his progress, and where his letters may be forwarded.

By the by, I found a young monkey near the Falls one day amusing himself by hauling away on the

telegraph wire, which he reached by standing upon the parapet-wall of a bridge. I lectured him severely on his crime, administering at the same time, with my stick, some forcible arguments against its repetition, as on public grounds I felt bound to do.

The morning was so cold that we were glad to wrap ourselves closely in our plaids, when, bowling away through wood and fell, we got into ecstasies with the inexpressible brilliancy and variety of the lovely hues in which the trees were clad. They can scarcely, we agreed, properly be called autumnal *tints*, for that conveys the idea of the presence of the original green. Now the great wonder to our eyes was the intense and entire redness of the red, the purity of the pale gold, the richness of the apricot colour, the brilliancy of the rose, and the depth of the crimson. Withal a great many of the trees were still green — some dark, and others with the light, cheerful hues of spring, so that the effect of the blended colours was perfect. Every turn of the road brought us to some new combination, some scene more beautiful than the last; and yet, lovely as were the woods, they fell infinitely short in fairy-like, romantic beauty to some we afterwards travelled through beyond Hamilton. Poets may sing of the beauties of Canadian forests in autumn, painters may attempt to represent them, but by gazing on the reality alone can a true idea be formed of their extraordinary appearance.

We had ordered the driver to take the road through St. Catherine's, in order to see a series of locks on the Welland Canal, by which a very considerable elevation, called the Mountain, is surmounted. The stone-work of these locks is of the most magnificent description, built to endure till the cliffs of Niagara give way, and an

open channel is formed between Lake Erie and Ontario. A clever account appeared some few years ago, describing in most graphic terms the destruction of the Falls of Niagara. Numbers believed the story, and regretted that they had not before the catastrophe gone to see the mighty cataract. Had they gone to see it they would have been convinced that the Welland Canal is not likely to fall into disuse for some centuries to come, in consequence, at all events, of the open navigation of the Niagara River, and that there is every probability of the big waterfall remaining much in its present state, to be looked at and heard to roar by crowds of admiring tourists for the same period of time. I have no doubt that instead of diminishing, the railroads now open, and opening, will very much add to the traffic on it by opening up the country to settlers, and increasing immeasurably its commerce. The finest locks which we had expressly intended to see we missed altogether by our Irish driver having taken another road, either to avoid a turnpike or a hill, or to make a shorter cut. We were, however, able to judge of their size by those below St. Catherine's itself.

There were several steamers at the quays—either screws or propellers—with paddles right aft, looking somewhat like the haunches of some animal deprived of its forefeet. There were also a number of sailing vessels, many of them large three-masted schooners, fit, as far as size was concerned, and in most other respects, to sail round the world.

The Welland Canal is one of the most important works in Canada. It is about twenty-six miles in its entire length from Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, to Port Colborne, on Lake Erie. It is fed from the Grand

River by a feeder of the same length. It has cost 1,299,000*l.* There are thirty-nine locks, which are one hundred and fifty feet long by twenty-six and a half wide, and have about ten feet depth of water in them. Between St. Catherine's and Thorold are found twenty of these locks, five of which have a fall of no less than fourteen feet, which were those we wished to see. In consequence of the valuable water-power afforded by the canal, manufactories are springing up along its banks, the most advantageous site being that between Thorold and St. Catherine's, where there is a fall of nearly three hundred feet. Large as was the sum this canal cost the colony, as in the year 1849 no less, I find, than 265,326 tons of shipping passed through it up and down (an amount of tonnage, since then certainly very much increased, if not doubled), it has paid well. People in England, from the contemptuous way it has been vulgarly the fashion to speak of the colonies, have been apt to fancy that Canada is very far behindhand the States in works of material progress. We had already seen enough during the short distance we had driven this day to prove the contrary.

To begin with the superb Clifton Hotel, then, there were the good broad roads, the well-cultivated farms, the rich orchards, the railway embankments, viaducts, and bridges, the flourishing villages and towns, and now, lastly, the magnificent locks of this wealth-bearing canal. St. Catherine's has, as yet, a straggling, unfinished appearance, as have all the towns in Upper Canada, as if the houses had not yet got accustomed to each other's society. It contains nearly four thousand inhabitants; and, as there are seven or more churches, it is to be hoped that they are a God-fearing people. A town-hall,

built of cut-stone, a market-place, two newspapers, six grist-mills, two woollen factories, a saw-mill, two distilleries, a brewery, and marble factory, indeed numerous places where many other branches of industry are carried on, and perhaps by the time these pages see the light the numbers may be doubled, so rapid is the progress towns possessing free communication with the world now make in Canada.

While our man and his beasts were refreshing themselves, we walked down to the canal and looked at the locks and the mills. I afterwards got into conversation with a most intelligent negro, and commenced a series of questions, which I put to a great number of his race, to ascertain if they themselves had ever thought of suggesting any plan by which the emancipation of their brethren in the Southern States could be brought about without the ruin of their masters and the utter demoralisation of the negroes themselves. The results I will mention by and by. He told me there are twenty-five thousand negroes in Upper Canada, a large number of whom are either emancipated, or have taken "French leave" of their masters. My friend acted as ostler at the inn. He was contented and happy, though, as he told me, he was alone in the world—no wife, nor children, nor brothers, nor sisters—yet he had known them, but they were all dead. Providence has kindly implanted a contented, uncomplaining disposition in the bosom of the negro, enabling him to bear up against misfortunes which would break the spirits of his white-skinned fellow-mortals.

I own that I felt a great interest in the success of the runaway slaves, who find freedom, employment, and kind treatment and sympathy in Canada, and contribute,

in return, much to the prosperity of the country. Yet I certainly do not blame the Southern slave-owners in being anxious to prevent any sudden emancipation of those they hold in bondage; yet, as their sincere well-wisher, I urge them again and again to prepare for the inevitable future, when the slaves must be pacifically set free, or, should this not be done, when they will free themselves with bloodshed, fire, and sword.

There is a settlement of Christian Indians on the Grand River, the remnant of a once powerful tribe, part of the Six Nations, now reduced to a few hundred people. We found that it would prolong our drive too much to enable us to reach Hamilton that evening if we visited them: indeed, with the exception of a few of the chiefs, who are superior in physical and moral qualities to the rest, these so-called civilised Indians are generally a very inferior race. In every look and action they seem to feel their degradation; for, though falling far short, in reality, of the romantic character given to them by Cooper, they were, at all events, lords of the soil, free to roam where they listed and to fight with whom they chose. Now they wear blanket-coats, weave mats, receive alms from the white man, and get drunk whenever they can.

On the road we passed a figure worthy of appearing in one of the great novelist's tales. He was an old man—an Englishman, we agreed—with long white locks, and countenance shrivelled and burnt red by exposure. He was driving a substantial waggon, full of household property, and by his side sat an old red squaw, his wife, with several children. In that space, probably, were contained all his worldly goods and chattels. I had a great fancy to know that man's history. There are many such

in the colony—not vagabonds, as we understand the word commonly, yet wanderers—pedlars and tinkers, who are known and respected wherever they go—very useful members of society in a new country.

Seven miles, partly over an excellent plank-road, took us to the river Jordan, and to a village so called, where we watered our horses. It is a very neat pretty location, with a deep valley on one side, through which flows the “Twenty-mile Creek,” navigable from the lake three miles off, and upward to near the village, for boats. On the left commence the wooded heights, called the Mountain, which extend all the way to Hamilton, and contribute so much to the picturesque beauty of the scenery. An immensely long oak-bridge extends across the river and valley to support the Great Western Railway. It is well worthy of remark that, during the whole day’s journey, we were scarcely ever out of sight of a house, cottage, or habitable hut or shanty.

The next village we came to, six miles from the last, was Beamsville, so called by a Mr. Beam, who, seventy-five years ago, settled on the spot where there stood only three or four birch-bark shanties. The venerable patriarch has lived here ever since; and, perhaps to encourage the younger part of the population to do likewise, only two years ago took to himself a wife. Of late it has not made much progress in extent, but the frame-houses are being displaced by those of brick, a fair sign of the increasing wealth of the inhabitants. It is surrounded by a rich agricultural country, and many roads branch off right and left to other hamlets; the black stumps are also removed from most of the fields, though snake-fences are still in vogue. These will give way ultimately to rails or palings. The bridges, likewise, of loose planks,

without parapet or rails, were indications of a new country advancing so rapidly that alone time can be found to finish the portion of works deemed absolutely necessary.

We drove on through well-cultivated land till we came to Grimsby, another neat and pretty village, seventeen miles from Hamilton, standing close under lofty and wooded heights, putting us in mind of many picturesque places we had seen in Germany. While our horses baited, by the advice of a gentleman, an engineer engaged on the railway, we walked through the remains of the forest for a mile till we reached the shores of the blue lake. The evening had become very pleasant, and, as we sat watching the placid scene, the calm lake, the yellow shore, the tall forest-trees, through the stems of which the rays of the setting sun cast alternate lines of light and shade, while not a sound was heard but the scarcely perceptible ripple of the water on the sand, we felt a soothing calm steal over us most refreshing after the ceaseless boom of Niagara, and—to descend from Pegasus—the rattle and jingle of the windows.

While waiting at the inn for our horses to be put to, a spectacle somewhat unexpected in that quiet little peaceable village made its appearance. A big gun, with an officer and a party of artillery-men, marched through the street and halted just before us. For a moment I thought another rebellion had broken out, or that an army of Sympathisers were on their march to the frontiers, till I recollected the ceremony to take place the next day of laying the foundation-stone of a monument to General Brock, and rightly conjectured that the gun was to be most harmlessly employed in firing a salute on the occasion. As all the world was going there, and we heard that it would prove an interesting spectacle, we

regretted that we had not arranged to be present. Our rogue of a driver had agreed to take us to Hamilton before it was dark, though we had scarcely left Grimsby ere night came on. However, as a bright moon shone forth, he seemed to consider that he had fulfilled his contract. Had we not resolved to see the scenery, and been, into the bargain, somewhat tired and very hungry, we should have had little cause to complain, for the air was soft and pleasant, and the moon amply lighted our way. From his ignorance as to the situation of our hotel, as he drove about looking for it, we had the opportunity of seeing more of Hamilton than we expected, and we were much struck by the width of the streets and the height and size of the houses. This was a place, too, we had but a short time before fancied a small village somewhere in the backwoods. At length, at about nine o'clock, we reached the City Hotel, where an excellent supper inviting our attention restored very speedily the equanimity we had lost.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAMILTON and Toronto are decidedly rivals in the race to wealth and prosperity. The former contains already some three or four-and-twenty thousand inhabitants, the latter three or four-and-forty thousand, yet Toronto was a city before its sister had a name or location. Toronto always affects to speak of Hamilton as that "aspiring little city," in a half-jealous, half-affectionate tone, as some young pretty mothers, who have not quite given up dancing, are apt to do when they see their daughters, just emerging from the school-room, standing opposite to them in the quadrille. In this case, however, the simile no longer holds good, for both cities may go on flourishing side by side, increasing and prospering, till they rival many of the largest in the Old World. We were truly astonished with Hamilton, with its size and evidences of prosperity, its admirable site for commercial purposes, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery; in the latter point, especially, it far surpasses all other towns in Canada, with the exception, in certain points, of Bytown and Quebec, which are, however, unique in their way.

Hamilton stands on the shore of a deep bay, called Burlington Bay. I should, however, rather call it a small lake with a very narrow opening into Lake Ontario. Above, or rather inside it, is another lake, reaching as far as Dundas, now almost filled with sedges or rice-plants. The Dundas Lake has also a narrow opening into Burlington Bay. During some great convulsion of nature, when the waters which covered the earth came sweeping down towards the Atlantic, having first filled the upper lakes, one part found its way through the Niagara River, while another came in this direction, first filling the Dundas basin, out of which it escaped by a narrow channel it formed for itself into Burlington Bay. Here it met with another impediment in a long straight sand-bank, thrown up probably by the first part of the flood, and not having strength to clear the whole away, it cut itself an outlet like an artificial canal. The Mountain I have spoken of, as sweeping round from Niagara, rises about a mile and a half from this bay, and on the intermediate space the city of Hamilton has been laid out. The street in which the City Hotel is situated extends from the water to the foot of the Mountain. There are several other fine broad streets parallel to it, and others at right angles to them, with intermediate squares and open spaces, some already filled with churches, schools, and other public edifices.

Hamilton contains more good hotels than any city in Canada. The one we were at is not the largest; but the landlord, Mr. Davidson, is most attentive, the house is most comfortable, and the provisions most excellent. A new railroad hotel is about being erected to vie with the finest in the States, and to be conducted, with certain variations, on the American plan. Probably, however, by this time, in all the cities through which railways

pass new hotels will be erected to supply the wants of the travellers they bring.

My first business was to learn the direction of Barton Lodge, the seat of Mr. Whyte, to whom, as I before mentioned, I had a letter of introduction. He inherited the property, which is situated on the Mountain, and reputed one of the prettiest places in Canada, from his brother, Colonel Whyte of the Guards. Thither, therefore, as soon as breakfast was over, I set off directly up the street, with some really large, handsome villas on either side of me, and then, ascending the Mountain by a steep flight of wooden steps, I turned to the right, admiring the beauty of the view overlooking the city, the bay, and the heights beyond, till I came to a turning, when I judged it wise to ask my way of a man driving a team. Following his direction, I quickly reached a lodge like a park-lodge in the old country, and keeping along a private road, soon stood before the house I was in search of. I still had doubts whether I was to find the right Mr. Whyte after all, but they were speedily set at rest when I was admitted and received a very kind invitation to make his house our home while we remained in that part of the country. His only daughter is married to Colonel Gourlay, the son of a well-known old Canadian settler, and their kindness and attention increased the pleasure of our visit, while the information they gave us added much to our store of knowledge.

I returned to Hamilton with Colonel Gourlay, and walked back again with my wife. The day was one of the most lovely of the many lovely ones we spent in the Upper Province. The atmosphere was beautifully clear, and the sun was bright; and though the air was warm, there was a freshness and purity in it which prevented

our feeling either oppression or fatigue. Delightful as was the day for a walk, it was with some difficulty that I could persuade the people at the hotel that we intended to go on foot, and that I wished our luggage to be sent after us. Where horses and vehicles can be kept at so cheap a rate, no one in the country thinks of walking any distance, and that a lady should dream of such a thing seemed a piece of eccentricity not easy to be accounted for.

Mrs. Gourlay told us that she was looked upon as a very odd person for having accompanied her father in his shooting excursions through the forests before she was married, and it was reported that she carried a gun and shot also; which she assured us was not the case. It was her delight, however, to collect specimens of the plants and shrubs, to learn the names of the trees, and the habits of the birds and beasts they met with. Few ladies are, therefore, more practically acquainted with the natural history of the country than she is. On one occasion they made a tour through the bye-roads to the remote villages and clearings of the colony, and encountered so many amusing adventures, that we longed to be able to follow their example.

Barton Lodge stands on the brow of the mountain, with a precipice below it of one hundred and fifty feet or so; the tops of the tall trees appearing just below the level of the ground on which the house is built. The view from the lawn is most lovely. Below, in front, are the streets, the squares, the gardens, the railroads, the churches, the colleges, the schools, the public halls, the hotels, and the suburbs full of fine villas, in *esse* and *posse*, of Hamilton; then there are the blue bay and harbour, and the opposite heights, with the Honourable

Adam Fergusson's house and grounds. To the right is seen the curious narrow sand-bank, which shuts in the bay, with the narrow canal cut through it, and its lighthouse to mark its position, having at the south end a rising village called Wellington Square. To the left of the city appear the Burlington Heights, which separate Dundas Lake from the bay, and over which now runs the Great Western Railway. Between the heights and the city is situated Durndrum, the castellated-looking residence of Sir Allan Macnab, one of the oldest settlers in that part of the country. More to the left, again, is Dundas Lake, with the flourishing town of Dundas at the end of it, while, on either side, along the edge of the mountain, are thick groves of trees, left standing to enable the purchasers of the building sites to lay out their grounds with as much timber as they may require. In some places the mountain goes sheer down to the plain in a precipice of two hundred feet, and in several, deep gullies run up out of the plain full of trees, the tops of the tallest of which do not reach to the summit of the hill. The whole mountain is, I believe, of limestone. It is not a mere ridge; but an undulating plateau which extends, at the same height, for many miles back into the interior; indeed, the height of the mountain is about the general level of the country, which, however, slopes gradually towards Lake Ontario.

Though a wide breadth of country has been cleared and brought under cultivation, each farm contains from ten to fifty acres of forest-land, which add most materially to the beauty of the scenery; along the edge of the mountain also, comparatively few trees have been cut down, so seen from the plain, it has the appearance of a magnificent wood-crowned ridge.

It would be difficult to find throughout Canada more picturesque, and at the same time perfectly advantageous sites for villas, than towards the edge of the mountain above Hamilton, both to the right and left of Barton Lodge. Probably, in a very few years, on the ground over which we wandered amid the wildest forest scenery, country-houses, and villas, and crescents, and even rows and streets, will stand thickly clustered together.

The great drawback to Hamilton and its immediate neighbourhood, is the Dundas Lake and its marshy shore. From the shallowness of the water, and the quantity of decayed vegetable matter it contains, the vapours arising from it in the spring and autumn bring certain ague on their noxious wings. Truly the plague comes on their wings; for not only near the marsh, but to a considerable distance along the plain under the foot of the mountain and up the deep gullies I have described, the wind at times blows the vapour, and as certainly as it does so, those living within its influence suffer from the ague. A family I visited, whose house was situated in a most picturesque position, a little way down the side of the ravine, and but a few feet only from the highest part of the mountain, suffered sadly from a draught of air constantly bringing up through the pass the vapours of the lake, which yet lay two hundred feet below them. Had their house been built a hundred yards to the right of where it stands, they would have probably escaped the visitation. However, I should think that no more healthy sites for dwellings can be found in any part of Canada than those overlooking Burlington Bay. I did not hear that the ground on which Hamilton itself stands is considered unhealthy, though in the summer the heat is very considerable. When the wind blows over the

Dundas marsh, people very susceptible to ague may suffer in a slight degree; and most certainly should the city as it increases not be properly drained and supplied with water, from its position it will be visited by cholera, fevers, and the other plagues which invariably follow the neglect of such arrangements. I believe, however, that preparations were making for carrying out a general system of drainage, as also for supplying the city with water.

In winter, Hamilton is a very pleasant residence for those who wish to avoid the excess of cold, as it is several degrees warmer than on the high land, and often almost free from snow when the mountain is covered to the depth of several feet. Taking the whole year round, therefore, probably Hamilton is as healthy as any other city in Canada, and certainly superior to Quebec and Montreal, which have frequently been visited by cholera, when it has escaped. At the same time, I most earnestly urge the inhabitants of a city, in whose prosperity I feel the greatest interest, to make the most perfect sanitary arrangements, or I must warn them that they must not hope always to escape with impunity the fearful visitations which have afflicted other cities in the Provinces.

The morning after our arrival, I accompanied Mr. Whyte in a long walk to a number of the points of interest in the neighbourhood of Hamilton, which he was kindly anxious to show me. Descending the mountain by a steep winding path, and keeping to the west of the city, we directed our course to the spot of ground on which the great Colonial Exhibition was held a few days ago. It was on an open elevated space, a short distance from the city, and with a fine view of the bay and lake from it. The more we heard of it, the more we regretted

not having been present, as we should not only have there met a number of persons to whom we had letters, but we should have become acquainted with a large and important class of the population of the Province.

Not far from it we went through the grounds of Durndrum, the property of Sir Allan Macnab. The house was shut up, as Sir Allan and all his family were away, so we did not enter it. It is by far the largest house in the Upper Province, somewhat in the old French style of architecture; but as wood has been more liberally used than stone, the imposing appearance which it presents at a distance somewhat decreases on a nearer approach. He is well known for the active part he took, with other loyal men, in suppressing the Canadian Rebellion.

Descending a steep bank through his grounds to the shore of the bay, we found ourselves on the line of the Great Western Railway, which, after leaving Hamilton, runs partly on an artificial embankment, and is partly cut out of the cliffs before it turns off over Burlington Heights. We proceeded along it, observing the works going on, and had to run for our lives to avoid an avalanche of rocks, which a few pounds of powder sent hurtling down from the cliffs above. We then turned to our right over Burlington Heights.

I mentioned that the Dundas Lake was connected with Burlington Bay by a narrow channel. Over this it was necessary to throw a bridge to support the railway; but the ground on either side was so marshy a short way under the soil, that the engineers considered it better to cut a new channel sufficiently wide and deep to allow a steamer to pass, and to throw a causeway over the old one. This has been done through the narrowest

part of the heights, and as we crossed over the bridge, we looked down on the deck of a little steamer which lay at the bottom of the deep cutting. The railroad then winds away over the heights towards Toronto.

We saw a machine worked by steam for cutting through gravel or earth, which has been nicknamed the "Irish Navigator." It was rather a compliment to the sons of Erin than otherwise, for it seemed to get through a vast deal of work very rapidly.

Burlington Heights would seem to be a beautiful situation for building on, but, unfortunately, no water is to be procured there. A sanguinary conflict took place here between the English and Americans in the last American War. We walked over the ground where the slain lie buried. A few simple tombstones still remain to mark the spot. Subsequently it was used as the burying-place of the neighbourhood; but the stern iron conqueror of the desert will soon obliterate all remaining traces of the tombs and their mouldering occupants. My companion waited most patiently while I took a sketch looking up at Dundas, and another down the bay.

Dundas Lake is full of wild rice-fields; the stems of the plants are some ten or a dozen feet long, and grow in water of that depth, so that they have the appearance of islands. Innumerable wild-fowl come here to feed when the seed is ripe.

The lake is known by the name of Cootes' Paradise. A Major Cootes came here many years ago, and being a devoted sportsman, was so delighted with the abundance of game, that he built himself a hut and a canoe, and defying ague and malaria, spent his days and nights on the lake in killing ducks. He lived here for many years

and never once was ill. He probably, however, possessed one of those iron constitutions which no climate affects; but old Charon seized him at last and punted him across to other Elysian fields. He has, however, left behind him a name, which will probably last till means are found of draining the marsh and converting the rice-fields into meadows.

The entrenchments thrown up by the British force across the narrow neck of Burlington Heights still remain, a short way in front of the spot where so many of its defenders lie buried. From the top of the mound, we looked into an exceedingly prettily laid out Protestant burying-ground lately established. The views from it extend over the lake towards Dundas. It has walks, and flower-beds, and lawns, and shrubs, with marble monuments and tombstones interspersed. At a short distance off is the Roman Catholic burying-ground, laid out much in the same style. These pleasant resting-places for the bodies of the departed aid to rob death of half his ideal terrors. They also prevent the horrible custom which has so long existed of desecrating God's temples by consigning the crumbling remains of mortality within their sacred walls. Why death should, of necessity, be associated with churches, I could never comprehend. Churches are properly buildings, where living men either with joyous or repentant hearts meet together to worship the Creator, to praise Him, and to express contrition for their sins. Praise and thanksgiving should ascend in a pure atmosphere, amidst light and warmth. When the immortal spirit has fled, what have the crumbling remains to do with a church or prayer? It may be a fitting occasion for a minister of the gospel to point out to the survivors the uncertainty of life when they

assemble to see the dead deposited in its last resting-place; but surely that resting-place should not be where the living congregate.

My wife came in from a pleasant scramble through the woods with Mrs. Gourlay, laden with hickory-nuts, and butter-nuts, and nuts of all sorts; and maple-leaves of every hue, of red and pink; and beech-leaves, tinted of delicate yellow and green; and many other forest spoils. The nuts we put in a bag; the leaves we pressed in a book, where they still retain all their gorgeous hues. I have since seen tables beautifully ornamented with dried maple-leaves. If they are gummed on to the wood, and then thickly coated with varnish, by which means their lovely tints are secured for ages. The ladies in their walk also came on an Indian burying-ground, a cleared open space, long since deserted, the only memorial remaining of a race, which, but a few years back, dwelt in the land. How rapidly have they passed away!

The next day, with my trusty stick in hand, I accompanied Mr. Whyte on a shooting excursion. Upwards of seventy as he is, I had hard work to keep pace with him over the snake-fences. Though we saw no game, properly so called, he killed a few birds to show me. Among them were robins, large brown birds with reddish breasts, which are said to make capital pies. The blue-birds are most common, which, with their bright azure plumage, as they flit in and out among the amber-coloured maple-trees, are very beautiful; but, however, the greater number of Canadian birds have long since migrated to warmer climes for the winter. The woods are full of squirrels of all sorts and sizes, and the funny little, wee chip-monk often ran along

the snake-fences as we past them. Mandrakes are found in quantities in the Barton groves. They grow rather low, and have large bright green leaves and handsome white flowers. The fruit is like a fine yellow plum spotted with red. It is pulpy within a rind, and has small seeds and a high flavour. When pulled up by a strong hand it makes a peculiar sound. The woods abound in beautiful wild flowers in spring, with varied tinted humming-birds, and a great variety of the feathered tribe.

Mrs. Gourlay showed my wife a pond full of what she called "snapping turtles," from a propensity they have of biting at white fingers. The Anglo-Saxons, in return, make soup of them. Some were seen basking on the stones or logs, as they usually do. We certainly fancied that "snapping turtles" was a name given to alligators; but these, at any rate, are tortoise beasties. Cray-fish are also found in the streams and ponds in the neighbourhood. In the thick woods there are several sorts of snakes, some of them venomous, especially the rattlesnake.

The Barton Lodge garden is very productive, as is also the farm, so that the family have an abundance of fruit and vegetables, eggs, milk, butter, and cheese. They kill their own mutton and beef, pork, lamb, and veal; they grow their own corn, and bake their own bread, brew their own beer, and make their own candles, and much of the sugar; indeed, except groceries, wines, and spirits, the farm supplies everything they require, and yet there are only eighty acres under cultivation, and some twenty or thirty kept for firewood. The land near Barton sells for one hundred pounds per acre for building on. By the common arrangement, the

seller holds a mortgage on it, the amount to be paid before the expiration of twenty-one years, bearing interest at six per cent in the meantime. If not paid, he gets back his land and all improvements on it.

We were highly amused with a friend's description of an Irish family in the neighbourhood. "Mr. — is a kind-hearted man, but not cut out for a settler. His aunt, a good creature, lives with them, and toils and slaves herself to death for the good of the children; but there are certain people who are always in a muddle and never get out of it. The men, instead of working on the farm, are employed half the day in driving the pigs and cattle out of the garden. And then they'll have a fortnight's washing; and having hung out the clothes to dry, will forget to take them in some night, so down come the Indians from their settlement and make a clean sweep of sheets, shirts, counterpanes, and all. Or else it comes on to snow in the night, and the whole of the clothes are buried some feet deep under the earth's winter mantle; and when one goes to call some fine frosty morning, the men are employed digging little frocks and pinafores out of the snow, instead of cutting timber for the winter's fuel. Or, perhaps, as they are killing a pig, they take the barn-door for a table, and forgetting to put it on its hinges again, are quite surprised to find in the morning all the cows playing sad havoc among the corn." Oh, Paddy, Paddy, you are a right capital good fellow, but you are much the same all the world over.

We took a delightful drive one day in Mr. Whyte's waggon to the Ancaster Springs—the scenery most beautiful, hill and dale, and forest and lake, and distant views and quiet homes, bits refreshing and pleasant, interesting glimpses of Hamilton, Dundas, and Burlington

Bay; land splendidly farmed, large orchards, whose dark-green trees were richly laden with garlands of brilliant apples; often the fruit grew so close together that it was like the great strings of onions they hang up in the shops. And as to the effulgence of the foliage, no words can properly describe it—bright crimsons, delicate yellows, purples, reds, browns, greens, light and dark, pinks,—indeed, the whole contents of a colour-box appeared in every variety of combination; and when we fancied that we had seen a spectacle which could not be surpassed, another turn in the road brought us to a fresh scene still more gorgeous and brilliant. Some of the fields were of great extent, not surpassed in the model-farms at home, and scarcely a stump was to be seen. As I before mentioned, these woods cover seldom more than forty acres of ground, each farmer keeping that quantity to supply himself with firewood and fences, or for building purposes. They are, therefore, just of sufficient size to preserve the beauty of the scenery without detracting from its cultivated appearance. In some parts of the country, unfortunately, such deadly war has been waged against the forest, that scarcely a tree has been left standing on many estates, totally destroying the natural beauty of nature's face, and depriving the occupants of what they are now much in need of—firewood and timber.

On the highest spots on several of the farms, we observed tombstones and monuments, railed in as in an English churchyard. The custom of burying the dead on these spots was introduced before churches and public burying-grounds were established, and by many farmers is still kept up, either because the public places of sepulture are at a distance, or because they do not

like to part with the remains of those they have loved in life. Some, perhaps, having no particular prejudice in favour of what is called consecrated ground, keep up the custom because it is an old custom, and they do not require the spot for any other purpose. Those dissenting from the Church of England chiefly maintain the system.

We passed a great number of cottages ornées and small houses, principally belonging to gentlemen, or to men who have raised themselves to independence by their industry. Captain Hammersley has lately bought a cottage and a fine farm, which we passed.

We drove through Ancaster, the longest established town in that part of the country. It consists of a long street with a number of scattered houses outside it, and contains an extensive cloth-manufactory and some flour-mills. About a mile from it is the spring, which was the object of our expedition. It is in a deep hollow, surrounded by trees, and bubbles up into a cask sunk for its reception. Its chief ingredient is sulphur; but it has little of the rotten-egg taste generally found in sulphur-springs; and after taking a tumbler or two, I found it so refreshing and strengthening, that during the remainder of my stay, I took no other liquid, and carried a bottle or two away with me to drink on our journey. It is found most efficacious in curing that most difficult to be cured of diseases, dyspepsia; and many who have been long suffering from stomach complaints have gone to reside in the neighbourhood, and, having taken the waters regularly, have been completely relieved.

While Mr. Whyte filled a number of bottles he had brought for the purpose with the healing fluid, I having drunk two or three tumblers of it with much gusto, sat down to make a sketch of the romantic dell, a fresh-

water stream which runs through it, and the green lawn which lines its banks; but in vain I attempted to do justice to the amphitheatre of gorgeous foliage which surrounded us.

In the neighbourhood are a number of chestnut-trees, to which people come in pic-nic parties to gather the fruit. It is, however, very much smaller than the Spanish chestnut, and even than many I have seen in England. We discovered that what we called *lignum vitæ* is the white cedar. It has clusters of yellowish-looking berries just like it. Dog-wood is harder even than iron-wood or horn-bean, of which an axe can be made, and made to cut as well, probably, as some served out to our troops in the East. Dog-wood is not so common, nor does it grow so large. It has white flowers in spring, and its leaves are of a dark purplish red brown, with red berries in clusters like those of honeysuckle. There are many kinds of nut-trees, the leaves seemed all more or less like walnut or chestnut, but smaller,—hickory-nut, butter-nut, bitter-nut, chestnut. There are many varieties of oak—some with very large broad leaves, others fine and deeply indented. They are now of magnificent crimson and brown shades. The lovely maples, however, surpass all other forest trees in this their own native land, with their tender bright green rich amber, bright rose pink, pale gold, softest, faintest yellow; and they coquettishly love to hang out their gayest colours near the deep sombre stems of the grave old pines, who stand unmoved by the changing fashions of the seasons, as if they despised such frivolities. Bass-wood turns out to be the lime; and tamarack, which sounds such a fine wild Indian kind of a tree, is nothing more nor less than a larch. In the same way the acacia is called the

locust-tree. Then there are magnificent beeches, and they change their colours most beautifully. One sees the clear shiny green towards the centre of the tree getting paler and yellower, till at the tips of the branches they become brightly golden. We have also seen many very large weeping willows, as well as numerous sumachs, now of a dark red colour. The ground on which they grow is almost as gay and brilliant as the leafy canopy above, what with the various greens of many grasses, crimson bilberry, and many berry-bearing shrubs, yellow needles from the old pines, and numberless leaves which lie fresh fallen on the surface. Alas! that so rich an habitation should be deserted by most of its gaily-dressed feathered inhabitants; but, luxurious epicures that they are, they find that the fruits are withered, the berries have lost their juice, and the seeds are scattered on the ground, and they have gone to more genial regions, where bountiful nature affords an ever-constant repast. But a few blue-birds remain, and bright and beautiful they looked, as they flew in and out among the amber-coloured maple-leaves. There are also woodpeckers and robins; the latter, I believe, remain all the winter, and are somewhat in appearance like their friendly little namesakes in England, with their brown jackets and red waistcoats; but they are much larger, and are treated in a very different way, for they are shot without compunction, for not a bad reason, that they make excellent pies. With this learned dissertation on the natural history of the peninsula of Canada, I must conclude the chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOME of our friends tell us that the Indian summer has begun; that it may last ten days, or a fortnight, or a month, and that then the winter will set in with all its rigour. Others say that we are only enjoying the fine autumnal weather of the Upper Province, that we shall have a little blowing, and raining, and mist, and that then the real Indian summer will commence. However, we are well content to enjoy the present, and nothing can be more delicious than the atmosphere in which we exist, though the air is sufficiently warm to make sitting out-of-doors in the shade pleasant. The rays of the sun are hot, yet there is a lightness, a freshness, a purity in the atmosphere, which enables us to take as much exercise as we desire without feeling anything like oppression or fatigue. The signs of the Indian summer, we were told, are a perfect stillness in the air, a warm sun, and a thin gauze-like mist hanging over the whole face of nature and obscuring all distant objects.

I had been taking a view of Hamilton from between the trees on the lawn of Barton Lodge, when one morning, as I went out to put in a few finishing touches,

colour-box in hand, I found the view obscured by just such a mist as I have described. "Well, here is the Indian summer come at all events," I exclaimed, as I entered the breakfast-room. "We must make the most of it and see as much of the country as we can before the winter sets in." "Don't be frightened about it and hurry yourselves," answered our host. "Don't trust to the croakers. This weather may last till Christmas, and I see no reason why it should not this year." From letters I received from him when I was at Quebec, I found that he was right in his prognostications, and that the fine weather lasted till the very end of the year.

People in England are apt to have very erroneous notions of the climate of Upper Canada in winter, because they form them from what they have heard of that of the Lower Province, and especially of Quebec, whereas the climates are totally different. While we in the latter place were running about over the snow with blue noses, and finger-tips without sensation, our friends at Toronto and Hamilton were still enjoying warm autumn weather. Indeed, the winter in the Upper Province is scarcely more than half the length of that in the Lower, and not nearly so cold; indeed, it is not colder than at New York or Boston, and no one in England ever thinks of dreading the rigour of the winter in those places. Indeed, I suspect, that during this very winter, the inhabitants of Hamilton suffered less from cold than did our friends in England. However, as the climate of Canada is a subject of much interest, I shall discuss it more at large by and by.

I took several walks into Hamilton with Mr. Whyte and Colonel Gourlay. Hamilton not only supplies the immediate neighbourhood with goods, but has a large

wholesale trade to furnish a wide extent of the interior of the country, in which are a number of flourishing towns and villages. I was much struck with the extent and handsome appearance of many of the stores, over which the proprietors most politely showed me. Shops are often called "stores" in the colonies; but these I speak of are enormous warehouses, containing goods of every possible description—groceries, ironmongery, woollen and cotton manufactures, wines, books, cordage, silks, shoes, hats, and clothing of every description—indeed, when a customer enters, he expects to find everything he requires. Some only supply the shop-keepers in the smaller towns and villages in the interior, while others retail a pound of sugar, a paper of pins or a penknife. Among others, I went over the stores of Messrs. R. Juson and Co., lately erected, with a very handsome stone front, as also another still larger belonging to Mr. Buchanan, late member for Hamilton. Mr. Kerr, Mr. Benner, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. M'Laren, most politely showed me over their very flourishing establishments. Mr. Buchanan took me through every department, which, though under the same roof, is kept perfectly separate, each floor having its peculiar line of trade. The wines and spirits were under-ground, the groceries and iron-manufactures on the ground-floor, the woollen on the first floor, the cotton on the next, and the silks and ribbons on the next. I had never seen anything in England at all to be compared to these colonial general stores. By degrees, however, trade is dividing itself, and wine-merchants, and hardware merchants, and woollen merchants, are making their appearance in the larger commercial cities.

The inhabitants of Hamilton are very proud of their

city. It is an honourable boast with them that it has risen to its present flourishing condition entirely by the exertions of its citizens, and that they have never received the slightest pecuniary aid, either from the home or colonial governments. A gentleman told me, that eighteen years ago only, when he came here, there was but one brick or stone house in the place, all the rest were of wood; and now there are numerous shops, and warehouses, and private dwellings, and public edifices, churches, banks, and hotels of substantial brick, or with handsome stone fronts, and many entirely of stone.

We visited a very well-conducted mechanics' institute, with a good reading-room belonging to it. Also we went into the public ball-room, which is well-proportioned and handsomely decorated, and fully as large as the Hanover Square Rooms in London. Concerts and public meetings are held here. Among other establishments, which show the size and flourishing condition of the city, is that of Mr. Lawson, the tailor, who employs a hundred workmen and two sewing-machines (an American invention, I believe). It is the largest in Canada.

In an open space, near the centre of the town, is a handsome stone building, the National School, for the children of the inhabitants of all religious denominations. The only charge is one shilling a-week for each boy, which goes towards firing, an important item of expense in the winter season. The boys seemed to be of a very respectable class, happy, intelligent fellows.

Excellent stone for building purposes is procured from the freestone and limestone quarries in the mountain directly above the town, and this gives a remarkably handsome and substantial appearance to all the houses. A number of villas, especially those standing on the rising

ground under the mountain, attracted my attention from their elegance and size, and I could scarcely believe that I was in a city which a few years ago was not in existence.

Hamilton was laid out A.D. 1813, but for a long time made little progress. In 1845 it contained only 6000 inhabitants, in 1850 they had increased to 10,200; and, incredible as it may seem, their numbers have since then more than doubled, and they now amount to upwards of 22,000 persons, while, probably, this very year 4000 or 5000 more will be added to them. Hamilton contains some fifteen or more churches or places of public worship, some of them very elegant structures. Mammon has also his temples in five banking establishments, of which the handsomest building is that of the Bank of British North America. This bank has branches in all the towns of any size in Canada, the elegant buildings belonging to it contrasting strongly with the very unpretending office in St. Helen's Place, London. I had introductions to several of the managers, and feel most grateful for the kindness and attention they showed us in their private capacity.

Besides Mr. Davidson's City Hotel, which we found so comfortable, there are the Burlington House and Hamilton House, both large, well-conducted establishments, the latter frequented mostly by Americans. Several gentlemen connected with the railway are also building an hotel of the largest size and magnificence, such as the constant influx of visitors will require. To add to the attractions of the place, a theatre also was building, and is by this time open.

The streets are laid out at right angles, with many open spaces. King Street is the main street, and is very wide; James Street and John Street, very hand-

some thoroughfares, lead from the harbour for the distance of two miles or more to the mountain up which they rise, with pretty villas on either side, till they reach the foot of the cliffs. The Market Square is a fine open space, and the court-house and gaol stand in another handsome square; indeed, without entering more into particulars, Hamilton is rapidly becoming one of the handsomest and most flourishing cities in North America.

Land in the outskirts sells for building purposes at about 300*l.* per acre. It is a favourite mode servants have of investing their money in purchasing one of the small lots into which each acre is divided, so that, when they marry, they have at once a spot on which to build a cottage. Something very like the truck system is employed here by builders, who have little or no capital. A builder goes to a store-keeper, and gives him a mortgage on the house he is about to build, getting in return so many hundred pounds' worth of tickets, of the nominal value of five or ten shillings each. With these tickets he pays his workmen, and for them the receiver can take out the value in goods at the store. Instead of a mortgage, the builder perhaps accepts a bill at six months' date, and allows the store-keeper twenty per cent for the accommodation. A meeting of the principal merchants was held lately at Hamilton to put a stop to this very obnoxious system. There is much of it on the Ottawa I was told.

Having met Mr. Brydges, the resident manager of the Great Western Railway, he invited me to attend the dinner and fête to be given in honour of the opening of that important line of communication. I regretted not being able to wait till then. Mr. Whyte afterwards sent me a full account of it. Mr. Brydges was on the

point of starting to inspect the line in the direction of Niagara, and I was glad to accept his invitation to accompany him.

Close to the railway terminus is a large iron-foundry, owned by Messrs. M'Questin, which has just been removed from James Street for the greater convenience of transporting the goods.

The engines have large funnels, with net-work tops to catch the sparks as they fly upwards. We waited for some time for an engine to convey us, but as it did not come, we started in an open car worked with a crank by two men; and away we went in this novel conveyance at a great rate through the forest. Still no engine appeared, so, after we had gone some miles, we stopped and walked a mile along a temporary branch-rail, formed to bring ballast from the shores of the lake to the main line. Mr. Brydges having looked at his ballast and I at the lovely blue waters of the lake, we walked back to our car. On our return, as we were going at a rapid rate down a hill, with a steep trench on either side, Mr. Brydges' quick eye espied an obstacle in the way, and he had just time to stop our human-power locomotive when we came upon a log thrown across the road, with a spade stuck deep into the earth before it. Some villains had evidently placed it there to injure us, and we might have been killed or very seriously injured. However, though probably the fellows were watching us in the wood, we agreed there would be no use in attempting to hunt them down; indeed, as it was already late, we were anxious to reach Hamilton. Mr. Brydges told me, that he calculated the expense of forming a railway here was about a third of the first cost of one in England; but then, again, as in England, the works are of a far more

substantial character, they are calculated to last very much longer, thus decreasing the difference in the end.

This day was the warmest and the most perfect since our arrival. The tints on the trees were most beautiful, and as we cranked along in our primitive car through the cutting in the forest, it was like rushing through a vast kaleidoscope, so rapid were the changes of colours. Still the most beautiful view in the neighbourhood is that of the city from our friend's lawn, which I have sketched; and nothing can surpass the rich glow which spreads over the plain as the sun sinks towards the horizon.

This is a great cider country, and fruit of all descriptions is abundant. There are very fine melons and water-melons, peaches grow as standards. There seems to be much good feeling among the rural population caused by mutual dependence. Farmers help one another to thrash their corn. There are also travelling thrashing-machines, which require eight horses and twelve men to work them. The machine receives three dollars for each hundred bushels. The labourers live on buckwheat-cake, molasses, fat pork, and apple-sauce, and sometimes mutton and custard, and receive about three shillings each per day. Wood-cutters get good pay. For splitting and piling up they receive one shilling and sixpence per cord, and for cutting up fit to burn two shillings in addition. There is a great fire-wood market in Hamilton, when as many as eighty waggons come into the city together. Beech, maple, and hickory, are the best woods for burning—bass, pine, and poplar, are not so good. When a piece of land is to be cleared, the trees are cut down three feet from the ground, and in six years the stumps rot, except those of the pine-tree, which must be rooted out. Trees cut when the sap is

up rot much sooner, but the wood is not so good. Oxen work better than do horses among the stumps. Coals cost seven dollars a ton, and a ton is about equal to four cords of wood for domestic purposes. Fuel for two fires costs about 18*l.* a-year. The rent of a small stone house, fit for a gentleman to live in, is from 50*l.* to 75*l.* a-year. A person may live at a good hotel for about five dollars per week. About thirty steamers belong to the port of Hamilton. Two fine large steamers run from it to Oswego and back every day.

Mr. Whyte keeps all his meat in a stone cellar during the winter, without actually freezing it. He will have two oxen, eight or ten sheep killed, and a certain number of pigs and smaller animals hung up in the cellar. He has also a root-house underground, in which potatoes, cauliflowers, and all sorts of vegetables, are preserved free from the frost during the winter. Nowhere did I taste such delicious bread as he bakes at home, and, to wind up his kindness, when we departed he bestowed two magnificent loaves on us, which lasted us for many a day.

END OF VOL. I.