TRAVELS IN CANADA,

AND

THROUGH THE STATES

OF

NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA.

BY

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REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

A MUCH esteemed friend of mine, Mrs Percy Sinnett, thought that the English public would take an interest in a book which relates to some parts of the New World recently traversed by the Prince of Wales. She had the goodness to inform me, that she had found it worth her while to translate my *impressions de voyage* on Canada and Pennsylvania. At the same time she caused each proof-sheet to be sent to me, so that I had an opportunity of convincing myself of the most able and faithful manner in which she had interpreted the contents of the book in question.

Thinking that first impressions of foreign countries may always be of some value, I venture to

offer the book to the English reader, though, having made a longer stay in the United States, having formed there many agreeable connections, and having written several other books on the same subject—published or not yet published—I would not subscribe to every sentiment contained in it.

J. G. KOHL.

Bremen, Nov. 21, 1860.

PREFACE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE numerous translations into English of the writings of M. Kohl, and the frequent notices of them in our critical journals, seem to render any further introduction superfluous—his name being nearly as well known to the reading portion of the public in England as in his own country, or, as may now be added, on the other side of the Atlantic.

The translator has, therefore, merely (at the request of the publisher) to state that the present work has been selected from those in which the author has described his extensive travels in the

North American Continent, on account of the superior and increasing interest of the subject to this country. The recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada will serve, it is believed, to mark the commencement of a new era in the history of that valuable portion of the British Empire,—valuable, not on account of any direct material advantage that England derives at present from the connexion, but from the bright prospect it now more than ever holds out to those who have no prospect at home but that of increasing poverty —that struggling portion of the community which often approaches so nearly the confines of what have been truly called the "dangerous classes."

Canada may be regarded in its relation to England as a happy and prosperous child, married and settled, and capable of managing its own affairs, as well as of lending a helping hand to its younger brothers and sisters; and the bonds that connect it with the mother-country are rather those of affection and respect than those of material interest; but there are, nevertheless, social benefits to an old country in seeing its youth thus renewed

in its offspring, and there must be political advantage in her maintaining in the New World a counterpoise to the immense and increasing power of a people which, with all its high and admirable qualities, has not been nationally so free from reproach, or so "clear in its great office," that its gigantic advance can be watched without some feeling of apprehension mingling with our sympathy.

England is probably the only European power that could maintain its position by the side of the United States, or hold out attractions to settlers that could bear comparison with those of the great republic; but we have here the testimony of an impartial observer, that the freedom enjoyed by the inhabitants of Canada is practically much more unrestricted than that of their neighbours; that their taxation is lighter; that their independence and liberty of self-government are scarcely, if at all, less; and that no less ample provision is made for education, that first necessity of social life.

With the completion of the system of railway communication, the greatest, perhaps the only, ob-

stacle to the progress of Canada has been removed; for whilst the severity of its climate, healthy though it be, is certainly a drawback to its attractions, the worst effect of this was the interruption it occasioned to social and commercial intercourse, and this has now happily been overcome.

Regarding the subject, therefore, as of strong and permanent interest, on which all reliable information is acceptable, the translator cannot but hope that the account of so experienced, impartial, and eminently truthful a reporter as M. Kohl will be welcomed here as it has been elsewhere.

JANE SINNETT.

London, December, 1860.

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OF

VOLUME I.

TRAVELS IN CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

ALONG THE HUDSON.

THE sudden changes, and especially the sudden brightenings, of the atmosphere in this country are truly wonderful! A few hours ago it seemed as if New York and its sky were floating away together in murky cloud and storm, and now, just as I am setting off, a sudden glory lights up land and water, the clouds vanish—the houses and every object stand out in clear, sharp outline, and the deep bright blue sky, smiling like a child after a brief shower of tears, shows the beautiful shores and the silvery river stretching far away in unclouded splendour.

The Hudson looked as tempting to me as it once did to the world-renowned captain of that name, its discoverer, and I had been told that the steamer Alida would afford me the means of gratifying my wishes, but when I proceeded to the place where she was lying at anchor, I perceived that she was making no sign of preparation, and had not even begun her travelling toilette. On inquiry, I was told "Yesterday she has ceased to run."

It was the beginning of October, and travellers visiting the Hudson for its own sake were becoming scarce. Men of business indeed were still coming in crowds, but they consider the night the best time for the passage. In daylight they think they can find something better to do than to look at scenery, and they utilise their time on board the steamer by getting their sleeping done. While they are being carried from one market to another, and moon and stars are shining, they are probably dreaming, by command of Queen Mab, of dollars and cents.

As no day-boat was to be had I determined on proceeding by rail, and I did not lose much by the change, for the line runs along the very margin of the stream, and it and its beautiful valley are never out of sight. As we shot past through the last

houses of one of the suburbs of New York, I saw a group of boys standing on the top of a broken fragment of rock, and amusing themselves by throwing stones at the carriages. They seemed to be experimentalizing, to try whether they could hit a train going at full speed, and the stones came whistling through the air in rapid succession. The fingers of many of the passengers itched to give the little rascals what they deserved, but how were they to be got at?

I found the company in the carriage by no means disagreeable, though they would have been among us divided into three or four classes. I did not see a single individual whose exterior was in the least offensive, and instead of the police-officers and other officials who are the plagues of Austrian railroads, there were here, running about from carriage to carriage, only little boys, who offered for sale, apples, peaches, and confectionery; a much more suitable and convenient refreshment than beer or wine, which you can hardly drink without risk of spilling it over your neighbours; or the hot coffee or soup with which you burn your mouth at the stations in Germany.

I was much interested too by the way in which the railway public was supplied with literary spiritual refreshment. The little news-boys were not

content with displaying their goods to the passengers as they took their places, but shipped themselves along with us. A traveller before he is seated has little time to buy and pay for newspapers, but the probability of custom for them is much greater when all are quietly placed. Ennui too is sure to create before long an appetite for mental aliment, which is not felt in the excitement of departure.

The news-boys have, in the mean time, arranged their little stock of political, commercial, serious, and humoristic literature in some convenient corner, and then from time to time undertake an excursion through the flying community, and whenever they see anybody yawn, immediately apply the remedy; and since their goods are moderate in price, and reading is here as customary as alternate talking and sleeping among us, they generally do a good deal of business.

It is quite usual for them to bring a selection of new books with these newspapers, and they afford no contemptible assistance in the diffusion of literary productions. American books are published ready cut, and in a convenient form for a traveller's use. Even English books are not altogether as well adapted to this sort of use; and as for our German books, we get them in mere loose leaves,

and then have to wait the pleasure of the binder. Here in America people expect to have no more trouble in reading a book than in smoking a cigar.

One little literary Ganymede came rushing past our carriage with flying hair, and distributing right and left a number of printed sheets that he had hanging over his arm, and threw into the laps of the passengers. I read the paper, and found that it contained a number of critical remarks, or rather panegyrics, on a certain well-known author's Travels in Africa, extracted from various periodicals. They were merely variations on the one theme, namely, that no more interesting employment could be found in the whole world than to read this gentleman's books all through, and I had scarcely got through them than the same little flying messenger appeared again at the opposite door of the carriage, but moving with rather more difficulty than before. He was bearing a pile of these African Travels, freshly bound and profusely gilt, and presenting them right and left, as he had before done the criticisms; impressing on the passengers at the same time the fact that each of these splendid volumes cost only half a dollar.

We Germans are regarded as *par excellence* a reading people, but we are apt nevertheless to find

our literary food rather hard to get at. Our books are dear, often scarce, unbound and uncut, and withdraw themselves moreover far from the railways and the great lines of traffic, into comparative retirement at Leipsig and Frankfort.

In America they are continually throwing themselves in your way, and you have but to stretch out your hand to reach them. It may easily be imagined that when publishers can command the services of thousands of such active and energetic assistants as I have described, they can sell their productions at low prices, and in quantities otherwise incredible.

I had not on setting off a place near a window, but a young man, who afterwards told me he was a steamboat steward returning from California, civilly resigned his to me when I explained that I had never made the journey before; and I had then an opportunity of enjoying the beauty of the landscape.

We were passing the remarkable high precipitous rocks called the "Palisades," which extend for twenty miles along the western bank of the river. They are full of stone quarries, and a fellow-passenger informed me that the materials for the reconstruction of the Mexican fortress of San Juan de Ulloa after the French bombardment, had been

taken from them, and that afterwards in the Mexican war, the Americans had found themselves shooting down their own native granite.

The Palisades occasion a slight contraction of the bed of the river, and when they cease to offer it any obstruction, it spreads out into a kind of lake called Tappan Bay, but in the wide as well as in the narrow part it is of great depth. On this account, as well as from its almost imperceptible current, it is more like an arm of the sea than a river; and for a considerable distance up, the water is salt or brackish. Several kinds of sea animals (*Cirripedia*) are found as much as seventy miles above New York, and even at West Point cover the bottoms of vessels and floating timber, as in a sea-port. Since also the river has so slight a fall, in fact almost none at all, the tide is felt two hundred miles from New York as strongly as at New York itself. It goes as far as Albany, and is there only three feet lower than at New York; so that it appears doubtful whether the Hudson falls into an arm of the sea at New York or at West Point, or even higher.

The sea-like river now contracted its channel—mountains appeared again, and when the evening was pretty far advanced we reached West Point,

and a small steamer received us, and took us over to the other side.

The moon rode bright and high in the heavens, and shone down on the beautiful landscape, the richly-wooded hills, the not very numerously scattered dwellings, the lofty forest-clad shores, and the calm waters, fifty fathoms deep. How gladly would I have gone on for many miles thus, but my enjoyment of the scene was very brief. We were soon seated in a carriage, and driving up to the high plateau, on which the hotel is the only house besides the long row of buildings which constitute the celebrated Military Academy of West Point.

CHAPTER II.

WEST POINT.

TRAVELLERS in our beloved Germany may often, it seems to me, find opportunities of becoming tolerably weary of military conversation upon the buttons worn by this or that regiment, the forms of epaulettes, the facings, &c., and other minutiæ of military toilette, which are "regulation" for certain uniforms; but in America the case is different. After hearing the whole day about dollars and cents — of how much one has gained and another lost, and a third still thinks to "make," till one's ears tingle again, it is really a pleasant relief to find oneself at West Point in the company of American officers — or perhaps of British ones come over from Canada, listening to the discussions about sword-hilts and tassels, and the interesting

points aforesaid, and getting rid of the never-ending talk about dollars and cents. One feels quite anxious to know whether the moustache is "regulation" in Canada; what is, in the Union, the precise form of the salute to be given by a soldier to a passing officer, and the complete description of the uniform of a grenadier from head to foot, is quite a treat. The little Military Establishment of West Point appeared to me like an oasis in the desert, and it is really in many respects unique. While I was still under the influence of this newly-discovered charm in military affairs, I took the opportunity of visiting the Educational Establishment for young American officers.

The land of this oasis belongs to the Federal Government of the United States. It owns about 3000 acres of land in the mountains round it, and has in this district not only the right of property, but also of police and jurisdiction, so that it is entirely withdrawn from the legislative influence of the State of New York. There are many such spots in various States, which are thus, for military purposes, reserved to the Federal Government.

West Point, at a position commanding the Hudson, and well adapted to fortification, played a conspicuous part in the American War; and there are here several "Revolutionary Forts," as they

are called—that is, forts existing from the time of the Revolution, such as Fort Clinton, Fort Putnam, which are now indeed partly lying in ruins, but formerly, when in possession of American troops, did good service. The junction of an English army on the south of the Hudson with another on the northern half of the river was prevented by them, and several actions took place in their vicinity. A locality associated with such remembrances is specially well adapted to an Institution of which the object is to train defenders for their country; and to this is added the consideration of its fine healthful position, and the beauty of the mountain scenery around it; and the environs offer every variety of formation—plain, table-land, mountain masses, peaks, declivities, and streams—that could be desired by an instructor in military engineering.

All these circumstances probably determined the choice of West Point by the Government for the establishment of a Military School. It was begun in 1802, with very small means, and only ten cadets; but since then, and in spite of the opposition of the violent democratic party, which had to be encountered at every proposal for improvements or financial support, the revenue and the number of cadets has considerably increased.

Jefferson, Munro, and other enlightened men, supported it by their influence; and the number of cadets is at present 224, a number, however, which has been for a long time stationary, and which appears small enough, when it is considered that this is the only establishment of the kind for a country which is about as large as all Europe. The young people are of course educated at the cost of the State, and enjoy, besides, a handsome allowance of pocket-money; the cadetships are, therefore, much sought after, and every vacancy becomes the object of keen competition.

The President of the United States has ten of them in his gift; and it is, doubtless, often a matter of great perplexity how to distribute them so as to satisfy, as far as possible, his followers and dependents. The other places are divided among the members of Congress, so that every one has one appointment, and about half a dozen cadets, on the average, are taken from each State.

The Congress grants an annual sum of about 70,000 dollars for the support of this Institution, and it also derives some revenue from the 3000 acres belonging to it, and the officers of the institution, as well as the cadets, receive pay from the military chest; but every time that further adavnces are required, even of small sums from Con-

gress, they are not obtained without a struggle as for life and death. The democratic party, which is averse to all military establishments, and regards even the small army of the United States as much too large and altogether superfluous, considers the school at West Point as a mere product of aristocratic luxury, and would rather do away with it altogether than give it any further support. It is sure to put its veto upon all such grants, and much difficulty is therefore experienced in effecting any improvements in the Institution, and it is necessary to be extremely moderate in all requests, in order to avoid raising an outcry in the country. "Our members of Congress are downright tyrants and misers," said a young cadet to me; "they grudge us a few dollars for the purchase of books and instruments that we really cannot do without, and our officers have to snatch every trifle from them 'as brands from the burning.'"

That may perhaps be true, but I can easily imagine that the things that I saw were not to be obtained without trouble. I saw only the results, and certainly I discovered in them no trace of parsimony; and if the means of the Institution were really so scanty as they were represented to me, they must have been wonderfully well employed. Others may have more knowledge of this subject

than I have, but assuredly I have never seen any military academy that impressed me so favourably as this of West Point. The halls of instruction and dwelling-houses of the professors, the museums, arsenals, stables, &c., form a group of most tasteful and handsome buildings. Even the library has an elegant house devoted exclusively to it, and the whole establishment, in its beautiful well-wooded and park-like grounds, has the aspect of the residence of a great English nobleman. It is a hundred times pleasanter than our military schools enclosed within their high massive walls and all under one roof. It does not appear to be the custom either here or in England to concentrate much in the same building, and the separation into different portions explains in some measure the history of the Institution, and the way in which one sum after another has been wrung from the hands of Congress.

The library contains 20,000 volumes placed in a spacious temple-like rotunda, and its regulations are extremely liberal. The loan of books may sometimes be obtained from it for as much as two months, which is not the case in any other library that I am acquainted with, either in England or America. It is also open to visitors, who are in summer very numerous, partly from the attractions

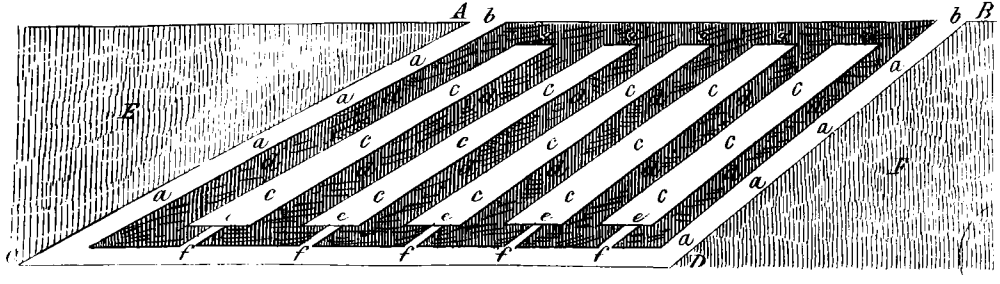
of the spot itself, and sometimes from their having sons and relatives in the school.

Similarly excellent accommodation is afforded for the pictures, engravings, and other examples furnished for the draughtsmen, and for the admirably executed prize-drawings of the cadets themselves. Their copies from Raphael, Horace Vernet, and other artists, really astonished me, and I doubt whether any other military academy can exhibit such specimens in the æsthetic department of art, which can only be regarded as a luxury for tacticians, engineers, &c. I was struck by the fact that all the examples and models for the use of the pupils are from France, and I was told that in the method of teaching drawing, as well as in other branches of instruction, wherever the system is not an original American one, it is taken from the French. In the earliest period of the Institution, from 1802 till about 1812, this does not seem to have been the case. General Steuben, and other Germans in the American service, were living then, and probably from their influence the Prussian system was chiefly followed; but the enormous power and success of Napoleon, the signal defeat of the Prussians in 1806, and the renown and victories of the French army, led to the introduction of the Gallic system. It is not followed slavishly,

however, and the plan may on the whole be regarded as an eclectic one.

A visit to the halls in which are deposited the models and other abundantly supplied apparatus for teaching fortification, also interested me extremely, for there are here preserved many historical curiosities sent by the Federal Government, as, for example, the flags taken from those Hessian mercenaries of mournful memory, with the Hessian arms on them. There were Mexican standards too, and some most admirably cast, but badly-served, Mexican guns, of which the Americans in the last war took more than a hundred. Most of the American officers employed in that war had been educated at this Institution.

Since these last trophies have been placed here, the Mexican language—the Spanish that is—has been introduced as a subject of study, a circumstance that appears significant. It would seem to be regarded as certain that new collisions with the Spanish race, new victories over them, and new spoils and trophies, may be confidently anticipated. The German language is not taught, which surprises me a little, not only because a knowledge of it would open so many sources of excellent instruction on military subjects, but because one-third of the American army still consists of Germans.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On a model of a fortress during a siege which is displayed in one of these halls, there were formerly 20,000 very prettily executed small figures of soldiers, as all the troops engaged were thus represented; but all these figures have been in the course of years carried off by fair visitors as *souvenirs*, and most likely attached to their watch chains and worn as trinkets. I could not but acknowledge with a sigh, that it is "*tout comme chez nous.*" Glittering epaulets and slender martial figures have their attractions for republican beauties as well as for the daughters of a monarchy, and it would seem that they have here no less than 20,000 silent admirers.

Ample space and perfect order, the freshest air, and the most exquisite cleanliness, rejoiced one everywhere in the bed-rooms and sitting-rooms of the pupils. They all stood open, and might be inspected at any moment. I mention this because it might be supposed that the republican military discipline was somewhat more lax than elsewhere. This is so little the case, that some of the officers and teachers are expected every night to make unlooked-for visits from room to room, so as to exercise control over the cadets even in their sleep; and in general the treatment of the young men in their personal relations with their teachers

and superiors appeared to be gentlemanly and considerate, but not less strict than with us. Should they however break any of the regulations, these young republicans are punished quite as severely as they would be in Germany. I have a whole volume of the rules and regulations of this Academy, and some of them occasioned me not a little surprise.

I attended some of the "recitations" and military exercises of the cadets, and particularly admired their proficiency in mathematics. They were all tall, fine young fellows of from 16 to 22, none younger. They wore a grey uniform with black stripes on the trowsers, and many silver buttons on their jackets, which were something like those worn by our Hussars.

In summer they occupy a camp pitched on a fine plateau in the neighbourhood, and for three or four months never come under a roof. All the instruction and all the exercises are carried on in the camp, and from this place sham military expeditions are made for the sake of practice. The season when the cadets are in camp brings many visits from parents and friends, who like to look on at the little military spectacles, so that it is regarded as a time of gaiety and recreation; and at their riding lessons, their artillery practice, &c., the

young men are sure of a numerous assembly of spectators, also *comme chez nous*. The American public in general seems to be of opinion that, since it has, with whatever reluctance, put its hand in its pocket for the dollars and cents required for books and guns, it may as well, at least, have a sight for its money.

One thing I saw that certainly did not remind me of Germany, namely, a sort of retired terrace in a beautiful spot among the rocks on the banks of the Hudson, which was set apart for the young people to settle their personal differences with their fists. Duels with swords or fire-arms are forbidden here, as at every other institution of the kind, but fist-duels, though not expressly permitted, are not expressly forbidden. For those little knots and entanglements in personal intercourse, which cannot be made straight in any other way, it is thought better to wink at this method of settlement, especially as it affords an exercise of courage; in English schools similar principles are acted on. This Academy is furnished with a most able body of teachers, the "Academy Staff," and as many of my readers may be unacquainted with this remarkable and little-known Institution, I may be permitted to mention a few other particulars concerning it. There are forty-two teachers (for only

224 pupils), divided into professors and assistant professors, seven of them for mathematics, and no less than three native Frenchmen for their own language, as well as three for drawing. Many of the teachers are highly distinguished in their particular department, and some are renowned in the world as the authors of scientific works. For example, Bailey, one of the first chemists in the United States, is the professor of chemistry and geology; Bartlett, the author of widely diffused works on mechanics, optics, and acoustics, is the professor of physics; Mahan, a celebrated military writer, is the professor of engineering, &c.; the commandant and superintendent of the whole establishment, Colonel Lee, is one of the most distinguished men and officers in the United States. I believe if there were in different parts of the American Union a dozen institutions like this, they would exercise a most beneficial influence on the state of education in the country at large, for even young men who might not afterwards adopt a military life, could hardly fail to carry with them from such academies many qualities that would be highly serviceable to them in any other career. A European traveller will find few places in the United States from which he will carry away more pleasing recollections than from West Point.

CHAPTER III.

THE POSITION OF WEST POINT.

THE mountain country on which you look from the heights of West Point is one of the most beautiful districts in the United States. The mountains are of very graceful forms, with many terraces and gradations, and they are covered far and wide by woods and meadows of richest verdure, through which flows majestically the broad tranquil river. These advantages are perceived at once, but the geographical and historical importance of the position is not so immediately obvious, though it is readily admitted when pointed out.

One of the principal ridges of the Appalachian system, called by the New Yorkers their Highlands, is cut through by the Hudson, and the mountains to the east and west are of precisely similar geological structure. It is evident that the

same series of elevations has taken place, and that the same formations exist, from the western side of the Hudson to the mouth of the St Lawrence. Probably at one time this geological connection was also a geographical one, that is to say, the two mountain-ridges were united. At that time the waters on the north-west declivity must have flowed towards the St Lawrence and its lakes, or rather these lakes must have extended to the foot of the declivity. Only when the chasm through which the Hudson now flows was formed, did a part of the water of those lakes burst forth and find an outlet to the south, and thus constitute the present system of the Hudson and its tributaries. That this chasm was the work of the river, such as may be seen in many other passes of the Alleghanies, is more than doubtful. In the midst of the chasm the bed of the river is extremely deep, as much as 200 feet, and at the same time its current is unusually tranquil, and it glides along its whole line with a scarcely perceptible motion. In the whole 150 miles from New York to Albany, it has not a fall of more than three or four feet.

The case is quite different, not only at Niagara, where a river is cutting through a rock before our eyes, but at the many other gaps and breaks in the districts of the Susquehannah, the Delaware, and

the other rivers of Eastern North America. All these rivers have a perfectly different character, and the Hudson may be said to be quite unique among them. They mostly take an excessively winding course, while the Hudson flows as straight as a canal from north to south. They are only deep at a very short distance from the sea, while the Hudson is navigable for large ships more than a hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, up to which distance the tide reaches, whilst it is never felt above 50 miles up in any of the other streams. They have almost all a deep fall and a rapid course, and form cataracts and rapids, whilst the Hudson along its whole course has neither one nor the other. Those rivers and their branches must have flowed first through the long valleys between the two Alleghany chains, but afterwards turned aside and slipped through gaps or clefts, hurrying rapidly on through beds which it is almost certain they themselves hollowed out; but the Hudson shoots like an arrow through the mountains, apparently in no way affected by their conformation, and flows among them as deep and as tranquilly as in the plain.

From all this we may, I think, conclude that the bed of the Hudson was not hollowed out by itself, but that it existed before the river. Probably some

great rent or chasm was formed by volcanic forces, and then the river, or rather some little springs found their way into it, the sea entering at the same time at the opposite extremity, and both together have rather choked up than enlarged the chasm.

From these circumstances, which, as I have said, are quite exceptional on the whole eastern coast of North America, result the peculiar advantages for the harbour of New York. The Hudson appears as a canal, which, beginning at the north-west in the region near the Canadian lakes, flows right on to the Atlantic, forming a grand water communication between plain and plain. Westward and northward from Albany all is level, and to this point roads, canals, and railways may easily be led, and there intrust their treasures to the longer watery arm. The level country near Albany is only the south-eastern corner of the immense plains, which do not even terminate at the sources of the Mississippi, and which in their broad and numerous lakes possess such a system of water communication as scarcely any other country in the world can boast. They may be regarded as one connected fresh-water sea, but in its own natural outlet the St Lawrence this inner sea has hither-

to had a very inconvenient connection with the ocean.

This way is too a very long one; it turns far to the north, is interrupted by rocks and rapids, and is much encumbered and deteriorated for navigation by ice.

The Hudson valley rivals the St Lawrence as a natural outlet for those plains and lakes; it is the horn of plenty, the artery through which the rivers of those regions are poured into New York. They are sent down to Albany by many channels from Ontario and Erie, and at New York they are delivered to the great reservoir the ocean.

It is the wonderful natural formation of the cleft or gate at West Point that we have to thank for the possibility of this combination. Here was the grand difficulty of the route, and human hands would never have succeeded in overcoming it in so grand a manner as nature has done. It was much more than the cutting through Mount Athos, and were the New Yorkers of the mind of the old Greeks, they might erect at this beautiful gate of their Highlands, on the summit of these Hercules Pillars, a temple to Volcano, as well as to Neptune, and celebrate here their Olympic games and their Eleusinian mysteries. But as matters stand they are

rarely good enough geographers to admire specially the work of nature at this point, and to perceive its advantages—far less to offer up a portion of the wealth it brings them in sacrifices.

Immediately above West Point you enter into quite a different region of Nature. The climatic effects of the ocean cease at the New York Highlands, and are replaced by those of the interior continent, by the sky of Canada. Thus far do the winds and other weather phenomena of the north-west prevail —and thus far from the other side do the eastern clouds and fogs come up from the ocean—as well as the more equable oceanic temperature.

In winter, when the Upper Hudson is sometimes covered with ice as far as the gate of West Point, and you travel in sledges over land and water, the vessels below West Point move about freely, the streets in New York are deep in mud, and the people are rejoicing in alternate sunshine and rain.

As the atmospheric conditions so do the plants and animals of the north-west find at West Point and along the mountain-range the end of their vast territory. Very important geological differences are also found on the two sides, if not in the internal structure of the mountains, at all events,

in the more modern and superficial structure of the lowlands and plains.

The ocean and continent are both in a hydrographical and commercial relation here connected and confounded together, whilst they are separated by the still in a great measure undisturbed mountain dykes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UPPER HUDSON.

THE railroad runs close to the water-side as far up as Albany, and it is an extremely pleasant and varied route. Sometimes there was between the rocks on the right and the river on the left only just room enough for our locomotive to slip through. Sometimes the line runs on dykes and bridges fairly into the water, and as the tide was in when we passed, the water was up to the level of the dykes, and it seemed as if the carriage were rolling along its surface. Sometimes the rocks opened to the right into a wide valley watered by a smaller stream, and we obtained a glimpse into the interior of the country, over meadows, swamps, wooded declivities, and here and there a little town; but the fine, broad, brimming river on our left proved the most attractive.

It was not a bright Canadian day; the clouds and mists of the ocean had forced their way through the Hercules Pillars of West Point, and hung low and heavy over the landscape. The Hudson at this part, too, again resembled an arm of the sea, and we could scarcely see the opposite shore; but it was a pleasant surprise when it sometimes emerged suddenly from the mist, and revealed a town or a headland surrounded and set in clouds. There was, of course, no lack of sails and shipping, innumerable small craft glided up and down, and vessels of considerable size were moving along with a fresh breeze and full sails, and, as if they had been at sea, without any anxious soundings; and occasionally a steam-tug would appear with a whole fleet in tow. A different method seems to be adopted by tugs from that in use with us. Instead of dragging the ships along slowly by long ropes, one after another, the steamers here have them close to her on her right and left, and moves along in the midst of them. The motive power is said to be more efficient by this method.

If only one ship is to be towed, the little tug does not take it behind her, but attaches herself to its side, so as to form an acute angle with it. Her prow seems to pierce the hull of the large vessel, as a little narval does the belly of the whale, and she rather

pushes than drags it along. With wonderful rapidity too does the little snorting energetic steamer propel the unwieldy mass, like an ant running away with a twig; but it is quite natural that this river, on which steamers were first seen, should first attain to improvements in the application of their power.

Many of the villages and localities on this part of the Hudson still bear the names bestowed on them by its discoverers the Dutch, who first opened it to the world of commerce. The Dutch possessed the river and its shores about sixty years, and when the English conquered both, they changed the names of the principal places,—"New Amsterdam" became New York, and "Fort Orange" Albany; but the Dutch had sown so many little settlements over the country, and so filled it with local appellations, that it seemed impossible to root them all out from the intercourse of daily life, and they are therefore mostly still in use. One place we passed was called Rhynbeck; another, Stugoesondt; a third, Schodack; and on the other side of the river we saw Malden, Catskill, &c. Near New York are Hoboken and Brooklyn, and the beautiful and celebrated group of blue mountains that stretched northwards from West Point and to the west of the river bears still its old name

of the Catskill Mountains. The Dutch *kill*, or spring, has been retained as a generic name for little tributary streams,—such as "Norman's-kill," "Fish-kill," &c., such as the English in Australia call creeks. Besides these names, many other traces and reminiscences of the Dutch time are observable. Many landed estates are still held according to the provisions of the Dutch law; and many of the old Dutch, though now Anglicised families, are still in possession of the same lands as at that time. Such, for instance, as the family of Reusselaer—the most distinguished one in Albany and its neighbourhood—which has even retained an old Dutch rather aristocratic title through all the vicissitudes of the times. Down quite to the present day the head of that family was known as the "Patroon." There are other families of similar descent in Albany and New York, who form the kernel of society. They are the oldest families of the town, and a certain air of dignity and solid opulence distinguishes them. Dutch steadiness and English enterprise are the two chief elements in the character of the true New York merchant; and it is but lately that they have become thoroughly amalgamated. The history of the old Dutch colonies on the Hudson, and the investigation of their institutions and manners, are not objects of

mere antiquarian curiosity; on the contrary, they become more important and interesting with the growth of the city, that still, in many respects, moves in the grooves of "New Amsterdam." Many of the customs and habits of the few hundred Dutchmen who first founded the city have now become those of millions. Even the Dutch language has not quite died out, but is still spoken in the old colonies of Long Island and New Jersey, and in some of the domestic circles of the above-mentioned old families. It is not, however, modern Dutch, but that which was spoken at the period of the settlement. In confirmation of this fact it was mentioned to me on good authority, that when a few years ago an American from Albany was sent as ambassador to the King of Holland, and the king at his first audience addressed him in French, the ambassador apologized for his inability to reply in that language, and spoke Dutch.

King William listened to him for a while in great surprise, and then exclaimed that he spoke exactly as people did two hundred years ago in Holland.

CHAPTER V.

IN ALBANY.

A POWERFUL steamer came to fetch us from our last railroad station over to Albany. A forest of ships of all kinds and a labyrinth of houses met our eyes as we approached it; and ships, quays, and streets were all swarming with people. What may be the present population of this great overgrown "Fort Orange" I do not know exactly, for in America it is really not worth while to burden one's memory with figures and statistical details, which are like shifting sand, and have become obsolete before you have well got them into your head. The census of last year will be found this year quite inaccurate.

The great steamer delivered us at a still more colossal hotel, which rose like a mountain not far from the shore. It was tea-time; the gong was

sounding far and wide, and from all the innumerable doors and staircases came trooping the guests—ladies and gentlemen, old and young, and taking their places at some one of the long tables. The attendants at table are all of the feminine gender, and a little army of waitresses was drawn up in rank and file awaiting us. We charged into the room at speed, and in much the same tumultuous throng which in London invades the House of Lords when Her Majesty has spoken the words "Call the Commons in."

The troop of maidens was immediately in motion, pushing chairs into their places, and distributing cups of tea and coffee, sandwiches, cakes, mutton-chops, &c., with the celerity of a practised player dealing cards. To my astonishment they were commanded, and all their movements directed, by a negro, who was the head-waiter. I say to my astonishment, for, according to my notions of the prejudices of American whites against blacks, I should have thought it impossible that these white republican damsels could have been induced to submit to such a rule; though, under different circumstances, the same thing may be seen in the harems of Oriental grandees. I did see too a few little tossings of the head, and saucy faces, which

reminded me of the well-known picture of a girl mocking a eunuch in a seraglio.

This negro appeared, however, born to be a head-waiter; he did the honours of the room with a skill, politeness, and tact that was really surprising. He had nothing of the noisy, obtrusive manner of head-waiters in our country. He received every guest at the door with a decorum and even dignity which was equally remote from too great obsequiousness and too much self-assertion; just the true mean which a gentleman is accustomed to observe. He seemed like some lord of the castle with a black mask on. He gave each party of guests in a few words the directions necessary for their comfort, and for their obtaining proper places, and administered, at the same time, to his subordinate ministering spirits quiet reproof, praise, or command, with the most perfect composure and tranquillity, keeping an eye too all the while on the long line of guests, and divining their wishes by their looks and gestures. Occasionally he would murmur a few words—"Don't contradict; Do as I tell you; That's right," &c., but in general he exercised his authority so quietly that it was scarcely perceptible.

After tea I walked through the town of Albany,

from one end to the other, to pay a visit to a celebrated geologist of New York, Professor Hall. A little Irish boy accompanied me, and amused me not a little. "Do you know the way to Delaware turnpike?" I asked. "I know it first-rate, sir," was the reply; he supposed I was going westward, and would like to go himself. I asked why, and what he knew of the West? "Oh, sir, the West is a good money-making place, I guess." On the way I was much struck by the extent and importance of the bookselling establishments: they were larger and filled with a greater number of handsomely bound books than I had ever seen at any in Germany, and there were at least half-a-dozen, any one of which would have been remarkable in Dresden or Munich. Albany is, it appears, a great staple place for the literary productions of New York, Boston, and other book-producing places of the Eastern States; and as the line of the great immigrant march to the West passes through it, it provides also for the spiritual wants of the wayfarers.

The appearance of the apothecaries' shops, too, both here and in New York, make it seem quite a pleasure to be ill, so gaily and elegantly were they decorated. Ours in Germany look like old chemists' laboratories. All this external splendour is however, it must be owned, somewhat deceitful. These

gorgeous shops are often mere whited sepulchres, where I am told the most ignorant quacks pursue their nefarious trade.

The streets of the suburbs, as we proceeded on our walk, gradually became wider, darker, and more desolate, until at last we found ourselves in an entirely houseless region. The so-called streets terminated in broad, deep, seemingly bottomless streaks of mud, along the side of which a few boards were laid by way of pavement. You go on for miles along these planks, keeping your balance as well as you can in the darkness; right and left no houses are to be seen, and nevertheless you are still inside the town. After a while we again came to some human habitations, and I knocked at a door to ask my way, for my little Irishman, in spite of his "first-rate" knowledge, had lost his way. I had chanced upon the dwelling of a countryman; the people of the house were Germans from Cobourg, and I stopped with them for a short rest. They had lived here fourteen years, and were, they said, extremely content, though the father of the family was still only what he had been in Cobourg, a day labourer. Even as such he had been able to make some savings, and to buy a piece of land. He had a house of his own, a horse, a few cows, and pigs, and he would assuredly never have attained to such

opulence as that in Cobourg. A whole quarter of Albany is inhabited by Germans, amongst whom are many Jews, and other towns and stations on the great emigrant line, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, &c., have districts similarly inhabited. The further you go West, the larger proportionably these districts become, until at Chicago and St Louis the towns are half German. In the Eastern States, and the cities of New England, the Germans are comparatively few.

The Americans have instituted a government office, which even we Germans, inventive as we are in that department, have not yet hit on, namely, a "State geologist." Geology is in the States a very favourite study, great attention is devoted to it, and in many cases appeal is made to the opinion of the officer, whose special duty it is also to superintend the preparation of maps of the State (*Kartographie*), and improve them to the utmost attainable degree of perfection. The geological museums too, which are found in all the capital cities, are under their care. The State of New York, in particular, has been at great expense for the cultivation of this science, and its formation and soil has been so studied and investigated in every corner, that it is one of the best known and best understood in the Union.

In no other department of nature, neither in the zoology, the botany, nor the ethnology of America, did the feeling that I was in a new continent so force itself on me as in its paleontology.

The gentleman to whom I was paying my respects on the evening in question had just completed the second part of his magnificent and admirable work on the Silurian system, and was now engaged on the third. All the shells and organic remains of a former world, which have ever been found in the State of New York—his adopted country—which are here represented with wonderful fidelity to nature, had been previously formed into a collection that for order and completeness is probably unequalled. There are several thousands of species, and yet three-fourths of them are new and peculiar to this continent; only about a fourth of them are at all known in Europe, and even these have undergone some American modification. Of each of these species Professor Hall has collected an astonishing number of individuals, in many cases thousands, and I quite revelled in the sight of all these new unaccustomed and often surprisingly elegant and fantastic forms.

We talk daily of the riches of nature and the manifold variety of her productions, but how little do we really understand her boundless profusion.

On the whole, and to some extent, we are aware of the contents of the last horn of plenty that has been poured out over the surface of the earth, but the new and noble science of paleontology enables us to perceive more and more that the outpourings of this inexhaustible horn have been countless.

Among the various scientific discoveries and results that Professor Hall has made known in the above-mentioned work, is one whose history he illustrated to me with the specimens before us. He had, namely, found among the New York fossils, first one, and then several species of viviparous mussels (*muscheln*). It had never before been an ascertained fact that there were or had been any viviparous conchylia, but on examining a large fossil mussel, he one day discovered a young one of the same species within it, and immediately conjectured that he was here introduced to a new variety in the operations of nature. He then sought for other specimens of the same species; he procured thousands and examined them all, and in great numbers of them the same phenomenon presented itself. Sometimes the young mussel was in a quite embryo state, but in many cases fully formed, and the mother had then burst and was half decayed. At length he obtained in this "testimony of the rocks" such a complete series of the condi-

tions and stages of the existence of the young animal from the first moment to its birth and the death of the mother, that he understood the whole as well as if it had passed before his eyes.

The combination of observations which lead the paleontologist to his results are often as interesting as the chain of calculations and inferences from which the astronomer derives his knowledge; and it is no less a duty than a valuable privilege for a traveller to visit men of science living in remote parts of the civilized world, and as far as possible furnish reports of their discoveries in the often obscure field of their labours.

CHAPTER VI.

VERMONT.

As we proposed to start again at five in the morning, we were called at three; and though I was down at the first cock-crow, I found the whole house up and every room full. The luxurious reception-rooms were lit up as if for an evening party, and ladies and gentlemen in elegant travelling costume were lounging on the sofas and rocking chairs, or laying in at the blazing fires a stock of warmth for the journey on this cold October morning. Two richly-dressed ladies were even playing a polka on the piano, and a young pair in the next room were availing themselves of the music to take a few turns of a dance. It seemed as if I had come in at the last stage of an expiring ball; and yet it was only an ordinary scene at an

American hotel on the morning of departure, as I had subsequently often enough occasion to know. At half-past four the gong sounded, the black head-waiter appeared at the door of the dining-room with his fair chorus, and complimented us into our places. Early as it was, the breakfast, with all kinds of additions of pastry and savoury viands, stood in perfect readiness, and we discussed them in about two minutes, that we might have time to conquer and take possession of our places in the train. All the necessary manœuvres were punctually executed, and with the stroke of five the cars rushed off in a northerly direction. This was not exactly the plan I had proposed to myself. I had intended to go to Whitehall, at the southern end of Lake Champlain, so that I might traverse this interesting lake from one end to the other; but this plan of mine was frustrated by an official intrigue.

I had asked at the railway station for a ticket to Whitehall. "Very good, sir," said the railway official, "here is your ticket; but what do you want at Whitehall?"

"To go on by the steamer up Lake Champlain."

"Are you sure any steamer goes?"

"Why, good heavens, I have been told so often enough; and here it is printed in the Railway and

Steamboat Guide: but you yourself are the best man to tell me."

"We? oh, no! We are Vermont and New York railway men. We have nothing to do with steamers; we know nothing about them, in fact. Here, Taylor, can you tell this gentleman whether a steamer goes northward from Whitehall?"

Taylor. "Not that I know of."

Traveller. "No matter, I will go to Whitehall nevertheless. I must see Lake Champlain."

1st Vermont and New York Railway man. "Very good, sir. Here is your ticket: but take notice, if you find no such steamer as your Guide talks about; and if you have to lose your time and your money in waiting for it in this changeable cloudy weather, it's not our fault. Don't make us responsible. We have warned you!" and he washed his hands in innocency.

2nd Railway man. "But it's quite nonsense, sir, to think of seeing Lake Champlain from a steamer in such weather as this. It's a mere loss of time and money. You had much better go by us. We'll carry you in six hours right through Vermont to Burlington, and there you'll find Lake Champlain again:" and so the Yankees talked over the German; and, as I said, at five o'clock I was off for Burlington.

We passed through the pleasant country lying on either bank of the Hudson to beyond Troy. In the neighbourhood of that town, its hitherto magnificent channel decreases rapidly in breadth and depth; and whilst at Albany there was room enough and water enough for ships of the largest size, here, twenty miles higher up, there is hardly enough for the smallest. At times in the summer you may here wade through the Hudson: in fact, to speak correctly, we should say that the Hudson terminates a few miles above Troy, where two smaller rivers fall into it and feed it with fresh water. One called the Mohawk comes from the west, and the other, to which the name of the Hudson is given, from the north. This, as I have said, you can in many places drive through and walk through. We passed quite close to the confluence of these two streams, and I regretted much not being able to examine it more closely. As the streams of the Upper Hudson and the Mohawk unite here (which latter I could see falling over a rocky ledge), so do also the two principal channels of traffic for North America. Following the little Hudson to the north, and proceeding towards Lake Champlain, you find a whole web of roads, canals, and railways, by which you may reach Canada and the St Lawrence, and they mark the most direct route

from the great central organ of vitality in the Union to the valley of the lower St Lawrence. A still more important web of the same kind stretches along the valley of the Mohawk to Lake Erie, Upper Canada, and the Far West; and both groups of roads begin here at the termination of the great Hudson. Among these the most famous work of human art is the Erie canal, of which I only saw the two extremities, but I heard much of this Herculean work, and especially from a gentleman in New York who had been one of the chief promoters of it, and who gave me briefly its political history. I say *political*, for almost all great public works in America, canals, railroads, bridges, &c., have to overcome not only engineering and other physical difficulties, but also the political obstacles thrown in their way. We Germans are accustomed to think that if a canal or bridge is wanted the government will perceive the necessity, take the necessary steps, and that then the work will proceed in a quiet and regular manner. But it is quite otherwise in the United States. The matter has to be discussed by a few millions of people, besides those supposed to be concerned, and is made the object of long and vehement struggles and stormy debates in the political forum.

A history of the Erie canal would throw much

light on the mode of managing these transactions in America, and we will therefore take a glance at it.

A small shallow canal from the Hudson to Lake Erie existed as early as 1806. It was only capable of carrying small vessels and light cargoes, but at the beginning of the present century a great deal was thought even of that. Since however passengers and goods came streaming from east and west in unexpected abundance (in America results often exceed all previous calculation and expectations), it began to be perceived after a few years that this Erie Canal was a very poor affair and quite unequal to the increasing traffic. It was therefore unanimously agreed, that the old work must be improved, the channel deepened, the basins enlarged, and, in fact, the canal entirely new-modelled. That the thing must be done all were agreed, but how it should be done gave occasion to great difference of opinion and the formation of various parties.

The so-called democratic party, which is always disposed to be extremely saving, and, like most very saving people, takes somewhat narrow views, and guards the national purse sometimes too jealously, was of opinion that in the execution of so colossal a work, which would cost many millions of dollars, it was necessary to go to work very cautiously.

They proposed that the canal dues should be raised a little, that the revenue resulting from the increase should be saved, and that with these savings the undertaking should be begun, and executed bit by bit. The work, they argued, would then be self-supporting, would remodel itself by its own strength, and without laying fresh burdens, and perhaps even debts, on the people.

The conservative party, on the other hand, the whigs, as they are called, who always take more comprehensive views, and are inclined to a thorough carrying out of great reforms, and mostly make a truer estimate of future events, was of opinion that the work should be executed forthwith, and with the utmost energy. Even the incurring a debt, if necessary, need not be feared. The development of the trade to the West was proceeding at such a rate, that the canal would soon be in a position not only to discharge it, but to repay twice and three times over every advance made upon it. By the method proposed by the democrats half a century might elapse before the work would be completed, and the narrow old canal would be all that time a hindrance and a fetter to trade. But let the gate only be thrown wide open, and the fertilising flood of commerce would pour in, and richly reward them for all that they might do.

The discussion was continued hotly for several years, in newspapers and periodicals, in the legislative sessions, on platforms, and at electioneering meetings. For awhile the democrats had the advantage; they terrified the people with the amount of the sum required by their opponents, and the canal works were begun in the way they had proposed. Since however they went on very slowly, since the traffic continually increased, and the wishes of the commercial world were more and more loudly expressed, public opinion begun to turn in the direction of the opposite party, and at length the whigs seized the helm. The works now went on at a great rate, money was borrowed freely, and in the course of six years, when this party remained at the head of affairs, a considerable portion of the canal was completed.

The democrats in the mean time laboured incessantly to undermine their rivals; they accused them of being spendthrifts and wasters of the public money, and prophesied the speedy ruin of the State finances. They showed that though the traffic had increased more than had been expected, the cost of the works had also exceeded all calculation, and that the burdens on the people were increasing instead of diminishing with their progress. Once more the democrats succeeded in creating an

alarm, and they gained the upper hand at the elections, throwing their opponents into a minority; and by the help of this Erie Canal cry they raised themselves again into the saddle. Again for eight years the canal works now crept on at their former slow pace; as little as possible was done, that their rule might appear as easy and as economical as they could make it. The conservatives, now seeing that the commerce not only of New York but of all America would suffer, raised a general storm, and succeeded, not only by dint of arguments taken from the Erie Canal, but by the employment of every means in their power, in gaining a signal victory, and placing themselves again at the head of affairs. They even obtained at the same time some alterations in the mode of elections, and other constitutional changes in the Government of New York.

This time they remained long enough at the helm to see the great work nearly completed. There was now no longer any talk about debts; in all ways, direct and indirect, all that had been expended on the canal was returning into the pockets of the people, and, let who would be at the head of affairs, the work must be immediately completed without loss of time.

We traversed nearly the whole length of the small

State of Vermont. It is not quite 200 miles long, and about 60 miles broad, and is included between Lake Champlain on the west and the Connecticut river on the east, and corresponds pretty exactly with its eastern neighbour, New Hampshire, which stretches north and south along the Connecticut river. It may even be considered as a daughter colony of the old province, as settlers from New Hampshire crossed the Connecticut about the middle of the last century, and took up their abode in the valleys beyond the "Green Mountains," *Verts Monts;* the word is very old, and is found in the earliest French maps of the beginning of the 17th century. Very likely it was bestowed by the celebrated Canadian governor and traveller, who first discovered and navigated the lake that bears his name. As these mountains were then covered with green woods, the name must have appeared very appropriate to distinguish them from the higher mountains to the east of Connecticut, whose snow-crowned summits had been seen from the ocean, and which had been called the "White Mountains."

The whole little State of Vermont is mountainous, and resembles a Swiss canton lying at the foot of the Alps; and as the Pays de Vaud and Ticino had their powerful neighbours from whose oppressive authority they had to free themselves, so the settlers

in these Green Mountains, when they had formed themselves into little communities, had to struggle against the pretensions of the mother State, and the still more powerful New York. Before the time of the American Revolution, while New York was still an English province, the inhabitants put forward claims to the territory of Vermont, asserting that it lay within the boundaries marked out for them by the English kings, and that the settlers from New Hampshire were mere unauthorised intruders, who had still to purchase from the New Yorkers the lands they had long been cultivating, as well as to subject themselves to their jurisdiction and authority. The mountaineers of Vermont now prepared to defend their natural rights, and the fields which their labour had won from the wilderness. They formed themselves into a sort of confederacy, and bid defiance at once to the claims of the New Yorkers and the grants of the English kings. Armed men crossed the frontiers from New York, and the mountaineers offered armed resistance, and many sanguinary skirmishes took place. This state of affairs lasted till the time of the American Revolution, when New York and the other former English provinces were raised into sovereign States.

The Vermonters, who, during the hostilities with

New York, had become more united, now declared themselves independent; but their sovereignty was acknowledged neither by England nor the United States. At Congress the voice of the powerful New York preponderated greatly over that of little Vermont; and for a long time the view taken by the former, that the Vermonters were mere rebels against their lawful authority, was generally received. The struggle went on with the same bloodshed as before; prisoners were made on both sides — those sent to New York being treated as rebels, and those to Vermont as rapacious invaders. Little Vermont, nevertheless, maintained its independence twenty years longer, managed its affairs without the help of Federal Government or Congress, and, to avoid New York, was even inclined to annex herself to Canada and the British; but as the number of settlers in Vermont had greatly increased since the covetous desires of New York had diminished, and Congress earnestly desired the settlement of a dispute which might be dangerous in the immediate neighbourhood of Canada, deputies from Vermont were in the year 1791 admitted to Congress, and that mountaineer confederacy received as one of the United States.* Since the restoration of tranquillity,

* Whoever desires to know more of the remarkable history of

all the valleys and slopes of Vermont have become filled with settlers. Numerous small towns have sprung up, some of which, in consequence of the increasing number of passengers to Canada, have greatly increased in proportion, but less so than in other parts of the United States. Its remote position, mountainous character, and comparative want of fertility, have prevented the rise of any of the great thronged marts which are found elsewhere. The towns are pretty, clean, peaceful little places, which contrast strikingly with the tumultuous crowded cities of the West, but each one has its own special branch of industry. The State also contains many stone quarries, and has furnished a great part of the stone from which the magnificent houses of the Broadway and the Fifth Avenue in New York have been constructed. Great blocks of marble too are obtained from these mountains, to build the palaces of the commercial aristocracy in that city and Philadelphia; and Rutland, one of the smallest of the chief towns of the State, was quite surrounded, when I saw it, by vast piles of beautiful

Vermont, which so strikingly resembles that of one of the Swiss cantons, may be referred to the excellent work of Professor Zadock Thompson, "History of Vermont, natural, civil, and statistical." Burlington, 1853. After I had once taken it up, I could not put it down again till I had finished it.

white freestone and many coloured marbles, some of a light bluish tint, some red, some yellow, flesh-coloured, or variegated. These marble quarries were for a long time very inadequately worked, but the railroads have had a magical effect on them; the mountains have opened their hidden treasures, and the "marble-business" is destined evidently to become one of the most important resources of the State.

Of late years, when, since the discoveries in California, people have been searching for gold in all directions, a gold-bearing district has been found in Vermont, but the discovery is of interest more in a geological than in a commercial point of view, as the precious metal is so thinly scattered that it does not pay for the working.

It is now, however, a well-ascertained fact that a peculiar thin gold-bearing formation runs like a vein, not merely through the "Green Mountains," but through the Great Eastern mountain-system of the United States. It is composed of serpentine, steatite, and soap-stone, and runs northward several hundred miles through Canada in the direction of Quebec; and southward across the Hudson to New York, and on through the Alleghanies to South Carolina. In Vermont nuggets have been found weighing several ounces (one of $8\frac{1}{2}$ ounces);

in Canada, others still larger and more numerous, which are preserved at the Geological Museum in Montreal. In South Carolina similar discoveries have been reported in the newspapers, and mention also made of silver. In Vermont it is thought that the matrix of the gold, the beautiful steatite and serpentine, will prove more useful and valuable than the metal it contains.

As we left Rutland, a young man of about 30 came and sat down by me, and began a conversation with the regulation questions. "Who are you?" "Where do you come from?" "Where are you going to?" "How do you like our country?" &c. He was a long-legged, long-armed, long-fingered, stooping figure, with head and back bent like some one going against the wind; with prominent nose, small eyes, hollow cheeks, short breath, open mouth, and lank muscular development; in short, a genuine New England Yankee of the Vermont species. When it came to my turn to put questions, he related to me with true Yankee readiness, and almost gossiping communicativeness, his whole biography. He was born in Vermont, of poor parents, and was one of nine sons, all now scattered about the world. He had worked his way through his youth, carrying on first one occupation and then another, till at last he had

made his way to Iowa, in the far West, and settled as a squatter in a beautiful wilderness, where he had cut down, and grubbed up, and cleared to his heart's content, and made so many "*betterments*," that he had obtained a right of pre-emption to a few hundred acres, and finally acquired them at a moderate price as his property. He told me all this in a rapid and impetuous manner, and with the peculiar American nasal twang, rolling off his story as if from a spinning-wheel, without ever asking whether I understood him, which indeed at last, when he got very enthusiastic in describing the fertility of his land and of the Far West in general, I did not, and only made out the often-recurring words, "crops, farms, manure, cattle, big onions, fat porkers, &c.," and with the help of a little guessing put them together, so as to make out that the crops in Iowa are enormous, the farms "first-rate," the pigs as fat as any in the whole world, and the onions as big as your head, and after seven years' planting, propagating themselves. My companion looked at the somewhat meagre swine that we saw here and there on the road, the stone quarries, and the thin covering of vegetable soil from which his countrymen earn their bread, and said the whole population could do nothing better than pack up their goods and be off to-morrow to the Far

West, where there was room enough for a hundred such States and populations as those of Vermont. He concluded by saying that he was come to see the only person he cared about in the country—his mother, who lived in Middleburg, and to bring her over to his farm in Iowa. I was about to express my approval of the good disposition herein manifested, but he gave me no time. The moment he had done speaking, he rose, stamped his feet, stretched himself, yawned a little, and then went over and sat down by a pretty young girl on the other side of the carriage, whom he had been looking at several times. She had a sweet little face and figure, and was dressed very fashionably, but I could not guess to what class of society she belonged, for these things are not so easy to make out in America as with us. Most likely she was a farmer's daughter, but she might have been of much higher rank. A wreath of Parisian artificial flowers made a very ornamental frame-work for her pretty delicate features, and she was clad from head to foot in those light rosy tints that are so much in favour with the American women. We should think they looked like butterflies, but here these gay colours are quite customary, and the fair damsels certainly know how to arrange and combine them in a very skilful and becoming manner. Rose-colour and

all possible shades of red are the most prevailing, and are probably chosen to give relief to their rather pale complexions.

As my Yankee spoke in a very loud tone, I had no difficulty in hearing that he was going over his private history again for the benefit of the Vermont beauty, and he appeared to describe the fat pigs and big onions with still more animation than to me. His young countrywoman listened with evident sympathy, asked some friendly questions, which were answered with great readiness, and when he came to "the only person he cared about," exclaimed with great warmth, "You are going for your mother? Oh, that is quite right of you." I thought perhaps there might be after a time a second person that my Yankee friend "cared about." Perhaps indeed there was already. He was holding in his long lean fingers the basket in which she carried her small travelling effects, his "Guide" lay open on her lap, and when we got to Middleburg, where they were both to alight, her arm, when he had helped her out of the carriage, was drawn within his, and as they departed I perceived that he had engaged some one to carry his own trunk, and that he was laden with her shawl and mantle, umbrella, and carpet-bag. The lion

seemed to be tamed, and about to bend his neck to the yoke.

It is very possible, however, that the affair was not so romantic, for, in the perfect freedom of manners that prevails between young people in America, you cannot always tell whether they have been engaged for ten years like a pair of German lovers, or whether the acquaintance dates from the last five minutes. The attentions which we suppose to indicate a tender passion may be merely such as any man here would pay to any woman; only in support of my romantic hypothesis, it may be remembered that young farmers from the Far West do often come back to the Eastern States with other views than merely to fetch their mothers, for pretty girls are very scarce in the West, and here, where all the boys of the family have generally wandered away somewhither, they are rather superabundant.

Soon after we left Middleburg four young pairs entered the carriage, appearing to form a merry party, and all eight consequently desiring to sit together. The young men in the name of their ladies drove out me and the two other men near me, and we willingly resigned our places—indeed, according to the privileges of ladies here, we could not

do otherwise. But there was a poor fellow coming probably from the West, and evidently ill of a fever. He was not in quite so gay a mood as these squires of dames, on the contrary he looked very wretched and dejected. He had arranged his seat so as to make himself tolerably comfortable, and, to my great satisfaction, had at length fallen into a quiet refreshing sleep. I was in hopes that when the gay ladies noticed his illness they would respect his sleep, and they did for a moment seem inclined to do so, and looked hesitatingly at him, but when it appeared that they could find no other places they liked so well, one of the gentlemen unmercifully shook up the poor sick man and pointed to his pretty lady. The poor fellow started as if he had seen something frightful, bundled up his things as fast as he could, and moved off to find another place. It does appear to me that American ladies are rather tyrannical in the assertion of their rights. The sick man was not very likely in his feverish state to win again the sleep from which he had been so roughly awakened, especially amidst the jokes and laughter of the privileged ladies.

CHAPTER VII.

BURLINGTON.

BURLINGTON is by far the largest and most important of the small towns of Vermont. It has now above 6000 inhabitants, and there is only one among the others of which the population amounts to 4000. After the example of the United States, a smaller town, that of Montpellier, has been chosen for the seat of Government of the State, the parliament, and the authorities, though the same reason for this choice cannot exist as in New York and other large States, namely, that the multitudes of people might render the factious violence of parties dangerous to the Government. In little Burlington the "mob" can be hardly more formidable than in the still less Montpellier. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the simple fact that the rise of Burlington has been more recent, and

chiefly in consequence of the steam navigation on Lake Champlain, and the greatly increased and increasing intercourse with Canada. Burlingto lies in a beautiful situation on the shore of the and is said to be excelled in this particular town in New England. The bay on which built forms an excellent harbour, about midway tween the two extremities of the great basin, and constantly covered with small vessels, as Burlingto is the chief trading town on the lake, and the centra valley of Vermont, that of Montpellier, has also here its outlet. This is the valley of the "Onion River," as it has been called, though it has now fortunately been restored to its much prettier Indian appellation, the "Winuski;" and even in this out-of-the-way little place there are commercial houses that do business to the amount of 300,000 dollars a year.

In the hotel where I quartered myself I found again, as in Albany, a negro as head-waiter. I admired the quiet and even dignified manner in which he conducted his business, and spoke of him to the proprietor, who told me that he esteemed him very highly as a thoughtful and able man. He had introduced his own system and his own regulations into his department, and was always considering how it could be still further improved.

He left him entirely to himself, the landlord said, and he had never had occasion to regret doing so.

"Is he a fugitive from the South?" I asked.

"I do not know," was the reply, "I have never asked him. His origin and antecedents are a mystery to me, but I never touch on the subject. We have another negro too, who is a real Uncle Tom, though he only performs the lowest services in the house, cutting wood, cleaning shoes, and so forth. His name is T——, would you like to see him?" We went down to the yard and found T—— busily engaged cutting wood. He spoke a little Spanish, so was, in all probability, from the South. "How do you do, T——," said the master. "Very well, sir." "You seem busy?" "Yes, I have a good deal to do to-day, and these logs are abominably tough; and then I have a number of little things to see to in the evening." "Well, take your time," said the master. "Oh yes, that's very easy to say, but I must get my work done," was the answer, "leave it to me."

"And I can leave it to him," said the landlord. "He has been a long while in my service, and I have never found any fault in him. He does his work very willingly, and if there is none for him to do he is sure to make some. He is always as quiet as you see him now, never disagrees with any one,

and obeys me like a child. He is very religious, often goes to church, and has always a text at hand. I am convinced that while he is cutting his wood he is always thinking of those subjects. Many people do not believe in the possibility of an Uncle Tom, but I do; for, as I said, I have one in him."

I must own I gave some weight to this testimony, for the hotel keeper, though seemingly a good and intelligent man, was a regular Yankee, and by no means given to enthusiasm.

In the evening I went to pay some visits, taking a little boy of fourteen to show me the way. I noticed that he was chewing tobacco, and asked how long he had been addicted to that indulgence; and was told *four years*, and that he also smoked cigars. "The first time a boy gave me a bit I spit it out," he continued, "and the second too, but he said I should try again, and at last I learned to like it."

"Does your mother allow you to do this?"

"Oh, she don't know! Some people told her; and she sometimes smells me, but when she asks me I deny it right out."

"What! you tell lies?"

"Why yes, to be sure; you wouldn't have me tell her the truth? She would beat me."

"What light is that?" I asked of this hopeful youth, "is it a bonfire?"

"No; it's a house a fire I guess."

"Where is it?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. There was a ship wrecked on the lake this afternoon. The masts blew right out, and all the cargo was lost."

"Was the crew lost too?"

"I don't know, but I guess they were."

"Who does that large house belong to?"

"It did belong to Mr H., but he has gone off to the West, and has taken a lot of money with him."

"He was very rich, I suppose?"

"No; but he had a good many debts, and he didn't want to pay them, so he sold a lot of his property quietly, and then went off himself."

When I got to the house I was going to I met with a cordial reception, as did also my small and by no means elegant-looking attendant. The master of the house himself gave him a chair when he perceived that he belonged to me, and let him, in true republican fashion, make one of the company; in fact, he had entered the room just as if he thought he was, and afterwards, as it was cold, he brought his chair near the fire and made himself quite comfortable.

All this was still rather new to me. With us a

little attendant sprite of this sort would have waited outside the door or have gone into the kitchen: but I had afterwards often occasion to notice that here people of this class would, not exactly in an impudent manner, but quite unconsciously, go in everywhere with me, and introduce me, and were everywhere treated with the greatest friendliness, without any apparent effort or condescension on the part of the master of the house.

I found the ladies here engaged in needlework; they were making clothes for poor French-Canadians in the neighbouring province. These people often come from their less busy country (Lower Canada) to seek for work in Vermont, and when they do not find it, get into distress and constitute the greater part of the pauper population of the State. They also go further into New England, extend their excursions all along the shores of Lake Champlain and even to Albany, where you may see poor Canadians going about like gypsies. Some go down the Hudson to New York, where the Canadians are now greatly on the increase.

The fine large steamers on Lake Champlain, which are famous for the excellence of their structure and appointments, have usually a French Canadian crew and attendants. For attendants these polite and obliging people are especially adapted, and they

are, too, willing workmen, and more modest in their pretensions than the Americans. Canadian Indians also sometimes find their way down the lake to Albany and New York; formerly it was a war path, by which, under the guidance of the French, they came down upon the south, but now they bring their little baskets, embroidered slippers, and other produce of their peaceful industry.

On the following day a friend drove me about the environs in a gig, and we also climbed the lofty tower of the university, from whose summit we looked over a magnificent panorama.

On the east we saw the whole range of the "*Verts Monts*," from which the State has its name, at a distance of from 20 to 30 miles. They rise to a height of 4000 feet, and have a very imposing aspect. Their highest points have English names, the Chin, the Nose, the Camel's Hump, and so forth.

A gentleman in Vermont told me that many lovers of Indian antiquities and history had given themselves much trouble to find out the old Indian names, and the Canadian Indians had been consulted about their traditions. Probably there are also French appellations for them. Between the mountains and the lake lies a beautiful hilly country, and beyond the lake to the west rise other high

mountains, the Aderondag chain in the northern part of the State of New York. They are mostly wild and desolate in appearance, but their declivities towards the lake are cultivated and peopled. Beyond those mountains lies an extensive tableland almost 3000 feet high, which is little cultivated, and indeed known to few but hunters and fishers. It is the least visited and most thinly inhabited part of the State of New York. Here and there it presents small lakes and spots of exquisite scenery, but few travellers come to enjoy it. The great routes, that of Lake Champlain to the east, of the Mohawk, the Erie Canal, &c., on the south, and the great St Lawrence on the north, lead round this *terra incognita,* but no great road passes through it.

The land of the "Green Mountains" and that of the Aderondag range are entirely separated from each other. The long cleft of the Champlain, and its continuation to the St Lawrence, makes a striking distinction in the animals, plants, and other natural phenomena; and an entirely different Fauna and Flora is found on the western side from that of the eastern. In the former are the species of both known on the great lakes—the Ontario, Erie, &c.; but Vermont belongs in an ethnographical point of view, as well as in its natural history, as do the

New England States, to the same great province. The valley of the far-stretching lake is, to a certain extent, a continuation of that of the Hudson from south to north, and both together form a deep channel, through which southern life flows northward. I was told, for instance, that every year a very elegant kind of Colibri (humming-bird) finds its way up this route. I was told in Burlington on the 5th of October, that its golden gleam had been seen in the gardens only a week ago, and it proceeds still further northward to the St Lawrence, and even the interior of Canada, and builds its nest in the woods near Hudson's Bay, as well as on the other side of the river, as far as Nova Scotia.

That I should hear all this on the top of the tower of the University of Burlington was what I certainly had not expected, for who in Germany ever heard of such an Alma Mater? The most remarkable thing about it is its history, which may be found in the already-mentioned excellent work of Professor Thompson. It is incredible what difficulties it has had to contend with, from the first voluntary subscription at the close of the last century, when a few thousand dollars were expended in the purchase of 300,000 bricks, down to the most recent period. Half a dozen times was the little light nearly extinguished; but when the year 1833

brought the sum of 26,000 dollars, the whole was placed on a more solid footing.

Now, first, was a real library procured, and, as every professor wrote down the names of the books required for his department, the catalogue was ready even before the library.

A well-informed agent was then despatched to Europe with the money (10,000 dollars) in his pocket; and the books were then purchased at German auctions, and other places where they could be obtained advantageously. In this way a good collection of 10,000 volumes was got together—many of them still bearing the names and traces of the studies of their former owners—as Blumenbach, Jacobs, Wustemann, or Grimm.

The other scientific institutions of the little democratic State of Vermont seem also to have had a difficult and thorny path to tread. The proposal, for instance, for a grant of money for a geological survey of the country, for the appointment of a state geologist, and the preparation of a geological map, lay a long time before the State Legislature, and was rejected year after year as unnecessary, till in 1844 it was carried by a majority of 96 over 92. Probably the over-democratic constitution of Vermont is in fault, that if not popular education, at least the higher branches of science, are somewhat

neglected. Of all the States of the Union Vermont has laid the broadest foundation for its political constitution. Every male of 21 years of age, and good character, is a citizen, and has the suffrage. Even negroes, who are treated here more liberally than elsewhere, have a right to vote, and no more is required of them than of the whites, though in New York and some other States they require a certain amount of property. Like individuals, corporations, as for instance towns, have all equal rights, and in this way, by pursuing the democratic principle to an extreme, they have created a kind of aristocracy. The small towns would not endure that the large ones should have any superiority over them, and towns of a hundred inhabitants, of which there are plenty in Vermont, send the same number of representatives to parliament, as, for example, Burlington, which has 6000; and consequently an inhabitant of one of those towns has 60 times the influence of one of 6000. Three of the larger towns have long since protested against this privileged inequality, but the little ones have hitherto been able to maintain their ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THE storm which had raged on Lake Champlain the day before our arrival, with such violence as to occasion some shipwrecks, had passed away when we reached it, and the little fury now lay peaceful, and smiling, and smooth as glass before us. A north-west wind, here called the "fine weather wind," had swept the sky clear of clouds, and one of the beautiful steamers, white painted and exquisitely clean, was floating like a swan on the water at Burlington, and ready to carry us away to the north. The Americans are certainly the cleanest people in the world, and a traveller who has not yet convinced himself of the fact, may do so by inspecting one of these steamers. There is not a place in them which the most elegant passenger could hesitate to enter; throughout the drawing-

rooms, dining-rooms, sleeping cabins, he will find everything in the most perfect order, and brilliantly clean. The washing and bathing rooms, perfumery and hair-dressers' shops (for all these things are to be found on board), are as elegant and as well kept as in the streets of New York or Boston. They save the busy passenger much time, and allow him to attend to many things which his engrossing occupations may have left him no time for on shore.

For the enjoyment of the air and scenery too these steamers are admirably adapted. A broad high platform called the "Promenade Deck" rises in the midst, floored like a dancing-room, and affording a free view all round, and you have plenty of room for pacing about it, for these spacious vessels afford a dozen times as much room for each person as our Rhine and Danube steamers. If the wind is cold you descend to the floor below, where you find open verandas and wide balconies, and where you are protected from the wind without being hindered in the enjoyment of the scenery; or you may go lower, and find a still more sheltered seat under the colonnade that runs round the apartments of the ladies. It was really no trifling enjoyment to navigate this glorious lake in such a vessel as this.

The Frenchman Champlain was the first man

who ever fired a gun upon these waters. In 1609, when he came here from Canada, he had but three musketeers with him, but with these he struck terror into the country, and gained many victories over the wild tribes round the lake. That a man who must be regarded as the real founder of Canada, and who did more to spread European civilization and authority here than any other, should have given his name to the lake, is what no one can object to, especially as he has scarcely any other geographical monument here in the North. It is certain, however, that the Indians would long since have found a much better one.* In the language of one of the tribes it is called "*Petawa bougue*," or "Change of land and water," which on account of its numerous islands is very suitable. Another called it "*Camaderi guarunte*," which signifies "Mouth or Gate of the Country." The small lake connected with it to the south, which we call Lake George, the Indian natives called by a name that signifies "water attached to the great lake." The appellation "Mouth of the Country" particularly pleased me, for Lake Champlain, and its continuation, the river Richelieu, which runs into the St Lawrence, is the only natural entrance to the wide mountain district around it. It is doubt-

* There is in Canada a County of Champlain.

less an old Indian road, and in the time of the French dominion in Canada it was the mouth through which the hostile nations, the French and English, spoke to one another continually with musket and cannon thunder. For a period of more than a century, regularly every year the Canadians marched southward through the valley of the lake, to attack the British possessions and lay waste their settlements, and just as often did the British burst out through the gate to the north, at the head of the wild Iroquois, and exercise retaliation on the French. Even in the subsequent contest between England and her colonies, Lake Champlain still retained the strategic significance marked by the Indian appellation; but now for forty years past this mouth happily no longer pours forth armed soldiers and ferocious Indians, guns and blood and scalps, but steamers and locomotives and peaceful traders, and bales of goods from New York and Montreal—between which two great marts it forms the chief if not the only direct connection. On the line four hundred miles long between New York and Montreal, Lake Champlain, with the Hudson, is the principal channel of communication. It offers a hundred miles of water navigable for the largest ships; but, unfortunately, its outlet, the Richelieu, is hindered by rocks and

rapids. There remained, therefore, an isthmus between the northern extremity of the lake and the St Lawrence, as between the southern and the Hudson; but canals and railways have now removed this difficulty, and made of it a single uninterrupted line.

In early, that is, pre-historic, times there was, doubtless, a period when the whole line was filled with water, and an arm of the sea passed from the St Lawrence through Lake Champlain and the Hudson, round New England, and made an island of it. The recent discovery of the skeleton of a whale on the shore of the lake puts it almost beyond a doubt that the lake was once connected with the sea, and contained sea-water as well as a kind of whale, which at the present day is found in the neighbouring seas.

Sea-shells and brackish water and the sea-tide reach, as I have said, as far up as Albany; and here on Lake Champlain I learned that seals come up the lake, along the path of the whales of old times. They come through the mighty St Lawrence, and wriggle their way among the rocks and cataracts of the Richelieu to the land-locked water, where in the winter they are often killed on the ice. I found several cases of the kind mentioned in the work of Professor Thompson before alluded

to; and on talking the subject over with the captain of the steamer, I learned that it was by no means uncommon, and that two or three seals were found every year as far south as Whitehall. Between Whitehall and Albany, where the last oceanic movement from the south is felt, is a tract of about eighty miles of land; and since whales have been in our own time followed as far up the St Lawrence as Montreal, we may consider that marine animals swim nearly round the peninsula of New England, and this may perhaps explain why many of the oldest maps represent it as an island, as the first settlers supposed it to be. They heard in many places of deep navigable waters west of them, and naturally imagined a connection between them. There is also much of the islander in the character of the New England men. It is more narrow, compact, and solid than that of the people of the other States.

The whole northern part of Lake Champlain is filled with larger and smaller islands, some covered with forest, some cultivated and inhabited, and some even with little towns or villages, and others again mere rocks rising out of the water. There is one of them that bears the name of Kelton's Prize, because, according to the Americans, the commander of an English ship, during the war, took

it for an enemy's vessel, and poured a broadside into it.

It was a beautiful evening on which we were steaming through these islands, the sun went down behind the Aderondag mountains in a flood of light, passing into a thousand glorious tints, till the moon rose and melted them all into her silvery splendour. The crew of our steamer consisted entirely of French-Canadians, the first whom I had seen, and they made a very favourable impression on me. They were all lively, well-behaved, agreeable men, and they still retained so much of the spirit of *la belle France*, as to find perpetual amusement in gossiping and joking with one another, when there was nothing else to be done; and the captain declared he preferred them to the Americans, who were too "independent," and would not do all kinds of work. Here also I met with Indians for the first time. As they sat in silence, wrapped in dark mantles, I took them for a group of poor German emigrants, until one of them, to whom I had in vain spoken in French, German, and English, repeated several times, "I am *savasch*,"—that is, "savage."

At Rouse's point, at the northern extremity of the lake, I first, on a beautiful moonlight night, touched Canadian soil, and for the first time in my

life I was treated by custom-house officers as honest passengers ought to be treated.

"Gentlemen, have you anything that pays duty?"

We answered in unison, "No," and were then passed with bag and baggage, without the officers making any examination to discover whether we were or were not liars and cheats. On the quay was a post with a board, on which was inscribed, "No smoking allowed west of this board;" and I have often had occasion to notice how completely this wandering people must have the compass by heart to profit by such directions. Even in the labyrinth of streets in a great city they seem never at a loss, and on the addresses of letters you will see, "Two doors east or north of such a street."

Though in a railway train and at night, I immediately perceived indications of being in a different country. There were differences in the arrangements of the carriages, different figures and costumes, and from time to time I heard French, or rather Canadian, spoken. The mountains and hills of Vermont and New York had now entirely disappeared, and the moon shone over a wide plain, in which we could distinguish tracts of forest, of stony heath, or grass-land, intermingled with cornfields and thinly scattered villages. At some of

these we stopped, and I could see that the outlines of the houses differed widely from those of the United States;—girls with their hands stuck in the pockets of their aprons, and young peasants with long nightcaps were talking to them as they lounged against the wall. We were passing through the counties of Acadie and Chambly, and at the last station, St Lambert, we came in sight of the mighty St Lawrence, its broad flood gleaming in the moonlight; the steam ferry-boat took us up as the steam carriage set us down, and we were soon again afloat. In former days, when steam did not toss people this way head over heels from one place to another, we should have passed the night in St Lambert, and have had time the next day before the "*bóteau*"* came, to have duly considered the situation, and made many philosophical reflections upon it; but there is now only time for this in winter, when the river is covered with ice, and the two shores are long separated from one another. We proceeded in a straight line across the river, but we had nevertheless several miles to go before we saw anything of the handsome "Silver Town." At last something glimmered silvery through the mist, namely the tin-covered houses and churches of Montreal. This

* Canadian for *bateau*.

metal, *un-precious* as it is, nevertheless preserves its white brightness a long time without rusting, and when the moon or the setting sun plays on the roofs and cupolas they produce an effect that Canaletto, or Quaglio, or any other painter of cities and houses, would be enchanted with. When I saw Montreal by common day-light, indeed, I could not help thinking the epithet of "Silver Town" far too complimentary; but, subsequently, when I saw the church towers under the rosy light of evening, they seemed to glow with internal fire, and I became of a different opinion.

The Americans regard Montreal and Quebec much as we do Memphis or Thebes, as places of the highest antiquity, and go thither if they desire to see something very old-world and European. The carriages in which we and our effects were received, on our arrival at Montreal, were certainly adapted to support this view. One cannot imagine how a coach-builder could hit on such a contrivance, and still less how such an old-fashioned, inconvenient machine could have continued in use to the present day. Fancy a large, high, clumsily-made sort of post-chaise, or rather box, hung between two rickety wheels. At the top of the machine sits the driver, and as soon as you have engaged him he backs it so as to enable you to step in at the door

behind, and then away it jolts, you and your trunks and hat-boxes and carpet-bags tumbling about together, and settling your respective places as you can. For the use of this contrivance, too, you have to pay very dearly, at least if you get an impudent, extortionate Irishman to drive you, instead of a modest, good-tempered, honest Canadian.

In certain departments of social life,—hotels, railroads, river-steamers, and newspapers,—Canada is a good deal Americanized, and the great hotel at which we alighted, "Donnaganna's,"* was quite on the plan of those of the United States; it was, too, very republican in its spirit, according to which, while the great mass of the guests are admirably served, each individual appears neglected. When the multitude, summoned by the loud tones of the gong, comes crowding into the vast dining-room, they find a whole army of waiters ready to do their bidding, and supply every possible want; but if as an individual he requires out of the regular time as much as a cup of broth, he may starve before he gets it. Society at large finds saloons fitted up with princely splendour, but when you withdraw your individuality into your private room, you find

* Donnacona was the name of the first Indian Chief met with by Cartier, at his discovery of the St Lawrence, in the neighbourhood of the present Montreal. Probably the French Canadian family of Donnaganna derives its name from him.

yourself shut up in a mere cell, with four white walls, with a gas-pipe sticking out from the wall, at which you must yourself kindle a light, and where you may ring and stamp and call yourself hoarse even for a glass of water, and probably at last find that the only way to get it is to fetch it yourself.

CHAPTER IX.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL is certainly the largest and most thriving town in America, northward of New York and Boston. In trade, wealth, and population, it is in advance of all other towns of Canada, and it has become the chief mart and metropolis of the life of the St Lawrence. With its 80,000 inhabitants, it may be considered a great city, and this number will, before long, be immensely increased. The advantages of its geographical position are such as to insure its advance.

The circumstance that immediately above the city the St Lawrence ceases to be navigable, and is interrupted by many rocks and rapids, doubtless gave occasion to the earliest settlement, as it was the furthest point to which Cartier, the discoverer, proceeded unhindered. He found, too, near the

cataracts, an Indian settlement called Hochelaga, which must have been a sort of capital, as its name was so long current, and was even sometimes used to designate the whole country. After Cartier French ships often came so far, and the place was already well known, when M. de Maisonneuve in 1641 planted here the little pallisaded town, "Ville Marie," which was the germ of the present great city of Montreal.

The large island where this seed was sown is formed by the vast arms of the St Lawrence and Ottawa, and is on the whole a very flat and fertile country, certainly a rich Delta, formed by the deposits of the two rivers. It has on its eastern side a very striking natural object, a hill lying on the level ground like a large monument, which catches from afar the eye of any one who sails up the St Lawrence, and at whose foot Cartier and the founder of Montreal both probably landed. The fertility of this Montreal island (it is as large as a small German principality) tended of course to encourage settlement, and is still very advantageous for supplying the wants of a large town.

It is seldom that the sea-navigation of a river ceases only where its rocks and cataracts begin, but this is the case with Montreal. Ships of considerable burthen could sail right up to the town, but

had there to be exchanged for Indian bark canoes. Marine animals, and even whales, sometimes come up the St Lawrence as far as Montreal, which therefore, though 400 miles from the sea, may be regarded as a sea-port.

The line of traffic along the cataracts and on the higher part of the river has now been improved by blasting rocks, and making canals and railroads; and the numerous countries and harbours of the interior, the towns and states on the great Canadian lakes, are thus placed in close connection with Montreal.

Another circumstance that contributed to the growth of Montreal was, that the Ottawa, the great tributary of the St Lawrence, mingles its waters with it at this point, and formed from the first a channel of communication with the west and north-west. It flows through a well-wooded and fertile country; brings down vast quantities of timber to Montreal, and takes from it the various products of civilisation. The woods are being rapidly cleared along its banks, land is being brought into cultivation, small towns are springing up, and steamers and railroads have made their way a hundred miles up its stream. It is often called in the country "Montreal's backbone."

The third line leading to Montreal is that of

Lake Champlain and the Hudson, by which we reached it, and this line has been now completed by railroads and canals.

Montreal appears, therefore, as the meeting-point and centre of four great natural high roads tending to various directions—that from the ocean of the north-east by the great stream of the St Lawrence,—of the upper river and the lakes,—of the river Ottawa,—and of Lake Champlain, which is the main link between Lower Canada and the United States. When, favoured so far by Nature, social life has thus been fairly kindled and burns so strongly at one point, capital and enterprise will soon open a way in other directions, which at first could not so powerfully influence it, and this has been recently exemplified in the line of railroad constructed between Montreal and the American town of Portland on the sea.

The geographical position and the importance of this line, and its organic connection with Montreal, will be easily understood if we consider first that the St Lawrence turns northward from Montreal, and reaches the ocean, from which at that city it is not far distant, by a great circuit. In those cold regions to which it flows it is often for a long time covered with ice and closed to navigation; and it is also at its mouth surrounded by great peninsu-

las and islands. Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Labrador, surround and block up its entrance, and cold habitual fogs, and frequent changes of wind, make the navigation among these islands slow and perilous. The free open ocean is not reached without a passage of nearly a thousand miles. The open ocean is practically much nearer to the Upper St Lawrence, namely, on the long sea-board of the American State of Maine. This coast, however, runs, like the St Lawrence, from south-west to north-east, leaving between it and the river an isthmus of about 200 miles broad.

The crossing of this isthmus, either by passengers or goods, was, of course, before the railway time a more difficult and expensive undertaking than the longer water passage by the St Lawrence; but the railroads have removed these difficulties, and made it possible to cut off that inconvenient country about its mouth, and connect Montreal, the centre of the commercial life of that country, more closely and intimately with the ocean. The fine harbour of Portland in the State of Maine has been found to be the point most easily reached, and the so-called "Grand Trunk Railroad" has been constructed between that port and Montreal. This remarkable railway will, however, only be completed when it shall have been found possible

to bridge over the mighty St Lawrence.* Then only will it have become the actual artery of the Upper St Lawrence traffic. Vessels which find themselves on the banks of Newfoundland can then reach the end of the line at Portland by a much shorter, safer, and more convenient route than even Quebec—the port nearest the mouth of the St Lawrence—and this at all seasons of the year, even in winter when Quebec is inaccessible. For timber and other bulky and heavy goods the river by Quebec will remain the chief road, but all kinds of lighter goods will go by Portland, and the post will also naturally take this direction. Letters and information, often as important for transmission as goods, will, with the assistance of the telegraph line, be forwarded to Montreal with the utmost possible rapidity.

The whole line of coast, and the ports between Quebec on the north, and New York on the south, inclusive of these two cities, as well as Boston, Portsmouth, &c., may be regarded as the natural vents and outlets for the whole great system of the St Lawrence and the lakes, through which the connection is to be maintained between those fertile regions and the countries beyond the Atlantic.

* Victoria Bridge was opened by the Prince of Wales, in the present year, 1860.—Tr.

Quebec maintained a connection with those regions from the earliest times by its river; and New York and Boston have long since established a communication by canals and railroads. Their youngest rival, Portland, with its recently-constructed road to Montreal, will probably in time become the most important of all,—for this reason, among others, that it occupies exactly the central point between the two extremes of Quebec and New York. The "Grand Trunk Railroad" seems to have had a prophetic inspiration in adopting this name. It is proposed, too, to carry this most direct line from the sea still further westward through the whole system of lakes. Lake Superior, it is supposed, will soon be reached, and many Canadian Britons prolong the line in thought as far as the Pacific Ocean; they have even represented it on maps with this prolongation, and as they lay down Portland for its eastern termination, place its opposite extremity on the Strait of Fuca, in the neighbourhood of Vancouver's Island.

The commercial advantages with which Montreal has been thus endowed both by nature and art, have called forth a vigorous life in the city at which the traveller is really astonished. At every step you find a building or an institution just begun or just completed; and not only in the streets, but

far and wide over the country round, you might think yourself in a newly-founded city, rather than in one of 200 years old. The colossal Montreal of the future is now in the period of its infancy, and the small old Montreal of the present and the past, is opening wide its arms and making all possible room for the reception of its great progeny. Everything new is constructed on a scale that far exceeds present wants, and every effort is made to enlarge and extend what is old. In the long narrow old French main street for instance, the Rue Notre Dame, the new houses are being placed many yards further back on either side, so as to make a regular broadway like that of New York; and at the same time another main street of the grandest proportions, such as may become the capital of the St Lawrence, is in course of construction. This is the broad handsome St James's Street, which now wants only some additional length, and will soon stretch itself out like a pine tree. The public buildings, the bank, the post-office, &c., that already adorn this street, cannot readily be equalled for taste and solidity, and the new court-house is like a Greek temple, only larger and more massive than ever Greek temple was. The ground where 30 years ago snipes and partridges were shot in bush and swamp, is now covered with comfortable dwell-

ings and churches of various denominations. Even the old French Catholics, who were formerly content with little dark chapels, having now under British rule attained to greater opulence and been kindled by British enterprise, have built themselves a new and stately cathedral capable of containing 10,000 persons. A new spirit seems to have been breathed into these long stagnant Canadian-French, and the great majority of them have frankly associated themselves with their English fellow-subjects, have cordially joined in all their speculations and industrial undertakings, contribute zealously to industrial exhibitions, and take an active part in committees and companies. The vast and solid quays of freestone which have been carried along the bank of the river are grand and useful public works, for the like of which London itself sighs in vain. Three millions of pounds sterling have passed for these improvements into the hands of architects, engineers, labourers, builders, and speculators, who are continually bringing some beautiful and useful work to a conclusion, and two millions' worth of stone is to be thrown into the great river to make a bridge that will not have its equal in the world, a fetter wherewith to bind the wildest and most gigantic of river gods. With another million the Canadians are hollowing out a

terrace of the Montreal hill above the town for the basin of a magnificent reservoir, to receive the water brought from the Ottawa for the supply of the whole city. I witnessed some of the remarkable blasting operations for this basin, and I certainly never saw any work of the kind carried on on so grand a scale.

Holes of from fifteen to twenty feet deep and five or six inches in diameter were bored in the rock with a chisel worked by a horse, and filled with 110 pounds of gunpowder, and every blast rent away a piece of a rock as large as a house.

The great Market Hall of Montreal is another of the marvels exhibited to strangers as not having its equal in America; but there are certainly a good many things which have not their like in the whole American continent.

According to the custom of London and New York, and generally of all Anglo-Saxon cities, labour and pleasure occupy different quarters here. Business is carried on near the river, and the handsome half-rural residences of the merchants are in the suburbs. The business quarter contains only warehouses and country-houses, with the addition, recently, of some large manufactories, for the city possesses in the St Lawrence Falls an admirable water-power, which is now applied to machinery, and which I forgot to mention amongst the geo-

graphical advantages of Montreal. The suburban villas encircle the whole town, extending to the foot of the mountain, where they have often very lovely positions. The kernel of all these fine and spacious new buildings is, however, formed by the old French town, with its narrow streets, which cannot be entirely remodelled, and its little old-fashioned houses, very like those in our smaller continental towns; and some suburbs consist entirely of old wooden houses and sheds built close to and almost one upon the other, which seem expressly arranged to be burnt down altogether in the first fire.

CHAPTER X.

THE "ROYAL MOUNTAIN."

THE long and finely-wooded hill, which is, as I have said, the only elevation to be seen for far and wide upon the flat island between the Ottawa and the St Lawrence, was called by Cartier the "Royal Mountain" long before a town existed here, and the first little settlement was called "Ville Marie," a name which is still retained for the Episcopal See. Gradually, however, the name of the hill was transferred to the town. Why the Spanish termination "*real*" should have been adopted instead of "Royal," I do not know, but some Canadians have informed me that that and not "royal" is the old form of the word in Normandy and Canada. The French peasants here corrupt the name still further and call it "Morreal." Since the name has been adopted for the town, the mountain has

lost its royalty, and is called not "Montreal," but simply the mountain, and the city has already began to include it within her territory. The villas and the reservoir already touch its foot and its lowest spurs in the plain, and about half-way up there is a broad platform, or natural terrace, passing a considerable way round it, which it is proposed to make into a public walk, and it will certainly be one of the finest in the world. Another part has been taken possession of for the dead, and an extensive churchyard laid out, where the monuments are grouped in the most picturesque manner, though they are at present far less numerous than the trees.

We fairly lost ourselves in wandering about the terrace, where there are many cottages and small farm-houses, and from which there are magnificent views. You look first over the fertile island of Montreal, and beyond it, to the south, on the mighty St Lawrence, bounded to the east by a long range of mountains. All the features of a Canadian landscape, the rivers, the forests, the mountains, are bounded by such far-stretching lines, that the whole horizon appeared to be more extensive than I had ever seen it elsewhere. But the most attractive part of the landscape was the Ottawa river, wind-

ing away to the north, through massive forests, and the Lake of the Two Mountains, of which I could just obtain a glimpse. One has scarcely got into a country before what has been once seen begins to appear old, and the restless soul turns again with longing to the distant and the unknown.

We descended the mountain on its north-western side, which is probably much exposed to snow-storms, as the little French village lying there at its foot is called the *Côte de Neige*, its principal chapel, *Chapelle de Notre Dame de Neige*, and its chief hotel, *Hotel de Neige*. This was the first French, or rather Canadian, village I had seen. The people never call themselves French, and seem desirous of being regarded as aborigines of the St Lawrence. A stranger is often inclined to say, "You are a Frenchman, Sir, are you not?" and will then receive for answer, "Monsieur, je suis Canadien;" and throughout America, a "Canadian" means a person of French descent in the colony. Their English fellow-subjects are called "British Canadians."

The French Canadians have almost taken the place of the Indians, from whom they have derived many traditions and customs, and they speak of themselves as the original inhabitants. They are mostly regarded by us as horribly stupid, idle, and

superstitious people—several centuries behind the rest of the world—a dead weight upon the march of progress, a black spot on the splendour of intelligence by which they are surrounded. The traveller is therefore agreeably surprised when he enters one of those "seats of darkness," a Canadian village.

It was Sunday when we descended into the Côte de Neige. The road was enlivened by gay promenaders, and pretty little one-horse chaises, in which some inhabitants of the village were returning from visits that they had been paying to relations and friends—for in their celebration of the day the French Canadians take the continental view, and consider that it was given for recreation as well as for prayer. In the pretty quiet cottages, and before the doors, we saw groups of the villagers engaged in friendly talk, and we ventured to enter one of the most humble looking, and were immediately understood and welcomed. The ancient mother, or grandmother, of the house set a chair for me by the fire, and turned to the other members of the family as if explaining, "*Eh bien, je comprend. Monsieur est voyageur, et il veut voir comme on vit en Conodó.*" The French of these good people would have been very agreeable if they

would not have called *voir*, *savoir*, and *croire*—*vóar*, *savóar*, and *cróare*, &c. A broad *o* is constantly substituted for *a*—Canada is Conodo, *chats* are *chots*, and *les basses classes*, *les bosses closses*. This not very pleasing change proceeds, I understand, from Normandy, whence most of the Canadians are descended; and other peculiarities of the Canadian dialect are traced to that province and to Brittany and La Vendée, the difference being that here that dialect is spoken by all classes, and there only by the most uncultivated. Even well-educated Canadians are quite unconscious of the difference, and a pretty young Canadian lady once informed me, as of something quite comic, that the Parisians pretended the Canadians did not speak the purest French. She told me this in the most regular *Conodo* dialect, and then appealed to me as to whether she had the slightest provincial accent. She said she had once made a tour in France, and found that the peasantry spoke a much coarser and less intelligible dialect than any in Canada, and this I could confirm, but I really could not reconcile my conscience to telling her she had no provincial accent.

In most colonial countries it may be noticed that the language of the higher classes, when they do not keep up any communication with the refined society and the literature of the old country, tends

to degenerate, while the peasantry, who lead a less narrow and stagnant life than in their original homes, lose something of their coarseness.

The present Canadian peasants are descended from soldiers, fur hunters, travellers, squatters, and all sorts of miscellaneous adventurers; and that such simple, honest, well-behaved people should be the offspring of such parents is a proof that human nature is just as prone, under certain circumstances, to improve and refine itself, as under others to grow degenerate and depraved.

As Romulus and his robbers became honourable Quirites, the progeny of voyageurs and scamps of various species has produced as primitive and innocent a people as Virgil could have desired for his Idyllic inspirations.

I found myself quite at my ease in this cottage. Besides the old woman who understood me so immediately, there was a man of middle age, a few boys, a very pleasing, neatly and even tastefully dressed young girl, and a bunch of little things of various sizes, but all clean and merry. You never forget for a moment the French descent of these people. Their features, their manners, their taste in dress, remind you continually of it. The lively, saucy boys, and the naïve and amiable little coquette of a girl, were genuinely French, and probably if we

had had more time for observation we should have perceived the same or other traits of character, but all were considerably softened; the boys were not quite so saucy as the true *gamins*, the coquetry was not quite so gross; and all these qualities were mingled and blended in one tone of bonhommie and hospitality which is by no means characteristic of France. The cottage was in the most exquisite order, and its inhabitants were quite dazzling in the cleanliness of their snow-white linen. It was Sunday to be sure, but the every-day costumes that I afterwards saw did no discredit to the holiday one, in the *Côte de Neige*—and I could not help expressing to my old woman the pleasure their neatness gave me. "Vous êtes bien bon, Monsieur," she replied, "mais l'ordre et la propreté ce sont des qualités trés naturelles. Une famille malpropre! Ah Dieu préserve, une famille malpropre serait bien remarquée dans notre village. Et je croäi c'est le cas dans tous le Conodó!"

We were driven out of the cottage by the heat of the stove, the only thing in it that we did not find agreeable. The Canadians are noted in this country for the high temperature at which they keep their abodes. They have great Dutch-tile stoves, in which they keep up the fire the whole winter, and then enjoy themselves with heat and tobacco

to such an extent, that when they come out in the spring they look quite pale, yellow, and withered. Now, in the autumn, their appearance was quite fresh and healthy.

CHAPTER XI.

CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

THE Americans of the United States, now so numerous in Canada, who have founded so many various establishments in the towns, take, as merchants, contractors, engineers, road-makers, an active part in all its affairs. By the recent reciprocity treaty they have obtained the same rights of fishing and drying fish in the St Lawrence and on the Canadian coasts as the British inhabitants themselves; and besides these motives for visiting the country, the more opulent and idle classes of American citizens have begun to make a tour through the principal towns of Canada, its waterfalls and rivers, a fashionable excursion. Whole flocks of American tourists come from New York and more southerly places, by Lake Champlain, to the St

Lawrence, linger a few days in Montreal and Quebec, and then go up or down the river in the steamers.

To travellers of this class, the old Catholic institutions—the schools, hospitals, and convents—are generally objects of special curiosity; they are scarce in the Protestant South, and belong to the regular *stations*, at which an American tourist, obedient to his "Murray," is sure to stop. I confess I share this taste.

The old French convents and other public institutions of Montreal and Quebec have a remarkable history. A whole crowd of ecclesiastical orders in France used to look to Canada as to a field where an abundant harvest of Christian laurels was to be reaped. Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, Brothers of Christian Doctrine and Sisters of Mercy, *Sœurs grises*, and *Filles de la Providence*—all sent out members of their societies, and scattered the seeds of their orders on the shores of the St Lawrence.

American historians sometimes speak of Canada as a military colony, whilst to the settlements of New England and Pennsylvania is ascribed a specially ecclesiastical and Christian character. In fact, the idea of a religious conquest—a *conquesta spiritual*, as the Spaniards say, was just as promi-

nent as in any of the Spanish, English, or Portuguese establishments of America.

Sword and cross entered here into close partnership, and it would be hard to say whether the soldiers of the king, the agents of the trading companies, or the preachers and missionaries of the various orders, were most successful in discovering, conquering, and retaining the country. In the oldest maps, by the side of the representations of discoverers and *conquistadors*, we see those of monks and nuns. The wide field opened among so many heathen nations, and the possibility of a glorious martyrdom among the Indians, attracted so many champions of the faith, that at one time the Canadian towns had more monastic orders than the provincial towns of France itself; and of the 60,000 inhabitants which formed for a long time the whole population of the country, a very considerable part were shut up in convents. These old Catholic institutions of the French have just as little become extinct under the British rule as the Catholic Church itself; indeed, the Canadian Catholics existing at the time of the conquest, 1760, have increased under the protection of England to almost a million, and now, when all property has increased so much in value, the institutions formerly very poor have become wealthy and important. Their

spirit, too, seems to be improved. In the Jesuits' time these frequent wranglings between Jesuits and Franciscans — between the regular and secular clergy—and the question, who was to stand at the head of the missions? often led to vexatious collisions. Every new order arriving from France, and for which spare lands and endowments had to be provided, awakened envy and uncharitableness. Now, under the English rule, these various societies live peacefully by the side of one another, and quietly occupy themselves with their schools, their sick, or their poor, according to the sphere of activity assigned them. A visit that I paid to these remarkable institutions, in company with a friend extremely well informed on all Canadian affairs, interested me much. My friend, who was of an old Canadian family, and had at one time been Mayor of Montreal, was the author of several elaborate treatises on some subjects connected with the history of the province, and had just concluded a remarkable work on the monastic orders of the city. He had even had drawings made for it by skilful artists of the costumes of the monks, nuns, and secular clergy; but the world will not profit by it, as it is in MS. and only intended as a present to a distinguished person, to whom it has been presented.

Our first visit was to the suffragan Bishop of

Montreal, in whom we found a handsome, agreeable, cultivated man, who conversed with cosmopolitan freedom on the affairs of the world at large. There was nothing provincial or Canadian about him, unless indeed that the clergy assembled round the stove in his anti-chamber, were smoking hard out of short clay pipes, like so many Canadian peasants. I hardly thought that the passion for smoking amongst the Canadians, which the English had often mentioned to me, would be allowed to display itself in these quarters; but there were these reverend gentlemen blowing clouds, knocking out the ashes, cleaning, and re-filling their pipes without being at all disturbed by the presence of their venerable superior. It may perhaps be partly explained from the circumstance that the missionaries on their journeys have frequent occasions to smoke the pipe of peace with the Indians, and may so have acquired the habit so inveterately that they cannot lay it aside even in their convents and episcopal palaces.

From the Bishop we drove to the Jesuits', who occupy a long new building called St Mary's School, and are employed more in the education of the young than in missions among the Indians or to distant countries. Protestant societies and the members of other orders do more now than the

Jesuits in a field where they formerly achieved so many wonders, of which glorious time the St Mary's College is itself a monument. The learned Father Martin had the goodness to lay before me the original of a map celebrated among geographers—that of the Jesuit Father Marquette, which is the first ever made of the Upper and Lower Mississippi and the adjacent regions, of which Marquette was the discoverer. I had often heard of it, and was much pleased to get it into my hands.

The oldest nunnery in Montreal is the convent of the Hôtel Dieu, which dates from 1644—that is, three years after the foundation of the town. It is devoted to the care of the sick and infirm, to which, as well as to education, the *Filles de la Providence* devote their time.

They have rapidly and energetically extended their sphere of action, and afford an example of the influence on America of the Catholic Church of Canada, and its flourishing establishments of the Lower St Lawrence. Several of the *Filles de la Providence* have been sent on missions of education and charity to the United States, and even to Oregon and Chili, and undertakings of this kind produce an effect, not only in distant countries, but in the strengthening and elevation of the minds of those left behind.

Of course we found establishments of the *Sœurs de Charité*, and the equally self-devoted *Sœurs Grises;* and the same cheerfulness, the same bright activity in works of charity, the same fresh, blooming, joy-beaming faces that I have seen on sisters of charity all over the world, also met me here. One of them, a handsome young sister, dressed like a Parisian, who showed us through a range of class-rooms and sick wards, I shall never forget. She was so zealous that we should see everything quite exactly—all the departments of the *bótiment*—the rooms for the aged and infirm—for the young children, *et ceteró, et ceteró*—that I became quite charmed with the coarse dialect in which so much piety and goodness were expressed.

Every one in Montreal is full of praises of the *Sœurs de Charité* and the other benevolent sisterhoods; their zeal, their devotion, their Christian courage before the fear of death, which has been signally tried on two occasions,—in the year 1830, when the cholera raged in Canada; and ten years afterwards, when a pestilential ship-fever broke out among the numerous British and Irish immigrants, and destroyed many hundreds, including many of the brave nuns; and the Catholic matrons of the city also deserve high honour for their zeal in things which are above the praises of a traveller.

Many of them associated themselves with the nuns in those perils, and in one of the convents there is one department filled entirely by these ladies, who spare a part of their time from other occupations to make clothes for children and the sick. These convents often maintain themselves entirely by their labour, or with the assistance and contributions of such friends as these. In one of these I was led through a series of under-ground rooms, mostly devoted to household purposes; the doors of the kitchen were opened, and afterwards those of the wash-house, where many hands were actively employed. At last one was opened that had neither lock nor bolt; it was dark, but I could just distinguish a row of crosses on the wall, and a few stone monuments. "*C'est notre cimetière, Monsieur,*" said my guide. The wooden crosses were for the nuns, the monuments for some benefactresses of the institution. Certainly a peculiar effect must be produced on the inhabitants of the house by having the chambers of the dead thus included in the same suite as their work and bed-rooms.

Among the Catholic educational establishments under the charge of men, the one that struck me most was that of the *Frères des écoles chrétiennes.* This order, which is widely diffused through the Catholic world, has in Montreal an admirably ar-

ranged school building, in which no fewer than 1800 boys are instructed by the monks.

The school-rooms were unusually spacious and well arranged, and at the two lessons at which I was present (those of writing and drawing), the performances of the pupils, the very judicious selection of copies and examples, the perfect order and cleanliness, and the remarkable excellence of some of the arrangements, made me wish I could send the directors of some European schools I know of to Canada, to study that of the *Frères chrétiennes.* I must repeat, however, that I was personally present only at the two lessons above mentioned.

The establishment of the "brothers of the Christian Schools" is maintained by the wealthy "Séminaire de St Sulpice," which also supports several others solely from its own funds; besides a seminary or college, where several hundred young men are brought up, it has schools for the humbler middle-classes of children of both sexes. This institution dates from a very few years after the foundation of Montreal, being at first a branch of the *Sulpiciens* of Paris, and afterwards an independent society. They undertake the divine service in several churches of the city, and eleven other members of the body devote themselves to instruction in the college; some serve an Indian mission on

the Lake of the Two Mountains; and the poor, the sick, and the orphan are in many ways assisted.

I closed my instructive day with a visit in which I had a second and private motive. Like most Canadian travellers, I had heard since I crossed the frontier of much talk of two unaccountable beings, denominated in Canadian *Lozevan* and *Shanseran*, but what on earth they were, whether men or evil spirits, or what else, I could by no means make out, but I heard both English and French people express themselves with respect to them in a manner that showed they were considered very important. You cannot help wishing to make out a riddle that meets you at every turn, and as I knew that the Seminaire de St Sulpice is one of the greatest "*Seigneurs*" in Canada, I thought I might gain from it some information concerning these mysterious beings, and accordingly I applied to the treasurer of the institution, who was good enough to fill up the gap in my Canadian knowledge.

Lods et ventes and *Cens et rentes*, for this is the written form of the words that had puzzled me, are the two principal still existing old seignorial rights appertaining to the possession of the fiefs or *seigneuries* into which Canada was divided by the French. By the first is signified the fine that a lord is entitled to claim from a vassal who desires

to sell the land he holds of him, and there was probably a two-fold motive for the imposition; first, the lord naturally wished to keep old and faithful vassals and their families as much as possible attached to the soil, and to prevent the property from too frequently changing owners; and, on the other hand, the lord doubtless did not like to lose so favourable an opportunity of filling his pockets.

The vassal who had just disposed of his fief for hard cash was worth taxing, and the *Lods et ventes* amount to no less than one-twelfth of the price of sale. The *Cens et rentes* consist of certain annual dues, and are very trifling; at first they were only two sous the acre, and they are not much more even now.

Besides these two rights, the Seigneur in Canada has the mill-privilege, that is, he alone has the right of building a mill, and all his vassals must, for a certain fixed rate, have their corn ground at it.

Formerly the Canadian Seigneur exercised also the rights of *haute, moyenne, et basse justice,* but these rights, which were at no time frequently exercised, have become entirely obsolete since the English conquest, and all the much-talked-of seignorial rights are now confined to the three I have mentioned. It is nevertheless curious to find feudal institutions which have long since become

extinct in France and Germany still keeping their place on American soil, and under the ægis of the English constitution. It may be that their apparent unimportance has prevented any great opposition being offered to them, but people have lately become aware that claims of this sort, even when they do not involve any very burdensome service, may be an obstacle to progress and act prejudicially on the country. In 1854, accordingly, a proposal was made in the Canadian parliament for their abolition, and for sweeping away altogether the old Canadian seigneuries; but the majority of the classes immediately affected, namely, the vassals and peasants, showed so little desire for the change, that it was evident it could only be effected in the course of many years, and that the greatest opposition it would have to encounter would be from the vassals and not from the Seigneurs.

The Canadian peasants are no Yankees. If the latter were affected by any of these ancient feudal restraints, they would not lose a moment in getting rid of them, and they would be always ready to make a present sacrifice for the sake of the future. They would find it perfectly intolerable that the Seigneur and his old-fashioned corn mills should occupy and block up water-privileges that could be turned to such good account for saw mills, paper

mills, and similar works; and they would not endure for a moment his meddling in the sale of their property, and taking a lion's share of the produce. Since they are continually improving their land and then turning it into money, the Seigneur might be coming in with his claim every four or five years, and in the course of fifty would have drawn a sum equal to its whole value.

With the French Canadians, however, the case is quite different; they are fond of making savings from their little income, but their plan is to put it by, dollar by dollar, in a box, and they would greatly object to paying out a large sum all at once, if they were promised ever so large a future profit.

As they trouble their heads very little with industrial speculations, they find little to object to in their Seigneur's old mills, they pay willingly enough a few pence for each sack of flour, and rejoice greatly that it is their lord, and not they, who are called on for the large occasional outlay for the repair of the works. They do not regard even *lods et ventes*, and *cens et rentes*, as such words of fear. Their rents have been settled according to an old estimate of the value of the land, and are exceedingly low; their farms have risen so much in worth that they can well bear the tax of a few shillings, and if they were to get rid of it all at once

by a single payment they would think they were exchanging a slight, almost imperceptible, evil for a very serious one. As for the *lods et ventes*, the case is still clearer. "Our fathers and grandfathers," they say, "lived upon this land, and our children and grandchildren will remain quietly upon it when we are gone. Our good Seigneur will never come in with his demand for a twelfth of the price of sale. Why should we pay a large sum to avoid a misfortune that, as far as we see, will never happen?"

Notwithstanding these objections, however, and the additional difficulties about the sums to be agreed on, and the mode of payment,—for if it were to be made in one sum the peasant would be ruined, and if in small instalments, the Seigneur embarrassed,—the Canadian Parliament, influenced by the spirit of the time, has resolved on the abolition of these dues, and the only question is about the mode of effecting the purpose. I heard it said that Parliament would assist the peasants by a special grant, and that abolition courts and banks would have to be organized.

In the meanwhile, a long time must, at all events, elapse before this change can take place, and the peasants will go on in their old way for many years, before they find themselves being carried along by

the stream of improvement, so that there is not merely an antiquarian, but a practical, interest in inquiring into these old relations.

The whole of Lower Canada does not lie, even to this extent, under the oppression of the old feudal system, but only the part which was cultivated and inhabited in the time of the French, though it is certainly the best and most fertile part, extending over the best land on the St Lawrence, between the frontier of Upper Canada and the sea, and over the lower sections on the Ottawa.

The interior of the country, however, both to the north and south, but especially the latter, belongs to the Crown or the Provincial Government; and a great company, called the British-American Land Company, owns vast tracts. Both the Crown and this Company are constantly selling land to immigrants and speculators in the same way as the Government of the United States, and a great part of the land has therefore found its way into private hands. New settlements have been made, and new manners and customs introduced all round the French holdings, by people amongst whom there is no question of feudal rights.

Most of the French seigneuries are still in the possession of the families endowed with them by the king of France. They live in what are called

Manoirs, or Manor-houses, often in the midst of their peasants, and seldom in anything like what we should regard as a château, but in a habitation little superior to that of the peasants themselves. Most of the seigneuries yield only a very modest income, but there are a few larger, and I heard of one that had been sold for 150,000 Louis d'ors. Many of the seigneuries are in the hands of convents or other corporations, and many, since the conquest, have passed to English families. I have been told, but I do not know whether truly, that the rule of these English Seigneurs—perhaps because it is more systematically carried out—is often felt as more oppressive than that of the old French.

I have read, too, in an historical work on Canada that, since the time of the English Government, the feudal rights have been exercised with much more severity than formerly, and that the old French Government was milder to the vassals, and oftener considered what was fair and reasonable, instead of merely what was law.

As I was somewhat curious on the subject of these feudal tenures, I was favoured at the Seminary of St Sulpice with a sight of a printed statement of the receipts and expenditure of this body, lately published at the desire of the provincial Government, and from this document I take the fol-

lowing particulars :—The seminary possesses three of the largest seigneuries in Canada. First, the finest of all, namely, the fertile island of Montreal, bestowed on it at the earliest period, secondly, the seigneurie of St Sulpice, and, thirdly, that of the "Lake of the Two Mountains," on the Ottawa. On the thickly-peopled island of Montreal, every village holds its land of the seminary, sometimes, however, not immediately, but of intermediate vassals. Besides these seigneuries the seminary possesses several farms and allodial estates, and a great number of houses from which it receives rent. The whole brings in a revenue of 11,000 Louis d'ors. The *lods et ventes* and the *cens et rentes* on the island of Montreal alone bring in from £1800 to £2000 a year, but the two sources were unfortunately not distinguished in this *memoir*, nor was it stated from what population this sum was derived. From the seigneurie of the "Lake of the Two Mountains" the lord's mills have brought in four or five hundred a year, but it is not stated how many mills there are. The expenditure for the building and service of these mills seems to amount on an average to £300. In years when very thorough repairs have had to be made, £500 has been expended on them, but in others not more than £50. Before the proposal for the public aboli-

tion of these seignorial rights had been made, there were frequent voluntary abolitions, and it appeared that the seminary had received for these commutations in the year 1840 only £700, but in 1849, £5196; but in order to avoid any mistake as to the desire for this abolition in these seigneuries, or in Canada in general, it must be remembered that the seminary holds as Seigneur a great part of the land in the suburbs of the city of Montreal, and that the desire to get rid of these sort of troublesome privileges is much greater in the towns than in the country. It must also be borne in mind that of the ten thousand a year enjoyed as revenue by the institution, by far the greater part is again expended in the costs of administration, in the repair of mills, churches, and other buildings, in the maintenance of colleges and schools, and in the support of the poor, of orphans, and of invalids, so that at the end of the year a very trifling balance remains. The members of the seminary, according to the statement now before me, live in community, and receive no salaries or emoluments, beyond their board, lodging, and clothing, and what may be otherwise indispensable, as, for instance, in sickness.

I strongly advise every traveller proceeding from Montreal down the St Lawrence, and seeing, ne-

cessarily, so many of these old French villages, to inquire as much as possible into the peculiar political conditions under which these people live. Even the little that I learned concerning it made my journey and my visits to their villages far more interesting and intelligible.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ST LAWRENCE.

In all Canada there are, in a certain sense, only two villages—that is, two lines of village houses—one along the northern, the other along the southern, shore of the great river. The whole French population, at least, is divided among these two rows of almost uninterrupted water-side houses. They are indeed supposed to be divided into various villages—each with its own church; but the division is scarcely perceptible, for where one ceases another begins. There are certainly few countries in the world where the entire organization, and all divisions and sub-divisions, are so intimately dependent on a water-channel as French Canada. The three great political districts or governments into which the whole is divided—Quebec, Montreal, and the Trois Rivières, each of them as large

as the kingdom of Prussia—have their central portions on both sides of the river, and extend their wings, south-east and north-west, into the wilderness, and their lines of demarcation are drawn perpendicularly to the river, and therefore run south-east and north-west, as do also the boundaries of the subordinate divisions, the districts and counties.

Nay, the seigneuries, and even the little farms, are rooted in the low fruitful land on the river-bank, and then cut their way south-east and north-west into the rocks and woods—which begin at no great distance from the stream. Still further; since these farms are held according to the French custom which prevailed among the colonists of Canada, the land has to be divided equally among all the children; the farms are again cut up into a number of still narrower strips—all divided on the same principle as the great political districts. All the fields present a front to the river; every child must have a bit of the bank, a little marsh, a little quarry, a little bit of forest and meadow; and the Canadians have carried this principle so far, that the strips of land look at a distance like the boards of a floor. The river appears to rule the whole country, like a long magnet amidst a mass of needles, all attaching themselves to it by their heads.

Considering French Canada apart from the rest, one may say that it consists of two strips of cultivated land; one north the other south of the St Lawrence, and extending from Montreal to the sea. Each of these is six or seven hundred miles long, and only a few miles broad; and the mildest climate, as well as the most fertile soil, is found along the river bank; a few miles inland it is much colder, and more inclement. The river runs straight on its course, does not divide itself into arms, and its tributaries, excepting perhaps the Ottawa, cannot bear the most distant comparison with it, in relation either to the volume of water or the advantages they offer for commerce. On the Ottawa merchant ships could, at the first settlement of the country, pass up as far as the inhabited country extended, and ships of war afford protection to its shores, and the first colonists naturally clung to the river which afforded them in case of necessity such a refuge from the Indians; so that it is easy to see how the country came to be laid out as it is. In the rear of the French, who had established themselves along the river, have come recently a second line of colonists, Scotch, Irish, and American, who have taken possession of the lands before unoccupied, and founded a few scattered villages; but the settlement of the country has proceeded most

rapidly to the south of the river, where the climate is milder, and where Canada borders on the active states of the Union, which has sent forth her superfluous population and her enterprising pioneers, who have founded industrious little towns. But even this class of the population has been unwilling to go far from the river, as in Upper Canada from the Lakes which form its continuation; and they are seldom found further than fifty or sixty miles from its shores.

The inhabited portion of this northern half of Canada may therefore be considered to extend only to that breadth, but to eleven hundred miles in length, along the whole water-line from the western point of Lake Erie to the sea; although the Ottawa crosses this line, and there the settlements stretch out to the neighbourhood of Labrador, but they are much closer in the south-westerly direction.

I passed down the great river from Montreal by the night-steamer (as on the Hudson there were now no longer any day-boats); but as we had but a few hours' light, I could now see little more of the peculiar character of its shores than could be perceived by the faint moonbeams, which, when we neared the land, shone on small rows of houses belonging to those far-stretching river-villages, on

the mouth of the river Richelieu, by which I had entered the St Lawrence, and on the tops of the towers of some old French churches at a distance. It marked out with uncertain lines of light the dark hulls of large ships that were moving past us on the broad river, and at last glittered on the wide surface of St Peter's Lake, the last of the numerous lakes of the St Lawrence, which spreads itself out about mid-way between Quebec and Montreal, and which we were now crossing diagonally, in the bright moonlight night. The traces of the ocean tide are lost in this wide basin—four hundred miles from the river's mouth; without the lake they probably would be felt as far as Montreal. The tide and the river seem to be here in conflict with one another, and it is perhaps from this cause that the St Peter's is the shallowest of all the lakes of the St Lawrence. The latter does not bring down any very large deposit of mud or other matter; but what it does bring it is mostly compelled to leave here, and thus have probably arisen the sand-banks found at the bottom of the lake.

In recent times a remarkable work has been nearly completed in the lake—a deep channel has been hollowed out in it along its whole length by means of steam dredges, so as to enable ships of large size to pass through it, and in this work they

have come to a bed of such compact and solid material, that there seems to be little fear of the side walls falling in again; or at all events they will subsist for some time without any further help from art. It appears probable also that there are in the broad St Lawrence many natural channels which have not yet been discovered, at least the captain of a ship mentioned to me one, very fine and deep, that had been, until lately, entirely unknown. Should this be thought improbable in the case of a river so much navigated as the St Lawrence, it may be remembered that the same thing took place a few years ago in the case of one far more frequently traversed, namely, at the mouth of the Hudson, near New York. A channel of great depth and of the greatest utility to the navigation, hitherto quite unknown, was discovered in the labyrinth of parallel canals of which the bed of the river consists.

Though I could, as I have said, see during that night-passage but little of Canada outside the vessel, I could learn a good deal of it on board. We had as passengers a number of members of the Quebec parliament, at that time sitting, ladies and gentlemen from the counties on the neighbouring shores, French priests and landowners, and government officers, who altogether formed a very agreeable and instructive society. There were also members

of parliament from Upper as well as Lower Canada, of both French and British origin, and the two nationalities seemed to harmonize as well here on the St Lawrence, as they had done just before on the Black Sea, and this was the more pleasing as there is not perhaps another river in the world on which they have shed each other's blood more frequently in mortal conflict. In the century preceding the final conquest of Canada there were at least a dozen English warlike expeditions sent to the mouth of the St Lawrence.

When the English at last got possession of the country, they found a population of only 60,000, and those living in great poverty. At first it appeared as if it were intended that these new subjects should be exterminated, as the French had been in Nova Scotia, and since also, very shortly after this conquest, the American revolution broke out, and France, in revenge for the loss of Canada, eagerly took part with the Americans, the position of the French subjects of England did not seem likely to improve speedily. They rose in revolt, with the assistance of the Americans, and after the latter had been driven from Canada, the country remained for many years under a military reign of terror, and even when this ceased (in 1784) an English party was formed, and continued to the

end of the century, whose object was the entire and forcible Anglicising of the French inhabitants, and the uprooting of their language; but notwithstanding this their numbers increased during the industrial and commercial development of the resources of the country made under the protection of England. They seem to have multiplied like the children of Israel, since for the original 60,000 we now find nearly a million.

The notion of rooting them out, or even forcibly Anglicising them, was indeed given up at the beginning of the present century, but a great number of restrictive regulations were left for thirty years longer. "We were treated politically as children, sir," said a French Canadian to me, "and till 1837 were kept in a kind of slavish condition. Then we rebelled, and after that there followed what we call our Canadian revolution, for since then affairs have taken quite a different turn. The restrictions I allude to often affected the British colonists, as well as ourselves, and consequently in the revolt of 1837 and 1838, many of them took part with us, and *Quoique nous étions battus, ça nous a fait du bien.*

"The victorious British government, whose troops had beaten us, by no means laid heavier fetters upon us, as it mostly happens in such cases, but it allowed its eyes to be opened, and did us justice.

Many evils of which we complained were acknowledged and remedied. In the first place, the French colonists were by degrees raised to the level of the English; they obtained the same political rights, and the government took care more and more that, in the appointments to public offices, no regard should be had to nationality; many of the first and highest offices of the country are now filled by French Canadians. The population at large also was now admitted to a much higher degree of liberty and self-government.

"Not only have our town corporations, our country communes and counties, the same kind of half-republican constitution as in England—they choose their local magistrates on extremely independent principles, and have their local legislation quite in their own hands. Our Provincial Legislature and Executive too has attained to a degree of independence such as scarcely any British, or indeed any colony in the world, has ever possessed. Our Governor-General, the organ of the British government in our country, is as limited in his authority, as the Queen is in England. He has his responsible ministers at his side, whom he can certainly, according to law, choose as he pleases, but whom, in fact, he *must* choose as public opinion in the province requires. They are offered to him, and even

forced upon him, just as Queen Victoria's Premier sometimes is; for if he should defy public opinion, and insist on taking his own favourites, he would find himself unable to carry on the government. They would not be admitted to parliament, where they should have a seat and a vote, and they would be unable to carry any measure, and be opposed in everything they undertook. One present excellent Governor-General has even accepted as ministers some of the leaders of the revolt of 1837, and men are sitting in our parliament, and even playing an important part there, who at that period had a price put on their heads, and would, had they been taken, have been put to death. Our ministry and our government, our Parliament and our legislation, are all modelled after those of England; but their independence and capacity for self-government has recently been manifested in the most satisfactory manner. On several occasions, when matters relating to Canada were brought before the British parliament, they declined to decide on them, and have referred to that of Canada, declaring that on the St Lawrence they were free to act as they thought best. All the money raised for the support of the government and the public expenditure here, is entirely under our own control; not a penny of it goes to England; it is laid out here for the

benefit of the country itself, and an exact account rendered of every farthing. The connection with us is really rather an expense than a profit to England; and since the introduction of free trade, England does not enjoy any peculiar commercial privileges. The recent Reciprocity Treaty places even the Americans almost on a level with the English and with ourselves. England has no other benefit from us than our friendship and brotherly feeling towards her, and the circumstance that we keep open a desirable field for emigration for her.

"The result of all this is a wonderful reconciliation of all parties, including the French and British colonists, and an extremely favourable and friendly feeling between the young colony and the old country. There are no traces now of any leaning towards our great neighbour republic, now that while enjoying royal protection we have as many public and private rights as if we were republicans. Under these circumstances we, of course, desire the continuance of the connection with England—a connection from which we have no disadvantage whatever, but, on the contrary, many essential and important advantages. With respect to us French Canadians, the leaf has been completely turned. Whilst formerly Great Britain had in us a domestic enemy, always ready to conspire with foreigners

against her, it now possesses in us the most important counterpoise of foreign influence; that is to say, against the possible longings of our republican neighbours. There exists indeed among our young men a small party whom we call '*Rouges*,' who are extravagant admirers of republican institutions; but the mass of the French population is essentially conservative, and wishes, as far as possible, to maintain the *status quo*. I heard once of an American who, when he was travelling through our country, and observing the antiquated ways of our French peasants, observed that if they, the Americans, got the country into their hands, they would soon improve the old-fashioned French off the face of the earth—and this is just what our people dread—they think, and I believe rightly, that a union with the Republic would bring on the rapid decline of their language, their customs, and their nationality, which would melt away and disappear before those of the Americans, as formerly those of the aborigines of the country did before theirs. This fear keeps us French attached to old Europe, even though it is represented to us by Great Britain; and Great Britain on her side is doubtless influenced by it, and among other liberal proceedings allows the French clergy all desirable freedom."

"Have you old-fashioned French," said I, "drawn

closer to the English in social relations; for instance, do you take any part in their industrial speculations?"

"Ça commence, Monsieur, ça commence," was the reply. "On the whole, it cannot be denied that our old Canadian population, if not in moral character, does certainly stand far behind the English in knowledge and education. It is but lately that we have formed any of the literary societies which have existed so long amongst them; but we have now in the suburbs of Montreal and Quebec, lecture and reading-rooms for French young men as well as for English. Even the French merchants, though mostly only small dealers (for almost all the first houses in Montreal and Quebec are of British origin), have gradually adopted the more energetic and practical methods of their fellow-colonists. Most of the French houses have adopted the English as their language of business, not merely in their correspondence, but also in their counting-houses and private books, and this not only because it is more convenient in Canada, but because they consider it generally preferable for commercial purposes. The well-educated French here write and read English as well as their own language, though there are certainly many remote Canadian villages where my good countrymen neither read

nor write that or any other language. *Mais ça commence aussi, Monsieur, ça commence.*"

The worthy Canadian M. P. who made me these and other communications, was here called away; and a young Briton, who had been listening to our conversation as we talked, leaning over the bulwark on the deck of the steamer, now took his place, and as the Frenchman had touched last on a topic that specially interested him, that of the state of education amongst the lower class of the French, he began to inform me of his views on the subject.

"I can confirm," he said, "all that that gentleman said of the gross ignorance of our French rural population. I have lived long among them and like them very much; they are the most inoffensive people in the world, but in many parts of the country they are densely ignorant and superstitious, and that chiefly because they are wholly under the control of their priests. In all their doubts and perplexities they go to him and ask him what is to be done, and if he is content with anything, all is right. That they cannot read and write is very agreeable to the priests, for they read and write for them. When one of them gets a letter he goes straight to the priest with it, and he reads it, and answers it; or, if he cannot, he sends the peasant with it to the village notary, who always has an understanding

with the priest, and both together settle everything as they think proper. If you only do not in any way interfere with their priests, you will find them the most peaceable and sociable people in the world, and it is really delightful to watch them in their daily quiet ways, and in their homes among their families. If you do not interfere with them they never will with you, there is only one nation that they cannot get on with, but that is the fault of the nation in question."

"Probably," said I, "you mean the newly-arrived Irish? It seems to me that no one in America agrees very well with them."

"Yes, sir," said the Briton (who was a Scotchman), "and in the American States the Irish disagree just as much with the Germans. Out here in Canada they come into competition with the people of the country in many little occupations, as petty dealers, as servants, or cab drivers, or in the hotels and steamers, and then there are conflicts between the two nationalities, which in Europe, on account of their common religion, their common origin (the Celtic), and their common Anti-British sympathies, so ostentatiously proclaim their friendship for each other."

I had myself heard Canadians express aversion to the Irish, especially on account of their quarrel-

some ways and their tendency to fight on every occasion. It is sometimes thought indeed that the French-Canadians carry their peacefulness to excess. "I never fight," said one of them to the above-mentioned Scotchman, "I run away" (je me sauve). And yet it is these very French-Canadians who encounter so many dangers, and support so many hardships, throughout all north-western America, and who make the bold and indefatigable voyageurs.

CHAPTER XIII.

QUEBEC.

On board an American steamer it is necessary to lose no time in entering your name in the large book which lies open for the purpose in the chief cabin, and in placing beside it the number of the state-room you mean to occupy. If you do not attend to this you run the risk of being put off as I was with what no one else will have. The sleeping-rooms farthest from the engine are naturally the most sought after, but the one allotted to me was exactly between the engine and one of the paddle-wheels, so that I was between fire and water. The walls were merely board partitions, so that I heard on one side all the creaking, thumping, groaning, and squeaking of the machinery; and on the other, the rush of the perpetual cataract down the side of my cabin, in addition to every manœuvre of the

stokers, every bang of an oven-door, every blow of the poker on the coals, and a temperature that seemed to me very little below that of the boiler itself. All which circumstances had this advantageous result, that I was one of the first upon deck on the following morning.

We were already in the neighbourhood of Quebec, and near the remarkable narrows above that city at Cape Rouge. It is here with the St Lawrence as with the Hudson at West Point, the river is hemmed in by heights, which it has probably broken through. These narrows may be regarded as the pointed extremity of the long, broad ravine filled by the lower St Lawrence. Near the island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the river, the ravine is thirty or forty miles wide. It is contained between two mountain-ranges that run to the south-west, and becomes continually narrower and narrower as it proceeds in that direction, till at Quebec and Cape Rouge it terminates with the ordinary dimensions of a river. Quebec * lies therefore at the end of the middle and the beginning of the lower St Lawrence. The tide, which in the Lake of St Peter's rises only two or three feet, has at Cape Rouge a rise of several fathoms, and in the spring

* The word Quebec is said to be derived from an Indian one, signifying "narrow part of a river."

an enormous mass of ice is formed here, which blocks up the river, and lies longer than in any other part of the St Lawrence. It seems likely that the river was once blocked up here by rocks and mountains, as it occasionally is now by ice, and that these mountains surrounded a great bay, which we now call the Lower St Lawrence. The Upper St Lawrence at that time flowed in a quite different direction, or it formed great inland seas without visible outlet, like the Caspian, until at last it broke through the barrier, and poured itself out probably in cataracts like that of Niagara. There are still cataracts enough near Cape Rouge, namely, that of the well-known river Chaudière coming from the south, and immediately below Quebec the Falls of Montmorency, and of the Rivière St Charles. It is the region of cataracts, such as are not seen again between here and Montreal.

The view was striking in the highest degree, the mighty river being hemmed in by long curved walls and masses of rock, with only a very narrow level strip of shore near the water's edge, and that strip covered by houses;—there are, as I said, houses all along the banks of the St Lawrence,—and you might imagine on seeing these endless lines that Canada was one of the most populous countries on the face of the earth. Of the three millions of inhabitants

of Canada, at least 900,000 live on the banks of this river, and are likely enough to be seen by the traveller from the water, so that you are pretty sure not to feel lonely on the St Lawrence, but at Cape Rouge and Quebec it is more lively and busy than elsewhere. The whole St Lawrence round the rocky heights of Quebec, and several miles above it, as far as Cape Rouge, is one harbour, and on the rocky shore are several deep bays called Coves. These small bays, which are surrounded by rocks and forests, are filled by enormous stores of wood, and the rafts which come down from Ottawa and Montreal, as they are there protected from the effects of the tide and from the ice. The trade in timber forms the principal commerce of Quebec. Wood is a very bulky article, requiring many vessels to fetch it, and causing therefore much animation in the places where it is shipped, and Quebec is surrounded for miles with busy scenes of this kind. Even the little wood harbours in Norway look important with their massive wares and the bustle of getting them shipped, but there would be little interest for the spectator in such a spot if gold, or indigo, or silk, to the same value, were exported.

The common phrase of a "forest of ships" would not suit Quebec, and, indeed, a wood of long mo-

notonous masts, like so many gigantic bean-stalks, would be neither picturesque nor poetical, but the harbour of Quebec, where the vessels lie scattered about in groups, is so in a high degree. Some lie in the middle of the river, others before one or other of the little coves; here and there is one anchored alone like an arctic explorer by the side of a rugged mass of rock. Just before the navigation closes for the season is the liveliest time, and Quebec has then nearly half as many inhabitants again as usual, namely, 100,000 instead of 60,000, in consequence of the flocking thither of wood-dealers of all kinds, sailors, and others. As the river below is adorned by ships and rocks, so is the lofty terrace above it by handsome villas, which appear among groves and woods, pleasantly looking down on the river below. Amongst them is the celebrated Spencer Wood, the residence of the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Elgin.

It was a brilliantly beautiful autumn morning when we came in sight of this attractive scene, and passed through it for several miles, until we anchored at the foot of the bold and lofty Cape Diamond (on whose declivities Quebec is built), and then made our way through the narrow and crooked streets of the lower town to the upper mountain terrace, and the hotel to which we were destined.

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPE DIAMOND.

I HAVE in vain searched through old maps, histories, and chronicles of Canada, in vain, as we Germans say, "broken my head" to find out who first bestowed on the remarkable rock that serves as the foundation of Quebec, the name of Cape Diamond. It may have been the founder of the city, the often-mentioned Champlain, or it may have been Cartier, who first navigated the St Lawrence, but whoever it was, the name is not without meaning. Standing on the extreme point of the promontory occupied by the renowned citadel, and looking round you, you will acknowledge that you have at your feet a real gem of the country—the Koh-i-noor of Canada, set *à jour* in grand ranges of mountains, far-stretching plains, and long bright streams, which issue from it like rays.

This diamond is cut on one side by the great St Lawrence, which washes its cliffs on the south, and, unfortunately, sometimes washes them off. In quite recent times, a whole wall of rock was loosened by it, and fell, burying houses, men, and ships in its ruin. On the east side, the setting is formed by the small river St Charles, which turns at a right angle from the St Lawrence, and has worked out a similarly steep and lofty wall from the rocks. It forms at its mouth a wide valley, or level, of more than eight miles broad, which is covered by houses and villages.

The rocky headland itself rises into a bold and lofty promontory of 300 feet high, and presents a most imposing appearance to any one approaching it from the sea; and Champlain must have been blinder than the old Byzantians, who overlooked the Golden Horn, if he had failed to notice this diamond of the country, or to perceive that it was the true site for the capital of New France. Here was a natural harbour, a natural fortress, and immediate connection between the ocean and the interior, and moreover an abundance of most fertile soil, concentrated into one focus. The question where the Europeans were to sow the seed of the capital of the St Lawrence must have been at once decided.

From the summit of the promontory you enjoy a prospect almost unequalled in its kind, and see below you the remarkable old town, with its houses covering two sides of the mountain, gathered here and there upon level masses of rock, adapted for markets or other public places, and connected with one another by crooked ascending streets. Sometimes the houses run in streets at various heights round the mountain, and sometimes drop down to the level of the river, and form narrow lines between it and the rocks. Finally, they climb up to the brow of the Cape, and there spread out to the very walls of the citadel.

The river, which has been considerably narrowed from Cape Rouge, opens out again widely after passing Cape Diamond, and forms, in sight of the town, two great arms which clasp the Isle of Orleans—like the Island of Montreal, one of the paradises of the St Lawrence. It is extremely fertile, well peopled, and adorned by several pretty, quiet villages. At the earliest period the French called it the Isle of Bacchus, because they found its woods full of wild grapes. To the right of Cape Diamond, opposite on the other side of the narrow, lies its twin-brother, Cape Point Lewis, also covered with houses, churches, and country houses, which together constitute a sort of suburb to the

capital. It looks like Quebec reflected in a mirror, and beyond it appear long ranges of hills and mountains one above another, which form the boundary between Canada and the United States —the last summits being those which rise from the forest state of Maine.

To the left, instead of frowning rocks, lies a pleasant lowland covered with farms and villages —the mouth of the St Charles—and behind it again mountains, as in the south. There is a range of still wilder mountains which runs north-eastward along the St Lawrence, throwing out branches to Labrador, and south-west to Ottawa and the neighbourhood of Montreal. Farther west, branches of the same craggy range surround the basin of the Ottawa and the Upper Canadian lakes, and separate their waters from those flowing into Hudson's Bay. This remarkable system of mountains has as yet received no name from our geographers, unless we admit for such— "The Mountains North of the St Lawrence," or "The Mountains of Lower Canada;" but a Canadian historian has christened them the *Laurentides* —a very suitable appellation, for they accompany the river with fidelity and perseverance, and stand like watch-towers along its whole line. The name, therefore, has been quickly adopted by Canadian

geographers and historians, and deserves to be generally introduced. Among English geologists the name of the St Lawrence has already been turned to account in this way, for they have called a certain extensive formation of sand and clay, "The Laurencian Deposit."

This deposit is a modern product of the ocean, and is filled with the remains of molluscs and other marine animals, of genera and species still living in the neighbouring seas. It fills, although much broken and interrupted, all the lower interior of the basin of the lower St Lawrence, surrounds Lake Ontario, and ends near the Falls of Niagara. The St Lawrence and its arteries are quite embedded in it, and the river is, therefore, the fittest sponsor for it, and no less for the above-mentioned mountains.

The many-peaked Laurentides, rising out of a sea of forest, mark out not only the boundaries of inhabited Canada, but also of the whole of cultivated America; beyond these bare and desolate summits is nothing to the "end of the world" but a measureless wilderness. Beyond the limits even of the Quebec panorama, whole provinces contain but a few scattered Indians; so that this panorama may be regarded as an oasis—an extremely animated, thickly peopled, and well-cultivated oasis—in a

desert of primeval forest, rock, and sea. Thus far, and no further, does American civilization reach towards the north, and, like an expiring light, blazes up once more into a brilliant flame.

What struck me most in this view, as in that by Montreal, was the colossal proportion of every object—mountain, river, and plain, the vast extent seen at once from a comparatively so low point of view. You may climb with immense toil many an Alpine peak which rises far above the clouds, without being so much impressed with the elevating feeling that you have a vast portion of the creation at your feet as when you look from this Quebec diamond of only a few hundred feet in height, and it is not to be obtained only from the summit of the rock. You may get the same, with countless pleasing variations, from many points outside and inside the town; from "Durham Terrace," a superb platform, where the old French castle of St Louis formerly stood, and which is now being levelled, and laid out as one of the most beautiful public walks in the world. Another view is obtained from the ramparts, also an attractive promenade, seeming high in the air; or from the esplanade; and it surprises you from many public places and corners of the city, as well as when you drive along the heights, but perhaps best of all from the walls

and bastions of the mighty citadel by which they are crowned.

This citadel of Quebec, which I took occasion to visit, is one of the greatest fortifications of the New World. It has been enlarged and improved down to the most recent period. When you contemplate these massive formidable walls of freestone, and wander through the elaborately and systematically complicated labyrinth they form, fancy them well manned by stout Englishmen, and notice the heavy cannon commanding every point of the mountain and valley of the St Lawrence, you feel induced to think very little of all the talk you hear about the indifference of England to her Canadian possessions, and her perfect willingness to leave the provinces to themselves, and allow them either to establish an independent state, or to join the American Republic, as they may think proper. On the contrary, you seem to see here a bit of the paws of the lion, which has his teeth and claws perfectly ready, and in case of need could give a good account of any one who offered to meddle with his property.

How and in what way the military recollections of Quebec might be renewed, is what one scarcely likes to inquire in the midst of so fair a peace as now shines over the country. There are enough of such recollections; but you cannot help seeing

that, while the rock presents a threatening and almost impregnable front to the water, there lies a field where such laurels might be reaped, at the back of the head where the promontory stretches out into a wide level surface where alone an ascent of the position, an assault, and a battle would be practicable. These are the "Plains of Abraham," celebrated for more than one engagement, and which extend from the walls of the citadel, like the high fields before Prague, on which Frederick the Great and others fought the "Battles of the White Mountains." The city of Quebec has been indeed often enough shot at from the water, set on fire, and destroyed; but only once, as far as I know, was an attempt made to storm the rock itself and the whole position from the water, and then it was by a daring officer, who, knowing the insufficiency of the force at his disposal, was obliged to attempt some extraordinary exploit. This was General Montgomery, during the time of the American Revolution, when the troops of the new-born republic had revolutionized almost all Canada, and the country appeared just as much lost to England as the rest of her North American colonies.

In the year 1774 he found himself, with a small body of 1300 men, before Quebec—at that time almost the only spot remaining to the Royalists in

all Canada. The fewness of his troops made it impossible for him to attempt a regular siege, or an attack on the strong fortifications and bastions towards the "Plains of Abraham," and he was induced to try something unexpected. He determined to surprise the fortress in the night, by climbing up the precipitous rocks, where an attack could be least expected; but his enterprise failed. The small bodies of men whom he had sent to different points for a feint were cut off or beaten back, after they had advanced a little way; but Montgomery himself, who led the main assault, met a speedy death. He had not advanced far upon a rocky path covered with ice and snow, when he suddenly discovered a masked and well-placed battery of the English, which immediately opened fire upon him, and stretched the greater part of the gallant little band, himself included, in their blood upon the snow. The death of Montgomery, who was as much esteemed for his humanity and moderation as for his energy and valour, put an end to the whole attempt upon Quebec, and was the beginning of a turn in the tide of affairs, by which the Americans finally lost all their positions in Canada.

No monument has been erected to the general, esteemed as he was by friend and foe, but the nu-

merous visitors from the United States do not fail to point out the rocky path on which he was marching, the spot where he was shot down on the fatal night, and the hole whence his body and those of his adjutant were drawn out of the snow.

This case alone excepted, the struggles for the possession of Quebec have mostly taken place on the level ground to the rear of the fortress; for instance, that decisive battle between the French and English, under generals Montcalm and Wolfe, which resulted in the conquest of Quebec, and ultimately of all Canada, for the English. The configuration of the battle-field is not much altered to the present day, and the principal points of the memorable engagement of the 13th September, 1759, may still be recognized. We looked down on the little wooded river-bay, by which the British general, Wolfe, with the main body of his army, landed in the night between the 12th and 13th. It is one of those small coves that I have already described, and was at that time called by the French "*Anse du Foulon.*" It is now "Wolfe's Cove." The shores are here not quite so steep as at some other places, and whoever climbs them finds himself at once before the fortifications to the rear of the citadel. General Wolfe, who had long had his headquarters in the plains below Cape Diamond, where

his ships were anchored, had, by a skilfully masked manœuvre, succeeded in surrounding the Cape and the whole peninsula of Quebec, and of throwing a part of his army in ships into the waters above the town. The French general commanding in the city and fortress believed this was only a small detached corps, and had his attention specially directed to the points below Quebec; but in reality Wolfe himself, with the main body of his army, had crept round the promontory, landed at the little wooded bay, ascended the heights, surprised the feeble French out-post, and suddenly appeared in full force on the "Plains of Abraham."

Besides that little bay, which can never be effaced by human hands, with its historical interest, we find on the field itself a lasting memorial of the conflict, in a natural hollow or trench, where the young commander when he had received his mortal wound was brought to die.

Montcalm, still under the idea that the attacking force could not be the main army of the English, had advanced from the citadel with half his troops, and thoughtlessly begun the battle, which soon turned in favour of his enemies, but which at the same time removed their chief for ever.

Wolfe was leading his grenadiers to a bayonet charge, when he received a shot in the breast and

fell. The spot where it happened is not exactly known, but his friends carried him a little to the rear—to the above-mentioned hollow, and just as he was breathing his last, a voice near him exclaimed, "They fly!" With a last effort he asked, "Who?" The answer was, "The French!" and then the dying hero fell back smiling contentedly, and expired. The place is marked by a monument, and every one knows West's picture of the Death of Wolfe, which I have myself often seen; but here on the spot I discovered that the painter had drawn on his fancy, and not on his knowledge, for the scenery and background of his picture.

The whole spot, up to the walls of Quebec, offers much the same aspect that it must have done in the year 1759. It is a desolate, houseless, treeless spot, full of holes and inequalities, and here and there of the remains of the old French batteries.

"Probably it was near one of these," says the historian of Canada, Professor Garneau, "that the French leader Montcalm met his death, a few moments later than the fall of Wolfe. Like Wolfe, he had before been slightly wounded, and, like him, was shot in the body while fighting bravely, and thrown down under his horse; and his men, cursing the mischance, carried him from the field into the town. The fallen heroes, opposed to each other in mortal

conflict during their lives, have been reconciled in death; for a common monument has been erected to them in the public garden at Quebec; and it is still more gratifying to find that the two nationalities, who carried on so long and bloody a conflict with one another, are now so completely in harmony that the French have subscribed as willingly to the monument to Wolfe as the English to that of Montcalm. The latter is easily intelligible, for Montcalm was a brave and esteemed man, though unfortunate as a general; and it is easy for the victorious to show generosity to the memory of a respected though vanquished foe; but that the Canadian French should have contributed to a monument to their conqueror Wolfe, and even regarded it as a duty to do so, this I saw explained in a Canadian Journal. "Wolfe," it is said, "did not by his victory so much bring the French under a foreign yoke as free them from an antiquated one, extremely unfavourable to progress. He and his Britons founded a new era for Canada, and the 60,000 poor colonists who have been raised by his means to a million of prosperous artizans have much to thank him for."

After leaving the "Plains of Abraham," I had a delightful excursion along the heights, past many most beautiful villas and country seats which lie on the elevated banks of the river, to the magnifi-

cent park of Spencer Wood, the residence of the Governor General. The villas belong to rich merchants, and the French would certainly never have established such comfortable and luxurious dwellings in the midst of the Canadian woods if the English had not shown them the way. The old French Manoirs, in which some of the Seigneurs still live, bear the same relation to them that the old-fashioned "*bâteaux*," still occasionally seen on the St Lawrence, do to the luxurious steamers of the Anglo-Saxons.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VILLAGE OF BEAUPORT AND THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

FROM the heights of Quebec you can see again to the north-east part of that long row of houses which you have already observed above the city. This is the village of Beauport, which runs for miles along the shore parallel with the river.

We had engaged one of the little jolting, inconvenient Quebec *droshkies*, and were rumbling along over stock and stone through the principal streets of this village, to reach the Falls of Montmorency, which are about six miles off.

I never passed through a Canadian village without keeping my eyes wide open, that I might look through doors and windows at the pretty interiors, and watch the groups of peaceful inhabitants at work, or gossiping about their fires, or

passing from house to house among their neighbours.

Here at Beauport they seemed now to be engaged in some important affair. A long procession of men and women in gala dress was moving on before us, and entering now this house, now that; and completely filling it. We alighted from our carriage and peeped anxiously through an open door, but one of the peasants seemed to disapprove of this, and said, "What do you want, gentlemen? What business have you here?"

As we were convinced that a Canadian peasant is never rude unless he thinks he has good cause, and that even then he is easily appeased, we did not allow ourselves to take offence, but said, "We are strangers, Sir; this is our first day in your country, and we are a little curious to see the people and the happy couple, for you are, doubtless, celebrating a wedding."

"*Ah c'est ça! Très bien, Messieurs; descendez, descendez toujours, et entrez: Soyez les bienvenus. Oui, sans doute ce sont des noces.*"

We accepted the invitation, and looked in at the cheerful assembly, and I think I never saw so many handsome, well-dressed, well-behaved people at a peasant's wedding. There were healthy and well-made young men, good-tempered old men and

matrons, lively blooming girls, and, in the midst, the be-garlanded and happy, but mute and embarrassed, bridal pair. Pictures and novels tell us often in England of the "good old times," but here in Canada you may see them in living reality before you, not in ink or on canvas, but in flesh and blood.

"This is only a little visit, sir, that our young pair are making to their friends," said the man whom I had first addressed; "they are going through the whole village to one relation and neighbour after another. This is the season for weddings among us. At the beginning of October every one gets married who is not married already, that he may get settled, warm, and comfortable for the winter. We had to-day in our village four weddings, four bridal pairs going about to pay their visits."

Wherever a wedding is going on, nobody has eyes and ears for anything else, and the whole body of villagers accordingly went flocking after these, like a swarm of bees after their queen; and though we would gladly have heard something more of Canadian wedding customs, it was quite impossible to obtain the services of a cicerone who might have instructed us in them. Since we had alighted, however, we loitered a little to look about

us, and, in order to make our experience as varied as possible, we entered first a very humble and afterwards an opulent dwelling.

We found the cottage small but very neat and clean, the windows adorned with flowers, and a pretty little flower-garden outside. This love of flowers is almost universal amongst the French settlers, but much less so amongst those of British origin. Some little coloured prints of Catholic saints hung on the walls, and some large shells lay as ornaments on the press. It seemed to me as if I were entering a cottage at Ostend or Boulogne, I had never seen in America anything in such old European style. Three plump, almost too plump, women—mother, daughter, and daughter-in-law—were seated round a large rough wooden table with two female neighbours, and all industriously at work, making a holiday gown for one of the party. Some nice healthy-looking children were also engaged in stuffing something with large needles. The company were all very friendly and polite, and did not appear in the least disturbed by our visit. We told them we intended to visit also one of their neighbours, named Bienville. "*Ah v'là Monsieur Bienville! Oh oui, Messieurs, là vous verrez quelque chose—chez nous ça ne vaut pas la peine. Nous*

n'avons que de petits emplacemens. Mais Monsieur Bienville c'est un gros habitant! un des plus gros messieurs dans le village!"

The word *paysan* appears to be scarcely ever used here. *Habitant* has quite taken its place, and has spread over the whole of what was formerly French America. In Louisiana, and on the lower Mississippi, the French colonists are also called *habitant*, and their settlements *habitations*.

We found the *gros habitant* busy at a lime-kiln situate on the side of his house near the river, and we noticed these lime-kilns scattered about everywhere among the houses of the district. Monsieur Bienville brushed the lime-dust from his clothes as soon as he learned our wishes, and accompanied us to his abode, where we found everything very nice, neat, and pleasant. We were introduced to the madame and mademoiselles *habitantes*, charming French women, who, by their simple, unpretending, and amiable manners, made a very favourable impression on us. They entertained us with milk and excellent snow-white bread, which had been "blessed by the priest," and was specially intended to be given to strangers. During the conversation we certainly perceived that these people were deficient in knowledge and education, but not in natural intelligence or good will. Their rooms

were very spacious; to an American they would have appeared old-fashioned in their furniture; but they had a much gayer and more original effect than those of Yankee settlers. On the wall hung several pictures, and amongst them one of Napoleon, who, although they never fought under him, is almost as popular with the Canadians as amongst the peasantry in France. There was also a "Sentence for the month of October," in a gilt frame, and at the side of it an "*Application* or *Pratique*," and my hosts informed me that they received one of each of these from their priest every month. The "Sentence" was a well-chosen text from the Bible, and the exposition showed the mode of its application to peasant-life in Canada. Some people may be inclined to see in these sentences another proof of meddling priestcraft; but do they think that if the priest did not give the sentence the peasant would choose it for himself, or would he esteem it so highly if he did?

Our host was a temperance man, and had renounced every sort of alcoholic drink, and he pointed out to us a "Temperance Column," which stood on an elevated spot in the village. It was an elegant structure, inscribed with temperance precepts, and prayers and vows to the Virgin Mary. Almost the whole village, I was informed, had a few years be-

fore gone over to the society, and most of the *habitants* had taken the pledge for themselves and their children, and wore the "Temperance Cross." Some have even black temperance crosses hanging up in their houses. The Catholic clergy of Canada have promoted this movement very zealously, and partly by their influence, partly because a majority of the Canadian parliament was favourable to it, it has happened that restrictive regulations, similar to those of New England and many States of the Union, have been passed here in Canada.

Canada bears in many respects the same relation to the great Republic that Belgium does to France, and every movement and reform that takes place there is echoed on the St Lawrence. An enemy of the Catholic priests, with whom I afterwards spoke, explained their zeal in the cause of temperance, by saying, that they made it a new means of influence and "meddling in people's houses and families."

"The peasants have a great deal more to confess to them—that they have broken the pledge and got drunk; that they have vexed the Holy Virgin Mary, &c.—and then the priests have to inflict penances and punishments upon them."

Our complaisant *habitant* led us through all his farm-buildings and stables, and over his fields. He cultivated, like his neighbours everywhere about

Quebec, much barley, oats, and rye, and but little wheat, though there was some, and even some Indian corn. Probably this is to be seen nowhere else in the world where the climate is as severe as in Quebec, where not seldom the temperature is so low that even quicksilver is frozen. In Vermont, on Lake Champlain, indeed, much Indian corn is grown, and many African negroes are living, and yet there, though the latitude is that of Florence, quicksilver has frozen twice within the last forty years. Some few negroes are also to be found in Quebec, and that these children of the Sahara desert can endure such a climate is evidence of the extraordinary elasticity of nature in all human races. That Indian corn will grow here must be attributed to the heat of the short summer, which makes all vegetation as rapid as in Russia.

Monsieur Bienville, as a *gros habitant,* had everything on rather a grand scale, but most of the people have very miniature possessions, — little narrow strips of fields, on which they raise a little of everything, a little hay, a little wood, a little milk and butter from a cow; and all these little productions they carry themselves to the market in the town, sitting there patiently till they sell them. When they have sat twelve hours and earned two shillings they are quite content. "We," said

a British colonist, "have not as much patience as is wanted for these petty dealings. We get a good large piece of land, and plough, and sow, and reap on steadily till we have a good load, and then we sell it all at once without losing much time or many words about it." Occasionally you hear in these Canadian villages of a stray German who has found his way here; I was told, for instance, of a certain *Monsieur Janquin*, the English called him Master Jenkins, and most likely his name was really Zinken; and there were some Germans whose names were given up in despair by both French and English as unpronounceable, and who were distinguished as "*le petit Allemand*," or John the German. These people are said to be descendants of the notorious Hessian regiment which England called to her assistance in the revolutionary war, and whose fate can be traced in many parts of America over which they were scattered. Many of them came back to Europe, some remained in the Union, as, for instance, in Pennsylvania, where they sometimes exchanged the sword for the pen or the pedagogue's sceptre, and some were settled by the English Government in Canada, and found their way into the French villages, where they and their names became both Gallicised.

"*Northshire*," that is, the north of the St Law-

rence, is much more purely French than "*Southshire*," as it is called. In the south, the old French villages are mixed with British and American; or, as the Canadians say, "European" settlements (as if they themselves were aborigines of the country). On the northern shore of the river everything is much more in the old Canadian style, but towards the west the Canadian element declines as well as towards the south. This difference is seen also in the population of the two cities. In Quebec more than the half of the inhabitants are of French descent. According to the census of 1847 there were 22,000 French out of 37,000 inhabitants, and in society the French element is predominant; but in Montreal it does not play by any means so important a part. There the French are scarcely more than a third of the population, and the British are, politically, commercially, and socially, preponderant. Upper Canada is almost wholly Anglo-Saxon, and the whole province does not contain more French Canadians than the town of Quebec alone, that is, about 20,000, and these have been mostly only carried along with the great tide of Anglo-Saxon immigration.

The most completely French portion of all Canada is the north-eastern shore of the St Lawrence, from Quebec quite down to Labrador, and this is

confirmed by the fact that the colonies lately carried from the St Lawrence to the great Saguenay river, and lake St John, were all French Canadians.

They have been hitherto much better acquainted with this country than the British, and it may be said that in the French time it was better known to the world at large than it has been since. The British have not yet quite re-discovered it, and in many of the localities of the lower St Lawrence, inhabited by pure Canadians, the state of things is described as quite that of the golden age. On the *Isle aux Coudres*, for example, which lies on the northern side of the river, sixty miles below Quebec, and is inhabited only by Canadians, there has never been a theft or any other crime known; and the people never fasten their doors, and live in the most perfect peace with one another. Even the cultivated French of Quebec live in a much more simple and primitive manner than the English,—rise early, dine at noon, and go to bed with the fowls. Luxury and extravagance, as well as comfort, have been brought into the country by the English.

At the western extremity of Canada, on Lake Superior, and near the source of the Mississippi, and on the Upper Ottawa, the Canadians are also at home. Where steamers and stage coaches cease,

Canadian *Voyageurs* and *Coureurs des Bois* supply their place, and undertake the post and carrying-trade over this fine wilderness. In general the British are more at home in the fertile and cultivated districts—the French Canadians in the wilder and more remote.

After being further entertained by our friendly host with some "*gòteaux*" and gossip, and some stories of the *Bótoilles que Napoléon avait gógnées*, we took leave of him, and continued our excursion to the Montmorency Falls. These celebrated Falls have the disadvantage of lying rather too near the high road, almost in its very dust. You drive along a level or very gradually ascending plateau from Quebec, alight in the middle of a village, and come immediately behind the houses on the ledge from which the river falls; this is rather prosaic. You wish to see a cataract come thundering down amidst wild and unknown mountain or forest regions, falling, possibly, from the clouds, or from some inaccessible glaciers, which feed it, though invisible, but the illusion is much diminished when you have gone down and examined it, and know the roads, and villages, and fields that are lying about it. Otherwise this Fall of Montmorency is a beautiful, lofty, abundant, concentrated mass of water and foam.

A little girl, completely deaf and dumb, and who

conversed with us in pantomime, accompanied us as our guide, and with her silent, but expressive and poetical language, increased our enjoyment, as much as the chatter of an ordinary guide would have diminished it. She took me gently by the arm, and placed me on the summit of the rock, close to where the water leaps over it; then she pointed with her long out-stretched finger below, to where the clouds of white foam were tinted by the sun with glorious hues of blue, red, and yellow, accompanying with light gestures their movement as they floated away in the air.

With the same quiet but earnest manner, springing over the rocks like a chamois, and watching and sharing our enthusiasm, she led us to several other points, and waved her arms upwards to the clouds, and downwards to the bottom of the fall, and then she tripped along a narrow foot-path, along which we followed her, as soon as we had divined her intention, which was to show us the fall from below. This is the principal scene. You follow the path for about half a mile down to the shores of the St Lawrence, turn to the left, and find yourself in a little river, bay, or cove, surrounded by rocky walls, and filled by the waters of the St Lawrence, like a tranquil little lake. At the bottom of this cove, which is filled and emptied by the

tide, you see the fall. It is said that this is most beautiful in the winter; the little bay then freezes completely over, and you can walk on the ice quite up to the fall. In that season, which is in general in Canada the season of leisure, of enjoyment, and social pleasure (the short summer, when the navigation is open, must be used for something *better*)—in the winter this rocky valley is filled with brilliant sledges, skaters, and promenaders from Quebec, who enjoy the fresh air and the beautiful scenery in their favourite fashion. Even the cataract itself is then partly frozen, and makes with its immense icicles and columns an imposing appearance.

Exactly opposite the fall in the bay, lies a great black mass of rock, which has been thrown down in some convulsion, and round this the gorgeously-coloured clouds were forming a rainbow with most picturesque effect. In winter the spray settles as ice upon it, and then the block grows into a huge lofty glacier, and is sometimes turned to account by a gay party from Quebec, as a *montagne Russe*, or we might say Canadian—for this pleasure is just as much in vogue on the St Lawrence as at Moscow. The name it bears here is *Toboggening*, from an old Indian word, for the practice is also probably an Indian one. Small sledges made in

the Indian fashion are called a *Toboggen;* they are made like their canoes, out of one piece, and barely afford room for a lady and gentleman.

I was surprised to hear, too, that the Europeans here have adopted another Indian invention, that of snow-shoes—though they may be regarded in some measure as a natural necessity of the country. The Indians and Canadians manage this inconvenient *chaussure* best, and can not only run but leap in it, and in the Canadian villages they have snow-shoe races. The snow falls here sometimes to such a depth, and remains so long on the ground, that even English ladies are obliged to accustom themselves to their troublesome method of locomotion, if they are not willing entirely to renounce fresh air and exercise. Many of them attain to great excellence in the art, and then they undertake long excursions and pleasure parties on snow-shoes, and not unfrequently something very much like a steeple-chase, when they display as much boldness and skill in crossing snow-covered hedges and ditches as their countrywomen in England in riding and hunting.

The Montmorency Fall may, on the whole, be regarded as a specimen of a kind very common here. At many points round the edge of the great rocky table-land of Labrador, similar waterfalls are

found, pouring their streams into the sea, as here into the deep basin of the St Lawrence. Even to the north of Labrador and Hudson's Bay, on the coast of Melville Island, and other arctic regions of America, there are found rivers which fall from a height of three or four hundred feet into small deep ravine-like bays, and form—to judge from the descriptions of Parry, Franklin, and other arctic navigators—scenes precisely like that of the Falls of Montmorency. The geological formation which prevails so extensively in the north, might lead one to expect a similar geographical configuration of the country.

The "Water Privilege" of Montmorency formerly belonged to a French Seigneur, but now it and the Seigneurie have passed into the hands of an Englishman, who turns away a great part of the falling water to set a saw-mill in motion. We visited his establishment, which employs no less than 1500 people, who, besides the boards and planks, make doors and window-frames, and other component parts of houses, and are also occupied with the shipping of the vast piles of wood that come down to the lumber yard.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE INDIANS OF ST LORETTE.

We now turned aside from the great road, and crossed the fields through several Canadian villages, to visit the Indian village of St Lorette. At St Pierre we heard that they had lately shot a large bear quite close to the houses. At St Michel we met a hunter, who had just come down from the mountain (the Laurentides), bringing with him on a cart a large elk, and two of the small Canadian hares, called here wild cats (*châts de forêts*). He had no other weapon than a clumsy old flint gun. The French peasants, whom we saw, were going about their houses in great, thick, heavy sabots, like those seen in Champagne and Westphalia, and thick woollen night-caps hanging down long over their backs; even those whom we met in carts or on horse-back had not laid aside their beloved night-caps; and it must

be owned that these wooden-shoed and night-capped Canadians do in America look very anti-progressive. The Germans have mostly laid aside their old European dress, so that it would seem that the French are more wedded to old customs than any other nation settled here.

I have often had occasion to mention Indian customs and material objects, the Pipe of Peace, the canoe, &c., which have been introduced among the Canadian French; and I found that the old Indian national dish called *Sagamité*, so often mentioned in the earliest reports of the Jesuits, is a favourite among the Canadian peasants. What the word means I have in vain inquired, but the dish consists of maize boiled in milk; though the poor Indians probably boiled it for their Jesuit Fathers in water; and since it formed for a hundred years the daily bread of so many pious missionaries in the wilderness, there is a kind of historical interest attached to it. It is often met with at the tables of respectable citizens in Montreal and Quebec.

In these Quebec villages the trees were almost leafless, though in the island of Montreal they still bore a rich, many-coloured foliage; and in the more feebly developed fruit trees in the gardens the same influence of the northern climate was observable. The fine fruit of Montreal is not found here,

and of the magnificent apples called *fameuses*, which grow there, we had brought with us on the steamer a whole cargo to Quebec.

As we approached the village of Lorette, and the wind blew rather cold from the mountains, we met two men in an open cart sitting with their backs to the horse, and leaving him to find his way as he best might. "Those are queer drivers," I remarked to my French coachman.

"Yes, sir, they are Irishmen," he answered laconically, as if that accounted for anything. These two Paddies were returning from the city to their village, one of the Irish back settlements that extend behind those of the French into the interior of the country.

At St Lorette we first went to visit the schoolmaster, whom we found on duty, that is, in the midst of his brown pupils. He himself was, as he told us, a Huron, and I was rather surprised that he, a cultivated man, so readily acknowledged his savage origin. It would have been quite another thing if he had come of an African race. A mulatto or a quadroon will only mention his white blood, but no one in Canada has any hesitation in saying, "I am a Huron, an Iroquois, or a Mohawk." These races were destroyed or driven out by the Europeans, but never reduced to slavery, and only

the submitting to a yoke of this kind seems to be everywhere regarded as the forfeiture of national honour. No one blushes for being merely wild and barbarous, and in civilized China, for example, the nobles think a descent from the Mantchoo Tartars a cause for boasting.

The sight of the little Indian school-children interested me in the highest degree. We had before us the most various mixtures of European and Indian blood, and although the children were all called Indians, some of them were as fair and rosy-cheeked as Europeans. Some however had the brown faces and harsh coal-black hair of the pure Iroquois. The boys were mostly much handsomer and better made than the girls, and they, as well as their masters, were always able to tell from what race they were descended. Most of them were Hurons, as nearly the whole colony of St Lorette is, but some were Algonquins, some Abenakis, and others Iroquois, and there were also a few Amalekites, or Micmacs from New Brunswick. All these once powerful and dreaded tribes have dwindled almost to atoms, and it is remarkable that these atoms are still so well informed as to their character and origin. The school-master told me that among the Indian villages in Canada, few and widely scattered as they are, a

tolerably active intercourse is maintained. An Indian of Upper Canada, or New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia, should his affairs bring him to Quebec, seldom fails to pay a visit to the men of his race at St Lorette, and thence arise frequently marriages or other connections, which account for the circumstance that the offspring of so many other tribes are to be found here.

The little Indians, at our request and the command of their master, now set up a song, and it was really a terrific performance. It seemed as if they were all going to fly at us at once, it was a regular storm, and the impression made on us was very mucn what other travellers have described from the war-whoop, and yet it was intended for a pious French hymn. They certainly kept time, however, and if it had not been for the very war-like character of their religious exercise, there would have been no fault to find with it. The free and bold attitude of the youngsters also struck me, most of them stood erect with folded arms, and trumpeted out their hymn with all the strength of their lungs. The instruction is given in French, and their books and the pupils' copies seemed all very orderly and neatly kept.

The schoolmaster had the kindness afterwards to take us to some of the families in the village, and

I was not a little astonished at the order and cleanliness I found in the houses. Many a farmer's house in France and England could not be compared with those of the Hurons, and in many parts of Scotland and Germany the comparison might put the Europeans to shame.

The "First Chief" of the village was not at home, so we visited the "Second Chief," who had a whole house full of children, and introduced us to his aged, but still quite active father, whom we found digging in his garden.

"You are very industrious in your garden," said I, when I had been presented.

"Pooh! pooh!" said he smiling, but throwing away his spade contemptuously, "I must dig and work in the fields now, but formerly I went hunting, and shot moose deer, and bears. That was much better. *Mais v'là, à présent je fais le laboureur. C'est détéstable.*" These Indians do not seem to be of the opinion of the Romans, who regarded agriculture as a noble occupation, even for the conquerors of the world. Their whole genius appears to be interwoven with the life of the forests and hunting-grounds, and though they have now been cultivating the ground for so many years, their dreams are still of the wilderness.

We were now led into the house and presented

by our host to his wife, an old Norna-like figure, wrapped in a large black shawl, and sitting silent and motionless by the fire. He mentioned her name, but I have forgotten it; he himself was, he informed us, called by an Indian appellation signifying, "I have a river in my mouth," given to him by flatterers in his younger days because he had shown some signs of eloquence. These people were in their dress and persons, as well as in their habitations, as clean and orderly as could be desired. They showed us some pretty embroidery with elk's hair upon elk's leather, &c., and with porcupine quills upon birch bark, which was really very tasteful, and which they offered for sale. Mr "I-have-a-river-in-my-mouth" seemed indeed to carry on quite a wholesale trade in them, for he had great tuns and chests full of mocassins embroidered with flowers, cigar-cases, purses, &c., all made by the women in the village, and which were, I believe, destined to be sent to Montreal, and thence probably to Niagara and New York. This interesting little branch of industry flourishes, I believe, in all the Indian colonies of Canada.

These Indians, educated and civilized as they are, do not yet devote themselves wholly to the peaceful occupations of the garden and the field. "Our restless young men," said our host, "wander

every year, for four or five weeks, to the north, live in huts or tents in the woods, go hunting in the old fashion, and return with their game at an appointed time to the village. Many of us are in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and follow the chase in the regions round Hudson's Bay, and these do not perhaps return to the village till they feel themselves growing old."

He mostly spoke of the people of the village of St Lorette as "The Huron nation," as if these few hundred men were all the remains of that once mighty race. "Our nation," he said, "receives every year from the Queen of England certain presents of weapons, powder, and provisions, and when my son and a brother-chief goes to receive them from the Commissioner, he always presents himself in his full costume as an Indian chief, and carries on the business in the name of the 'Huron nation.'" The old man showed us this official full dress of his son, but he himself, like all peaceful Hurons, was dressed like a Canadian peasant, minus the night-cap and the wooden shoes, which the Indians have not adopted. Not far from St Lorette, and near the limits of the cultivated valley of the St Lawrence, scarcely sixty miles from Quebec, there are still some quite wild Indians, called by the French *Montagnois*, but they are few, poor, and

widely scattered. They live by hunting and fishing, and are mostly found in isolated family groups in the forests, which they leave as seldom as the bears. A few years ago I was told nine of these *Montagnois* took the resolution of coming for the first time to see St Lorette and Quebec, and pitched their tents near their countrymen, going from time to time to the city, where they were regarded as almost as much curious novelties as they would have been thought in Europe, although, as I have said, their usual habitations are not sixty miles off.

On our return to Quebec, when some of the most distinguished naturalists in America were in our company, we heard, during a conversation relating to whites and red-skins, that the American wild plants disappear before European weeds, just as the aborigines do before the immigrants. Wherever the Europeans come, they say, there immediately springs up a European vegetation, which takes root energetically, and drives out that native to the country. In many cases, of course, this admits of explanation, as when Europeans sow various kinds of corn from the old world, it is very conceivable that they may also sow the seeds of many weeds; but sometimes there does really appear something almost mysterious in the process. When, for example, Europeans pass only once through the forest

or district previously peopled only by Indians, and make their bivouac fire and their night quarters there, the place is thenceforward marked by the springing up of European wild plants. Railroads have been carried across regions hitherto untrodden; and along the line sprouted forth, not American, but new European weeds.

"The Indians," said my esteemed informant," have long made the same remark, and have given to a weed commonly appearing under such circumstances (the English Plantain, or *Plantago Major*) the name of 'the White Man's Footstep.'"

The last rays of the sun were shining on the tin-covered roofs when we got back to Quebec—those roofs which have procured for Montreal the name of the "Silver Town," and produced a most magical effect. Many of the towers which were half in shadow glowed as if ignited, and I am convinced that if an old Spanish *Conquistador* had seen them, he would have sent off the most glowing accounts of a city on the St Lawrence, built entirely of gold and silver.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE QUEBEC SEMINARY.

I PASSED an instructive and interesting morning in the Catholic College of Quebec, one of the oldest and most remarkable institutions of the country, which has been, for 200 years, with the "Seminary," at the head of the education of the Canadian clergy, and the Catholic youth in general. It was founded in 1663 by François de Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec, its original destination being merely for the clergy, and it was as richly endowed as the Seminary of Montreal. A tax of one-thirteenth on all the produce of the earth was imposed for its support, but, as this was thought exorbitant, and excited great discontent in the colony, it was after a time lowered to a twenty-sixth. Like the Montreal Seminary, it is divided into a *Grand* and *Petit Seminaire*,—in the first of which study about

40 young theologians, and in the second 400 young people, receive general education.

The greater part of the pupils are *Pensionnaires*, and reside in the institution; the rest are *externes*, and receive only instruction. The great majority of them are of French origin, but there are also English, Irish, British Canadians, and even Americans from the United States. The fewest are from Quebec itself, and it cannot therefore be considered as a mere town school, but as an institution for America at large. I found half a dozen young men from Boston alone, many from Upper Canada, and some from New Brunswick. There were some Englishmen among the heads of the Seminary and teachers, and altogether about sixty of British families. Probably the good education given, and the low charge made for it, may induce the English to send their children to this old French establishment; for a young man can, I was told, be maintained and instructed for from thirty to forty guineas. The school is divided into an upper class for "Rhetoric and Philosophy," a lower "*Classe Préparatoire*," and between these there are six others. Besides these the scholars are assembled in many private classes and societies, which exist in addition to the official ones, and which are conducted under the superintendence of the teachers,

by the pupils themselves, who seek to excite each other's emulation.

Among these is an *Académie de St Denys*, founded in 1822, "to animate zeal, and reward industry and progress." It consists 1st of 20 *Académiciens*, chosen from the philosophy and rhetoric classes—2nd, of the so-called *Candidates* from the middle; and 3rdly, of Aspirants who may be taken from the lowest and most elementary. The qualifications for the members of this Academy are, that they shall have gained some principal prize—"*premier prix d' excellence;*"—or have been in general remarkably successful; and, secondly, that they shall be of pious and blameless conduct.

The second Private Society among the pupils is the *Société Laval*, founded in 1851, in honour of the bishop of that name. It is especially for the middle classes, and the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of it are pupils; and their sittings are devoted to the communication of written essays, to discussion, declamation, and the solution of grammatical and literary questions. The third is the *Société Typographique*, dating from 1848, and choosing its officers from the upper classes. It publishes a journal which has two editors, and appears twice a week in small folio; and which is written, composed, printed, and sold by the

scholars. It bears the title of the "Bee," with the motto, "*Je suis chose legère, et vais de fleur en fleur,*" and has already existed six years, and fills six volumes. It contains a series of excellent and useful extracts from good writers—for instance, one from Lord Bacon, "On Conversation;" "On Early Education," from *L'amie de la Religion;* a little article by the "*Modeste Abeille,*" "*Contre l'Ours du Nord, et sa griffe meurtrière qu'il étend vers Constantinople,*"—a good little paper in which the Bee, "*parceque son foible bourdonnement ne pourra pas faire taire la guerre,*" undertakes (long before the battles near Sebastopol) to register the Wars of the Giants; a Eulogium on Silvio Pellico; geographical and historical essays; replies to questions mooted within the Quebec Seminary; and, lastly, a touching *necrologe* on the death of two distinguished pupils of another Canadian Seminary, Hyacinth College, on the Yamaska (a small tributary of the St Lawrence, eastward of Montreal), to which the students of Quebec had recently paid a visit during their vacation.

The Journal contained a very ample and well-written account of the journey, the description of one half of Canada, by a young Canadian patriot. The visitors had been addressed at the college on the Yamaska by a Monsieur Adolph Jaques, one

of the most distinguished students, in the name of his fellows, and replied to by a M. Marmet for the guests. He was at that time Editor of the "Bee," and the former one of its most zealous correspondents; and it happened that both these promising young men were carried off by death, nearly at the same time,—"*tous deux chargés de la même mission, tous deux honorés et chéris de leurs confrères, tous deux doués de talents remarquables, et couronnés de lauriers à la fin de chaque année scolaire.*"

What a store of recollections must this little Bee be laying up for the later years of the students: the history, not only of their early lives, but of their youthful ideas. At the end of the present century, some grey-haired man who had been brought up here, need only ask for a yearly volume of this little periodical, to transport himself back to the days of his youth. And what enjoyment, what useful, practical, and encouraging hints may not the young people engaged in it at present receive!

The idea of a typographical society alone, for the practice of an art so intimately connected with literature and science, is excellent and suitable. Should not every scholar have some knowledge of the art of printing, as well as of writing?

I should like to hear what our German school-

men would say to these Canadian institutions. The name of Canada awakens in our minds ideas of wild barbarians rather than of educational institutions. "What good thing can come out of Canada?" might they ask. Quebec, situated at the extreme limit of the civilised world, seems little likely to be a centre of intellectual movement; and we Protestants of Saxony and Prussia would not be inclined to look to a Seminary under the guidance of the Catholic clergy for new and valuable ideas of reform.

Have we Saxons and Prussians, with our much-praised school-system, which assuredly is in many respects good, yet set in motion the lever so much employed at Quebec—that of private emulation among the scholars,—the lever of free and voluntary association for the glorious objects of education,—the lever of voluntary effort, and of non-official rewards? The praise, the rewards, the prizes distributed by the authorities for appointed tasks, are certainly good, necessary, and indispensable; but do they not tend in some measure to encourage servility? How delightful is the free acknowledgment of our merit from equals of our own class and standing—our "Peers."

How encouraging and beneficial must such motives and such a field for free exertion be to young

men of sturdily independent character, who are so apt to get into collision with school regulations and school tasks, arbitrarily imposed, and in consequence of such collisions often become unruly and idle, but who are not irreclaimable. Many a headstrong spirit of this sort has, by being enabled first to distinguish himself in these private voluntary associations, been ultimately reconciled to the regular school-system. They may even serve a useful purpose to the teachers themselves, who must naturally be a little inclined to despotic authority, and to an obstinate persistence in their own plans; even to them it may serve as a wholesome opposition, and call their attention to much that they might otherwise overlook.

When they find perhaps some young genius,—of whom they have made little account, or even rejected,—recognised and distinguished by his fellows, they may be led to take him by the hand and bring him forward for his own and others' good.

I feel that I am expressing myself awkwardly, but the reader may perceive my meaning, to develope which fully would require a more lengthened discussion. He will see that I wish to suggest the inquiry, whether we German Protestants might not in some things take example by the Roman Catholic college of Canada, and encourage at our

high schools similar private societies, and courts of honour—at least in some modified form? I will not undertake to decide the question, but I could not help feeling, along with my approval and admiration of what I saw of the students and their teachers at Quebec, an emotion of regret that nothing of the kind had existed at the institutions at which I was myself educated.

The "Presidents" of these societies, and the Editors of the Bee, showed us with great zeal over their typographical establishments, and the Professors led us through the various departments of the extensive buildings, in which there are apartments for corporeal and mental exercises, a library of 12,000 volumes, and a richly-furnished cabinet of physical science, such as I should be glad to see in every German gymnasium. Many of the improvements are still recent, but they are making rapid progress, and it may not be long before we shall find that we might get many good hints on these things from both Lower and Upper Canada.

In one department of this old Seminary I found the remainder of the lately burnt library of the Canadian parliament. Fires are throughout Canada, as well as the United States, a real plague, and not only stores and private dwellings, but literary and scientific collections are constantly threatened by

them. The Quebec Seminary has twice suffered much from fire, and of the Quebec Parliament library more than 9000 volumes were burnt out of 18,000, and amongst them the celebrated *Relations des Jesuites*—the most complete collection ever made of them. In Montreal, where also the Parliament House was burnt down some years ago, 30,000 volumes were consumed, and both these fires took place a short time before the conflagration which destroyed the Congress Library at Washington. A very complete collection of objects of Canadian natural history were also consumed in the fire of Quebec, and I saw in a small room all that was saved, a few stuffed animals and other objects, presented by the Quebec Historical Society. I could never fully understand the causes of the extraordinary prevalence of this scourge, which in those countries is more inimical to scientific collections than moths or rust.

I sought in vain in the libraries of Quebec (including the small one of the Historical Society) for ancient maps of the country, or original documents bearing on the oldest history of Canada. They do not exist here: everything of interest is a copy from Paris; so my researches in this department proved somewhat futile. I was, however, glad to see that here, as well as throughout America, much

more attention is now devoted to these subjects than formerly.

Very lately the Canadian government sent a young man to Paris, and he returned with a number of excellent copies of ancient maps of Canada; and old Jaques Cartier, the Columbus of Canada, the first discoverer and navigator of the great St Lawrence, who bestowed names on it, and the country, I found now held in universal honour. To this the Literary and Historical Societies of Quebec have doubtless contributed; under their direction was published in 1843 a new critical work on the first arrival of Europeans in Canada, (*Voyages de découverte au Canada entre les années* 1534—1542,) and the learned Canadian historians MM. Fariboult and Garneau have contributed much, by their admirable works, to promote the study of history.

Particular points of antiquarian interest, such as at what part of the river Cartier first landed, where he wintered, &c.,—have been treated in pamphlets published by the above societies; and an old gun found near Quebec, on the often mentioned river St Charles, the rudder of an old ship's boat, &c., gave occasion to some curious discussions; a particular Memoir of the said cannon was issued under the name of "*Le Canon de Bronze.*"

The old and almost forgotten names of Cartier, Stadacone (the Indian name for Quebec), Hochelaga (the Indian name for Montreal), Agouhanna (a Chief near Quebec), Donnacona (an Indian Cacique near Montreal,) &c., were as if raised from the grave, and became so current in Canada, that a popular and esteemed author could bestow the name of Hochelaga on his work, and be everywhere understood. Many hundreds of copies were made of a representation of the old French *habitation* on the site of the present citadel of Quebec, and, in 1847, the town of St Malo sent to Canada a copy of the well-preserved portrait of the brave old knight Cartier, which was engraved, and the engravings sold by thousands. There came also from France a drawing of the ancestral abode in Bretagne—the *habitation* of this remarkable man, the house in which he was born and died, and a copy of a picture of his first arrival in Canada. Since then his name has penetrated everywhere; streets and "*Places*" have been named after him in Montreal and Quebec, and a steamer I lately saw was called the "Jaques Cartier." A popular biography however, like that of Columbus by Washington Irving, has not yet been written of the Canadian Conquistador.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISCELLANIES.

My friends were kind enough to take me sometimes to the Canadian Parliament, and I found there at all times of the day life, movement, and society. It seemed to me as if its doors stood open the whole day, like the approaches to the old Forum Romanum, where some kind of discussion was always going on, even when "Senatus Populusque" were not assembled.

Early in the morning I found many members already in their places, corresponding, reading, turning over papers, and taking notes, and always some groups engaged in conversation. A large reading-room, in which all the political journals of Canada, England, and the United States, were to be found, is as inseparable a part of this political exchange as of the commercial in another part of the

town. Here people are going in and out the whole day, making appointments, forming committees, &c., and in the evening there was a sitting which I was allowed to attend. On the table of the House lay a Mace, precisely like that of the English Parliament; will any American Cromwell ever cry "Take away that bauble"? The members here, as in England, bow to the Speaker, called *l' Orateur*, when they pass his table, and the official attendants, the sergeant-at-arms, ushers, &c., are similar; but it struck me as peculiar that the trifling services of the Parliament, the carrying messages, letters, &c., or waiting on the commands of the Speaker, were performed by young half-grown lads. They were dressed in black, and contributed something to the picturesque effect of the scene, as they sat or lay, when they were not wanted, on the carpeted steps leading to the Speaker's chair.

Of the debates which were carried on, partly in English, partly in French, I did not understand much. So much however I made out, that there were present a lately fallen ministry, and a triumphant present one (nothing uncommon in Canada), and that the fallen one was exposed to a vehement and bitter attack from a very zealous but crotchety member on the extreme left. They were accused of want of economy in the management of the

public money, and a committee of inquiry was appointed. This committee, and the mode of its formation, appeared suspicious to that ultra-democratic member. In a long and violent speech he declared it a "White-washing Committee," and endeavoured to show that it was so constituted as to make the acquittal of the ministry a matter of course. He did not hesitate to cast on gentlemen present the coarsest accusations of appropriating money to their own private advantage, and painted their whole conduct in the blackest colours. Of this phrase, "White-washing Committee," he appeared so enamoured that he repeated it about once a minute, in a speech of two hours' length. The passionate little gentleman had no sooner ceased than he was attacked on all sides. He had been, I heard, driven from several Canadian Parliaments, but always managed somehow to slip in again, and he was given to understand, with all sorts of piquant variations, that, as a journalist, he vilified every mortal but himself; that he lived in enmity with God and man; that he was the very incarnation of selfishness, and that his little pug nose was always scenting out something dirty, except in himself, where it was oftenest to be found. I was astounded at the uncompromising hard words with which he was pelted, but they seemed to trouble

him very little. He sat at his desk looking perfectly unconcerned, turning over some papers, apparently engaged, like a little god of love, in sharpening fresh arrows, and now and then looking with a malicious smile over his shoulder in the faces of his angry assailants. I could not help thinking however, from his physiognomy (if Lavater is at all to be trusted), that, should he ever attain to power, he might need a "White-washing Committee" quite as much as those whom he had been denouncing.

A pleasant contrast is afforded by passing from such a parliamentary debate as this to a gay *Soirée Dansante,* where the very men who have just been standing front to front on the field of apparently ferocious conflict, now appear pacified and smiling, deporting themselves to one another like gentlemen, in a kind of half-glorified state, as we may hope it will be in that world where we shall have left our earthly quarrels, grudges, and angry passions behind us. Long live *soirées,* for they certainly help to "strew life's path with fragrant flowers."

It was the first large party of the winter, what one might call the opening of the season, that I had thus the good fortune to attend, and all the "beauty and fashion" of Quebec was assembled on the occasion; but one of my chief pleasures was to see the cordial intermingling of the two great West

European nationalities, which had lately been so chivalrously maintaining the freedom of Europe before Sebastopol. French grace and Anglo-Saxon manliness, or, if I may be allowed the word, *gentlemanliness*, danced and jested, and hovered from room to room; and in the midst of the guests appeared, well pleased, the noble-minded and highly cultivated man who then ruled the country from Lake Superior to Newfoundland and Labrador.

The society of Quebec is really, in animation, spirit, and refinement, inferior to that of no other capital in the world, and I wish I could convey to the reader some idea of the sparkling and even instructive conversation that this pleasant evening afforded me, but it would be like attempting to catch and paint the bubbles in a foaming glass of champagne. The "wise," for whom "half a word" is sufficient, will easily understand that I carried home with me most agreeable recollections of the Quebec opening *soirée*, and retired to an excellent night's rest to the before-mentioned little wooden cell in which I, and some more distinguished travellers, had to deposit our individuality in the first hotel of Quebec.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM QUEBEC TO MONTREAL.

On our return passage up the river night covered the beautiful part of the St Lawrence that we had previously seen by daylight; but, on the other hand, the sun showed us much that had been previously hidden in darkness. Both passages together afforded us a complete view of the whole renowned and glorious water. The whole evening through we saw both shores lit up by the lights in the long rows of houses in the St Lawrence villages; it was like a hundred miles long street illumination. Among the passengers was a young priest, with whom I soon got into talk. He had been hitherto the pastor of a little flock in the neighbourhood of Gaspé Bay, in the district of Gaspésié at the mouth of the St Lawrence, and he gave me a lively and touching description of the simple lives of the poor

fisher population, and of their doings on land and ocean, which last is their granary and store-room, and, from the accounts of my informant, I was led to infer that the part of Lower Canada that I had not seen, the part below Quebec, and on both sides of the vast sea-like river, was one of the greatest interest for an ethnographer and a philanthropist. But what I could not see I was glad to hear of. A traveller more favourably circumstanced who may think to make this journey, must take notice that he will have to land at Gaspé, and make his way for 200 miles along the rough, iron-bound south coast, from village to village, to Quebec, and then back again for 500 miles, along the still more rugged northern coast to Bellisle, where the last French settlements are lost in the country of the Montagnois and Esquimaux. This he must do if he wishes to boast that he knows anything of true Lower Canada.

My good companion, I learned, had lately been transplanted from the region of the cod-fishes, where he had so long been fishing for souls, to another part of Canada, a settlement in a valley beyond the first range of hills in the neighbourhood of *Trois Rivières*. He expected to find a mixed flock of French and Irish, and was, he said, quite prepared for the contingency, as he could preach in English as well

as in his native language. The French clergy here generally find a knowledge of English quite necessary on account of the great numbers of Irish emigrants, who do not bring with them a corresponding number of priests; and it is therefore taught at the seminary of Quebec in preference to all other languages. I did nevertheless meet with several French priests who did not speak a word of English, and I need hardly say that very few of the French peasants do.

My companion spoke with great interest of the old songs and hymns that the French Canadians preserved among them, and which they were in the habit of singing at their social gatherings. I had heard before of these popular poems, hymns, and *Romances*, that had been brought hither from Normandy, Brittany, and La Vendée, and which in France itself had been in a great measure forgotten. Even the Canadian boatmen on the Upper Mississippi, are acquainted, as a gentleman living among them informed me, with many pretty *chansons, refrains, barcaroles, rondes*, &c., which they give with precisely the same airs and the same words as their ancestors of 300 years ago. I afterwards gave myself a good deal of trouble to procure some of these boasted popular melodies in Montreal, and bought all the printed collections I could find, but

they did not equal my expectations; I did not find in them the treasure of popular poetry I looked for, on the contrary, few of them bore the genuine stamp of antiquity, or of a popular origin; they were unfortunately of a very mixed character. There were some collections, called by such names as *La Lyre Canadienne*, that contained French poems of the present day, the "*Parisienne*," "*Varsovienne*," &c.; and some of those specially entitled "*Chansons Canadien*" were only so called because they referred to Canada, or were by some young Canadian priest.

It was, nevertheless, interesting to me to find that the poetical blossoms springing up on the soil of France were immediately transferred to the St Lawrence, as it showed that the sympathies of the people are still with the mother-country, as those of the Germans in the Baltic provinces of Russia are with Germany.

The class of Canadians most devoted to poetry and song are the *Voyageurs*—hunters and fur-traders, who pass the greater part of their lives in wandering through the most distant regions of Canada; and I found in my collections that the songs distinguished as "*Chant de Voyageur Canadien*," had more originality and a more popular character than the rest. They are easily recognised, and

almost all begin with the idea of a return to their father's farm-yard, their sister's flower-garden, or their mother's room. I have, for example, three now lying before me, one of which begins:

> "Par derrière, chez mon père,
> Vole mon cœur, vole, vole, vole,
> Par derrière, chez mon père,
> Il y a un pommier doux, &c."

The second:

> "Par derrière, chez ma tante,
> Il y a un bois joli,
> Le rossignol y chante,
> Et le jour et la nuit, &c."

And the third in the same fashion:

> "Derrière, chez nous y a un étang,
> Derrière, chez nous y a un étang,
> Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant
> Legèrement—legèrement, &c."

This *Derrière chez nous* does not mean, I presume, "behind our house," but rather "down there in our country;" a *Voyageur* of the North-West might be supposed to look back fondly to his far-off Canadian home.

When we parted for the night I had almost a quarrel with my good Canadian priest because I could not understand his last remark. He said, "*Lo nuict ä bien noaere*—which phrase, though he

repeated it several times, I could by no means make out. At last he naturally got impatient, and could not see why his pronunciation made the darkness of his remark equal to that of the night; to which, as the reader will perceive, he meant to point my attention.

The morning that followed too, though certainly not black or *noaere,* was at least dark grey. A thick mist had settled on the river, so that we had to come to anchor in the middle of it, near the town of *Trois Rivières,* which lies exactly midway between Quebec and Montreal, atthe entrance to Lake St Peter's, and at the mouth of the great St Maurice river, and is in population and general importance the third town of Lower Canada. I found here, too, one German settler, and it appeared to me that this one German settler was as standing a figure in the small places in Canada as the "one Cossack killed" in the Russian War bulletins. In Quebec and Montreal the number of my countrymen was rather more considerable; in the former there are fifty, in Montreal twice as many, but they are mostly only German Jews, engaged in the fur trade.

I visited some of them, and found, to my great surprise, that they dealt not only in Canadian, but also in Polish, Russian, and Siberian furs, which they imported from the Leipsig fair. One would

certainly suppose Canada had enough of this article, and needed not to buy it from Russia and Germany. In Russia I had been formerly struck by the fact that they import and highly esteem the furs of Canada, and that the Hudson's Bay Company find Russia, herself so rich in furs, its best customer. Perhaps the explanation may be found in this, that though the wearing of furs is in these countries a necessity, it is also a matter of luxury and taste; and that two fur-producing countries may value and wish to possess each other's goods, just as two others may desire to exchange their respective productions in literature and art.

The delay from the fog had at least this advantage for us,—that it enabled us to see the St Lawrence from *Trois Rivières* upwards by daylight; and I was most interested by Lake St Peter's, here formed by the St Lawrence. It spreads out into a broad delta, with a countless number of arms, and between them an equal number of flat longish islands. In proportion as the islands are flat, the branches of the river are shallow; and as this is the flattest region on the whole St Lawrence, this is the place where the first ice forms in the winter.

First there comes a ring round each of the islands; then the smaller channels close, and by

degrees the whole delta is frozen fast, and the bridge of ice is usually complete before Christmas. As soon as it is solid, it increases rapidly, as it stops the ice drifting down the river, and the freezing process then goes on backwards to Montreal, and it takes generally but a few days for the whole St Lawrence, from Lake St Peter's to Montreal, to become solid ice. Whoever wishes to know more of the winter phenomena of the St Lawrence may consult the works of the deservedly celebrated Canadian geologist, Mr W. E. Logan. The various reports concerning the building of the great Montreal railway bridge (the Victoria Bridge), contain some very interesting observations and results, concerning the character of the St Lawrence.

There is scarcely any other river in the world that exhibits such a variety of conditions in the water, and in the configurations of its bed. The Mississippi, the Danube, the Wolga, and most of the gigantic rivers of the world, are monotonous compared with it. They form broader or narrower channels, and the water flows in different parts with a more or less rapid current; but in the St Lawrence you scarcely find fifty miles that maintain the same character, and do not differ essentially from other sections of the river. It

spreads out sometimes into a smaller, sometimes to a larger, lake, and these lakes are very numerous, and all various in depth and other circumstances. Some are like great deep ravines; others resemble broad inundations of a low country; sometimes the river rushes along in a cataract, at others creeps languidly through a wide marshy delta; is now a calm river, and now a gigantic mountain-torrent foaming for miles over a rocky bed. Several times along its course it divides into many branches, always under different circumstances, and its long trumpet-shaped mouth, which is half river half sea, is like that of no other river.

As soon as we had passed Lake St Peter's, we began to make up for lost time by racing with another steamer. It is very exciting sport, and though it may be dangerous, every passenger is so eager about it, and so strongly interested for his own boat, that one would think the most insignificant of them had a hundred dollars at stake in it. In British Canada these races are, I believe, forbidden, and occasionally punished; and they certainly do not cause so much mischief as in the United States. But, probably, they cannot be altogether prevented, any more than duels.

It must not be imagined that in these contests the vessels remain at a proper distance from each

other, and leave each other room for manœuvring; if this were done the race would be prolonged, and many a good opportunity of distancing your rival lost. They come at the very beginning of the race quite close to each other, like two knights who want to tilt each other out of the saddle. Their two jib-booms make an acute angle, as though watching for an opportunity to pierce each other's sides, and the chimneys, instead of the usual black smoke, send forth a thick yellow vapour—for the captains have given orders to strew on the fire some pulverized colophonium, which is kept ready for the express purpose. This substance when sprinkled on the coals makes them burn more fiercely, and occasions a greater production of steam and greater motive power.

The two boats go tearing on for miles side by side, as if they were fastened together, and sometimes one or the other falls a little back. The channel is perhaps not broad, and then it may be you can manage to push your rival aside, and that he slackens a little for fear of running on rocks, or on a sand-bank. You instantly pursue your advantage, get up all your steam, on with some more colophonium, and make a spring under the very nose of your rival—who must now give in somewhat, for fear of a collision. You then get

before him, and cut him off, and when he has once seen the stern of your vessel, he need no longer think of overtaking you. The affair is over, and away you go, soon far in advance, and triumphantly enter as winner the harbour of Montreal.

CHAPTER XX.

THE OTTAWA.

THE Ottawa is the largest tributary of the St Lawrence, and it is also, from its geographical position, the most important. The east and west course of the main stream is continued by it, while the upper St Lawrence bears more to the south. The Ottawa is the shortest water route to the great upper lakes, and has, therefore, served from the earliest times more than the upper St Lawrence as the high-road to the West. Lake Superior, Lake Huron, and the Georgian Bay were discovered by means of the valley of the Ottawa, and most of the Jesuit missionaries passed up this valley, and reached thus the western branches of those inland seas.

The canal route of the Ottawa was, as early as the first quarter of the seventeenth century, one of

the best known navigation lines of Canada, though subsequently it was from various causes much neglected; so much indeed that at the present moment many parts of it, and especially its sources, are nearly unknown, but steamers and railroads are now active in restoring the Ottawa country to its natural importance. It will become once more what it was at first—a great road to the West—but in a much higher degree.

That it is at the same time a new country, and the scene of old and primitive undertakings, made it so attractive to me that I determined on an excursion to Bytown,* the capital of the country.

I went first to "La Chine," the principal port of Montreal for all vessels going up the Ottawa. The rapids of St Louis interrupt the navigation, at least for upward-bound vessels, and you make a circuit by land to reach La Chine, where the water is again deep and tranquil. A railroad and a canal lead thither by the most direct route, but we preferred taking a carriage and driving along the old road, in order to enjoy the sight of the water-falls.

The whole mighty river here divides itself between rocks and islands into a number of wildly foaming torrents, but with high water the steamers

* Since named Ottawa, where the Prince of Wales, on his recent visit, laid the first stone of the House of Parliament.

coming down venture the passage, and a very interesting one it is said to be. In our little chaise however we got so close to the rapids that it was nearly as good. The road was very lonely and ran on the very edge of the water, and we often had, before and behind and on either side of us, roaring waves, black foam-covered rocks and wooded islands, with here and there glimpses of distant water, and at last the church tower and the white cottages of the Indian village of Koknawaga, or St Louis, which lies exactly opposite to La Chine. That Indians should have remained so long at this point, is probably to be ascribed to the existence of the cataract. The Indian natives were the first guides of European ships through this dangerous labyrinth, and they are still the best pilots to be found here. They are not only acquainted with every rock and shallow, and the state of the river at various seasons of the year, out they have peculiarly the quick eye and the energetic hand required to turn the arrow-like course of a ship from a danger which is perhaps only indicated by a spot of rather darker colour in the water. Many of the pilots on these waters are to this day Indians of Koknawaga.

La Chine, though only a village, is one of the oldest and most famous places in Canada. Its

name is a memorial of the time when it was still supposed that the St Lawrence was one of the shortest ways to China, and that Montreal and Quebec were destined to become the chief staple places for Chinese goods, and the little harbour of La Chine was to be the place where they were first deposited. These hopes were not fulfilled, but the extraordinary name of the village has remained as a memento of the geographical error. During the flourishing period of the old French fur trade, La Chine was the rendezvous of the voyageurs and Canadian hunters, and their little fleets of canoes, in which they brought down their furs from the north-west. Here was the end of their journey, for their wares were here unshipped for Montreal. Here the Indian chiefs were received and rewarded, and hither came the "*Ononthios*," or French governors, to listen to their speeches, say something pretty in return, and conclude treaties of peace or commerce with them, and much the same thing is going on at the present day.

A great number of the French raft-men on the Ottawa come from La Chine, and you see loitering about, along with the Indian pilots of Koknawaga, voyageurs from the north-west, for whom La Chine is a home or an exchange, and Franklin and other explorers took from here their Canadian guides.

A great *Ononthio* has also now taken up his abode at La Chine, namely, Sir George Simpson, the Governor-General of the Hudson's Bay countries, so that one may say that the affairs of almost one-half of North America are conducted from this village.

The Hudson's Bay Company has indeed now only a few establishments or forts on the upper Ottawa, and the quantity of fur or other produce of the chase now brought here is very inconsiderable; for the whole produce of the country round Lake Superior is not as might be expected brought down the St. Lawrence or the Ottawa, but is mostly taken to Moose Factory and other ports on Hudson's Bay; and it has been so arranged because the goods can in this way, though by a great circuit, be shipped at once on the Company's own vessels, which assemble at certain times of the year in Hudson's Bay. It is probably not worth their while to send a ship to the St. Lawrence for the small quantity of fur it now yields.

It has been arranged, I am told, that the Governor of the Company's gigantic territory should reside at a point so far from the central places of their trade in those territories, because he is there nearer to Europe, and midway between England and most of the Hudson's Bay country; from there he

can communicate quickly with Europe, and send his own or the Company's orders to the various forts and stations. The former French and English governors, who lived near Hudson's Bay, were cut off from Europe for eight or nine months in the year.

The renowned and highly respected Sir George Simpson has been himself a promoter of most of the modern Arctic voyages of discovery, and as he has also made a voyage round the world, and published an interesting account of it with which I was well acquainted, I took the liberty of waiting on him. His residence, Hudson's Bay House, as it is called, is a small and modest abode, strikingly contrasting with the palace of another Governor-General of an English land-owning company in the East, and I was interested in its details, the reception-rooms, the rooms of business, the courts for the fur magazines, and canoe-houses, probably because (*detractis detrahendis*) they afforded me an idea of the arrangement of "Cumberland House," "York House," and the other numerous Houses, which the Hudon's Bay Company have scattered over the whole of North-Western America, and where their sub-governors' chief traders and agents reside.

In the canoe-houses of La Chine I found a whole

fleet of quite new birch bark canoes, and was able to study the structure of this remarkable vehicle. A traveller of the north-west might well devote to them a whole chapter, as one in Arabia might to the camel, for without these birch bark canoes those wide regions would have been neither discovered nor turned to use. Birch bark is an extremely light material, and a canoe that will hold twenty men only weighs a few hundred-weight, and can be carried by three or four men, and is so elastic, that it more often yields than breaks when it receives violent blows among the rocks and cataracts. It is thoroughly soaked in oil that it may not imbibe water, and it is extremely easy to repair. The holes are sewed up with wire, you may darn it like a stocking, and patch it like a shoe, and stop up every little chink and opening in the most easy and expeditious manner. Only with such craft as this could it have been possible to navigate the labyrinth of streams in the north-west of America, where all the rivers are interrupted by innumerable cataracts and rapids, and a vessel meets with rough treatment at every step, and where a boat has to be drawn out of the water and carried several times in one day.

These canoes look something like long sausages, as they have no keel, and the ribs are bent in a cir-

cular form as affording a better resistance. Their lading and ballast must therefore always be carefully distributed and balanced, or they will roll over in the water like a round trunk of a tree. The ribs and timber are of course as narrow and thin as possible.

Sir George Simpson had on his table a small silver model of a canoe, in which every part was made of the precious metal, and this was certainly an appropriate place for so pretty a symbol of the whole floating traffic of the American north.

A steamer carried us from La Chine, first on the broad bosom of the Lake of St Louis, which consists still entirely of the greenish water of the St Lawrence. The brown-coloured Ottawa rolls the greater part of its waters through a long channel to the north of the Montreal island, and this is indeed recognised as its mouth by Canadian geographers. The great and fertile island of Montreal may indeed be regarded as the product of the confluence of these two streams. Its flat fields have certainly been often inundated by them, and covered with rich mud. They are as fruitful as a Delta country, and as the island is in a geological point of view, so is the city of Montreal in a political and economical one also, the product of their union.

From the Lake of St Louis, the steamer slipped

through a narrow pass and a group of islands into another lake. It is rather remarkable that this mighty St Lawrence has not yet worn down the rocky steps over which it flows, and hollowed out its rocky passes into a regular channel, but consists, like all the other rivers of the northern half of North America, of an endless chain of lakes, cataracts, rapids, and river-straits or narrows. In the Mississippi territory and the Alleghanies the character of the rivers is quite changed.

When we got higher up the lake near the termination of the island of Montreal we saw the two streams, the brown or red-brown Ottawa and the greenish St Lawrence, flowing by the side of each other. At first sight one is inclined to prefer the lighter coloured water to the dark fluid that almost looks as if it came out of a tan-yard, but in Montreal it has been decided that the Ottawa water is the better. The St Lawrence contains particles of lime and various salts in solution, and is therefore less available for domestic and culinary purposes; but the Ottawa has nothing of this kind, and receives its colour probably from plants which nevertheless do not affect its taste. In a glass its water is as clear as crystal, and it has therefore been determined to feed the new water-works of Montreal from the Ottawa instead of the St Lawrence. One

becomes at last indeed reconciled even to the colour of the latter; it sometimes looks like melted amber, or a stream of pure coffee, and in the whirlpools and cataracts, the dark brown masses of water make a new and pleasing contrast with the snow-white foam.

A great raft of wood was floating over the lake down the Ottawa, which is the chief forest plank and beam river in Canada, and supplies most of the timber for the trade of Quebec. On account of the manifold difficulties of the navigation, these rafts cannot be constructed like ours on the Rhine and Danube. They consist of a number of small rafts called cribs, which on broad lakes or tranquil parts of rivers move altogether; but where cataracts and rapids interrupt the navigation, they are divided, according to circumstances, into halves, sixths, or even their smallest constituent parts, cribs, and a few bold canoe-men seat themselves upon them and shoot with them down through the open channels into the fall. Below it the various members of the raft are collected again, and they then glide all together smoothly down to the next cataract, where they have to be taken to pieces again. The pilots or raftsmen are a strong and hardy class, and display a great amount of courage and contempt of death. Most of them are French-

Canadians, as they seem to understand the business best, and are the teachers of the Scotch and Irish, who come into the country as novices. They are nevertheless apt scholars, and occasionally surpass their teachers in boldness and skill. I was assured by a person well acquainted with these things, that in critical cases, when the Canadian himself loses courage, the appeal will be made successfully to a Briton who has not been two years on the Ottawa.

There are now above a dozen larger or smaller steamers on the Ottawa, but they navigate it only in a fragmentary manner. Between every two cataracts are stationed a few of these boats, which carry you over the lake or smooth part of the river, but you then go ten or twelve miles by land, till you come again to smooth water and more steamers, and the higher you go up the river the smaller they become. Our present one was as large and as luxuriously fitted up as the river steamers of America mostly are. The tables were covered at the appointed hours with a superabundance of all kinds of viands, and handsome and convenient little rooms were provided for our repose at night. I could not help thinking as we glided along in this floating palace, of the Jesuit fathers and their canoe voyages, and the numerous hardships and privations they underwent, and it was precisely on the river Ottawa

that they made most of these adventurous journeys, of which they have left many descriptions. I had read them all, and at the sight of the shores and the thick woods, a hundred reminiscences came hovering before me, of the cataracts where Father A had lost his Bible and all his books; of the island where Father B, pursued by the Indians, had knelt down to pray, and so received his death-stroke; of the lakes along whose banks the Fathers C and D journeyed alone with their God among these wild men, to carry the tidings of the gospel to yet unknown regions; of the points and headlands where they had landed to cook their "Sagamité," or maize porridge, often the only food they tasted for long years, and over which they uttered their pious thanksgivings; of the hills on which they erected a wooden cross, or perhaps a little chapel, and collected the Indians around it to worship. How would they have rejoiced had they been able to see in prophetic vision their favourite river as it appears now, the towns arising out of its forests, the steamers foaming along its waters, the bridges spanning them from shore to shore.

The bridge beneath whose magnificent arches we passed out of the Lake of St Lawrence to that of the "Two Mountains," is a work worthy of the Romans. It is built of vast blocks of dark grey

limestone, and has an aspect of solid grandeur worthy of its destination, namely, to form part of the Grand Trunk Railway, which is to connect the whole St Lawrence system from east to west. I wondered not a little to find so superb a work in so thinly inhabited a region; but here in Canada, as I have said, they build for the future, and on a grand scale; they give the child a wide garment, and leave it to grow up to it. There will soon be people enough to avail themselves of all these things.

Among the things that the Fathers would have rejoiced to see are also some neat, clean, and civilized Indian villages; but, unfortunately, there are not many of them, for civilization has acted on them rather as a destructive than as a regenerative force. The fragments of half a dozen tribes, which formerly wandered over wide regions, are now often collected in a single village, and gathered into one church. We saw an example of this near the bridge on the above-mentioned "Lake of the Two Mountains." It is the mission of the same name, and is inhabited by a few Algonquins, Iroquois, and others, but each of these fragments has a separate quarter of the village, and I was assured they never intermarry. Their language, at least those of the Algonquins and Iroquois, are as different as French

and English, and though they have but one church, they have several priests, who preach to them in their own tongue. As we were approaching one of these Indian villages, I noticed a strikingly tall man who was preparing to leave the vessel. He was very well dressed, like a rather opulent farmer, and as I took him for a French Canadian, I addressed him in French. But he shook his head, "Not understand, *un petit brin Français.*" "Oh, you are an Englishman, are you?" said I. "I should not have thought so from your brown complexion and coal-black hair." But the head was shaken again—"Not understand, *aussi un petit brin Anglais.*"

"Ah, indeed! so you are German? Welcome, fellow-countryman; we can understand each other all the better." This I said in German, shaking my brown fellow-passenger's hand, and expected a genuine Black Forest or Harz Mountain salutation in return. But to my astonishment the stranger now looked completely puzzled, and remained dumb.

"Why, who in the world are you then, man?" said I, returning to my French—for I had never heard any other language in the country than these three.

"*I Savats,*" was the reply,—"*Iroka,*"—that is to say, I am a savage, or Iroquois.

I now looked more closely at him, and had no difficulty in recognising the serious and angular features of an Indian; and since he was much more accessible and courteous than many a European, who would have to look much higher up his genealogical tree for his anthropophagic ancestors, I had a very interesting conversation with him. We got on as well as we could with a little "bit of English" and a little "bit of French," and he told me that he came from a Canadian village many hundred miles to the west, and that he had journeyed hither to visit this Algonquin and Iroquois village, at the Lake of the Two Mountains, where he had some relations, and that he had also business to transact. He proposed to remain for the Sunday with his relatives, go to church with them, and return on the Monday.

When I questioned him concerning his sympathies towards the various European nationalities he answered: "Of all white what is—the Savats like Scotch most. Scotch most like the savages. Scotch language also like Savats, they say; but I speak them—I not understand." (The Scotch language is most like that of the savages; but though I speak to them, I do not understand them.)

It was rather curious to me, to see before me

a man as neat and well-dressed as any one of us, and whose agreeable, and even gentlemanly manner led you to infer a certain amount of inward culture, who yet did not hesitate to say —"I am a savage." I perceived that the word could not carry with it the *levis notæ macula* that it has with us; and the notion of the Iroquois that the Scotch were most like his countrymen, was at that time quite new to me. By degrees, however, I learned that that opinion is very widely diffused here, and the French Canadians, in order to distinguish the Highlanders from others, call them "*les Ecossais sauvages.*" The idea, too, that the language of the Scotch and Welsh is most like those of the Indians, is very prevalent. In the early times of American history, the people from Wales and Scotland used to say they recognised words of their own among the languages of the Indians of the South and West; and it was interesting to me to meet this idea again on the Ottawa. Whether it be in consequence of the real or supposed affinity that the Scotch have associated more intimately with the Indians than any other Britons, I know not; but it is a fact that the half-breeds in America, who are not the offspring of Frenchmen, are nearly all of Scotch descent — much less frequently of either English or Irish.

The Highlanders have not, indeed, much to complain of in being compared with the present Iroquois and Algonquins of Canada. To say nothing of the old barbarous system of Clanship, and of the Highland costume, which is exactly what would please an Indian chief, and of other things that might be mentioned, there is so much barbarism, poverty, dirt, and disorder to be found in the island and mountain villages of the Scotch highlands, that it would be a vast improvement, and a blessing for the country, if they could be raised to the level of the Iroquois villages of Canada, and exhibit the same amount of order, cleanliness, and humanity.

There are sometimes rich heiresses to be found among these savages, and to them the Britons do not fail to pay their court, as the young gentlemen in our German cities do to the daughters of wealthy peasants. On the "Lake of the Two Mountains" a handsome country-seat was pointed out to me, whose mistress, a squaw, or Indian woman, had brought her English husband a fortune of £20,000 sterling.

French *seigneuries* and French villages are still to be seen, though rather thinly scattered, for about 70 miles up the Ottawa, but beyond this all the settlements are new and British. The woods along

the shores seemed endless, and now showed themselves in all the varied tints of their beautiful autumn foliage. Sometimes they and the hills whose sides they clothed, were interrupted by a valley and a river which flowed into the Ottawa,—and we mostly had a few passengers, or some chests and bales of goods, to send up each of these tributary streams. I inquired everywhere about the nature and aspect of the valleys and rivers towards the north, and I was told that at the mouths of these rivers there are often to be seen handsome European settlements, whilst their sources are still unknown, and are hidden somewhere in darkness and cold in the forests and mountains of Labrador.

One of these rivers, especially, is called "*La Rivière du Nord.*" Its course is so little known that it is drawn differently on every map; but at its mouth there already lies a town called St Andrew's, which has no fewer than six different churches, religions, and nations.

"Are there any Germans?" I asked of an inhabitant of this town, whom we had on board.

"Oh, yes, some," was the reply; "my wife is a German. The Germans are industrious people, and do very well. The richest man in our place is a German. We English call him *Allbrek*, but his

real name is *Aollenbreekten* (Albrecht ?). I wonder more Germans do not come. We have some French Canadians too in the town."

"How do you like them ?" said I, for I was curious to know whether these people kept the same good name on the Ottawa that they have elsewhere.

"Oh, those Canadians, sir," replied the Englishman, "they are a fine, honest, mannerly set of people. It is true there are some among them like other people, but, upon the whole, the Canadians are most honest and *genteel.* There are neither liars, thieves, drunkards, nor blackguards among them. When I came here first, no Canadian would ever care to shut his door, and if you bought a cow or a piece of land from them they would never think about an oath or a paper. Since the revolution of 1837 the custom of shutting doors is become more general, but still their houses are always open for the poor and the stranger. If you ever, sir, have lost your way or feel tired, go to a Canadian house if you can find one, and you will see how they will receive you. They will make you as comfortable as they possibly can. That's what the Canadians are, sir."

CHAPTER XXI.

A PORTAGE.

THE first division of our steam-boat journey carried us as far as a French place called Carillon, where we found a whole crowd of Canadian stage coaches with four horses, waiting to convey us further, but both the vehicles and the cattle had a very ancient and broken-down appearance.

As it rained and a very cold wind was blowing, the male part of the company were soon at the coach doors, and about to take the seats by storm, but at the door of each conveyance stood the coachman as sentinel, and placed himself and his whip unceremoniously across the entrance, and stopped the advancing tide, with "Halt, gentlemen! the ladies have not yet chosen their places!" and thereupon the masculine crowd drew back respectfully, and stood quietly in the rain till the ladies had

slowly advanced, and placed themselves to their liking, and then the gentlemen slipped in and took what was left for them. I had myself, according to my custom, taken an outside place by the coachman without regard to the rain, and since it soon cleared up and the sun shone again, I could enjoy the prospect of the country as well as the conversation of my fellow-passengers. There were two of them, and the usual battery of questions soon began to play upon me. "Are you a stranger? Where do you come from? How long have you been in the country? How do you like the country? Where are you going to settle?" &c. And when I had answered all these inquiries punctually, one of my interrogators began again from the point of my country.

"You say you are a German?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, have you got an Established Church in Germany?"

"No."

"Have you both Protestants and Catholics?"

"Both."

"Have you most Protestants or Catholics?"

"I think the two parties must be pretty equally balanced."

"How many are there on each side?"

"I think perhaps sixteen or seventeen millions."

"Seventeen millions! By Jesus, there would be a famous battle if they were going to fight one another."

"Yes," said the other, "and what a profitable job it would be to furnish the *shillelahs*."

So without my asking any questions, I saw that I had by me a genuine son of Erin, and a regular Yankee. Only an Irish fancy would so instantly have boded forth a fight as the consequence of having seventeen millions of Protestants and Catholics "on each side;" and only Yankee associations have suggested immediately how to make a profit out of it.

The roads along which we drove were much more primitive than our carriages, and it required all the skill of a Canadian coachman, and all his practice in bad roads, to carry us pretty quickly, and in a good state of preservation, through all the holes and quagmires, and over all the blocks of stone and stumps of trees, that lay in our way.

The Canadian horse seems, in the course of centuries, to have acquired excellent qualities for this purpose. It is a most patient, persevering, indefatigable animal, and when I saw these courageous, willing, and much-harassed creatures, toiling over rocks and through morasses, I was often re-

minded of the almost indestructible horses of Poland and Russia.

"You are right," said the coachman; "our Canadian horses are the best for hardship and hunger, and very easy to feed. They are next to the mule for this." They resemble a good deal their Canadian peasant masters, I think, as indeed domesticated animals generally reflect many of the qualities of those who have trained them.

"The American horse is different," continued our driver; "it can't bear half as much, and wants better food and more care, but it is very light on the feet, and runs without a heavy load a great distance;" and thereupon he went into many minute details, and gave me more information than I am able to repeat; but, as I listened to him, it sometimes seemed to me as if he were describing the biped rather than the quadruped inhabitants of these regions.

The Canadian horses are said to be chiefly of the Norman race. They are spread through the whole St Lawrence territory, and still further to the West; they are much sought for their excellent qualities, and are sent to the Southern States, even as far as Virginia, and I afterwards saw many of them in Pennsylvania. The Canadian is one of the most strongly characterised and most widely diffused

races of horses in America, and is only excelled by the Spanish horse which has reached the North by the way of Mexico.

These Spanish or Mexican horses may be said to have conquered the whole wide prairie lands towards the North, where they have multiplied so surprisingly, and have taken possession of the great pastures, north-west of Lake Superior, before one of their white masters could get so far. Such a wide distribution and return to a wild state has not taken place with the French Canadian horses, and no wild Indian tribe has been mounted by means of them, and the cause of the difference is, doubtless, the character of the country and the system of rivers, amongst which the French settled, and which made the ship and the canoe more necessary than the horse. All the French travels and excursions in Canada were foot journeys, whilst all the excursions and expeditions into the interior were equestrian.

The country through which we were travelling was almost as primeval in its aspect as the road. The ground on each side was covered by masses of rock and boulderstones, and fragments of limestone, gneiss, granite, and slate were as thick as tombstones in a church-yard; indeed they made the whole country look like a church-yard, and the

same appearance was presented in various regions of the Ottawa, namely, at the portages, where the river has had to break through a rocky dam. Far in the interior of Canada and Labrador, too, these church-yard landscapes are said to be quite common.

I could hardly understand how it was worth any one's trouble to settle and cultivate the soil here, and yet all these stone-bearing fields were carefully hedged in with trunks of trees. "Why, sir, from amongst all these lumps of rock comes some of our finest and fattest beef," said my neighbours. "Look at that ox there, look at his ribs, look at his flanks, look at his broad chine; he don't look starved, does he? These stones that annoy you are particularly good for our meadows. In the spring the first tender young grass shoots up about their edges, and in the summer these stones retain the moisture, and nourish fresh grass, when the meadows without stones are all withered up, and now in the late autumn they keep it longer than it stays anywhere else. Just compare that stoneless spot there where all the plants have been long dead, with these block meadows, where the beasts still get plenty to eat;" and I was obliged to confess that in regions where the artificial irrigation of meadows is unknown, there may be some advantage in blocks. Some

of the fields where it has been desired to raise crops of corn, have been cleared with spade and pick-axe, and gunpowder, but it must be a colossal undertaking, and I can easily imagine that our German emigrants, when they hear of the clean, rich, and stoneless lands of Iowa and Minnesota, are much inclined to pass by the mouth of the Ottawa.

The Ottawa has nevertheless a right to complain that the German immigrants have bestowed so little attention on this country. There is seldom more than one, or perhaps two Germans in a village; and even in the capital, Bytown, now called Ottawa, there are only some half dozen, who appear to have been flung there by chance. The great emigrant march goes straight to "the West," where alone success and fortune seem to beckon.

The Ottawa country is hardly known even by name to the Germans, and yet it seems to open a wide field for their industry, and offers many advantages besides these rock meadows, which, when the stones are once removed, yield very good crops.

Fine level fertile islands, with extremely rich soil, are common in the valley of the Ottawa. They are often large, and resemble in their main features the island of Montreal, and the Isle of Orleans at Quebec, which are renowned for their productiveness.

The demand for labour is as great here as anywhere in America. "Wanted 500 labourers to work on a canal in the Upper Ottawa; wages, $1\frac{1}{4}$ dollar a day, and lodging." "Wanted, 300 labourers to work on a Bridge," &c. on similar conditions. Announcements of this kind met the eye everywhere, and in Bytown, the capital of Ottawa, you could not look into a tailor's, shoemaker's, or any other shop without seeing a bill in the window notifying "the want of five or six workmen." Among the raftsmen, pilots, foresters, and wood-cutters of the Ottawa, there are no Germans to be found; and yet our country could furnish so many individuals well practised in these occupations. Can our men not maintain the competition with these strong and hardy races, or have our Black Forest raftsmen and wood-cutters still enough to do at home? It cannot be the climate that keeps Germans from Ottawa. It is rough and cold indeed, but, as every one admits, incomparably more healthy than the valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri.

"I 'll tell you what it is that frightens our countrymen away from the Ottawa, and from all Canada," said a German colonist of the Ottawa to me. "It is Queen Victoria of England! I have often puzzled myself, as you are doing, to make out why there

should be, by the latest census, only 15,000 Germans settled in Canada, when as many as that pass through the country every year."

"I have talked with a good many of them when I went down the St Lawrence, and recommended them to stay with us, but they almost all gave me the same answer, 'No, we did not come to America to be again the subjects of a crown. We have had enough of princes in our own country, and we left Europe to become free republican citizens.' It is their rooted prejudice against monarchy that makes the Germans pass, and indeed fly through this country. They do not know that the monarchy is with us merely a name, that we are as free and as self-governing as the Americans themselves, and have fewer taxes. Do when you go home, tell our countrymen that they cannot live more freely anywhere in the whole world than they can here on the Ottawa. But they will soon find it out themselves, and then the stream of emigration will flow towards our country, but whoever comes first will be first served."

The conviction that the emigrants would soon arrive in crowds, and that the young Ottawa country is destined before long to play a great part, was one I found very generally diffused here. Probably these anticipations are chiefly founded on the

present great extension of railways. The roads have been hitherto as rugged and as expensive as the one above described, and now we saw a locomotive rushing through the forest, and whistling among the labyrinth of rocks and boulders. It was making a trial trip on a piece of the Ottawa line that had been just finished, and which was to be opened in a few days, so the dragging of canoes in the old Jesuits' fashion, and the stage-coach torture, may be considered to be all over at this portage.

"But can such a costly undertaking as a railroad possibly pay in a still unpeopled country?" The question showed that I came from Germany, where a new road is seldom opened till a number of passengers are standing waiting for it, and where nobody makes a railroad on speculation.

"We hope and expect that the railroad will bring us the passengers and the population it is intended to carry," was the reply. "They will come, though we do not yet know where from nor how. They will shoot up like weeds out of the ground when the railroad has touched and fertilized it. Railroads with us are magic wands, horns of plenty, from which we scatter the seeds of a population, and they spring up and fill the place we have made for them as water does when you dig a canal in a moist country."

As the faith in the magic power of railways is one very generally held here, people are very willing to assist in their construction. An opulent landowner, who was one of my travelling companions, informed me that many farmers along the whole line had hastened to offer the Company all the land they required without any compensation. His own estate, he said, was cut into two halves by this line, but the only remuneration he had asked was that the Company would make him a tunnel under the line to connect them. This would afford him a most ample compensation, besides the advantage of the line itself, for the people here are as eager to get a line running over their land as in a desert they might be to get a canal.

It may easily be supposed that the prevalence of such views diminishes very much the expenses of railroads; and also that the Railway Companies, being generally encouraged and supported in this way, make short work with the obstinate individuals they occasionally meet with. We noticed an example of this as we went along. The line at one point passed right across a place where a farmer had begun to build himself a large barn, and as he had demanded a very large compensation, the impatient Railway Company, without further ceremony, sent a number of men armed with

saws and axes, to pull down the buildings, and throw the great beams and other building materials on each side on the farmer's land, leaving him to go to law if he thought proper. But if the powerful companies are sometimes thus despotic in their proceedings, private individuals are also violent, revengeful, and inconceivably reckless. A case of this kind appeared lately in the papers, of a farmer, who, not having received what he thought adequate compensation, did everything in his power to obstruct the line where it passed over his land, and when he could not succeed, at last hit on a truly infernal project. He built one night a kind of hut or scaffolding across the rails, placed a barrel of gunpowder inside it, and planted himself in readiness with a match. In the morning when the train came up the engine-driver fortunately discovered the contrivance in time, and stopped to parley. The man declared the land was his, and he had a right to order off any one he pleased, and that if the train dared to approach, he would blow it up and himself with the rest. There was a long delay and a great many contrivances to get hold of the madman, and at last his antagonists succeeded in engaging him in negotiation, while some of the men crept round unperceived, got possession of the powder, and disarmed him.

Carillon, which lies at the beginning of our twelve-miles-broad isthmus, is the last French village. All beyond this are new British settlements, filled with Irish, Scotch, &c., and they do not wear by any means so pleasing an aspect as the old French ones. The first of these is Grenville, the opposite pole of the Portage; but it consists merely of wooden log-houses, among the rocks and tree stumps. The place seems, however, to be well provided with churches; indeed, to have nearly as many as houses. There was a little Presbyterian Church of stone, with two windows; an English High Church with three; a Methodist Chapel, built of wood, and not larger than a log hut; and a Catholic Church, with a cross made of two laths nailed together, and probably quite after the model of the first chapels that the Jesuits erected in the country.

From Grenville, where by degrees all the four-horse coaches came in, we glided like swans down a beautiful smooth part of the Ottawa river, which here again assumes a majestic appearance, consisting of a long broad expanse of water, like a rapidly flowing lake, bordered on either side with wooded hills.

Several of these straight, regularly formed portions occur as exceptions to the usually winding

and irregular course of the Ottawa, but the most remarkable is that which is found about the middle of its course, above Bytown, and which bears a special name among the Canadians, though I have unluckily forgotten it. At this part of the river the current seems to have cut through the rocks, like a cannon-ball, and formed a broad channel of from 30 to 40 miles in length, between high perpendicular walls of stone. You can look through it with a glass, from one end to the other; the depth of water is everywhere equal, and it flows quite smoothly. Canal digging would be most superfluous if Nature had formed rivers in general like this part of the Ottawa.

A section of somewhat similar character had occurred at Grenville, and our steamer glided pleasantly over its brown, glassy surface. The mountains were here higher and grander than further down the river, and not entirely uninhabited. As it grew dark we could see lights twinkling here and there out of the woods, occasionally showing faint outlines of windows and houses, and as Carillon was the last village, we here reached the last "*Seigneurie de la petite nation,*" as it was called. Here dwells, in complete retirement, M. Papineau, whose name was so conspicuous in the Revolution of 1837, and who has been called the Mirabeau of Canada;

but I only saw his habitation from afar, as circumstances unfortunately did not permit of my paying him a visit.

Saw-mills, and board and plank cutting establishments, little harbours and bays filled with rafts of the rudest construction, made of colossal trunks of trees, and ballasted with lumps of rock, piers or bridges for landing,—these were the chief features of this portion of the river, as of the former. These piers often issue straight from the forest into the river, without any road or even any habitation being discoverable near them, and yet there must be such in the interior, for small one-horse carts were tied under the trees, in readiness to receive the goods,—sacks of salt, chests, and bales of cottons, axes, spades, pick-axes, &c., which we had brought, and which we piled up as quickly as possible on the piers. Where all that was to go to, and who was to use it, remained a mystery hidden in the forest; but it was evident that here, where I often thought myself on the very outermost limits of civilization, there were, as our German proverb says, "More people living behind the hills."

We brought, to my surprise, very few living creatures up the river with us, and a single sheep, with long fleece, constituted, I believe, the whole of our live cargo; and, consequently, the poor

animal had an immense amount of criticism and complimenting to undergo. He was tied up at the fore-part of the vessel, and formed, during the whole Ottawa journey, a central point of interest for the passengers, who gathered round him smoking and gossiping, and since they had nothing else to do, examining his wool, and his teeth, and his flesh and fat, and making him the subject of everlasting discussions. Every ten minutes came up a few more gentlemen who had just finished their cigars, and did not know what to be at: and then down they sat by the poor bleating sheep, and began pulling and feeling, and poking him about, and instituting, like their predecessors, curious inquiries into the character of his wool, fat, &c. If ever a sheep was thoroughly investigated, it was that one, and I was quite glad when I at last heard his bleating from one of the pier-heads, and knew that he had reached the place of his destination, and that for the time his troubles were over.

So were not ours, as yet, for about midnight we landed on a high shore, where the navigation of the river terminates, and had then half an hour's race over marsh and corderoy roads, before we found ourselves safely lodged in the capital, Bytown, in one of the large crowded hotels, of which, in the youngest towns of Canada, there is never any lack.

CHAPTER XXII.

BYTOWN OR OTTAWA.

It is little more than 25 years since the first tree was felled on the spot where now stands Bytown, and it is a very few years since there existed here anything that could be called a town, and yet it already covers as much ground as Boston, and though its inhabitants did not, when I visited it, exceed 10,000, it was as grand in its pretensions as Quebec or Montreal. As yet it was only called a *town,* but as soon as its inhabitants should exceed the number above mentioned, it was to be declared a city, and, as a corporation, would attain to a greater amount of independence, and it was proposed that its name should then be altered. Its present one is taken from that of a Colonel By, and signifies merely By's Town; but it awakens an association of ideas, by which the vanity of the citizens

is not flattered, for whoever is unacquainted with the historical derivation of the name considers it equivalent to "Out-of-the-way Place," and this the Bytowners do not at all approve of. Half a dozen other names have been proposed, and amongst them that of Ottawa City, which has been adopted as well sounding and significant of its situation and dignity as the metropolis of the young Ottawa country. Other Canadian settlements have changed their names when they rose to the civic rank, as, for instance, Toronto, which was before called York.

The first occasion of building a town here was this. Both shores of the St Lawrence are Canadian, or British, as far up as a little way above the mouth of the Ottawa, but from that point the southern one begins to be American; and since this part of the river is also difficult to navigate on account of the number of cataracts, the British Government was desirous of finding a more inland water-communication between East and West Canada, by which the transport of troops, or other operations, could be undertaken without disturbance or observation from the Americans. They therefore passed up the Ottawa as far as its confluence with the Rideau, a small river which, by means of a series of lakes, has a pretty direct communication with the important town and fortress of Kingston

on Lake Ontario; and it was determined to perfect the communication by canalling, and so obtain a much safer and more convenient route for soldiers and munitions of war than that of the St Lawrence. Colonel By, of the Engineers, was commissioned to undertake the work, and this was the origin of the Rideau Canal, and thence also arose in the midst of the forest, at the mouth of the Rideau, where the chief supplies were received in the Ottawa, a little settlement of labourers, boatmen, engineers, &c.; and since in Canada you cannot drop a spark but that forthwith arises a forest conflagration, so from this little collection of huts sprang up the present city with its numerous houses, shops, magazines, churches, schools, colleges, and other buildings, varying in size and style, that now cover so wide an extent of ground. The man who gave his name to the city is still living in the "Old Country;" nay, the woodman who cut down the first tree, and the stone-mason who hewed out the first block of stone for its foundations, are still extant, and their fortunes have run parallel with those of the city. They are rich land-owners, "Honourables, and Senators;" but the town still bears traces of its recent forest-birth, and presents a singular aspect.

There has been as yet no time to pave the streets, and in bad weather they are in a desperate

state; only near the houses, as in most of the youngest towns of Canada, there run what are called "plank-roads," that is, footpaths made of boards. As for gardens, fruit-trees, or flowers, no one has had time so much as to think of them, and the old rough boulders and masses of rock are lying about still among the groups of houses, and firs and other forest trees are springing up again out of the stumps. Here and there amongst elegant colleges and churches are to be seen fragments of the primeval forest, lofty pines and firs, and thick underwood that occasionally may give shelter to a bear. Many spots still covered with these moss-grown rocks, roots, and stumps, are nevertheless enclosed, and serve sometimes for keeping cattle. By and by they will be changed into gardens, but as yet the unbroken mass of the primeval forest fences in the town on all sides, up to its very streets, and if you get a view of it from a high point you see for miles and miles nothing but a sea of woods, in which the town lies like the nest of a heathcock.

The grand pretensions of Bytown tend to nothing less than to be made the seat of Government and Parliament, and the residence of the Governor-General of all Canada, an honour for which no less than four cities have been contending.

Quebec first put in its claim, on account of its position nearest the mouth of the St Lawrence, and its being the political centre of this great empire. According to the letter of the law hitherto, Quebec on the east, and Toronto on the west, were to share the honour between them, and each city receive the preference every four years. But this perpetual change is found, as may be supposed, very inconvenient, and the Quebec people think that as the Government is now in their city, it ought to remain there.

Montreal, the largest and most populous town in the country, the centre of its commerce, and the most like a metropolis in appearance, was for a long time the seat of Government, but in a popular insurrection the Government buildings and Parliament houses were burnt, and the authorities left the place. Montreal hopes nevertheless to be restored to its former dignity.

Toronto, the capital of the whole British West, which looks on Lower Canada as a very antiquated, unprogressive, and half Frenchified country, desires to remove the Parliament and the seat of Government quite out of the influence of the French atmosphere of Quebec, and to have it established in the centre of the hopeful rapidly advancing western country; and Toronto has so little doubt of its suc-

cess, that the sites for the Government buildings are already pointed out.

At last comes Bytown, a city of scarcely more than twenty years of age, throwing its sword into the scale, and maintaining its claim to the character of a metropolis. At first I was rather astounded at this pretension, but on further consideration it did not appear to me altogether unfounded. In the first place, as the Bytowners have calculated, their city has geographically the most central position in all Canada, and is, on the average, nearer to the most important places in the country than Quebec, Toronto, or even Montreal, and so many telegraph lines, canals, and railroads are making, or made, that Bytown is already intimately interwoven with the whole network by which the traffic of Canada is carried on. The persons forming and connected with the Government who would have to reside here, and who are accustomed to the enjoyments and luxuries of civilization, would find indeed no theatres, concert-rooms, &c., but what is there that cannot be quickly procured in America; and, on the other hand, they would not find here violent party discord among the inhabitants, and an unruly mob, such as that which burnt the Parliament Houses in Montreal. In the United States it is an old and judicious custom to place the centres of

Government out of the more populous towns, in comparatively *by-places*, where it can act with less fear of disturbance and better provide for the welfare of the country. The relation of Bytown to Montreal is in this point of view the same as that of Albany to New York.

Finally, Bytown has the advantage, at least over Montreal and Toronto, of being more secure from attack by an external enemy. Each is nearer to the frontier than Bytown, and cannot be made so secure in a military point of view; they are more exposed to *coups de main*. Bytown lies more in the interior—has an excellent natural site for an Acropolis and citadel, and its enabling military preparations to be carried on without approaching the frontier, was, as I said, the very occasion of its origin. The rivalry between the three large cities of Canada is also in favour of the claims of the future Ottawa city, and, it is said, it really has the best chance, so that the matter is very likely to end like the Presidential Elections in the United States, where the mutual jealousies of the powerful parties have the effect of keeping a Webster, Scott, or Clay out of the chair, and raising to it a Filmore and other inferior men.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FALLS OF THE OTTAWA.

THE most remarkable feature of Nature in the neighbourhood of Ottawa is the renowned cataract, called by the Jesuits, its discoverers, "*La Chaudière,*" or "Kettle Fall," and it is this which has fixed the town precisely on the spot which it occupies, and made some of its arrangements possible and others necessary.

There occurs here one of the most considerable joints or knots of the Ottawa river, a sudden deep depression, hollow, or cauldron, into which fall from lofty, rocky banks, three separate rivers; first, the Ottawa, in its far-stretched fall, the *Chaudière;* secondly, the *Rideau,* or Curtain, so named from its falling in a veil-like sheet or curtain from a rocky ledge; and thirdly, from the north, the *Gatineau,* which also has its cataracts and *Salto-mortale.*

The whole mass of the water of the Ottawa

throws itself over a rocky precipice along a line of half a mile in length, and the scenery is in many respects worthy a comparison with Niagara,—the height of the fall is indeed much less, but the volume of water is, at least at times, fully equal.

It has been calculated that at Niagara 500,000 tons shoot down the fall every minute, and this quantity remains pretty much the same all the year through, as the lakes by which it is fed undergo little change; but the Ottawa is very variable, having high water in the spring, and low in autumn; the average quantity however is, according to calculation, equal to that of Niagara—namely, 500,000 tons a minute.

The cataract lies immediately above, almost in the town, and a fine suspension bridge crosses the river from shore to shore, in full sight of the foaming fall, and affords a superb view of it. The rocky cliff forms here a many-curved line, with numerous projections and indentations, and a number of flat table-rocks that break the line. The water was so low when I reached it, that it could not be called one fall; there were a hundred streams falling in separate niches, and this circumstance gives an original character to the Chaudière. Many of its divisions form separate scenes, like a drama in five acts, and the fate of these separate streams is after-

wards very various. Some of them are turned off artificially, and used to drive saw-mills and other works; one falls into a quite separate rocky bottom, where it whirls round for a while and then disappears in the earth, and it has not yet been discovered where it goes to, or where it returns to the light of day.

As in the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara, there is here a place where the falling mass has worn away the rock more than elsewhere, where the cliff retires farthest back, and the greater part of the river throws itself over a single point; but this great scene is, alas, also the most inaccessible, as it often happens that the true kernel of a matter is hard to get at. This is the spot that really looks like a cauldron, and from which the whole receives its name. The clear brown floods come rushing in here from all sides, as if poured out of so many urns, into one and the same hole, and the dark transparent outpourings look like dark columns in a snow-storm. Out of the very centre of these rises a black table-rock, which alone would give a most picturesque effect to the scene, but that unluckily, as I have said, you cannot get near enough to obtain a proper point of view. Above, at the real beginning of the fall, were sticking in among the rocks some half-decayed timbers from a raft that made shipwreck here and could not be got out again.

If you leave the suspension bridge and proceed along the thickly-wooded banks of the river, you get from various points surprising views of the whole scene.

What an ancestor for a future great and wealthy family might some one of those old Canadian *Seigneurs* have become, if he had got possession in time of this picturesque and powerful fall. He might now have disposed of all manner of "water privileges," at what prices he pleased; but these old *Seigneurs* who halted near the *Petite Nation* dreamed not of a Bytown and Ottawa metropolis.

The ingenious arrangements for turning off and employing separate streams of water for the various machinery of the works, now springing up in such numbers round the falls, contributes not a little to enhance the interest of the locality.

Formerly the great masses of timber which came down the Ottawa were sent on in their rough state to Quebec, and there cut up into planks, and otherwise prepared for shipment to Europe. But since the rise of Bytown this work has been mostly performed on the spot, and the trunks of trees have been cut up directly into the required forms at sawing and planing mills, and so a considerable saving in transport is effected.

American immigrants from New England have

given the first impulse to these undertakings, and, indeed, you find them everywhere in Canada, where there is anything new going on. Like the wild swans or swallows of the spring, they precede the advancing tide of culture and colonization, and if you miss them at Montreal, Quebec, and other old towns, you are certain to find them at places which, like Bytown, have just sprung into life. These Yankees have lately discovered iron in this country, and have set to working the mines; and to them also belong the most important saw-mill and wood-working establishments.

It is a real pleasure to go over such a well-managed place, for the Americans in all their arrangements do not merely attend to order and convenience, but also to agreeableness and elegance. They have introduced ornament and luxury even into a saw-mill. Their machines are so beautifully made, that they are quite pretty to look at, and the cutting part of them, the chisels, the planes, the saws, glitter like the finest steel. At other parts the dark colour of the iron is relieved by a streak of red or blue paint. The apartments are all spacious and convenient, and air, light, and water are distributed everywhere in abundance.

The thing that surprised me most, however, was the dwelling-house which the American owners of

these mills have fitted up for their workmen. It is a most agreeable-looking boarding-house of quite elegant architecture, and the interior is equal in cleanliness to the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war. The workmen have their common breakfast and dining-rooms, as in the hotels of New York and Boston, and in their sleeping-rooms the most exact regulations were laid down for the linen and other things supplied to them. I must confess I delight in a country where wood-cutters and workmen at a saw-mill can command such an amount of comfort and decorum in their mode o life. Perhaps the Americans had in this case been desirous of showing the "Britishers" how such an establishment ought to be managed.

I found here at Bytown at last the original of an interesting picture I have seen somewhere, but I cannot now tell where, of the remarkable works and scenery of the sluices of the Rideau Canal. I have said that the Rideau river falls from a very high rocky plateau into the Ottawa, and a whole chain of locks one above another has therefore been found necessary in making the canal. They form together a sort of water stair-case, on which a vessel is raised up step by step, and which resemble together the renowned sluice-works of the Trolhatta Canal in Sweden. It is a scene de-

serving a better picture than the one I remember, and if a German landscape-painter should ever extend his excursions so far, he would find subjects that would rejoice both himself and the civilised world.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LUMBER-MEN.

DURING the day a respected inhabitant of By-town had been showing me about and entertaining me in the most hospitable manner, and in the evening he delivered me to a friend not less complaisant. I passed it with a gentleman, who as Crown Timber Agent has under his inspection not less than sixty thousand square miles of forest land, the whole wood and forest district of Ottawa. He had a large map of this district, with all its rivers and forests, hanging up in his office, and the Scotch and Irish lumber-men who desire to undertake a piece of forest come to him, and have pointed out to them the portion on the map, on this or that creek or lake, for which they desire to be licensed, and for which they then pay their entrance tax.

A considerable attack has been made on the forest, on the Ottawa, to the distance of about 150 miles above Bytown, but beyond this there are immense thickly wooded tracts that have scarcely been touched by the axe. There is work and the reward of work for at least four hundred years to come, without counting what might in the mean while spring up again in the districts cut down. This has been pretty closely calculated. Below Bytown, near the river, the primeval forest has been mostly cut down, and only here and there do you see some giant fragments of the old world rising up out of the newer bush. Even in those tracts, however, which may be regarded in some measure as used up, new discoveries are continually made, or old treasures made more accessible. Every new canal or road, every attempt to render navigable a stream not before ventured on, leads to treasures of timber which had been passed by, because they could not be moved. In the woods of Ottawa it is as in mines, where old forsaken veins of metal, or gangways, that have been allowed to stand still, are opened again and carried into the interior of the mountain.

The lumber-men go spying about in all the side valleys and tributary streams of the Ottawa, to find out untouched pieces of forest, or the way to them.

and since all the woods belong, of course, not to the finder, but to the whole Province of Canada, it is then necessary for them to procure a licence, which they obtain for a certain yearly ground-rent per acre. They then begin to fell timber wherever they like, and pay, when they bring it to market, a duty of a half-penny the cubic foot, to the Provincial Government. They must, however, bring a certain quantity to market out of every acre of forest, and if they do not bring this minimum their ground-rent is doubled, or their licence withdrawn. By this system all interests are thought to be secured; the ground-rent is a kind of fee or entrance-money for the consolidation of the contract; the half-penny per cubic foot regulates the tax according to the better or worse harvest obtained, and the last-mentioned regulation prevents a rich capitalist from taking great tracts, and if it so please him leaving them unemployed, thereby raising the price of wood and injuring the revenue of the Government.

When people here speak of "lumber-men," they do not mean merely the labourers in the woods, but also the capitalists and speculators, the owners of saw-mills, and other great traders in timber. For example, the Gilmores of Glasgow, who have two hundred ships of their own on the St Lawrence and Ottawa, and possess numerous wood-cutting estab-

lishments about Bytown, are a family of "lumber-men."

Capitalists like these employ, at their own cost, great numbers of workmen, whom they send up the rivers into the woods, keeping them there winter and summer. These woodmen are known by their old French name of "*Gens de Chantier*," and the small log-houses that they build for dwellings in the forest are called *chantiers*—a word that the English have adopted, but corrupted into *shanty*, and in the same way they make shanty-men out of *Gens de Chantier*. The word has emigrated to the United States, where every poor hut or provisional dwelling is called a "shanty;" as, for instance, a squatter's shanty—but they talk sometimes of axe-men instead of shanty-men.

When a portion of forest has been marked out for cutting, a party of ten or twenty shanty-men is sent up to it, and they find out a spot where water and other advantages are to be obtained, and there set up their *chantier*, or log-house. In the Hudson's Bay Counties it would be called a "Fort." It is without windows, and a good deal like an Esquimaux hut. In the midst blazes a fire that is never let out, and the smoke passes out through a hole in the roof. The sleeping-places of the men are all round, as in the cabin of a ship. Other little huts are

built for their stores, and the trunks of trees the men cut down piled up near them. In the winter these are dragged hither over the snow, and in the following spring sent down the water.

The axe-men are often of various nations, and since they have their log-houses far in the forests, hundreds of miles from civilization and the police, it occurred to me that the shanties might often be the scene of disorders and excesses; but I everywhere heard these woodmen praised for their order and sobriety. No robbery or crime, I was assured, is ever heard of among them, and in the midst of the axe-men of Labrador and Hudson's Bay, you would be safer than in the streets of New York. This, if true, is probably in some measure to be attributed to the good organization and distribution of the work, but also to the just and strict superintendence of the employers.

Every shanty has its Foreman, who assigns to each man his work, and also watches over his conduct. The French call him "*le Conducteur*," though sometimes also "le Foreman," and he makes his report at the end of the winter to the "*Boorshaw*." What kind of person a "Boorshaw" was, of whom I first heard from an English axe-man, I could not guess—but at length I made out that the word was an Anglification of *Bourgeois*, as the French *Gens de*

Chantier had been in the habit, from old times, of calling their employer or chief in the town.

" *Oui, oui, Monsieur, soyez sur le Foreman dans chaque chantier a son livre secret, dans lequel il note chaque manque de respect ou d'amitié, chaque effronterie ou combat, aussi chaque jour de maladie ou d' oisiveté. A la fin d' hiver il presente son livre au bourgeois, et le bourgeois est juste, mais sevère et sans pitié. Il ne paye que les jours où l' on travaille, et il degage de son service à l' instant les personnes desagréables.*

That these Foresters are, in general, so peaceful and " agréables " * is doubtless in a great measure attributable to the circumstance of their being, whether voluntarily or not, Temperance Men. Spirituous drinks never find their way to these remote shanties, and formerly the men drank only mock coffee made of toasted corn, but lately they have had real coffee and tea. Their principal food is salt meat and " *du loard* " (bacon). " *Oui, Monsieur, du loard c'est bon pour eux, ça leur donne beaucoup de force.* The only article of luxury or pleasure they are allowed is tobacco, though in the beginning of the spring, when the winter work is over and the snow not yet melted, they sometimes manage to get

* Agréables does not here mean pleasant, but peaceable. It is derived from *agrees*, to agree with.

a little sugar by tapping the maple trees and boiling down the juice.

"What do the men do on Sundays?" I asked. "Well, they mend their clothes and their tools, or lie upon their buffalo skins and smoke and talk."

"Have they no kind of religious instruction?" "No, none! unless perhaps the foreman reads to them a bit."

I wonder that no wandering preacher or Missionary has yet bethought himself of the case of these thousands of woodmen, hidden in hundreds of little settlements about the Ottawa forests, or endeavoured to bring them into the fold of the Church, and furnish them with some kind of spiritual food. They live as neglected in these respects as the herdsmen of the high Alps. But perhaps it is better so. It is better that the Catholic Irish and French, and the Protestant Scotch and English, should live thus as sheep without shepherds, but at peace with one another, than if the shepherds came and sowed discord among them.

The foremen of the shanties are usually Scotchmen, and indeed they are the leading men in all "lumbering" operations. They are not only the first men on the Exchanges of Quebec and Montreal, but the owners of most of the great timber

establishments of Bytown, and the chiefs and leaders in the woods, and this may perhaps, in some measure, explain the good order that reigns in those remote regions.

The Scotch are a sober, thoughtful, calculating people, and make excellent advocates and judges; and they understand, too, how to bring men together, to guide them, and control their passions. The admirable system of government in the Hudson's Bay Territory is, I believe, mainly of Scotch invention, and all machinery is set in motion by Scottish heads and Scottish arms. They may be said to rule the whole of North America, and that without soldiers or armed force of any kind, but with a few hundred clever agents—"Traders" and "Chief Traders," for these are the modest titles taken by highly-respected and influential men, who, in Russia, would be called governors, or generals. Not by bayonets and cannon, but by wise policy, and just and strict administration, has this Hudson's Bay Company attained its almost irresistible power, which extends too over many different races of Indians. It settles their disputes, forbids their wars, determines the prices of their goods, and conducts all their business. Its information is so extensive and complete, that throughout North America not a skin can be sold without the Hudson's Bay Company being aware

of the fact; and it maintains so jealously its privilege of exclusive dealing with the Indians, that no one can hope to interfere with it with impunity. Should, for instance, any speculator, thinking that the Company's territory is large, and its policemen and *gens d'armes* not very numerous, venture to enter their country without a passport, and try to trade on his own account with the Indians, it would go ill with him. If the Company should refuse him "fire and water," no Indian would venture to give him shelter or food, far less to trade with him. He would inevitably starve.

Here on the Upper Ottawa, indeed, the Company has no such exclusive privilege, although it does, *de facto*, rule and reign. On the second great secondary river, the Saguenay, the Company formerly farmed an extensive district from the Governor of Canada, and paid £1500 a year for the hunting, trading, and general utilizing of a tract as large as the kingdom of Saxony; but the lease has not lately been renewed, and the Company's exclusive privilege has ceased; and since then no fewer than 10,000 persons have emigrated and settled in the district.

It is probable that on the Ottawa, also, the Company will soon have to retire before the flood of immigration. "We look forward to the time," said

a Canadian to me, when our towns and villages will reach to the shores of Hudson's Bay. Between the St Lawrence and James's Bay there is a great deal of good arable land, and that will some day form part of the great Canadian Empire.

CHAPTER XXV.

VISIT TO THE INDIANS IN THE FOREST.

THE quails of Canada are remarkably fine-flavoured, and no less so a certain kind of aromatic wild plum, indigenous to the country. They are found in the woods, and in the autumn are boiled and preserved with sugar in Canadian households, and then they may be presented by a fair hand to a friend who is to be hospitably entertained. On my expressing on such an occasion a wish to know more of a plum-tree that deserves to be renowned through the world, I was told by my host, "There grow plenty of them in a bit of forest belonging to me, a few miles off the town, and just now there is a party of Indians camping there, with my permission. If it were not so late we would walk out there this evening, and then you could make acquaintance with the plum-tree and the Indians at the same time."

My worthy host did not know what it was to give such a hint to me—and he had to pay the penalty. I begged him not to mind the lateness of the hour, and we were soon setting out armed with sticks and lanterns, to make a call on the Indians in the forest in this dark autumn night. On leaving the town we crossed a few fields, meadows, and enclosures, and soon came to the wood. It was a piece of the primeval forest, which seen by the light of our lanterns had a strange and picturesque effect. My friend carried his light round the thick trunks of some elms and maples, to enable me to judge of their girth, and we then looked up the long shafts, and saw their mighty boughs rising up into the starry sky.

It is remarkable what peculiar forms these Canadian trees assume. Elms and beeches and poplars all shoot up without a branch to an immense height, and then spread out into a leafy roof or cupola like palm trees. Oaks are, in our country, thick and gnarled, but here there are tall slender oaks. I saw many which, like pine-trees, could have been taken at once from the forest to serve as the masts of ships.

The part of the woods through which we were walking formed a rich and beautiful foreground, covered in the most wonderful manner

with moss-grown stones, whole and half decayed trees, shrubs, weeds, and copses of the wild plum, and crossed by little brooks that we had to wade through. We were rather anxious to know whether we should find our Indians, for my friend had not seen them lately, and was not sure that they were not gone. But we soon perceived the glimmer of a distant light among the trees, and ascertained that this was from their watch-fire, which shone brighter and brighter as we advanced, and at last lit up a whole forest scene for us.

We advanced cautiously for fear of alarming the poor people, and found two women—an elder and a younger, mother and daughter, seated under a very airy kind of tent, which consisted, indeed, of nothing more than a large cloth spread over a few boughs of trees tied together. The elder woman was occupied in basket-making; the younger was stirring the fire, made of great branches and roots of trees, and both had their naked feet in the hot ashes, so that they seemed to me to be roasting. They remained quite undisturbed and busy at their work, and when we wished them good evening, answered our salutation very simply, without asking us any question about what we wanted or where we came from.

We expressed a hope that we had not frightened

them, and they said, No; they had heard us coming when we were a good way off. We sat down by the fire, and continued the conversation; but their answers were always shorter than our questions. We learned that they were Iroquois, from a village on the "Lake of the Two Mountains," that I had passed the day before. The men of the family, father and son-in-law, had gone further up the Ottawa to hunt, some months ago; the women had accompanied them as far as Bytown, and were waiting for them to return afterwards together to their village on the lake, and in the mean time were earning their living by basket-making. They worked in the evening and at night, and in the day-time the daughter carried their little manufactures to the town, and the mother took care of the tent, looked for berries, boiled maize, and got something for the daughter to eat on her return. The old woman spoke no word of English, but the daughter, who also understood a few words of French, made civil replies to our questions.

A hundred yards off there was another "camp," as it was called, though it consisted, like this, of only a single tent. To this, which was an Algonquin camp, we scrambled over the rocks and other natural barricades that had been left between the two. The occupants were precisely as in the tent

of the Iroquois, an old and a young woman, but from certain whimpering sounds that proceeded from under a sheep-skin, we perceived that the younger woman had two children. Here also the elder matron was deaf and dumb to European language, and only the younger could speak a little broken French. While we were talking, the former sat still without granting us so much as a look, though her fingers continued in busy motion over the large basket that she had in hand; and the elastic strips of wood were pushed hither and thither, and the superfluous ends fell under her knife almost with the rapidity of an American steam saw-mill. We inquired, the daughter being interpreter, whether she would not now allow herself a little rest, as it was now ten o'clock; but she replied very briefly: "The baskets bring in very little. They must be ready to-morrow. We work every night." When we asked how old she was, the daughter's French arithmetic quite broke down. She could count as much as ten, but was puzzled how to express any higher number, and therefore explained to her mother in Algonquin what we wanted to know.

As soon as she had understood the question, the old lady laid aside her basket, spread out her ten fingers, and then struck her two hands at regular in-

tervals seven times together; she then snatched her basket again, and went on plaiting as busily as before.

I could not get out of my head the picture of this grey-haired woman of seventy, sitting there on the bare damp ground in the comfortless forest, so hard at work; and I could not help thinking that the accusation of sloth, so commonly made against the poor Indians should be received "*cum grano salis.*"

Nearly eighty years ago, that is, about the year 1780, an Englishman, named Alexander Henry, travelled up the Ottawa, when as yet there was no thought of Bytown or of steam boats. His report, which was published in New York in 1809, contains a statement, which he had derived from his boatmen, that the Algonquin Indians of the lake of the Two Mountains claim the whole country on the Ottawa, as far as Lake Nipissing, as their property, and that it is regularly divided among them, a certain portion being assigned as hereditary in each family, and that they are very strict in the maintenance of these rights. "Any infringement of them is regarded as a gross insult, and the perpetrator worthy of death."

I should have liked to have translated this passage to the ancient Algonquin woman, and to have heard what she had to say on the subject. Very

likely she was herself a great heiress, and regarded the whole Bytowners together as invaders and "worthy of death." These scanty relics of those who were once the lords of the soil do, it must be owned, profit too little by its present prosperity. They make a most melancholy impression, sitting there in some out-of-the-way corner in the woods, and seeing at a distance the towers of the invaders' city; and the great river, once their own, and traversed only by the canoes of their bold sons, ruled by the giant Steam. Truly may it be said to them in the words of the Bible, "I will cast thee out of the land of thy fathers, and thou shalt be a stranger in thine own land."

I could not help noticing how even these feeble remnants of tribes, almost entirely dispersed, still preserve the names, the languages, and the peculiarities of their forefathers, and the ancient enmities of their race still live in these atoms of the tribe, as the heart of the sturgeon still moves in its old fashion, when the blood and the whole organism has perished. We noticed this when on our asking these women whether they were Mohawks, they answered with great eagerness and emphasis, "Oh no, sir, no! No! not Mohawks—Algonquins!"

My friend and companion, who had travelled over all parts of Canada, informed me on this oc-

casion, that the tribe of Mohawks is held in horror far and wide, even down to the present day. In a village of Mickmacks, in New Brunswick, he had noticed that they still frightened their children with the name; and that the inhabitants of a Mickmack village once actually took fright and ran ten miles, on the report that there were Mohawks coming.

The cruelties practised by the Mohawks on their neighbours must have been terrible indeed; or is the imagination of the Indians so impressible, their memory so tenacious, that after the lapse of a hundred years they are still frightened by the phantom of a race that scarcely exists any more?

I got pretty well laughed at in Canada, for having sought so anxiously, even at night with a lantern, the remains of the decayed Indian tribes? "What can you learn from these people?" it was said. "It is not worth your while. You will see nothing in them—they are the mere Canaille of the Indians. Go to the Far West, there you will find renowned races; proud fellows who look down with great contempt on their poor countrymen in Canada."

This was often said to me, and probably it was not altogether wrong; but it might be said in reply, that though the still wild and savage sons of the West had a peculiar interest of their own,

which these half-tamed and often mongrel Canadians have not, yet that these mongrels often afford subjects for inquiry that the full-bloods do not. In ethnography, as in all nature, mixed and mongrel races are often specially important to the observer. Many questions can only be solved among Indians who have come more or less into contact with civilization. Of what degree of culture are they capable? To what diseases, physical and moral, are they most liable? From which do they remain free, &c.? The comparisons and contrasts with Europeans are also more easily made, and more striking, and thus the results of psychological observation are often much more surprising.

That among the savages of the West, one race should pursue another with bloody revenge and inextinguishable hatred, no one will wonder; but that this hatred should be found still burning on in the peaceful and long since Christian villages of the East, and that when its object has long since descended into the grave, this is a much more remarkable phenomenon.

I shall, therefore, not allow myself to be dissuaded from seeking out the last of the Mohawks, Algonquins, Mickmacks, and Iroquois, wherever I can find them, nor from communicating, as well as I can, the results of my observations to my readers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BARRACKS HILL.

THE mass of the houses of Bytown is divided into two main groups, and between the two rises a broad-topped rock or hill, from the summit of which you command the whole position.

This rock, as well as the before-mentioned Rideau Canal, belongs to the Imperial Government of Canada, and has been taken possession of for military purposes. This hill, indeed, and many lands besides, are considered as appendages to the canal, and might help to defend it. The Provincial Government, and especially the Bytowners, would like to have this hill, which lies in the very middle of their city, and offers the finest sites for building; but though the Government might give up the Rideau Canal to the province, it will not the hills, rocks, &c., which are well adapted for military

positions, and might be of importance for the defence of the town itself. Hitherto, only some barracks have stood upon this hill, and thence its name; but they presented a very miserable aspect when I saw them, as they had been almost burnt to ruins. The panorama round the hill was remarkable. The long line of the cataracts is in full view, and right and left the far-stretching buildings of the rapidly-growing "Metropolitan city of the Ottawa," and the great sluice works and other important establishments; the whole set in a background of seemingly interminable forest.

The forest is the Jupiter, and the city the Minerva, that has sprung full-grown and ready-armed from his head. The broad silvery-shining Ottawa, however —losing itself in the far distance beyond the cataracts, attracted me more than anything else. How gladly would I have followed it with more than merely the eye. There is said to be much that is interesting in that region, and it is not difficult of attainment. First, after passing the Chaudière Falls at Bytown, you come to a whole series of smaller cataracts or rapids,—the first portage, which is traversed by a fine Macadamized road. At the end of this you come to another broad tranquil part of the river, like a lake, and go on board a steamer that carries you quickly about five and

thirty miles further. Then the water is again blocked up with rocks; but a little horse railroad has been made along the shore, and this brings you once more to smooth water. Near this place are the celebrated falls called the *Chats* (the Cats), but in good Canadian, the "*Choats*," and out of this the Britons have made "The Shaws;" after this you once more find yourself on a steamer—but this time a *very* small one—and then again in a carriage. You pass the long flat and fertile islands —"Calumet" and "Allumette," which will one day, like that of Montreal, be turned into gardens, but which now only serve to remind you of little travelling adventures of the Jesuits,—of the one, "Calumet," where they smoked a pipe; of the other, "Allumette," where a match suddenly gave them light and safety.

At length there opens before you the long rocky canal of which I have spoken. The Ottawa, here 350 miles from its mouth, is a broad and mighty stream, and remains such a long way further, but beyond this "Long Road" there are no vessels to be met with but the birch-bark canoes of the Indians, and no inhabitants but a few Agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, and on either side in the forest, and on the tributary rivers, the lumber-men, who make their way everywhere. But traders,

mechanics, and others soon follow them. In the valleys opening from the river small stores are to be seen, from which the neighbouring country can supply its wants—and there is no doubt that many of these stores, where the lumber-men now buy their tobacco, may be regarded as germs of future Ottawa cities that perhaps before the end of the century we shall find described in our Geography books.

That it will be so may be safely assumed from the position of Ottawa, and the fact that there is no shorter natural road from Montreal and Quebec to the upper part of Lake Huron, and to the entrance of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, than the river and valley of the Ottawa. In a short time important lines of railway will be laid down, along the Ottawa to the mouth of the tributary Mattawan, from there along the valley of this river, the shores of Lake Nipissing, and along the French river to Lake Huron. This combination of rivers and lakes is an ancient route, discovered and used by the Indians from time immemorial and communicated by them to the French Jesuits, who would not have discovered it for themselves; they would naturally have proceeded up the great channel of the Ottawa, for how could they have hit on the notion that they had to turn off to the left at the

mouth of the little Mattawan, in order to reach through it the great Lakes and the most important objects and races? How could they have known that the main stream of the upper Ottawa lost itself with its sources in the cold wilderness of the Hudson's Bay countries. I repeat that our European discoveries in America rest almost wholly on the ancient explorations and discoveries of the Indians, who had tried these routes and pointed them out to our people.

The upper Ottawa, above the mouth of the Mattawan, is even to this day very little known, since it opens the way to no important traffic. Up to the year 1846 not more than half of the river had been really surveyed, and according to this survey it has been laid down on the maps as far as Fort William.

The principal merit of the further examination of this interesting stream belongs to the celebrated Canadian State Geologist, Mr Logan of Montreal, who for years together, on steamers, in bark canoes, and on horseback, has travelled with his measuring chains and compass up and down many branches of the Ottawa, to learn and describe their character and position. This excellent, amiable, and learned man has also carried the survey 300 miles further to the great Lake Temiscaming, through which the

Ottawa flows, and at the same time determined the course of several subordinate branches of the whole labyrinth.

Concerning the remote sources, which he himself could not reach, he obtained information, and had maps sent in by Indians, half-breeds, and lumber-men, which they had drawn from their own knowledge and experience. There is therefore a great deal of valuable geographical material extant for a description of the Ottawa river. One part of this material has been already incorporated with the well-known Labouchet's Map of Canada; but in the house of Mr Logan himself, and of the distinguished Mr Russel of Bytown, I saw manuscript maps with very full details, which have not yet been published.

From these maps and from the kind explanations of their owners I found what I had not expected, that a great part of the Ottawa river is still unsurveyed and unknown, although we see it on many maps very precisely laid down in all its parts. Above Lake Temiscaming it is only known to the *Gens du Chantier*, and it is not yet decided which of its branches is to be considered as the true source or main Ottawa. The true Ottawa is said to come from Grand Lake, but Grand Lake is still a hundred miles from its source.

The sources of many of the tributaries of the Ottawa, which are by no means inconsiderable, are as much lost in obscurity as those of the Ottawa itself. The great Gatineau, for instance, has been explored for 300 miles, but the 60 miles further to its springs are unknown. The Kopowa river is now being surveyed for the first time.

The maps drawn by Indians, half-breeds, and hunters of the Hudson's Bay Company are, however, not altogether to be despised. Mr Logan had the goodness to show me a map of this kind of a portion of a river, which he had received before the survey, and when he afterwards compared it with the results he had obtained by a more scientific method, it appeared that the narrowing of the channel, its angles and windings, the form and position of its islands, its lake-like expansions, &c., were laid down with wonderful fidelity. There will however soon appear some most admirable maps of Canada, on a large scale, and in these will be revealed the geological features of the Ottawa first discovered by Mr Logan, and this will be an occasion for extending still further the fame and the knowledge of this country through the world at large.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOAR-FROST.

At midnight, on the evening when I proposed leaving Bytown, I had gone on board the steamer, and betaken myself quietly to bed in the hope of making, during the night, a considerable portion of my journey; and late the next morning when the breakfast bell raised its accustomed clamour through every corner of the vessel, I awoke, wondering not a little that I should have slept so well in the usually noisy steamer, and found that we were still quietly at anchor, and the same shore and the same Bytown lay before the windows as the night before. "What 's the matter," I asked of the Canadian steward, for, to the joy of the traveller, the servants on the Ottawa, as well as the St Lawrence, are French or Canadians, that is to say, cheerful, polite, and complaisant, in fact, perfect. "*Nous nous*

sommes arrêtés toute la nuit, Monsieur, il fait un temps boucaneux, ce que nous appellons la brâme. Voilà Bytown, voilà les Chandieres, et tout ce que vous avez quitté hier soir."

Although I did not know before what a "*temps boucaneux*," and "*ce que nous appellons la brâme*," signified, for the words are not to be found in the Dictionary of the French Academy, I soon found it out, for, as I went on deck to see what I could see, I saw nothing, or at least only a thick fog, which did not disperse before the sun till ten in the morning. I did not regret the delay, for when at last we got into motion, I was enabled to see many parts of the river that we had passed in the night when I came. I thought I could distinguish through the still-hovering mist, the renowned Rideau Fall.

"Is not that the Rideau cataract?" I asked of an Englishman whom I saw also looking out. "No, sir," he replied, "that are Mr Mackay's water privileges." Yes, quite right, then it is the beautiful Rideau Fall,—I heard that Mr Mackay used them for a saw-mill. He has put Pegasus instead of an ox into the plough, but you should not overlook this beautiful fall, sir, that delighted the Christian missionaries 200 years ago. I had long before noticed that the word "privilege," is here used in a sense peculiar to the country; that

it does not mean the privilege or permission obtained from the State, but rather the advantage that nature affords, and which may be turned to account for the acquisition of what we mean by a privilege. A Canadian Briton at the sight of a fine waterfall that might be easily applied to some useful purpose, would exclaim, "What a fine water privilege!" and in the same sense he would say, "Those privileges are become my property."

The hoar-frost or *bráme* which had settled on the trees, heightened their beauty and that of the shores in an enchanting manner. We were only in the middle of October, and the trees were still mostly covered with golden-yellow, bright-red, and dark-brown foliage with still a partial mixture of green, and the sparkling hoar-frost scattered over all these tints produced enchanting effects. The colour of the leaves gleamed through the delicate white powder, and assumed thus many new shades; sometimes it seemed as if silver dust had been sprinkled upon gold, and since the frost had settled not like snow, but gently and equally on every object, all the outlines were most perfectly defined. On the islands of the river the trees stood thickly covered with the glittering powder, and the white crystallized branches hung low down over the brown flood of the Ottawa, which reflected their image.

On the sides of the hills on the shore, all the rainbow dyes of the woods were veiled in delicate white. I thought I could never grow weary of such a lovely scene, but towards noon, when the sun had been playing for hours with these millions of crystals, his playthings began to be worn out and to disappear. He had also completely dispersed the lingering remnants of the fog that had hung for some time over the water, and from which, as our steamer passed, wild ducks and other fowl flew screaming away.

A hoar-frost of this kind had come, I was told, this year on the 1st of September, and there had been but two months quite free from frost. In general, our captain informed me, the navigation ceases about the middle of November, and the Ottawa mostly freezes over in the beginning of December, and, at least in the lake-like and tranquil portions, very smoothly and regularly, so that it mostly makes a beautiful sledge path. The transport of wood ceases then, of course, but from Bytown and from the lower part of the river come little caravans of sledges with provisions, tools, manufactured goods, &c., to supply the settlements of the lumber-men in the woods. For four or five months the river remains frozen hard and fast, and it is not free again till the beginning of April, never

sooner than the 5th, and sometimes not till May, and yet under this same degree of latitude the river Gironde in France is flowing!

It is thought in Canada that the extreme cold of the climate of this country is partly attributable to James's Bay, the most southerly portion of Hudson's Bay. Into this Bay, which is without an outlet, and which stood in ill repute with the first discoverers, great masses of ice are driven by the prevailing north and north-west winds, and are there caught like fish in a net, and drive about the greater part of the year without melting; so that James's Bay radiates cold on all the surrounding country.

The most useful forest tree of Canada, the sugar maple, is also the most beautiful, at least in autumn, and developes the richest golden hue on its leaves, which also it retains longer than the other trees. Its bright hues gleamed out everywhere around us, from amidst the brown and frequently withered leaves of its neighbours. As we were going to the place where we were to make a halt, two kinds of this remarkable tree were pointed out to me, the "hard" (which is the best) and the "soft maple," from both of which sugar is obtained, but the best from the first. It yields also the best wood for fuel, and the most beautiful for cabinet work, and has indeed so many uses, that Minerva must have selected

it expressly for Canada, as she did the olive for the Athenians. The sugar of the soft maple, or "plane-tree," as it is commonly but erroneously called in the country, is blacker, and does not crystallize so easily as the other. There is also a third tree in Canada from which sugar is obtained, namely, the *merisier*, or wild cherry-tree, apparently something like the "marasque" of Dalmatia, from which is made the celebrated *liqueur Maraschino*, but the sugar of the *merisier* is to be had only in small quantities, and is mostly used at the druggists' for medicinal purposes. The plane or soft maple has a white bark, with a fine silky skin-like covering, finer even than that of the birch bark. It grows on a marshy soil, and even in the water, while the hard maple prefers high and dry ground.

I had a whole council of maple connoisseurs around me, and they gave me a great deal of fresh information concerning the tree, though I had read all that had been written about it by Talbot, Hall, Buckingham, and other Canadian travellers. I am not going, however, to inflict it all on my readers.

The Canadian sugar is, it seems, obtained at the end of the winter, while the ground is still covered with snow, not like the West Indian sugar, for which the poor negroes have to be almost suffocated with heat. At the end of March, or the beginning

of April, the sun gives for a few hours of the day a burning heat; this sets the sap of the tree in motion, and makes it sweet. May it not be, perhaps, the extraordinary heat of this Canadian March sun which produces sugar from the same tree that with us yields only watery sap?

When the appointed season arrives, the poor peasant families betake themselves to the woods, with pots, and pans, and ladles, and there build themselves huts, and then set about their boring operations. Sometimes they merely make a cut with the axe in the tree, and it immediately begins to weep precious tears, which are caught in basins of birch bark, and afterwards boiled in a very simple manner to a thick syrup, and, on the operation being repeated, ultimately to a solid brown crystallized mass. Since women and children, young and old, share in the labours of this sweet harvest, and find suitable occupation in it, it gives rise often to very pretty animated scenes, which, in Quebec and Montreal, you frequently see represented in pictures and engravings. They reminded me of what I had seen among the Tartar families of the Crimea, who also camp out, at a certain time of the year, to obtain a kind of syrup from their apple-trees, and also of the children and daughters of the Letts in Courland, who run into the woods in March to tap the birch-

tree, and obtain its fermenting sap for household purposes. In the woods of the mountainous part of Lombardy, and the Tyrol too, they get turpentine in the same way, by tapping the pine-trees.

Fifty gallons of sap, or more, are often yielded in Canada from a single maple, and it is said without injuring the tree, which, on the contrary, grows all the better for the operation, and produces harder and better wood; but it is possible, nevertheless, to carry the matter to excess. The older and stronger the trees become, the more sap and sugar they yield. Quite young trees yield only watery sap, and it is therefore not usual to tap them till they are at least three quarters of a foot in diameter. For the discovery of this maple sugar, as for most others, the Europeans are indebted to the Indians, and in the collections of Indian antiquities may be seen the stone utensils which the ancient Indians used in obtaining it. I saw, for instance, a long stone hollowed out and pointed at the end, so that it could be stuck into the tree.

I had always imagined that this maple sugar making was an antiquated Canadian branch of industry, which was now of little importance, but this appears to be a mistake. On the contrary, the occupation is increasing in importance; it is carried on in a more regular and judicious manner,

and produces every year a greater result. Large quantities of this maple sugar find their way into commerce, and a great deal is exported to the United States, where it is mixed with the West-Indian sugar, and refined with it. In Canada the maple sugar is not refined—"*Ca ne se paye pas*," but it is seen in its brown state, in which it has a certain woody flavour, in every peasant's cottage. In the more opulent families, it is used as a kind of sweetmeat, or for preserving fruit.

Since I drove through the isthmus between Grenville and Carillon, not in the stage coach, but in a little carriage of my own, I had an opportunity for examining the trees of the forest more at my leisure, and also of driving down to the shore to see the Rapids. We met a large party of Canadian raftsmen, who were passing through the forest, up the river, to make new rafts to send down, with their foreman, a great, powerful-looking man, at their head. They were all French Canadians, without any admixture of "old country folk" ("old country" meaning England). They looked very healthy and lively, showed full, round, well-fed, cheerful faces, and passed quickly by, gossiping and whistling as they went.

These people are, it is said, passionately attached to their dangerous trade, as are also the lumber-

men of the forest, who prefer their occupation to every other in the world. Novices, perhaps, find it rather uncomfortable, but when they are once "naturalized to the axe" they will never again be anything but axe-men; and for this reason it is sometimes difficult in these regions to get workmen for other works, such as canals, roads, or railways. Even the Irish and Scotch, when they have been some time in the country, are very apt to make their way into the woods, join a band of lumber-men, and thenceforward earn their living by wielding the axe, possibly thinking, like Schiller's robbers—

> "Ein freies Leben führen wir,
> Ein Leben voller Wonne;
> Der Wald ist unser Nachtquartier, &c."

Between the rocks on this Rapid we saw the fragments of a raft sticking, and men busy in trying to get them out. They told us a whole "*Bond*" of twenty cribs had got wedged in here. A bond, it seems, is such a division of a raft as is sent at once down a cataract, and may consist of more or fewer "cribs." These cribs I now examined more closely. They consist of a long quadrangular frame, filled in with planks and masses of wood. The lumber-men put the frame together on the snow, launch it in the water as soon as the rivers

are open, and then fill it up; and the cribs are then fastened together with ropes made of wattle.

Our journey this time was rather a land than a water one, for we found several opportunities for a walk, and towards evening were again stuck fast in a fog, and passed the night near the old French *seigneurie* of Vaudreuil, on the Lake of the Two Mountains, and I took the opportunity of visiting a German farmer, Mr Xmeier, on the shore; for, as I have said, German settlers are rather scarce here.

I found him a worthy, pleasant, and very talkative old gentleman, who, as I soon observed, was a great favourite in his neighbourhood. Everybody seemed to know "Herr Xmeier," and to like to talk to him. He was, he informed me, the son of a German soldier, who had come with the English into the country, and, like many others, had received a grant of land; and he showed me his spacious, handsome house, and his numerous and flourishing family. His son-in-law, a tall, well-grown, and intelligent man, was also a German, but had come later into the country, and had but lately sent for his aged mother and his youngest brother from the Black Forest. They had only been a year in the country, and I was amused by noticing the differences between them and the Americanized members of the family. The young

German brother had large eyes, looked modest and a little sheepish, smiled very pleasantly when you spoke to him, but had altogether the air of what people here call a "Greenhorn." He already spoke a little English, however, and in ten years' time will be doubtless as serious and self-possessed as his elder brother.

The good old mother from the Black Forest, an emigrant at seventy years of age, spoke no word of English, but sat in the corner and knitted away industriously. She was the only one in the room who was doing any work. I asked her whether she did not miss the old Fatherland, and she sighed and said she did, but that things were very different here in this fine, large house of her son's, and down there in her old cottage. "Yes, mother," broke in the son, "and you haven't got the tax-gatherers everlastingly bothering you." "Ah, to be sure," said the old lady, in the true Black Forest dialect, "there was always one or another at the door, sometimes three of 'em ringing at a time. Ah, that is true, here one has a little peace from them."

"Here in Canada, sir," said the host, "we pay almost no taxes at all, less than in the United States. Our *Seigneur* gets for ninety acres, four shillings and sixpence and 2½ bushels of wheat. Besides that we pay a few shillings a year for the

schools, and that's all. That does not hurt us much!"

On the other side from the good old mother and her knitting, two young ladies, her grand-daughters, in silk dresses, and decorated with ribbons, sat or swung themselves in rocking-chairs, with their arms folded. Some young Americans, who had come with us from the steamer, were paying court to them, and I heard French and English words mixed together, "You always talk with a double *entendre*, Mister;" "*Monsieur vous êtes un* humbug, &c."

"Children, children, how can you talk so? Have you got nothing at all to do? There you sit dressed up like the angels, and never stir a finger to do anything from morning till night." This is, I am sure, what the old grandmother from Germany would have said, but she was quite bewildered, like a hen who had hatched a brood of ducklings, and who can do nothing but wonder at their ways. Very frequently she cast a timid glance at me, as much as to say, "What must you think of these dear, naughty, extravagant, American girls?" and I had by words and gestures to give her to understand that it was only the custom of the country, that farmers' daughters here were very different from what they were in our old country, that there were advantages

and disadvantages on both sides the question, &c. Taking the family group all together, however, the pretty ladylike, but certainly rather idle girls—the stout, healthy, but somewhat stupid young peasant —the industrious, saving, careful old mother, and the rather meagre but still active and erect father and grand-father, and then the absence of the everlasting tax-gatherer,—I certainly thought that, though my sympathies were with the old country, Canada had the best of it.

The rooms were very handsomely decorated with the antlers of stags, elks, and rein-deer, a decoration that with us is found only in the halls of nobles and princes, for woe to the poor peasant who should adorn his cottage in this way. The gun of the Canadian settler need make no distinctions between game and humbler animals.

"When I first came here with my father," said Mr Xmeier, "it was all forest land and full of game. We bought 160 acres very cheap, and cleared it in the course of years. Now it is clear all round, and the forest is far off. That's a difference, but look here, sir, that's a difference too," and he showed me a picture of Montreal as it was in 1803. The city really looked smaller and meaner than now one of its own suburbs, and Mr Xmeier showed me places now covered with handsome

houses and churches, which were then marshy spots where his father used to shoot snipes.

Late as it was we went out in the fields to look for an old stem of a wild vine of which I had been told. It was very rough, three or four inches thick, divided into two branches, one of which had grown into a pear-tree, and the other into a maple, and evidently very old, our host thought not less than a hundred years, and therefore, though it bore little fruit, he had always respected it. Wild grapes not only grow here in the woods, but you see them twining round all hedges and enclosures like blackberries in Germany. The vine is found in the forests all up the Ottawa, that is to say, on the banks of a river which is frozen five months in the year. It seems as if the vine remembered what the latitude of the country was, though air and water have forgotten it.

The first French discoverers of the country rejoiced especially over these vines, and in their delight called, as I have said, one of the great river islands the "Isle of Bacchus." On the old maps of the St Lawrence vines and vineyards are very prettily drawn along the shores. These wild grapes too had astonished and charmed the old Northmen 800 years before the arrival of the French, and induced them to name the American country after the pro-

duct that they least expected to find there, "Vineland." Those who may be still inclined to doubt of these discoveries of the old Northmen, should read in the Danish accounts the passage in which it is stated how the old German Tunker, the only German who accompanied the first Northmen to New England, came running, quite in raptures, out of a wood, with a great bunch of grapes in his hand, crying out to his companions on the shore, "Grapes! grapes! just what we have in my country." They will then see how entirely these reports agree with those of the French subsequently, who also brought, with joyful wonder, ripe grapes out of the woods of the St Lawrence.

In general, also, it is not to be denied that these cold Canadian woods abound much more in all kinds of fruit than ours do. The wild plums and cherries I have already mentioned, and besides these and gooseberries, which are very common, there are currants, strawberries, mulberries, and many others in real abundance, larger than with us, and nearly as well flavoured. "This old vine reminds me, gentlemen, that I have not offered you a glass of wine," said my old *half*-countryman, "come this way and take a glass of Rhine-wine, as good as we can offer you here in Canada. The Germans," he continued, "have a very good name in this

country, and are everywhere made welcome. Here's to all Germans who may find their way to our Ottawa-land, and may they be as well content with it as I am!"

I inquired how matters stood with the Temperance movement here.

"Well," he said, "they are rather desperate with it in some places, but, for my part, I am not a Temperance man; I think every man should be his own master in such things. I, indeed, am only a German Canadian, but I like now and then a good glass of our Rhine-wine."

It was late in the night when we at last took leave of our hospitable friend, and returned to the steamer, which towards morning again got into motion, and then carried us safely to La Chine, whence we soon reached Montreal.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CATARAGUI.

THE name of "the St Lawrence" was first applied by the French discoverer, Cartier, to a small bay or harbour near the mouth of the great river, which was known at first as the "Great River of New France," or of Canada, as "the Great Bay," at its mouth between Canada and Newfoundland, was known in the oldest time as "Golfo Quadrado," and then as "the Great Bay of New France."

By degrees the name of St Lawrence was extended, first over this bay, which we now call the Gulf of St Lawrence, and then to the great river of Canada. This happened in the time of Champlain, at the beginning of the 17th century. During the 16th, the St Lawrence was usually drawn on the maps only to Montreal, because it was only known with certainty so far. The name remained, there-

fore, peculiarly appropriated to this part of the river, which also forms up to this point an undivided water channel, such as ought to be known by a single name. At the island of Montreal, however, the volume of water breaks into many different branches, amongst which the first discoverers did not for a long while find their way, so as to make out that they were only parts of two great rivers, one flowing from the north-west, and the other from the south-west. The two rivers were about equal in volume, and it was, therefore, quite natural to suppose that neither of them was the actual St Lawrence, and consequently two names were given to them; the north-western being the great river of the Ottovais (the Ottawa), and the south-western, which flowed out of a lake (the Ontario), that of the Cataragui, from an Indian village or tribe of that name.

We find, therefore, during the 17th century the idea prevailing that the St Lawrence was formed by the junction of the Ottawa and Cataragui near Montreal. Subsequently it was found that this latter remained the whole year through of more nearly equal volume than the Ottawa, and that, in fact, it was the continuation of the great body of the St Lawrence, and the name was therefore gradually extended to this part also, and that of

Cataragui entirely forgotten, so that "St Lawrence" reigns as far as the Ontario. I may perhaps, nevertheless, be sometimes permitted to use the old name for the sake of brevity, to designate the part of the St Lawrence between Montreal and Lake Ontario.

It is one of the most interesting sections of the great river, renowned for its numerous rapids, its lovely landscapes, its "Thousand Islands," as well as for its canals and other remarkable works of art. As on my journey to Ottawa the steamer first carried me to La Salle's old harbour, the often-mentioned La Chine,* and however much La Salle was mistaken in the view that induced him to bestow this name on it, he was quite right in his choice of a locality, for now, as 200 years ago, every one going upwards from Montreal in any direction, ships himself at this point. The railroads from the south and west also run to this point, this old knot of roads, and the passengers cross the river in boats. We traversed Lake St Louis along its whole length in a pretty fast-running boat, and in the afternoon reached the cataracts, by which the Cataragui pours itself into the lake. Here is again a whole series of rushing whirlpools and rapids miles long, as in many parts of the Ottawa. On many rocky reefs almost the whole river is lashed into foam, and only

* Only goods are carried by the already-mentioned La Chine canal.

a very narrow channel left free for the passage of vessels. The old French colonists distinguished three principal reefs as the *Saut du trou*, the *Saut du buisson*, and the *Rapides des Cèdres*.

These rapids, as well as the before-mentioned division of the river, favoured the idea that the St Lawrence here came to an end. The river and its name was lost in this series of cascades, and when it had collected itself again it seemed as if new born. It was from the same idea that the Romans called the Danube, below the great cataracts of the Iron Gate, not Danube but Ister.

These various "*Sauts*," or leaps, for a long time interrupted the navigation, and allowed only of the passage of small rowing-boats. In going up the river it is still necessary to make a circuit through artificial canals. In coming down, steamers venture into the labyrinth of rock and foam, since they are able better than any other craft, to move sideways or backwards as well as forwards, but even they have been only able to effect the passage within these few years. Every year, however, removes some of the rocky obstructions, and enlarges some apertures, and we heard now as we passed down exploding and thundering sounds from the shores, which gave token that the engineers were engaged in the long battle that they have here carried on

against the obstinacy of Nature—a battle that they will certainly win. The passage up, by the canals, is said by travellers to be rather tedious. The steamer is locked in a dozen times, and when by the filling of its prison it is lifted to a free height, it is but to find itself, after a short run, once more in gaol. I found the operation however interesting in itself, and it seemed to be comparatively very quickly executed, especially when I considered what a great number of vessels we had met and passed. The abundance of water in the St Lawrence does indeed allow these canals to be constantly and abundantly fed, and as often as a vessel approaches, the whole series of locks are filled, without any fear of exhausting the water. The St Lawrence canals have too the advantage of never requiring to be cleaned, for the water of the river gets so purified in the lakes that it scarcely leaves any deposit.

When the distance between two sluice-gates was not too great, we passengers sometimes employed the time in taking a walk, and saw then often close to us portions of the old wild, broad, and wooded river on which Nature has not yet completed her thousand years' task.

I was told that on these canals vessels drawing ten feet of water can now be admitted, and that consequently even sea-going vessels of a tolerable

size can pass them. Equally deep canals are found further up to pass round the Falls of Niagara and St Marie, so that vessels whose size and cargo is not too considerable, may now pass from Chicago, and the most distant points of Lake Superior, to Montreal, Quebec, and the Atlantic Ocean. Vessels have for some time frequently arrived at Montreal that have made an inland-water voyage of 1400 miles, and ships have been built on the Ontario to go to Australia, and sent from these harbours to sail round the world. All this seems extraordinary when it is compared with what was possible a few years ago, but greater things are anticipated. Children in America grow fast, and scarcely has a garment been made before it is found too small, and must be replaced by a larger. The Erie canal was scarcely finished before people began to talk of enlarging it and doing away with its old narrow locks. The case is just the same here. The St Lawrence canals are to be made 14 feet deep and twice their present breadth, and it is hoped the work will be completed before long, and then the larger vessels can do what only small ones can at present, take in their cargo at Liverpool or other distant harbours, and carry it what we may call up to the doors of the Backwoodsmen and the Indians.

These rapids and cataracts, as they cause an in-

terruption in the trade, had the same effect in the colonization and political division of the country. With them terminated Old French Canada, the present province of Lower Canada. The last French villages and *seigneuries* lay on this side of the cataract and along our canal. The region is not uncultivated; on the contrary, we saw field after field stretching for miles. The old French population ceases soon on the northern shore of the river, but extends somewhat further on the southern. *Coteau du Lac* and *Longreuil* are the last French villages, and from this point begin the British Colonies and Upper Canada. The French had, indeed, many little forts and small settlements connected with them for some hundreds of miles further, and doubtless here and there cultivated lands, but the real connected and inhabited Canada of the French peasants ceases near Montreal and these rapids. Beyond this it was the Canada of the military and of the voyageurs.

Towards evening we got out into the Lake of St Francis, a broad expanse of water,—half river, half lake, such as I have described on the Ottawa,—and the night as it came on added many beauties to this imposing sheet of water that lay darkly stretched out before us, the outline of its shores being visible by light-houses and other lights. Sometimes a light

would hover like a Will-o'-the-Wisp out of the deep obscurity before us, hanging in the rigging of a ship whose hull had been invisible in the thick darkness. Then a few specks of vivid light would appear on the distant horizon—fires, I was told, in the woods thirty miles off. At midnight we were again obliged to slip into a canal, and found the locks all brilliantly illuminated, and as much bustle going on on the quays and on the water as in one of our Elbe harbours in the middle of the day. The opening of the canal was full of vessels, and some pushed their way with us into the lock; and a few steamers were just rushing out of it into the wide dark Lake of St Francis.

Though we were all lit up with yellow, blue, and red lamps, we very nearly came into collision, but we did escape somehow, and when we found that the safe but tedious canal navigation, and the moving up the watery steps, began again, most of us were glad to seek our sleeping cabins, or, as the Americans say, our "State Rooms"—why so called I know not. "We have just had a narrow escape," said I to the gentleman who occupied one of the two beds in my said "State Room," as I entered. "We had very nearly ran our heads against another steamer. It is a wonder we escaped."

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied, yawning; "that is no-

thing uncommon in this country. The vessels are always running each other down, or blowing each other up, but we get used to it."

"Well, I do not find it easy to get used to it," said I, as I crawled into my berth.

"Oh, you must not think anything of it," said my companion—a fine young American—looking down on me, for he had the advantage of position in the upper one. "Here in Canada they are careful enough, though horribly slow. I can't stand this country, they don't go a-head enough; but you come to the Mississippi, there you will see something; there you never feel yourself safe in your berth for a moment. The boats there are very flat and thin, and such Snags as there are on the Mississippi will sometimes pierce right through the bottoms of them and stab you in your bed. Then it happens sometimes that the steamer takes fire, in a hot summer when the wood-work is all as dry as tinder, or at the time of year when they are all stuffed as full as they can hold with cotton, that catches so easily, you know—and then they and all they contain burn down to the water's edge in a few minutes.

"Sometimes, at a sudden turn, the water will run out of one boiler into the other that happens to be empty, and then it bursts, and up you go in the air.

But the best of all is the racing,—that's the way most of the vessels in the Mississippi come to grief."

"Good heavens! you are drawing a terrible picture," said I. "I will never make a voyage on the Mississippi as long as I live."

"Oh, when you are once there you forget all about it, except your imagination works itself up into a fever; and then you sleep first-rate on board one of those Mississippi steamers."

However that may be, we certainly did on this St Lawrence Canal, and when I chanced to inquire the next morning for the name of the steamer, I was told she was called the "Phœnix," and a picture of that remarkable fowl, rising from the midst of flames, hung near the entrance to the ladies' cabin. It seemed as if the ship-architect and painter had intended to console the passengers with the assurance that in case they should find themselves making a similar ascent, another steamer quite as handsome would be built again directly, and that they might transform themselves in the Phœnix style in the other world.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HISTORY OF A PIECE OF LAND.

THE next morning we were steaming along between Canada and the United States, for we had crossed during the night the boundary line of the British dominions, which runs along the 45th parallel of latitude. This degree separates the States of New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire on the one side, from Lower Canada on the other; and, to make the frontier plainly visible, portions of forest are cut down here and there to mark the line, and a fellow-passenger pointed out other portions of it in the night by certain lights and villages that we were passing.

This whole district, from Lake Ontario along the St Lawrence to the 45th parallel, was once in the preceding century sold to a single individual, and formed a connected domain of three millions of

acres, or about 5000 English square miles. It may perhaps be interesting if I give a few details concerning this domain, as it may throw a light on the mode of distribution and disposal of land in America. They were communicated to me by a descendant of the first owner.

At about the time of the American Revolution, I do not know the precise year, a certain Mr Macomb made, with a few companions, a sporting and canoe voyage on the St Lawrence, or rather the Cataragui, and became acquainted with the great district that we were now passing, the northern part, namely, of the State of New York. It did not stand in very good repute, for it had formed part of the land of the six nations, or Iroquois, and had never been completely subjected either by French or English, but remained as a kind of neutral territory and battle-field between the two.

On the maps of the time the district is left entirely white, and it had no inhabitants but a few scattered Indians, the poor remains of the old valiant race of the Iroquois. The river Hudson and its unknown sources are pointed very variously upon it, and indeed there are in the eastern portion tracts that are not even yet thoroughly known, although it is considered with its lakes and mountains as a kind of New York Switzerland.

This sporting Mr Macomb, however, saw in it something more. He saw fine forests, useful trees, fertile fields, and fine sites for future villages and towns, and he entered into partnership with another man, and between them they raised a capital of about 200,000 dollars, with which they set about their speculation.

The financial condition of New York, as well as of all the States of the Union, was in those first years of the Revolution deplorable; the sum raised by Mr Macomb and his associate was, therefore, extremely welcome, and the Government had little objection to give in return some of their useless land, not less than, as I have said, three millions of acres, at the rate of eight and a half cents per acre—a square mile for about 50 dollars. (I have seen the original of this remarkable contract.)

The 3,000,000 of acres were then for the first time measured, and a grant made of them to Mr Macomb, or rather three separate grants of a million each. They are written upon parchment, with a great waxen seal of the State of New York appended to each. It shows on one side the sun rising among mountains; and on the other side a rock beaten by the surf, with the motto, *Frustra*. This first armorial bearing of the State has long since been replaced by another. With the territory thus ac-

quired between Lake Ontario and Montreal, the purchasers now began land speculation on a scale that is not common even in the United States. Of course they had their district described and made known in all possible ways. They travelled to Europe to find associates and colonists; in Holland, in England, in France, they formed small companies, to which they sold portions of their land—one Dutch company, for instance, took half a million of acres; a French, I believe, a few hundred thousand, and smaller parcels were sold to private individuals.

In the mean time the original mover of the project somehow got into difficulties, and retired from the concern, leaving his partner, the ancestor of a highly-respected family in New York, as sole proprietor of the land still unsold, namely, one million of acres. He now devoted himself to getting this tract settled and cultivated, and as many of the farmers he placed on it gradually became proprietors, his million of acres had, in the course of years, much diminished; but 200,000 is still left in possession of his descendants—that is, an estate about as large as the Grand Duchy of Weimar. The present proprietor thus explained in my hearing the principles on which he has proceeded in its administration: "I let the people have my land," he said, "on very advantageous conditions, and I do not

care whether they have capital or not. I desire to get healthy, vigorous men, willing to work, and of unblemished character; and these are the circumstances according to which my agents are instructed to grant or refuse applications. I leave the settler time to make himself a home in the portion of wilderness allotted to him, and to make a little profit, with which he may pay off the purchase-money. How and when he will do this depends entirely on himself, and I require no rent for the land, and no interest on the money owing me. The labour they bestow on the land is a rent they pay me; for of course until the purchase-money is paid it remains my property, and is daily becoming more valuable. This labour is in some measure controlled by my agents, and if the tenant will neither pay nor work on it, we require him to clear a piece of forest, or build a few small bridges or a barn.

"Sometimes the settler goes off, after having lived on the land ten years, without paying me a penny, but since he has left me meadows for marshes, and fields, stables, and cottages for wild forest, I find my account in the transaction, and can now sell the land for a higher price."

I saw a curious collection of maps of these extensive estates. Every township, every section was

represented upon them in detail, and every single settler, and the extent of his property laid down. I noticed in running over the book that some of the properties were very small and close together: others, on the contrary, very extensive and widely scattered, and the difference was explained to me by the difference of nationality.

The small thickly-set farms belong to German peasants; the large and far-stretching ones to Yankees. The German enters timidly on this unknown country; he has no notion of helping himself so expeditiously as the Yankee does, and he always dreams of making a new home—a little Germany—wherever he is, and of being surrounded by neighbours and countrymen, and he looks out some small portion of twenty or thirty acres, that he can easily manage, and honestly pay for, and have friends and neighbours snugly settled near him.

The Yankee, on the contrary, can make himself at home anywhere; he is accustomed to do things on a large scale, and to feel himself, when at large in the fields and woods, as a true lord of creation. He has no fear of marshes or forests, but keeps to his "go-a-head" principles, and feels sure of getting on. He has no hesitation in taking a square mile of land if he can get it, or even twice as much;

then he builds for his wife and children a log-house as comfortable as he can possibly make it; and when he once has this warm nest ready, sets to work vigorously to clear his land. He does not concern himself about neighbours, he is self-reliant, and not particularly sociable, and can remain contentedly for years alone in the forest without ever coming out of it, except on business.

Very often he detests neighbours, and if they come too near him, moves off further to the West to get out of their way.

"Hills are the best neighbours," is a Yankee proverb, and even in the thinly-peopled regions of Missouri, Arkansas, &c., it is not uncommon to find farmers of even seventy years of age suddenly packing up their goods and moving away westward, for no other reason than that the country is getting too populous and "noisy" for them.

The German settlers, this gentleman said, were the most welcome to him; they were industrious and persevering, and did not wish merely to work up the land, but to make a home of it. "They are saving too, and like to lay by a little money in hard cash; they abhor debts, and it is easy to see that every dollar they pay is a weight off their minds.

"As for the Yankee, he can bear a considerable amount of debt without being at all uncomfortable;

he speculates on credit, lays out every farthing he gets on improvement, and at last very likely becomes a rich man, and pays off all at once the claim that the German has been discharging slowly, bit by bit."

CHAPTER XXX.

IMMIGRANTS.

I WISH I had been acquainted with the gentleman above alluded to at the time I was making the passage up the Cataragui, for our steamer was swarming with German emigrants, all streaming towards the West, and they might perhaps have obtained what they sought without so long a journey.

The St Lawrence steamers, I was told, had been equally crowded all the summer, and every year the number of immigrants is increasing. With respect to Canada, however, they are merely birds of passage, for nearly all of them are bound for the rich prairies on Lake Michigan and the upper Mississippi.

The increase of the means of transport, the railroads, the steamers, &c., on the St Lawrence line, is probably the cause of this increase of passengers,

and great efforts are being made in Montreal and Quebec to strengthen still further the Canadian means of transport. Four large new steamers have been this year placed on the Quebec and England line, and the passage is cheaper than that by New York or Liverpool. It is now possible to reach Chicago, the great central port of the West, without ever leaving the ship, and this lake and river passage offers several advantages over the long railroad journeys by Philadelphia or New York.

The belief that the immigration by the St Lawrence will now increase in an unheard-of manner is pretty general in Canada, and also that it will not have merely the transit trade, but retain some of the labour in the country.

I made it my business, of course, to observe and converse with the immigrants—for how much to occupy the understanding and interest the heart is offered by the sight of 300 people leaving Europe for America! The great majority of them too, namely, 193, were Germans, and there were 32 Swedes, 30 Dutchmen, and the rest Britons. They all looked deplorable enough, poor things! and seemed to have suffered much from the hardships of the voyage; they were very poorly clad too, and a few rather tastefully costumed Indian women, whom we had on board, were gazed at so respectfully by our Ger-

man peasant lads, that if they had had to speak to them, I am convinced they would have addressed them as "Madame" or "Mademoiselle."

By the appearance of the yellow flaxen heads of the Scandinavians, it would seem that combs and brushes were scarce among them, and the babies that lay on their mothers' laps would, I hoped, some day consume more soap than had hitherto been expended on them. Germans, Swedes, and Dutch were all alike in this respect, but they looked, nevertheless, judging from their marked and characteristic physiognomies, as if something might be made of them.

The Swedes are quite a new element in the immigration, although formerly their Gustavus Adolphus did send a few of them over to the New World. Many of these our Scandinavian companions had not yet used up all the coarse bread they had brought with them from Sweden, and I saw more than one Norna-like matron take out for breakfast and dinner a large paper containing a collection of pieces of this hard bread, and distribute them sparingly to her children; and I noticed too that every little crumb that was left was carefully packed up again. I hope they have now long since been eating good American wheaten bread.

One family, in particular, I would gladly know had

thus fared. I discovered them one day, just after the luxurious breakfast that the first cabin passengers obtain on the American steamers; and then heard a second breakfast-bell ring, and a proclamation made in a loud voice that "Such of the 'tween-deck passengers as wish to breakfast, are requested to go into the cabin." This was said several times, and I was curious to see what effect this friendly invitation would have on the poor wanderers. None of them stirred, to my astonishment, at the moment, for I had forgotten that the repast would have to be paid for, and pretty highly. My Swedes remained soaking their hard crusts in a little tea, and the Dutchmen munching their bread and cheese. In the midst of the crowd, and seated upon chests and bales of goods, I saw a family group, whom I recognised at once as my country-people from the Black Forest. It was a mother and five children, who had nothing but bread and tea, without sugar, milk, or butter. I was so fortunate as to be able to procure them some of these articles, though not all, and then we got into comfortable conversation. I inquired after the place of their destination. "Mother, what's the place we're going to?" said a half-grown girl. "Ah, I don't know; father will know the name of it!" "Here, father, what's the name of the place we're going to?" and at these words

came forward an elderly, serious-looking man in a long woollen coat or blouse, whom I had before noticed on the deck. The question appeared however to puzzle him a little. "What 's the name of it? Well, I know there 's a canal being made there down in the West, and the agent said I could work at that and get a little money, and then we could go further. But wait a bit, sir, I have it written down on a piece of paper, on the letter the agent gave me. See here, sir, it 's Hamilton, that 's the name of it." And hereupon he handed me a little piece of paper torn out of a pocket-book, on which was written in pencil a short recommendation of the family to an inhabitant of Hamilton. They appeared to think a great deal of this pencil-recommendation; their reliance on this scrap of paper was taking them to Hamilton.

"You see, sir," he continued, "we meant to go to Westconsin (Wisconsin), and so first to Chicago, where so many of our country-people go, but the voyage cost a great deal more than we expected. Instead of their giving us our food, and plenty of it, as they promised, we had to pay for it dearly enough, and hardly got as much as would keep body and soul together. I had to pay a shilling almost every day to the ship's cook to let my wife cook something warm for us, out of our

own stores, and so it happens that I have now only got five dollars left, and the journey for us to Chicago would cost three times as much," and he showed me his five-dollar note, which, as his only treasure, he had got carefully concealed. "Do you think we shall be able to manage with that till I can earn something? You see, sir, the fact is, that I am a village doctor from the Black Forest, and I have been practising there for thirty years, but, at last, it would not do any longer; my family grew larger and my practice less, and my hair, as you see, has turned grey before my time. The people in the Black Forest are all very badly off lately, and in our village we were fairly starving. Those who have not seen it would hardly believe what I could tell them of what I have seen there."

The poor man then pulled out a bunch of papers to confirm the truth of what he had been telling me. There were his student papers, thirty years old,—the various testimonies to his having gone through a course of medical study,—the permission to emigrate from the authorities of the village, and the declaration that neither debts nor any other duties stood in the way of his intention,—good wishes that a better fate might await him in the New World, and finally his passport, and description of his person from head to foot. This pass-

port was wrapped up with especial care, although when he had once got shipped at Rotterdam the document was not very valuable, but we Germans are brought up from our infancy with such respect for passports, that we often go dragging about the precious articles for a long time even through the wilds of America. The account these poor people gave of their voyage was terrible. They had been nine weeks out from Liverpool to Quebec, and cold and storms had brought them to the verge of destruction, and the ill-treatment they had suffered from men was worse than that inflicted by the elements. The captain and the crew had been extremely harsh, unjust, and even cruel. According to the agreement every passenger was to receive good food, but they had lain fourteen days in the harbour of Liverpool, waiting for the weather, and during all this time the captain had said they must feed themselves. He had only engaged to feed them on the high seas. For the first few days after they got to sea they used to get just enough to satisfy their hunger, but after that there were always quarrels with the Irish about the food, and the British sailors naturally took part with their countrymen, and the Germans got the worst of it. Very often there was nothing left for them, and "the Swedes and the Dutchmen were not any

better off than the Germans" (I think my patriotism felt a little consolation in this). Some of these poor creatures had brought a little cheese, or bread, or sausages with them, others who had not, had to pay away their last farthing, and some, who had neither food nor money, *died and were thrown overboard.*

"Yes, sir, they died. We lost on the way twenty-seven passengers, women, children, and infirm old people who could not bear the hardships, and yet we had no cholera nor epidemic whatever on board."

"*Ja well myn Heer,*" broke in a Dutchman, "seven and twenty of us died of hunger and thirst."

"Could you not complain to the captain?" said I.

"Ah, the captain, he was just the worst of all! He had no mercy on us at all, and he used to threaten to throw us overboard at once if we teased him with our complaints. He and his men treated us like slaves. The sailors used to come into our sleeping-places with ropes' ends and drive us up to work at the pumps, or some other task. Sometimes they would pour cold water over the people, as they said, to set them on their legs; and one man, who really was very weak and ill, but whom they thought well, they downright murdered. They dragged him to the deck, though he sighed and

groaned, and kept pouring water upon him, to make him fit for work, they said. One night we saw him lying exhausted on the deck, and the next morning he was gone; we suppose they threw him overboard. It 's a wonder we didn't all die."

"Did not you complain of the captain when you got to America?"

"Yes, and the Sanitary officers when they came on board, and found how many people had died, saw there was something wrong, and called the captain to account. He is in prison for it now in Quebec, and they say it will go ill with him."

"Perhaps it will by and by in hell," whispered a bystander to me, "but not in Quebec, I fancy; most likely the man is not in prison at all, they only tell the people these things to keep them quiet."

When I thought of what these people had suffered before they left the Black Forest, and of the purgatory this Liverpool captain had carried them through, I was grieved to know that a third time of trial awaited them in their Backwoods' life, their canal and road making, but if they could only get through this, I had little fear for their future.

I spoke with a great number of these German emigrants, and heard the story of their adventures, plans, and hopes. Many of the mechanics seemed

to intend continuing their custom of wandering from place to place, even after they had landed in America. One of them, a potter, had already been in New Orleans, whence he was driven by heat and yellow fever, and also in Philadelphia, New York, and Albany, where he found the cold intolerable, and was now going to seek his fortune in Chicago. None of them interested me or occupied my thoughts so much as the poor old village doctor, and his numerous family, with his slender purse, and his scrap of a pencilled recommendation. But, unluckily, Germany was not well enough represented in the cabin to enable me to do much to help him, and Heaven knows what became of the poor creatures after all!

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The middle of that portion of the St Lawrence which, as I have said, was formerly called Cataragui, has become, I scarcely know why, the chief centre of traffic for this part of the country. The two most important towns of the district here lie opposite one another. Prescott on the Canadian side, and Ogdensburg on the American. Railroads from the interior terminate at both places, and there is therefore a great deal of life and bustle on the water. The St Lawrence is rather narrow at this point, and nowhere can a comparison be made more conveniently between a Canadian and an American town. Prescott exhibits much darker hues than Ogdensburg, where all looks brighter and pleasanter; the houses of the former are built in solid style of grey stone, the same building material

that has served for Montreal. The Americans have a passion for white and green houses, and plant willows and other elegant trees between them, and the contrast might be continued to many other particulars were it worth while. You have before you at once a piece of the "old country," and one of the quite new.

Ogdensburg is the capital of the tract of land that I described a chapter or two back; some miles beyond it lies another pretty river port, Brockville, and then again some miles further begins the celebrated "Lake of a Thousand Islands;" but to have a clear idea of the origin and configuration of this lake, you must begin at Lake Ontario.

Lake Ontario forms on its western side a regularly-drawn oval, with smoothly-cut shores, and no considerable islands or appendages. On its north-eastern side, however, where its waters have broken through the obstacles that opposed their progress, its hitherto broad smooth expanse is broken up among numerous islands and peninsulas.

First comes the large peninsula of Prince Edward, then Duck Island, and several others, as well as long gulfs, bays, and inlets, breaking the land right and left. Then near Kingston you have the great Wolf Island, Amherst Island, and others; rugged masses of land that the water could not

overcome, or possibly which rose above the surface when the Ontario subsided into its present bed. At length, beyond Wolf Island the lake contracts to a breadth of six or seven miles, and here begins the "Lake of the Thousand Islands." These islands are, as the name indicates, extraordinarily numerous, and the water is split up into a corresponding number of channels; but at length the river developes itself again out of the labyrinth. For a distance of thirty miles, reckoning from Kingston, the waters contract more and more, hollow out a deeper and deeper channel, and wear away more and more of the islands, which gradually become less numerous, and cease entirely some miles above Brockville. The current now becomes stronger, the two shores appear, the lake disappears, and the river takes its place; but this is for any one coming down the river, we were pursuing an opposite course.

The name of the locality, "Thousand Islands," was probably bestowed by the Jesuits, or the celebrated Canadian traveller Champlain, who was the first discoverer of Lake Ontario. The number of the islands is of course only guessed at; some make them 1500, and some as many as 3000, as they perhaps may, if they bestow the name of island on every separate bit of rock that sticks out of the

water,—or every reef or sand-bank that lies just under it.

Half of these islands lie along the American shore, the rest nearer to Canada, and the frontier line has been drawn between the two, and the channel for the steamers keeps pretty closely to this line. The whole scene is renowned as interesting and picturesque both in the United States and in Canada, and parties of pleasure, pic-nics, and sporting excursions are made to it both from Kingston and Brockville. People hire one of the elegant yachts or boats built at Kingston, and sail about with their friends from island to island, dine, camp under the trees, shoot the water-fowl, fish, and amuse themselves in many ways. Many remain for days together, for the tours among these almost countless islands have something of the charm of voyages of discovery. One of the party, perhaps, declares he knows of an island that has never yet been visited; another tells of a deep, wooded bay, in whose clear, calm waters no one has yet tried to anchor.

We reached the first of the islands, a little above Brockville, and soon found ourselves surrounded by them; sometimes lying in a long string like a row of beads; sometimes flung pell-mell together in a heap. Some are large and covered with

thick woods; all have trees, and there are some so small that they have only just room for one tree or a bush. There is an infinite variety in the grouping of the trees too, some being gathered into social parties, some living as solitary hermits, so that perpetually new combinations are formed in the scenery. Some of the islands are just barely hidden under a thin covering of moss and other vegetation, and sometimes the crystal water is flowing over a mass of naked rock that it barely covers.

The foundation of all these islands I believe to be granite, and in general they are not high, though picturesque pedestals are afforded for the trees by banks of twenty feet deep. The larger have hills and valleys, and arable land enough to be worth cultivating, though hitherto little has been obtained from them besides game, fish, and wood. Villages there are none, and only a few scattered dwellings or shanties for sportsmen, wood-cutters, and lumber-men, with a few mechanical contrivances, such as are seen on the Ottawa, for the collecting and transport of the felled trees. The islands all have owners, but, as everywhere in America where land, wood, and water remain unused, they have been to some extent invaded by squatters, whose huts we saw here and there on the shores, and the owners seldom offer any objection, as they consider

that these people help to reclaim the land and make some steps towards its cultivation.

The best time to visit the islands is in spring and in the early summer, for then the trees and shrubs are fragrant from every cliff; the woods are full of birds and various animals; and sometimes when the air is very hot, the water is so deliciously cool and fresh that it is a delight to plunge into it. But in the cold autumn day when I visited the lake the water is less attractive; Goethe's fisherman could only have been enchanted by the Nixie on a warm summer's evening.

The autumn is, however, the loveliest time for one of the greatest attractions of the islands, and the green, red, yellow, brown, and golden leafage was beautifully mirrored in the clear water beneath. Some of the islands, when the sunbeams fell on them, seemed quite to flame, and, in fact, this does sometimes happen in more than a metaphorical sense, and the burning woods produce, it is said, a most magnificent spectacle. If you chance to be passing in a steamer, you may enjoy the sight nearer and more conveniently than a similar scene elsewhere, as the intervening water renders it safe. The boats there run very close in shore, and the passengers can look deeply into the recesses of the blazing woods and yet remain in

security. I was told this by a gentleman who had enjoyed the sight; and another, who noticed the interest I took in these Thousand Islands, mentioned some further particulars. In his youth, he said, they were still inhabited by Indians, remnants of the Iroquois or Six Nations, to whom the whole north of the State of New York belonged. These islanders were called *Massassoga*, a name that still occurs in various localities on the St Lawrence; their chief resided on one of the principal islands, and the rest of the tribe was scattered about on the others, in birch-huts or tents. Their canoes were of the same material, and with these they used to glide softly over the water, and, in the numerous little bays or arms of the river, surprise the fish, which, having never been disturbed by noisy steamers, filled the waters in countless abundance. The birds and other game were equally plentiful in the woods; but now, when greedy squatters and sportsmen with guns have exhausted the district, the islands are comparatively devoid of animal life.

It was the practice among the Massassoga, at certain times of the year, to leave the islands to their young people, and make great hunting expeditions, northward into the interior of Canada, and southward to New York. My informant had visited them once when he was a young man, and

being hospitably received, had afterwards repeated his visits, made acquaintance and friends among them, lived with them for weeks, and shared the joys and sorrows of the life of the hunter. Once when he had been on a journey to Niagara and the West, and had been a long time absent, he could not desist when he passed the Thousand Islands on his return to his native town, Brockville, from making a call by the way on his Massassoga friends. They recognized him immediately, gave him the warmest reception, and carried him on their shoulders to their chief, who made a great feast in his honour, and canoes full of Indians came gliding in crowds from the islands to see and welcome him. He had to pass the night among them; the squaws prepared his couch, and two of them insisted in serving him as a guard of honour at his tent door, where they camped out and kept up the fire. "I was almost moved to tears myself, sir, on seeing my half-savage friends again. Believe me, it is a race very susceptible to kindness, though, at the same time, certainly very revengeful for injuries. They never forget their friends, but are terrible and even treacherous against their enemies. We have very erroneous notions of the Indians. We call them poor and miserable, but they appear quite otherwise to themselves. They are proud of their

prowess and animal daring, and of the performances of their forefathers. In fact, they think themselves the first race in creation."

"Are there now any remains of these proud people on the islands?"

"No. They have been scattered like chaff; their fisheries and their hunting became continually less productive; the villages and towns of the whites grew up around them; they began to feel the pressure of want; their race died away like the fish in their waters, and at last the few who remained accepted a proposal of the government, that they should exchange these islands for a more remote habitation,—I do not myself know exactly where."

The only living being that appeared very common here now was the bird the English call the "loon." It is a water-fowl as large as a goose, with a very thick head and long beak; its colour black with white spots on the wings. This large bird was swimming about everywhere among the islands, and it was curious to see how exactly similar was the impulse of instinct in the numerous specimens that we met in the course of thirty miles. As long as our boat remained pretty far off, they swam quietly about on the glassy water, attending only to their own affairs, and busy in catching insects or fish; but as soon as we came within three

hundred yards they shot up into the air, with their long necks stretched out, and rolling about their still longer heads, so as to look at us timidly, now with the right, and now with the left eye.

In the second stage of their fear, this anxious movement was communicated to their whole body, and they steered alternately right and left, and at last flew straight on before of us; but when they noticed that our winged steam monster was soon again within a hundred yards or so, they seemed fairly to give it up,—rolled their heads about a little more, and then threw a somersault, and went down heels over head into the water and disappeared. All these motions were repeated by every individual as exactly as if they had been previously agreed upon.

These "loons," the "wintergreens," and the numerous watch-towers among the islands, were the only objects that specially attracted my attention. This wintergreen, or *pyrola*, is a low plant or bush, that does not at all, at least in the autumn, correspond with its name—for it looked blood red, and covered the ground under the trees with a red carpet. Sometimes it ran as a border round the islands, and then the groups of trees seemed to be enclosed in a wreath of red flowers, as I have seen them in an English park. The light houses, too,

tended to convey the impression that we were not upon the mighty St Lawrence, but on the artificial waters of some pleasure-ground,—for they were elegant white buildings, like pavilions or kiosks,—sometimes half hidden in a grove, sometimes rising from a little island promontory. They are numerous, and of course very necessary, as the winding watery channel is continually changing its direction in this labyrinth of islands.

By degrees—after you have breakfasted once, and had one dinner—the garden comes to an end, and you emerge upon the open field,—that is to say, the broad water, and the approach of the Ontario and the city of Kingston is announced. On the Canadian shore to the north, close along which we were moving, the houses, farms, and villages were again numerous, and on observing the dwellings closely, I discovered in some of them, to my great satisfaction, a striking resemblance to those of my worthy French Canadians of Lower Canada; the houses lie along the river as closely as there, and in the midst of them is a church—from its form and style evidently a Catholic one.

I turned to a country-looking man who was leaning, like myself, over the bulwark of the vessel, looking attentively at the houses, with an inquiry as to whether they were really inhabited by French people.

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" was the answer, "*c'est moi et mes confrères, et mes voisins, nous démeurons là depuis dix, vingt, ou trente ans. Nous sommes tous originaires du bas Canada, mais nous avons suivi le cours de l'emigration Anglaise.*"

The man whom I had addressed was a simply and cleanly dressed peasant, of very open and agreeable countenance, and modest but quite self-possessed in his behaviour. His complexion was very fresh and healthy and his aspect was good humour personified. Although he was turned of forty, he had still something youthful in his mode of speaking, and the expression of his eyes was *naïve*, I might almost say innocent. Sometimes he seemed to hesitate to speak about something, and then it seemed to me that a slight blush passed quickly across his face. His whole conversation was extremely characteristic of the true French-Canadian type.

"That is, I suppose, your Catholic Church?" said I, "*Oui, Monsieur, c'est notre petite Chapelle Française. Elle est assez grande pour nous, nous ne sommes que vingt familles ici.* Do you see there, behind the chapel to the right, that is my little abode, and all the fields behind it belong to me. That large house up there is Monsieur Jacquelin's, my cousin, he has forty acres of excellent land, and up atop of

the hill there is Monsieur George, my uncle, he has thirty-five acres all nicely cleaned and dressed, fields without a stone in them, and the forest now driven a long way back. When we came here, twenty years ago, the place was nothing but trees, nothing but firs, firs, firs! we had enough to do with them at first, but now we are all well off and my property is constantly growing. I have a good wife, a daughter, and two sons. My girl has been working for some years at her *trousseau*, but I do not fear but that she will find a use for it. My two sons are both grown up, and are now away from home, employed on board steam-boats."

"Are they good and industrious?"

"Oh, sir, they are excellent fellows! Every half year they bring me punctually what they have earned. But what a good education I gave them! I had little enough myself, I barely learned to read and write, it wasn't the fashion at that time in Lower Canada. But here in Upper Canada we have very good schools, and I have taken care that my children should learn both languages, English and French, there's no getting on without the two, —I have been vexed with myself often enough for being able to speak nothing but my Canadian. It's a fine thing to learn several languages, you make yourself so agreeable to people. You see, sir, how

you please me now by speaking to me in my own language, as if you were born in Canada, and how ashamed I am that I cannot return your politeness. Well, that shall not happen to my children, so I have got them a good education."

"How do you manage with the money your sons bring you?"

"I put it by for them in a good strong box—the eldest's earnings in one place and the youngest's in another. Their capital is growing every year, and the eldest has already 700 piastres. He may soon leave off travelling and come and marry and settle here. I have had my eye on a little farm for him for a long time, the piece of land up there close to my house. I have offered 600 for it, and if we put a little more to that I dare say we shall get it in time. Then my son will take a wife and come and live near us, and my second will in time do just the same, and if I cannot find anything suitable for him, I will give him a piece of my own land."

"Your children are not like the Americans then, they leave their parents to set up for themselves, and often never see them again."

"*Ah, Dieu préserve Monsieur; je déteste ce systéme là.* No! no, sir; I like to have my children all round me, like a hen does her little ones!"

All that this worthy man said may, as I before mentioned, be regarded as typical of the nation. It was all truly Canadian. The French-Canadians, in general, act and feel just like my travelling companion, who accompanied us to Kingston, and thence hastened home to his village, and to his wife and daughter, uncle and cousins.

END OF VOL. I.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

TRAVELS IN CANADA,

AND

THROUGH THE STATES

OF

NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA.

BY

J. G. KOHL,

AUTHOR OF "RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS," "AUSTRIA," &c. &c.

TRANSLATED BY

MRS PERCY SINNETT.

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

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OF

VOLUME II.

TRAVELS IN CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

LAKE ONTARIO.

We got into Kingston in the evening, a warm, bright, richly-coloured autumn evening, and the stately town, with its numerous churches, City Hall, and other buildings, made a most imposing appearance as it lay in the light of the setting sun before us. It is the largest and most populous place on the eastern side of the Ontario, as Toronto and Hamilton are on the west. All these three coast-towns of Lake Ontario are British or Canadian; the United States have two, Oswego and Rochester, but Great Britain has run its frontier line round

the larger portion of the lake, so that more of it lies in its territory than in the American, and the British flag is consequently predominant on its waters. This is not the case with any other of the lakes of the St Lawrence, and on the next in succession, Lake Erie, the relative proportions are reversed. The principal ports, Erie, Buffalo, Cleveland, Fort Clinton, Toledo, Sandusky, Detroit, all belong to the Americans, and though England has nearly the half of the coast oval, it has few or no important towns: here the American flag is most common, and the lake may almost be called an American water. An extraordinarily animated one it is; the Ontario and other St Lawrence lakes seem half dead beside it. There is certainly not another lake in the world so covered with vessels. The town of Buffalo alone, which twenty years ago had but one small steamer, has now a hundred large ones, and if they go on increasing at the same rate the ships will be as thick here as herrings in the Bay of Fundy.

We passed a few hours at Kingston very agreeably, before the departure of the steamer that was to take us on, and I got such a fine view from a height, of the whole situation of the town and its environs, that I shall not readily forget it. It is certainly the most picturesque site on the whole

Ontario, for neither Toronto nor Hamilton are to be compared with it in this respect. The principal mass of the buildings lies on a peninsula between the St Lawrence and the Rideau Canal; the peninsula is a gentle slope on which the town rises from the shore. On the other side of the Rideau Canal lies Fort Henry, which is a very strong and well-armed fortress, the next after that of Quebec, and consequently the second in all Canada. On other tongues of land between the town and the fortress lie other buildings, connected with the town by long bridges, and islands show themselves lying far and near before the harbour. On the one side you see the Bay of Quinté, a long, very picturesque, and, I am told, interesting arm of the lake, that winds about in a zig-zag course for eighty miles at the back of the peninsula of Prince Edward. To the south you see between other islands the open water, the great expanse of the Ontario.

Kingston is the oldest of the Ontario towns, for the French had a fort and a village here, Fort Frontenac, that in the Iroquois wars, and in the transactions with the fur traders and voyageurs, has played a great part. When the English took the place in 1759, its renowned old name, Frontenac, was exchanged for Kingston. The town has now more than 20,000 inhabitants, but I was not able

to learn anything of the few French families that were probably living here. In Detroit, formerly a French fur-trading fort, and now a great town, you still find descendants of the original French settlers. Most of the houses in Kingston are built of the bluish grey stone which seems so abundant in the St Lawrence territory, and has therefore, like other Canadian towns, a certain air of melancholy solidity and antiquity, but I must premise that I mean when looked at by American eyes; the steamers of the British-Canadians are also less gay and brilliant than those of the American States. An American river or even sea-going steamer, looks as if it were built for mere pleasure, perhaps for Queen Cleopatra's trips up the Nile. The English vessels were formerly mostly painted black outside, and, at least according to the Americans, were old-fashioned, dusty, and melancholy within; but now they have begun to lay aside this mourning costume, and appear in gay white, green, and gold holiday garments, and have, in other respects, considerably Americanised themselves. An American indeed often looks scornfully at what would make a German open both eyes wide with admiration, and a Yankee is always critical.

"Why, the British sea-steamers are not near as fast as ours," said one with whom I had begun a

conversation. "They have most likely a lot of old-fashioned instructions, according to which they are to take a certain time, and would be liable to penalty if they went faster, or came in sooner, than is ordered; but in our country the steamers may go as fast as their steam will permit, and race each other too if they like. This does, to be sure, cost a good many ships and a good many lives. Just look here in the newspaper,—only yesterday a boiler burst on Lake Erie and set the ship on fire, and it burnt down to the water's edge; seven and twenty people lost their lives, and two or three whole families; a father was drowned with his daughter, and there were two or three other melancholy cases. It's horrible, it makes one sick to read it."

My Yankee really seemed to be growing quite sentimental, and giving himself up to serious reflections, and a countryman of his who had also read the "horrible" report, seemed for a moment inclined to throw some blame on the reckless American captain, but they very soon recovered their spirits. "Yes, it is grievous, that's true!" said one —throwing aside the paper, "but I dislike a slow ship; if I travel, I like her to jump in the water."

"So do I," was the response, "I don't care how quick she goes."

We had this time a most exquisitely beautiful passage; the last beams of the sun glowed and glistened on the islands, and shed a glory over the apparently boundless water, for these great American lakes have quite the look of the sea when you get fairly out upon them; but by the time we had passed Wolf's Island, and the Dove or Duck Islands, it had become completely dark, so that we perceived these last only by the lights upon them. The night was lovely bright and starlight, and so warm that we could remain almost the whole time upon deck and enjoy the scene. Among the islands, and afterwards along the whole coast of the Great Prince Edward's peninsula, there seemed to be the greatest bustle and animation the whole night long, for it was the time of the salmon-trout fishery, of which fish Lake Ontario has great abundance. It is caught in the night, by the light of pine torches, fastened, as they are in other places, in iron baskets attached to the prow of the boat. We saw hundreds of these torches moving about like glowworms over the water, or like the carriage lights that you see glistening for miles along the line of the Broadway in New York. Our captain had an excellent glass, and by means of it we were able to bring the lights and the boats so near, that we could clearly distinguish the illuminated figures

of the fishermen and the positions they assumed, and so make landscape pictures like Van der Neer's for ourselves out of the darkness.

There are salmon too in Ontario, but it is the first and last of the great Canadian lakes that receives this delicate marine product in its basin. The impassable Niagara Falls, between Ontario and Erie, put an end to the journey of the salmon, and a circumstance was here mentioned to me respecting them that I afterwards heard confirmed in Niagara. The salmon, it was said, is spread through the whole basin of the Ontario, and is found in all the bays and rivers that open into the lake, and which it enters to spawn, but the largest of them, the Niagara, it never enters at all, though it might swim ten or twelve miles very comfortably, before the whirl and rush of the water begins to be felt. One would think a salmon would regard this as a very inviting trip, until he began to feel the downward rush of water upon his head, which would suggest the propriety of returning. Every salmon, it might be supposed, would have to acquire this experience for himself, but apparently this is not the case. They do not go making fruitless efforts to pass the Great Falls with a leap, as they do small ones; their procession passes by the mouth of the Niagara without looking in, as if they knew all about it, and were

well aware it was no thoroughfare. Their ancestors must certainly have tried the passage, and having broken their heads in the enterprise, recorded their experience for the benefit of posterity. Something of the same kind is observable of the birds in their journeys through mountain-passes, for instance, those of the Alps. The migrating birds from the north have their old regular routes as men and mules have their paths, and know how to choose those mountain gorges that will lead to Italy, and distinguish them from such as terminate in a *cul de sac.* Lake Ontario may be said to have in its nature something of the oceanic character, and other marine animals, besides the salmon, for instance, the seal, make their way into it, though I do not remember to have seen this fact noticed in any work on Canada, and even the captain of our steamer, though a very well-informed and observant man, was not aware of it. It was first mentioned when we were together in the evening in the cabin, by an inhabitant of the coast of the lake, and at first he met with little credit, but a second coast-dweller confirmed his account, and said that once in the winter several seals had been killed on the ice. He admitted, however, that such an occurrence was by no means common, and that on the first alarm the whole village had turned out, not knowing

what kind of animal it was. The rumour ran that the great Sea Serpent had reared up its head out of the ice, and grand preparations were made for his destruction, but after the men had turned out in force, armed to the teeth, the enemy appeared to be nothing more than a few seals.

So many stories were, however, told, establishing this as a fact, that the captain and I had to give up our doubts, and admit that the seal does perform the journey along the whole St Lawrence, and past all the cataracts and rapids of the Cataragui, to the fresh-water basin of the Ontario, as well as that of Lake Champlain; and it seems very likely that this may have been the case in the pre-steam-boat ages more often than it is now, and that Champlain and the first discoverers of the Ontario were aware of it; this very circumstance favouring the old idea, that Lake Ontario was not an inland lake, but a bay of the Great Western Ocean, and the St Lawrence not a river, but a strait between it and the Atlantic.

The night (which we passed almost entirely in conversation on this and other topics) was further beautified by the appearance of an Aurora Borealis, that about midnight illuminated our dark watery path with its gleaming and dazzling arch, but its splendours were far exceeded in beauty by the tender tints

of the Aurora Orientalis that afterwards showed themselves on the eastern horizon, and then filled the whole atmosphere with its light. A delicate mist had arisen towards sun-rise, and the sun had made use of this gauzy veil to paint it with the loveliest pale tints. I do not wonder that the taste for colouring should develope itself in such a land of mist, where the palette of Nature is provided with such a variety of finely graduated hues. The eye is sharpened to their differences, while in tropical regions, where the chief colours appear most strikingly, the senses are dazzled.

As the sun rose, I remarked, to my surprise, that the redness of the morning dawn had not passed from the horizon, as it commonly does, but remained hanging as a very decided red segment of a circle, and the higher the sun rose the further it stretched, till towards 11 o'clock it occupied one half of the horizon, while the opposite side, which was of a light greyish tint, lost ground more and more; and at length the sun appeared as a radiant focus in the centre of an atmosphere of light, which, with few variations, passed into red all round the horizon. I saw this remarkable phenomenon here for the first time, but afterwards frequently, and learned that it especially belonged to

the "Indian summer," and was known under the name of "the pink mist."

Many writers have spoken of Lake Ontario and the other lakes of the St Lawrence as "Wonders of Nature," and a Canadian or American seldom mentions them without adding some laudatory epithet. They are "beautiful," or "admirable sheets of water," and I was certainly not inclined to say anything to detract from their æsthetic merits, as I gazed upon the spectacle the one before me now presented, with its broad, flashing, diamond surface, bordered with delicate pink and varied by richly-wooded shores and mountains, and sprinkled by vessels of all sizes, sailers and steamers, which often, when you could not see the water, appeared to be floating in the air. Nevertheless, when you hear traders and shippers and political economists speak of these lakes as the most wonderful inventions of Nature, as quite inestimable presents and master-works of the creation, and seeming as if they could not find words large enough to describe them, I cannot but say that their praise appear to me a little exaggerated.

If any one could fill up nine-tenths of these lakes with earth, he would, I think, make the country a more valuable present. *Faute de mieux,*

I admit these lakes may be considered as useful institutions, but in an economical point of view a lake is a wide wilderness, a quite superfluously broad road, in fact a very extravagant arrangement. A well-connected system of rivers, made on wisely saving principles, is really a much more admirable production of Nature than a great cyclopic, rather clumsy, series of lakes, like that of the St Lawrence.

If one could keep the Erie and the Ontario at their present depth, and stretch out their apparently boundless expanse into good canals of moderate breadth, turn the land on each side into corn-fields, and keep every twenty miles or so a broad square piece to form a basin attached to the chief canal,—had Nature adopted such a plan as this in the distribution of the waters, or anything approaching such a grand ideal, I should consider it much more worthy of admiration than these great awkward basins, that we ought to try and get rid of, or remodel as soon as we can.

In Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, and other countries, they have begun this highly rational proceeding with all their lakes, but it may be perhaps impossible to bring these great St Lawrence watery depôts into such good order, and reduce them to a neat economical and reasonable system of rivers, —at least by any means within human control.

CHAPTER II.

TORONTO.

We reached at last the Queen of the Lake—the boasted capital of West Canada. You see first a long narrow peninsula, stretching out for some miles from the mainland into the lake. It is occupied by trees, by a few houses and a light-house, and looks like an avenue pushed out into the water. This is what in the Baltic is called a *Nehrung*, a word that signifies a low ground running into the sea; and it encloses a small harbour—Toronto harbour,—in whose innermost corner lies the town, and into which you pass by a not very spacious or convenient entrance. The canoes of the Indians used to slip in and out here, and one of their principal villages lay on the site of what is now the great town. They called either the bay or the village upon it Toronto—a word signifying place

where uprooted trunks of trees drift about in the water; and the French had a small fort here, where a few boatmen and the soldiers of the little garrison lived among the Indians. The latter were numerous when the English founded here the town of York; and there are still people in Toronto who remember the fleets of bark-canoes and little skiffs, in which the Indians used to bring fish and other things to sell to the inhabitants—mostly encamping on that long sandy peninsula.

But the Indians have now vanished like a morning mist, and nothing remains to recall even their memory, but the well-sounding name they invented for the locality,—the sonorous Toronto.

The rapidly-growing American towns seem sometimes to be ashamed of their first European names which were given them while they were still mere embryos, and which are often associated with remembrances of which the city, when it has grown rich and grand, begins to be ashamed. The town of York, for example, being at first small in its dimensions, and not remarkably clean, was generally known as "Little York," or even "Dirty Little York," and when, about the year 1837, the town had acquired 10,000 inhabitants, and good orderly streets, it began to desire to get rid of that not very flattering appellation, and, accordingly, by a special Act

of the Canadian Parliament, the more honourable and agreeably-sounding "Toronto" was substituted for it. The Act is preserved, I am told, in Toronto, though I have not been able to get a look at it, but I cannot see why the help of Parliament should be needed in such a case. Many of these baptisms or re-baptisms of places are made with no other aid or counsel than that of the postmaster-general, whose consent is always required, and who may offer objections, since he can best judge whether a new name will adapt itself to the general geographical nomenclature of the country. In 1832 Mr Bouchette said in his excellent work on Canada, "The town of York remained for a long time small, but within these five or six years it has been developing rapidly, and now contains 4000 people." In 1843 Mr Buckingham in his work on Canada wrote, "The town remained for a long time small, and had ten years ago only 4000 inhabitants, but within these six years it has begun rapidly to increase both in extent and population, and now counts 13,000 inhabitants and two hundred brick-built houses." In 1854 another writer might have repeated the same formula with a little alteration of the figures, and given, instead of 13,000, 50,000 as the amount of its population.

Toronto is large and populous, but, like all Ame-

rican towns, is built on a much larger scale than is required for a city of 50,000 persons. You often have to drive for miles to pay a visit in it, and many of the public institutions appear to be quite far out in the fields. The inhabitants are scattered over a vast space, and their dwellings are often separated by great town deserts; and since this is excessively inconvenient and of course often expensive, and since the very idea of a town involves that of the proximity of the inhabitants, and of the members of the community being mutually within reach, one cannot see why these American towns should not be allowed to grow naturally, the second house being built near to the first, the third to the second, and so on, instead of running off into endless streets that will not be paved perhaps for fifty years, and where the school is to be found in the far west and the schoolmaster in the remote east, and you have to go a mile to your shoemaker's, and two miles to your tailor's, and it takes an hour's drive or run to get to a little *soirée*. There must be some cause, one would suppose, for a phenomenon so continually repeated, and it appears to be that whenever a town is founded it is with the idea that it is certain to grow rapidly, that open spaces must be left for churches and other public buildings, and the streets be broader than is desirable for the re-

quirements of a little infant settlement. It is probable also that, when a nucleus of social life and traffic is once formed, the owners of land near this centre begin at once to ask very high prices for it, and schools, colleges, and other institutions that require a considerable space, can find what they want on much lower terms in more distant districts. The poor and those whose occupations do not necessitate their nearness to the centre of the town, naturally choose remoter and therefore cheaper situations, thinking probably that the inconvenience attending them will be only temporary, and that the gaps will speedily be filled up. In America, too, the moment a town has shot up out of the ground, omnibuses and other helps to rapid locomotion are sure to make their appearance to shorten the distances.

All this does not, however, fully explain to me why, in comparison with our cities, where the centripetal force is so powerful as to draw all the buildings so closely together that they are almost one upon another, the centrifugal should here so greatly predominate as to scatter them so widely that they are almost entirely dispersed.

Although all the houses in Toronto look quite new, and you see young ones springing up like mushrooms on all sides, you may have, nevertheless,

considerable difficulty in finding an abode, and I was told that the house-rent is extraordinarily high, and that it is often not possible, for any money, to obtain a comfortable residence for a family. A great part of what is called the town consists of wooden sheds or huts inhabited by mechanics, labourers, and the poor. In this quarter you see also little wooden dwellings, which, though with only one or two windows and built of boards, do not look unpleasing even from the outside, and in the interiors, are fitted up very nicely, and filled in a surprisingly short time with good furniture and all that is required to meet Anglo-Saxon ideas of comfort.

That they should be soon tenanted is very easily explained from the rapid growth of the population, but it seems surprising, since labour is so difficult to obtain, and wages are so very high, that they should be so comfortably fitted up. You pay a labourer usually a dollar and a half a day, and very often cannot get even a wood-cutter for two dollars.

People complain, too, of the dearness of wood, though immediately behind the town begins the endless forest of the North, and a single conflagration will often consume in one night more wood than would be needed for the entire city during the whole long winter. The dearness of fuel must be

occasioned, therefore, merely by the high wages of labour. Wood is in boundless abundance indeed, but not so axes, saws, and hands. Were the woodmen here as reasonable in their demands, and as willing to work, as our patient German root-grubbers in the *Erzgebirge*, Toronto might cook its dinners with nothing more than the stumps and roots of trees that lie about its streets.

CHAPTER III.

LIBRARIES AND SCHOOLS IN TORONTO.

Of all the public institutions that my friends in Toronto had the kindness to show me over, none pleased me better, or made a more lasting impression, than the "Normal School" and its buildings, which are as handsome as they are thoroughly adapted to their purpose, and likely to be beneficial in their results. It is a new establishment, having been only completed in 1852, and the main idea at its foundation was to obtain a central point and heart for the entire system of education and popular instruction in Upper Canada. The whole large building, with its dependencies, for which the Provincial Parliament voted no less a sum than £25,000, makes the impression of a great wealthy convent, but it is a convent that from one end to the other is devoted to enlighten-

ment and energetic activity. In the first place, the chief Superintendent of Schools (or Minister of Public Institutions for Canada) has his seat here, and with him his various officers and official persons. At present this post is filled by a gentleman who deserves to be known in other regions of the world, namely, Dr Egerton Ryerson; and this enlightened and highly cultivated man is, in fact, the founder of the institution and the soul of all popular education in Canada. He was appointed to this post when he was forty years of age, but he considered it necessary, before entering on it, to make a journey through the most cultivated countries of Europe, to study their school and educational systems, and form from them the one which might appear the most useful and effectual for Canada. After his return he published a masterly report, in which he passed in review all the various systems and arrangements adopted in Germany, France, Sweden, Switzerland, and England, and then explained the one that he had planned for Canada, which was to be an Eclectic one, and transplant to the shores of Lake Ontario what appeared best and most suitable from all.

I had not the good fortune to find Dr Ryerson himself on the spot, but his works all round me, and whatever I saw and read, sufficiently proclaimed

his praises, in which indeed the two Governors-General, Lords Metcalfe and Elgin, who energetically promoted the work, and the Canadian Parliament, which was liberal in its grants, are entitled to share. The various halls and apartments of the building are adorned in such rich abundance with attractive objects connected with education, that I thought they even excelled the London Educational Exhibition that I had seen a short time before, and everything appeared then to be collected that lithographers, map-makers, and teachers of drawing and calligraphy in Canada and the United States, had invented or performed for schools in their respective departments. Geographical and geological representations, pictorial works, and school-books of all kinds, had flowed in in such abundance, that a "Public School Depository" had been formed with them. It is one of the best-assorted collections of the kind I have ever seen. Popular schools throughout Upper Canada can provide for their wants in this Depository, but as the chief want of the schools is of teachers, this Central Institution makes the obtaining and training of them a special object of its care. The institution includes a Normal School and a Model School, and as the former is regarded as its main element, the whole is known as the "Normal School of Toronto," though a more com-

prehensive name might be found for an establishment on so grand a scale. The Normal School is a kind of seminary, in which teachers of both sexes are trained for their calling; and in the Model School they begin to put in practice what they have been taught. I found among the teachers both Canadians and Americans, and, to my surprise, also mulattoes, and some dark-complexioned maidens, amongst whom I was told were some Indians.

Other smaller institutions, which are very properly connected with the principal one, such as a Provincial Museum and a Provincial Library, I can here only name, although I believe that every cultivated reader would find interest in a more circumstantial report concerning them; but there is one branch of popular instruction which appears so peculiar and so essential to the whole institution, that I must devote a few words to it. I allude to the remarkable arrangements for the diffusion of useful books and the establishment of public libraries. For this central book-distributing and library-forming department, a great central library, or, as it is called, a "Public Library book depository," has been formed, which contains, in various divisions, about 100,000 volumes. They are all works of acknowledged merit, and of a popular character, on

astronomy, geography, history, natural history, and ancient and modern literature, in which the *utile cum dulce* has been mingled in the most judicious manner. Of many, especially favourite works, there are ten or more copies kept, in order to meet, without delay, demands from various quarters.

If in any town or village of Canada a wish arises for the possession of a public or town library, this institution, with its richly-furnished depository, comes forward, as a most moderate and generous bookseller, to meet the wish, and the matter is thus brought about. A clergyman, a teacher, a farmer, or some one of the persons interested in the cause, get up a subscription among his friends; or it may happen that there already exist some clubs or young men's associations for mutual improvement which desire to obtain a library. They then make a subscription, perhaps of two or three hundred pounds, and prepare a list of the books they think desirable, which they forward to the Normal School at Toronto, with a statement of the amount of their subscriptions. By means of its rich endowment the institution is now enabled to assist them in this manner. It first brings together from the depository as many of the required books as the subscription will purchase, the price of the books being always made 25 per cent. lower than they

could be obtained for anywhere else. Then the institution advances from its own funds an amount equal to that raised by the subscriptions, and makes the infant library a present of as many books as can be obtained for that sum, reserving to itself the right of choosing the books, so as to retain such an influence on the intellectual culture of the place, the improvement of its taste, and the diffusion of knowledge, as may seem most desirable. Both collections are then packed in chests and forwarded to the village in question. This remarkable library-founding institution was itself only established in 1853, but has made, as may be supposed from the liberality of its principles, extremely rapid progress. In nine months preceding the August of 1854 it had distributed no fewer than 62,000 volumes; and for about every day during this period, formed and sent out a new village library. From the printed statistical report on these operations I obtain a few data that may not be without interest, as giving some indication of the prevailing tastes in Canada. Of the sum total of required and distributed books, 11,030 treat of history, 7096 of biography, 3798 of travels, and if all these may in fact be comprehended under the head of history, we find that 22,000 volumes, or more than one-third of the whole, are of his-

torical character. Zoology was represented by 5232, botany 882, geology 629, chemistry 518, and various physical sciences by 1412, &c., so that all the natural sciences taken together took up 11,000 volumes, or about one-sixth of the whole. There were also 2600 volumes on manufactures, and 3000 on agriculture, constituting about a twelfth. Poetry, the arts, and general literature, occupy 22,000 volumes, rather more than a third, and include 16,200 volumes of tales and sketches, 5900 "modern," and 603 of ancient literature.

These figures may, as I have said, afford some data for inferences concerning the tastes prevailing on Lake Ontario, but to make a true estimate it would be necessary to inquire in what department of literature the books suffered most from the fingers and thumbs of eager readers, or which were exposed to no other damage than the quiet deposit of library dust.

From the reports concerning the schools, I shall only mention some facts calculated to throw light on the rapid progress of school-education. In the year 1844 Canada contained a population of 183,000 children between five and sixteen years of age, of whom only 46,700 enjoyed any instruction, so that nearly three-fourths remained untaught; but in the year 1853 we find out of 282,000 children 194,000 at-

tending schools, more than two-thirds of the whole number; but it appears that there is still room for improvement, as nearly one-third still receive no school-education. The manifold variety of nationalities stands somewhat in its way, as well as still more the variety of religions. There are districts in Upper Canada in which the majority of the population do not speak a word of English, and in some others there are so many Highlanders and Welsh that you hear more of the Celtic idiom than of any other. In some places so many French-Canadians have been carried by the great British flood of emigration to the West, that what we may call the Canadian language prevails; and again we find in that large remarkable peninsula, between the three lakes, Ontario, Erie, and Huron, some entirely German districts, which may be recognised on the map by such names as Berlin, Strasburg, Petersburgh, &c., and in these proportionably small districts there exists, more or less, aversion to the ruling educational system, in which one language, and that of course English, must be adopted. Still more obstructive however to the progress of education are, as I said, the prevailing religious differences and disputes, in which the contending parties are nearly balanced.

Roman Catholicism is not so numerously repre-

sented in Upper as in Lower Canada, but it is very powerful, since, besides the French, the numerous Irish immigrants belong to that Church; and it is also remarkable that the adherents of no other Church in Upper Canada have increased so fast as those of the Roman. From 1842 to 1851 it had advanced its numbers by 114 per cent.; while no one of the Protestant denominations had gained more than 73 per cent. Besides their differences with the Catholic Church, the Protestants have to contend against the numerous divisions amongst themselves, and the consequent variety of systems and views, which give rise to as many discords as their relations with the Catholics, and there are therefore great difficulties in the way of what are called "Mixed Schools," which are intended to embrace all Christian denominations.

For many years an extremely moderate and judicious prelate, Bishop Power, a Briton, was at the head of the Romish Church of Canada, and as long as this excellent and venerated man lived, these difficulties were not felt as so formidable. Catholic and Protestant children went together to the schools, and used the same school-books, and the teachers were some of one faith, some of the other. The religious instruction in the schools was, of course, kept separate from

the secular, and for this teachers and books were chosen that could give no offence to any sect. The complaints and suggestions of parents with respect to books or hours of lessons that might interfere with their religious views were always listened to, and permission given in such cases for them to withdraw their children from the obnoxious teaching. At last, the Catholics were allowed in places where they had the majority to establish separate schools. As long as Bishop Power lived all went on very well, and the system of mixed schools appeared to prosper. Complaints were seldom made, and the separate Catholic schools daily decreased, and more and more joined the general school system, by which they shared in the benefits of the liberal help afforded by Parliament for their support. In 1847 there had been 41 separate Catholic schools, but that number gradually decreased, till in 1851 there were but 16.

Bishop Power died however, and there came in his place a very zealous prelate, a Frenchman, Dr de Charbonnel, to be the head of the Catholic Church of Upper Canada, and his entrance on his office occurred at a time when there was great excitement among the Catholic communities of Canada, an excitement that was kindled or fanned by a Papal Nun-

cio, then travelling in North America. In the mean time the number of Catholics in Upper Canada had been, as has been said, constantly on the increase, and the new bishop, after making the round of his diocese, sent in a statement, in which he complained of several grievances. He denounced a book, "Goldsmith's History of England," that had been adopted in all the mixed schools, and which Catholic children were compelled to read, though it was, he said, quite anti-Catholic and impious. He pointed out a place in Upper Canada, in which the negroes had, he considered, been better treated than the Catholics, since they had been supplied from the general school-fund with abundant means for the erection of a separate school, whilst the Catholics had received a mere trifle for a similar purpose. He required, or, if he did not expressly require, it was evident that his complaints tended to that, that all Catholic children should be taken from the mixed schools, and supplied with means for separate schools from the general School Fund, or, in other words, at the cost of the state.

There arose now between this Catholic bishop and the chief Superintendent, Dr Ryerson, a remarkable correspondence, which was afterwards collected and printed, and, as a perfectly open interchange of ideas between a very cultivated, liberal,

experienced, and benevolent man, of extremely tolerant and unprejudiced mind, and a Romish prelate of the genuine old stamp on the other, it forms a highly remarkable and interesting collection of documents. Whoever will give himself the trouble to read them will, even if he be somewhat inclined to Catholicism, and against its opponents, not be able to avoid the impression that the dispute is carried on exactly like that between Rome and Luther three hundred years ago. The prelate appears to be immediately angry and excited in the highest degree, and argues like a Jesuit. He invokes freedom of conscience and religious convictions, he conjures his adversary in God's name and for the well-being of the country to unite all forces in harmony and friendship, though he himself has been the stirrer-up of strife. He complains of the oppression of his fellow-believers, he denounces the existing schools in which Goldsmith's History is used as "nurseries of sin and crime," and as a hypocritical and masked persecution of the Catholics; nay, he maintains that Christ and his doctrine are in Canada as little known as they were in Athens. His opponent answers all his reproaches with the utmost circumspection, gives himself the trouble to enter into the most circumstantial explanation of the letter and spirit of the law, and to make the calmest statement of what reason and a

consideration of all the circumstances appear to require, and yet the Bishop suddenly breaks off the correspondence with the declaration that in their opinions mixed and separate schools are and must remain entirely different, and, without attempting to answer the representations of Dr Ryerson, describes them as "23 folio pages of invectives, personal insults, and insinuations, which are as unworthy of the writer as of the receiver;" and he moreover threatens for the future to take all constitutional means to obtain for the Catholic Church "her rights," though without attempting to subvert the government of Canada and its institutions.

We shall hereafter unfortunately hear more of the dispute thus originating, and I must admit that I have by no means been able to convince myself that the spirit and temper of the Protestants of Canada is as peaceable, enlightened, and tolerant as it ought to be, and the general school and Dr Ryerson and his educational department have, I believe, a sufficiently hard task between the two. The Puritan spirit is very strong in Upper Canada, and many heads are haunted by the dread of "Popery," and of dangers often imaginary. The Presbyterians, who are very numerous, have an unthinking aversion, often a hatred against Catholics. They are also not so well

agreed among themselves as might be wished, and sometimes so much at variance that they may very likely in their hearts agree with the Catholic Bishop when he says in one of those letters, "What can I say of your mixed schools, in which there is to be read, besides the Anti-Catholic History of Goldsmith, also a Quaker book which mocks at the principles of the Baptists, a Baptist book that mocks at infant baptism, a Methodist book that seeks to degrade the High Church, a Presbyterian book that sneers at Episcopacy, a Unitarian book that denies the Trinity, a Socinian book that treats all mysteries as absurdities? &c."

Of late, too, disputes have occurred concerning education and instruction among the Protestants themselves. Since 1850 several separate Protestant schools have been established, and unfortunately a division has also occurred in the Protestant University of Toronto, to which hitherto, as to the schools, all denominations of Protestants have been freely admitted. Within these few years the High Church has taken umbrage at this, and an influential member has put forward a plan for a High School for the children of the members of this Church exclusively. Money for the purpose was collected in England, a sum of £20,000 or £30,000,

and the High Churchmen had the triumph of founding a university of their own. It was established on the plan of the strictest orthodoxy, by the name of Trinity College, and boasts an extensive building, a special body of professors, and a special code of laws concerning the subjects to be taught, the confession of faith required, and the discipline and uniform of the students, and this narrow-hearted institution is opposed to the old liberal one open to all, which, under the name of King's College, still exists. Besides these two "universities" there are three theological institutions for Catholics, Congregationalists, and the "United Presbyterian Church," and it is much to be feared that this splitting up of their forces may have a pernicious effect on the quality of the instruction, on the completeness of the requisite libraries and collections, and on the spirit of emulation among the students so desirable for the progress of the sciences. It is curious, or rather melancholy, that whilst in England in these latter days great scientific institutions, and colleges, have been founded to meet the demand for more liberal institutions, and that even the strict and ancient establishments of Oxford and Cambridge have been opening their doors ever more widely, in the distant province of Upper Canada

precisely the opposite tendency has been calling new institutions into life, and from the lap of liberal foundations, most narrow-minded colleges have proceeded, and each of these still claims the title of *Universitas Literarum.*

CHAPTER IV.

LAKES AND FORESTS.

All readers of the interesting report that the English geologist, Lyell, has published on this country, will know that northward from Toronto the land rises gradually in terrace-like ascents, and that he and other geologists believe that these various terraces, and their abrupt sides, mark the limits of ancient shores of Lake Ontario, which has been of very different extent at various times, and has gradually retired within its present limits. As you approach the town in the steamer you see the whole series of these ascents, of which the highest is about 700 feet above the level of the lake. It appears in the back-ground as a high wooded, or in some places low and irregular, plateau. If you travel inland from the town, you perceive the separate

parts and steps of this plateau, and the manner in which it has been worn by rain and floods. The first step or terrace, which is more than a hundred feet above the lake, is reached by the last houses of a suburb of Toronto, and in one of these handsome houses, which lie on the edge of the plateau and the border of the forest, it was my good fortune to pass some most pleasant days.

The woods on these terraces, as elsewhere in Canada, are composed of many different kinds of trees,—beech, elm, oak, birch, nut-trees of many species, wild cherries, cedars, pines, and furs, which are grouped together in the most graceful clusters. Here and there a particular kind seems to predominate, as, for instance, on the upper step or terrace lying far back in the interior, the oak prevails, and to this highest is given, peculiarly, the name of the "Oak Ridge," though in fact all these ancient shore terraces are occasionally mentioned as the Oak Ridges.

The trees here still gloried in the rich colouring of their leafage, although in Quebec, a fortnight before, the vegetation had assumed a bare and wintry aspect. The elegant and much-prized maple was conspicuous among them, as it mostly is in Canada, and its leaves exhibited more shades and gradations of golden-yellow and crimson, than can be found

in the best-furnished colour-box. Even when you walk on dark cloudy days in the forest the trees shed around you such gorgeous colours that you might imagine it was bright sunlight. You seem to be walking in the midst of some magic sunset of the declining year. The leaves of the maple are too as elegantly cut as they are richly adorned with colour, and the Canadians pay them the same honour as the Irish do their "green, immortal shamrock." They are collected, pressed, and preserved; ladies select the most beautiful to form natural garlands for their ball dresses, you see in Canada tables and other furniture inlaid with bouquets and wreaths of varnished maple leaves, and you see steamers with the name of "The Maple Leaf" painted in large letters on the stern. Sometimes the Canadians would ask me, in their glorious woods, whether I had ever seen anything like them in Europe, and if I answered that, though their woods were especially beautiful, I had elsewhere observed red and yellow autumn leaves, they would smile and shake their heads, as if they meant to say that a stranger could never appreciate the beauties of a Canadian forest thus dying in golden flame. I have seen a Swiss, born and bred among the Alps, smile just as pityingly at the enthusiasm of strangers for their mountains, evidently regarding

it as a mere momentary flare, and that they only could know how to value the charms of their native land.

The magnificent colouring of these trees strikes you most, I think, when the *gilding* has only just begun, and the green, yellow, and scarlet tints are mingled with the most delicate transitions. Sometimes it seems as if Nature were amusing herself with these graceful playthings, for you see green trees twined about with garlands of rich red leaves like wreaths of roses, and then again red trees, where the wreaths are green. I followed with delight, too, the series of changes, from the most brilliant crimson to the darkest claret colour, then to a rich brown, which finally passed into the cold pale grey of the winter. It seems to me evident that the sun of this climate has some quite peculiar power in his beams, and that the faintest tint of the autumn foliage has a pure intensity of colour that you do not see in Europe. Possibly you see the climate and character of Canada mirrored in these autumn leaves, and it is the rapid and violent transitions of heat and cold that produce these vivid contrasts.

The frost, that sometimes sets in suddenly after a very hot day, is said to be one of the chief painters of these American woods. When he does but touch the trees they immediately blush rosy red.

I was warned therefore not to regard what I saw this year as the *ne plus ultra* of his artistic efforts, since the frost had come this time very gradually. The summer heat had lasted unusually long, and the drought had been extraordinary, so that the leaves had become gradually dry and withered, instead of being suddenly struck by the frost while their sap was still abundant, a necessary condition, it appears, for this brilliant colouring.

On the other side of the "Oak Ridge" to the north of the Ontario the plateau extends to a considerable distance, and there in the centre of a colossal mass of forest, about sixty miles from the Ontario shore, opens the basin of another smaller lake—Lake Simcoe, as it has been called after a Canadian Governor-General. This lake is near the Georgian Bay, the eastern extremity of Lake Huron, and from this, as well as from Lake Simcoe, an ancient Indian path has led, from time immemorial, across the isthmus to Lake Ontario and the harbour of Toronto. It must have been the chief means of communication between the three basins, and when the Europeans came they altered its character, but not its direction, which is indeed determined by the unalterable configuration of land and water.

A European of the name of Young made a road,

in the direction of the old Indian path, to Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, and it was named after him, "Young Street," and now there has been for some years a railroad running along the same line. Since, notwithstanding this railroad, Lake Simcoe still lies pretty deep in the woods, and, at one part at least, extends beyond the limits of European civilization into the Indian territory, I thought an excursion to it would be interesting, and therefore shipped myself upon the smooth iron rails that now run along the old Indian path.

We rose by a succession of zig-zags up first one and then another of the "oak ridges," and were soon after this swallowed up in the dense forests that still extend, with a few interruptions from scattered colonies, over the whole country between the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario. On maps of Canada you do indeed see this region and the whole environs of Lake Simcoe marked as counties, townships, and sections, and coloured variously like the land that has been already brought under the plough; but on American maps such colourings and markings do not mean much more than that the chain of the land surveyor has been once carried through the woods, and a name bestowed on the piece of wilderness it has crossed. Like the extensive plans of American towns, in which you

find streets and squares without a house, the counties are thus marked only with reference to the future.

When we left Toronto a thick mist covered all the neighbourhood of Lake Ontario, and on returning some days afterwards, I was told that it had remained the whole time, though up on the plateau of Lake Simcoe we had had the most glorious weather. I had formrely noticed the same phenomenon in autumn in Switzerland, where frequently for weeks together the valleys and lowlands are covered by a dark cold mist, whilst on the heights the summer is prolonged by the warmest and most delicious sunshine. With respect to the Ontario, however, the case is exceptional, for, on the average of the whole year, the climate on Lake Ontario is much milder than on Simcoe, which is in a more elevated position, where snow lies and sternest winter reigns when spring is stirring actively on the lake below.

The sea of mist marked out exactly the limits which Lyell assigns to the Lake Ontario of pre-historic times—it reached up to the last oak ridge. Here, where the numerous pleasant farms and thick population come to an end, the sun broke through the fog, and shone brightly on the black fir and pine woods, which, scantily intermixed with other

trees, and broken by some open spaces, begin on the plateau itself. Wonderfully wild and picturesque were some of the forest scenes it illuminated. The then lately-made railway had broken through and mowed down thousands of vegetable giants, whose decaying bodies and stumps lay piled up on either side; parts of the primeval forest on the right and left looked like pitch-dark vaults, and were so choked up by underwood, roots, and stumps, that even a bear must have found his journey through them difficult travelling, and as we glided so smoothly along through this rugged wilderness, we felt very agreeably the contrast between our mode of locomotion and his.

Fire appeared to have been very active in these woods, and great tracts were burnt down on each side. Many of these forest conflagrations had been doubtless accidental, but sometimes they had run for a mile or more quite regularly and parallel to the rail at an equal distance on each side, so that it was evident they had been kindled intentionally, and guided and limited in their course. The axe sometimes works too slowly to please these American railroad makers, and so they burn their lines through the woods, and for the sake of laying a few strips of metal by the side of one another,

destroy the grand and slowly-formed works of nature over boundless tracts.

For the sake of our painters who sometimes undertake to represent an American forest conflagration, without having seen one, I may make the remark that various trees perish by fire in very various ways, and afterwards in their dead and burnt condition present very different appearances. The pines and fir, for instance, I noticed, had often not burnt from the outside to the in—but from within to the outside. The internal wood was consumed, and the bark stood there as an open, though rent and ragged, tube. This was so frequently the case, that I may almost call it their usual condition; hundreds of these tubes were standing side by side like long chimneys, and in most instances the burning out of the tree seemed to have begun at the root. Had this been only the case with trees hollow from age and disease, the matter would have been easy to explain, but from the frequent recurrence of the phenomenon, it must be supposed that perfectly sound and healthy trees have undergone this remarkable kind of burning process. The cause may perhaps be that there has been more sap and green wood in the bark than in the centre. Sometimes the trees had been burnt all on one side, and the other left quite unconsumed; the wind

and rain may perhaps have thus partially protected them.

We saw on this occasion very few animals, but occasionally the fine, large, and at this season fat, American squirrel, with its thick, shining, black fur, appeared among the trees. At certain seasons these woods are full of animals, almost over-full of birds, but now unluckily the time for this was past; in September especially these forests of Upper Canada are a chief scene for the migrations of the countless swarms of pigeons that in the autumn leave the North and journey southwards. In the woods between the Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, they find immense quantities of wild cherries, berries, and seeds of various kinds, which are not to be found further West on the upper lakes, or the prairies of the Mississippi. A hunter told me on the way to Lake Simcoe that he had once been surprised at an open part of the forest by a flock of these pigeons, and to his no small terror. They hung in a thick cloud quite low down in the air, so that the sky was completely hidden, and the atmosphere filled with the countless throng of fearlessly fluttering birds, as by a swarm of locusts. The hunter ducked to save his eyes, and shot right and left to procure himself air, but though the dead bodies fell thick around him, thousands of other pigeons fol-

lowed to fill up the gaps. He crouched to the ground, fearing that he would actually be suffocated, and did not breathe freely till he saw the sun once more, as it gradually broke through the feathery cloud, and shone on the retreating army of his winged enemies.

I wished to know what line of policy the flocks of pigeons follow when they reach the shores of the Ontario; whether they fly right across it, or whether they take their course by the long isthmus that extends like a bridge between Lakes Ontario and Erie, and I was assured by natives, that the birds all cross that bridge of land in their passage to the South, and that in the spring all their migratory birds come to them from the Isthmus of Niagara, and reach Toronto by passing round the western side of the lake.

Here and there the rivers that flow towards Lake Simcoe have broken a passage through these woods, and either destroyed the trees or prevented their growth. These strips of land are mostly flat and marshy, covered merely with grass and herbs, and with the forest on each side. It was in one of these that I first saw the remarkable grass so often mentioned in the reports of the first French missionaries and discoverers of the Huron country, it is the one they called *folle avoine*, wild or *mad* oats. The English call it "wild rice," and I was surprised to see it

in such profusion here to the north of Lake Ontario. On the shores of the lake itself this plant was not, I was told, to be found. The coast of that lake is high and sharply cut, but on Lake Erie it is often low and marshy, and there the plant is found in abundance, and the more so the further you go to the West.

The French, when they first came to the country, found this wild rice well known to the Indians, and much prized for its nutritious grain. The Jesuits noticed that the Indians came in crowds in their canoes to the tracts where it grows, to gather in the harvest. Since the plant is rooted very deep in the mud or water on the shores of the lake, sometimes, I was told, as much as six or seven feet, it cannot be cut or mowed like our corn. It seemed to me that people might wait till the winter when the water is frozen, and then cut the ripe ears off the ice, as I have seen done on the Alpine lakes with several kinds of reeds which are useful in the winter, and which are thus mown conveniently on the ice; but it seems this plan is not applicable here. The grains of this rice as soon as they are ripe become loose and fall, as the husks burst open, into the water, and, as they are very heavy, sink, they say, to the bottom. This happens long before the ice is formed, and then the whole plant withers away in

the winter. It is not perennial, but shoots up in the spring from the seed that is scattered.

The old Indians, whom the Jesuits discovered, had invented a method of carrying on the operation of threshing this kind of corn, at the time when they reaped their harvest. They pushed their canoes into the midst of these rice fields, bent down the full ears over the edge of the boat, and beat out the grain with logs of wood, and still this harvest can be reaped in no other way.

The Jesuits found the entire housekeeping of some tribes of Indians so based upon this nutritious plant, that they named them from it, and the natives whom they found to the west of Lake Michigan were for a long time known as "*les folles avoines*," the "wild oats' men." Subsequently the English found a number of small lakes so filled with this plant that they gave them the name of "rice lake," and here in Upper Canada, north of Lake Ontario and east of Lake Simcoe, there is also a rice lake. They call the part of the water in which it is growing a "wild rice bed," and on the Georgian Bay and on Lake Huron these wild rice beds are extraordinarily large, often extending for miles along the shore. Here also we perceived tolerably extensive tracts covered with it. The grains of this rice are black outside and white

within, extremely nourishing, I was told, and far superior in that respect to the cultivated East Indian rice. Some people maintain that it is better flavoured, and that any one that has once accustomed himself to it likes it better than any other corn. The troublesome and laborious method of gathering may perhaps be the cause of so many beds of it being merely used by the winged tribes or left unused in the water. I never heard that any attempt had been made to cultivate and propagate it, though it would seem that man could scatter its seeds in the water as well as Nature, and succeed better in extending its territory. Perhaps it may be difficult to distinguish suitable from unsuitable soil for it, since both are equally covered by water, but in the mean time this wild rice has found its way into commerce, and has its market price. It is sold at from a dollar and a half to two dollars a bushel; but nevertheless, as matters now stand, wild life has more benefit from this rice than civilization, for, besides the wild Indians, numerous flocks of birds on their migrations fall eagerly on these beds of wild rice to satisfy their hunger. But it is not easy for them to do so. They cannot gather the grain as they fly, and the slender rice stems will not support the heavy body of a bird. Those that cannot swim must often suffer

the torments of Tantalus. The creatures that profit most by this production of nature are the ducks; you see them constantly busy in the rice beds, but they make their chief banquet when the grains have fallen off into the water and are lying at the bottom, and only to be obtained by diving. Many of these rice ducks can remain under the water an incredible time, and even run along the bottom of the lake picking up the grains.

Here and there on our way to Lake Simcoe we saw, on cleared portions of the forest, the towers, or rather the stumps, of a so-called Canadian town, for instance, Bradford, which has no other towers and battlements than some burnt-out ruins of trees, that stick up among the scattered houses, and serve occasionally as flag-staffs, watch-towers, or for any other purpose for which towers are usually erected, and at last we came to the town of Bell Ewart at the southernmost point of Lake Simcoe.

I was reading in a newspaper as we were approaching this point, and found in it this passage: "The town of Bell Ewart is an extraordinarily flourishing and progressive place; it is the chief station on Lake Simcoe, and will soon be a market of the first importance. The landed property there is very valuable, and is daily rising in price. Any one who wishes to build had better make haste and

secure some sites, for there will soon be very few to be had." I had just finished this passage when we came to an opening in the woods, and caught sight of a beautiful bay of the lake, and here our train stopped to deliver us to a little steamer for our further journey. The clearing was only like a small hole in the vast woods, covered with the stumps of the trees cut down. Here and there indeed the operation of clearing had been assisted by fire, scarcely yet extinguished, and numerous burnt boughs and half-decayed trees were sticking out of the lofty wall of the ancient forest. Near the station I discovered a small low log-house, lying like a lark's nest in the woods, and on this a gleam of sun-light fell with picturesque effect as if through a long chimney. The cool dim light of the forest was just sufficient for me to see a few men who stood leaning on their axes before the low door. I turned to them with the inquiry, "Where is the town of Bell Ewart?"

"Why here, sir, here is Bell Ewart; you are in the very middle of it!" was the reply in a friendly tone.

"And a very pretty town too,—for squirrels and bears," said I, as I stumbled along over roots and stumps, to view the lions of this Lake Simcoe metropolis.

"Where would you like to buy, sir?" said a fellow-passenger who was making his way along the same rough road, "here in Bell Ewart, or at the other end of the lake?"

"I have no intention of buying land."

"No! do you want then to do anything in liquor?"

"No, sir, I do not deal in spirituous liquors."

"What do you deal in, may I ask?"

"I have merely come to look at the country."

"Ah ha! I understand, you have not made up your mind. Well, we are going on a bit together, and, by the way, I can give you a few hints about prices and so forth."

After the tree stumps, the greatest lion in Bell Ewart was a saw-mill, or rather a grand wood sawing establishment like those I had seen in Bytown, and it was also founded by Americans from the United States. These active and speculative Yankees are to be met with everywhere in Canada, and where there is a settlement to be made in the wilderness they are always the first upon the spot, forming the advanced guard of civilization. Wherever a new birth is expected,—a town, a canal, a road,—there are they to assist in the *accouchement.* They know how to bring together the necessary capital, the men, the cattle, and whatever else may

be needed, with the least possible loss of time. As directors of the works, contractors and purveyors, they are always in their places, and when they have performed their services they vanish again. When they have burnt away the forest, marked off the town, opened the ground, fixed the rails, and provided such primitive establishments as are indispensable in the beginning of a settlement, they move off to other places where similar services are required. They were accordingly Americans who had laid down this railway through the forest to Lake Simcoe, and as soon as they had finished, the same American contractors, engineers, and capitalists had moved on Westward, to undertake a similar work on Lake Michigan. The great saw-mills of which I spoke had been nearly finished in a few months, and whilst, in the larger portion of the building, the hammers and axes of the carpenters were still sounding, the other part was in full activity, sawing up the planks to complete it. This is a peculiarity of American management that I have often noticed, and by which they do great things with small capital; they manage to make the beginning of the establishment secure its further progress, as in the present instance, where the part of the saw-mill already in action was preparing the boards for its completion. It must not

be inferred, however, that because in Canada, as in their own country, the Yankees are the pioneers of civilization, that they in general outdo the Upper Canadians; on the contrary they are often surpassed by them, if not in activity, at least in the solidity of their undertakings. Upper Canada is a still younger country than the two nearest American States, Pennsylvania and New York, and it was naturally at first very dependent in many respects on these elder communities. Even ten or twelve years ago it was so, but now things are greatly altered. To mention only one instance out of many; goods in Toronto and other Canadian ports were mostly insured in the United States, but within a few years such respectable offices of this kind have been established here, that they obtain insurances not only in Canada itself, but along the whole line of the Mississippi, even down to New Orleans, and these young Canadian firms have such good credit that even the Americans now come to insure with them.

It is perhaps the consideration of this and some similar facts that has led Canada to form the expectations that have sometimes been expressed to me. "There is no doubt," they say, "that our interests are becoming daily more and more closely connected with those of the United States, but if the Americans think on that account that an annexation of

our country to theirs will some day take place, we draw quite a contrary inference. Canada will, we believe, some day be united with the neighbouring States; things are daily tending that way, but the Americans will not get us; we shall get them, and in the separation of the northern from the southern States of the Union, the former will become united with our great empire on the St Lawrence."

CHAPTER V.

LAKE SIMCOE—THE WESTERN SHORE.

THE handsome steamer "The Morning," which received us at Bell Ewart, had a good deal of the rough woodland character in her proportions and arrangements. She was small in order to be able to run easily into the little forest creeks, and glide over the rice beds; her prow was adorned with a pair of huge antlers, like the abodes of our German foresters, and her table was always abundantly furnished with the finest Canadian venison. Many of the passengers were provided with guns, and some powder was expended not fruitlessly in shots at shy wild ducks and other water-fowl as we went along. Instead of chairs and benches we had on the deck great piles and bales of plants and fruit trees, which a gardener was taking to the North, to plant in a clearing of the forest in the ashes of the burnt pines and firs.

The day was sunny and warm, and the whole lake lay like a measureless, tranquil mirror before us; it is about 70 miles in circumference, entirely surrounded by the forest, and bears on its bosom some thickly-wooded islands. We ran along its western shore, and visited in succession a number of small stations. The first object we met with on the water was an Indian birch-bark canoe, laden with baskets, and rowed by Indian women after their peculiar fashion. It was the first time I had seen Indians in what I may still call in some measure their own country, and I observed, pretty closely, whatever was to be seen of their proceedings through a glass. They were coming from Snake Island, where they had made their baskets, to the railway station to sell them.

All the islands on Lake Simcoe, Snake Island included, have been reserved for the ancient owners of the land, the Indians; and we passed so close to one of their villages on Snake Island, that we could look into their habitations, and observe their little housekeeping. The village lay on a high bank, at the south end of the island; and the trees were cleared away a little round it, otherwise the place was entirely covered with wood. Oaks, firs, and other trees seem to spring up here like weeds, get possession of every spot of land, and crowd together

in as thick masses as shipwrecked passengers on a raft. They seem to have scrambled to every little promontory and head-land, and marched in close rank and file by myriads along the shore to the very edge of the water. Sometimes they appear to be pushing each other over to get standing room, for there were whole thickets of them leaning slanting over the water, and sometimes hanging down and only attached to the ground by a few half-decayed roots.

The Indians of Lake Simcoe belong to the widely extended race of Chippeways or Ojibbeways, but there are only a few hundreds of them, and even these are melting rapidly away. They die, I was told, chiefly of consumption, and they themselves are of opinion that the living in the good solid houses that the Government has built for them occasions this destructive malady. This may not perhaps be a mere unfounded prejudice. Could they live entirely in warm houses, indeed it could do them no harm, but their occupations, and perhaps, also, their old wild habits, lead them often to spend whole months in the open air. They travel about when engaged in their hunting and fishing expeditions, sometimes during the very worst season of the year, and it seems very probable that it may

have a bad effect on their health, to live one half of the year like civilized people by the fire-side, and the other half to be lying about in their old way, in swamp and snow.

The Government, or it may be rather the settlers around, would be glad to get rid of them altogether from Lake Simcoe, and settle them on the northern shore of Lake Huron, where there are other Indian tribes, and much unoccupied land, but "these lazy, obstinate people will not agree to it;" they insist on the treaties by which they have been secured in the possession of the islands, and they have a dread of every change, which appears very natural, considering how much they have lost, and how little gained by any change made as yet. They also, in their own way, find moving as inconvenient as we do, and they cannot easily make themselves at home in a new region. Here, on their old ground, they know every island, every inlet, every hunting tract, every stock and stone; but there this knowledge has all to be acquired afresh, at the cost of many hardships. It is curious and touching indeed to see how the survivors of these nomadic, rambling, hunting tribes now cling to their old land, whilst the Europeans in this new world seem to have changed characters with them, — have become

"shifting," as the Americans call it, and are easily induced to leave their homes and penetrate further and further into the wilderness.

The islands and woods which are reserved to them belong to the Indians as common property, and they are not allowed to sell them to private people. Without this regulation, which was made for their own sakes, they would soon be stripped of all their possessions; cunning Whites would get their land for a mere trifle, and even what it did produce the improvident Indians would soon consume. It is, nevertheless, not easy to protect them from destitution. It was of course necessary to allow them to make use of the forests and sell the wood, if they were to be really benefited at all, as well as to farm out the use of them to others. The Indians themselves do not manage well the heavy Canadian hatchet, or know how to dispose of the wood; and their birch-bark canoes are not adapted to the transport of timber; and they, therefore, make agreements with white lumber-men to allow them to cut a certain quantity of timber, so many cubic feet within a given time. When they are about to enter into one of these agreements, a general council is called, of all the men of the Snake Island village, presided over by their chief, the Snake chief or "Yellow Head," and on these occasions, I

am told, very cautious and rational speeches are often made. The price of the wood is distributed equally among the tribe, except that "Yellow Head" obtains a double share, and it may easily be supposed how well the Whites know how to get the best trees from the Indian woods, and how quickly the money runs through the fingers of the poor Ojibbeways. Formerly they also received yearly presents from the Government, but these have been now commuted for a rent of £700 a year, probably not much to the advantage of the Indians, for whom goods that they required would be a more permanent benefit than cash—the round coins that roll so easily away.

The thick, dark wall of forest that lined the shore afforded us amusement for the whole day, of which we were never weary. Towards the North appeared, one beyond the other, numerous promontories and headlands all equally covered, and the last vanishing in the mist of the horizon. From many of the bays we drove out the ducks by hundreds before us, and in others we discovered a lonely fisher, a poor Indian in his bark canoe, rowing about to entice the "Nixies brood" into his snares; once we perceived a long dark cloud that floated away over the surface of the water. It was a flight of wild birds, probably ducks, but we

could not make out exactly, for though our little antlered steamer rushed after them as fast as she could, she did not overtake them; they had all vanished like smoke before we came to the spot.

As we passed round one tongue of land I came in sight of a perfectly American picture that was altogether new to me,—the settlement of a lonely Indian hunter. Much as I had read and heard of Indians living entirely by their own resources in the woods, as they are still to be met with in the wild regions round Hudson's Bay, the scene charmed me as something quite new. The man had established himself at the head of a little natural harbour, whence he could easily ship the products of his hunting. A small low hut, made of boughs, leant against the foot of some tall pines, that rose like towers above it. It had no light but what came from the lake, for all behind it was the dense darkness of the primeval wilderness; near the water's edge the Indian had put up a kind of railing, on which bear, deer, and other skins, and the furs of smaller animals, were hanging, like linen, to dry, and we saw his brown form moving about busily among the trees, but our paddle-wheels unluckily carried us forward too fast for me to be able to make out any more particulars.

We observed again on this lake, as on the Ontario,

the pink colouring, as of dawn, all round the horizon, and at noon, when the sun broke through the mist, he seemed to be placed in the cup of a gigantic pale rose. The weather was still wonderfully fine and warm, but, in a few weeks, I was told, everything would be entirely changed. Snow falls very early on this plateau, and in the December of almost every year the whole surface of the lake, nearly 400 English square miles, is covered with a rough coat of ice. In January it is generally from twelve to eighteen inches thick, and then, instead of with steamers, it is traversed with carts and sledges. The ice remains firm usually till the end of April (though the latitude of the lake is only between 44° and 45°), the severity of the winter being accounted for by the elevation of this part of the country.

The Simcoe basin is, as I have said, formed in a kind of plateau, whose precise height I do not know; but since the waters of Lake Simcoe flow northwards to Lake Huron, and then over several declivities, and forming cascades which, together, may be about 100 feet; since Lake Huron is 100 feet above Lake Erie, and this more than 300 above Lake Ontario, the Simcoe level must be at least 500 feet, and this will, in so unsheltered a region, have a great influence on the climate, and

occasion a considerable contrast with that of the Ontario shores. The Simcoe has its most distant sources quite close to Toronto, only ten or twelve miles from Lake Ontario, and these waters have to take a course of more than 800 miles, through Lakes Simcoe, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, until by a great circuit they again pass Toronto, the neighbourhood of their birth-place.

South of the Ontario, also, streams arise quite near its shores, which do not turn to the lake, but flow off in opposite directions; these are the sources of the Susquehanna and the Hudson. And the same thing takes place at Lake Erie; the springs of the Ohio flow along its whole southern shore, at the distance of a few miles, and then hasten immediately southwards. In the same way a number of the tributaries of the Mississippi have their springs quite close to the western coast of the Michigan and Lake Superior, so that it is evident that these great American reservoirs are not to be regarded merely as the lowest places of great tracts of surface, but as raised basins or troughs, with more or less lofty walls, outside which the waters do not flow to the basin, but away from it.

CHAPTER VI.

LAKE KUTCHICHING.

At its northern extremity Lake Simcoe gradually contracts its dimensions, and the water, which in the middle is about twenty feet deep, grows more and more shallow, till at last it seems as if it were about to cease entirely, and be lost in a marshy narrow, overgrown with reeds and wild rice. The boats have to proceed with the utmost caution, sounding every step of the way, the paddle-wheels begin to stir up clouds of muddy slime, and the vessel itself at last grates on the sand and mud. But the water now begins again to expand, and soon you see a new lake spread out before you, the Kutchiching, which is connected with the Simcoe by that narrow strait. On this small lake lies Orillia, our last steam-boat station, and the last and most northerly settlement of Canada in the direc-

tion from Toronto. "There is no European town or village," we were told, "from Orillia to the North Pole," and the same thought and the same expression seems to occur to people all along the frontier of inhabited Canada.

Orillia sounds like an Italian, but it is really an Indian word, and the Indian names of localities are often just as soft and pleasing as those of the Italians, unless when they remind you of the richer and fuller sound of the Greek, as in Saratoga, Ticonderoga, Aderondag, &c. Orillia consists of a scattered group of small low houses, lying like Bell Ewart in a clearing of the high forest. The masses of trees stand round it in a circle as rocks do round some of our mountain villages. I was not a little surprised to hear in this *ultima thule* of Canada of a "nobility" residing in the forest, and on the other side of the forest, on cultivated lands. The English Government, it seems, made, I do not know precisely when, a number of half-pay officers a grant of lands on Lakes Simcoe and Kutchiching. They were endowed with extensive districts, but had in consideration of them to renounce their half pay or a part of it. Many of these gentlemen could not reconcile themselves to the life of the woods; they found the labour of clearing and of the first cultivation so severe that they were glad

to be allowed to return to their half pay, many ruined their fortunes and their health, but there were some who persevered and have built houses and created large hereditary properties in the forest. "Several of them," I was told, "are nephews and cousins of earls and dukes in England, and so we call them our nobility."

There are as yet no particular hotels in Orillia, so I thought myself very fortunate to obtain a lodging in a very pleasant and comfortable wooden cottage, where I received the most friendly and hospitable treatment.

I had here an opportunity of seeing one of the little village libraries, such as I have described as being sent from Toronto to all parts of Canada. It was the first library of this kind that had ever come to Lake Kutchiching, and the books had not yet been unpacked, but we opened the chests and found volumes handsomely bound, gleaming in colours and gilding, and the value of whose contents were in no contradiction to their attractive exterior. But this treasure had had great difficulties to encounter before it could get to Orillia. Even in this bran-new country a party had arisen to oppose the introduction of a library, and the old, ever-repeated question whether enlightenment ought to be made so generally accessible, had occasioned

as zealous discussions as in old Europe, but at last the light party had triumphed, and the chests of books happily found their way to Orillia.

I shall always retain the most grateful remembrance of the agreeable evening I passed in the peaceful, pious family in this little settlement; the travelling author cannot, however, set up a public monument to such recollections, but must preserve them in the hidden shrine of his memory. At sunrise on the following morning we walked to a small hill on the edge of the water and of the forest, and obtained a view of the whole breadth of the lake, which is full of wooded islands. It was again a most beautiful Indian summer day.*

* Here, at least, this fine weather at the end of October was called by that name, but opinions are by no means agreed upon the subject. During my whole journey, whenever we had a few fine days, I asked after the Indian summer, but there were always some voices to declare it was not yet, and that the true "Indian Summer" was not usually till November, though they admitted it was sometimes as early as October. It lasts sometimes only a few days, but at others for weeks together, so that altogether it seems not easy to make it out. I have myself travelled in America both in October and November, and had good and bad weather, but cannot say whether I have ever had the real Indian summer or not, nor why it should be so called. Many say it is because it is accompanied by thin mists and vapours, such as those which proceed from the great conflagrations of grass in the prairies that are kindled by the Indians at certain times of the year. I often heard that the Indian summer was formerly not only longer, but more definite in its chacter. With the advance of cultivation, all seasons appear to be

That delicate mist was again present which is inseparable from such days, and when the sun rose from among the islands, and made its way above the vapours and forests, it conjured forth as lovely pictures as any painter could have desired.

On the smooth lake lay a thin light covering that made the remote islands and woods indistinct, but it glittered through it itself like a silver robe through a gauze veil. In one place where it had broken through the mist, the sun shone in full radiance, and kindled the tops of the trees, though the lower portion of their trunks was still hidden in mist, so that the masses of burning leafage seemed as if floating in the air.

A few miles from Orillia there is another higher and more open hill, from which you obtain, I was told, a prospect of sixty miles towards the North, over a measureless sea of forest, one of the most remarkable views in Canada, but unfortunately it was not possible for me to go there.

On the opposite shore of the lake, four miles from Orillia, is a little Indian village of Ojibbeways, called Mara, and as I wished to see it we persuaded two Indian girls, who had come over to Orillia in the morning, to lend us their bark canoe,

more mingled and blended together, and the boundaries even of the winter and the spring are not so strongly marked as they once were.

and stay till the evening. Their brother, who bore the European name of John St Germain, was to row us across. The canoe was not much larger than a washing tub, and could just hold us three, my excellent host, John, and myself, if we pushed our legs in between one another; and that the thing might not turn over we had to lie down in the bottom of it, and were only allowed just to lift our heads above its edge. Our bodies and the aforesaid dove-tailed legs had to serve as ballast, and the ballast was required to lie very still when it had once been placed. We were to take care not to step heavily too, and only on the more solid ribs of the canoe, for fear the heels of our boots should go through the bottom. Scarcely however had we got ourselves thus cautiously shipped, than our boatman declared that the canoe was not properly balanced, it hung too low in the stern, and the prow stood out of the water, and we were therefore obliged to land at a little island in order to re-stow our ballast, that is, our own persons. This landing is not altogether an easy process, for the islands are all surrounded by a bristling fence of blocks of stone, fallen trunks, branches and roots of trees, but John St Germain had soon spied out two long projecting trunks which made between them a kind of harbour, and there we landed for the purpose

before mentioned. But now John declared his opinion that the canoe was old and not water-tight, and that it might be well, before we went any further, to stop the leaks. It was therefore drawn cautiously out of the water and turned bottom uppermost, and then John began collecting some bits of pine wood to make a torch, to melt the pitch covering of the canoe, and plaster the sore places. It happened however that the few matches we had with us would not catch fire, so the surgical operation could not be performed, and we had to take our chance in the canoe, which after all carried us safely across.

The Indians are not afraid to go out in these little nutshells when the water is quite rough, and they even manage to shoot down rapids in them. In very bad weather they slip round from island to island so as to have the protection of the woods, and to be near a refuge in case of necessity, and this has thus become a sort of habit with them. Thus our Ojibbeway made a very circuitous route by one island and another, although the weather was fine, and the danger trifling; but we were well pleased, since this course gave us opportunities of obtaining views of glorious groups of trees, and glimpses into the deep forest. The blocks of stone that bordered the islands all round appeared

to me a somewhat remarkable phenomenon. The islands are so thickly covered with trees that scarcely a bullet, much less a mass of rock, could find room to roll freely over them, and since they are quite flat and without cliffs, these blocks could not have come from the interior of the islands; and we puzzled ourselves a long time to contrive some hypothesis by which they might have risen out of the water. We tried another too, namely, that they had been brought by the ice and stuck fast on the shore; but what is most curious about these blocks is that they are quite regularly formed, as if they had been prepared for the foundation of a Cyclopean wall. Every island, not only on Lake Kutchiching, but also on Lake Simcoe, has a garland of these closely-set blocks all round it, and from a little distance they look as regular as rows of beads, and the bushes and trees rise behind them as behind a garden fence. That the origin of this wall was in some way connected with the water, appeared to me certain from this, that the stones were all up to the same height of a white colour, and that this height was precisely what it might be supposed to be from the action of the waves and masses of ice. I at first thought that the whole mass of the islands might consist of

boulders, and that only the edge of them had been washed bare and white by the water; but this did not appear to be confirmed, for some of the islands that I afterwards visited I found to consist of a level vegetable soil and marsh, and there were no stones except on the margin of the water.

Every one of these islands, however small, has received a name from the Indians, which John St Germain mentioned and dictated to me. One was called "*Shiggenackminisha,*" "Blackbirds' little Island," another, "*Kauskaminissing,*" "Little Island of Fishes," a third, "*Odschimma minis,*" that is, "Chief's or Captain's Island," &c. The latter was rather large, and lay at some distance from us, and John pointed to a group of trees on it, and said that there was the burial-place of the Ojibbeways of Lake Kutchiching. I was curious to know whether the Indians themselves have a name for the Indian summer, and was told they called it *Pedchikkanaari,* but I could not follow him in his attempts to analyse the word and explain its meaning in his bad French. I then pointed to the islands and said, "You Indians have a fine domain there, John, they all belong to you!" "So they say," responded John laconically, and with something like a sigh. It appears to me

that they do not take much pride in this island territory, and think that their rights have been conferred under too strict guardianship.

We pulled our nutshell of a boat at last safely on shore, and climbed the high bank on which the scattered dwellings of the Indian village lay. We knocked at some of the doors and entered the houses, and we found that we had arrived at a lucky time, for the young men had just returned from a fishing expedition to a remote region, with a rich booty. All the habitations were full of fish hanging round the fire to dry, and here and there hung also the bodies of black squirrels and musk-rats, which the people assured me were the most delicate game in the whole forest. Black squirrels, when they are tender and fat, as they were now in the autumn, are not disdained even by white hunters. My friend from Orillia bought here a large *maskinonge*, and this was the first time I had seen that renowned fish, which is found in Lakes Ontario and Erie, and in most of the neighbouring Canadian lakes. It is a fish of the pike species, in fact, very much like our common pike, and like it with tremendously sharp teeth, but its scales are different, and its lower jaw projects still more; its muscular fibre, also, when it appears cooked upon table, is softer and less crumbling than that of our

pike. It is more highly esteemed here by both Indians and Europeans than our pike, but I am told it ought not to be eaten when quite freshly caught. The name *maskinonge* is said to be an English corruption of the original French name for it, *masque longue*, or long snout.

Although I had been told that the blood of these Indians, as of most of those of Canada, was no longer pure American, and though they were, as I was informed, the mere outlaws or canaille of their nations, yet all the physiognomies of their race were completely foreign, most like those I had seen among Mongolian or Chinese peasantry.* The raven-black hair of even the smallest children, the broad fleshy faces of a reddish or rather yellow-brown hue, the angular jaws, low brows and foreheads, all reminded me of natives of Siberia whom I had seen in Russia. We found in some of the cottages, young infants, whose colour did not differ in the least from that of the grown people, so that I could not understand how some, even distinguished inquirers, should have thought it probable that the brown-red colour of the American Indians

* I once went with some ladies from Nova Scotia to a Chinese tea shop in New York, and they were astonished at the resemblance of the Chinese they saw, to the Mickmacks, the Indians of Nova Scotia.

was not native to them, but merely the effect of dirt and red paint. Moreover, the children here were just as well washed as they mostly are in Europe.

We found the people friendly, not timid, and willing to give us all the information we required, during which explanations, however, one or the other had to help them with a fragment of French or English. We were taken to a hut, or rather a very neat and roomy house, for such are the habitations the Canadian Government has built for the Indians, to see the oldest man of the tribe, Captain James, as he is called, who is said to be 105 years of age. We found him a poor skeleton, just covered with skin, lying under a woollen blanket. His face was excessively thin, and the skin seemed quite tightly stretched over the angles of his old Mongol skull, his head was almost entirely bald, showing only a few white hairs here and there; his features were fixed and devoid of expression, and in return for our salutation and inquiries, he scarcely gave us even a glance. Neither French nor English appeared to be intelligible to him, but fortunately it occurred to me that I carried with me an alphabet universally intelligible to Indians in the shape of small packets of tobacco, which are done up in Canada, in a form very neat and convenient, for both Indians and Europeans. We laid some of

these smooth little packets on his pillow, and as soon as he perceived what they were his wrinkled face expanded into a smile, he looked gratefully at us, bid us welcome, and the treaty of amity was at once concluded; but it had no further results, and the treasures of memory that must have accumulated in that aged head remained hidden treasures for us.

The Methodist Missionary who lived among these Indians informed us that some years ago there were three of these patriarchs living in the village, "Abraham," "Shilling," and this "Captain James," but the two former were now dead. They, though not so old as the said Captain, remembered the taking of Quebec by the English, and that they received the news from some fugitive Frenchmen. This event took place in 1759, and if they remembered it so clearly they could hardly have been less than ten years old, so that Captain James being acknowledged as the oldest, must have been then above the stated age of 105, a pretty long life for one of a race "rapidly dying away." It embraces the whole period of the history of Canadian civilization.

We spent a part of the evening with the Methodist Missionary, who has the care of the souls of the Indians of Mara. He lives with his wife on

the shores of the lake, in a cottage built of pine wood, and surrounded by juniper trees. These Methodist Missionaries seem to be the Franciscans of the Protestant Church; you see them everywhere in Canada, following in the footsteps of the old Catholic messengers of Christianity, and you now find more of them among the remote Indian tribes than of any other Protestant denomination. These good people are rather ignorant, and can unfortunately in general only communicate with and preach to the Indians through an interpreter. They do not learn their language when they have lived years among them. "We English," they say, "have no talent for learning languages; with you Germans, and Poles, and Russians the case is different. You have it by nature." This Missionary was, however, very well informed concerning the affairs of the Ojibbeways, and he communicated to us many interesting particulars, especially the dread of the Mohawks that still exists among them. Sometimes such a panic arises at a report of the approach of a party of these dreaded enemies, that he has great difficulty in preventing the people from dispersing. At a certain time of the year, I believe in spring, this excitement seems regularly to recur. On certain days he notices an anxious running hither and

thither in the village; the women and children shut themselves up in the houses; the men arm themselves and get together, and scouts are sent out, and sentinels planted all round the neighbourhood. He considered that this regularly recurring panic referred to some recollection of the old times of their freedom, or that possibly it might be merely a celebration of some former victory, and pointed out the time at which they were accustomed to be attacked by Mohawks or other enemies.

A very cultivated and learned young clergyman of Orillia informed me that the environs of Lake Kutchiching must have been in ancient times a battle-field for the Indians of all the country round, as great numbers of graves were found all over them. These graves were, he said, of very various periods, and the largest and best of them, the mounds or *tumuli*, dated from the earliest epoch, and from a people that must have attained a much higher degree of civilization than the Indians whom the Europeans subsequently found here. This appeared more especially in the pottery-ware found in the mounds, and in a very curiously-formed oven, probably used for baking this pottery-ware, and which the later Indians could not have constructed.

This theory of a pre-historic and widely diffused

American nation, and of a subsequent relapse into barbarism, was not new to me, and I was aware that it had found confirmation in the valley of the Mississippi, but I was struck by the fact that further proof of it should be found in the neighbourhood of Lake Huron and these northern districts of Canada.

The Ojibbeways are said to retain among them many interesting traditions and myths, and a gentleman in the United States excited great longing in me, by telling me of a certain lost MS., which contained a great number of them collected and written down by a learned and well-informed Jesuit of the far West. This remarkable MS. had been sent to him to New York, and he had read it with the greatest interest, and found many of the myths as deeply significant as those of Greek or Germanic origin. One Indian story that he thought very pretty, he had related to a learned philologist of his acquaintance, who had found the very same thing in a Greek author, almost as if they had been dictated by the same person. Unfortunately, however, the MS. had not been printed, and had afterwards been lost; the oracles of the Book Trade having previously pronounced that there was no longer a taste for Indian poetry, such as there had been when Chateaubriand wrote his Attala,

or Cooper his "Last of the Mohicans," and that such books did not *succeed* now. The more I heard of the Indians in their native land, the more interest I felt in them. When I was in Europe, and knew them only from books, I must own I considered them rude, cold-blooded, rather uninteresting people, but when I had once shaken hands with them, I felt that they were "men and brothers," and had a good portion of warm blood and sound understanding, and I could feel as much sympathy for them as for any other human creatures.

The waters collected in the Lakes Simcoe and Kutchiching flow westward through the river Severn to the great division of Lake Huron, called Georgian Bay, or the Manitou Lake. The river forms many cascades and rapids on its way, and is surrounded by very magnificent scenery; and here, where a gentleman, a French Canadian, has established a saw-mill, the most northerly saw-mill in Canada, the people had killed, in the course of the year, no fewer than thirty bears; though the average number was not beyond three or four. I heard the same account throughout this journey in Canada. I heard everywhere of bears which this summer had broken into villages, or been killed in the neighbourhood of human dwellings. It was said that so many bears had never been known to have

approached so near to man; and that the deer, squirrels, and other children of the forest, had been equally numerous; the fields and gardens being fairly stormed by them.

When I inquired for the cause of this fact, I could get no satisfactory solution. As the year was sometimes wet and sometimes dry—as there was sometimes a great abundance of fish and sometimes scarcely any—as they had gathered this year 20 bushels of potatoes where in general they only got two, so there were bear years and squirrel years, in which the beasts of the wilderness seemed to be in great commotion. Many suggested the great drought that had prevailed this summer as an explanation; the sun had dried up the berries, nuts, and other wild plants, as well as the roots on which the bears and squirrels, &c., feed, and so compelled them to come begging to man, who, however, treated them only to a little gunpowder.

The shores of Lake Kutchiching, and still more of its outlet, the Severn, have an evil repute, as the abodes of numerous rattle-snakes. This timid and innocent animal,—it may just as well be called so as the dove, which will bite as hard as it can when it is sitting on its nest, and swallow gnats and other living creatures when it is hungry,—the timid and innocent rattle-snake, which gives place to every

one, and only snaps in its terror when the tread of a man or other animal has hurt it severely, is a very gregarious creature, and lives in certain localities with crowds of its brethren. They are almost always to be found in numerous colonies, though on what the choice of the locality depends, I do not know. On Lake Simcoe, for instance, there are no rattle-snakes, whilst on the Severn they are in extraordinary numbers; indeed, our Indian John said there was no place so notorious for them between here and the Rocky Mountains, but that may be only a *façon de parler*. At any rate the rattle-snake does not, as I have said, at all deserve so bad a character as it generally gets, nor is its bite so deadly as is commonly supposed. A great deal depends on its age, strength, and state of health, as well as on the constitution and nervous system of the man who receives the bite. Even when all circumstances concur to render it fatal, the catastrophe may be avoided and the cure rapidly effected, though I must own this cure seems to be thoroughly understood only by the Indians. It happens sometimes, too, that the activity of the poison is only repressed for a time, and afterwards resumes its energy. Thus, in a story John related to us, a man who had been bitten was apparently cured and remained well for a whole year, till all at once

the poison that had remained in the system threw him into a fever and killed him.

There are in this region many other *amphibiæ* almost more dreaded than the rattle-snake, and it is remarkable that the peopling of this wilderness, and the cultivation of the soil, do not appear, in the first instance at least, to have the effect of diminishing their numbers, but, on the contrary, actually seems to increase them. Wherever there are new settlers it is said this effect is observed, and may probably be explained from the circumstance that new settlers kill and drive away the cranes and other marsh birds, and thus by relieving the snakes of their natural enemies, leave them free to multiply. Subsequently of course man himself becomes their greatest enemy, and when an exterminating warfare is carried on against them by the colonists, and when the herds of swine increase (for swine appear to regard snakes as a great delicacy), then, indeed, the snakes have to retire from the field.

Talking of these and other matters we returned late in the evening of a beautiful moonlight night, across the lake from island to island to Orillia. Lake Kutchiching and all nature was perfectly still and tranquil, and not a sound was to be heard but the gentle gurgling murmur of the water as our canoe glided over it. Once only we

heard a distant cry, a kind of bellow. "What is that?" I asked of John. "It is either an ox or a frog," was the reply,—"I can't hear which." This "*or*" surprised me for a moment, but I then remembered to have heard that the celebrated bull-frog inhabited these waters. In the spring when they are very numerous, they bellow from the marshes like cattle on a pasture, and it seems that, at all events with respect to his voice, the frog here has effected what his ancestor in the fable attempted in vain.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EASTERN SHORES OF LAKE SIMCOE.

I LEFT Orillia and its wooded lake on the following day, and not without receiving from my worthy host some presents which were exceedingly to my taste. They consisted, first, in a great bunch of the clusters of a certain Canadian berry, called in English "Bitter-sweet," a plant not edible, but extremely pretty to look at. At the end of every one of its numerous, delicate twigs, is a round scarlet berry, which in its unripe state is enveloped in an orange-coloured capsule. When the berry is ripe, this splits open into four parts, which remain fixed to the style, so that each scarlet berry is contained in a golden cup. A large bunch of this plant makes one of the prettiest bouquets with which one can adorn a room for the winter, and I intended to present mine to a lady friend in Toronto, but as I

carried it in my hand on the steamer and in the railway carriage, so many people admired it, and begged a little specimen, that I was barely able to get any of it carried safely to its destination. I often doubt whether Nature has not done as much to please the eye in these Canadian woods as in the far-famed Brazilian and other tropical forests.

My second present was a work of art—and a very curious one—namely, an old rusty Indian scalping-knife made of iron. The material proved it to have been of European, that is, of French workmanship, and it was very skilfully adapted to its horrid purpose, with a blade curved like a razor, but with a sharp point. The French, it appears, improved the horrible instrument of the Indians, and made the disgusting task of scalping their fellow-creatures easier for them. They furnished these weapons to the tribes with whom they were in alliance—tobacco, rum, and scalping-knives forming the most agreeable and acceptable presents. The obtaining scalps was not only a necessity of war for the Indian,—the passion for these horrid trophies often became so irresistible with him as to impel him to bloody deeds, even in peace; and it is said it would spring up suddenly with frightful violence in the mind even of a well-meaning, good-tempered Indian.

I was told of an English officer who was travelling through the American wilderness with an Indian guide, who had showed himself so civil and friendly, that the Englishman entirely trusted him; but one morning on awaking suddenly from sleep he was astonished to see the Indian standing before him, and pointing at him his own double-barrelled gun which he had taken from his side. The Englishman sprang upon him and disarmed the Indian, who was all in a tremble, and when he was made prisoner, confessed that his master had not given him the least cause for dissatisfaction or revengeful feeling, but "he had such a very fine head of hair." He, the Indian, had been playing with the rich silky locks, as the Englishman lay asleep, until an irresistible desire had seized him to have such a scalp to hang at his girdle as a trophy. He had struggled with himself, but was becoming so terribly excited that the scalping devil would have got the better of him, if the Englishman had not driven him away. He then fell at his feet and implored forgiveness. The phrenologists have not, I believe, yet recognised the scalping mania as one of the original propensities of the human mind; but judges in this country are aware of its existence. This story of the curls recalls that of the tyrant

who could not see a slender maiden neck without thinking how well it was adapted for beheading.

As I came thus with my branch of bitter-sweets in my hand, and my scalping-knife in my girdle, on board the steamer that was to convey me along the eastern shore of Lake Simcoe to the inhabited district, I was immediately assailed by the usual volley of questions:—"You come from the old country, sir?" "Have you been long here?" "How do you like it?" "It will be a fine country by and by, will it not?" "Where do you mean to settle, sir?" and so forth. These questions had been teasing me like musquitoes, as they do every stranger, but yet they really arise quite naturally out of the condition of the country; and, in fact, there are in almost every country some such standing questions. In muddy Poland, for instance, they ask, "How did you find the roads?" in autocratic Russia, "What do you know about the Emperor?" and everywhere in the temperate zone the questions about the weather, &c.; but it is tiresome, it must be owned, to have to say one's catechism thirty or forty times a day,—so that I was very glad to see that many of the passengers were the same that I had had on my journey hither, and whom I had already satisfied upon these points.

We had a few new-comers, and when I saw one of them manœuvring towards me, and about to stick his queries into me like harpoons, I came towards him, caught the harpoon, and began as soon as possible a short autobiography that I had prepared for such occasions, stating where I was born, what was my origin, what I had come or had not come here for, and so forth, till at last I got into a sort of paroxysm of communicativeness, and forced people to swallow my biography whether they would or not. After this I was able to conclude a general treaty of peace. Everybody knew who and what I was, so that they now cared very little about me, and I was able to give myself up calmly to the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery unfolding itself before me. I would gladly give some idea of its beauty, but it is often difficult to convey impressions of this kind without falling into repetitions, which, though often far from unwelcome in Nature, where there always are shades of difference, are very apt to be so in books. To me there was a never-ending enjoyment in gazing on the colouring of a Canadian forest in its autumn glory, and observing the modifications of their colours, produced by a greater or less distance. From the immediate fore-ground to the remotest point there was a scale of a hundred degrees. The trees near

at hand were of a full rose or orange hue, and every leaf a piece of glittering gold, and yet every tree had something that distinguished it from all the rest, and although there were only leaves, the colours equalled those of a tropical forest in spring, when it is covered with blossoms. Further on, the colours were melted together into one general tint of bright pink, then a little blue mingled with it, and there arose several softest tones of lilac; sometimes, according to the conditions of the atmosphere, the distant woods appeared of a deep indigo, and then perhaps would interpose and appear a little island of a glowing red gold upon an azure ground, but if your eye followed the line of forest to the east, the colours as well as the trees shrank together, and a great wood of lofty oak, elm, and maple would look much like a low patch of reddish heath.

The lands on the eastern shore of Lake Simcoe are, I understand, more fertile than those of the west. This had been discovered only recently, but the settlement made there was in rapid progress. "Beavertown especially will be, by and by, a very fine place, and a great, busy, comfortable, and home-like city." I must own, however, it did not look much like that when I saw it. The beginnings of houses and "promising clearings," must, I sup-

posed, lie further off the shore. We ran only into a pretty natural harbour, which had not received the smallest assistance from art. Great piles of trunks of trees floated to it by the water, and some of these covered with sand formed a kind of quay, upon which, and upon rough masses of rock, our passengers sprang ashore, our vessel having had to steer as cautiously as a canoe between all this forest refuse to the land.

It was in such harbours as this that we scattered, as we proceeded, the seeds of future great towns, and pleasant dwelling-places. Sometimes we provided a lonely lumber-man Colony on one of the islands, a shanty, as it is called, with fresh provisions and implements of labour, or with labour itself. This was the case with respect to the largest island of the lake, the "Georgian Island," at present occupied by some of the Whites, whom I have mentioned as endeavouring to overreach the Indians, and encroach on their property, under shelter of a formal agreement made with them. This large island belonged to the Snake Island Indians, and the Whites had hired it under the condition of paying them five shillings for every 100 cubic feet of wood. A dozen of them had then come, built a little shanty on the shore of the lake, and were now engaged in seeking the finest groups of oaks in the

island, in order to lay the giants prostrate under the axe, and we saw the commencements of a path that they had begun to make through the forest.

An old Simcoe farmer whom we had on board, and to whom I had been endeavouring to communicate some of my notions of the Indian rights of property in the land, favoured me with his views in return. "These Indians," he said, "ought to be altogether kicked out from here. They are a lazy race, and hinder the progress of our undertakings. They are too stupid and too idle to cut down the woods themselves in the sweat of their brow, and so they make us pay them a tax like great lords, and spend the money in making merry on the islands where the finest wood grows, and where it is easiest to be got at from the water. Our Government makes a great deal too much ceremony with these fellows and their rights of property, as they call them. What property can an Indian have but his bow and arrow, and his fighting tackle? This notion of Indian property in land is quite a new-fangled invention."

It is remarkable enough that the American Indians, though much nearer to the Whites in colour and other physical characteristics than the Africans, have never associated themselves with them as assistants as the negroes have done. All over

Canada you find negroes lending a helping hand in the settlements, on the steamers, in the hotels, and in various trades, but Indian waiters, servants, or tradesmen are nowhere to be seen. There is not a single example of it. "It is their roving nature, sir! They will never keep steady to work, roving in the bush is their only delight," &c. It may however be partly ascribed to their deep-rooted love of independence, their unconquered minds; the White has never been able to make them labour in his fields, or serve him in his house; in all such attempts they are sure to slip through his fingers. They are only to be induced to cultivate the ground when they are left free and allowed to live together, and to practise some of the little handicrafts which do not interfere with their love of roaming, such as basket-making in the woods, and those pretty embroideries and bead-works which they manufacture industriously in their huts and take about from place to place for sale to the Whites. The negro wears a cheerful face, and makes himself at home among the Whites, but the Indian wanders about these settlements as a stranger, shy and serious, and is only cheerful and at ease when you meet him on his prairies.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEGRO FUGITIVE.

WHEN I spoke, on my return to Toronto, of my visit to the Indian who was more than a hundred years old, I was told that there was a negro in that town of the same age. As that Indian could remember the English conquest of Canada, the old negro had lived through the Revolt of the United States from the English yoke; and if faint remembrances of Wolfe and his Britons might still exist in the one dark head, those of Washington and his revolutionary officers might be found in the other. I thought a comparison of the temperament and character of the races in these two equally aged specimens would be interesting, and a friend had the kindness to take me to see black James Robertson, the contemporary of red Captain James.

Our first visit was without result, we did not

find the old gentleman at home, since he was, as a black countryman of his informed us, "*gone out to cut wood.*"

"Cut wood!" I exclaimed, "and he above a hundred years old!"

"Yes, sir, to be sure; Uncle Robertson is quite active still. He is very industrious and likes work, and some ladies of the town, who like to do him a favour, give him jobs of wood-cutting, though he doesn't get through them as fast as younger men."

A curious favour it seemed for a man above a hundred years old!

"Can we come again to-morrow?" I asked.

"To-morrow is Sunday, sir, and Uncle Robertson always goes to church, but if you will come for an hour out of church-time he will certainly be glad to see you."

We promised to come before church-time and to attend Divine Service in the old man's company, but for the present we had to content ourselves with viewing the quarter of the town in which Robertson lived. It was that quarter of Toronto that I mentioned before as containing so many neat comfortable little cottages. We found several negro dwellings, the occupants of which frequently recommended themselves on boards put up before their houses for various occupations, especially

those of "Whitewashers," or, if they were of the fair sex, of washerwomen; and I was told that these employments and shirt-making were the favourite ones among the negroes. Can their own black colour have anything to do with their passion for these whitening operations? Since they cannot wash themselves white, as doubtless they would if they could, poor souls, it may be some satisfaction to be able to bestow the favoured colour on walls and linen. They are most zealous barbers too, and will not even endure that light tint of grey that the stubble of our beards is accustomed to leave on our chins.

We found great numbers of negroes in Toronto, and since the intolerable "Fugitive Slave Law" that the Northern States have allowed to be thrown like a net over their heads, the negro question has acquired much greater importance for Canada. By this atrocious law the Northern States have bound themselves against their inclinations and against their own convictions, merely from a motive of interest, to assist the slave-owner in getting his poor tormented slave again into his power, and in cutting off every hope of a refuge for him; and not only all citizens of the Union, but all "*bystanders*," consequently even strangers and travellers like myself,—though God forbid that I should

do any such thing. The slave-owners will have not only their republican brethren, but the whole world for their accomplices in maintaining their unnatural rights, and every bystander is bound to seize a poor negro and deliver him to his tyrant, or to be punished for not doing so. Was such a disgraceful law ever heard of in the world? Has any law before dared to declare punishable men wholly innocent of any offence?

I am, nevertheless, I confess, no adherent of the abolitionist party. I believe, on the contrary, from my experience in St Domingo and Jamaica, that the abolitionists, however noble their intentions may have been, have done great mischief even to the poor negroes themselves. I believe that if they had been able to carry out their principles they would have plunged both blacks and whites into one common destruction. I need hardly say, however, that I am still less inclined to take the part of the slave-owners, but, I must own, I wish to defer forming any decided opinions on the subject till after I have visited the Southern States. I will, therefore, now say nothing more on the subject, than that I regard this Fugitive Slave Law as utterly hateful and monstrous.

As long as the northerly neighbouring States offered a refuge to the slave, they kept alive a hope

for him, and he bore his chains more patiently for knowing that in case of the worst there was a prospect of freedom at hand. The cutting off this asylum was like closing the doors and windows of his prison—it deprived him of air and light. As long too as the master was aware that such a window remained open, he would doubtless be inclined to refrain from the excess of severity that might tempt the slave to escape through it; but now he may tyrannize, unchecked by the fear of such a contingency.

This "Fugitive Slave Law" is really a riddle to me, I can no more understand how it should be submitted to on the one side than how it should be required on the other. The very slave-owners themselves, I should have thought, would be glad to leave open such a safety-valve, and be willing to allow a negro who had too much love of freedom, cleverness, obstinacy, and cunning, the "incorrigible negroes," to withdraw, and so free their plantations from such a dangerous element. Many of the opponents of the abolition movement, though they maintain that slavery cannot be annihilated at a blow, admit that it is an evil which must be gradually, as far as possible, removed. The leaving an asylum for the negro in the Northern States was, at least, the commencement of such a removal,

and instead of closing it up, it would have seemed desirable to render it easier of access, to open the doors and windows wider, and increase the number of safety-valves. There would then have been a prospect that, at least in the course of centuries, the burden would have been diminished, without the slave-owners being very sensibly affected.

Canada is now the only refuge of the negro, and they hasten to it by hundreds, and if this go on for a long time the country will have acquired a considerable negro population, and will find itself deeply concerned in the slave question. I am convinced that the southern slave-owners now have their eye on Canada in the North, as much as on Cuba in the South, and that they brood over the thoughts of its conquest, that they may extend the meshes of their detestable Fugitive Slave Law over this country too, and if possible to the North Pole.

On our second visit to "Uncle Robertson's," we found the old man at home, and he had evidently prepared for our reception. We found him in a room perfectly neat and clean, and by no means devoid of comfort, seated in an easy arm-chair, and he offered us equally convenient seats. He then expressed his pleasure in our visit, speaking quite well and intelligibly, and understanding quickly our replies. Although he had been a slave

for half a century he had nothing of the manner of one. I remembered similar visits that I had paid in Poland and Russia to serfs, old and young, and I remembered the many bowings, embracings of knees and elbows, kissings of hands and feet, with which every serf had greeted one whom he regarded as of superior rank. Of all this I found here no trace; our old negro spoke to us as one gentleman to another. What a contrast between him and "Captain James!" Were such contrasts frequently observed, it would be impossible to avoid the inference of the superiority of the vital temperament of the negro, and that the soul of the Indian sinks sooner and more completely into a chrysalis state.

The conversation we afterwards had with the old man appeared to me much more remarkable than his personality, and I wish I had it in my power to give a literal report of it; it reminded me strongly of Mrs Beecher Stowe's admirable representations. I call it conversation, but I should rather say his speeches, for he spoke much more to us than we to him. He told us he had been born in Maryland as a free negro, and had passed his youth on various plantations. During the revolutionary war he had served an American officer as "sword-wiper," but this officer died: and then he had been pur-

sued by slave-hunters and captured, and at the very time when the Americans recovered their freedom from England, he had been carried into slavery in the Southern States. There he was dragged from one country to another, from Carolina to Georgia, from Georgia to Florida, and, finally, sold in New Orleans.

"Sometimes I had good, sometimes bad masters, but the worst of all was the tyrant I was sold to in New Orleans; and though I had passed from one slavery to another for near thirty years, I could never forget that they had done me a double wrong; first as a man, and then as a free-born man, and I was always thinking of saving myself by flight, the only way I had to get my rights, but my master held me fast, and I had to endure it for many years. But one great good I got from this long captivity, I learned to pray. Although I had certainly prayed before, my heart had remained a mere stone—I knew nothing of the real power of prayer, but I know it now; I know quite certainly that there is a God, I have recognised Him, I have myself seen Him and His angels. He has taken my stony heart into His hand and changed it into a soft human heart. He pressed it, and there sprang up a fountain in it that watered it and made grass and flowers grow, and the garden in my heart has

become more and more pleasant. Now, though I have to earn my bread by wood-cutting and sawing, I am quite happy; I have God, I know it for certain, and He knows His old servant Robertson. He knows of me and of my soul. Oh, sir! God is good when you are well, He is still better when you are sick, but He is best of all when you are lying on your death-bed, or, what is the same, under the bloody lash of a hard master. There He is your only consolation,—you have only Him to whom you can cry."

I was completely astonished by this old man, he appeared quite to forget himself, and began regularly to preach, like a Methodist preacher; indeed the friend who accompanied me thought he was giving us here and there some reminiscences of the pulpit. Since he said much of that sudden change in his heart, and of the paradise that had then descended into it, we asked him on what occasion this sudden change had taken place.

"Yes," he said, "I will tell you. You see, when you are in a strange country, without friends or acquaintances, that is a hard case. On the other side of the mountains, in Carolina and Georgia, I was a slave, but I had many good friends and acquaintances. I was married there, and had children who were not so widely apart from me. But when

they took me to the Mississippi, to that hard master in New Orleans, I had no child, no sister, no brother, no single acquaintance or friend, only my hard master and his overseer, who was still harder. And what do you see to the right and left of you? A crowd of poor black fellow-creatures, brothers who are groaning under the driver's whip, and doing their master's work, not in the sweat of their brow, but in blood,—then you think your turn will come soon, and you begin in your heart's dread to pray to God as to your only refuge. Oh, then your prayer becomes fervent; then you see that prayer is the key to Paradise; then do God and His angels appear to you and promise you their protection, and that I have never been able to forget since I became pious, and I have always had full trust in God that He would deliver me out of slavery, and this He has done. He smoothed the path for me; He led me through the night and the woods; He led me across the water to Canada, the free land, the land that we negroes call rock, and our land of promise."

It may be supposed how vividly all this brought to my mind the ecstasies of Uncle Tom, and the vision that appeared to him in the moment of his greatest suffering. Perhaps these ecstatic visions of negroes under the lash may not be unheard of—

perhaps in such situations there may be a natural tendency to them, as in the case of the early Christian martyrs, who in the midst of their bitterest torments had such visions and intimate communion with the Heavenly!

We begged Robertson to give us some particulars of his escape and flight, but on that point every fugitive negro is extremely cautious and uncommunicative.

"Ah, yes, my escape. Well, you see, sir, suppose you were a Quaker, and I come to you in the night, quite beside myself, and covered with blood and sweat, and my back and even my face all torn open with bleeding wounds,"—and as he spoke the old man passed his withered hand and his long trembling fingers over his temples and cheek-bones, and I then remarked what I had not perceived before, long whitish stripes and scars, that extended behind his ears among his hair and across his cheek to his lips; and I also saw that one of his eyes was blind.

"What!" I exclaimed, "are those scars the traces of the whip?"

"Yes, indeed they are, sir; it's there that the lasso flew about. You see, sir, the lasso is made of buckskin, with a thin wire in it that sticks out at the end. This wire flies very far round and cuts

into all soft flesh like a knife,—and you see, sir, if you are a Quaker, and I come in this miserable state to you, you have compassion on me, you take me in and take care of me, and send me on by and by, by ways that you know; you have a good friend that is a Quaker too,—a brother, and you give me a letter to him, and he takes me in too; treats me like a brother, hides me in the day, and in the night puts me into a cart and drives me himself a good bit into the forest; and then after that I help myself further. You see, sir, that was the way I got across from Virginia to Ohio. That was then—you see it was forty years ago—a safe and free country. I could stay there and work. I married a second time there, and God gave me children, and everything went on very well till a few years ago, when they made this wicked 'Fugitive Slave Law.' Then I had to go further."

"Is it true, as I have been told, that when you were making your escape to Ohio your masters pursued you with blood-hounds?"

"Yes, sir, they pursued me so; I got on of course very slowly, and they had plenty of time, and the dogs got upon my track, but somebody gave me a salve to rub on my feet. The good Quakers, our friends, knew how to make it with asafœtida and onions and fat, and a little gun-

powder mixed with it, that it might not show on our black skins; and this mixture quite destroys the scent of the blood-hounds, and makes them make mistakes and lose the track."

"What good man gave you this salve?"

"Oh, sir," said old Robertson, giving involuntarily a sort of glance behind him, "it was a very good man; I know his name too right well, but if I were to tell it you, you might, without meaning any harm, happen to mention it, and that might bring my good protector and friend into trouble. It's forty years ago, and he may be dead, but you see he might have left a son—there might be children—it might be dangerous."

"Good heavens, Robertson, do you mean that your old master or his heirs, if he be dead, would take revenge on your benefactor's children, because, forty years ago, he helped your escape?"

"Yes, I do, sir; it may seem strange to you, sir; but I always think it better to keep the name to myself. Believe me, those gentlemen in the South forget nothing; they have a book where they write it all down,—they call it the Cotton Book. The names of all their slaves are kept in it, what work they have done, and what they can do, and what they were bought for, and what they are worth. I am registered too in that Cotton Book.

When they know for certain that one is dead, they scratch out the name, but they do not know that yet of me, though they will most likely hear it soon; but as long as I live they have their eye on me. They do not know exactly where I am, but they look in their Cotton Book, and they find that I once belonged to their grandfather; that I escaped and went towards the North, and that there has never yet been news of my death; so they still think they will be able to get hold of me. It was the fear of this, you see, that drove me away from Ohio as soon as they made that law; and it is only about two years ago that I came here with a son that God gave me in Ohio, to Canada."

The old man presented to us this son, a fine, healthy young fellow, and we then asked whether he knew anything of his other children in Carolina, and he said, "Nothing, sir, except that I believe they are all still in slavery, but I have got all their names here in my Bible."

He then showed me his Bible, and I found in it the register of all his children regularly entered, with a cross against those whom he knew to be dead.

"I have them in the Bible," said he, "and their masters have them in their Cotton Book, but they are registered best in heaven above."

"Have you written to your children?" I asked.

"Ah, God forbid, sir, that would never do. Don't you see how dangerous that would be? I know my son's address and his post station, or at any rate what it was forty years ago; but suppose a letter comes to Abraham Robertson, the post-master does not send it to him, but to his master, and he opens it and reads it. Ah, ha! Abraham, what's that? he would say to my son, so you have got a father, and in Canada too, and he writes letters to you; speak the truth now, you are conspiring with him? He has invited you to come to Canada? Tell the truth this moment, or—ah, no, no! dear sir, God forbid,—I dare not write to my children. They have enough laid on their shoulders. That would bring down the lash upon them. I must be content with my little youngest one here. He must help me and stay with me while I live, and we can take care of one another. Then at last he must close my eyes, and he will be a free man, and able to earn his bread in this country. God bless Canada."

We wondered at the old man's discreet perseverance in still keeping the names of his benefactors concealed, after the lapse of forty years, and in refusing to give any more precise account of his escape—a discretion that, as I have said, is often found among negro fugitives. Several Canadian ladies who had escaped negroes in their houses as

servants, have told me the same thing, that they would readily admit that they were fugitives, but that they were dumb when questioned on the details of their flight.

We hinted an inquiry whether old Robertson had met with a kind reception and support from men of his own race in Canada. "Ah, sir," he said, "there you touch on a sore point. I must tell you that I am a hundred years old, and have some experience you may suppose; I do not want to tell you an untruth, but with my own colour,—it is curious, but I must say, my own colour is bad! There are always some negroes who will help a poor fellow-negro to escape, or in other ways; and among the negroes that are well off, and these are not a few in Toronto, there are those who will do something for the poor and the oppressed; but in general I have always found that the white man sympathizes more with a black than the blacks themselves. When the white man will give me something to cover my nakedness, my own colour passes me by. In the South the black driver is worse than the white master. Sometimes when the white master will say, 'There, don't do it again,' the black driver will give you a hundred lashes. He will trample upon you when the white will lift you up. I'm sorry to say it, but the coloured

people are greater tyrants, more bloody wolves than the white ones."

Poor Robertson had become quite violent and excited during these strictures on his colour. As long as he was speaking of the whites there was a sort of timid plaintive expression in his voice, but when he spoke thus contemptuously of his black brethren, it became loud and bitter. This was the only thing we did not quite like about him, but for this, the tales of the old man (who had many good friends among the Christians of Toronto) would certainly have been quite as edifying to me as the sermon of that Methodist preacher whom I was to have heard in his company, but whom, during the conversation, I had quite forgotten.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOWER NIAGARA RIVER.

It was again a misty morning when we found ourselves once more on the steamer "Peerless," ploughing our way over Lake Ontario, but this time directing our course southward to the American shore. We could see scarcely a hundred yards before us, and every five seconds the fog bell was sounded on board us, to announce to other vessels our approach. Sometimes we heard a similar bell answering us not far off, but we saw no more of each other than two boars passing each other in a jungle. These American vessels, though they do so continually run into danger, are not without ample precautionary rules and means of safety. Long strings of handsomely-painted pails filled to the brim are always to be seen forward near the bowsprit, and at other appointed places, as a pre-

caution against fire, and long chests with life-belts, jackets, and collars, all adapted to save life in shipwrecks, are always at hand, open, and with the words "Life Preservers" written in large letters on the lid. The small boats that are carried by the steamers are built expressly on a life-preserving principle. They are made of hollow metal, with double sides, and even if filled with water they cannot sink. Two large hollow metal balls are attached to them in such a way as to keep the right side always uppermost, so that if you are yourself rinsed out, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that the boat will rise again like a duck. At night too, when you retire to rest, you are quite surrounded by articles planned with most tender care for your precious life. The chair on which you sit down to undress is a life-preserver. It is shaped like two old-fashioned hour-glasses, with two hollow ends, that serve, in ordinary times, for your head and feet, but in the hour of danger for air compartments, when you sit across the narrow neck. Lately it has even been attempted to make the whole sleeping cabins of passengers water-tight life-preservers, so that they can be taken off and will float in the water.

I have been told that there are on the rivers of America many people who acquire such a taste for

these floating steam palaces, that they pass a great part of the year upon them. They hire their cabins for months, and land only occasionally during half the summer. I can perfectly understand this. Nobody has ever yet invented a life-preserver for the dry land, and on the water you are surrounded by them, in addition to all manner of conveniences, —bathing-rooms, smoking-rooms, shaving-rooms, perfumers' shops, dining-rooms, and drawing-rooms, &c., for which, in a town, you might have to run about to two or three streets, are here conveniently packed together for you in the nutshell of a ship. There is not to be found in the world a more agreeable and complete combination of the pleasure of locomotion with the comfort of a house. And you can have all this and attendance more cheaply on an American steamer, probably, than anywhere else. You may, for instance, for three dollars go the whole length of Lake Ontario, a distance of 200 miles, and find your breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed ready at the appointed times. All this has the effect of creating a standing steam-boat population, and if these water luxuries and comforts go on increasing as they have done, we shall at last find whole masses of the inhabitants living habitually on the water, as in China, with the difference that in America it will be the richer classes, not

the poorer, who adopt this plan of life, and that, in accordance with the locomotive character of the people here, they will be perpetually moving up and down the rivers and arms of the sea, instead of lying at anchor as they do in the Celestial Empire. On these steamers, as well as in the small towns in the remotest parts of America, I have often become acquainted with recent works of art of the ateliers of Paris and London. The quantity of lithographs, copper and steel engravings, pleasing pictures, &c., which are found in East, West, and North America, is astounding. Many of them were quite new to me, and appeared to have been produced expressly with a view to the taste of the New World.

On the walls of the cabins in the *Peerless*, for instance, there were hanging portraits of Wellington, Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, and the whole royal family circle; scenes from the Scotch highlands—shepherds, sheep, and ponies of Landseer; William Tell, &c.; all first-class engravings, and a richer collection than I have often seen in England. I had become quite accustomed to all these reminiscences of England during my travels in Canada; and, as I was now on the frontier of the United States, they seemed to be giving me a parting glance of the good things of the "Old Country."

Our fog-bell now rang at longer and longer intervals, and at last, as the mist dispersed, entirely ceased. First the white sails appeared in faint outlines through it, then the whole body of vessels, the glittering lake spread out wider and wider before us, and at last, by the time we reached the mouth of the broad, glorious Niagara river, it had entirely dispersed, and all lay bright and clear before us.

Here we came in sight of two forts and settlements, on the west a British, and on the east an American, and between them the broad deep channel of the transparent river, and its sharply-cut banks. Nowhere else, I believe, are British and American cannon brought so closely together as at this port, where they gaze at each other across the watery abyss. May they never do anything else than gaze!

In the small villages near the forts where we stopped, we found the usual crowd of passengers of various classes and both sexes, labourers, pleasure-takers, ladies and gentlemen; and there were piles of goods lying heaped up in readiness. The bales and packages were snatched up by the negroes and hurried on shore with the utmost rapidity, and others were taken in and swallowed eagerly by our steamer, as if she had come in very hungry; and

through all the clamour locomotives rushed in and out, till one was quite perplexed to think where the people all came from, and where they were going to,—all were as busy as a swarm of bees, as they usually are in busy America.

No traveller should miss the passage on the river Niagara if he can help it, it is a charming one, and well worth the time it takes, though I must own I did find myself left pretty nearly alone with the captain, for most of the passengers seemed to think they could not get to the great falls fast enough, and so hurried to them by the railway.

The river up to the whirlpools and falls is about 15 miles long, and in this portion flows so calmly as to seem almost motionless, as if it had need of rest after such passionate excitement. The shores on each side are from thirty to forty feet high, and adorned with villa-like farm-houses, and many beautiful trees. The autumn foliage was here what I may call more blooming than around Toronto, and the golden trees were reflected in the clear, tranquil water below. Not a leaf appeared to have fallen, they were like the vigorous old men you sometimes see whose hair and beard has become gray, but who have not lost a single hair; our European trees in autumn soon get their tresses torn and dishevelled, and show many bald places among them.

The Niagara stream below the Falls has no islands, branches, nor divisions, but flows in one volume like a canal, but the canal is mostly forty fathoms deep, and passes with this depth through the sharply-cut bed, as through a volcanic chasm in the earth, almost as straight as a canal in Holland. It runs direct from south to north, and down to its mouth in Lake Ontario is not interrupted by so much as a sand-bank, and even there it has no bar, but the lake is as deep as the river. Soundings show only a very slight rising of the bottom, like the commencement of such a bar. I must own I should have expected the very contrary, and it almost shook my faith in the generally accepted theory, that the stream does not flow through a volcanic cleft formed for it, but has worn a bed for itself through the strata of stone that form the isthmus.

Do not those, who accept this theory as completely established, find themselves in some difficulties with respect to the character of the lower Niagara? The whole isthmus, between Lakes Ontario and Erie, which the Niagara is said to have cut through, is perfectly smooth and level on the surface. The great mass of it is raised three or four hundred feet above Lake Ontario, and is about on the level of Erie. At the distance of

eight or ten miles from the Ontario, this elevated plateau ends in a steep cliff or bank, and at the foot of this commences the plain, which may comparatively be called a lowland, through which the lower Niagara flows. It is about thirty or forty feet above the Ontario, and the river glides through it, as I have said, with six times that depth of water. Perhaps this plain was once overflowed by the lake, and formed a part of its bed or bottom, and the Niagara then descended in a steep fall from that high inland shore at once to the lake, and began its great work of hollowing out the rock. On the narrow plain itself, covered as it was by the tranquil waters of the lake, it could not of course operate; the hollowing out of the rock could not begin till the lake had left the plain, and retired within its present limits. The falling river must have then plunged down on the dry plain, carrying with it masses of rock and stones that it had loosened on its way,—and would it not then have spread itself out, as we see it happens in similar cases, where wildly agitated rivers enter on a plain, and where the effect has been the formation of a Delta-country, full of banks and islands, and with many shallow and wandering arms of the river; and not what we see here, a deep uniform chasm in which all the waters are collected as in a lake? Whence

proceeds this extraordinary and equal depth in a lowland where the water, if it ever fell at all, fell from a small height, and could not have such power as above where the fall is one of 300 feet? At the foot of the cataracts and along the edges of the whole deep valley, to the point of the passage to the lowland, are piled up in abundance the masses of stone that have been loosened; but further down in the plain you look for them in vain. The banks are as smooth as if cut by a chisel, and the course of the river is quite unobstructed, as I said, far out in the lake. Yet would it not be expected that, as is usual when wild mountain-torrents break into flat valleys, there would appear a vast *moraine* of fragments that it had carried down? There is not here, however, the smallest trace of such a *moraine*. You cannot help wondering what has become of all the fragments. Many of them, doubtless, have got crumbled into sand, and this would gradually get washed out into Lake Ontario; though you really see in the lower Niagara no trace of such floating particles, for the water is extraordinarily transparent. I will also admit that some sort of chemical solution of the stones may have taken place, for the waters of the lake contain many salts, and these may attack the stones in the midst of the foaming cataract, decompose them, and so change them into

fluid, and, as it were, float them away in the form of water. But can the whole phenomenon be explained from such a chemical process, and so the wearing out of the channel be entirely given up? Were this possible, then indeed the absence of *moraines*, sand and mud-banks and islands, and a Delta-formation in the lower Niagara and the neighbouring parts of the Ontario would be explained, though even then the extraordinary depth of the lower portion of the river would remain a marvel, as well as its perfectly straight course. In the laborious wearing through of strata of rock and earth, rivers are almost always found winding about with numerous turns hither and thither, since the strata are not everywhere of equal density, and some are more penetrable than others; but the Niagara cuts them through, as I have said, like an arrow.

The beautiful tranquil river passage is unfortunately of short duration; it lasts only to the edge of the plateau, at the foot of which lie opposite to each other two handsome towns, the American Lewiston and the British Queenstown. At this point the river becomes more agitated and unnavigable, and already begins to foam as it rushes through a deep mountain valley. As we rose gradually from Lewiston by a succession of ascents to the elevated plateau, along a villanous, muddy,

rugged road, full of holes and stumps of trees, we enjoyed the most splendid views of the stream below. The plateau ridge, as I have said, though it appears when seen from a distance abrupt and sharply cut, offers much variety of outline when observed more closely. From some open points we obtained views over a wide extent of country, and could follow the highland for miles as it runs inland parallel with the shore of the lake. There is no doubt that it is the same ancient lake beach, that to the north of Toronto forms the highest of the oak ridges. The country all round was magnificently wooded, and promontories covered with trees were seen projecting from among the lovely gardens of the villages with which the plain was thickly sprinkled.

Our road was, as I said, detestable; we went in some parts tumbling from one mud-hole into another, and where it was best it was only what is called in Canada a plank road, such as are seen so frequently there and in the Northern States, and consisting merely of planks laid side by side, with no other fastening than is made by their getting stuck fast in the mud. When they are new, indeed, you roll along gloriously, as over the floor of a dancing-room, but this does not last long. The boards of course decay, or are broken and split by horses and waggons, and in many places you

must sound deep in the mud before you can find the solid plank. This plank-road system, which is not of old invention, has extended even into the towns. Many have no pavements for their streets but planks, and everywhere in the smaller towns, and sometimes in the greater, as in Montreal and Toronto, the pavement for foot passengers consists only of plank roads on a smaller scale. I have been told that these wooden roads are not favourable to the health of towns, for that the mud and moisture remain lying a long time under the planks, and originate bad air, and that the decaying wood tends to generate fever.

"Your roads are dreadfully bad here," I observed to the coachman of the stage-coach, by whose side I had taken my seat; "I should not have supposed that in this year we should have to go to Niagara Falls by such a one as this."

"Yes, it is bad, sir," he answered, "but down there in the valley is the railway that has been made to Niagara. It is to be opened the day after to-morrow."

"Ah, that is like your country," said I, "one has scarcely time to complain of an evil before we hear that to-morrow or the day after it is to be remedied. You are an American I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, I claim to be an American!"

"From what State?"

"I am what is called a Yankee—I was born and brought up in Vermont."

He was a young man about twenty, but very intelligent-looking, and orderly in his behaviour. He managed his four horses admirably, with whip and rein, and the usual coachmen phrases of the Northern States, "Go 'long! go 'long!" and "What are you about?" or rather, "*Wharye-bout?*" Every tree-stump, block of stone, and many a hole was carefully avoided, and yet we went along at a brisk pace.

"You drive capitally," said I; "I suppose you have been studying this abominable road a long time?"

"No, sir, I have only been driving on it three weeks. It does not so much matter to know the road as to know how to manage your horses. I have been driving before in another part to the east of the lake, but I got tired of it, so I made up my mind to go and visit a brother I have got in Toronto, and see what I could get to do there. I took my steam-boat ticket to Toronto, but when I got out here at Niagara Fort, I found there was something to do on the road."

"What! you are a passenger then?"

"Quite right, I am a steam-boat passenger, sir; here is my ticket from Rochester. See, I have kept it because I shall use it in a few days to go on to Toronto to my brother."

"So you earn your travelling expenses as you go along then?"

"Yes, I happened to hear at Niagara Fort when I landed that they wanted a coachman for this bit of road, and as they only wished me to engage for four weeks till the railroad down there was open, I thought I would just earn what I was spending."

"You are a coachman by trade?"

"Not a bit of it, sir; I am a farmer's son in Vermont, and I helped my father a couple of years on his fields. But I got tired of it, and then I worked a couple of years as a carpenter and joiner. But I didn't like my employer."

"What! you understand carpentering too?"

"Oh yes, sir, I can do almost anything; I can do as a farmer, I can do as a carpenter and joiner, I can do as a driver,—I pledge myself to do anything you like."

"Was your master a bad man?"

"I don't know whether he was exactly a bad man, but I know I didn't like him, and you see

I always make my contract so, if you don't like me or if I don't like you, stop! quit! there's an end to it, I'm off."

"Have you relatives in Vermont?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them; my mother and my father are alive too."

"Would not your father have liked you to remain at home with him, and taken a share in his farming?"

"I guess he would, but I did not care to do it, I wanted to be to myself, and so I came away. When the railroad is opened, my contract will be at an end, and then I go to Toronto. My brother will be sure to find some job or other for a couple of months for me."

"Will you not at last go to the West?"

"Yes, I don't care, anywhere where I can get the highest wages. I believe the West is a good place, and, to tell you the truth, I am thinking of it, but I pick up what I can on the road. When I have saved a little money, I shall buy some land there. I am well enough prepared to take up all the trades that a new settler must."

All this was said in the peculiar nasal tone of the Vermonters, with a kind of smile, and interspersed with frequent exclamations to the horses of "Go 'long," and "Wharyebout!"

Very likely if I should be travelling ten years hence in Missouri, I shall find him as an opulent farmer in some new-made State; and if I should go ten years after that to Washington, it is not improbable that I might see him, as a distinguished member of Congress, sitting by the President of the United States, as familiarly as I do now by his side on the coach-box; and some American biographer may afterwards be opening the book of an old tourist of the year 1854, and quoting it to show that the Honourable So and so was once a coachman, carpenter, farmer, &c., before he attained his present dignity; though at the same time it is quite within the range of possibility that this same hopeful young man may have been long since scalped by Indians, or eaten by a grey bear in the Rocky Mountains, or blown up into the air by a steamer, or drowned on one of the lakes, or come to some other untimely end,—for all these things are on the cards in the adventurous life of a Yankee.

CHAPTER X.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE first man (white man *videlicet*) who discovered the Falls of Niagara is said to have been a Frenchman—Father Hennepin—one of the discoverers of the Mississippi. This statement is repeated in almost all the works on the cataracts—one writer copying it from another. Hennepin travelled and wrote about the year 1678, but there is no doubt that this great marvel of nature was known to the Europeans at least half a century before, for on the maps of the St Lawrence and Canada, made in the middle of the seventeenth century, we find the "Great Falls" laid down quite distinctly.

It seems to me very probable that Champlain, the celebrated governor of Canada, was acquainted with the Falls in 1615, though he has not mentioned them in his writings. He discovered the north

coast of Lake Ontario in coming from the Ottawa, and remained there a considerable time; afterwards he continued his travels upon the south coast, and made thence some considerable excursions.

Now the great Niagara river has its mouth on this south coast, and from that the Falls are only distant half a day's journey; Champlain found, too, on this southern shore of the Ontario, a tribe of friendly Indians—"*une nation neutre,*" and had a great deal of intercourse with them, so that it would seem almost inconceivable that he should never have heard of the Falls.

In after times, the wild and hostile Iroquois made the navigation of the Lakes Ontario and Erie so dangerous, that the French were certainly better acquainted with the north of these lakes, and of the Huron, than with the south, and better with the Ottawa than with the upper main artery of the St Lawrence; but some few of these bold *voyageurs* probably penetrated into those remote districts, and even into the enemy's country; and it would be very strange if none of them had entered the great stream of the Niagara, or ever happened to behold its chief wonder.

Between the years 1634 and 1647 there occur no less than eighteen celebrated journeys of the Jesuits, who had at that time already penetrated to

Lake Superior; and in 1640 two of them, the Fathers Brébœuf and Chaumonot, were sent out with the express commission to explore the southern shores of the Ontario and Erie, and the neighbourhood of the present Buffalo, which lies very near the Niagara Falls.

They did this, and completed by their discoveries the knowledge of the great basin of the St Lawrence as far as Lake Superior, and certainly one of these two Fathers must be regarded as the discoverer, rather than Hennepin, who visited the country long afterwards.

Subsequently the celebrated Robert de la Salle, in 1670, travelled round Lakes Ontario and Erie, and also on the Niagara isthmus between the two, and reconnoitred the whole region, with the purpose of choosing the best points for the building of large vessels. In 1678, the same year in which, according to the common, but I believe erroneous, opinion, Father Hennepin made his great discovery, this Robert de la Salle sailed with his Ontario ship into the mouth of the Niagara, and in the same year built above the cataracts his celebrated "Griffon," the first large European vessel ever seen on the Erie. It may be supposed that La Salle and his people would have known of such a complete obstacle to navigation as the Falls, even without any assistance from Hennepin.

This old Franciscan (not Jesuit, as most Canadians call him) was a great gossip, who wrote thick books of travels, which he had sometimes never made, and got repeated editions of these books printed in France, Belgium, and England; and probably this circumstance, added to the silence of his predecessors, gave rise to the prevalent idea of his having been the first discoverer of the Falls of Niagara. When, however, you read his description of the scene you are inclined to think that he was neither the first, nor the second, nor the third—that, in fact, he never saw the Falls at all.

He speaks of them in such an extraordinary manner, that he appears to have got his account only from hearsay. Thus, for instance, he estimates the height of the Falls at 700 feet, that is, about three times what it really is; and that a man with eyes and common-sense, who had really seen them, should make such a mistake as that is inconceivable.

The question who really was the first man who saw Niagara — if, according to all this, we decide that it was not Father Hennepin—remains as yet unanswered; but it is to be regretted that this "first man," whoever he may have been, was not a little more curious about it, and that he did not

leave us an exact plan of the cataracts at that time, as it would have been a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the nature and history of the phenomenon. We cannot blame him, however, for full another century went by before men made the discovery that there was such a thing as the romantic and the sublimely beautiful in nature. Our forefathers crossed themselves when they passed such scenes, and regarded them as the abode of the devil and his angels. Now a European scarcely touches the coast of North America without endeavouring to see, before all else, the great cataracts, and many a time has the ocean been crossed merely for the sake of rejoicing eye and soul by the sight of these wonders.

It is astonishing how little is said of them by travellers even as late as the end of the last century. Roads and paths had been made in many other directions; fine towns built along the shores of lakes and rivers; and yet the Water-god still reigned undisturbed at Goat Island, and rolled his billows over the rocks with no eyes to intrude on his majestic solitude. Even at the beginning of the present century it was an adventurous undertaking to make your way to it through the pathless woods. But our poets and worshippers of nature, our landscape painters, naturalists, and geologists,

have wrought a mighty change, and you are now nowhere less likely to complain of want of company than in this wilderness of rocks and woods; on the contrary, the stream of visitors there seems to be almost as abundant as that of the Niagara itself.

The approach to it reminds you more of the approach to a great city than of a wild and lonely abode of the water Nymphs and Nixies, and it is very possible that it may once have been true, though it now seems a fable, that you could hear the roar of the Falls many miles off in the forest. The hissing and screaming of steam-engines proceeding in various directions to and from it; the hallooing of coachmen and waggoners, and the countless noises of the farmers and townspeople who are settled around the Falls, make the uproar of Nature seem quite gentle in comparison. Three miles off them the houses begin to be close and numerous, handsome villas of land-owners alternate with spacious and excellent hotels, and between these you find numbers of small farm-houses. The ground is torn up like a ploughed field, with rails, tunnels, viaducts, and deep cuttings for the railroads, and magnificent suspension bridges and other works of art rise out of it like rocks. Finally, on the level plateau of the peninsula point which the Niagara rushes round

to form the Falls, there lies the so-called village of Niagara Falls, which is in no way distinguishable from what is usually in America called a city. The streets are straight, broad, and miles long; it has numbers of new houses, great and small; half a dozen churches, and a dozen of the great eating, drinking, sleeping, and doing-nothing establishments, known in all American towns as hotels. Of the ancient woods there is no trace; the forest has been changed into beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds, and great saw-mills, corn-mills, and paper-mills crowd to the very edge of the Falls, of which a small portion at least has been like Pegasus in harness, tamed, forced into a mill-dam, and compelled to work. Should things go on at the same rate for another century as they have been doing for the last thirty years, we shall have crushed this prodigy of creation, like the ape-mother who kissed her darling to death; and people will not come here to gaze at the glories of Nature, but at the wonders of human art. Many wealthy New York families, who hold lands in the neighbourhood, have their regular residences, which are like palaces, in the above-mentioned village.

Before venturing into the thick of the throng, I left my post-chaise, and betook myself, in accordance with the advice of a friend, side-ways towards

the river, following a little foot-path that winds along the top of the cliff. This path, on which I did not meet a human creature, is about a mile long, and runs over the flat tops of the rocks along the edge of meadows and corn-fields. It is shaded by a narrow border of trees and bushes, perhaps a fragment of the old forest, and between the boughs, glowing with their crimson autumn tints, glimmer occasionally the white waves of foam. It is probably an old Indian path, and in all likelihood the one followed by that "first white man" before mentioned, whether his name was Champlain, Brébœuf, or Hennepin, who ever beheld the cataracts. By this path you pass round the stately village; you have lovely views on each side, and in the back-ground you catch glimpses of the grand picture at the end of a colossal rocky corridor. You only hear at a distance the occasional rattle of a carriage; and even one of the most recent inventions of man, the telegraph line, only came in my way once, and then it had assumed a certain rustic and Idyllic character that brought it into harmony with the scene. It winds like a vine about the boughs and trunks of the ancient trees, and flings itself off from the last twig in a flying arch across the river from the United States to Canada, where again it clings to oaks, and climbs the heights in order to flash its

messages right and left about a plateau covered with towns, the former country of the Hurons.

In Canadian and English works the Falls of Niagara are mentioned as a Canadian wonder of Nature; but in the American Geographies they are entitled the greatest natural curiosity of the territory of the Union, and both parties talk as if it entirely belonged to them. In fact, however, it is pretty equally divided between them, and the frontier line of the two countries follows as far as possible that of the deepest water-channel of the river, and cuts through the innermost section of the great Horse-Shoe Fall. America has therefore the half of this Fall and the whole of the smaller so-called American Fall, but Canada has by far the finest half, and the finest view of the scene. Its lofty shore runs along the whole line of the magnificent spectacle, and the American Fall fronts towards this side, so that America cannot properly view her own treasure without crossing into a foreign country. The great Horse-Shoe Fall too looks full towards Canada, and at its side lies the celebrated Table Rock, from which the most beautiful view of the whole is obtained. The Canadian shore also, though by no means lonely or desolate, is much more rural, or less town-like, and more open than the American. Except a row of pretty little "prospect

houses" and curiosity shops, there is only a great hotel, the Clifton House, renowned throughout America, of which I had during my walk caught several glimpses through the trees.

After this view of the whole position I determined for the Canadian side, and that I would pass at Clifton House the five days I had destined to view the Falls, the least, a friend assured me, that could suffice for the purpose.

The rocky hollow into which the cataract falls forms a long ravine, with high steep walls, and you descend into this ravine through the rock, as into a mine. At many points steps have been cut in these rocky walls, and at others are high towers, or perpendicular tunnels, and shafts, through which spiral staircases descend into the depth below. At the ferry by which you cross to the Canadian side, a slide has been made down the declivity by which you roll, in a little carriage attached to a long chain, swiftly down to the bottom, and here, in a cleft among the masses of rock that have fallen, a little boat was awaiting us, in which we danced through foam and spray over to the opposite shore.

The wind was blowing pretty hard down the valley, and drove such a quantity of spray from the cataract that we were enveloped in a thick cloud, and had enough to do to defend ourselves

from a heavy shower that was falling at the same time. The clouds of moisture that were driven down the valley were carried over to the Canadian side, and there dispersed over the trees and upon the high land. Occasionally we saw them whirled quite high up into the air, and although a bit of the Fall itself now and then flashed through them, we saw in this first trip not much more than the widely-diffused masses of spray, carrying on their everlasting sport with the wind and the sunshine. These masses of mist and spray that rise like steam out of the valleys, though they are often provokingly in the way of visitors to Niagara, yet afford them many beautiful scenes and enjoyments that they would not otherwise obtain. Sometimes indeed, when the air is heavy, they mingle altogether and fill the valley, so that you can see just as little as if you were looking into a steaming kettle. They almost always close round the innermost part of the Horse-Shoe Fall, and hide it as an unapproachable sanctuary; and if you force your way towards it, in the little steamer that runs out every day to carry you as near as possible to the centre of the battle-field, you must put on a diver's costume, and then you have a hard struggle with the mist and hissing foam, and the heavy showers that are shooting on you from all directions, so that you can

hardly keep your eyes open long enough from time to time to see a blue strip of a neighbouring column of water, or the dark opening of a whirlpool just below you. On the other side, these clouds of mist and spray form precisely the ground on which the sun unfolds his most beautiful rainbows, and the moon too, at midnight, paints the most enchanting pictures. Sometimes, when the air is clear and calm, they concentrate themselves and roll up on high columns, and this is expressly the case on bright days in winter, when they will rise to extraordinary heights.

I was told in Toronto, on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, that it was not uncommon there to perceive quite clearly the column of mist from Niagara, like a perpendicular white streak on the distant horizon. Toronto is in a straight line 45 miles distant, but I heard of much greater distances from which this airy Niagara column could be seen. In Buffalo, which is much nearer, I was told that weather prophets watched that column in order to make out their calendar for the following days. They consider it as a kind of barometer, that shows the pressure of the atmosphere pretty accurately. When it is to be seen very clearly, this, at least in summer, indicates rain in a very short time, as in our mountain countries very clear outlines are thought

to foretell bad weather for several succeeding days. Many people maintain that the fine particles of spray are occasionally whirled up a thousand feet, and can be seen over a circle of a hundred miles round, but I do not know on what measurements this calculation is founded; there is, however, no doubt that the cataract is present at much greater distances for the eye than for the ear. With respect to the last, I was rather surprised at its slight effect, than imposed on by the "thundering and roaring of the falling mass of water," of which we usually hear so much. A few heavy waggons rolling along the street will make more noise than the whole Niagara cataract at a distance of a few hundred yards. A water-mill in the valley often makes a pretty loud noise, and when I considered that here a million times greater volume of water falls from thirty times the height, I tried in vain to hear in it a noise at all proportioned to its magnitude. Only a few hundred yards from the Fall I could talk quite comfortably with my ferry-man, though, certainly, when you creep behind the sheet of falling water, you must scream a little, as you must in a room full of machinery in motion. The whole sound of the fall is very dull, it seems as if it swallowed up its own noise.

When I reached the Canadian shore, and the

hotel of my choice, Clifton House, I perceived another remarkable effect of the Fall, of which I had never heard, though it must be perceived daily by thousands; I remarked, namely, to my surprise, that all the doors and windows of this hotel were constantly shaking and rattling, and though I could not altogether satisfy myself as to the cause, I obtained a clear view of the greater part of the effects. That the phenomenon depended on the Fall could hardly be doubted, but it appeared by no means certain whether there was merely a vibration in the air, or whether the whole house and its rocky foundation trembled. The former is the general opinion. "It is the philosophy of a cannon-ball," said an American travelling companion with whom I first spoke of the matter. "When the ball cuts through the air, a vacuum is formed behind it, the atmosphere then claps violently together, and trembles and vibrates at the same time. The same effect is produced by these falling masses of water. They drive the air violently away as they fall, and it closes suddenly again behind them, and trembles just as a jelly pudding does when you plunge a spoon into it."

I endeavoured by several little experiments, as to the extent and energy of the phenomenon, to obtain some light on it. The windows and doors

rattled so loudly that it quite disturbed our sleep, and we had to stuff up the chinks to get any peace. In the gas flames in the house I observed a trembling, and also in a glass of water, but the latter not always, and,—what was incomprehensible to me, not the faintest motion was perceptible in the leaves of the trees. This commotion is not confined to the Clifton House, but is felt also in the smaller houses that lie between it and the shore towards the Table Rock. For instance, in the museum for Canadian animals that has been opened in one of these houses, all the birds on their slender legs and stands wave to and fro like rocking-horses, but in the houses further inland, or in those on the American side, no such effect is perceived: It only takes place on a strip of the Canadian shore, in sight of the opposite Fall. The fact is, however, that for short intervals of time this motion appears sometimes entirely to cease. I noticed that occasionally in the night my doors would be still for some seconds, or even for as much as three or four minutes. I thought at first it might be occasioned by some slight change in the position of the door, some trifling displacement of the hinges; but when I afterwards observed the other doors of the house I found that they occasionally remained still for an interval, and then all began

again to rattle at the same moment. And yet the Fall thunders on for ever, without a moment's cessation, so that the fact can only be accounted for by some relaxation or change of elasticity in the atmospheric masses. The vibrations were, too, sometimes more violent and rapid, and sometimes slower and more slight than usual.

The reader will think that here, in the presence of one of the grandest spectacles of Nature, I am occupying myself only with trifles, like a shy cock that keeps picking up grains and straws because he has no mind to go at his antagonist, and that I am keeping him too long sitting in expectation before the curtain, without drawing it up to show the extraordinary scene; and it is really true that a traveller, when he is first brought before Niagara, scarcely ventures to look at it. He is like a blind man whose eyes have been opened, but who has still to learn to see. "It grows upon you; you cannot realise it at one glance," my friend had said, who advised me to take five days to accustom myself to move in the atmosphere of the Falls; and it is not uncommon to hear visitors to Niagara declare that at the first view they were disappointed, though I cannot myself conceive this. On the first day I had certainly not much more enjoyment from it than could be obtained from the

sight of columns of mist and spray, and the getting thoroughly chilled and wet through in the boat. After this the evening surprised me very soon; and then followed the observations of the trembling doors and gas-lights. I had only cast a few glances across at the great spectacle; but on the following morning when the sun rose in full splendour there was an end of my lingering. As I looked out of the window I saw the column of spray rising perpendicularly out of the centre of the Great Fall; and while the valley still lay in darkness, that column rose like a pillar of fire. At first only the summit was reddened, but light and colour quickly poured down over the whole cloud-shaft. Now I thought it is time, and in a few minutes I was fronting the enemy, and marching along the high Canadian shore. It is bordered with wild flowers and bushes, and on the right side of the way lie a few houses and beautiful gardens. At the height of the season. these gardens are illuminated every night, but now it was only "half-season," that is to say as far as lamplight was concerned. We had a full allowance of morning sunshine, and the contrast of the broad dark ravine with the glowing column of spray was magnificent beyond description. The sun rises behind the Fall so that its beams first touch the ledge from which the water plunges

down. This ledge is more than half a mile long, quite sharply cut, and on the same level as the table land around it, so that after the sun-beams have first touched the ledge of rock and illuminated the green transparent flood as it falls over it—long, straight shadows descend into the foam and spray beneath. They reach, like the spray itself, from the opposite shore quite over to the Canadian, but grow less and less, till at last the beautiful sphere of light itself is mirrored on the surface of the flood that fills the deep ravine below.

Goat Island, a thickly-wooded piece of land more than a mile in circumference, forms the first great division of the scene—the Horse-shoe Fall, and the "American;" but another much smaller —Luna Island—separates again a portion of the American Fall, and besides this the Falls are variously grouped and distributed by projections and clefts in the rocky precipice itself. But the richness and variety produced by these details is not perceived until you have passed some time in studying the features of the Fall. On the whole, and when viewed from a distance, it produces its effect, like all great things, chiefly by simplicity of outline.

In all the Falls together, five or six hundred thousand cubic yards of water are said to be poured out

every minute. Professor Lyell reckons five hundred millions of cubic feet; and a Dr Dwight calculates that this makes a hundred millions of tons in an hour. I myself reckoned that there were at every moment hovering in the air about 10,000 tons; but I do not know how much of this quantity belongs to each Fall; though, without doubt, the volume of falling water is immensely preponderant at the Horse-shoe Fall, for it is ten or twelve times thicker, though not broader in the same proportion. It may almost be said that the whole Niagara casts itself down there; but the two stand in the relation of sun and moon—of man and wife—and you could spare neither; the Horse-shoe Fall is nevertheless the lord and master.

It is named so, as is well known, from the form that has been assumed by the rocky ledge from which the water throws itself, and at the moment when it shoots down it is certainly not less than thirty feet thick. There, where it falls, the abyss is of unfathomable depth,* and there arises no column of spray. This point is the actual heart of the whole system of water arteries, and the eye seeks to penetrate it, as on lofty mountains it rises always

* Soundings have been taken as near as possible to it, and everywhere it has been found to be 240 feet deep. What is the depth of the actual cauldron will probably always remain a mystery.

to the peak that appears unattainable. On either side of this great central volume descend innumerable columns of water, of smaller proportions, but each of them considerable enough to have excited our admiration if we had come upon them unexpectedly in some lonely forest-valley.

Below lies a dazzling sea of foam, like a field of spotless snow, and it is not less than 400 feet from the edge of the Fall that this foam begins to melt again into water. Other cataracts begin their picturesque work high up among mountains, and enveloped in clouds; they proceed, usually, at first, by paths inaccessible to man, and perform many leaps before the final *salto mortale,* and how they prepare for this feat is often hidden from the eye of man. He can observe them only from the foot of the cataract and at a certain distance.

But here it is otherwise. The river flows quietly along a perfectly horizontal plateau, over flat-topped rocks which bear it to the last, and then suddenly desert it. At some points the Fall is so instantaneous that wild ducks and geese have been known to glide on slumbering to the very edge, and go over it to death before they had time to unfold their wings; and to this circumstance the spectator is indebted for being able to approach the Fall so closely as to place himself behind the falling sheet of water.

For this purpose, however, it is necessary to make a particular toilette. You enter a small house near the Falls, pay your half dollar, and are then clad, by two six-feet high negroes, from head to foot in wax-cloth, oil-cloth, and India-rubber. The whole party looks like a family of Esquimaux, divers, or amphibious animals. One of the tall negroes then places himself at the head of the procession, and you descend by a wooden stair-case into the depth below, and there creep along by slippery paths, among wet masses of rock, till you get near the spot where the river plunges down. At a little distance, as long as the hissing spray is not overpowering, and you can keep your eyes open, the sight is most beautiful. You see above you a transparent mass of greenish crystal spring in a bold arch into the air, and all around you streams are dashing down upon the dark rocks, and then, as if frightened at what they saw there, shooting up again in showers of glittering drops towards the regions of sunshine they have quitted; flashing like showers of sparks, forwards, sideways, in all directions from the rocky walls, but all at last falling into the deep gulf and being seen no more. "Behind the sheet," as the Canadians say, there is a gloomy cavern, twenty or thirty feet broad, and as high as the whole Niagara plateau,

and into this we penetrated, preceded by the great long-legged negro, over a rough and slippery path, on broken fragments of rock. It was wild work inside the cavern. Furious gusts of wind blew from all corners, heavy showers dashed in our faces, and in a few moments, in spite of our mummy-like wrappages, we were wet to the skin, lost our breath, and were so blinded by the torrents of spray, that we had to trust entirely to our sense of touch, and feel our way along the rocky walls. The roaring, hissing, and boiling of the waters made such an uproar, that to communicate with each other we had to scream with all our might under the flaps of oil-skin by which our ears were defended. I was rather before the rest, and was crawling to one of the last rocks, when the figure of our negro moved swiftly towards me through the cloud of spray; the great black mouth opened, and I heard under my ear-flap the "winged words," "Stop, sir! Here is the termination rock! If master goes a step further, master fall down fifty feet!" I made a sign that I understood, and halted. Beyond this "termination rock" no one has ever proceeded, and whoever gets so far receives in the dressing-house a testimonial to that effect.

It is a peculiar position! You cling to the slippery rock, violently buffeted by the streams of

water the while, and when from time to time you can manage to keep your eyes open for a moment, you see in the chaotic obscurity a tumultuous contest of mist and wind and torrent; an abyss before you filled with wildly contending, roaring waters, through which are occasionally visible in the darkness, masses of rock of a still deeper hue. I was especially struck by the long lines of great rocky ribs that stand like pillars behind the curtain of water. Once I got my eyes far enough open to see, or think I saw, two or three such ribs, one behind the other; but although the distance was not great, the third vanished in the mist and darkness.

These irregularly formed and uncertain lines of rocky galleries are the last things that can be seen, and we enjoyed the sight of them as long as one can enjoy anything while standing in a cold shower-bath. But yet the charm of the scene is so great that, when we had returned to the light of day, we should have been willing, nay, we almost longed, to dive down again into that wonderful cavern, even without troubling any king to throw in a golden beaker, or promise us the hand of the Princess his daughter in marriage.

A few years ago, before the point of the Table Rock fell, the walk "behind the sheet" was rather

longer. Since that event, this sheet or curtain has been a little drawn together, and the wet walk to "termination rock" and the whole pleasure has become somewhat restricted. Unluckily, the old stump of Table Rock which is still standing has got a new rent along its whole base, so that sooner or later it will probably also be loosened and follow its point, and Canada has already lost much by the fall of the former portion. Corresponding to this Table Rock there is on the American side one called the "tower" exactly opposite to it, and which affords a similar, perhaps now still finer, view into the centre of the Horse-shoe.

You have to make quite a little journey over rivers, ferries, bridges, and islands, to reach this fine standing-point, but you obtain on the way many glorious views and much enjoyment. First of all you have to apply to the ferryman, whom I certainly kept pretty well employed during my stay, and from whom I obtained, in return for my fare, almost every time, a short account of natural phenomena that he had observed in this neighbourhood. He informed me that for eels and other fish, the Fall made a limit of geographical distribution. They are caught in the Lower Niagara, up as far as the foaming cauldron, but never above it. He had once kept a fish that had fallen down the ca-

taract, and been killed on the way! There was no external wound on the animal, but its respiratory organs appeared torn and damaged, and this he said was a common case with fish that came down Niagara Fall; they are not so much dashed to pieces as suffocated, though it does sometimes happen that the larger fish have received external injuries, and are taken alive in this wounded state. Even great sturgeons will be careless enough now and then to shoot down the Fall, but they are almost always killed and their respiratory organs torn. Whole broods of ducks come down occasionally, and their bodies are fished up by hundreds out of the seething water; but this generally happens in rainy and stormy nights, when the poor creatures can neither see nor hear the danger. There is one inhabitant of the water, however, who never allows himself to be surprised in this way, namely, the river-otter.

"Oh, sir, the otter is too wide awake," the people say; wider awake it seems than the lord of the animal creation, for no one has ever found an otter that had fallen over, and there are many tragic stories of such accidents to men. Only a short time before, a poor and rather careless fisherman had suffered his boat to be caught in the whirlpools and

rapids above the Fall. He was whirled on, but his boat got stuck in between two rocks, close to the edge of the cataract. Attempts were made in vain to throw a rope to him. He remained there a whole day and a night thus hovering over the abyss, like that priest at the summit of Notre Dame, whose sufferings have been described by Victor Hugo. He was heard plainly from the opposite shores, but could not be reached, and would probably have been frozen or starved to death, if the raging flood had not, at last, hurried him to an easier end. There are other stories, too,—of a young girl, who could not resist plucking a flower from the edge of the Table Rock, and paid for the pleasure with her life; of a bride, who, believing herself safe while holding the hand of her husband, stepped out on an open and excitingly dangerous point, slipped and fell, leaving the young man to plunge after her in his despair, and be united with her only in death. There is another, of a party of brothers and sisters, who were rowing about in a little boat above the Falls, and amidst their joking and laughter, suddenly went over the break and vanished without leaving a trace. The bodies of those who go down the Fall are often never seen again, it may be because the colossal power of the torrent has carried

them to too great a depth, or that they have got fixed in somewhere among the rocks or trunks of trees that there may be below.

Goethe's fable of the Fisherman and the Nixie has here more than once become a literal truth. A man named Francis Abbot is mentioned, who lived for twenty years as a hermit on Goat Island between the cataracts. He is said to have been a well-educated, serious, and quite inoffensive man, only remarkable for his aversion to encountering the "human face divine." He used to wander about among the rocks day and night, and seemed to enjoy himself most when thunder, lightning, and storm mingled with the roar of the cataracts, but he appears to have once gazed too closely at the terrific chasms of the whirling waters, and so perished like a gnat in a punch bowl, closing his mysterious life by a death that had no witnesses. His body was found below in the Niagara river.

All spectators of this glorious scene feel their garments a little plucked at by the water nymphs, and one of the guides mentioned, *à propos* to this feeling, an anecdote of curious psychological interest. He was one day taking a young lady and her mother to one of the finest points of rock surrounded by the wild foaming waters, and the romantic young girl stepped out on the extreme point,

her hair and her dress fluttering in the wind, and seemed quite absorbed in gazing at the wild commotion below. At last the mother and the guide both became alarmed, and the latter laid his hand on her shoulder, saying, "Young lady, you are exposing yourself needlessly to danger."

"Oh," she answered smiling, "there's no danger, I feel as if I could just jump down! Do you think it would hurt me? I believe I should hover over it like a balloon. Mother, I do think I could fly!"

The terrified mother and the guide with some difficulty got her back, and then she sank down as if recovering from a kind of fit.

We are now on the way to the "tower," and, leaving our old ferryman and his stories, are moving along the above-mentioned chain to the American shore. There is plenty of employment for your eyes here, as well as on the Canadian side,—only sometimes you are tempted to shut them to avoid the sight of wheels and factory machinery, or the announcements of "B. Bradley and Co., Paper Mills; Office and Warehouse, 24 and 25, Pearl St., Buffalo," and such like, that meet you in the midst of this sublime uproar of the elements. The only kind of trading establishments that one can endure here are pretty little shops for the sale of the elegant

handiworks of the Indians. The handsomest and richest things of the kind that are made may be had at Niagara, and the taste displayed in them is peculiar, quite unlike anything to be seen in Europe, so that I believe it to be, as I have been assured it is, of real Indian invention. They seem to have a very good eye for colour, and much richness of fancy; and they imitate strawberries, cherries, and other wild fruits of their woods, very exactly, as well as daisies, wild rosebuds, and countless beautiful flowers of their prairies, which are represented in the most lively and natural colours and forms. They have various kinds of work; sometimes they embroider with dyed elk's hair, sometimes with finely-split quills of the porcupine, or occasionally with beads that they buy from Europeans. These elk's-hair flowers, and porcupine-quill wreaths and garlands they sew laboriously on a black ground of reindeer leather, or on the brown and leather-like inner side of the birch bark. The embroideries on leather are prized most highly, and are used for cigar cases, mocassins, &c., which they do not overload with ornament, as Indians might be expected to do, but decorate simply and with very good taste. It is in their bead-works that they allow their fancy the most free play, and for this they have as immense a variety of patterns as if they had invented

a kaleidoscope of their own, and they heap on the beads in bunches of grapes and stars in such various figures that they seem to have quite an order of bead architecture. On all the Niagara islands, and along both the Canadian and American shores, you find a profusion of these pretty manufactures displayed in numerous handsome shops, and whenever I asked where they came from, I was referred to the neighbourhood of Quebec and Montreal, or some Indian settlement in Canada, especially those of the "Seneca Indians,"—the villages along the Grand river, one of the largest of the streams of Upper Canada that fall into Lake Erie. I never heard that the Indians of the United States brought any goods to the Art Exhibition, but the Indians of the former French colony of Nova Scotia also carry on these little branches of industry, and I am inclined to think that the French taste for decorative art may have had some influence on this Indian workmanship.

Most of these pretty productions are bought up by dealers, and then offered for sale at very much higher prices in elegant shops; but I once met with a child of the wilderness who had undertaken to dispose of her own goods. She was sitting wrapped in a black blanket, and as motionless as a statue, under a tree on Goat Island, with her little

stock spread out very neatly on a cloth on the grass before her; she asked no one to buy, but waited in stillness and patience till a purchaser should present himself. I offered her for one of the articles a price that she appeared to think too small, for she shook her head, but when I was going away she looked uneasy, and at length seized the article and extended it to me with the laconic phrase, "Take it!" I think that must have been the mode of dealing on the markets of Sparta, and it occurred to me that those learned gentlemen who insist on seeing in the Indians the descendants of the Jews, can never have considered their respective modes of dealing.

When you have strolled through the woods and along the shore of Goat Island, visited that of the Three Sisters, and crossed by a bridge thrown over an arm of the Fall to Luna Island, you feel really astonished at the rich variety of beautiful situations they present. The islands are separated from each other by channels of the Niagara, which shoot past with the swiftness of an arrow, and they are sometimes so near that you could almost reach them, and yet have never been trodden by human foot. Here and there the channels have been choked by fallen trunks of trees. When you cross

to any of the islands by a bridge, as, for instance, to the charming little Luna Island, you feel as if on board a ship in a storm at sea, and at many places where you can approach to the very brink of destruction, you almost feel tempted, like the above-mentioned young lady, to try whether you could not fly.

Goat Island is formed like a Swiss mountain barn; while you may drive up to it on one side with four horses, you find yourself on the other all at once on the roof of a house, and must go down a flight of steps to the door. We descended such a flight here and visited the so-called "Cave of the Winds," to which you are led by a slippery rocky path.

This Cave of the Winds is very like the one on the Canadian side, "behind the sheet." The American Fall here shoots in a wide arch over a deeply hollowed niche in the rocky wall of Goat Island, and is filled by the partial recoil of the waters with immense and tempestuously whirling clouds of spray, but the whole scene, including the dressing for the visit in a neighbouring hut, was so exact a repetition of the former one, that I shall say nothing further about it, since, although I found the repetition anything but tiresome, it would be so in description. After this I hastened to the great object

of the excursion on the American side, the celebrated "Prospect Tower," built near the west end of Goat Island.

Every regular horse-shoe has, as is well known, an iron nail at each end, to prevent the horse from slipping; and the Niagara horse-shoe forms no exception. One of these nails is the Table Rock, on the Canadian side, and the other, on the American, is a rock fifty feet high, on which the lofty tower is built. The Table Rock merely projects from the shore, but this rock rises out of the very Fall itself, and the waters dash over its declivities on all sides, and you have to reach, by means of a bridge thrown from rock to rock, the tower, which is certainly one of the finest watch-towers in the world. On its summit is an iron gallery, and from this gallery, which is 250 feet above the surface of the cauldron, you obtain a closer, deeper, and finer view of the whole semicircle. We had a glorious morning, and as we formed a very pleasant, friendly little party, all equally inspired with enthusiasm for Nature, we enjoyed the excursion completely. We could see more clearly here that innermost central point, at which the whole river breaks, and round which everything appears to turn. You see it flowing calmly along, as if at quite an everyday pace, and then on a sudden plunging madly

into the abyss, and you have in some measure the same feeling as if you had seen a mighty tree suddenly overthrown, or a great building fall in. You think of the great steam-ship Arctic, which suddenly went down with all that she contained, only that here is a falling building, from the midst of whose dust and ruins a more beautiful building rises again,—a tree from whose shattered boughs innumerable blossoms suddenly spring forth; or Niagara might be likened to a many-coloured web, torn to pieces in being dragged over the rocks, but woven again by the hands of invisible workmen into gayest flags, and veils, and draperies.

Rainbows are admired everywhere, but they all grow pale before the brilliant Iris who bathes in the foam of Niagara. You sometimes see several rainbows in various parts of the Fall at the same time, whole and broken arches, and often not merely narrow strips, but large masses of crimson and gold, flaming up out of the water; and the snow-white surface of that deep foaming cauldron, which seems filled with the purest milk (it is called the River of Milk), forms an admirable ground for the display of their gorgeous colours. Once as we looked over to the American Fall, we saw its summit as if in flames, and crimson clouds rolling round its foot, while all the rest of the Fall lay in

deep shadow. It reminded me of the glories of the Alps.

Not only the bright days, however, but the dark cloudy and rainy ones produce their own peculiarly grand effects. Niagara in a storm is not less attractive than Niagara in sunshine, but the tempest must originate on the plateau behind the cataract, and in the changeable autumn weather we had an opportunity of enjoying this spectacle also. The whole southern heavens were sometimes covered with black clouds, and the Falls then stood out like hills of snow and icicles from the dark back-ground, looking as if they had been poured out from those heavy-laden clouds. In summer, when the grandeur of the display is heightened by thunder and electric discharges, and when lightnings show the whole gigantic picture, flashing out and vanishing again in darkness, it is said to be altogether magical.

No visitor to Niagara must expect to see everything, for these Falls in their entire optical, acoustic, and artistic profusion of effects require a long study; but I had myself the good fortune to witness a superb phenomenon which does not fall to the lot of many. On only a few days in each month is the moon so full and her light so powerful as to produce a clear lunar rainbow in the foam of the Falls, and then

these brief moments are often slept away, or spoiled by bad weather; but I was, as I have said, more fortunate.

There was a venerable Canadian clergyman at Clifton House, whom I had joined on several excursions, and I was talking with him late one rainy evening, after the usually numerous company had dispersed. We stepped out on the balcony, and then we saw, to our surprise, that the sky had become entirely clear, and that the full moon was tolerably high in the firmament. It occurred to us directly that there might be a lunar rainbow, and we set off immediately for the Falls. It was eleven o'clock at night when we stepped out upon the Table Rock, and the whole grand picture lay in splendid moonlight before us; the mighty volumes of water gleaming like silver relieved by the shores and the dark wooded islands, and in both Falls appeared the coloured reflection. In the American there was seen a segment of a broad arch, perhaps a sextant, formed exactly opposite the Fall in the spray that rose from it, so that the extremity of the lunar arch touched the semicircle of the cascade, and then curved away in an opposite direction. The bow was in the main a beautiful broad strip of coloured light, in which a delicate pink and blue were the predominant tints. It had almost a

spectral appearance, as if the cascade had mirrored itself in its own glittering spray; but it was wonderfully beautiful. The scene at the Horseshoe Fall was, however, still more enchanting, as, from its greater dimensions, all phenomena are seen there in greater perfection. It was not a bow, but a complete circle of colours. A ring of light of considerable circumference was hovering over the great milky cauldron, in sight of the Fall. The colours were not very sharply defined, but the illuminating power of the ring was so great that it formed the most brilliant contrast with the dark walls of the valley, and the ring was as round, as complete, and as sharply cut, as if it had been made by a silversmith.

The river Niagara is about a mile broad above the Fall, but it contracts at the cataracts, and below, where it has hollowed out its vast cauldron, its breadth diminishes to a third, or about 1500 feet. At the distance of a mile and a half this breadth is again diminished to a half, or a little more than 700 feet, only the eighth of its breadth above the Falls, and this contraction lasts for about 200 yards. Then it expands again pretty equally and retains a breadth of 1600 feet, till it falls into Lake Ontario.

This narrow of the Niagara below the cataracts is,

for the communication between the two countries, one of the most remarkable points in the whole St Lawrence system. On the entire line of a thousand miles in which the waters of this system form the boundary between Canada and the United States, no such approach of the shores takes place anywhere else. It is the narrowest channel through which the mass of waters anywhere forces itself, and it is the only point in the whole basin where it has been found possible to unite north and south by a dry path; at the time of our visit, that wonderful work of art, the Niagara Suspension Bridge, had just been completed.

The history of this bridge is as interesting as the sight of it; for more than ten years men have been spinning like spiders the iron web that connects Canada with the Union; have tried with great labour various experiments, and when their work has been destroyed by the powers of Nature, have begun again, and at length triumphed over all obstacles. As the river here is almost as deep as it is broad, the erection of piers was out of the question, and since the river runs at the Narrows with fearful velocity, there could be no bridge of boats, nay, a small boat could not even be sent across to carry the first rope to begin the connection. Nothing remained, therefore, but to adopt

the plan of the spider, when he flings his fine thread from tree to tree through the air. Paper kites were prepared, and, when the wind was fair for the attempt, sent across, loaded with the first thin wires to Canada from the States. When once a firm hold had been obtained, it was easy to pass thick ropes along the thin wires, and by degrees these lines were thickened, till in the end a basket with a man in it could be hung on and slipped over. The ropes were then increased and strengthened, the basket was enlarged, and wheels and machinery were erected to draw it backwards and forwards. In this way a regular bridge-communication was established across the abyss, that at least served as much purpose as the rope and mat-hanging bridges of the old Peruvians. Single passengers as well as workmen could now be forwarded, and also materials for building. At last a narrow chain suspension bridge for foot passengers was completed; and though this was afterwards broken in a violent storm, the practicability of the plan had been ascertained, the work was begun again, and now from that first thin, almost invisible wire, we have arrived at a grand and beautiful suspension bridge, that is, perhaps, unequalled in the world. The chains on which it hangs are as thick as ships' masts, and more than a thousand

feet long, and the towers that support them are master-pieces of modern architecture. They are about 250 feet high, and divided into two stories; through the upper ones runs a railroad, and through the lower a broad and spacious roadway for passengers, horsemen, and carriages. The latter already passed freely over, but the former were still waiting the signal for permission, and it is very remarkable that the swift, heavy locomotives seemed to occasion less anxiety for the safety of the bridge than foot passengers, against whom there were some severe edicts and threats of penalty posted at the entrance to the bridge. The edict ran that all large companies, bodies of troops, and processions were to disperse, and under severe penalties not to march in time over it. Bands of music were not to play, unless they were in carriages, and all occasions to regular movements in time were to be avoided. It would seem therefore that in this case, as in many others, greater effects are to be expected from small repeated actions than from greater and more transitory movements; from the slow but regularly repeated steps of a band of musicians, than from the rapid though heavy roll of the trains. Precautions are, however, also to be taken against the locomotives, and they appear at first very curious, namely, the adding to the bur-

dens that the chains have already to bear. About a hundred tons of ballast, in the form of thick blocks of iron, are distributed over the whole bridge, to maintain a more regular and constant tension than could be obtained on first suspending the chains.

When the whole passage of men and goods by this bridge is in full action, it will become one of the most efficient and important channels of communication between Canada and the Union, and bring the two countries into much more intimate relations than have hitherto subsisted between them. It will be one of the strongest bonds by which they could be united, and already new houses are being built, and new houses laid out in the neighbourhood; and the new town that is rising will, perhaps, before long, have become as busy a mart as those near the Falls. The boundary line between Canada and the States, I could not, alas! find marked in any way on this bridge. Since, indeed, it is said to run along the middle of the stream, it must also, one would presume, cross the middle of the bridge, but it ought, in the name of humanity, to be marked, were it only with a line of white paint.

"We have not yet thought of that," was the answer I got, when I inquired about it. "The bridge has been built by the common efforts of

Americans and Canadians, and belongs to both countries in common."

But I repeat that, in the name of humanity, such a community ought to be dissolved, and the national limit clearly defined. Two States, of which one recognises human rights and the other the most detestable wrong, namely, that of slavery, should hold no property in common, much less that of the bridge that connects the two territories. How important would it be for a poor persecuted fugitive negro that this line should be drawn! Before the bridge was well opened, cases occurred in which a streak of white paint might have done good service. A short time before I came, a negro, flying from his pursuers, hurried on to the bridge, and had gone some way on it, when they overtook him, laid their accursed hands on his naked shoulders, and dragged him back again. Whether this took place nearer to Canada or to the American shore no one could tell me; indeed, no one seemed to think the matter worth an inquiry.

The neighbourhood of the Falls of Niagara is already one of the points towards which the victims of American slavery hurry for a refuge; and this bridge will probably render it so in a much higher degree. Another chief point is in the neighbourhood of Detroit, at the isthmus between

Lakes Erie and Huron. At Detroit the immigration of black fugitives is more numerous than even at Niagara. Detroit lies more south and west, and is easier to reach from the Mississippi, the great artery of the Slave States. Thousands are said to have passed that way during these few years past. The flight, however, does not take place merely at the isthmuses between the two countries, but along the whole shores of the Lakes Erie and Ontario. Not only the British, but even the American captains of steamers, it is said, are humane enough, when they can keep clear of the vile Fugitive Slave Law (which no Christian should acknowledge as a law at all), to pass the poor fugitives who arrive in those parts over to the opposite shore. In these frontier towns, Niagara and Detroit, as well as in many in the interior of the Union, this law has occasioned the most scandalous scenes. The slave owners, with their man-hunters and other accomplices, have appeared openly in the streets, and claimed their human chattels,—but here, on the borders of Canada, the populace have sometimes taken part with the negroes, and bloody skirmishes have ensued. One of these monstrous contests took place once at the public table of a fine hotel near the Cataracts.

A gentleman from the South, an admirer of the beauties of nature, and a tyrant over slaves, had re-

cognised in one of the black waiters a man who had formerly belonged to him. The slave had recognised him too, and was preparing to escape across the water, but the tyrant seized him at the dinner-table, and attempted to hold him. They struggled together, the other black servants took part with their brother, a party supported the gentleman, and plates, spoons, forks, and chairs, were changed into missiles and weapons. A general fight took place, which extended into the street, and in which "law" got the worst of it. But I will not enter further into these *black* affairs, but only hope that that significant streak of paint on the bridge may not be forgotten, and in the mean while we will return to this magnificent structure, and take a view of some wonders of nature that lie near us.

Half a mile below this bridge is the renowned whirlpool, and this alone, as may be said of several points of this favoured spot of earth, would be worth the journey. The Niagara, that is, the whole volume of water flowing from this giant basin of Lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan, &c., here rushes with great velocity through the Narrows, and shoots into a nearly circular cauldron that has sunk in from the elevated high table-land of the country. The lofty, finely-wooded, and many-terraced walls of the plateau surround the deep hollow, and leave free only the

narrow entrance from the south, and a similar outlet to the east. The basin is about twice the breadth of the river, which, as it enters, rushes against the curved northern shore that receives the water, and throws it round, so that the whole colossal mass is thrown into a circular motion, and wheels round a central point. The waters find, indeed, an exit below, but some portion of them sweeps long round the cauldron before finding this point. It has been observed that logs of wood will circulate within the basin for months before they are floated further on; and, secondly, that the waters on the Canadian side, against which they first rush, are considerably higher than on the American; engineers make the difference as much as 11 feet.

To explain the whole theory of this cauldron and the movement that takes place within it mathematically, according to the laws of hydrostatics, might be perhaps as difficult as Aristotle in former days found the explanation of the whirlpool of Eubœa,—and if Scylla and Charybdis, near Messina, afforded half as grand a spectacle, one could better understand why the ancients made such a fuss about them.

Those who have been born with a strong love of nature will find it very difficult to tear themselves away from the fascinations of this scene, but you must do so sooner or later, so let us enter the car-

riage and drive on to some new wonder. I say drive, for there has very little been done for the pedestrian traveller in these regions, compared with the facilities he finds amongst the remarkable scenery of Germany. America in general has more railways than foot-paths; and here at Niagara I found—at least at this time of year—no one practicable but that rocky Indian path before mentioned.

Parallel with the river there does indeed run along the Canadian shore a sort of ledge or terrace that I followed for awhile. Probably it is a part of the ancient shore that was washed by the river when it was as broad as it now is above the Falls, and before it had withdrawn into its present deep and narrow bed. It is only beyond this terrace that you attain the actual height of the isthmus plateau. Two miles inland, on this height, lies a place called Lundy's Lane, and near it a spot celebrated in American history as Lundy's Battle-field, where in the last American war with England one of the bloodiest battles was fought. Indeed the whole Niagara isthmus and the Niagara river country are full of memorials of the contest carried on between Great Britain and the United States. The battle of Lundy's Lane was one of those in which both parties claim the victory; but I must own I am not deeply interested in these warlike

recollections, and I drove to the spot for the sake of the view obtained from a wooden tower erected on the spot. From the top you get a most commanding view of the country, and a considerable part of the whole bridge of land between Erie and Ontario extends in a wide panorama around you. This isthmus is about twenty-five miles long and sixty broad, and besides the natural canal of the Niagara river, it is cut across by the Welland Canal, a much-admired work, which extends from lake to lake, and into which also the Erie canal opens. Along both shores of the Niagara river there now run transverse railroads, and two others run in the direction of the length of the isthmus from the United States to Canada; one following the coast line of the Erie, the other that of the Ontario. A third passes—now that the bridge is complete—right through the central line of the isthmus, which will, in course of time, be quite covered by a network of roads and other works, since it is, with the exception of the Isthmus of Detroit, the most important dry-land communication between Upper Canada and the States.

The Niagara Isthmus belongs almost wholly to Canada, and is divided into three counties, all included under the name of the Niagara District. It is one of the most populous parts of the country,

but the population is, nevertheless, according to our notions, somewhat thin, namely, about 800 people to the German square mile. Scarcely a third of the land has yet been brought under the plough.* As seen from the top of the tower I have mentioned, the country shows very little signs of either population or cultivation, and you seem to be looking over a tract of endless forest; it is in fact one of the most interesting forest views that you can get in Canada.

The generally level plateau here passes into gentle undulations, and as all these are covered with forest, one mass of trees is seen rising above another; it is a perfect sea of vegetation; and even when with a good glass you pierce the mists of the distant horizon, you see only longer and longer lines, whose gradually fading colour represents the increase of distance.

I had planned my return by what are called the Burning Springs, which lie two miles above the Fall, and on the way to them I gained such different views of this great scene of Nature, that it appeared quite new to me, and I had to begin my studies all over again. When you catch a view of

* According to a Canadian statistical table of 1848, the isthmus had at that time 43,100 inhabitants, 162,000 acres of cultivated, and 324,000 of uncultivated land.

the cataract as it appears compressed and foreshortened at the end of one of the hollow ways that cut through the plateau and the old river shore,—and again when you see it rather below you as you look from the top of the table-land, or when you approach it from behind, that is, on the south-west side,—all differ greatly. The latter view is like the portrait of a man taken from behind, in which, nevertheless, you get just a hint of his nose, from which you may form a good guess at his general physiognomy.

Besides the attractive magazines of Indian goods of which I have spoken, many other things worthy of notice are collected in the neighbourhood of the Falls; for instance, small museums, one of which contains an excellent, complete, and well-chosen collection of Canadian animals, with which you can pleasantly and profitably fill many spare intervals of time. You also frequently meet with wild animals where you do not expect them, according to a fashion prevailing in this country. I saw a very charming little bear playing every morning before one of the houses, and taking very thankfully bits of biscuit that were offered to it; in the court yard of another were half a dozen wolves of various colours and species, chained to blocks of wood; and, again, in another place were

a few buffaloes from the West, conveniently placed for a closer inspection than you could obtain on the prairies. They appeared very wild and unruly, had only a short time before tossed their keeper and feeder, and were eternally grumbling and angry.

Restaurants and *Cafés* in the Parisian style abound on the American side, and on the Canadian are beautiful little gardens, nestling between the present and the old river shore. They look, as the whole Canadian shore of Niagara does, towards the east, and are, therefore, more protected than the American side from the cold and destructive north-west winds, which are in America what north-east winds are in Europe. The whole Canadian Niagara shore has, therefore, not only the mildest climate in Canada, but has many advantages over the opposite strip of New York. On the 24th of October, when the night frosts had destroyed all the flowers on the Isthmus Plateau, and on the American side, I found these Canadian shore gardens full of the most beautiful blooming dahlias and other flowers, and the lawns of the loveliest green. These were probably the only gardens in Canada that had not lost their summer richness of colour, and we were told this was partly to be attributed to the Falls, which filled the whole

valley with refreshing moisture and kept the vegetation fresh, even under the summer heats. A negro who had shown us these gardens plucked, unasked, a pretty bouquet and presented it to me as I was going away, with the obliging manner peculiar to these people, on which one of the company remarked, "Ah, he has not been long in this country! only the slaves in the South have these pretty notions, in the North they soon lose them and become rude and uncivil."

With these flowers, the gift of the poor fugitive, in my button-hole, and many pleasant recollections in my heart, I left Canada some hours later, and was carried quickly along a Canadian railroad down a deep incline to the little port of Chippeway.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UPPER NIAGARA RIVER.

CHIPPEWAY is a new little settlement on the Chippeway Creek, which falls from Canada into the Upper Niagara river, and though there was plenty of opportunity of getting by rail to Buffalo, I preferred shipping myself on a steamer, that I might see the upper part of the river. It was one of the fine, spacious, and elegant steamers which are here to be seen on all rivers, lakes, and creeks in as countless numbers as Victoria Reginas on the South American waters.

The Upper Niagara differs in character from the Lower more than the two portions of any other river in the world. While the latter cuts a straight deep furrow, and rushes along with great velocity, the former is a broad, shallow, tranquil stream. The lower stream has not a single island in its deep

channel; the Upper has numerous islands great and small, and many branches and divisions. There the shores are high, rocky, picturesque, with gardens, villas, and a beautiful variety of scenery; here they are low, monotonous, uninhabited, and mostly covered with woods, and it will be long before they become romantic and picturesque—probably a thousand years, when the Falls will have receded to Navy Island, or even to Grand Island. Another remarkable, and to me inexplicable, difference is, that the Lower Niagara does not receive a single tributary along its whole course, not so much as one little creek; whilst in the Upper they are very numerous. Immediately above the Fall you find the Chippeway, and then many smaller streams on both sides of the river. I have never met with any work that pointed attention to this fact, and yet it seems worthy of attention equally of the geographer and geologist. Has the Lower Niagara never had any tributaries, and if not, how came it to differ in this respect so greatly from the Upper? If it had, what has become of them, on the hypothesis of the river having hollowed out its own bed? The most natural consequence of such a hollowing out would be, one would think, that the side-streams would fall as cascades into the main channel. Is it possible that they can have

all run out, become dried up, and their valleys obliterated? I must own I can find no satisfactory solution of the problem.

It was a rather boisterous and cold day, and the Americans on board were all spread out with wide arms and long outstretched legs on the chairs and sofas of the cabin round the fire. "The Yankees, when they have no 'business' to do, generally go to sleep. On the markets, exchanges, and banks they are lively enough, but after that they roll themselves up like hedgehogs." Thus spoke a reverend gentleman from Canada, who had joined company with me on the railway. "If we could only get up a good dollar and cent conversation now," he continued, "you would soon see how the eyes would begin to twinkle, and one and another would prick up his ears. Even if they were too cautious to join in the conversation, they would be inwardly wide-awake. They always are, too, when they travel in our beautiful fertile Upper Canada peninsula; there they scent out a little 'business,'—they say, this is a fine country, we shall soon get it." I went up with this Canadian acquaintance upon deck, and as we were making the passage between the two countries, a comparison of them naturally became the theme of our conversation. He repeated to me what I had heard from many quarters, that there

was far more real freedom in Canada than in the United States, and people may express their opinions with far less restraint. In the States they are afraid of the majority, and of their own party, to which they are expected to be wholly devoted, and from whose views they must not differ by a hair's breadth, if they do not mean to get into disgrace. Many of the educated and truly enlightened Americans will talk much more freely in Canada than in their own country, and this enlightened and educated part of the nation, as well as many of the best and wisest American statesmen, have no desire to see Canada incorporated with the United States, and that chiefly for the sake of liberty. Canada often acts as a beneficial check on various American parties; its existence occasions no small emulation between the two nations, which would vanish if the Americans had made the conquest, and had the power of extending Yankee customs and Yankee notions to the North Pole. To have no neighbours is always, more or less, a misfortune for a nation, and the Union has, on the whole continent, no other neighbour than Canada except Mexico, so that it ought by all means to keep this one.

The manners of Rome began to decline from the time when she passed her city walls as a conqueror.

How will the Americans avoid degenerating when they shall have spread over the entire continent?

"We Britons," said my new friend, "regard them already, if not as exactly degenerate, yet as having lost many of the characteristics of their race. We have grown slowly like oaks, they have shot up like poplars. We are to be compared to the old Romans—America is New Rome, and stands related to us like Greece to ancient Italy, which it succeeded."

My friend appeared to me to be getting here into rather too high a region, so I interrupted him with a cross question about the "nasal twang" of the Americans in speaking English, which strikes the English themselves so much. I had myself taken some pains to understand what they meant by it, and I believed I did. I asked whether it prevailed in Canada, and was told that British-born Canadians have it almost as strongly as the New Englanders. He had himself, he said, several children born in Canada, and with all the pains he had taken to keep them free of it, they were sure as they grew up, to his great sorrow, to acquire this nasal tone, which is quite as disagreeable to the English ear as the Irish brogue. He believed, therefore, that the nature of the country had something to do with it, by affecting the organs in some

peculiar way, the nasal organ especially, and he thought it a confirmation of this view that farmers and country people had the "twang" much more decidedly than the dwellers in towns—the most educated and best brought up, of course, less than others.

During this conversation we got a good way up the somewhat tedious Upper Niagara, and saw, all at once, towns on both sides of us; on the right, the last Canadian place, Fort Erie; at a distance, the towers and gabled houses of Buffalo, the second commercial town of the State of New York; and between the two opened a wide prospect over the broad Lake Erie.

To reach the harbour of Buffalo, we had to go out a little on the lake, and I shall not soon forget the sight of these renowned waters, especially as I had not again an opportunity of seeing them. The rough weather that we had had all along the Upper Niagara became on Lake Erie a perfect storm. The waves ran high, and our large steamer, in getting out of the river, was tossed about as if it had been at sea. The clouds nearest us were rushing swiftly across the narrow eastern extremity of the lake, and in the distance to the west lay piled up in dark heavy masses, towards which the hilly coast-line south of the lake extended,

till it was lost to view beneath the low hanging sky. Here and there a sun-beam gleamed out over the wildly agitated waters, and showed something of their great extent. Many vessels were tacking about, and seemed like ourselves in haste to reach the harbour of Buffalo, in which I soon again lost sight of the lake, though the picture has remained impressed on my memory, as if I had seen a vision.

CHAPTER XII.

IN BUFFALO.

It seems to have been always thought surprising, though it is hard to say why it should, that these inland seas should be subject to just as violent storms as the ocean, and that these storms should be quite as dangerous. Hundreds of vessels are, in fact, annually lost in this "mere fresh water." In the earliest maps these lakes are found marked as "*mare dulcium aquarum*" (sea of sweet waters), which seems to have indicated something very remarkable to the minds of those primitive geographers; probably, because such great results seemed here to follow from causes so small, all these vast seas being, in fact, nothing more than the product, in course of years, of streams and rain, springs and water-courses. To be sure the same may be said of the ocean itself; not the saltest sea, but owes its

wealth of waters to rivers and to clouds; not one of its drops but has gone through the same process of distillation. But the sight of the majestic eternal ocean is not suggestive of this thought, while in this inland lake and river system, huge though it be, the process is more before our eyes. We see how the various streams, flowing together, fill one vast basin after another, just as in a great brewery one vat is filled by many pipes, and then emptied into another; and we feel overpowered at the size of these sweet-water-vats, forgetting that there are larger vessels still, filled on exactly the same plan.

Lake Erie, though the southernmost of all the North American chain of lakes, is yet the most exposed to snow and ice; much more so than its north-eastern neighbour, Ontario, where, even in severe winters, only a few bays and harbours are ice-bound, the open lake never covered, and in milder seasons the navigation is quite free all the year round. This may be explained by its being much deeper than Lake Erie, which is shallow throughout, and its shores are often for many miles just below the water. Thus it is much exposed to the attacks of winter, especially the eastern end, near Buffalo, where the lake forms a small creek ten miles wide, which is covered nearly every winter with ice, of such thickness as to allow the passing

of horses and carriages from Buffalo to Canada. This creek is often blocked up with great masses of ice long after all other parts of the lake are clear. The greatest length of Lake Erie being from east to west, the cold west winds that sweep the ice from all the bays and harbours round the coast, drive them into this eastern inlet; the eastern direction of the current assisting also in the process; and it is only by degrees that the Niagara waters draw off these masses; large blocks are often seen driving about near Buffalo for three or four weeks, long after the rest of the lake is clear. Thus the navigation of the great American Erie Canal, which discharges itself at Buffalo, is considerably longer impeded than the Canadian Welland Canal, which intersects the Isthmus of Niagara, and has its mouth somewhat to the west of this icy creek. I found opinions very various as to the injury thence resulting to Buffalo, some people making it as very considerable, others as but trifling; however, it has long been granted that the town ought really to have been built further to the west. It has been proposed to lengthen the Erie canal, and bring its mouth further west, but this plan is so opposed to the interest of Buffalo, that the corporation and city interest have hitherto managed to prevent its execution.

Buffalo and Detroit lie at opposite extremities of Lake Erie, just as Kingston and Toronto do with respect to Lake Ontario. These towns govern the navigation of their lake, and have risen to great importance within a very short space of time, especially Buffalo, which, even within our recollection, was a place hardly known by name, and is now a fine town of 100,000 inhabitants. Probably, it owes much to the relation of its geographical position to the line of traffic to New York. It commands the entire length of Lake Erie, and is the connecting point, by means of the Isthmus of Niagara, between Lakes Erie and Ontario; moreover, it is, of all these lake towns, the nearest to the sea-port of New York.

The grand natural canal formed by the river Hudson, less like a river than an arm of the sea, connects the plains in the neighbourhood of the lakes with the ocean; reaching as far as Albany, it stretches far to the west toward the lakes by means of its tributary the Mohawk, the country around being everywhere a plain, and full of water-courses, roads, railroads, and canals, which are more easy of construction than anywhere else in a southern direction, where the Alleghany mountains rear their unbroken wall between the plains and the sea. If the Falls of Niagara did not stop the

course of Lake Ontario, if Erie and Ontario were one, these roads, canals, and railroads would probably all have been directed to one point on Lake Ontario, as, for instance, Oswego. As, however, matters stand they have had to go round to avoid this troublesome cataract, and take their course to Buffalo, at the eastern end of Lake Erie; from which point they make their way onwards into the interior for thousands of miles, unstopped by any more Niagara Falls.

The fact that the Erie Canal, that grandest of all constructions for American water-communication, was only practicable in this direction, has thus been the principal cause of Buffalo becoming the central station for the great course of traffic for passengers and goods from east to west, from the Atlantic coasts to the Canadian lakes, and onwards to the great marshes of the Mississippi.

We found much to wonder at in the amount of restless traffic, the overflowing streams of people and goods, which we encountered on entering this town. The harbours and every little creek or arm of a canal were thickly filled with boats, ships, vessels of all descriptions; every shore and quay was heaped up with goods, and merchants, writers, sailors, drivers, porters, were working and hurrying in and through these heaps, like ants on

an ant-hill. I do not know whether this breathless state of things goes on all the year round, or whether we arrived at some peculiarly busy time; perhaps the already threatening approach of the ice-season, and consequent stoppage of navigation, may have hurried matters just then.

Emerging from the chaotic turmoil of this business quarter, you find an extensive town, whose streets, like all streets in America, are arranged in parallel lines, dividing the houses into very regular square masses, termed "blocks." This American system of building has been originally planned on wholly republican and equalising principles. All the streets are alike long, alike wide, alike central, or alike non-central. Nothing is to be seen here of the sort of plan on which Karlsruhe or any other town of princely foundation is built, where streets lead to a castle or some central point of interest. Without the slightest interior organisation the town is given up to trade and passenger traffic. I say that this is the original idea, but as inhabitants increase, things assume quite another character. Trade gives the town an organisation of its own; changes the character of each long thoroughfare; establishes a principal street and by-streets; fills the former with splendid buildings, churches, and the dwellings of the rich, leaving the latter to the

poor. Square blocks of houses, all originally similar, become respectively business neighbourhoods, suburbs, fashionable districts, poor districts, and so on. It seems to me, indeed, that these American towns, built on such ideally republican principles, acquire in practice a much more highly monarchical character than is the case in Europe. In New York the great central street domineers over the rest of the town in such a way that it might really be called *the* street of New York. Everything is to be found there; you may spend months in New York, go hither and thither, pay hundreds of visits, and yet hardly ever stir out of Broadway. I thought at first that this was a peculiarity of New York, necessitated by the geographical position of the town; but in Buffalo, also, I found just such a disproportionately predominating street, as large and showy, relatively, and as fashionable and exclusive. As in New York and Buffalo, so is it also in Philadelphia, in Boston, and elsewhere. Every American town developes a Broadway, as the embryo of an animal developes its members. We, in Germany, have indeed here and there something similar, as for example, "Unter den Linden" ("under the lime-trees") in Berlin. But on the whole it seems to me that neither in Germany, France, or England does all the importance of a town so concentrate

itself as in these American thoroughfares. In Hamburg, Dresden, Vienna, even in Paris or London, you might look in vain for a street with such a decided superiority over all others as the American Broadways. What can be the cause of this? I would fain know. Is it a certain peculiar exclusiveness of American manners? Is it that they all want to do exactly alike, so that all rich men must live in one street, and buy their gloves at the same shop? One might draw curious conclusions from this fact if it is really true in the degree in which it appeared so to me.

To my astonishment, I found that Buffalo had not only a Broadway of its own, but likewise the same sort of enormous palace-like hotels, and the same style of living in them as in the great Eastern towns. There are at least half a dozen in this young town. To such an extent does this custom of hotel life prevail here, as in other parts of America, that we find married couples spending their wedding-day and honeymoon in them, and whole families growing up who have never known any other home. Sometimes even the wealthiest families are in the habit of leading this nomadic life, moving about from hotel to hotel. Sometimes they try setting up housekeeping, but soon get tired of it. The lady "cannot bear the trouble of servants,"

and her husband, finding her management so bad that hotel life is much the cheapest, is soon persuaded to strike his tent again and take to the ever-ready hotel, whose domestic comfort at the best can never be greater than that of a *fourier-ist* colony. What becomes here of *home* and all its holy influences and associations?

In the monster hotel of Buffalo we found, as usual, in the luxurious and theatrically decorated drawing-room, a circle of very variously-assorted guests. Round the hearth was a group of very pretty young ladies, comfortably established in rocking-chairs; a reverend gentleman from Canada with his wife was amongst the groups of all sorts of people scattered about the room; and here they sat like one family, suddenly thrown together as they were by various railroads and steamers. I thought at first they were all acquaintances; but was soon undeceived by finding that no conversation was going on. The attention of all seemed directed towards a corner of the room where a young lady sat playing and singing at a large, much-gilded piano. Beside her was a young man turning over her leaves and paying her various attentions. I asked my neighbour who she was. He did not know, no one seemed to know. The young man was behaving like a bridegroom or

acknowledged lover at least, joking and flirting in no under-tone. His witticisms appeared to be much to his own satisfaction, and the lady also seemed no way displeased, though, from the scraps which reached my corner, I thought them remarkably silly, and yet to this conversation the whole room was listening in solemn silence. After all this I certainly was a good deal surprised to find that the lady and gentleman were no way related or connected. Presently he was seized with musical inspiration, and treated us to a sonata, to which we listened with the same devoted attention as to the lady's songs, feeling, however, in our secret souls that if the punishment inflicted on Marsyas was somewhat severe, still a few scalpings might be not at all out of the way in such a case. One of our number was a very pleasing young French-Canadian, who happened to be a remarkably good musician, so we instigated him at length to deliver us from our sufferings; and, having smuggled him up to the piano, he seized an opportune moment when the instrument was free, and began to play with such energy, expression, and masterly effect, that the enemy was completely beaten off the field. The partisans of the former feeble melodies were disgusted and took to flight, one by one, leaving the room with an astonished

and terrified expression of countenance. Americans, like English people, dislike energetic music, admiring only the soft and timid style, whether good or bad. We, the little remnant of true lovers of music, being left to ourselves, had an evening of real enjoyment.

On the following day nothing I saw in Buffalo interested me more than a book auction, of a sort very new to me. At our auctions in Germany the gray dusty old books of some departed philosopher may be disposed of to a set of learned men, as gray and pretty nearly as dusty as themselves, or perhaps to a few second-hand booksellers or circulating library keepers: but the rest of the public find no interest in such wares. How different is the state of things in Buffalo was revealed to me on accidentally passing an open door. Finding the proceedings of the crowd within were of a kind to interest me, I entered. A goodly collection of many hundred books, all new and freshly bound, was ranged along the walls. Old worn-out volumes, such as are disposed of at our German auctions, would find no purchaser here. Not only were the bindings new, but as gay as gilding and bright colours could make them. It seems that books here, like boxes of French plums, must wear a very ornamental dress if they want to

insinuate themselves into society. Even such respectable old gentlemen as Thucydides and Tacitus were to be seen disporting themselves like Harlequin, in particolours and gold. If one of our old Göttingen philologists had been present he would have been as astonished at the sight as if Tacitus himself had visited him in his dreams, attired in a fashionable coat and hat.

Running my eye over the books, I found a good set of classics, amongst which were Cæsar's Commentaries, Livius, and others, as well as scientific works on natural history, astronomy, geography, and so forth, altogether a very grave set of books. I thought of course that the customers would be students and professors of colleges, and masters of the high-schools of Buffalo. But when the auctioneer began I gained a little, rather startling, information: "Here is *Tite Live* for you, translated from the original Latin, a most *interesting* book to read." And, "Here is Cæsar's Commentaries, a very good book, which tells you all about France and ancient Paris. Look, in what a fine state of preservation this work is! Impossible to find a prettier book for a present to your wives! Half a dollar for Cæsar's Commentaries. Who bids?" Hearing all this I looked round, and scanning the assembled public more narrowly, endeavoured to

understand that it was really composed of small shop-keepers and artisans of the town, and working farmers from the country, just the class which we call peasants. They had been bringing their produce to market, and wanted now to take home books for their money. I began to enter into conversation with some of these men, they were really such as I imagined, and I spent some very interesting hours in talking with them.

Of Titus Livius two copies were sold, one of them to a young fellow who snatched it up and jumped again on his horse which he had tied up outside, and set off, he and his Livius, probably to one of the marshy districts on the shores of Lake Erie. Of Cæsar three copies went off. "*Tiusydides*," as the auctioneer called him, seemed rather to hang on hand, though for no want of recommendation nor of attractions of binding. I suspect the long name was somewhat in fault. "Tit Livy" was a much easier name to run off. A number of copies of Josephus were sold for one and a half or two dollars apiece. A friend told me that this is a book often sold by the pedlars about the Missouri and Mississippi. I felt quite ashamed of having to confess to myself that I had never read it. Certainly, for all these antique writers a new era seems beginning here on the shores of Erie and the Mis-

sissippi. Wonderful ancient voices, everlastingly young! here they are, marching round the world with this latest-born of nations! They will become as popular in this republic as of old in Italy and Greece. I suppose that, except perhaps in Rome in Cicero's time, Titus Livius has not often been carried on the pack-saddle of a colonial farmer coming home from market.

"Here is Bailey's Architecture!" cried the auctioneer. "Bailey is the first authority of our day for all sorts of buildings. When you once have this book nothing can be easier than to make your own calculations. This is the first copy ever brought to market in Buffalo. I'll sell it you for two dollars. Ten cents bid. Who bids more?"

It went for a dollar.

"Here is Bancroft's History of the United States. The very last copy of this work I can offer you. Impossible to educate your children without this book. Every citizen ought to know the history of his own country. No one is capable of making a speech who has not read this book. And how are you to vote right or express your political opinions unless you have read Bancroft's History of the United States? Come, who buys?"

"Here is an astronomical work. All the starry heavens and the whole planetary system in one

volume, with two thousand illustrations, lithographic and copper-plate, that'll make it all as clear as sunshine. Two thousand pictures of stars, suns, moons, planets, and comets, all for one dollar! Who bids more? I assure you you couldn't get a finer book to put upon your tables. And when you sit down by the fire of an evening you couldn't have a more improving work to study or to show to your children."

The bidding went on nimbly; the books, which went off at low prices, were carefully wrapped up in paper, and carried off by their purchasers. Such works as Scott's Life of Napoleon, and still more, Chambers' Family Library, were very eagerly bought up. Then came a series of handsome quarto Bibles. Of novels and merely amusing books, much less of anything purely trashy or objectionable, I saw no trace. I think the German reader will agree with me that all this was very remarkable. The cheapness also was surprising. There were no antiquarian treasures amongst the books; all were quite new, printed this year, some within a few weeks, and yet much cheaper than could be found at any of our second-hand booksellers. Nevertheless I was assured that the auctioneer, who had spent ten years this way, buying up the books in large lots and disposing of them as I had seen, had already made,

by this means only, a fortune of 60,000 dollars. I was altogether much struck by the peculiarities of this trade: the great printers of the Eastern towns derive, I am told, a great part of their profits from the cheap goods prepared for these Western auctions. I intend, in the course of my journey, to examine further into this matter, as it seems to throw much light on the intellectual character of American backwoodsmen and artisans.

I would fain, on this occasion, have stayed a little longer with the books and book-buyers, but the whole assembly was suddenly dispersed by a wild commotion which had arisen in the streets. Borne out with the tide of people, eagerly rushing to see what was the matter, we found a great crowd, much shouting and hallooing, and rushing about of young men in uniform, looking gay and excited, as if for some festival. I thought some great celebration was about to take place, and was confirmed in this idea by the appearance of several very fantastically constructed carriages or machines, drawn however, not by horses, but by the aforesaid young men. These machines were gaily painted and varnished, and decorated with bells, flowers, pictures, and inscriptions, like little Chinese pagodas. I thought it must be a triumphal procession in honour of some one, but when I came to inquire,

was answered :—"Lockport is on fire!" Lockport is a neighbouring town of about ten thousand inhabitants. It was a terrible conflagration; the news had come by telegraph, and half the sky was already reddened. "Our fire companies and fire engines," continued my informant, "are sent for, and our young men are trying which set can get to the railway first. Nothing stirs them up like a fire; it seems as if they always slept with one eye open and one foot out of bed; at the first sound of the fire-bell there they are, ready booted and spurred and in the street, with helmet and shield on, and the rest of their different uniforms." I afterwards heard a more connected account of the peculiar party spirit which animates these American fire companies. They are composed of volunteers, and have rights, privileges, and exemptions of their own. Sharing danger by night and by day as they are so constantly doing in the frequent conflagrations, there springs up naturally a strong feeling of brotherhood amongst the members of each corps, as well as a great jealousy of the other companies. Each company has its own uniform, and there is much emulation as to which shall have the handsomest and best decorated engines. Each has also its special days of festival, celebrated with processions and music; often, also, balls are given, on which occa-

sions the engines are paraded, decorated like brides with garlands of flowers. On the building of a new engine the members send out printed cards of invitation to their friends to come and inspect it, and join a *soirée* given in its honour. If one of their brave members perishes by fire, a too frequent occurrence, the company gives him a solemn funeral, with military honours. This military *esprit de corps* unfortunately goes so far as sometimes to lead to hostile engagements; sometimes these companies, instituted for the public welfare, have even been known to fight pitched and bloody battles with one another, with clubs, swords, powder and shot, in the very face of a burning town.

What became of the town of Lockport on that special evening I never heard, for early next morning I was some hundred miles off. In America, where so much is born every day, so much also dies, that there is no time to mourn over the fate of a little town.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM BUFFALO TO SCRANTON.

THE late season, the autumn weather, and other circumstances, determined me to proceed no further this time on my North-Western journey, but to begin my return towards the Eastern coast. I had long resolved that this return journey should take me through Pennsylvania, that I might gratify an old wish I had to visit that beautiful district, of which I had heard so much, where our German countrymen had settled, and established their peaceful Moravian colony; I had become well acquainted through the writings of Heckewälder and other excellent men with the deeply interesting history of their colonisation and missions. On this pilgrimage I also proposed to take the three celebrated Pennsylvanian coal districts in my way. And in order to reach the most northern of these, I

knew I must make my way to the little town of Scranton, lying among the mountains. To my great astonishment, however, I found it was by no means easy to ascertain in Buffalo how to get to Scranton. The huge net-work of railways in this part of the world has become so complicated that no one seems to understand more than a small part of it. Though I applied to the very best authorities, i. e. the officials of all the different railway companies, I could get no answer to my question, "How to get to Scranton?" One clerk knew his own "New York City Railroad," another his "Buffalo and Erie Railroad," another his "Central Railroad," but as to branch lines and out-of-the-way places, all were ignorant. However, at length I gathered the united opinion that my best plan would be to take the New York City line as far as Elmira, and there make further inquiries as to whether Scranton could be reached at all by rail. I took this advice, and by dint of much inquiry, taking now a New York main line, now one of the little cross lines that intersect the great ones like the cross threads of a spider's web, succeeded in getting on towards the south-east, passing 250 miles through the western part of New York State, and then entering Pennsylvania.

In spring this journey must be really charming,

and even now in autumn I found it very enjoyable. The way lies through a wooded country, sometimes thick forest, interspersed with lovely, smiling valleys. The little towns we passed were all built in the style which reigns throughout this State: wooden beams nailed together on the outside, and adorned by many wooden pillars, balconies, and porticoes; the whole wood-work painted white, except the window ledges and shutters, which are bright green. Even in the outskirts of New York and Brooklyn little houses may be seen built in this style, looking very bright and cheerful. Very likely the fashion of this bright or white painting was hit upon by the early settlers in these dark forests that the houses might be the more easily discerned through the windings of the leafy paths.

The foliage in these forests was, much to my surprise, in a far more wintry state than in the more northern valley of Niagara; nor were any flowers to be seen. That valley is indeed, as I began now to perceive, quite an oasis at this time of year. I was also surprised to find how much *new country*, as it is here called, we passed through, even in this old State of New York; places to which the railway is only just open, and consequently communication with the civilised world only just begun.

We saw some very fine views on our way. At a portage on the river Genessee we stopped for half an hour; here the river, breaking through a narrow rocky cleft, makes several beautiful falls. Eighty miles further brought us into the pretty valley of the Tioga, which falls into the Susquehanna; and lastly we reached the still more beautiful valley through which this latter river flows. Following the course of its eastern branch, we came at length, at Great Bend, to the borders of Pennsylvania. In the Susquehanna valley we got again a glimpse of summer, which we seemed to have been chasing southward; some autumn foliage was still on the trees, whereas those we had left behind us in New York were quite bare.

Behind Great Bend we turned into a very narrow and thickly-wooded ravine called Martin Creek's Valley; and for many hours our train dashed between the rocks, brushwood, and forest trees which filled the valley. The mountains grew gradually higher, and when, at Scranton, we emerged from the valley, we found two long grand ranges of a very regular form in front of us. The whole tract of land between Lake Erie and the Atlantic is traversed by spurs of the Alleghanies; which, however, do not bear this name here. Only a single range in the south-west of Pennsylvania is

pointed out as distinctively "the Alleghany mountains;" the rest are not even allowed the name of *mountains*, but always talked of as *hills;* in the same way the little lakes among them are called *ponds*.

Evening was closing in as we entered the broad valley of Scranton, a place which ten years ago contained only a few families of peasants, but now has a busy swarm of from six to seven thousand inhabitants, a change owing principally to the recent discovery of rich coal mines in the neighbourhood. Our whole party was received, as usual, into a monster hotel, smaller, however, than most of its kind, where we found a motley crowd assembled,—travellers, resident families, and business men connected with the coal mines.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LACKAWANNA VALLEY.

THE real old primitive name of the Scranton Valley, which is used also on the spot, and even sometimes in maps, is Lackawanna, a flowing musical sound which marks it of Indian origin, most unlike its crabbed English successor. The valley is a little branch of the Susquehanna Valley, running up between two long spurs of the Alleghanies. Some tribe of Indians (perhaps called Lackawannas) dwelt here formerly. The first European inhabitants were German peasants, who began the cultivation of the soil and made the place accessible; but it was an American of the name of Scranton to whom the town owes its present name and its existence; he established a company for the working of the coal mines, which had been quite neg-

lected by the Germans, got together a considerable capital, and built the town.

In Europe the founding and building of towns is a matter specially reserved for kings and princes. *Carlsruhe*, *Ludwigsburg*, *Friedrichstadt*, *Petersburg*,—all such names point to some Emperor or Duke at whose command the marsh was drained or the forest cleared. But Martin's Creek, Harrisburg, Sherman's Valley, Scranton,—such names mark how the places so called have arisen, perhaps from some poor settler who first penetrated into the country, and whose successful cultivation drove the Indian hunters further and further off; or else some "self-made man," as the phrase is, who found a locality wonderfully adapted for a town, and having there with his own hand picked up the first coal, or the first bit of gold, silver, iron ore, or whatever may have been the treasure of the district, bought some land cheap, brought capital and labour together, and thus founded a town, which rapidly increased around him.

These *self-made men* are made much of in America. I have read passages of native authors in which such incense is offered up to them as we hardly offer in Europe to princes themselves. I might instance the description which a reverend American somebody gives of the pleasure-trip to

Europe made by a merchant of the name of Van der Bilt. How he exalts to heaven his hero, his "merchant prince!" In New York one hears to satiety of "merchant princes." Even the hotel-keepers are held up as "citizen princes," and exalted into a species of nobles. I could quote from a book which I have often had in my hands, in which, speaking of certain millionaire innkeepers, it is said that they exercised in this or that hotel "the most noble hospitality" towards thousands of travellers. In what the nobility of this well-paid hospitality consists one does not readily see. The same book exalts equally to the rank of nobility all trades by which much money may be made. The hatter's trade, for instance, and the peppercorn trade are entitled "most noble trades." This style of speaking struck me as not only very repulsive, but particularly anti-republican. I could not perceive in what the great merit of these self-made men consisted; could it be called meritorious to have larger powers of acquisitiveness, of snatching and holding fast? I grant it as quite right that they should exercise these powers and enjoy their fruit, but why they should be exalted to the skies for so doing I can no more see than why an English lord should be admired for condescending to inherit the position of his ancestors with all its ad-

vantages. Yet, though I cannot fall down and worship the "princeliness" of these self-made men, or the *nobility* of their trades, I grant them clear heads and healthy knowledge of the world; often also a benevolent use of their riches. I confess that the more personal intercourse I have had with this class of men the better I have liked them, and this in spite of the disgust excited by the obtrusive adulation of their satellites. I was reminded of the saying often heard amongst Russian peasants, "The master himself is good, but beware of the bailiffs!"

Mr Scranton, the founder of this town, in which he is said to have raised the inhabitants from 0 to 6000, I found to be a very agreeable, intelligent, and energetic man in the prime of life. How long must a man's beard have grown before he could have established such a colony in Europe! When I was shown in to him I found him refreshing himself, and some of his young clerks and officials, with gymnastic exercises! Bravo! thought I, a capital relaxation for the founder of a town, the head of a new generation. He received me very kindly, and gave me much information and assistance in my local investigations. I thought myself fortunate; what would the young Scythian traveller, Anacharsis,

have given if he could have had Cecrops himself for his cicerone in Athens!

This little place, juvenile as it is, has already its two churches, several handsome buildings, a few villas surrounded by their gardens, long rows of warehouses, and plenty of cheerful dwelling-houses. Foundations of fresh buildings are also laid in many places among the surrounding woods and marshes. Thousands of workmen, miners, carpenters, bricklayers, and day-labourers of all sorts, are located for the present in wooden sheds and log-huts raised on a slightly rising ground in front of the town. Doubtless these sheds will soon be transformed into solid and permanent buildings, their inhabitants become small capitalists, and individuals among them rise by talent and energy to be the founders of opulent and flourishing families.

Early next morning I set off to visit one of the coal-mines, in order to obtain an idea of the position and formation of the coal-strata. Their peculiarity consists in the fact that iron and coal, the two materials which are so mutually serviceable to human intercourse, are here found remarkably close together. On railroads, in steam-boats, in factories of every kind, coal and iron must always work together, neither can do without the other; indeed

they seem born into the world together, like twins, for neither can come to the right use of its powers without the help of the other. How could coal be brought to light from the recesses where it lies buried, but by the help of iron? or what were the use of the coarse, rough iron-ore, if it were not melted, refined, and shaped by the help of coal? If coal is to give us light and warmth in our streets and dwellings, her brother iron must make the gas-works, pipes, and stoves. If coal gives the motive power to the engine, it could be of little use unless the iron rails were there to facilitate and accelerate the motion. The most ingenious and wonderful machines into which iron may be formed, are but helpless and dead till the coals give them their own fiery life. Hence Great Britain is well esteemed as singularly favoured by Nature, for its possession of these two treasures in such abundance and proximity; and not less so, the little valley of Lackawanna, where smelting furnaces have their mines of coal close beside them, and the iron wanted for the machinery in the coal-pits may be dug out of their own ground.

Both the ores lie here very much on the surface, so that it is easy to work them; they seem scattered like manna all over the valley. In some places I saw great masses of coal twenty feet thick, or more,

projecting out of the soil; sometimes, where they had not been thought worth working, vaults and basements of houses had been scooped out of them. In the same way the iron lies scattered all about, appearing in a variety of forms, chiefly in boulders of various sizes, consisting of about sixty per cent. of iron, lying embedded in a reddish clay, and fire as well as water seems to have been concerned in their formation. Wherever the ground has been broken up, whether for building or railroad purposes, this reddish clay is seen, and heaps of iron pebbles lie by its side. It may be said that the whole town of Scranton stands on one solid rock of coal, and that all the fields and meadows about are like a green carpet laid over an iron floor. *Carbon Dale* was long ago the name of an old settlement in the valley, a name whose true significance Messrs Scranton were the first to perceive.

True to the old maxim "*utile cum dulce,*" we arranged that our excursions from pit to pit should take us also up towards the mountains which border the valley on the east, and are called the Lackawanna range. This range is beginning to be cut through, for the construction of a new railway, a continuation in the direction of the river Delaware of the road by which we had arrived. When this line is opened the town and valley will obtain their

first direct communication with New York, and their true importance will then first be seen. The works now going on for clearing the forest and blasting the rock were very interesting; indeed, I pity the future railway passenger, rolling along in his well-cushioned carriage, who will have seen nothing of the making of this road by which he travels.

Penetrating into a wildly romantic region, we went to see some water-falls formed by a little stream called "the roaring brook." A most lovely spot it was, the cascades dashing over rocks, all overhung with evergreen laurel. All the branches of the Alleghanies are full of these sweet scenes, whose hidden beauty is never spoken of, and never seen but by the inhabitants of some neighbouring village or farm-house.

On our way back from the mountains in the evening, I went over the great Rail-mill, as it is called, a factory for smelting iron and founding rails. It was a sight not to be forgotten, from the impression it gave of the rapidity and energy with which all kinds of work are carried on in this country. There were no less than four hundred workmen engaged: of these seventy-five were Irishmen, from twenty-five to thirty Germans, and three hundred Americans, English, Scotch, and Welsh. The Welshmen stood highest in point of skill and talent,

as is natural, the iron-works and furnaces of Wales being the largest in the world. The building of the furnaces and the organisation of the whole work has been principally done by the Welsh, who are reputed in every way the best workers of iron. The Germans are also spoken well of, but it was complained that they were too full of agricultural projects. "No sooner have they earned a little money than they go off West, and buy a bit of land."

Comparing this place with the iron-works of Austria and other parts of Germany, the stormy speed of the work seemed something miraculous. In an Italian silk factory speed seems natural, but here were huge heavy masses of metal, not silken threads. The smelting machinery is in the upper part of the building, and there the great masses, each the size of a road-rail, are prepared; down a wooden tram-way each glowing mass flies like lightning into the depths below; there two workmen receive it with great hammers, and with heavy blows purify the metal from the light and fluid slag. Thus purified, the still shapeless block moves quickly on to the foundry, and in a few minutes more appears as a fiery bar. The conclusion was a brilliant scene, when on these glowing bars, laid side by side that they might be cut of equal lengths, descended two circular steel saws, moved by steam;

they seemed to touch the great bars but for one moment, cut them through, and send out clouds and circles of fiery sparks. It made me giddy to think of this legerdemain with iron blocks carried on night and day, year after year, by these four hundred sons of Vulcan.

In this Scranton rail-mill about twelve thousand tons of rails are prepared annually; enough to cover two hundred miles of road. Some of these rails are very thick and strong, others, however, so weak that in Europe they would be considered useless. In America, thin rails of this sort are often used for the construction of cheap roads in new districts. Then when the road succeeds, traffic increases, and capital can be got together, the temporary road is removed, and stronger rails laid down. In all places the lines are opened when we should think them only half ready. For example, where in Europe a strong high viaduct would be deemed necessary, Americans put up only a *trestle-work*, as it is called, in the first instance. There is always plenty of wood to be had in the forest, so that trestle-work of any length may be easily put up; but labour is too expensive to make them into compact roads till the railway shares rise, and then the trestles are taken down. Great portions of the new road by which we arrived here were construct-

ed in this way; the train was taken slowly and cautiously over them, and it felt something like going over the rafters of an unroofed house.

I was shown, in the smelting-furnace of Scranton, the largest and most perfect *bellows* I had ever seen. They were worked by a steam engine of a hundred and fifty horse power, and seemed to have taken about as much building as a moderate-sized church; yet this enormous machine in motion made no more noise than the wheels of an old Dutch clock. The pipe through which the stream of air is driven is five feet in diameter, and this divides into a number of smaller tubes, which are led through a hot chamber where they stand erect like organ pipes, and are played on by strong gas-flames, by which the air is heated. If it were to pass cold into the furnace the smelting process would be checked. In this economical system even the escaping gases from the fires are re-captured, kindled, and utilised, being returned into the furnace itself. I was told that this Scranton bellows is the largest and best of its kind in America, and I am inclined to think this true. To me, machines of this kind, so perfect and so wonderful, are not without their æsthetic interest. The grandeur of this apparently complicated, yet really simple mechanism, doing its work so exactly and completely, gives me somewhat the same kind of

enjoyment as the contemplation of an organic structure, or any other wonderful natural contrivance. In modern machines there is often as much grace as severe mathematical accuracy. I feel, in looking at them, as if something ought to be said about them in hexameters or blank verse. But alas, such themes as "The Furnace," "The Steam-bellows," "The Locomotive," "The Rail-mill," do not sound as inspiring as it seems to me they really might be made. The poet is yet to appear who could bring the right sort of enthusiasm to bear upon these subjects.

In such a poetical effusion as this, a saw-mill, such as the one I saw here, could in no wise be omitted. The setting up of a saw-mill is, as I said before, always the first thing done in America where a town is to be built; but these saw-mills are something very different from our simple German affairs, for they are not confined to the production of mere rough boards, but manufacture about half the material required both for building and cabinet-making. The boards are not only cut, but planed and made ready for use; here also are prepared the thin shingles required for roofing, as well as whole doors, window-frames, and window-shutters. One might order entire houses by dozens in one of these saw-mills. The great

steam planing machine used here is, I think, an American invention, and is certainly very ingenious. The boards are moved by steam power with admirable swiftness against the upright edge of the plane, and the shavings brought off are the full width of the board itself. The coarse edge and fine edge of the plane are in different parts of the same machine, and work at the same time. The shingle-cutting machines are also very admirable, separating the rough wooden blocks into thin flakes, with beautiful rapidity and exactness.

In these new little towns, growing up in the wilderness, with such a motley population from all parts of the world, and containing as yet but a feeble imitation of a police force or magistracy, some insecurity, both as to person and property, might well be expected. It struck me, therefore, that I might as well lock my door in the inn at Scranton, as I had always been accustomed to do in Germany, but the lock would not turn. I made many efforts in vain; and one day, after repeated trials, summoned the landlord to my aid, expressing at the same time my surprise that he should have such bad locks in his house. The man was very obliging, and took a great deal of trouble with my lock, but could not manage it. At last, letting his arms sink, he exclaimed: "Indeed, sir, I'm very sorry—it can't

be helped. Really it isn't necessary. To tell you the truth, there isn't a single useable lock in the whole house. It's a thing the gentlemen never ask for: they always leave their doors open. Rely on me, nothing shall be lost." I was much surprised, but well contented with this explanation, and thought with a certain shame of the complicated contrivances for the fastening of halls and windows in our old cities,—the locks, double-locks, bolts, bars, and chains, in a Hungarian inn, for instance; the great bunch of keys which a traveller in that country receives from his host, to protect his door with,—and the windows in Styria, even in the villages, barricaded with thick iron gratings like those of a prison. I remarked, however, to my host that I had been made a little uneasy by having just read an account of some official person having been robbed in this town of papers to the value of 25,000 dollars, and 500 dollars being offered as a reward for the discovery of the thief. "Ah, yes, sir," returned he, "that indeed. Twenty-five thousand dollars is a sum worth stealing. Such a sum as that ought to be taken good care of. I don't say but what there may be many a man here with taste for a job of that sort. But as to house-breaking and petty thefts, they are really hardly known here."

I found this account of the absence of crime here everywhere confirmed; indeed I believe that the new places in America are much freer from crime than the old. Probably this may result from the great abundance of employment. People have no time to lay cunning plots and schemes of robbery, and moreover but little temptation, work being so well paid for. If professional thieves do sometimes come to assist in the building of a town, as in the days of Romulus, they probably, like those old thieves, soon change their profession and become citizens instead. It is true that many wise regulations, on this head, are adopted and carried out by most of these American town-builders. In Scranton, for instance, all the leading men of the place, from Mr Scranton himself downwards, were strict temperance men—most zealous in spreading the influence of this self-denying example. I invited a young clerk of the mines to take a glass of wine with me, but was answered, politely, but very decidedly, that they were all teetotallers, and allowed no exception to their rule. Thus, though the Maine Liquor Law is not yet introduced into Pennsylvania, these New Englanders, as all the leading men of Scranton are, have already made it the law of their own little town. I call Scranton a town, but properly speaking it is not more than a village; it

has not even as yet the rights and constitution of a borough, and the government of the place is carried on only by private means and "moral force." Not even over the wild cattle and stray, wandering pigs and horses is there as yet any lawful authority, for it is only a borough that has a right to pound. However, such a great demand has now arisen in New York for Pennsylvanian coal, that it is quite likely this place will soon acquire much more important privileges. The legislative proceedings, by which legal rights are confirmed, are generally a long way behind the natural growth of the rights themselves.

At present Scranton belongs to the county of Lucerne; but when once the direct road to the New York market has been opened by railway, it is likely enough that the English sea-coal (now so much used), and often brought as ballast, will be driven out of the market, and then Scranton will separate itself from Lucerne, and be constituted the chief town of a county of its own. At present the English coal is cheaper, the sea transport, even across the Atlantic, being so much easier than bringing the American coal over the Alleghany mountains.

The counties in Pennsylvania are now very large —many extending over above 2000 English square

miles, and averaging more than 1000. With so thin a population this cannot be avoided, since it is impossible to pay magistrates and police-officers for every little valley and corner. When the district becomes more populous, the people of course feel it as an inconvenience to have to make such long journeys—often over mountains, to reach their law courts, post stations, &c., and then arises a desire for a further sub-division, though even then there are always party struggles and legislative obstacles to be overcome, before the old county can be burst asunder, and new ones formed of the fragments.

In America, indeed, Pennsylvania is regarded as an old, long since organised state; but when it is considered that it covers an area of 100,000 square miles, and has still little more than two millions of inhabitants, it may be supposed there is yet room left, and that there is frequent need of new organizations.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

"ALL passengers on board?" asked the driver of the stage-coach, on whose fore-deck—that is to say, coach-box—I seated myself to cross the Lackawanna Mountains, in order, afterwards, to continue my voyage to the nearest coal region at Wilkesbarre.

The imagination of these colonists, who have been blown hither across the ocean, is so occupied with sea-going ideas, and sea-going phrases, that they talk in that style not merely on a railroad, where they do not seem so entirely inapplicable, but even with reference to an old rumbling stage-coach, jolting along over the roughest mountain roads.

"We shall have to bundle up well," said a Pennsylvanian passenger, who took his place beside me, and kindly helped me to "bundle up" my feet, ears, and other extremities in shawls, cloaks, and

woollen horse-cloths. "It is a windy, cold evening, and at night it will be still colder." The roads were villanous, and required all the skill of our pilot, the coachman, to steer us safely along them. It must have rained very heavily, too, for this road, as it was called, was a mere marsh mixed with boulder-stones; sometimes we came to a piece of plank road, but the planks had rotted and sunk in the mud, as in the Niagara road before-mentioned. In the Valley of Wyoming, indeed, there was a new plank road, and then we rolled along briskly enough.

"Your bridges are not good for much," said I, addressing our coachman; "the planks lie so loosely that if a horse steps on one end of them the other bounces up and hits him in the mouth. Ought not these boards to be nailed down?"

"Yes, sir, they ought to be nailed down."

"Many of the bridges have rotten holes—a horse might break his leg or his neck in them!"

"Yes, sir, many of them have holes. We often break through as we are driving over."

"Well, I suppose," said a passenger, "you do not care; you seem to regard your coach as a ship, so if it goes into the water it is all right."

In the middle of the night we came to Pittston, in the celebrated Wyoming Valley. Pittston is a coal town like Scranton, but larger and much older.

At this place a young girl presented herself as a new passenger. She looked into the inside, but it was quite full, and she then looked up anxiously at us "bundled up" gentlemen on the top. "You just wait a bit, miss," said the coachman—"you can't go up there. I have two gents inside; I'll fix one of them outside." "Sir," he continued, shaking up out of his sleep, without the smallest ceremony, the nearest of the two passengers alluded to, "here's a young lady wants your warm inside-place. Just you come up and sit by me;" and without even waiting for an answer, as if non-compliance were not for a moment to be imagined, he went to see to his horses, and began to water them without giving himself any further trouble.

Now I had myself voluntarily taken the outside, but this good man had chosen the warm inner place, and had gone comfortably to sleep in it, so that it did seem a little hard he should be suddenly turned out of it in a cold night, and stuck upon the windy coach-box. In Germany there would certainly have been a little difficulty about it, but here even a maid-servant is armed with terrible privileges. The man thus victimized gave a little sigh, rolled himself silently out of his snug corner, and, moreover, politely helped the maid-servant into it; and then patiently took the place

assigned him on the box, shivering a little, and wrapping himself in his mackintosh. I inquired of the coachman whether the regulations gave him a right to turn this passenger out of his place, or whether he might have refused it. "Oh, he might have refused, certainly; the ladies have not any law for it; but I should not have considered him a gentleman!"

The Wyoming valley is one of the many that intersect the eastern side of the Alleghanies, and it is renowned both for its natural charms, its historical recollections, and the battles that have taken place in it, and now for its coal and coal-mines. All round Pittston we saw these black treasures lying about on fields and hill sides, and in vast heaps on the roads and the banks of the river. These bright coals glittered like silver in the moonlight, and whoever first called coals the "Black Diamonds of England," must have seen them in such a light. The fine, broad river too lay calm and radiant in the same moonlight before us. Some of the mines here have their mouths quite close to the water's edge, so that the coals can be shovelled almost out of the bowels of the earth into the ships; nay, they might sometimes be got from the very bed of the river itself, for here and there the Susquehanna has, it is said, washed away the upper

stratum of soil, and flows over the naked surface of the coal. As in the Lackawanna valley iron and coal are brought together, here, by an equally beneficent arrangement of nature, are coal and water, so that a natural bond connects mine and furnace; and a fine canal, called the East, or North Branch Canal, has still further strengthened these bonds. During scarcely twenty years since this canal has been completed, the ground has risen in value almost as much as it does in the West, where indeed such a rise no longer excites surprise. A field that formerly cost 20 dollars, now in these mountains fetches from 300 to 350.

What pretty places we had been passing through in the night, and were now come to, we did not learn till the following morning, when we had glorious sunshine, and a fine, warm autumn day. We were now at a town called Wilkesbarre, one of the oldest colonies of this region, and the chief town of the Wyoming valley, and also one of the principal trading places for the second or middle Anthracite Coal Basin of Pennsylvania. "Do you keep your Sunday in Wilkesbarre?" some one had asked me. "You will find it a pretty specimen of an American country town, and see how they pass the Sundays in these places."

Wilkesbarre was not originally a settlement of

the Pennsylvanians, but a "New England establishment," of the roaming people of Connecticut, who in our days have founded Scranton. These Connecticut men were in the habit, even before the middle of the last century, of leaving, in troops, their own not very fertile country, and proceeding to the South and West. They migrated also to New York across the Hudson, and scattered themselves along the upper valleys of the Susquehanna river.

This region had indeed long been assigned by Royal patent to the province of Penn, but the Pennsylvanian settlers and farmers, who moved in a westerly and north-westerly direction from the Delaware, had not yet pushed the advanced posts of civilisation as far as the Susquehanna. The country was still completely wild, and the New England invaders watered it with the sweat of their brows, defended it with their blood against the Indians, and founded in it several settlements, from which the towns of Wilkesbarre, Pittsville, and several others have proceeded.

At length came the Pennsylvanians, or, as the Yankees mockingly call them, the "*Pennamytes*," from Delaware through the intervening woods up the Susquehanna, &c., and discovered the beautiful valley of Wyoming and the busy Yankees from Con-

necticut, whom, in reliance on their royal patent which secured to them all the land as far as the 42nd degree of latitude, they prepared to treat as squatters and unwarranted intruders. There arose a border dispute between the provinces of Pennsylvania and Connecticut, which brought their respective claims before the king and Parliament of England. Many members took the side of Pennsylvania, —others, namely two, Wilkes and Barry, that of the squatters from Connecticut; and in honour of these two the name of Wilkesbarre was compounded. But whilst the provincial governments were negotiating, and members of Parliament in London debating, the dispute was being settled in these peaceful vallies by a bloodier strife. The Pennamytes and the Yankees argued the matter with steel and gunpowder, and each one of the parties seized as much land as he was able to defend with the sword. This lawless state lasted till the time of the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence, and then, in accordance with the letter of the law, the American government decided the matter in favour of Pennsylvania, but decreed at the same time, that the Connecticut men, now become citizens of Pennsylvania, should be secured in the possession of their lands. The Pennsylvanian Government, too, presented each of them with a certificate of the

quantity that they had cleared and cultivated, and on these Pennsylvanian certificates are still founded the claims of old New England families to certain parcels of land in the Wyoming valley, which have in recent times become so valuable from the discovery of the treasures of coal contained in them. The authority and laws of Pennsylvania have, of course, since then reigned here, and the small New England colony has long since been swallowed up in the more extensive colonization that has taken place; German peasants have come by thousands from the Pennsylvanian plains, and settled among the New Englanders, and yet the spirit of Wilkesbarre and its little sister towns is still altogether New English or Puritan. "Here, under Pennsylvanian influence," said one of the inhabitants, "we have preserved the Puritan spirit in greater purity than our cousins in Boston and Connecticut. In the great commercial towns there this spirit has been greatly modified by the influence of Europe. We had a long contest with the Pennamytes about it, but we finally capitulated. They have settled among us, but it has been as strangers. Our congregations have kept to themselves, and there are many among us who look on the present men of Boston as a degenerate race."

Perhaps the Germans who have come in such

numbers to the Valley of Wyoming, and whose views on religious subjects are so very different, may have tended by the spirit of opposition to confirm them in this separation. I attended a Lutheran as well as a "Reformed" German Church, at which I heard a sermon in German, or a language supposed to be German, but I could not help wishing that either some pains should be taken to amend the language spoken here, or that they would banish it from the churches altogether; I do not like to hear religion spoken of in such gibberish. German is at its last gasp here in Wilkes-barre, and it is not so lovely in its expiring moments as the dolphin. But I shall have occasion to return to the subject of this "Pennsylvanian or Bush German," as it is called, and in the mean time we will take a walk into the mountains surrounding the Valley of Wyoming, in the company of a much-valued American acquaintance, one of the most distinguished heroes and conquerors of the Mexican war, whom I met just coming out of a Sunday school, where this famous and gallant officer had been engaged as a pious Christian in giving instruction to poor little children. (Hear! hear! hear!)

We turned first towards the north-east, to visit some old abandoned coal-mines, the "Baltimore

coal-mines," as they were called, and we met on the way several coal-owners, who showed us various specimens of the products of their mines. They were all firm, hard, shining, anthracite coal, of which all the three Pennsylvanian basins consist; they contain no bituminous coal at all. This anthracite coal has some excellent qualities; we handled it with our fingers, and dusted the black lumps with our white pocket handkerchiefs, without either skin or linen receiving the slightest soil. In the fire it has a very peculiar appearance; it glows and glimmers and emits its gases without either smoke or flame, and since there is no smoke there is also no soot in the chimneys. As we looked down on the town of Wilkesbarre, where there must have been, on a moderate calculation, 2000 fires alight, we could not see the slightest indication of them in the atmosphere, not the faintest trace of that grey cloud that generally lies over all English towns great and small. By the use of this anthracite coal Pennsylvania has freed herself from the necessity of keeping up the dirty and dangerous trade of the chimney-sweep, which has in other countries occasioned so much discussion and legislation, and cost so many sacrifices. The poor negro boys used to be condemned to it here, but the trade is now entirely abolished; I thought I could not admire this

anthracite coal enough, and exclaimed that here was the true panacea for the soot, and smoke, and bad air, which so greatly trouble English sanitary reformers. "Assuredly," I said, "you Pennsylvanians will, with your coal, make a conquest of London, and purify the whole atmosphere of Great Britain." But alas! there is always an "if" and a "but" in the way of grand projects, and so there is, it seems, with these black diamonds.

"The English," I was told, "have an unfounded but most decided prejudice against this anthracite coal, and they are in all things, but especially about their fires, inveterately obstinate. They fancy this coal emits a gas that is prejudicial to health, that it dries the air too much, that it attacks people's lungs, and occasions all sorts of maladies. But all this is merely prejudice, which we shall perhaps succeed in overcoming, when we have so far developed the resources of our coal-basins, as to be able to deliver their product at a very low price."

As long as I remained in Pennsylvania, I thought on this subject more or less like the Pennsylvanians; but when I had afterwards had occasion to try this coal in my own room, and then subsequently the bituminous coal, I came over to the English opinion, and was quite decided in preferring a blazing fire in my grate, even at the risk of blacken-

ing my neighbour's house; whether the English opinion of the injurious effects of the Pennsylvanian coal on health be quite as unfounded as people here think, I do not profess to know. I myself afterwards met in Pennsylvania several people who were suffering from chest maladies, and who ascribed them to this cause. This coal has also the disadvantage that it cannot be burned in small quantities, nor lit so easily as the bituminous kind, and that it is therefore apt to over-heat small apartments. The use of it is nevertheless increasing fast in America; from Scranton 150,000 tons are yearly exported, and these will doubtless soon become millions. From the Valley of Wyoming the present amount is 700,000 tons, and here also a great increase is expected. Very thick beds, with intervening strata of clay, extend over the whole valley, and the deepest in the centre, through which flows the Susquehanna, and where Wilkesbarre and other towns already stand. These strata are curved upwards on both sides, and the edges of these curves appear on the surface in the mountains and forests.

The abandoned Baltimore mines which we found in a lonely valley have a very picturesque appearance. There was formerly a bed thirty feet thick, lying nearly horizontal, with only a very slight and

gradual inclination towards the river. The bed has been entirely worked out, with the exception of some thick pillars that have been left standing to support the roof. We were able to walk in for some distance, and soon found ourselves in a labyrinth of these colossal coal pillars; the whole place had much the aspect of those cavern temples that you see in Arabia, Petræa, and Egypt. Very fine pyrites too are found in these caverns, and whole beds of coal are set with them as with precious stones. We also found many traces of fossil ferns, but only traces, for the leaves were all shattered into small fragments, as I believe they usually are in the anthracite coal.

Over stock and block, through marsh and thicket, scrambling continually over high wooden fences, we wandered for an hour without being able to find the path from the coal mine to the high road, that was to lead us to the top of the hill, and the so-called Prospect Rock. This is a very common case in Pennsylvania, and in America generally; for since the disappearance of the Indians, who always walked in "Indian file," and had made footpaths over the whole country, the paths have disappeared too.

As the sun was declining to the West, we hastened on as fast as we could over ground beset

by such obstacles, and reached the top of Prospect Rock just as the last golden light was poured over the Valley of Wyoming. The view from this point is very fine; you have the long broad valley at your feet, and on the opposite side run several ranges of mountains; behind you the road leads across other mountains to Delaware.

Not far from Prospect Rock, a Prospect House has been built, a spacious and pleasant inn, where you may get coffee and cakes, and a glass of wine, and may sit down and rest yourself and gossip with the hostess or any guests who may like yourself have come up the valley to see the sunset, and then stroll back to the town in the twilight. You need not inquire of what nation are the guests and the hostess: of course they are Germans, who have set up this pretty establishment for the enjoyment of the beauties of Nature, *plus* coffee and cakes, to say nothing of Rhine wine, which appeared to be plentiful among our good countrymen in Pennsylvania. The hostess, who was a lively, good-looking woman, asked me how I liked America, and I began to find all sorts of faults with it, to see what she would say, and I was somewhat provoked to find that she defended it zealously, even against Germany, and closed her various arguments in its favour with the phrase so

often repeated—"Yes, yes, America is the best country for the poor man."

The Valley of Wyoming, and all the other valleys of the coal district, are getting to be more and more in the possession of a few great companies and capitalists, and small proprietors and farmers are becoming more and more scarce. They sell their land for two or three hundred dollars the acre, and then wander forth to the West, to Illinois or Ohio, where they can buy fine lands for ten or twelve dollars an acre. The capitalists and coal-producers when they have once got the land into their hands never give it up again for any price, and it yields in their hands twice or three times as much as it would do in those of the farmers, who have not the same means of carrying on their operations on a grand scale, making roads, canals, &c.; and as in these districts there are coals, there are in the eastern other things that make the ground valuable, and induce capitalists to buy out the small proprietors, who then move off to the West, to become in their turn large land-owners.

One of the circumstances by which I was much struck in these American provincial towns was the number of announcements of lectures upon diseases and sanitary subjects. In this little Wilkes-barre, for instance, I found on a single lamp-post

no less than four placards of this kind,—a blue one with "Lectures on Lungs and Consumption, by Dr K——," a red one with "Lectures on the Eye, by Dr G——," a yellow one, "Private Lectures for Ladies, by Dr Z——," a green one with "Private Lectures to Gentlemen on the Physiology of Healthy Reproduction." Could this be parallelled in any little country town in Europe? It would seem that the Americans have a strong tendency to hypochondria, and if you look into the local newspapers of towns of this class you will find further confirmation of the fact, for they appear to be filled one half with trade and politics and the other half with medicine. The mania for medicine and quackeries that we cry out so much against in the English is a mere nothing to what you see in America.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE PENNSYLVANIAN WOODS.

THE Lackawanna and Wyoming Valley form what is called the third northern or Wyoming coal field. Twenty miles further south is the second or middle coal field, which runs parallel with the former, from west to east, and touches with its eastern extremity on the river Lehigh, and with the western on the Susquehanna; and twenty miles further south again, in the Pennsylvanian or anthracite coal region, the Pottsville or first coal field. In this field, Pottsville is one of the most considerable and central towns; but I was told I should find much more to interest me in a little town called Mauch Chunk, at the east end of the coal field, where it touches the river Lehigh, about sixty miles from Wilkesbarre. I set out for it, accordingly, leaving the Susquehanna Valley and steering in a

south-easterly direction across the country towards the Lehigh, a river that rises in the Pennsylvanian woods, and then joins the Delaware and flows with it towards Philadelphia, the capital of the State. Although not very large it is important, from passing all three coal fields, and it has given its name to the greatest coal company of Pennsylvania, the "Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company."

Nearly the whole space between this river and the Susquehanna is filled by desolate tracts of mountains and thick woods,—the same which were first seen by Penn and his followers, when they came here from the Delaware, and which induced him to give the country its name of Penn-Sylvania or Penn's Woodland. A small portion of it is still known as, *par excellence*, Penn's Forest. On the river Lehigh, too, there lies a village that has been named, in memory of his earliest excursions in these regions, "Penn's Haven."

The first part of the journey, as far as Whitehaven, a little town in the middle of the woods, we made by rail, but only in a small carriage drawn by mules, and containing half a dozen passengers. These animals are in general use all over Pennsylvania, in the coal mines, and on the forest railroads. They are brought from Kentucky, where they are trained for this market.

Whenever we came to a mountain ridge crossing our line our locomotives stopped, and the carriage was attached to chains and drawn up by a machine to the top of the steep acclivity; and at last, when we had reached the summit of the water-shed, it was started on its path alone, and rolled on afterwards for hours on an inclined path merely under the impulse of its own gravity, till proceeding in this manner we at length came down upon Whitehaven, on the river bank, like a little avalanche.

Our whole route had lain through the wilderness; we had seen no town or village, and no signs of cultivation, but here and there, from the tops of the mountain ridges, we observed most lovely views over woodland valleys, and hills clothed in all kinds of foliage.

There is of course not much of town comfort and luxury to be looked for at Whitehaven, which is quite a new settlement, and has been called into existence merely by the circumstance of the chief navigation of the river Lehigh beginning here;* it is a most remarkable looking place, there can be nothing wilder in the primeval forests of Brazil. The men who clear the woods and build sheds for

* The river is navigable some way further up, but only for small craft. Vessels of more than 100 tons cannot get further than Whitehaven.

goods, and huts for the labourers, seemed to have only just taken axe in hand; the high woods penetrate into the streets; the little peaceful houses are grouped among the stumps of trees, and on the hilly ground far into the shadow of the forest, and the rays of light fall on them through the leaves as through church windows. The banks of the river are no less wild; the water is half choked up with fallen and partly moss-grown trunks of trees, and in one place it has flooded the forest, and lofty firs, some green, some burnt out, are sticking up out of the swollen river, in which they will gradually go to decay. As I have said, it is not necessary to go as far as the Rocky Mountains to find wild scenes and the very commencement of civilization. It is still to be seen in the first stage, fermenting, germinating, and sprouting even in the old States, as soon as you step aside a little from the high-road. The colonization of America goes on like a grand crystallisation process; the great branches are in the eastern provinces fully formed, but new twigs are constantly shooting out from them, and new leaves and buds opening.

The canalisation of the Lehigh has not been by means of a regular canal, but by what the Americans call Slack River Navigation, a very favourite plan of theirs for mountain streams that are shallow

and poorly supplied with water, and where, as in the case of the Lehigh, the nature of the banks permits its application. It consists in the erection of numerous cross-dams, by which the river is divided into a series of lakes, or ponds, and deepened in various parts, so as to render it navigable; in the Lehigh there are between Mauch Chunk and Whitehaven no less than twenty such dams. Of course under these circumstances a river is liable to overflow, so that where the banks are flat, cultivated, and populous, this plan could not be adopted for fear of destructive inundations; but on the Lehigh there is not much fear of this kind, as the banks are wild and desolate, so that at worst only a part of the forest is overflowed, and for this the banks are in most places too high and steep, and the river can be dammed up without risk of damage. Where, nevertheless, it has been thought necessary, the banks have been strengthened and secured, as in regular canals. Each one of these cross-dams has, of course, sluice-gates, and a piece of canal to enable vessels to pass from one basin to another of different level. I should be glad to see this American method sometimes adopted in Germany, for example, along the Upper Danube from Ulm to Donau Eschingen. The millers might be got rid of, their mill-dams turned into Slack River Navi-

gation dams, and their mill-streams into ship canals and sluices.

"Your Whitehaven must be a very young place," I remarked to a travelling companion whom I found waiting for us in the stage coach.

"Oh dear, no, sir," was the reply, "it is a very old place; it has been in existence as long as I can remember, I believe twenty years! If you compare it with Wilkesbarre, indeed, it might be called young; but, dear me, Wilkesbarre is an antique place, to be sure. Why, I believe it existed before our Revolution—a hundred years ago."

"A hundred years ago" is in America about equivalent to what "in King Cheops' time" might be in Egypt. They speak here of the age of places as the young men in our German Universities do of each other! A student of three years' standing is called "a hoary head."

The country between Whitehaven and Pennshaven is an endless forest labyrinth, in which our little coach seemed to be seeking its way, like Theseus, by a clue of Ariadne thread, but the journey was to me wonderfully new and interesting, as we went winding our way in and out of the woods, up and down hill, and sometimes from an open spot obtaining a view over a wide ocean of vegetation. Here and there rose a wreath of smoke, or a cottage appeared

by the way-side, or a log-house under the trees—the shanties of lonely lumbermen engaged in felling timber, or cutting shingles for roofs. There were also a few squatters cultivating pieces of land, the ownership of which was doubtful; but there was still plenty of room for deer, bears, wild-cats, and other wild animals, as well as for half-wild hunters, who get their living, as the Indians formerly did, by the chase. They wander about like gipsies in the woods, and shoot a little stock of wild-cat skins and other furs, which they afterwards sell. On the numerous little ponds or lakes, on the high ridge of the Alleghanies, they pursue the game into the most hidden recesses, with canoes made, like those of the Indians, of the hollowed-out trunks of trees. It is rather remarkable that, as these wildernesses still afford room for these men and the wild animals they pursue, the Indians should have allowed themselves to be so entirely driven out of them. Even in our over-peopled Europe we have still space enough left for the wandering gipsies of a foreign race, and I am surprised that at least a part of the Indians has not adopted this gipsy life among the Anglo-Saxons, in these wilds from which even the panther has but just vanished, if indeed he has vanished. A gentleman in Wilkes-barre told me that fifteen years ago he killed on

the mountains a panther eight feet long; and the Germans at "Prospect House" said that three bears had been shot all at once close to them; and they confirmed what I had heard in Canada, that here in Pennsylvania, also, the wild beasts had this year left their thickets in greater numbers, and approached much nearer to the dwellings of men than usual.

The names that have been given to some places in this region indicate sufficiently its wild character. At one elevated spot, from which we obtained a wide prospect, a place was pointed out to me that bears the name of "Shades of Death Swamp;" I found it marked on my map, and it was described to me as an inexpressibly dreary place. Whenever we came to an opening in the forest, it was either a swamp or a great patch of stony ground, sometimes overgrown with brambles. In one place we saw a patch of this kind a mile and a half long, thickly overgrown with briars; it lay like an oasis in the middle of the forest, and was mentioned as the "Big Briar Patch." On these patches the briars are usually mixed with shrubs and thorn bushes, and in the spring, when these thorns are covered with fragrant milk-white blossoms, they must be pretty enough. At present the big briar patch appeared, from a distance, of a

reddish hue, but it may have been the reflection from the red foliage of the forest. Many rocky declivities are covered over wide tracts with a laurel, and still wider with what is called the "scrub oak," a low bush that is very difficult to root out. It is not usually found on poor land, but covers to an immense extent the fertile tracts on the eastern base of the Alleghanies, and the first settlers had a great deal of trouble to get rid of it, for, although low in growth, it has an astonishingly hard, thick, gnarled, and far-spreading root. Among the numerous wild plants and herbs of this region the old Indians found many possessed of medicinal qualities, and the Europeans, who were their successors, and in many things their ungrateful pupils, learned from them also the properties of these plants; I was therefore not surprised to see at Whitehaven, Mauch Chunk, and other villages, quack doctors' placards, decorated with the picture of a poor Indian woman half buried in plants, proclaiming that the "Indian Sanative Pills were an infallible remedy for tooth-ache, head-ache, pains in the side, liver, back, and stomach," as well as for "melancholy, nervousness, bilious complaints," and a host of other maladies, not pleasant to enumerate.

The bridges on our road were mostly laid with

thick fir trees, and the interstices filled up with lumps of stone, but we passed safely through these perils and drove by Pennshaven again down to the Lehigh Valley, where we reached a railway that was to lead us to Mauch Chunk. The railway was there, certainly, but there were neither locomotives nor trains to be seen. We waited one—two hours, and still there were no signs of them. I heard, "What's the matter with her?" "Something must have happened on the road." "Oh, they will find us something to ride upon," and so on; and at last, when the patience of the passengers would hold out no longer, a method of conveyance was improvised. A truck, such as is used for transporting trunks of trees and beams, was procured, the boxes that some of us possessed placed upon it, and upon them some loose planks; and being thus provided with convenient seats, we were hooked on to the end of a long coal train that happened to pass. Some of the passengers, for whom there was not room on the truck, were placed on the tender, and we, forming thus a tip of the tail of a long caravan, were considerably jolted and shaken, and our truck once broke loose altogether, but we got to our journey's end sound in wind and limb, and the way through the Lehigh valley was in the highest degree interesting. We passed along the

winding shore of the river, the rocks and mountains by which it is hemmed in forming the most picturesque scenery; and although the shores were uninhabited, the river itself was full of life, and covered by numerous coal barges. At many places we saw the immense dams and sluice-works by which the river has been rendered navigable, and the wild shallow mountain-stream transformed into a calm, deep, smooth piece of water. Late in the evening we arrived in Mauch Chunk, a curious little town that by blasting and clearing away the rocks has made room for its narrow streets to run up and down the valley.

CHAPTER XVII.

MAUCH CHUNK.

MAUCH CHUNK (an Indian word, signifying Bear's Mountain) has had some difficulty in accommodating itself to the contracted and inconvenient position which the Lehigh breaking at this point through the Alleghany chain has left for it; but its existence is inseparably connected with the spot where its granary and cornfield, namely, the southern coal basin, terminates in a sharp point with a very rich and productive vein. Mount Piscau, the promontory that bears this coal on its back, and rises like a tower above Mauch Chunk, is 1000 feet high, and wears its thick masses of coal like a crown.

As I had a very friendly introduction to some directors of the "Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company," I went to present myself to one, but found no

one at home but his private secretary, a young Pennsylvanian German, who recognised me as a countryman, and put very politely the question, "*Wo stoppen Sie, mein Herr?*" that is, Where do you stop, sir? and the comicality of the phrase, with the extreme politeness of the manner, almost upset my gravity, accustomed as I was to what is called German in Pennsylvania. My other visits were more immediately successful, and I was soon making my way in pleasant and instructive company to the summit of Mount Piscau, where the best thing to be had in Mauch Chunk is to be found.

The ascent is made in a peculiar manner. We first climbed on foot about half a mile to the terminus of the mountain railway, and there got into a little carriage that is worked by a chain attached to a steam engine. The line passed straight up the steep mountain side, looking like a kind of Jacob's Ladder, especially as just then the summit of Mount Piscau was covered with clouds; the ascent is made in two stages, the first engine being placed about the middle of the mountain, and the second at the top, and the chain to which the little bundle of passengers was to be attached seeming of prodigious length. I felt as I contemplated it rather as people do who are going to have a tooth out, and I could not help asking if the

chain was very strong. "Oh yes, sir, very strong," was the smiling reply.

"It never breaks, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, sir, it does break sometimes."

"Bless me! does it indeed? and how often, may I ask?"

"Oh, mostly about once or twice in a season perhaps, but just consider, sir, what this chain has to do! We do not care much about a handful of passengers such as you see here now; the coal waggons are the chief thing, and of these the chain has to draw up trains of 20 or 30 waggons, may be 70 times a day: one cannot wonder if it breaks now and then."

It must be added, however, that there is an arrangement by which in such a case a passenger carriage may be made to grapple the rails so as greatly to diminish the danger. The ascent of Mount Piscau is as like going up in a balloon as any journey on terra firma can be, and, as the little coach rose smoothly and swiftly up the incline, our view over mountain and valley widened every moment. Half way up there is a cottage built where you may warm yourself at a glowing fire of anthracite coal, and look over a long hill called "the Blue Ridge," and also through the hole or gate in the dam, twelve miles off, where the river Le-

high breaks through, and which is thence called the Lehigh Gate. Behind this gate you see another dam gleaming blue in the distance, and there are the so-called "Blue Mountains." I was glad we had enjoyed this view at the half-way section, for we found the summit enveloped in clouds, which had powdered it with fresh snow. From here we had to proceed some miles along the back of the mountain, until we stopped at last in the midst of the coal mines, and amongst the abodes of the officers and labourers, which compose a pretty little village called "Summit Hill," where I lingered the whole day, and saw many wonders of the mines.

I was first led to what is called the Old Mine, a grander and more romantic scene than I have ever beheld in a coal field. The coal that here breaks out into the light of day is at the upper end of the bed not less than sixty feet thick. It is found on the surface or even striking out of the ground, as the silver cliffs did from among the stones and bushes at Potosi in Peru. In the course of years it has been a great deal worked from above, very much in the way in which English people dig into their large cheeses at table. There was nothing to do but to scoop out, and cast away, the beautiful black glittering gift of God; and in this way deep

ravines and wide valleys have been dug out in the coal-stratum. In one place was an isolated block of stone as high as a house, which divides the coal-seam into two parts, and which had been entirely bared of coal by the pick-axe of the miner, but it is at the extreme end of the basin that the coal is thrown into most disorder. It looks as if in the course of its formation it had struck against a rock and been bent round, broken, and piled up, as masses of ice might be in a narrow gorge between rocks. The rest stood like a wall, but in this wall you could trace the curvatures, twistings, and transpositions of the coal-beds. In some parts they looked like clusters of Corinthian columns, or burnt rolls of parchment of gigantic dimensions; a seam of not more than six or seven inches thick is seen rolled round others, and these again surround concentrically one large block, the whole roll being twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. I thought at first they must be the trunks of antediluvian trees, but, of course, was quickly convinced of my mistake; and I begged my conductors to get as soon as possible a daguerreotype of this remarkable scene, since in the progress of the work its features must be speedily effaced and so lost to posterity. In Europe no geologist would believe in its existence without such evidence.

The appearances I have described are found, however, only in the extreme eastern and highest summit of the coal-field; further on the strata lie more regular and even, and in some places completely horizontal and close beneath the turf, and where this is the case there is nothing to be done to get the coal but to clear away a few feet of vegetable soil. This "stripping" the coal takes place at several points of the great Pennsylvanian coal-field, and in this no mining skill is needed, nothing but an ordinary labourer with pick-axe and shovel. I saw a place that had been thus stripped; the naked treasure of coal lay there thirty feet thick, and we walked over it as over ice. After this "stripping," the coal is cut up like a loaf into slices and shovelled away.

The treasure is, of course, not everywhere quite so easily obtained as this; further on the beds are inclined at an angle of from eighteen or twenty degrees to the surface, and this slight decline, as well as the extraordinary thickness of the beds, has rendered a peculiar method of working possible. The thickness of the seam is over wide tracts, not less than from twenty to thirty feet; the sixty feet of coal that appears at the extremity of the basin,—what may be called the prow of the ship,—is exceptional and does not occur

again. My conductors were good enough to explain this system to me by means of interesting diagrams and sketches representing the entire coal-field. I will endeavour to give some idea of it here.

First of all a straight canal, or sloping descent, is cut in the coal-bed, these ways being termed "slopes," and serving at the same time to open a way into the mountain, and afford a means of ultimately bringing the coal to the surface. These ways having been cut out for a length of about a thousand feet, terminate, and on both sides hollow passages, or corridors, are bored out, which proceed horizontally right through the seam, and serve in a way that will presently be seen, for the transport of the loosened masses of coal to the slopes, along which, as I said, they may be conveyed to the surface: these horizontal galleries are called "gangways."

In these gangways the actual process of obtaining the coal is begun and carried on,—this being the most surprising part of the process, not downwards but upwards; along the whole length of a gangway the coal is bored out from parallel, and closely approximating, "leads," to use a piece of mining slang, wide enough to admit the passage of a tolerably large block of coal. From these narrow

canal "shoots," as they are technically called, the coal falls down into the gauges beneath, and is then removed in the way already explained.

The coal, however, obtained from the construction of these slopes, gangways, and shoots must be regarded as unimportant. The arrangement of passages described merely provides for the internal traffic of the mine and the transport of coal, the actual mining being begun above the shoots. When these have been carried up for about forty feet the excavations are suddenly widened out on both sides. Above and below cutting and blasting goes on, the extent of this being regulated only by the thickness of the seam, while, at the same time, the coal is hollowed out on each side for about fifteen feet, leaving a passage thirty feet wide, the direction of which is still slightly inclined upwards. There are thus formed from the various shoots an immense number of these passages close to one another, and all tending upwards towards the surface; these cuttings are termed "breasts," and the whole collection of them, together with the shoots, the "breastwork." Between the breasts there remain long walls, ten feet thick, which support the weight of the mountain, and the removal of which would be unsafe.

Along the bottom of the breasts, inclined at

an angle of from twenty to five and twenty degrees, the excavated coal rolls on towards the narrow outlet of the shoot. These shoots are separated from the broad breastwork canals by a slide or door, which may be opened more or less at pleasure, thus allowing a larger or smaller quantity of coal to slip down into the gauges, exactly as the fall of water is regulated by sluices. Without this arrangement the coal would be liable to fall down in inconvenient quantities and block up the gangways, while with it it is possible for the stream of coal to be graduated as nicely as the flow of wine from a cask. The waggons are moved backwards and forwards along the gangways, and tap the different breasts according to convenience.

The excavation of the breast is continued nearly up to the surface, though not entirely, a roof being allowed to remain for the protection of the working from rain, and the other influences of the weather. In this way is the upper portion of the coal-bed worked; that lying beneath is proceeded with on the same system, the gangway being in this case regarded as the basis of operations, as in the former process was the surface of the ground. From the gangways new slopes are dug out, and from their lower extremities new gangways, shoots, and breasts as before. In this way a number of stages or storeys

are constructed, the entire system being inclined like the storeys of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

The accompanying little sketch will serve for the better elucidation of the preceding description:

A B C D—A portion of the oblique coal-seam.

A B—The line along which the coal-seam shows on the surface.

a a a—The ways cut down into the seam; the so-called "slopes," along which the full and empty coal-waggons are drawn and lowered by chains worked by steam-power.

b b—The mouths of the slopes.

E—The mountain above the coal-seam.

F—The mountain below the coal-seam.

C D—The subterranean communications, the so-called "gangways," along which the coal-waggons filled at f f f are drawn on rails by mules.

c c c—The workings cut out in the coal-seam, the "breasts," technically, where the actual mining is carried on.

d d d—The walls of coal or pillars allowed to remain standing between the breasts to support the weight of the superincumbent mountain roof.

g g g—The roofs of coal protecting the workings from the influence of the weather.

e-f, e-f—The "shoots" or narrow passages down

which the coal from the breasts is poured into the gangways.

e e e—The orifices to which all the excavated coal falls. At these points are the doors by which the flow of the coal is regulated.

It will readily be seen that this very original system of mining, this slipping system, if I may be allowed to give it the name, is only applicable to thick veins of coal lying at an angle of from fifteen to twenty-five degrees as they are generally found here. Should the coal-beds be more or less inclined, the system cannot be made available, since, if the angle were greater, the blocks of coal would fall down too rapidly, and would not only be very much broken up but would be very dangerous; while if the angle were less they would not roll at all. In the event of the beds being more or less horizontal, and being at the same time only protected by a thin covering of earth, they are laid bare, as I have before stated, and dug out with the spade. In the event of their being still horizontal, but protected from the surface by a thick and firm layer of soil, another system again is put in force. In this case a direct descent is made from the surface, a protecting roof is left supported by thick pillars, and round them the coal is excavated as in

a mine I saw at Wilkesbarre and have already described. The "slipping system" is in such a case, where the coal-bed is horizontal, firstly, impossible, the fall being insufficient, and, secondly, unnecessary, since the incursion of surface water is no longer to be feared and the coal can be excavated at once from the upper side.

It will also be perceived that the slipping system must itself be modified and altered under certain circumstances. Where the angle of inclination is great, for instance, and the falling coal would come down too rapidly, the breastworks are shortened and the gangways more numerous. The shoots also, according to circumstances, are sometimes narrower, sometimes wider.

This was about all that I learnt from the drawings kindly laid before me. The whole seemed at the first glance like a vast honey-comb, with its numerous stages, gangways, air passages, and parallel honey spaces. The miners seemed to *excavate* their coal-beds on the same principle that the bees *filled* their beds of honey. It looked very clean, pretty, and pleasant upon paper, but now I had to be clad in thick, rough garments to behold the black, dirty, rude reality, in a way not entirely devoid of peril. We were packed into a clumsy sooty kind of box, and then slid in company with

a train-oil lamp, down one of the slope railways into the interior of the mine. In five minutes we had reached one of the horizontal gangways, and perceived a great clamour going on in the darkness around us. Mules, which we did not see till they touched our shoulders with their noses, were dragging loaded waggons towards the slopes, on which the chains, set in motion by steam, soon raised them into the light of day, and from near and far came the sound of explosions in the breastworks where the coal was blasted. Up a ladder, through a sort of sloping chimney, we climbed into these breastworks near the shoots, and I was surprised to find them so spacious. Long, broad, vaulted passages ascended near to the closed surface of the earth, and the lights of the miners glittered at a distance in them like stars. Below we were obliged to tread very cautiously over the broken masses of coal in order not to occasion unintentional slips; but higher up the ascent became easier, as it was merely over a sloping surface. At one place, about 270 feet below the surface of the ground, a spring was shown to us, trickling sweet and clear as crystal out of the wall of black coal. We got up nearly as far as the roots of the trees and grass, but could not of course get out, and while we were standing talking, a large lump of coal loosened it-

self of its own accord from the roof of the vault, and came down among us, warning us that it was time to retreat. These spontaneous loosenings of blocks of coal are not uncommon, and are not without danger; indeed, people are sometimes killed by them; but the superintendent of this division of the mines told us that among thousands of workmen under his charge, he had not in ten years lost half-a-dozen by such accidents. To those not accustomed to these operations, they all appear rather dangerous, but the miners generally become fond of their perilous and dirty trade, some even passionately so, and it is said that here, as in our mines, those who have spent a certain time in them seldom wish to leave them, or to follow any other occupation. They consider their work very healthy, never have any fevers like the men who cultivate the surface of the earth on the Mississippi, and even their mules seem to thrive and grow fat. Here, as at Scranton, miners from Wales are much in favour, and the Irish are very numerous, but I found among a thousand workmen only six Germans.

It will be seen from what I have said, that great masses of coal are left sticking in the ground in the form of pillars, and after the first harvest has been gathered there sometimes arises a wish, as the people here say, to "rob the pillars." For this

dangerous undertaking quickness, courage, and skill are necessary, but the task is not, at least up to a certain point, impracticable. The men begin from below, and proceed, taking away one support after another, to the top; it must be done in the dry season when the ground is not softened by moisture, and caution is required to manage so that the roof, deprived of its support, may hold together a certain time, and sometimes trunks of trees are introduced in place of the coal taken away; but when a place has been completely plundered it is left to itself, and the heavy helpless roof sinks, in damp years gradually, but sometimes very suddenly, into a mass of ruins, amongst which very valuable masses of coal often lie buried.

I was taken to one of these fallen-in districts, a rugged field of perhaps eight hundred feet square, here and there rent and cleft as by lightning, so that we had to leap across the chasms. In some places the ground had gradually sunk in a wide basin, and in others shot down all at once into a deep funnel, and we saw a number of large deep holes like wells, and between these holes ran steep, high, narrow dykes. The openings of the slopes and breastworks yawned, half choked with rubbish, and great stones or beams had shot forth out of

them as out of a cannon's mouth. One stone of 150 pounds weight had been flung quite close to a neighbouring house. These effects were explained to me as arising from the sudden compression of the air. The ground falls in at these places very irregularly, so that sometimes subterranean chambers are left, of which the roof remains long entire; but when at last the pressure becomes too great, down they go, and the air bursts out wherever it can find an exit, driving stones and beams before it, and here and there we saw fine, large black blocks of coal of twenty cubic feet, amongst the rubbish. These were the remains of pillars which the miners had not been able to "rob."

"When the ground settled," I was told, "those pillars crush under it; by and by perhaps we shall get them out."

It often takes several weeks, it appears, before the ground is entirely settled, and then during the whole time there are constant breaking, bursting, crashing, and exploding noises going on day and night, like the sound of a battle; even in the piece we were walking over we could perceive a slight movement and distinguish grating sounds below.

The blocks of coal that are obtained by blasting, being of a different calibre, are, when they get to the surface, placed upon some machinery worked by

steam, and broken up into lumps of various dimensions, which are sorted by passing them through sieves of larger or smaller interstices, so as to produce ten or twelve different sizes, employed for various purposes, and before the opening of the boxes into which they fall, sits a row of little boys, like so many Cinderellas, picking out the stones that have got mixed with them. I ought indeed to have said, when I spoke of seams of coal sixty or seventy feet thick, that these beds are seldom quite pure, commonly containing here and there thin layers of slate, but they are seldom more than an inch or two thick, and in blasting no attention can be paid to them. Coal and stones are blown up together, and of course find their way together into the sieves, and it is then the business of the little male Cinderellas aforesaid to pick them out, before they find their way into grates and cause mischief. Sharp eyes are required to discern the difference, as they are scarcely a shade lighter in colour than the coals themselves; they are as hard to distinguish as Quadroons and Quintroons; nimble fingers also are required to snatch them out in time with the movements of the steam engine. To my surprise I saw in the rear of these young republicans an Inspector walking up and down with a long stick, but the boys were nevertheless all healthy and lively, much more so

than those employed in our mines; but for them it is the commencement of a long slavery, from which they are never to be freed. They look to have only the same painful career that their fathers had before them; the utmost they can expect is to rise a few steps, but never to find their way out of the mine labyrinth; but these little American stone-pickers have hopes, and a prospect before them, and have probably quite other things in their heads than a miner's career; the work here is mainly a "job" that they take for a year or a month, as the case may be, and if they get tired of it, or if the Inspector hits too hard with his stick, they will give him warning, and try something else.

I was once speaking with an Inspector in Pennsylvania of one of these children, who had told me the mining work did not agree with him, and hurt his chest, and the answer was:

"Is the boy crazy? It is his own fault if he goes on with it. Why does not he get another business?"

The whole mountain of Summit Hill is covered and spun round, from top to bottom, inside and outside, with such a net-work of railways as I have never seen anywhere else. On either side of it lie deep valleys, Mauch Chunk Creek Valley, and Panther Creek Valley. On the other side

of these valleys lie the Locust Mountains and the Mahoning Mountains, in all of which are found beds of coal, sometimes quite on the surface, so that they can be easily worked; and at various points of all these are erected establishments, connected with the mines, which are placed by means of railroads in connection with the central settlement on Summit Hill. These neighbouring valleys also belong to the Lehigh Company, and they bring the products of all the mines up to their central mountain, and then let them slide down to Mauch Chunk and the river Lehigh. The water required for consumption on the mountain has also to be brought up from the valleys in the same way.

The railways that perform these manifold services are either steep straight lines, on which the carriages are drawn up by chains and stationary engines, or where the points to be reached do not lie so low, the carriages are allowed to roll down by their own weight; and as I visited several of the mines I became acquainted with all their peculiarities. Sometimes we selected a single carriage from a train, placed ourselves in it, and it rolled away apparently on a quite horizontal path winding about for miles among the bushes and driven by some invisible power towards the goal, a small break attached to it allowing the passenger, however, to

stop at whatever place he pleases. When we had seen what we came to see and were ready to depart again, the driver would consider a little which of the "gradients" would lead to the nearest "plane," and when he had made up his mind, off he went backwards down to the plane, where, he said, something would be sure to come by that would take us on. We found just stopping at the station a long train of water tanks on wheels, and as behind the last tank there was a ledge or shelf about three inches broad on which we could manage to stand, this was deemed sufficient accommodation, and away we went again with our water balloons hopping and bouncing about up to the sky, or, at least, to the top of "Summit Hill," where I certainly felt devoutly thankful for having arrived without a broken neck, but my friend, being accustomed to these break-neck expeditions, did not at all understand my thankfulness.

By way of recreation after the fatigues of the day, I went in the evening to pass an hour in the small arsenal of Summit Hill, where I knew I should find some of the mining officials with whom I had become acquainted, and also the captains of the military companies stationed here.

I did find them, and they were engaged—in cleaning lamps!

"Are you cleaning lamps?" I asked in surprise. "Yes," said one of them, leaning back a moment to welcome me, and then going on with his task. "A harpist and flute-player are to come here this evening and give us a concert, so we are employing a leisure hour in setting things to rights a little. We cannot get much attendance here, and we must do many things ourselves." "Truly American," I thought, but at the same time begged the gallant lamp-cleaning captain to tell me something about his company, and let me see the little arsenal. I am fond of observing what concerns the affairs of a great people, as they exhibit themselves in small places, and seeing the same spirit that animates the centre of its social life at work also in these little out-of-the-way corners.

My friend then informed me that this military corps at Summit Hill was a company of volunteers, such as exist all over America, and that the greater part of the people connected with the mines were members of it. The taste for military exercises, expeditions, and associations was as strong here at Mount Piscau as in New York or Boston. One infected the other, and when once the current of opinion had set so strongly in favour of a thing there was no opposing it, every one was carried away by it. "In Europe," he said, "troops

receive honours and applause from kings, and are flattered by being brought to parade before them; but here in America the people is the sovereign before whom we have to pass in review, and who bestows his applause in the streets and in newspapers. By this, and by our recollection of the heroic actions of volunteers in our glorious Revolution, the right spirit is kept up among us. The celebration of the 4th of July, and the various anniversary festivals, give our people opportunities enough for the display of their abilities and the flattering of their vanity. It is not so very long either since we were attacked by Europe, and we consider that such an attack might be repeated, so we mean to be prepared. I assure you, if it come to the defence of the country, Summit Hill would not be behind other places of its size; we could march down to the coast with a thousand men, and we should not spare ourselves. Trust me, the military resources, and means of defence in the United States are incalculable."

I here put a question on a point I had not hitherto understood, namely, how in this volunteer system, in which every company can choose its own weapons, the harmony so necessary to an army is brought about.

It appears that this leads to no practical difficulty

—for the capabilities and inclinations of every individual lead him to one or the other kind of weapon, and the circumstances which make sometimes one and sometimes the other service eligible are so various and so distributed, that the necessary proportion of recruits is always forthcoming, even if the matter is entirely left to itself. The passion for the chase, and the custom of handling fire-arms from childhood, are almost universal amongst Americans, so that there is no lack of men willing to join one or other branch of the infantry service as riflemen—and this, which is in all armies the one that requires most strength, is precisely that which obtains the greatest numbers. In many rural districts where horse-breeding is carried on extensively, and where the young people are always on horseback, the cavalry service is most in favour, and horse regiments are most easily formed. Among the immigrants of various nations, too, there are many, as, for instance, the Germans, who have most skill in and taste for cavalry service, and are so proud of displaying themselves on fine horses before the above-mentioned sovereign people, that they do not mind the greater cost; but this difference in expense does, of course, have the effect of preventing the army being over-supplied with cavalry.

"But the artillery?" I inquired,—"that costly, troublesome service, requiring so much special knowledge."

"Well, the artillery and their guns get the highest prizes and the most praise on the 4th of July. On that day, and at all our festivals, they and their blank cartridges play the first part, and are most looked at, and that tempts opulent young men to this branch of service. The government also does lend a helping hand with various privileges,—for example, volunteer artillerymen are exempt from certain taxes."

In this arsenal, the small collection of weapons, namely, rifles, furnished by the Federal Government was shown to me, and also the Regimental Library, which was contained in a grenadier's bear-skin cap, and consisted of one volume—a very clever one, I was told—in which a vast amount of technical military knowledge was contained in a nutshell, and which every captain studied day and night, exercising his men in accordance with its precepts. Unfortunately, I have forgotten both the title and the author of this comprehensive little book.

The history of the three Pennsylvanian coal fields, whose stock Professor Silliman declares to be inexhaustible, began in the year 1792, at the top of

this Mount Piscau, near Mauch Chunk, where a German colonist of the name of Günther discovered sticking out of the surface of the ground those rocks of coal, into which the miners have now dug to a depth of 60 feet.

This German mentioned his discovery to a countryman—a certain "General" Weiss, to whom the land in the neighbourhood belonged, and who published the discovery, and sold for a mere trifle the whole top of the mountain to the then small Lehigh Coal Company, which was formed in 1793 for the express purpose of working these mines. Weiss knew very little what he was thus giving away, and his descendants had little benefit from the discovery, but those of the really first discoverer still less. I inquired after them, and learned that while his discovery had made the fortunes of hundreds, they were living in Mauch Chunk in poverty, and one of them earning his bread as a coachman.

The Lehigh Company had, however, during the first 30 years of its existence to contend with innumerable obstacles. The Mauch Chunk mountain and the whole region around was a desolate wilderness without road or path, and the Lehigh a wild rocky mountain-stream. All Pennsylvania, too, had, up to this time. burnt nothing but wood,

and had great doubt whether coal would be of any use. The whole coal mountain was a treasure for which no market could be found.

After many unsuccessful attempts, and a great and fruitless expenditure of money, the Company got a portion of the Lehigh rendered in some measure navigable, but in 1821, thirty years after the discovery, scarcely a thousand tons had been actually sold. By slow degrees, however, the wilds of the coal basin became traversed by roads, canals, and at last by railroads; and just as slowly were the prejudices of the good people of Philadelphia against the use of coal as fuel at last overcome. Ten years afterwards, namely, in 1830, more than 100,000 tons of coal had been got out of the mountain. In the next ten years the canalization and improvements on the rivers Lehigh, Delaware, Schuylkill, and Susquehanna, were carried out, Mount Piscau and the other coal hills and valleys were covered by the net-work of railways that I have described, and in 1840 nearly a million of tons of coal was brought by these means to the eastern market. Other companies besides the oldest Lehigh one were now formed, which explored the coal fields in all directions, determined more exactly their extent, and transported their productions to various places; even Europe took

some part in the work, for a French Company was formed in Mauch Chunk, which purchased a large tract of the coal field and set about working it.

A crowd of new towns and villages now grew up all round. Besides Mauch Chunk, Scranton, Wilkesbarre, and Pittston, we find Tamaqua, Minersville, and Pottsville, which last is the largest of all the Pennsylvanian coal towns. In 1854 the coal obtained amounted to four millions of tons, and this is by no means the largest amount that the region would yield. New beds are being daily discovered, new railways constructed, and new markets opened, and the coal owners, having completed the conquest of Philadelphia, are now speculating on that of New York, and on driving foreign coal from its stores and factories.

I have before me a memoir on the history and development of the Lehigh Coal Company, according to which it possesses 6000 acres of the coal field, and this tract contains nine beds of from five to 60 feet thick,—the whole comprising 111 feet thickness of coal, and each acre of soil covering no less than 30,000 tons, so that the whole of their property would yield 180 millions of tons. From the statements in this memoir it appears that the coal fields, which export their produce by the Lehigh Canal only, contain together 152,000

acres, and this is about the half of the extent of all three coal basins, so that some idea may be formed of the contents of this whole region, and of the period for which it would yield a sufficient supply of fuel; and yet Mauch Chunk, with its great coal mountain and its magazines of 180 millions of tons, is but a point in the three often-mentioned basins. Again, these three basins together form but a few points in the great geological map of the United States' territory, merely a few black streaks in comparison with the colossal, stupendous coal basins of the west of the Ohio Valley, of the shores of Lake Michigan, and the basin of the Mississippi; but theirs is almost all bituminous coal, and its transport to the great towns of the East has been, till lately, much more expensive than that of the coal of Great Britain across the ocean.

The railway by which we had made the aërial ascent in the morning is called the "Back-track," because the empty coal waggons are brought up by it from the river. Another bears the name of the "Heavy Down-track," because the trains of loaded waggons glide down by it to Mauch Chunk. This is the second oldest railway in the United States, about ten miles of the line having been laid down in 1827; the oldest of all is the so-called

Quincy Line, three miles of which were completed in 1826.

We were now upon one of the "gradients" on which the carriages roll down merely by their own weight, and the trip was a very interesting one. We had only one small carriage, in which there were, beside myself, two passengers—two German-Pennsylvanian women. In front, on the box, sat our steersman or conductor, holding the break-machinery, and ready to check our course or leave it free, according to circumstances. We shot, with the swiftness of an arrow, though without steam or horses or mules, by the many-winding path along the brink of the mountain, through woods and thickets, and getting often the most magnificent views over the valleys and the opposite mountains; but I could not help a kind of a shudder when I thought how easily a trunk of a tree, or a fragment of rock, might have fallen across the line. The force of gravitation, to which we were now wholly committed, seems a much blinder and more unmanageable force than that of the steam locomotive, which, in comparison with one of these gradient-machines, may almost be considered as an intelligent being.

Of my two fair companions, the elder lady was smoking most energetically, and when she had any

little matter to arrange she handed the pipe to her daughter, who then puffed away to keep the pipe warm for her mother.

I addressed her as a German country-woman, but she said they were "Americans;" and this phrase, "I am an American," is the usual answer of a Pennsylvanian-German when you inquire his country. They might, it appears to me, at least pay the Fatherland the compliment of saying "a German-American," but, on the contrary, it seemed sometimes that when they were talking of the Yankees, the New Englanders, the Irish, &c., that they meant to give themselves out for Americans, *par excellence.* Even their German language they denominate "Pennsylvanian." "We speak Pennsylvanian," at the utmost "*Pennsylfoany-Deutsch.*"

During this trip, our conductor told us that on one of his journeys, a short time before, he had had an adventure with two bears. They had come suddenly out of the bush before him, and gone waddling along the line in front; the carriage was shooting along at such a pace the while that he could not immediately stop it, so that he dreaded a collision with their thick carcases, which might easily have thrown it off the line. Fortunately, however, they took the alarm in time, and went tumbling down the side of the mountain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GERMAN COUNTIES.

On the following morning, as I was standing at the door of my hotel waiting the arrival of the stage-coach, I nearly got into a scrape, merely through a lump of anthracite coal; as it was, however, the accident only gave me occasion to admire American or Anglo-Saxon *sang froid.* A large lump of coal lay on one of the steps; to get it out of the way I picked it up and threw it quickly out into the still dark and deserted street, not expecting at that hour to encounter any passengers. As ill luck would have it, however, at that very moment an early artisan was hastening by, and the heavy lump of coal whizzed close past his cheek. As he stopped, looked round, and put his hand up to his face, I went out and inquired anxiously whether he was hurt. "No," was the reply, "what was it

you threw?" I explained the occurrence, regretting my thoughtlessness, pointing out the lump of coal where it lay in the road, and excusing myself on the plea of my good intention in clearing the steps, lest some one should have tripped over it. He heard me patiently, without any reproach, and then observing quietly and with a half smile, "Well, your intention was good, but it was a bad way of doing business," he went his way. I felt very foolish, but admired the gentle and humorous reproof of the startled man.

As the morning dawned we drove down the course of the river Lehigh, towards the eastern part of Pennsylvania, which is almost entirely composed of German counties. Which of the counties were chiefly inhabited by Germans, I had been able to guess the evening before, from a general knowledge of the disposition of my worthy countrymen. I arrived at my conclusion from a report in a newspaper of the votes gathered for and against the famous Maine Liquor Law, in the various counties of Pennsylvania. The ayes and the noes were nearly balanced, and public opinion had declared against the law by but a small majority; but I found some counties where nearly the whole population had voted against the law, and others in which the preponderance had been decidedly in favour of it,

and I surmised at once that a difference of race in the population afforded the explanation, and that the descendants of the comfortable beer drinkers of the Rhine provinces had a voice in the matter. I noted down all the Anti-Maine Liquor Law counties, Berks, Bucks, Lancaster, Northampton, Schuylkill, &c., and found in them a decided expression of German sentiments on the subject, and that there was not a single German county in which the proportion of the friends of liquor over the liquor-law men was not as 1000 to one.

"Even among the German clergymen," it was remarked to me, "there is scarcely a single follower of the Temperance movement." In American ears this sounds badly, and perhaps even in England there are many who will think it far from praiseworthy. But it must be remembered in favour of the Germans that they rarely allow conviviality to degenerate into a serious vice, as it does among the Irish and others, and that they do not wish to see themselves deprived of the moderate enjoyment of the few hundred casks of good old golden Rhine wine which they yearly import from Germany. I give my vote decidedly against the Maine Liquor Law, but am glad that I am not obliged here to set forth the grounds of my decision at length.

Carbon County, into which I was now journeying,

is about half German. "Yes, this is quite a Dutch place," said a Yankee fellow-traveller, and added that he had settled in this part of Pennsylvania. I asked him if he liked the place.

"No," said he, "it's too Dutch for me. There's as much difference between this place and New England as between Great Britain and Dutchland. The ways of the people are so different. They haven't the Yankee invention, there's no refinement in them. They don't like the Yankees neither, and yet they can do nothing without them. We New Englanders come and teach them all their improvements in arts and sciences. All the German counties are Rip van Winkel counties. (Rip van Winkel slept twenty years between each waking.) Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, ah! those are wide-awake places. I shall soon leave this country."

"Where are you going?"

"To Kansas, next spring."

"Why are you going so far?"

"Because it's a new country,—I like new countries."

"Therein you resemble all your countrymen," thought I, "soon weary of the old, and ever, like children, stretching after new objects of interest."

"Yes," said the Yankee, interrupting the current of my thoughts, "I can see in your face what you

are thinking; we Yankees love novelty, we live for genius and invention. We don't like earning our bread with toil and labour like you Germans. We're not of such a pains-taking nature."

Herewith my Yankee yawned, stretched his legs, and composed himself to sleep, and a German who sat next me, and had listened to all this, now took courage to whisper in my ear, "Ah! the Yankees live by inventive genius! that sounds very fine, but their inventions too often are but deceitful Dead Sea apples. We Pennsylvanians nick-name New England, the wooden-nut making country. They imitate things cleverly, and set forth their schemes and speculations in a tempting light. When they've got a new tract of country to sell or to entice settlers to, they make it out to be an El Dorado, and when you come to see the thing in its true light, there's about as much good in it as there is kernel to their wooden nuts."

We had two excellent Canadian horses to draw us, which our coachman praised as highly superior to those of Pennsylvanian race. "Once I had a team of four Canadians to my coach," said he, "they were wonderful cattle for work. I could have driven that team round the world, even over the worst wooden roads in Pennsylvania."

I was pleased to find this excellent northern race

appreciated even so far south, and their fame will probably soon be spread still further, as I see from the Customs' statistics that the importation of Canadian horses into the United States is greatly on the increase.

We soon passed through the remainder of the woody, mountainous, and thinly-peopled interior of Pennsylvania, and through the opening which the river Lehigh has made through the long mountain range of the Blue Ridge, called by the Americans "The Lehigh Gap," and caught sight of the beautiful German counties. If not the discoverers and first settlers in this region, the Germans have always been the chief colonists, and have hence in many cases bestowed German names upon the rivers, mountains, &c. This stream, which the Americans call Lehigh, the Germans designate as the Lecha. It is said that the name was originally Indian, and that the German appellation approaches it more nearly than the American. It is very possible that the Germans, who here and farther in the interior of Pennsylvania, even to the banks of the Ohio, have held the earliest and the most frequent communication with the Indians, may have received this name from them, and introduced it in their geography to the European world.

Kaft is also a Pennsylvanian-German word sig-

nifying cut, or cleft. They say the axe makes a "kaft" in the tree. And as the mountain-range, or rather the remarkable uniform mountain-dyke called the Blue Ridge, lies like a huge pine-tree through which the rivers have bored so many holes or clefts, the Germans call these gaps or gates *kafts*, and have the "*Lechawasserkaft*," or Lehigh Gap, the *Delawarewasserkaft*, &c. All these gaps resemble our Porta Westphalia. The Blue Mountains they call by the same name; they are the last of the mighty ridges of the Alleghanies which extend into Pennsylvania to the eastward. They divide the fertile and populous east of Pennsylvania from the wooded interior, and on passing through the "Lechawasserkaft" the traveller enters a totally different region. The land is not perfectly flat as in Holland, but rises wave after wave, till about thirty miles further on one comes upon another mountain ridge, strikingly resembling all the other spurs of the Alleghanies, saving in its diminished height and its position in the midst of the fertile Pennsylvanian corn lands. This mountain outpost is a continuation, or rather the Northern extremity, of the Blue Ridge, and is designated as such by the geographers of the country, although in Virginia it is much loftier. It is an inconvenience here to find two mountain-ranges in such close

proximity bearing names so similar as the "Blue Ridge" and the "Blue Mountains;" they are often confounded with one another, and one finds it as hard to distinguish between Blue Ridge and Blue Mountain as a raw recruit does to tell right from left. The inhabitants help themselves out of the difficulty by giving separate names to various portions of the Blue Ridge, according to the several neighbouring towns or rivers, such as the Lechaberg, the Readingberg, &c. The Pennsylvanian geographers, who, like all the modern American ones, are endeavouring to restore the harmonious and significant Indian names, are beginning to call the Blue Mountains by their old Indian name of "Kitatinnins," which may perhaps mean the same thing, and thus create a distinction between them and the Blue Ridge. I found this name inscribed in almost all Pennsylvanian maps, and many gentlemen used it in conversation. It is a pretty and not a difficult word, and avoids the confusion between Blue Mountain and Blue Ridge.

The opening made by the Lehigh in the Kitatinnins is several miles long, the width of the base of the mountain-ridge, and affords a pleasing variety of scenery; wooded eminences, jutting crags, retreating nooks, intermingled with smiling plots of cultivated land. With the exception of these gaps, however, the

mountain-ridge itself is monotonous and very dreary, and though only 2000 feet high, it is throughout entirely uninhabited. The summit and sides are covered with countless masses of stone, and the vegetation is too scanty to afford pasture even for sheep or goats. Hence there are no shepherd's huts, such as occasionally greet the lonely wanderer even on the heights of the Alps, or the Giant Mountains. Seen from a distance, they appear quite bare, but are said to be overgrown throughout with stunted brushwood and dwarf oak. Lower down, near to the plain, there is beautiful and serviceable timber, but cultivation only begins where the actual plain joins the base of the mountain. These far-stretching mountain wastes are, as I was told, in the possession of a few large proprietors, who, from time to time, have sold 30,000 acres or more at a low price. A small revenue is derived from the forests, but for the most part it is unproductive capital; perhaps however only unproductive for the present. Who knows what valuable substances may lie buried in these ridges? Possibly too, when agriculture has fertilized all the plain, it may find means to grow some crop, perhaps the vine, upon these heights.

Towards the interior of this *Porta Pennsylvania*, all the country is the property of Messrs Peter Böhm, Wenzel, Kuntz, and Jacob Uhler, and the

plain around is also peopled with their German relations and namesakes. A village in the Gap is called Baumannsville, in memory of the German peasant Baumann, who was the first man who "cleared" in this region, and of whom the settlers far and near have still much to relate. Baumann, whose grandchildren are still living here, was certainly not the first European who penetrated the Lehigh Gap, but he is said to have been the first who cultivated the soil, and is therefore regarded by the people almost as the discoverer of the country. He found the Gap quite wild and overgrown with timber, but he worked away industriously with axe and saw, spade and plough, encountering rattlesnakes and Indians in abundance. The former he exterminated, and the latter he managed very skilfully. His grand-children, who are very well-to-do people, relate many anecdotes of the adventurous life of their ancestor.

Once he was obliged to take refuge with his whole family from the pursuit of some hostile Indians, in the midst of a swamp, and another time his life was saved by some friendly Indians. This was in his early youth, when brought by his father into the interior of Pennsylvania. The boy ran shrieking home from the fields, and answered the questions of his parents, by pointing to his swollen legs; neither he nor his parents

knew what was the matter, nor what to do, but two Indians, who were on a visit in his father's hut, looked very grave when they saw the child's leg, and, rising from their seats, went out quickly without a word. In a few minutes they returned, with their hands full of a certain herb, with which they began to rub the injured limb. Then they boiled some of the plant, and caused the boy, by whose bedside they watched a whole day and night, to drink the decoction. In four-and-twenty hours they declared him cured, and gave his parents to understand that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and that the herb they had made use of was the celebrated "snake-plant," an infallible cure for the snake's bite, as they themselves had seen. The Pennsylvanian-Germans still point out the snake-plant of the Indians, and make use of it, for on the heights of the Blue Mountains there are still plenty of rattlesnakes.

"I am much surprised," said I to my fellow-passengers, "to see so few birds and beasts hereabouts. I have been travelling for some days through Pennsylvania, and through miles and miles of thick forest, and I have scarcely seen a bird, even a crow or a sparrow, and as for singing birds there are none. If I were not acquainted with Audubon, I should imagine there were no birds in

your country." I made this remark in English, taking my companions to be English Americans. "In Germany," I continued, "we have much more life in our woods even at this time of year, and in the neighbourhood of our most populous cities."

"Ah! you are German? I thought you were English," said one, and immediately he plunged down from his really good and intelligible English, into the most inhuman and barbarous German that can be imagined,—Bush-German, as they call it. It had just the same effect as when a Bernese Oberlander passes all at once from his very tolerable French to his jaw-breaking glacier and cataract Grindelwald dialect, also supposed to be German.* "I thought you were English; well, then, we can talk German. I speak both, but German is handier to me. I'm of German descent, as my name will tell you; my name is Baumeraier." I acknowledged with due honour the name of Baumeraier, said I rejoiced to find we were countrymen, and then begged to know what German dialect was most prevalent in this country.

"Dialect, why, good gracious, we haven't any

* As bad German cannot be rendered by bad English we give a few sentences of this curious Bush-German. "*I klaupt,*" said he, "*du wohrst Englisch! Well! da kennen m'r ja Deutsch schwatze. S'isch m'r glei, I sprauch Englisch un Deutsch, dochs' Deutsch isch m'r handiger. I bin von German dessent,*" *&c.*

dialect at all, we just speak German, that is, simply American-German, Bush-German as they call it. You don't seem to like our way of talking, but it's good enough for us, we understand each other, and we shall keep our language a long time, for you see we American-Germans are the principal nation here. We are all enlightened men, too; everything enlightened that is done here is done among the Germans. We have driven the Indians further and further back" (*backgemuvet* was the word he used), "and Germany and the Germans may be proud of us their Pennsylvanian cousins: but I beg your pardon, I am quite forgetting your question; you were asking about the birds in this country; not so much as crows have you seen, you say? Well, I'm surprised at that, we have enough of them; we shall come to a place presently where they build their nests by hundreds. But what was that bird you were talking of just now, *nei—neitin*, —what was it?"

"I said 'nightingale,' what we Germans call '*nachtigal*;'" but he said he did not know it. "Oh yes, surely," I said, "that renowned little bird, that in the silence of the night fills the woods with its charming melody."

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "now I know what you mean; I hear it hooting every night in the bush,

but we don't call it by that name, we,—in Pennsylvania, call it the owl. You mentioned another too," he went on, "spar—spar—what was it?"

I named the sparrow, in German *sperling*, but though there were both English and German-Pennsylvanians in the carriage, they, one and all, declared they never heard of it. "You surprise me," I said; "the cheerful little sparrow may be seen hopping from tree to tree, not only all over Europe, but over Asia, too, as far as Siberia and China;" and then suddenly a voice was uplifted from a corner, that exclaimed, "Ah, I know what he means, he means the squirrel."

"Ah, ha," they all cried in chorus, "so that's what you mean; but why in the world do you call that a bird? That's a sparrow, is it? Well, our American-German may be curious sometimes, but your German-German is queer stuff too;" and thereupon they all burst into a hearty laugh at my expense, and seemed as much amused at my language as I was at theirs.

I found afterwards, that though the English "sparrow," and the German "sperling," had been omitted from the German-Pennsylvanian lexicons, they make use of the word "Spätzelchen." This is a little bird, bearing some resemblance to the European sparrow, but most of the charming song-

sters of the European woods are wanting here. No lark trills over the fields, no chaffinch twitters in the trees; and one of the passengers by our vessel, who had brought a pair of finches over from Europe, expected to get fifty dollars a piece for them in Carolina. Immense flocks of pigeons, and other birds of passage, are seen from time to time, but commonly the woods, so full of life with us, preserve here an Indian silence. Was it so in the Indian times? It would almost seem as if many species of animals had disappeared, together with the Indian tribes, before the advance of European civilization. For example, there is no longer a single wild turkey to be found in Pennsylvania, though these birds were formerly so abundant throughout the eastern States; it is now only to the South of Pennsylvania that they are to be met with. Yet, in Germany, we have still preserved the great bustard, besides numbers of hawks, eagles, and other large birds. In comparison with these eastern American States, Europe is a veritable Noah's ark, where, after the lapse of so many thousand years, but few of the original species are wanting. This rapid extermination, which appears to be going on in the Fauna of America, is to me a mystery in many ways. Are the animals, like the Indians, terrified by the sudden apparition of fire-arms among them, where-

as, with us, the resounding gun replaced the silent bow and arrow by degrees, so that they had time to become used to it?

The goal of my journey, Bethlehem, lay on the banks of the Lecha, or Lehigh, and as we continued our course parallel with the stream, my companions related how this river was formerly swarming with fish, but that now scarcely any were to be found there. A species named shads, common throughout Pennsylvania, was formerly caught here in immense numbers.

The first settlers made themselves nets out of the wild vine, roughly plaiting the stalks into a kind of net-work, which they called "bushnets." These were used also in the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and other Pennsylvanian rivers. They extended across the entire breadth of the stream, and were worked down to meet the ascending shoals of fish, which were diverted from their course into a bay or creek, and then caught by hundreds. Is it in consequence of such "sweeping measures" that we already hear complaints throughout this country of the scarcity of fish in the rivers, as well as of birds in the woods, although the land is still so new; whereas in Europe, for example, in the waters around Constantinople the fish still swarm as in the days of old Byzantium?

This American population seems to have something sharp and corroding in its nature, the Yankees clear, and light, and improve everywhere so energetically; they dig up on this side and push away on that, but it is to be hoped that the fisheries of Newfoundland, which they appear desirous to get possession of, and which have lasted the more careful Europeans so many centuries, will not in the same way be worked to death, and exhausted in a few years under their management.

At the Cherryville station I left the mail coach and the high road leading to Caston, the county town, and set out in a little one-horse vehicle through the bye lanes to Bethlehem.

My coachman was an English Pennsylvanian, and he frequently reproached his horse by saying, "Well, you're the *dummest** animal I ever saw." This was the first example I had heard of a German word adopted by the Americans. It struck me as curious that it should be exactly that expression to which our German students attach such dangerous importance, and which would appear to be a noted and much-used word among their American brethren. I subsequently heard many German words adopted among the Yankees,

* *Dumm*—the German for stupid. To call any one "*Dummer Junge*," or Stupid Boy, is the most deadly affront that can be offered.

but, as is natural, on the other hand, a great many more English words and expressions which have taken root among the Germans. In one village I found a pedlar who announced that he had all sorts of "*Dress-güter*" for sale,* a German version of the trade phrase "dress goods." I entered into conversation with him, and found that he was a New Englander, and he informed me that all the pedlars in Pennsylvania were his fellow-countrymen. "Yes!" said my coachman, "they're all Yankees, and the German farmers are afraid of them, for they always expect to be taken in. They think every one of them has got a pack full of Yankee notions." Here, as elsewhere, the German peasant is somewhat simple, and regards the Yankee pedlar with the feelings with which the wandering Jew trader is regarded in some parts of Germany.

The country I was now passing through was still hilly, and continued so to the sea-shore, and, as I have already said, the hills, like the Blue Ridge, all run parallel to the Alleghany Range. It is as if the disturbance of the earth's crust which had up-raised this labyrinth of mountain-ranges, although it spent its greatest force in the formation of the Kitatinns, had spread in diminishing vibrations down to the ocean.

* The German word Güter signifies estates, &c.

Here I again saw fields of maize, which had been entirely wanting in the interior of the wooded hill region. Everywhere the land was clean and carefully cultivated; fine, black soil, free from stumps and stones, such as I had not seen in the whole State of New York. All kinds of manure, too, were to be seen spread on the fields. "Yes!" said my coachman, "these Germans nurse their soil like their children."

How often had Americans described German Pennsylvania to me, and by their laudatory representations excited in me a desire to see the place! "Ah! you'll be pleased to see the German Counties and the beautiful cultivation your countrymen have established there. Field after field, and garden after garden. The Germans are an industrious people, and masters of that noblest of all human handicrafts, agriculture. You will be surprised at the size and solidity of their farm buildings, and their stables with thick stone walls, and barns as large and stately as churches. They have more regard to husbandry than to their own accommodation indeed, for their dwelling-houses are small, and buried amongst the great outbuildings with which they are surrounded," &c. All this I had often heard, and if ever my expectations of a place have been fulfilled, they were so here. The neat and

cleanly aspect of the whole region, the carefully cherished soil, and the well-fed animals, were quite pleasant to look at. Scarcely any of the farm waggons which we met had less than four horses. "Yes, your German folk like a team," said my coachman, "they seldom drive less than four horses."

The dwelling-houses of the farmers had, I thought, been under-rated. I found them quite roomy, just large enough, very comfortable, and in thorough order from the foundation stone to the topmost tile, wind and weather proof, and not a nail wanting. Nowhere did I meet with a roof falling in, a broken window, or a house in any way out of repair.

"Oh! yes," said my coachman, "your countrymen know how to fix a house well enough."

The wilderness appeared to have been thoroughly cleared and drained, nowhere was a trace of forest or swamp to be seen; all those disfiguring stumps of trees and lumps of stone which, in the other districts I had passed through, were merely cast on one side, appeared to have been annihilated here. The roads, too, were well kept, and here and there I discovered to my delight a footpath, not made certainly by Yankee feet. The Yankee appears never to walk in Indian file; I think he does not choose to go

where another has been before him, and even when there is a constant traffic between two villages, each person appears to take a different track through the trees and over the blocks of stone, which they climb instead of moving out of the way, so that there is never a regular footpath as in the German districts, where men tread much more patiently in the footsteps of their predecessors, and are careful enough or timid enough to move on one side every stone which they might trip over.

The German organizes the country, and you can see in all his arrangements that where he settles he means to make to himself a new home, where he and his children and his children's children shall dwell from generation to generation.

The Yankee settlement has a very different appearance, and betrays quite another tendency. His houses are rarely built like those of the Germans, of free stone, or fragments of rock firmly cemented together; often he erects no farm buildings, or at most only a stable for his horse; the horned cattle are left to enjoy the fresh air. A pig-stye appears to be quite unknown to him, and his hay and corn are seldom put under a roof, but lie in stacks round the dwellinghouse, which is the only building with which the Yankee takes any pains, and that he builds less for himself than for his wife and daughters. It

is generally of wood, but neat and even elegant, painted white and green, roofed with such shingles and laths as we saw daily being made by millions at the saw-mills in the woods, with a little door, and on each side a bright window with green blinds. In front of the door, the farmer's wife or daughter sits in a rocking chair either with a piece of sewing; or with folded arms; the rocking-chair appears to be the most important piece of furniture in the household. All around lies the forest, with tree stumps in the clearing, and instead of pretty white sheep grazing round their shepherdess, dirty fat swine grunt and grub about, as if determined to uproot the very house and its fair mistress in the rocking-chair.

My studies in the county of Northampton were here interrupted, for I had reached its southern extremity, and drove into the open little town of Bethlehem, which I had long wished to visit.

CHAPTER XIX.

BETHLEHEM.

AMONG all the "grains of salt" which the pious Count of Zinzendorf scattered over the surface of the earth for his fellow-workers and successors, Bethlehem in Pennsylvania was the one I had always most wished to see. It is the oldest of all the Moravian settlements in America, and even in Europe there are not many older. The colony was founded in 1742, only twenty years after Herrnhut in Saxony itself, the place from which we Germans name the sect, and next to this it is the largest and most important Moravian settlement in the world, and its population is larger even than that of Herrnhut.

The Count of Zinzendorf undertook a journey to America, to found and arrange the community in person, and after him Spangenberg, Hecke-

wälder, and several more of the most distinguished Herrnhuters busied themselves here. In the middle of the last century, the people of Bethlehem undertook the most remarkable missions and exploring expeditions into the interior of Pennsylvania, and to the banks of the Ohio, into the midst of the then still numerous and untamed Indian tribes, preaching to them, converting them, studying their manners and language, and publishing the result of their investigations for the benefit of the learned of Europe. I was acquainted with their works, especially those of Heckewälder, who was the first carefully to examine, rightly to comprehend, and clearly to explain the singular construction of the Indian language. I had read and studied the accounts of all their journeys, as well as the history of their settlement, and persecutions, both from Indians and hostile Christians, so zealously, that I almost felt as if I had suffered with them, and regarded these Herrnhuters of Bethlehem as my old friends and acquaintances. And how pleasant it is to the traveller to reach a place where friends live, and where, from every house or grave, the Lares or the Manes whisper a greeting in his ear! And when wandering in the Antipodes, how does one seek out every place which seems to stand in spiritual relationship to our native land, fancying

there that we are nearer to our beloved ones! Thus had I visited many a quiet Moravian community in Great Britain and in Germany, and as I entered Bethlehem, my thoughts reverted with a silent greeting to dear Herrnhut, where I had passed so many instructive hours. But there is here not only a connection of minds and ideas, but also flesh and blood relationship. There are Herrnhut families in Saxony, distant branches and namesakes of which are to be found in Bethlehem and other Pennsylvanian settlements, and with whom I had been intimate in the "old country."

It was not therefore by chance that I turned my steps in this direction. Already, when in Canada, Bethlehem had been as a guiding star shining in the distance to beckon me onward, and now I had at length arrived here, and was traversing the pleasant little town on the banks of the "Lecha" by the side of a worthy and excellent man, visiting the houses of the living and the resting-places of the dead, and inspecting many interesting institutions of the present day.

In former times, even eight or ten years ago, Bethlehem must have appeared much more inviting than now to those who, though disinclined to the convent, wished for an asylum from the world, in which to serve God in their own fashion, for up

to that time it was a "closed place," that is to say, only such families were allowed to settle there as were members of the sect. During the last eight years, however, matters have changed.

"They have allowed people of the world to enter among them," as an American lady whom I met in the interior of Pennsylvania informed me. Already for the last twenty years there had been manifested a tendency towards this movement, both amongst strangers and members of the community. The population had increased in the country, and pressed for admission into the exclusive little town. The situation on the banks of the Lecha no doubt appeared to many an advantageous one for settling, but, according to the laws then existing, they could not enter without becoming members of the order. The improvement of the Lecha navigation, the immensely increasing coal-trade from the upper districts of the Lecha, and the advantageous canal from New York, through New Jersey, along the course of this river, may have assisted in loosing the bonds imposed by the piety of former days. Bethlehem no longer lay, as in the time of Zinzendorf and Heckewälder, in the midst of Indian wildernesses. Property was becoming daily more valuable, the spirit of speculation more energetic, and both felt themselves cramped and restrained by the old

laws forbidding all commercial undertakings and profitable employment of capital. In short, matters could no longer be maintained in their old condition; the ambitious children of the old Herrnhuters themselves demanded that the gates of their city should be freely thrown open, which was done at last, after some of their number had undertaken a journey to Europe, and laid the matter before the Regents of Herrnhut. Thus were the old barriers swallowed up and swept away by the stream of the Lecha, or rather by that great stream of Time, which leaves nothing untouched, but changes all things; which has caused the widows of Bethlehem to be permitted to marry again, and has even admitted the possibility of divorce, at first only among the laity, but latterly among the ministers also.

Since then a number of merchants, manufacturers, and other "people of the world" have established themselves in Bethlehem, claiming full rights of citizenship amongst the quiet fraternity. Their number has rapidly increased, a bran-new town full of life has sprung up beside the old Bethlehem of Indian missions, and the number of the strangers now almost equals that of the old community. Nevertheless, the chiefs of the brotherhood maintain their ascendency in the colony, and matters are still conducted there according to their views and prin-

ciples. They exercise, I imagine, much the same authority over the town as the principal of the University of Oxford wields over the city of that name. I should like to know how these innovations in Bethlehem are regarded in Herrnhut, but I can partly imagine it. It will end, I think, in Bethlehem becoming independent of its German parent. The elders in Herrnhut are so far off, they do not quite understand the situation and wants of the settlement in the New World. Misunderstandings cannot fail to arise; indeed, I have already seen signs here and there of such, and the relations between Bethlehem and Herrnhut will probably terminate in much the same way as those between the United States and England, though, fortunately, the rupture will not give rise to such sanguinary disturbances. The empire which will thus be lost to Germany contains about 8000 inhabitants, and its provinces lie chiefly in Pennsylvania and North Carolina, but are also scattered through some of the other States. Of the 29 Herrnhut or Moravian settlements of the United States, ten lie in Pennsylvania, seven in North Carolina, and others in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Maryland.

There are more settlements of this sect in America than in Germany,* where they are in number

* Not by any means so many, however, as the last census of the

only fifteen, though their population is rather larger. Bethlehem and its brother settlements in the New World are still foremost in the field of the North American Indian missions. They maintain several in Canada, besides their home missions in Philadelphia, New York, and other great towns of the Union, which are especially addressed to the German emigrants. Besides this, a handsome little sum is sent over to Germany for the missions undertaken there; I believe about 9000 dollars are annually despatched for that purpose.

The internal arrangements of Bethlehem, its institutions, schools, churches, churchyards, and municipal buildings, are precisely similar to those in Herrnhut and other settlements of the same sect. I was particularly desirous to see the schools, and was fortunate enough to be allowed to inspect that for young girls, under the guidance of an excellent gentleman. It has been established here a considerable time, and enjoyed originally the reputation of being one of the best educational establishments in the United States; later, in consequence of I know not what circumstances, it fell somewhat

Union affirms, where the number of the "Moravian Communities" is stated at 350, nearly twelve times too many. The mistake has arisen by the collectors of the census including under this head the more numerous "United Brethren," a different sect.

into neglect, but more recently, under its present management, it has regained the lost ground, and is as highly esteemed as ever, and a new wing was about to be added to the old building. There were no fewer than 170 girls from all parts of the Union, not only from Philadelphia and New York, but also from the far West and from South Carolina. The teachers were about five and twenty, besides five masters. The arts, especially music and painting, were intrusted to German hands. The drawing-master, an excellent landscape painter, invited us up to his charmingly-situated house, and showed us some beautiful views taken from the environs of Bethlehem. A system is followed here in the arrangement of the lessons and classification of the scholars which I have seen in other schools in the States, and must consider peculiarly American. Instead of having an upper and lower class for the whole course of instruction, the pupils are separately classified for each separate branch, so that, for example, there is a first, second, third class for history, the same for natural history, and so on. This allows of a more individual education being bestowed on each scholar, and such objects of instruction being selected as are suitable to their tastes and talents, or especially desired by their relatives. Thus they may quickly rise to the first

class in history or any other branch without losing time or trouble over the miscellaneous subjects of education less congenial to them. To make this system practicable it is necessary that each branch of study should be pursued throughout the entire establishment at the same hour, although in different classes, and taught by different teachers in their various styles. And this is done. There is a particular hour fixed in which the whole school is to learn history, geography, &c. There are certainly inconveniences in this method, particularly this one, that if the bent of the scholars is more studied, that of the instructors is much less so.

About thirty out of the 170 young American girls had, recently, at the desire of their parents, adopted the German language and literature into their studies. They appeared to find the "hard words" of this language more troublesome than French, but German is growing more fashionable now in America as well as in England, and it is remarkable enough that while the German farmers of Pennsylvania suffer their German schools to fall more and more into disuse, the upper classes of American Academies are daily increasing their study of German. Not more than five or at most ten per cent. of the schools among the German farmers are now conducted by Germans; rarely does a teacher

come over from Germany, and still more rarely does he find a good situation.

The uneasy restlessness which appears to possess the whole Anglo-Saxon population of America, the unsteadiness which causes the young men to try half a dozen different businesses, and as many places of residence, the universal "shifting," as they call it, of all men and things, appears to reign in the schools also, with a most disadvantageous influence. The complaint is universal among American educators that their pupils remain so short a time with them. The greater number stay only one or two years; this is partly owing, perhaps, to the circumstance that young girls are only sent to the large famous schools to "finish" their education; partly, also, to the fact that parents here allow themselves to be too easily swayed by their children. If, in the course of education, a difference of opinion or a misunderstanding arises between the scholar and the school, the latter appears to have no authority with the parents, who rather listen to the complaints of their son or daughter, think they had better try another school, and the discontented scholar receives permission to pack his trunk and to "shift."

Education is, next to Christian missions, the chief object of attention, as well among the Ameri-

can Moravians as with their European brethren; and besides the great institution for girls at Bethlehem, they have others for both sexes in different settlements.

When out of hearing of the English language, and out of sight of the new American quarter of the town, Bethlehem appeared to me so like Herrnhut, that I fancied the Lecha to be the Spree, and the Blue Ridge the Lausitzer mountains, and could hardly fancy that I had crossed the ocean. The churchyards, too, were similar, presenting the same simple arrangements, the same uniformity of all the monumental stones as a type of our universal equality in death, the only difference being that some poor Indians and negroes, who had become brothers of the spiritual community, had here their resting-place. Among the Indians, some dated from the preceding century. There were at that time many converted Indians in the community, and some we find mentioned in the missionary papers as true and faithful servants of Christianity and of the Brotherhood. Even a little Indian, "aged five months," and a negress, "aged three months, Anno Domini 1742," have their place in the churchyard, and their square marble gravestone like all the rest. I remarked, indeed, that these stones, on which the inscription had, perhaps,

become illegible, had been recently cleaned and re-chiselled into sharpness. Before God, the souls of great and small, young and old, the negro, the Indian, and the Anglo-Saxon are of equal worth; we know this well, but we do not always act as if we knew it. Honour to the Moravians that they carry out this principle in their churchyards to its utmost consequences so rigidly, that after a lapse of 104 years they restore the gravestone of an Indian baby "aged five months." Even this little being is a "grain of corn" which will not be forgotten, but will be gathered in when the harvest-time comes.

The Moravians have done much for the negro race wherever they have settled, and the history of their efforts in this cause in the West Indies is most praiseworthy. I unfortunately forgot to inform myself whether they extend their sympathy and assistance to the poor fugitive slaves with the same self-sacrificing devotion as the Quakers, and whether they have established between their numerous settlements in Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c., the so-called "Under-ground Railroad," with which the Quakers assist fugitives on from one of their stations to another. If they have not done so, they doubtless have good reasons for it, but certainly when I was in Bethlehem there were not more than half a dozen blacks in the town, and every

one told me that the greater part of the fugitive negroes from the neighbouring slave States of Maryland and Virginia do not come through Bethlehem, but make their way up the Susquehanna valley.

I made personal acquaintance with the negro population of Bethlehem. One had learned German in Pennsylvania, for the Germans and the negroes appear to understand each other well, to the credit of the former be it said, who certainly manifest sympathy and compassion for the latter. When the poor German finds himself on the same round of the social ladder as the negro, he makes common cause and fellowship with him, differing in this from the English, Scotch, or Irishman, who, however poor or degraded, will never associate with the blacks.

"Are you happy in this half German State of Pennsylvania?" I asked of a negro.

"Certainly, sir, I like freedom, I like to come and go at my pleasure; here I am as good a gentleman as any one."

"You feel yourself properly respected."

"Oh! yes, sir, col'd people are as white as anybody here, if they behave."

"Do you like the Germans?"

"Yes, col'd people like the Germans. There's

no deception with them; there's only one nation that col'd people don't like, that's the Irish!"

Poor Paddy! he is the worst used of all! Even the negro has a fling at him. Only the day before I had been talking with a Yankee on the same subject, and he had given utterance to the same feeling, almost in the same words. "I can stand the Scotch, the English, the Germans, there's only one nation I *can't* stand, and that's the Irish!" and I remembered how the French in Canada had often assured me so too. There wanders no foreigner in America who is so universally repudiated, and I began to understand the growth and strength of that powerful opponent to Irish Catholicism, the Know-Nothing party, which numbers in its ranks English, Scotch, French, and Germans. It is only just to add however that all voices are equally unanimous in praising the Irishman for the facility he manifests of casting off the original Paddy and becoming a good American, without losing his warm heart and other good Irish qualities, so that many excellent and distinguished men arise from the second generation of these descendants of Erin.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BLUE RIDGE.

I WISHED to make a little expedition from Bethlehem to the heights of the neighbouring "Lecha-Berg," a portion of the Blue Ridge. And as I always have a great desire to know what people dwell behind any mountain I see, I wished also to visit a German village on the south side of the ridge.

The Blue Ridge is intersected near Bethlehem by a low pass, over which the road crosses to the southern German counties of Lecha and Bucks, and to Philadelphia. We traversed this pass, and leaving the mountain behind us came again upon a smiling, well-cultivated valley, dotted with villages, and bearing an Indian name, Saco or Sachum, if I remember rightly. Some miles further in the plain lies the pleasant village of Friedensville, which is a thoroughly German settlement in spite of its

semi-French appellation. Nearly half the settlements in Pennsylvania have, I know not wherefore, a French termination tacked on to their German name; Friedensville, Sellersville, Voglersville, Baumannsville, &c. Only a few of the German towns have names which point significantly to the origin of their population, such as Mannheim, Strasburg, Dillsburg, Heidelberg. All are from the Palatinate and the great Alsatian Rhine valley, as is shown in their dialect more than in anything else; why they have abandoned their pretty Rhenish termination of "heim" for the monstrous compound of "Friedens*ville*," &c., it is beyond me to guess.

We sought out a well-to-do German farmer in Friedensville, and requested him to show us his house and premises. He complied with our wish, laying aside his work and introducing us in the first place to his wife. We found them both cultivated people, and if I am to judge of the Pennsylvanian farmers by them and by many other examples which I met with, I should say that a comparison of their appearance and habits with those of the same class in Germany points to a great improvement of the race, rather than the reverse.

They and their blooming children appeared healthy and contented, and in their conversation

and intercourse with us manifested an easy self-possession, perfectly free from that want of manly dignity and self-respect which is too often seen in the same rank at home.

"I was once preacher in a Western State," said a Pennsylvanian minister to me, "where many German immigrants came to settle. You cannot think what trouble I had to teach them to forget their politeness, to keep their hats on their heads, and their backs straight." With our friends in Friedensville, time had already effected this. Their great-grandfather had emigrated from Germany, their grandfather was born at sea, midway between the Palatinate and Pennsylvania, which perhaps inspired him with some sailor-like independence; and when three generations have sat on their own free hearthstone, and voted for I know not how many presidents, senators, deputies, and countless other officials, it is no wonder that the great-grandson at last stands as upright and unbending as a pine tree.

They were astonished at the pure German which I spoke, and the ease with which they were able to understand me. They had had a young emigrant in their service, they said, a girl from the Rhine, who spoke such a jargon of dialect that they had the greatest difficulty in comprehending her meaning.

With the uneducated emigrants fresh from Germany, I was told, this was commonly the case, and I must confess, that with the exception of some "Well's" and similar Anglicisms, when I became accustomed to Pennsylvanian German it did not appear to me to be such a barbarous dialect as I had thought it at first, perhaps because what had offended me so much in the mouths of educated men seemed less out of place among farmers and peasants. Perhaps, too, the educated and half educated men especially public officials, being more in contact with Americans, and more in the habit of hearing and speaking English, may have got their German more corrupted than the farmer, who, holding intercourse only with other German settlers, maintains his mother tongue in all the purity of his original dialect; and not being here *glebæ adscriptus* to so great a degree as in Germany, but moving about the country in various capacities, his language, dialect though it be, may have gained something in polish.

I had experienced the same thing among the French Canadians, who are similarly situated; there too the rough *patois* had struck me as much more disagreeable among the educated classes than among the peasantry.

Our friends had lived on their estate since the time of their great-grandfather, and it really did

one good to find such an instance in this quicksand country, where the son, almost before his wings are grown, hastens to fly away from the father. In German Pennsylvania it is not uncommon to find three or four generations living on the same land, and this must appear to a Yankee as astonishing as to us it does that there are, as we hear, families of peasants in England who have held their farms since the Conquest, or even earlier.

The German emigrants generally came in great numbers, and settled close to one another in villages, so that it seems sometimes as if a piece of Germany had been transplanted to this country. Some of them come so little into contact with the English, that though they have been living here for a hundred years, they understand no word of the language. Down to a quite recent period, they had scarcely any other than German schools, and these schools were mostly kept by immigrant German school-masters; but no good class of teachers was ever formed here; probably because positions were easily obtained that were much more advantageous than the scanty revenue and thorny sceptre of the village pedagogue. Fresh schoolmasters therefore had to be continually procured, and poor German teachers wandering about Pennsylvania in search of a school were frequently to be met with,

even down to the present day. Sometimes a large cargo of them seemed to have been imported all at once, as, for instance, when a crowd of the Hessian officers and subalterns who had been taken prisoners in the Revolution were all sent as schoolmasters to Pennsylvania. Now, however, it would not be advisable for German school teachers to come here with views of this kind, for the English schools have, as I mentioned, for some time past had greatly the preference, and this is generally regarded as a sign of progress. "In these last ten years," I was told, "since they have begun to accommodate themselves more and more to the English schools, the Pennsylvanian Germans have advanced more in general improvement than in the whole preceding century of their abode in the country." I must own this appears to me very possible, for a small nationality can only advance by its connexion with a greater and more advanced nation.

These Pennamytes were cut off by the ocean from the literary and social movements of Germany; and from the energetic life that expressed itself in America through the English language they were also kept apart as long as they spoke nothing but their bush-German, listened to German preachers, sent their children to German schools, and had even their newspapers written in their own peculiar

jargon. In point of intelligence the Americans regarded these Germans as far below them, and though they praised their industrious farming, they held them to be in a state of utter darkness; a mere leaden weight upon the wings of the State of Pennsylvania; over-looking entirely the fact, that even as a leaden weight they might answer a very excellent conservative purpose.

It was curious to me to note the gradual dying out of Germanism in this family circle. The great grandfather and grandmother had been regular Germans of the old stamp,—they had come to a country already inhabited by Germans, and had probably never learned a word of English. The father had gone to a German school, and learned to read and write in German only; but he had picked up a little English in his intercourse with the English. My farmer himself had gone to an English school, and learned to read and write English, and he also spoke it quite fluently.

"I speak English," he said, "but I gossip German; I always talk German with my wife and children." He had learned to read our language from his father at home, out of the German Bible, but he could not write it. His little boy who had only attended an English school, will probably not even learn to read it. He would "gossip" the old

Bush dialect, but will steep it in more and more English sauce.

My friend showed me over his farm, and as I had seen such before, and afterwards many others, I will give it as a specimen of a Pennsylvanian German homestead.

These people have not yet thrown off the old name of their class—they call themselves *Bauern;* * the more stately appellation of land-owner, which some of our peasants have taken after their emancipation, has not come into use here; and their little estates they call *Bauereien* or farms. These farms are not very large, at least judging by an American standard; they seldom contain more than a hundred acres, and go down as low as twenty, or even less. The land is generally partly arable and partly forest, but there is almost always a good apple orchard on it. The corn fields, which are the most important part of the farm, are well cleaned, dressed with lime, and in a high state of cultivation, and provided everywhere with good fences of wild chestnut wood. There is generally "a spring never dry," for the benefit of the dairy, and also a pump over it; and sometimes a creek

* The plural of *Bauer*, which may be rendered either by "farmer" or "peasant." It is applied equally to labourers and to owners of farms; strictly it means "cultivator."—Tr.

or even a river runs through the land. The woodland portion is of course much less extensive than that under the plough, perhaps from 12 to 20 acres for a hundred of corn. It is generally covered with "rock-oak, heavy white oak, hickory, chestnut and *furniture* wood." These rock-oaks are probably scrub-oaks; the hickory is a nut tree, famous for the hardness of its wood.

The apple orchard contains a variety of apple, peach, and other excellent fruit-trees, sometimes many kinds of grapes, and moreover a pond for trout.

The house and all the buildings on the property are comprehended under the general name of "Improvements," a genuinely colonial expression that has become current among all settlers in America. The English Squatters call their log-houses, wooden sheds, and stables, their "betterments," a monstrous word with a German head and a Latin tail.

The improvements consist, first, of a stone dwelling-house, which is, as a rule, extremely solid in its construction, being built of well-cemented freestone. It is seldom a mere log-house, like those of the American farmers, or a "frame-house," but there are various "frame-sheds," a smoking-house, a spring-house, or dairy, almost always a cider-house, with a cider-press, and other necessary out-build-

ings, the largest and most striking of which is the barn, or "Swiss" barn, as it is commonly called in Pennsylvania, though why I know not. In this Swiss barn the farmer takes much more pride than in his house; it is built in handsome style, and divided into two stories, the lower for cattle, and the upper for a granary and threshing-floor; the ascent to this is by a sloping bank of earth, so that the stables form a kind of underground floor, or *entresol.*

Everything about these Pennsylvanian-German households strikes a stranger as so complete and excellent, that he thinks it cannot be better; but the Americans complain that there are no signs of progress about them, that there is no spirit of emulation as among their own farmers. These Germans plough, manure, and carry on all their operations very well in the fashion of their forefathers, but they take no part in the movements of the higher agriculture; they have no ambition. "To give one instance," said an American, speaking to me on this subject, "they take very little interest in agricultural exhibitions and competitions for prizes, and though their cows give very good milk, and their horses are strong and well fed, they seldom gain a prize for anything above the common order.

Towards evening we left our pleasant Friedensville valley to return to the hills, and, as the sun was declining, climbed to the top. I could have imagined myself in some mountainous region in Germany, for high on the hill-side we entered a little woodland hut and found it occupied by a poor German family; the Germans seem to have made their way even into the most out-of-the-way corners of Pennsylvania. The occupant of the cottage, where we stopped to light our pipes, was a poor widow with a family of children. She informed us that her husband had gone a few years ago to "*Oheie,*" to try and find a better situation for the family, and that he had unfortunately died before he could come to fetch them. She, herself, had lived for some time in "*Tschartsche,*" but had at last hired this cottage, and the field and chestnut-wood near it, where she fattened pigs, kept a few goats and sheep, and raised some vegetables for herself and her children. I inquired about the geographical position of the countries she had mentioned, "*Oheie*" and "*Tschartsche;*" but she said, of course I must know them,—one was "far away West, through Pennsylfohny, and Tschartsche was beyond New York;" so then it appeared that they were the places commonly called Ohio and New Jersey.

The chesnut-wood round the cottage was very fresh and pleasant, and my companion informed me that here on the Blue Ridge in almost every place where the old forest had been cut down and destroyed, these pleasant groves of edible chestnuts had spontaneously sprung up. It sounds marvellous, but it is a fact. Beyond the chestnut grove the wild woods extended quite to the summit of the Lecha Mountain, and the whole pyramid was so covered with fragments of rock, overgrown with moss and bushes, that we thought ourselves very fortunate when, at sunset, we reached the summit, with all our limbs in good order. By scrambling to the top of some blocks of stone that lay piled one on another, we obtained a pretty open view over the fine wide valley, between the Blue Ridge and the Blue Mountains, or Kitatinnins, which are said to be covered by myriads of these blocks of stone. It extended in a long straight ridge for sixty miles, from west to east, on our horizon, and we distinguished quite clearly the various cuts or breaks, made in it by the rivers. There was the Delaware Gap, the Lehigh Gap, and between them the Little Gap, the Wind Gap, and the Fox's Gap; the valley between the two ranges is thirty miles broad and as long as the ranges themselves,—that is to say, it runs a few hundred miles through Penn-

sylvania, and then turning to the south, just as far or farther through the whole of Virginia, where it is called the Great Virginia Valley. It is probably the longest regularly-formed valley in the world; there, in Virginia, it is cultivated for slave owners by their negroes; here, in Pennsylvania, it is filled by the pleasant farms and villages of free German settlers. In the north it loses itself gradually in the State of New Jersey, towards the Hudson; on the south it touches the frontier-line of Carolina. We lingered, admiring this glorious prospect, till the last sunbeams by which we could see it were gone, and then reached in the dark a little mountain hollow, and neat little cottage, also inhabited by Germans. A regular foot-path then led us to the meadows of the Lecha, and the pleasant village of Bethlehem, where, late in the evening, I witnessed a characteristic little scene between a newly-arrived German "Greenhorn," and the people of the country.

In the bar-room of my hotel I found some Americans assembled round the fire, swinging as usual in rocking chairs, and holding large newspapers before their faces. On a bench against the wall sat the young German Greenhorn aforesaid. "Well, John," said one of the Americans, laying aside his newspaper, "and so you had to pay your fine."

"Yes," said John, "I was obliged to pay, but it was a great shame." He answered in the only dialect in which he could express himself, though he had learned English enough to understand the question addressed to him. "In Germany the magistrate would not have said anything to me. It's not right, but a man never gets his rights here against a woman."

"Ah no, John! you must never attempt to beat a lady."

"Lady! lady, indeed!" muttered John,—"it was a Pennsylfohny maid-servant, a fellow-servant of my own and no better than me, though I am but a man."

"Well, John, maid-servant or not, it's all the same; in this country, I tell you, a man must never strike a woman."

"Well, but how long did she keep on a-teasing me, calling me a German calf and a German 'mushroom' and a German 'onion,' and I don't know what? Why, what is she but a German herself?—though she was born in Pennsylfohny, her parents were German. But no, she must needs call herself an American, and what's that better than a German? Germany's a beautiful country, as good a one as any in the world. I had long

been owing her a grudge for it, and then when she began at me again to-day, I just lifted up my hand in a passion and was going to hit her; and serve her right too."

"No, no, John! she didn't think so, you see; she did not wait for your hits, but ran off to the magistrate, eh?—and he made you pay a fine of two dollars on the spot; you didn't think how quickly these things are managed here, and how soon a man may find himself two dollars the poorer. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes, but I say it was very unfair, and it wouldn't have been done in Germany. The judge would have heard what I had to say, and not have favoured her that way, just for nothing else but because she was a woman. He would have asked who began it, and have found out who was most in fault, and he would have seen that it was more she than me. I did but threaten her for a minute or two, and she's been at me all the time I've been here; and did the judge so much as say a word to her for it? When I told him she called me a German calf, he just laughed, that he did; it's a shame!"

But poor John could get no justice from the company any more than from the American ma-

gistrate, for the laugh at his expense became louder and louder, and he seemed heartily glad when a negro who could speak German came in; they saluted each other in a very friendly manner, and then John took his arm and went out with him, and I saw them no more.

CHAPTER XXI.

THROUGH NEW JERSEY.

On the following day I had the pleasure of driving, in company with a gentleman from Bethlehem, through the remainder of the German county of Northampton, and I should have been glad to have travelled over the remainder of German Pennsylvania in the same company, for behind the German counties of Northampton and Lecha lies the county of Berks, also German, and beyond that again Lancaster County. Of this last, which I unfortunately did not see, I have heard the most praises; many Americans even have spoken to me of it with the greatest enthusiasm. It lies on the Lower Susquehanna and is said to be the most beautiful, populous, and fertile of all the counties inhabited by Germans in America, and this much more than formerly. As it was the oldest of the counties and

the longest under cultivation, the soil had lately, that is about ten years ago, been getting rather exhausted; but by a complete reform in the system of agriculture, by the introduction of clover crops, of lime dressing, and other improved modes of management, it has been raised to its present blooming and prosperous condition. There are, it is said, many peculiar and interesting elements among the German population there,—"Mennonites," who wear long beards and are also called Men of Peace; "Albrechtsmen," who pass whole days in the woods and perform their divine services in the open air, and so forth. These Albrechtsmen are said to be increasing; but I was not able to visit them myself, and was obliged to content myself with what lay in my way. We alighted occasionally to see Swiss barns, frame-houses, and spring-houses, and at last reached the beautifully situated Easton on the borders of Pennsylvania. This flourishing and populous town also is half German, and lawyers and men of business in the place, though born of English parents, generally endeavour to acquire the German language, since it is a means of attaining to profit, influence, and consideration. Several German newspapers and periodicals are published here, as in most other places in Pennsylvania; but, since the people have come

from various parts of Germany bringing their several dialects with them, and the mixture has then become entirely interwoven and overgrown with English, so that a very peculiar conglomerate, indeed, has been formed out of the whole.

The prevailing ingredient in it is, perhaps, that of the South-German, or Upper Rhine dialect, in which attempts have even been made to write poems, and some of the prettiest have been circulated to some extent. One, on the subject of sunrise, I have met with several times in America; and you find in the local papers stories related in this Pennsylvanian Bush-German; but the perpetual occurrence of the broadest Anglicisms in both stories and poems makes them difficult of digestion for German readers. In the spoken language, countless English words have been introduced, which seem now to have become completely naturalized in the German districts, and they even make their appearance in written documents, public announcements, and newspaper articles, but generally in a certain Germanised attire. The writers seem to proceed on the good old German principle of writing as you speak. For instance, county is written *caunty*, township, *taunschip*, &c., which would of course, to a German, suggest the English pronunciation. One gentleman mentions that in his store there are a hundred bar-

rels of *rectifeied* (rectified) whiskey to be had; another has excellent *lotten* (lots) of wood. There was one advertisement at Easton running thus: "Make room for the people who daily and hourly are blocking up the road to Easton, since they have heard that their old friend Major Seip has returned from the capital with the richest stock of magnificent goods ever seen on this side of the ocean. *Fenssi Silks*, *Fenssi Laines*, &c., and every article for ladies' *Staats* dress. You *Mäd* (maids) if you have a *noschen* (notion) to hire, then go to Seip's store; he can fix you something beautiful; and you lads—do you hear? if you want to have a *tschantss* (chance) with the *Mäds*, only just call at our store," &c.

The railroad from Easton crosses diagonally the whole northern part of the State of New Jersey. At first it passes through a number of very lovely hilly landscapes, traversed by many of the ridges and valleys of the Alleghany system, which here turn perceptibly to the north, and tend towards Westpoint on the Hudson. Glimpses of long beautiful valleys alternated with successive "Gaps," and at last in the neighbourhood of New York, the mountain landscape declines into a broad, somewhat monotonous plain, that extends along the banks of the Hudson, both up and down the stream.

In Newark I went on board the steamer that

was to convey me, late in the evening, by part of Staten Island Sound to New York Bay, and so conclude my journey.

On board this vessel I met a certain negro dandy, who recollected seeing me in New York, where he did me some service, and who came up and shook hands with me. I remembered that he had then told me he was going to Washington, to spend some time with his wife's relations, and I asked how Washington had pleased him.

"First rate, sir!"

"Did you see anything remarkable there?"

"Well, no! Nothing particular."

"Did you see the President?" I asked, thinking the President was just as "particular" in Washington as the Pope in Rome.

"The President? No, I don't think I did. Oh yes! yes! I did see him, if you call the President anything remarkable. But I guess the President ain't nobody."

"Pray then," said I, "if the President is nobody, who in America is somebody?"

"Oh gracious! we feel here very independent. The President! Who is the President?" he added in the most affectedly careless and even contemptuous tone, dropping his words with the utmost nonchalance. "Who is the President of the United

States? He is like you and me. I hope you get paid for your work, I do for mine, and so does the President. Oh sir, we have no man-worshipping here."

I wondered—while I, a European, was listening to this doctrine from a negro of Africa, where every little Sheik and every Fetish is worshipped—that the strength of the feeling of independence in the Anglo-Saxon race should even have imbued this former Sheik-adorer. No English Lord could think the President less entitled to respect than this black appeared to do.

A faint light on the horizon had for a long time indicated the region where the rays from the thousand lights and gas lamps of New York melt into one bright glare, and at last we shot out into New York Bay, and had the islands of the city marked out in lines of light before us. A few steamers racing with each other flew past us, and a few dark bodies were moving in the same direction from the Narrows. These were ships newly arrived; the red lanterns of the large ferry-boats that ply day and night from island to island, and keep up a constant communication between them, were hovering about, and indicating to us the direction of the ships, which in the mist that hung low on the water were themselves scarcely visible. The bright flames

of the light-houses appeared and disappeared like meteors, and a dark wood of masts and sails stretched out to the right and left.

An American was standing in the bow of the boat, entertaining me with an account of the extraordinary numbers of dreadful shipwrecks and railroad accidents that had taken place in various quarters, and at last, turning his attention to the scene of life and animation before us, he said, "Yes, sir! it really is terrible! Three hundred people gone down in the Arctic, fifty poor creatures crushed to death in that collision in Upper Canada! On the Mississippi alone, a hundred and twenty steamers have been this year burst, sunk, or blown up, and only last week a hundred persons were drowned, or squashed, or killed in some way or other. But yet, just look at that magnificent trading-place there, which lives and flourishes in spite of all this destruction, and in the midst of all these wrecks. What is death? What is human life? What an individual existence? It is nothing; it is not to be looked at. Now-a-days everything is enterprise, industry, progress, go-ahead." He spoke loud, and waved his arms, and seemed to be getting quite into a state of ecstasy, and as he stood on the extreme point of the steamer, talking in this style till quite late at night, he seemed to me to be

speaking for thousands of his countrymen, and expressing their views as well as his own.

Soon after this we stepped on dry land, at New York, in which interesting and wonderful city I afterwards spent several months, as a willing and delighted guest.

CHAPTER XXII.

RAILWAY COMMUNICATIONS OF CANADA.

THE magnificent Victoria Bridge which now spans the St Lawrence, and which is admitted to be unrivalled as a specimen of engineering skill, was in progress during the period of the journey above described, but the immense expenditure the work involved, and the great difficulties and risks connected with it, made it occasionally seem doubtful whether it would ever be completed.* Even the engineer employed in its construction (Mr J. X. Hodges) could at one time only express a hope "that he would live to see it finished." It has been finish-

* It would be foreign to the character of the present work to enter on the subject of the commercial difficulties by which this important undertaking is at present beset; but no one with even a slight acquaintance with the almost boundless resources of the Province, and the unexampled rapidity of its progress, can feel much doubt that these difficulties will be but temporary.

however, and that considerably within the time originally contracted for; but, unfortunately, the exultation which its projectors could not but feel in the completion of such a work has been considerably damped by the pecuniary embarrassments in which the company is at present involved.

Great railway companies are known to be liable to that sin by which we are told "the angels fell," they are over-ambitious; and, it may be, sometimes also too unwilling to content themselves with such advantages as naturally fall to their lot, and to leave to competitors those which appear to belong to them. It certainly seems that had the Grand Trunk Railway Company confined itself for a time to the north of the St Lawrence, and the opening up the internal communications of the immense extent of new country between Montreal and Sarnia, it would have pursued a more safe and profitable policy, and avoided the dangerous competition with powerful American lines already established; but it must then have renounced the advantage of carrying by one continuous line from the upper lakes to the Atlantic "without break of gauge or bulk," (an advantage peculiar to itself, for all other routes involve several trans-shipments,) the productions of Europe and of the Far West of America.

The grand system of water communication afford-

ed by the St Lawrence, and the lakes connected with it, though of incalculable value to Canada in the earlier stages of its settlement, when the population was too scanty to admit of more expensive modes of transit, is liable to the disadvantage of being closed for more than half the year by frost. Even in the season favourable to navigation, it has, from the natural obstacles in its course, to be supplemented by canals, in which the navigation is unavoidably tedious. The Welland Canal, for instance, by which the Falls of Niagara are avoided, has no less than 30 locks. So great is the traffic nevertheless, that in one year (1853) there passed through it 2743 British, and 2705 American and other vessels; but all this busy traffic is stopped by the ice that locks river and canals from November to May.* For six months, Quebec and the other ports and harbours of the river are unavailable, and all trade is in a great measure suspended. In addition to the need thus created of some means of communication that might be independent of the change of seasons, the introduction of railways into the United States made their adoption in Canada an indispensable measure of self-preserva-

* "Canada:" an Essay by J. S. Hogan, to whom the prize was awarded by the Governor-General, Sir E. Head, at the recommendation of the Paris Exhibition Committee.

tion; as it was found that the rapidity and certainty of transport on the American railways was carrying away from the St Lawrence even the trade of Western Canada itself. "Unless," it was said, "Canada could combine with her unrivalled inland navigation, a railroad system connected therewith, and mutually sustaining each other; the whole of her large outlay of five millions on canals must remain for ever unproductive." *

Railways have, accordingly, been constructed with an energy and rapidity commensurate with the general progress of the country. In 1856, before the completion of the Grand Trunk, Canada possessed 2000 miles of fully equipped railway, obtained at a cost of £18,000,000; and it does not yet appear that there has been any miscalculation as to the amount of remuneration to be ultimately expected from these undertakings, or that the present anxieties and, in some cases, disappointments of shareholders, are to be attributed to any other cause than the enormous expense incurred in making the lines,—whether unavoidably or not, is a question that need not here be discussed.

The two great railways of Canada, to which all the others are tributary, are the Great Western

* Canada from 1849 to 1859, by the Hon. A. T. Gall, Finance minister of Canada.

and the Grand Trunk lines, and an arrangement has been entered into between them for the division of the traffic on certain sections, by which injurious competition has been avoided.

The former, the Great Western, runs from Windsor on the Canadian side of the Detroit river, opposite the city of Detroit, to the river Niagara, which it crosses two miles below the Falls by the fine suspension bridge before mentioned, and thence communicates with the railways of New York and Boston. Its receipts for the month of April, 1854, shortly after its opening, amounted to £26,735, and in the corresponding month of the following year to £57,684. It was also stated at that time, that large quantities of merchandise were accumulating at both ends of the line, from its being impossible to convey them with sufficient rapidity.

"The Grand Trunk Railway had," it is said,* "in the second year of its existence, when only 400 miles were open, diverted a large portion of the trade that had previously flowed to the United States, and its receipts were as great as those of the Great Western, which had been five years in operation."

This Grand Trunk line has a two-fold commencement; one at the harbour of Portland in the State

* Hogan's "Canada."

of Maine, on the Atlantic coast; the other at Quebec, on the St Lawrence. The Portland section of the Grand Trunk was previously in existence, and known as the "Atlantic and St Lawrence Railway of Maine;" but it has now been leased in perpetuity by the Grand Trunk Company, at the rate of six per cent. These two branches unite at Richmond, on the Canadian frontier, and the line then runs thence to Montreal, where it meets lines from Boston and New York, and then, crossing the St Lawrence by the gigantic Victoria Bridge, enters a country where it has no competitors, but meets many shorter lines, which run at right angles to it through new countries, and serve it as feeders, till it reaches Toronto, where it is connected with the Great Western by a short line called the "Hamilton and Toronto Railway," and with the "Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron" line, which runs due north from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, skirting part of the southern shore of the lake and of Georgian Bay, to Collingwood Harbour.

From Toronto the Grand Trunk passes, still keeping the same south-westerly direction to Sarnia at the southern extremity of Lake Huron, where it is brought into communication with the States of Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. In this course of 1112 miles, it connects all the prin-

cipal towns of Canada, and receives as tributaries lines that have struck out through the forest to new and remoter regions, which they are rapidly awakening to life.

The first tributary received by the Grand Trunk, after leaving Montreal, is the Bytown or Ottawa Railway, which runs through a valley containing 80,000 square miles of forest, of what is said to be the finest timber in the world. This line commands a large traffic in supplies for the lumber trade, and runs on to Arnprior, a town at the mouth of the Madawaska river, where it meets the line that leaves the Grand Trunk at Brookville, and runs through the great Ottawa valley at Prescott, 112 miles west of Montreal; a line called the Bytown and Prescott Railway, strikes off due north, and after this comes the Cobourg and Peterborough Railway, commencing at Cobourg, a flourishing town on Lake Ontario. Only seven miles further appears a rival town called Port Hope, connected with the "back country" by the Port Hope and Lindsay Railway.

At Toronto, besides the Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron Railway, already mentioned, we find another north and south line,—the "Buffalo, Brentford, and Goderich Railway," which connects Buffalo and the State of New York with Lake Huron at

Goderich, by a line of 160 miles, which saves, as compared with the water route by Lake Erie and the rivers, a distance of 400 miles. This line crosses the Grand Trunk at Stratford 90 miles west of Toronto, and will, it is expected, divide the traffic from Lakes Huron and Superior, by sending that intended for the United States to Buffalo, and that for Canada and Portland by the Grand Trunk.

The crowning glory, as well as the great peril of the Grand Trunk Railway, has been the construction of the Victoria Bridge, by which the line has been made continuous from the rich prairies of the Far West to the Atlantic Ocean. Magnificent as the undertaking was, it certainly appears that it might have been prudent to defer it till the northern portion of the line had had time to develope itself; but it was pronounced indispensable by competent authorities, and doubtless was so, if it was indispensable to compete with the already established American lines for the trade to Europe. It must be admitted, too, that there is hardly a country in the world where a sober and cautious policy is more difficult or questionable than in Canada, for its progress without any extraordinary or adventitious stimulant such as the discovery of gold, has often, especially of late years, outstripped all sober calculation.

During the forty years from 1811 to 1851, the population of Upper Canada increased (as appears from official documents) 1200 per cent., namely, from 77,000 to 952,000. In 1829 the assessable property of the Upper Province was estimated at £2,500,000; in 1854 the official estimate, without including the public lands, was nearly fifty millions sterling, and all this property had been created by the sheer industry of the inhabitants without assistance from great capitalists. It can hardly be supposed that in a country like this, any expenditure for works of unquestionable utility can be found ultimately ruinous to the undertakers.

An account of the construction of the Victoria Bridge has been drawn up by Mr Hodges, the engineer before alluded to, in which, besides the necessary scientific details, he furnishes some very interesting particulars concerning a work whose grandeur and difficulty raises it almost into the region of the heroic. The breadth and volume of the mighty river, the rapidity and power of the current, the shortness of the season during which it was possible to continue the works, the tremendous severity of the climate, the scarcity of workmen, the all but impossibility of controlling their movements when so many public works were in progress, that almost incredible wages were

frequently offered to induce the men not to desert; besides this the ravages of cholera and the occasional suffering from extreme heat as well as from cold;—all these things were superadded to the difficulties entailed by the situation and foundation of the works, and the operations of Nature peculiar to the river. One of the most formidable consists in what is called the "Shoving of the Ice," when a vast accumulation of a porous kind of ice that has attached itself to the rocks that form the bed of the river, becomes suddenly disengaged by a slight thaw, so slight even as that occasioned by a few hours' bright sunshine, and is sent down *en masse* by the current. "This '*Anchor Ice*,'" says Mr Hodges,* "sometimes accumulates at the foot of rapids in quantities of several miles in extent, and lifts the water above its ordinary level. This frequently happens at the foot of the Cedar Rapids, at the head of Lake St Louis, where a branch of the Ottawa empties itself into the St Lawrence. Upon such occasions the water at this point is dammed up to such a height as to change its course and run into the Ottawa at the rate of four or five miles an hour; but it eventually finds its way back into

* "Construction of the Great Victoria Bridge in Canada," by Mr J. H. Hodges, agent to the contractors, Messrs Peto, Brassey, and Betts.

the St Lawrence by the rapids of St Anne's after making a circuit of ten or twelve miles. The accumulation of ice continues probably for some weeks, till the river is quite full, and so thickened as to make the current sluggish, and cause a general swelling of the waters. The pieces, too, become frozen together and form large masses, which, by grounding and diminishing the sectional area of the river, cause the waters to rise still more (there being always the same quantity of water coming down from the rapids). Then the large masses float, and move further down the river, where, uniting with accumulations previously grounded, they offer such an obstruction to the semi-fluid waters that the channels become quite choked, and what is called a "jamb" takes place. The surface-ice, arrested in its progress, becomes packed into all imaginable shapes, and if the cold is very intense a crust is soon formed, and the river becomes frozen over a surface of many square miles in extent. As the water rises, the jamb against which this field rests, if not of sufficient strength to hold in its place, gives way; when the whole river, after it is thus frozen into one immense sheet, moves *en masse* down stream, causing the 'Shovings' so much dreaded by the people of Montreal. The edges of the huge field moving irresistibly

onwards plough into the banks of the river, in some instances to the depth of several feet, carrying away everything within reach."

To estimate the social advantage afforded to the country by this Grand Trunk enterprise, it is only necessary to glance at the previously existing state of affairs. The crossing of the St Lawrence, for instance, at the period when the ice was forming or breaking up, was attended with such peril as only to be undertaken from the most urgent necessity. The passage occupied several hours, passengers had been known to die from the effects of the long-continued terror, and the landing was made at any point that could be reached, often many miles from that intended. A still more important benefit to humanity, from the completion of this railway, is the facility it affords to emigrants for reaching their place of destination in a very short time, and avoiding the privations and hardships of the latter portion of their voyage. The vessels employed in this service are often utterly unfit for it, without proper means of ventilation, or accommodation for the numbers crowded into them, and very ill supplied with food. After many weeks of suffering, passengers have often been put on shore at Quebec or Montreal, in the last stage of a pestilential fever, and in the years 1846 and 1847 hundreds of the in-

habitants of those cities died from a dreadful plague thus caused. At a spot called Point Charles, near the northern end of the Victoria Bridge, 6000 poor emigrants died during those fatal years, and were buried in one common pit.

Now that the Grand Trunk Line is complete, the long and dangerous passage by the Gulf of St Lawrence may be avoided, and Portland become the harbour of debarkation for emigrants. From thence the facilities of transport to the lakes and Upper Canada are much superior to those offered by the American lines. The whole distance, too, may be travelled in one vehicle, and the importance to emigrants of being forwarded at once to their places of destination can hardly be overrated. In some instances, large tracts of country, before unpeopled and almost unknown, have been called into social life by this enterprise.

"Previous to the opening of the line between Montreal and Portland, those two cities were as much separated from one another by ranges of hills and dense forests as if they had been 3000 instead of 300 miles apart. The country in the centre, 150 miles, was totally unknown, and part of it had only a short time before been surveyed by the United States Government. The first population brought into the tract was to make the railway,

and at its opening there were not more than 200 settlers near it. Population has since rapidly filled in along the entire length of the railway; in the course of two years there were, instead of 200, 3000 active contributors to the Company's traffic. Large clearances of the forest had taken place, villages had sprung up near the numerous rivers and streams in the vicinity of the line, 28 saw-mills had been built, and others were in course of construction."*

By this Grand Trunk route, but one trans-shipment has to be made, even for the countries on the Mississipi; and in a report published in the present year, we find that important commercial firms in Chicago, St Louis, Cincinnati, and other great Western entrepôts were beginning to avail themselves of it. The Company had also entered into a contract with the Hudson's Bay Company to deliver the whole of their stores destined for the Red River settlement in *twenty-eight days*, from Liverpool to St Paul's, Minnesota, and the time was found amply sufficient. Among other circumstances that contribute to the attractions of Canada, both for travellers and settlers, it should not be forgotten

* "Report on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, by Sir Cusack P. Rowney," by whose courtesy I have been put in possession of some valuable information.

that the lines of the electric telegraph now extend over nearly the whole of it, and communicate with other lines ramifying over the entire North American continent.

The completion of the system of railway communication of Canada has now rendered this fine country accessible as it never was before; and it is difficult to refrain from expressions respecting it that may seem to border on enthusiasm, when we think of the happy refuge it might afford to much of the destitution and misery that lie hopelessly pining in so many European cities, a refuge without any of the fearful drawbacks occasioned by the state of society in gold fields, or by the far-corroding canker of the mere existence of slavery in a community, and when we consider that their labour is often all that is required to make the wilderness "blossom as the rose."

THE END.

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BY J. G. KOHL,

THE

HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD.

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