

A YEAR
IN THE
GREAT REPUBLIC.

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"EGYPTIAN BONDS," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London :
WARD & DOWNEY,
12, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1887.

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PRINTED BY
KELLY AND CO., GATE STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C. ;
AND MIDDLE MILL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

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INTRODUCTION.

ON my return from America some months ago I was hailed on all sides by the question—put sometimes cheerfully, more often with a sort of polite despair—“Of course you are going to write a book about it?”

To go to America and to come back and write a book seems one of the recognized forms in which we can prove an unutterable nuisance to our friends and the public in general.

It seemed to me that wild horses should not drag me to swell the ranks of these literary bores. Moreover, Mrs. Pfeiffer's clever and charming book had lately been published. How could one hope to touch that in interest? Then Miss Florence Marryat has given us an amusing volume of Transatlantic chat; Sir Lepel Griffin, in his “Great Republic,” has dealt very powerfully with the political aspect of the country; Mr. Edward Money tells us the “Truth about America,”

and warns us against American 'cuteness (specially as connected with ranching business matters), in a most handy little volume that contains many valuable hints for intending travellers, quite apart from this speciality. Add to these the noble array of preachers, lecturers, musicians and artists who have crossed the Atlantic of late years, to preach, to teach, to fiddle or to paint, and have come back recording their experiences in daily papers, magazines or books, and what is there left to say on such well-beaten ground?

It is not a question of finding no *stone* unturned. Is there even a pebble left by the wayside that has not been picked up and polished over and over again?

The disconsolate young housekeeper is said to have cried out in her despair, "Why won't they invent some new animal?" I am sure many a "reader" (both before and after publication) must have groaned in bitterness of spirit, "Why cannot they go to some fresh continent?"

It has since struck me that after all, the individual point of view makes the chief interest of the sketch.

It is the same old sheep, but we may serve it with a

fresh sauce. The cynical Frenchman said that England had a hundred religions, but only one sauce ; America has more than a hundred religions I am sure. Let us trust to find some mental *sauce piquante* that may tickle the palate and give some variety to the ragoût.

Some travel for scenery alone ; others apparently to enjoy the pleasures of eating and drinking, under constantly changing conditions ; some again to find fertile soil for that cherished English growth—a grievance. Lastly, there are those whose chief interest abroad or at home lies in the study of their fellow-creatures.

Being of a gregarious turn of mind, I must class myself amongst these last.

Man cannot live by mountains alone, has always been my inward protest when accused of not finding scenery, however beautiful, sufficient to fill heart and mind for any indefinite period.

This perhaps is one reason why, having persevered in a contemplated visit to America in spite of cheerful prophecies that I should hate it when I got there, “find the scenery over-rated and disappointing,” the

food overpowering as to quantity, and badly cooked as to quality, the people (like their *menus*) pretentious and unsatisfactory on further acquaintance. In spite of all these dreary prophecies I have returned, after a year's sojourn across the Atlantic, feeling that I have never spent a more profitable and, therefore, on the whole, a more enjoyable year than the one that has just passed away.

Now it seems to me that any one of ordinary intelligence after such an experience should be able to put together a few short, readable and fairly interesting chapters on a country bound to us by ties of such close relationship, sharing with us so many of our most glorious traditions in the past: a country with many of the faults and follies and pretensions and with much of the over-confidence perhaps of youth, but with so much also of its generous enthusiasm; so full of its grand possibilities.

The attitude of England towards America has been more or less that of the parent of a capable and enterprising son. The son has cut away from home ties;

has justified his act by success and is living his wider life as the father did before him; but the latter (unless he is that *rara avis*, a man who remembers his own youth) will never quite forgive the apparently ruthless snapping of the leading strings. Least of all will he do so when such lawful insubordination has paved the way to prosperity and independence.

So I think we have not quite forgiven America for her General Washington, for her Bunker's Hill, nor for her Yorktown: that series of events passed over with so light a hand in our own school books, but commemorated in America by pictures fraught with so much aggravation to the ordinary British tourist. "The surrender of the British troops under Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown," "Throwing the tea overboard in Boston Harbour," and similar scenes, stare at you from the walls of every public building over here.

That historical tea, by the way, became a subject of ceaseless torment to me; not from any over-sensitive national feeling on my part. I have no doubt that the Bostonians showed a very fine spirit upon the occasion,

and that their action in the matter was not only justifiable but entirely worthy of applause. But why must this subject of the Boston tea triumph crop up on every possible occasion within ten minutes of almost every conversation held during our ten or eleven weeks sojourn in Boston?

It was from no unkindly or uncourteous spirit on the part of my American friends I am sure; but, somehow, one was always being told that story and shown pictures of it, with the remark, "Of course you know that Boston Harbour was the scene of this memorable event," and so forth and so forth. Boston Harbour bade fair to become as great a nuisance as the harbour at Sydney, on approaching which some ingenious passengers are said to have slung a painted sign-board from the rigging with the words, "We admire your harbour very much."

Sometimes I felt tempted to protect myself by a written declaration beforehand, "We know all about the Boston tea that you threw overboard a century ago." But this is a digression.

We must add to the soreness of feeling of which I have spoken the fact that so many look upon America as the country of the future. Most of us hold in some form or other the "wave theory" of national progress: the gradual accumulation of strength, the culminating point when a nation may be said to ride on the crest of the wave; the gradual but equally certain decline and fall. Many, and these not inveterate pessimists, think that with England this culminating point has been already reached; nay, passed.

The tendency of civilization has always been to move, as the sun, from east to west.

The show has been in turn set up in India, Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome, and so on, through Moors, Teutons and Gauls, until, as we fondly believe, the most perfect theatrical representation has been given in our own "bright little, tight little island," and many of us seem to have concluded that England is the scene of the positively "last performance" of this great drama of Human Progress and Civilization, and

that when the curtain drops here the world may metaphorically "go to bed."

But those who see further and can reason from analogy believe that this will not be the case; and here lies this vast American continent, with its boundless space, its unlimited "stage"—to carry out our metaphor—a young nation, poor indeed in tradition and art, but rich in its strength and promise and enthusiasm; with enough cosmopolitan blood in its veins to insure a healthy circulation. That cosmopolitan element is constantly thrown in the teeth of America to invalidate her national claims; but surely therein lies one great factor of her future success.

We all know what happens to our own old families when constant intermarriage has weakened and depreciated the original stock. If alien blood is so necessary to the healthy sustenance and development of a single "old family," why should not the same rules hold good on a larger scale in the case of a nation?

It is, however, almost impossible for us English not to look with some distrust and suspicion on this great, energetic, noisy child of ours, who was born at sea upon the little "Mayflower;" who cut its teeth in the throes of the American rebellion, and who is now in the hobble-de-hoy age truly, but growing towards manhood with such sure and rapid strides.

We have so much that America lacks—our traditions, our ruins, our literature, our art.

She is bound to come to us (including our Continental neighbours) for all this, and she comes freely and appreciates fully. But on the other hand she gives us somewhat to envy.

It is the old story of the aged man with his calmer vision, his wider experience, his greater possessions; but the young man, with all his faults and foibles, his want of balance and errors of judgment, holds within his hand that one glorious treasure—the strength of his youth and a future of possibilities.

So much for *our* view of the question; and now for one last word from the American point of view.

During past years we have all heard of, and most of us have joined in, denunciations of the American conduct with regard to that terrible British blister, the Irish question. No doubt there has been much sympathy shown, even allowing a wide margin for exaggeration. But we must remember, in the first place, that the Irishman *pur et simple* is a real power in America. The Irish overrun the country and seem more successful here than with us in utilizing their wits, concentrating their energies, and rising to positions of trust and authority.

Then come the large number of American-Irish as we may call them; the results of inter-marriage in the last two or three generations. That all these should sympathize more or less blindly with the "ould country" is only natural. As for the residuum—the *bonâ fide* American who is accused of glorying in our annoyance and discomfiture and longing that the Irish whip (in whose manufacture we have had some hand after all) may descend still more heavily upon the British back—well! I cannot defend him for a

moment on high moral grounds, but I do think our righteous indignation over the matter shows a lack of reflection, or a lamentable ignorance of the human nature which works pretty much alike on either side of the Atlantic.

At a time when the child at least of the "oldest inhabitant" in America could recall stories of the *terrors* of British rule, the tyranny of British soldiers and the horrors of that old struggle for dominion on the one hand and for liberty on the other, there broke out on this continent their own civil war between North and South.

I have no wish to discuss the right or wrong of our attitude on that occasion. Amongst Englishmen more will be found to justify than to condemn it, but from the American point of view our very decided show of sympathy with the South was looked upon as an unjustifiable piece of interference; another instance of the ubiquitous British habit of minding other people's business for them, and which has involved us in the usual fate of those who interfere in family quarrels.

We did no good and we sowed the seeds of a rankling bitterness that is bearing its fruit, now that the chance has come for them to teach us how much more pleasantly we also could settle our own affairs if strangers would kindly leave us alone.

Such a spirit is not right. It is a sort of national tit-for-tat; it is unworthy of the highest standard. Granted all this. But is it not very human? And should we not have acted in precisely the same way in their place? Of course we should, only *we* should have done it on the most undeniable grounds of morality and Christianity combined—the real old “British mixture” that we always keep in stock and are ready to infuse at a moment’s notice for the benefit and edification of our neighbours.

And now for a few words as to the plan of these slight sketches. To begin with, I have no plan, so the words, fortunately, can be very few.

It is impossible to interest others in that which has not interested oneself, and it is impossible to write

with equal interest of all places or of all people during the varied experiences of a year.

Then again, one has to reckon with an almost infinite variety of taste in the reading public.

One man hates people but loves horses, another abhors detail but revels in generalities, another is bored to death by any reference to literature or science, but delights in music and the theatres. I intend to devote one chapter to spiritualism, but it will be specially labelled "dangerous," for the benefit of that almost universal public who look upon such a subject as fraud and folly combined.

Some years ago I wrote a short story—a love story—with a background of Egyptian palms and dahabeahs. In orthodox style, I took my hero and heroine as far, I believe, as the second cataract; rushed my hero through Palestine, and brought them together again in an old country house in Leicestershire. During the Egyptian episode, a certain amount of very mild Egyptology was introduced—the old Egyptian myths were touched upon. Occasionally the Christian

religion was mentioned in connection with such myths, and I trust and believe that any such touches were dealt in a reverent and humble spirit.

So much for the facts; now for the results. As a matter of curiosity I kept a list of criticisms, public and private.

On the whole, my little book, which had given me small labour and much pleasure, was appreciated fully up to, and even beyond its value; but I never had so good an opportunity of noticing the difference of standpoint with different people, when a book or a landscape is in question.

Some said, "I liked the story itself so much, but oh, why did you bring in all that stupid Egyptology?" Another said, "The dialogue was charming, but your Eastern sunsets bored me to death."

My *Spectator* reviewer wrote most kindly of the book as a whole, but regretted that *all* the sunsets and *all* the love had not been omitted and a few maps put in their place, to reduce the work to a proper geographical level. Another reviewer sneered at the

“goody-goody” tone of the writing and suggested that it must have been produced by a religious doctor; whilst, to add insult to injury, the very day I read this review an old family friend happened to call and delivered his conscience by saying that “although he had read the book as a whole with interest, he must deeply deplore the entire absence of any sense of religion which marked it from beginning to end.”

Was Æsop’s fable of the old man and the donkey ever more aptly illustrated?

It has taught me one good lesson in literature: never to attempt to please any one but yourself and your publisher. Write what comes to you most simply and naturally; leaving him to feel the public pulse.

I shall therefore follow my own sweet will—not feeling bound to describe Quebec because we happened to land there; not dwelling with a heavy hand on that which ought to have interested me—but did not—but jotting down as simply as I can a few facts, a few talks, a few thoughts, which I learned, or held, or experienced during a very happy year of my life.

Much that interested me most deeply must be withheld in order to avoid unjustifiable personalities. I trust that none of my Transatlantic friends will think that this cord of reserve has been left too slack. To eliminate all personal detail is to eliminate all interest in such slight sketches as these. Again I trust, that having made my most sincere and spontaneous appreciation of America so evident in these preliminary remarks, my friends here will excuse me if they cannot always agree with my observations or conclusions and will at least believe that I have never written of them in any but the most kind and grateful spirit.

To write upon this or any other subject, as if one's judgment were final, is one extreme; to write nothing but fulsome and monotonous flattery is the other; but to do the latter seems to me to be about as reasonable as to attempt to make a sketch, leaving out all the shadows.

A YEAR IN THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER I.

CANADA.

WE have made up our minds to start with, that there is absolutely nothing new to an English reader, under the brilliant Canadian or American sun. Although at first sight this is rather a depressing conclusion, it carries some balm with it. At once it frees a writer from an immense amount of responsibility. No one will be inclined to complain that the subject has not been exhaustively treated or with a due regard to perspective. No one will suggest that the work has been scamped, that the canvas is too empty, that the colours are laid on too heavily here, with too light a hand there. Most people will be too devoutly thankful for what is left out, to be over critical as to the choice of what is put in.

So, starting on the wholesome principle of writing only about that which has interested me personally, I must pass over that terrible start one drenching

October afternoon in the Allan Line S.S. "Sardinian," bound for Quebec.

I can say little or nothing of our fellow passengers for the all-sufficient reason that from the first day to the last we scarcely met them. My friend and I achieved the distinction of being the very worst sailors on board, and of spending more "birthdays" on the voyage (as a punning Oxford don suggested to me the other day) than any other human being.

Our stewardess tried every possible means of cajoling us on deck, but in vain, and having once grasped the fact that there we were and there we intended to remain; like a wise woman, she faced the situation and made the best of it, having the eye of faith firmly fixed on a steadily rising valedictory fee, in which I need scarcely say she did not trust in vain. But before this philosophical moment arrived, she had adopted one ingenious device, which really deceived us for about half-an-hour, without shaking our resolution one jot.

My friend had taken her maid with her; a very worthy woman, but if possible a worse sailor than either of us, and who had succumbed in the Mersey before we got out to sea at all. Her mistress had looked after her comfort as long as she could, but was

fain to leave her eventually to the tender mercies of the stewardess. About the second morning, when we had steadily refused to get up, this latter came in briskly : " Now, ladies, don't you mean to get up this fine morning ? Why, your maid has been up for hours."

I looked at my friend down below in astonishment.

" Partridge " up ? What a miracle !

Could we suffer the degradation of defeat, when the heroine of the Mersey river was already up and about ? We hesitated for a few moments, but a sudden movement of my head from the pillow settled matters so far as I was concerned, and my friend took warning and decided to remain firm also. Shame after all pales beside sea-sickness, whatever the moralists may say.

In a few moments my weary eyes from the upper berth saw a small black bundle crawling along the floor of our cabin and finally coming to anchor just at the head of the lower berth. I peeped over again, a little further this time, and recognized Partridge (a well-plucked and most miserable little bird) groaning in the most heartrending way, and murmuring, " It isn't misery, ma'am ; it's TORTURE."

" Why, Partridge, is that you ? Why did you attempt to get up ? For goodness sake go back to

your berth," said her mistress, horrified by the poor woman's struggles to do her duty under such trying conditions.

"Well, ma'am," was the answer, "I should not have dreamt of getting up, I felt sure you would not want me; but the stewardess came in and told me you were both going on deck and that you wanted me to help you dress."

I don't think we brought this perfidy home to its agent—lemon squashes were too dear to our poor suffering souls and could only be obtained through favour; but we gave a standing order that the poor maid should thenceforth be left in peace and not dragged ruthlessly from her berth upon any pretext whatever.

One picture alone remains to me of those weary days, fresh and breezy and full of the delicious sense of life-giving sunshine and air; winds blowing high, but warmed by the brilliant sun; white-crested waves flinging their foam over "the deep blue sea," and far away towards the horizon on either side of us, glittering white ice castles thrown up by some sea giants, who must surely be on view if our binoculars were only a little stronger. So it seemed to our weary seasick eyes, as we stood for a few moments on deck,

amongst our happier and certainly more civilized-looking fellow passengers.

A fur cloak thrown hastily over one's night gear, with a down quilt thrust on as a skirt, and feet destitute of stockings, does not constitute a very conventional costume even on board ship; but who could give up such a chance as the sight of four huge icebergs all seen at the same moment?

On our one day of comparative peace, towards the end of the voyage, we made acquaintance with a bright young Bostonian lady, married to a cheery old Scotchman who might have been her grandfather, but who possessed fortunately that rare charm, a stubborn youthfulness of heart that had weathered the storms of some sixty or seventy years.

There seemed to be something sad and incongruous in such a marriage, and one was tempted to marvel how it had come about, for she was too nice to have married him for money, if only her *own* interests had been in question. It was a consolation to remember that a *blasé* or cynical young man would have crushed down her youth much more terribly, and no man or woman knows what he or she may chance to pull out of that velvet lottery bag called marriage.

My sympathies also went out towards a poor young

bride, who suffered much on the voyage, and would suffer more I fear when she reached her destination; for she was going out with her husband, a missionary, to some unpronounceable Indian tribe in the wilds of North West Canada—four days' journey from Quebec.

A handsome black retriever and a child of twelve, who is to act as general servant, together with some cocks and hens complete their curious *ménage*.

The husband gave us a sermon the evening of the day we landed in Quebec, which made me pity her still more profoundly; remembering how many of a like or worse description she would have to hear before seeing old England again.

I had put on every pair of new gloves and stockings I possessed before leaving England and spent my one day on deck, staggering under the weight of an enormous fur cloak with the fear of the custom house before my eyes; but the anticipation of evil proved our only source of suffering. It is always the unforeseen which is really to be dreaded, not the dangers or difficulties sketched out and coloured up for us by cheerful friends beforehand.

On this occasion no doubt, a friend at court, in the shape of the Rector of Quebec, made our way extra smooth, but I don't believe in any case the stones

would have been very sharp ; for our last glimpse of the young Bostonian was of her sitting on a large Saratoga trunk, with two more looming in the distance, while she whispered to me triumphantly, that she had already passed two dozen pairs of new kid gloves.

Going *out* of Canada to the States a year later, my experience was much more searching and severe. Fortunately by that time there could be no possible question as to the antiquity of my very last pair of kid gloves.

Every one has raved about the situation and antiquity of Quebec. There can be no doubt as to the beauties of the former. Nothing shall induce me to describe my sensations on first viewing it from Dufferin Terrace, but I am bound in honour to say that the only rival views in my experience and remembrance, are the one over the Golden Horn at Constantinople, and that from the Presidio at San Francisco.

Antiquity is of course a question of degree. I remember with what feelings of awe the great age of the Roman antiquities impressed my girlhood. Later these seemed to dwindle into monuments of yesterday, compared with the thousands of years that one handled so cheerfully and thoughtlessly in Egypt. A mere century more or less became a sort of

small change that nobody felt bound to have any more conscience about, than you would have had about a stray penny in paying a heavy dressmaker's bill. If the coin came handy, you gave it. If not, well you were quite near enough.

Travellers in ancient parts of India and Persia have gone through similar experience of the necessity for a re-adjustment of the standard of antiquity, *Egypt* taking in their eyes the place that *Rome* held in mine.

It is no wonder then that to Canadians, and still more to Americans, Quebec with its bare three centuries seems very old. The city itself is certainly dirty and dismal enough to need some such justification, but we English cannot be expected to find the charm of antiquity so overpowering as our neighbours do.

Had the charm of *association* been pleaded, I could have understood it better; for the Plains of Abraham and the name of General Wolfe must be household words to every English child amongst us.

So many have written of the beauties of Quebec that it seems ungracious in us to have noticed its dirt, dulness and its generally provincial aspect. It has more or less the look of a buried city with the mourners still lingering round the grave. No doubt when winter has fairly set in, when the snow has

hardened on the roads, and the sleighs turn out with bright harness and jingling bells, this dead-alive air will pass away ; but the doubtful days, whilst the snow though deep is still soft, must be trying ; and when the thaw sets in next spring, imagination fails to conceive what the state of the roads must be.

It seems to me that the climax of dirt and mud has been already reached ; but they must be positively clean now, in comparison with their possibilities when winter is breaking.

The boarding-house where we have come to anchor (our first and last experience of this American institution) leaves almost everything to be desired, food included. The view from our windows is dull and triste ; a great unfinished building in front of us ; a melancholy car-stand down below ; and a miserable little fountain in the midst of the unhappy little square. An Irish servant with optimist views says the roses in the square are "just lovely" in the summer, but has failed to inspire us with the least wish to see them then.

Of course we have done our Montmorency Falls, and seen the still more wonderful Natural Steps close by ; a succession of horizontal rocks, cut out with the precision of art, but perfectly natural and extending

layer above layer right up the valley. The water rushing between them has a very narrow channel in places, but goes tearing and boiling along to form the Montmorency Falls lower down.

The Indian village, some eight miles distant, is a decided swindle, but a good excuse for visiting the Lorette Falls, which are well worth the drive; lower but wider than the Montmorency Falls and in some points more striking than the latter.

The once dreaded tribe of the Huron Indians lived in this village, the guide book says, but at present the farce is only kept up as a means of making a few cents out of the confiding tourist.

Very few of the men, women, or children had the faintest trace of Indian blood, and the present chief whom we saw standing outside his "store," looked uncommonly like an English grocer in a small provincial town.

My chief interest here has been an attempt to investigate the Emigration question, having already heard a good deal of the other end of it in East End London halls, where a kindly, enthusiastic gentleman is in the habit of holding forth with much eloquence on this apparently sovereign cure for all the ills that poor suffering London flesh is heir to.

Canada seems to him a sort of Aladdin's Lamp, and

an "assisted" passage thereto an "open sesame" to a veritable Earthly Paradise.

Watching these poor, pinched, haggard-looking men and women, hanging upon his words, straining their dull sense to catch some glimpse of the brilliant picture painted for them in such radiant colours, it has seemed to me as if Canadian air, and sunshine, and space must be a definite and unquestionable blessing as compared with their present noisome, overcrowded lives. But, as usual, there is a good deal to be said on the other side of the question.

A large proportion of the would-be emigrants come unfortunately but naturally from the helpless, "back-boneless" class who have been already worsted in the struggle for existence, and seem to have barely strength left to pick themselves up and make a fresh start; and who have certainly no reserve fund of energy and resolution to face life again under totally new and untried conditions. Perhaps the glowing accounts they have received of what is doubtless a possible, but to them not a probable future, do not tend to increase this stock of endurance and determination.

I know one man to whom this Emigration hall was literally the door of opportunity and success, and this in spite of a large family and a most depressing "help-

meet;" but then he had every other qualification for success. He could work well and work hard, was perfectly sober, and had an amount of dogged perseverance that must eventually have pulled him through anywhere. His was one of the exceptional cases, where the fierce competition of an overcrowded country has crushed him down for the time; and he took, wisely, the first chance of escape and won the success that we might all have prophesied for him when we got his passage money together. Moreover he went to Queensland, not to Canada. So much for the English end of the question; now for the Canadian.

In Quebec I spoke more especially to two men on the subject; both car-drivers, one old and one young; the former being English and the latter Irish. The old man had lived fifty years in the city; having run away from a Sussex home at the age of thirteen, to escape from a cross grandmother. He has brought up a family of fourteen children here, and has at any rate made a living; but apparently little more. His children are now out in the world, several of them in New York. Nothing will induce them to return to "stupid old Quebec" no matter what he offers them. He says the palmy days of Quebec ended when the British garrison was removed. Before that it was gay.

and flourishing, and balls and parties were the order of the day.

This no doubt accounts for the less contented spirit of my Irish friend, McDermot by name.

He was a letter-sorter in the Dublin Post Office ten years ago, at ten shillings a week, and would now have been earning thirty shillings a week.

He has a Canadian wife and two children now, and much as he would rejoice to go back, moving is not to be lightly undertaken without some definite promise of employment in the old country. He says his wife would leave Canada as gladly as he himself would do so, if they only knew of any certain opening for them elsewhere. He condemns the emigration movement most strongly, and says that many who come out are absolutely starving and unable to earn even a few cents.

He is very bitter against the emigration agents, many of whom he declares are employed in the interests of the Steam Navigation companies to decoy the people out for the sake of the passage money.

For seven months at least the country is completely under snow, and most work is at a standstill. Every one cannot drive sleighs, and the only other occupation is wood carting. Both of these require regular appren-

ticeship, and cannot be successfully undertaken off-hand by the denizen of a Whitechapel slum.

Given the most favourable conditions, strength, opportunity, and previous knowledge of the work required, a man may earn from two pounds to four pounds a week out here, which seems at first sight princely; but we must remember how much he is bound to spend to procure the mere necessities of life. Meat is certainly cheaper than with us, but most other things are dearer; house rent and clothing especially so, and everything in which manufacture or preparation of any kind is involved.

An unmarried man, living frugally and with self-denial, may, of course, save largely; but where a wife and family are in question, the conditions are very different. Even firewood, which ought to be cheap enough in this land of forests, sells for ten shillings the half cord. Emigrants are apt to forget that increased wages mean increased prices on everything that labour has touched, and their powers of saving must therefore be in direct proportion to the reduction of their wants. Every child who cannot earn enough to defray his own board, lodging, and clothing must, of course, increase the wants and reduce the savings of the family very considerably.

A friend of mine, who is a leading clergyman in Quebec, and who is constantly applied to on the emigrant question, fully indorses all that my young Irishman relates. He says that emigration here is quite useless except so far as manual labour goes.

Clerks are constantly coming out from England and are disappointed to find that strangers have no chance in offices already overstocked by the inhabitants themselves.

One poor woman arrived with three or four grown-up children and a sewing-machine as her stock-in-trade. She expected to get her children at once taken on for office work, and to support herself meanwhile by sewing, and this in the very cradle of the sewing-machine! Of course she could get no employment in a country where every woman works her own "Singer," and she then tried to place one of her children in a charitable institution of the city; and was most indignant when my friend was forced to explain to her that these were intended first for the inhabitants of Quebec, and that it would be unfair to fill them with strangers who had no claims on the tax-payers.

This is only one instance amongst hundreds which arise every month for his consideration.

Men who come out with a small capital of fifty or

sixty pounds, and will go far enough to the North West Provinces, have a fair chance. They can rent one hundred and twenty acres of rich land, and get as much more in a grant, on condition that they live on it for six months in the year. Those who helped to put down the Riel rebellion had similar grants of land made to them, but in many cases the gift was a white elephant as they could not reside, and so fulfil the necessary conditions of tenure.

There are good openings for domestic servants in Canada, but they must be prepared to work hard. Where wages are so high, fewer servants are kept, and the burden falls more heavily upon each.

The prettiest picture that remains in my memory of Quebec is that of a charming young girl of fourteen, the daughter of the house where I was dining one evening. At an age when an English girl would have been either painfully shy or extremely pert, this bright little Canadian girl, who sat by me at the dinner-table, did her share towards the entertainment of her father's guests in the most natural and delightful way possible; talking brightly, sensibly and modestly; with perfect self-possession, but the self-possession of a charming and unconscious child, not of a precocious or priggish young woman.

The first great problem that greets most people on landing in Canada or America is the question of what to drink ?

The price of wine is prohibitive ; especially in hotels. Many people cannot live on water alone ; moreover it is always a difficult matter to ensure a supply of good water, whilst the habit of drinking iced water constantly is most injurious. The Canadians seem to settle the matter by drinking tea at every meal, and must suffer much from indigestion in consequence. Bass's pale ale at a shilling a pint is not always satisfactory, and in any case many people are unable to drink beer twice or even once a day. Otherwise there is generally good " Lager " to be had, notably the Milwaukie and St. Louis brews. This costs about sevenpence halfpenny a pint at the hotels. I have found some Californian wines at three or four shillings the bottle, which are drinkable, and seem to be the pure juice of the peculiar flavoured grape of that country. Dry Catawba has been my most successful venture so far ; but Diana is also fairly good ; not unlike ginger wine in flavour. Still the drinking question is a very difficult one on this side the Atlantic, and the votaries of the Blue Ribbon are to be envied here if they do not fall victims to bad water.

Another shake of the Canadian kaleidoscope lands me at Ottawa. Here, I think, we first realized the strange incongruities of Canada; the mixture of advanced civilization with provincial incompleteness, as shown by these rough unfinished Canadian roads lighted up by brilliant electric light. Streets here are reckoned by miles; but they dwindle away into what we should consider merely "tracks," and even in the cities themselves this curious anomaly is ever present: a handsome brick or stone house, and, next door to it, a wooden hovel; electric light, lighting up roads covered with "rocks" or impassable from mud or pools of water. But we toiled up above all these queer contrasts and the ugly provincial rectangular town, to Barrack Hill and the beautiful Government buildings of pink and cream sandstone; and a lovely autumn picture remains in my memory: on one side of the buildings a deep ravine, clothed with trees arrayed in all their autumn bravery; on the other a far-away stretch of wood and river, the Chaudière Falls as a background, and the famous lumber yards, looking quite picturesque, thanks to the enchantment of distance and the last lingering touch of a quickly sinking sun. The bright, crisp air turns suddenly grey and chill, and we hasten home to make final preparations

for our start to Toronto and a first night in the famous Pullman cars.

Now, as every American traveller for the last twenty years has described these cars most thoroughly, and generally, I believe, from the standpoint of admiration and envy, I should not mention the subject were it not to propound a new and probably unpopular view of the question of travelling in America. In dealing with this matter I class America and Canada together advisedly, as the accommodation and arrangements are much the same in both countries.

The Pullman cars are delightful either side of the Atlantic, always premising that they are sufficiently full to be steady. Even in England, my unhappy experience, on more than one occasion, has been to form one of a miserable duet of shaking and jerking, the result of an empty parlour car. Still, under ordinary conditions, most of us find such carriages extremely comfortable and even luxurious. I only wish to speak about the American and Canadian sleeping carriages.

I am aware that in doing so I shall have every man, woman, and child in both these countries against me, and most of the men in my own country, who all unite in declaring that the nearest approach to paradise possible on earth is one of these Pullman cars. Canadian

and American women seem to consider it a point of honour to uphold this opinion, and so far as *men* are concerned, the accommodation for them is more ample and their style of dress makes comfort more attainable; but I should lay my view of the case before any twelve unprejudiced English women who have even the most primitive notions of comfort, with absolute confidence. Truly it is more easy to criticize than to suggest possible improvements, and Americans triumphantly point to our own small carriages where space is limited and movement impossible, and ask how we should like to spend night after night in one of them. The answer of course is that we don't *need* to spend night after night in such carriages. If we did, we should have to confront the problem and settle it in our own fashion; and I am far from saying that our solution would be the better of the two. I only protest against the tyranny of being forced to say that I was never so comfortable in my life, when almost every condition of feminine comfort, at any rate, is conspicuous by its absence.

The gentlemen's lavatory in these cars is sufficiently large to accommodate four or five men at once; whereas that set apart for the ladies is so small that you can barely turn round in it and perform your

ablutions as best you may, with a rocking, jolting motion that drives you from side to side all the time, and the horrible conviction that four or five impatient or reproachful females are standing outside the door, ready to take your place the moment you can be induced, by knocking or twisting at the handle, to vacate it.

Of course, when it is merely a question of one night on board, washing becomes a minor consideration, and can be supplemented to any extent at home or in your hotel. But the peculiar boast of the American or Canadian car system is, its adaptability to long railway journeys extending over several days.

Having received many really well-earned compliments from various "sleeping porters" on what I may call "Non Lavatory Monopoly," I feel more entitled to speak on the subject than many ladies would be, who spend an unconscionable half-hour in an elaborate arrangement of their "bangs," while some poor wretch is waiting outside for the chance of washing her hands after the long, black night journey.

In addition to greater space for toilette arrangements, men have another advantage on board these cars, namely, that their clothes are much more easily taken off or put on, sitting on a berth with the board

of the upper berth within two inches of the top of your head ; so that we have at once two good reasons why English men may admire, where English women must condemn. I may as well end my remarks on the subject by some notes taken on the spot, after my first night's experience of the sleeping-car, but which will equally apply to the last after some thirty opportunities of modifying my opinions.

The berths (lower and upper) are let down on each side of the long car, a board separating them from one another at the head and foot ; and heavy tapestry curtains on rings shut you in at the side. We, having lower berths, commanded the windows, but these are double and so heavy that it is almost impossible to open them or to keep them open, and I had to prop mine up with a collection of clothes to avoid suffocation. The upper berths have no windows, but are within reach of the ventilators which are carried along either side of the roof. The sleeping berths are much wider than ours and are frequently used for two persons on a question of economy, the extra charge in either case being the same. The dressing arrangements are peculiarly primitive. Your only means of getting out of or into your clothes is by burrowing behind your curtain ; obstructing the narrow central

passage and running a good chance of banging your head against the upper berth board, or of your curtains suddenly flying open to your great discomfiture at some critical moment.

In order to use the lavatory you must pass down the whole line of the car (unless by happy chance you have secured one at the right end), running up against men in various stages of undeveloped toilette; whilst the shaking of the train may precipitate you into the lap of some unfortunate man sitting on the side of his berth, trying to button his boots. And so, having delivered my conscience once for all on this vexed question, let us take a hasty glance at Toronto, before saying the little I intend to say about Niagara.

Looking at Toronto from the standpoint of a later acquaintance with Montreal (tabooed now owing to the smallpox scourge), I should say that the former is distinctly the link between Canada and the United States.

Montreal, to my mind, combines the pleasanter characteristics of Quebec with a brightness all its own.

Toronto is a curious combination of England, Canada and America. Here you cannot ignore the influence and traditions of the first, the provincial

Canadian element, and lastly a brisk activity, a distinct and appreciable go-a-head quality about the city that savours of Yankeedom, but is bracing and pleasant enough after sleepy Quebec and priest-ridden Montreal.

At first sight Toronto seems almost as dusty and unfinished-looking as Quebec, and the contrasts of pig-gery and palace, fine stores and miserable sheds side by side, seem as great. But by degrees our eyes became accustomed to these; and then we could admire the many fine buildings, colleges, universities &c., and some really charming suburban-looking houses, along boulevard-shaded roads towards Rosedale, the famous Toronto park and suburb. The beauty of this park and the charming cemetery adjoining it, cannot be exaggerated. I have noticed all over this continent the great beauty of the cemeteries.

Canadians and Americans alike deal far more kindly with their dead than we do, and choose always the most beautiful spot for their sleep. The living must put up with long unlovely rectangular streets, but the breezy hillside, the most undulating bit of ground, the shadiest and most lovely trees, all these are chosen to receive their dead.

To show a stranger Osgoode Hall (the law courts) is the very Alpha and Omega of Toronto sight-seeing.

Some kind friends did us this kindly office the very first day of our stay, and thus practically presented us with the "freedom of the city," for I noticed afterwards that when you had confessed to having seen that, the most inveterate bear-leader left you alone to your own devices.

You may visit any amount of Theological colleges, High Church, Low Church, Presbyterian, or Roman Catholic; but the famous Toronto university stands out prominently in my memory, partly owing to its own beauty of situation and construction, and partly to the fact that the kindly and courteous Principal took us over it himself and was full of pleasant information about it. It is not denominational, but receives members of all creeds, and many inmates of the various Theological colleges in Toronto attend the scientific and literary lectures here. Those living in the buildings attached to the University are bound to attend daily prayers; but this obligation does not extend to non-residents.

The Principal himself, a professed Evangelical, seems liberal minded towards others. He told me that a Roman Catholic professor had objected to the use of Scott's "Marmion" as a text book, and he was bound to see the force of the objection from the Roman Catholic

point of view, although he had read the poem through several times and would never have been struck by such a possibility had it not been suggested to him.

The wooden pavements buried beneath the autumn leaves are slippery and wet, the roads muddy and dirty, and an autumn walk in Toronto a very doubtful pleasure. Fortunately here, as everywhere else, the service of street cars (*anglicé*, tram-cars) is very perfect and a positive necessity, where the distances are so great as in these straggling Canadian towns.

Next to the University and the lovely Rosedale Park, I was chiefly impressed by the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, an immense building, beautifully clean and well kept, at some distance from the central part of the town. Some of the wards are free, others pay sums varying from one pound four shillings to one pound ten shillings a week, which seems most reasonable for the accommodation offered. Dr. Clarke, a "Bartholomew's" man, has managed the establishment for ten years. Three years ago he did away with every sort of restraint and says he has never had reason to regret the step. There is not a bar to a window, not a strait waistcoat, nor padded room in the place.

I am bound to say I did hear a whisper that about a year ago one woman killed another in her bed. My

only wonder is that they are not always doing so, the attendants seem such slight, pretty young girls. One can hardly fancy their having much command in case of an outbreak; but I suppose Dr. Clarke relies chiefly on moral control.

Some of the women were very cross and violent, rushing up and abusing the doctor, stamping their feet at him, and complaining of being shut up and starved. He was most kind and good-natured, and perfectly cool and unconcerned by their reproaches and violence. The furious women did not appeal much to my sympathies, but one poor woman did. She had come in lately and came up to ask to be allowed to see her friends, in a most excited but far from violent manner. "Not unless you can be more quiet," the doctor said kindly but very firmly, and the poor creature's terrible effort at self-restraint, her almost despairing attempt at self-control, were most touching and most painful to witness.

We had no heart left to go over the men's side of the building. The arrangements were similar, and our guide evidently agreed with us that we had seen quite enough.

What can I say of Niagara? Niagara the sublime, the stupendous, the unutterably hackneyed subject of

every foreigner's pen? I see that Mr. Froude in his "Oceana" snubs Niagara and declined to go out of his way to renew his acquaintance with it. Well, the Falls have pretty broad backs and can stand the snub. Possibly Mr. Froude's admirers may urge that the recent fall of rock at the "Horse Shoe" shows "rocky depression" induced by his poor opinion of the whole show!

At any rate I spare my readers a general description of Niagara; not because I underrated its beauties, which, after a stay of some twelve days, divided between the American and Canadian sides, seemed ever to grow and increase upon me; but because so many abler pens have already attempted the task, and not even Mr. Black's genius for description can do justice to it.

I will content myself with jotting down a few practical hints for the benefit more especially of lady friends, and with giving a short description of my own expedition to the Cave of the Winds, which may induce some to follow my example, and others to refrain from an undertaking which is attended by some risk to any woman who has not some amount of pluck, self-control and power of climbing. If these conditions are necessary in August, they are still more indispensable on

such a stormy wet November day as that which fell to my lot.

The waters above Goat Island divide into two unequal parts, one third of them forming the American Fall, whilst two thirds flow over on the Canadian side in the famous Horse Shoe Fall. The latter is two thousand two hundred feet wide, the American Fall just half this width, whilst the respective heights are one hundred and sixty four and one hundred and fifty eight feet. The enormous bulk of the water, compared with the height of the fall, quite accounts for the almost universal feeling of disappointment when you first see Niagara; the height is so completely dwarfed by the enormous breadth. So many people unfortunately leave the place without giving this first impression time to efface itself, and carry off a nightmare of noise and confusion; wearisome sight-seeing, in which rapids and whirlpools and statistics and swindles, islands, bridges and grasping car-drivers are inextricably mixed up. "Do Niagara and die" seems likely to have a literal interpretation sometimes, judging by the weary forms and dazed eyes of the regular tourist.

That is not the way to see Niagara. Stay for some days at least, and on both sides of the falls if possible;

make one short excursion each day, but let twelve o'clock noon find you overlooking one or other of the principal falls, and your eyes shall feast on a sight of heavenly beauty: a fairy bridge flung across from one to the other, formed by the sun's rays shining through the glorious reckless shower of water diamonds that are dashed from the rocks into mid-air.

Be firm; do not be bullied into seeing what your hotelkeeper suggests, or seeing it in the way he considers most expedient. This will probably mean a carriage at seven or eight dollars a day, and such a dance through wood and water "elevators" and oil silk garments, as shall leave you in the end a gasping, melancholy wretch, with only one well-defined idea left in your head—namely, to get away from the toil and turmoil as quickly as may be.

It is very well to say "be firm," and would seem easy enough in practice. Possibly in the height of a crowded summer season the individual pressure must be proportionately less; but go to Niagara in the autumn, when most of the houses are shut up, and if you can stand the "constant drip" of a baffled landlord's contemptuous reproaches, you must be harder than the proverbial stone. "You ladies are seeing Niagara quite the wrong way." "Going to cross the river to

the American Fall in a boat this time of year? Quite impossible for any lady; you will be drowned in the spray anyway, and probably upset. Not at all a fit thing for any lady to do."

These and other observations were our daily portion until at length the man gave us up in despair; and much to our relief ceased to notice our vulgar eccentricities.

We stayed afterwards at a charming little house on the American side, kept by a German named Kaltenbach, where we found quiet and good food, and that most precious of all gifts—freedom to do what we liked.

Few readers will require to be told that the Cave of the Winds lies at the back of the central portion of the American Fall. You make your way down wooden steps, and along rock ledges, to a fairly wide standing ground, immediately behind that portion of the falls, and afterwards thread your way through blinding mist across slippery wooden bridges connecting the boulders of rock at the base of the falls, making a complete circuit and finally scrambling up one large rock, almost perpendicular, covered with green slime and helped only by the foothold of natural depressions in the stone.

My friend having entirely declined the expedition,

I went alone into the little wooden house containing the dressing-rooms and adorned by innumerable scribblings, some of which were far from reassuring: "It is tempting Providence to go." "My wife and I went under the fall; she only got half-way." "Go by all means, don't be timid." "It is well worth while," &c., &c.

There seemed to be two very decided views of the question; but in any case I was in for the expedition now, and would not turn back to the possible jeers of my more prudent friend.

Having mildly asked if I must take off my dress, I was told to take off everything, including boots and stockings, and substitute the following costume:—jersey and drawers of red flannel, trousers and blouse of yellow waterproof, with hood for the head, coarse grey stockings, and uncouth felt boots which are tied firmly on to your feet. Out of the dressing-room and down one hundred and forty-six steps in a spiral wooden staircase, my friend being allowed to accompany me so far.

When I looked at the blinding spray down the next flight of steps, I must confess that my heart rather failed me, for it seemed impossible to get through it without suffocation—the one chronic terror of my life.

Two gentlemen were returning as I went down, one of whom was clasping the guide's hand with the greatest effusion and saying over and over again, "You are the bravest man and the best guide I ever met in my life." This might be flattering to the guide, but was most depressing to me, especially as the men themselves looked more like drowned dogs than anything human.

The wooden steps were covered with green slime and horribly slippery. The guide said, "This is the worst part. Take a good breath and don't lose your head." So off I went, taking my courage in both hands.

Half-way down the guide stopped and turned me round to look up under the fall. At first one's eyes were too completely blinded by spray to see anything, but at last I managed a furtive glimpse out of the tail of one eye, and he seemed satisfied, much to my relief. On again over the slimy rocks, on to a still more slimy wooden bridge thrown between the rocks. There are several of these bridges, which have to be renewed every year after the damage done to them by winter snows and ice. The *débris* of the old bridges lies about amongst the rocks, suggesting shipwreck and other gloomy thoughts.

More rocks—more green slime—another bridge—

then round the rocks that stretch far into the river below—then a last bridge where all the winds of heaven seemed beating the spray into one from every point of the compass, and here, to add to our discomfort, a hailstorm set in. Out again into the open, and then the worst part of the whole performance: a clamber up the sheer cliff of rock, spray all round, water tearing and rushing about you, and only the slippery foothold of the rocks themselves between you and the howling whirling waters below. The guide was in front, quiet and strong and capable. There was nothing for it but to take a good firm grip of his hand at every climb, determined not even to *think* of the seething cauldron of waters below you. Still it was a nasty five minutes, and I was most thankful when we emerged on more level ground, and one final and much easier ascent brought us back, breathless and dripping, to the point from which we started, after an absence of some twenty-five minutes.

People often ask me at which side of the falls they should stay. I can only answer, both sides. If this is impossible, then I think my vote would be in favour of the American side and for this reason: From the Canadian side you certainly see the Horse Shoe Fall better as a whole, and it is undoubtedly the more

popular fall of the two; but you have one superb view of it from Goat Island, on the American side. The rapids of both the Horse Shoe and American Falls are better seen from the American side, where you are nearer to them. The view of the Whirlpool Rapids is finer from the American side, and then Goat Island itself is such a delightful lounge for any spare half-hour on a quiet Sunday forenoon.

Speaking of the Whirlpool Rapids reminds me naturally of poor Captain Webb and his ill-starred attempt to swim across them. Looking at them carefully, as we did from either side, the foolhardiness of the attempt almost overpowered for a moment the sadness of it.

On the Canadian side, however, the rapids are less violent, and no doubt he hoped to be able to keep on this side, but the numerous rocks forced him towards the centre, and there the force of the current seized him with a ruthless hold, and hurled him onwards to his death on the American side of the rapids.

The Whirlpool itself differs so much from my preconceived notions of it. I had imagined angry waters beating against the rocks, and then being turned back into a fresh channel to find an ultimate outlet in Lake Ontario. Instead of this, it is a circular widening of

the river, the sides of which are clothed by lovely trees, deepening now into autumn foliage. The Whirlpool itself seems calm and placid enough after the tempestuous rapids already seen. No doubt the greater depth of the basin accounts for this, but the effect is almost tame, coming upon it from the stormy scene below.

We have had the usual Niagara tragedy during our stay here. Going over the Suspension Bridge to the American side one peaceful Sunday afternoon to make arrangements for our move there next day, we came upon a scene of wild confusion. Three inhabitants of the town (two of them German bakers and all under twenty-five years of age) had just gone out in a boat, to cross to the Canadian side above the rapids.

Although the spot where they attempted the passage was considerably above the rapids, they had not allowed sufficiently for the influence of the current, which caught their boat and whirled them right over the Horse Shoe Fall. The poor fellows were last seen, standing up in their boat without coats or hats, vainly trying to turn her round, as she was sucked onward to the terrible fall. The bodies will be carried by the force of the waters to Lewiston, several miles below the Whirlpool Rapids, and may not be recovered for seven or eight days.

As a relief from this tragedy, and a last glimpse of Niagara, I may mention two small swindles which amused me. One is called the Burning Springs, and entails a drive from the Horse Shoe end of the falls, over Cedar Island and across the Castor and Pollux bridges.

The spring has been lost and obstinately refuses to make its appearance again, although the people are stopping up all the fissures near, trusting to drive it back to its original outlet. Meanwhile they cheerfully take two shillings a-piece for showing the confiding stranger where he might once have seen it, and for offering a glass of sulphur water which he will do well to decline.

The other and more amusing swindle consists in the amount of Derbyshire spar imported from England, and sold here as Niagara spray crystallized into stone. This was offered to us constantly before we had disclosed our nationality by speaking. If an Englishman can be taken in by such a palpable fraud, he deserves all the Derbyshire spar that he gets to take home to a confiding wife or children. But it is a little hard upon the natives who have had no chance of seeing or recognizing the original article. And so we turn our steps from Niagara with its deafening roar and its peaceful beauty, its swindles and its sublimity.

If any one will take my advice and remain long enough in the neighbourhood to grow callous to the former, and to let the latter sink into his heart and soul, verily he shall have his reward.

CHAPTER II.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY BOSTON.

OUR start for Boston from Niagara gave us two new experiences, one of which was later to become, alas! almost universal—I refer to the extreme uncertainty and unpunctuality of American trains, which reminded one constantly of past experiences in Spain. Some years ago, travelling from Cordova to Granada, I remember being much exasperated by the cool indifference of a railway official to my reproachful expostulation on finding that our connecting train was three hours late. “Eh bien! on peut toujours fumer son cigare,” was the quiet answer. For a country where women smoke almost as universally as men, this remark was perhaps less irritating than it would have been in England, but I little thought then of what the future had in store for me: blessed veil of the Present, that hid from my eyes a year’s experience of constant travelling, where an unpunctual train should be estimated by days not hours. This refers of course more especially to the

Western States; but even in the East we soon ceased to chafe over a lost hour or two in any depôt.

On this occasion the delay lasted only for some two hours, and the chief practical inconvenience lay in the fact that the passengers had eaten up most of the provisions *en route* from Chicago; so we were turned out next morning at 6 a.m. to get food as best we might at some roadside station.

By the way, this is another common experience which the devotees of American travel have never suggested to me. In such a large country, where trains are constantly from three to thirty hours late, the commissariat department is apt to break down under the strain. Any one who has been condemned to eat three meals a day at an American railway station may be safely fed on dried-up sandwiches or fossil buns at Swindon Junction for the remainder of his life and still be thankful.

Our other experience in regard to this journey was an explanation of the railway ticket "scalping" process over here. Yesterday a man offered to get us tickets from Niagara to Boston for \$9 25c. the night fare being \$11. There is enormous competition amongst the railway companies over here, and it frequently happens that one or other gets into serious difficulties. The

company in order to pay its dividends is forced to raise money, so they sell, say \$100,000 worth of tickets to a speculator at very much reduced rates, barely sufficient in fact to cover the expense of conveying the passengers. The man who buys them up gets rid of all he can at the recognized price, but as the time elapses over which the tickets are negociable he is forced to offer them at lower rates, and hence the great reduction which is often made upon them. To our English notions, fed from earliest infancy upon non-transferable tickets, this traffic seems very dishonourable; but on several occasions in the West, having had to pay as much for a ticket covering six hundred miles as I should have done for one covering twelve hundred miles, I have been urged to take one for the longer distance and get rid of it on the best terms I could for the latter part of the journey. This seems to be a recognized proceeding where opportunity makes it possible; and the moral of a principle does not differ according to its wholesale or retail application.

The terrible jolting and shaking of that journey from Niagara to Boston still lives in my memory, fresh and green, in spite of many later and similiar experiences.

I do not wonder that "car sickness" is a recognized

affliction in this country, and upper berths are specially to be avoided on this, as well as on many other accounts. An old lady of over eighty, unfortunately condemned to one of these berths, was enabled to exchange it for a lower one, thanks to the courtesy (I may say the unfailing courtesy) of an American gentleman. This old lady interested me very much; she was so grateful and cheery and contented, after all the fatigue and discomfort of two days' travel. She was returning to a Boston home, after a six weeks' visit to a son in Cincinnati, entailing a journey of two days and two nights either way. And this at the age of eighty-one! The son moreover was one of eleven children. She told me a great deal about the "Christian Scientists," a sect in Boston under the spiritual guidance of a certain Mrs. Eddy. They accept the Bible teachings, but of course with their own interpretations, as most of us do who accept them at all.

Their first principle is that pain and sin are synonymous and merely the result of mortal thought, having nothing to do with the immortal part of us, and therefore having no true existence, on the ground that the spiritual is the only real. According to their creed there is only one mind or intelligence, God; and the vital principle in us is an offshoot from this one mind;

but mortal error creeps in through the endeavour to raise up another and individual mind, which has no real existence, but which we assume to exist, and through this comes all error, all sin, all pain. They claim to cure "disease by getting rid of this mortal mind and closer to the Fountain Head—the one great and only Intelligence—and by ignoring the mortal intelligence altogether. Mortal body is only the result of mortal thought, the outward and visible sign of the inward but, according to them, not spiritual essence. As your mortal body has no business to exist at all, does not truly exist, so pain can exist only in the mortal imagination. Once grasp this truth and all suffering must disappear. Pain can only exist for you in proportion as you fail to apprehend this doctrine."

All this I heard, not from my dear old lady, who was far too simple-minded for such a transcendental flight, but from a professor of the "religion," later on in Boston; he was most anxious to teach me more of the tenets at a very considerable outlay of dollars on my part; but my curiosity was fully satisfied. Two things puzzled me in the matter. Firstly, why dollars should have any specific value in the eyes of a man who proposed to teach you a system which included amongst other things their non-existence; and

secondly, why he should have inadvertently complained of suffering from "severe neuralgic headaches" if the "mortal body" had been satisfactorily suppressed.

It seemed to me that a good bout of toothache would make sad havoc amongst the faithful; but the creed has a considerable following in Boston, as we discovered by attending a Sunday afternoon service in Chickering Hall. It is only fair to add that the famous American authoress, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, received decided benefit at one time from the ministrations of a Christian Scientist lady doctor, who spent an hour a day with her for some weeks with excellent results. Mrs. Burnett said she had not felt so well for years, but unfortunately was tempted to overtax this unusual strength, with the natural result of a relapse. A second trial of the system in her case proved quite ineffectual.

It is quite conceivable that a strong mesmeric influence might have a most beneficial effect upon the overstrung nerves of a brilliantly gifted woman, constantly using and taxing too heavily an uncommonly active brain. It is equally conceivable that such an influence, dependent as it is on conditions of which we are still so ignorant, might fail on a second

application, under possibly altered circumstances. In all this I see nothing dependent on any special belief, although the agent in this case chanced to belong to the Christian Scientist persuasion.

Boston was so dear to me at the time—is so dear to me still in remembrance—that I shrink from writing about it, lest I should do scant justice to such a happy memory, or fail to interest my readers in that which interested me so much. I had heard so much of the stiffness, formality and priggishness of Boston society: I found only kindness and cordiality, more freedom of thought, more mental “elbow room,” and hence more originality than amongst those of equal mental calibre in ordinary English society; and an enthusiastic appreciation of England and the English, that could not fail to win one’s heart on the spot. I am well aware that I can only take a partial and therefore to some extent prejudiced view of the matter.

Novelty is doubtless charming, and just as an American girl will often come back full of the kind and cordial hospitality of some grim English county neighbourhood where she has been fêted and made much of, so an English woman may be expected to see this part of America through rose-coloured spec-

tacles. Are they not forced upon her by each kindly American hand?

I suppose Boston is a little "superior," and does make herself occasionally disagreeable towards her American brothers and sisters. Otherwise I cannot account for the rather sneering remark which universally met any enthusiastic words about our pleasant stay there: "Oh, yes, all English people like Boston," as if that fact were one of which we ought to be mutually ashamed.

A little "superiority" on the one side, a little "sour grape" philosophy upon the other and the situation is intelligible enough to outsiders. Boston, in fact, is the "clever woman" of the American family, and as such to be inwardly respected but outwardly condemned.

Has not every woman blessed or cursed with brains the thousandth part of an inch above the level of fashionable mediocrity, known a similar experience? The grudging looks and words, the painful innuendos, "Oh, you are going a great deal too deep for me," when you are making the most common-place remark; "Of course you must find *us* very stupid," with an exaggerated humility that covers the most Pharisaical self-righteousness; "Thank God we are not

as this woman. We can find unfailing delight and ever-growing interest in discoursing of clothes or 'coverts' according to our sex." Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of cabbages and cauliflowers, domestic grievances, cod liver oil and measles, cooks and cupboards. Abjure the eternal contemplation of these, and you are forced *nolens volens* into the terrible ranks of that most terrible development of modern times, "the strong-minded woman." "Then of *course* you approve of female suffrage, and lady doctors, and women speaking on platforms; and what will you do when men won't open the door of a railway carriage for you, or give you a seat in a crowded room?" and so on and so on *ad infinitum*. And all this on your devoted head because you prove restive under a *douche* of domesticity, or having hunted your fox through soup, fish and three courses, you venture on some subject of more general interest during cheese or dessert.

The critics may declare that this picture is now-a-days an anachronism. I can only say that they are much to be envied if that is their conscientious experience, and that their happy lines must have fallen in places far removed from the ordinary country house society. Then comes the next stage, the ghastly stories of

clever women, who tell their cooks to put the white-bait into a mould and serve it with sweet sauce; who order "legs of beef" for dinner and "saddles of pork" for luncheon. If none of these things move you, make ready for the final blow! "Men *hate* clever women," "Clever men never marry clever women." There may be two reasons for this—a clever man is not necessarily a *wise* man; he is very frequently a poor judge of character, and apt, therefore, to imagine that to secure a stupid wife is to secure a comfortable easy-going partner—a sort of domestic pillow.

Unfortunately for him, stupid people—male or female—are almost invariably extremely obstinate, and therefore most difficult to manage. You *may* make an intelligent woman shift her ground, however firmly she has taken up her position on it. A stupid woman is like an india-rubber ball. She may yield to pressure, but the rebound will come the moment the pressure is removed, and the battle has to be fought again, not once, but twenty times; and never with more than a temporary victory.

Moreover, there are two sides to every question, especially to one where the right of rejection is supposed to rest with the women.

Possibly, a really clever woman is wise enough to

know that a "clever man" is not always the most desirable partner in married life, and that a showy horse at starting will wear you out more by the end of a long day's ride than the comfortable old stager whom no one praises over much at first, but whose paces are far less fatiguing in the long run.

Still, this fearful "matrimonial crusher" is brought to bear, and to bear very effectually, in these days of an extra tight matrimonial market, and the wise virgins will trim their lamps accordingly, or even hide their light altogether under a bushel, if marriage at any price appear desirable in their eyes.

And so this long digression brings me back to Boston after all, for one great charm of America in general and New England in particular is this blessed boon of female freedom. A woman may talk and laugh here and express herself without this depressing consciousness of peril to her future prospects.

Most women are married in America. To be unmarried is exceptional, but rather distinguished than otherwise, certainly not a plea for pity as with us.

The greater freedom of intercourse between the sexes, the comparative absence of ill-natured outside comment, makes the relations between men and

women far more simple and gives them more chance of knowing something at least of each other's character and tastes before marriage.

There are more eligible men "on promotion" here, and the advantages of matrimony are not considered in America to belong exclusively to the weaker sex. Hence men are more courteous towards women, and take more trouble to please them.

After all, human nature is much the same everywhere. It is a question of supply and demand. Where men are at such a premium as with us, their value increases in proportion, and we can hardly wonder that they should be perfectly aware of this fact, nor condemn too harshly, although we may deplore, the feminine policy which accentuates it.

Hence the vexations, the heart-burnings, the tricks and subterfuges, the scheming daughters and spiteful mothers, that have furnished subjects for so many British pens. Female America is probably not more virtuous in these ways, but she is less tempted.

The result is a much happier and more natural social life between young men and young women, and also the development of that most charming of all American productions—the American girl.

Mothers can afford to be kindly and generous

towards other women's daughters where the chances of collision with their own are so much reduced.

Here I pause with a trembling hand—I know so well the storm of abuse that I shall rouse by speaking the truth, as it appears to me, on this subject.

“Can anything on earth be more charming and admirable and delightful than a simple English girl?”

“Have I ever been on the Continent—to Rome, Dresden, or Paris? Ever, in fact, met those vulgar, noisy, twanging American girls who frequent such cities?”

Yes, I have done all this, not once, but many times, and can still write it down as my deliberate opinion, and the result of a pretty wide experience, that American girls as a rule are more companionable, brighter, more simple and less self-conscious than our own, and I attribute this fact entirely to the difference of their social surroundings and the causes at which I have hinted above

Having said so much in praise, I must with equal candour admit (and thereby alienate every American mother, I fear) that my experience of *children* in America is far less favourable.

To my mind they do not “begin to compare” with

our own. The system of easy social intercourse which works so admirably in the case of those old enough to take their part in the world, is equally disastrous to the younger growth. The tendency is to sap all the sweet, unreasoning impulses of childhood, and to give us instead spoilt, capricious, precocious little old men and women.

If the charm of American girlhood can only be obtained at such costs, I am quite willing to acknowledge that the price is high. But I do not see that the two things have any necessary connection.

The system of hotel life, and the scarcity and exorbitance of domestic service at home, throw children too much in the company of their elders and thus lead to a hot-house growth, whilst the spoiling is an almost inevitable condition of the "peace at any price" policy necessary in the presence of strangers.

The parlours cannot be turned into a perpetual house of correction, and where servants are so scarce, often so bad and generally so unreliable, a nursery is a difficult institution to keep up, when no longer a positive necessity of childish life.

In these ways an English household has the advantage, and our English children prove it; but an

American girl brought up under the most wholesome restraints of childhood would still find her social conditions on "coming out" so much simpler and happier in America than with us that the step from the one stage to the other would be more natural and far less terrible than that which spans the gulf between the unconscious child and the constrained, artificial, demure and too often sly or pert *débutante* in England.

Of course there are English girls as sweet and charming and simple as any across the Atlantic, but they are so in spite of social conditions, and thanks to a nature strong enough to resist the pruning knife of English etiquette.

People who know little or nothing of social life in America seem to imagine that licence not liberty marks the steps of young American girls.

None ever made a greater mistake. Mrs. Grundy exists, but she is a more kindly, less grim old lady over here; her mission is to protect, not alone to condemn, and the sheep dog seems to have less, not more to do, where Honour guards the flock.

As my object is to write about Boston and America generally from the social point of view as much as possible, I trust these remarks will not be considered irrelevant to the matter in hand.

Sketches so slight as mine have no other value than the value of what is real, actual and personal in the impressions made upon any fairly intelligent mind by its surroundings. Hackneyed as these may be, the point of view is ever shifting. It is the same old play, but each man reads his own Hamlet in it. But the whole value of your sketch depends upon the hasty lines taken down on the spot.

Rub these out and you may substitute a highly-finished picture, far more admirable in workmanship, but it is not the same: you have lost the spirit, the essence of what you saw, and put something else in its place.

Now at the risk of being thought vague, discursive, mentally untidy, I wish to preserve the essence of my hasty notes, and this can only be done by a sacrifice of method and arrangement.

So I put my hand in that American rag bag—my journal—and try to smooth out whatever comes uppermost.

Settling down in Boston for a somewhat lengthy stay proved by no means easy work. The Boston season begins in November, and being comparatively short now that people go off in May or even April to their country or sea-side houses, the few winter months are crowded in proportion.

Then again in a country where hotels become homes to so many people, there is a marked difference between the accommodation possible for permanent and that for transitory guests. The latter must be content to take what is left, and this generally means small uncomfortable rooms in the noisiest and hottest parts of the house.

The principle of course is perfectly just, and for real transitories it is of less importance, as you can put up with a great deal if a week is to see you at the end of your troubles ; but the system falls heavily upon those who may wish to make a stay of some weeks but draw the line at months.

This no doubt accounted for our great difficulty in finding suitable accommodation.

The two principal hotels in the best part of the town (the Back Bay), namely, the "Brunswick" and the "Vendome," were crowded and we turned from them at first in despair.

We made our earliest stay at the "Parker House," famous for its *cuisine*, and remained there just long enough to penetrate some of the mysteries of the latter ; for the head waiter arranged an evening expedition for us amongst the pots and pans, ranges and coppers of the far-famed Parker kitchens.

It was like going over a small town.

The least pleasant discovery there was that they keep all the meat, poultry, fish &c. in lead-lined drawers, just like the drawers of a huge wardrobe.

In similar ones are kept the pastry, fish and cheese, croquettes, &c., all made one or two days previous to being used. This doubtless accounts for the fact that the fish never seemed perfectly fresh.

The famous "Parker House" dish is broiled lobster, which I ate and found excellent, in spite of many qualms of conscience. It seems a horribly cruel dish, but is it not as really cruel to eat cold lobster which has been boiled alive?

Why do not the anti-vivisectionists attack these matters in their crusade against cruelty?

Broiled lobster, crimped cod, *pâté de foie gras*: it would be easy to swell the list, especially if "winged" birds and hunted foxes were included.

To sacrifice a rabbit's muscles in the cause of humanity under certain strict conditions may seem a matter of painful necessity even to a merciful man; but the very people who condemn most loudly the barbarity of vivisection would look very much surprised and annoyed if any one suggested a little self-

sacrifice where their own special form of "cruelty to animals" is concerned.

After the "Parker House" we tried a pleasant family hotel called "the Oxford," near the Railway Station, and away from the business part of the city.

A suite of charming and most conveniently-arranged rooms seemed likely to compensate for mediocrity in food and an overheated house; but alas! the snake in the grass soon raised up his tiresome head.

We had not duly considered the fact that our rooms overlooked the station, all the front rooms being occupied as usual with permanent guests.

Night was made hideous by the groans and shrieks and melancholy ringing of the engines.

We expostulated to a most civil clerk, who was not a sufficiently good actor to be able to express any surprise at our complaints, but who had enough self-possession to assure us that in time, say six months, we should cease to be in any way annoyed by the horrible noises and might even miss them, should we have occasion to sleep elsewhere.

Not caring to make the experiment, the weary round of house searching began again and we went over several boarding-houses, recommended by friends in the place.

Boarding-houses seem very much alike all the world over, cheap and nasty, with the occasional variety of being nasty without being cheap, as in my Quebec experience.

It ended by our returning to the "Brunswick" and putting up meekly with rooms that had seemed like garrets to us before our troubles had taught us resignation.

A very dear American friend of mine maintains that the chief characteristic of an American hotel is the exquisite sense of home which you experience on first entering it.

I must confess that after a twelvemonth's experience I am forced to disagree with her *in toto*. It is the very last feeling that a huge crowded caravanseraï of this sort is likely to inspire.

At the same time I think the American hotel system has some striking advantages over ours. Of course I do not now refer to those monster hotels which have lately been opened in London on similar lines.

In America there are no extras. You pay your four or five dollars a day with the blessed consciousness that there your responsibility ends, no matter how much you may eat or drink.

There is no exasperating *bougie* question to be

considered ; you can calculate almost within a cent the amount of your week's expenses, and settling an American hotel bill is a most speedy, simple and almost pleasant performance compared with the woe-ful list of "extras" to be considered and often disputed over in England, or the great *bougie* battle ground of a Continental *Rechnung* or "addition."

I notice amongst my earlier notes an account of an entertainment given in the "Meïonion Hall" here by Professor Carpenter, a celebrated mesmerist in these parts.

The unsatisfactory element in all such public performances is the impossibility of knowing beforehand, how many confederates, or to put it more charitably, "previous acquaintances," the operator may have collected on the platform. Their names were not given, but the lot was pretty comprehensive, including young men and young women, middle-aged men and women, girls of fourteen and fifteen years of age and children of seven and eight.

If they were all acting, I can only say they acted remarkably well, and showed an amount of dramatic talent which ought to have been turned to better account than that of merely forming dummy illustrations of a fifty cent fraud.

The "Professor" chose only a certain number out of those who presented themselves, presumably the ones more sensitive to his influence.

He told one poor man that he was sitting on a hot plate, and the horror depicted on the latter's face, as he tore off from his seat, rubbing himself in dismay, would have been ludicrous if one could have felt quite certain that the suffering was feigned.

He told the others that the stick he held in his hand was a serpent, and they instantly scrambled away and climbed up a fairly high balcony in the most agile manner, several elderly women joining in the gymnastics.

Then he took two boys of seventeen or eighteen, and made one of them see his own watch chain on the other boy (who had no chain at all). A violent quarrel ensued, and the first boy, incited to it by Professor Carpenter, rushed amongst the audience for a policeman, and brought up a man whom the professor also mesmerized, so that he also saw the chain on the chainless boy, but went off into a curious cataleptic sleep in the very act of attempting to remove it, and remained perfectly motionless until released by the mesmeric agent.

Carpenter also made a boy stick a pin into his own

hand, which certainly drew blood without making him wince in the slightest degree. The boy's face was perfectly vacant the whole time, and gave no traces of self-control or endurance.

A little girl of seven or eight years old was one of the best subjects. She was told that her fingers were covered with molasses, and went about wringing her little hands in the most natural manner, and with tokens of violent distress and disgust.

Finally they all went up to one poor man who was told he was a fountain and there began pulling his nose to turn on the tap of the water and to wash their hands which they appeared to be doing with great satisfaction to themselves in the empty air.

One lady was told there was a mouse on the floor and rushed off shrieking, coming back in a really painful state of agitation, and with tears in her eyes. Yet this same woman had been quite brave about the serpent.

No doubt many of these people are old "subjects" and some possibly travel about with the professor and may be recognized on different platforms.

I do not know that this, however, is so conclusive an argument for fraud as might appear at first sight.

Possibly the professor keeps a reserve of good old

stock subjects upon whom he has operated again and again and thus gained complete power over them.

They may be quite honestly under his mesmeric influence, warranted never to fail, and always at hand to prevent a *fiasco* should the audience prove hopelessly "unsympathetic" in the mesmeric sense of the word.

Probably he takes on a few new subjects every evening, some of whom may prove successful, but this question becomes less vital with a good reserve of trusty material in the background of the entertainment.

We all insist upon our *quid pro quo*, even when only fifty cents are at stake and few of us are sufficiently intelligent or scientific to prefer investigation for its own sake to startling results, even when we suspect the genuineness of the latter.

Probably this latter fact alone is worth the whole fifty cents in our eyes.

Nothing makes one feel so comfortably superior as to think one detects fraud where others are overcredulous.

Amongst other attractions, Boston is one of the most musical cities in America, and the Saturday symphony concerts became a very pleasant weekly experience of ours in the Boston Music Hall, a mag-

nificent hall with galleries running all round it and a fine statue of Beethoven on the raised platform, executed by Crawford, the sculptor, father of the celebrated novelist, F. Marion Crawford.

These concerts are conducted on similar lines to our own Monday Populars in St. James's Hall, that is to say, a good dose of the instrumental and classical orchestral, varied by a few instrumental solos on piano, violin or cello, and a couple of songs during the course of the evening.

On one occasion a fascinating young lady with a fine, clear, but not very sympathetic soprano voice, gave us some beautiful old songs by Pergolesi and Scarlatti.

She also furnished us with an amusing and romantic story which I can only tell as "'twas told to me."

Originally poor in all save beauty of face and voice, the proverbial good Samaritan appeared on the scene for her in the form of a wealthy distant connection who educated and finally married her.

Like many other pretty women, the fair cantatrice proved very extravagant and not altogether amenable, and rumour whispered of a possible separation.

They were living in Paris at the time, the land of scientific research; specially as regards aerial science.

The husband, who may have been as economical as

his wife was the reverse, and probably dreaded a lawyer's long bill of costs, cut the Gordian knot very neatly by going up in a balloon on a scientific expedition and never coming down again. His charming young wife does not seem in any hurry for the balloon to make its re-appearance.

In connection with the subject of music, I may mention having made the acquaintance of the well-known pianiste, Mrs. Hopekirk, a charming young Scotch lady with an equally pleasant and agreeable husband. In private life they are Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, but her professional name is Hopekirk I believe, and she is making it famous at this moment in Germany.

I went to one of her concerts in Boston, and enjoyed every moment of the long programme, which included the Appassionata sonata of Beethoven, selections from Chopin, Liszt, Bach, &c.

Her playing is most sympathetic and perfectly natural and simple; but the strain upon her of giving these musical afternoons without any assistance or relief must be very great.

Next on my list comes the account of a delightful afternoon spent at a private house in Walnut Street, one of the most fashionable parts of Old Boston, where

we first saw several of the Boston alumni, with whom I was later to become personally acquainted.

Foremost among them I may mention Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Everett Hall, the American author, and a well-known Unitarian minister, and Colonel Wentworth Higginson. The latter, who won his spurs in the American Civil War, has not indeed beaten his sword into a ploughshare, but he may be said to have carved an arm-chair with its aid. He is now the most peaceful of citizens, the most delightful of literary hosts and the chairman *par excellence* of every literary association in this New England "Home of Culture."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has been described so often and so graphically, that his numerous admirers on our side the Atlantic have little to learn as regards his appearance.

Like many others, I was surprised by my first sight of the small grey-haired man, with slightly retreating chin, who stood up to read his own poems on this occasion.

Is it some childish idea of due proportion that gives us this shock of surprise, when we find a big intellect in union with so small a frame? And yet some of the best fighting as well as the best thinking in the world has been done by small men.

There is no lack of dignity about the "Professor of the Breakfast Table" as he stands up with bright, steadfast, searching eyes that see so much and so clearly, and the rather firmly-compressed lines of the mouth, that can, however, relax into such genial smiles and hearty laughter when tickled by any humorous notion.

He gave us first those exquisite lines on "The Voiceless," which have re-echoed through countless hearts, and won their immortality thereby.

"A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

"Oh hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow dropped from misery's crushing presses.

"If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as Earth; as sweet as Heaven."

Then came the famous "Last Leaf," too well known to need quotation; then some stirring lines on the secession of the South from the North and entitled, "Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline." These were written before the first gun was fired, and have therefore all the value of a prophecy, as well as a poem.

To my mind the most graceful of his poems, and the one which Dr. Holmes reads most frequently, and

which is therefore more personally associated with him than any other, is the one addressed to "Dorothy Q." (Quincy), and inspired by an old family portrait of his great grandmother, as a girl of thirteen in stiff brocade, and with a green parrot on her wrist.

The painting itself is poor and flat; but nothing can destroy the pretty, prim innocence of the "little maid's" eyes as they look at you from the canvas that has been so lovingly restored.

On this occasion the poem was read without the picture; but as a rule Dr. Holmes shows it to his audience, and this makes the lines far more telling and dramatic.

Later I had an opportunity of seeing it in his own study, and amongst many other treasures and relics of various kinds.

The little poem is so quaint and pretty and poetical, that I am tempted to give it here for the sake of some who may read it for the first time.

DOROTHY Q.: A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

"Grandmother's mother! her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less:
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth square forehead, with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers, and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade—
So they painted the little maid.

“ On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene ;
Hold up the canvas full in view !
Look ! there’s a rent the light shines through !
Dark with a century’s fringe of dust,
That was a Red Coat’s rapier thrust !
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy’s daughter’s daughter, told.

“ Who the painter was, none may tell,
One whose best was not over well ;
Hard and dry it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed ;
Yet in her cheeks the hues are bright,
Dainty colours of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen,
Hint and promise of stately mien.

“ Look not on her with eyes of scorn,
Dorothy Q. was a lady born !
Ay ! since the galloping Normans came
England’s annals have known her name ;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town,
Dear is that ancient name’s renown ;
For many a civic wreath they own,
The youthful sire and the grey-haired son.

“ Oh, Damsel Dorothy ! Dorothy Q !
Strange is the gift that I owe to you ;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring.
All my tenure of heart and hand ;
All my title to house and land ;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow, and death and life !

“ What if a hundred years ago,
Those close, shut lips had answered no !
When forth the tremulous question came,
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom’s thrill ?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another, to nine tenths me ?

"Soft is the breath of a maiden's yes,
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast;
And never an echo of speech or song,
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then,
You may hear to-day in a hundred men!

"Oh lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, and here we are!
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,
Edward's and Dorothy's, all their own;
A goodly record for time to show,
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

"It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning light;
And live, untroubled by woes and fears,
Through a second youth of a hundred years!"

Then Dr. Everett Hall gave us the sketch of a half humorous, half pathetic, and entirely charming little story of his own, called "A modern Psyche."

It is a tale of thoroughly American life:

The little Cinderella of the family, the half sister, being left alone in a summer hotel whilst her sisters go to a dance in a neighbouring house, falls in with a certain Edward Ross, a young man travelling for a summer holiday and anchoring by chance at this seaside resort.

They fall in love with each other and are speedily married; much to the inward envy and indignation of the "proud sisters."

The bridegroom is all love and devotion. He makes only one condition; that Psyche shall never ask him any questions about his employment in life. "It will be much happier for them both if she agrees to these terms," which of course she does, in a rapture of loving trust and confidence.

Two happy years of Boston life pass and then a little Geoffrey appears upon the scene.

Meanwhile the young mother has seen no one but the doctor and the minister, but is too happy to care or to speculate on the strange isolation of their lives.

But, alas! the serpent comes too surely into their paradise in the shape of the three sisters—Priscilla, Polly (more commonly known as "Bloody Mary") and Agnes.

Poor little Psyche feels bound at last to send them an invitation to come and stay with her, but awaits their advent with feelings of unmeasured despair.

They come, and Edward Ross caters most generously for their amusement.

He takes them all over Boston; giving up a whole day to meet the special requirements of each visitor.

Priscilla is literary; and *she* is introduced to the alumni of Boston — Dr. Oliver Holmes, Howells, &c., &c.

Bloody Mary is political in her tastes, and she is introduced to the leading statesmen.

Agnes scorns literature and politics; charity is her chief interest in life. So she is taken over all the various charitable institutions of the city.

Then come dinners at “Parker’s” and concerts in the Music Hall, and all goes happy as a marriage bell; and Psyche sees her sisters depart with some inward relief, but a still greater feeling of thankfulness that all is so well over, and that, after all, thanks to Edward, the reality has been so much less terrible than the anticipation.

Alas, within a fortnight of the return of the sisters to Painted Post (their country home) letters come from Priscilla to poor Psyche, hinting at the mystery connected with Edward’s life, “wondering that a Christian woman can consent to live with a man of whom she knows absolutely nothing—who may be a forger, a gambler or a thief;” and so on, and so on.

At first Psyche indignantly throws the letters in the fire, and returns the very shortest answers; but, unfortunately, she does not show them to Edward.

At length one more suspicious than the rest arrives, and the iron enters into her soul.

She keeps it, broods over it, wonders—"wishes she knew—hates to think Priscilla seems to know more than she does herself."

Finally she gets up in the night; goes into Edward's dressing-room and takes the letters from his pocket; finds his business address (999, State Street), but nothing to justify her curiosity and sad breach of honour.

There is a letter to a jeweller about a necklace of precious stones to be sent home by July 3rd (her birthday!).

A letter from a club, begging Mr. Ross to dine there, as he has not been seen for more than a year (he has stayed at home with her!).

Conscience-stricken and ashamed she is meditating a return to bed, when she upsets the candlestick, which falls with a loud crash!

She creeps back to bed in the dark, soothing Edward's anxieties (the noise having woke him) by saying she had had a dream and was trying to find a light.

Next morning he comes into her room, looking half tenderly, half reproachfully at her, and holding up his

coat with a long spermaceti mark all down the back of it.

She is very penitent and implores forgiveness for her want of faith. She begs him not to tell her anything of his life—"she does not wish to know; and if she did know, wild horses should not drag it from her."

"I know that, my darling; but they would try," answers Edward gently; "you have been made wretched enough already by three she-asses."

Then he tells her all; and the wonderful mystery is that he is editor of the leading Boston paper! This is why he kept his home address secret; that he might have her to himself for a few months at least.

Now, however, he says they must begin to entertain; to give social entertainments, literary dinners, and so forth.

Then came a most amusing description of the horrors of an editor's home life, when invaded by publicity; the men with introductions from China, Japan, Timbuctoo, the people with petitions, the people wanting his name on their committees, or her name on their charity lists, the hurried meals, the evenings spent in society, the days when they scarcely meet from morn till eve, the general hurry, worry, and confusion which

succeed the peaceful home life that poor little Psyche's ill-fated curiosity has banished for ever.

To the end of the chapter she is forced to play the *rôle* of the popular editor's wife.

One pities her so much that it is a profound satisfaction to hear that the "three proud sisters" who have worked all this woe, go off one fine day to a picnic and tumble over a precipice.

Colonel Higginson gave us two amusing papers of his own.

One of these was entitled "Saints' Vacations," and suggested asylums for over-driven parsons' wives and committee women, where there should be no bells, no communication with the outer world, no possibility of serving on a committee or of offering a tract.

People are always suggesting "weeks in the country" for poor town people. Why should we not have "weeks in town" for the poor, dull, overworked country ministers' or country farmers' wives?

The other paper dealt with Emerson and the "Brook Farm" days, when he was a prophet amongst a number of ardent young men and women who wished to reform the world.

A kind friend gave us a pleasant opportunity of eating a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, on the

day set apart for this American institution, and which falls always on the last Thursday in November.

It was a real Puritan feast, no flowers on the table, no *entrées* or *petits plats* of any kind; *consommé*, turkey, venison cooked at the table over a brazier, chicken-pie, excellent ices, and mince-pies formed our simple but most substantial fare, and this dinner gave me the chance of meeting for the first time the charming and clever Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, whom I was to see so frequently later on, and whose memory remains with me as one of the clearest cut of all my Boston cameos.

We spoke of dreams on this occasion I remember; and Mrs. Burnett told me that ideas and plots for her books sometimes came to her in this form.

Apropos to "Through One Administration," which appears to me her cleverest, though possibly not her most popular work, she was amused and pleased when I told her that the account of the rush and incessant wear and tear of Bertha's Washington life had given me a sense of sheer physical weariness as I read about it.

The development and deterioration of Richard's character in this book has always seemed to me, in its subtle yet powerful workmanship, worthy to rank with some of George Eliot's best sketches on similar lines.

Like Tito in "Romola," Richard starts with all the advantages of youth and good looks, and a genial brightness of nature, which blinds one at first to the lamentable absence of "grit" in his constitution.

So long as things go smoothly, you notice only the genial charm of Richard Amory. Husband and wife travel on parallel lines truly, but with so little distance between the parallels that one scarcely realizes that they are not hand in hand.

But at the first breath of real test and temptation the distance widens, almost imperceptibly at first, then more distinctly, till at length the burning touch of trial has brought out the real strength of the woman's character in glowing colour; whilst the husband falls further and further from her, "to his own place."

Sad mystery of life! Does it truly furnish us with the stuff whence character is made or marred? Or is the photographer's negative a better simile—the picture there from the first, but the development dependent on the accident of surrounding conditions?

If so, is absence of temptation any real blessing? Is a battle won when it has never been fought?

I don't think Mrs. Burnett and I combined metaphysics with our mince-pies on this occasion; but it

would be interesting to know more of her views on a subject which she can paint with so masterly a touch.

Next on my Boston list comes a delightful afternoon spent in Dr. Holmes' study "on" Beacon Street, overlooking the Back Bay at the mouth of the Charles River.

The study itself is a large and most cosy room, lined with books and with deep bay windows "giving" on this beautiful sheet of water; the houses in this part of the street being so close to the water's edge that my first exclamation on looking out of the windows was naturally, "How exactly like Venice!"

"I wonder how many people have made the same remark?" said the cheery little doctor, adding with a ready tact that soothed one's mortified feelings at being so unutterably commonplace, "and I am always so delighted to hear them say so."

A kind friend in Toronto had sent me the introduction to Dr. Holmes, but I was specially fortunate in the fact that my chief literary ally in Boston was an old friend of his; so we made our first visit together, and had consequently a most sociable and pleasant time with him.

It was a veritable chit-chat on "Shakespeare and the musical glasses."

Poetry came naturally first, Tennyson and Oscar Wilde. I hope the latter will appreciate the bracketing; but I must confess that we did not discuss him specially as a *poet*.

Dr. Holmes is too clever a man himself not to detect the powers of other men, under whatever garb of folly they may be concealed; and he does not therefore take the more commonplace American (and English) view of the apostle of sun-flowers, namely, that he was a mere buffoon sent across the Atlantic to charm the dollars out of the Yankee waistcoat pocket.

We had some interesting talk also on the subject of "Heredity," about which Dr. Holmes feels very strongly.

He mentioned "Elsie Venner" as a little book he had once written to illustrate his views on the question and seemed surprised to find that I had known it for many years, and that it had made so powerful an impression in England.

He spoke of children coming into the world, not as "blank sheets of paper," but as "scribbled all over;" and I think it is difficult to dispute these facts.

One can easily understand why they are not more fully recognized by us. Teachers and spiritual pastors

and masters shrink from accentuating, or even allowing, facts that would seem to diminish individual responsibility or discourage individual endeavour.

No doubt at first sight there is much to be said on their side.

At the same time they forget that a more brave and honest recognition of this mysterious law would tend to increase the feeling of responsibility amongst those in whose hands lie often such terrible issues of moral life and death.

Surely the recognition that your outbursts of passion, drunkenness, or any other vice, are possibly forging iron chains to bind down your innocent, unborn children should have a wholesome effect.

As for possible discouragement in individual cases, where the curse of some inherited tendency lies heavy; well, the burden itself is no heavier for knowing how it came there.

Virtue is in direct ratio to the presence, not to the absence, of strong temptations.

We can but do our best with such material as is given to us; and this danger of hopeless resignation has arisen, we must remember, from that terrible fallacy which teaches that virtue and vice are important chiefly as factors in some great system

of future reward and punishment; not as representing the oxygen or nitrogen of the soul's atmosphere.

Had this latter truth been taught as persistently as the former error, there would be little more danger in the doctrines of heredity than there would be danger of a fish gasping on dry land and declining to find its way back into the water if it could; on the plea that the fisherman had thrown him there, and he must decline the responsibility and trouble of making any effort to return to his natural element.

There remains of course the temptation to question the justice of such heavy handicapping in life's race, as we often see, but the doctrine of heredity does not increase the burdens. It only points us to their probable causes and may help us to remove these, to some extent at least, in the future.

The question of justice has of course no practical bearing on the matter. We have to deal with facts as they are.

For the rest; according to our views of life, we shall either bow to the decrees of inexorable destiny or trust the presence of a Father's Hand, until a clearer vision of it shall be given to us.

Dr. Holmes touched on the subject with a lighter

hand than mine, but I could see that it was very near his heart.

It was delightful to see such a genial, bright old age, with no trace of pedantry about it, but thoroughly simple and real; brimming over with fun and the light-hearted nonsense that no stupid person would ever dare to utter.

I brought away a pleasant relic of a very happy visit in an autograph verse of his finest poem, "The Chambered Nautilus."

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh my soul.
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free ;
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea ! "

A few days after this visit to Dr. W. Holmes, I went by invitation to one of the fortnightly meetings of the "Metaphysical Club," under the presidency of Mrs. Anagnos (now, alas! dead), the accomplished daughter of a still more famous mother, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, widow of the philanthropist of that name, who was so nearly associated with Byron in the struggle for Greek independence.

The Metaphysical Club formed the subject of a

good deal of good-natured raillery, even amongst the Bostonians themselves.

The name was considered pretentious, the proposed aims ambitious, and the performances, occasionally, so very much below the mark!

I can only speak for myself, and can honestly say that I thoroughly enjoyed the few meetings I had the pleasure of attending.

The club is composed of men and women, and these of widely differing opinions.

The strictly orthodox, Unitarians, Theists, Agnostics, meet and have each his, or her, say upon any question discussed.

The advantage of this over our own societies, where as a rule the inside members at any rate represent more or less closely one section of opinion only, is palpable.

Each question is viewed at once, on the spot, from such various standpoints that it is impossible for any prejudice to take root, without the certainty of much controversial cutting.

On this first occasion the club met at the house of a very beautiful young American married lady, whose appearance was a direct denial of the cruel calumny that would have us believe that female intelligence and female beauty are always found in inverse ratio.

At the same time, I must in all honesty say that in some way an atmosphere of culture does seem to affect female looks as a whole.

Certainly Oxford in old England, and Boston in New England have (with some brilliant exceptions) less to boast of in this way than many other cities I could name.

The natural conclusion would be, that cultured women spend less time over their toilettes than their more frivolous sisters; but I am speaking now of beauty as a raw material, and do think that it is conspicuous by its absence in both of the cities I have mentioned.

Does the burden of learning weight the atmosphere with something injurious to features and complexion? Or is the more ill-natured hypothesis the correct one, that girls take to metaphysics in despair of men?

I do not see how this latter view holds good with respect to a large unchanging population, though it may have some weight as regards our own Oxford, where female residents were formerly the exceptions, and have gone there of late years, in many cases, as a matter of choice.

The clergyman who edits the leading Boston Sunday organ, read a paper on this occasion, on the question of the general advisability of Sunday papers.

The paper itself was rather dull, but the after discussion very good, and chiefly carried on by men; our lady president putting in a few soothing words now and then, when the combat threatened to become at all fierce.

One man was very irate, denouncing Church, clergy, and every one who attempted to stem the tide of civilization, in no measured terms.

Dr. Harris, upon whom the mantle of Emerson is supposed to have fallen, spoke very well; showing how man must study other men in order to learn his own capabilities, and to take warning from their errors.

The first blind social instincts of human nature begin with the gossip of an ale-house, and may end there, if no better direction is given to the channel. The study of history is simply the carrying out of this principle on an enormous scale; showing how thousands of men have acted and sinned and erred and suffered.

Good newspapers are necessary as a means of educating, of extending our sympathies, of showing us what our neighbours are doing at the same time in various parts of the world.

The general consensus of opinion seemed to be that the Sunday newspaper "was here and meant to stay,"

and that the only question now was how to elevate and sustain the tone of it.

Art is, of course, still in its infancy in America, but Boston can claim a famous native portrait painter in Mr. Ben Porter, whose original studio was in this city, although he now spends much time in New York. He is a traveller and accomplished man, as well as a successful artist, and an exception to the general truth of the saying that a prophet has no honour in his own country, for America is wise enough to be generous to native talent, and keep it faithful to her.

I do not mention other artists whose pictures we saw here, as they are not distinctively American in nationality.

At an evening exhibition of pictures at the Art Museum, we saw some very creditable ones, especially those of marine subjects.

Mr. Henry Blackburn, our English artist, is over here with his wife, exhibiting some of his own pictures. I had an interesting talk with the latter one afternoon on the subject of Thought Transference, she saying that where the bond of sympathy was at all close, as for instance, in the case of a very united husband and wife, the phenomena of thought reading were so constant, that they ceased to excite observation.

For example, under such conditions, some idea or remembrance will come to a wife which has been absent from her mind for months, or even years, and the husband returning home the same evening will at once refer to the matter without any reference to it on her part.

This, no doubt, is constantly happening between people who are much attached to each other, and who are at all sensitive and sympathetic. It is always put down arbitrarily to "coincidence," but is more probably the working of some mental law, of which we are still ignorant.

We spoke also of apparitions at the time of death. It is scarcely overstating facts to say that five out of every ten people we meet have had some such personal experience, and yet the question is tabooed, and still remains amongst the unproved superstitions of the day.

The "Psychical Research Society" have indeed spent much time and trouble in the matter, and have given us two ponderous volumes of results; but an accumulation of unknown instances carries less weight to individual minds than one well authenticated case coming to us at first hand.

Unfortunately, the fear of ridicule and the natural

shrinking from publicity where often the deepest and most sacred affections are involved, will always lead people to withhold much valuable testimony on this subject.

I must break through my rule of mentioning no American painter who is not a true American by birth, in favour of an English artist, Mr. Wainwright, who has cast anchor at Boston for some years past. His well-known landscapes have lost nothing of the beauty and poetry of their colouring since he crossed the Atlantic, and the detail of his pictures is good whilst yet he manages to keep the freshness of effect, gained generally only by the sacrifice of detail.

Mr. Wainwright has been chiefly occupied of late in painting the wonders of Niagara. He looked at the falls for a week, before putting brush to paper at all, in order to see the flow of the water, which is most distinctive and peculiar.

He has thus completely avoided the "sheet of glass" look so usual in such pictures; and the sketches made on the spot, with so loving and so reverent a hand, have now developed into grand memories of this great wonder of the world.

A Boston institution which has interested me very much is the "Woman's Educational and Industrial

Union," an excellent society from which I think the London "Ladies' Guilds" might take some useful hints.

The aim is to help women of all classes. They provide classes, lectures and entertainments for those who have leisure to attend them, and work, cooking, sewing and instruction in all domestic services for those who are forced to get their own living. All can meet together in these rooms, which form a sort of club for women of widely differing social standing.

One day in the week various ladies attend, who give advice and help on any knotty point that is laid before them.

Sometimes it is a poor woman wanting help to recover wages, or a landlady unable to get her rent. If the lady cannot herself deal with the case, she takes it to some legal friend and gets the matter put straight for the applicant.

Of course these lady visitors are women of good common-sense and experience, and are generally able to deal with a case themselves, or to put the poor woman in direct communication with those who can do so, and whom the latter may safely trust with her interests.

Each case is investigated thoroughly. Sometimes

the right is found to lie apart from the plaintiff, and then, of course, the case is dismissed.

Once a month the club meets for an "open evening" and some musical or literary entertainment is provided, often a combination of the two.

On the occasion when I was present, a paper was read by Colonel Higginson on the "growth of literature in America." The subject promised to be most interesting, but was rather spoilt by the unfortunate tendency to "odorous comparisons" complained of by the immortal Malaprop.

It is impossible for America to discuss its literature upon its own merits, which are so undeniably great, without having a side fling at poor old England.

In certain lines of fiction Howells, James, Mrs. Burnett (it is generous to throw her into the American scale) and Miss Murfrey (Charles Egbert Craddock) have given full proof of the strength and delicacy of the American pen, and we are all ready to worship at the shrines of Emerson, Longfellow or Nathaniel Hawthorne; but to compare the whole bulk of literature in America to that of England, and this rather in favour of the former, seems to me unwise and weak.

It is untrue to start with, and no nation was ever

yet nursed into greater achievement on the pap of falsehood.

Again it would be obviously unfair to America to attempt any such comparison for another five hundred years at least. That our older country with its unbroken literary traditions should have produced more good literary stuff as a whole during the last three hundred years is surely not to be wondered at. Consider for one moment the difference of the conditions: the younger country spending its strength and energies at first in the bare struggle for existence and a good foothold; later in the struggle for independence, and then again for union. It is only within the last fifty years that America has had time to turn round and think of a literature or art on her own account at all.

The literature of which we English are most justly proud is, after all, the birthright of America as well as England. Is it not wiser to remember this and to be fired with the noble ambition of making an American literature in the future that shall be worthy of such a past, rather than pander to a blind and restless vanity by insisting on a comparison so unfair to themselves in its very nature; so absurd if decided in their favour?

Colonel Higginson said that in visiting the Athenæum in London and seeing the walls there lined with the books of every living author, it was delightful to him to remember that in Emerson, Whittier and Longfellow, the Americans had names as great as any English ones.

My friend and I were the only English people present and of course remained silent under this astonishing proposition, but an American lady took up the cudgels for us and asked whether Colonel Higginson had duly considered the claims of Carlyle, Tennyson, Thackeray, George Eliot, &c., &c. Our chairman admitted that Tennyson might rank before Longfellow and Whittier, but he maintained that Emerson was worth all the rest put together, a conclusion that no one seemed disposed to dispute.

I think the liberal-minded American lady probably felt as the carter did when the back of his cart fell out on the top of a steep hill and the carrots rolled to the bottom.

He did not swear, for the first time in his life, because he "couldn't do justice to the occasion."

We then had a discussion on rank and title and the absurd deference paid to these in England. Here came in a story of a young American lady many years

ago, who had the *entrée* into first-class English society, finding herself on one occasion at a grand dinner party with various dukes and duchesses amongst the guests. One benevolent old gentleman and she were the only two left to bring up the rear when the procession formed to leave the drawing-room. The old gentleman turned out to be the poet Rogers.

The gist of the story of course lay in the English stupidity which placed title before brains.

Colonel Higginson being introduced to me later, I made bold to ask him how he would arrange our English dinner table.

Ought not character to rank even above literature? If so who was to be judge of the moral worth and standing, and would not the people who went into dinner last under such conditions be even more aggrieved where character formed the test, not mere rank, which is after all acknowledged by every one, and which has nothing really invidious about it?

Some one suggested that age might settle the question; that might answer with regard to the gentlemen, but I am afraid we should have all the ladies creeping into the background and declining to make a move.

Colonel Higginson spoke of the social conditions

of England as being so unfavourable to the growth of literature, such severe divisions existing between class and class, and so much less social mingling of the literary elements consequently, than you find in such a republic as America.

This no doubt is to some degree true, but on the other hand we must remember the enormous competition over here, where every one wields a pen. Men have less time to ripen. They are forced into the market with their unripe fruit, their unleavened mental pabulum, or the ranks would soon close and shut them out altogether.

It seems to me unfair to mention Carlyle as a specimen of the melancholy and unwholesome morbidness induced by English social conditions.

Carlyle, with all his genius, was a dyspeptic old Scotchman, and never came to England at all until he was over forty years of age.

In illustration of the inferiority of the English language, and to show how its simplicity and baldness degenerate into slang, we had an amusing story of a young American girl staying in Kensington some four or five years ago. She made a bad stroke at a croquet match, and called out in despair, "Oh, what a horrid scratch!" Her young English friend corrected her

for using such a dreadful Yankee expression and suggested a "beastly fluke" as an improvement upon it.

The anachronism of any one playing croquet in Kensington within the last twenty years made me very sceptical about this tale; but I am afraid the untravelled Americans present on the occasion may go to their graves with the conviction that "beastly fluke" is one of the usually elegant expressions used by an ordinary English young lady in society.

It reminded one of the old schoolboy story of the wretched French tutor freshly imported who was invited to lunch at the squire's house, and primed beforehand by the boys to be sure to ask for "swipes" at table, as all English people of any pretension invariably used this word instead of beer or ale.

Miss Peabody, a venerable old lady of eighty-three and sister-in-law to Nathaniel Hawthorne, made some very sensible remarks towards the end of the meeting, when tea and cakes were handed round to us by young lady members, and some singing and recitation closed the proceedings.

I must now give some account of a meeting of the Round Table Club, one of the principal private literary clubs of Boston.

It is composed of a limited number of ladies and

gentlemen, and an invitation to attend one of the evening reunions is a favour to be greatly appreciated, for the meetings take place only once a month and always in private houses, and only a very limited number of guests can be allowed.

On this occasion the club met at the house of one of the principal families of social Boston. A handsome and charming hostess—a genial host—a beautiful house full of exquisite pictures, statues and *objets d'art*—a perfectly appointed establishment—these formed our pleasant surroundings on that evening.

Before the real business began I had some interesting talk with several Boston celebrities; amongst others with Mr. Aldridge, the editor of the “Atlantic Monthly,” a young and very pleasant man, who introduced me to his pretty and refined-looking young wife. We found some London artistic friends in common in the course of conversation, and were deep in the most fascinating subject of mutual acquaintance, when requested to leave a handsome library for a still more gorgeous room furnished with lavish hand, but in exquisite taste. The crimson silk hangings gave a warm tone to a lovely sitting statue of Sappho, life size, at one end of the drawing-room.

Here chairs were placed and we sat down to a very

simple and most interesting address on Russian peasantry and Tourguénieff's novels, given by the accomplished French authoress, Madame Durand Greville. Tourguénieff was a dear personal friend to both Monsieur and Madame Greville, who have translated many of his works into French.

She spoke very touchingly of the great Russian novelist's kindness to every one, independent of nationality or sect.

A short discussion followed her address, which was given sitting down in her chair, in a most easy conversational manner, and in very fluent English.

Now and then she hesitated for a word, turning round in a pretty impetuous way with a *dites-moi, donc*, to the chairman, Colonel Wentworth Higginson, who proved an unfailing resource on such occasions.

A young Englishman who spoke like a Lancashire American said it was a pity Tourguénieff was forced to live so much in Paris, as he "lost touch" of the very peasant life he described, and that his sketches lacked something of their value. In consequence of this a young Russian rose up to refute this idea, saying that he considered it a great advantage to Tourguénieff's writings that he should have had sufficient distance to give a good perspective.

So the small war raged for a time. Diametrically different opinions were advanced with perfect courtesy and good temper until as the discussion waxed rather warm, Colonel Higginson cleverly carried it from the ground of argument by giving a striking description of Tourguénieff's personal appearance; to the truthfulness of which I can answer, having seen him take his honorary degree at Oxford some years ago.

The meeting was adjourned about nine-thirty p.m., and we went downstairs for tea, coffee and light refreshments, and a little more social interchange of ideas before going home.

Monsieur Greville was now introduced to me, a very charming man with an unbounded admiration for his talented wife. He did not, however, emulate her example by venturing on the slippery rocks of conversational English, so we conversed in French.

A bright winter's afternoon at Cambridge spent in visiting the Harvard University, hangs next in my mental picture gallery.

Harvard has been described so often that we know it in England almost as well as our own Oxford. The red-brick buildings have little beauty in themselves, with the exception of the new Law buildings designed by Richardson, the architect of Trinity Church, Boston.

The Memorial Hall, erected in commemoration of the students and graduates who lost their lives during the civil war, has a melancholy interest attached to it over and above its value as a fine specimen of architecture.

It was very depressing to walk through the long corridor lined with small tablets bearing the names of so many young men cut off in the very flower of their youth, and a pleasant relief to come upon the stately dining-room, the walls of which are lined with portraits of the various Harvard alumni, past and present.

The students dining here only pay eighteen shillings a week for full board, so the fashionable young men prefer to get up small dining clubs amongst themselves, and to patronize some local boarding-house.

Cambridge is somewhat flat and monotonous, but peaceful and academic in its atmosphere. In summer, when the stately elms and other trees growing here in profusion are in full leaf, it must be beautiful as well as peaceful.

We had a pleasant afternoon tea at the house of Professor James, brother to Mr. Henry James, the novelist. His wife, a beautiful and accomplished American lady, gave me some interesting information about California, and strongly advised us to include Oregon and the Columbia river in our travels later on.

I heard also a weird story of a young lady who went to California last spring and boarded at Monterey (on the Pacific coast) with a lady recommended to her by a fellow traveller.

There is an immense contraband trade in opium on this coast. The Chinese smuggle it on shore and leave it there for their spies to pick up. Sometimes of course it falls into alien hands. On this occasion the servant of this Monterey lady found a lump on the shore which she could not lift alone, for it is as heavy as lead. She rushed back to her mistress, and they both returned in all haste to the spot, where they seem to have had a free fight on the shore for the possession of it! At length an amicable arrangement was made to divide it equally, and they forthwith dragged it home between them and buried it in the garden. The only other servant in the house was the usual coloured "hired man," and he, finding out their secret, threatened to inform against them unless a second division were made in his favour. The conspirators were forced to agree to these terms. The young servant-girl eventually sold her share of the plunder in San Francisco, at the rate of eight dollars a pound.

Longfellow's house is of course the one chief point of every Cambridge pilgrimage. The long drawing-

room leading out of his study looked specially pretty on this occasion, being entirely hung with thanksgiving decorations in the form of wreaths of lilac and green leaves.

On the stairs stands an old-fashioned clock, over which we became of course very sentimental--of course the original "old clock on the stairs;" unfortunately we found that although that special turn on the stairs formed the original site, the real old clock had been sold some years ago!

One of Longfellow's daughters married a few months ago the brother of Mrs. Ole Bull. Another daughter is Mrs. Daira, and the eldest still lives on in the pretty cosy green and white house which was the poet's home for so many years.

Coming away from it, late on that winter's evening, we had a view that I shall never forget.

The house faces due west and Longfellow bought the opposite fields to keep his villa sacred.

The sun had lately set behind deep purple clouds which wreathed and faded away to our right into every shade of green and purple, toning down into a curiously bright and insistent shade of turquoise blue.

The grand old trees stretched their beautiful bare limbs upwards against this most perfect background,

and overhead the silvery crescent of a young moon hung above the dark angry clouds of purple edged with flame, whilst the evening star shone down upon us, bright and calm and peaceful. To be greeted by such a scene on many an autumn or winter evening would well repay the purchase of many fields.

At a second meeting of the Metaphysical Club we had an essay written and read by Mr. Crouch on the "Unconscious Life."

It touched first upon the charm of unconsciousness in children. All the best work has been the outcome of unconscious moments, although the result no doubt of what has been lived through and studied previously. Some people are always digging themselves up by the roots to see how they are growing, always tormented by conscience or consciousness.

The nineteenth century is pre-eminently an age of self-consciousness and introspection. Daily and weekly papers are all so many looking-glasses hung up for us that we may see our own features.

Mr. Crouch ended by a beautiful quotation from Emerson's essay on the "Over Soul," showing how a power outside of and above ourselves, independent of all creeds, is really the great informing and pervading medium through which man becomes a law to him-

self—is ever straining after the highest and best, or suffering at least the remorse and loss of not doing so.

We had the usual glorification of Emerson with reference to this extract. No doubt the great American philosopher has clothed a true and beautiful idea in very beautiful and appropriate language, but it seems to me difficult to beat St. Paul.

“One God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in you all!”

St. Paul speaks of God—Emerson of the Over Soul. Are not the terms convertible?

Some years ago I remember being very much struck at a meeting of the Theosophic Society, in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, by the burst of enthusiastic applause which greeted a communication made in the first instance by a Thibet anchorite, who had lived up in the mountains without touching meat for some fabulous number of years, apparently for the purpose of receiving this inspired message. It was supposed to have been communicated by him to a mysterious “Mahatina,” who passed it on in turn to some of the “faithful” in India, and thence it was brought over to England to be administered with all due discretion to a select circle of fashionable “inquirers” in London.

Having heard this lengthy prelude, I listened

with breathless expectation for something that really "looked like business," as a finale to an evening of rather vague and disappointing generalities.

The whole gist of the inspired message seemed to be that we were not to be so wholly wrapped up in our own spiritual development as to become careless of and indifferent to the higher development, mental and spiritual, of our fellow creatures. St. Paul had given the precept more tersely but quite as strongly when he said, "Look not every man to his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

I conclude that each of us had a Bible at home, but we had put on our evening clothes, we had driven many miles and listened to an intolerable amount of commonplace speechifying in order to reach this conclusion. And yet many amongst this cultivated London audience seemed to be listening to such a doctrine for the first time!

Are old truths so much more palatable for being served up with Thibet sauce?

I must confess to a wholesome horror of "readings" and "recitations" in general, but I listened with great interest one afternoon in Boston to a Shakespearian lecture given by an old man of eighty-four.

The paper itself, though good, was not specially

original, but the fire and vigour of his reading were very remarkable at such an advanced age, and he had a charming way of asking his audience for their opinion on any knotty point which kept us on the *qui vive*, and gave a fresh element of interest to the proceedings.

In this manner we discussed the "we fail" of Lady Macbeth, in the well-known scene where husband and wife are discussing their murderous projects, and Macbeth says tremblingly, "If we should fail." Mrs. Siddons always rendered it, "well! then we fail—we take the risk."

Our venerable lecturer said that but for this high authority we should be inclined to read it with incredulous scorn: We fail? who have never failed in anything? He thinks that Lady Macbeth, with her shrinking, fearsome husband before her, would not be likely to allow the possibility of failure.

In my own poor judgment the interpretation of Mrs. Siddons seems to allow of no questions. It is quite in character with Lady Macbeth's dare-devil nature, as also with the context, "But screw your courage to the sticking point and we'll not fail," which certainly would imply that she had contemplated the possibility of failure.

Perhaps Mrs. Siddons could understand more easily than a man the reckless impatience with which such a woman would meet the objections of a timid spouse, bad enough but not bold enough for the deed, and how at such a moment the impetuosity of intense aggravation might overpower the policy of even a clever Lady Macbeth.

A handsome, very slightly "coloured," melancholy-looking young man sat near me during the reading, and later on I heard his sad story. At a time when the Southern colour prejudices were most rampant, a well-known Southern judge had a young quadroon girl for his mistress, and this young man was their son.

Two benevolent and conscientious members of the family adopted and educated him, starting him in a career where his intelligence and steadiness were likely to win success.

Time passed, and there came to Boston a pretty, intelligent, and, as events showed, most energetic white girl, daughter of some country minister, who was thirsting for knowledge, and who actually went for two hours every day to a *café* in the city in order to secure her board and enough money to be able to carry on her studies by attending the various classes in Boston.

A friend of mine found her there, was struck by her beauty and intelligence, heard her story, and interested herself to raise a sufficient sum of money to enable the young lady to give up her attendance at the restaurant, and to live at a quiet boarding-house whilst her education went on.

She made such good use of her time that an excellent post as teacher had just been offered to her when, to the surprise of every one, she announced her approaching marriage with the young man already mentioned.

Many tried to dissuade her from it, solely on account of this colour prejudice, but she was very much in love, and quite determined to take the step. The poor young fellow had been fascinated by her from the first, but had concealed his feelings most honourably on account of this gulf of race between them, and was on the point of leaving Boston as his wisest course, when she showed him how completely his affections were returned.

They were married, and for a time all went happily. Then a child was expected, and the friends were naturally anxious, fearing that the colour, so slight in the father, might (as it often does) come out more strongly in the next generation. However, fortunately a little white baby appeared on the scenes, and one

might have hoped that here all risk to their happiness ended.

Alas! now comes the sad part of the story.

The infatuation which the woman had mistaken for love passed away, and her colour prejudice which had lain dormant re-asserted itself more strongly than ever for the violence done to it. Soon after the birth of the little child she left her husband, returning to her own home, taking the child with her, and leaving him to the wreck of his solitary life behind.

English ladies who are likely to make any stay in the United States during the winter season, and enter at all into society there, will be interested to hear something of the peculiarities of custom with regard to ladies' dress over here. A "winter dress" in the house is unbearable. The rooms are so hot, the passages so thoroughly warmed by stoves, that I found it impossible to wear anything heavier than an autumn gown of cashmere or silk in the house.

Outside, of course, with the thermometer often below zero, you require any amount of wraps, but these should be in the form of warm but light mantles, that can be easily removed on entering a drawing-room, not the tight jackets and ulsters that cling to you like stubborn facts.

Had any kind friend given me a hint about this before leaving England, it would have prevented the carrying about of many useless garments. One really handsome afternoon dress, made quite high to the throat, but rather more elaborate than the ordinary visiting dress of an English lady, is absolutely necessary for any one going into social life here. A light dressy bonnet is generally ordered to complete such a costume, which is then suitable for ordinary afternoon or evening receptions, for the theatre, or for any evening concert in Boston or New York.

The *demi-toilette* dress, slightly open in front, which we should wear on these latter occasions, would be quite out of place here.

Dining one evening in New York, with friends who were going to take me afterwards to their box at the Philharmonic concert, I remember one of the ladies of the house, who had not intended to make one of the party to the musical entertainment, appeared in a handsome gown, cut very slightly open in front. On finding that the illness of another member of the family would necessitate her coming with us as a substitute, she changed her costume for one equally charming, but made quite high to the throat.

An English woman would probably have tucked a handkerchief round her throat to fill up the few inches necessary, and wearing no bonnet on her head, the one dress would have answered as well as the other; but an American lady has her concert or theatre costume with suitable head-gear complete, and the one cannot be divorced from the other.

. At the opera all this is changed. The very fullest evening dress is *de rigueur*, white satin and diamonds being conspicuous on such occasions.

Another curious custom, to our ideas, is the fashion of dressing in full *demi-toilette* even at an afternoon reception, when such a reception is given in your special honour. The rest of the guests come in ordinary afternoon dress, but the lady or ladies for whom the entertainment has been organized are expected to come early and remain late, to assist the lady of the house in entertaining her guests and to proclaim the presence of the lioness on the occasion by appearing as the ladies of the house themselves do on such occasions, in evening dress, ornamented with natural flowers.

The first time a reception was given in our honour at Boston my friend and I did not know of this custom and dressed as we should have done for an afternoon

“at home” in London; but we profited by experience the second time, much to the inward relief of our hostess, I am sure.

At one of these receptions I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the well-known Unitarian minister in Boston, whose book on the ten pilgrims of the world is so widely read. He is a dear old man, full of bright, pleasant social chat. On such occasions it is impossible to get much deeper than this, for when eighty or ninety people are waiting to be introduced in turn, the conversation in each individual case is apt to become rather homœopathic in quantity; a bigoted allopath might add in quality also.

Rather a touching little incident occurred at this special reception, showing what a strong and generous feeling of affection and admiration towards the English lies at the bottom of most New England hearts.

After standing through the ordeal of “presentation” and “conversation” from four till seven p.m. it seemed time to be thinking of home, when a middle-aged, bright-faced woman came up and was introduced by a name well known in connection with the War of Independence.

After a few civil words I was moving off with some

conventional remark about the lateness of the hour, but a hope that we might meet again some day. "It is not at all likely," she said in a resigned voice, "but of course I must not detain you, only they have brought me from Cambridge to see you and I have been waiting all the afternoon for an introduction." Of course I sat down again after this for a few minutes of most pleasant talk with my companion, who is a descendant of a famous soldier who fired one of the first shots for American independence.

A luncheon with a young American lady and her Scotch husband, who had come over in our steamer from England, gave me the opportunity of seeing a Boston boarding-house and of going, later in the afternoon, over one of the most famous "High Schools for girls," where she had herself graduated with high honours only a few years ago.

So far as the boarding-house was concerned it merely accentuated the universal fact of troublesome and distracted mistresses.

We were waited upon by the fourth parlourmaid who has appeared on the scenes since my friends arrived three weeks ago. A few days before a cook and housemaid had also come, and the poor mistress fondly hoped she had at last found two treasures.

Next morning by eight o'clock both the treasures had calmly left the house, giving no sort of warning; they did not care for the work and "did not wish to have any words."

The poor woman was after all more fortunate than a Boston lady of my acquaintance, who was parting with a cook for incompetency, but in a perfectly friendly manner as she believed. Unfortunately the cook took a different view of the matter and retaliated, not by harmless abuse, but in a far more efficacious manner by mixing up a quantity of cinder dust with several pounds of excellent mincemeat prepared in anticipation of Christmas.

As these and similar casualties are of constant occurrence, we can hardly wonder that so many American ladies shirk the responsibilities and annoyances of housekeeping, and take refuge in hotels.

The High School which our friend, a former pupil, took us to see is a splendid building. There are nine hundred scholars in all, including two hundred in the classical department. The system seems excellent.

There is a large laboratory fitted up with everything that girls can require for their chemical experiments. Each girl has her own slab with drawers to keep her apron, instruments, &c.

Hot and cold water are turned on, and a long, large pipe runs all round the upper part of the room, with frequent ventilating chimneys to carry off the bad air and insure a pure and even atmosphere.

The building itself consists of three stories, these being divided into class-rooms for recitation, study, teachers' rooms, and so forth.

Only the "janitors," who keep the place in order, sleep on the premises, all the teachers living in their own homes.

Each class-room is filled with wooden desks slightly slanting and the size of an old-fashioned davenport. Before each desk is placed a chair for the pupil, and her school books, ink, pencils and papers are kept inside it.

The course lasts for about four years, and there is a pretty fashion that each class, on graduating, should present a picture to furnish the room where that special class is held. Each girl who graduates need give a trifle only, for the classes are large. A good engraving or oil painting is bought with the amount collected, and hung upon the walls of the room, inscribed with the date of presentation.

The public hall here is a magnificent room, supported by columns, and containing very good models

of various classical statues all round three sides of it, a large platform filling up the fourth.

When we entered, the hall was quite crowded with wooden benches. The whole school assembles here in the morning for prayers; later, the benches are removed, and the immense space can then be devoted to calisthenics, gymnastics, &c.

Every Wednesday evening one or other class has a reunion or dance in this charming hall, so the "sweet girl graduates" seem to have a very good time on the whole.

At the very top of the house is a large studio with excellent north light, set apart for the artistic portion of the school.

Work begins at nine, and lasts until two p.m., when all go home; but, of course, these hours do not include the preparation for classes, which is done at home, and may take from three to four hours more, according to the ability or industry of the scholar.

Each class-room has its own library, but there is also a valuable general library downstairs, from which pupils are allowed to take books home by merely entering their names.

This excellent education is entirely free; paper, books, chemicals, everything being provided,

The best families in the place send their girls to such schools; in fact, only delicate or rather stupid girls seem to go to private schools here.

At first sight it seems unfair that people who can afford to pay should take advantage of such a school, but it would be difficult to insure so good an education elsewhere, and no doubt the richer people feel that the high educational rates they pay should entitle them to some return.

I purpose to devote a short chapter to Boston churches and Boston ministers later on, but I find a few notes here on a very pleasant visit we received from Dr. Phillips Brooks, the well-known Boston divine.

I had been in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, a few months before, when he was the guest of Jowett, the master of Balliol, and received an honorary degree from the University.

An Irish friend, who sat by me on that occasion, and who is very much prejudiced against English looks, amused me by her contempt for Lord Alcester and several other men who received a like honour at the hands of the Vice-Chancellor, adding, "Why, that American is the only man worth calling a man amongst them all."

Certainly Dr. Brooks' splendid physique appeared to

great advantage in the crimson silk folds of the doctor's dress. Soldiers or sailors may be small and insignificant without any detracting from their prestige. We think of Napoleon and have come to associate pluck and energy with a small frame ; but where the Church is in question I think our views are modified, and that a commanding presence gives a sense of manliness that carries its own weight, more especially when there is innate manliness of spirit to match the outward form, as I think every one who has the privilege of Dr. Brooks' acquaintance must admit is the case with him.

In talking over Oxford days and the " Commemoration " in question, Dr. Brooks reminded me of a little incident which I had forgotten, and which seemed to him interesting as being so typical of the English character. " Bully as long as you can and dare, but give a hearty, generous cheer to the spirit that won't brook your bullying ways."

A young undergraduate stood up to recite some Latin verse with a white flower in his button hole. The usual clamour set in, shouts and cries of " Take it out, sir ; take it out ! "

The young man held some whispered counsel with a friend, who evidently preached prudence, for the

obnoxious flower was removed, and he was allowed to continue his reading in peace.

Later in the programme, another young man had to give a recitation in Greek prose ; he also had provided himself with a " button-hole " for the auspicious occasion. The scene was repeated—more cries and shouts—fairly good-natured at first, accompanied by a little good-humoured raillery, " Take it out, sir ; never mind, she will give you another one when you go home." .

By degrees the shouts became louder and less good-humoured ; the boy's obstinate resistance was beginning to tell upon the tempers of the crowd of young Englishmen who packed the theatre from top to bottom.

Fiercer grew the cries, until at length all self-control ceased and a howling, shouting mob were shrieking and screaming with all the concentrated power of some four hundred pairs of British lungs, at this one small pale youth who stood there as firm as a rock, going on with his recitation in pantomime apparently, for not one single syllable of it could be heard above the din of angry shouts.

Up to the very last moment the unequal contest went on ; but when at last, to our great relief, the prize

poem or prose had come to an end, and the young author bowed and stepped down with pale and compressed lips, but perfectly self-possessed and composed, such a ringing cheer came forth from these same British lungs as I never heard before, and the bellowing, roaring wild beasts were converted at a touch—the touch of plucky defiance—into a generous, hearty set of enthusiastic admirers.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve we went by kind permission of Dr. Brooks to the Christmas tree, which is prepared annually and placed in Trinity Church.

Three tall fir trees are placed in large boxes in the chancel besides *the* tree, which was glittering with lights and tinsel and covered with gay flowers and toys of every description. It was quite a fairy-like scene, and the idea of incongruity with the church surroundings faded by degrees as one looked at all the happy children's faces turned towards the pretty sparkling tree.

It seemed to me that a ceremony born of so much love and kindness was perhaps not so inappropriate after all to the House where we worship One, who was pre-eminently the Friend of little children.

On this occasion the children of course had the best seats, and there were so many of all ages and sizes

that we grown-up people sat very far back, and could only with difficulty catch a few words of the little address given by Dr. Brooks after the first carols had been sung and a few prayers read.

He spoke to the children very simply and prettily of Christmas as a person "who had looked so often into the eyes of children that he had remained himself a child through all these centuries."

After the last carol was sung, several young men came down the aisles bearing large packages for distribution. These were generally given to the teacher of the class, who opened them and discovered a number of neat packages inside, prepared for and addressed to her various pupils.

About a dollar is spent upon each child, I am told, but this cannot be the limit; for I noticed one happy possessor of quite a large perambulator. These parcels had all been hidden behind the central tree, and when they were removed the work of stripping the tree began.

One of the prettiest sights was to see Dr. Brooks, looking so big and broad, take a little toddling child of three or four years of age in a crimson frock up the altar steps to choose her own little doll from the tree.

Christmas time brings not only Christmas trees but also the terrible necessity for choosing Christmas cards and Christmas presents in the whirl and turmoil of a monster American store. Some of the dry goods stores over here are on an enormous scale, quite like a little city.

Instead of the long avenues, alleys and roads of counters that we find at our own "Whiteley's" or "Marshall and Snelgrove's," you have in one of these stores an enormous open space, supported on innumerable pillars and forming a very fine hall. Counters run all round, and up and down such a hall. Above these counters is storage for more goods, and above that again, long wooden pathways fenced in by rails on either side, where you may see a number of little girls receiving the goods purchased below, which are put into wooden scales and hoisted up to them. These wares are then packed up above, the change returned, and the whole concern is lowered down to the original shopkeeper below who sold you the article, in less time than I have taken to describe the process.

In most of the shops the money you give is put with the bill in a little round box which travels at great speed along various wires until it reaches a cashier who stops it; takes out the money, receipts the

bill and returns the latter with the change in the same manner.

At other large stores the young girls who sit over the counters as I have described either hand parcels and change by the miniature elevator already mentioned, or come down from their wooden "eyries" by the steps which occur at intervals.

At one Brobdingnagian establishment for "dry goods," in Boston, there is a delightful room called the "Bronze Room," away from the din and noise of the shop and yet close to the most central part of it.

This room is charmingly furnished in artistic style with dark bronze and green painted wood, handsome bronze Japan paper and dados; a large alcove with plush and velvet cushions, and a dim religious light streaming through stained glass windows where young men and young women can refresh themselves by a little harmless flirtation after the sterner duties and fatigues of shopping.

A wide and beautiful old fire-place with open fire and handsome bronze "dogs," and a huge central table provided with writing materials, complete the furniture of the room.

An inner room contains a lavatory, with cold and

hot water turned on, and fitted with all toilet necessities.

A visit to the old State House on Washington Street (now turned into a museum) reminded us again most forcibly of that terrible torment, the Boston tea tax. Here is the very hall where the council met to expostulate on the tea tax and the stamp duty, which were really the instigating causes of the American rebellion.

A little bit of genealogy which I struck out here for myself interested me, and may interest some others.

Looking at the picture of a Governor Bellingham, I puzzled over the connection with Ireland, which had not begun in those early days, and yet the Bellinghams are now-a-days a distinctly Irish family. It struck me suddenly that there is a Lincolnshire branch of the family. Now as many of the first settlers here came from Boston in Lincolnshire no doubt a Bellingham emigrated with them, and this governor would be a descendant, if not the original man who came over.

I could dwell much longer over these jottings of "Bostonia," but will not risk wearying my readers. One more talk, one more day described and we will

pass on to other cities, which can be dealt with more rapidly.

The talk was with a well-known American general, who has travelled and lived much in England, and is therefore capable of giving an international opinion, the subject being wife-beating.

He maintains that this crime is almost unknown in America, and attributes the fact to the more temperate habits of the labouring classes, these in turn arising from good sanitary conditions, wholesome wooden frame houses, &c., &c.

I conclude that in speaking of temperate habits he referred to the Eastern states only, for we all know that spirits are drunk to any extent in Central and Western America. We spoke also of unhappiness in married life, and of how this increases in proportion to the higher civilization and the introduction of more numerous tastes, and therefore of more numerous possibilities of disagreement. My friend's opinion was that the freer thought and action in America led to more divorce, but that this was no proof of a lower rate of matrimonial happiness than in England.

In England men and women have more of the "grin and bear it" philosophy, owing to a stronger tradition and a sterner Mrs. Grundy.

Here, when the chain begins to gall, it can be cut with far less risk to their social status.

A bright clear winter's day, with snow lying deep on the ground, found us in the train *en route* for Concord, a thriving village, some twenty miles northwest of Boston.

Macaulay's famous "school-boy" can tell us that on the Concord Bridge was fired the first shot for American independence. Close by is a nameless mound under which the British soldiers who fell on that memorable April 19th, 1775, are buried. Some generous American had remembered his fallen foes and placed wreaths above their graves when the last anniversary of the victory was commemorated. The faded flowers still lay there as we passed.

Mr. French, a famous young American sculptor living in Boston, has made a grand statue of the "Minute man" which now adorns the bridge. The minute man (a sort of yeoman volunteer) is resting on his ploughshare and eager for the fray.

Concord has been made not only "glorious by the sword" but "famous by the pen." Here lived Emerson and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and here is still gathered together in the bright summer days the Concord School of Philosophy, when the works of all

great American philosophers past and present can be studied.

The school meets for five weeks, during which time the various members are billeted in the many pretty rustic cottages around.

The meetings, which take place twice a day, are held in a very small wooden frame house which seemed scarcely big enough for even the philosophical "elect," but so many addresses and discussions spread over so many weeks allow a choice of attendance to everybody.

It must be a very pleasant time for people interested in such matters, and it gives a chance of meeting and exchanging ideas to many busy men and women who would not otherwise be brought together, where distances are so immense.

Moreover, Concord in the summer must be delightful. It looked so picturesque and bright in its snowy-white garments, and we jingled over the ground so merrily in our sleigh, that I could not have wished to see it under pleasanter auspices; but I have no doubt that philosophy might be the better for a little more warmth. Emerson's house is a small, square white and green wooden house; not unlike Longfellow's outside, although much smaller and less imposing. Here, however, the resemblance ends.

Longfellow's rooms are so cosy and genial, whilst these are entirely wanting in anything like beauty. Horse-hair sofas, straight-backed chairs, covered with atrocious "chair backs," a hideous round table in the middle of the room, and a pebble-covered album of deepest Margate dye, formed an *ensemble* that needed all one's veneration for the great man to become even tolerable.

The redeeming feature of the room lay in some very good engravings, and there was an excellent picture of Carlyle over the hall door.

A sweet-faced, grey-haired woman of middle age received us, Miss Ellen Emerson; and a pleasant married daughter came in later.

The widow is still alive, but is now very infirm and rarely leaves her bedroom. I saw a photograph of her taken with some of her grandchildren, a most interesting face with very dark eyes.

The Old Manse where Hawthorne originally lived, is a melancholy looking place; but his later home, the Wayside House, is very picturesque. It is built amongst a belt of pines, and has a pretty central tower room where he sat and worked, and which must have commanded a lovely view.

Close by is the home of the Alcotts. Miss Louisa

Alcott, author of "Little Women," &c., is too well known by English readers to need comment of mine. Her name reminds me of an amusing story which is told of Dr. Alcott and her late mother. The latter at one time being very ill, and thinking she was dying, advised her husband to marry again, "for the sake of the children," mentioning a suitable person by name.

"Well, my dear, to tell you the truth, I had thought of her myself," replied the accommodating husband; upon which the indignant wife very shortly recovered.

Professor Harris, already mentioned in these pages, lives also at Concord, and we called upon him and had a very pleasant chat about Art.

He showed me his idea, in a photograph, of the original pose of the celebrated Venus of Milo. He thinks that she originally formed one of two figures, the second being Mars, and that she was represented unbuckling his armour; the allegory being that the conquests of peace come only through war.

Speaking of Raphael's San Sisto Madonna, I was relieved to find that Dr. Harris had at one time, at least, felt the aggravation that I always experience at looking at the self-conscious pose of the St. Barbara in that grand picture. He thinks, however, that Raphael's intention was to represent her as overcome and over-

powered by the vision of the open heavens; whereas the sad look in the child's face seems a prophecy, the sight of the cross in the distance.

My next chapter will contain some slight sketches of sermons preached by three typical Boston ministers. I know no better method of placing the development of American theology in the hands of my readers.

Short as the chapter will be, it has seemed to me better to separate it from the main portion of my Boston sketches, so that no one need feel that he has been cheated into a sermon on false pretences.

Some may choose to skip the Theology, others the spiritualism; neither the one nor the other shall be forced down unwilling throats without all due warning.

CHAPTER III.

BOSTON THEOLOGY.

ALTHOUGH the Unitarian creed has the largest following in Boston, I am inclined to say a few words in the first place about a very handsome Presbyterian church built in the finest part of the city, close to Trinity Church, where Dr. Brooks officiates.

The "old South Church" has been removed to this fine site from the more crowded part of the town, where the congregation held their services for many years. Very handsome Sunday school classes for infants above, and for older children below, are built in connection with the church and under the same roof. Above the church itself are fine rooms for reception and dining rooms, where a meeting of the members of the congregation is held once a month. Supper (which is cooked out) is served here, and tea and coffee are made in a little kitchen close at hand; then addresses and music are given in the drawing-room, which forms part of this suite of rooms.

To our ideas, it seems curious to have all this social life going on inside a church, and savours of a dissenting chapel ; but even in Episcopalian churches here you often find Sunday schools attached to the principal building, with committee rooms and study for the pastor, where he can receive members of the congregation and transact business without fear of interruption. This old South Church has for its pastor a remarkable man, a Scotchman. Twelve years ago only he came as a poor boy from Aberdeen ; glad to get work here in a paint shop at two dollars a week. A lady happening to meet the boy in a street car, was struck by his appearance and intelligence, and told him to come and see her. She and her husband became so much interested in him that they undertook his education, and sent him to Harvard University, where he had a brilliant college career, becoming finally minister of a Presbyterian church in Connecticut.

When this handsome church was built, it was offered to Mr. Gordon, but he would not leave his own flock till he saw his way clearly and conscientiously ; so for two years a locum tenens was appointed, but the place was kept open for him, and at length he came, much to the joy of the congregation. He now lives in the pretty parsonage house adjoining the church, and

his former benefactress, now left a widow, lives with him, for he is still unmarried. It is a pretty ending to the story, that her childless old age should be brightened by the companionship and love of this adopted son.

The Unitarian religion, as I have already observed, is the speciality of Boston in the way of creeds. I know no city where religious thought is freer, more active, more eccentric, fanciful and shifting. The Bostonians remind one of the Corinthians of old, by the manner in which they run after any new thing in the way of religious theory. Theosophists, Christian Scientists, Positivists, Humanitarians, Spiritualists or Swedenborgians, all find a hearing and a following here. But below all these various excrescences of theological thoughts is a good firm strata of Unitarianism. So I will first give a few notes from what may be considered a typical sermon from the Unitarian point of view, preached by Mr. Savage, a leading professor of that faith, before going on to the development of theological thought with which I have more personal sympathy.

He chose two texts conjointly, John x. 30, "I and my Father are one," and John xvii. 21, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, *that they also may be one in us.*"

Mr. Savage began by saying that if you take one text and all it means, you are bound to accept the other text with all *it* means, viz.: Christ the perfect man, one with God, shadowing forth the possibility of perfection to all mankind; the true example and pattern, *the flower of spiritual humanity*. He then drew a very reverent and perfectly true sketch of the "*Scheme of Salvation*" as held by the orthodox church. A world lying in wickedness, God wishing all men to be saved and sending His Son in due time after choosing out and preparing one nation (the Jews) for His coming. He traced Christ's birth, the annunciation of the Virgin Mary.

Commenting on the curious fact, that although Joseph and Mary *knew* the child was God Incarnate, they were yet surprised and wondered at His wisdom in the Temple with the old doctors. Then came a sketch of His baptism by John, His preaching, His enemies; how all turned from Him, the Rabbis and Rulers accusing Him of sedition, even His own disciples losing faith, because they expected to see Him finally a triumphant earthly King. Then the fury of the crowd, His capture and crucifixion. What a failure His life would seem viewed from this point! God Himself come down and hanging on that tree, and not

a third of the human race ever to have heard of His death and agony, and out of that third what a small remnant (according to many good Christians, what a *terribly* small remnant!) to be saved! The rest all failure!

Although we might praise God's mercy for sending His Son to redeem even a few, how should we feel when we remembered that according to this creed, He launched the whole human race on the Sea of Life, *knowing* that shipwreck awaited the greater number of them? Suppose Gladstone sent an expedition of 5,000 men into the interior of Africa, as he sent Gordon to the Soudan, knowing that the majority must perish after terrible sufferings and tortures, from hunger, thirst and the sword. Suppose that later we sent another force to the rescue, with the result that a small remnant were saved after much trial and trouble, and returned to England, wearied and worn out but *safe*.

Should we raise hymns in praise of his mercy? Possibly we might if we believed that he was in ignorance of the necessary fate of the first expedition, not otherwise. The parallel is easy to draw for ourselves.

One thing Mr. Savage insisted upon which I have always felt and shall always feel most strongly: that

Might is not Right—that because God is omnipotent He is *not* (in all reverence be it said) at liberty to create a race which His omniscience must foretell Him *will* be in preponderating numbers damned through all eternity, or of which the future fate can be anything but a bright and glorious one.

Then came a picture of the Unitarian creed—Christ, the Perfect Man, reflecting the light of the Father for the benefit and example of His Brethren; His pure soul reflecting the Divine Presence which encircles Him, and showing how, when the Divine and Human are joined together, the Flower of Humanity buds forth—Christ making enemies for Himself, as all great and single-minded leaders of thought *have* done, raising opposition and hatred, but clinging to His Truth; crucified, but in the Death Agony still faithful to the truth which his whole life was one sacrifice to teach; at length almost tempted to feel that God Himself had forsaken Him, but still steadfast and unwavering—Humanity touched; informed and perfected by Divinity; true to His Truth to the very last and thereby gaining his Kingdom over men for all generations—hence His Crown and hence His Sceptre!

Mr. Henry Carpenter, the brother of our own Bishop of Ripon, is also a Unitarian minister, and has a

quaint old church in Holiss Street with an enthusiastic congregation.

The music here, as in most American churches, is excellent, solos, duets, and quartettes entering very largely into the programme.

These musicians are very highly paid and are great powers in those churches where the musical portion of the service is of such paramount importance. A sulky soprano or a discontented tenor can make or mar a service under such conditions.

In Mr. Carpenter's church a prayer comes first, then a solo, trio, or quartette very beautifully sung; then a chapter from the Bible is read with a hymn to follow, and finally the discourse, which is given by him standing at a small desk and in ordinary frock coat.

When I was in the church the subject was "New words from an old Paradise." Mr. Carpenter is very dramatic in manner and poetical in language—a true Celt by nature and, as far as eloquence goes, a worthy nephew of the late Dean of Exeter, whom most of us remember better as "Canon Boyd."

On this occasion he spoke of the facts lying behind the myths which rise up like clouds before them from the dim past.

He traced very powerfully the origin of the Tribes

from the peaceful Arcadian shepherd living in the Kashmin valleys & North-Western districts of India in pre-historic times. How simple at first were his wants and habits! Then by degrees came trade and with it the development of wants and tastes; then emulation; and finally the great tide of civilization setting in, which has moved ever onwards from east to west. Mr. Carpenter apparently would not agree with Mr. Baden-Powell in his recent book on the "Records of Creation," at any rate, so far as tracing the probable site of the Garden of Eden goes, for the former reads the whole story as an allegory; the two trees of Life and of Knowledge symbolizing the choice given to every one of us—*Life and Ignorance* or *Knowledge and Death*. He thinks it is the very instinct of manhood to choose the latter. The same choice came to Achilles—to spend his years in ease and repose or to go to Troy and live the life of a soldier and die a soldier's glorious death, and he chose "glory and a short life" rather than long days and mediocrity.

We all have the choice—Ignorance, which is *not Innocence*, few temptations, to accept blindly any creed offered, or to taste of the Tree of Knowledge and to fight out the fight for ourselves.

Having praised man for choosing the Tree of Knowledge and explained that with due regard to the instincts of manhood he could not have done otherwise, Mr. Carpenter went on to show the necessity for self-restraint.

If everything were lawful there could be no morality. The Tree of Knowledge had Beauty (pleasant to the eyes), Wisdom, Nutrition, but no *moral law*. For that we must look to the other tree, the Tree of Life.

He spoke also of God's command, "*Thou shalt not eat*," and here seemed to me to lie the weak spot in the logic of the discourse.

If man in obeying his highest instincts *had* to eat of the Tree of Knowledge, it would certainly have been impossible for a just God to lay an embargo upon that act. Mr. Carpenter spoke very powerfully of the necessity for evil; of how it must co-exist with good since one grows out of the other.

He spoke also of the hopelessness of hot-house morality. You may case your child round with glass, but one day the strong winds of life will come and shatter that glass into a thousand pieces, and then the poor weak, fragile flower will stand a far worse chance than the more sturdy plant which has been allowed to *know* but taught to *resist*.

The Pharisees of the world came in for some hard hits. Those who worship—not *morality*, but *cere-moniality*; who are always quoting that much-abused text, “Come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing;” who are for ever drawing away their garments in holy horror of sinners, and saying, “be ye separate,” and “cast out the unclean thing,” forgetting that they themselves are the unclean thing from which to be separated.

First separate yourself *from* yourself, and then you may brush aside your garment like the priest and the Levite, saying, “I am holier than thou.”

He seems to have a most enthusiastic congregation, who are justly proud of their pastor’s oratory and dramatic power. There is, perhaps, no expression in the English language so humiliating as that of “popular preacher.” To be called a “fine woman” might be almost as degrading, but I think the “popular preacher” should feel the more aggrieved of the two.

Thackeray has furnished us with such a terribly true caricature in the shape of the Rev. Charles Honeyman, with his scented handkerchief, his diamond ring, and his shapely white hands, that this picture instinctively rises before us when we hear the condemning words.

Perhaps we are not always sufficiently charitable towards those who labour under such a curse. To be a popular *speaker* has also its weight of temptation, in that awful power of swaying men's minds, and possibly blinding their judgments, often as much through some trick of voice or manner, some undefinable mesmeric influence, as through any unanswerable argument in the words themselves.

But the orator, although his influence for the moment may be paramount, knows that he will have to reckon with a host of critics and cavillers even amongst those who are now listening spellbound to his accents when the subtle magnetism has lost its sway over them, and individual judgment has once more mounted to the throne of individual intellect.

But with a popular preacher the case is widely different. Having made choice of our particular theological mixture, we are apt to leave our spiritual health and well-being in the hands of our special spiritual guide with a confidence as absolute as that with which we give our body in charge of some equally trusted medical man. Moreover, there is no appeal. We can change our spiritual doctor it is true, but as long as we remain under his teaching he speaks to us as one "having an authority," and with no

paralyzing consciousness of being forced to weigh his words with reference to the next speaker. When the gift of oratory is added to these conditions, we have the *popular* preacher. When strong mental power crowns the whole, we have one of those "men of the century" who leave an indelible mark on the theology which has glowed under the burning touch of their genius.

Such a man the Americans own in Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, and such gifts raise a man very far above the mere level of popularity.

Strong spiritual insight, a wide grasp of intellect, a powerful command of language, an absolute honesty, and that blessed boon of freedom of speech, have combined to give Boston something better than a popular preacher; namely, a strong manly hand able and willing to clear away some at least of the terrible difficulties of life, and to help his fellow creatures to a firmer foothold.

Most readers will associate the name of Dr. Brooks with the magnificent church (Trinity) which was built for him some ten years ago in the most open and picturesque part of Boston, near the old South Church and the Museum of Fine Arts.

A curious bit of old stone tracery forming now

one of the windows of the covered entrance on the north side of the church has a history of its own. It came originally from the ancient church of St. Botolph, in old Boston, Lincolnshire, and was sent by the vicar as an appropriate gift to young Boston. The window was first offered to another church, whose congregation, however, developed Unitarian tendencies to the horror of the orthodox old Lincolnshire clergyman, who recalled his gift, and made it over to Trinity Church on the distinct understanding that it must find yet another home should either pastor or people in the future cut adrift from their present doctrinal anchorage.

The fact that the original vicar of St. Botolph, in Lincolnshire, a certain Mr. Cotton, migrated over here amongst the first settlers in 1622, and was an ancestor of Dr. Brooks, makes the gift of the window to his church peculiarly appropriate.

As this chapter is specially dedicated to those whose theological digestion can stand a certain amount of theological teaching, I will not apologize for choosing a few notes out of the many jotted down from memory during my stay in Boston.

To listen to sermons notebook in hand is as impossible to me, and would yield me about as much

profit or satisfaction, as to go to a German rendering of a Shakespeare play with the English edition held close to my eyes all the time; a sight, by-the-bye, which may be seen on many an evening at the Dresden theatre.

Dr. Brooks, therefore, must not be held responsible for the baldness of style and poverty of language with which I have clothed his ideas. When the powerful agency of a great man tremendously in earnest is of necessity absent, perhaps it is just as well not to attempt to pour hot water on the essence of theological meat.

The first notes I give are upon the text in Mark vi. 20. "For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him, and when he heard him, he did many things and heard him gladly." We hear constantly of the effect of wickedness upon *goodness*, the danger of temptation from bad example and an atmosphere of vice, and there is much truth in this view. But there is also a truth no less sure and defined on the other side—*viz.*, the effect of *goodness* upon *wickedness*—the curious, illogical, inconsistent feeling, half fear, half fascination, which we see roused by the presence of goodness, in most wicked men.

Herod was one of the worst of a bad race—cruel, licentious to a degree, but he was fascinated by the goodness he could not follow. He was thrilled by the mesmeric influence of a good man near him. He even heard John gladly, rejoicing as it were in his holiness; perhaps thinking that in some mysterious way it might charm the demon of sin away from himself. But the influence had its limits, for after fearing John, admiring John, hearing him gladly, at the instigation of a dancing girl, Herod *murders* John.

Here we have the influence of goodness and the *limitations* of that influence clearly defined; Christ before Pilate, Felix before Paul, Herod before John, are all examples of the same thing.

How do we account for this influence, even when (as often is the case) it is shown not by admiration or fear, but by scorn and jeers?

My brothers, if you only knew how superficial, how unreal that sneer is, how it is wrung from a man by the very qualities he admires and envies, you would care less for the scorn of the ungodly! It is the unconscious tribute of vice to virtue, shown in one way or the other; the very feeling of the vicious man *that he is capable of virtue*, that vice is *not* the true end and aim of his being—this is what enrages and angers

and yet saddens and depresses him in the presence of the Ideal for which he may have ceased to strive.

For example, *I* have no feeling but admiration for the work of an artist, however excellent. It raises no regrets, no self-reproach. It is work quite outside my province and therefore I can look and admire without a pang. But mortal man knows that goodness *is* his natural life and birthright and therefore the presence of it is a reproach, and he either admires with fear and trembling and yet is willing to fight for the reputation of a man he believes to be holy against all the world, or, if of lower nature, he tries to drag down and depreciate, to scorn the virtues to which he will not aspire.

When this strange mixture of feeling, half scorn, half fear, passes from him, then indeed he has given up his birthright and that soul is lost.

Conscience is only the *Consciousness of the Higher Life*; when that is dead the end has come.

But this fascination and fear of vice for virtue is not only because it shows us a life which we ought to be living, an example which we, in virtue of our manhood, are *capable* of following.

There is also a second reason for it—*viz.*, the conviction *that we are on the losing side* so long as we

turn from it—that we have not the laws of the universe with us, even if we do not distinctly recognize the fact that they are opposed to us. We are going against the stream, which *is* set towards righteousness however much vice may seem to predominate.

But this feeling of vice for virtue has its limitations. It cannot save the soul—more is wanted; only the grace of God, submission of our will to His, can do this work. The other feeling always falls short and fails us at the crisis, as it did with Herod and Felix and Pilate. Some may say, “Then is there any good in such a feeling at all?” Yes—great good. It keeps the heart in a state of possible redemption. It keeps us awake to the fact that the higher life *is the one we are created for*, and that, falling short of this, we fall short of our birthright and are failures in God’s universe.

It also strengthens the weak brethren who are leading that life and striving to win others to it.

So long as that fascination and fear and almost love for goodness exist in the heart of a wicked man, there is hope of influencing him through these, to seek for the love and grace of God, which can alone complete the work in his soul.

Again, let us remember in each one of us there is a

Herod and a John; the one fearing the other; fascinated by him and yet constantly rebelling and striving against him; the two natures at constant warfare in the same soul—the consciousness of the higher life, the dragging down of the lower life, and the only solution, the only chance for peace is when we manfully make our choice between the two, which shall be our master and, by submission of our will to God's will, decide, once and for ever, that our lives shall be a struggle upwards, by His grace helping us.

Then alone shall we find peace and discover also how weak in reality has been the evil which has held us so long in its apparently iron grasp!

This truth of the *capacity* for righteousness in the human nature made after God's own image, is always present in Dr. Brooks' teaching.

It has been too much choked up for many of us by the cringing Calvinistic creed that would deny all inherent *capacity* for righteousness, and which seems to imagine, through some curious process of reasoning, that we do more honour to our Creator by affirming the utter failure of means to an end shown in His workmanship (which has therefore to be patched up by a miraculous and spasmodic exercise of His power in the case of a few chosen souls), than by taking up a

manly reverent position, which can leave no possible room for self-righteousness when truly held and appreciated at its full worth.

This same great and so often neglected truth runs through another powerful sermon, which Dr. Brooks preached on the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

He reminded us of how few *realize* their responsibilities to the great human race at large.

Benevolence is considered an exceptional gift or grace belonging to the few; not the normal condition of every man *as* a man, who is spiritually a complete man.

Most of us look on the Church as a means provided for saving our souls; not as a society, a band of Christians owning responsibilities to the world at large. One talks of certain men as "Pillars of the Church." All the charities as a rule are confined to a few who recognize these responsibilities and are looked upon therefore as exceptional beings.

Our great mistake lies in not expecting more from our natures.

We are so apt to say, "Yes, it is beautiful; but it is not possible for me."

It is possible for every human being; for each one of us possesses something of the Godlike, only we fail

to estimate the value and worth of the palace we inherit. There is more danger of this than of over-estimating our capacities.

It is as if you looked on benevolence and due responsibility as a beautiful voice, a gift to the exceptional few ; whereas it is in reality like a pair of arms, the rule, the normal condition ; failing which we are in so far deficient in our humanity.

Surely the most selfish man must sometimes have a consciousness of this fact, just as an armless man might have faint sensations of loss in his shoulders whence the arms should spring.

It is utterly impossible for us to shut ourselves off from our fellow-creatures.

It is not as if we could say, "I will take no responsibility, I will do no good, but neither will I harm any one." If we are not doing good, we *are* doing harm positively and practically. In the great moral atmosphere around us, we are adding either oxygen or hurtful gases all the time.

Some home is desecrated by the sin of a daughter, seduced away from it.

A man may say, "I know nothing of the girl or of the house ; I never heard of either." But if his own life has not been pure and true he has vitiated the

atmosphere in which that house is built, and *is* so far to some extent responsible.

It is the great *moral* atmosphere which restrains men from deeds of violence and robbery and cruelty in these enlightened days. We all know this and reap the advantage of it.

Why then should the doctrine be considered visionary and sentimental when looked at from the reverse side? Again, a man commits suicide—you may say, “I don’t know him. I never heard of him. Here at least I have no responsibility.”

But if *your* life has not tended to show the beauty and usefulness of living; if it has made life seem less worthy, if you have been *blasé* or cynical or selfish, if you have encouraged by your own life the idea that it is merely given for our gratification, and ceases to have any value the moment our personal enjoyment in it ceases—then you have vitiated the moral atmosphere around you in which that poor fellow lived. You have helped him to his destruction instead of to his salvation, though you may never have seen him nor heard his name.

This theory of moral atmosphere, of moral hygiene and moral contagion was brought out most forcibly, and the sermon ended by a solemn reminder that God

would require the life of our brother at our hands, as surely as in the case of Cain and Abel.

Dr. Brooks' delivery is so rapid that he must be the despair of reporters, and a faithful rendering of his sermons can only be possible when the original manuscript is in the hands of his publishers.

I am tempted to give some very meagre notes upon another subject, because it goes straight to the very fountain of all spiritual life and includes a few remarks of a very helpful and practical nature.

The key-note is in those words of King David, "All my fresh springs are in thee."

David in spite of all his sins was a type of Christ in virtue of this one characteristic point in him; this daily living and drawing from the springs of God. It gave a freshness and impulse to his whole being. We draw our inspirations from different sources and from various depths.

Some of us act simply from the impulses of the moment, and are swayed entirely by our immediate surroundings. That is drawing our spring from very near the surface. Others go a little deeper. They act according to rule and established tradition.

"This and that have always been established as good

precedents of conduct; we cannot do better than abide by them."

Others go deeper still—to Principles—the First Principles of Humanity.

But far beyond and deeper than all these come *the Springs of the Living God*; the going *now* at this moment for inspiration, for help, for guidance, straight to Him and finding there the Well of Life.

This is the only corrective to the monotony of Life. To-morrow the same duties await us as those of yesterday; but they need never be actually the same if we have this conscious Life with God every moment of living. We can never then do two things precisely in the same way. The material of our work may be the same; we may bring to it the same brains, the same hands, but through this ever-present, living Inspiration, it must be a different and a higher development of ourselves that we throw into every duty, however insignificant.

We make our Human Life too much like the march of a great caravan across a desert, or the course of a ship going out from one harbour and making for another: but meanwhile with no help or refreshment, save the equipment with which it set forth.

God is behind us, perchance, in the past.

We have a dim hope of finding Him in the future; but meanwhile we must live in remembrance and anticipation; on Principles and Traditions.

We feel the desert sands of middle life under our feet; the boundless ocean around, without Life or help for our poor craft—A harbour perchance in view, but no hope nearer than that; whereas in truth, God is round us, near us, *with us now*.

The waters are there, under the sand, at this very moment waiting to gush over the dreary road, needing only the dig of a heel to make them flow.

It is so sad that life should be so unaided, so self-contained, when God is with us everywhere, full of help and comfort.

When I hear that a man who has had some great trouble "is pulling himself together and bearing it like a man," it seems to me so unutterably sad—for instead of this dreary solitary misery, self contained and self supported, he might now have the sorrow lifted, and eased, and shared. As with individuals, so with Churches. They go back to the old traditions—to the old principles—to the old manifestations of God; forgetting that He is with us now, to-day, as much as ever He was in ages past—

He reveals Himself every bit as much now as he did then.

He is a Living God ; a Living Spring to be turned to at every moment of our lives, ready to let the waters of healing and cleansing overflow into every nook and corner of our Spiritual Being.

As Dr. Brooks has a firm and reverent belief in the Divinity of our Lord—a fact which does not stand out prominently in the preceding notes of sermons preached to a congregation who are well aware of his views on this question, I have thought it advisable to give as a suitable finish to the chapter, some notes written after a Christmas sermon on the well-known but always beautiful and heart-stirring Christmas words:

“Unto us a Child is born.”

Dr. Brooks spoke first of Christ's life, and work, and death, and of the constant struggle of the Human and Divine towards each other.

Christ in His Life gave us the perfect picture of what Humanity (God in Man) is intended to be, and ought to be.

It was no impossible ideal, no unnatural life.

We are divided between admiration for it and a deep undefined impression of its being something so far removed from us, so miraculous : whereas, it alone is

real nature ; any lesser life is *in so far* less “human” according to the real meaning of the word—“to err” is *not* “human.”

Sin and error are blots, excrescences on our human nature, not its natural outcome and essence.

Dr. Brooks made special mention of the poverty of Christ. How we strive and strain after money and success, and yet the most perfect life ever lived showed that money was utterly worthless in itself, not a thing to strive for at all.

Imagine if the Redeemer of the world had been a rich man, how this would have added to the feverish race for gold !

Had we had the example of a rich Redeemer, how then Heaven and Hell would have banded together to make us slaves to this thirst for Riches.

Then we must consider the *usefulness* of Christ's Life. It was lived absolutely for others, not even for Self Culture. Although He knew and confessed that by losing His Life, He gained it, yet that was not the end ; it was merely the necessary result.

In these days we hear of and talk so much about *Self Culture*, more especially here in Boston.

So many grieve and are distressed because the iron

necessities of life prevent their having time to cultivate their talents and become learned.

How cheering to remember that the grandest and most successful of all lives never had time to think of Self Culture or Self Development at all, except so far as we get a hint of the highest of all culture in those words, "For their sakes, I sanctify myself."

Lastly he spoke of the *Age of Christ*. It was such a short life. Many of us grumble, "If we only had time, life is so short. We can do so little. Why try to do anything?"

Look at Christ's life: it barely touched the earth. It was cut off so young, and yet it left an immortal fire upon it, which has gone on burning through eighteen hundred years.

Most of us live quite long enough—long enough for the selfish development of our own lives, our own talents, our own fears and hopes and petty interests.

It is the *fire* of living we want: *A moment of fire will do more than years of apathy.*

The clouds rest upon the mountains all day long, and leave them just as they were, only a little more wet. But the flash of lightning comes, and touches the earth for a brief moment, and rends and wakens up with a fire that breaks down boulders and crags of

rock. Yet it has been the work of an instant, but an instant touched by the fire of God.

We have all stood by the grave of some young life, cut off, as we think, prematurely. But the lightning has done its work, no doubt, and the young poet or philanthropist has touched the earth for a brief moment with his song or his plan. *He* may be forgotten, but the fire that he has kindled will burn on.

So was it, in the highest degree of all, with Christ. So let us strive that it may be with each one of us.

CHAPTER IV.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

It is with considerable difficulty that I have brought myself to write upon this much vexed question of spiritualism.

To have left it out entirely would have been to have left out one of the most remarkable parts of my year's experience.

I cannot expect from my readers a blind acceptance of phenomena that rest solely upon my own good faith in the first instance, and my own powers of critical observation in the second.

I am crippled by an overpowering conviction that I should myself pay small heed to the words of a stranger on such matters should they chance to go against any preconceived opinions of my own on the subject. Moreover, I am not prepared to offer any theories on the question. I approached it with an entirely unbiassed mind. I am perfectly aware that the powers of observation and judgment of a layman

can never approach to those of an expert. I am also aware that every sense we possess is capable of being tricked and deceived by any clever conjuror, and that the old saying, "I will never believe it till I see it," is the weakest possible argument, since optical illusions are so rife and so easily compassed.

I can only tell in plain language what were some of my own experiences during a fairly exhaustive search into the mysteries of clairvoyance and spiritualism on this side the Atlantic, adding that amongst all my sceptical friends (intelligent or the reverse) I have not *yet* heard any explanation that could satisfactorily account for what came under my notice without introducing elements so improbable and impossible that the faith necessary to accept them is far greater than the credulity exacted by the most fanatical believer in spiritualism.

Before proceeding to speak more in detail of personal experiences I should like to say a few words on the chief sources of the opposition to a belief in spirit intercourse. In the first place comes the universal impatience of anything we cannot understand. Not long ago I read a very severe but true remark upon this well-known human failing. The writer rather cynically observed that if men were

told that the whole problem of the universe would be explained to them in a quarter of an hour, they would still be bound to form some theory about it meanwhile, so great is our dislike to ignorance or uncertainty.

The heterodoxy of one generation is the orthodoxy of the next. We all repeat this formula like so many parrots, but few of us realize it in the present, although we can all see it in the past. Each new garment in which Truth clothes herself seems to be positively the "last appearance." We cannot believe that this in turn may be cast aside in favour of some fresh apparel. This is more pre-eminently the case with regard to our religious opinions.

Most people would seem to regard religion as a sort of compliment paid to their Creator.

To be "religious" is, in their estimation, as much a matter of individual selection as to be a good singer, or a good German scholar, or to play the violin.

Under such circumstances it is no wonder that we feel bound to bolster up our religion with any sort of cant or falsehood, on the principle that the end justifies the means. If religion is to be looked upon as an adjunct and ornament to life, instead of being its true essence and meaning, it is small matter of surprise

that we should view with horror and distrust anything that threatens the overthrow of our special creed or following. No wonder Theology turns so cold a shoulder on Science. Theology as it is taught in our "schools" may well dread so powerful a rival. This must be the case until we are sufficiently spiritual to realize the things of the spirit as we realize the practical matters of daily life, and until we are manly enough to face the following proposition:—Religion is either the one possible clue to the mysteries of the universe, the one central Truth round which all other Truths must cluster and in which they must find their key-note, or it is a sentimental sham, promulgated by a clerical trades union of various elements but identical aim through long ages of the past, and finding its warmest justification in being an ingenious expedient for keeping social order and well-being by preaching the terrors and rewards of a mythical Heaven and Hell.

So many of us have been brought up on the old orthodox lines of a belief in a *local* and *immediate* state of Misery or Bliss—in a condition of instant perfection attained through some mysterious Alchemy of Death, that shall act as a solvent to the evil, and liberate the good in us at the moment of dissolution, thus forming suitable denizens for the

pure spiritual ether of that unknown sphere we call Heaven. To such believers I can well understand that so-called "spiritualism" must present insuperable difficulties.

In a vague way, they may profess to believe in the ministering angels "sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of eternal life." But we shall generally find that such people draw the line at *angels*, and obstinately refuse to consider the possibility of any spirit who has ever lived upon earth being disturbed from his or her rest, to act as a ministering spirit to those still dwelling amongst us—an endless future of palms and harps and crowns; a repose almost as monotonous and colourless as the Nirvana of the Buddhist is the only Heaven which many of us can understand or even conceive. The old Scotch lady, troubled with rheumatics, who objected to the idea of "sitting on a damp cloud and shouting hallelujah" for the whole of her celestial existence, is considered a very flippant and discontented old woman, and many of us are looking forward to a state of existence that would be perfectly intolerable unless we could insure and reconcile the immortality of our individuality with the total loss of all our energy and all our capacity.

We see that Progress and Development are Nature's watchwords in all her works; but with many of us the grand truth of analogy between Matter and Spirit finds but deaf listeners and blind observers. Religion comes in, not as a Development, but as a Catastrophe.

Priestcraft, whether it sells indulgences, hears Confessions, stirs up revival Conversions, or thunders out Perdition and Damnation from the lowest of Calvinistic pulpits, is alike a trades union, and has conspired to deprive us of God as our Father, and of His Love and Care as our birthright, by virtue of our very existence.

In place of this it has given us the arbitrary rules and dogmas of a hundred opposite and antagonistic creeds.

Then again good people in all ages have found peace and happiness in the honest pursuit of Truth and through living in conformity to Conscience, even when only the faintest glimpse of Truth's radiant presence can be seen, and when the Conscience (or Consciousness) can necessarily only reflect the dim rays that pass over its surface.

Even such peace may well "pass our" earthly "understanding." Can we wonder that those so

blessed should consider that they have arrived at a final standpoint from which it must be impossible to dislodge them? Can we wonder that others, seeing so fair an example, should protest with trembling eagerness that they can receive nothing which shall even *appear* antagonistic to a creed that brings so much peace and such fair lives in its train?

It seems almost cruelly cynical to point out that a like peace and a similar beauty of life have accompanied the *honest* holding and practising of almost every creed the world has known.

To believe that the moment of dissolution is the moment either of final destination for the Soul, or of an inactive and colourless rest until some future judgment day, is of course inimical to the very first principles of spiritualism.

To all who think thus, I would say, "Leave the matter alone—probably it holds *for you* no vital or necessary truth. It will only distress or anger you to consider the subject at all. To you it is indeed foolishness. Be content to consider yourselves superior to any such belief. If there is a Truth underlying the undoubted deceptions and impostures of professing Spiritualism, it is a

Truth that is bound to live and develop even without your assistance, and one which your most scathing contempt and scepticism cannot discourage or retard by any appreciable measurement of time."

A hundred years ago the idea of a railway or a steamer would have been looked upon as blasphemous conceptions of witchcraft. Fifty years ago it was considered absolutely impossible that any train could cover more than ten miles an hour.

To-day we travel from London to Swindon at the rate of sixty miles an hour. We have floating steam palaces plying between New York and Liverpool and yet the world jogs on much the same as ever.

We have accepted the fresh developments of scientific truths. We have assimilated all recent discoveries (gas, electricity, telephones, &c., &c.) to our mental digestions, and are prepared to meet further demands upon our faith in the future with the same dogged distrust and senseless scepticism which have greeted every discovery since the world began.

Copernicus with his revolutionizing theory of the universe, Galileo with his planetary motion, Columbus with his tale of a boundless continent, Harvey and Watt

and Stephenson and Wheatstone, the noble army of scientific martyrs, have met with much the same fate; only the prison and chains and stake of the past have been replaced by the scorn and jeers, the inane stupidities and exasperating attempts at wit without reason, logic, or intelligence, of our own day.

So much for the attitude of mind with which most people approach any new idea which threatens a re-adjustment of their pre-conceived notions at religion, morality, or science.

When Copernicus discovered the system of the Heavenly bodies which once for all gave the lie to the idea that our small planet was the central point in the universe; when Galileo, released from his prison to be tortured into conformity to the level of scientific mediocrity, stamped upon the ground, uttering the immortal words "*E pur se muove*," which disposed of the accuracy of the Biblical account of Joshua and the sun, religion was supposed by many good and pious people to be shaken to its very foundations.

The many who set up their Bible, to worship it as blindly as any poor savage ever worshipped stock and stone, must expect these cruel shocks now and again.

They may cry out in vain, "Perish Science and Progress, but leave us our idol intact." The Great Divine

Law will work on through all the world's economy. Science will march forward with more and more rapid strides in spite of all their protests, and God, the Father in Heaven as well as the Law-giver on earth, will prove in time, even to the blindest of His children, that His truth being eternal, all other truths must of necessity be subject to it and in harmony with it.

To adore Him, to have faith in His love and justice (often in spite of appearances), all this is necessary to our "soul's salvation," simply because it is the only atmosphere from which the soul can draw spiritual nourishment and consequently spiritual life.

But, believe me, He does not require our patronage! and what else but patronage is it to say, "No, I won't investigate this or that, because it goes against the Bible?"

If the theory is proved to be founded on false premises, the Bible is untouched. If the theory is placed beyond dispute, we have got to re-adjust our interpretation of a Book which is in great part a history and to be read as such; and in great part an inspired message truly, but delivered through the mediumship of humanity and to some extent bounded of necessity by its limitations. Is it impossible to put the Bible in its own most honoured place, a spiritual

telescope arranged and adjusted by Divine wisdom to the strengthening and extending of our spiritual eyesight; to be *supplemented*, not superseded, as our eyes become stronger and capable of receiving a still clearer vision, until that blessed time arrives, when the veil of mortality having been cast aside, God shall be able to reveal himself, slowly it may be, but more and more surely, and at length, "in His light, we shall see light?"

Is this not a truer and grander spiritual philosophy than that which would teach us that God's last word of help and instruction has been spoken, His final revelation of Himself already made, and that He leaves us to assimilate such teaching as best we may, in a world where spiritual growth would be at variance with every known law of the Creator, and religion would be a crystallization and excrescence, instead of the noblest instance of the working of a universal Law of Progress, first the bud, then the flower, finally the fruit?

Approaching the question of Spiritualism from this standpoint, it still presents many difficulties and many possible dangers. I think, however, that some people at least had better face these boldly and honestly, instead of putting the matter aside as an unprofitable folly and superstition on the one hand, or a temptation

to unlawful intercourse with the spirit world on the other. Under the earlier Mosaic and Jewish dispensations, intercourse with spirits was undoubtedly condemned.

The fact that witches were cursed and burned is little wonder, because at a time when such spiritual traffic was forbidden, those whose psychic organization enabled them to indulge in it, would naturally open the channels of communication with rebellious and disobedient spirits.

The case of the witch of Endor may be supposed to contradict this hypothesis, but her own amazement when the true Samuel appeared looks very much as if she had expected some lying spirit who might have deceived Saul by personating the prophets of the Lord.

That intercourse with spirits should be forbidden during the childhood of the human race appears as reasonable and as much to be expected as that a father should take a knife away from his little boy or forbid him to play with the fire.

Knives and fires are helpful enough when we have learned how to use them. It may even be necessary to learn caution and serve our apprenticeship to knowledge by cut fingers or singed eyebrows, but we try to guard our younger children from such dangers.

If the fuller light of the Christian dispensations brings no relaxing of this old command it is difficult to understand why rules should have been given to us for regulating such spirit intercourse and averting any possible danger from it, as, for instance, in these words, "Try the spirits whether they are of God. . . . Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God."

It is more than forty years ago since the Fox sisters heard the memorable raps which have led to so much discussion, to so much folly and deception, but which have set rolling a stone that has gathered to itself many other pebbles, all rolling in the same direction and beating against the door which has hitherto separated the physical and psychical in ourselves, and has separated us still more effectually from any possibility of intercourse with the ministering spirits and that great host of spiritual beings by whom we are so constantly said to be surrounded, although unable to see them with our bodily eyes.

In speaking more in detail of the chief objections to a belief in spiritual intercourse, apart from the great initial question of right and wrong, I shall make myself the mouthpiece of the spiritualist's point of view,

in order to save time and unnecessary explanations and repetitions.

I do not, however, wish to be considered as identifying myself with his theories and conclusions, as a year's investigation would not justify my taking up such a position, even were I prepared to do so.

People are so much in the habit of talking of "spiritual" in its higher but more limited meaning, of what, for want of a better definition, we must be content to call *religious*, that they forget entirely that spiritual in its original and more legitimate sense is simply the antithesis of physical.

The spiritual as opposed to the material nature, the power of grasping and realizing the unseen, seems as much a simple natural gift as black eyes or fair hair. To some of us this power is as natural, as much beyond the province of doubt, as our bodily eyesight or our ability to count the tables and chairs of the house we inhabit.

When this spiritual *capacity* is touched by the fire of God, it is like putting a match to tow or oil, instead of trying to light up some slowly combustible woollen material. Both are possible, but the process is much quicker in one case than in the other. As one set of muscles is generally developed at the expense of the

others, so in many cases a scientific education exacts a training and development of the material senses at the expense and to the exclusion of this spiritual capacity. In all probability the man, whose natural bent is physical science, has not much spiritual muscle of this kind to lose. He has other work to do in the world, and his spiritual development may have to wait until that is accomplished. Hence arise so much confusion and bitterness of controversy and so many unjust accusations of self-righteousness on the one hand and obstinate scepticism on the other.

The spiritual capacity is no more a virtue in itself nor an evidence of individual superiority than the possession of a banking book or a fine head of hair ; but a child who possesses it is *in so far* more reliable and able a judge on matters connected with the spirit life than Huxley or Tyndall or any other noted scientist would be without it.

To say this is no more an idle assumption than to say that a commonplace youth who has his eyesight will, on some occasions, prove more valuable than a blind genius.

Let us then imagine an intelligent sceptic in these matters, with a well-developed spiritual nature and insight, and consider some of the objections he is likely to raise.

First of all comes the old stock sentence, "What good has such a belief ever done?" This is indeed more frequently put in the form of dogmatic assertion. "Spiritualism has never done any good, *therefore* it cannot be true."

People have rung the changes upon these two sentences until we have come to accept them as final without daring to question their truth.

But must not each one answer such a question according to his own individual experience?

We are told that spiritualism has never enabled us to guess the number of a certain bank-note lodged in the Bank of England, nor to name the "Derby" winner. Has our Bible furnished us with means of doing either one or other? And yet we do not disbelieve it on this ground.

As there are good and bad men and women in this world, and men and women in various stages of mental and spiritual development, so spiritualists believe that there are spirits for good or for evil also in varying stages of mental and spiritual growth. To imagine that a spirit becomes omnipotent or omniscient the moment it passes from earth life is the fallacy upon which so much of the misunderstanding of the higher spiritualistic teaching is based.

That a spirit should be able to communicate with us at all and yet not "know enough" to be able to name a Derby winner is conclusive evidence of fraud to many of us.

But how do we know that such matters are within the province of the knowledge of disembodied spirits? Why should they know more of such matters than we do ourselves? Is it not more reasonable to infer that they would, on the contrary, have "lost touch" of much that may have interested them on earth?

We may gain much help and comfort from the possibility of spiritual intercourse with those we loved here, who may now be permitted to watch over and guard us, even when they cannot "put us on to a good thing" in racing or railway speculations.

Until we are in a position to affirm that no solace or help has ever come to any of us through the agency of those who have passed away from us, it is impossible to say that "no good has ever come of this belief."

Next comes the question, a double question indeed: is it conceivable that spirits should be disturbed from their blessed repose to come at our beck and call?

How can we reconcile the frivolous, sometimes even blasphemous, messages that are given with our idea of what would be a fitting attitude of mind for a disembodied spirit in a higher stage of existence?

As regards the former question, so far as my experience goes (and I cannot speak beyond this) spirits do *not* appear nor communicate at the "beck and call" of any one who chooses to address them. The desire for intercourse seems to come invariably from them; for in several instances I have not chanced to be even thinking of those who have appeared to me or who have been described as being present.

A strong affection or interest seems a necessary condition of their coming to us. Unless this strong wish or love exist on their side, I have seen nothing to lead me to suppose that they can be forced to appear or communicate against their will. This disposes therefore (to *my* mind) of the idea of disturbance of an eternal repose, instigated by us at our own will and pleasure.

That spirits, if allowed, should *wish* to make their presence known to us has never presented any difficulty to my mind and therefore I am less competent to speak on this matter than others might be.

"Have they nothing better to do than to come and

talk to us? How degrading! How unlike all we have pictured of their blessed condition!"

But if angels are content to "minister" to us, considering it no degradation but a glorious mission, why should the spirits of those we have loved and lost be less eager to help and sustain us?

"I cannot bear to think that my mother or father or brother is not *at rest*, that he or she should be hovering about me still, even were it possible for me to be cheered by a sense of his or her presence."

This remark I have heard twenty times at least. But I think the idea arises from that deeply rooted vision of palms and harps which John in his Revelation was permitted to describe.

It is impossible to exact a literal interpretation of a heavenly vision which can only come to us through the medium of earthly words and must be limited by earthly ideas. But allow that some day, some such glory as that described by the apostle John should encompass us. Does this prove that no progress towards it is necessary? We may show a little boy the picture of a great admiral or a great general or a famous lawyer, telling him that some day he may become one or other. If we are wise we do not

choose that moment to describe all the long, weary road he must first travel; all the lessons to be learnt and wept over—the punishment, and training that are inevitable. We show him the ultimate possibility, and trust that this bright picture may remain in his mind's eye, to cheer him along the weary road he must go.

To dwell upon all this now would only be to discourage and make him hopeless. He has his reading or arithmetic to do to-day, why begin to confuse and worry him with the algebra and Euclid, Latin and Greek that will come later?

Is it not conceivable that God should treat us as we treat our children—show us a picture of almost inconceivable glory in the Future; but otherwise draw the veil down to that which concerns us most nearly in our earth life?

Now the position of educated and thoughtful spiritualists seems to be that this veil is now being lifted a little; that the child is being allowed some glimpse of the further training that awaits him, and the revelation comes naturally as a severe shock to most of us. If the child we have pictured thinks that “Reading made Easy” is the whole stock in trade necessary to manufacture him into a great soldier or a great lawyer,

it must be a shock to find how much more remains to be learnt. To my own mind, there is no doubt at all that these "days of unbelief," as they are called, are in reality days of re-adjustment, of fuller spiritual light and development.

We are constantly told that "religion is on her trial nowadays." How can that through which alone we live and move and have our being be "on its trial" in any sense of a possibility of being superseded?

Hypocrisy and Cant and Priestcraft are on their trial, because men have learned to think for themselves, and to refuse to be hocused into any sort of religious acquiescence that does not represent an honest and manly desire to use God's gift of reason within its due limits, acknowledging the enormous space beyond that can only be covered by faith in the Heavenly Father.

The vast number of new sects, Theosophy, Modern Buddhism, Christian Scientists, Spiritualists and the whole machinery of Psychic Research, all tend to show a gradual lifting of the veil between ourselves and the spirit world. Some see in all this only the restless curiosity of an over-civilized race, longing for some fresh dainty to tickle its palate.

It is wiser and truer, I think, to see in it the gradual

upheaval of Thought that marks any further development of spiritual training.

The Theological Ant Hill has had a good many pokes and stirs of late years, and the scene just now is one of wild confusion, the ants hurrying hither and thither, disturbed and anxious, in search of some firm foothold. A metaphysical ant might even argue that the end of the world had come; but the solid foundations remain as before. It is only one little hill that has to be re-adjusted and built up again.

Imagine now, that our "intelligent sceptic" admits that the education of earth may not be final; that there may be other progressive stages of spiritual insight and development, that all things tend nowadays towards the discovery of hitherto unsuspected psychic powers in ourselves which may be utilized for such spiritual intercourse as I have referred to: the question still remains, is not such intercourse dangerous and liable to abuse? I have no hesitation in saying "most dangerous and most liable to abuse."

If Spiritualism, or any other creed, is to come between us and our Creator and Father, to be considered an end in itself and not the means to an end, we have in it at once a most tremendous engine for evil. But every creed has had this danger attending

it. The irons intended for concentration and support have always had a tendency to cramp, confine and weaken the muscles they are primarily designed to strengthen.

Society is in itself helpful and necessary; but we all know how social intercourse may be abused, and may serve only to develop what is frivolous or even wicked in us. We do not, on this account, shut ourselves up from it entirely and become hermits and misanthropes; nor do even the most God-fearing amongst us say "God can help and comfort me Himself," "to get comfort and help from any friend is to dishonour Him."

We accept the help and happiness of earthly love and friendship as a supplement to the Father's love and care and as the gift of a kindly Providence. Neither do we exact omniscience from our friend, however wise and helpful he may be. We do not ask him to name the Derby winner, and refuse to have anything to say to him if he fails. We go to him in confidence for what he can give us of loving help or counsel. We are content to abide his convenience for the conditions and time of our meeting. We do not insist upon thrusting ourselves into his presence whether he is at leisure or no; neither do we obstinately refuse to

accept any conditions that his friendship may impose upon us.

If our friend says "I can talk to you better in the twilight," we do not instantly insist upon lighting every candle in the house. If he should chance to be in Edinburgh or Ireland and we in London, we realize that it is necessary to put ourselves out a little in order to effect a meeting. We must take a train or get into a steamer, and we do it without a murmur; we do not say "I don't believe my friend exists at all, if he does, why cannot I talk to him now, here, this minute? What nonsense to be obliged to take a special train to go to him, through some particular line of country!" Not one of us would dream of treating an earthly friend in this foolish fashion. Yet this is just the unreasonable position we take up with regard to our spirit friends, and it arises, I think, from this preconceived notion that if they are not omnipotent and omniscient, at any rate, *they ought to be so*. They should be independent of all conditions. If a spirit friend can communicate with one sort of temperament, he ought to be able to communicate with every kind of temperament. If he can come to me in a darkened room when I am feeling quiet and harmonious, he ought to be able to come equally well in blazing light when I am

talking and laughing and surrounded by every sort of conflicting and possibly antagonistic element. Failing to do this, he is a fraud, and that is the end of the matter.

These are the lines upon which most discussion of the subject rests. A more touching, more reverent, and more difficult objection remains in the agonizing cry of some poor mourner, "If such things are possible, if the desire to come to us be the chief condition, why does not my husband, or my wife, or my child send me some message of loving remembrance from the spirit world? Why must we go to some low uneducated medium, even for the chance of any such message?"

It is only possible to hint at an answer to such objections in a very tentative way.

Where our ignorance of necessary conditions is so great, it would be absurd to attempt to dogmatize, but I would offer a few suggestions.

To begin with, this first objection has been invariably raised, in my experience, by those who have never, in any methodical way, attempted to lift the veil for themselves. They would give all they possess for a touch of the vanished hand, or a sound of the dearly-loved voice, but perhaps they

think such investigation or experiment wrong and degrading.

The idea of being indebted for such a possible communication to some half-educated and perhaps vulgar third person, is utterly repugnant to them, and in all probability they may not possess the spiritually sympathetic temperament which would enable them to dispense with such help.

This brings me to a question propounded earlier in this paper and still left unanswered.

“How can we reconcile the frivolous, sometimes blasphemous, messages that are occasionally given with our idea of what would be a fitting attitude of mind for a disembodied spirit in a higher stage of existence?”

The higher stage to *that spirit* may still seem a lower level to some of us. He that was unjust may be unjust still; he who was frivolous or blasphemous or earth-bound here may be all this in spirit life—let us hope, in a less degree, but spiritual progress has all the ages of Eternity for its development, and may be very slow as we count Time.

Either the moment of death is charged with miraculous powers of transformation, or the Spirit Land must have the good and the bad, the frivolous and

the earnest, those who may still blaspheme and those who have learnt to bless, amongst its teeming numbers.

No doubt like clings to like in spiritual as well as physical chemistry, and so the holier spirits on leaving earth life may rise at once in their spiritual development, to some circle beyond the possibilities of earthly intercourse.

This again *may* account for an absence of communication in some cases, without reflecting upon those who can and do come to us.

It is easier to communicate with an archdeacon than an archangel, but when we say this we cast no slur on the spiritual development of the former.

That the lower forms of spirits should hover nearest the earth, should be the most eager to return, and should be frivolous, or even wicked, in their conversation when they do communicate is only to be expected. That mediums should be generally found amongst uneducated and undesirable men and women is most unfortunate, but it is only the necessary result of present conditions.

The fear of being laughed at and the fear of doing wrong are two tremendous factors in bringing discredit upon spiritualism and keeping it out of the knowledge

and appreciation of those who could best advance a true conception of its noblest uses and possibilities.

So, hitherto, with few exceptions, it has been relegated to the ignorant and vicious, *who may possess equally the temperament which makes mediumship possible* and by constant cultivation of it are enabled to ply a trade that may often be honest, but is quite as often fraudulent, and a cover, too frequently, for every sort of vice.

Even those mediums who wish to be honest are much tempted; their patrons are for the most part an unintelligent, curious, gaping throng, utterly inharmonious, impatient of any sort of condition, scenting fraud at every turn, stupid, sceptical, carping, the very worst possible frame of mind for any spirit demonstrations. And yet, they have paid their dollar or five shillings as the case may be, and they mean business.

The medium must either produce a spirit, or a slate writing, or be denounced as a cheat, and lose all chance of dollars for the rest of her life.

Is it wonderful that she should sometimes assist matters by a little fraud?

I believe this is frequently done when a result can be obtained in no other way; and those of us who have

experienced the utter impossibility of getting any results when a circle is not in perfect harmony, can best appreciate how constantly this must be the case, where strangers meet each other in a public circle for the first and often last time in their lives, in the very mental attitude of sceptical but eager curiosity which is the most antagonistic and fatal to any reliable satisfaction of such curiosity.

There is moreover another reason why, the psychic nature being equal in both, an uneducated person makes often a better medium than one of superior mental calibre. It is the difference between packing in an empty box and one already nearly full. Going over the Clarendon Press at Oxford one day, with the late Mr. Richard Hall, and noticing the compositors at work, setting up the type for Sanscrit, Hebrew and Arabic books, I said to him, "Now, do those men know anything of the languages they are setting up in type?"

"A few do, unfortunately," he answered, "but most of them are absolutely ignorant; and we much prefer that it should be so, otherwise they are apt to make mistakes by having their own ideas on the subject, and not blindly following the manuscript."

A blank sheet of paper is certainly a better medium

for the transmission of our thoughts than one already covered with writing.

In like manner, spiritualists tell us that an unintelligent person makes a better medium than one more cultivated, who is apt to mix up his own theories and ideas and prejudices with that which is transmitted through him from spirit-land ; he himself being perhaps quite unconscious of the colouring given to it by his own individuality.

This is, I think, a fair answer to the equally fair objection that it is degrading for spirits to be forced to communicate through such undesirable channels.

At the same time, I believe, that if seven or eight earnest, intelligent inquirers could fulfil the necessary conditions and meet together constantly, a trained intellect, *on guard*, could suppress its too powerful individuality, and if such seven or eight persons possessed, in addition to honesty of purpose, necessary mediumistic temperament, sympathetic, not sentimental, I should expect them to attract to themselves spirits of the highest order with which earthly communication is still possible, and the results ought to be very beneficial and helpful.

To be clever or intelligent, or sharp at detecting fraud is not enough, though all these qualities may be

helpful to us in keeping our judgment cool. But the sympathetic temperament I have spoken of is an absolute necessity so far as my experience goes, and this is not found to any great extent in more than ten per cent. of the people we meet. In fact, I think it would be truer to say that we do not find it fully developed in five per cent. of our acquaintances. If I say this, in discussing spiritualistic *séances*, people are apt to answer, "Oh, yes, you mean some one who can be easily humbugged!" Of course I mean nothing of the kind.

We can all detect the presence of that mysterious magnetic influence which some few possess, which attracts dogs and children and men and women alike. We cannot argue about it or even exactly define it, but there it is, and we have no sort of doubt of its influence.

A strongly gifted mediumistic nature has always something of this subtle atmosphere of attraction around it. This may exist with greater or less mental power, with strong judgment and keen capacity for observation, or the reverse. It is quite independent of the presence or absence of such other qualities, and may or may not co-exist with them.

There is perhaps some physical as well as psychical

reason for what is an undeniable fact, with which the most obstinate materialist must often reckon in daily life, though he may deny it in words.

Anyway this seems to be the most successful "stuff" for the manufacture of a spiritualistic medium, and many clever men and women are absolutely devoid of it.

Such a man as Professor Ray Lankester, for example, whom I have had the pleasure of knowing for some years, and for whose great abilities I have the highest possible respect and admiration, might as well hope to empty the Atlantic with a tin pail as to receive any satisfaction regarding a matter where all his trained powers of material investigation are out of court. He can detect a fraud and seize a surreptitious slate pencil. But this is negative and does not cover the ground of my argument. Material things are to be apprehended by the material senses of touch and sight. The spiritual must be spiritually discerned. It is an entirely different province and requires different organs.

Thankful as we may well be to the quickness of the material eye that detects fraud and imposture and holds them up to just contempt, I do not think we are logically justified in concluding that nothing

but fraud and imposture are possible, since our detective friend has been unable to penetrate beyond these. It is surely conceivable that a highly trained material eye may detect the material fraud which can deceive hundreds less gifted, and yet that same superior vision may be powerless when taken outside of its own special department.

On this hypothesis, the present antagonism between Science and Spiritualism must rest until the two can amalgamate, or until Science can drive the latter in all its varied branches altogether from the field, which she has not yet succeeded in doing.

Having put down some of the possible aspects of Spiritualism from, I hope, an intelligent—at least, from no blindly superstitious—point of view, I will briefly mention a few personal experiences that occurred to me in America.

In doing so I am very much crippled by the necessity of making my narrative absolutely truthful and yet of avoiding hurting the feelings of friends or relations by entering into the necessary details upon which the whole value of the story depends, so far as a history of events at second-hand can be said to possess any value at all.

Some of my most interesting experiences are of

too private a nature to bear publicity; but I will write as fully as may be, altering no essential fact but replacing sometimes by other names the original ones given to me.

The names themselves have no intrinsic value; the exact circumstances under which such names were given are all-important.

Should any reader have sufficient interest in the subject to care for more particulars, I should be happy to furnish them privately.

It is only fair to begin with a few hasty notes written down after the first "materializing *séance*" which I attended in Boston, and which will show better than any later words of mine the spirit of cynical scepticism with which I approached this subject.

For some years past I have admitted to myself the bare possibility of spiritual intercourse, but had drawn *my* line at spiritual materialization; I am not even now prepared to admit myself convinced of the genuineness of this phenomenon, nor of its lawfulness if genuine. I only wish to show that although I came away from this first *séance* having seen nothing to shake my conviction of fraud, I was to receive later, under far less favourable conditions,

experiences for which I have hitherto been totally unable to account, except on the hypothesis that they were genuine.

For the enlightenment of the uninitiated, I may state briefly that the theory of materialized spirits is as follows:—Under given conditions of perfect harmony and strong mediumistic power the spirits of those who have passed away are supposed to be able to materialize a form, more or less solid and perfect; using the magnetic atmospheres of the sitters present for this purpose and remaining visible to our eyes and sensible to our touch so long as the power they have borrowed from us is sufficient to keep them in a state of material cohesion.

When such appearances are made in an intangible form it is easy to suggest optical delusion by the aid of cleverly arranged looking-glasses, phosphorescent light, and a hundred other artifices; but in all my American experiences the figures came more or less freely outside the cabinet, walked round the room, and even allowed us to touch and shake hands with them. The question therefore could not be met by any suggestion of tricking the eyesight.

The next hypothesis would be that such figures were dressed-up human beings; and the possibility of

this being the case would depend upon individual conviction, which in turn must rest upon a few common-sense observations of the surroundings and possibilities of each separate case.

If these figures are human beings dressed up, how many of them could be concealed at one time in the cabinet or alcove used on the occasion? I ignore purposely the question of possible access to such cabinet or alcove, taking it for granted that such elementary conditions would be investigated at the first start.

But allow that these "frauds" *have* been carefully concealed behind the curtains, how many who appear are of similar or identical height? how many of them present marked differences in height and demeanour to each other, and to the medium who is sitting out of our sight? To put it more plainly, in what proportion to the possibilities of accommodation do these so-called spirits appear? How many "dressers" would be required to get the whole crew ready for exhibition, allowing that the differences in height, demeanour and appearance of the "frauds" and their simultaneous apparition have convinced us that six or seven persons at least must be engaged in the imposture? What amount of

light was thrown upon the room when these figures appeared? Did we touch them, and with what result? How far did their appearance coincide with the possibility of human features "made up," or a cleverly designed and adjusted mask? Lastly, and most important of all, did any of these figures come specially for us, and did they, without hint or assistance, give us any proof of their sincerity by showing any knowledge of the sufficiently marked but comparatively unimportant details of our earthly connection with them? I say "comparatively unimportant" advisedly. If it were worth while to put an expensive and elaborate detective machinery in motion (from 2,000 to 10,000 miles away from our home) for the sake of a few weekly dollars, it would certainly be easier to discover the fact that one's father was a forger, or one's uncle a murderer, than to master petty family intricacies of money or marriage questions. The latter evidence therefore gains in value in direct inverse ratio to its intrinsic importance. Whether I should have received more satisfactory personal evidence, had I gone to the Boston *séance* in a different spirit, I cannot say; I think in all probability it might have been so. At any rate, if I tried the "detective theory" I should

more reasonably have expected some knowledge of my antecedents in a city where I spent nearly three months and entered into a good deal of social and literary life, than in the more cosmopolitan city of New York, where we were "transients" in the strictest sense of the word, not remaining long enough for any social purposes beyond meeting a few friends of earlier days, and where, moreover, we attended our first *séance* at the beginning of our stay, not towards the close of it, as was the case in Boston.

However this may be, I went to the "Sisters Berry" at Boston in a very antagonistic frame of mind, determined beforehand that the whole thing was a swindle, and accompanied by friends who were even more sceptical than myself, if that were possible.

Here are my notes upon the subject, written down within a few hours, and given without any touching up or alterations now; although, read in the light of later experiences, they bear, to me, unmistakable marks of the prejudiced spirit in which I made this first investigation at the house of a materializing medium.

We were ushered into a room, where some twelve or fourteen people (chiefly men) were sitting. In

the adjoining room was a cabinet, made of thick planks of wood and hung with green calico; the intervals between the planks being quite large enough for any thin person to creep through.

We were allowed to investigate the cabinet before sitting down in the room where it was placed; but this, of course, proved nothing, as there was a folding glass door behind the cabinet, which would allow of any one passing into it unobserved, as we were all placed in a second room, *facing* the cabinet.

In a few moments (the medium having gone into the cabinet) a white figure appeared at the curtains, and then a shadowy man's face; but the gas (controlled entirely by the master of the house) was so low that we could discern at first only dim forms. Of course he declared that the spirits could only materialize in very dim light, as they had so little strength, merely what they gained from the medium herself and the circle of sitters.

An old Egyptian now appeared, and a man in the circle, who had been sitting near my friend Miss B—— all the evening, went up and spoke to him and then asked "that the lady who had been sitting near him" might come up also, which she did; but she said that she could distinguish no

features, and only feel a warm, damp hand passed over hers.

Miss W—— was next called up by the spirit of a young man who wished to embrace her, but who was finally proved to be the departed friend of the lady who sat next to her; Miss W—— came back furious, declaring that it was a horrible coarse-looking creature, unlike any one she had ever seen in her life.

Mrs. P. (another friend) made valiant efforts to investigate the figures who came forth from time to time, but was invariably waved back by the master of the ceremonies.

“Will that lady kindly sit down? This spirit is not for her. It wishes to communicate with its own friends and she is disturbing the conditions and forcing the spirit back into the cabinet.” There were evidently many old stagers there, who flew up like lamplighters on every possible occasion, with exclamations of, “Oh! Uncle Charlie, is that you?” “How do you do, Jem?” &c., &c.

One old lady in a mob cap and a black gown, who careered round the room, was introduced as a certain “Sister Margaret,” who had taught in Saint Peter’s School in Boston. She was supposed to return to talk to a former pupil, who gave her spiritualistic ex-

periences in such remarkably bad grammar, as reflected small credit on Sister Margaret's teaching of the English language, at any rate. This girl's story was that she had always been most anxious to see her teacher, who had appeared to her, but not in the garments she had been accustomed to wear in the school—a sort of sister's dress. After wishing very fervently one night, Sister Margaret appeared dressed in her mob cap and gown, saying: "Don't you see my dress? I come in it at your wish." "Yes," answered the girl, "and I thank you for gratifying my wish. Since which time," she added, "I have been a firm believer in spiritualism." A young French girl in draggly black garments and a shock of thick black hair then came forward and rushed amongst us, trying to find some one to talk French with her. My friend, Mrs. H., went up first and then I was told to go up and speak to her, which I did. I took hold of her hands and grasped them firmly for a moment. They seemed to me ordinary flesh and blood, but I am bound to confess that they appeared to *lengthen out* in a somewhat abnormal fashion when the pressure was removed.

Her face was very cadaverous and she spoke in a quick, hurried way, as if time were an object. She said she understood a little English, but could not

speak it. Her mother had been French; her father an Indian, "*un brave homme*."

I longed to ask her how long she had been dead but did not know how to put the question politely and without hurting her feelings. It seemed to me that a good deal of embracing and kissing went on. One old grey-headed gentleman was constantly walking up towards the cabinet and being embraced by a white figure, whose arms we could just see thrown round his neck in the dim light. So, perhaps, he got his dollar's worth; but the rest of us found it a somewhat dull affair, something like very inferior *tableaux* seen in a very inefficient light.

The only excitement was the chance of some disturbance before we left, for Mrs. P. became more and more indignant with the gross imposture, which culminated when at length she was called up and told that a "young man wished to speak with her."

She asserted that it was "the most horrible, grinning, painted creature," who hissed into her ears.

The master of the house begged her to be patient and to try to learn what the spirit wished to say, but, with a very emphatic "*No, no, no!*" she resumed her seat amidst a general titter of laughter.

At the last, we were told that three little girls, whose

mother sat near the cabinet and came from Maine, were trying to materialize, but found it difficult to do so, owing to the absence of children in the audience.

The mother seemed very anxious to see them, but suddenly the gas was turned up and the *séance* declared over—a very abrupt finale to a piece of unmitigated humbug, I should say.

Mrs. P. said to me, coming out, “Well, no doubt we are not the first and shall not be the last victims of such gross fraud.”

The man heard it and asked her what she said, which she repeated in a firm, slow and composed voice. He was very angry, but evidently did not wish to have any disturbance, so contented himself with saying very rudely, “We expect people who come here to behave like ladies, *even women*.” It was impossible to resist the suggestion that he would hardly expect *men* to behave like ladies, under cover of which Parthian dart we returned home, much disgusted by the whole performance.

The next notes refer to a *séance* which I attended in New York, a few days after our arrival there. We knew nothing beforehand of the medium, and, in this instance, the English lady with whom I was travelling went alone with me to the small flat in an unfashion-

able quarter, where the *séance* was held. Some eight people only were assembled in the room, which was extremely small. All were perfect strangers to me, but a fancied likeness in one lady present to a picture I had seen of Mrs. Beecher Stowe led me to ask if it were she, and I was told that my surmise was correct.

There was no cabinet on this occasion; in fact the available space would scarcely have allowed for one. A curtain was hung across a tiny alcove, just the ordinary "arch" found in most rooms. The wall behind the curtain was the wall also of the outer passage which we had passed on entering the room. When I went behind the curtain with the female medium before the sitting began, there was only just space for us both to turn round in. The carpet on either side of the curtain was one piece. There was absolutely no room for any trap-door machinery, even could such have been worked successfully in the perfect silence in which we sat, within two feet of the alcove. The room itself was about the size of the small back dining-room of an ordinary London lodging house, say in Oxford or Cambridge Terrace for example.

The medium sat amongst us at first, only going behind the curtain after a few moments, when she was what she called "under control."

A little child of hers, who died some years ago at the age of four, is supposed to help the spirits to materialize, but is never seen outside the curtain I was told. If she came out herself she would not be able to help the others to do so. I mention these things in the words in which they were told to me, offering no comment of my own, but putting the case for the moment as spiritualists would put it. To do this, and then to give a faithful and unprejudiced account of what took place, seems to me the only fair way of treating such a subject.

The sitters began (almost in the darkness) singing "Nearer my God to Thee," in loud but harmonious voices. Asking why music was an invariable accompaniment to all spiritualistic phenomena, I was told that it was necessary to get the circle "into harmony" before any results could be obtained, and amongst strangers music formed the best means of doing so. When the attention of the audience is too thoroughly fixed upon the spirits they cannot act so easily. It must not, however, be supposed that the materializations went on only when we were singing. This might point to a possible "trap-door theory," although in a city where flats abound (rooms, not human beings) there would still be the difficulty of getting your downstairs neighbours

to look kindly upon such proceedings. But, as a matter of fact, we were often sitting in absolute quiet when fresh "spirits" appeared.

I can corroborate the assertion that too much concentration of thought upon them is considered unfavourable by the spirits, for on more than one occasion I heard a voice from the curtain or cabinet saying: "Do get the people's minds off us. We can do nothing whilst they are fixed upon us so intensely," as if thought in spirit life almost corresponded to some physical obstacle on the earth plane.

An old Indian woman, who died at the age of 110, and "Nelson Seymour" (who appears to have belonged to a sort of Christy Minstrel company over here) are the chief "controls;" the materializations being made by the agency of the little child of whom I have spoken already, and whose little baby voice could be heard before every "manifestation."

Several white-robed spirits came out from the alcove quite into the room, and talked in whispers to those friends who recognized them, and went up to speak to them.

The first spirit who came (the daughter of an old gentleman sitting near me) intimated through him that she would like me to go up and help her

materialize the white veil, which all wore in turn, and which, though perfectly transparent, is considered a necessary shield between them and the earth's influences; on the same principle I suppose that we put on blue spectacles to protect us from the blinding rays of the sun.

She came out from the alcove, held both hands in front of her, turning them backwards and forwards, that I might be satisfied that nothing was concealed in them. The soft, clinging material of her dress ended high up on the shoulders, so there were no sleeves to the garment. I stood close over her, holding out my own dress, and as she rubbed her hands gently to and fro, a sort of white lace or net came from them like a foam, and lay upon my gown. I touched it with my fingers. It had substance, but was as light as gossamer, and quite unlike any material I ever saw in any shop. The very softest gossamer tulle that old ladies sometimes produce as having belonged to their grandmothers is perhaps the nearest approach to what I then lifted in my hands, but even this does not exactly describe it. When long enough, she took up the veil, unfolded it, covering her head with it, and saying very graciously, "thank you," to me.

Other spirits now appeared for the other people in the room, who conversed with them in low tones. All these had evidently materialized before and could consequently speak with comparative ease. One, called the "angel mother" (the mother of the medium), came and answered questions on the spirit-life in a loud, American voice, prefacing every remark, whether to man or woman, by an affectionate "well, de-ar." Her answers showed a good deal of shrewdness, but not much depth, and were often rather wide of the mark. "Nels Seymour" cracked jokes all the time with a gentleman among the audience in a good-natured but flippant and very unspiritual-like manner, and even the ladies joined in the undignified punning and "play upon words" that went on all the time.

The little child's voice came in as a relief every now and then. She spoke broken, childish English, but used the expressions of a grown-up person. She described several spirits as "chying" (trying) to come but not being strong enough: amongst them she mentioned a "gentleman in uniform," who "was trying to come to me, but he had never materialized before and could not manage it. There were some family or money matters which he wished to put straight."

Not at the time recognizing the description, I felt

little interest in the matter and was becoming rather tired of the performance and rather drowsy, when my attention was once more aroused by my being told that a very beautiful female spirit, with a diamond star in her forehead, had appeared and asked for me, saying she had been a friend of mine on earth and wished to communicate with me.

This was conveyed to me by the little child's voice, the spirit herself not having yet emerged from the curtain, but the medium's husband looked behind it and told me of the diamond star, which, he said, was some sort of "order" in spirit life.

Having no idea who the friend might be, I begged for some further particulars before going up to speak to her. "She passed from earth life some five or six years ago and in Germany," answered the medium's husband, who had conducted the conversation behind the curtain. This was less vague, and now, for the first time, a suspicion of the spirit's identity crossed my mind, but I would not go up until a name had been given, and I asked for this before leaving my seat.

My travelling companion, a recent acquaintance, had never heard me mention the lady in question, who had died in Germany at the time specified. The little child said the spirit would give the name through her, and

the process was a curious one. Instead of mentioning the whole name or each letter of it to her father, the child *described* each letter to him as you might describe the lines of the large capitals in a child's reading book. The father guessed the letter from the child's description, and asked me if the first one given was correct. It was; but I did not tell him so, merely saying I should like to have the Christian name in full before giving any opinion.

In due time the six letters (*Muriel*, we will call it) were correctly given, and I had then no further excuse for refusing to speak to the spirit who had asked for me. I went up to the curtain, and she appeared in front of it. I have been frequently asked, "Should you have recognized her as your friend had no name been given?" With every wish to be perfectly truthful, I find it difficult to answer this question for the following reason: "None of the 'materializations' I saw were exactly human in face. There was no idea of a mask or a clever 'get-up,' but if one could accept the theory of a body hastily 'put together' and assumed for a time, the result is exactly what might have been expected under such conditions." My friend, in real life, was very pale and had exquisitely chiselled features, and these were of the same *cast*. The height

was also similar, and an indescribable atmosphere of refinement, purity and quiet dignity, for which she had been remarkable, was also present with this materialized spirit. More than this, I cannot say; for no materialization I have ever seen could be truthfully considered *identical* with the human original.

I did not feel frightened, but I did feel embarrassed, and naturally so, considering how unwilling and grudging my recognition of her individuality must have appeared. She seemed conscious of this, for almost immediately she mentioned her hands, holding them out for inspection and saying, "Don't you remember my hands? I was so proud of my hands." Now, as a matter of fact, my friend was noted for her beautiful hands, but she was too sensible and clever a woman to be conceited about them, and had too much good taste ever to make their beauty a subject of remark even to an intimate friend like myself.

Moreover, the hands now *en évidence*, although well shaped and with tapering fingers, were as little identical with a human hand as the face was identical with a human face.

Casting about for something to say to her, my first thought was for an only and dearly-loved married sister of hers, also a friend of mine, and I mentioned the

latter in a guarded way, saying, "If you are in reality my friend, have you no message for *your sister*?"

In a moment and without the slightest hesitation she answered, "Tell poor *Jessie*," going on with a message peculiarly appropriate to the facts of the case, but of too private a nature for publication; almost immediately and *with no shadow of suggestion from me*, she added, "Poor *Jessie*! she suffered terribly *when I passed away so suddenly*."

My friend had died in a foreign country, under peculiarly sad circumstances. She was young, beautiful and accomplished; a prominent social figure in the well-known capital where she had passed several winters. Her death was so sudden that there was not even time to put off a large afternoon "at home" arranged for the day of her death; and moreover this married sister happened, by a most merciful chance, to be spending a few months with her, out of England, at the time.

These were all special facts, referred to by her, but which would not have applied equally well to the death of any other friend, even supposing such a death to have occurred abroad.

The spirit spoke feebly and with difficulty, "not having much strength," as she told me.

I asked if her father (who had died a few months before) was with her. "Not yet," she said gently, "but I know he has passed over." She then kissed my hand and faded away before my eyes, not apparently returning to the curtain (close to which I stood), but "vanishing into thin air."

Some ten days later, my friend and I went again to an evening *séance* at the same house—different people were present on this occasion. A stupid "unintelligent" sceptic woman put us all out of harmony on this occasion by making inane suggestions, always declaring that "she would not for the world interfere with the conditions," but doing so all the time. The "angel mother" came again and rather lost her temper, I thought, with an aggravating and illogical man in the circle, who hammered on about Faraday's opinions on the spirit world, without much idea of what he was talking about. "Nels Seymour" *appeared* as well as spoke this time. He took my hand and kissed it; but he does not leave the cabinet as he is the "control." It was eleven years on that day since he had "passed" over, so he called it his "birthday."

A very beautiful female spirit materialized and offered to sit on my lap; an offer I closed with at once. She was some five feet eight inches in height, and

apparently a large well-developed woman. Anticipating the possibility of her resting her feet on the ground and so disguising her real weight, I moved my own feet from the ground the moment she sat down, which was easily done as my chair was a high one.

She remained for several minutes in this position, resting of necessity her whole weight upon me, which was about equal to that of a small kitten or lady's muff. There was an *appreciable* weight, but I have never nursed any baby that was not far heavier.

The veil this time was materialized in the usual way, my friend going up to watch the process.

My spirit friend appeared again, and more strongly this time. At a public *séance* where so many are eager to communicate with their friends, it is impossible to monopolize more than a few minutes of the public time and consequently any communications are as hurried and unsatisfactory as a conversation with an intimate friend in the public reading room of a hotel would be.

The "gentleman in uniform" who had been spoken of as trying in vain to materialize, made a more successful attempt this time. "He wants to come so nicely in his uniform. He nearly got it all right once, but he has tumbled all to pieces again," said

the little child's voice in tones of ludicrous distress. I tried to console her by saying that as I knew nobody likely to come and see me from the other world "in a uniform," I was not much disappointed. However, presently a "male spirit" was announced for *me*, with the additional information, "He gives the name of Henry. He says you are his niece, and that he was your guardian." Expecting from these words to find a man between fifty and sixty years of age, I was much astonished to see in the dim light behind the curtain (he was not strong enough to come out into the room) a little boy, apparently of twelve or thirteen years of age. I disclaimed at once any possibility of an uncle of mine of that name assuming such an appearance. Then a sudden thought struck me. Years ago, before my birth, a little boy-uncle who was in the navy had died of fever in Jamaica. Naturally he could not have been my guardian. Moreover his name was not Henry but "Francis." Still he *was* an uncle and a young boy. Anyway it was worth while making the suggestion, especially as I felt pretty sure they would grasp eagerly at such a "straight tip." So I said quietly, "It is quite impossible that the name could be Henry, I know no one of such a name. It might possibly be *Francis*, please ask again."

Quick as thought came the answer, given through the medium's husband, who put the question, and in most decided and impatient words: "The name is HENRY. He is your uncle, and was your guardian."

The man, seeing me look still incredulous, said, "Had you no uncle and guardian of that name?"

"Yes," I answered. "I had an uncle of the name who *was* my guardian, but he died as a man of 58, whereas this is apparently the spirit of a young boy."

"Not at all," answered the man. "The size is often a question of strength, and does not necessarily denote age. Your uncle says he has never materialized before. He cannot come more strongly the first time."

I must confess to a curious feeling of antagonism when I attempted to talk to the "uncle" in question. To begin with, he spoke (taking on the medium's conditions, I suppose) with a strong American accent, and in a very dictatorial and rather self-assertive way.

I had known comparatively little of this uncle in real life, as he died when I was only sixteen years of age, but I had reason to know that he was a man of considerable social gifts and of courteous and polished

manners. These latter had certainly deteriorated by the mediumship through which his remarks were conveyed.

Asking if my father (his brother) were with him, he said very decidedly, "No," adding, "It is the same with us as with you. Your father and I did not get on well in earth life, and we should not be more sympathetic here. Our views were very different."

Now this was absolutely true, the one having been a thorough man of the world and the other a most devoted Christian. At the same time there was no ground for the idea that the two brothers were not "good friends" so far as such friendship was possible between two natures so different. My curious feeling of antipathy was, however, naturally increased by this remark, and I did not feel very anxious to continue the conversation.

Trying to find some more fortunate subject to discuss, I remembered a near relation in whom this uncle had taken a special interest, and said, "Have you no message for ———?" mentioning, not *the name*, but the relationship between them, and adding, "Do you know that he is married since you passed away?" "Yes," was the quick and decided answer. "He would not have married Muriel" (mentioning an un-

common female name without hesitation or suggestion from me) "if I had been alive!"

"Do you object to her personally?" I said.

"No, but I dislike the connection," he answered in the same quick, abrupt way. "Don't let us talk of family matters here." In spite of saying this he went on to add that he was watching over my interests, which were threatened with regard to some money matters. "Can I do anything about it?" I said. "No; keep quiet. Leave it to me. I shall be able to protect your interests," he replied.

Presently I said to him, "Will you give me one more proof of your being really my uncle before you go away? Can you tell me my *second* Christian name?"

I had been told that there is always considerable difficulty about giving earth names, which seem to pass from their remembrance, and to be recovered with difficulty. Of course I had imagined that this was a specious argument to cover ignorance of the right answer. It is only fair to say that my "uncle's" behaviour on this occasion rather tallied with this assertion. He hesitated, then said, "I will try, but let us talk of something else first." Yet he had mentioned with ease the name of a person he had never seen, as I

have shown above. I felt sure he could not give me the name I had asked for, especially when, in a few moments, he complained of "being weak," and said "he must go." Determined to stick to my question, I said in a rather sceptical voice, "Then you cannot tell me my *second* name?" upon which, without hesitation, he whispered "*Katharine*" in a loud, determined whisper, and vanished as he spoke. The name and placing of the name were perfectly correct.

I may pass over a third materializing *séance* at the same house, to which I took some Boston friends, as nothing of any fresh *personal* interest occurred. An excitable Italian friend of mine who had never seen anything of the kind before, and came with much the same prejudice as I had felt at the Boston *séance*, disturbed the conditions very much by his attitude of determined antagonism, whilst his comparative ignorance of English and my feeble Italian made explanation hopeless. The whole circle was put out of harmony, and a dead weight lay upon us all. The materializations continued, it is true; but personally it was a great relief to me when my excitable friend left, which he did so abruptly as to bring down much abuse upon his absent head for having "broken the

battery and almost killed the medium " by his sudden departure.

This awful threat had so much power over the rest of the party that we sat out to the bitter end, leaving the medium at last still in her trance, with husband and son hovering over her in an anxiety which, if acted, showed first-class dramatic power.

This last experience rather damped our ardour for a time, giving an unpleasant association with the subject, and we had no intention of going to any other *séances* whilst in New York.

I had seen quite enough to puzzle me, and further sittings in a public circle were not likely to increase my experience, as I had already seen, touched, weighed, and spoken to these material apparitions—if one may so call them.

Meanwhile, I had made the acquaintance of a very beautiful and charming woman in New York, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction.

She has had an interesting and remarkable history ; is a woman of great mental power in addition to very remarkable beauty and is of the highest rank, being an Austrian princess in her own right, and having spent her youth in foreign courts.

Apart from these facts, which had been already told

me by a mutual friend before we met, I knew nothing whatever of her family history, whether she had brothers or sisters alive or dead.

I had spoken to her of my spiritualistic experiences and she had discussed the matter with me from the standpoint of a thorough woman of the world, of strong mental power, who had seen too much of life to be dogmatic or narrow in her views, but too much also to believe in what is called the "supernatural," before every possible *natural* hypothesis had been admitted and discussed as untenable.

Sitting in her pretty room the day before I left New York, we had talked for some two hours on various subjects connected with life and literature, and before the final adieux she said laughingly, "Well, have you been to any more *séances*?"

I said "no" and that we did not intend to do so as our time was now so short. A few moments of careless talk on the subject ensued, and picking up a newspaper, I cast my eye over the usual list of "mediums, clairvoyantes, &c." A half-defined wish to see whether any spirit friend would come to me in a totally different part of the city and under other conditions and surroundings, led me to copy out one of the addresses at haphazard.

I could not prevail upon Madame R. (who is delicate and dreads the night air) to accompany me, but I took back the slip of paper to my hotel, thinking that if my friend cared to go we might take the cars to the other end of the city after dinner.

I found my friend rather indifferent and inclined not to go, which was natural. Her maid was packing up for our departure, and would require a little supervision. It was our last night in New York, and we were both tired out. Moreover this lady, who is not magnetic in temperament, had no expectation of seeing any of her own friends, although she had of course both seen and spoken to those who came for me.

However, a good dinner at the excellent "Windsor Hotel" fortified us so much after our fatigues, that at the last moment we agreed to make one last attempt, no one, ourselves included, having known five minutes before that we should leave the house.

On this occasion we were ushered into a much more imposing drawing-room, and the lady herself was evidently some degrees higher in the social scale than our first mediumistic friend.

The arrangements also were quite different.

As we sat waiting for a few minutes (having arrived very punctually) Mrs. Gray looked at my friend, and

then described an elderly lady with grey hair who was standing over her, but of course invisible to our eyes., Almost immediately afterwards Mrs. Gray began rubbing her own knees and complained of pain in them, adding, "The impression of dropsy is being conveyed to me. This spirit seems to have suffered from disease of that nature."

My friend—who is very self-contained and unemotional—gave no clue to the fact that she recognized any one by this description, but as we were returning home in the cars she said quietly, "It is curious Mrs. Gray should have described that old lady with grey hair. I suppose she meant my mother. *She* had grey hair and died of dropsy."

On this occasion we were ushered into a fairly large room with a regular "cabinet" at one end of it, containing perhaps twice as much space as the tiny alcove I have previously mentioned; at this other house Mrs. Gray did not enter the cabinet herself, but her son, a boy of 18 or 19, went in and the materializations took place through him alone, his mother and father remaining all the time amongst the sitters.

The sitting began in total darkness, a new and most unpleasant experience to me. Moreover, under such conditions, an investigator has no possible means

of judging to what extent the phenomena may be a cleverly arranged trick.

For instance, a "mason" appeared in a shining dress covered with masonic signs which at once suggested phosphorescent light.

Some figure (undistinguishable) rushing towards me in the darkness, I gave involuntarily a little nervous cry, upon which, quick as thought, the figure seemed to rush *backwards* into the cabinet, and a voice proceeding from that part of the room said, "That is too bad. You might have had a beautiful demonstration, but you have forced the spirits back by repelling instead of welcoming them." I expressed a due amount of regret, but said that I should continue to "repel" anything or anybody that rushed at me in the dark, and that if the lights were not to be raised, I should much prefer leaving the circle, as the conditions were very unpleasant to me and not in the least degree calculated to satisfy any doubts I might have as to the genuineness of the *séance*. Mrs. Gray received these remarks very quietly, and said that if I would be patient for a few minutes longer, the gas should be lighted, which was done, much to my relief, for the feeling of oppression in the total darkness had been very disagreeable.

As soon as the room was lighted up, the "spirits" came out in such quick succession that it would have been *impossible* for less than two or three "dressers" to have got them ready, even could they have been concealed in the cabinet. On many occasions, *as one retired, another emerged*, proving that at any rate it was not the boy medium, who could not be in two places at once.

A spirit, dressed in some kind of white "sister's" dress, very shortly appeared, and Mrs. Gray asked if any one in the circle could speak German, as this spirit did not seem to understand French, Italian or English, and she herself only recognized German by the sound.

A gentleman volunteered his assistance, but apparently without much effect, and being a German scholar myself, I then offered to come to the rescue. The moment I went up to the figure, she came quite out of the cabinet and said to me in the most refined and excellent German (any readers who have studied the language know that there is as wide a difference between the highest and lowest type of German accent as there is between an educated Irish "accent" and an Irish "brogue") :

"I am the sister of Madame R.," mentioning the

name of the foreign friend with whom I had been spending the afternoon.

She had evidently a strong, almost overpowering wish to make some communication to me for her sister, but the difficulty in doing so seemed equally strong. It lay beyond the question of language, for she spoke with sufficient strength and I could understand perfectly her well-chosen and well-pronounced words. But some insuperable obstacle seemed to prevent her telling me what she wished, and the despairing effort to do so was most painful. I assured her of my willingness to help her in any possible way, and made a few suggestions, but in vain. "Is it that you are not happy?"

"No, no, that's not it."

It seemed to be some sort of warning that she wished to convey. I asked if she could *write* it, and she caught eagerly at the idea. So I borrowed a pencil and some paper and placed them on a small table with a chair in front of it. She came quite close to the table, sat down and took up the pencil, but almost immediately threw it down again, saying in a most unhappy and despairing voice, "No, it is of no use; I cannot write it," and vanished as she rose from the table.

Now had this been a case of fraud, and supposing that some woman had means of discovering the name of my friend in New York, what would have been easier than to write or give some commonplace message in a language of which she had already proved herself mistress ?

Having returned to my seat, painfully impressed by this episode, I had no wish for any further personal experience that evening ; but such was to be my fate.

Some twenty minutes later, a figure in white came forward very swiftly, and without a moment's hesitation pointed towards me, saying quickly, "*For you.*" I went up at once, recognizing in reality who it was, but determined not to admit this nor to give any sign of recognition.

The "spirit" looked at me for a moment with a sort of surprise, as we might look at any well-known friend who passed us in the street without a greeting. As I remained silent, she whispered, "Don't you know me?" "No," I answered stoutly, "I don't know you ; who are you ?" "Why, I am Muriel !" came the instant answer, mentioning the name of the first friend who had appeared to me, after spelling out her name, at the previous *séances* held in another part of

New York. On this third appearance my friend asked me to kiss her. I must confess that I complied with some amount of trepidation, which proved quite unnecessary.

There was nothing in the least repulsive to the touch, although it was not exactly like kissing any one on earth, but an indescribable atmosphere of freshness and purity that always seemed to surround this friend whilst on earth was very apparent to me under these changed conditions.

My travelling companion was standing close by and can testify to the fact that this is exactly what passed, and that the name was given without the slightest clue to it being suggested, and, in fact, only upon my obstinate refusal to recognize her identity. Now, until that day, we had never dreamed of going to Mrs. Gray's house, and had never even heard her name. Until past seven o'clock that evening we had not decided to go at all, and the *séance* began at 8 p.m., no single person in the room being present who had been at the house of the other medium some weeks previously.

As there were never more than seven or eight persons present at the other house on the three occasions when we were there, it was easy to re-

member them individually. Under these circumstances it would be difficult to account for the fact of my friend's re-appearance on the ground of collusion between the two mediums, even if they knew each other, which I have no reason to suppose. Moreover, such collusion would not account for the appearance earlier in the evening of the sister of my foreign friend.

I can merely state these facts with strict truthfulness of detail, and leave others to start their own theories and form their own conclusions, making only one reservation. I must, once for all, decline to entertain the idea of an elaborate detective machinery being put into motion in this, to me, foreign country, in order to discover unimportant details connected with my previous life and previous acquaintances. We all know what detective expenses amount to, even when some marked incident in a life has to be followed up within a radius of two or three hundred miles; to trace the private friendships and family affairs of a stranger some thousands of miles from her own country would be simply ruinous.

However strongly one may desire to suggest fraud at any price, I do not see why we should be expected to sacrifice every element of common-sense even in such

a praiseworthy cause. The old stock argument of the wonders of conjuring possibilities and the marvels of that "Home of Mystery," the Egyptian Hall, fails absolutely to account for *all* the ground of my experiences, although it might cover it in part. We must remember that Maskelyne and Cook have a large hall and platform at their entire disposal, and can consequently make any arrangements they like, whereas I am now speaking of small private rooms, our first experience taking place in a room so small that we could hear the slightest sound and where the lower rooms were occupied by other families, on the system of our own flats.

At this last materializing *séance* of which I shall speak, the spirit of an Indian girl came rushing out, jabbering a sort of "pigeon English" in a most excitable way. In a moment she had seized upon a good Roman bracelet of mine with rather uncommon fastening, pulled it off my arm without any hesitation, and flourished about the room with it on her own. I never expected to see it again, but later in the evening she came back and replaced it. I have asked several times why *Indians* play so large a part in mediumship here, and the answer has been that they seem to haunt the country which once belonged to

them, and that being intelligences of a lower and comparatively undeveloped nature, they are more easily used as messengers by the higher grades of spirits. It is as though we employed a coachman or commissionaire to carry a message to a friend, instead of expecting Mr. Huxley or Professor Tyndall or Canon Liddon to do us such a service.

I suggest this because the fact of these Indian spirits so constantly appearing to aid in materializations or act as writing "controls" is often urged as a conclusive proof of trickery.

In discussing such a theory as this one is bound to do so on the lines of argument laid down by the holders of the theory, so long as these do not appear absolutely untenable by a rational intelligence.

"Joan of Arc" was next announced. She waved a French flag, which had been placed over the gas burners, I conclude, in anticipation of a possible visit from her. This spirit, after its first appearance, materialized to an immense height, standing close to me all the time, and under the full glare of the gas. Here also I saw for the first time what had been previously described to me, but which I had not yet witnessed, namely, the disappearance of the spirits in full light and without returning to any cabinet or curtain. I

have already mentioned this in referring to the sister of Mde. R.; but as Mrs. Gray walked round the room in *full light*, spirits appeared, grew and dwindled down again into the floor a few inches from me.

A curious little old doctor, in the dress of some fifty years ago, came into the circle and sat down by the master of the house and began to rub the leg of the latter, which he had been "treating" from spirit land for some time.

So much for a very slight sketch of some of the various "spirits" I actually saw, felt and spoke with. It is at present impossible for me to satisfy myself that the whole thing is a hoax, because no one hitherto has been able to suggest any possible explanation of my personal experiences in the matter, except conjuring and trap doors, which do not meet the difficulty of a *knowledge of names and family matters of comparatively small importance*.

Then comes the Detective Theory, which I have already discussed and dismissed.

Travelling in a country where I was an absolute stranger and with an acquaintance of recent date, who knew nothing whatever of my previous history or friendships, we are next reduced to the theory of

thought reading and a clever material adaptation of the image "read" in one's mind.

But in any thought reading hitherto achieved, it has been found necessary for the agent to fix his mind with concentration on the person or things he wished to present to the mind of the percipient. I have never heard of any successful thought reading under other conditions than these, which were markedly absent in every *first* visit I received. I lay a stress upon "first," because when "Muriel," for example, had once appeared to me, there was doubtless an underlying idea in my mind of the possibility of a second visit.

The next and more important question is, whether such materializations, if genuine, are *lawful*?

This is a question with regard to which I feel considerably more doubt than as regards the genuineness of the phenomena.

Spiritualists themselves are greatly divided on this point, I believe. There appear to be various phases of mediumship. Some profess to hear the spirits speak—others write under their control. Some again can see and describe an appearance which has no material basis and is entirely invisible to others in the room; and lastly come the materializing mediums, with whom we have just made acquaintance.

It is perhaps only to be expected that each class of medium should exalt his or her special capacity and disbelieve in any other form of spirit intercourse.

I have, however, met confirmed spiritualists who do believe in the possibility and actual occurrence of "materialization," but consider it unlawful.

This, of course, is a question that each one must settle for himself.

The fact that many spiritualists, and most people outside their ranks, consider such materializations unlawful where they are not fraudulent, does not of course prove that they *are* so.

We are accepting to-day many things as *lawful* facts which were held to be profitless theories or wicked defiance of Providence a hundred years ago by the best and holiest men of the day.

Spirit materialization *may* in the future prove to have been one of these.

Meanwhile my own instinct is, I must confess, against it. Even looking at the matter from the spiritualist's point of view, I have a strong impression that such materialization is a lower form of spirit intercourse, only perhaps possible to those who are comparatively earth-bound.

This is of course no conclusive proof that it is

wrong, but to encourage such materializations *may* be to retard the higher development of the spirits of those we have loved here.

For aught we can tell, they might, under the constant temptation to come back to us, lose some of the higher influences possible to them in their present sphere, and so frustrate the intentions of the Heavenly Father, who has seen fit, for some good purpose, to remove them from amongst us.

Even under the highest possible conditions, materialization at present appears to me as though some boy moved into an upper form at Eton or Harrow were to neglect his own studies, in order to look over the lessons appointed for some younger brother lower down in the school. He might justify himself to some extent by the plea of natural interest and affection; but should his own advancement suffer to any great extent, I think schoolmaster and father alike would have good cause to complain of such conduct.

I come now to the final branch of my subject—Clairvoyance.

During my year's visit to America, I went at widely differing times and places to some eight or ten clairvoyants with the following results.

I am quite convinced that where a life has been in

any way eventful or at all marked, any fairly developed clairvoyant can in some way "sense" your mental and moral atmosphere.

In some three or four cases, the notes taken at the time of such visits, paid several thousands of miles apart, might almost be read as descriptive of the same interview with different witnesses.

My travelling companion, who has led a very uneventful life by her own account, seemed to puzzle them very much more. There was apparently nothing to lay hold of, and in consequence only a shadowy indistinct picture was given to her; but in my own case the colours were put on freely, firmly and without the least hesitation, and in every single instance the sketch was singularly truthful, and yet would not have described the life of one other woman in two or three hundred.

I am therefore driven to the conclusion, that, spirits or no spirits, a good clairvoyant has some natural gift, cultivated by constant exercise, of what we may call "moral scent." Beyond this I am prepared to make no admissions. That there is a good deal of guess-work done, even under the supposed influence of "trance," is quite evident to me. I am not prepared to say that such trances are in no case genuine, but the

remarks made during them are frequently of a tentative nature, and the slightest good "hit" is followed up with as much ingenuity as Professor Owen displayed in putting together his skeleton from a single bone.

Still, allowing for all this, I have nevertheless received sufficient proof that clairvoyance is not all guesswork. Whether, where the future is concerned, they have any reliable powers, is, I think, doubtful.

For one case of well authenticated prescience we have a hundred mistakes. At the same time, I am bound to admit that in some three cases at such widely differing places as Philadelphia, San Francisco and Denver, the future was touched upon with me and always treated of on the same lines. I have not as yet been able to test their accuracy where this subject is concerned, and should be inclined to put it down to the fact that the same conclusion might suggest it where each one possessed (in some unexplained manner) the same *data* to go upon.

I have been told in some six or seven instances that my mother (who died when I was an infant) was my guardian spirit, and six times her name has been given to me; with some difficulty in one or two instances, but invariably without the smallest guessing or hinting on my part. This difficulty in giving a name was

experienced, it will be remembered, by a materialized spirit who came to me in New York, and yet, when given, it was done with great decision and without the slightest help from me. Such was also the case where my mother's name was given to me through clairvoyant mediumship.

One of my most successful clairvoyant interviews was with a Mrs. Parks at Philadelphia, a very pleasant good-looking healthy woman, quite unlike the usual cadaverous-looking medium with whom one is more familiar.

Her terms being rather higher than those usually asked in America (where competition makes mediums a cheap luxury), I demurred at first; upon which she said very brightly, "Well, don't come if you don't feel like paying that, but I never alter my prices. One thing however, I can promise you; I won't take your money if I cannot give you satisfaction. I may not be *your medium*. There is a great difference; some get satisfaction from one person and some from another. You will soon see if I am telling you the truth about your friends, and I won't take a penny from you if you are dissatisfied."

I left the house, promising to think over the matter and to come at a certain hour the next day, if I came

at all. Mrs. Parks did not at all press me to make the appointment more binding than this, and from my manner could hardly have expected to see me.

I had a most satisfactory sitting with her next morning. She mentioned some of those nearest and dearest to me who had "passed away," and by whom she described me as being still surrounded.

After referring to my mother's presence and giving her name without any hesitation, she gave me several "messages" with reference to character which were singularly appropriate, and then finished up by saying, "Your mother does not wish you to go to mediums or mix yourself up too much with such people. It is not necessary for you to do so; she says you have enough mediumistic power for her to be able to communicate with you directly."

I could not help saying with a smile, "Well, Mrs. Parks, you are going very much against your interests in giving me that message. I am a perfect stranger to you in this city; I have told you that I am making some little stay here, and as you have given me so much satisfaction, I might have been induced to come and see you several times again before leaving."

She laughed and answered, "That is quite true; but I am an honest woman, and I am bound to give

you the message that is given me for you, even when it goes against my own interest."

Mrs. Parks' house was most pleasantly situated and very well furnished, and her husband, who had opened the door for me, had one of the most pleasing and intelligent faces I have ever seen. She spoke of him and of her children with the deepest affection, and referred to the extreme happiness of her married life.

Seeing her bright, pleasant home, with every trace of comfort about it, and having received personal proof that money alone was not her consideration, I could not resist asking why she continued such an arduous life.

"Well," she answered, "the truth is, I do it, nowadays, against my own wish. My husband has always objected to it more or less. He was afraid it might injure my health, and for two years I gave it up entirely; but," she added, "the spirits would not leave me alone. It seemed as if I *had* to come back to it; as if I were refusing to use the powers that had been given to me for the help and comfort of my fellow-creatures. I name a higher price than others, to limit my work and to keep away those who would only come from idle curiosity."

She also told me that sometimes she had to give

orders beforehand that certain people should not be admitted on any pretext whatever.

“I can see their spirits round them before they reach the door very often,” she said, “and I would not have such people bringing such an atmosphere into my house if they gave me a hundred dollars for each sitting.”

There is one more incident I would mention, of so private a nature that I have much hesitation in speaking of it to a possibly unsympathetic public.

As, however, it concerns myself alone, and certainly throws a strong light on the spiritualistic question, I feel bound to write of it, trusting to the generosity of my readers to appreciate my motives for touching upon so sacred a subject.

I have already said, that six or seven clairvoyantes in different parts of America and at widely different times described my mother as present, giving her name in each case.

I must now add that, after a few moments' pause, they invariably went on to say that my father was also in spirit life, but apparently not so near to me, for they always seemed conscious of my mother's presence first, and said that a strong tie of *affinity* must exist in addition to the tie of relationship between us.

In each case, where my father was recognized, the same remark was immediately made, "He is not so far on in spirit development as your mother." In each case I had indignantly denied this possibility. It is true that he had "passed away" some eight years later than my mother, but it seemed to me that the fact of his being an example of one of the most beautiful Christian lives ever lived would more than atone for this slight difference in time of separation from earthly conditions. Moreover, my mother's character has always been described to me as impulsive and fascinating, but far more faulty and less saintly than his, and I knew that no one would have resented more keenly than she herself the idea that she could possibly have advanced further in spirit life than one whom she loved so truly and revered so highly.

Without entering into these details, I had contented myself with remarking invariably, "That is an entire mistake. You are right in describing both my parents as dead and in giving my mother's name, but here you are entirely wrong." In each instance the clairvoyante would answer in almost identical words, "Well, that is how it is given to me. I cannot see it in any other way."

When this had occurred half-a-dozen times, I began

to feel some surprise. It was certainly strange that each one broke down so hopelessly on a question which, it seemed to me, could admit of no possible doubt. If they could see some other things so truly, why should they be so utterly at fault with regard to this one point—all making the same mistake?

In the course of my travels, I found myself some months later at Denver, in Colorado. We stayed here at first only one day, to break our journey further up into the Rocky Mountains. Now the day before, wandering about Colorado Springs, my friend and I had come across a lady doctor by chance, and having asked some trivial question, were invited into her pretty little house, where we chatted for some half-hour on various subjects, spiritualism amongst them. We did not enter into any account of our previous experiences, but simply mentioned the fact that we had some interest in investigating the matter.

Hearing this, and that we were going on to Denver next day, this lady gave me the address of a young married friend who lived in that city and who had during the last two years suddenly developed strong mediumistic power, but who was not in any way a professional medium. She begged that we would call upon her if possible, and I took down the address, but

said it was very doubtful if we could make time to do so during such a short stay.

At the end of a long afternoon's drive over all the most interesting parts of Denver city, we called at the house mentioned, and found that the lady was not at home, and was not likely to be able to come and see us that evening as she was delicate. As we were leaving Denver next morning, this seemed to make a meeting impossible, but we left cards and a note to explain our visit.

To my great surprise, on going into the hotel office after dinner, I heard a gentleman inquiring for me by name, and found that he had brought his wife to see me. "I did not like her to come out at night, but she was bound to have her own way," he said, with the stolid resignation of the typical American husband.

The lady in question came into my bedroom upstairs, saying she preferred a room that was already "permeated by my influence." She said very simply, "I do not know that I shall be able to help you at all, but when I read your note I felt bound to come, although my husband tried to dissuade me from doing so. It seemed to me as if the spirits came with me all the way in the cars."

She told me, as all the others had done, of my

mother's presence, gave her name, and then made the usual remark, "Your father is also in spirit life, but your mother is further advanced than he is."

She had been in a kind of trance whilst giving these and various other pieces of information.

When she returned to consciousness I determined to make an effort to penetrate the mystery of this almost universal misconception. I said, therefore, "Now, Mrs. B., I must tell you honestly that you have made one cardinal mistake, but I am bound to tell you also that five or six professional mediums have done the same." With this, I explained what she had told me in her trance with regard to the spiritual development of my respective parents, and asked if she could in any way account for the curious mistake.

"Wait a moment," she answered, "perhaps the spirits will explain to me." She looked up with a very intent expression on her face for a minute as though listening to some explanation which did not cover the ground of her own experience, and then said very quickly and in a monotonous voice, as though repeating a verbal message, "It has nothing to do with our earthly idea of 'goodness.' Spiritual life can only come to us as we are prepared to receive it. Your father was a minister of the Church of England. He

was a very holy man, no doubt, but he was in some way '*creed bound*.' He was a man of strong creed; he clung to his creed here, and he cannot quite free himself from it even now, although he has advanced very much in spiritual perception. Now, your mother had a highly sympathetic, *apprehensive* nature. She can therefore receive spiritual light more fully and freely. That is why she has risen to a higher plane. It is not a question so much of character as of spiritual capacity, and in this she is the more highly gifted of the two. She is on a different plane, but she is able to help your father very much, and in time he will join her on that plane, and they will progress together." All this was said in a quick, decided way, and without the smallest hesitation. My accent, no doubt, proclaimed my nationality, but I should hardly have expected a young woman in the midst of the Rocky Mountains to know the exact meaning of the term "minister of the Church of England." Yet the words were given, not tentatively, but with quick, firm precision, exactly as I have written them down. I may add as a sequel that my father was a well-known clergyman in his day, incumbent of Christ Church, Dover, a man of unblemished character and deeply beloved by all who knew him. He was also a rigid Evangelical, but one who shed the

light of a beautiful nature over that somewhat mournful creed, and who united with a strict fidelity to what he considered Evangelical truth the rarer charm of "speaking the truth in love."

Before closing this chapter, I should like to mention one curious circumstance in connection with a clairvoyante whom I visited in San Francisco, whilst staying with friends in that city. The conditions were most unfavourable. I went with a number of young friends who were all in a very sceptical and rather frivolous state of mind. The medium was a poor one to start with. She was also suffering from severe neuralgic headache, and the performance promised to be very unsatisfactory.

I was told that she made a good many bad "shots." So far as my personal experience with her went it was successful. Amongst other things, she described the spirit of a "young lady standing over me who had passed away in a foreign country some years before." She picked out "Germany" as the country from a list of six countries handed to her, but was very vague and general in the personal description: "Medium height, hair not very dark and not very light."

"That would answer to a good many people," I objected, upon which she said a little impatiently as

though we were wasting time in quibbling, "Oh, well, it does not matter. The spirit tells me you know perfectly well who she is. She has already appeared to you in New York." This could only apply to the spirit of the friend I call "Muriel," who had come to me in New York some five months previously.

This San Francisco medium described "an uncle" as appearing over the heads of two of my young friends. She said he was surrounded by water, and appeared to have been drowned; also that he was extremely musical. They declared all this was positively untrue, and had no grain of foundation. The woman looked puzzled and a little mortified, but almost immediately turned to others in the circle, with better success let us hope.

It was only on our return home, when the young people were telling their mother of this "awful humbug" amid shouts of laughter, that the mother of the family said: "But, you know, my dear children, your Uncle Robert *was* drowned years ago, and of course he was a great musician. He wanted to have given up his life to art, only he was persuaded to adopt another profession."

I give this as an instance of the carelessness with which, when we are *determined* to find fraud, we may

do so sometimes at the expense of truth. These young girls had doubtless heard of their uncle, but the fact had escaped their memories, and possibly they had no wish to recall anything which could cast a doubt on their preconceived notion that "the whole thing was a swindle."

Here I must come to an end with my "plain, unvarnished tale." I have added nothing to it for effect. I have taken nothing from it. I give the facts to my readers as they came under my own notice, and am quite aware that the whole fabric rests upon my own good faith and powers of impartial judgment.

Personal friends know how far I am to be trusted on both these points, and to strangers I can give no satisfactory guarantee.

A literary friend of mine (a well-known rising man, whose name for obvious reasons I cannot give) said to me lately in connection with this subject: "Of course the whole gist of the matter lies in the credibility of the witness. Had one of my own sisters told me what you have just read to me, I confess that it would have made little effect upon me, simply because I know they are emotional, excitable, and apt to be led away by their feelings; but I have known you for twelve years, and know you to be reliable and possessed of

good common-sense. Therefore, although I am by no means prepared to accept the doctrines of spiritualism as a sufficient explanation of your experiences, I do consider them worthy of a close investigation, and I cannot myself suggest any *intelligent* cause for such phenomena apart from what we have accustomed ourselves to call 'the supernatural.'"

Many other people will feel the same who have not the personal acquaintance with me that would afford them any ground of confidence. The narrative must stand or fall on its own merits.

CHAPTER V.

NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, AND PHILADELPHIA.

LOOKING over my American note-book I find that I have absolutely nothing to say about New York that has not been already said a hundred times before.

We know all about Castle Garden, Brooklyn Bridge, the system of street cars, the exorbitant price of carriage hire, the rectangular streets, the Vanderbilt mansions of sandstone and marble, the number of hotels, the uniform charges, the iniquitous washing-bills, the overpowering *menus*, the Delmonico Restaurant, the grand twelve and thirteen storied public buildings, the elevated railroad, Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, and Central Park; are they not all written in the books of every Transatlantic visitor of the last half century?

And have I not bound myself to write of nothing that has not some personal interest to inspire my pen, and so give me some slight chance at least of being able to interest others?

American cities as a rule are so much alike, so devoid of any striking feature of interest, architectural or otherwise, that one is completely thrown upon the human element to repay one for the trouble and expense of visiting them at all.

To some people this is all-sufficient. To others it is comparatively valueless, and these are they who cross the Atlantic to come back disgusted and captious and dissatisfied. They have spent their money and gone through a great deal of discomfort, and with what result?

To see a good many square miles of ugly buildings—to see scenery on a big scale, certainly, but, with rare exceptions, not so fine as they have already seen on the other side—to meet men and women with whom they have little or no sympathy, who appear to them unpolished, unfinished, odd and eccentric—such travellers are better at home. There is nothing over here to interest them.

I have been told, over and over again, that New York is exactly like Paris. I cannot myself see the slightest resemblance. Both cities have famous parks and rejoice in a brightness of sunshine seldom seen in smoky London, and, doubtless, this affects the spirits of the population in either place. Otherwise I see no

greater resemblance between New York and Paris than between New York and Vienna or any other European capital which has the advantage of a pure atmosphere and bright sky overhead to keep the buildings clean and improve the spirits of the inhabitants.

I can quite understand the casual visitor to New York, who stays there only some three or four weeks, as we did, coming away without any very ardent desire to return, and unable to comprehend the charm that New York life undoubtedly possesses for some people.

To do this you must spend at least a winter in New York society and have plenty of money to enable you to enjoy it. I never knew any city where you could spend more and get less for it.

House rent is enormous, owing no doubt to the situation of the city on a long, narrow island where the building possibilities are of necessity very limited.

Street cars and elevated railways are cheap enough, and a *man* may manage a good deal of social life, literally "on these lines." But a lady cannot stand about on muddy, snowy streets in her "rubbers," waiting for a car to take her up and land her perhaps one or two blocks away from the opera or dinner party or evening *réunion* to which she may be going. Broughams are ruinous to our English ideas.

Then again flowers form a terrible item in the expense of social life to those who are not rich enough to hold dollars in contempt. The universal custom of wearing natural flowers in the dress on every social occasion is extremely charming and an evidence of instinctive good taste no doubt, but the fancy is a costly one. Considerable management and self-denial are necessary to keep your simplest flower decoration within the limits of a dollar, and I have often seen four or five pounds given for a bouquet destined to last only a few hours and which would be hardly remarked amongst the galaxy of floral beauty to be seen any night at the opera or at an evening reception.

Young ladies, of course, expect to receive these floral tributes from their various admirers.

A young Englishman earning his two or three hundred a year would find ladies' society an expensive luxury under such conditions in England. Here you must readjust your scale of charges altogether. Look upon a New York dollar as about equivalent to a London shilling, where the *luxuries* of life are concerned; have a good stock of them in hand with a few excellent introductions, and then only will you be in a position to begin to understand the charms of New York life.

A young Scotch nobleman whom I met in New York, staying at a house to which I had taken an introduction, told me he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life as during the two winters he had spent with these hospitable friends.

But then he was seeing the city under exceptionally fortunate circumstances. Bright sunshine, carriages and horses to command, sleighing and skating, pretty girls and society that can be respectable without being dull and stiff—all this forms an *entourage* that any young man from the old world might well enjoy.

That most Americans themselves would prefer life in New York to life in Boston, proves only that the cosmopolitan element finds more favour than the provincial in their eyes.

New York is pre-eminently a city of good food, good theatres, fine horses and pretty women. The sequence is intentional. Many men ask for nothing more than this, and to them New York, with plenty of money to spend, must be a paradise.

I believe there is some very good literary and artistic society to be found in the American capital, but you must dig deeper for it here than in Boston, and I think the more superficial social life of ball and opera,

bright flowers and charming toilettes, well-groomed horses and jingling sleigh bells is the more characteristic view of a New York winter.

Herein probably lies the fancied likeness to Paris which strikes some people so forcibly. One thing even my few weeks' stay in New York impressed upon me as a curious but undoubted fact; I refer to the very strong cord that separates the New York "knickerbocker" families, as they are called—the untitled aristocracy—from the rest of the world.

It is quite a mistake to imagine that there are no "wheels within wheels" to the Republican coach. In fact, it seems to me that the very absence of any marked social distinctions makes such people far more sensitive on the point than they would be with us, where in most cases their social standing would be patent to the meanest capacity.

Certain names are, no doubt, as well known in America as certain titles are with us; but an outsider over here, who comes across any member of a "real old family" may expect very soon to make the discovery that his acquaintance "is not as other men are."

One considerable drawback to enjoyment of life in New York lies in the disgraceful state of the streets.

London streets are far from immaculate, and we have much less difficulty to contend with in England as regards climate.

Where snow falls so heavily and lies so deep for many weeks in the year, varied only by the slush and mud of periodical thaws, it is obvious that ordinary paving is impossible, and ordinary precautions for keeping the streets clean are absolutely useless. Still, making all due allowance for this, I think in such a rich city, where the road taxes are so exorbitant, some better solution of the problem might be met than that of leaving matters alone, which appears to be the present policy.

An American friend of mine living in a handsome New York house which could only be approached by a series of hops, skips, and jumps through slush and snow, told me that "she could not trust herself to speak on the subject," it roused her to such indignation, and that in spite of the enormous sums paid to the municipality, to meet the heavy expenses of street cleaning and repairing, each householder was forced to employ private labour as well.

Our last view of New York, crossing over by the Desbrosses Ferry to Jersey City *en route* for Washington, was certainly a very beautiful one.

A brilliantly blue sky and the softening charm of distance lent real enchantment to the view, and New York seen from Jersey City, with her splendid public buildings bathed in sunshine, looked certainly very imposing, and almost poetical.

The American steam ferry is an institution for which I have the greatest possible respect. The boats are large and commodious, and most clean and comfortable, a real luxury in the way of travel compared with the wretched squalor of our own.

We do not, of course, require boats on such a large scale in England, but I have never been able to understand the stoical indifference with which English men and women for many years have borne the wretched discomfort of such an important ferry as that between the two towns of Liverpool and Birkenhead.

Now, indeed, we are at last independent of this most uncomfortable means of crossing the river; but for years the dread of a Birkenhead ferry boat on a wet day has been a nightmare to me when staying in the north of England; and when it was a case of conveying luggage as well as one's self, words fail to describe the horrors of the situation.

An American ferry is positively delightful. The

waiting-rooms at either end are large and well managed, there is no unseemly rush and crush, you go on board quietly, you can either sit on deck or go into a splendid saloon, safe from all chances of rain or wind, with ample ventilation, and remain there until you pass into an equally convenient waiting-room at the other end, where you take "the cars" to your destination.

Having timed our visit purposely to spend the last few weeks before Lent in Washington, we had great difficulty in finding any suitable accommodation at the very height of the official season.

At length we came to some sort of anchor at Willard's Hotel, an old-fashioned house where many senators lodge, and which has sent out every President but two, so the proprietor told us with much pride.

I think it would have sent us out also, could we have found any rooms elsewhere.

This proprietor, by the way, was delightful on the subject of the *cuisine*. Having hinted gently that I hoped this would give us satisfaction, he gazed at me with a mixture of pity and chastened self-approval that almost approached to humility.

"I don't wish to boast about it," he said, "but Willard's Restaurant happens to be simply the best, I

won't say in America, for you may throw Europe in as well and yet not beat it."

Alas! would that we could have indorsed the opinion at the end of our month's experience.

Washington is the most beautiful city of the Eastern states. I think no one will question this assertion.

To begin with, it has every advantage of natural scenery in its situation on the two branches of the Potomac river, the banks of which are clothed on the Virginia side with splendid trees. Just now (February) the foliage is not seen to advantage, but many of the trees are evergreens, and the beautiful colouring of sky and water sheds an exquisite light over all the woods alike.

The Washington monument (a pure white obelisk), rising some four hundred feet and placed in the most prominent part of the city, close down by the river side, forms one of the most distinctive features of Washington. It is the first point you see on approaching the city, and the last to disappear.

I could almost as easily imagine Washington without its famous Capitol as without this characteristic monument.

An English friend of mine says that Washington appears to him as a "splendid skeleton;" I should

scarcely have chosen the metaphor myself. Of course everything in America is comparatively unfinished, and this city, like others, has been laid down on such extensive lines that it must require years to fill them in completely; but if Washington is a skeleton, the flesh is being added very quickly. No one can doubt this who notes the marvellously rapid strides that she makes every year even in this land of universal progress.

The bones seem to me pretty well clothed already when one looks out on the magnificent public buildings that greet one on every side.

First and foremost the Capitol, with its grand dome rising on the crest of the hill, from which the chief avenues in the city radiate out.

At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue stand the beautiful buildings of the Treasury, with Ionic columns, modelled after the Temple of Minerva in Athens; the White House stands between these and the grand pile of buildings that form the State, War, and Navy Departments and is rather dwarfed by the presence of her magnificent neighbours on either side.

Then we have the fine white marble Post Office buildings, as imposing as all American post offices invariably are.

A short detour brings us to the spacious brick and

stone buildings of the Department of Agriculture, with their beautiful grounds and splendid collection of rare shrubs and plants.

Close by is the red sandstone pile of the Smithsonian Museum, with some fifty acres of pleasant grounds attached to it, which lead us to the Botanical Gardens and so back to our starting point, the Capitol.

Now a city which has such a circle of grand buildings that one can recall to memory at a moment's notice, without help of guide-book or note-book, must be already beyond the point of merely great possibilities.

One of our first drives in the neighbourhood of Washington was to the suburb of Georgetown to see the beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery, situated on the shelving wooded ground known as Montrose Heights. Here I met with a puzzle and later on with its solution.

John Howard Payne, who wrote "Brutus," but who is far better known as the author of "Home, Sweet Home," is buried in the Oak Hill Cemetery.

The modern tomb raised to him in 1883 has his bust upon it and underneath a pretty little versé which runs thus :

"Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With outstretched arms, the angels said,
Welcome ! to Heaven's home, sweet home."

Close by is the original flat stone laid down to his memory at the time of his death in 1852, and mentioning that he died "in this city " April 19, 1852.

Now many years ago, when a very small child, I could remember having my sympathies awakened by the story of how the poor man who wrote those words, which have been sung in every capital of Europe, never had a home himself and died in a foreign land (Tunis), which no doubt appeared to me then a good deal more remote than the North Pole. Here, under my feet, appeared a direct contradiction of the tale of my childhood and all the childish sympathy seemed wasted !

The man was an American to start with, and had apparently died peacefully in his native county "in this city."

Going to the cemetery another day with an American gentleman, I happened to mention the circumstance and was quite relieved to find that my childish memory had been the true one after all.

John Howard Payne died in Tunis (where he was consul), but when the body was removed to Washington the stone that had been placed over his Tunis grave was brought over intact, and has been laid down

in the Washington grave-yard with its misleading inscription.

It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed account of Washington society. It is far more cosmopolitan than Boston, far more political and official than New York.

I met some very bright and pleasant people there, especially at the house of one of the noted Washington scientists who is connected with the Department of Agriculture. He and his hospitable wife and daughter introduced me to some most agreeable acquaintances in the city, and we visited in company with the latter all the chief receptions held by the "cabinet ladies," as they are called—that is by the wives of the various heads of Government departments.

It is a happy idea that most of these should "receive" on the same day; for having donned your best gown and engaged a carriage, you can go from one to the other, taking the various official "at homes" in homœopathic doses.

Mrs. Whitney, wife of the Secretary to the Navy, has a lovely house filled with *objets d'art*, and in one of the end rooms of the handsome suite a large orchestra played dance music during the afternoon.

This was very pretty in the distance, and certainly

calculated to rub off any official stiffness, but hardly conducive to conversation at close quarters.

The magnificence of the Washington toilettes struck me more than anything else in connection with these receptions.

On this occasion the lady of the house wore a gorgeous gown of heliotrope silk covered over with white jet, and "received" with the assistance of a gentleman who stood by her side in the ante-room.

You give your name to the servant (a black man on this occasion), who repeats it to the lady of the house; then you shake hands, say a few words, and pass on to the other rooms, which are tastefully decorated with plants and natural flowers.

The beautiful Mrs. James Browne Potter, who has since made her mark in London society, was present at this first house, wearing the very loveliest bodice of maroon velvet and gold embroidery with a high Venetian collar that I ever saw outside the picture of a Paul Veronese.

Another beautiful Paris dress was of apple-green silk, dotted all over with tiny rosebuds; the sort of silk that Paris only seems to produce and which is said to "stand alone."

Any one connected with the house was dressed in a dinner or even ball dress, or at least in the very handsomest *demi-toilette* conceivable.

The guests wore bonnets and mantles, as was the case in Boston and New York. Refreshments were served in a beautiful dining-room with old-fashioned bow window and window seat.

The rooms became very hot, and the noise was very great. All the women looked fagged and faded, as though the social mill were turning just now at railroad speed, which is doubtless the case.

We drove next to Mrs. Endicott's, wife of the Secretary of War. A much smaller house this, but charmingly hung with pale blue and grey.

A pretty young daughter received at the door of the first room in the absence, through illness, of her mother. So we went on from the War to the Treasury, then to the wife of the Postmaster-General. More gorgeous toilettes and fascinating hostesses, more noise and heat and crowd, more cups of tea, and finally a general collapse of mortal powers of endurance and a hasty retreat to our carriage and hotel.

If a house-to-house visitation is so terribly exhausting, what muscles of iron and nerves of brass must the poor "cabinet ladies" themselves possess, to go through

this weekly toil with smiling faces and an appropriate word for every friend or acquaintance.

Truly they work hard for their daily bread. Many no doubt break down under the strain. I should think few "cabinet ladies" could stand their husbands' reelection to office; for of course we are only now contemplating a portion of *one* day's work out of their seven.

Social life in Washington for the weeks preceding Lent reminded me of the closing bars of a popular waltz at four or five a.m., with the carriage waiting and reproachful friends standing hooded and shawled in the passage.

The pace gets wilder and wilder, the band clashes out in one last burst of inspiration. You are weary and footsore—but time enough for all that at home! For the moment the excitement keeps you up. You are in the whirl, and must go on to the last. Some hazy notion of giving in floats through your brain. Not a bit of it! One last turn! The music grows louder, then falls gently, gently, slower and slower, until the last faint tone breathes over the heated flower-decked room.

How the feet ache now! Never mind, you have drunk the cup to the dregs. Now for the cloak-room

and the carriage! Jump in! Off go the horses, round go the wheels. You sink into a comfortable corner, and feel almost sorry to exchange it for a still more comfortable bed.

Let us hope that some such repose awaits the Washington ladies during the quiet days of Lent.

The sessions of Congress last from December to March and from December until June or July alternate years—odd and even years respectively.

The greater strain of the latter must be almost compensated by seeing Washington in its lovely spring and summer dress, when the foliage is out in the woods, and the boulevard shaded streets form a delightful refuge from the heat of the sun.

We went one evening to the Grand Opera House, but not to see any local "star." Modjeska was giving Schiller's play, "Mary Stuart."

She played it in English, and her accent has marvellously improved since I heard her in London in 1880.

In the first scene, where Mary meets Elizabeth, who taunts her with being "common to all," and the former rises in her indignation and denounces the life and morals of the cowering, jealous old queen, Modjeska made a most magnificent appeal to the appreciation of

her audience. They responded certainly, but I think an English house would have been more enthusiastic.

It was as grand a piece of acting as could be seen, but the Americans are too apt to fritter their admiration on local pinchbeck, and so have nothing more left to greet the ring of true gold.

The "support" was very poor, as is generally the case over here. It was a matter of constant surprise to me at Boston that Booth could bring himself to play with such mediocre support. I suppose it is a remnant of the old "starring" policy, which Henry Irving has done so much to uproot.

Booth seems to consider a dark background an absolute necessity, whereas Irving appreciates the great truth that *harmony*, not *violent contrast*, is the first canon of art, and therein proves himself surely the greater artist of the two.

A delightful American woman whom I met at Washington told me much of the old days of Washington society, when Dolly Maddison (wife of a president) reigned supreme, and when "receptions" were more solemn affairs and less frequent than they are nowadays.

On one of these occasions "Dolly" wrote to an aunt of hers (a connection of my friend):

“Dear Fanny,—Mr. So-and-So is coming to dine here, and we receive afterwards. Please lend me your curls and your Turkey fan.”

It seems that in those days two or three sets of artificial curls went the round of “society ladies,” and were put on entirely regardless of the shade of hair they were supposed to match.

Mr. Blaine has a gorgeous house in Washington, full of costly works of art, beautiful draperies, and valuable pictures by foreign artists.

Going there to call upon a friend gave me a pleasant opportunity of inspecting all these, but the master of the house himself was absent from Washington at the time.

It is unnecessary to describe the Smithsonian Institution; with its valuable collection of flint, bronze and copper implements, or the National Museum, which reminded me inside of a baby “Healtheries.” Are not all museums more or less alike? And can any one hold a candle to our own grand but shamefully neglected British Museum?

So I pass on to our reception at the White House, where we went, as in duty bound, to shake hands with the President (Cleveland). I have already said that I

was surprised and rather disappointed by the appearance of the White House.

When first occupied some eighty years ago I have no doubt it was considered a most imposing structure. To-day, surrounded by other buildings so much larger and more magnificent, the White House appears a nice quiet country house of two stories, a portico on the main entrance, supported by eight Ionic columns, and an unpretending wing on either side.

We were ushered with some two or three hundred others into a handsome reception-room of white and gold, and kept waiting there about half-an-hour. Then a door at the side of the room opened and Cleveland appeared. As he came in we gathered up towards him, and one by one shook hands and passed out, much to his relief, no doubt.

He has a kindly, honest face, is short, rather stout, but with a certain dignity of his own, and a very charming and courteous manner.

A second experience of the White House, when we went to Miss Cleveland's reception there (this was just before the president's marriage), has left a far more painful impression on my mind, as it did at the time upon my body.

Never was anything so badly arranged. I trust that

the present Mrs. Cleveland has a little respect for the comfort of those who come to see her. The crush and crowd on the steps of the White House were inconceivable. Hundreds were thronging to the doors half an hour before they were even opened. When they were at last opened, only some twenty could be admitted at once, and the surging backward motion of those shut out nearly annihilated the poor sufferers at the back.

My own bitter experience lay between a very fat old gentleman behind me and a very restless lady in front ; and existence under these conditions seemed for some thirty minutes like a hideous dream.

At length our turn came, and we were pitched headlong into the safe harbour of the vestibule, crushed, tossed and heated with the fray, and feeling as if we "had been through the Thirty Years' War," as poor Jane Welsh Carlyle used to say.

Two by two we went through the ante-rooms, and then in single file into the reception-room.

The hangings of light green are not of a happy shade, but the lovely flowers and lights and bright music seemed a very fairyland after our terrible experience outside.

I do not remember what music the band was dis-

coursing as we entered, but I know that it struck me that "See the conquering *Heroine* comes" would have been the most appropriate tune under the circumstances.

Several ladies (amongst them pretty little Miss Endicott) in full dress, and with most lovely bouquets, were helping Miss Cleveland to receive.

The latter is a plain, pleasant, fair woman of some forty-five years of age. She shook my hands very warmly on finding that I was English. We bowed to the other ladies and walked on through another door to make room for fresh arrivals.

The White House conservatories are extremely pretty and well worth a visit. No wonder they supplied such constant relays of flowers to the president's *fiancée* during her stay on the Riviera last winter. Nevertheless, except for the sentiment, it must have seemed like sending coals to Newcastle.

There is a "good deal of weather" about Washington at this time of year. After some spring-like days we have had a bout of searching east wind, more terrible than anything ever experienced by us in England. After this comes deep snow lying thick on the ground, to be succeeded by a warm relaxing atmosphere next day.

I pass over any account of the Capitol itself, since this can be found in all guide-books. I spent a couple of mornings prowling about there, stepping alternately into the House of Representatives and the Senate Chamber, but no discussions of any general interest were going on.

The "representatives" (who represent the people) are appointed according to the numbers of the population—so many members to so many thousands. The Senate is appointed by legislation, each state (no matter what its size) having the privilege of sending two members.

Next I find an account of a pleasant evening spent at the house of the United States minister to the Sandwich Islands. We were asked to meet the novelist, W. D. Howells, and his wife, who had not been in Boston during our stay there.

Mr. Howells is a short, rather solid, good-tempered looking man with a straight fringe of hair over his forehead, who gives you the idea that he could ride "pretty straight" across country had he chanced to have been brought up in the traditions of "the field" instead of "the pen."

Mrs. Howells is a ladylike, fair, pleasant woman,

and, like her husband, somewhat on the wrong side of forty I should imagine.

Lieutenant Greely and his wife were also there, the latter a magnificently tall and exquisitely dressed woman, but the Howells were the lions of the evening on this occasion, and they roared very nicely.

As must always be the case on similar occasions the lion was no sooner brought up to you and just beginning to wag his tail in an affable way, when some other prey was found for him by the lady of the house, and he was whisked ruthlessly away to do a little friendly growling elsewhere.

Dr. Burnett, a clever Washington oculist, and husband to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, was also present, and we had some talk on the subject of "mind cure," in reference to his wife's trial of it, to which I have referred earlier.

He thinks the time is coming when the body will be to a much greater extent than at present subordinated to mind; but that this time has not yet arrived, and that in any case the impulse must come from *within*, not from *without*.

A morning spent at the Washington Treasury interested me very much, especially the secret service department. Here are kept all the forged notes from

five up to 1,000 dollars, also the casts and tools taken from the forgers at the time of their capture, and photographs of the principal criminals in this line.

A "raised bill" in technical language is a bill raised in value, from two to twenty dollars, for example, or a ten-dollar bill raised to one hundred dollars.

This requires very neat work, and only first-class engravers can do it and make the false plates necessary for other frauds.

One man (still undetected) forges notes which are entirely worked and etched by hand, involving such an amount and so high a standard of artistic work that one wonders it *can* be worth his while to do it, as he does, for twenty-dollar bills.

They cannot over here give more than fifteen years' imprisonment on any one count, but every fresh bank upon which the forgery is made is ground for a fresh indictment.

For example, if a man is found with twenty thousand dollars in notes forged on *one* bank, he cannot get more than fifteen years in all; but if found with a smaller amount drawn on two banks he may get twelve or fifteen years on either count.

I went down also into the silver vaults, below the ground floor. These are guarded by two enormously

strong doors, opened by secret locks, for which no one man can produce the necessary combination; thus insuring that two must always enter them together.

They keep twenty millions of dollars in gold always in reserve, and many more of silver, which latter are done up in canvas bags containing twenty thousand dollars each, and which bulged out against the iron trellis work in a most inviting manner.

A visit the same afternoon to one of my kind hostesses in Washington led to an interesting talk about the city in old days. This lady, who is a Scotch woman by birth, had left a comfortable home there many years ago to follow the fortunes of her husband, a fellow-countryman, in the new world.

In those early days life over here must have been rough work indeed. This delicately-nurtured woman soon found that it was absolutely necessary to do everything for herself, from laying the fire, cooking the food and making the beds.

Domestic service does not seem to have improved much even nowadays. Servants at any rate are most exacting in their demands, expecting to be allowed to go out and sleep out twice a week, not returning until seven or eight o'clock next morning.

One of the prettiest drives within easy reach of Washington is to the Arlington Cemetery, situated on the Virginian side of the Potomac River, and close to the property of that name which was once the residence of George Washington Parke Custis (almost the last survivor of the Washington family) and later of the famous Southern general, Robert E. Lee.

The house itself is built quite on the heights, and commands a glorious view over the river and city of Washington. The grounds are beautifully undulating, just sufficiently cultivated not to "run wild," but otherwise nature is allowed most wide and picturesque liberty.

The house contains nothing of interest, only a few empty rooms, hung with maps, charts, and a dilapidated "knee-hole" writing-table, which belonged doubtless, to the great "rebel" general.

My friend and her maid having both succumbed to Washington east winds and being in bed with influenza, a long-planned expedition to Mount Vernon to see George Washington's home seemed likely to be abandoned, for our last days in the political capital were fast approaching.

It seemed dreary work to go alone, even though my invalids were by this time capable of looking after each

other. Moreover, the only possible day for the expedition proved hopelessly stormy and rainy.

However, I screwed my courage to the sticking point, and, armed with a small packet of sandwiches, plenty of wraps, and an introduction to the captain of the steamer, drove down to the landing stage in the empty hotel omnibus at nine o'clock in the morning.

The sun obstinately refused to come out until long after our arrival, but the captain turned out to be a pleasant, genial sort of man, full of stories of his Californian experiences when he went out there at the time of the 1847 gold fever.

A young naval officer, taking his wife and two other ladies for the expedition, also proved friendly. It was the case of a "last possible day" with them too, for the lady visitors were returning to Richmond next day, so a fellow feeling in misfortune produced as usual a strong bond between us.

Mount Vernon lies some fifteen miles below Washington on the Virginian side of the river. In summer the sail must be delightful, but under waterproofs and umbrellas the views were scarcely seen to advantage.

When we landed at last, damp and dripping, a covered car was fortunately waiting, and took the whole

somewhat depressed party half a mile up the hill towards the house itself.

On the way we got out to see the two tombs, where George Washington and his wife lie side by side. They are above ground, in an ugly red-brick mausoleum. The devoted wife died within two years of her husband.

The house stands high up on the hill, and is a pretty, low, white, old-fashioned looking place with verandah in front and white pillars to support it. The views from it on a fine day must be exquisitely beautiful, as it commands the whole range of the river. There are many rooms, but all are small and low and of the "rabbit warren" style of architecture.

Unfortunately, people have behaved so badly in carrying off relics that, although the rooms below are all open, wooden bars have been placed in front of each by order of a preventive committee, and so the innocent suffer for the sins of the guilty.

There is a beautifully carved marble mantelpiece in one of the lower rooms. A lady chipped off the head of a small dog in relief, kept it for two or three years and then returned it, owing, I suppose, to an uneasy conscience. It has been so neatly replaced that no one would notice the theft without having heard the story.

The room where Washington died, with two small dressing-rooms opening out of it on either side, is kept intact. The furniture is just as he left it: the quaint old bureau with brass handles, the spindle-legged table, the old-fashioned bed, even down to some enormous glass bottles in a chest in the dressing-room, which went with him on all his campaigns.

The room where General Lafayette slept whenever he stayed at Mount Vernon is specially pointed out, but is in no way remarkable, except for inconvenience in size.

After Washington's death poor "Martha" went upstairs to sleep in an attic room, very small and stuffy, so that she might see his tomb from her window.

Mount Vernon must have been quite a little colony in those days of slavery.

The "slave quarters" in the back-garden are still pointed out to the visitor.

George Washington also imported tailors and shoemakers over here from England to teach their trades to his retainers.

There is a quaint little arbour in the garden, and in a plan of the place, made by Washington and still in the possession of a Mrs. Cannon (a relation

of Martha Washington), this figures as the "school-room."

The devoted Martha was a widow when Washington married her, and had two children, a boy and a girl, Custis by name, and doubtless the grass had been watered by *their* tears, poor little souls, in those far-away "school-room days."

My naval friends were fortunately acquainted with Mr. Dodge, the superintendent of the place, so we were allowed to eat our sandwiches in his official room. Otherwise they must have returned to the boat intact, as was the case with the provisions taken by the other visitors, for nothing may be eaten in the house, and it was too wet for an *al fresco* meal.

Mount Vernon was purchased by the father of George Washington, but the latter never lived there until he was twenty years old. His elder half brother, Lawrence, inherited it and left it to George in the event of his own daughter dying before she was twenty-one, which proved to be the case.

Baltimore, just a pleasant, pretty hour's journey by railway cars from Washington, remains in my memory as one of the brightest and freshest little vignettes in the American sketch book.

It is very hilly, very clean, quite provincial, but very pretty.

The little Mount Vernon Square, at the top of the town, has a fine round tower monument to Washington, some good church buildings, some handsome stone houses, and last, but not least, the excellent Mount Vernon Hotel, which is small and quiet, but more homelike than any we have yet met, whilst the food is really excellent and almost worthy of the exaggerated praise bestowed by "Willard" upon his badly-cooked viands.

Some two miles from the town is Druid's Hill Park, a fine piece of water, well-wooded park and beautiful views, which looked all the better for the brilliant spring days that marked our short stay in this bright little town.

An American friend here explained to me that the diamonds I had seen so profusely worn by Washington ladies on every possible occasion were real and not paste, as I had imagined.

Seeing nearly every woman in the hotel adorned, even in the morning, with costly diamond earrings, brooches and finger rings, I took it for granted that some enterprising "Faulkner" must have set up his trade here, as with us. It seemed unlikely that

women should risk wearing and losing stones of such value. But so it is.

My Baltimore friend says that the first thing an American woman thinks of when her husband "strikes ile" is to buy diamonds.

A lady friend of hers invested £4,000 sterling on diamonds, although the whole family income only amounted to what would be £800 a year with us.

Perhaps they have the same respect as the immortal Mr. Wemmick for "*portable property*."

My one unpleasant association with Baltimore lies in the fact that here we met with our only experience of any want of courtesy in the whole of America.

One of the finest private collections of curios is to be found here, and is the property of a rich, but I believe eccentric man owning a handsome house on Mount Vernon Square.

This collection is supposed to be open to the public on Wednesdays; but as it was impossible to include this day in our visit, a gentleman living in Baltimore advised me to write and ask for special permission to see it, on the plea of being a foreigner and unable to make any longer stay.

Now Mr. Walters was of course entirely within his right to refuse such a request, but we thought the

answer to a lady's letter might have been more courteously given than by a curt message, through a black man-servant, delivered at the door of the house. That the incident should have made any mark, however, speaks well, I think, for the general high standard of American courtesy towards women.

Philadelphia has made little impression upon me, partly, no doubt, owing to the damp, muggy, rainy fortnight which we spent there, chiefly in preparations for our trip to the West.

An introduction kindly given me by Dr. Hedge, of Cambridge, to Mrs. Wistar, of Philadelphia, a well-known literary star there, who has made some of the most successful German translations yet achieved, led to little social intercourse.

We were both most fully occupied, she with a house-moving after thirty years of residence, and we with a general tidying up and re-arrangement of wardrobes, separating what *had* been so useful, but was now useless, from the positive necessities of travel, packing off the maid to visit a Canadian brother, and finally packing our own trunks as closely as might be, for "extra baggage" becomes an expensive item as one travels farther west.

Of course we drove in Philadelphia to Fairmount

Park, where the great Centennial Exhibition of 1876 was held. It is very extensive, but to my mind too near the black dirty city to compare for beauty with the smaller Druid's Hill Park at Baltimore.

Some fine glass-houses remain, as the only relic of the exhibition, and are filled with a splendid collection of tropical palms and plants.

Philadelphia has some very excellent "dry-goods stores," notably "Wannamaker's," a sort of glorified Whiteley, where every conceivable article can be obtained at a fairly reasonable cost.

We haunted the place by day, and dreamed of it doubtless by night. There were so many absolutely necessary last thoughts: some sort of shady hat, some attempt at spring clothing, some ante-mosquito mixture, quinine, eau de cologne, and sal volatile; the hundred and one things which are so indispensable to comfort, but such a nuisance to pack. Worst of all came the culminating agony of weeks of discussion over the great ticket question.

Just at this time the "cut rates," as they are called (tickets issued at an almost nominal price) were constantly tantalizing us by their absurdly low advertisements, \$50 and even \$30 from Philadelphia to San Francisco, the ordinary rate being \$125!

Every one kept on saying, "Well you are lucky to be going now! Of course you will take the cheap tickets," and it almost seemed our own bad management that prevented us from being able to profit by them.

As a rule, they would only on investigation carry you over the most direct and often the most uninteresting route, and they were invariably limited more or less strictly as to time.

These very cheap rates were only quoted when some six to ten days formed the limit of time for completing the journey. This would answer very well for business men or even tourists who wished to make straight for California; but we clung to a cherished idea that there must be something worth seeing on the way.

In any case I am sure the continuous travelling would have been very monotonous and wearisome; not to mention the fact that we should always have considered that we had missed a great deal and should have felt ourselves completely at the mercy of any wretched American or Englishman who chose to bore us to death about the "Kentucky Caves" or marvel at our stupidity in crossing the Atlantic without going to see them.

So we hardened our hearts, kept to the original programme, paid almost the full ordinary fare and procured unlimited tickets for San Francisco, arranged according to the route we had already planned out many weeks before, but which was constantly undergoing modifications as fresh light came to us.

One of the greatest difficulties in an extensive country like America is to get any reliable advice as to such a tour as we were contemplating. We could not see everything. Naturally we wished to see what was most characteristic. But each one's opinion varies on this point according to his own tastes or accidental experiences.

Moreover, when distances are calculated not by hundreds but by thousands of miles, it was difficult to find people who had even been over much of the ground we thought of taking.

Many of those who had done so had travelled some years ago, when the conditions were perhaps quite unlike those of to-day, and in all good faith would warn us against hardship and discomfort in the least disagreeable part of our wanderings, or try to insist upon our including something in the programme which turned out to be utterly uninteresting to us.

On the whole, I think we did very fairly well; seeing a great deal and doing what we did very thoroughly.

I am bound to say, however, that we received no sort of help from the counsel of friends or acquaintances, and that by far the most interesting and beautiful places we visited were visited in direct opposition to their advice.

And so after six months of Eastern civilization, we packed our trunks and made ready for the grand start for Westward Ho!

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTED BY
KELLY AND CO., GATE STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.;
AND MIDDLE MILL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

A YEAR
IN THE
GREAT REPUBLIC.

BY
E. CATHERINE BATES,
AUTHOR OF
"EGYPTIAN BONDS," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

London :
WARD & DOWNEY,
12, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1887.

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KELLY AND CO., GATE STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C. ;
AND MIDDLE MILL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

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A YEAR IN THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER I.

WESTWARD HO!

THE route from Philadelphia viâ Baltimore and Washington to Cincinnati, goes over the Alleghany range of mountains, which are rather disappointing to the tourist, who has naturally been told that "they are the finest in America."

People who travel over here, putting implicit faith in their "Appleton," must expect some severe shocks of disappointment.

No bit of scenery or natural curiosity is ever mentioned without some authority being quoted to tell you that "it is one of the most stupendous scenes in nature and well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness."

Harper's Ferry is decidedly picturesque, the situation being quite equal to many of the inferior Swiss views, and the little town itself has the historical

interest of having been the theatre of many engagements during the civil war, especially in connection with the exploits of the notorious "John Brown."

But the Alleghany mountains as a whole are disappointing after the great flourish of trumpets with which your guide-book prepares you for them.

Possibly we were the less capable of due appreciation from the extreme discomforts attending this first start. Perhaps it was as well to get into training early for what was to prove an almost chronic experience.

Having got through some seven hours of the journey fairly well, we came to a sudden halt at a small wayside village about five p.m., and were then for the first time told that we must remain there indefinitely, as the country was inundated by floods, the water being five feet deep over the rails farther on.

Now, no faintest hint of such a state of things had been given to us before leaving Baltimore that morning. Yet the railway officials (Baltimore and Ohio line) must have been perfectly aware of it before they allowed our train to start; for a previous train which had left some time before us had been stopped at the same place for many hours already, and this fact would of course be telegraphed to head-quarters.

The utter impossibility of finding any one who both

could and would speak the truth was the most trying part of the detention.

The conductor told us such a thing had not happened for seven years and *then* they were detained for three or four days, a cheering prospect for us, especially as there was no dining car on board; only some lighter refreshments such as tea, bread and butter and eggs were to be had, all of which would certainly shortly give way under the great strain put upon the commissariat.

Most of the men went off to get such tough food as was procurable in the village.

We had some eggs and coffee, and then, resigning ourselves to Fate, took a little walk in the wretched squalid-looking town; afraid to go beyond its limits lest the summons to proceed might arrive during our absence. We need not have been anxious on this score.

Next morning, at seven o'clock, when we ought to have been almost in Cincinnati, I woke to find our car still motionless, in front of the same depressing wayside depôt. Conflicting rumours of a possible move arrived from time to time; but our first real consolation was the sight of an eastward bound train steaming into the station. This at least was a sure sign that

one had got through the obstacles, whatever they might be.

At ten o'clock in the morning, after seventeen hours' detention, we moved off very, very slowly. Still it *was* movement and a blessed relief after the enforced dead-lock of the previous weary hours.

The necessity for travelling at such a slow pace wherever the rails were supposed to be most shaky, and insecure, lost us of course many more hours, and we only arrived at our destination at four a.m. on the Saturday morning instead of seven-forty-five a.m. the previous day.

Later experience taught us to look very lightly on some twenty to thirty hours of unpunctuality in the arrival of trains, but I give this one instance in full, to show travellers what they must expect when once they leave the eastern states and the beaten track across this continent.

The following note comes here in my journal: "I must here mention that in a considerable experience of American railway cars, extending over six months, I have never save once found the boasted dining car one hears so much about, and that was on the train between Boston and New York, about the only journey where one could have dispensed with it."

Many will question this statement, but it is absolutely true.

I do not mean to say that on one or two occasions dining cars were not advertised on the lines we travelled over ; but either the train was late and had no time to stop and take on the car, or the provisions had been exhausted and the car was left behind in consequence.

Anyway the result was the same.

Travelling over the Northern Pacific Line some months later, we always found a dining car attached and the food very good, and I have no doubt that travellers who have only crossed the continent by the direct line from New York to San Francisco will have had a similar experience.

Referring to my list of American lines travelled over during the first six months of our stay, I find the following mentioned.

“ Canadian Pacific,” “ New York Central,” “ Pennsylvania,” “ Baltimore and Ohio,” “ Ohio and Missouri,” “ Chicago and Alton,” “ Aitchison Topeka and Santa Fé,” “ Atlantic Pacific ” and “ Southern Pacific.”

These are pretty well-known American lines, and in spite of the incredulity of my Transatlantic friends, I am obliged to keep to my statement.

On the long journeys, tea and coffee were sometimes

to be had, not very satisfactory, but better than nothing; sometimes a little cold chicken or tongue and a few eggs; but these provisions were always liable to sudden collapse and at best cannot compare for excellence with the luncheon baskets supplied on our own English lines.

For the rest, you must turn out at the wayside stations, at most inconvenient hours, and be thankful to gobble up whatever tough messes of food happen to be within reach during the very short time allowed for meals.

On these occasions everything is heaped up on one plate, for you are never supplied with a second.

Eggs and bacon, tough mutton or stringy beef, potatoes, tomatoes, Indian corn, and squash pies must be eaten alike, off the one platter, or left alone.

At first you feel you would rather perish than degrade yourself to the level of a pig and its trough, but hunger is a strong argument in the long run.

A traveller will be turned out for a breakfast of this description at nine o'clock in the morning; for another heavy meal of the same kind at twelve-thirty, and again at five or five-thirty p.m. for a third, which you have no inclination to eat after two such predecessors, yet this is your only chance of food till nine o'clock next morning, and that is not a certainty; for a "wash

out" may arise at any moment and detain you for two or three hours in the middle of the night.

A well-stocked luncheon basket is the only way of meeting the difficulty, but after the first day, any food you may take with you is apt to get tough, and dusty, and distasteful.

Snow was lying thick on the ground (April 3) when we reached Cincinnati, cold, miserable and hungry, after fifty hours of travelling and insufficient, bad food on the way. An omnibus took us to the hotel we had selected, but there were no rooms to be had, and nothing for it but to deposit our luggage and walk through the filthy, muddy streets, with sleet falling overhead and damp raw fog enveloping us, to seek for other shelter.

This fog and snow continued during the whole of our four or five days' stay, so I can say nothing of Cincinnati, for the simple reason that I had no chance of ever really seeing it. Through the fog and snow we could dimly discern the form of the surrounding hills, which are said to form such a pleasing *entourage* to the city. Twice we attempted to drive there, but were driven back by a thick pea-soup atmosphere varied by sleet and rain.

Of the town itself we saw much more than we

wished. It is black and grimy and smoky, and the streets, for dirt, beat any we have yet seen. A week or so later we modified this opinion and thought the palm should be given to Saint Louis.

A patriotic shopkeeper silenced our complaints of the filthy condition of the streets at the latter place by saying it showed what splendid agricultural properties the soil possessed !

Everything lies certainly in the point of view !

Meanwhile, at Cincinnati the river went on rising day by day, the snow fell, likewise the rain, the mud thickened if possible, every one looked gloomy and recalled the terrible floods of two years ago.

We were only too glad to pack up and escape whilst escape was still possible.

Even then the water was over the wheels of our train as we left the station. Next day the trains were unable to run at all.

Having had a gentle introduction to the dangers by flood, we were next to be initiated into the delights and conveniences of the system of American "stageing," the very name of which inspires me still with a feeling of most deadly repulsion.

Having come to see the Mammoth caves of Kentucky, there was nothing for it but to sleep at

Louisville and take train next day for Cave City. Hence we had to drive nine miles to the Mammoth Cave Hotel, over such a road as had never come within my travelling experiences.

Stones, rocks, boulders and ruts blocked our way; our stage was an open vehicle, with canvas top and slender iron rods to support it, to which we clung for dear life, as our four mules dragged us over the stony, rutty and muddy track.

An American "bagman" sat opposite to me and a young American with a lovely little wife in the back seat. Conversation was physically impossible. You could not open your mouth without the chance of the teeth being shaken down your throat by the terrible jolting.

It was all one could do, to clutch either side of the "machine" alternately with a convulsive grasp. No one but the irrepressibly cheerful young bagman even attempted to talk, and he got no further than an occasional hopeful, "Now we have struck the bully-ward again," as sometimes a bit of road less horrible than the last was reached.

Alas! two minutes landed us on to a "rock" or into a rut bigger than ever. The little bride's most cherished novel was shaken out of the stage into the

muddy road, but she was quite past caring much about it. "Perhaps I shall find it on my way back to-morrow," she whispered to her husband, who only gave a compassionate smile in answer. As if it would not be buried feet deep in mud by that time!

Poor little girl! She looked more fit for bed than anything else when we arrived at last, benumbed with cold and speechless from fatigue; but she and her husband were forced to take the eight a.m. stage back next morning, so there was nothing for it but for them to visit the caves that night.

We took things more quietly, and revived sufficiently during the evening to be entertained by some of the experiences of our landlord, specially with reference to the time when he lived at Cave City, whence the stages run.

There are two routes through these caves, the long and the short route. The former is only opened during the two or three summer months, as the water in the river is too high at other times to allow visitors to penetrate to some parts of the cave. The long route gives fourteen to sixteen miles of walking, and entails a nine hours' expedition. The short route goes over some seven or eight miles, and can be done in three or four hours.

On one occasion an old gentleman of over sixty came to Cave City with a young wife of eighteen, who had married him, doubtless, for his dollars, and our friend (Gannett) had induced him to take the long route, which entails some heavy climbing, especially through a part called "the Corkscrew."

When the old gentleman returned to Cave City next morning he had to be lifted out of the stage, vowing vengeance on the man who had given him the advice.

"Do you know where the fellow lives?" he asked, speaking to Gannett himself, but not recognizing his enemy.

"Yes, sir. A long way from here."

"Well, if you see him, let me know. I would give him a good thrashing if I could only lay hands upon him."

The young wife was in convulsions of silent laughter, having recognized Gannett immediately upon their return.

However, she wisely kept her own counsel, and the train coming up soon after took them off, the old husband shaking his fist and uttering curses both deep and loud until he was fairly carried out of sight, much to Gannett's relief.

There was no choice in our case. In April the short route alone is practicable. This includes most points of interest, and you escape a great deal of monotonous and aimless wandering, but you miss the river and a short portion of gypsum formation of "flowers," said to be the most beautiful in the cave, probably simply because less defiled by the smoke of the torches.

Bayard Taylor says that any one who goes to the Mammoth Caves and comes away disappointed "must be either a fool or a demi-god." It will save trouble to class myself at once under the former head, for I cannot possibly belong to the latter, and the Mammoth Caves disappointed me greatly.

They are not to be compared for beauty with those at Adelsberg and many others on a smaller scale which I have seen in Europe.

The caves are on an enormous scale, it is true. The chambers are lofty and finely proportioned, but the whole place, with few exceptions, is ugly and black.

The stalactites are few, and blackened with smoke. There is no profusion of the lovely alabaster and crimson shades so universal in the caves of Adelsberg.

A few inches of alabaster formations hanging from the tops were pointed out with great pride, and considered evidently very rich and rare.

We went up an immense wide avenue called "Broadway," then came to the "Rotunda," "The Theatre," "The Methodist Church" (with a natural pulpit), and then to the natural altar, where a romantic marriage took place some years ago.

A girl had promised under great pressure that she "would not marry any man on the face of the earth."

So she took her *fiancé* into the caves, and they were married here.

Three pillars, formed by the meeting of stalactites and stalagmites, make a very natural-looking altar, and many cards are left here, showing that other couples have followed suit.

A rather pretty custom is adopted in these cases of dedicating cairns or heaps of stones to the different states in America or foreign countries dear to respective tourists. A card or piece of wood indicates the state or country.

I put a stone on "Massachusetts" for the sake of dear old Boston.

There was a very big heap for "England," to which, of course, we added, and another for Scotland. The habit is useful as well as sentimental, for it keeps the tracks clear.

I need not enumerate the various "points" shown

us by William, our excellent black guide. There are one or two really very fine and almost overpowering ravines of rock, which he lighted for us by throwing about bits of brown paper soaked in oil, and the colouring here was very soft and beautiful. As a rule, however, the avenues and grottoes are dingy and black. Thousands of little black bats hibernate in these caves from October to May, hanging by their legs from the roof. At the latter date they wake up and kindly take up their summer quarters outside.

The chief interest of the caves lay after all in two very good effects of William's own ingenuity and skill. The first was discovered by him accidentally. Two of the passages meet at a special angle, the light from the opening of the cave striking the walls at a particular point.

Given these conditions, William found that when he moved the lamps in the distance there was an effect of a beautiful white marble statue on a pedestal moving slowly backwards and forwards.

The other is still more wonderful.

At a place called the "Starry Dome" (on account of the star-like formations on the roof) there is a wooden seat. Here we sat down; William took away all our lamps and disappeared, leaving us in total darkness.

Presently, by a clever manipulation of the artificial light, it seemed as though the stars were shining above our heads, illuminating the dense darkness in which we had been sitting. Then clouds, heavy and black, seemed to pass over the sky.

At length, to our left, the sun appeared to be slowly rising (a light thrown by him). Then came the lowing of the cattle, the crowing of the cocks, the quick sharp bark of a dog, and the bleating of the lambs ; all the sounds of coming dawn being most cleverly imitated in turn by William, who is a first-rate ventriloquist.

It was very clever, but after all it was William, not Mammoth Cave.

About a mile-and-a-half inside the caves from the opening are the ruined remains of twelve stone huts built here in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two by a philanthropist who had heard that the beautiful cave air was calculated to cure consumption, and induced twelve poor victims to try the experiment of living in total darkness and having their food brought them from the outer world.

For five months they endured this living death, but at the end of that time all came out and none survived the experiment. Light must of course be almost as necessary to human life as air.

Two of the cottages alone remain intact to tell the sad tale. One is filled up inside with stones, but the other is still habitable. The walls are of stone, but there were no roofs, only canvas covers.

The railway strikes were in full force over here ; as we steamed into Saint Louis we passed a miniature Alder-shot Camp on the line. "Soldiers to guard the property and lives of the employers," was the answer given when I asked what it meant.

"What chance is there of any settlement?" was my next question.

"Chance?" re-echoed my informant, "none at all for the employers of labour ; you see there is no legislation for them. These unions are rich enough to buy up all the justice they want. There is not a court that would decide against them."

"That is simply disgraceful," I cried hotly.

"Yes," he admitted slowly ; "it is disgraceful, but it is *a fact*."

I have nothing of interest to say about the big black manufacturing smoky city of Saint Louis.

We spent a week there, it is true, but this was a question of health and rest.

The only bright spot that remains in my memory is of the little toddling children who go about the streets

here in pretty white muslin drawn caps, trimmed with embroidery. It is a quaint, pretty device, and must keep their little heads much cooler than close hats or bonnets would do in this oppressive dull heat.

Another weary fifty hours' journey viâ Kansas city on the Aitchison, Topeka and Santa Fé line, which threads through the Indian territory on the south and Kansas State in the north, brought us to Las Vegas Hot Springs, where we intended to break the journey to Santa Fé.

We passed through endless prairie and fields of Indian corn.

Not a building, not a hill to break the terrible monotony. The prairie fires were our only diversion, and these came thick and fast as we moved heavily along through this prairie ocean.

Our nights were much alike, jolting and stopping, stopping and jolting.

Some of the weary hours might be got over by late rising in the morning, but this is impossible. By six a.m. every one is on the stir, and by six-thirty or seven a.m. at latest, all the berths have been put back and the car transformed into its sitting-room aspect.

The sleeping cars in the daytime are very different from the luxurious parlour car with its arm-chairs

and footstools. The seats are narrow and the backs are straight ; alas, we have bidden a long good-bye to the parlour car, which is only suitable for the shorter day journeys.

A combination carriage is, of course, more convenient from the railway point of view, but travellers must often long to get away during the daytime from the long, stuffy carriage in which they have passed the night, especially as it is most difficult to secure anything like fresh air without the conviction that you are putting some courteous but steam-heated American to real torture.

At Trinidad we first noticed the curious Mexican adobe house (called always "doby").

They remind one of Irish mud huts, but are built of a brick made from the earth and called "adobe."

They are square houses, generally without windows, and apparently without any roof, but, doubtless, this last is lower than the rest of the building and so cannot be seen from the line. A ladder against the wall answers the purpose of a front door, the ingress being from a hole in the top of the roof, whence a second ladder leads down into the hut, so that a visitor enters not head, but heels foremost.

A pleasant German gentleman in the train, hearing

that we intended to visit Santa Fé after staying at Las Vegas, told me that he had lived for some twenty-five years in the former city, and begged to be allowed to do the honours of it to us on our arrival. After fifty hours' travelling we arrived at Las Vegas, whence a branch line takes you some five miles on to the Hot Springs Hotel.

The manager of the hotel had come down to meet the train, and as soon as we were seated in it and well off, kindly told us that there were no rooms to be had, as a party of thirty-five excursionists were in the house.

This was pleasant news for us, weary, supperless, exhausted, and at nine o'clock in the evening. It might have been possible to secure rooms in Las Vegas itself, but we were really too tired to be very indignant with the man for starting us on such a wild goose chase.

Las Vegas Hot Springs is a picturesque little village, perched in a cañon between high hills, and some six thousand five hundred feet above the sea.

There are several cottages belonging to the hotel, where people are boarded when the house is full, one or two little shops full of Mexican workmanship, and finally the bath houses.

A long, low, two-storied house of dark red sandstone, with verandah all round, forms the present hotel, which is also the original one.

A new one was built in 1884 and opened for one year, being then burnt down.

In 1885 a second was built, entirely fire-proof as they fondly hoped, and was opened in May of that year. Within three months this shared the fate of its predecessor.

They are actually building it up for the third time, now on a different site, a little higher up on the hill. Such perseverance deserves to be rewarded.

My friend found a refuge in the billiard-room that night, whilst I was put into a tiny cabin of a room on the ground floor, over all the hot-water pipes, and was parboiled in consequence by next morning.

Numbers of people are staying here for months at a time for the benefit of the springs, and, consequently, there are many children in the house. It was typical of the importance given to children in this country that all we grown-up people sat meekly round the drawing-room for some two hours one evening, whilst several small children of ages varying from six to ten entertained the company.

They acted a very dull little play written by

themselves, but sang really very fairly, and gave us some airs from the "Mikado" without any trace of shyness.

The play itself, which seemed to be an emblem of eternity (having no perceptible beginning or ending), dragged its weary length along for some two hours, much to the satisfaction of the children themselves and their respective parents no doubt.

The rest, by far the larger portion of the company, looked intensely bored as time went on, but submitted to the infliction with a very good grace, and applauded with a vehement good nature.

A day or two at such a place is quite enough for people who are happily independent of any medical necessity for staying there, and on the third day we had cheerfully decided to push on to Santa Fé, having literally "reckoned without our host." On applying to him for some detail of the journey, we heard to our horror that the river, which had been steadily rising for the last few days, had washed away some half-dozen bridges between Las Vegas and Santa Fé, and also the railway bridge between the Hot Spring and Las Vegas itself.

We had a glimmering hope that the story might be untrue, or at least exaggerated ; but next morning, alas !

it was confirmed on most unprejudiced authority, and the state of the rail on this side was only too patent to any one who walked along it for half a mile.

A week or fortnight might be required for repairs ; of course we could ford the river by carriage as soon as it went down sufficiently to be at all safe for such a purpose ; but we were still confronted by the impossibility of getting further west until these other bridges were built up again.

Fortunately after several days of incessant downpour, the heavens had cleared and a "burro" (donkey) ride up the hills behind the house and later for some miles up the cañon, gave us some fine views and made life seem a little more tolerable.

It was, as usual, impossible to get any definite information, and the hotel manager threw every obstacle in the way of our doing so.

The kindly little postmistress of the place gave us our only ray of comfort by saying that she heard the bridges were being temporarily repaired, and that if we could only get a vehicle of some sort to take us to Las Vegas, we should have a chance of getting on from there.

We interviewed a man on the subject of a carriage. He put a reserve price of a pound sterling on the hour's

drive, and we could not make out if it were really safe to ford the river or not, but determined to make the experiment unless this man absolutely refused to go.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we were ready packed, our three boxes having gone on with a team, and we following in a very light carriage, with only hand-bags and rugs.

Fording that river was a very nasty five minutes' experience. It had swollen very much, and the carriage was thrown violently against the stream and seemed bending so much to the right-hand side, that one felt it must soon go over and deposit us in the middle of the waters.

The real danger is that at the time of these "wash-outs" the bed of the river also is washed away, and becomes consequently full of holes, and there is always the chance that one of the horses may put his feet into these.

However, all things come to an end, and we were landed at length on the opposite bank, safe and dry and with a fairly good road before us to Las Vegas.

Here another unpleasant surprise awaited us. Having some hours to dispose of, we had wandered aimlessly round the town until about 6.30 p.m., intending then to have some sort of meal at the station before our

start. To our horror we found that no less than 300 *eastward* bound travellers had been detained here for two days as three bridges and more than a mile of rail had been washed away on that side.

The railway was feeding all these people during the detention, an unusual piece of generosity and much to the credit of the Aitchison, Topeka and Sante Fé line. It was done at a cost of \$450 a day, and at present there seemed to be no hope of getting the passengers off.

The provisions meanwhile were naturally being exhausted, and the crowds were so great as fresh trains from the west came in, that we were only allowed to enter the dining-room by detachments. We were almost lifted off our feet as our turn came and the rush to the door grew more frantic. Only some very tough meat and a few eggs were left, but we were thankful for that. Going up to pay for our scanty meal, the man asked to see our tickets and then to my surprise refused to take any money. At the same time he told us that we could not possibly leave Las Vegas that night, as news had come that two more bridges had been washed away. We were prepared for any misfortune by this time. Mercifully, however, it turned out that he had mistaken our tickets for eastward

bound ones, so we really escaped at last, leaving by this time some 450 poor creatures to their uncertain fate.

A change at Lamy to the local Santa Fé line and a midnight crawl of something over an hour brought us to the curious old New Mexico capital.

Santa Fé, as every one knows, is the oldest town in the United States, having been a stronghold even before the days of the Spanish Conquest.

We woke up next morning to a glorious day of brilliant sunshine that no Good Friday influence could dim.

Such a sky ! Such mountains all round us ! Such billows of cloud of every conceivable shape and shade of pearl and opal !

The air is deliciously bracing, but a little difficult to breathe, owing to the altitude (over 7,000 feet), and many complain that it is impossible to walk far with any comfort.

I had no wish to walk; *looking* seemed quite pleasure enough with such a glorious landscape before me.

Santa Fé itself is a quaint straggling town, full of low, square "doby" houses and sandhills covered with sparse tufts of grass.

All round you are the snow-clad peaks of the Spanish mountains. On this gorgeous Good Friday morning

with its brilliant sky and billowy white clouds it was impossible to tell where mountain ended and clouds began.

There are a few brick houses here, but, as a rule, "doby" reigns supreme. Many of these "doby" buildings are unpretentious mud huts, but others are on a grand scale and very well furnished inside with curtains, carpets and every luxury. In these latter cases the original "doby" has generally received a coat of whitewash. Even the governor's *palazzo* is a "doby" building.

The "Plaza" is a quaint little peaceful square, surrounded by "stores," most of which are under cover. In the middle is a very diminutive public garden, and here the band plays in the afternoon, for there is a small military dépôt in Santa Fé.

We have not yet escaped from the inconveniences of the "wash-out." It appears that all supplies of meat come from Kansas City (800 miles away). These supplies were of course now stopped, and we lived upon the coarse, tough local meat, which is almost uneatable.

Our German friend called, bringing a nice young daughter with him, and took us later for a delightful drive in a light T-cart with a fine pair of horses, all over the surrounding prairie country. We saw numbers

of the pretty little prairie dogs, a sort of cross between a squirrel and a rabbit. They are not vicious, and can be easily tamed, but will bite in self-defence and pretty sharply, too. Driving over the prairie, we had a grand view of the line of mountains some 70 miles distant—but looking in this clear atmosphere quite close upon us—where rich metal exists in such large quantities. Mr. Staab told me that some of the most valuable gold mines are to be found here; the only trouble is to get enough water for washing out the gold. On Easter Monday we engaged a team (as a carriage and pair is called in this country) and drove some nine miles over the grand ridge of mountains called “The Divide” to the Indian village of “Tisuki” on the other side. It was a glorious drive over a plain covered with sand and tiny green bushes of pignone (a sort of dwarf pine, bearing a very excellent little pignone “nut”). Ascending the ridge of “The Divide” we had a grand view of distant blue mountains on the other side of the Rio Grande.

The purple tinge of the sand-covered plains and the green bushes of pine formed a striking contrast to the two blues of the mountain and the sky line.

The village is built in tiers of houses, most of which are of one story only.

Some of the largest Indian villages have six or seven tiers of mud huts and rise up in a pinnacle: ladders placed against the sides of the huts land you on the various elevations.

I have already referred to the curious method of entering these Mexican Indian huts, by climbing up a ladder inside the wall and then crawling down a ladder which emerges through a hole in the mud roof.

The first house we visited in this way was wonderfully clean. It had, of course, a bare mud floor, but cooking utensils, Indian jars, &c., were very neatly arranged on the ground, and the father, mother and child were squatting together in one corner.

The father was a mild-looking Indian with copper-coloured face, long black hair and very small feet in white mocassins made from tanned skins. The mother, wider in face and with cheeks painted a bright red over the natural bronze, a coloured blanket confined by a belt round the waist and mocassins on her tiny feet coming high up to the knees, completed her simple costume.

A replica of the mother was the little nine-year-old daughter, who was similarly dressed.

Both wore silver bracelets and gaily-coloured beads.

They had a few little bits of pottery to sell, which we bought as a matter of courtesy.

They seemed gentle, kindly people, and the mother gave a little pottery shoe to the little child of our driver who had come in with us, in a very pretty motherly way.

They talked a sort of mongrel Spanish which they call "Indian," but I could understand most of the sentences from having some knowledge of Italian.

We went into another house which was not nearly so clean.

Here some four or five generations seemed to chum together, from the old great-grandfather of eighty-three lying in the corner to the tiny Indian children of three or four years old who stumbled over him with their little, dusty bare feet. The old man, who looked almost too old to be alive at all, told our driver that he had, in his youth, seen both New York and Washington. This I can scarcely believe. He seemed to be sunk in a sort of melancholy grandeur, and I should never have dreamed of disturbing his meditations or insulting him by the offer of a vulgar "tip," but the driver said it was customary, and certainly the effect of a "quarter" was miraculous.

The old fellow flew up as straight as a dart, jabber-

ing out profuse thanks, and we left him beaming with pleasure.

Even ten cents gave great satisfaction to a poor old blind Indian, who sat in the court outside, and seemed almost too old and infirm for "filthy lucre."

The day had clouded over as we drove back, and the view was less beautiful in consequence. Our driver amused us *en route* with stories of wild Western life, and seemed amused to find that I was quite up in the history of "Billy the Kid," a young New Mexican desperado who was shot five years ago, after murdering nineteen men at various times in his short life of twenty-one years. Our driver declared that "the Kid" had some very fine qualities, an opinion which has been endorsed by others who knew him.

Our great ambition, since planning this Western trip, had been to include in it a visit to the Grand Cañon of Colorado.

This name is very misleading to the uninitiated. It suggests at once the neighbourhood of Denver and Colorado springs, whereas this famous cañon is in reality many hundreds of miles from either one or other, and is situated to the south of Arizona, between New Mexico and South California.

The great difficulty lay in the utter impossibility of

getting any reliable information as to the place or the means of reaching it. Appleton, as usual, contented himself with quoting two or three authorities as to the magnificence of the scenery when one got there, and showed a lordly contempt for any sort of detail.

We could not even find out whether the cañon would be open to travellers so early in the year as April. In vain we had asked this question all along the route, or tried to discover how to send a letter or telegram to any head-quarters from which a trustworthy answer might be expected.

Even in Santa Fé we were assured, over and over again, that the cañon would certainly be closed at that early season, and our German friends were quite horrified that we should even dream of making such an expedition "so far from the beaten track, and we two ladies travelling alone! Ach Hummel und so weiter."

Another practical difficulty was the overcrowded state of the trains, owing to the number of travellers flocking westward, now that the lines had been put into something like order.

Meanwhile we spent an interesting morning at the Indian school, close to Santa Fé.

A certain Professor Ladd has started this, and watches over it with anxious interest.

Just now the school is much reduced, owing to the fact that some thirty-five scholars have been carried off by the priests. Many of the Indians are devout Catholics—a survival of the Spanish mission.

For some time the priests had tried to get these children away from the schools, and at length they have induced the parents to insist upon their being returned to their respective tribes. It seems a sad bit of “dog in the manger” philosophy on the part of the Catholics, who have no educational advantages to offer them in exchange.

Only about ten pupils remained ; but the authorities were hoping that the numbers might soon be increased.

A very pretty girl, of twenty-two or twenty-three, was teaching them ; a most determined young lady, who declared that she was “not a bit afraid of them,” but “shook them well around” when they were tiresome or disobedient !

Both sexes were represented, and all ages. Some of them were boys of nine or ten years old ; others grown-up young men, one of whom was married.

The young mistress pointed, with some pride, to a strong young fellow of nineteen, and calmly said, “I had to send *him* to bed the other day.” As some of these Indians belong to the fierce Apache tribe, I was

anxious to learn the secret of her influence, which I still believe lay to a great extent in her extreme prettiness, although she denied this vehemently, and declared that no element of chivalry or admiration entered into the question at all.

She seemed to think it was entirely a matter of strong will and determination, and the fact of feeling no physical fear of them. "Once let them see you have that and it is all over with any hope of discipline."

Her theory and practice seemed very much those of a lion tamer, and lay in the triumph of mind over matter. Perhaps the Christian Scientists might have a word to say on the subject, as being a side illustration of their cardinal doctrine.

This young girl told us that the inspector's wife is very much afraid of her fierce-looking classes, and consequently can do nothing with them. On one occasion, when the mistress and a very determined young Apache man were at issue over some disputed point in discipline, the poor lady inspector looked on tremblingly and implored the young girl to give in and not infuriate the dangerous pupil.

"Not a bit of it," said this determined young person. "I knew what giving in would mean. I might as well make tracks at once."

“Well, how did you manage him?”

“I said to him: ‘Now, look here, if you don’t do what I tell you, one of us two has got to die, for I don’t leave this room till you obey me, and you don’t leave it either.’”

Fortunately for her, the man succumbed to moral suasion. With all due deference for the triumph of will-power, I am still inclined to think that a very pretty face is no mean factor in discipline, even amongst Apache Indians.

We saw a nice clean wooden dormitory where some of the pupils sleep, and a “doby” house where their food is tidily cooked and served.

We also spent an hour chatting with the superintendent and his wife, intelligent Eastern Americans, who seemed glad to see new faces and exchange a few ideas.

Having received a vague telegram from some unknown source, to say that the Grand Cañon was open, and having spent a last pleasant evening with our kindly German friends, we packed up once more and left Santa Fé late one night, about ten p.m., trusting to find the sleeping carriage in which our berths were engaged at Lamy Junction.

We arrived there soon after midnight to hear that

as usual the train was not "in time," and would be at least three hours late.

One wretched, hot, stuffy, and unventilated room, with bare floor and ditto walls, was our only refuge from the fierce wind blowing outside; a small portion of a dirty wooden bench with no back to it affording our only chance of repose.

Alternately I went out to be frozen, and returned inside to be boiled.

At three o'clock in the morning our train came in at last, and soon afterwards we were safely on board and in our "sleepers," a short-lived luxury as it proved.

Soon after leaving the Albuquerque Junction at six a.m., we were hustled out of the car, literally at a moment's notice, as the wheels had caught fire, and it was to be left on the road in consequence.

I had that moment begun to dress, after waiting patiently for some half-hour for the chance of washing my hands, but the railway officials would not hear of a moment's delay.

Throwing on a dressing-gown and thrusting my feet into slippers, I gathered together as much of my property as my arms would hold, leaving the rest of my things to be pushed helter-skelter into the

crowded carriage that received us, in addition to its own previous freight of passengers.

Breakfast at Coolidge somewhat smoothed over our ruffled feelings, and we had sufficiently recovered our tempers to be amused by the Navaho Indians who surrounded the carriages, selling their pottery, exhibiting their hideous little babies at five cents "a peep," and looking extremely picturesque in their gaily-coloured rags.

A dull, dreary waste of sandy desert came next, to be enlivened shortly by the very curious rock formations which stand out against the sky-line at intervals all through the Arizona country.

These rocks are most fantastic in shape, towers, castles, minarets in turn rising up in the midst of the plain; and the colouring is very beautiful, deepest crimson, brown, yellow, and grey in turn.

It was well to have some fresh interest in these beautiful rock formations, for we had left the picturesque New Mexico country behind us now, with its doby huts, and groups of Indians with their fierce black eyes, swarthy complexions and long, matted horsehair locks.

Early dawn landed us, some hours after time, at the miserable little collection of wooden shanties, con-

taining some hundred inhabitants and honoured by the title of city known as Peach Springs.

Poor as the place looked, it was still divided from our eager hopes by a quarter of a mile of sandy desert, and at four o'clock in the morning we were landed on the line, with no perceptible means of conveying ourselves and baggage across the intervening space.

Meanwhile our train had steamed slowly off, so there was no possibility of escape for us; at length, after a good deal of difficulty, we persuaded a boy to show us the way to Mr. Farlie's "house," as we called it in our ignorance, that being the name of the man who was supposed to run "the stage" from Peach Spring to the Cañon of the Colorado.

Crossing the sandy desert with rather crestfallen faces, we found that Mr. Farlie's boasted "hotel" was simply a small wooden shanty, but any refuge was welcome. We discovered that he had not yet received the telegram explaining a change of day in our arrival, necessitated by the overcrowded state of the trains.

However, he bustled up, showed us into two primitive but perfectly clean rooms, and volunteered to fetch our hand-bags from the dépôt, much to our relief.

A few hours later we were up and dressed, and then

found that the Farlie mansion did not attempt to provide food for its inmates.

You were expected to walk across the sand to the depôt for breakfast, and a very fair one we got, but were very much "hurried up" in eating it by Mr. Farlie, whose impatience in getting us under weigh was inexplicable to me.

Appleton says, "The road to the cañon from the line is eighteen miles, and a good one."

It turned out to be a good twenty-three miles and over a thoroughly bad route, although certainly never quite so intolerable as the road to the Mammoth Caves.

We thought we had already reduced our baggage to the very lightest "marching order," but found that even so the capabilities of the ramshackle "buck-board" honoured by the name of "stage" were overstrained, especially as the provisions for our stay had also to find room, as well as the "cook," who was to be left with us up the cañon.

The "stage" consisted of a bare bit of boarding, slung on wheels with a couple of primitive seats capable of holding two people each by a little squeezing and both facing forwards.

The "cook" appeared to be a sulky-looking fellow of eighteen or nineteen, who sat in front with Mr.

Farlie and declined to be drawn into any sort of conversation.

Later we learnt to appreciate the very excellent qualities of "Billy" at their true value, and to prefer him infinitely to our more talkative but less satisfactory host.

Billy told me afterwards that he was twenty-seven years old, and he had certainly lived through experiences enough to have been *seventy*-seven, but his slight figure and smooth boyish face made it difficult to realize that he was even a full-grown man.

He was not only to be our cook, but our housemaid, parlour-maid, guide, companion, and friend for the next three days, during which we were thrown completely on his hands and at his mercy.

Our stage had no covering from the fierce sun beating down at eleven o'clock in full force upon our heads, but the drive was sufficiently beautiful to atone for much discomfort.

The first two or three miles over the sandy plains were rough and interesting, but then the road improved and we soon entered the valley leading up the cañon.

Mountains of granite and old red sandstone rose on either side of us to a height varying from five to seven

thousand feet. The sun shining fiercely on the deep crimsons and glowing yellows at the rocky cañon sides, gave us a splendid panorama of colour effect.

At length we reached a sort of rocky "divide," called "Inspiration Point," at the bottom of which the worst part of the road begins, and pretty bad it is for some eight miles.

Still the grand rocks on either side and the peaceful green valley through which we drove, made up by their beauty for all discomfort and weariness.

The wild flowers were coming out in great profusion after the late snows had disappeared. Cactus and aloe lined our path. The bowl-like "barrow cactus," said to contain water for the weary traveller, grows here very freely, also a pretty shrub called the ocatero. This has long dark green stems, which rise up from its centre waving in the air, and at the end of each stem is a bright red blossom composed of numberless small buds, which blossom into tiny star-like red flowers. It takes a whole bunch of these latter to form what looks like one good-sized blossom.

The ocatero grows from four to ten feet high, and the larger specimens have some thirty or more of these waving long green arms.

A sort of large yellow primrose grows here in great

profusion, and in the sand, nearer the river, a lovely white blossom of the primrose family, but reminding one more, in shape, of the wild rose.

We passed many willow trees and several specimens of the acacia on our road.

The heat grew fiercer as the day advanced. At length, about 3 p.m., coming over a hill, with eyes still straining right and left towards the grand mountain peaks on either side of us, we saw a tiny wooden hut in the distance, looking like a child's toy house, and I said laughingly to our guide :

"I suppose that is the sort of place you are going to take us to at last ?"

"It looks very like it," he answered quietly, and to my dismay I found that I had unwittingly hit upon the dismal truth.

Still, matters might have been worse. Anyway, I knew we had some meat and potatoes under the seat, if they had not been shaken out *en route*.

And nothing could deprive us of the glorious mountains and the heavenly blue sky, which were important factors in our happiness, although I am bound to place them on this occasion after the beef-steak and potatoes. Is this not a veracious history? And had we not travelled now for some forty hours or

more with much fatigue and discomfort and with little rest or food?

Having seen us safely deposited in our palatial abode and shared our meal there, Mr. Farlie told Bill to look up the horses (which had been turned out loose) with a view to returning to Peach Springs.

We had not hitherto freely appreciated the fact that we were to be left entirely alone with one wild "Western boy," so many miles from any habitation, and with no means of getting away until our host chose to make another fifty mile journey on our behalf.

It was now Friday afternoon. We drank a last "stirrup cup" with Mr. Farlie in the form of some excellent Californian port, a bottle of which he had brought up with him; and he promised to return for us on the Sunday at latest, when a "gentleman" would be coming to take some views, and would wish to stay at the wooden shanty for this purpose.

This would mean that we must turn out, as there were only two small rooms in the place and no division between them worth mentioning.

Still, we thought that two days would probably give us ample time to explore the neighbourhood, and we never doubted that sufficient provisions had been left for us, or that we should be released on the day specified.

Our confidence on both these points proved to be ill-founded; but this is anticipating events.

Our tiny little wooden box of a house had doors back and front which were kept constantly open, so that it was almost like living in the open air, and the heat was much too great for any question of draughts.

Two or three chairs (one a "rocker") and an old sofa bed completed the downstairs furniture; a little room being partitioned off from one corner to serve as a kitchen.

Up a narrow ladder stair were our two primitive rooms, one of which was approached without any sort of landing, straight from the ladder.

A wooden partition, not reaching by any means to the rafters above, divided this from the other room, which had a white sheet hung over its exit on to the stair ladder.

My room rejoiced in no such luxury as looking-glass nor wash-stand of any kind, but a tiny tin bowl on the only chair in the room served for the latter.

The first evening we felt too sick and weary from the great heat and fatigue combined to do anything but sit quiet in the entrance to our hut, watching the glorious mountains of glowing granite around us and making a desultory plan for going up the valley to

Diamond Crick early next day, when Billy assured us we should be in the shade nearly all the time.

“May day” dawned upon us in all brightness and beauty.

Billy, who had spent his night on the sofa-bedstead below, was up betimes, and cooked us an excellent breakfast of bacon, tomatoes, Indian corn, brown bread, coffee, &c., and by nine o'clock we were under weigh for our expedition, having been somewhat detained by the necessity for allowing our cook to do his “house and parlour maid” work before he joined us.

The plan was for Billy to walk some three or four miles up the crick (a narrow mountain stream) with us, leave us there, and return “home” in case Mr. Farlie should bring any other visitors up.

Meanwhile we could amuse ourselves as we chose, and Billy would start to meet us again in the cool of the afternoon, when his cooking labours (in case Mr. Farlie did arrive) would be over.

We had taken some food in a small tin can, and should therefore be independent for some hours to come.

It was a hot, weary tramp, constantly crossing and recrossing the little stream or “crick” which lower down goes to join the Colorado River.

We passed bushes of willows and acacias of various kinds, the cat's claw specimens amongst the latter.

The walk seemed endless, owing to the burning heat, but the views of the dark granite mountains around us were magnificent. The gorge became by degrees so narrow that these mountain tops seemed towering far into the sky and quite beyond our powers of vision at such close quarters.

Presently we came upon some very large rocks in the centre of the road and had to climb over these with "Billy's" assistance, and so reached on the other side a pretty little waterfall which falls for the distance of a few feet only, but in a very strong volume of water.

A stony cave near here seemed a good shelter from the sun, and here our friend left us to eat our lunch, whilst he returned up the valley to our starting point.

The "lunch," consisting of very inferior cold bacon, was quite uneatable, viewed by our happy standard of that day, so we took the bits of bread round it and ate them with some curious preserve that had been placed at the bottom of the can, and we made some excellent lemonade from the crick water and two lemons which Billy had thoughtfully put in for us at the last moment.

We then walked some mile or two further up the

valley, the gorge becoming at length so narrow that we could almost span it with outstretched arms, and the mountain tops appearing more inaccessible than ever.

After a little more dabbling in the water by the fall, on our return to the cave we tidied up the remains of our very frugal meal, picked up the tin can once more and began the homeward journey in good earnest.

Now came the tug of war.

It was impossible to scale the boulders of rock again without Billy's help, yet the choice lay between that and going some two feet deep into the stream, which had no "landing" here at the other side, only steep walls of rock rising sheer out of its depths.

In despair we chose the certain wetting to the possible risk of breaking our necks and plunged boldly in, the water being up to our knees.

A few moments' walking brought us to some stepping-stones and here our troubles for the moment ended.

We were much relieved to meet our faithful Billy, on the way home. He had made a fruitless journey, having found our little shanty as empty as when we left it.

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon. The sun's

heat was becoming intolerable and I began to fear sun-stroke for one or other of us. Moreover we were much exhausted by the long tramp, rather hungry after a very meagre meal, and our feet were blistered by the sharp stones over which we had so often crossed the stream. Added to all of which we were now wet through by our plunge into the crick.

At last we reached the blessed haven of our little wooden house and got some supper, and better still, the intense luxury of a bath, for I had brought my india-rubber bath with me as a positive necessity of life, and Billy was always ready to get me a pail of water from the crick behind the shanty.

One of the finest peaks before our eyes as we sat in the front of our most primitive abode was called "Prospect Point," and the view from this over the surrounding cañon was said to be magnificent.

Mr. Farlie had spoken of the ascent as a little half-hour's run, that might be taken at any odd time. My experience of it was very different to this, but the view certainly repays any one for the exertion of reaching it, which in the case of an ordinary lady is very considerable.

Billy admitted that several men had got half-way and returned. Doubtless this was laziness, but a very

rough and in many places almost perpendicular scramble up the bed of a mountain torrent covered with loose stones and with nothing to hold by, to a height of over 2,500 feet can scarcely be called an "easy little walk," except for a lady well accustomed to mountaineering.

We were both thankful that a slightly strained foot prevented my friend from making the attempt on the strength of this delusive description. She would certainly never have arrived at the top, and might in all human probability have had a very nasty fall in making the attempt.

It was arranged overnight that Billy should make me an early cup of coffee and that he and I should sally forth as near 5 a.m. as possible, to see the river, which lies some mile and a half below our shanty, and then make the ascent of Prospect Point.

Walking in the opposite direction to Diamond Crick, by the pretty willow-bordered stream and with lovely wild flowers greeting us on every side, we reached an open plateau with a regular panorama of grand mountains all round us.

Beyond lay a field of fine white sand, and on reaching this we first heard the sound of the rushing river, which flows at right angles to the crick and is

hidden by the shelving bank of sand until you are within a few yards of it.

This Colorado River is 150 feet deep by 300 feet wide, and is full of strong currents, the snow waters from the mountains giving it a very muddy look.

These mountains stand up grandly from the opposite shore, and on this occasion we saw them to the greatest advantage, with the rising sun just warming into glowing beauty their rugged sides.

Two of the finest peaks are called "Solomon's Temple" and "The Tower of Babel." After a little rest, sitting on the white sands, and drinking in this peaceful yet magnificent view, we retraced our steps a short way until we came to the very precipitous mountain torrent bed which begins the ascent to Prospect Point.

Thirty minutes of very stiff climbing brought us on to the first saddle of the mountain, and already we were repaid by the view over the chain of mountains with the Colorado river winding at their base, which had been hidden from us below.

Another good half-hour's scramble brought us on to some undulating slopes covered with cactus and wild flowers; ocatera bushes grew in great profusion here.

This walking was a pleasant relief before climbing the last peak of all to the real Prospect Point, which lies at the bottom of the Pyramid Rock, and can only be approached in this round-about fashion. It was now 8.30 a.m. and I was completely tired out by the heavy climb.

Billy seemed equally disposed for a rest, so after feasting our eyes on the glorious views all round us, we threw ourselves down on the little rock plateau and then, to his great dismay, our "guide, philosopher and friend" made the terrible discovery that he had brought no matches and would be cheated out of his smoke after all.

I could only express profound sympathy. Ladies as a rule are not expected "to have a light about them," especially when clambering up the sides of a mountain, but I felt conscious, from Billy's point of view, I had failed ignominiously as a "good pal."

In another minute his brow cleared. "There are more ways than one of getting a light," he said, and forthwith pulled out his "six-shooter" pistol and one of the cartridges from his leather belt.

He undid the cartridge with some difficulty and the help of a sharp pebble, filled up the space next to the gunpowder with a bit of paper and fired it off, putting

his cigar instantly to the burning mouth of the pistol to catch the fire.

The experiment was most successful when it finally came off, but the preparations were lengthy and rather frightening to me, I must confess.

I knew this wild Western "boy" had been picked up at random from a gambling saloon about six weeks before.

We were some twenty-five miles up an absolutely uninhabited cañon entirely at his mercy, to add to which I personally had climbed another 2,000 or 3,000 feet and so cut myself off even from the possible assistance of the only other human being within miles. Quick as thought it flashed through my mind, "why should he not give me a knock over the head, anyway, take my watch—make off to the shanty, and there do the same kind office for my friend?"

What would be simpler? She had a very valuable watch and of course it was impossible for us to dispense with a fair amount of ready money, all of which would have been at Billy's absolute disposal. A mountain walk of twenty-five miles cut *us* off completely from the outer world, but would form no insuperable difficulty to men.

He could easily make his way over the mountains

to some wayside station further up or lower down than Peach Springs and be off before any human being could stop him, leaving us—if alive—to fare as best we might until Mr. Farlie chose to return for us.

Looking at the matter from this point of view, I am inclined to think that our Western friends were perhaps justified in calling the expedition a foolhardy one for ladies to undertake alone.

However, "all is well that ends well."

As Billy fired off the pistol, he uttered a loud sort of triumphant shriek which echoed and re-echoed through all the mountain sides, and reached my friend (as I feared it would) in her solitary watch below.

"What did you think when you heard it?" I said anxiously on my return. "Did you think Billy had shot me?"

"Well, yes, I did think so at first," was the quiet answer, "but afterwards I fancied that you must have fallen over the precipice, for the shriek seemed to be a man's voice. If neither of you had returned and my foot had got better, by-and-by I should have gone out to look for you, but of course I should never have found you as I have not the least notion where you took the track."

This common-sense view of matters was a great relief to my mind after undergoing some hours of real distress, picturing my poor companion a prey to every sort of nervous horror.

The descent from Prospect Point was terribly rough and stony and the heat overpowering, with the thermometer at 105° in the shade.

By eleven o'clock we were once more safely at home and longing for a good meal; having had nothing but a small cup of coffee since the previous evening.

Alas! our real troubles were now to begin. Billy was at length forced to tell us that the meat had given in! It seemed that Mr. Farlie had only left enough for one day, having declared at the last he should return on the Saturday, which he had failed to do.

All our hopes now rested on the "photographing gentleman" who was confidently expected this day (Sunday). So we sat down to a very small piece of bacon and some weak coffee and tried to feel that we were not hungry after it. Billy no doubt was accustomed to fasting, and my friend had been quietly resting all the morning, but a six hours' expedition had given me a most inconvenient appetite under the circumstances.

The afternoon passed, no Mr. Farlie; evening came on. It was too late now to expect him. Supper was another shock to our feelings. The bacon had given in now, likewise the coffee, tomatoes, sugar and lemons. A little Indian corn, some very weak sugarless tea and some dry bread formed a very insufficient evening meal, but poor Billy looked so unfeignedly distressed by the position of affairs that we tried to make as light of it as possible for his sake.

He evidently looked upon Mr. Farlie's failure to appear and our "short commons" as in some way a slur upon his own honour and hospitality and put down the hard bread and weak tea with an apparent sulkiness that was really intended to conceal his wounded pride.

He did his best to cheer us up in the evening by stories of his own wild life, with its many incidents.

He has been "held up" (robbed) four times, on one occasion losing over 1,800 dollars, which had been paid over to him as his share of a mine which he and some comrades had owned and worked for many months.

I asked why he travelled with so much money about him; but of course, in these wild regions, he could not lodge it in a bank without travelling many miles over the mountains in order to do so.

Another time he was fortunate in saving most of his money by holding it up in his hand (in paper bills) when told to "hold up" and be searched.

Another ghastly story he told us of a friend of his, another Bill, who had a quarrel with some five or six men in a drinking and gambling saloon. It arose as usual from the most trifling cause. This hero had shouldered his way up to the bar for "a drink," and had declined to "clear out" when told to do so. It was agreed that the quarrel should be decided by adjourning outside the saloon with pistols. I cannot remember the exact conditions of the "meeting," but the result was, that one of the other men fired first, disabling Bill's right arm. Instantly he changed his pistol, and firing with the left hand, "picked out" his men one after the other in such quick succession, and with such sure aim, that he killed them all.

Our Billy had been present, and described the scene with much enthusiasm.

I must confess I had some doubts about it, but some time afterwards, coming across a life of this special gentleman, I found the matter described exactly as it had been told to us ; so it was, at any rate, no effort of Billy's unaided imagination.

Such scenes were common enough some four or five

years ago, and are far from unusual now. Mr. Farlie told us that this man Bill (the best friend he ever had) was eventually killed himself in a most dastardly way.

He was taking a hand at cards in a saloon, and for the only time in his life sat *with his back to the bar*; his invariable rule being to sit facing every one in the room.

On this occasion, a man who had some grudge against him, crept up and meanly shot him in the back.

I have already referred to a biography of "Billy the Kid," which I had read at Santa Fé, and which rather tended to whitewash the memory of this New Mexico desperado.

I hear, however, that he was guilty of one great piece of cowardice, namely, the shooting of his own wife.

She had married him, it seems, in ignorance of his desperate character and deeds, and he thought she was inclined to "go back upon him," in eloquent Yankee phrase. He therefore decoyed her into a drinking saloon, got her into a good temper and then taking her unawares, quietly shot her. She was a very handsome Mexican woman, and this occurred within a year of their married life.

Our next morning brought a change of meal, no tomatoes, no Indian corn, I might have said no tea, for our beverage by this time had almost arrived at hot water, *pur et simple*. A very hard piece of fossilized bread, some two inches square and baked the previous Thursday, was put down by Billy in front of us with a rueful face and a dismal attempt at a joke: "You two ladies had better settle with a six-shooter which of you is to have that. There is not enough to divide."

Matters now were really becoming serious. We were absolutely without food, and there was no sign of our deliverance being at hand. Mr. Farlie having failed to come Saturday or Sunday, might leave us yet another day if the photographer did not chance to arrive.

We discovered afterwards this was nearly being the case, for the expected guest did not come at all, and Mr. Farlie said, "he was in ever so many minds about coming as it would have suited him better to come next day, and he thought we should get along pretty well."

Fortunately for us he reconsidered this first conclusion, and by half-past one, when our hopes were growing fainter, and we were preparing for another twenty-

four hours of absolute fasting, the welcome sound of wheels was heard and Mr. Farlie arrived.

There arrived also some tough but most acceptable bacon.

Billy made us a farewell cup of tea, and presented us with two stringy bacon sandwiches for the road, and by five o'clock we were once more *en route*, leaving our most kind and faithful young "cook" to keep house alone, with many sincere regrets.

We had been told to bring plenty of warm wraps to the cañon. Possibly this may be good advice in February or March, but in late April the heat was overpowering, and I believe the place is quite intolerable to the ordinary traveller in July and August.

The dryness and lightness of the atmosphere, however, help one very much in bearing a degree of heat there which would unfit one for any exertion elsewhere.

The drive back to Peach Springs was very much more trying than our former experience of the road.

To begin with, it takes some six hours instead of four, as it is very much steeper going back. Darkness soon came on. There was nothing more to be seen after that, and we were faint and weak from want of proper and sufficient food.

Poor Billy's coarse bacon sandwiches were almost uneatable, simply because we could not get our teeth through them, and we had not a drop of water or liquid of any kind. Mr. Farlie did not encourage any loitering by the way to find anything to drink, and we were too much exhausted to insist upon his doing so.

All things, however, come to an end, and so at length did this weary drive, but not until eleven o'clock at night, by which time the one small "store" in the village was shut up, and our dream of finding some bread or biscuits proved hopeless.

Our train on West was two hours late as usual, so we lay down in our old quarters, dressed as we were, Mr. Farlie promising to wake us up in time to catch the train when it was telegraphed.

We were waked up all too soon from a heavy sleep and hurried across the sandy common to the station at 4 a.m.

Sick and faint from fatigue and want of food, we soon lay down in our upper berths, the only ones procurable, for the train was crowded.

We had not left Peach Springs much over half-an-hour when two tremendous concussions came, one close upon the other, and then we were at a dead standstill. I thought, of course, we must be off the rails, but

mercifully it was not so, or we should have been over the steep embankment, at the edge of which we were running at the time.

Every one in the car took matters very quietly, as Americans always do on such occasions, being a curious mixture of the excitable and phlegmatic temperament. At length one man got up and "guessed he would look around" and see what had happened. The matter eventually turned out to be as follows:

The previous evening a heavy freight train, having to go down a declivity to take in water, put on the brake so strongly that the coupling pegs were torn away, thereby releasing the engine and one or two carriages, which promptly went over the embankment and were dashed to pieces. Some eighteen or twenty freight carriages were thus left blocking up the line, until another engine could be sent to take them off.

Meanwhile it was the duty of the freight train brakesman to warn our train of the obstruction. To do this he would have had to walk a quarter of a mile, and he was a coward, "afraid of the Indians and the prairie wolves!" Knowing that we had been telegraphed as two hours late, he chose to "think" we might be still late, and that, by trusting to the chapter of accidents, the line might be cleared before we arrived.

Meanwhile we had been, on the contrary, making up some of our lost time.

A strong curve in the line prevented our seeing the freight train until within a few yards of it. The situation, therefore, was this: A fresh engine from the West was coming up to take away the freight carriages at the same moment that we, in ignorance of any danger, were steaming up from the East straight on to the obstruction.

Fortunately we were running slowly at the time of the collision, having been warned that a bridge had been burnt somewhere near, and was only temporarily restored. Had we been going at full speed there must have been great loss of life. As it was, we smashed into the first few freight carriages, driving the rest of them down the line with such force that about a mile further on they came into strong collision with the engine and tender that were coming to their rescue.

This second engine was completely smashed up, and all the remaining freight carriages also. This second "wreck" was a terrible sight. Twenty carriages lay "telescoped" in, dovetailed with each other by force of the shock. Tomato tins, canned fruits, oranges, every sort of comestible, furniture, &c., &c., were lying

about in thousands of pieces ; a grand piano was being conveyed in this freight train, and was so completely wrecked that only a few consecutive notes of it held together, the rest being a shapeless mass of wood and metal !

The loss to our own train was that the engine, tender and one car went over the embankment and were smashed to pieces ; but mercifully no lives were lost, no severe injuries even being sustained.

Certainly for a double collision and on such an extensive scale, the escapes were miraculous. Our engine driver and firemen had just time to reverse the engine and jump for their lives down the embankment, where, the earth being soft, they escaped with severe bruises.

More wonderful still, the two men who were travelling on the second engine also escaped, although just the moment before that collision their legs were hanging over the engine which was travelling in reverse.

Still, there we were, in the midst of the prairies, without food, with no means of transit, and no chance of getting along for an indefinite time, for the rails had been torn up and must be first repaired.

At length, after some hours, it was decided to take us back to Peach Springs, where at least we could get some food, such as it was. By eleven o'clock we were

once more in the miserable little dépôt that we had left at four o'clock that morning, certainly without any idea of such a speedy return.

I need not go through all the detail of this weary day. As usual, no one knew in the least how long the delay might last. A number of workmen with every sort of implement and material necessary had been dispatched to the scene of the wrecks, and we heard it would be necessary to build a loop line round one, as the *débris* was so great that it could not possibly be removed for several days.

Fortunately, an American line is soon "run up." By eight in the evening a rumour spread that we were shortly to be "sent on." After three hours of the most exasperating delays and shuntings we were fairly off by eleven o'clock at night, but moving of course at a snail's pace.

Great fires were kindled along where the men had been working at the line and threw a lurid light over the scene of destruction. It was a ghastly sight, and far from a comfortable experience to be crawling along with our hearts in our mouths, not knowing what fresh disaster might await us at any moment.

By six o'clock in the morning we had reached the beautiful pinnacles of rock called "The Needles"—one

of the most striking points on the route. They remind one of our own famous "Needles," but are very, very big brothers to our small rock babies.

I have said so much already of the discomforts of American travel on these journeys where no dining cars are provided, that it seems unnecessary to heap up the agony. If I do so, it is only because so much misconception exists on the subject, and in all my travels I never met but one family of Americans who were honest enough to admit that travelling in this country can be anything but a paradise of comfort and convenience.

I would willingly go through it all again rather than have missed so much of interest that could only be bought at such a price; but it is far better to let other people know what they must expect on any but the most direct routes from East to West.

It is not so much the question of the food itself, though that is bad enough and tough enough in all conscience, but the way in which it is served, even in the larger dépôts, beggars all powers of description.

On one plate are heaped promiscuously eggs and ham, tough beefsteak, stringy mutton, sauces, beans, tomatoes and corn. You eat all together, just as you may manage to get your teeth through one or other in

turn, and this at railway speed. Hurried, degraded and miserable, you rush back into your carriage after paying some three shillings for the revolting meal, and probably find that you are kept "on the shunt" in and out of that same station for the best part of an hour, during which time you might at least have made some struggle in the cause of decency and digestion.

It has been the same through all our journeys. Bad food, hurry, worry and one dirty plate : that sums up the charms of American travel over many roads.

When we complained of any arrangements in the East, the invariable answer was, "Ah, it is not worth while to make such perfect arrangements here. Wait until you get to the West. There you will find the most delightful accommodation of every kind."

Now that we are here, the equally invariable remark is, "Well what can you expect so far West ? Think of the thousands of miles of prairie all round you. Remember you are not in the East."

On again, through more dreary country of the usual type, sand varied by small bushes of pignone, until we reached Daggette and the climax of desolate heat and dreariness.

At Barstow Junction we were quietly kept waiting for three hours as an excursion party was "coming along"

and it did not seem worth while to send us on alone when one engine would "do the lot," our train being the one regularly advertised for arrival at a certain hour!

This and the culpable carelessness that led to our accident have toned down any enthusiastic admiration we might have had for the "Atlantic Pacific" line.

We heard that this accident was the seventh in sixty days, and as it cost them over \$50,000 that must be an expensive amusement.

The brakesman who did all the mischief had been discharged for incompetence three weeks before, but had been taken on again to this responsible post. So one cannot sympathize very deeply with the company's money loss, seeing how many lives were placed in jeopardy.

On this second day's travel we had some pleasant companions in our car. Amongst them, two pretty girls making a little tour in California before going to stay with a San Francisco aunt. Also two young men who were not of the party, but who played cards with them all day long.

One of these young men divided his attentions between the pretty girls and a note book in which he was making notes in the interest of some local newspaper, as he confided to me later in the day.

He was very painstaking, but apt to be imposed upon. I delivered him from the error of mistaking a very large aloe for the soap root ; but the idea was so firmly fixed in his mind that I fear the extraction was a wrench.

He and an old man, who seemed rather given to tippling, had a great discussion later on about the Indians.

The former maintained that where they had been civilized and educated, excellent results had been obtained. The latter, who had lived amongst them for years, declared that this was all sentimental nonsense, that education only placed fresh weapons in their hands, that Indians were born cruel and treacherous and would remain so to the end of the chapter, and that extermination, not education, was the only possible treatment for them.

I fear there must be some truth in this, for every United States officer, every man who has had any close dealing with the Indians, says the same thing.

Yet it seems wrong for individuals to give in to such a pessimistic doctrine.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson ("H.H.") has written charming stories on the virtues and wrongs of the noble savage, and doubtless there is truth also in her

view of the question. But probably no one belonging to her ever suffered from their treachery or got scalped by them.

We had a most exquisite sunset on our way to Los Angeles. Such colouring! Gold as deep as the Californian metal itself, faint greens and blues and greys and purples, rose and flame colour, all in the sky at the same time and ranging over such a continent of space!

We did not reach Colton until nine o'clock at night, when we were turned out without any warning, to find that we had more than a quarter of a mile to walk in deep sand and deeper darkness to the refreshment room, which is far removed from the railway.

No one knew the way, and some time elapsed before we could make it out, which we did by guessing at the direction of a bell, which was sounded from time to time in the darkness.

One dish of uneatable tough mutton and the weakest dilution of coffee barely repaid us for the half-mile scramble there and back; but our troubles now were drawing to a close. A few hours of disturbed slumber, fearing that the black boy might fail to wake us in due time, brought us at two o'clock in the morning to Los Angeles, and we reached the Pico House by two-thirty

a.m., just twenty-nine hours late, and to be greeted by the staggering announcement that a Raymond excursion party had arrived and that there was not a bed to be had in the house.

We had written for rooms days before and all our letters had been sent to this house, but Raymond in America is as omnipotent a name as Cook in Palestine.

There was nothing for it but to carry off our pile of letters and go elsewhere.

By four o'clock in the morning we were safely housed in two small rooms, about as big and airy as a dog kennel or a rabbit hutch ! Still they *were* rooms and there were beds, a luxury unknown to us since we had left our little cañon "shakedowns" more than three days before.

CHAPTER II.

SOUTH CALIFORNIA AND THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

LOS ANGELES is beautifully situated amidst undulating green hills, with the snow-capped Bernardino range in the distance. The town itself has some excellent stores, but is flat, dusty and uninteresting. The surroundings, however, are very beautiful.

Once leave the town behind you and you come upon roads lined with large, handsome, feathery pepper trees and groves of the tall, blue shaded eucalyptus. The various proprietors act most kindly in allowing the public to drive into their grounds, and two private houses, surrounded by exquisite gardens, have remained specially in my memory. One called "Long Street" belongs to a widow of that name; the other, "Boyle Heights," commands a beautiful view and is owned by a Mr. Hellabeck. The flowers in both were gorgeous, far surpassing any I have seen on the Riviera.

There were beds of white arum lilies, geraniums and heliotrope growing as large trees many feet in height.

Passion flowers, plumbago, mauve-coloured geraniums and every variety of exquisite rose grow here in wildest profusion. The climate, however, is treacherous, and the water so bad that any one easily affected by the latter had better give Los Angeles a wide berth. I can speak feelingly, having suffered from it during the whole three weeks of my stay, and having here laid the seeds of much ill-health in the future.

The sun is very hot and the wind most cold and piercing. A heavy cold and chronic sore throat are not cheerful companions, and I should not recommend a long stay in this place to any one not already "acclimated" as the Americans say.

The cable rail cars take you up hill and down dale, and up hill again to Ellis College, an institution of two years' growth, for the education of girls. Here the air is much fresher than down below and you get a perfect view.

The Bernardino mountains seem close around you. Below lie East and West Los Angeles, dotting the valley all over with houses and villas, whilst the orange and lemon groves stretch far away for miles and miles towards the Sierra Madre range, a continuation of the Bernardino mountains.

After much difficulty in getting accurate information

as to the best time for visiting the Yo-Semite Valley, we concluded to put it off till towards the third week in May, and found that we had been wise in doing so. Earlier than this the snow may still be lying and the wild flowers are hardly in their prime should the season be late. Later, the short-lived flowers that lend so much beauty to the valley are gone, the heat grows intense, the dust is suffocating, and the waterfalls are beginning to dry up—a very serious consideration, for these Yo-Semite waterfalls form one of the chief elements of interest in the valley. So we elected to wait on at Los Angeles in spite of climate and bad water.

Some weary days spent “on the sick list” were enlivened by the fact that my bedroom windows (at the Pico House, where we had finally found refuge) “gave” upon the Public Square.

There came every afternoon a wonderful lady doctor who was staying at Los Angeles, and who appeared in a gorgeous chariot, with a band of seven men perched at the back, a husband somewhere attached to the party, and a young English and Mexican interpreter chosen from the town.

She was a Madame Duflot, an Italian by birth, but married to a Frenchman, who is also a doctor.

Monsieur and Madame Duflet both claim to be duly "qualified," and exhibit honours taken at all sorts of examinations, as well as medals presented to them by the various European courts.

The lady, who is a bright, tiny, energetic little woman, pulls out teeth and doctors rich and poor alike gratis, relying, apparently, on the sale of her medicines for her income. These medicines were three in number, and were said to be manufactured from Egyptian herbs, the special preparation being a family secret. There was a green liquid in a small bottle, a green salve and a box of powder which, when mixed with water, made a strong and sweet vegetable tonic, which tasted uncommonly like the Gregory powder of our childhood.

All these specifics were to be had for one dollar, and she was said to take over \$1,000 daily by the sale of them; hats, bonnets, and even boxes and baskets being handed up in quick succession to be filled to the brim during the few minutes when the sale was carried on at the end of the afternoon's proceedings.

She began by pulling out the teeth of grown-up people and children alike, giving the latter a "quarter" apiece for submitting to the operation.

This was performed so quickly that the pain must

have been infinitesimal, and even the tiniest children went through it unflinchingly, submitting to the extraction of some four or five teeth without a murmur, although some of them looked too young to be thoroughly alive to the consolations of money.

Several wonderful "cures" were supposed to be effected, two of paralysis, in one case the man having been unable to walk for fourteen years. I can testify to the fact that he was lifted into the chariot by three men, rubbed by Monsieur Dufлот for about half an hour, then the vegetable tonic was administered, and Madame Dufлот came to the fore. She insisted upon the poor old fellow tottering to his feet, which he did with evident alarm; but he finally gained confidence and, climbing down the chariot unaided, walked slowly round the square as the throngs divided before him. He clambered up eventually on the other side of the carriage, and looked very much relieved to come once more to anchorage.

Moreover, two well-known townsmen, a doctor and a lawyer, testified to this old man's previous condition of helplessness.

All this I saw and heard, but should be sorry to give any opinion as to the cure itself. So much would depend upon the exact nature of the disease, as also on

the credibility and powers of accurate judgment and reasoning on the part of these local magnates, always supposing that they were thoroughly honest men.

The medical entertainment went on each afternoon from 4 to 7 p.m., when, having sold her medicines to an eager crowd, Madame Dufлот would gather up all odds and ends, shut up the medicine chests, put away the formidable array of pincers and tweezers, put on her cloak, whip off the white apron, and standing up in her chariot with its three strong horses, drive the whole *cortége* back to the hotel at the other end of the town.

Meanwhile, we had determined to spend a few days at the famous Sierra Madre Villa, a drive of some seventeen miles from Los Angeles, through the orange and lemon groves of Passadena and Lamanda, and which would also give us the opportunity of visiting the old Spanish mission of San Gabriele and the San Gabriel valley, so often referred to by Mrs. Hunt Jackson in her delightful romance of "Ramona."

A plain white plaster church, built of bricks underneath, alone remains of the once famous mission. Six or seven handsome bells, arranged high up on the outside in irregular dove-cot fashion, make the only picturesque point in the otherwise ugly little building.

Inside the roof is modern, and the walls are hung with some old-fashioned pictures of the saints.

The orange groves through which we drove were on an immense scale, some of the trees being quite young, others from six to eight years old. The drive was terribly hot and dusty, lying all the way along the plains of the valley.

The orange, pepper, and eucalyptus trees lining the road were in many places completely hidden by dust, and reduced to a uniform shade of brownish grey. The villa is a long, low, white gable-roofed house with wide verandahs, nestling on a pretty hill close under the Sierra Madre range.

The grounds belonging to it are beautifully arranged, and the whole place reminded me very much of some Riviera health resort.

Orange trees grow freely in the gardens, and palms and india-rubber plants are all of out-door growth in this pretty sheltered winter home. The season was already over when we arrived, and the heat becoming daily too great for pleasure or health ; for although the thermometer only registered 96° in the shade, we found the damp, oppressive heat far more trying than the light, bright air of the Arizona Cañon had been even at 105° in the shade.

Dr. Phillips Brooks from Boston had arrived unexpectedly during our stay in Los Angeles, having joined a Raymond party for the trip to California.

This is a good opportunity for saying a few words on the subject of Raymond excursions in America. These are got up on much the same lines as Cook's parties, but are rather more expensive and decidedly more exclusive. Every one spoke with much enthusiasm of the comfortable arrangements and the saving of trouble—and such excursions offer great advantages to people who are limited for time, or unable to face the trouble of making personal arrangements and who do not object to some little loss of freedom, or to travelling in a large and somewhat mixed company.

Dr. Brooks, who is an old and experienced traveller, expressed himself as more than satisfied with all the arrangements; but then he was certainly quite independent of general companionship, being one of a small party of chosen Boston friends who had a railway car to themselves, and could always fill up a table at the hotels and one or two separate carriages on any driving excursions. So perhaps it is hardly fair to take such an exceptionally pleasant experience as an average. We talked, however, to many "Raymond" travellers from first to last and all expressed their satisfaction,

winding up invariably with the triumphant words, "And then all the tickets for meals, cars or carriages are bound up together in *real Russia leather*."

Very pretty these Russia leather books were; the name of the traveller, dates of the start and finish of the tour, being engraved in golden letters outside.

I never spoke to any "Raymondian" who did not mention this fact of the "real Russia leather" within five minutes, generally pulling out the book in question to be inspected.

It seemed to be the *ne plus ultra* of delight and satisfaction, and to give a *cachet* to the whole affair. I offer the hint to Mr. Cook and believe it would amply repay him to adopt it.

Sometimes, finding what magic the name of Raymond worked with hotel and railway companies, as we watched the merry faces of some of the tourists, my friend and I were inclined to regret our independence; but I think on the whole we did better as we were. For women, at any rate, I think independence of movement in such travelling is a necessity. The very fact of feeling that you *must* keep up and on for a certain number of weeks would be enough to make some of us ill from sheer nervousness. Only those who are very strong and very sure of their own

health under the strain of great fatigue should join such expeditions. It is, of course, always possible to leave the party and rejoin it at some further point; but the temptation to overtax one's strength must be much greater when the alternative is a question of considerable arrangement and inconvenience.

The Sunday we spent at Sierra Madre Villa was a day of stifling heat, one of those days when movement is impossible and life becomes a question of simple endurance. Towards evening matters improved. A slight breeze sprang up, there was a prospect of a brilliant full moon, and last, not least, Dr. Brooks had promised to preach in the little wooden church at Pasadena, about five miles distant.

The only question was, how to get there?

He was to be driven down by a pair of "high steppers" belonging to a young doctor living in the hotel, and there seemed to be no possibility of conveyance for any one else, as the two "stages" were both out. Fortunately I had, all unwittingly, "cast bread upon the water" in the afternoon by having a long talk with the wife of the proprietor. He and she are both great singers and received their musical education at Milan, where they first met each other. Music had formed a strong bond between us, and she had

told me much of her early life and studies in Italy.

Such a friend at court was invaluable now. I went to her in my despair and she promised that *somehow* "she would fix matters for us."

Sure enough, at a quarter before 7 p.m., a small buggy, drawn by two frisky horses, drove up to the door. The proprietor and his wife sat in front, my friend and I at the back, and a most glorious drive we had, coming in as usual for a real Californian sunset.

I will spare my readers the sermon, beautiful as it was and made still more impressive by the surroundings. The little churchyard was full of buggies and carriages of every kind, for the fame of the great Boston preacher had spread quickly in the small place. The heat was still intense and every window in the little church had been left wide open. A bright moon had risen and shed her rays through the open windows on our side, putting to shame the few poor lamps in the place.

Perfect stillness reigned, broken only now and then by the champ of a bit or the stamp of a horse's foot outside, for the people had, with perfect confidence, left their animals and carriages to freedom in the churchyard.

It was now the third week in May, and time for our start to the Yo-Semite Valley; so we returned to Los Angeles for one day to make final preparations, secure tickets for rail and stage and finally to buy and pack a luncheon basket, having concluded that this was an absolute necessity, although we had put off the evil day as long as possible, for every additional parcel is a nuisance where no porters are to be found.

The Yo-Semite Valley has been described so often and so graphically that I shall pass lightly over it, trusting only to be able to give a few hints to other ladies contemplating the excursion, by a truthful account of the difficulties and fatigues for which they must be prepared.

One hears this valley excursion spoken of as "such a beaten track, such well-known ground," &c., that I think we had quite failed to appreciate the great fatigue that it would entail.

However, we profited by sad experience, and later on, in the Yellowstone Park, insisted upon doing our staging at our own convenience, instead of being dragged through, sick and weary, and utterly incapable of appreciating or enjoying anything.

Yet we spent a week *in* the Yo-Semite valley; a much longer stay than is usual, and I do not even now

see how we could have insured greater comfort in stageing. The distances there are much greater than in the National Park and the driving is far more dangerous, on both of which grounds a private conveyance with an unknown driver is undesirable.

When really too ill to move, on our return from the valley, my friend urged me to spend an extra day at the halfway house instead of pushing on, but this proved to be impracticable.

Having once agreed to leave the valley on a certain day (of which notice must be given beforehand) your places in the various stages are booked.

Once change the programme by one day's delay and all the arrangements for the next week are put out.

The following day brings its own complement of travellers, and having forfeited your chance, it may be necessary to wait for a week or more for fresh vacancies.

The present arrangements seem to have been based upon the assumption that men and women who visit the Yo-Semite Valley have muscles of brass and nerves of cast-iron, and that although you should be compelled to pay rail and stageing companies any amount of dollars for the privilege of seeing the beauties of Nature, it is quite unnecessary to bring anything but

weary limbs and breaking backs and swimming heads to the contemplation of these wonders in order to extract the fullest possible enjoyment from them.

On the day of our start from Los Angeles we were up at 5 a.m., and after a hurried breakfast caught the 7 a.m. train for Barstow Junction.

The day, even at that early hour, was very hot ; but the route through the Bernardino range of mountains was very interesting and we were delighted by passing masses of *meskel*, a species of jucca, now out in full bloom. The flowers are like a white bell and grow close and thick all up the long stem, waving in the air like showers of snow. They grow in such profusion as to line each side of the valley through which we were passing.

Even the loveliness of the mountains could hardly tempt our eyes from the view of these exquisite columns of pure white bell-like flowers.

At Barstow the connecting train was two hours late as usual ; but having settled ourselves down for that amount of time, it suddenly arrived (also as usual) just when least expected.

We had engaged "sleepers" on board one of the good San Francisco cars and we were due at Berenda next morning at 3 a.m. There we had to change cars for a

new piece of line lately opened as far as Raymond, some 30 miles further up the valley.

We had been assured that the second train would be in readiness, and that the transfer would be made without the slightest inconvenience from one sleeping car to the other.

Fortunately for us we did not reach Berenda till 5 o'clock (two hours late), for on arrival there we were turned literally out on to the rails and spent half-an-hour standing there before the train for Raymond came up.

There was no attempt at any station at Berenda, not even a shed for shelter. The only "sleepers" we found "awaiting us" were the "sleepers" on the line itself.

As a matter of fact, even when the train did at length appear, we were not allowed to enter the sleeping carriage, although there were unoccupied berths in it, "for fear we might wake up the other passengers." We were in for a good bumping and shaking over this desolate prairie-land of some 30 miles only just reclaimed by the railway.

An hour and a half brought us to Raymond, where we breakfasted in a tent, completely covered by flies: flies in your tea, flies in the sugar, flies on your

bread and butter, flies in the eggs, flies on your hair, flies in the air, flies everywhere, a perfect Egyptian plague of them.

We were too tired to eat the fly-blown food, and it was a relief to clamber up into one of the "red" stages, with a cover overhead and six horses to carry us over the long road to "Clark's," our resting point for the night.

From Raymond to "Clark's," the drive, occupying eleven hours in all (allowing one hour for a mid-day rest), is most glorious.

Splendid mountains stretched far away into a sort of misty blue eternity; forests of pine and fir trees grew ever loftier as we went further on, and carpets of lovely flowers surrounded us on all sides. First and foremost came the exquisite mariposa (butterfly) lily, a yellow flower of very delicate colouring and about the size of a large convolvulus; the Californian silene, a beautiful crimson anemone-shaped flower, then the Indian pink, or "paint brush," also deep red and of the form its name suggests. There were bushes also of a lovely mauve flower, the name of which we could not discover. Here and there in a patch of late snow, rose up the glorious flame-coloured snow plant, somewhat

like a crimson hyacinth, which is sufficiently rare to attract admiration, apart from its own great beauty of glowing colour.

The dogwood trees are most beautiful in the valley during spring. They are a perfect mass of exquisite white flowers, something like our winter rose; some are pure white, and others a delicate lemon shade.

The wild Californian lilac grows here profusely also, but is more like *spiroea* than our lilac.

Next came the pines and cedars. A pine covered with bark like an alligator's skin is called the yellow pine. A corrugated but more evenly marked bark is distinguished as the "sugar pine," and the *arbovitæ* (a cedar) grows to a great height on this magnificent approach to the valley. Having heard only of the valley itself, I had no conception of the grandeur of scenery for the eighty or ninety miles that lead into it.

From eight a.m. till two p.m. we drove through these magnificent scenes, and then paused for one hour at a little neat white house, called "Grant's," where we dismounted with great joy from our high perches, to stretch our weary limbs, to get a most necessary "dusting," and some still more necessary food.

Grant gave us an excellent dinner, far better than we had had in many large towns.

Another four hours' hard driving brought us to our haven for the night at the famous "Clark's," a pretty picturesque clearing, with a low two-storied inn, a verandah running all along it, and several adjacent cottages; one of these latter is the studio of Mr. Hill, whose daughter is wife to Mr. Washbourne, the present proprietor of "Clark's" establishment.

She had come out in our stage, bringing with her a baby of four months old, the very best baby without any exception that I ever saw. It was wide awake during the whole weary day's drive and perfectly intelligent, but never made a sound, except one faint whimper (instantly checked by the mother), in spite of the great heat, dust and general discomfort. When we arrived at "Grant's" the baby was put on the bed with a child of the house to look after it, whilst the young mother had her dinner downstairs. Even these trying conditions were not too severe for this sweet-tempered little baby philosopher. There it lay, crowing and smiling in the bravest way, although the poor wee thing must have felt excessively hot and extremely uncomfortable.

Great confusion reigned at "Clark's."

The waiters were noisy and disagreeable; stages kept driving up with dusty travellers, all vociferating for food and water and lodgings. The verandah was a scene of general noise and discomfort, a great contrast to the peaceful surroundings.

Next morning by seven o'clock we were once more *en voyage*. The drive this second day was extremely picturesque, but less grand and imposing than the previous one had been. Moreover, the road from Raymond to "Clark's" had been a new one, only open for three weeks when we passed over it and was in very tolerable condition; whereas on this second day we were bumped, thumped, jolted and jogged past all endurance.

We were not allowed to stop for any food, and were most thankful for our crackers and wine in the newly started luncheon basket, for we did not reach the valley until three p.m., after an eight hours' drive without any stoppage except twice, for a few moments to change horses.

"Inspiration Point" was reached at one p.m. This is the famous valley view, but personally, I prefer "Artist's Point," a little earlier in the road. From either you command a glorious view of the valley. The grand old rock of "El Capitan" stands up bleak

and bare, towering three thousand feet to your left, and mounting guard over the valley; beneath it, and a little farther off, is the rock called "Washington's Monument." On this side of El Capitan is the beautiful "Ribbon Fall," just the height of the Capitan rock itself.

We must remember that the valley is 4,600 feet above the sea, so this would give a height of nearly 8,000 feet both to rock and fall.

On the other side of the valley we have first a small fall, called cynically "The Widow's Tears," because it is said to dry up in six weeks! then the exquisite "Bridal Veil Fall," which is lower, but far wider and more imposing than the Ribbon Fall. All these valley falls have the graceful spray, which gives them a very lacy look. The spray of the Bridal Fall rises up again, *above* the fall, which produces a very uncommon and beautiful effect. Beyond the Bridal Veil (on the same side) is the Sentinel Rock, covered with fir trees; then a curious rock, shaped like an enormous Brazil nut and called the Sentinel Dome or Half Dome, and beyond again, the snow-tipped crests of the mountain called "Cloud's Rest," which rises over 4,000 feet above the valley.

Behind the Bridal Fall rise three curiously-shaped

mountains at varied intervals, called collectively the Three Graces.

The magnificent sharp, jagged peaks we first passed on descending from "Inspiration Point" on the right-hand side are called the Cathedral Peaks and are most characteristic of the name.

The splendid Castle Rock lies next to them, just before reaching the Bridal Fall; here we dismounted to have a good look at the beautiful effects of spray seen with a background of setting sun.

On our way into the valley we found a large specimen of the king snake some two feet long and ringed with bright scarlet and black. One of our passengers had dismounted and was about to kill it, but the driver assured us that it is a most useful animal, as it kills the rattlesnake which abounds here.

The Yo-Semite traveller has, on reaching the valley, the choice between several hotels, all of which lie within half a mile of each other.

"Leidig's," a small German house, is said to have the best *cuisine*; but the accommodation is limited and the situation inferior to "Barnard's," where we elected to stay and which commands a splendid view of the grand Yo-Semite Fall just opposite the house. Some fellow-travellers had insisted upon stopping at "Cook's

Hotel" and tried hard to persuade us to do the same; as the whole party came meekly on to "Barnard's" next day, I conclude that they were not entirely satisfied with their first choice.

I may here mention that Yo-Semite is an Indian word signifying "Big Grisly Bear." This valley has only been explored by white men during the last thirty-six years, but for many years previous to that it had been a noted and inaccessible stronghold for the Indians, who fled there to lie *perdu* when hunted into the mountains by the "white men." The stageing into the Yo-Semite Valley is far from being the safe and easy expedition that it is often made out to be.

During the fortnight of our stay in and about the place, no less than three stage accidents occurred, two of which were really severe ones. The authorities, of course, make light of such matters and hush them up so far as is practicable, but one of these accidents, said to be "entirely without injury to any of the passengers," proved to have been quite severe enough, for later, at Monterey, we came upon some of the sufferers with bandaged arms and legs, whilst one or two who had been in the really bad "upset" were passed on to a hospital near San Francisco and seemed likely to remain there for some months.

I heard afterwards that an old gentleman who had been in our railway cars at the time of the Peach Springs collision and who had then escaped injury, had his thigh broken, a few weeks later on, in the Yo-Semite Valley, which probably points to a *fourth* upset, as we did not hear his name mentioned in connection with any of the casualties during our stay.

The very sharp curves of the road taken by a stage with six horses are serious matters.

Everything depends upon the temper and behaviour of the "leaders," who are generally round a corner and out of the coachman's sight. The road is narrow and a deep precipice yawns on the far side.

Then again, as three regular stages start every day from either end of the valley, all these six coaches must pass each other *en route*.

This *looks* impossible, but in some miraculous manner it is achieved.

Fortunately, our experience was always to be on the inside of the road on such occasions. The passengers who have to pass on the outside invariably dismount in case of disaster.

Should the horses become restive and an accident be imminent, the only chance is to "bank the coach," that is to say, to run it violently up against the near

side of the road, which is always a hill ; of course the stage upsets, but at least you avoid the precipice.

A young married woman saved many lives and covered herself with glory by doing this under the driver's orders one day, during our visit to the valley. We had watched this special coach starting off from " Barnard's " at 5 a.m. on its return to Raymond, little thinking what an adventure was in store for the passengers. At one of the worst bits of the road the leaders became restive, and an accident was imminent. The driver had to do " all he knew " to look after his horses on the precipice side. A gentleman was sitting next to him, and then this young woman, whose husband was inside the stage. The gentleman, alas ! lost his head and became absolutely paralyzed with fear when the driver shouted to him to take the ribbons on the near side and " bank the coach."

This plucky young lady, however, heard the instructions, and seeing that they must all go over next moment if something was not done, she bent down over the high box-seat, got at the reins, and did exactly as she was told, forcing the horses up against the hill, where the stage upset and the passengers escaped with nothing worse than a few strains, dislocations and bruises.

Our rooms at "Barnard's" were two little dens on the ground floor, a most inconvenient arrangement, for a verandah runs all round the house, and to insure privacy it was necessary to pull the blinds down and dress in absolute darkness. Next day I scrambled right up to the base of the Yo-Semite Falls (2,600 feet high), in spite of having brought no waterproof.

Gown and dust-cloak were alike wet through and through, but I had a glorious view of the boiling, seething waters of the fall, forming a giant cauldron at its base.

We then drove all down the other side of the valley, past the point where we had first entered it, to the "Cascade Falls," which form its boundary at one end; the Mirror Lake being the other extreme point of the Yo-Semite Valley proper (which occupies eight or nine miles).

This drive was very beautiful, but rough and jolting as all American roads appear to be.

We returned to the Bridal Veil Fall in time to get another beautiful rainbow effect from the shining of the setting sun through the fairy-like waters.

Next day we took the opposite end of the valley, paying a visit to the exquisite little Mirror Lake, about a mile and a half from Barnard's Hotel. It is necessary

to arrive there about 8 a.m. to watch the reflections of the rising sun as he tops the mountain heights, which stand sheer out from the lake.

This lake is a beautiful little piece of water at the upper end of the valley, fringed on three sides by waving trees and on the east by these grand rugged mountains, behind which the sun rises in slow majesty, throwing the most beautiful reflections of the trees into the bosom of the lake.

One curious effect was that after watching these glorious shadows for some time, everything seemed to be turned to gold. The mountains, the trees, our clothes, our hair, our very faces looked bright yellow for some ten minutes after we had turned our backs upon the sight.

Returning to the point where we had left our carriage, we found horses awaiting us to make the ascent to the Vernal and Nevada Falls. A picturesque mountain trail leads over the Merced River and up through beautiful trees and shady woods, first to the Vernal Fall.

This reminded me very much of the Central Fall on the American side of Niagara.

A natural parapet of granite overlooking the Vernal Falls seems to have been specially designed for the safety and convenience of travellers.

On these mountain expeditions in the Yo-Semite Valley all tourists join forces and form one long string of riders, horses and mules.

There are only one or two well-known guides, and the horses are all "bossed" by one man, so the travelers from various inns order their respective steeds overnight and find themselves members of one large cavalcade next day.

The objection to this plan is that one is apt to be delayed very much waiting for lagging members.

This was invariably my fate, as I had a very willing and "free" white horse called "Jack," who would be second to none.

As we came in sight of "Snow's," the little inn near the Nevada Fall, we all burst simultaneously into exclamations of delight at the glorious panorama spread out before us.

Mount Broderick, The Cap of Liberty, and the Half Dome in front of us, a gorgeous blue sky overhead, and close at hand the beautiful Nevada Fall of 600 feet high. It is a great volume of water, but as graceful in its fall as the Staubbach, and a ledge of rock jutting out in the midst of the fall gives it a peculiar and very beautiful *twist*, sending the waters up a second time

before their final disappearance into the seething foam below.

We had been told to take luncheon with us on this expedition, as the food provided was said to be very bad, and we did so ; a mistake, I think. I believe the food was very tolerable and the proprietors were most indignant with us for rejecting it. Moreover I sustained a really inconvenient loss in having the leather straps taken out of my basket *en revanche*.

One gentleman of the party, however, had a great piece of good luck on this occasion. He dropped a pocket book close to the Nevada Falls, containing \$900.

He discovered the loss only on his return and sent one guide back some six or seven miles, but in vain.

Our special guide, "Phillips," then volunteered to go and set out late at night.

Wonderful to relate, the book was found untouched on some rocks between the house and the fall.

A mischievous young puppy had been careering round all the afternoon, and the marvel is that he had not found it and eaten up the paper notes, or thrown the whole concern into the waters.

This guide, by-the-way, had accompanied Dr. Brooks up to Glacier Point a few days before, and spoke with much admiration of his physical weight and appear-

ance: "Well, I guess he weighs as much as 300 pounds." All weight is computed here by pounds, not stones; and men and women in America seem as eager to put on flesh as we English are to reduce it.

A San Francisco paper, speaking of Dr. Brooks' visit to the valley, had rather an amusing story in connection with it.

It is said that he ordered a special mule over night for this Glacier Point expedition, but in the morning no mule appeared. A good, strong horse had been substituted. "How about that mule?" said the doctor. "Ah well! I guess that mule got wind of it in the night, that you were going to ride him. Anyway he had made tracks by this morning so we're obliged to bring a horse instead." *Se non è vero è ben trovato.*

People visiting the valley whose time is limited are apt to inquire anxiously which is the best mountain excursion to make; that to Nevada Falls, or the one to Glacier Point? As in the case of Niagara, I can only say, "do both."

If this is absolutely impossible, I should suggest Glacier Point. It is a steeper trail and more fatiguing, but it is the only expedition that gives you a really fine view of both ends of the valley.

At the top of Union Rock, some two-thirds of the way, is a delightful plateau where the weary traveller can dismount and rest; and the last part of the trail is very beautiful, passing amongst forests of pine with patches of snow lying round; most cool and refreshing after the great heat of the ascent.

There is, moreover, a clean little inn at the point itself, not much recommended below, of course, but where we found clean beds and simple, good food. It is well worth while to stay one night on these mountain tops for the sake of the sunrise next morning.

Moreover, I would urge ladies in particular not to be frightened out of these mountain excursions by the terrible tales they hear of difficulties and dangers. Just as the difficulties and fatigues of the road *into* the valley have been underrated, so we found the dangers of these mountain excursions immensely exaggerated.

If I had never been on a mountain pony before, I should not choose Glacier Point for my maiden attempt; but to any woman who has had even a small experience of Swiss mountaineering, these mountain tracks present no insuperable difficulty.

From the valley, it is true, the tracks look like a mere perpendicular thread; but we all know how deceptive are such appearances.

When you are fairly launched upon the trail, it will be found quite broad enough for anybody who is fit to go up a mountain at all.

I make special mention of this, because many people painted the horrors of the ascent in such glowing colours that I was quite prepared to find the expedition most dangerous. In fact we should not have attempted either of them had we listened to the Job's Comforters at various hotels. One lady, hearing that I intended to go next day to Glacier Point, came up and introduced herself with the express object of endeavouring to shake my resolution.

She said to me, "I have travelled all over the world and gone up mountains in every part of it, and I can only tell you that I have never, in the whole course of my life, made such a terrible ascent as the one to Glacier Point. I am a strong, active woman, but it has completely unnerved me, and nothing on earth would induce me to undertake anything so dangerous again."

Having persevered, in spite of all these horrible tales, I am in a position to assert that these mountain trails "compare very favourably" with many in Switzerland which are ascended by ladies who have no pretensions to Alpine Club celebrity.

The Glacier Point ascent took us just three hours,

when we reached the little inn and secured rooms for the night. There are only four rooms, but very few people knew of the accommodation; so we had our choice.

There was, however, still more work to be done, viz., to ascend the Sentinel Dome at our backs, in order to see the sun set from this extreme point. The horses, therefore, after a good meal and rest, were brought up again for us at six-thirty p.m. and a stiff ascent of three-quarters of an hour, through a pine forest, landed us at the foot of the granite dome, now several feet deep in snow.

The guide and landlord got us off our horses, and wanted us to creep like flies along the ridge dividing the granite and snow, until we reached a place where we could scale the mountain top and get away from the snow altogether.

To crawl along a ledge of almost perpendicular granite, wet and slippery, with several feet of snow on one side, leading to a sheer precipice, was by no means a pleasant proceeding at the end of a long and tiring day's work. We both protested at first that the feat was impossible. At length the young guide got me across and up the peak, and the landlord remained behind to look after my friend, who

appeared at long last, having had a fall and a good fright, but not otherwise the worse for the scramble.

The view was magnificent and really repaid one for what was the only positively dangerous bit of the expedition. When the sun had set and the last gorgeous colours had disappeared we turned to go homewards, for it was now getting both dark and cold.

Mr. Macaulay, the landlord, insisted upon trying to "toboggan" us down the mountain on the saddle cloth of one of the horses, an attempt that ended of course in disaster, for the surface was much too small for the three of us, and the snow too soft for the purpose. After one or two bad starts, and rolling over and over for some yards, I struck, and insisted upon getting up and walking through the snow up to my knees, sooner than trust again, either to Mr. Macaulay's mode of conveyance or to the very dangerous way by which we had come. My friend elected to remain faithful to the saddle cloth. After all, Phillips and I arrived first at the bottom and there laughed almost to suffocation over the remarkable appearance of the tobogganing duet.

Feet stuck well out, a convulsive clutch round Mr. Macaulay's neck, bonnet very much on one side and a most scared and despairing expression of counten-

ance. Could any one resist it? Certainly Phillips could not, though he must have known that dollars trembled in the balance!

I was long past any possibility of polite self-control, and on the principle that "one might as well be hung for a horse as a sheep," relieved my pent-up feelings of fatigue, nervousness and cold by peals of laughter.

Phillips, meanwhile, was rolling on the ground in convulsions of merriment, only rising up to gasp out a few incoherent words and then throw himself down once more, full length upon the snow.

It was too bad, but I would defy any human being with the smallest sense of humour to have done otherwise.

Fortunately my friend was too thankful to reach the bottom safely to be very angry, although naturally she missed the exquisite point of the joke. One could only echo the wish of the Irishman when he saw a tyro on horseback: "Faith thin! If the gentleman could just git down and look at himself!"

The two days spent in leaving the valley are to me a remembrance of purgatory *pur et simple*.

Too ill really to be moved, I was yet forced to go on; for, as I have already said, it was impossible to

insure getting away at all if one forfeited the seats for the special days on which they were available.

We were off soon after five o'clock the first morning, in a most uncomfortable stage, the cover of which was so low that it was impossible to sit without crouching down at an intolerable angle and bending almost double. A gentleman at the back of the stage, where the cover was higher, most kindly gave up his seat to us, which we took in turns. The ingenuity of making a permanent roof overhead just two inches too low for any one but a small child to sit under without positive torture, seemed to me worthy of the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

But I suppose that stage has gone into the valley for months or years and will continue to crick the necks and break the backs of harmless travellers till it goes the way of the famous "One Horse Shay."

A noisy old Yankee was cracking stupid jokes all the way, which did not relieve one's sufferings, especially as he turned from time to time to "cheer me up" by saying, "Any remarks that the lady by my side may choose to make will be considered quite in order."

The man was too utterly self-absorbed and tactless to notice that I was really too ill to speak, but a kind

young Philadelphian saw how matters stood and did his best to shield me from the unwelcome attentions of this very objectionable old man.

An elderly couple from Kansas City were kindly and pleasant. They held each other's hands all the way, and were as sentimental as if they had been twenty instead of some fifty years old. I thought it must be a case of a marriage late in life and a Yo-Semite honeymoon, but they spoke of some child of theirs who had died eight or nine years before.

By two o'clock we were once more in Clark's noisy room, discussing a very bad luncheon. To our despair, we found that this could not be eaten in peace. Hot, dusty and tired as we were by the nine hours' stageing already done, we were to be sent off at once to see the Mariposa grove of big trees.

Instead of the easy drive of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles described by Appleton, we found to our cost that this expedition is a question of *eighteen miles* there and back, over one of the very worst roads we had yet seen, running the Mammoth Cave route very close indeed.

In vain we sent two telegrams back to the valley to endeavour to arrange a delay of a few days at Clark's clearing—once give up our seats and nothing could be promised for ten days ahead. Moreover, we might not

get to the trees at all if we gave up the expedition that day, even had we stayed on at the place; for arrangements were only made to send on to the grove those travellers who arrived each day by the coaches, which were now invariably full.

Several people gave in, saying that if the trees were *fifty times the size* they could not and would not stage one mile more to see them.

Miserably ill, in addition to ordinary fatigue, I felt much inclined to do the same; a course strongly urged upon me by my companion, who was getting nervous now, thinking that I must soon break down and, perhaps, be kept for weeks in this miserable, noisy house.

Still, to come to the valley and go away without seeing the "Big Trees" seemed absolutely impossible. All my life I had heard and read about, and longed to see these self-same trees, but in the innocence of my heart had had a vague notion that I should find them in the valley itself, not miles and miles away from it. It ended of course by my climbing into another stage and jolting off to the Mariposa Grove, about 9 miles from "Clark's."

I had also imagined these gigantic trees in a grove by themselves, but they are scattered amongst pines

and firs of every description, many of which are themselves gigantic, but completely dwarfed by these monsters.

Most readers will know that the "Big Trees" are a species of cedar, called the "Sequoia," after an Indian chief who once lived in this valley.

The highest of these trees range from 250 to 300 feet, with diameters varying from 15 to 35 feet; the inner bark alone measuring from 15 to 18 inches in width. Many of them branch out only towards the top, looking more like monuments than trees from below. This is specially the case with the "Grisly Giant," which is one of the biggest in girth and height, but a very ugly old tree.

The cover to the stage prevented our seeing the trees as well as we ought to have done; but where the height is so enormous, it is difficult to get any conception of them even from the ground itself. You can only peer far, far away into the sky at one at a time, and so lose anything like a general effect. As it was we were always straining our necks into position, in the vain attempt "to see the top." As a rule, we had to content ourselves with a sight of the enormous roots and trunks; being told, "that is so-and-so," as we drove hurriedly past, too sick and tired to care much

for anything. So far as mere fatigue went, most of my companions were in a similar case, and I do not think one solitary individual out of the three or four carriages on that expedition could have derived any real enjoyment from it, although of course we were in a state of perpetual wonder and admiration.

Surely this is the result of gross mismanagement and a greedy eagerness to take as many dollars and give as little comfort as is possible.

Such journeys cannot of course be undertaken without much fatigue and some suffering, but it is unnecessary to heap up the agony by insisting that the wretched traveller, male or female, should take this terribly rough drive of 18 miles to and from one of the most interesting points in the whole tour, with an early morning start and eight hours' hard stageing as a preparation for it. Of course, our carriage, with the rest, drove right through a hole made in the "Grisly Giant," and there was ample space left on both sides which could only be touched by outstretched fingers. Twenty people dismounted from the stages and, joining finger tips, managed just to span one of the larger trees. The "Diamond Group" impressed me most. All the larger trees are distinguished by names, such

as "Lincoln," "Cedar Giant," "Old Grisly," "General Grant," &c., &c.

We clambered on to one enormous fallen trunk, and my young Philadelphian friend nearly got a bad fall in trying to come once more to my rescue. The bark was so slippery that he was forced to take a flying leap from a very considerable height to avoid a worse fall. He alighted fortunately upon his feet, and without injury. We picked up some pieces of the bark, which makes excellent pincushions, until it splits up utterly.

More dead than alive, we reached home after this expedition at eight o'clock, having been more than fourteen hours on the road altogether, and this over the most rough and jolting tracks that can be conceived.

To bed, but alas! not to sleep. I lay awake in agonies of pain until three o'clock, when we had to get up again, pack and eat a wretched candle-light breakfast with other victims, and by four a.m. we were once more *en route* for Raymond.

The drive going back was chiefly down hill, but the shaking was more terrific in consequence, and the driver spared us nothing of the road.

The flowers were almost over now, and the mountain sides were burnt and brown compared with the

beautiful fresh green of only a week or ten days before.

To see the valley in absolute perfection is evidently a question of days: "*elle a ses jours*," as the Frenchmen say of a beautiful woman.

The intense misery of that drive out of the valley remains in my memory as a whiff from the "Inferno."

By half-past eleven we were once more at Raymond and in the "sleeper" of an "accommodation" train which runs to San Francisco for the special convenience of people coming from the valley.

No one ever saw such a set of dirty, dusty wretches as we all looked.

Through dint of much scrubbing and brushing, we became a shade more respectable by slow degrees, and finally settled down to our six hours' railway drive.

By this time the tortures and sufferings of the last few days were beginning to tell upon me. A cold perspiration broke out in spite of the intense heat, accompanied by a feeling of deadly sickness, and I lay back on the hard, upright railway seat, thinking really that my last hour had arrived, and not much caring if it were so. Fortunately one of our companions chanced to be a doctor, and more fortunately

still had a little very excellent French brandy, which he poured down my throat with magical effect.

He also kindly improvised a sort of couch from all the available cushions, and there I lay till seven p.m., when we first sighted the San Francisco Bay, Mount Diablo, and the Golden Gate, and by eight o'clock were on board the ferry which plies between San Francisco and the Oakland suburb on the other side of the bay, where all trains run into the dépôt.

Being, as usual, over an hour late, we lost much of the beauty of the approach to the city, but had many opportunities of seeing it later, when crossing over by the various ferries during a lengthy stay in the Californian capital.

A comfortable carriage took us from the steam ferry to the "Palace Hotel," which seemed indeed a paradise of good beds, comfort, cleanliness and peace, after the dirt, discomfort and real suffering of the few days which had just elapsed.

CHAPTER III.

MONTEREY, SANTA CRUZ AND SAN FRANCISCO.

HAVING gone through so much fatigue since our arrival in California early in May, my friend and I took counsel together, and determined to spend a quiet week or two at Monterey, one of the most famous Californian watering places, before settling down for a time in San Francisco,

We spent, therefore, only one night in that city on coming out of the Yo-Semite Valley, and next day took the morning train at 10.40 for Monterey, passing through the fertile Santa Clara Valley, and reaching our destination at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The distance from San Francisco is only 100 miles, and the express trains go in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, but are less conveniently timed than the one we chose.

If it is true to say, "*La France c'est Paris*," it is equally true to say, "*Monterey c'est l'hôtel del Monte*," for this is literally the case.

Having heard much of the delights of this paradise

we thought of spending several weeks there, and did actually remain nearly a fortnight ; but this was partly a question of health, and I should not advise other travellers to do the same.

The hotel, which stands in 140 acres of most exquisitely cultivated grounds, is indeed a paradise of beauty, cleanliness and comfort. The gardens are like fairyland. Every conceivable plant and tree and flower flourish here in luxuriant profusion, kept well within bounds by the artistic taste of a celebrated German landscape gardener, Mr. Ulrich, who devotes his entire life to the cultivation of this lovely spot. There are acres of flower beds glowing with every conceivable colour, lovely walks bordered with variegated shrubs : a tropical garden full of palms and cacti and other tropical plants and trees, white and purple clematis creeping round the verandahs, measuring from ten to twelve inches in diameter, foxglove and snapdragons of immense size, glorious poppies of every shade, shrubs of verbena and trees of geranium, every variety of passion-flower, and last not least, the deep crimson taxonia winding its lovely trails amongst the purples and pinks and lemon colours of many other creepers—what more of beauty could heart desire, or imagination conceive ?

Then the house itself is scrupulously clean and well kept, and the reception rooms are handsome and lofty. The men, of course, are well looked after as regards smoking and billiard rooms, *ça va sans dire*; but in this paradise even the poor women are allowed to amuse themselves in a special billiard room of their own, some 40 by 30 feet. There is a magnificent ball room of 40 by 70 feet, and *salons* and reading rooms *ad libitum*.

All this can be said for Monterey without indulging in one word of exaggeration. In fact I have understated rather than overstated the beauty of the hotel and its surroundings, which cannot be adequately described at second hand.

This being the case it may seem strange that I should not advise a lengthened stay there. The fact is that Monterey as a seaside resort is disappointing to those who go there expecting a fine coast and good sea view. To stroll amongst the flower beds and winding paths of the hotel grounds is happiness enough for a few days, but having done this there is absolutely nothing left to do, and even Edens are apt to become monotonous under such conditions.

You are completely shut in by the extensive grounds of the hotel. There is no view of the sea to be had

from the grounds, and the coast is most disappointing when you do see it. Once free from the hotel grounds there are still, low-lying hills all around which must be climbed before the view of the bay breaks upon you, and there is not very much "to break."

Monterey itself is a pretty scattered little village, lying back from the bay, which latter is surrounded by these low hills and a sandy shore covered with small bushes of a pretty purple wild sweet-pea, but otherwise reminding one very much of the Waterloo sand-hills in the neighbourhood of our own British Liverpool.

It is a dusty half-mile or more to get down to the sea, and then again there is no bathing from the shore. There is a grand bathing establishment for ladies and gentlemen, where the tanks are graduated in depth and kept very clean, the whole building being beautifully decorated by shrubs and palms and hanging baskets of flowers. But after all this is only a sort of glorified "swimming bath," and most people prefer taking a dip in the open sea. On this account alone I should much prefer making a lengthy stay at Santa Cruz, where the shore is far more beautiful, as also the natural scenery, although the accommodation is decidedly inferior. Moreover, at Santa Cruz there is no

artificial beauty that can rival the exquisitely-kept grounds and drives of the Hotel del Monte estate, which covers some 7,000 acres in all, and is in the hands of the railway company, who have not only built the hotel, but who keep all the roads within their domains in excellent order for driving.

Monterey will establish its reputation chiefly, I think, as a winter resort, when people escaping from the rigours of an Eastern winter will not be too *exigeant* on the score of sea views or sea bathing, but will be thankful to find such a beautiful resting place and refuge from the snow and ice of Boston, New York, or Washington.

In winter I believe the climate is excellent. In June we found it dull, grey and chilly during the fortnight we spent there. The early mornings were usually foggy, about noon the sun would deign to come out for an hour or two, and later in the afternoon the mists would once more descend and close around us till evening drew on.

There is one very beautiful drive of seventeen miles to be taken from Monterey, but it may be judiciously stretched into three by being taken in homœopathic doses.

The road having been made by the company is an

excellent one and leads first through Pacific Grove. This is quite a settlement skirting the sea, and has been sold off in tiny lots to enterprising people, who have run up timber houses to receive the summer visitors who prefer this Bohemian life to the grandeur and expense of a first-class hotel.

In some cases these summer quarters are mere tents put over a foundation of plank flooring. Some 2,000 to 3,000 visitors are said to find accommodation in this way, and within a few weeks of our visit a number of stores had been opened, providing a local butcher, baker, grocer, &c., for the little colony. Some of the houses are more pretentious, and many of them are covered by beautiful flowering creepers. This settlement is only two and a half miles from the Hotel del Monte. On again we went through a lovely park or wood covered with wild flowers, especially with a sort of dwarf azalea, buff-coloured, which grows all round here in great profusion. Out of these woods and on to the high cliffs by the shore brought us in sight of the Seal Rock, a worthy rival of the still more famous one near San Francisco.

Hundreds of seals and sea lions were grouped together on this one piece of rock and must crowd each other there as much as the summer visitors to Pacific

Grove. Fortunately the latter do not keep up the same deafening noise of perpetual howling and barking.

The curious thing is that although there are many other equally convenient rocks close by, all the seals and sea-lions determinedly patronize this special one. Are they sociable or merely jealous? Perhaps no one seal likes to leave the others in possession! Human beings have been known to act in much the same way.

On again past a promontory called Cypress Grove and covered with cedars of Lebanon; we came to a narrow strip of sand, Pebbly Beach, where rare stones are said to be found polished by the natural action of the waters. We groped about these for some time, finding plenty of pebbles of an ordinary kind and a few pretty bits of iridescent shell.

Soon after this the company's road, alas! came to an end, to be succeeded by the "county" road—a very different matter. The latter is shamefully kept and has great gullies in it, down which the horses slipped from time to time, making the carriage sway over in most uncomfortable fashion. Fortunately our springs were good, so the jolting was not very severe.

A mile or two of this bad road brought us round again to Monterey, having made the complete circuit. We had two excellent horses, one a three-year old and

the other twenty-three years old and far the more skittish of the two.

Another day we drove to the Carmel Mission, where the celebrated father Junipero Serra, who founded the Spanish missions in this country, was buried in 1784. Little remains now but the sentiment and a low buff-coloured mission house, very plain inside, with rough whitewashed roof, a tablet with Latin inscription over the resting-place of the good old priest and a fine bell hanging outside, similar to one of those at the San Gabriel Mission.

The little chapel is prettily situated amidst the undulating hills which surround the Carmel Bay and the beautiful promontory of Point Lobas.

We climbed a hill behind the mission to get a view of the sea, but a thick grove of eucalyptus trees interfered with this chance. It was worth the trouble, however, to see the stretch of lovely hills covered by groves of mustard flower which grows here to a height of several feet, reminding one of the beautiful picture drawn by Mrs. Hunt Jackson in her "Ramona," where the young girl goes through the graceful golden waves of swaying mustard trees, to meet the kind old priest and seek his sympathy and counsel.

Next day we went on to Santa Cruz, a short but

tiresome cross journey by train of some three hours. A carriage was in waiting for us here and we drove at once some five miles up a glorious gorge to the Big Trees, which, though smaller, are far more beautiful than those in the Mariposa Grove of the Yo-Semite district.

This Santa Cruz road is an excellent one on the whole and winds high up on one side of a very beautiful valley and is lined on either side by buckeye trees (a sort of dwarf Spanish chestnut in full bloom now), cedars, firs, wild roses and clematis.

The Big Trees are all in one grove, where there is a nice little inn and fair accommodation.

Some people were evidently staying in this shady grove, and a whole set of merry young girls and boys had come over for the day and were wandering about with flower and ivy decked straw hats and bonnets. Our driver maintained that the trees were similar to those we had seen in the Mariposa Grove, but they looked quite different. The Santa Cruz trees are smaller, but far more graceful. The Mariposa trees are usually quite bare up to some three-fourths of the colossal trunk where the branches grow out stiff and straight. The Santa Cruz trees on the contrary have much finer branches, which wave gracefully downwards

to within 6 or 7 feet of the ground, and the foliage is also finer and more like that of the pitch pine. The bark, however, is similar to that of the Mariposa trees and both are of the red-wood species. One curious thing we remarked about these monster trees, namely, that their cones are extremely small, only about the size of an ordinary hen's egg, whereas the common-sized sugar pines have enormous ones, some 18 to 20 inches in length. These smaller cones grow straight from the bark of the trees and the branches, instead of growing at the end of the foliage as they do in England and Scotland.

The coast scenery at Santa Cruz is much finer and more varied than at Monterey, and here you find every appliance for bathing in the sea in addition to the ordinary bath-house arrangements. At Santa Cruz there are floating barges at anchor with planks and sliding ladders for enterprising dippers and every possible convenience for taking a good "header" into the open sea.

In addition to the Big Tree Grove there is another magnificent drive along the coast to be taken at Santa Cruz. This beautiful "cliff road" leads over the undulating cliff close to the shore, through many natural arches in the rock and one most curious

“natural bridge” formed by a tongue of land between two points of the cliff. We drove over this. Our horses were fortunately steady ones, otherwise it would have been too narrow to be absolutely pleasant.

Coming back inland to Santa Cruz, we drove five miles further in the opposite direction and once more struck the shore at a pretty little sea-side place called Camp Capitulo, a settlement much on the lines of Pacific Grove near Monterey.

Here we saw many porpoises close to land, and several whales spouting up further out to sea.

The time having now arrived for a return to San Francisco, we determined to make an early start from Santa Cruz, and so allow ourselves a few hours *en route* at Menlo Park, the famous horse-breeding establishment of Governor Stanford, within an hour by train of “the city,” as San Francisco is invariably called in California.

Governor Stanford (as most people know) is a senator of California, but lives almost entirely at Washington, coming only occasionally to pass a few days in his house here, which is surrounded by beautiful grounds, kept in perfect order, in spite of being so rarely under the master’s eye.

The breeding grounds, stables, paddocks, and exer-

cising grounds occupy over seven thousand acres, and are devoted to the production of "trotters and runners."

The paddocks, railed in by white railings, are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet square, and extend for a very considerable distance.

The stables are fitted up with every possible convenience, and the saddle-rooms, with their rows of bits, bridles, bandages, and leather shoes of various shapes and kinds, remind one of the daintily-kept bedroom of some young dandy or fashionable beauty.

We went first over the stables of the "trotters," the most characteristic of American horses.

The ideal American "trotter" is a short, well-knit horse, he has a good depth and strength of shoulder, is very high in the hind quarters, and has strong—not over fine—legs.

The "trotters'" best "records" are made as two-year-olds. Some of these are as high as 2.21 and 2.37.

Having once made a high record, the horse is disqualified from running with the same horses again. "Trotting" seems to be dying out very much now in favour of "running," or what we should call flat racing.

I never saw more friendly horses, though some of them looked fiery enough, too, to judge by their eyes. They came up and poked their noses in my face, and into the very folds of my gown, looking for the sugar which we had stupidly forgotten to bring with us on this journey.

They are kept, of course, in splendid condition, being exercised every day in a "sulky," a sort of infernal machine used for trotting matches. This has a most uncomfortable seat, not much bigger than one on a tricycle, which is attached to two long side shafts, on which rest the feet of the unfortunate victim who is driving, and who, having absolutely no back-rest, must be shaken terribly all the time.

One man is expected to exercise from ten to twelve horses daily in this manner.

The yearlings were specially fascinating, more particularly a little chestnut, child of a famous sire, who was so well bred, strong and "clean in the legs" that I longed to carry it off with me. It followed me about like a dear dog, and could not be made to understand that to open my little leather travelling bag with its teeth, although a clever enough trick, was absolutely hopeless as far as sugar was concerned.

A magnificent dark bay, perfect in shape, colour and

temper, also struck me with deep admiration, and made it possible to conceive the enormous sums which Governor Stanford gets for some of his most valuable horses. Many are worth \$30,000, \$40,000, and \$50,000, and even the yearlings fetch fabulous sums.

Some of the mares have been imported from England, and the colts foaled over here in California.

There was one horse in this trotting stable of an absolute bronze colour, which I had never before seen, and admired immensely.

The trotters always run with a sort of leather boot over the fore feet, and "shoes" of leather over their hind legs, to prevent their hitting and wounding their hoofs during the race. Rows of these boots and shoes hang up in the stable, side by side with the bandages, which are put on as soon as they return from their daily exercise.

About a mile from the trotting stables are the stables for the flat racers, which are quite as interesting. The latter are, of course, more finely built, longer in the body, and less compact than the trotters.

We had had some coffee before starting for the stables, in a dirty little inn recommended by our

driver, but did not like it, so had gone for luncheon to the "Menlo Hotel," which we found was kept by a Captain Swetnam, formerly of the 16th Foot, and now in the Diplomatic service. He is a nephew of Lord Grantley, is a thorough gentleman and man of the world, but not a bit above doing the work he has undertaken. He brought us our Milwaukie beer himself, and begged in most professional manner, that we would recommend the hotel.

It seems that he had invested money out here, and finding that he was in a fair way to lose it, he concluded very sensibly that he would come out and look after things himself, and finding that he could "run" the hotel at a profit, he determined to do so.

A good appointment in India had just been offered to him, but after some hesitation he had declined it, intending to remain in his present quarters for a time. Later we saw in a San Francisco paper that Sir Anthony Musgrave and General Fremantle, from Australia, "had gone down to Menlo Park during their stay in San Francisco, to give a surprise party to their old comrade, Captain Swetnam."

After lunch we drove over the beautiful grounds of the rich banker, Mr. Flood, whose life was so recently threatened in the San Francisco Opera House, when

Adelina Patti was also in danger from the attempt to explode a bomb upon the stage.

The same evening found us once more happily established in the comfortable Palace Hotel.

Oakland, the great San Francisco suburb, reached by ferry, is too large and straggling to be beautiful, and I should much prefer living in the city myself. A train runs through it, stopping at many small stations, which all belong practically to the one suburb. One of these, "Oak Station," was in great request at the time of our visit, owing to the fact that a great "spiritualistic camp meeting" was being held close by, which lasted for a month.

We went over one Sunday morning to hear an address given by a young Englishman, Mr. Colville, who seems to be one of the leading spiritualistic lights just now.

The camp was held on some pretty shady ground, sloping down to a peaceful lake, and it would have been difficult to choose a more lovely spot for the purpose. It reminded me very much of a volunteer camp out for a week's practice, only instead of the usual inscriptions over the tent doors of "Colonel," "Adjutant," "Quartermaster," &c., you read here such notices as the following: "Mrs. Miller, clairvoyante,"

“Mrs. Bennett, crystal seer,” “Mrs. Sawyer, inspirational and trance medium,” “Mr. J. K. Marshall, magnetic healer,” &c., &c.

The large central tent, where the general meetings and services were held, was prettily decorated with flowers, and a cool breeze came in through the flapping canvas sides, much to our relief, for the day was intensely hot. A quiet, sensible-looking man spoke in the morning on the higher phases of spiritualism in very well chosen language; but the great gun, Mr. Colville, was only fired off at 2 p.m., so we were forced to get some luncheon between the services, and returned in time to find a corner amongst the crowds who flocked to hear him.

He is a young, delicate-looking man of about thirty, with a fine head and very clear enunciation. He spoke with much enthusiasm and a considerable amount of eloquence, his great performance, however, being the improvisation of a really fine poem on a subject chosen from the audience by vote. Mr. Colville sat quiet and apparently uninterested as several subjects were suggested in turn, the show of hands being taken by another gentleman on the platform.

“Pentecost,” “Harmony,” “Heaven,” “The Floral Tribute to General Grant,” and several other themes

were proposed in turn. The show of hands was in favour of "Harmony," which had been my own choice. Mr. Colville was, therefore, bound only to speak on the one subject, but he wove very gracefully into it an allusion to General Grant.

After the subject was indicated to him, he remained seated some sixty seconds, then rose and came straight to the front, beginning at once to improvise, and never hesitating for a single word or misplacing one. Some of the lines were really extremely fine, and all were well above the ordinary level of poetical effusion. The performance lasted about fifteen minutes.

Several weeks of my stay in San Francisco were spent, alas! in the doctor's hands, but this sad experience was brightened by the kindness of some old friends who had come to live in this city from New York, and whom I had known previously in England. They insisted upon my leaving the Palace Hotel, to go and be nursed in their own delightful house in one of the pleasantest parts of the city, and were unfailing in kindness and hospitality during my stay there.

In spite of bad health, and much consequent confinement to the house, I managed to see a good deal of beautiful San Francisco, and came to the conclusion that I would rather live here than in any other city of

the United States, always providing that one could transport a few chosen friends. I think a judicious selection from Boston, New York and Washington, conveyed across the continent, and planted down in San Francisco, would make that city an ideal place of residence.

We were there in June and July, and summer is supposed to be the worst time of year for San Francisco. The mornings were certainly hot, but never oppressively so during those two months, and every afternoon a delicious breeze arose from the bay and blew all over the city for an hour or two.

In winter there is no wind, and the climate is said to be perfect. Many people object to this summer wind, which is certainly rather strong at times, but most refreshing after a hot morning in July.

One of the best views over the Bay and Golden Gate is obtained from the Observatory on Telegraph Hill. Personally, I prefer this to the famous Quebec view, as being more poetical and dreamlike.

Another beautiful view is to be had from the Presidio, the San Francisco barracks, which overlook the Golden Gate. These military quarters consist of lovely little wooden cottages, covered with flowers and creepers, most picturesque and very unlike the cold formality of our English barracks.

Unfortunately there is often a sea fog hanging over the bay in summer, which shuts out the view, but we were very happy in making these expeditions on brilliantly fine days.

The beautiful "Cliff House" drive is the one best known to the ordinary tourist. This leads through the Golden Gate Park, with its beautiful conservatories and bedding-out gardens, where the band plays upon Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

The Cliff House is some six miles from the city, and on the extreme edge of the cliffs, which rise sharply from the ocean at this point. The "Seal Rock" is very close to the shore, and much like the one we had already seen at Monterey, only the San Francisco seals take up a little more room and bark and howl on one or two points of rock.

Behind the Cliff House and higher up still are the pretty, luxuriant grounds of Sutro Heights, where a benevolent old gentleman of that name lives. The day we drove up there he was just sitting down to dinner with a number of children from a Hebrew orphanage, whom he had invited to spend a happy holiday in his lovely gardens.

There are many other beautiful expeditions to be made by those who allow themselves enough time to

see San Francisco in comfort. One or two pretty islands in the bay invite a visit, and the environs of Oakland are far more interesting than Oakland itself.

Piedmont and Alameda are two of the places best worth seeing, but these should be taken on separate days to be thoroughly enjoyed.

San Francisco has some capital clubs. One of these, "The Olympic" has a splendidly arranged gymnasium attached to it and pretty homelike rooms above, with piano, books and magazines of every description, where we spent one pleasant afternoon devouring illustrated English papers after our long fast from English news.

The one great drawback to a peaceful life in San Francisco is the terrible amount of fires which take place there. These are, of course, more common all over the United States than with us, on account of the large number of wooden houses; but the plague seems to have culminated at San Francisco, and this doubtless accounts for the great perfection to which the Fire Patrol of the city has been brought.

During the few weeks spent in a private house with my friends, I do not think we ever went to bed without being disturbed at least once in the night by the ringing of the fire-bells. By-the-way, I would advise people who stay with friends in this city to make sure beforehand

that the "fire card" has not been left in their bedroom, otherwise they will be disturbed at least once, possibly twice, in the night by some one rushing in to identify the quarter of the town where the fire has broken out by the number of times the bell rings! Each division of the town has its special number, and when the fire breaks out this number is rung by the bells to warn the inhabitants living in or near the same street.

My friends told me that when they first came to live in San Francisco those constant alarms of fire were most agitating and distracting. On more than one occasion the fire had broken out on their own avenue and within a few doors of their house. But the arrangements are so perfect and the fire, as a rule, is subdued so quickly, that by degrees they have learnt to take things quietly, even when the fatal number of their own district is pealed forth.

One of the San Francisco sights is to go down to the fire brigade in a back street near the Palace Hotel to see the parade, which takes place every day on the stroke of twelve o'clock noon.

At that instant the trap doors from above are let down, the men come tearing through the roof on the waggons, the horses rush out from their stalls to take their special places, the horse collars are snapped on by

springs, and the harness, which has been all suspended from the ceiling, falls down on them as they get between the shafts. All these latter contrivances are managed by trap-doors, which liberate the supporting cords, and which are themselves set in motion by one touch of an electric bell, which gives warning of the fire to men and horses alike. The clever thing is that the horses never mistake the sound of this bell for the electric bell in the same place used by the superintendent for private business, although to us the two seemed almost identical.

The whole performance takes just eight seconds, and passes before your eyes like a lightning flash.

The three trap-doors are in the flooring of the room above where five or six firemen are lodged.

They sleep in a flannel jersey with boots and trousers combined, at the foot of the bed. A string attached to the bed-clothes tears them off when the alarm is given. One bound out of bed sees them arrayed in boots and trousers at the same instant; another, and they slide down the stout brass pole in the middle of the room or through another trap-door on to the fire-engine itself, where tarpaulin cloaks and hats are let down upon their heads, and the toilette is complete.

It must be an arduous life where fires are so constant,

but the men seem very happy and cheerful, and one of them showed us with much pride the billiard-room, piano, reading-room, &c., where any spare moments can be pleasantly spent.

No doubt the excitement keeps them up and the active life makes them contented. Moreover they must frequently receive handsome gifts from grateful householders. The billiard-table had been a recent donation of this kind.

The man who showed us over the place and spent much time and trouble in explaining all the details, expected no "tip" although we had taken up more than an hour of his time.

Had I gone alone I should most certainly have considered that he had earned his dollar nobly, but my American friends would not hear of such a thing. They pointed out to me with much pride how different this was from our extortionate English ways where a man expected payment for the slightest civility. This is true, but these are isolated cases in my experience.

So far as hotel life is concerned the system of tipping in America obtains quite as widely and on a far more ruinous scale than in any English hotel where it has been my fate to stay.

I shall, however, have more to say upon this subject later and will therefore reserve my remarks.

Of course we made the usual expedition to China Town, where the forty thousand Chinese of San Francisco congregate, living in a regular township of their own, but amidst the most crowded portion of the city. The streets are narrow and winding and dark, and the opium dens crowded and oppressive ; but there are one or two picturesque buildings such as the Joss House, Theatre, Restaurant &c., and the Chinese lanterns hanging all down the streets from the walls and roofs of such places give a quaint uncommon look and a dash of romance to the squalid surroundings.

The Chinese restaurant is quite an imposing edifice, and is very prettily decorated with carved and gilded wood-work.

Rather a superior class of Chinese were lounging about here, with tiny plates before them and glasses the size of a walnut to hold the rice whisky which seems to be their "particular vanity." Beetle nut and cocoa nut made up into diminutive rolls with a sort of cabbage leaf lay on the tiny plates for chewing. This no doubt accounts for the Chinamen having such beautifully white teeth.

The lodging houses are miserable places, tier upon tier of wretched rooms where two or more Chinamen

lay huddled together smoking opium. This is done through thick, long bamboo pipes ; the opium being smeared over a little hole at the side and smoked close to a tiny lamp, clouds of the smoke enveloping the head of the smoker.

The performance was far more prosaic than one would expect from the descriptions so often given of the process. I saw no comatose or stupefied victims to opium. On the contrary, the men seemed cheerful and happy, but utterly common-place and by no means ecstatic.

The dense crowding and want of air in some of these dens made the atmosphere most overpowering to any chance visitor, and we were glad to move on to the theatre, which we approached through the green room in the most unceremonious manner, pushing past actors and actresses in various stages of dishabille, their grotesque garments and highly-rouged cheeks offering a curious contrast to the peaceful occupation of sipping rice whisky or plying chop-sticks in some unsavoury looking mess of soup and cabbage in which all were indulging during the few moments of relaxation. The theatre itself was packed with delighted spectators. An interminable historical tragedy seemed to be going on ; drums were beaten and metal plates clanged together during the whole performance.

The noise was deafening, and the poor actors grew purple in the face with the exertion of screaming down drums, cymbals and one another; for all talk at the same moment and naturally at the very top of their voices. The hideous effect may be more easily imagined than described.

The stage properties were of the simplest kind and chiefly conspicuous by their absence, but some of the dresses were magnificent.

Then we wandered through more of the closely-packed opium dens and several of the lodging-houses. One miserable little room was in perfect darkness. A poor paralyzed woman owned it and had turned in for the night, but she got up and struck a light on hearing our guide at the latch of the door and seemed delighted, poor old soul, with the very modest ten-cent piece that he gave her to make up for the intrusion.

Everything in China Town worth seeing is either up three flights of steps or apparently down in the very bowels of the earth, and the expedition is consequently one of no small fatigue.

Much gambling goes on here and large fortunes are lost and won, sometimes at a single sitting. Dominoes seem to form a special attraction, but a good deal of money passes in the more simple gambling process of

“odd or even,” a handful of copper coin being employed, but the real amount at stake depending of course on the betting, which is fast and furious.

Numbers of eager faces line the sides of the long tables where the gambling goes on, a lighted candle being invariably placed underneath to keep off the devil or to propitiate him if he arrives.

Every dwelling-house has its little altar with a painted god presiding (generally Confucius), and below lights are burned in honour of the devil.

The Joss House is small but very handsome, and decorated with fine carvings and beautiful embroideries. On the altar are three or four large metal bowls, full of the ashes of the tiny sticks of incense burnt here.

Outside is the little altar to the devil. The Chinese devil must be very easily deceived, for on the altar in the Joss House itself were some slips of paper which were “Money for the Devil!”

Very few women are to be seen in China Town. In general the Chinamen come over only for a few years, leaving their wives and families in China.

When they have made \$100, they return to live as gentlemen of property in their own country.

There is much slave traffic *sub rosa* in China Town. In fact the women are all slaves, and are valued at

from \$1,500 to \$1,600 a head. A landing tax of some \$400 has to be paid, which has been started of late years to discourage the enormous migration of Chinese to California.

Men, however, who traffic in these women slaves import them from China, pay the capitation tax and sell them privately for a sum sufficient to cover all expenses and allow a good commission.

The squalor and misery and dirt were very distressing, and impressed one with an idea of the hopelessness of trying to raise such people from this purely animal life to any higher existence.

My San Francisco friend assures me that the Chinese domestic servants do not come from this lowest class in China Town, and are better housed when they return to their native quarter during the intervals of service. She has Chinamen in her own house, and these occasionally depart for a fortnight without rhyme or reason, saying they "wanted to go to sleep," and retire to China Town, generally being sufficiently considerate to provide a substitute until some fine morning the original "Gow Dow" or "Ling Chee" returns, having had "his sleep" (sleep meaning opium, no doubt) and being prepared for another spell of work.

The vexed question of Chinese labour is a difficult one to understand, one hears such diametrically opposite opinions from different people. With some of these, there is no word bad enough to describe the Chinese. They are cruel, rapacious, possessed of every vice and no single virtue. They corrupt the American youth. They take money from the natives and carry it out of the country, pauperizing those who could work, but who are forestalled by these "abandoned wretches." That is one side of the picture.

On the other hand, the ladies who have Chinese servants assert that they are the most childlike, tractable, faithful creatures in the world, capable of great devotion and self-sacrifice, and infinitely pleasanter to deal with than the Irish, who they assert will leave you without scruple at a moment's notice and are most unbearably rude whilst they remain.

These latter partisans affirm that the whole Chinese crusade is simply jealousy on the part of the Irish, who won't work themselves and who cannot bear to see others working and making money. According to them, the Irish resent not having a monopoly able to command the market and to be as lazy and insolent as they choose, knowing that their services are indispensable.

Probably the truth lies as usual between these two extreme views of the question. It seems to be a matter of supply and demand. If the Chinese servants prove more eligible than the Irish, they will be preferred to the latter in spite of any patriotic scruples.

A hastily and very hazily formed idea that it might be worth while to include Vancouver's Island in our trip had been very much nipped in the bud during our Yo-Semite Valley expedition. Curiously enough no less than three independent travellers on the same coach had strongly advised us against the step.

"There is nothing on earth to be seen there," they said. "Why do you want to go? Puget Sound is just a huge sheet of water. Victoria might be interesting if you were in the lumber trade, but from the tourist's point of view you will be wofully disappointed."

This was certainly discouraging, and coming in pretty much the same words from three distinct sources, it seemed foolish to cling to the scheme, especially as time was now becoming an object.

The Yellowstone Park and the Rocky Mountains still remained upon our programme, and my friend was anxious to pay a long promised visit to Australia without much further delay.

Fortunately for us we chose as usual to judge for ourselves, otherwise we should have missed one of the most beautiful and interesting bits of our journey. My only regret is that we allowed so little time for the expedition, but this was as much a question of health as of listening to the counsels of the unwise.

It is difficult to imagine what *would* satisfy those who condemn Victoria and Puget Sound as being without beauty or interest. Probably the celestial regions would strike them in the same light and prove equally disappointing.

On July 9th we left San Francisco with many regrets and sailed for Victoria, Vancouver's Island, on board the S.S. "Queen of the Pacific."

CHAPTER IV.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND—YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING.

THE voyage from San Francisco to Victoria occupies three days and is generally fairly rough. Good sailors would have thought our experience a favourable one, no doubt, but to an extremely bad sailor there are no *degrees* of maritime misery.

If the sea is not as smooth as a duck pond you are bound to remain in your berth, and a little tossing more or less does not seem to make much difference.

There is generally a good deal of swell on during this special voyage, which is more trying than the rolling and pitching of a heavy sea.

Many of our fellow-passengers were bound for Port Townsend on Puget Sound, where they would change steamers and make the interesting Alaska expedition, so much in vogue now-a-days.

I have been assured that the Alaska icebergs and snow mountains are far grander than anything to be seen in Norway. I confess to some scepticism on this

point, not having yet met any one person who knows both countries.

Knowing Norway myself, I was all the more anxious to make the Alaska trip, especially as we were going to the very starting point, but it would have required another three weeks at least and we were reluctantly obliged to give up the idea. We met many people later in the Yellowstone Park who had made the expedition and all spoke of it with much enthusiasm.

It is in fact quite a pleasure trip and offers no difficulties, and therefore not much adventure. A steamer, well fitted and well provisioned, takes up passengers at Port Townsend and for some two or three weeks cruises round the inland seas of Alaska, touching at the various points of interest *en route*.

There is no accommodation for travellers on the mainland, but as all the finest mountains, glaciers and icebergs may be seen close to the coast, people are not tempted to leave their floating home for more than a few hours at a time. Sea-sickness is unknown, and to crown all, the expedition, when you have once arrived at Port Townsend, is far from an extravagant one. I cannot remember the exact calculations I made at the time of the probable cost, but believe

that a pound a day would nearly cover all expenses, exclusive, of course, of wine.

We reached Victoria on the morning of the third day at about half-past five, but did not land till after six o'clock.

For the last hour we had been on deck, watching the lovely coast line to our right, the snow mountains in the dim line of the horizon and the exquisite little bays formed by arms of the land stretching out towards the open sea.

Victoria is one of the most beautiful places that can be imagined. The town itself is small, scattered and dusty-looking, but the situation is magnificent. It lies at the extreme end of Vancouver's Island, stretching all over these beautiful knolls and curves of green land covered with firs; low hills lie all around and it faces the gulf of San Juan de Fuca, behind which rise the magnificent mountains of the Olympian range in the Washington Territory, on the mainland of North America.

These Olympian Mountains are more beautiful than I can describe; such an endless vista of palest blue, purple and azure!

They are all snow-capped, often almost enveloped in cloud and just rise above the fleecy clouds their

still whiter heads, looking as though they belonged in reality to the skies, from which they would seem to have dropped.

This is the view south of Victoria and facing Puget Sound. On the eastern mainland is another glorious range of snow mountains, beginning with Mount Baker and the famous Mount Shoshonish.

We had the very greatest difficulty in finding rooms, owing to the rush of visitors to Alaska, a week by sea from Victoria. This has given a temporary "season" to the latter place during the summer months.

There is only one decent hotel in the place, the "Driade" and our first day was spent more or less in the passages, waiting for the chance of some rooms becoming vacant and not able to open even a Gladstone bag after the misery and discomfort of the sea voyage.

The day was brilliantly fine and it seemed quite wicked to lose any more time, more especially as our frequent messages and even visits to the hotel office were utterly vain so far as getting any accommodation was concerned.

Having sat upon our boxes in the corridor for some hours, we determined to trust to the chapter of acci-

dents and leave our night's lodging a still unsolved problem.

We therefore chartered a carriage about two p.m. and had a glorious three hours' drive.

Our first point was the Naval Yard, where we were not allowed to enter, much to our indignation, as British subjects, at present under the British flag.

Our driver tried to console us by suggesting a visit to the big man-of-war, lying just then in the harbour; but we had seen men-of-war before and we had never seen the Naval Yard of British Columbia. However, they could not prevent our noticing a fine stone-lined dry dock close at hand, which was in course of building, and evidently a matter of great pride to the British Columbian subjects, as it might well be.

I was still more interested in a wonderful old wooden craft with five masts lying in the harbour. It is the very first ship that sailed on the Pacific Ocean more than fifty years ago.

Further on we saw a most primitive old mill and a few tumble-down houses, exquisitely situated on an arm of the sea. These were the first mill and the first settlement of the Hudson's Bay Company, which appears to have appropriated all the best of the land here.

The trees on the island are not very large, but most

abundant; firs, cedars, sycamores and a great number of the manzanita trees with their mahogany-coloured stems which we had seen so constantly in the Yosemite valley.

Honeysuckle and sweetbriar abound in these lovely Victoria lanes, and the whole landscape is smiling and green and dotted over with pretty white cottages.

We drove past the governor's house, a quaint low stone castellated building where royalty is housed when it visits the island.

The late governor, Sir James Douglas, married an Indian squaw, who is now a much respected widow, living in the town of Victoria and called always "Lady Douglas."

We drove over a promontory called Beacon Hill, which commands a grand view.

To our left lay the mountain range of Tacoma, facing us were the beautiful snow-capped Olympian Mountains and, stretching far behind, the exquisite coast line intersected by tiny arms of land and inlets of the sea; nestling amongst which lies Victoria.

It would be hard to conceive any scene more exquisite in form and colour. It is the very essence of poetical feeling and imagination.

The heat in Victoria during the summer months is

very great from ten a.m. till five p.m.; on the other hand, the daylight lasts till quite nine o'clock and the last four hours are delightfully cool and refreshing for riding or driving.

We feel ourselves quite upon British ground once more and something in the looks and ways of the people reminded one constantly of Canada, only that British Columbia is so much more beautiful.

The winter here is damp, but not very cold, more like an ordinary English winter than a severe New York season.

The best time to visit Victoria is from June to September. This is also the chosen time for Alaska, which can be combined with a few weeks in British Columbia. July and August would be the best months for that trip, as June is still foggy and the air very cold in these northerly regions.

Another day, to avoid the heat, we made an early start on foot for a second view from Beacon Hill.

It was quite a long tramp, but fully repaid us for the exertion. The road led through some beautiful woods, emerging at length on to the green sward of the cliffs. We returned by the Government buildings, some low red bungalow-shaped houses, and an old drill hall containing some pieces of artillery.

Another lovely drive took us through Lover's Lane to a park where the trotting matches take place, but which is not otherwise interesting nor beautiful. Victoria has a pretty little cemetery on sloping ground, facing the straits; one quarter of this is devoted to the Chinese graves. The day before we drove there a grand Chinese funeral had taken place. A rich Chinaman had died, and the whole Chinese population had turned out in carriages of every description to partake of the great feast which is prepared on such occasions, "dressed pig" forming one of the favourite dishes.

In this case the poor man had not been absolutely buried in the cemetery, for his body was embalmed to be sent back to China. They had, however, conveyed the body in its three caskets to this pretty, peaceful spot, where their funeral service took place and the funeral bake-meats were discussed. The body was then taken back and shipped off at once.

Wishing to see Puget Sound thoroughly, we had arranged to go by steamer from Victoria to Tacoma, on the opposite mainland, which would take us right through the sound in about seventeen hours.

The weather was unfortunately rough, and after

watching the beautiful scenery for over an hour, we were glad to lie down in our cabin until we reached Port Townsend (in four hours) and had our first view of snow-peaked Mount Tacoma, which is the chief feature of the sound scenery. Mount Baker, with its beautiful snowy range, was still visible, bathed in glorious pink tinges from the after-glow of the setting sun.

At five o'clock next morning we were up, watching the beautiful morning tints and amusing ourselves with the numerous sea-urchins which abound in these waters. Some are gaily-coloured sea anemones of orange, crimson and brown, others again looked like slices of lemon in shape and colour.

At six a.m. we reached Tacoma, a flourishing little town high up on the cliffs.

We had passed various village settlements on the sound, our steamer putting in at most of them to land passengers or goods.

The numerous islands in the sound are very beautiful, covered with fir trees and rising up so golden green from the dark blue waters.

Unfortunately in many cases, the trees on the shore have been terribly burnt, and their blackened trunks and branches look very melancholy and detract much from the otherwise beautiful scenery.

At seven o'clock we were once more in a train on the mainland, and bound for Portland in Oregon.

The heat by this time was intense, and the scenery, although pretty, rather monotonous, consisting of endless woods with short undergrowth of brack, and every now and then small clearings for farm-houses and cottages.

The chief interest lay in crossing the Columbia river in our train by an enormous ferry. The whole train, engine and all, was run on to this huge boat, which was composed of a double line of rails, and when we were safely "on board" she steamed slowly across the river with her heavy load.

Many of the passengers got out of their carriages and crossed on the boat itself, but we had been warned that we did so at our own risk, and thought it more prudent to remain inside. Moreover, there was much more novelty about crossing a river *in a train* than standing on the boat below.

On the other side we were run up once more on to the regular lines and found a dining car in readiness, the *third* during our nine months' experience on this continent, including the one between Boston and New York.

We were now on the Northern Pacific Line, and

had been told how much comfort and convenience would there be found.

The food was very fairly good, but the attendance most wretched, as they only provide one waiter for either side of a long and crowded railway dining car.

Most of the food ordered was already "out," and we sat swaying backwards and forwards in the burning sun which was piercing through the car windows, vainly beseeching the one over-driven waiter to take our order.

Finally, after spending an hour and a quarter in an atmosphere like a cucumber frame we came away, having had two or three spoonful of soup, two square inches of fish, and a small piece of rather tough "spring lamb," coffee too cold to drink, and some ice which was far too hot to be eaten.

We reached Portland, the Oregon capital, in the early afternoon, very hot and very dusty, to find the heat still more trying and oppressive in the city than anything we had yet encountered in our journey thither.

Portland is a busy, thriving and perfectly uninteresting American city of some 40,000 inhabitants, prettily situated on a branch of the Columbia River. It can

boast the usual amount of "elegant public buildings," and being both a railway terminus (Northern Pacific) and large seaport town, increases every year in importance and trade capacity.

Like many other go-ahead American cities, it has quadrupled its population during the last ten years.

The hotel accommodation was very fair, although the French *cuisine* was not, perhaps, all that the fancy of the manager painted it. The heat, however, was so great in quantity and so overpowering in quality that we were not tempted to lounge about the long, wide, dusty streets more than was absolutely necessary to procure tickets for our journey to Livingstone, where we should strike south for the Yellowstone Park.

On one of these raids into the town we noticed a great stir in the Chinese quarter. The usual bake-meats were displayed in barrows—the inevitable garnished pig, ducks, rabbits; little plates of various vegetables; and carriages filled with Chinese who were beating heavy drums and cymbals: a funeral was evidently on hand. On inquiry we found that a Chinese woman had killed herself the previous day, and this sort of Chinese "wake" was being held in her honour.

In order to see the far-famed Columbia River, we

had arranged to go by steamer as far as "the Dalles" (11 or 12 hours from Portland). This takes in all the best part of the river scenery. Hence we were to go by train to Livingstone, and on buying our tickets we made two discoveries concerning the Northern Pacific line.

In the first place, the travelling on that line is very expensive compared with other American lines, and, secondly, their scale of charges is arranged somewhat curiously.

For instance, we had to pay the same sum (50 dols.) to go to Livingstone that we should have paid to go on just double the distance to St. Paul.

There was no explanation given of the fact that the company expected you to pay as highly for travelling 1,000 miles as for travelling 2,000 miles.

It is, doubtless, a question of competition. From Portland to Livingstone the Northern Pacific has a monopoly, and can charge what it likes; but between Livingstone and St. Paul, it comes into competition with other lines and must regulate its prices accordingly.

We were up at five o'clock on the morning of our start from Portland, and on board a fine large steamer by 7 a.m. .

The day promised to be a very hot one, even at that early hour and fulfilled our worst fears.

Some little children were brought on board and placed by their father in charge of three nuns who were returning to their convent, a few miles further up the river.

Two of these nuns were uninteresting, but the third, a dear old sister called "Mother Joseph," was, in truth, a born "mother," and had a charming face. The children had evidently known her before, for they flew into her arms with great glee, and seemed hardly to regret their father when he left the boat. It was quite melancholy to see "Mother Joseph" petting and making much of the little creatures, understanding their little ways and fancies so well, with all the divine patience and unselfishness of motherhood. What a waste of good material! However, it would be hard to blame the conventual system too strongly.

It is not only amongst nuns that we find motherly hearts forced into unnatural channels, often overflowing to the children whose real mothers are only bored and worried by their responsibilities.

The scenery of the Columbia River is quite as beautiful as it had been painted to us. The river is wide and sweeping, and yet not on such an enormous scale as to

lose all beauty or outline, as is the case with several of the famous American rivers, which are more like oceans. Then, again, the beautiful snow mountain, Mt. Hood, was always before us, and a chain of exquisitely tinted blue and purple mountains in the distance.

From Portland to the Cascades this description holds good. Thence, on to "the Dalles," the river becomes wider and comparatively tame.

We passed a very curious collection of rocks standing out bleak and bare and serrated, to our left, called Cape Horn.

There were also one or two waterfalls, pretty and graceful, but seeming small to us after our Yo-Semite experiences.

At one o'clock we had to leave our steamer at the Lower Cascades, and go by train for six miles, to re-embark at the Upper Cascades for "the Dalles."

The rapids at this point of the river prevent a steamer plying to and fro, and necessitate this transfer to a second boat. We had some pleasant companions on board, more especially an American gentleman who resembled a Scotchman in appearance and an Englishman in speech. He had lived for eight years in England, besides having travelled much on the Continent,

and had consequently lost his Yankee prejudices, and grafted a wise liberality of judgment on to the American freedom of view and speech. Two of our other companions were a pleasant young Prussian doctor of science, from Berlin, and a man from New York who claimed to be English, but who had lived out of the "old country" for thirty years, and who, like many of his class, was more bitterly prejudiced against his fatherland than any foreigner could be.

He considered "that an Englishman abroad was the most contemptible being on the face of the earth."

Having no inclination to take up the cudgels with such an adversary, we left him and his Anglophobia alone.

Meanwhile, the heat, which had been steadily increasing, became almost unbearable. We found out afterwards that we had been travelling with the thermometer at 105° in the shade.

At seven o'clock in the evening, on arrival at "the Dalles," where we had to wait for three hours, it was almost impossible to put one's feet to the bedroom floor; the carpet burnt like fire.

At "the Dalles" we joined the train which had left Portland at three o'clock in the afternoon, our

river expedition having necessitated our earlier morning start.

A terribly hot night spent in the railway cars brought us to Sunday morning. As a whole, I think the scenery of the Northern Pacific line, *after* "the Dalles" is most disappointing, considering what exaggerated accounts of its superb beauty we had received. We passed two huge lakes, the Cœur d'Alea and the Pend d'Oreille, but these are more immense than picturesque. There are some fine gorges, and one or two grand "bits," but nothing, I think, that can justify the wonderful description that one hears of the grandeur of the line. There are miles upon miles of long, dreary, monotonous stretches of tufted grass, with a few trees here and there, before you come within any possibilities of gorge or ravine. The travelling, however, though more expensive, is far smoother upon the Northern Pacific than upon most of the other lines, and I conclude that the road is therefore better made, which may account for the higher rates.

Moreover, at long last, the dining car is an accomplished fact on this line, not a reminiscence of the past, or a mere hope for the future. There *are* dining cars attached to the trains, and, after waiting an immense time, you *can* get a more or less eatable meal

“on board.” Between Livingstone and St. Paul the enormous stretches of wheat fields make a wonderful show in August, we are told, and this seems to be one of the great attractions of the Northern Pacific line, But as we were travelling only as far as Livingstone and a month before the harvest, we gained no benefit from this fact. A hot Sunday was spent alternately sitting outside the cars for air and coming back again to escape the fierce rays of the sun. Another suffocating night, and on Monday, by 2.30 p.m., we had reached Livingstone, exhausted our railway tickets, and were at length forced to come to a decision on a point which had exercised our minds for some days past.

Should we, or should we not, take a “round ticket” for the Yellowstone Park?

These tickets, which cost \$40 each, cover the train from Livingstone to Cinnabar (about three hours), take you into the park, give you five days' board there, and allow for the various stages through the park, it being optional to extend the limit of time by paying hotel bills when the five days' coupons are exhausted. The drawback was, that we wished to do one or two things not included in the programme, and, moreover, our Yo-Semite experiences had

put us very much out of conceit with stages, and we were hoping to be able to make some arrangement for a private carriage.

As usual, no one could give us the smallest information or advice upon this or any other point connected with the expedition, and "Appleton" was of course sublimely above detail, recommending, in a general sort of way, "camping out and fishing and hunting!"

An American bride and bridegroom, on a honeymoon trip from Saint Louis, were even more at sea than ourselves. At length it ended in our taking the round tickets, trusting to be able to add or alter according to circumstances and our own feelings later on.

We reached Cinnabar railway terminus at half-past five, amidst drizzling rain and found there no station, only a wooden shed. It was fortunate for us that we had left our heavy baggage at Livingstone, instead of bringing it on to Cinnabar to be left at "the dépôt" there.

Once more we clambered into a high, covered stage and began a jolting journey over rocks and mud, which reminded one too forcibly of previous sad experiences.

The entrance to the park is not very striking. Black, bare hills rise up on either side, a river winding to the travellers' left and a dreary expanse of bog

and mud to be waded through, chiefly "against the collar." For the first three quarters of an hour the tossing and jolting were terrible, quite destroying all chance of comfort or conversation, but matters improved towards the last half-hour, and I had some interesting talk with a pleasant American, who had lived much amongst the Indians and took a hopeful view of them. He believed more in education than heredity and thought they possessed some very grand qualities; being made so fierce and treacherous chiefly by the ill-treatment and cheating of the whites, who pauperize wherever they go. He mentioned the case of one Indian village he knew well, where the people had lived in clean little "doby" huts, and were busy and happy until the railway came there. A year later he saw those people again and said that the change which had come over them was enough to make one's heart ache. They had become drunkards, liars and thieves; utterly degraded, lazy and useless; just living from hand to mouth, upon government, and having lost all self-respect. Where such opposite opinions are given as the result of personal experience, it is impossible for any outsider to come to a conclusion on the subject.

The Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel was to be our

first resting place in the Park, and our last experience of comfort and civilization, before going further afield.

The hotel (86) was quite new, barely opened and still smelling strongly of plaster and whitewash; large and roomy and very fairly comfortable. The first view from it of the famous Minerva Terrace is disappointing.

The hotel stands on a plateau, shut in by hills, some 7,000 feet above the sea and is not unlike Las Vegas Hot Springs in situation.

Facing the hotel, to the left, rise the Minerva Terraces. At a little distance they look like low hills of chalk and shale, with a few shrubs dotted over their base; but coming closer, you perceive that they rise in graduated steps, formed by a sort of condensed foam that appears to be flowing over these "Terraces," but which is in reality a crumbly soft stone formed by the magnesium and silica deposited by the waters of the Hot Springs.

The tints are very beautiful; pure white billowy snow; then every shade of rich brown, toning up to crimson where there has been iron in the deposits; then again the faint green and yellow colouring which denotes the presence of sulphur. The temperature is unpleasantly hot, but just endurable by the naked

hand, and the deep turquoise or sapphire blue of the water makes a striking contrast to the crimson and brown and yellow deposits which I have already mentioned.

Near the hotel is a large, extinct geyser, rising up like a monument of rough blocks of brownish-coloured silica and magnesium.

Under its eaves, hundreds of pretty little brown and white birds (a species of swallow) have built their nests. These nests are made entirely of mottled mud. In shape each is like a fair-sized Indian drinking bottle, the mouth being twisted downwards. The little bird flies in through this, and sits looking out of his home, from the narrow porch. One nest was broken, which enabled us to see how beautifully they were smoothed inside, although the outside has this rough and mottled appearance.

It may be as well here to say a few words, for the benefit of the uninitiated, on the subject of these hot springs and geyser formations. I have already said that the Minerva terraces look as though they had been formed by a thick crust of silicious magnesium deposit upon the undulating grounds, which, doubtless, originally resembled those of the surrounding country.

Bunsen's theory is that where volcanic eruptions

and hot springs occur, the earth's crust is specially thin at those points and the boiling, seething mass which makes the interior of the earth is forced through the surface, either in the form of lava, as in volcanoes, or in boiling water, as at these hot springs.

Geyser is an Icelandic name signifying "spouter" or "rusher." It is a hot spring which erupts periodically in basalt or rock quartz. When a geyser ceases to erupt it is dying out. The hot springs are chiefly incrustations of lime and magnesium, but it is hard to draw the line between geysers and hot springs.

Some of these geysers rise, on eruption, to a height of 70, 80, 100, even up to 250 feet.

The rainbow effect of the sun shining upon these spouting waters is very beautiful.

After working for intervals varying from five to twenty-five minutes these geysers will subside, sometimes for an interval of hours, sometimes of weeks and sometimes even of months. Some of them erupt much more frequently than others. For example "Old Faithful" at the Upper Geyser Basin goes off regularly once in sixty-five minutes; "The Giantess" only once in fourteen days, and other smaller geysers at intervals of two and three days.

The only known and sure connection between any

two of these geysers is that between "The Grand" and "The Turban," which invariably go off and subside at the same moment.

These are separated by some yards of distance at the mouths but must be connected subterraneously. The cones of these geysers are made of silicious coral.

Dr. Halcock (the great Yellowstone authority), in Washington, told us an amusing story of his being in the Park on one occasion with a number of *savants*, amongst whom were one or two scientific Germans. A great discussion took place about some wonderful and novel deposit which had been found in the pool of one of the geysers. Was it a silicious deposit, or the result of the confluence of the waters?

After much disputing and difference of opinion amongst the learned, the mystery was solved. One of the party had thrown in an old shirt which had been fossilized by the action of the water. On the Minerva Terraces, by the way, we found several trunks of trees entirely covered over by this silicious deposit.

Bunsen's theory of the intermittent action of geysers is as follows:

The boiling point of water depends, as we know, upon the height of the pressure of atmosphere; the greater the pressure, the higher will be the boiling point.

Now 212° is the usual boiling point, but this point is not reached by these geyser waters under 219° , because there is not only the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere to be considered, but the pressure of the column of water in addition.

As this latter pressure is removed by the spouting of the water, the geyser gradually cools down again to the ordinary boiling point and the waters subside, to be again heated up to 219° , when the play begins once more.

In volcanic districts the earth's crust, being very thin, is extremely hot ; the rains and snows come down and are heated by this burning earth, rising in steam, which condenses again to water and is forced up, carrying with it the silica which forms the incrustation round the orifice of the geyser.

The steam, when condensing, makes or finds a reservoir amongst the rocks for its basin. It runs off the side of the cone to the river, being replaced either by soaking in from above or condensing from below, as has been already described.

When this action of the steam ceases the geyser becomes extinct.

The geysers of Iceland have been longest known but are probably younger than those in the Yellow-

stone, which antedate Iceland as Iceland antedates New Zealand.

In Iceland there are 70 springs to 200 acres and two notable geysers.

In New Zealand there are 71 springs to 61 acres of ground.

In Yellowstone Park 1,300 springs to 2,000 acres of ground.

The geysers in the Yellowstone Park were first discovered by Clark in 1806, but his account was not believed by the authorities.

In 1871 Dr. Haydon got a bill through Congress by which 3,275 square miles were reserved as a national park to preserve this district from adventurers.

The volcanic area is almost entirely comprised within these limits.

Geysers cannot exist without the presence of this volcanic condition, although volcanoes may exist without geysers, properly so called.

The absence of geysers in the east of America is due to the absence of volcanic conditions there.

Having determined to see the Yellowstone Park as quietly and comfortably as possible, we began by a few days' rest at Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, watching the rest of our fellow-travellers off on the second

morning, for their five days' rush through the Geyser district. The rain that had greeted our arrival had disappeared, giving place to brilliant blue skies and beautiful effects of cloud, light and shadow, which we watched for hours from our verandah.

We went for daily strolls all over the "formation," which is the technical name for the Minerva Terraces, and learnt much of the shape, colours and peculiarities of these wonderful natural curiosities.

Each evening, towards sunset, the rain came on and drove us indoors, and more than once we had a thunderstorm. The hot steam from Minerva Terraces looked very beautiful then against the angry dark purple and crimson clouds in the background, whilst on the other side, a lovely rainbow gave promise of a clearing shower.

Part of the time also was spent in making arrangements for an independent and leisurely drive through the Park to all the objects of interest, which should give us ten days to see what is usually hurried over in a third of that time.

We were quite determined to charter our own vehicle, to have our own driver, and to be utterly and entirely free from the horrors of any more public stageing, so far as the Yellowstone Park was concerned.

It was, however, one thing to form this resolution and quite another to carry it out, in a place so entirely free from the healthy breath of competition.

One man had the monopoly of all the stages, waggons and horses available, and it took us two or three days, and exhausted a large stock of patience, to come to anything like terms with him.

At length, having arrived at the conclusion that we really did know something about the matter and were fully prepared to pay liberally for extra comfort but were equally prepared to resist extortion, the terms of the treaty were duly signed and delivered, and at 8 o'clock one morning we were safely packed into our very diminutive spring cart, with a melancholy-looking and very silent driver in command of the expedition.

The National Park covers an area of 65 miles north and south by 55 miles east and west.

On the principle of taking life very quietly, we intended to drive only four or five hours the first day and to sleep at the "Norris Geyser," where most travellers only pause for lunch, on their way to the Lower Geyser Basin.

For the first three miles out from Mammoth Hot Springs the road was monotonous, but we then came upon some very fine rocks covered with yellow lichen,

standing boldly out on both sides of the valley and river and called "The Golden Gate."

Here we dismounted for a better view, and the effect of these rugged rocks in the foreground with a purple haze of leafless trees in the background was very striking.

The springs about the Park destroy vegetation to a great extent, but we passed one prettily wooded peak called Bunsen's Peak, after the great scientist.

Some few miles further on came the Obsidian cliffs, which, like most other things, are rather disappointing at first sight.

They had been described as being perfectly black rocks, composed of *glass*.

Now they looked very much like any other rock formations, but where the pieces had been broken off and crumbled down, the glass-like stone was very apparent and shone like jet.

Leaving these behind, we drove through some monotonous woods where the trees had been cut down and merely strewn along the path, for they are not worth the expense of transportation, and only serve to bank up the roads. Then we came upon a series of pretty lakes.

First came Beaver Lake, dammed across by green

turf dams which have been thrown up by the beavers.

Swan Lake, Myrtle Lake, and Mineral Lake were all passed in turn. These pretty sheets of water, with occasional plateaux of green grass fringed by pines brought us at length to Norris Geyser Basin, four hours from our starting point.

This basin covers several acres of white and coloured deposit ground, full of bubbling hot springs, and several of the smaller geysers are in the neighbourhood of it.

The little wooden mountain inn where we intended to pass the night was much crowded by tourists at the time of our arrival, for it was just the mid-day meal time, and those going through the park or returning from the expedition had all met here for dinner. All the latter looked sunburnt, and most of them were terribly stung by mosquitoes.

The Norris Geyser Inn could only boast of three or four wooden chambers, all of which were occupied when we arrived, so we went into a hot stuffy room for some dinner, and then hearing that our Saint Louis bride and bridegroom had returned from the park that morning and were camping out close by, we wandered through the woods and came upon a very pleasant *al fresco* entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Dozier and some friends had improvised a table from the fallen logs, and were regaling upon potted meats and lager beer in the open air, to escape the heat and confusion that reigned within doors.

They were much exhausted by their rapid travelling, but full of the wonders and beauties they had seen, and after some exchange of experiences, we returned to our primitive rooms and to such rest as the flies and mosquitoes would allow us.

These rooms are peculiarly simple in construction, consisting merely of boarded floors, ceilings of brown paper nailed over rafters, and walls made of strips of brown cardboard just tacked slightly together over the wooden boarding. Every sound is, of course, audible all over the inn, and as there is frequently a spare inch or two between the wooden boards of the walls, you can see as well as hear your neighbours on the other side.

Next morning at 9 o'clock our little "buckboard" arrived, and we drove on through the woods, the scene being varied by the most beautiful skies, which seem to be peculiar to this Park district. I have never seen more billowy, foam-like clouds of pearly white against such intense blue sky.

All these woods are full of the pretty little ground squirrel or "chip munk," which abounds in these

regions. It is just the size of the ordinary squirrel, and has the same brown sides, but the back is covered by beautiful stripes of black, brown and tan colours.

These little creatures live in the earth, but come tearing out of their holes on the approach of any stranger, and rush along some fallen tree trunk, looking at you with bright bead-like eyes and little ears cocked knowingly to one side.

We were now driving along by the Gibbon River, which flows through the Gibbon Cañon, and a stiff climb down the cañon sides gave us a fine view of the magnificent Gibbon Falls.

Three and a half hours' driving from the Norris Basin brought us to the Lower Geyser Basin, where we were to dine, but not to stay until our return journey, as we wished to get on at once to the Upper Geyser Basin, where all the most beautiful sights are to be seen.

By three o'clock in the afternoon we had discussed a very bad dinner, and were ready for the latter half of our day's work.

Midway between the two places we came upon the "Middle Basin," known as Hell's Half Acre. In spite of such a discouraging name this is a most beautiful spot. On one side rises up a huge cauldron of smoke and

steam, which blows across a beautiful little piece of water called the Prismatic Lake, from the beautiful colours thrown upon it by the sun shining through the clouds of drifting steam.

The shores of this lake are also of various coloured earths, deposited by the hot springs. Here we saw every shade of crimson, rose, and faintest pink. The waters reflected the loveliest shades of turquoise and sapphire blue. The sky had its own glorious and distinctive blue tint, and the earth round the lake shaded off to yellow, gold, dun, and brown, through every tint of primary colour, the exquisitely tinted vaporous clouds of steam catching the sun's rays and throwing them off into rainbow hues.

Such a feast of colour I never saw before, and we were luckily there just when the sun was at its highest power.

Close by was a beautiful hot spring of deepest turquoise blue water, with fringes of deep sapphire, called "The Morning Glory."

Further on we came upon some of the noted geysers of the Upper Basin. Amongst these were the "Giant," the "Grotto," the "Splendid," and the "Castle," all of which were steaming, and some bubbling over, but none in a state of active eruption. The "Giantess"

goes off only once a fortnight, the "Beehive" every two or three days as a rule, but had been unusually quiet at the time of our visit. When an eruption is imminent, a great amount of smoke is emitted, generally after a loud rumbling noise. Then come clouds of steam, and finally jets of water, which rise by degrees to the greatest possible altitude of the special geyser.

Most of these geysers have a cone around them, rising from six to ten feet, and composed of the deposits left by the waters.

The "Beehive" is so named from the shape of its cone, which is smaller than that of some less important geysers.

The "Tyrian," just opposite our inn, has a yellow cone, and resembles a giant sponge in formation.

Having secured our rooms, we sat in the verandah anxiously awaiting the first eruption of "Old Faithful." This is a most beautiful geyser in action, although it does not rise higher than 120 feet, and being so absolutely regular and dependable shares the usual fate of human beings who possess these sterling qualities, and is much less appreciated than those who, being unreliable and eccentric, are consequently more highly prized.

Our rooms at the Upper Geyser Inn were similar to those we had just vacated, but the food, if possible, was worse.

The rarefied air was most exhausting to our unaccustomed lungs, and there was too much opportunity for the study of natural history to make going to bed an absolute and unmitigated pleasure, in spite of weary bones.

Having made the surly old manager come in to kill a huge winged beetle that was careering around my brown paper ceiling, I got into bed, but alas! not to sleep.

Mosquitoes and moths raged around, and just as I was dropping off, a second enormous beetle fell flop on the pillow, and had to be killed with flapping towels before any rest was possible.

After 6 a.m. sleep is impossible in these primitive inns, and breakfast is punctually at 7.30 a.m. The old gentleman who managed this special home treated us all like a pack of school children.

It was necessary to get up at a particular moment, to breakfast on the stroke of the clock, and to dine exactly at 12.30, just when it was most impossible to eat.

In the morning we went for a stroll on the "formation" opposite our inn.

We investigated the orifices of the "Beehive" and the "Giantess," the latter being remarkable as having no cone, simply a little lakelet of loveliest blue water, with blue and sapphire rock linings for its inner walls.

Then we climbed up the tiny terraces of crustaceous formation round "Old Faithful," nearer home, and were surprised by the smallness of the orifice out of which this great column emerges so regularly.

In the afternoon we took our "buck-board," and drove to the "Specimen Lake," a half-dry bed, where one can see the process of "formation."

These specimens look like soft spongy coral of green, pink, crimson, and brown.

They can be easily crushed by the foot, and assume pretty or grotesque forms when left alone to harden gradually.

As the "Splendid," close by, absolutely refused to "go off" for our satisfaction, we had to drive home without seeing him erupt; but after dinner both the "Castle" and the "Oblong" went off, and we had a fine view of them, but admired neither so much as our dear "Old Faithful."

In order to see some famous "Paint Pots," as they are called, we took another and far worse road than the

one we had come, in returning once more to the Lower Geyser Basin. On our way we passed a great deal of the yellowstone gentian. It is more purple in colouring than the large sapphire Alpine gentian, and grows several inches from the ground, but is similar in form and size to the Swiss species.

Carpets of gentian are found in the National Park, also monkshood and lupin in great profusion, but the wild flowers at this time of year did not compare with what we had seen in the Yo-Semite Valley.

Some mile and a half before arriving at the Lower Geyser Basin we got out of our carriage and walked up a small hill to see the mud or paint pots.

Imagine a basin some 35 by 25 feet, full of seething, boiling mud of various colours—white, cream, pink, and crimson—and you will have a fair idea of the celebrated “Paint Pots” of the National Park.

The water beneath is constantly throwing up this coloured mud in the most fantastic and often beautiful shapes.

Flowers, birds'-nests, poached eggs—these were constantly forming and disappearing as the mud rose and fell.

It was most fascinating to watch the constant play, and speculate on the next curious combination, but the

mud spouts out sometimes on coats and dresses in very inconvenient fashion.

There is just the one mammoth "Paint Pot," but the pools and springs in it are innumerable.

Some of the mud is thrown several feet into the air. Many of these springs throb regularly like a pulse, without being strong enough to throw up the mud from their pink and crimson breasts.

As we came away, the "Fountain," the chief geyser of the Basin, erupted very beautifully for fifteen or twenty minutes, throwing off its waters in clouds of diamond drops, and in quite different fashion from any of the geysers we had seen.

Interesting as the Upper Geyser Basin is, it was a relief to get away from the strong sulphur surroundings after the second day's stay there. The densely sulphurous atmosphere, in addition to the rarefied air, seemed to affect both appetite and sleeping powers, and the misery of washing in sulphur water was great. On this second visit to the Lower Geyser Basin we slept there, finding pleasant and quiet rooms in a cottage belonging to the hotel. A terrible drive next morning from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. across "The Divide" took us to the Yellowstone Falls in the neighbourhood of the

Yellowstone Cañon, which is the most magnificent bit of the whole park.

The Geysers are of course extremely interesting, more especially to a scientific man, but to casual observers, to have seen one good geyser "go off" is to have seen them all, whereas the glorious Cañon remains a joy and beauty for ever.

The road thither from the Lower Geyser Basin is at first very monotonous, through woods of burnt trees, plateaux of green meadows, and low hills shutting in the horizon.

For the first three hours the travelling was terribly severe. We jolted on over stumps and stones, several times having to ford rivers on our road.

We walked up all the worst hills, for the "collar work" was most severe upon our poor horses. I never saw worse roads. No attempt has been made to clear them, and our driver went doggedly over enormous stones and roots of trees, finishing up by driving calmly over two large fir trees which had been thrown across the road and left there.

We struck here and insisted on getting down, but the "buckboard" went triumphantly across the huge trunks.

A dozen times it seemed absolutely miraculous that

we escaped an upset, and the fatigue was terrible. We had taken some very stringy mutton sandwiches with us for lunch, as there was no resting place, but it was absolutely impossible to sit still anywhere and eat them, on account of the swarms of mosquitoes that came round and drove us off.

The prettiest and best part of the thirty miles drive between the Lower Geyser Basin and the Falls Hotel is the last seven miles of the road, after the fork has been passed, which would lead in another nine miles to the Yellowstone Lake.

We reached the Falls Inn, a most primitive little house, at four o'clock in the afternoon, very hot, very tired, and very dusty, and had much difficulty in getting rooms, as the accommodation is limited.

There is a system of telephoning arranged throughout the Park, but we soon found that it was impossible to trust either that our order for rooms would be sent or acted upon, unless it happened just to suit the convenience of the agents who transmitted or received the message.

The one terrible drawback to the enjoyment of life at the Yellowstone Falls (after the food, which was absolutely uneatable) was the enormous size and maddening persistence of the mosquitoes.

There were, of course, no such luxuries as mosquito curtains. For that matter there was not a blind to any window in the house. It was necessary to hang up waterproof cloaks and dress in the dark as usual, but this was a minor trouble compared with the mosquito plague.

The Upper Fall is within five minutes of the inn, but the mosquitoes haunt the place and make it impossible to look out of more than one eye at a time, and that in the most surreptitious manner. The rapids above the Fall are extremely picturesque, and the Upper Fall is about 160 feet high, the cauldron below foaming up like a young Niagara.

Next morning we had looked forward to a happy, idle time spent on the rocks, overlooking this beautiful fall. Our Paradise lasted some nine minutes, after which we were positively driven back by the horse flies and gigantic mosquitoes.

In the afternoon we took horses and rode up a rocky, mountainous path behind the inn for three or four miles along the Grand Cañon.

Our way led past the Lower Fall, which reminded me somewhat of the Nevada Fall in the Yo-Semite Valley.

This Lower Fall is 300 feet high, almost double the

height of the Upper Fall, but is not so picturesque as the latter.

Every returning traveller had told me that I never had seen and never could see anything to compare in beauty of form and colour with the Grand Cañon in Yellowstone Park. Having seen more of the world than many other people, this constant reiteration was a little aggravating.

Because *they* had never seen anything so beautiful, did it follow that I must endorse the opinion?

There is much contrariety in human nature, and I set out for the Cañon involuntarily prejudiced and unconsciously determined not to admire it in any such extravagant fashion.

But I am fain to confess that in spite of considerable experience and great prejudice beforehand, I must also take rank amongst those who stoutly affirm that they have never seen anything to equal it for beauty. The colouring at first seemed faint and was rather disappointing, as I pointed out triumphantly to my companion.

By degrees criticism was disarmed and gave place to an almost awe-struck admiration. The beautiful, bold, and sometimes grotesque forms of the rocks which run sheer down into the Cañon, often almost

meeting those from the other side, combined with the marvellous colouring, made up a picture that surpassed our most exaggerated expectations.

The bold, fantastic forms of the rocks would be beautiful enough, but add to this the most delicate, varied, and gorgeous colouring that can be conceived, and the effect is magical.

There may be found every shade; faintest lemon, sulphur and orange, blazing white and softest cream, toning into rose pink; deep crimson and glowing red; then every shade of brown, from lightest fawn to deepest vandyke; then comes the contrast of emerald green trees with the rose pink and cream, and above all, the glorious blue sky reflected in a rushing stream of foam and faintest green shades.

The sides of the Cañon are from 300 to 500 yards apart, and the height of the sides from 1,200 to 1,500 feet.

From "Look Out Point," about two miles from the hotel, the best view of the *formation* of the Cañon is to be had.

There the rocks assume the grandest shapes, standing bolder out, far across the Cañon. On the very top of one crag, right in the midst of the Cañon, and absolutely inaccessible, was an eagle's nest made

of twigs and leaves. A poor little eagle inside was crying out pitifully for its food.

A thoughtless or cruel traveller had shot the mother, but I fancy a kind old eagle friend was going to take care of the poor little motherless creature, for I saw her flying towards the nest as we stood on the rocky promontory, and after this the plaintive cries seemed to cease.

We went on for another two miles beyond "Look Out Point" to "Inspiration Point," the colours becoming deeper and more beautiful as we went further up the Cañon.

At length, reaching our haven, we dismounted and walked on to the furthest crag.

As "Look Out Point" gives the best view of the rock formations, so Inspiration Point affords the loveliest glimpses of the beautiful colouring of the Cañon.

One great beauty at this latter point is a view in the middle distance of a small but exquisitely coloured rock of deepest Indian red, close to one of dark saffron yellow.

These two small rocks of such intense and burning colour seem to gather up and focus all the lovely tints around them, giving as it were the key note to the whole glorious colour symphony.

The grand colouring of the rocks is partly due to the hot-water springs in their neighbourhood, combined no doubt with volcanic action at some early period.

I should strongly advise all lady travellers to secure a horse beforehand for this expedition, otherwise one is tired out before reaching Inspiration Point and apt to give in and console oneself by thinking that the view is just as grand from one of the other numerous crags.

The walk was described to us as an easy stroll, but it is over four miles of good stiff work either way.

Several men, tired out with previous exertions, gave in at Look Out Point, and so lost the most beautiful part of the Cañon, for the colouring cannot be seen to the fullest advantage at any nearer point.

I may here remark upon the great "game swindle" of the Yellowstone Park.

The game and the fishing are two of the chief attractions held out to male travellers, but as a matter of fact *no shooting is allowed* in the park, and notices to that effect greet you at every turn.

There is a certain amount of fishing to be had it is true, but nothing to justify the frequent assertion that the only drawback to fishing in the National Park is that

the enormous quantity of fish to be caught makes the amusement tedious.

On the Gardiner River, on our way from Cinnabar to Mammoth Hot Springs, there is a boiling spring in the river, and the proper thing to do is to catch your fish in the latter and throw it over with your rod into the hot spring, where it will be boiled in a few minutes.

A gentleman we knew determined to make the experiment and did so successfully, but he had to wait three hours for his trout and this could hardly have been entirely due to want of skill, were the fish as plentiful as they are represented to be.

It was said that bear and mountain lion might be shot in the park, but no one seemed very eager to avail himself of this permission, if it were genuine.

A few years ago the park was overrun by the Indians, but they have been successfully driven away now, only making occasional raids from the north-east corner, and then with a view to theft. The bears are more dangerous. They are sometimes tempted by the smell of the meat hanging outside the tents of campers-out, and make adventurous descents from their mountain homes occasionally, to carry away a few pounds of savoury steak.

Some of our party went off to the Yellowstone Lake,

but as that would have entailed another thirty-six miles of driving and there was no facility for camping out to break the journey, we gave up the expedition, and our friends, on their return, said we had been wise in so doing.

The drive is a fairly pretty one, with a view of mountains in the very far distance, but the lake itself seems to be chiefly remarkable for existing at all on such high grounds, 8,000 feet above the sea level.

It is a large sheet of water, twenty miles long by ten or twelve miles broad, and will doubtless repay a visit when some accommodation for travellers has been made there, or for those who are camping out and can therefore see it in peace and quietness.

The food was extremely bad all through the park after leaving the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel.

As all the meat comes from the same place to Norris Geyser Basin and is distributed thence to all parts, this must be chiefly the fault of the cooking. It was always cold, badly served, greasy and generally uneatable and we were reduced to living entirely on bread and butter.

Now, bread and butter with good air is doubtless quite sufficient nourishment, but it is very wearisome to be forced to go through the form of eating other

things which only the stomach of a horse could digest.

As the park civilization is advancing with such rapid bounds, doubtless these matters will be looked into and improved.

Several people in the Falls Inn elected to go back to the Mammoth Hot Springs over the trail of Mount Washbourn and thence on horseback to "Jancy's," a little inn about twenty miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel.

There is a stage from "Jancy's" to the latter but it only runs twice a week and would not fit in with their plans, so the whole journey had to be made on horseback and occupied two days.

Not feeling at all able for such an expedition at the time, we were reluctantly obliged to give up the idea of it.

The rest started from the Falls at eight o'clock on a wet, miserable morning, which gave no sign of clearing.

The ascent, which is very steep, took four and a half hours, but fortunately the sun came out at the last for a few moments and they had a fine view of the whole park from the mountain top.

Another four hours of riding brought them to "Jancy's" for the night.

Here a poor little bride of twenty, who had been overdoing herself very much by going on foot the previous day to Inspiration Point, after the terrible journey from the Lower Geyser Basin, completely gave in.

The disconsolate husband telephoned to the Hot Springs Hotel for a waggon to take her back, but by next morning the young lady (who looked more like a child of fourteen than a staid matron of twenty) had revived and insisted upon riding her horse for the last four and a half hours, so the cart was sent on a fruitless errand.

For ourselves, we spent another day at the Falls, braving the mosquitoes, and then ordered up our "buck-board" to return to the Norris Geyser Basin by a new "stump" road, which had been barely open six weeks when we went over it.

There was no mistake about the stumps. The road had been made very simply, by cutting down the trees through the woods to within ten to twenty inches of the ground.

Under such conditions, of course, only two-horse vehicles can pass.

If you are lucky, the wheels escape the stumps, whilst the poor horses perform a very ingenious sword dance *amongst* them.

If you are unlucky, or the driver careless, the wheels go right over the stumps, and the sensation is far from pleasant, even if you are not entirely upset by the performance. The drive is twelve miles, and very uninteresting on the whole. We took three hours and a half over it, reaching the Norris Geyser at 7 p.m. A new inn was being built here, to be opened in 1887, and we were amused to find that our own old resting-place had only been built six weeks.

It does not take long to run up brown paper ceilings and walls, and these mountain inns are built and deserted at a few weeks' notice.

Even the grand-looking red roofs turn out to be a sort of *papier mâché*, made of fire-and-water-proof paper.

The monetary arrangements for this expedition are very convenient for the traveller who is forced to have a good amount of ready money at hand, but does not wish to risk it in these out-of-the-way mountain inns and expeditions.

You can lodge all money and valuables in the office of the Hot Springs Hotel on first entering the park, you can then get a letter of credit, which will carry you through without a cent in your pockets. Every

bed, meal, horse or waggon is entered on this letter, and the grand settlement is made upon your return.

July is, I think, the best month for visiting the National Park. In June the snow is often still lying on the ground, and in August the place is overrun by tourists, and the air begins already to feel a little chilly.

The Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel seemed the very climax of civilization on our return from the park, and we enjoyed a quiet Sunday there again, watching a whole party of some seventy or eighty deaf and dumb people who were to be "personally conducted" through the park, and who came from an institution in the Eastern States.

It seemed a happy idea to feast their eyes upon such a sight as the Yellowstone Cañon as nature had denied so much enjoyment to them.

They were almost without exception middle-aged and even elderly people, and seemed wonderfully bright and contented. They talked a great deal to each other during the meals, using only one hand as a rule.

Their orders had to be given in writing and were generally well written, but rather deficient in prepositions, as we remarked when the black waiter brought us a few for inspection.

Before closing this chapter on the National Park, I would once more strongly condemn the too frequent practice of rushing through all these wonders in five days. Physically and mentally alike, it is impossible to bring away any true picture of them under such conditions.

A fortnight at least is required to see the park with any satisfaction, and I should strongly recommend those who go there without the intention of camping out *not* to take any tickets beforehand, but to spend a few days at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, where they will be able to make their own arrangements for a private team, and settle their route in peace, striking an average of experience amongst those travellers who will from day to day be returning from the expedition.

The slight extra expense of such a course will be more than made up to them by their extra comfort and independence.

CHAPTER V.

AMERICAN MINES AND SALT LAKE CITY.

ON the morning of our departure from the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, we reached Cinnabar in time to catch the 8.45 train, a terribly slow one, which took four hours to get through a short fifty miles.

On arriving at Livingstone, we were met as usual by the cheerful intelligence that a "storm cloud" had burst and destroyed a bridge 80 miles east, and that consequently our North Pacific train was hopelessly behind time. The delay might cover four, five, ten or even twelve hours!

There was nothing for it but patience and endurance. The heat was intense; there was no waiting room at the depôt, and no information to be gained by staying there, so we strolled across to a little hotel run by the North Pacific Company, and managed to get some very fair food there, returning again for news. None had arrived and the station master prophesied our detention until midnight at least.

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, so we returned to the inn and I had just made preparations for a little rest there when my friend rushed in to say that the train had been suddenly telegraphed and would come into the station in ten minutes.

This is always the trying part of such delays. It is impossible to place the smallest faith in any official assertion or to relax your watch with security for five minutes. As the train made up a good deal of lost time, we reached Helena (the capital of Montana) by 9 o'clock in the evening and were driven to an hotel in the town which lies about a mile beyond the station.

Helena and Butte City are now what Leadville was five years ago, the great centres of the American Mining Interest and we had determined to spend a day here to see something of the mining district. The town itself is hot, dusty, and ever increasing in size and importance.

It is at the base of some hills and is surrounded on all sides by the mountains. These hills are dry and bare and with no vegetation about them, but are rich in mines, as one may see by the numerous cuttings that have been made in them. The sun beats down pitilessly on this city of the plains, which has not a tree

to shade it, and the heat and dust in August were terrible.

A fellow-traveller at breakfast next morning turned out to be the stepmother of our host at the Sierra Madre Villa, near Los Angeles.

She and her husband had come on our train the previous evening and were on business which might detain them for weeks or even months, in "the city."

It is very curious in America to watch the way in which quite elderly women seem able to uproot themselves at a moment's notice and go off for months to some desolate city to live there in a boarding house or hotel.

I suppose there is not the same difficulty in "leaving home" in a country where for the majority there is no such thing as "home" at all, judging by our English standard.

In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove all over the hot, dusty town.

There are some good houses in Helena and a great deal of wealth in the place, but even the recent importance of *this* city is waning now in favour of Butte City, and many of the "placer" mines have been consequently deserted.

The "placer" mines are those where the gold and

silver are comparatively on the surface, mixed up with the earth itself and washed out from it by a very powerful stream of water, brought from the surrounding hills by wooden aqueducts and directed against the soil containing the mineral deposits.

The force of the water separates the particles of gold from the surrounding earth, and both flow together into a wooden pipe, thence into a wooden receiver, where, being heavier than the water, the gold sinks to the bottom and is carried away, when the working days are over at the end of the season, to go through the ordinary refining processes.

The *underground* mines of course require much more labour and more complicated machinery to bring the quartz up bodily or in the form of rubble from the very bowels of the earth.

We saw several of these placer mines being worked by two or three men apiece and the earth between the hills is covered with mounds and inequalities where the work has been started, but these superficial mines seem to have been pretty well exhausted by this time. The sides of the mountains are perforated by excavations where mining has gone on, but Butte City is the latest mining craze and has monopolized most of the labour.

One of the chief mines in the neighbourhood of Helena is the "Drumlummun," about 18 miles from the city, and owned now by an Englishman, who bought it from the celebrated "Tommy Cruse" for a million and a half dollars. "Tommy," however, still retains some interest in the speculation.

This successful miner (an Irishman) began life without a cent, always having firm faith that he should some day "strike gold."

His faith was amply justified, for to-day he is one of the richest men in Helena. Two months before our visit he had married, at the age of sixty-five, a young woman of twenty-six.

A grand wedding took place. He gave his bride and his brother \$50,000 a-piece on the wedding-day, and spent, I grieve to say, \$150,000 more in making everybody in the town drunk on the auspicious occasion.

Our driver told us with great pride that he did not believe there was a sober man in Helena for three days afterwards!

One thing I noticed in Helena as a very distinctive feature of the place, namely, the very great taste in dress displayed by the women. I do not mean magnificence or mere show of costly material, which might be expected in a rich mining district, but I was struck by

the really good innate taste, which no money can buy.

Sitting out on the balcony one evening, we watched numbers of ladies driving and walking in the comparative "cool of the evening," and each one had some dainty touch about her attire. It might be a waistband, gloves and bonnet *en suite*, and contrasting pleasantly with a pretty coloured gown. Again, it would be a neat toilette of grey and black; of fawn and brown, or rose pink and french grey. The white dresses had all some pretty touch of faint colour about them which would be repeated in hat or bonnet, but never "insisted" upon too strongly.

This is not a question of money, for the materials were generally of the most simple; but the eye for colour possessed by these "mining ladies" would not disgrace a Paris boulevard.

Retracing our steps from Helena to Garrison, I must confess that we were more struck by the beauty of that portion of the North Pacific line than before; but in Switzerland scenes of equal beauty would be accepted as a matter of course.

At Garrison we rechecked our baggage for Salt Lake City, and thence crawled slowly along to Butte City, where a delay of five or six hours in the connection of

the trains gave us ample time to see something of the mining in this famous district.

The mines are high above the city and at a distance of a mile and a half from it.

“Express waggons” pass constantly to and fro for the use of the miners and mine owners, and we got into one of these. Being an empty time of day, we had the vehicle to ourselves and also the advantage of a guide in the good-natured, red-haired young man who drove us, and who had himself been overseer of one of the mines for two years, so knew every inch of the ground.

Butte City is much smaller than Helena, having only a population of 5,000 compared with the 10,000 inhabitants of the latter place. This difference, however, does not strike one at first sight, because Butte City is so much less compact than the Montana capital and lies scattered on many hills.

It is as dirty as any “black country” manufacturing towns, being full of mills and smoky chimneys. The mines are all on the high hills above the town proper. The whole distance is an ascent, the road being lined by small houses and stores. “Centreville” comes first, and on the very crest of the hill is “Walkerville,” where the chief mines are situated. The “Lexington,”

the "Moneton," and the "Alice" are three of the principal mines being worked at present.

The Butte City mines are chiefly silver mines. Gold is found in them, but in very small quantities; "just enough to swear by," as our driver said.

There had been great depreciation in silver owing to some Manchester operations with cotton, and the prospects of Butte had been seriously injured in consequence. It seemed strange to think that our far-away Manchester should be affecting this western mining town so disastrously.

We called upon the manager of the "Alice" mine, but unfortunately he was not at home. We had visions of going down the mine in a cage, but never realized them, and should, probably, not have been much the wiser had we done so.

American miners are too busy and practical to waste time in taking people down in the iron cage, which would entail taking two men off their work to go down in charge.

The manager of the "Moneton Mill" said rather grumpily that he would have gone down with us himself, but that he was obliged to go to Butte City that afternoon and could not spare the men to go, so we were forced to content ourselves with watching the

cage ascend and descend with the busy workmen.

Our driver, however, had leave to take us all over the Moneton Mill, and terribly hot work it was! Wood is burnt in all the furnaces, and I could not have believed that such terrific heat could be obtained from wood fires.

The terrible crimson glow of the furnaces as they opened a tiny trap-door and let me look at the whirling mass of molten mineral and earth remains with me as a sort of horrible nightmare.

An immense amount of machinery is used in these mills. The process of separating the silver from the other bodies (such as lead, quicksilver, lime, &c., &c.) are so many and so costly that it is difficult to realize that the profits can be very great.

The separation is effected by the varying degrees of heat, which melt the baser metals and carry them off in liquid form from the silver ore.

The quicksilver is carried off in vapour, but being dropped into water condenses again and is thus saved from destruction.

We passed great heaped-up masses of loose grey rubble which had come from the furnaces and glowed underneath like fire when stirred up by a shovel.

The silver, which has to be refined many times before it is free from dross, is placed in small receivers, and looked like a fairy silver sea, cold to the touch and of the consistency of thick paste. From the mill we went to the mine close by, where two holes in the ground, some twelve feet square, were being worked from 1,000 feet below the surface of the ground.

All the miners looked pale and exhausted. The heat is most enervating and injurious. They earn from three to three and a half dollars a day, and earn it hardly. The overseers are paid four and five dollars a day. Our driver had been forced to give up the work after two years as a matter of health, and to take to the more wholesome occupation of driving. He told us he never drove in the morning, but made all his money between the afternoon and 3.0 a.m.

Being asked what he could find to do in the small hours of the morning, he answered that he drove the men to and from the gambling houses. An immense amount of gambling goes on in these mining towns, and the men save little from their high wages in consequence. This man used to be a great gambler himself, but had given it up, and said he felt no temptation to it, and was certainly much better off so far as money went.

He thought Butte City was improving in these and other matters. The old reckless pioneers were either dying out or being suppressed by the higher standard of public opinion.

Men came to the "city" now with wives and children, and this had a softening effect upon the place and helped to civilize it. There were few "shootings" now, and a year or two ago these had been most common.

I fear *honesty* is not the strong point in Butte City, however, for we had met kind old Mr. Sutro in the Yellowstone Park (from Sutro Heights), and he had been severely robbed the one night he spent at Butte. Moreover, a gentleman travelling at the same time as ourselves had been roused in the middle of the night by a policeman, who had seen two trunks carried off from the inn and wished to know if the man were justified in taking them. It was a case of theft, but I believe, in this instance, the property was recovered.

Returning to Butte City after our mining expedition, we took an evening train on the Utah and Northern line for Ogden, where we should change for Salt Lake City.

We were now on the "narrow gauge," and the sleepers were proportionately uncomfortable. The heat

was so great that it was absolutely impossible to sleep with the windows closed, and the sheets were consequently an inch deep in blacks. My face and hands would have rivalled those of a sweep by morning, but anything seemed preferable to suffocation behind the heavy "sleeper" curtains in such an atmosphere. The night was very hot, and we passed some great altitudes, when I was invariably awakened by the feeling of intense oppression and difficulty in breathing.

At length, to my infinite relief, day broke with the most glorious colouring of deep pink and crimson above and below two lines of darkest purple hue, the one being the sky line, the other the line of hills in the distant horizon.

The jolting of the train on the narrow gauge was so great that several times in the night it seemed as if we *must* leave the rails. This is indeed no unusual occurrence. A gentleman told me that his son had travelled on this line a few weeks previously, when the train did leave the track and one poor man barely escaped suffocation, for the jar "snapped to" the spring of his narrow top berth, closing him inside it. Mercifully some one saw the catastrophe, and he was extricated before life became extinct.

This possibility is another objection to upper berths in a sleeping car.

When we had safely arrived at Ogden, a considerate friend told us that he had been in the telegraph department at some station the previous night, and heard some of the instructions which were not calculated to cheer nervous travellers. "The track is in a very dangerous condition." "Drive slowly at such and such a place."

The country is bleak and barren until the first influences of the Mormon settlement begin to appear.

The whole line, however, is remarkable for the great profusion of sunflowers. These are smaller than ours, and about the size of a "single" dahlia, and have very pretty brown centres.

I trust Oscar Wilde duly appreciated them when he was in the neighbourhood.

Passing through Idaho, we came upon an Indian reservation of much the same type as those in New Mexico, only the "doby" houses were replaced here by a sort of Europeanized wigwam. These were not made as usual with the bark of trees, but by a number of sticks fastened together in wigwam fashion, and covered with modern-looking "tenting." It was

pitiful to see one poor old Indian, quite blind, who was being led along in rather ruthless fashion by a little Indian daughter. She had put a leather strap over her shoulder, one end of which was attached to the poor old man, and she "hailed" him along to beg, as any stray travellers came in sight.

We stayed for breakfast at Pocatello, and for dinner at Camp Logan, the famous Mormon settlement, where we dined at the house of a Mormon said to possess no less than seven wives. They produced a very good dinner, the best fowl we have eaten in the States, and excellent meat. The meat in the Mormon settlements is, however, universally superior to any we have had in the eastern or western states.

At Logan we entered upon a very different scene to the barren country we had just left. Here the valley is cultivated and fertile. Irrigation is universal, with the result of good crops and beautiful shady trees.

Nearing Ogden we came upon our first view of the Salt Lake, which lies at some distance from the rail.

The lake is of immense size, measuring seventy-five miles in length and thirty miles in breadth. Salt Lake City is built on the plains, nestling amongst hills. Seventeen miles away lies this immense reach

of water, and beyond that again a magnificent range of blue mountains.

I shall speak later of the great beauty of the lake itself, to which the ordinary traveller does not do justice in his absorbing interest in the human element of the neighbourhood.

The whole valley from Logan is fringed by immense masses of bulrushes, which grow here in the greatest profusion, and make a beautiful combination with the sunflowers.

All the irrigation is carried on from the mountain streams, and, therefore, the rest of the country we had just passed, Montana and Idaho, could be reclaimed in similar fashion if only labour and energy were forthcoming. Salt Lake City, from its situation on the plains, is intensely hot in summer and equally cold in the winter, so does not appear to possess much advantage in the way of climate.

The grand wide streets, lined by poplar, boxelm, and other shady trees, and with running streams along their whole length, are very beautiful.

The city is intersected at right angles by these wide, imposing boulevards. It possesses three streets of stores, two of which are parallel to one another, and the third, Main Street, upon which our hotel was

situated, runs at right angles to these. The heat on the night of our arrival (August 6) was terrible. A heavy, breathless, thunder-laden atmosphere made life almost insupportable, and our rooms, even looking north, were like small ovens.

We went to the "Walker House" in preference to the "Continental," but I believe a third hotel close by, called the "Metropolitan," is superior to either of the others, but is not mentioned in the guide-books.

The day after our arrival was a Saturday, a pouring wet, miserable, hot and muggy day.

It was impossible to go out until the afternoon, when we took a carriage and drove for some hours all over the place, the day having cleared up by that time, fortunately for our chance of sight-seeing.

Our driver was an enthusiastic Mormon, who came originally from Macclesfield, in Cheshire, but has lived in Salt Lake City for seventeen years, and has a wife and four or five children in the Mormon settlement. He talked much of the tenets of the sect, and spoke with great respect of polygamy as a high state of living only possible to the best and most virtuous. He said he had no second wife himself, partly because he could not afford one, and partly because he could

not live up to the high standard required of those who are allowed this religious privilege.

Salt Lake City is divided into twenty-two "wards." Each ward has a bishop and a school of its own, as also two teachers, who are told off to look after the moral and religious development of that special ward. The whole Mormon territory is divided into stakes, each stake having its own president.

The president of Salt Lake City is Taylor, since the death of Brigham Young, but he was in hiding at the time of our visit, owing to the "persecution of the saints."

The president has two counsellors, and there are also twelve apostles. These apostles seem to possess great powers, and the president was chosen from amongst them.

When a man wishes to take a second wife he must first secure a certificate from the "teacher" of his ward, who seems to be quite a detective in matters of morality.

He must also have the consent of his first wife, "who gives the second wife to him." This always strikes me as a peculiarly clever bit of Mormon policy. Finally, the apostle and bishop of the ward must indorse the permission. Such a man must show that he

is able to support a second wife, and that his character is sufficiently blameless to allow of his being worthy of this "great privilege." The Mormons assert that to live the true Mormon life is to live the very best and purest of lives. Adultery certainly seems to be punished with Spartan severity. An elder in the city (whose name I suppress) had always been highly respected as a man of great mark, and the husband of two wives.

Fifteen years ago he was away on a mission in England, and had there lived with some other woman. This was suspected, but could not be absolutely proved at the time.

When we were at Salt Lake City the matter had been proved beyond dispute, and, after a lapse of fifteen years, for this one offence the elder had been turned out of the community and degraded from his office.

One of the poor man's wives (married to him for forty years) had died only two days before of a broken heart, in consequence of her husband's disgrace. I did not before know that Brigham Young had had the contract for the Utah and Northern Railroad, some seventeen years ago, and thus made most of his money. We drove past the "Beehive," a small white house

with a beehive on the roof, where some of Brigham's numerous wives still live; a very picturesque gate close by, called the Eagle Gate, from a stone eagle which mounts guard over it, and, finally, the handsome modern stone house built for receptions and entertainments, and called the "Amelia Palace," after one of Brigham's favourite wives. As a rule, the richer Mormons wisely have different establishments for their various wives, but the poorer members are forced to keep two, or even three, under the same roof, and they declare that there is much less quarrelling under these circumstances than in most English households.

We went into a charming little white cottage, smothered in trees and flowering shrubs, called Rosebank, where we were kindly received by a shrewd, honest-looking Englishman, who lives here with his wife and child.

He came to Salt Lake City in 1854, and has been back twice to the old country since then.

He is a Mormon in name, and seems quite content to live in the city, where he has built his house and planted every tree and shrub round it, but I imagine that he has little faith nowadays in the Mormon creed. He looked with some distrust at our driver, knowing him, doubtless, as a good Mormon, and spoke

with evident embarrassment. Had he been alone I am sure he would have been much more communicative.

“No,” he said, “I don’t think much of them. Why are they all running away and hiding nowadays? That is why I don’t think they amount to much. Why don’t they hold their ground?”

As a matter of fact, I believe not more than 5 per cent. of the Mormon population in Salt Lake City are polygamists.

Some cannot afford it; some are not considered worthy, and cannot stand the stern investigation of their lives necessary before granting a polygamous “permit,” and others probably entertain our English idea that a real “home” cannot hold two wives. There are 150,000 inhabitants in the territory of Utah, and about 30,000 in Salt Lake City; of these latter 14,000 are Gentiles, engaged there in trade, railways or mining business.

We drove away from the lake side of the city about three miles into the mountains, and came upon Camp Douglas, a beautiful spot, where the United States military station is located. It is a sort of glorified “Presidio.” Pretty little red sandstone houses are provided for the officers (married or single); there are shady trees about, the mountains in the back-

ground ; a lovely view over the plains and city of Salt Lake in front, and, far away, the blue lake itself, with the line of dark purple and blue mountains beyond. Close to Camp Douglas is the deep ravine between the mountains, over which came the Pioneers of '47 with Brigham Young at their head.

They were a band of 140 enthusiasts, travelling over these scorching plains with no settled plan, but trusting to a vision from the Lord to show them the right path.

Joe Smith, their prophet, had been shot before this weary march began. All their hopes were centred now in Brigham, and he lay sick on a heap of buffalo skins in the bottom of the waggon, as the weary procession moved slowly onwards.

As they came over this defile in the mountains, the bare sage-bush-covered plain lying before them, the mountains around and the blue lake in the far distance, the story goes that Brigham rose up from his rude couch and looked with dazed eyes around, as though he saw some vision.

“Drive on,” he said ; “this is the spot which the Lord has chosen !”

So they descended into the valley, which was then as bare and barren as the rest of the country, with no

apparent promise of the wonderful vegetation which should crown their labours of irrigation in the future.

Here they stopped, and began at once the work of planting and sowing. By next day many of their seeds were already in the ground, and the foundations of the present city had been laid.

It is a wonderful story, and somehow enlists one's sympathies even against one's judgment.

It seems as if Brigham must at one time have believed in himself, to have wielded such power over the multitude.

When wealth came to him, no doubt he lost his simple faith and enthusiasm and grew greedy and grasping. Probably then his visions changed also and developed into convenient instruments for gaining his own ambitious ends.

Brigham had seventeen wives and fifty-seven children, many of whom are still alive and working in the city, in commercial houses.

There are some really fine stores in Salt Lake City; an enormous block of buildings called the "Zion Co-operative Store" is the most important of these.

We saw the house where Brigham Young's renegade wife "Anne Eliza" lived, and whence she escaped.

It is a comfortable-looking, pretty, square white house, and its appearance is certainly at variance with the story of her hardships, and of how she was forced to do washing and other hard household work. Our young Mormon declared that "it was only temper on her part," that she was "treated with all possible kindness, but was a bad woman to start with, and had run away from a good husband on account of his poverty. Brigham is said to have been in ignorance of this latter fact. She hoped to have become his petted and favourite wife, but failing in this, she is said to have tried to rouse public sympathy and indignation by lecturing upon her wrongs. How true is the saying, that one story holds good until another is told!

Our driver had also known Elder and Mrs. Stenhouse. I have always felt great interest in the latter since reading her book, "An Englishwoman in Utah." Here again we were to be somewhat *désillusionnées*.

The man professed to have liked Mrs. Stenhouse personally, but he declared also that her story was "all gas."

In her book she declares that her husband was *forced* to take another wife, as much against his wish as her own. Our Mormon friend asserted that this

was impossible, that no one is forced or even urged to do so, that it is considered a great privilege, only accorded where seriously desired and where the man can give satisfactory proof that he is fit for the responsibility and able to meet the expense.

The Mormons assured us that there never was a time when any human being was prevented leaving the city the moment he expressed a wish to do so.

“On the contrary, we want to get rid of them as soon as possible. We want only those here who are true and sincere believers in the revelation we have received.”

It seems that although any offence against the Mormon moral creed is punished by excommunication, yet where the offence is not heinous and the repentance is considered sincere, those who have fallen may be re-baptized into the Church, and in any case they are free to attend the meetings at the Tabernacle, which are open to all.

We had purposely arranged to spend a Sunday in Salt Lake City, in order to attend the Tabernacle worship, which takes place every Sunday at two o'clock in the afternoon.

The Tabernacle has been so often described that I will only remind my readers that it is a low oval

building, composed entirely of wood, with the exception of forty-six low and very thick sandstone pillars which support it. Down below, the building is airy enough, for the windows between these stone pillars are left wide open on either side, but the galleries must be very stuffy and dark, receiving light and air only from two skylights in the roof.

The outside roof is of brown wood, put in like bricks. The inside roof is plainly whitewashed, but relieved by hundreds of festooned wreaths of now dead leaves and shrubs, which were put up there for the opening festival many years ago.

The Tabernacle must be a very trying place "to fill" with the voice, even making due allowance for good acoustic properties.

Some 3,000 or 4,000 people only were present on this particular occasion, so fortunately we were by no means crowded on this scorching August day. At the upper end of the immense building is a very fine organ, built by the brothers.

Seats on either side the choir divide the young men from the young women.

The worshippers are extremely proud of their choir. The singing was very fair, but slow and drawling as in a Methodist or Presbyterian church.

In the middle of the platform are four or five red velvet covered long seats which develop into a sort of pulpit in the centre.

On these long benches sit the various officers of the church, counsellors, apostles and elders.

From these central pulpits addresses are made by those called upon for the purpose by the authorities.

There appears to be no pre-arrangement on this score. On the afternoon of our visit a young elder was suddenly called upon who was very evidently not prepared and we suffered in consequence.

Below these seats is a long table covered with a white cloth, upon which are ranged rows of silver tankards containing the water, and silver cake baskets containing the bread for the sacraments.

The bread is brought in great piles of cut slices, the elders sit round, pulling it into little strips, and then again breaking these into smaller pieces as quickly as possible, but the process seemed interminable.

Meanwhile the service began.

It was opened by a hymn which might have been sung in any one of our own churches. Then came a short prayer, beginning with "Our Father," but extempore and rather common-place. Then another hymn was

sung, suitable to the sacrament and referring to the death and atonement of Jesus Christ. Then an elder arose, lifted his arms and with outspread hands like Aaron in the picture books of our childhood, "blessed the bread." The consecration prayer is as follows :

"Oh God, the eternal Father! We ask Thee in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, to bless and sanctify this bread to the souls of all those who partake of it, that they may eat in remembrance of the body of Thy Son and witness unto Thee, O God! the eternal Father, that they are willing to take upon them the name of Thy Son, and always remember Him and keep His commandments, which He has given them, that they may always have His Spirit to be with them. Amen."

Then came an address from the young elder I have already mentioned, who seemed nervous, and said he had never spoken to so large an audience before. His address was just the sort of third-rate, common-place, "Bible and water" discourse that might be expected from a young curate in an out-of-the-way English village; a bird, hopping round its cage and afraid of attempting the least little bit of "fly" on its own account. He referred to the Bible characters, to the

Jews, to Cornelius, St. Peter, the angel, the jailers, &c., &c.

He puffed out and amplified his texts, without bringing a single idea out of them, and was altogether as utterly dull and common-place as the most conventional person could desire.

At length he came to an abrupt pause and then another elder got up and "blessed the water" with similar gestures and prayer to those already used for the bread.

Up came the young elder again, to our infinite disappointment, with a weary discourse on baptism.

The Mormon church does not recognize infant baptism. Eight years of age is the limit they fix when a child may be considered responsible for sin and capable of an intelligent repentance.

The only one thing savouring of any originality was this young elder's explanation of "eternal punishment." "Even should it only last an hour, it would still be eternal, because it is God's punishment, the punishment of *the Eternal*."

This sounded ingenious, but was probably not really original. He did not mention any of the special tenets of the sect, but when he sat down another rubicund, robust-looking brother rose up and referred to the "present persecution of the Church."

He admitted that it was a chastening, but “hoped no onlookers would think this meant that the brothers were greater sinners than the rest of the world. On the contrary, all the grosser sins such as adultery, drunkenness and thieving are absolutely unknown amongst them. Judged by the same standard as the rest of the civilized world, they could already stand forth as a ‘pure and peculiar people.’ But God wanted to give them still greater blessings, and to this end He was forced to bring them to a still higher state of grace, and crop off such minor sins as pride, covetousness, and self-will, and for these they were now suffering.”

The tone of the man’s remarks and his glorification of the present standard of Mormon righteousness made one feel that the chastening was urgently needed and had not yet done its work so far as *spiritual pride* was concerned.

In due time both the water and the bread were handed round to us all in our seats, and even the smallest children partook of them.

Another hymn and a final short prayer brought the service to a close, and then we stood in the doorway to let every one pass us and to notice the types of the various faces.

One of the strong arguments for polygamy is that a fine healthy race can be produced by this means alone. I am bound to say that I saw no sufficient justification for the doctrine in the appearance of the Salt Lake City Mormons.

As a rule, the men and women are hard-featured careworn and anxious-looking. The children cannot compare for healthy appearance with our own rosy-cheeked little ones in a wholesome English village. I never saw so many "homely" (we should call them ugly) looking women in my life.

Polygamy must indeed be looked upon as a sacred duty to induce the men to take more than *one* wife from amongst them.

After the service we strolled to the "Temple" close by. This is a massive white stone building which was begun thirty-three years ago and will be finished in another seven years so as to complete the term of forty years; the same as that spent in building the temple of Solomon.

Meanwhile the Temple at Logan has to be used for all great official functions, for the Tabernacle is reserved specially for worship.

The walls of the Salt Lake "Temple" are more than nine feet thick, and it will contain three stories when

complete. The stone windows are very pretty. They are very deep owing to the great thickness of the walls, and are alternately square and oval on the different tiers of the building.

The Temple is an oblong, 200 feet long by 100 feet wide and 100 feet high.

There are four towers to it, two at either end, and an entrance gate will be placed at each of these tower ends of the building.

No visitors being allowed, without permission, to look at the unfinished building, I knocked at the wire door of a small adjoining "office" and a gruff voice said, "Come in!"

We found a very neat, tidy old man sitting in a small cosy room with glass book-cases. Papers were lying on a table. He took us through the building and gradually thawed a good deal in manner. He was a Scotchman who has been a Mormon for forty years, but who only came over to Utah Territory about eight years ago, at the age of seventy-two. He had left wife and children in Scotland and came over quite alone!

"It was to save their souls," he said quietly, when I asked the reason for this sudden and late uprooting of his life.

It appears that unless a woman is sealed to a man in

Salt Lake City as his wife, she has no chance of salvation. The wife was not a believer and declined to come; so he left home and country and came off alone.

It seemed so pitiful to think of the poor old fanatic starting at such an age, on such a journey alone, and with this unselfish object in view, that I was quite overcome by the idea of such heroism and devotion.

Fortunately I restrained my admiration and felt no temptation to indulge in it later, when I found that the old fox had secured a nice, comfortable "young" wife over here, she being under forty and he over eighty years of age.

The marriage was arranged by a mutual friend, and the woman declared herself quite willing to take the old man on his own terms "and not expect him to gad about with her."

He was a nice tidy old man, and she certainly kept him very clean and comfortable. I asked what his Scotch wife thought of the arrangement.

"Well," he said, "I gave her the first chance. I wrote to her three times, begging her to come to me, and the third time I told her I could not live alone, I must have some one to look after things a bit and keep the house clean and tidy and she refused to come, so I married this young woman."

The new wife is always urging him to take yet another partner, "for his soul's sake."

"Maybe I will before I die, but time enough for that; I am in no hurry!" said the poor old octogenarian.

A strong Scotch accent and the loss of all his teeth except two in the front made conversation somewhat difficult.

I asked him a good many questions about his creed, and the grounds for the Mormon belief in polygamy. He asked if I were married, and upon my replying in the negative, said he hardly liked to enter into the subject. However, what he did tell us was told with the greatest delicacy and real refinement of feeling.

Theoretically there seems to be a good deal to be said for the doctrine, putting, of course, our own religious prejudices aside.

Practically, I do not see that Mormon children are any brighter or stronger than our own, and I think those Mormons who really have the self-restraint and moral instincts necessary to act up to the highest conception of their present creed might exercise those qualities with equally good results in a monogamous home and lead a higher and happier life.

This old man believed firmly in the presence of

good and bad spirits around us, and in their power to appear upon certain occasions. He had had several such experiences, two of them taking place in Scotland.

On one occasion a very bad companion of his younger days appeared to him in bodily presence, after which, he said, he had certainly felt more tempted to evil than before.

Another time he was praying in his workshop, when he suddenly felt bowed down to the ground by a terrible weight upon his left shoulder which seemed to crush him to the earth. He prayed, "Oh, Lord Jesus, deliver me!" and in a moment the horrible pressure was removed.

The only vision he has had in Utah was when he went to the Logan Temple some time ago to have more than 100 old friends, now "passed away," baptized through him into this Church. To do this it is necessary to remember the name, residence, birth and death dates of each individual, and he had collected a list of 140 and was with his present wife in the temple for the ceremony.

Just as it was over he saw a woman about fifty years old standing near him with a reproachful look on her face as though she said, "Why were you not baptized for me also?" He described the woman's

appearance to his wife, who recognized it at once as that of a sister of her own.

We left our old Scotchman with a hearty shake of the hand—"I like a good grip," he said—and a "God bless you" from him which I am sure will do us no harm anyway.

He told me that he had tried several communities in Scotland before he came across the "Latter Day Saints," but found no peace anywhere, until one night by chance, forty years ago, he entered a meeting-house and heard their doctrine preached, since which time he has "never experienced a moment's doubt." "It had the real ring of truth in it," he said earnestly.

Surely these things should teach us wider views and show us that spiritual pabulum is very much like physical food.

Some can digest strong meats and wines and require them; others would choke if fed upon anything but bread and milk or a little chicken and fish at the utmost.

Every Saturday morning the poor Mormon "faithful" bring in their tithes to the "Tithing House," where everything is weighed and counted, and a tenth of every product is exacted.

The poor woman who brings her eggs to market

must forfeit one out of every ten; ten pounds of butter pay the same tax; milk, cream, and vegetables are duly measured and tithed as well as the more important property of horses and cattle. The property thus confiscated is supposed to go into the pockets of the elders for the support of the church expenses and the building of the Temple. However great the expenses attending the latter may be, it is difficult to suppose that some balance of this large weekly sum does not remain to the advantage of the officers of the church.

Being determined to speak to some one at the "Beehive," I strolled past one day and asked two nice-looking girls who were sitting on the lawn (daughters of Brigham Young) if they could direct us to any park or shady place where we might rest for a time. They answered very pleasantly, but in the negative, and did not invite us to come in as I confess I had hoped might be the case.

Salt Lake City is said to have a square or "green" for each ward, but these seem to exist at present in the imaginations of the guide-book writers.

Another day we took the afternoon train from Salt Lake City for Lake Point, a favourite bathing place on the Salt Lake itself. We had pleasant open railway

cars and a most refreshing breeze as we travelled over seventeen miles of fertile plains before reaching the lake. There are several bathing resorts on the shore. "Black Rock," "Garfield," and "Lake Point" are all on one side, and a newly-opened place called "Lake Park" is in the other direction. We chose Lake Point as our stopping place, and found a number of little wooden boxes there side by side, which serve for dressing-rooms. You are provided with a serge costume and a straw hat, for the sun is intense in August, and then you can run down a little wooden pier and so into the soft, warm, briny water of the lake.

There are a few stones and rough rocks at the bottom, but in general there is pleasant soft sand as a footing. The water round the shores is fortunately shallow, not more than two and a half or three feet in depth, for it is almost impossible to swim in it on account of the abnormal buoyancy of the water, which makes it equally difficult to sink there.

As the difficulty in swimming is that you find your legs constantly in mid air; so the trouble of floating arises from the fact that the least drop of water in mouth, ears, or eyes gives intense pain, owing to the strength of the brine. In fact, any one getting his

mouth full of the water would be in great danger of strangulation.

A bath in the lake, however, was most delicious and refreshing in spite of these drawbacks, and gave me the best possible opportunity of admiring the extreme beauty of the surroundings from a point where the exquisite deep blue of the waters and the lovely mountains could be seen to equal advantage.

We returned to Salt Lake City by an evening train, and revelled in a gorgeous sunset, the colours of the after-glow remaining with us for nearly an hour.

This lovely lake expedition seemed to take the rather unpleasant "Mormon taste" away and leave only the remembrance of the great natural beauties of the situation in a district which certainly owes its present fertility and prosperity to the indefatigable energy and industry of this body of—believers, fanatics, or impostors?

I trust this choice of epithets may meet the various views of all my readers.

CHAPTER VI.

A MONTH IN THE ROCKIES.

BEING ready equipped for our start from Salt Lake City by 10.30 a.m. one fine hot morning in August, we heard at the last moment, as usual, that our train on the Denver-Rio Grande Railway had been telegraphed two hours late.

This meant for us a two hours' dawdle about the *salon* and hotel offices, for it was not worth while to unpack for so short a time, and the heat was too great for any walking to be possible.

Arrived at the station we had another hour yet to wait, and as the tiny waiting-room was already full we sat meekly on our bundles in the hot sun, not knowing when the train might choose to arrive.

A wreck and a wash-out were pleaded as usual in excuse of the delay.

We lost three more hours *en route* when fairly started. I believe the "D.R.G." trains are never expected to keep within six or seven hours of their

specified time, and no doubt there is some reason for this in the very mountainous country through which they travel.

The misfortune is that time is generally "made up" at the most picturesque points of the route, with a cruel disregard of the artistic appreciation of the traveller.

The country, on first leaving Salt Lake, was flat, but soon showed the same curious rock formations which we had already noticed in Arizona. These rocks stand out alone in the plains. They are not very high, but oblong or square in form, and in colouring of soft brown, grey and pink. The "D.R.G." line is on the narrow gauge, and the "sleepers" are consequently more stuffy than usual. Our first bit of really grand scenery was at "Castle Gate," where the whole train dismounted to admire the towering, huge masses of magnificent granite rocks, chiefly crimson and yellow in colouring.

A hot night spent in the cars brought us next morning to Cimarron, where an observation car is put on for the Black Cañon of the Gunnison.

To my mind this is the most beautiful scenery on the line, although I am aware that the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas is considered finer.

The observation car is an open car, with reversible wooden seats placed down each side of it.

Only a certain number of passengers can be accommodated, and a great rushing and squeezing began the moment it was understood that the car had been put on. The car being open overhead, the heat from the sun was intense, and whilst waiting at the *depôt* sunstroke seemed inevitable.

Once off, however, a slight breeze was stirred by our rush through the hot air, and the scenery and excitement made us oblivious of everything but the beauty and danger of the situation. It was, indeed, nervous work to be swinging round the tremendous curves of the cañon at a "making-up time" pace, and at the tail end of such a long train as ours in an open observation car.

The Black Cañon is very beautiful. The high rocks rise grand and majestic on either side ; they are of deep crimson dashed with a kind of mica that glittered in the sunshine like myriads of silver stars.

So we rushed along, getting what glimpses we could, and at length, in about forty minutes, the best part of the scenery was over, and we trooped back into our ordinary cars, delighted with what we had seen, but nothing loth to return to some overhead shelter.

In another hour or two we had reached the Marshall Pass, which is remarkable both as a piece of magnificent engineering and also for the great number of snow sheds along the route.

The road for the rails is cut up the sheer side of the mountain, and our train had to be bisected, and an extra engine was put on each half of it on account of the grade.

Where the road for the rail has been cut on these steep mountain slopes the snow is apt to collect and "bank up" in the winter; therefore at all the most likely places long wooden sheds are put up over the rails to allow the snow to fall from their sloping roofs into the valley below, instead of remaining on the track.

These sheds, of course, interfere much with the view, and have the same effect as passing through a number of tunnels would have.

Windows and ventilators must be closed to exclude the foul air and smoke, and the choice lies between these outside or suffocation inside.

There are no less than twenty-three of these snow sheds up and down the Marshall Pass.

From the top the view reminded me very much of the drive into the Yo-Semite Valley. There were the same stretches of mountain all around us, viewed once

more from a level. On the whole, however, I was disappointed by the scenery of the pass; but some young girls in our carriage, who had made the expedition the reverse way on the previous afternoon (and were now returning home), said they much preferred their first view of it.

We had several members of the "Grand Army of the Republic" with us on this occasion.

Some two weeks previously they had all been received and fêted in San Francisco, visiting that city by invitation and amid much rejoicing.

Some of those we saw looked too young to have fought, more than twenty years ago, at the time of the American Civil War.

There were, however, many veterans amongst the numbers. Most of those we saw looked as though they had never known a day's drill since '64.

Finding that we should reach Colorado Springs at midnight instead of six o'clock, we decided to "stop off" at Salida (the junction for Leadville), and were very glad to get some rest there after the heat and fatigue of the previous two days.

Next day we took up the same train (fortunately only one hour late this time), and so insured seeing the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas by daylight.

The observation car was much crowded, and the absolute necessity for holding up umbrellas to avoid sunstroke was a great drawback so far as scenery was concerned. The cañon, *as a whole*, is tame compared with the Black Cañon; but the one bit called the "Royal George," which lasted for about fifteen minutes, is very magnificent and stupendous, the rocks rising higher than in the Gunnison country, and being even bolder in outline.

After passing this, the scenery became again flat and tame until we had left Pueblo behind, a low-lying uninteresting village, and were approaching Colorado, where the curious, low, crimson, rock formations began once more.

By seven p.m. we had reached Colorado Springs, a pretty village lying right out in the midst of the plains, and here we changed cars for the little branch line to Maniton Springs, which is only four miles distant.

We had chosen the latter as our head-quarters because it is more romantically situated than Colorado Springs, nestling on the hills, close under the famous Pike's Peak and being also much cooler than the former place. Maniton is also rather more conveniently placed with regard to the various expeditions in the neighbourhood, but I should recommend a few days'

stay in each village, as both have their special advantages.

The beautiful line of the "Rockies" to our left and the very strange rock formations belonging to a portion of the "Garden of the Gods" to our right, made the short distance by rail between Colorado and Maniton, intensely interesting.

Maniton, nestling amongst the Rocky Mountains, reminded me somewhat of a Derbyshire village with its picturesque villa houses, only here they are built of wood, not stone.

The "Maniton House" faces the rail and must be noisy. We chose in preference "the Mansion House," under the same management, but further from the little mountain depôt.

The famous Pike's Peak is disappointing in outline I thought it would at least have a real peak or cone about it, whereas it looks like a bare granite wall at the top, and a little snow alone points it out from the surrounding peaks and proves its greater altitude. It is 14,000 feet high.

The earth all round Maniton is deep crimson in colour and so are the rocks. The Williams Cañon, close by, has low sides, but the rock formation is very pretty and the contrast of the deep crimson with the green shrubs

around is very happy. A quantity of low "scrub oak," onions, chokeberries, wild cherries, and wild hops make the undergrowth both varied and beautiful.

There is a stalactite cave, called "The Cave of the Winds," on this route, but we determined to visit the "Great Caverns" of the "Ute Pass" instead, so returned when we had gone some three or four miles up the Williams Cañon and drove into the Ute Pass, a pass amongst the mountains with an excellent mountain road winding up on one side.

The rocks here are most curious, especially one very high up, which is called the "Pulpit" rock from its peculiar shape. Parallel with this is the entrance to the cave. These caverns had only been excavated the year before we saw them and extended only for a mile at that time, but were infinitely more interesting than the Mammoth Caves, although on so much smaller a scale.

To begin with, the stalactites were not only curious and fantastic in shape, but the colouring of deep crimson, white and yellow contrasted very favourably with the blackened specimens of the Kentucky caves.

Bunches of carrots and parsnips, flocks of sheep, vineyards of tiny grapes, rams' heads, men on horseback

and a dozen other curious formations were pointed out to us in turn.

The prettiest part of all is an upper chamber where the stalactites have formed a miniature natural "organ" with pipes of crimson, brown and yellow which, when struck, give out a beautiful harmony of high treble and fine deep bass notes.

About a mile and a half further up amongst the mountains than Maniton is a pretty little settlement called "Iron Springs," with a good hotel and a spring which tastes like iron champagne.

Driving there from Maniton, we passed three small springs, one of soda, one of sulphur and one of magnesium. At Maniton itself is a handsome bath-house where soda baths can be had.

I should feel much inclined to try the Iron Springs Hotel were I to find myself in that neighbourhood again. The place is much quieter than Maniton, the walks must be extremely beautiful and the air is decidedly cooler.

One of our first expeditions from Maniton was to Monument Park, which we undertook without knowing what the road would be like. It turned out to be one of the worst we had yet experienced, and our driver, who was young and careless, did not save us a single

jolt or jar. We were to visit the celebrated "Garden of the Gods" *en route*. The entrance to this is only one and a half miles from Maniton but the garden extends for two miles and a half further.

The rocks here are, as usual, deep crimson and of the most fantastic shapes. Many of them look like monster mushrooms thrown carelessly on the ground. By degrees the formations become larger and at "the Gate" culminate in two bold sheets of brilliant crimson rock, standing across and guarding the entrance on the other side, thrown into graced relief by a glorious blue sky, whilst a lower ledge of dazzling white rock makes the contrast of colour still more striking.

Near this gate are a number of solitary crimson shafts of rock standing straight up from the ground like stone sentinels, set there by the Gods themselves to guard the entrance to their garden.

Passing through this magnificent "Gate" we came upon "Glen Eyrie," a pretty low-turreted crimson and olive coloured wooden house, nestling amongst lonely trees at the mouth of a cañon overlooking the plain and backed by the grand crimson rocks of the Garden of the Gods.

This place belongs to an Englishman, General Palmer, the president of the Denver-Rio Grande Railway. He

lives in New York, spending only two out of the summer months in this beautiful mountain home.

We drove for many miles across this wide plain, the road getting worse and worse, until at length we reached Monument Park, which is a collection of most curious rock formations. In the "Garden of the Gods" the rocks are crimson, old red sandstone, mixed here and there with Scotch granite.

In Monument Park, on the contrary, the formations are all cream and yellow coloured and a sort of "conglomerate" of lime mixed with tiny flints and pebbles. The shapes are if possible more curious than those we had already seen, but on a smaller scale.

Whole sides of the rocks are jagged out into mushroom heads and fringes of various kinds. This must no doubt be the result of the action of water, but the puzzle is why such soft material should have offered so many points of resistance which has resulted in this constant curve of outline.

We spent a happy week at Maniton, hoping to go from thence to Denver, but our plans were delayed as usual by another "wash-out" and the news that "all trains going to Denver had been abandoned."

The delay might be a question of three hours, three days, or three weeks; no one could give us the

slightest reliable information on the point. These constant "wash-outs" and casualties make the real difficulty of travelling anywhere off the beaten track in America. It is impossible to foretell how often or for how long one may be delayed. Our time was now to be counted by days. A cloudy, uncertain day, after a night of pouring rain, brought no further news of the chances of reaching Denver.

We determined to risk it, including a visit to the South Cheyenne Cañon from Colorado Springs. We sent our baggage on to the latter place, and set off in our buggy by ten o'clock, driving once more through the beautiful "Garden of the Gods" and then cut across the valley and up a steep winding hill on to a breezy table-land called "The Mesa." This was a lovely drive. The mountains were behind us, a fresh breeze blowing over the plains, and our way led through this beautiful park land high up amongst the hills, covered with grassy mounds like fortifications.

Quantities of sun-flowers, the satiny white Colorado poppy and several varieties of wild heather in purple, pink and white, clothe the beautiful table-land.

The little town of Colorado lay in the open plain below us, and beyond was the larger and more imposing-looking "Colorado Springs." We drove down to the

latter and put up at a most picturesque inn, called "The Antlers."

The entrance to the South Cheyenne cañon from Colorado Springs is said to be four or five miles, but as we drove it easily in half an hour, I should doubt this measurement. Your buggy must be abandoned at the entrance to the cañon. The grand crimson rocks towering up on either side are very imposing.

We walked along a lovely winding road for half a mile to a little frame house, where we deposited our luncheon basket, and then went on for another half mile to the waterfalls which lie between a narrow part of the rocky gorge.

Some very steep, narrow wooden steps lead up the sides of the rocks, from whence a good view of the falls can be obtained. These falls are said to be seven in number, but it is in reality one continuous fall, finding fresh channels as it dashes down from the top to the bottom of the gorge, twisting and turning from one rocky bed to another.

We toiled up over 150 steps, and then collapsed. "Helen Hunt" (Mrs. Jackson) is buried at the very top of one of the highest mountain peaks in the South Cheyenne Cañon, and my ambition had been to pay a visit to her grave.

The climb, however, is very severe. The brilliant sunshine had given place to a grey, lowering sky; the rain was beginning to fall in large drops, and distant sounds of thunder were audible.

To crown all, three active-looking men, who had started for the shrine, gave in, and passed us on their return, so, with much reluctance, we determined to do the same. We had already seen the pretty little white wooden house in which she and her second husband had lived in Colorado Springs.

The rain came on in torrents as we returned to the frame house, and we were soon wet through. There was no fire here, and no chance of drying our soaked garments, so we toiled back through the cañon with our basket as best we could, and trusted to escape any severe consequences from the exposure.

Colorado Springs is a very pretty little town, all laid out in boulevards of green trees at right angles, with running water at each side of the road, as at Salt Lake City. There are many beautiful little wooden houses here, and a number of good stores on a small scale. Altogether, it is a pretty, flourishing little town, and I could imagine that one might lead a very happy and peaceful life there.

Later in the afternoon we drove down to the depôt,

hoping to hear something definite of our chances of getting a train to Denver that day. As usual, no one knew anything at all, and the officials were far from civil in their ignorance.

The man to whom we spoke in the office sat with his legs high above his head, and never attempted to alter his position, but let me stand over him for ten minutes, pumping at a dry well.

We came away in despair, but determined to come down again about five o'clock in the afternoon, on the chances of getting off, which we did, after sitting on our bundles of rugs in front of the rails for an hour or more, as there was no other accommodation for us.

Colorado Springs is only seventy miles from Denver, but we managed to spend four hours in reaching the latter place.

Soon after starting we had a capital view of Monument Park from the railway, and might almost have left that expedition out of our programme at Maniton. We passed also a pretty little village built on two spurs of the mountains between which the rail passes, and with a small sheet of water called "Palmer's Lake" facing it.

No one would tell us if we might get out here for some food or not. "We could do so at our own risk."

Hunger carried the day over prudence. We scrambled down to swallow some scalding coffee and rush back into our carriages, to be kept there shunting for twenty minutes or more. This is frequently the case. The train moves on suddenly, and without the slightest notice. If you are a man, or a gymnast, you may manage to "take" the high step after the carriage is in motion; otherwise you are bound to be on the safe side, and rarely leave your train.

It was a weary, weary journey after the darkness came on, but even the crawling of an American train has limits.

By ten o'clock we had reached Denver, and were soon afterwards comfortably housed in the Windsor Hotel, a magnificent block of buildings, almost rivalling its namesake in New York.

Denver is a really beautiful city, not unlike Colorado Springs in appearance, but on a very much grander scale. One fine boulevard street is called "Broadway," and certainly deserves the name far more than its tortuous, winding namesake in New York.

There are many other smaller boulevards, cutting up the city into rectangular divisions. Some of the Denver public buildings are very fine, and would do credit to any of the Eastern states cities. Amongst

these the Court House stands pre-eminent, with its imposing dome and gold figure of "Justice" at the top.

Lastly, Denver possesses some very beautiful houses, and these are chiefly of stone and red brick. Unlike most of the Western towns, there are very few wooden houses to be seen here.

Many of these stone and brick houses looked as though they had been transferred bodily from Fitz John's Avenue in Hampstead, and evinced quite as much artistic taste as could be found there.

The pinky, cream stone found all through the Rocky Mountain region forms a beautiful contrast in house building to the dark wooden verandahs so much affected in these hot climates.

The Denver stores are excellent, quite as good as many in New York and Philadelphia, and there I found the very best Turkish bath establishment that it has ever been my fate to visit during a wide experience of such buildings.

The heat was very great during the daytime, and the views all round Denver of the beautiful Rocky Mountains so enticing, that after a couple of days' rest we packed up and determined to make some mountain excursions. The first expedition was to be made to

Idaho Springs, a pretty little mountain resort about thirty-eight miles from Denver in a westerly direction, which has been immortalized in Black's charming novel, "Green Pastures and Piccadilly."

The train runs through the magnificent "Clear Creek Cañon," the scenery becoming really *grand* after passing "Gorden," a mining town of some importance, where the cañon is entered. No one portion of it can quite equal the grandeur of the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, but as a whole the Clear Creek Cañon is quite as beautiful and even more interesting, because the beauty is more evenly distributed. Idaho is a pretty mountain village, lying in the plains where the cañon widens out into a plateau. It is very peaceful and quiet, but breathing is a difficult matter here, as at Santa Fé, for Idaho lies 7,500 feet above the sea level.

Last year there was a population of only 1,500 inhabitants, but as a splendid new school has been built at a cost of \$25,000, I conclude that these numbers are likely to be augmented.

Idaho is famous for its soda and sulphur springs, and is much frequented by those who suffer from neuralgia and rheumatism. The water is very soft and pleasant, and the natural temperature of the bath is sufficiently warm to be comfortable. My friend and I got hold of

some horses and side saddles in the afternoon, but found it impossible to charter any sort of guide to go up the mountain peaks, so we started off alone to find our way as best we might, and after much uncertainty and retracing our steps more than once, found ourselves at the summit of a steep mountain from whence a glorious view of the Rocky Peaks could be obtained. It was a nasty climb with no very defined track. The horses, although quiet, seemed unaccustomed to the work, and were very nervous in coming down the precipitous mountain sides, and zig-zagged in consequence to such an extent that I thought we should never reach the bottom at all.

That our Idaho hosts should have had no consideration for *our* necks was, perhaps, only to be expected; but I cannot understand their risking two good horses to our tender mercies, who appeared as ignorant of the country as we were ourselves, and this without even taking the trouble to inquire whether either of us had ever mounted a horse before. There is a curious natural Hot Cavern close to Idaho which has been excavated to a distance of 800 feet, the inside being as hot as in a Turkish bath room. At the end of the excavation is a natural spring of water, utilized as a bath, and said to possess great virtue in cases of rheuma-

tism. A tiny oil lamp gave the only glimmer of light to the dark cavern at the extreme end, and we admired the courage of a lady who was about to be left quite alone here for her bath, as we went in to look at the cave.

Having unhitched our horses from the rail where we had left them and mounted ourselves as best we could, there was still time before darkness came on to go some miles further up the Virginia Cañon, which is a side cañon opening into Clear Creek, and sparsely inhabited by miners, for the whole district is rich in mines.

The great mining district, however, is Georgetown, only one hour by rail from Idaho, where silver, lead and a little gold are found.

We went on there next day. The scenery all the way up the creek is very fine, and Georgetown, though less picturesque than Idaho, is likewise beautifully situated under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, and is said to be the highest town in the world, having an altitude of 8,500 feet.

From Georgetown we took a "buck-board" and started for the "Argentine Pass." This is a long and rough day's work, but is well worth doing, as it gives one of the finest and most extensive views over the

whole Rocky Mountain region. The road is very bad and winds continuously for over four hours, through a gorge by the side of a bubbling mountain torrent and with high rocks surrounding one on either side.

The water of the torrent is very muddy, as is universally the case in these mining districts, owing to the "wash" of the gold. Troughs are provided to catch the gold deposit as the water passes through them to its rocky bed.

The road grew steeper and steeper as we approached the Great Divide, a curious ridge-like chain of mountains, and once on the top of this a glorious panorama lay before us. An amphitheatre of rocky crags faced us, then chain after chain of purpling mountains in the foreground and middle distance; farther still the faint, dreamy, cloudy outline of South Park. Close to our right rose the rugged black mountain called Gray's Peak, with a beautiful little lake of emerald water nestling at its stony feet.

Patches of snow lay on the higher ranges, and beneath our feet such jagged, rugged stones as gave one the idea of some giant's playground.

Turning towards the side from whence we had approached "The Divide," the mountains were a beautiful shade of crimson purple, very soft, but quite

decided in tint, and the contrast between these, the green valley below them and the grey snow-covered mountains beyond was most striking.

Far away in the dim horizon we could just trace our old friend Pike's Peak, and in another direction the dim shadowy outline of the mountain of the Holy Cross. We climbed several small peaks to see this glorious view from various points.

Presently we heard a cry like that of a prairie dog, but at 12,000 feet above the sea this was impossible. We soon solved the mystery by finding several little coneys, a cross between a ground squirrel and a prairie dog in size and appearance.

The descent from the Divide was a really perilous proceeding, owing to the wild and erratic way in which our boy drove, tearing down hills as steep as a house with the most utter *sang-froid*. Even at this breakneck pace we took two hours to retrace our steps to a point in the cañon where a side road leads up to a beautiful sheet of water, called "The Green Lake."

The road to it is very steep and very picturesque. The lake is small but very deep and dark, and reminded me much of the König See in the Austrian Tyrol. This idea is favoured by the bleak look given

to the Green Lake by the fact that most of the trees running down to the water's edge have been burnt : so much American scenery is spoiled by the stunted, blackened roots so common in these forests where fires occur very frequently.

We went on the lake in a boat and saw some wonderful trees at the bottom of it, an immense way down, and which can only be seen from one or two points when the water is very clear. These trees have been petrified by the action of the water, but the branches are intact, and they look such monsters lifting their great weird arms towards you as you peer into the depths to make out their forms.

Enormous stones are also to be seen at the bottom of this deep lake, similar to those found close by on the dry land, in a place called appropriately, "The Battle-field of the Gods."

At this latter point hundreds of enormous blocks of granite lie about in wildest confusion.

The question is, how did they get there ? Certainly not from the sides of the adjacent mountains, which are of entirely different construction. The presumption is that these enormous granite blocks are the result of an upheaval of the earth. A rock against them, higher than the rest, gave us a fine

view of the surrounding country, and was approached by a very stiff climb over a quantity of rocky *débris* which has fallen, so as to make a sort of natural cavern, called "The Cave of the Winds."

Another day we went still farther into the mountains beyond Georgetown to Silver Plume, to see a silver mine there and more especially to travel on the wonderful "loop line," which is considered a marvel of engineering. After crossing a bridge, the rail from Georgetown makes two complete loops in a series of "contours" from side to side and so gets on to the higher grade, for Silver Plume is a continuous ascent amongst the mountains. It is most curious to look down from the railway car so many hundreds of feet upon the little mining town of Georgetown, and to realize that you have risen all that height by the curving and looping of the line.

Arrived at Silver Plume we were left as usual to find out the mine we wished to visit for ourselves. It is called the "Victoria Mine," and lies about a quarter of a mile from the little mining town, straight along the track of the rails. This mine is not from 1,200 to 1,500 feet deep as are those at Butte City. A tunnel, approached from the level ground, has been made through the rock of the hill to a distance of

1,000 feet, and a shaft of 150 feet only made through the hill from above to the end of this tunnel, where the "lode" has been struck.

The lode (or streak of quartz in which the silver is found) runs here almost in a horizontal line for some distance, but gradually becomes more perpendicular towards the outer opening above the tunnel. We toiled through deep mud and water along the line of rail made for transportation of the trucks, in pitch darkness, save for the flicker of our guide's lamp, and by degrees became wet through, for it was impossible to foresee a single puddle.

At the extreme end several men were at work, breaking up the ore with pickaxes, and we heard the voices of others similarly employed at the top of the shaft.

Only the initiated can recognize the silver ore.

The lead ore sparkles more brightly, but is betrayed by its greater weight. One of the prettiest and most golden-looking bits of ore turned out to be simply copper, a severe disappointment to me, for I was beginning to think I knew something about the various kinds of ore after spending some time in the Western mining districts.

Returning once more by the loop line, which seemed

even more wonderful seen for the second time, we went straight on to Denver, repassing Georgetown, Idaho and the beautiful Clear Creek Cañon; a noisy party of sixty-five members of the press were with us, returning from a holiday expedition through California. One of them, the editress of a paper in Falls City, was very communicative, and introduced her nephew, a rowdy and rather giggling youth of twenty-two, who was an editor of some other paper. She presented me with her card, which was made of thin birch bark and inscribed:

Alice E. Runnels,

Editress,

“Hearthstone,”

Falls City Journal.

They said they had been much fêted in California and were returning home greatly delighted by all the kindness and hospitality shown to them in the Far West. Most of the men had their wives with them. Americans seem to have a curious notion that a woman requires a holiday as much as a man does and that the monotonous round of household duties may “pall” as much as business cares are apt to do.

This “auntie,” however, was the only “editress” in

her own right, and seemed to be much appreciated accordingly.

The utmost limit of time that my friend could spare from her Australian tour had now been reached, and we parted next day with many regrets, she to retrace her steps to San Francisco and take steamer thence for the Sandwich Islands, and I to pay a long-promised visit in Toronto, and to see something of the parts of Canada left out in our autumn travels there, before returning to England for the winter.

My last and most pleasant association with Denver and the Rocky Mountains is the memory of a pleasant dinner and evening spent at the house of the hospitable Dean of Denver.

Denver, in addition to other advantages, can boast of a fine cathedral with some very good painted glass and one of the most beautiful toned organs that I have ever heard played upon. It was built in Boston and is much appreciated by the dean, who is himself a born musician.

He and his little daughter and I strolled into the cathedral one lovely summer evening, when the intense heat of the day had given place to a heavenly breeze. The grand crimson shafts of the setting sun were glancing through the cathedral windows, giving

an ideal beauty to the stained colours, and the little child sat by my side as the dean went to the organ and pealed forth some beautiful "voluntaries," ending up with exquisite variations on the hymn, "Nearer my God to thee."

The dean has a most sympathetic musical touch, but was extremely modest on the score of the performance which gave me so much pleasure.

"I think you play beautifully, papa, and so does this lady," said the little eight year old daughter, with the calm assurance that sounds so quaint to our conventional English ears, and yet so childlike and natural to these little Anglo-Americans.

The *pure* American growth is too apt to be priggish and self-conscious, but a little English "cutting," planted in American soil and flourishing under the bright, clear, American sun, develops into a very fascinating flower, even in early childhood.

The Rocky Mountain district has lost the romance of the unknown since Miss Bird wrote her fascinating volume on the subject some ten or twelve years ago.

The parks, "North," "South," and "Estes," are as well known now as many parts of Switzerland. Advertisements of hotels in and stages to "Estes Park" greet you at every turn, and no doubt the great

influx of tourists brings what *we* should call a "Cockney" flavour to these distant regions.

But it will take many years of even Yankee enterprise to rob "the Rockies" of all romance or of any of their intrinsic beauty.

"Men may come and men may go," stages may run, hotels may be built and opened, loop lines and railway tracks may be engineered amongst these glorious cañons, "Mountain Jems" may depart, but the mountains themselves stand fast for ever, as grand and majestic in their beauty as when no human eye had rested upon them.

To many of us nature seems to lose all value if her beauties must be shared by others. To such I would say, "Avoid the Rocky Mountains!" which will soon be as well known as Chamouni or the Mer de Glace.

But the true and worthy worshipper of nature will find plenty here to reward him even for the miseries of a sea voyage and the discomforts of a weary journey by American rail.

Taking into consideration my strong prejudices on both these points, it would be impossible to pay the Rocky Mountains a greater compliment than by recording the above as my honest conclusion, after spending a month in their neighbourhood.

CHAPTER VII.

CHICAGO, THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, MONTREAL.

I have said so much already of the discomforts of American travel that it would be hard to paint the picture in darker colours, but I may safely affirm that of all wretched journeys, the one between Denver and Chicago was *facile princeps*.

This was owing in great measure to the intense heat and much also to the overcrowding of our car. Every berth was taken, there was little or no ventilation possible, for the fine black dust comes through any aperture in torrents along the Nebraska Plains.

There were eight or ten men in the car, twelve ladies and eight children, four of whom were in arms.

Now as all the ladies and all the children were forced to find accommodation in one tiny lavatory, and the food for the babies had also to be prepared in there, over "Etnas," it was impossible for any unfortunate spinster to get near the place until well on in the morning.

The misery of dressing in your berth and then dragging your dirty, weary, melting body out at a wayside station for breakfast or dinner, with the thermometer registering 95° in the shade, may be more easily imagined than described. The heat over those plains was really appalling. Men and women alike were plying fans like punkahs all the time. It was amusing to watch the business men in Chicago fanning themselves violently in the street with large palm fans as they went off to their counting-houses; whilst the waiters in the hotels were always seizing these palm fans from the table and using them, ostensibly for *your* benefit, but in reality as much for their own.

I travelled from Denver on what is known as the Burlington short route and saved several hours by doing so. Some parts of the Platte River are picturesque, but on the whole the route is most flat and uninteresting.

We dined on the second day at Lincoln, a flourishing town and the capital of Nebraska. No beer or spirit of any kind is allowed in this state, which is one of the "temperance states" of America, and the rule held good even on our dining car, which was only put on the second evening, for supper, when we had

left Lincoln far behind. Until we were well out of the Nebraska territory all wine and beer "on board" were kept well under lock and key.

Passing through Iowa the third day, there was again no beer to be obtained, but for a very different reason; every bottle of beer, cider or wine had been drunk up by the heat-tormented passengers. Iowa is much more green and fertile than Nebraska. There are plenty of trees there and good crops of wheat and Indian corn.

On the cars I had found a pleasant, intelligent companion in a woman who was travelling with her husband, a manufacturer of mechanical tools, living in some little western town in Illinois State. She was a superior woman and evidently made valiant efforts to keep up an interest in music and literature, in spite of the entire absence of any advantages for their cultivation in her unlonely, smoky, manufacturing surroundings, and in spite also of having the entire care and management of four children, to whom she was evidently a most devoted mother.

When we had discussed books and oratorios, Beethoven sonatas, Handel and Mendelssohn in turn, I could not help contrasting her pleasant, intelligent conversation with any talk that would be possible with

the wife of a small manufacturer in a remote district in England.

“The children,” however, to whom she was returning after a six weeks’ absence, were naturally her dearest interest, and once fairly started upon this theme, she seemed perfectly content, and I am sure made no less devoted a mother for being anxious and able to teach her children something that might lighten the monotony of their lives in the future and throw a little poetry into the hard prose of manufacturing mechanical tools in a remote American town.

In speaking of the ages and characters of her children she touched unconsciously on the subject of heredity, which has always interested me deeply and which is, I think, too persistently ignored by most of us.

One experience went too much into detail for the ordinary reader, but she told me also that before the birth of her second child, she accompanied her husband on a business expedition and was of necessity left very much alone in hotels, becoming in consequence very melancholy and morbid and crying sometimes for hours together. The child (a boy, now of twelve years old) has inherited just this temperament, crying on the smallest provocation and showing a general tendency to hysteria, uncommon in a boy of his age and very

difficult to combat. Fortunately the mother learnt wisdom by two experiences, and being persistently bright, happy and cheerful herself before number three arrived, he had turned out a sweet, bright boy, two and a half years old at the time I met her and evidently the very apple of her eye. Only the wilfully blind or absolutely unintelligent can ignore the truth that the character and temperament of a child is in the hands of its mother *before* as well as after its birth into the world. The old Greeks were wise enough to recognize this fact and to keep "the mothers" of the state surrounded by all bright and beautiful influences.

I arrived at Chicago on the second day after leaving Denver and put up at the "Palmer House," a crowded, bustling and not very methodical establishment.

I cannot understand how people can call such immense caravanserais home-like or comfortable, however magnificent the rooms or however satisfactory the *cuisine* may be.

It is like living in a small city. It is quite a considerable journey from the dining-rooms to the drawing-rooms, and the office is crowded by hundreds of men, shuffling, smoking and talking, making it quite unapproachable for a lady who may wish to make any inquiries there. At the same time it is exasperating

and hopeless work to be forced to send messages to and fro by some unintelligent black waiter.

Having heard, like the rest of the world, that Chicago was the place where a pig goes in at one end of a machine to come out as sausages at the other end, and being told that it was absolutely necessary to pay a visit to the famous Union stock yards if I wished to see the most characteristic thing in Chicago, I prepared to go out there, little thinking how bitterly I should regret the expedition. To my mind, no woman should see such a horrible sight, although in saying this I am conscious of falling in with the usually curious notion that in some way cruel sights are less degrading to men than to women.

Anyway, I did see this horrible performance, and describe it as a warning to others who might be tempted to go over the yards in question.

Whenever I have mentioned the cruelty of pig-killing in Chicago, I have been asked whether I ever saw a pig killed in England. I am happy to say that I have never done so, but if the process in England is half so barbarous, I think the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should interfere.

It is easy enough to talk glibly of muscular movement after death and to declare that the pigs were

really *dead* when they were shrieking and squalling, kicking their legs and rolling their eyes in agony. If people can stifle conscience and remorse by believing such statements, let them do so. For myself, I am quite convinced that these pigs were capable of intense suffering and did suffer intensely long after their throats were cut. When a man, in a fit of jealousy, cuts the throat of his sweetheart (a matter of constant occurrence) she does not, as a rule, die instantaneously or even inevitably, and she does most certainly suffer. Why should we take it for granted that pigs are so much less sensitive? I am sure they do their best, poor animals, to try to prove to us the contrary!

The great boast in Chicago is that a certain "yard" can kill so many thousands of pigs in one day. No wonder the work is done hastily and inefficiently where this sort of competition in numbers goes on.

The stock yards are situated about seven or eight miles from the city itself and we had to change street cars and devote nearly an hour to the journey there, driving through mile after mile of wretched, squalid-looking suburbs. The yards occupy many acres and have given rise to quite a little town, with large hotel and station for the exclusive use of those in the trade. Chicago is the great market of the West and the

meeting place where speculators from the East come up to buy the stock that has been reared on the great stock ranches of Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado.

Arrived at the entrance to the stock yards, we passed innumerable wooden pens full of cattle of every description sent in from the Western grazing grounds and shipped off from here to all parts of the world.

We walked a long way through these stock yards before reaching the first pig-killing yard, "Hutchinson's."

Before entering the building and all along our walk I had noticed various covered wooden bridges running round the four sides of large areas of ground. Along these bridges a perpetual and forced procession of the miserable pigs is kept up.

They cannot turn right or left in the narrow wooden passage and are forced to go on, being crowded by fresh pigs from behind. On they go to their inexorable fate. One by one, they pass through a door into the building where a large iron hook is fastened on to one of their legs and they are hauled down some steps on one of which stands a man with a carving knife. He makes a hasty slash at the throat, but the wretched animal is not killed, only slung on, to be caught by another man who unhooks it, throws it into boiling

water to loosen the hair, and it is then passed on to a cruel machine with jagged iron "teeth" where it is thrown ruthlessly backwards and forwards until all the hair of the skin is removed.

I saw pigs kicking, struggling and most evidently in torture *after all three of these fiendish performances.*

The poor animals are then rushed into an immense room where they are cut in two and left to hang until all the blood has drained off. The carcasses are then removed to another room where the hams and various joints are cut off and finally into the salting room and thence to the packers'.

I shall never forget the hideous sight of the agony of these poor kicking, writhing creatures, thrown into boiling water and then pitched to and fro on this cruel machine and *living through it all!* This, moreover, in a Christian country, where no doubt anti-vivisectionists abound! What humbugs we are after all!

We get up indignation meetings over scientific cruelty on a very small scale and with at any rate a laudable motive, and yet let this horrible, unnecessary torture go on unchecked! It is only a question of time. They could kill the poor wretches outright if

they would only consent to kill a few hundreds less in the day at each yard.

To make the satire complete, "a society for the protection of animals" has an office outside the yards, and begs that any case of cruelty "may be reported."

I should have liked to report every single man employed in the yards and still more their employers, who live in beautiful houses in Lincoln Park and have fattened and grown rich on this fiendish cruelty.

But after all, we all eat lobsters and crimped cod, and veal that has been bled to death, and *pâté de foie gras*. The Chicago stock yards are only a degree more cruel; but I came home sickened and disgusted by the sight of them.

Chicago is essentially a city of "parks," owning no less than six of these delightful breathing spaces.

Lincoln Park is the finest of these, lying to the north of the city and close to the Michigan Lake.

The lake itself is, as usual, too big to be beautiful. The shores are flat and the immense expanse of water might belong to a small sea.

The park, however, is very fine; long and narrow, with numerous grass plats, intersected by gravel walks and very beautiful trees.

There was a fine piece of artificial water where

numerous boats were plying, rowed by young men and young women ; shady groves where nursemaids were sitting with their small charges, whilst the more energetic people played croquet, cricket and base ball and even "kiss in the ring."

A number of acres of ground in Lincoln Park are devoted to landscape gardening and planted with gorgeous beds of brilliant coloured flowers.

I drove back to the city by Dearborn Avenue, which contains some of the handsomest residences in the city, all of which are built of stone.

Since the great fire of 1871 no one is allowed to build a wooden house.

In this avenue one large wooden house remains, however, which belonged to the mayor of the town and possesses now the historical interest of having been the only house saved in that quarter of the city. It stands in its own grounds, and having a blank space on either side, escaped the general destruction.

My driver told me that previous to the fire most of the houses were small and low. *Now* the Chicago buildings compete with the monster public erections in New York, and many of the streets reminded me very much of Ludgate Hill and other portions of the "City" in London.

The Post Office, Court House and Government offices are all magnificent buildings.

Chicago has also several large and handsome churches. Most of the "stores" are wholesale, which confirms the likeness to our own "City."

The Chicago people have one very ingenious device. They cover the first few stone steps from their houses with carpets and rugs which are kept in place by heavy stones. Then they bring out chairs and cushions, and improvise a pleasant lounge for the hot afternoons. Some sit on chairs or "rockers" on the top steps; others on the lower steps, and the carpet prevents any bad effects from chill.

I drove back to my hotel through a brick tunnel under the bed of the Chicago River, which divides the town into three parts—North, South and West. This tunnel is built 53 feet below the river bed. It may give some idea of the rapidity of growth of an American city to remind my readers that in the year 1830 Chicago possessed one hundred inhabitants—in 1880, the census gave a return of 500,000.

Before closing this chapter, and with it almost the last of my strictly *American* experiences, I should like to say a few words with regard to the vexed question of "tips" or "wails" to servants, waiters, &c.

Every American with whom I have discussed the question (with one or two honourable exceptions) has assured me that the practice was almost absolutely unknown this side the Atlantic, generally inferring that any experience contrary to this dictum must be charged to my own stupidity as a "foreigner" in giving what was neither exacted nor expected.

Driven from this ground, they have invariably taken up as a last resource the theory that the practice was utterly unknown a few years ago, and is distinctly traceable now as a growing tendency generated by English and Continental influence. Americans are equally eager to criticise and condemn the presence and enormities of the great "tipping plague" across the Atlantic.

I can only say that if we English *have* introduced the practice into America, no teachers ever found pupils so apt to learn.

I have no wish to condone our own offences in this line, and think the whole system, as carried out at present, a rotten one; more especially where you pay for services twice over, first saving your landlord's pocket and then bestowing as much or more again upon the hotel servants themselves to escape black looks and grudging service. But I do wish to say that

it is absurd for Americans to persist in the obstinate assertion that it is quite unnecessary to give fees in an American hotel, when I have seen the very people who enunciated this extraordinary theory produce a "quarter" at every meal.

If you wish to get any food at an hotel in America, it is necessary to give a fee (and a good one) within the first twelve hours of your arrival as a "retaining fee," and to keep up constant "refreshers" every few days should your stay be prolonged—otherwise black looks, cold meat, interminable pauses and a general crash of crockery may be confidently expected.

Now, in American hotels, the number of waiters to be considered and "remembered" is very considerable. Breakfast and luncheon are invariably served in a separate room from the dining-room, and there are, moreover, different rooms again for a late or an early breakfast. All these changes imply a change of waiters; and, again, transient guests can rarely insure the same table each day for lunch or dinner. Having typically "put salt on the tail" of your special bird, you may find that he has flown a few hours later, or that *you* have flown to a different part of the room, which comes to the same thing, and the like expensive process must be repeated again and again.

When making a stay for a few days in any hotel, it is absolutely necessary to produce a dollar on the first convenient occasion, and to intimate pretty clearly that there is "more to follow" should the service prove satisfactory.

Now, as there is no separate charge for "service" on an American hotel bill as with us in England, I do not in the least degree grudge these "fees;" but I do resent being told over and over again that there is no necessity for them, and that the whole question is an absurd fancy on my part. More than once my friend and I purposely deferred the presentation in order to prove the truth or fallacy of these assertions. I can only say that our experience on these occasions was far from pleasant, and might have proved physically painful.

We persevered through black looks, cold meat, interminable delays, even to the inevitable crash when our plates were placed before us. I must do the waiters credit on these occasions for having given us fair warning and most unmistakable hints, but we were proving a theory and were wilfully blind and deaf.

At length napkins became conspicuous by their absence, and were hurled at our laps when asked for. After all, a dinner napkin is a soft missile, but when

the plates themselves came uncomfortably near our heads, we thought it high time to abandon theory for the more prudent acquiescence in facts and the indisputable virtue of the Almighty Dollar.

After much experience, the only differences I could detect between the systems of "tipping," as practised in America and England, were as follows :

In England, you give your "tip" on departure when your stay has been a short one.

In America, you must give one on arrival, a refresher midway, and some slight "acknowledgment" when you leave; and a dollar in America goes little further than a shilling in England, under similar circumstances, would do. Moreover, you must take into account three or four waiters in the dining-room (in large city hotels), the head waiter who opens the door when you enter, and expects a large "remembrance" on your departure; one or two "bell boys," who have brought iced water or answered a question in the passages; a chambermaid, and at least two "elevator" boys, in addition to one or two "hall boys," whom you have barely identified until the morning of your departure.

Making due allowance for all these, the area over which the tips are spread is considerably larger than with us, or even on the Continent. The one redeem-

ing point, on the other hand, is that over here in America hotel-keepers do not profess to save you all this worry and trouble by putting a fixed charge "for service" on their bills, as they do in England, which, of course, merely means that you have to tip *them* as well as their servants.

To show that I am writing *under* rather than over the mark in saying all this, I shall make some extracts from a newspaper cutting, written evidently by an American, but one of the few who will speak the honest truth on the subject.

It is headed, *A Nuisance and an Exaction*, and begins by giving the experience of another American gentleman, who, with a wife and one daughter, spent two months at an hotel in "Long Branch," and found their fees for "tips" alone amounted to 200 dollars. This included five dollars a week to the hostler, "to induce him not to founder my animals;" so the gentleman was evidently doing things on a big scale. The writer of the article goes on to say, "I am beginning to think, after all, that the European landlords are a trifle more frank when they put most of these fees in the bill." Why did he pay? I hear an innocent reader exclaim. This sage person thinks that he or she has struck at the root of the grievance.

The question will answer itself if the speaker will spend a week at an American hotel. I shall be willing to abide by the result of that brief experience. It is idle to talk about this subject to one who has not been through the trials. To one who has it is unnecessary.

A few cold breakfasts, a sleepless night in a badly-made bed, a few persistent brushings by determined broom boys, an interminable delay in getting a pitcher of iced water, the absence of hand towels in the public wash room, except such as are carefully spread across the palms of the obsequious porter, and finally the firm clutch that the hall porter takes upon even your feather weight umbrella every time you enter the door. These things, I say, will soften the stoniest heart just as dripping water will dissolve granite.

To the people who grow indignant over this recital I can only say, "Try a week without fees and just see where you land." Well, we tried forty-eight hours, not at an American watering-place in the season, but in an ordinary city hotel, and had no wish to prolong the experiment.

Having given an honest opinion on this subject, much at variance with the ideas of most of my American friends, I should like to mention one other small

matter in connection with American travel where my experience differs entirely from that of Mrs. Pfeiffer, with whom I have some slight but valued personal acquaintance.

I have not at hand her very interesting and clever book, entitled, "Flying Leaves from East to West," and must therefore trust to memory.

My distinct remembrance is that she makes special mention of the lack of courteous assistance given by railway officials or fellow-travellers on this continent to the helpless foreigner encumbered by hand baggage.

Now my experience was the exact reverse of this. It is true that the English porter, whose absolute devotion can be purchased for sixpence and whose unwearied civility and patient endurance seem to have no price, is unknown in America, as he is unknown in France or Italy. But I have travelled in *no* country where fellow-passengers were so unfailingly kind and helpful to women.

Travelling in a country where there are no regular porters to be had, it is necessary if possible to reduce one's hand baggage within such limits that it can be carried independently.

This, however, was often practically impossible.

Travelling for unlimited weeks or months during

winter in the Eastern states, a number of wraps and rugs were indispensable, and when spring came and we went further afield, many of the warm wraps could certainly be left behind, but it was then constantly necessary to pack up sufficient clothing for three or four days, to be carried by hand either when in the railway cars or on mountain expeditions where no regular baggage could be conveyed up cañons and mountain tracks.

The anxiety of reaching or changing cars under such conditions was very great in anticipation; but when the critical moment came I found almost invariably some kind friend at my elbow whom I had perhaps not even noticed before and who would say to my unutterable relief, "Allow me, madam! You seem to have rather more than you can manage. Let me fix it up for you."

Sometimes the grand "conductor" himself would leave his train for a few minutes to run across to the next train with some of our light baggage. If not, an American gentleman would invariably come forward and help us in the most courteous and kindly way, never, in one single instance making any such slight attentions the excuse for thrusting any further acquaintance upon us, unless we encouraged him to enter into conversation.

The only really tipsy man I ever saw in America was a fellow-traveller in our car, going from Boston to New York.

He was a pleasant, gentlemanly-looking man to start with, but had dined, unfortunately "not wisely but too well," on board the train and indulged in a good deal of champagne *en route*.

But even under these trying circumstances, the instinctive American courtesy to any woman in difficulties came triumphantly to the front. We arrived at the New York Central Station late at night and my friend, her maid and I were struggling in the grasp of half-a-dozen shouting, bellowing, Irish-American car-drivers who were seizing our numerous bags and bundles and carrying them off in various directions. I had entirely forgotten my tipsy friend, having got safely out of his way when leaving the railway car, but he came gallantly to the rescue, shouldering a huge parcel of my rugs and a dressing bag and hurling defiance at the crowd, repeating over and over again in a most reassuring voice, "Nobody shall get the better of you whilst *I* am here! I'll look after your interests; nobody shall lay a finger on your property, madam, as long as I have a pair of arms at your service."

Having seen us safe into the haven of a carriage, he

took off his hat most politely and retired, ordering the driver to take us at once to our hotel.

If drink steals a man's brains away, it is at least a mercy when it leaves him his courtesy and chivalry intact.

I think the reason for the widely differing opinions of Mrs. Pfeiffer and myself on the subject lies in the different conditions under which we travelled.

Mrs. Pfeiffer was accompanied by a devoted husband, whereas we were travelling as "lone, lorn females."

American men are so much accustomed to look after the comfort and well-being of their womankind, that it would never strike them that a woman travelling with any male companion could need other assistance.

Now this is a safe theory to hold so far as *American* women are concerned, because they reduce their hand baggage to a minimum and are not generally undertaking long and arduous journeys over several thousands of miles even in their own country. But the most devoted husband has after all only one pair of arms, and there are limits to his carrying powers; so that Mrs. Pfeiffer probably fell, metaphorically, between two stools.

Having a male protector, she was presumably independent of outside help, but having doubtless like

ourselves a good amount of *impedimenta*, she fared worse on the whole than we did, so far as this matter is concerned.

“Tout compris, tout sera pardonné!”

I hope if Mrs. Pfeiffer reads this chapter, she may accept the explanation, and acquit the Americans of any lack of kindliness or courtesy, two of their most attractive and, I think, undeniable qualities.

Wishing to see Niagara once more in her summer beauty, I took the “Michigan Central” train from Chicago and spent another day there, this time at the Clifton House, close to the Suspension Bridge on the Canadian side.

The view from the verandah must be beautiful on a fine day, but this August day was unfortunately dark and dreary, and as rainy and cold as any day we had spent at Niagara during the previous November.

It was almost a relief to get away and find myself once more *en route* for Toronto, where I spent a very happy week with the kind Canadian friends to whom I had taken letters of introduction the previous autumn.

The trees in Toronto were looking lovely in the summer, and the fields were covered with “golden rod” and other summer wild flowers.

Rosedale, which had looked so beautiful even in late

autumn, was still more bewitching now, and we had several delightful drives in the neighbourhood.

With many regrets I packed up once more, for my berth was engaged on board the "Celtic," White Star Line, and several last places still remained to be seen before drawing my lengthened tour to a close.

I left Toronto at eight o'clock one evening by the Grand Trunk line for Kingston, having decided at the last moment not to take the steamer the whole way to Montreal, as the sky looked stormy, and Lake Ontario is said to have great possibilities in the matter of waves and "breakers."

Our railway journey was rough and wretched enough, and my back ached for two days afterwards from the effects of the terrible jolting, but we escaped a worse fate by water, as it turned out. The train was two and a half hours late, but this was of no consequence, as the steamer was not advertised to touch at Kingston until 5 a.m. The Pullman car took us alongside the wharf, and we were allowed to remain there till five o'clock, but were then turned out into a small, uncomfortable waiting-room until the steamer came up about half-past five, and we went on board, tired, cold and hungry, to find a number of miserable-looking passengers who had left Toronto the night before, and had

evidently spent an uncommonly wretched time on board. A heavy sea had got up about 8 p.m., and nearly every one on board had suffered very much, including some who declared they had crossed the Atlantic with much less discomfort.

Almost directly after leaving Kingston the St. Lawrence River is entered, and the passage through the Thousand Islands begins.

These islands are great and small, and are dotted all over the immense stretch of river, breaking it up into many channels.

Many of these islands have either large summer hotels built upon them or pretty little houses with bathing places attached, where the summer boarders can find accommodation.

Gay little pagodas with bright flags flying from them mark out these pretty summer resorts, and give a bright, lively look to the fresh green of the wooded islands on a sunshiny day.

Our steamer was crowded. There was scarcely room to plant a chair on deck, but the surroundings were so beautiful and the day so fine that one lost all sense of discomfort.

About midday we came through the first rapids on the river, which are small and insignificant; but after

early dinner we passed through the "Long Sault" Rapids, which are nine miles in length, and very grand.

The steamer tossed and creaked and swayed up and down amongst the dashing, foaming green waves in a way that was quite exciting; although on board a large steamer and with this wide channel the moments were not so apparently critical as some I have spent on a Nile dahabeeah crossing the famous Cataracts.

Nine minutes saw us through these first large rapids on the St. Lawrence River, and others were passed in turn—the "Cascades," "Cedar Rapids," &c., &c. We could not go through the La Chine Rapids that evening, for dusk was coming on, and the boat was too heavily weighted to be safe.

I made the expedition later from Montreal, but did not find it either more beautiful or more interesting than the passage through the Long Sault Rapids had been.

To return to the expedition I am describing. Leaving the steamer at La Chine, we took the railway cars and in twenty minutes reached Montreal and another monster Windsor Hotel.

As a town, I prefer Montreal to all the other Canadian towns I have seen. No doubt life in Toronto

may be pleasanter because it is more in the world and less provincial. But Montreal is far more picturesque than Toronto, and far cleaner and brighter than Quebec.

There are fine shady boulevards of over-arching trees, wide clean streets and some very handsome stone houses. Winter also is more enjoyable in Montreal than in Toronto, because the air is dryer and there is more opportunity for skating, sleighing and tobogganing and such winter amusements than in the latter city, which is much damper and more liable to sudden thaws.

Some kind friends in Montreal took me for a drive to the famous "mountain," a long steep hill, rising up behind the town, covered with lovely trees and shrubs and having a steep, winding carriage road which zig-zags up to the very summit.

In autumn the tints must be magnificent, but on this September day the trees had scarcely yet shown any signs of "turning."

From the summit of "the mountain," the grandest view of Montreal may be had. The numerous churches, hospitals, City Hall, Grey Nunnery, the famous Victoria Bridge, a tubular bridge across the river two miles long, all these formed a grand picture beneath our feet,

and the numerous green trees and alleys of foliage planted all over the city and its outskirts make the view one of the most beautiful town views that can be conceived.

Coming down on the other side of the hill, we drove through the Protestant cemetery, which is built on the side of the mountain and which, like most of the American and Canadian burial places, is far more beautiful than anything of the kind in the "old country."

The site of the famous Ice Palace, which is built up for every carnival season in Montreal, lies just below the Windsor Hotel. Even in September notices were already put up that rooms could be engaged for the succeeding February, and the small-pox visitation having put a stop to all festivities for one year, the scene was expected to be all the more lively the next time.

In the same (Dominion) square is the cathedral of St. Peter's, barely finished at the time of my visit, but looking very gay inside, as a fashionable fancy bazaar was taking place there.

It is built after the model of St. Peter's in Rome, and is said to be the exact half of the latter in every dimension, but this seems incredible.

Thirty years have been spent in the building of it and yet the dome had only been put up a few weeks before my arrival.

The Roman Catholic parish church of Notre Dame is made entirely of wood, including the statues, which are ornamented with gold bands and painted to imitate marble.

The pillars are of coloured wood in imitation of red and green serpentine. Ruskin would be horrified, and no doubt the whole thing is false, inartistic and pretentious ; but I should not call it "tawdry" as so many do, because the colouring is decidedly harmonious, chiefly dark brown, green and gold with touches of deep crimson.

The reredos, which is open and without any screen in front of it, is really imposing, the various niches in it being filled with carved and coloured images. Much of the work was done in Paris and sent here from thence.

Going up from this church to the roof by an elevator, I saw the biggest bell in the world, which was cast in London.

The City Hall is a very fine building near the quay, with the usual amount of handsome and absolutely uninteresting committee and mayor's rooms inside. Close

to the water's edge is the quaint Bon Secours Market, where a thriving trade seems to be driven, and up a very steep hill at the back of it, the Bon Secours Church, the oldest in the city, which dates back far away into the dim Canadian recesses of a whole century !

It is being rebuilt and decorated in an ugly florid style, too commonly found in Roman Catholic churches abroad. The grand Roman Catholic cathedral on Fifth Avenue in New York is a glorious exception to this rule, and is as beautiful, simple and imposing as the most fastidious taste could desire.

A clerical synod was being held in Montreal at the time of my visit, and the whole place was overrun by black-coated and white-tied strangers from the surrounding dioceses.

Some of these I knew and heard a good deal of the social arrangements on such occasions.

One of these latter struck me as very happy :

The clergy are billeted as a rule at the houses of the various members of the Episcopalian Church in Montreal. The synod being held in September, most of the resident families were away for their summer holiday.

Instead of returning to the inconveniences of entertaining absolute strangers with a hastily gathered

together household, they had sent the most polite letters of welcome to their city with *carte blanche* for a week's stay at the chief hotel in the place. As this plan gave entire freedom of action to the guests, the relief no doubt was mutual, and probably the expense no heavier to the householder in the end.

In addition to clerical friends I recognized several other American acquaintances in this wonderful Windsor Hotel at Montreal, where one seemed to be always recognizing some well-known face.

Amongst others, I met again a very pleasant American lady who had travelled with me from Niagara to Toronto a week or two before, and who had interested me during a long railway detention by her keen enjoyment and interest in life at an advanced age and having lost her husband and only child, and with them all absolute ties in the world.

Instead of giving way to a morbid and melancholy loneliness, she had taken to oil painting as a relief and distraction, and had shut up her pretty but now desolate home in New York State in order to travel about for a time and see something of the world whilst still free from actual infirmity, and thus lay up a stock of pleasant memories against the rainy day of real old age. I wonder how many English women at the age

of 68, left so utterly and sadly alone in the world, would have had the energy and philosophy to do likewise under similar circumstances.

Her only child, who must have been a very beautiful woman, judging by a picture I saw of her, had died only two years previously under singularly sad circumstances. She had an independent fortune, having inherited two-thirds of her father's property upon his dying without having made a will. Mother and daughter were devoted to each other, and both seem to have had a passion for travelling. They lived together on their pretty estate, but the daughter often made journeys with friends of her own. On one occasion, some two or three years ago, the mother had taken a young niece to England and the European continent.

The daughter, meanwhile, spent the summer with friends in the Rocky Mountains, making Colorado Springs her head-quarters.

Being an ardent mountaineer and possessed of strong will power, although physically delicate, she had already made the ascent of the chief mountains in the district, one only, Long's Peak, remaining unachieved.

This mountain is not so high as either Pike's Peak or Gray's Peak, but the ascent is more difficult. No-

thing daunted, however, the poor lady set out alone with a guide, who was said to have made the ascent already thirty times and was considered a safe and experienced man.

They left their horses at some distance from the top and walked to the summit, and so far all went well. Unfortunately they then discovered that a storm was blowing up beneath them, and they hurried down hoping to escape the worst of it.

The guide said the lady seemed nervous, a most unusual thing for her, and appeared very eager to get down. At 3 p.m. they began the descent, the storm blowing up towards them, and the rain and sleet coming down in torrents.

The poor girl became more and more nervous and helpless, and at length gave in completely, becoming at times almost unconscious

The guide could only manage to carry her down a few steps at a time, and meanwhile night came on and he grew desperate. He told her that he must go for help; that otherwise both of them would perish in the storm.

The poor girl implored him to remain, but he was obdurate, and possibly he thought he was acting for the best. At any rate he left her at ten o'clock at night

quite alone on this terrible mountain whilst the storm raged in full fury. At 4 a.m. he returned with his father to find that she had dragged herself on a few steps and fallen over a precipice, for she lay at the bottom quite dead, and with a deep cut over her forehead. The poor mother meanwhile had returned from Germany, and was staying alone at a big London hotel when the telegram arrived announcing the death of her only child, but giving no clue to the cause. She would in any case have sailed for home in a fortnight's time, but was mercifully able to get a berth on board a steamer which left England next day, and she arrived in New York to be greeted by the sad truth.

The poor girl left considerable sums of money to various charities, especially to those connected with the protection and kindly treatment of dumb animals. She was passionately fond of horses and constantly bought poor over-worked, ill-treated animals from car or stage drivers and turned them out to grass on her own estate in order to insure them a peaceful old age. Distant relations of the father are unfortunately trying to upset the will on the score of "eccentricity," much to the sorrow and indignation of the poor mother, who worships the memory of her beautiful and accomplished daughter.

She and I drove one afternoon to a fine convent school called Villa Maria, in the neighbourhood of Montreal.

One hundred and seventy-five boarders are received here between the ages of seven and twenty. The rooms are very fine and the education ought to be excellent. Some say it is, others assert that it is very superficial. At any rate the arrangements were very perfect. The dormitories were pretty and scrupulously clean. High spring beds with white dimity curtains and white vallances lined the room on either side. These vallances roused my admiration by the very neat way in which they were plaited in innumerable tiny plaits. Once a week the girls take them off their beds, plait and tie them up for twenty-four hours, when they emerge once more as fresh as ever.

Each young lady here makes her own bed.

Then we passed through large dormitories where the pupils sleep who require private rooms.

A central passage runs down these, and on either side of it the rooms are partitioned off for one or perhaps two beds. Hanging curtains take the place of door and wall in front, so that perfect privacy is insured, whilst at night these "door curtains" can be looped back to allow the air from the general passage (which is well ventilated) to enter.

One odd arrangement downstairs was a number of small music rooms side by side, each large enough to contain a semi-grand piano and with glass walls on both sides of it. A "sister" sits in a kind of glass cage in the midst of these rooms, commanding a full view of the pupils right and left, who can be trusted to practise alone under such supervision.

The pleasant-looking, kindly sister who showed us over the place declared that the sound of the pianos could not penetrate from one room to the other, but I should much doubt this assertion and felt very grateful that the musical pandemonium was over when we arrived.

The grounds are beautiful and very extensive, being fitted up with swings, merry-go-rounds, &c. for the children. Several whole families of from five to seven children each are numbered amongst the pupils. The place looked very bright and homelike. Several of the pupils were receiving friends in one or other of the various reception rooms when we were there, and they seemed very cheerful and happy.

Another day I was beguiled into attending service at the pretty English Cathedral to hear a Canadian bishop, said to be the most powerful and eloquent preacher on either side of the Atlantic! Alas! I took

the advice and came in for a very weak dilution of the Bible and a diocese that shall be nameless !

The music, however, was excellent, and one practice which obtains there seems to me a very good and sensible one. A clergyman gave notice that he wished for volunteers for a "congregational choir," that is for members who would join the *first hour's* practice of the regular choir and would sit amongst the rest of the congregation in their usual seats when service went on, to strengthen and encourage the congregational singing.

Leaving Montreal for Albany, *viâ* Lakes Champlain and George, I came in for my only unpleasant experience with an American or Canadian custom house. The Montreal Station is about as disgraceful a building as our own London Bridge, and it would be impossible surely to condemn it more forcibly.

The scene there on the morning of my departure was one of wildest confusion. We were forced to open every trunk, bag and bundle, and in the absence of porters, all our hopes of help rested with the conductor of the Windsor Hotel omnibus. Unfortunately he had attached himself wholly and entirely to the one big strong man of the party, who could have dragged about his own portmanteaux with perfect

ease. Probably the conductor knew his prey and scented dollars in the distance.

But he might at least have given the rest of us a chance of competition, and would have gained on the whole by doing so I think.

Anyway, there we were, men and women alike, struggling to drag our respective trunks and portmantaux from underneath heavy Saratoga trunks and kneeling down on the cold stone floor to undo the leather straps, only to find again and again that we had troubled the waters in vain and that the one "angel" of the Montreal Customs had passed us by for some more favoured traveller with stronger lung power.

However at last everything had been "visited" and checked, and to our great surprise and relief we were fairly off, trusting that our baggage might be fairly off also.

Both the lakes I have mentioned are very beautiful, but I prefer Lake George as the smaller of the two and the more decided contrast to the general run of huge American lakes, which are virtually small seas. The two lakes are separated only by a narrow ridge of land about three or four miles broad. Lake George is bordered by high hills, covered with exquisite green trees, and a number

of small islands in the lake add much to its beauty. As the Saratoga season was already nearly over, I had decided not to waste any time there. The great point of going to Saratoga seems to be to see American ladies in triumphs of *blanchissage*, white gowns and white petticoats which have cost a small fortune to produce in the first instance and to wash in the second, and which, I am confidently assured, are changed twice or even three times a day by the owner if she have any pretensions to fashion.

I believe, however, that amongst the best American families nowadays, as with our own in England, simplicity of dress on ordinary occasions is considered more *chic*, and better evidence of good breeding.

I spent an hour in Saratoga and was not much impressed by that hasty glimpse of the town. In September, no doubt Saratoga is not seen at its best. It seemed to me a miserable-looking place, with small boulevards, wretched houses and a few monster hotels, where, no doubt, the unwary traveller may be fleeced to any extent.

Newport, or Rhode Island, is the most fashionable of all American summer resorts nowadays, and the practice there of living in villas and small furnished cottages during the season must be far pleasanter than

staying in the monster hotels of Saratoga. These "cottages," however, command enormous prices, varying from \$500 to \$5,000 for the short summer season.

I had returned to the Eastern states too late in the summer to go through a course of American watering-places. It is impossible to include *everything* even in the programme of a year, a much longer time than most travellers devote to this one continent.

So I consoled myself by reflecting that such places would probably have seemed rather tame to me after all the wonders we had seen.

Moreover by this time neither purse nor wardrobe would have been equal to the demands of an American summer season.

HOMeward BOUND.

FLEAS are said to abound in San Francisco, growing and thriving amongst the sand on which that city is built. That this is the case I know from the sad experience of friends who live there ; but I was fortunate enough to escape any personal discomfort, either there or in any other American city or town.

A worse fate, however, was in store for me, the one night I spent at Albany, in the most celebrated hotel in that city. I found the house both noisy and dirty, and spent a most wretched night there, leaving with great joy next morning by the eight o'clock Hudson River boat for New York.

These boats are very large and extremely comfortable—a contrast in every way to the ones that ply between Kingston and Montreal. On the Hudson boats you can dine *à la carte*, and (within certain limits) at any time ; a great improvement upon the “wild beast” feeding scrambles that took place, at stated intervals, on the Richelieu Navigation Company's steamers.

From Albany to West Point the Hudson River has little to boast of beyond its immense size. The shores are flat and uninteresting, being chiefly covered by coal wharves and business manufactories.

But at West Point the scenery changes, and here the real beauty of the river begins for the traveller going south.

It cannot compare with the beautiful Columbia River in Oregon, but is undoubtedly very fine. Before reaching this point we had passed the famous Vassar College for girls, high up on the river bank above Poughkeepsie.

The kind young doctor who had come to my rescue with his French brandy after my Yo-Semite Valley experiences, had kindly begged me to visit his family at Nyack, on the Hudson River, but time would not allow me to have this pleasure, and I was obliged to pass by the pretty little town on the western shore, as also (nearer the river's mouth) the fashionable resort called "Yonkers," some seventeen miles from New York and very beautifully situated on the eastern bank of the Hudson. Kind American friends would have welcomed me here also, but time and tide and the White Star line wait for no man.

The best known point on the Hudson River is on

the New York side of Yonkers, and is called the "Palisades," being a series of great precipices rising to various heights, from one hundred to three hundred feet on the western side of the river, and stretching for some twenty miles along its banks. The name is a perfect description of the shape of these curious rocks, whose rugged, desolate sides are crowned in very happy contrast by thickly-wooded summits.

Having allowed myself one day's rest in New York to pick up baggage and meet my friend's maid from Canada, who was to accompany me to England, I determined to devote *my* last evening before going on board the steamer to a visit to Coney Island. It had been an old promise that a kind and hospitable New York friend should take me there before I left the country, and as he chanced to be in the city for a few days at that unfashionable time of year (September) the expedition was made.

Coney Island (as every one knows) lies just outside New York Bay and ten miles from that city. It is a very narrow island, about four miles long, and has a capital beach for sea bathing.

There are three principal shore resorts, connected with one another by a series of railway car tracks.

This line, which can be traversed from end to end in a quarter of an hour, is said to pay better than any other American railway.

These divisions of the island, Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, and West Brighton descend in the social scale and represent respectively the Brighton, Ramsgate, and Margate of England.

There are some very fine hotels at Manhattan Beach, repeated in a lower key at Brighton Beach, and dwindling down into the restaurants and tea gardens of West Brighton. Every sort of "cheap Jack" and ten cent entertainment was going on at the latter place, and the great excitement seemed to be to enter a huge wooden elephant, built originally as an hotel, and large enough to accommodate many guests in his head, body and legs.

An elevator took curious tourists up one of the legs into the hall of the body and thence to the monster's head and ears, whence a good view might be obtained; but the evening was grey and chilly, and I felt no inclination to penetrate into his huge, ungainly wooden body; so we returned by rail to Manhattan Beach, and after an excellent "farewell dinner" at the Manhattan Beach Hotel, went into the handsome concert hall close by, which is built in the open and covered in by

an enormous tarpaulin of coloured cloth, looking like a huge Japanese umbrella.

The usual exhibition of the "Burning of Moscow," arranged and lighted up by fireworks, could not take place that evening, on account of rain and wind ; so we consoled ourselves by hearing some very excellent music, which finished up by the sadly appropriate tune of "A sailing we will go !"

Soon after this I returned to New York, and my friend took me on board the "Celtic," where I found maid and baggage safely arrived, and also my chosen cabin, which proved later to be infested by cockroaches.

The heat in New York in September is very great, and as we were moored against the quay for the night and were not to sail until seven o'clock in the morning, the close atmosphere had no doubt brought out these plagues.

I had chosen the White Star Line in preference to the Cunard as being less crowded and more comfortable, and found no reason to regret my choice. The cabins were very comfortable (barring the cockroaches, which disappeared when once we set sail), the stewardesses were kind and attentive, the food excellent, and the general arrangements extremely good.

The captain was a bear, but as he spoke to no one on board with the exception of one favoured family, who were personal friends, this did not affect the passengers, and both purser and doctor were most kind and gentlemanly men.

To add to the pleasure and comfort of the voyage, by some special miracle I escaped sea-sickness entirely, for the one and I fear only time in my life, and felt almost tempted to believe the reassuring words of the purser, who declared when I first came on board, "that no one ever *was* ill on board the Celtic." "I did not know he could stretch it quite so wide as that," was the comment of a sceptical stewardess when I repeated the remark !

I am afraid the experience of some other passengers was scarcely so fortunate, but I am sure there is a wide difference in the "rolling capacity" of various steamers, and I believe we were better off in that way than we should have been in other steamers on the line.

Even the little "plucked Partridge" grew quite chirpy again after collapsing for a couple of days, and began to think she had the makings of a good sailor in her after all.

And yet we came in for the tail end of a pretty bad storm, and the boat rolled over so much one

night that sleep was absolutely impossible from the difficulty of keeping in one's berth at all.

We had few passengers on board, and those chiefly men, and of a strongly Conservative turn of mind. The exception to both these classifications lay in Mrs. Parnell, the mother of the Irish agitator, who came over with us, having only engaged her berth overnight and coming on board only a few moments before we sailed.

She is a most fascinating old lady, the real type of gentlewoman of the old school, with soft, twinkling, humorous blue eyes, a pale complexion, a most placid manner, and that rare charm, a low and perfectly modulated voice. Young or old, Liberal or Conservative, we all succumbed to her charm of manner before the voyage came to an end, and it amused me very much to see several of the ultra-Conservative young men who had denounced her most openly "as a pernicious old woman" when she came on board, vying with each other when we landed in paying her every attention, and helping her to pass her luggage at the Custom House offices in Liverpool.

One very heavy little wooden box with iron clasps, upon which I sat sometimes in her cabin, certainly looked suspicious, especially in face of the fact that

she had lost or omitted to bring the key of it. She asked me laughingly one day if I feared "dynamite" when I made some demur about sitting down on it.

I don't think the Liverpool officials feared dynamite, but possibly they scented "documents" (knowing the owner), for my last sight of the mysterious little box was seeing it in the hands of a Custom House officer who was evidently bent on penetrating the mystery. According to Mrs. Parnell he could only find receipted bills and family papers to repay his search.

The dear old lady looked charming when she landed late in the evening, wearing a handsome silk gown, velvet mantle and bonnet with turquoise blue ribbons which showed up her pretty pale complexion to great advantage.

Expressing some fear that the dirty Custom House floors would spoil her dress, I asked why she had put on such a pretty gown and bonnet for the occasion.

"I thought I should meet my son," she answered simply, with pretty motherly pride.

She seemed as eager to look well in his eyes as any young girl about to meet her lover.

Alas! "my son" did not appear, but as we landed

on the last night of the parliamentary session it would have been scarcely possible for him to do so.

I am quite sure that no son, not even an Irish agitator, would have allowed such a devoted mother to land alone had it been possible to be with her.

Another passenger who interested me was a young Englishman, nephew of a well-known historian, who was returning from a literally "fruitless" attempt at vine-growing in the Sonoma country, to the north of San Francisco.

Many Englishmen have settled down in that country, and those who have been lucky in making money can, no doubt, order their own lives to a great extent; but this young fellow was, of course, only at the bottom of the tree, and forced to associate with many uncongenial companions. He had given the life an honest trial for eighteen months and did not object to the hard work, but said he really could not stand the associations, and did not think fortune would be likely to come to him quickly enough to justify his throwing up everything that makes life worth living, at so early an age.

It is a good thing he made the discovery in time to avoid wasting his life, as so many poor fellows do who return from unsuccessful ranching or orange

and wine growing at the age of thirty, perhaps, to find their contemporaries settled in life and all avenues closed to them.

At twenty-one or twenty-two this young man had still much of youth before him, and the year's experience of hard work and "roughing it out West" would do him no harm in the end.

And so the "year in my life" has drawn to a close and gone the way of all the other years, but leaving, I trust, the mark of some wider growth in experience and tolerance.

Herein, I think, lies the value of an American tour, undertaken without prejudice and carried out with deliberation, and, let us hope, with some amount of intelligence.

England is pre-eminently a country of insular prejudice, ignorant obstinacy of opinion and a dogmatic conventionality that is shocked by a *name*, but tolerates the thing itself if only people will not talk about it, or, better still, re-christen it for polite society.

We travel on the Continent and find nothing to shake the splendid audacity of our national confidence. When all is said and done, foreigners are, of course, only a "very poor imitation of the real thing." Eng-

land is the standard. We have a general monopoly, including, as some foreign cynic observes, the shortest and most direct route to the Kingdom of Heaven.

The English themselves may resent the matter being put in this bald way, but it is an absolute and almost unexceptional truth; and every man on the face of the earth who is not an Englishman, but who has had the pleasure of meeting us, knows it to be the truth, probably by bitter experience.

No doubt this attitude of mind, rotten and intolerant in itself, lies at the bottom of the dogged determination and almost brutal strength of the English character, and so, as often happens, good comes out of evil, and seems almost inseparable from it.

Or, again, we travel to our own most distant colonies and the same glorification of England and England's modes of thought and action, surrounds us. The colony may be a pretty bad copy, but we judge it instinctively by the English picture, which ought to be its standard, and consider any shortcomings or alterations a distinct and unquestionable flaw in the performance.

But we go to America and the conditions are entirely different.

Here we cannot pity the "God-forsaken foreigner,"

unable even to speak our language, nor criticize the shortcomings of a colonial settlement.

Here we have an enormous mass of English-speaking men and women, most of whom own distant kinship with us, but who have cast off the swaddling clothes of English thought and action, and are living their free and independent life apart from any standard we may choose to set up.

The New York "dudes" are indeed accused of a disloyal adoration of everything "English, you know," but this is somewhat exceptional, and we are speaking of Americans as a whole. Apart from some little international jealousies, they have, I am assured, a hearty esteem and affection for us, but with the best and highest type of American this comes from no servile admiration. He admires what is admirable in us because it is admirable, not because it is English.

We may sneer at political corruption in America, but are we ourselves so absolutely immaculate in this line? We may call their liberty licence; but they may fairly retaliate that a good deal of our English prudery hides a considerable amount of English hypocrisy.

Some of us are very fond of discussing "vulgar Americans," and their solecisms of accent and expres-

sion, but I think there is quite as much vulgarity of thought amongst the English, and it might be better for some of us if it went no further than our speech.

Moreover, accent, after all, is to some extent a matter of opinion, as also are many expressions which we condemn, but which have quite as much right to exist as our own.

An English lady, on my return, speaking of a mutual and very charming little American friend with whom I had stayed in San Francisco, asked me anxiously *whether she had lost any of her American ways?* evidently hoping that the answer might be in the affirmative, and consequently a favourable one.

I could not help smiling to myself and thinking how strange it would have sounded if the little American girl, in asking after her English friend, had anxiously inquired whether *she* had lost "any of her English ways yet?"

During one day on board the "Celtic" I had the curious experience of really hearing an "English accent," and very affected and artificial it sounded to me after a year's absence from it.

By the second day the old associations of a lifetime had resumed their sway, but on that first day it did certainly seem to me that most of our own fellow-

passengers, specially the men, were conspicuous by an affected and swaggering enunciation of their words. Suddenly the truth dawned upon me. For the first time in my life I was listening to "English as she is spoke."

It were a weary and ungrateful task to add up the vices and virtues of the two nations, and strike a nice balance, even were any member of either sufficiently experienced and unprejudiced to be able to do so with any degree of accuracy.

Is it not a truer philosophy that would teach us to leave comparisons alone and be content to admire generously and honestly what is to be admired in the American nation?

From their freshness and freedom of thought, the "old country" need not disdain to learn some valuable lessons in exchange for the more unquestioned advantages of art and historical tradition, for which the New World must still worship at the shrine of the older one.

I have endeavoured to write honestly, and, so far as is possible, without prejudice of what I have seen and heard. In spite of such endeavours, many will doubtless be found to dispute most of my facts and almost all my conclusions.

In a world of such infinite variety in taste, opinion, and powers of observation, this must of necessity occur.

In one sense each man *does* "live to himself." He can only record the observations and impressions of his individual experience.

To do more than this is untrue, and gives to his book the value of a secondhand guide-book. To do less than this is literary cowardice.

"Speak boldly and honestly, or do not speak at all."

This has been my maxim in these sketches, and I can honestly and gratefully add that I have never spent a happier nor more profitable year than the one devoted by this female Columbus to the study of a new world.

THE END.

PRINTED BY
KELLY AND CO., GATE STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.;
AND MIDDLE MILL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

