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ROUGH NOTES

OF A

TRAVELLER,

*Being an Account of a Trip Round the World, via
Ceylon, Arabia, Egypt, Italy, France, England,
America, Sandwich Islands, Fiji, &c.,*

BY

A. W. DOBBIE.

PRICE—ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.



Adelaide :

WILLIAM KYFFIN THOMAS, PRINTER, GRENFELL STREET.

1877.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



Dr. Mitchell.

ROUGH NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.—We have received from Mr. A. W. Dobbie, the author, an account of his recent trip round the world, which was originally published in the *Methodist Journal* under the title of "Rough Notes of a Traveller," and which is now re-issued in book form at the special request of Mr. Dobbie's friends. Mr. Dobbie is evidently a keen observer of men and things, and his writing is easy and natural. He has thus succeeded in producing a work full of interest and of shrewd, practical, common-sense remarks. As a consequence of Mr. Dobbie's South Australian sympathies he has imparted a local tinge and application to much that he has written, but his book will be none the less appreciated for this specialty. Altogether we can warmly recommend the perusal of "Rough Notes" to all who take an interest in the world outside the limits of the colony.—*S. A. Register*, February 24, 1877.



Dr. Mitchell.

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P R E F A C E .

It may be necessary at the commencement of this work to explain that it is the result of a pressing request on the part of the Editors of the *Methodist Journal*, who, on hearing of my intended trip round the World, asked me to make notes as I went along, and post them on to Adelaide for publication in the *Journal*. Never having attempted anything of the kind before, I naturally shrank from the task, but after a considerable amount of persuasion I promised to hazard the attempt: hence these "rough notes." The reader will see that I have not attempted to write formal or elaborate articles on the various things and places that I have seen in my travels, but have rather tried to write them in an easy conversational style. Since my return scores of friends have pressed me to re-publish them in the book or pamphlet form, at the same time promising support; as that was an idea that had not previously occurred to me, I hesitated for a month or two, but as many entirely disinterested parties continued to speak kindly of these my "maiden efforts," and advised their re-publishing, I at last decided to do so.

I therefore set to work, and to some extent revised them, at the same time making a few additions and alterations; but for want of time the revision has not been so thorough as I should have liked.

A. W. DOBBIE.

February 22nd, 1877.



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CHAPTER I.

Leaving Glenelg—The inevitable—Delightful night—One day's doings—Man overboard.

The Tropics, March 15, 1876.

ON February 27, at exactly eight p.m., the P. and O. Company's R. M. S. *China* hauled up her anchor and steered down the gulf, from Glenelg. It was with a curious combination of feelings that I leaned on the bulwarks and watched the receding lights of my adopted country, until they were lost in the distance. I then began to stir myself, as weeping would not mend matters. The strange dusky figures of the Hindoo sailors rushing about, their tongues clattering at a marvellous pace, the almost continual whistle of the Indian "bosun" calling his men to various parts of the ship, the rattling of chains, waiters carrying luggage about, all tended to make it seem a most unnatural and uncongenial Sunday evening. I paced the deck for an hour or two, and then sought my cabin, with a presentiment that I should be likely to remain there for some days to come. I managed to get a passable night's rest "considering." At six next morning our cabin steward brought me a cup of tea, which I enjoyed. I then got up, had a salt water bath; but returning to my cabin, soon I felt "the inevitable" slowly but surely coming over me. Within half an hour I had "given up" everything but the ghost, and there I lay in abject misery the rest of the day. Next morning I was slightly better, so I braced up courage enough to have my bath, dress, and go on deck for a short time. The weather was beautifully calm all the way to King George's Sound; but for all that I remained in a state of wretchedness until nearly in sight of land.

We arrived at the Sound at six p.m. on March 2nd, but much to our annoyance were placed in quarantine on account of scarlet fever having been prevalent in Melbourne. So we had to remain on board during the very dirty operation of coaling, which was exceedingly unpleasant, and very detrimental to clean clothes! The appearance of Albany from the steamer's deck was not particularly prepossessing; but we were informed that there was some good country inland, which no doubt is true. The night we spent in the harbour

of the Sound was something to be remembered. I turned in at the usual time, but I might as well have tried to fly as attempt to sleep. The coal barge was alongside with our supply of coal, which the crew were transshipping to the steamer by the aid of our heavy steam winch, this same winch being within two yards of my cabin, and just overhead. The noise was something terrific; I can only compare it to several peals of very heavy thunder all raging away at the same time, but with this difference, viz., thunder has intervals between the peals, but this frightful noise continued without intermission during the whole night. I very patiently and perseveringly tried for three hours to get a little sleep, but to no purpose. So I rose and went fossicking about in the dark, and at last stumbled across an empty seat on which I stretched my weary frame; and so finished one of the most miserable nights I have ever experienced. At daylight I found I was in the aft cabin, where other figures rolled in blankets were lying scattered about in all directions, these individuals having been partners in my tribulation. Of course, ladies could not follow the example of the gentlemen, so theirs was the harder case. Many of the passengers now commenced fishing, and succeeded in catching no fewer than sixty dozen with common small lines, which had only to be dropped into the water and a fish would be on immediately.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, March 3rd, we again stood out to sea, the weather being all that could be desired.

March 5th, being Sunday, all the crew and officers were mustered on the quarter deck at ten o'clock, in full uniform. Some of the coloured officers glittered in all the tints of the rainbow. I should think the turban alone of the black "bosun" would cost five pounds, being enriched with gold, &c., in all directions. After they had all answered "Sahib" to their strange sounding names, the fire-bell was suddenly sounded, and away they all scampered to their respective posts. The English officer again went round with the muster-roll, after which the stylish "bosun" signalled to man the boats, and away they all rushed again. Again they answered to their names, and then were dismissed. Altogether it was a very picturesque and interesting scene. Dr. Cairns, of Melbourne, then conducted service on the deck, which was fairly attended. This closed all formal proceedings for the day; and each was left to spend the remaining hours of the Sabbath as he thought proper.

March 7.—We are now in the tropics, the region of the flying fish. I continually see large numbers of them. It is also the region for heat! We find the atmosphere much more oppressive than hitherto.

An ordinary day on board the *China* may be thus described:—At six in the morning our cabin waiter brings us a cup of tea or coffee, and biscuit. Then get up, and have a salt water bath. Dress, and go on deck till breakfast time, nine o'clock sharp. The morning is spent in reading, writing, walking about, chatting, playing rope quoits, &c., until one o'clock, which brings luncheon. The afternoon is disposed of in a similar way to the morning, until dinner, which important event takes place at six o'clock. The dinner is rather an elaborate affair, there being seven separate courses, the disposing of which occupies an hour. I certainly have never before wasted so much time eating and drinking as I have since leaving Adelaide. The rest of the evening is generally passed in pacing the deck, or lounging in easy chairs, sometimes varied by a little singing, until about ten o'clock, when we would generally renew our acquaintance with Morpheus.

March 10.—The heat is now so oppressive in my cabin that I sleep on deck, and intend to do so for the rest of the passage to Suez.

We thus continued our monotonous progress day after day (the sea being almost like a millpond) until March 15. On that day we suddenly heard the startling cry of "man overboard!" Away rushed the captain to have the engine stopped;—away rushed a lot of the crew to lower and man one of the boats,—away rushed everybody, pell-mell, to the after deck, to see the drowning man. There is great suspense whilst the boat is being lowered, which seems to take an outrageous time; but exactly six minutes from the time the man was in the water the boat was being pulled away manfully in the right direction. The boat when almost abreast of him seemed like to pass him, but suddenly the boat alters her course, and goes straight towards the man. There seems great delay in getting him on board, but at last he is secured, and they pull for the steamer; and exactly twenty minutes from the time of the alarm the man was again on the deck of the steamer. Of course the intensity of the suspense made the time seem very much longer. The officer of the boat informed us that the man refused to be picked up, and at last, they caught hold of his clothes with the boat-hook and hauled him into the boat! The affair was investigated, and the poor fellow said that his

“overseer” ill-used him, so he jumped overboard—to make believe he wanted to commit suicide. It was found that he had been in the habit of skulking, and next day he received eighteen lashes for trying to drown himself. So ended the most exciting event of our travel thus far.

March 16.—Here we are in sight of Ceylon; but a description of this beautiful place must be postponed. I must spend a day or so here. For the present, farewell.

CHAPTER II.

Ceylon—Whale Rock—Cocoanut palms—Catamarans—Indians in full dress—Doby’s—Change sov’rein, sar—Native swindlery—Father Martin an easy victim—Delightful ride to Wakwella—Cheap fruits—Beggars—Leave Galle—Mohammedan pilgrims—Incident of Indian warfare—Gulf of Aden.

Indian Ocean, March 17, 1876.

IF I remember rightly, my last closed with the information that we had reached Ceylon. After having been without the sight of *terra firma* for thirteen days, it was delightful beyond measure to watch a charming green coast unfolding its beauties before us. As we approached the shore, we could not but be struck with the contrast between this and King George’s Sound. The one barren and rocky, the other just the reverse, for even at a great distance we could see it was timbered and green, right down to the water’s edge. As we neared the mouth of the harbour, we saw on our left, at about three hundred yards distance, the masts of a splendid steamship, which only seven weeks previously was steaming comfortably out of harbour on her way to Bombay, when she suddenly struck on “Whale Rock,” and commenced to sink at once. The signal of distress was hoisted, and the other vessels in harbour immediately sent their lifeboats to the rescue, and succeeded in saving all hands. Twenty minutes to half an hour afterwards, the steamer went to the bottom, leaving twelve or fourteen feet of her masts out of the water.

It was a beautiful sight to see (directly we entered the mouth of the little sheltered bay) the lovely cocoanut palms on our right hand, and in front of us, growing in tens of thousands even down to the strand. On our left were the

little moss-grown Dutch ramparts, built two hundred years ago. But very soon our attention was attracted to something quite as extraordinary, and certainly much more amusing.

Away to our left front we saw a host (about one hundred) of strange looking boats (or catamarans as they are called) making all speed towards us. I have seen many boat races in my time, but they have all been the merest child's play compared to this one, as far as interest and excitement are concerned, both on the part of the actors and spectators. Each catamaran had from two to five natives on board. At first sight the stranger is apt to wonder the crafts don't all capsize, as they are only about one foot wide, and fourteen to twenty feet long; but as they come nearer we see a kind of outrigger, which consists of a great log tied on to the ends of two bent poles sticking out from the side of the boat, the log resting in the water. Most of the natives were in "full dress," consisting of a small piece of rag which looked like a dirty pocket-handkerchief tied round their loins. A few of them had trousers, and fewer still sported a loose jumper: but the majority went in for the dirty pocket-handkerchief alone. When the boats got within one-hundred yards of the steamer the fun began in real earnest. At this time they were scattered over a space of one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards square, and were fast closing in upon one another, so that they were continually fouling, and then the boatmen would scream and storm at each other to get out of the way. The nearer they got to the steamer the more exertions they put forth, until their bare backs glistened in the sun with the perspiration pouring from them. To see their struggles now one would have thought their lives depended on being first to arrive alongside. What with the cranky-looking boats, the excited gestures of the occupants, their anxious and earnest faces, their sometimes savage looks, and the babel of their chattering, screaming voices,—it was altogether a sight not likely to be forgotten for the rest of one's life. By the time the anchor was dropped the catamarans came alongside, the natives clambered up the sides of the steamer like a lot of monkeys, and there seemed every probability of our being completely overrun. But our quartermaster was quite prepared for them; the moment a head and shoulders appeared above the rail, down came a rope's-end—with no gentle hand! One of those in "full dress," who climbed up the fore-castle, came along to the quarter-deck, and was not noticed until he was amongst the passengers. But he was soon discovered,

and the inevitable rope's-end caused him to disappear "like magic." So they hung on to the sides of the steamer, waiting for an opportunity to board. Large numbers of these native *men* were "Dobys" (or washerwomen!), who wanted our clothes to wash, or steal,—as the case might be. Later in the day a number of the passengers were foolish enough to give up their clothes—to be washed, not stolen. The consequence was that one lady lost about two hundred pieces: another sixty; another seventy; and I had given up all hopes of getting mine back, but at the last moment, when the steamer was about to sail for Aden, my "Doby" rushed up from his boat with them. He wanted to charge me two rupees per dozen, but I only paid him one; and I afterwards found that they were only half washed, and some spoiled. Others of the boatmen consisted of traders, who wanted to do business with the passengers; and the remainder wished to ferry the passengers to the shore.

The moment the gangway was lowered, four of us boarded one of the strange-looking crafts, and in about seven minutes we were once more again on shore. Here another scene commenced. The moment we landed we were surrounded by about twenty natives, all reaching out their hands, which were full of silver rupees, and calling in an excited manner—"Change sov'ren (sovereign), sar—change sov'ren sar—me give eleven rupees, sar—dis right sar—me 'onest man, sar—change sov'ren, sar—only one, sar:"—and so they rattled away, as though Bedlam was let loose; until a native policeman came up and scattered them right and left with his baton. We felt rather suspicious about changing any sovereigns, not being able to make out why they should be so terribly anxious to get them. So we enquired of a European, and found that it was all correct; the natives can exchange them to some advantage further inland, and also work them into jewellery. I had no sooner got possession of some silver, than I was again surrounded, this time by native traders, guides, and beggars. One held out a nicely-carved card case, inlaid with some white metal, supposed to be silver. "You buy card-case, sar—ver bootiful card-case, sar—me sell ver sheap, sar—you buy sar?" "How much you want?" I asked. "Me sell ver sheap, sar—let you have for ten rupees, sar." I simply laughed at him, saying I did not want his case at such a ridiculous price. "How much you gib, sar—me want to trade, sar—me sell, sar—you say how much you gib, sar." I said three rupees. He gives his head an impatient shake, and goes on—"Oh no, sar; dat not proper price, sar—dis ver

pine (fine) case, sar—ver nice coorosoty for lady, sar—dis silber in here, sar—how much you gib, sar?” I still say three rupees, and he rattles away again in his earnest, excited manner, “No, sar—you say *proper* price, sar—(laying great emphasis on the word *proper*)—that not *proper* price, sar—me want do business, sar—not can sell for dat price, sar—me let you hab for eight rupee, sar.” I still remain firm, and then he offers to let me have it for six rupees, but to no purpose. But he is determined to do business if possible; and again presses me to offer a *proper* price. But no, I say three rupees is a fair price, and again he chatters away in a vehement style, praising up the article, and saying what a lot of work there is in it, &c., until he at last lets me have it for three and a-half rupees—just about one-third of what he first asked me! Another holds out a black ebony walking-stick, offering to let me have it for fifteen shillings. I say I don’t want it, and that he wants to cheat me. He commenced; “No, sar—me sell ver sheap, sar—you say what you gib, sar—dis ver pine stick, sar—me ’onest man, sar—me let you hab for five rupee.” “No;” “den what you gib, sar—me sell—me want trade, sar—me telling true, sar;”—and at last I purchase the stick for two rupees. And so it was with everything they offered: but especially in jewellery do they carry on their swindling. Father Martin, a Roman Catholic priest (one of our passengers), was an easy victim. One of the jewellers showed him what appeared to be a beautiful gold chain, saying “dis ver pine gold chain, sar—you buy, sar; me sell ver sheap.” The Father is attracted by its appearance, and asks him how much. “Me want do trade, sar—me let you hab for four pounds ten shillings.” The priest says “no, you want too much, I give you two pounds.” The wily native pretends he cannot sell for that price; but in a minute he pushes the chain into his victim’s hands, saying “ver well, sar—me show you me want do business, sar;” and the clerical handed over the two pounds, thinking he had got a great bargain. The native now showed him an apparently nice gold ring, with a large piece of colored glass in it, saying; “dis ver bootiful gold ring, sar—real ruby stone, sar—you buy, sar—me sell dis ring, three pounds ten shillings, sar.” Father Martin haggles with him for a few minutes, and finally purchases the ring for one pound. The trader next produces a sapphire ring, and after praising it up to the skies, offers it for two pounds; and finally sells it for fifteen shillings. Another is produced, equally as good as any of the others, for which an absurd price is also asked, and the father purchases it for four shillings! A diamond

ring is now offered, as being the genuine article, which after a little haggling is sold for one shilling and sixpence ; and so the foolish man spent about four pounds, on what was actually worth seven shillings and sixpence ; those standing by, of course, laughing at his simplicity.

Galle is but a small village, compared to the inland towns and villages ; but for all that there are abundant materials to interest the visitor. I greatly enjoyed myself wandering about the streets for a couple of hours. There seemed to be very few European residents ; but for all that the place is a model of cleanliness and good order, and the streets are as smooth and apparently as well made as they are in Adelaide, but very narrow. There are four or five hotels for the use of visitors, but I could not succeed in obtaining a bed in one of them, they being all occupied by the passengers of the mail steamer from Southampton *en route* for Australia. They were waiting for the *China* to arrive from Adelaide, as the *Bangalore* could not go on to Australia on account of having brought several cases of smallpox from Bombay to Galle. The Oriental Hotel is a very fine place, being commodious and airy ; they keep a good table, but don't forget to charge for all these things. I noticed that nearly all the shops and houses had very large doorways or other openings at both back and front, so as to allow a free circulation of air. There are four churches in Galle—the Dutch Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Episcopalian, and Roman Catholic. In the Wesleyan church they conduct service in three distinct languages every Sunday, viz., eleven a.m. Portuguese, half-past two p.m. Singhalese, half-past six p.m. English. After walking round about the place for a couple of hours, just glancing at the various sights, and purchasing a few "coorosoties," as the natives call them—(wherever I went I was followed by a troop of traders) ; by and bye I returned to the steamer, to finish the letters I had written at sea, and bring them to the post-office.

At two o'clock I returned on shore, when two other passengers and myself engaged a cab for the afternoon, and took a drive to a place called Wakweka, and then on to the Cinnamon Gardens. Of all the rides I have ever had, this one was by far the most delightful and interesting. Nearly the whole of the way we passed through dense avenues of the most beautiful cocoanut, jack fruit, bread fruit, banana, mango, and palm trees, loaded with immense quantities of their various fruits. Besides all these, and other tall trees whose leaves and branches touched each other, there were the more shrub-like plants, such as the nutmeg, coffee plant,

cinnamon, cachu, and many others whose names I forget. Then there were large quantities of choice flowers, and creepers climbing up the trees and spreading along the ground. Altogether the luxuriance and grandeur of the vegetation was beyond anything I had ever conceived. Now and then we would pass through a padda field (rice). The cocoanut palm struck me as being the most beautiful of all the trees, with its immense clusters of nuts (from forty to sixty nuts in each cluster). The number of bananas in each cluster of that fruit varied from one hundred to one hundred and sixty. The jack fruit tree is very prolific. The Dutch used to call these fruits the "sour sacks," because one single fruit was a sour load for one man to carry! I am not at all surprised that the natives look so plump and healthy, when I see such an abundance of nutritious fruits in every direction. Most of these are ready for eating directly they are ripe. I also saw the cachu tree, the fruit of which reminded me of the Australian native cherry, the stone preferring to grow on the outside of the fruit instead of the inside. This fruit is about the size of an apricot. When eating it you have to be careful not to allow your lips to touch the outer skin or rind, as it acts like caustic, blistering the lips and turning them black. We saw here the celebrated bottle tree, from which one can obtain large quantities of nice fresh water. One of the natives climbed up about ten feet and opened one of the crevices with his knife, and handed down some of the water on a leaf for the visitors to taste. There are also immense quantities of pineapples grown here. Farther inland there grows a grand tree called the talipat palm, one single leaf of which will cover fifteen men, and when dried it folds up like a lady's fan.

After visiting Wakwella and Cinnamon Gardens, we returned to Galle by a different route, which was similar in beauty to the other, with the addition of an occasional glimpse of the sea through a break in the trees—the "deep" being only about a hundred yards from the road. Snakes seem to abound here. I found one lying in the road, about three feet long, and it did not offer to go away until a native youth threw a stone at it. I would have killed it, but thought perhaps the natives held them in veneration, as they do some other hateful creatures! A friend of mine also saw a snake here ten feet long. We reached Galle about dusk, so we thought it wise to return at once to the vessel, although I would have much preferred wandering about the place all the evening, gathering information with reference

to the habits of the natives; but I was afraid I might get into trouble, being alone.

Next morning several of us paid a visit to the market before breakfast, and were greatly surprised to see such a fine place. It is both larger and superior to our Adelaide East-End market; but we were too late to see its bustling time, it being now half-past seven. For ten shillings we bought as much fruit as would fill from two to three large sacks, and then we had reason to believe we were overcharged. Pineapples were ten for one shilling; limes, one shilling per hundred; bananas, one shilling per hundred; and other things in proportion.

I returned to the steamer to see to the transshipping of my luggage from the *China* to the *Indus*, and to get my clothes from the "doby." Much to my annoyance, these two items delayed me right up to the time of sailing, so that I was deprived of at least another three hours on shore, when I intended to invest in a few more curiosities, and pick up more information about the place.

Before closing my remarks on Galle, I ought to say a word or two with reference to the begging propensities of the natives. The children especially have by far the most effective and winning way of begging that I have ever seen. They place their hands on their forehead, and bring it away with a graceful flourish, make a low salaam, and say, in a very smiling, winsome, yet pitiful way—"Salaam, sar; salaam, sar; please gib me threepence, sar; me ver hungry, sar (here they press their hands on their stomachs); me got no fader or mudder, sar," &c. They will persevere for an hour with the one party, and if they succeed they will keep out of your sight for an hour or two, so that you may forget their faces, and then they tackle you again! I detected more than one serving me in this way. Several ran behind our cab for about three miles on our way to Wakwella, and when I threw them a few coppers they still persisted, until they were fairly tired out; but as for any of them being hungry, I did not see a hungry-looking native on the island.

Just previous to leaving, whilst we were waiting for the "dobys" to bring our clothes, we had considerable amusement by throwing a few small coins in the water, that the native men and boys might dive for before they reached the bottom; and in no case did they fail to get the money. We would insist on their keeping about twenty feet away, and then we would drop a threepenny-piece down by the side of the steamer; and before it could get out of sight we could see them hold their hands underneath and catch the coin.

They would then go down deeper still, and swim about, just to interest us; and then rise to the surface in a graceful manner, remaining there apparently as much at home as we were on board.

At two o'clock, March 17th, we steamed away from a place that I would have much preferred remaining for two or three days longer, as there are many objects of interest in and about it that I had not had time to see.

Saturday, March 18th.—To-day we passed close to a large steamer literally crammed with Mohammedan pilgrims, who were returning from their pilgrimage to Mahomet's tomb.

March 21st.—Last night one of our stewards gave an entertainment in Hellerism (magic) on the quarterdeck.

March 23rd.—This morning we passed the Island of Socotara, and now we are in sight of the coast of Africa.

We have also on board the *Indus* as fellow passengers four or five invalid British officers and soldiers who are returning to England from Perak, the place where Mr. Birch was murdered by the natives some few months ago. They have been engaged in trying to capture and punish the murderers and instigators of the affair. The actual murderers are supposed to have been killed, but the ringleaders are still at large. One of the invalids (who by his appearance seems scarcely likely to recover) related to us one of the incidents which occurred a short time previous to his departure. The British soldiers were quietly marching along the road through the jungle, when suddenly they were fired upon from the jungle to their right. The chief officer and a lot of men fell dead at the first volley, and yet not a man of the enemy was visible on account of the jungle being so dense; so all they could do was to fire at random into the thickets, but of course to little purpose. Affairs were looking very dismal for the Britishers, as none but natives can get through the thick undergrowth of the forest. However the native regiment (friends) were not a great distance behind, and on hearing the firing going on they hurried forward. On arriving at the scene of action they saw the state of affairs at a glance, and without a moment's hesitation they threw their muskets on the ground and drew their long knives, which they always carry, and rushed indiscriminately into the jungle upon the enemy. Then commenced one of the most horrible slaughters that any of the Britishers had ever seen or ever wished to see. The enemy was completely routed (though not by British pluck in this case.) The heavy artillery came up by this time, so the native regiment were called out of the jungle, and the heavy guns were fired upon part of the jungle

where the remains of the enemy were hiding for safety. The shrieks of pain and terror were dreadful to hear; all those who were able to do so got away into the forest, leaving numbers of dead and wounded behind them. The British and native regiments then went on their journey, but this time keeping closer together.

March 24th.—We are now steaming up the Gulf of Aden, and shall arrive at Aden at midnight, or between that and daylight to-morrow morning. So I must conclude this *short note* (!) as there will be no time for writing at Aden, for we are to stay there only a few hours.

P.S.—We have not had what we could call a breeze since we left Adelaide.

CHAPTER III.

Arabia—Dive, Sir! dive, Sir!—A challenge to fight—Water tanks—Fortifications—Curious water-carriers—Arabian villages—A German passenger—Red Sea—Suez—My first donkey ride—Town of Suez—Four elephants—Turkoman savages—Railway ride across Egypt—Curious farming operations—Mud hovels—Ancient Alexandria—Ancient relics—Harems—Lost—Another donkey ride—H. R. H. Prince of Wales—Settling accounts with Neptune—Greece, Crete, &c.—Brindisi—Ancona.

Red Sea, Monday, March 27, 1876.

My last concluded with the information that we were within something like twelve hours of Aden in Arabia.

We arrived at the port of Aden soon after daybreak on Saturday, March 25th. Shortly after dropping anchor we saw hastening towards our steamer about a dozen tiny canoes, each containing one little boy, in the usual "full dress." They commenced calling out to us in their broken English, "Dive sir, dive sir, dive sir; me dive, sir, you throw money," as fast as their lively tongues could rattle it out, all in chorus. I threw in a two-anna piece (threepence), and they all disappeared under the water in an instant, and soon brought up the money. It was surprising that they could succeed in getting it, for the water is so thick here that both the money and the boys disappeared directly they were under the surface. After enjoying this fun for an hour or more (the passengers keeping them going with small coins),

the young rascals tried to vary the amusement by offering to fight each other for sixpence! But we did not encourage them in that sport, and when one of the bigger boys began attacking a smaller one I ordered him to desist, when he coolly placed himself in a fighting attitude, and, looking up with all the assurance imaginable, said, "you come down, me fight *you* for sixpence!" which of course elicited roars of laughter at the expense of "yours truly." However, I declined the opportunity of earning sixpence so kindly offered by my coloured brother. This same boy offered to dive to the bottom and bring up some sand, if any one would give him sixpence. On the money being forthcoming, down he went from the coal barge, and after being much longer under water than I should like to have been, he came to the surface with his hand full of sand, so he received his well-earned sixpence. The water is thirty feet deep here. Another of their feats was to lean over one side of a canoe, causing it to turn bottom upwards. They would then cling to the canoe with only one hand on each side showing above water; after remaining thus for a minute or so, they would cause the boat to right itself again, with the operator lying inside of it. These canoes are from six to eight feet long, and fifteen inches wide, cut out of one solid piece of wood. They are propelled with one paddle exactly the shape and size of a flat cricket bat.

After breakfast we went ashore, and four of us hired a cab to take us to the celebrated Water Tanks, about four miles off. In driving through Aden the visitor quickly comes to the only conclusion possible concerning it, viz., that it is from one end to the other the most dreary, barren, burnt-up heap of cinders and stones that exists on the face of the earth. We did not see a blade of grass all the time we were there. Sometimes three or four years will elapse without a drop of rain falling, but of late the inhabitants have been more fortunate, for they had a fall of rain about seven months ago, and another the day before we arrived. But with all its barrenness, Aden is not entirely without interest to visitors; the peculiar appearance of the rugged mountains, with their pointed spike-like peaks, and the splendid way in which the British power has protected the harbour and town by dotting these mountains with forts in every direction, mounted by guns of twelve tons weight each, are very noteworthy features. Soon after leaving the port of Aden on our way to the Tanks we came to a narrow pass cut out of the solid mountain, over which was thrown a heavy battlement of immense stones, through which there

are small slits, to enable soldiers to fire on an enemy and yet be under cover. The entrance to this pass is strongly garrisoned and well mounted with heavy artillery. We went through two native villages, which did not commend themselves to our sense of smell. We met scores of men, camels, and donkeys loaded with skins filled with water for the town. These water-carriers cut a very grotesque and comical appearance, for all the reservoirs are the complete and perfect skins of pigs, goats, donkeys, &c., which had been carefully taken from the animals from the point of the nose to the tip of the tail, so that when they were filled with water they resumed their original shape, which gave the carriers the appearance of having pigs, &c., thrown across their shoulders. Both the camels and donkeys were the most shrivelled up, miserable, starved-looking creatures I ever saw. The camels belonging to the exploration party in South Australia were kings compared to these. When we arrived at the tanks or reservoirs we were both surprised and pleased with their picturesque appearance, and the substantial and well-finished way in which they are "got up." The natural formation of the ravine in which they are situated greatly favoured their construction; in fact, they seemed to have been immense holes or cavities in the mountain, which by building three or four partitions across form six or seven separate tanks connected with each other by aqueducts. The natural irregular formation of the sides of the rock is simply plastered over with good cement. When full they contain about seven million gallons. A few small trees and shrubs are planted about them, in soil brought from some other part of the country, for not a vestige of natural soil fit to grow anything could be seen anywhere near Aden.

After inspecting the tanks, we drove through the market, which is a very crowded and exceedingly dirty-looking place. But we had no time to examine it, as the steamer was to sail at four o'clock sharp. We returned to the port by another route, which took us through a tunnel fully a quarter of a mile long, cut through a narrow part of the mountain range. On emerging from the tunnel we saw the arsenal before us, in which are stored large numbers of heavy guns for field service. When we arrived at the town again we wandered about the place, purchasing a few mementos of this dreary region.

Not seeing any of the ostriches for which this country is celebrated we did not "catch any;" but we saw large numbers of beautiful ostrich feathers offered for sale by the

natives at very reasonable rates; and I purchased a very large ostrich egg for one rupee.

I should have mentioned, when writing about the tanks that they were discovered about ninety years ago by the British, but they are generally supposed to be thousands of years old. They have been greatly improved during the last few years.

At four o'clock precisely we weighed anchor, and left the heap of cinders behind us.


I have lately made the acquaintance of a wealthy German, who has been in Burmah for the last eighteen years. His notions of Australians have greatly amused myself and several others who have spoken to him. It seems that one of that numerous tribe of trashy sensational books on bush-ranging in Australia was lent to him, and on reading it the impression was left on his mind that we were the most horrible blood-thirsty wretches under the sun! On being informed at Galle that the Australian passengers were coming on board the *Indus*, and that he would probably have to take two of us as companions in his cabin, which was capable of holding three, he actually paid the amount due for the three berths rather than be brought into close quarters with such dreadful people! For some days after we came on board he held himself aloof from us, but gradually perceiving that we did not appear so bad as we had been painted, he screwed up courage enough to speak to several of us; and yesterday he gave Mr. Butler and myself a cordial invitation to visit him in Burmah, when he will present us to the king and take us about the country on elephants with due honours. He also wished to treat all the Australian passengers to a trip from Suez to Cairo and the Pyramids on our arrival. He evidently has great influence with the King of Burmah, as he has several rich-looking diplomas or titles to orders presented to him by the king, and he showed us a beautiful gold watch presented to him by the British Government for his assistance in amicably arranging their quarrel with the king. The watch had particulars of the matter nicely engraved inside the case.

Sunday, March 26th. We are now in the Red Sea, and it is rougher than it has been since we left Adelaide, but not unpleasantly so. Weather cool and pleasant.

March 30th. We are now in sight of Suez, and the shores have been in view on each side of us for some hours, but they are anything but interesting in appearance, being as barren and free from vegetation as a macadamized road.

On arriving at the wharf of Suez the whole place seemed

alive with Turks, horses, mules, and donkeys, evidently in connection with the Servian war.

After lunch we proceeded to engage donkeys to take us to the town. We succeeded in making terms with a donkey owner near the wharf, and when we went forward to where the donkeys were, a general rush took place, and we were completely surrounded by the donkeys and their masters, and hustled about in a very disagreeable manner. It seemed of no avail to tell them that we had already engaged those we wanted. Each roared out that his was the best donkey, and his name was "Roger Tichbourne," and other such notorious appellatives. We at last struck out right and left with our walking sticks, and succeeded in clearing a small space for a moment, which enabled us to jump on our donkeys, and away we went—very suitable subjects for comical photographs, for what with our ridiculous appearance, the shaking caused by the peculiar, rough, uneven dog-trot of our "noble steeds," and the insecure style of our stirrups, so upset my "natural gravity" that every now and then, for the first quarter of a mile, my attendant had to rush up and prevent my falling off. My companion being a first-class rider and his long legs reaching nearly to the ground was able to keep his seat much better than I, but he cut a comical figure for all that, his size and weight being out of all comparison with that of the donkey. However, we enjoyed our ride very much, simply on account of its novelty. The place called the "town" of Suez is a dense accumulation of small mud hovels, about two miles from the wharf. We rode about the filthy streets for an hour, but the place seemed entirely devoid of interest. There are a few large buildings such as the waterworks, and one or two others of less note; but at the end of an hour we were glad to get away from the dirtiest place called a town that we had ever beheld. There seemed to be a large number of "fallen women," who stand at their doors hailing passers by; they are all distinguished by what appears to be a strip of jet-black paper paper pasted across their foreheads thus, . We understood from our attendant that they were compelled to wear this peculiar badge. There was one sight that gave us pleasure in the midst of the surrounding poverty, viz.—we saw four immense elephants passing through Suez *en route* for some other part of the country. A companion informed me that one of them was much larger than any we would see in the "Zoo" gardens of London. He certainly was a huge fellow.

On our return to the wharf we enjoyed ourselves watching the embarkation of a large number of the Khedive's soldiers,

and three or four hundred horses and mules, *en route* for the war in Abyssinia. The last shipment of soldiers had, through bad generalship, been massacred to a man, including the Austrian General who had the command. These soldiers have the most diabolical and savage features that I have ever seen. The illustrations that I have seen of the savage Turcomans engaged in the late Franco-Prussian war corresponded with the appearance of these exactly. The Khedive's private yacht was lying in the harbour. It is a most elaborate affair, having cost him about half a million of money.

Before closing my remarks on Suez I ought to mention that the spot where the Israelites are supposed to have crossed the Red Sea is about one and a-half miles from this place, where Moses' Wells are now situated. Being thoroughly sick of Suez, a lot of us determined not to wait for the arrival of the mail from Bombay ; so we left by the eight o'clock train on our journey across Egypt from Suez to Alexandria. For the first hundred miles it is as dry and bare as a stone road, but very much more sandy. The remainder of the journey (120 miles), was through the Land of Goshen which Pharoah gave to Joseph and his brethren to feed their flocks upon ; and certainly it seems well suited for that purpose. The whole of the land here is under cultivation with rice, barley, and other cereals. The beautiful date palm is also natural here, thousands being continually in sight. The cultivation of grain is carried on in quite a different style to what we are used to in Australia. The ground is ploughed about three inches deep by the genuine old-fashioned plough represented in Bible pictures. It is simply a bent piece of wood with a piece of flat iron inserted in about the same position as the knife in our Australian plough. The ground is then hoed into ridges with an ordinary hoe, which forms a nice even drain between each ridge. The rice or other grain is sown on these ridges. The irrigation is performed in two different ways, viz., the small farmer simply fixes a strong pole about nine or ten feet high on the edge of the canal or river as the case may be ; he then slings another pole about twelve or fourteen feet long to the top of the upright pole in a horizontal position ; to one end of this a heavy weight is attached, and on the other end hangs a kind of watertight basket, which he pulls down to the water and fills ; the weight at the opposite end now overbalances the basket of water, causing it to ascend until level with the land, on to which it is poured. One man can thus draw about thirty gallons per minute. The second method is by a curious

kind of waterwheel worked by mules and donkeys night and day. On our overland journey we crossed the famous river Nile, and two or three smaller branches of it. The only thing that marred the pleasant scenery along this part of the journey was the numerous clumps of wretched mud huts in which these farmers lived with their families ; there seemed to be a small village about every mile, each village consisting of about from twelve to twenty huts all huddled together within the space of from thirty to forty yards square. Each hut has three or four small holes through the walls, which with a very small doorway was their only method of obtaining light and air.

We arrived in the once famous old city of Alexandria at nine o'clock in the evening, very tired and dusty. Next morning we were up in good time, and after an early breakfast hired a carriage to take us round to see the lions of the place. The first of these was Pompey's pillar. It certainly is a noble column, and how they transported this immense mass a distance of 700 miles and erected it on the summit of a hill, is certainly a puzzle. The pillar consists of four pieces, viz., pedestal, base, shaft, and capital, all beautiful red granite. The total height is 98 feet 9 inches. The shaft or plain round column is one piece 73 feet long, and a little more than 9 feet in diameter. It is highly polished, and the weight is over three hundred tons. We next visited Cleopatra's needle. These two are obelisks or square taper columns of red granite ; one is still standing where it was erected 1840 years ago. The other is lying down waiting to be transported to England, but the Government of that country does not seem in a hurry about it as it has been their property since the year 1801. The standing column is 71 feet high, and 7 feet 7 inches diameter at the base, and about 3 feet 6 inches at the top. They are both covered with hieroglyphics from top to bottom. (I did not trouble to read these hieroglyphics, for reasons that may suggest themselves to my readers.) The obelisks stood originally at Heliopolis, and their ages are unknown. The Temple of Cæsar, which 1800 years ago stood opposite these columns, has altogether disappeared.

We next paid a visit to the vice-royal gardens, but they are not to be compared to the Botanical Gardens of Adelaide. I recognized numbers of flowers that grow freely in South Australia. We also visited the Royal Harem, but wisely kept outside the gates, for if we had entered we should probably have been discharged *minus* our heads, which would have been inconvenient, as it would have put a stop to our

sight-seeing. We continued to drive about the outside of the city for about two hours, but beyond what I have mentioned there did not seem to be anything of very great interest. If I had more time I would like to have visited the Catacombs, the Khedive's palace, and a few other places of minor importance.

From what we saw during our short stay in Egypt, and from what we heard from others who had gone farther inland, it was very evident that the Khedive and his immediate circle are living in the most extravagant and reckless style imaginable, at the expense of the poor of the land, who are ground down with taxes on their land and produce of every description. The Khedive has grand palaces scattered all over the country, and is now engaged in building others. He has also harems in profuse style in all the principal towns, and as a natural consequence cannot pay his debts. I was informed whilst there that if any of the population happened to have a daughter blessed (or rather cursed) with unusual beauty she would be sent off to one of the Khedive's harems and the father would suddenly become rich.

On returning to Alexandra Square, where our hotel is situated, we discharged the carriage and guide, and started to find the wharf, as we wished to visit H.R.H. the Prince of Wales man-of-war *Serapis*, which was then lying in the harbour. The Prince of Wales was at Cairo with the Khedive, but was to arrive in Alexandria in the afternoon. After walking much further than we knew the wharf to be, we were obliged to consider ourselves "lost;" so we were compelled to hire a couple of donkeys whose owners soon brought us to the wharf, which proved to be in quite a different direction to what we had been taking. However, we carefully noted the position and direction of the streets, so that we should be able to find our way back again without the aid of the donkeys. On our arrival at the wharf we had to go through the abominable ordeal of choosing one boatman out of about forty who rushed us like a lot of madmen. It took us quite five minutes to get into the boat, although it was only a few yards from where we were standing, each man being determined to have us come to his particular craft. On our arrival at the *Serapis* we were informed by the officer of the deck that just half an hour previous they had received orders from the Prince of Wales to prepare for his reception, and not to allow any visitors whatever on board. It was a great disappointment, for besides the vessel itself, which is well worth seeing, there was a large number of wild animals on board, which had been presented to the

Prince whilst in India. However, we contented ourselves with sailing round the noble-looking vessel. We then proceeded to view several other men-of-war which were lying in the harbour.

On stepping ashore, we were assailed by a host of donkey-owners, who wished us to hire their noble steeds; but we persistently declined, and at last broke away from them, thinking in our simplicity that we knew the way to Alexandria Square, which was not a great many hundred yards from the wharf. However, we walked up one crooked street after another until we had travelled three times the distance; and all this time we were pestered with two fellows and their donkeys, offering to take us to the square for sixpence. My companion lost his temper over them several times, and in language more forcible than polite consigned them to dreadful places, and threatened them with all sorts of dire punishments, but to no purpose. As for myself, I could do nothing but laugh at the absurdity of our position, and quietly remark to my companion that sooner or later we would have to knuckle down and hire the donkeys whether we liked it or not. But he was determined not to give in; so on we went until we began to get tired, when suddenly we emerged from the town into open ground that we knew nothing at all about. At this juncture my friend acknowledged himself "lost," and for the second time we had to give in and hire the donkeys—the owners grinning at us all over their faces. Our Adelaide friends will no doubt think us very simple for losing ourselves in this way; but Alexandria is not laid out like Adelaide. The streets generally are from ten to fifteen feet in width, and very few running as wide as thirty feet; and instead of crossing each other at right angles they wind about hither and thither and round the corner in the most fantastic and ridiculous way imaginable. The houses are also sometimes built so that persons in the second storey can shake hands with their neighbours on the opposite side of the way. The buildings are nearly all very high, three and four storeys being the common thing, especially in the wider streets. The footpaths are very narrow, and in the busiest streets these footpaths are completely taken up by fruit stalls, tinsmiths, and other pedlars, so that foot passengers have to walk amongst the numerous traps and donkeys going to and fro. Whilst I was riding I was in continual terror of my donkey running over somebody, for the drivers are continually trotting behind us yelling and striking the donkeys with their sticks.

The population of Alexandria is a very mixed one, con-

sisting of Egyptians or Copts, Arabs, Greeks, Italians, French, and a few English. Evidently the French have a much stronger footing here than the English.

We spent the remainder of our afternoon walking about Alexandra Square and the streets adjoining, that being the most respectable and best laid out part of the town, and at five o'clock we proceeded on board the steamer *Pera*, which was to take us to Venice.

On our arrival we found that preparations were being made to do honour to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, who was expected to pass about six o'clock on his way from the wharf to the *Serapis*. However he did not come till after dark, so instead of manning the yards, all the steamers and six or seven men-of-war were illuminated with blue and white lights, which had a very beautiful effect. The Khedive's Palace was also illuminated in the same way. Next morning at eight o'clock a grand cannonading took place, each man-of-war firing eleven guns. About eleven o'clock H. R. H. visited the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia on board a Russian man-of-war, after which he proceeded to visit the English war vessels, of which there were five. All the time that the Prince was visible all the men-of-war had their yards manned, and the marines were drawn up in order on the decks. All being in their uniforms, it was a splendid sight.

At twelve o'clock precisely we weighed anchor, and steamed away just as the Prince was crossing our bows in his steam launch, with a few of his officers in full uniform.

The wind was rather high when we left the harbour, and as a matter of course I was soon on the broad of my back having it out with the old tyrant Neptune. By next morning I had made pretty fair terms with him, and again began to enjoy my meals.

April 3rd.—We find that the Mediterranean has a very much colder atmosphere than the Indian Ocean and Red Sea; a warm overcoat is very acceptable.

April 5th.—The last two days we have been passing beautiful islands and also the mainland of Greece. The names of the islands are Gavdo, Crete, or Candia (of Scripture), Cerigo, Venitico, Strivathi, Zante, Cephalonia, Corfu, Samoti, and Fano—all on our right. Many of the mountains of these being very high they are covered with snow on their summits, which looks very beautiful glistening in the sun. On our left the fair land of Italy is in sight, with the ancient city of Otranto lying close to the shore.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Brindisi. I

went on shore, and strolled about for an hour. It is rather a poor looking place, but very ancient. The principal objects of interest are two large marble columns, something after the style of Pompey's pillar, not quite so large; but they must have belonged to grand-looking structures in their day. They form the end of the ancient Roman Appian Way, which Julius Cæsar constructed to enable his troops to march in a direct line from Rome to Brindisi, that being the principal shipping port at that time. One of these columns has been partly thrown down and removed, but the other is apparently complete, with the exception of the statue on its summit. The marble in some places is very much decomposed and broken away. We left Brindisi about midnight.

April 6th.—We arrived at Ancona at half-past three in the morning. It is the most picturesque town that we have seen since we left Australia. The principal object of interest is the Arch of Trajan, built of beautiful marble, in commemoration of his triumphs. We had to content ourselves by examining it with our glasses, at a distance of two hundred yards, as there was no time to go on shore.

CHAPTER IV.

Venice—San Marco's Square—Venetian pigeons—Saint Mark's Cathedral, &c., &c.

April 8th.—We arrived in sight of Venice at four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The city, being built on the sea, is necessarily quite flat, so the tall towers and minarets of the highest buildings stood out in bold relief against the sky as we approached. At seven o'clock we dropped anchor within fifty yards of our hotel. There were soon numbers of gondolas alongside, anxious for passengers; but there was none of the unseemly scrambling and rudeness common with the boatmen of various ports that we had previously visited.

After having dined, we visited the greatest "lion" of Venice, viz., San Marco's Square, which we saw to the best advantage, for besides being brilliantly illuminated with gas from the shops and cafés, it was a beautiful moonlight night, the moon full and the sky perfectly clear. Saint Mark's is said to be one of the finest, if not the finest square of its kind in the world. I will attempt to describe it, but I feel

certain that I shall altogether fail to give the reader a fair idea of its beauty and grandeur. The open space or enclosure is about forty feet wider than King William-street, Adelaide, and about 200 yards long. This space is enclosed on three sides by magnificent continuous marble columns and arches, two sides of which form part of King Victor Emanuel's palace, the third side being a row of splendid business premises. All these colonnades are of the same height and character, so as to be uniform. The fourth side, or end of the enclosure, is taken up by the famous cathedral of St. Mark, with its large domes and scores of minarets crowded with statues, all in white marble. The enclosure at first sight does not look quite so large as it really is, on account of the height of the noble pile of buildings. There is a nice broad marble pavement or footpath under the colonnades, for foot passengers. The enclosure itself is paved with grey freestone and white marble. The buildings of the squares are ornamented with hundreds of statues and bas-reliefs in all directions. The place has always a gay appearance, but especially during the evening, when the shops round the three sides of the square are brilliantly illuminated, and numerous gas lamps attached to the outside of the colonnades are lighted. The shops under the colonnades consist principally of photographic studios, cafés, fancy Venetian goods bazaars, and jewellers' establishments. The stocks of these jewellers seem to be very large and rich, especially in diamonds; some bracelets and other ladies' ornaments have as many as from thirty to forty stones. I priced two or three just out of curiosity, which varied from £300 to £1,400! I didn't invest.

An interesting sight is to be seen in the square every day at half-past two o'clock. There are large numbers of pigeons in the city, especially about St. Mark's Square, and at half-past two a bell is rung and all the pigeons come flying to a certain spot where they are fed with corn. They are quite as tame as the ordinary barn-door fowl, in fact more so, for they will come quite close to strangers. If the person who feeds them forgets to ring the bell at the proper time, they will congregate about the place and make a great noise with their wings, until there seems to be quite a commotion amongst them. I am informed that many years ago a wealthy citizen left a large amount of money to be invested for the pigeons, so that they might be fed with corn every day. If any person is found guilty of injuring a pigeon, he is fined for the first offence, and imprisoned for the second. If I had my way I would put the pigeons

where they ought to be—into delicious pigeon pies, or giblets; for they build thousands of nests about the beautiful marble statues and bas-reliefs, and disfigure them most abominably.

St. Mark's Cathedral, the front of which forms one end of the square, is a noble pile of marble columns, statues, and minarets, 800 years of age. The whole of the immense ceiling, and a great part of the side of the walls, are covered with beautiful pictures in glass mosaics, illustrating Scripture history from the Creation up to the time of Christ. The pictures consist of thousands of small pieces of glass of various colours, laid in cement close together, which makes them look like pictures worked with coloured wools on canvas. There are numerous interesting items in connection with this cathedral, but it would take more time to write of them than I have at my command. The marble is a good deal discoloured by the weather, but the Venetians are now busy renewing or cleaning the surfaces, which makes them beautifully white again.

In one corner of the square, near the Cathedral, stands the Campanile or Bell Tower, 304 feet high, from the top of which I had a magnificent view of Venice and its surroundings. The Doges' Palace, on one side of the entrance of the square, is also a building of great beauty and interest. It is connected with the prison by the famous Bridge of Sighs. This bridge is not open above like other bridges; persons could pass to and fro over it without anyone else being aware of it. I saw the small hole in the wall of the Doges' Palace through which anonymous or secret accusations used to be sent by individuals who wished certain persons "put out of the way." These and other State prisoners were brought from the prison over this bridge, to stand their trial before the Doge and senators, and if found guilty they returned to the prison by the left-hand passage of the bridge, and afterwards, when they were brought before the Council of Three, who wore black masks, to receive their sentence, they passed through the right-hand passage of the bridge; and any prisoner who once passed through this dreadful passage never returned. The sentence was always passed at midnight in a small dark room, all hung in black, and having double doors for the sake of secrecy. The prisoner was then led down a dark narrow staircase into a low dark room, and at once executed. There is a small hole in the stone floor through which the blood passed into the canal. The dead body was then placed in a sack, and passed through a hole in the wall into a boat, which took it away and sunk it in the Lagoon in front of the prison.

The most beautiful building in all this "City of Silence" is the church of the Barefooted Friars. There are seven altars or small chapels in it, presented by seven different wealthy families. The workmanship of the scores of beautiful statues and splendid columns of these altars is not only of the highest order, but the marbles themselves are a wonder, on account of the great variety of their colours, from jet black down to the purest white, all worked together so as to harmonize most beautifully. One of these altars cost £30,000.

Our guide took us to the private residence of a rich banker, to see two of the best statues in the world, by the celebrated Canova. They are called Ajax and Hector. One represents fear, and the other courage; and they are really striking figures, even to those who in many instances fail to see beauty in statues by the best masters. This banker gave £4,000 for the two; and although the American Government has offered him £20,000, he refuses to part with them.

Our guide also conducted us to one of the celebrated Venetian glass works, where we saw the delicate and interesting process in connection with the manufacture of those beautiful inlaid glass brooches, studs, sleeve-links, &c., for which the Venetians are so justly celebrated. In one department we also saw several engaged in the manufacture of those exceedingly delicate filagree silver brooches, and other ornaments, made from threads of silver almost as fine as hair. I had often seen these goods in the jewellers' shops in Adelaide, and was informed that they were of Indian manufacture. After purchasing a few of these various articles as "coorosoties," we departed, highly delighted and instructed by what we had seen.

There were, of course, numbers of other objects of interest that we saw in Venice; but it would take too long to describe them, and the descriptions would be tedious to the reader. It was extremely enjoyable to listen to the beautiful singing of a band of Italians in their gondola on the canal in front of our hotel in the clear moonlight, the effect being greatly heightened by the gondolas being brilliantly illuminated with coloured fireworks and peculiar-looking lanterns, which being reflected by the still glassy surface of the silent waters, presented a striking and lovely appearance. To give the reader an idea of the immense amount of labour spent on the buildings of Venice, I may mention that one of the medium-sized churches has for its foundation 500,000 piles! The cafés in St. Mark's Square are tremendous

affairs. I have seen as many as 100 persons in and about one of them sipping their coffee at one time ; and in the summer the numbers are trebled. We had coffee at one of these cafés which we were assured had not been closed for 300 years, night or day ! I did not enquire whether the same individual had occupied it all that time ; but I mean to ask Mark Twain about it when we meet.

Before concluding my remarks on Venice, I must say a word or two on the locomotion of this wonderful city. Sight-seeing in all parts of the world is always more or less tiring ; but Venice is quite an exception to this rule, for at the end of each day we felt as fresh and as lively as at the commencement. At nine o'clock we would step into our gondola and ensconce ourselves comfortably amongst the velvet cushions, and our boat would at once commence to glide along the smooth surface of the canal, without the slightest rock or quiver, my two companions meanwhile enjoying their cigars ; but every now and then one would remove the cigar for a moment to call the other's attention to some specially interesting object we might be passing. On arriving at the entrance of any building we intended visiting, we stepped from the gondola on to the marble steps and passed in, and after spending an enjoyable half-hour, or hour, as the case might be, examining the various objects of interest, we returned to our luxurious couch, and glided onward to the next stage of our wanderings. Altogether locomotion in Venice is the most elegant, easy, and delightful mode of travelling in existence.

CHAPTER V.

Italian farms and gardens—Milan Cathedral—An embalm'd Cardinal—Snowy Alps—Mont Genis Tunnel—Paris—Ruins of the Tuilleries—Column Vendome—Wonderful picture—Versailles—Delightful experiences in the English Channel—English fog.

London, 21st April, 1876.

THE mail boat for Australia broke down soon after leaving England with the Australian mails, so that gives us another opportunity of writing, and I enclose a few more "notes."

My last concluded with Venice. I left that silent city of the sea, as it is called, on Monday, April 10, by the 8.45 train. The scenery the whole of the way between Venice and Milan is very beautiful, being a continuation of small farms and gardens, all of which are models of tidiness and taste. I did not see a wood fence the whole of the way; their fences consist of rows of mulberry or basket willow trees, planted in the most regular order. The mulberry is very largely grown in Italy, on account of the silk manufacture. There seems to be very little machinery used in agriculture there, all the digging and ridging being done by hand labour, except in a few of the larger paddocks, which are ploughed. They grow the various cereals, and even rice. Some of the land has about a foot of water over it, through which I saw a farmer walking, sowing rice as he went along, just in the same style as I have seen our farmers in South Australia sowing their wheat—on dry land. The whole of the land is divided into small blocks varying in size from one acre up to twelve; but I do not remember seeing a larger paddock than that, but I believe some of the farms were made up of a number of these blocks. As far as I could judge, the object of these numerous divisions was not only to make the most of the ground by growing basket willows, and mulberry and other trees, but also to enhance the beauty of the farms, besides being a matter of convenience in separating the various products.

It occurred to me whilst admiring them, that it would be a very sensible thing to carry out a similar system in South Australia, but of course in much larger blocks. If we could

not grow silk we could grow olives, and no doubt other things. It would involve comparatively little trouble to surround the paddocks with trees that would produce more than sufficient to pay for the labour expended, besides adding greatly to the beauty of the farms and to some extent sheltering the crops from the hot winds.

We passed through scores of tidy villages, besides several very strongly fortified towns, such as Verrone, Brescia, &c. We also passed alongside a beautiful lake—Lago Di Garda,—with a lovely populated island right in the centre of it.

At four o'clock we arrived at Milan, April 10th. It is a very large and beautiful town, of 273,000 inhabitants. The principal object of interest to the visitor is of course the celebrated cathedral, which the Milan people regard as the seventh wonder of the world. It has taken five hundred years to build this cathedral, and it will take another one hundred yet to complete it. It certainly is a wonderful pile of marble, both for beauty and magnitude, besides containing hundreds of statues by the best masters the world has ever seen. To give any one a rough idea of its magnitude I have no hesitation in saying that something like half a dozen "Pirie-street" churches could be placed inside of it! The whole of the inside cannot be seen at once, as the view is intercepted by eighty-six huge marble columns about nine feet in diameter. I went to the highest attainable part of the cupola or tower, from whence I had a splendid view of the city and surrounding country; but the best view of the cathedral is from its own roof, where you are in a perfect forest of spires, all crowned with beautiful statues. The principal object of interest in the cathedral is the crypt of a Cardinal who remained true to his post during a plague some three hundred years ago when all the other priests had fled in terror. His body is in a crystal coffin and can be distinctly seen by visitors. He looks very withered, dry, black, and ugly, in spite of the immense quantity of jewels about his person, which are valued at about half a million of money. He is dressed in his official robes, the same as when alive. The treasures of the cathedral are also worth seeing; there is enough gold and silver plate and precious stones to stock half a dozen jewellers' shops; some of it looks exceedingly ancient. The stained glass windows are very grand. There are also some very fine pictures in the cathedral, but I took little notice of them, being thoroughly sick and tired of looking at the pictures of saints, especially Saint Sebastian. Within the last week I have seen something like a hundred of that particular individual, with

arrows sticking in every conceivable part of his body, just where each individual painter happened to think they would show to the best advantage. It was fortunate our guide was not a good Catholic, or my expressions would have kindled his ire. However, tired as we all were of pictures, three of us whilst at Milan took a cab and drove about a mile and a-half to see the much talked-of painting of the Last Supper, by Leonardo Da Vinca. It is a fresco picture on the wall of an old chapel, four hundred years old, and although the plaster has peeled off a good deal, it is plain even to the ordinary observer that it is a wonderful picture. There are thousands of copies all over the world; even in Adelaide I have seen them, but none to be compared with the original. After spending about twenty-two hours at Milan, I left for Turin.

I arrived at Turin at eight o'clock in the evening of April 11th, and left that large city for Paris by the next morning's train. The scenery for several hours was similar to that between Venice and Milan, with the addition of the Snowy Alps towering up into the clouds in the distance. When we began to ascend, I soon realized that I was in a colder climate than South Australia. Up to this date the weather had been wonderfully calm and pleasant since we left Adelaide (with the exception of a few hours' rain in the tropics); but now the sky looked heavy, and by the time we had got into the Alps the snow began to fall, at which I was greatly delighted, as I was anxious to see a real snowstorm. The mountains looked very grand with their piles of beautiful snow on the summits. When we arrived at a station pretty high up, I could not resist the temptation of getting out and making a couple of good-sized snowballs; and for want of somebody's head to throw them at, I made a mark of a post;—but I would have preferred having two or three of my Adelaide friends at say twenty yards in front of me.

We passed numbers of tunnels before we arrived at Mont Cenis, and it was curious to watch their mouths after we had passed through them; they each had the appearance of a crater belching forth immense quantities of smoke. When we arrived at the mouth of the Mont Cenis tunnel the passengers took out their watches to time our passage through; and we found it took us just twenty-eight minutes. A number of us were rather startled when we arrived at the centre of the tunnel, by suddenly experiencing a bump, and then feeling that the train was going down a rather steep incline, so much so in fact that first my carpet bag and then my rug tumbled out of the rack above us, on to the heads of some

ladies who were in the carriage; and when we arrived within about a mile of the further end of the tunnel, three cannons were suddenly fired off, which elicited a few shrieks from the ladies. No doubt they were signals, but it was rather startling in the heart of the mountain. High up in the mountains we came to a most beautiful lake (Bourget) and soon after we crossed two rivers, the Rhone and Isere. We continued to travel through these snowy regions the most of the night. I found the cold to be very intense; having only one rug, and not having room enough to lie down, my first night of railway travelling was not over pleasant.

We arrived in Paris at about half-past seven next morning, quite ready for breakfast; after which I engaged a guide and at once commenced to "do" the French capital. It is certainly a grand city; nearly all the public buildings are built with a very soft freestone, which hardens by exposure, and comparing them with some Venetian structures of the same age it is quite evident that the freestone is by far the most durable. Some signs of the Franco-Prussian war are still to be seen in and around Paris. The Tuilleries, which the Communists burnt with petroleum, are still a magnificent pile of ruins. They have commenced to rebuild them at one end in exactly the same style as they were previous to the war. The majority of the buildings that were destroyed are already rebuilt. The Column Vendome, which the Communists pulled down, has been re-erected, and looks very noble. It is of bronze, and is quite an artistic piece of work. Bronze monuments and figures of every description are to be met with in all parts of Paris. I visited the grand Triumphal Arch of Napoleon in the Champ Elysées, through which the Prussians marched after taking Paris. There are altogether too many beautiful monuments, buildings, and other noteworthy things here to attempt to describe; but there is one that crowns everything as a wonderful work of art. It consists of a panoramic picture of the siege of Paris. It is not a flat picture hanging on a wall. The canvas on which it is painted is in the form of an immense cylinder, of about seventy feet in diameter, and twenty feet high. The spectator stands in the centre of this cylinder, on a raised platform, which is a model of Fort Issy. The various forts, miles away in and around Paris, in flames, shells bursting, buildings in ruins, numerous earth works, and soldiers carrying the wounded out of danger, all seem in stern reality before the astonished spectator. You cannot realize that you are looking only at a painting; it seems life and reality itself, and the longer I looked at it the

more astonished and puzzled I became. There was a piece of broken fence painted in the scene which I insisted was a real fence placed there—but of course I was mistaken. I have seen wonderful paintings in Venice, and Milan, and Paris, by “the best masters the world has ever seen,” yet I could always see at a glance they were only paintings; but with this picture it was quite a different thing; the effect is simply wonderful. At the entrance of the building containing this painting there is another picture. It is a scene in one of the streets of Paris during the seige. Crowds of people are waiting to take their turn at a butcher’s shop. Not far off several of the buildings are in flames. Close by there is a cart loaded with furniture, and the owners removing to a safer part of the town. Several hackney coaches are taking away wounded men; a wounded officer is being carried on a litter; when suddenly a Prussian shell strikes the corner of the butcher’s shop and shatters it to pieces! Several people seem to be killed, and numbers wounded. One old man is struck down in the street by a piece of the shell striking his head, from which the blood seems in reality to be pouring. The stern reality of war and all its misery seemed before me. I feel sure numbers of my friends will think that I have allowed myself to be carried away, and that I am slightly exaggerating in my description; but I repeat, that my description is far below the reality. Many others who have seen these pictures are of the same opinion.

I took a run out to Versailles, about twelve or fourteen miles distant from Paris. The Ministry and Parliament hold their meetings there, as there is less danger from the mob in case of insurrection (so my guide informed me). The Prussians held this place during the war. I passed through the room in which the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany. It is one of the grandest rooms that I have seen. At Versailles I saw all the State carriages. They look like masses of gold, but they are in reality gilded bronze. The largest weighs 14,000 lbs., and cost 1,200,000 francs! The gardens round the royal palaces at Versailles are very beautifully laid out, and ornamented with numerous bronze and marble statues. On returning to Paris we passed through St. Cloud, where there are numbers of houses in ruins, just as they were left by the war. The Prussians had taken possession of the place, and being within range of the French forts, the French bombarded the village until it was a heap of ruins, and the Prussians had to retire a little further off. I had the pleasure of visiting the celebrated porcelain and china factory of Sevres. The

vases and pictures are very beautiful; one picture alone was worth 22,000 francs—£833! This factory is a Government institution.

Tramways are becoming quite common in Paris. They go right into the centre of the city, consequently they are well patronized. The streets of Paris are not so well adapted for railways or tramways as the streets of Adelaide, on account of their being more narrow and crooked. At the end of three days I started for London, and on arriving at Calais my heart sank within me at the angry ominous appearance of the muddy-looking waters of the Channel. I had up to this time thought I would succeed in crossing this "narrow sea" without paying the usual penalty; but I saw at a glance that such a thing was utterly impossible. So I walked on board the steamer as any culprit might walk to meet his doom; and ten minutes afterwards I was suffering the most intense miseries of sea-sickness that it has been my lot to experience. It seemed as though three or four days of it were concentrated into the space of an hour and a-half. The sea here did not present the usual respectable and dignified appearance that it has in other parts of the world, with its fine rolling waves rolling one after the other in proper rank and file order. It seemed as though there were about a dozen currents from various directions, each struggling their hardest to follow their own course, thus causing a jumble and turmoil of waves beyond description. The small boat seemed like a mere cockle-shell, at the mercy of the chopping angry sea. Her antics were something extraordinary. At one time she would start forward with a rush; the next moment she is suddenly checked by an enormous wave striking her prow with such tremendous force as to make her whole frame quiver and throb. She would then make another rush and plunge, the wave this time breaking clean over the vessel, drenching the the passengers to the skin, and flooding the decks with water. The next moment she would be almost thrown on her beam ends by a wave striking her on her left side, and then on her right; and so she went on, plunging, leaping, rolling, throbbing, and struggling to get forward, creating amongst the passengers a scene of consternation, misery, wretchedness, and sea-sickness that requires to be seen and *felt* to be understood and *appreciated*. I can assure my readers that I felt, understood, but failed to appreciate; for if ever any human being felt thankful for reaching "*terra firma*," it was I when I stepped from the deck of that horrid steamer on to the wharf at Dover, and I did not fully recover for several hours after I landed.

The scenery between Dover and London I was too unwell to notice, until within fifteen miles of London. It was then very beautiful, especially Chiselhurst, where the French ex-Empress is staying. For miles around this spot there are numbers of low hills, all apparently in a high state of cultivation, with gardens, small forests, and farms. I arrived in London about half-past six in the evening. The view I had of the great city from the train, which passed over the tops of the houses, did not make a very favourable impression on my mind, on account of its smoky and dirty appearance. Nor was that impression improved next day, for on rising in the morning I found the smoky appearance more dense than ever, and about nine o'clock it became almost dark, so that the gas had to be lighted in all the shops and houses. The sky or atmosphere gradually changed from an ordinary foggy appearance to a dark orange, and then chestnut colour. However, in the course of the morning it got a little clearer, so that people could move about with a little more safety and comfort, but still the weather was cold, damp, and miserable for this season of the year.

CHAPTER VI.

London—Underground Railway—Billingsgate—Foundling Institution—Bank of England—May Meetings—House of Commons—Electric Telegraph Department.

London, May 2, 1876.

THE first few days I had in London did not make a very favourable impression on my mind. The weather being so foggy, cold, damp, and miserable, and my elevated railway rides high up among the smoking chimney-pots of the tall houses, did not improve that impression; but when I began to ride about the city on the top of 'busses, and walk through the streets, I began to think much better things of this great city; and the longer I stay here the more I see in it to admire. I have as yet not had much time to visit many of its wonderful institutions, but it is a rare treat simply to ride or walk about watching life in its various phases, from the City Arabs to the noblemen with their four-in-hand, and footmen in livery now and then pompously

blowing the horn or trumpet. Great alterations are constantly going on here in pulling down long blocks of buildings and forming fine new streets in their places. There are very few straight streets like we have in Adelaide, but the buildings are far superior and larger than anything we can boast. It is quite evident from the style and appearance of the immense blocks of business premises that are now being built that expense is scarcely thought of, most of them being very highly ornamented with beautifully carved freestone. They are generally four to six storeys high; the lower rooms are let for retail shops, the upper floors being occupied by numerous companies, merchants' offices, &c. To the casual visitor the buildings do not look anything like so large and imposing as they really are, on account of all the surroundings being on the like massive scale. Take, for instance, St. Paul's Cathedral. At first sight it does not look so very large, nor does the spire look particularly high; but stand and examine it for a short time, and compare it with the five and six storey houses and other tall buildings by which it is surrounded, and the colossal proportions gradually unfold themselves to the mind. The first glimpse I had of the spire it seemed to be very little higher than the tower of our new Adelaide Post Office, and yet it must be more than twice as high, for if I remember rightly the Victoria Tower is only about 150 feet, whereas St. Paul's is 404 feet. Another peculiar feature of London is its wonderful network of underground as well as overhead railways. In some parts of the city you see the train spinning along above you among the houses, and under your feet another train indicates its presence by belching forth volumes of steam through iron gratings placed here and there in the middle of the roads, for ventilation; and under that again there is a third railway running in one part of the city. Besides all this, tramways and large 'busses run hither and thither in all directions, so that the business man or visitor can readily transport himself from one part of the city to another. To the stranger the streets of London are a perfect maze on account of their uneven and winding nature. I seldom know whether I am going north, south, east, or west, until I refer to a small compass which I carry, but I find the surest and quickest method is to enquire of the police frequently in my rambles. There are large numbers of these gentry about, and they are very civil and obliging. In every part of London that I have been to as yet I have always found the streets very clean, with the exception of the notorious Billingsgate Fish Market, where not only the streets

were dirty, but also the shops, the people, and the language they used, were not of a kind to entice visitors who were at all fussy or particular.

The first Sunday after my arrival I had the pleasure of visiting the Foundling Institution, where the illegitimate children of all classes of society are tenderly cared for until fourteen years of age. I first attended service in the chapel of the institution, where the Church of England service was conducted. I found all the children nicely arranged on each side of the organ, exactly in the same manner as we do in Pirie-street at our anniversary, the girls on our left and the boys on our right. The girls had white caps on, with a high broad frill running across the head, white bibs, and white aprons over dark dresses. The boys were dressed in dark cloth, with red belts and brass buttons. They sang a number of pieces most beautifully, led by the organ on which the great Handel composed "The Messiah," and two or three professional singers. The children kept time as well as any adult choir. After service I visited the children's dining-rooms, where I found the tables very nicely arranged in readiness for them; the girls' tables in one room and the boys' in another, about fifty yards distant. In a short time the girls marched into the room in the most orderly manner, and remained standing close to one another in rows on each side of the table. On a rap being given, they opened out so that each one stood opposite her plate; at rap number two they all faced about to the table, and put up their hands in attitude of prayer; at rap number three the eldest girl asked a blessing in a clear distinct voice; and at rap number four each took her seat—a row of the little ones on one side of the table and the bigger ones on the other. The meat was now brought in and placed before the elder girls, who at once cut it up small and handed it over to the little ones on the opposite side of the table, by which time their own was brought in, and they had their dinner in the most orderly manner possible. It was altogether one of the most touching sights I ever beheld. It was quite a different thing to seeing several hundred Sunday school children sitting down to take tea on the occasion of their anniversary. These children have no communication with or knowledge of their parents whatever, after their entrance into the institution. Of course none but babies are admitted. After the girls commenced their dinner I went over to the boys' side, and found things conducted in the same manner as in the other department. I asked one of the boys if he liked his home, to which he gave me a pleasant "Yes, Sir." At the age of

fourteen these boys and girls are placed in situations, and for several years they are kept sight of by the institution.

Last week I had the pleasure of going through the institution that rules the money market of the world, viz., the Bank of England. My visit was too hurried to enable me to give anything like a description of it, but I was surprised when our conductor brought us into a large room where about fifty clerks were employed doing nothing else but destroying bank notes to prevent their circulation a second time. It is the rule of the Bank when notes find their way back after they have once left the premises, to pass them into this room, where the clerks tear off the manager's signature and punch out the numbers of the notes; they are then packed away safely, and kept for five years, and then burnt. The noise in this room was considerable; the notes being quite new and stiff, the buzz and rustling was astonishing. The most interesting sight in the bank was six automatic or self-weighing machines busily engaged weighing all the sovereigns that had been in circulation. It looked very comical to see these small scales depositing the light coins into a box by themselves, and the correct ones into another receiver, without the assistance of human hands. All that had to be done was simply to fill a long open tube of wood placed in a slightly inclined position with the sovereigns; the machine would then take a coin, weigh it, and deposit it in its proper receiver in much less time and with greater precision than any human being could. The conductor informed us that there were twelve hundred persons employed in the Bank altogether, including the printers, engravers, bookbinders, &c., whom we saw at work in their various rooms.

On Saturday morning I attended the great Annual Missionary Breakfast held at the Cannon-street Hotel. Five hundred sat down to breakfast. My companion, who has a weakness in the direction of showy bonnets, was greatly interested at the display of new finery on this occasion, and informed me that the Wesleyans always came out strong with their new things at the May meetings. After breakfast we adjourned to the Hall below, where the public meeting was held, and several very fine speeches were delivered—by the Revs. Adecock of Africa, Tindall of India, and others. The Rev. W. M. Punshon, being one of the Secretaries, excused himself for not making a speech, and merely made a few remarks in reference to the report.

The great meeting of the year was held at Exeter Hall on May 1st. It was crowded to overflowing. We had to be in

our seats at half-past nine, although the meeting did not commence till eleven o'clock; and it continued till about five o'clock in the afternoon. The greatest treat in connection with this meeting was a speech from the Rev. Mr. Burgess, from India.

In the evening I spent about two hours in the House of Commons, listening to the debate on the Merchant Seamen's Protection Bill. Mr. Plimsoll, the sailor's champion, spoke two or three times. Disraeli was there, sitting with his head resting on his chest and his arms folded, apparently unconcerned—but no doubt quietly taking in all that was said. It looked strange to see numbers of the members lounging about in an easy, careless manner, with their hats on in most cases. I did not hear any brilliant oratory, the House being in Committee.

Next evening, May 2, I attended the Annual Home Mission Meeting at the old City Road Chapel, where Wesley used to preach.

Thursday, May 4th.—I went over the head quarters of the Electric Telegraph Department to-day. I was greatly pleased and astonished at the magnitude of the place. There are eight hundred and fifty female and one hundred and fifty male operators. Most of them were busy at work in one very large room while I was there. The clicking of the instruments made a prodigious noise, so much so that we had to listen very attentively to enable us to hear what our conductor said. We were greatly pleased at seeing a small instrument at work that is used for sending messages to several distant towns at the same instant, at the rate of 120 words per minute to each town, without the aid of any operator. This was accomplished in the following way:—When a message was received that required to be sent to a number of towns, a piece of paper tape was passed through a machine which had three keys, similar to those of a piano; and while the tape was passing through, the operator appeared to be playing a tune on these keys, but he in reality was punching small round holes by thousands along the tape, a certain number of holes in certain positions representing certain letters. How in the world he could tell what letters he was punching was almost beyond my comprehension, for his fingers literally seemed to move like lightning, so that there appeared to be no time whatever to consider what letter he was marking. When this perforated message was ready, it was simply placed into the above-mentioned instrument, and a lever slightly drawn on one side, and away went the message to each of the towns at the

rate of 120 words per minute! So if the instrument was only connected with three towns, the messages were delivered at the rate of 360 words per minute. I watched it very closely, and the small arms or levers of the instrument worked at such an enormous speed that their shape could not be detected although they simply moved backwards and forwards, and did not revolve at all. I ought to have mentioned, when describing the perforating machine, that three or four tapes could be punched at the same time, so that supposing they wished to use several of the multiplying instruments at the same time they could do so. We next saw the duplex telegraph instrument at work, by which a message can be sent along a wire at the same instant that another is being received. While we were looking on, one young woman was receiving a message from Liverpool, and at the same time, and at the same table, another young woman was busy sending a message to Liverpool by the same wire. We were then shown the apparatus which is in connection with the clock at the Greenwich Observatory, by which means the correct time is transmitted to every town in England every day at twelve o'clock. 35,000 messages are daily passed through the Telegraph Department.

When we had done looking at the telegraph operations, we were shown the pneumatic apparatus, by which light parcels and telegrams are sent to various parts of the city within a radius of one and a half miles. This apparatus consists of lead tubes or piping, very smooth inside, laid along underground in the same way as gaspipes; but there must not be any sharp angles, as they would prevent the felt box or "carrier" from passing along. When written telegrams or other light parcels require to be sent, they are placed in the "carrier," as it is called, and inserted into the tube; a tap is turned off, the air at once drawn out of the pipe by a fifty-horse-power steam engine which is always at work, and by these means the carrier travels along the tube at the rate of one and a-half miles in two and a-half minutes. I timed the delivery of one of the messages while I was there, and found that to be the speed. The moment the carrier arrives at the other end it touches an electric bell, which communicates with the opposite end. We left the establishment highly edified and delighted by what we had seen, and taking with us samples of the perforated message tape.

CHAPTER VII.

Pentonville Prison—Psycho—Ghosts, &c.—Whitworth Gun Factory—
Flowers of England—English Farming.

Rothsay, Island of Bute,
Highlands of Scotland.

I FINISHED my last with the telegraph office of London ; I shall commence this with the prison.

May 5th.—I and a friend having previously obtained an order from the powers that be, we visited the Pentonville Prison, London. On presenting ourselves and order we were conducted through several heavy iron gates and doors (each being locked behind us), until we stood just inside the entrance of the prison proper, from whence we had the view of the entrance to every cell in the prison, although there are 1,200 of them. To gain this object the prison was built in the form of half a circle. It was then divided into segments by four long high passages, on each side of which were four tiers or rows of cells, one over the other in the same way as an ordinary four-storey house. All the above passages converge to the entrance, thus enabling one guard to do duty for the whole of that part of the prison. Access to the higher cells is gained by a number of long narrow iron balconies running along the faces of the walls. We entered a number of the cells, and found the prisoners busy performing their allotted tasks. Some were weaving coarse cloth for prison clothes, others sheeting and towelling ; some were making door mats, or engaged in picking oakum, and other “pleasant” amusements—no doubt more interesting to the visitor than the prisoners. Each cell is about nine feet by eleven, with one small high window to admit daylight, and one low ditto to admit gaslight up to nine o'clock every evening. Each cell is provided with a small table or shelf fixed to the wall in front of the gaslight window, on which were placed a few books according to the intelligence of the prisoner. The bed consisted of a long board with a projection at one end to form a pillow ; on this is laid a rather thin mattress ; two blankets, and one sheet (which were neatly folded and placed on a shelf) formed the rest of the bedding. To look at these cells it seemed utterly impossible for any human being to escape ; and yet only a

few days previous to our visit an involuntary visitor not appreciating the kindness of his Government in providing such substantial lodgings, determined to change without even giving notice. So he accordingly climbed up to and smashed the outside window, and squeezed himself through a hole apparently not large enough for a good-sized baby. He contrived in some way to let himself to the ground in safety, and then scaled the high prison wall, and thus departed in peace. The police are kindly enquiring after him, but as yet to no purpose. In the winter time all the cells are kept warm by a system of hot steam pipes passing through them. Each prisoner remains in his cell by himself night and day, with the exception of one hour each day, when they are conducted into the exercise yard. We were next shown the arrangements for feeding the prisoners. The hand-rail of each balcony forms a kind of tramway on which is placed a low flat car stretching from one side of the passage to the other. The food is divided and placed in these cars, and at a given signal the cars are pushed forward by the attendants, one on each side of the cars, and as they pass the cell the food is passed through a small hole in the door. This arrangement is so convenient that it only takes ten minutes to distribute the food all over the prison. We were next conducted to the exercise yard, where about thirty of the prisoners were walking round a circular footpath (about forty feet diameter) in single file and at "quick march." They were thus kept going the whole hour, and at a given signal they marched off to their several cells. They are not allowed to converse with one another in any way. We then visited the smaller exercising place, where the most desperate characters are compelled to take exercise. In the middle of a yard is built a circular strong iron grating, inside which is a small room for an inner guard. The large circular grating is divided into segments by strong brick walls, thus forming a number of triangular yards round which the prisoner is compelled to keep up a brisk march, each prisoner having a yard entirely to himself. There is one guard in the inner circle, and another walking round the outside, so that each prisoner is seen several times every minute; and if any of the prisoners halt in their walk they are at once ordered on by the guards. All in these yards were men who had either assaulted the guards or were notorious for assaults of a desperate character. The baking establishment we found in charge of a head baker, assisted by eight or ten prisoners who make and bake the bread for the whole of the establishment. In the kitchen were five or six large copper boilers full of

cocoa being boiled ready for warming up for the next morning's breakfast. There were twenty large tin buckets full of gruel for that evening's supper. There were three or four large steam chests for cooking the potatoes. All the cooking here is performed on the latest steaming principle. All the business of this department is performed by one head cook (a free man), assisted by a number of prisoners. The baths were next shown us. They consist of two long rows of wooden enclosures, so arranged that the guards can see whether each prisoner enters the water or not; if he refuses to enter the water, two or three of the guards kindly "assist" him to properly perform his ablutions. The water is made slightly warm, so that they may have no excuse. The last room we visited was the place where the prisoners are allowed to see their relatives. This room is divided in the middle by a strong iron grating; the prisoner and guard remain in the inner division; the outer division is again divided by a strong iron bar or rail, in such a way as to prevent the wife, or daughter, or mother, as the case may be, from coming within five feet of the prisoner, so that the poor creatures cannot even have the luxury of a kiss. Twenty minutes is all the time allowed for these interviews, and they are also few and far between. The guard informed us that they have heart-rending scenes in that room sometimes. Each prisoner is allowed to receive one letter every six months, and that must be opened and read by the governor and deputy-governor of the prison. We left this dreary place, like the Pharisees, rejoicing that we were not "like other men"—especially those so well cared for here—and with the impression that this place is conducted on the soundest principles. The prisoners have more comfort, in many instances, than they would have in their own homes. Their food is good and plentiful, but plain; they are allowed just enough exercise to keep them in a healthy state, at the same time they are made to feel that they are in prison, "enjoying" the reward of their deeds.

During the last twelve months I have been greatly interested with notices and discussions in a scientific periodical on the now-celebrated Psycho. This Psycho is simply a figure or model of a Turk sitting tailor fashion on a very shallow box. There is nothing striking in his appearance, any more than in an ordinary wax model. It is owned by two gentlemen, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook, who, by their clever performances in the Egyptian Hall, London, have almost, if not quite extinguished the Spiritualists. Having been to one of their performances lately, I will try and give

my friends some idea of what I saw there. The Psycho was brought in and placed on a perfectly transparent glass cylinder of about thirty inches, in the middle of the platform. Just previous to commencing operations an invitation was given to any of the audience who wished to inspect the the figure to come on the platform and do so. I and several other gentlemen at once went forward and examined every part of "Psycho" in the most critical manner possible. I found the figure to be quite hollow; inside there were several sets of clock-work motions, with wires attached; and a large thick stick was passed through the figure from one side to the other (to show that there was nothing solid inside). I also examined the under part of the box on which the figure sat, and saw that there was no connection between that and the glass cylinder or pedestal on which it stood. I scrutinized all the surroundings in the vicinity of the figure, but saw nothing that would in the least degree give anyone to think that Psycho was capable of behaving like an intelligent being. Mr. Maskelyne having noticed that I had examined it more critically than the others who came on the platform, took the trouble to ask me if I was satisfied? to which I could only reply that I was satisfied I could not understand it! After we had retired to our seats, Mr. Maskelyne asked the figure a number of questions, which it answered by certain nods of the head, and sometimes by ringing a small bell. The audience were then asked to give Psycho a sum to do in addition. The figure after waiting a few moments commenced placing printed figures one after the other, giving the correct answer to the sum. A sum in subtraction, and another in multiplication, were given by the audience, all of which were answered correctly. Mr. Maskelyne next invited a number of gentlemen to come on to the platform and play a game of whist with Psycho. Six went forward, and three or four of them sat round a small table, about six or seven feet distant from the figure; the other two stood near to watch the proceedings, and if possible to detect any trickery. The cards were shuffled and dealt out in the ordinary manner, Psycho getting its share. The game then commenced, and Psycho took its turn and played its cards apparently with as much intelligence as any of the rest, until the game was finished. The two gentlemen who stood by watching the game declared that Psycho played exactly the same cards as they would have played themselves. The figure then proceeded to perform a number of other wonderful tricks, to the astonishment and delight of the crowded audience. I have given a description of

what I saw Psycho perform, because a number of the most eminent scientific men of the day have not thought it beneath them to carefully examine this wonderful figure, with a view to find out the secret, but as yet to no purpose, although it has been publicly discussed for a long time. The next part of the performance was an exposure of spirit-rapping, ghosts, &c. Previous to commencing operations, the performer explained that they would by simple trickery produce all the results that the professedly "spiritual" mediums produced, the only difference being that the one professed to be genuine spiritualism, and the other didn't. He concluded by requesting any lady that was at all likely to faint to be good enough to do so before they commenced, as it would be more convenient. A large cabinet, exactly like an ordinary wardrobe, was placed in the centre of the platform, a low shelf on each side forming two seats. When open, every nook and corner of the concern was plainly visible to the audience. Maskelyne and another now stepped into the cabinet, and were securely tied to a wooden bar across the front of the case, two gentlemen from the audience standing by watching the tying, &c. The doors were then shut, and in an instant a disengaged hand and arm was seen protruding from a round hole high up in front of the cabinet, a cornet was played, and several other noises were going on, when suddenly the doors were opened and the two persons were found tied as when last seen. Another gentleman was now invited from the audience to come and sit between the two performers inside the cabinet. The volunteer being forthcoming his hands were tied against the back of the case, the other two being tied also. A fiddle, tambourine, and one or two other instruments were placed in the case, and the doors were again shut; but before the key could be turned in the lock a tremendous uproar commenced inside; sometimes the inmates seemed to be struggling, and then the various instruments would commence to play, any amount of rapping would go on, and suddenly the doors opened, and the two performers were found sitting quietly on their seats with their hands still tied, but both their coats were off and lying on the floor; and the gentleman from the audience was sitting with the ring and tatters of the tambourine round his neck, it having been placed there by the supposed "spirits." The gentleman said the moment the door was shut he felt hands touching almost every part of his body at the same time, as though there were any number of some kind of beings in the cabinet with him. The two performers being untied, now came the best part of the performance. All the lights

were turned out, and Mr. Maskelyne was seen to be standing in front of the platform. We then saw him gradually rise into the air, without a movement of any kind on his part. He continued to ascend until he was about ten feet from the platform, his body inclining towards the audience, and while we saw him thus suspended in mid-air, a number of phosphorescent looking figures began to move about above the heads of the audience, bells began to ring, and numerous other noises were heard, all apparently in the air above the people. This went on for five or ten minutes when total darkness made everything silent, and the performance was finished. Mr. Maskelyne then informed the audience that he was busy finishing another automaton figure which would far outstrip Psycho for intelligence. If he had done these things 100 years ago he would doubtless have been burnt alive for having intimate dealings with his Satannic Majesty.

Since my arrival in England I have had the privilege of going through the large gun and machine factory of the celebrated Sir Joseph Whitworth. I was first conducted through the moulding and casting department, where they were moulding and casting immense pieces of machinery weighing many tons each. It was grand to see the dazzling molten metal flowing about into the large moulds prepared to receive it. In the turning and fitting department were immense castings, and steel and iron forgings, each weighing several tons, being manipulated with apparently as much ease and freedom as though the articles only weighed a few pounds. I saw several of Whitworth's large steel guns, each weighing thirty-five tons, and several hundreds of prepared shot, each weighing over half a ton. They looked ponderous weapons, and yet their manipulation is very easy and simple. My conductor could not tell me how far the guns would throw the shot, but in my next letter I shall be able to give all those particulars in connection with my visit to Woolwich Arsenal, which I hope to make in the course of a few days. I examined several large blocks of solid steel, five and a-half inches in thickness, which were pierced clean through by shot three inches in diameter—just as a bullet from a rifle would pierce an inch board. This was done by a Whitworth twelve-pounder ; so if a twelve-pounder will do such damage, what would be the effect of half a ton of ditto ditto, I can't venture to guess. I also saw the Whitworth patent measuring instrument, by which a person can readily measure to the ten-thousandth of an inch, and my conductor informed me that Sir J. Whitworth was just completing another that would measure to the one-millionth

of an inch. These instruments when in use must always be in a room of a certain temperature, otherwise the measurements would vary according to the expansion or contraction caused by the varying temperature of the atmosphere. I next was shown a number of surface plates, made so perfectly flat and true that when I placed one on another, the air was so perfectly excluded from between them that when I attempted to lift the upper plate the lower one adhered to it, although each plate weighed about thirty pounds. I tried the experiment with several sizes, with always the same result. There were some weighing over a hundredweight each, that of course I could not test, but my conductor informed me that they were all alike in that respect. The surfaces were all perfectly clean and dry, and it was simply the pressure of the atmosphere (14lbs. to the square inch) that kept them together. I next had the pleasure of seeing a new hydraulic machine, lately invented by Sir J. Whitworth. Although the whole affair was only about three feet high, and weighed about one and a-half hundredweight, with its aid a man or boy could readily raise a pressure of one hundred tons. They were using this machine for testing the strength of steel and iron. Their mode of testing was as follows:—A piece of steel to be tested was nicely turned to the size of about three-quarters or seven-eighths of an inch diameter, and four inches long, and properly screwed at both ends. It was then screwed into the sockets prepared to receive it in the machine. The man would now commence pumping the water into the machine by working the handle or lever up and down, which would cause a great pulling strain from each end of the piece of steel, and if the quality was inferior it would soon separate with a snap, but if very good it would gradually stretch out like a piece of lead or putty until it could stand no greater strain, and would part asunder in the centre. Several that I examined were reduced from three-quarters of an inch (the original size) down to half-an-inch. An instrument of this description is used to test all the waterworks pipes that are sent to Australia. The ends of the pipes are plugged up with lead in a machine prepared to receive them; the water is then pumped in by a hydraulic machine, until the pressure reaches far above what they will ever have to bear in actual use, and if there are any flaws or air-holes the water quickly makes its appearance.

I have been greatly disappointed at the flowers of England. I have seen numbers of private gardens, and have attended several flower shows, and have come to the conclusion that on the whole South Australia has a far greater

right to be called the land of flowers than either England or Scotland. The celebrated Kew Gardens are not to be compared to our Botanical Gardens in Adelaide, either for quality or quantity of flowers. They are certainly more extensive, and have finer parks, &c. ; also much larger glass houses than ours ; but not the flowers. The best flower show I have seen was at the South Kensington Gardens ; price of admission, 7s. 6d ! The cut flowers were meagre in quantity and poor in quality, compared to the flower shows at our Adelaide Town Hall ; but in the pot plants there was a splendid display, especially in Azaleas ; some two dozen pots of show Pelargoniums were also exceedingly large and fine in form and markings. They had there also the finest strain of Calceolarias that I have ever seen. But they beat us only exceptionally—not as a rule. They grew the Azaleas to an immense size—say up to ten feet, but more generally about five feet, in the most symmetrical forms, such as globes, pyramids, &c. ; but what astonished me most was the dense mass of blossom of almost every shade of colour in existence ; in many cases not a vestige of green leaf was to be seen. These plants must be very old, for the growth here is much slower than in Australia. First-class Zonale geraniums seem to be very scarce. The most that I have seen at one show would not amount to one-fourth of the number usually exhibited in Adelaide, and none of them were finer than our first prize flowers. It is evidently not the proper time for Gladioli, &c., for I have not seen anything of the kind, although I have been in London from 16th April till June 22nd—one day beyond Midsummer day. The daisies here are much darker and richer in colour, and look very beautiful in small beds or masses. Pansies seem to be greatly neglected in England ; there were only a few on view at one of the shows I attended, and the samples were not first-class except in two instances. A great variety of very beautiful ferns and numerous rare and hot-house plants were also shown. Amongst the people generally about London and suburbs there does not seem to be such a taste for flowers as there is in and about Adelaide ; but I think that is more the result of circumstances, on account of the unfavourable climate, than the want of taste or desire on the part of the people. There is so much smoke and dirt about the air of London, that the few plants and flowers growing in front of some of the houses seem to drag out a miserable existence. But out farther from the smoke and nastiness, about South Kensington, they look much more healthy, and large numbers of the well-to-do classes of

people have their windows decorated with handsome boxes covered with ornamental tiles in which choice flowers are kept growing.

Whatever advantages we may have over England in the growth of flowers, we more than lose it in the raising of the more plain and useful products, such as cereals, vegetables, cattle food, &c. Farmers often get two heavy crops during one year. Early in the season they sow a crop of tares, mixed with a little rye, the object of the rye being simply to supply a quantity of stalks for the tares to cling to, otherwise they would lay on the ground and rot, as they grow very dense. As soon as this crop is ready, it is cut down and sold as green feed, or made into hay, and the ground is at once ploughed up and sown with turnips and mangold wurtzel, the yield of which is very large. They do not make hay from wheat like we do in Australia. They consider the best hay is made from clover. Two tons per acre is considered a fair crop. I also saw a lot of cow cabbages growing, for cattle-feeding purposes. In a good season they get forty tons per acre, each cabbage weighing about forty pounds. But it was the crops in wheat and barley that surprised me—forty, fifty, and sixty bushels being a common thing in good seasons. I thought, if our South Australian farmers could manage to make their ground do duty in that style, there wouldn't be so much grumbling amongst them as there is. Lime is very commonly used as manure in England; it is considered one of the best fertilizers. The average wage for agricultural labourers all the year round is 16s. per week, and keep themselves in food, &c. During harvest, they get 25s. per week, and six pints of beer per day; women, 1s. 6d. per day, and six pints beer;—so farm labourers here are not teetotalers as a rule.

I hoped to have sent you a larger budget to-day; but unfortunately have lost an overcoat and a note-book with all my Highlands records. Perhaps I shall recover it; and anyhow, look out for my next *via* San Francisco.



CHAPTER VIII.

English Scenery—Mr. Barlow's Cotton Mills—Harmless Devils—Orphans' Home—Glasgow to Rothesay.

Steamer *Germanic*, Irish Sea,
June 23, 1876.

As the weather has been remarkably calm and pleasant since we sailed from Liverpool last night, I have managed to put in an appearance at the breakfast table this morning ; so while I am able I will make a start for you, although my inner man does not feel just as I would like. I shall resume by giving an account of my trip from London to the Highlands of Scotland.

Monday, May 15.—Started for the Highlands *via* Gloucester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Bolton, &c. The scenery nearly all along the route was very beautiful, especially between London and Gloucester, and about Derbyshire. There are no high mountains, nor great rocks, but there is almost a continuation of fine low hills and dales, covered with beautifully-laid-out forests, farms, and gardens, all kept in first-class order. The farms being divided into small fields by neatly-trimmed hedges, and in numerous instances ornamented with borders of trees, greatly added to the beauty of the scenery ; and this being the time when the fruit trees are coming into blossom, and the trees bursting into fresh green leaf, was all in favour of making a good impression on the mind of a stranger. I did not find anything of special interest in Gloucester beyond a fine old cathedral, of which the inhabitants are very proud. After spending a few hours in that city, I took train for Birmingham. I found it to be an enormous town, densely populated, smoky, and certainly not so clean as London ; but it has a great number of fine noble buildings and institutions. Several of the citizens called my attention to their motto, which is "Forward." As in London, they are here busy forming new streets and remodelling the town whenever they have an opportunity, although the expense is enormous. It is quite a sight to get on a high part of the town, and have a view of the hundreds—I might almost say thousands—of immense chimney stacks of the numerous factories. Although it is so dingy and unpleasant inside Birmingham,

there are many beautiful villages within three or four miles. I spent a night at a friend's (Mr Hoskins') house in Yardly, one of the prettiest places for a suburban or country residence that I have ever seen. I there had the pleasure of strolling through a number of green lanes of Old England that I had often read about but had never seen.

Having spent two days in Birmingham, I branched off to Sheffield, a town if possible more smoky than Birmingham. Having found several persons I wished to see, I only remained in Sheffield about two hours, and took train for Manchester ; and as far as I have seen Manchester is certainly the finest city in England—with the exception of London—both for cleanliness, noble buildings, and general appearance. Their Exchange, I was informed was, if not the finest, one of the finest in the world ; and I quite believe it, for it is an enormous and elaborately got-up building. After spending a day and a-half there, I proceeded to Bolton, about twelve miles farther on. Immediately on arrival I called on a friend of Mr Joseph Lloyd's, Mr Barlow, one of the finest men I have had the pleasure of meeting with in my travels. He is the owner of an immense cotton mill, and is one of the magistrates of the town. I went over his mill, and was greatly delighted, not only with the immense amount of the the intricate cotton-weaving and spinning machinery, but also with the completeness of the general arrangements. The reader may gain a rough idea of the quantity of machinery in use in this mill from the fact that 1,200 hands are employed there, and in dozens of instances one person attended to and kept going three and four weaving-machines. It was very interesting to pass from room to room, seeing the various processes through which the cotton passed before it was converted into sheets, quilts, &c. Although Mr. Barlow is such an excellent fellow he continually keeps about one hundred devils hard at work—tearing the cotton into fine shreds previous to being spun. I thought it was a pity that all the rest of the same name could not be kept at the same useful and innocent work. The protection against fire is very complete. By a series of water-pipes, perforated with holes in all directions, water can be turned on in any room in the building in an instant. The pipe being fixed along the centre of the room near the centre of the ceiling, the water is projected to every part of the room at once. This mill has been on fire a number of times, but the fire was always extinguished before doing much harm. In one of the rooms I found about thirty or forty little girls from nine to twelve years age, working away

quite merrily. They sang, for my especial benefit, "Sweet By-and Bye," in such a way as showed that their religious training was not being forgotten. Fine large dining rooms are provided for those who bring their meals with them, the male and female departments being separate. After this inspection we drove to Mr. Barlow's private residence, a beautiful villa, situated in a pleasant country spot about five miles out of Bolton. Dinner over, and a walk through his garden and grounds, we took a walk to an orphanage, which he had promised to visit that afternoon, about a mile distant. On arriving there, I saw an inscription on a stone monument that the whole estate, which consisted of 100 acres, had been purchased by Mr Barlow, and presented to the institution free of debt of any kind. The ceremony of opening the premises as an orphanage, or home for outcast and destitute children, was conducted by the Rev. W. Morley Punshon. The place had formerly been a public-house, but the alterations and additions had quite changed its appearance. On entering the premises I was struck with the great cleanliness and good order that prevailed. The ages of the children varied from one year to fourteen. They all appeared exceedingly happy and healthy. The institution is being conducted on the family system. At present there are three buildings occupied, two of them by fifty boys and the third by thirty girls, each house being under the charge of carefully selected matrons, who bring up the children as in any ordinary family; the whole institution being in charge of a governor, who is a certificated teacher and an experienced Christian man. I saw there three children that were especially interesting, from the circumstances of their entrance into the Home. The eldest was a little girl of eight years; and two little boys, one six and the other eight years old. Their case was as follows:—Their father was a great drunkard, who by ill-treatment had brought the mother into such a low state as to be utterly unable to work any longer for the support of herself and three children. She lingered in misery and destitution for a while, and finally died—more from starvation than anything else. The father got the poor woman buried, but continued to neglect his children, and they would soon have followed their mother had not one or two of the neighbours (themselves very poor) given them a few crusts to keep them from starvation; besides this, the little girl of eight would go out and try to earn what little she could, and in every way acted as mother to the two younger ones. Their case came to the hearing of the authorities of this Home, and they at once

visited the poor creatures, and found them huddled together in a very small room, their furniture consisting of two old soap boxes, and an empty bulli-tin in which the little girl had performed whatever cooking she had to do. They were without delay taken to the Home, and had been there several months previous to my visit ; and they are three as nice and intelligent little children as anyone could wish to see. The little girl still acts in the same kind motherly way to her brothers as before. Several other interesting cases were pointed out and related to me, but the above is a fair sample of what this noble institution is doing. The above case was from Manchester. The boys of the Home work a certain number of hours each day at general farm work ; they have also hours for school and recreation. The girls are instructed in general domestic work, preparatory to going out to service. We now returned to Mr. Barlow's ; and after undergoing the welcome operation of lining the inner man, bade farewell to my kind friend, and took train to Manchester in time to catch the Scotch express from London.

Next morning I found myself in Glasgow, my native city, feeling none the fresher for my night's travel. The Glasgow of twenty years ago, when I left it, and the Glasgow of to-day, are two very different cities. I was much too young in those days (being barely eight) to form opinions of places ; but there are two things that remain unaltered, and that I recognized the moment I saw them. The first is a high granite obelisk, or monument of Nelson, on Glasgow Green, and the second is a large bronze figure of King William the Fourth, in the Trongate—a busy part of the town. They are talking of removing it, as it is very much in the way of traffic. A perfect stranger can readily see that the last twelve or fourteen years have made a wonderful alteration in this city. The great number of princely-looking business premises, and many noble piles of public buildings, that are everywhere to be seen, having a modern appearance, are certain indications of great commercial prosperity during late years. On this side of the globe I generally hear Glasgow spoken of as ranking next to London in size and importance. They have spent £5,000,000 in deepening and improving the river Clyde, and still they are busy at it. However, I had little time to spare in Glasgow, as the only friends I had in Scotland resided at Rothesay ; there I wended my way to the auld Broomielaw (wharf), and, boarding a small steamer, started down the famous Clyde. Our route for a time lay between an immense number of large trading ships, returned

from voyages to various parts of the world. Next came long lines of shipbuilding yards, all in full operation, ships and steamers in almost every stage of development being visible. The noise of hammering the rivets, bolts, &c., is sometimes almost deafening whilst sailing between them. Once fairly out of the vicinity of the ship-builders, the scenery at once becomes pleasant and interesting, not only from its appearance, but also from its historical connections. We first passed the large square mansion of Elderslie, a name connected with Sir William Wallace. Next comes Paisley—noted for its superior shawls and other woollen fabrics; also for its being the birth-place of several poets of no mean order, such as Tannahill, Motherwell, and Wilson the ornithologist. The ancient Abbey there is still represented by a portion left from the general wreck of edifices of this kind during the excitement of the Reformation. In 1219 Pope Honorius elevated this prior to the character of an abbey. The poet says that, on hearing the good news—

“The startled priest struck both his thighs,
And the Abbey clock struck one.”

We next passed Old Kilpatrick, the birth-place of Saint Patrick, Ireland's patron saint. This renowned saint is reported to have banished frogs, reptiles, and all the “varmint” from “Erin's Isle,” and that he also planted the Shamrock, and introduced potheen at Donnybrook Fair, where Pat was wont to flourish his shillaleh when he descried a head—“nate and convanient”—through a canvas tent. Bowling station and harbour is the next spot of any consequence; and a little further on we pass the hill of Dumbuck, on which stands an obelisk in honour of Henry Bell, the engineer who started the *Comet*, the first steamboat. It is here also that the great wall, built by the Romans across Scotland, terminated; there is a portion of it still remaining. About four miles farther on, we halted at the famous old Dumbarton Castle, or the remains of it, built on an immense high double rock, standing out boldly like a sentinel guarding the way. This high rock with its almost perpendicular sides, and the castle on top, strikes the observer as being one of the most impregnable strongholds that ever existed; and yet Scotland's hero, Sir William Wallace, took it from the English, in the following way:—He climbed up the sides of the rock, and over the wall at the back of the fortress, and reached the heavy portcullis gate before he was observed, and let it down, thus enclosing the English soldiers in the front part of the fortress. He now called up his men, and he was master of the situation. Before

saying good-bye to Scotland I had the pleasure of going all over this fortress, and saw the arrangement of the portcullis, &c., and could thus easily understand how Wallace did the business on that memorable occasion. I saw there also this famous warrior's sword, and handled it, but it must have been prodigious strength that enabled him to wield it with such effect as he did. It measures about five feet in length, for when I placed the point between my feet the handle reached my cheek. After the time of Wallace this fortress was a residence of Mary Queen of Scots.

After picking up a few passengers we pass on, and a run of about seven miles brings us to the pier at Greenock, where another batch of excursionists were waiting to board us. It was at this pier that a flippant cockney tourist asked a little urchin, fishing with his line and hook, "if he was fishing for red herring?" to which the street-Arab replied—"Na, na, they catch thay things in the Red Sea." Greenock is proverbially a wet place, and another southern visitor being disgusted with the endless dropping during his visit, pertly asked a Highland quay porter: "Does it always rain here, fellow?" to which Donald replied, "Na, sir; it sometimes snaws." Greenock was the birth-place of James Watt, who discovered the power of steam while watching the vapour lifting the lid of his mother's tea-kettle. The house in which he was born is in William-street, and is now known as the James Watt Tavern. On the high ground of a fine new cemetery a huge monument has just been raised in memory of this great man. Greenock has also the honour of being the birth-place and residence of Jean Adams, the authoress of the ancient but well-known song—"There's nae luck about the house."

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside ;
 Put on the muckle pot ;
 Gie' little Kate her button gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat ;
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw :
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa'.

For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When our guden.an's awa'.

The modern and-neatly built town of Helensburgh is on the opposite shore from Greenock, with the Garloch beyond, where new vessels usually have their compasses adjusted. The castle of Roseneath, a residence of the

Duke of Argyle, is to be seen amongst the trees on the peninsula to the left of Helensburgh. Having shipped our Greenock passengers, we steam about three miles further on to Gourock, a pleasant watering-place—the nearest to Glasgow—largely patronized by those who cannot afford to “gang further doon the water.” The small tradesman and respectable working man who can afford to send his wife and weans to Gourock for a week or two every season, is generally one who does not require an Act of Parliament to regulate his drinking hours, like the majority of working men seem to need in Glasgow. I was disgusted with the amount of whiskey drinking I saw going on there. Great numbers of sailing and steam yachts are generally to be seen in this neighbourhood, on account of the great protection the Bay of Gourock affords. We now pass over to the opposite shore, a little lower down, and haul up at Kirn pier head, and add a few more to our list of passengers; and in doing so we pass in front of the entrance to Loch Long, so called, I suppose, from its long narrow shape, and varying in width from barely two miles down to rather less than a quarter of a mile. The mouth of the Holy Loch is also within a mile of Kirn. Again we move onward for nearly two miles and touch Dunoon, and three miles more brings us to Inellan. Another two miles and we find ourselves at Toward pier. At each of these places embark and disembark passengers “on pleasure bent.” Besides the special calling points I have mentioned, the banks of the Clyde along our route were dotted with pretty villas and mansions owned by Glasgow merchants and others. We now rounded Toward Point, and there lay Toward Castle on our right, owned by a wealthy Australian squatter; and Rothesay, a lovely little bay dotted with yachts, lay right in front of us. Rothesay being my present destination and home for the time being, I jumped ashore, and made tracks to find my friends. This accomplished, I settled down for the rest of the day and night—although it seemed as though night was not coming, for it did not get dark till ten o’clock, and even then twilight seemed to hover about—it was quite a new state of affairs to me.

CHAPTER IX.

Rothesay—Marquis of Bute's Estate—Bute to Oban—Edinburgh Castle—Bannockburn—Stirling Castle—The Trossacks and other Highland Scenery—Boating Incident—Pretty Highland Lassies—Return to London.

ROTHESAY is to Glasgow and the adjacent towns what Glenelg is to Adelaide, but with this difference, that for beauty of scenery (both water and land), protection from weather, and general pleasantness of situation, Rothesay is worth fifty Glenelgs. It is about a half-circle in form, and along the shore is a magnificent esplanade, neatly planted, thus forming a beautiful promenade for the thousands of visitors who frequent this fashionable watering-place. In the season a band of music plays in the handsome rotunda in the centre of the esplanade. Immediately behind this promenade are built the principal business premises and better class of dwellings. These being erected on the face of a very steep hill which rises abruptly from the esplanade, gives the town a very attractive appearance, especially if viewed from the middle of the bay, which I had the opportunity of doing several times in passing to and fro in the steamers. Away to the right is the Clyde, and to the left is to be seen Loch Striven (called by the weather-wise folks the Rothesay barometer). Still further to the left is the entrance to the beautiful Kyles of Bute. About thirty arrivals and departures of Clyde river-steamers take place at Rothesay every day during the season. The most noted of the fleet are the *Viceroy*, *Sultana*, and *Iona*; these three are models of beauty and speed, generally going at eighteen or nineteen miles per hour, and are capable of doing twenty should occasion require. The *Iona* is rather the largest boat of the three, and belongs to a Company. The *Viceroy* and *Sultana* are owned by Captain Williamson, whose means and popularity have grown with the Clyde River traffic. He commands the *Viceroy*, and the *Sultana* is in charge of his eldest son, Captain James Williamson. I noticed that there was a pardonable but strong spirit of emulation amongst captains of these three boats, which is also greatly shared in by the people, as I easily gathered from the remarks I frequently

heard amongst the passengers, both on board the boats and whilst waiting on the piers. There was considerable excitement one day when the *Sultana* passed the *Iona* on one of their trips up the river.

After a good night's rest I was quite ready for anything in the pleasure line, so two fair Rothesay cousins treated me to a charming drive along the picturesque shore for six or seven miles to the Marquis of Bute's private estate. When we arrived at the entrance, we alighted from the carriage and instructed the coachman to meet us at another part of the estate. After having duly registered our distinguished names in the visitors' book at the Lodge, we were permitted to pass into what seemed to me one of the most beautiful estates under the sun. The natural formation of the grounds themselves is beautiful; but this beauty was greatly increased by the style in which they were laid out. Various designs were carried out in different parts of the grounds. One part was laid out in the same style as the new Champs Elysees of Paris, which consists of a number of noble avenues of well-grown shapely trees, all converging to one centre, in which grew the largest and stateliest tree of all. Numerous wild flowers were grown in great abundance, especially wild hyacinths, which in many spots gave the ground a rich blue colour. The beautiful rhododendrons, so highly thought of in South Australia, were growing here like weeds, hundreds of them being in beautiful blossom. This seems a favourite spot for this flower, for I saw great numbers in various parts of the Island of Bute, apparently growing wild. After spending a pleasant time wandering about these lovely grounds, and having a peep at the old mansion on a hill called Mount Stuart (a very indifferent looking dwelling for a titled millionaire), we passed out of the estate, took possession of our seats in the carriage, and made for Rothesay again, where we finished the day in chatting over matters concerning far-off Australia and its barbarous people—especially those residing in Adelaide!

Next day it was arranged that I would start to do a part of what is termed "the royal route," viz., from Bute to Oban, a small Highland town a little beyond Kerrera Island. Three of my fair cousins having promised to conduct me as far as Ardrishaig, ten o'clock found us all waiting at Rothesay Pier for the arrival of the *Iona* from Glasgow *en route* for Ardrishaig. In a short time we were speeding along at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, so that Rothesay was soon lost to view as we passed the mouth of Loch Striven and entered

the narrow but lovely Kyles separating Bute from Argyleshire. In some parts of the channel we were only a few yards from the shores. The first place of special beauty and interest in the passage through the Kyles is an estate near Colintrieve. It belongs to an old Colonel Colintrieve, of the army. The estate is all laid out and planted with masses of trees exactly in the form of the positions of the British armies at the battle of Waterloo! As the hill rises quickly from the shore, the design is brought out against the face of the slope very distinctly. The scenery all along the shores is exceedingly pretty, being dotted here and there with palatial villas, the summer residences of wealthy business men—Stephenson, the locomotive engineer, being the owner of one of the finest. We continued for many miles to wind our way in and out, and immediately after we passed the mouth of Loch Ridden our way seemed completely blocked up, no opening of the hills being visible in any direction, until we suddenly swung round to Tighnabruich Pier, when a long stretch of water lay right ahead of us, bounded on either side by beautiful heather-covered hills, but with scarcely so many trees visible as I would like to have seen. After landing a few passengers and receiving others on board, we again wended our way through the channel, and after passing a number of fine villas, and the village of Kames, with its large powder mills and ruins of an ancient temple, we round Ardlamont Point (thus clearing the Kyles), and entered Loch Fyne, a splendid narrow loch about forty miles long. Away to our left rear could be seen Skipness Castle, Cock of Arran, and Loch Ransa. Dead astern about two miles lay Inch Marnoch Island, commonly called the drunken island, because any one having a wife troubled with a nervous affection causing her to turn up her "little finger" too often (behind a glass of whisky), can send her there, where she will find—

"Water, water, everywhere,
But not a drop o' drink."

I was not aware of this interesting tradition until we had gone out of sight, or I would have pointed out this invaluable spot to my lady friends with a caution to beware. Our next call was at Tarbert, with its bay guarded by an old castle high up the hill. This place is the lonely residence of a number of fishermen with their wives and families. After dropping a few passengers at this bleak-looking spot, we let go the ropes and continued our glorious sail up the magnificent Loch Fyne until we reached Loch Gilp, branching away to our left. We now steered our

course up the latter until we reached Ardrishaig. And this unfortunately was the station at which I was to part with my three fair guides, philosophers, and friends, who had made the trip doubly interesting by their company and by pointing out and explaining the history of the various places of interest as we passed along. Reluctantly saying good-bye, I started for the steamer on the Crinan Canal; my friends returning to Rothesay by the *Iona*; and I was left to again roam the world alone. I thought Burns's words were very true and *apropos* to my special forlorn case:—

“What signifies the life o' man,
And 'twere na for the lasses O!”
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses O!”

However, the lovely scenery through which I was passing soon livened me up again, so I just lounged on the crimson velvet cushions (all these river and canal boats are fitted up like little palaces), and drank in nature's beauties as we glided along without any more motion than if I had been sitting in a parlour chair. In a few minutes after leaving Ardrishaig we passed the residence of a baronet who lately whilst driving through the village caught the child of a poor fisherman round the neck with his whip, and dragged him for a considerable distance behind his aristocratic car. This brutal conduct so enraged a number of the people that a subscription was raised to prosecute him, and the result was that this noble baronet was brought to justice and fined a handsome sum. The canal is very serpentine, and being in many parts overhung with foliage we had occasionally to take care of our tall hats (which are very unsuitable for Scotch travelling). As we continued our course a fine prospect of South Knapdale and Vale of Dail opened up to view.

As the steamer had to get through a number of locks (not lochs) several of the passengers preferred a walk for a couple of miles along the banks of the canal. These locks or water-gates were new things to me; they enabled the steamer to climb over a hill by water. Along the banks of the canal we met a number of bare-legged Highland lasses who supplied us with milk at one penny per glass; but I fancy the girl that I purchased some milk from must have accidentally dipped her can into the canal previous to milking the cow; so I turned into the first Highland cottage I came to, and there found a “real homely auld Scotch wife,” who supplied me with the genuine article, also some

fine Highland scones and oatmeal cakes and butter, which I enjoyed amazingly. It was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade her to accept a shilling for her hospitality—she only wanted to “tak thrupence.” Generally in the season a Highland piper is on the bank ready to blow up his chanter, and tip the passengers the Highland fling; but I think we were rather early in the season for him, as he did not put in an appearance.

As the *Linnet* reached the last lock, we all boarded again, and soon the princely mansion of Poltalloch appeared in view, situated on the shore of Loch Craignish. The cost of this mansion was £100,000. We were now skirting the great Crinan Moss on the one hand and a range of rugged hills on the other. The other side of the Moss was closed in by an imposing assemblage of great hills, amongst them Mull, Morven, and Appin, all tinged with that peculiar light purplish mist often noticed on paintings of Alpine scenery. We now came to the end of our canal trip. Stepping ashore we walked about fifty yards and boarded another steamer lying in wait for us at the pier of Loch Crinan. In a short time we passed out of Loch Crinan, and crossed the mouth of Loch Craignish, leaving the ancient Duntroon Castle on our right. To our left lay Downie House, on the shores of Jura, where Thomas Campbell, the poet, spent his early days. We were now fairly out on the western coast of the Highlands of Scotland, and the scenery became less rugged and bare, yet withal it had a grandeur about it peculiar to this part of the country. Our course lay through a number of small rocky islands, having uncouth-sounding Highland names. Passing through Scarba Sound, with Luing on our right, we made straight for Easdale, a celebrated slate quarry, which has been in operation for 3,000 years, and is now 420 feet below the sea. This black barren-looking island seemed a wretched place for human beings to spend their lives on; but like eels, they get used to it, I suppose. A few minutes sufficed to discharge our Easdale passengers, and away we steamed amongst a lot more islands, and approached the large and rugged island of Kerrera, a scene of wild and desolate grandeur. A further sail of five or six miles up the narrow Sound of Kerrera brought me to the end of my journey by water. It was just half-past five when I jumped on to the pier at Oban, a lovely village in the form of a crescent along the circular shores of the beautiful bay.

As I intended returning by the same steamer at eight o'clock next morning, and had two large ancient ruins of

castles to explore, I thought I had better not waste time getting tea at one of the numerous hotels, so on my way to Dunolly Castle I purchased some biscuits, and away I trudged on foot, as there did not seem to be any cabs about the place. On arriving at the entrance gate of the Castle grounds I had to enter my name in the visitors' book, and received the key of the castle (nearly a pound weight) from the old gatekeeper. I had a very enjoyable half-mile walk through the fine rocky scenery, densely covered with trees and foliage. I had to climb up a very steep hill or rock, on which the castle was built. Being so late in the day, I had the castle entirely to myself, but I enjoyed it none the less for that. I managed by the aid of projecting stones to climb to the very top, disturbing a colony of rooks (crows, in Adelaide) in their lofty dwelling. The view from the top of the Castle well repaid the trouble of the ascent. After enjoying a biscuit I descended, and hearing that there was another very ancient castle about three miles further on I started off, determined to see all that was to be seen in the neighbourhood. The road had nothing particularly interesting about it, so I found it a long walk. However, in due time I stood in front of Dunstaffnage Castle, and proceeded to explore its ruins, which I found very interesting. It was, like other Scotch fortressess, built on a high natural rock : and the date of its erection is entirely lost in the dim past. On the top of the walls (about six or seven feet thick) were a couple of cannon, which I should imagine were amongst the earliest samples of that weapon. On descending from my exalted position I entered the lonely cottage of a Highlander, and obtained some milk and scones ; after which I made tracks for Oban again. I arrived there at half-past nine (still daylight), quite ready for bed ; and was soon in the "land of nod."

I was up betimes in the morning, had an early breakfast, a stroll through the prettily situated town, and finally steamed away from the pier at eight o'clock sharp. The weather was if anything finer than the previous day, and falling in with a good companion my return trip was extremely enjoyable. At one of the calling stations going down Loch Fyne, a rather ridiculous but touching scene occurred. Just previous to the *Iona* casting off from the pier, two damsels stepped on board, and kept anxiously looking down the road along the shore. In a short time two young men with shawls on their arms were seen running in the direction of the steamer. However, everything being ready for starting, the captain gave the word "let go," at

which one of the girls began to cry so bitterly, and the second one pulled such a long face, that the captain's heart melted, and he held on for a few minutes. But just as the young gallants got within forty yards of the pier, the tide carried the steamer away, and seeing that they and their lovers were ruthlessly divided the young men were so "cut up" that one dashed his shawl and walking-stick to the ground, and lay down at full length and cried with passion and disappointment. Young man No. 2 simply threw down his things, and sat on a stone, looking at the captain as though he could murder him in cold blood. Meantime quite an interesting little scene was going on on the deck of the steamer. About an hour afterwards I saw the two disconsolate ladies sitting in the saloon, alone, their eyes being red and swollen. At half-past three I rejoined my Rothesay friends, with whom I spent the remainder of the day.

By seven o'clock next morning I was again on the move, this time with the intention of "doing" the celebrated Trossachs, the most popular part of what is called "the Royal Route" through the Highlands. At seven sharp we left Rothesay Pier and steamed up the Clyde in the direction of Greenock, calling at the intermediate stations. The weather was not so fine this time, but it cleared up later in the day. Landing on Greenock Pier, I sat down for a few minutes (as I thought) to wait the arrival of the boat that was to take me across the river to Bowling, to catch the train for Balloch Pier at the southern extremity of Loch Lomond; but the blundering policeman by his misdirections caused me to miss two or three boats that would have landed me at the required spot. I waited an hour and a half before I found out my mistake; so when Captain Williamson, jun., came along with the *Sultana* I stepped on board, and went on to Glasgow, that I might do the trip just in the opposite way to that I had intended. At Glasgow I took a through ticket for the Trossachs trip, which included trains, coach, and steamboats, for the reasonable sum of nineteen shillings and eightpence. My first stage was to Edinburgh, where I arrived early in the afternoon. I at once took a cab, and spent full two hours riding about the streets, and visiting Edinburgh Castle. Here again I noticed the old thing with reference to the position of the castle, viz., that it was situated on the summit of an immense rock towering high above the town. The view from the top of the castle is magnificent on a clear day. I entered the cell in which the Duke of Argyle was confined previous to

execution; also Queen Mary's Room; in fact, I entered every room that had any historical interest attached to it. The Royal Crown worn by Robert Bruce is a splendid piece of workmanship, considering the early date of Scottish history at which it was made. That and the rest of the crown regalia of Scotland is carefully preserved in a glass case protected by a cage made of strong iron bars. Mons Meg, an immense rudely-made cannon with a bore of twenty inches, is an item of great interest, mounted on top of the castle. Having "done" the castle to my satisfaction, I proceeded to the residence of a friend, and after a cup of tea Mr. Robb piloted me through various parts of the town. We passed the House of John Knox, in what was once an aristocratic part of the town, but now it is celebrated for an abominable low filthy lot of hovels; in fact, nearly all of ancient Edinburgh has a low dirty appearance; but the modern Edinburgh is a perfect model of beauty and cleanliness, with magnificent well-paved streets built up with thousands of splendid mansions, many of them belonging to Glasgow merchants, who go to and fro every day. By the time I had done three hours' smart walking I was glad to go to my hotel, write a letter to Australia, and get in between the sheets.

I was up again next morning in time to catch the half-past six train for Stirling. About five miles before reaching Stirling we passed through the celebrated field of Bannockburn, where Bruce gained the decisive victory over the English which led to the Independence of Scotland. At this spot I saw the figures of Wallace and Bruce, with sword in hand, cut out in the green turf; these are to be seen all the year round. On arriving at Stirling I made straight for the Castle, and it took no small amount of perspiration out of me to get up to the exalted position on which it stands. I could easily fill four or five pages describing the numerous objects of interest in the magnificent view from Stirling Castle. In walking along the ramparts my attention was called to a small hole called Mary's Look-out. She used to sit on the stone and watch the knights and nobles engaged in the tournaments on the plain 340 feet below her. I noticed a new stone had lately been let in the wall, with the look-out hole in the centre; and on asking the reason my guide informed me that nearly every visitor who came there knocked off a small piece and took it away as a relic, and in this way several stones had been taken away. A number of chips had been already taken from this new one. I entered the small room in which James the Second stabbed the

noble Earl of Douglas, in 1452, alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in his "Lady of the Lake:"—

"Ye towers within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled."

About a week before my visit to the castle an immense mass of the rock on which it is built fell to the plain below. A militia man happening to be strolling along at the time, seeing the stone crashing through the air, suddenly became remarkably active until a respectable distance lay between him and the rock. I scarcely wonder at it, for it must have made a terrible noise. The ground was torn in all directions, and masses of the rock was scattered for a great distance. The large monument to Sir Walter Wallace stands out boldly on a prominent rock called Abbey Craig. After spending an hour and a-half in the vicinity of the castle, I returned to the station, and waited for the train from Edinburgh to take me on to Callander in time to catch the coach to go through the Trossachs.

By about eleven o'clock we alighted from the train in Callander, and a number of us—both ladies and gentlemen—climbed by the aid of convenient ladders to the top of a fine large coach very similar to several four-in-hand drags that I saw in Hyde Park, London. Callander itself is a beautiful spot, but in a few minutes we were fairly into the beauties of the Highlands in real earnest. About half a mile from Callander we passed the handsome grounds and castle of Leny on our right. A mile further on and we passed through the hamlet of Kilmahog. The waters of Leny, with fine scenery, were next crossed; and about a mile further on we came to the celebrated Coilantogle Ford, the point to which Rhoderic Dhu, the Highland chieftain, promised to lead Fitz-James,

"Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard," &c.

and where the desperate fight took place, as graphically depicted by Scott. We were in the country so beautifully described in "the Lady of the Lake;" in fact, a more interesting guide-book to these parts of the Highlands could not be found. I would willingly have given five times its cost to have had a pocket edition of it with me whilst we were passing through. The noted Ben Ledi towered above us away to our right. Another two miles brought us to Loch Vennachar (meaning the Lake of the Fair Valley); it is five miles long, and nearly one and a half in breadth. Midway on the opposite shore is Invertrossachs, the seat of Stewart MacNaughton, Esq. It was at this fine Highland

home that our Queen and several members of the Royal Family spent a few weeks in the autumn of 1869. A little farther on than Loch Vennachar we came to Lanrick Mead, the mustering place of Clan Alpine, and whence the whistle of Rhoderic Dhu brought forth his clan—

“Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnetts, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, and left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe.”

Looking behind us we got a splendid view of the Lake of the Fair Valley, through which we had just passed. The wooded banks, the green slopes, the grand mountain scenery, and the quiet Loch slightly ripped by the breeze, formed a beautiful picture. A fine stream of water, Dubh Abhainn, winds through the upper part of the valley from Loch Achray, passing by the Highland cots of Duncraggan, and falling into Loch Vennachar. All the gentlemen and a few of the ladies descended from the coach and walked up a steep but pleasant hilly road. As we passed down the other side of the hill a fine pass to our left opened up Glenfinlas, and in a few minutes, having again taken our seat, we crossed the Finlas water by the Brig o' Turk. The scenery here was very fine. The Hero's Targe and Macgregor's Shiel are places of interest and beauty. The Brig o' Turk is brought prominently into notice in the Royal Chase in “The Lady of the Lake:”—

“Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the Lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brig of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.”

About a mile to our right down Glenfinlas a fine cascade or waterfall is to be seen. We had no time to go there, so had to be content with what we could see of it from where we were. Scott writes of this glen—

“Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that hugh cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.”

An enjoyable run of another mile brings us to Loch Achray (the Lake of the Evil Field). It is about a mile in length and half a mile broad. Our road lay along the edge of the Loch, and the banks being well covered with birch and oak trees made the spot worthy of Sir Walter Scott's vivid description—

“The copsewood gray
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine-tree blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben Venue.”

Half-way along the banks of the lake on the right is the Trossachs Manse, and a little further on to the left is the chaste-looking Gothic Church. A mile farther on, and the magnificent Trossachs Hotel suddenly appears within fifty yards of us. Here we halt for about three-quarters of an hour, for the purpose of appeasing the ravenous appetites which the fine bracing air of the Highlands had created within us. Speaking for myself I don't think the proprietor made much profit, for his charges were reasonable, and my appetite was just the reverse. This fine hotel is in the vicinity of four lochs, so that tourists can have any amount of fishing and boating; trout and pike are plentiful, and a few salmon are to be got. The time being up, we again took our seats, and wended our way through the lovely glade of the Trossachs, which was densely clad with trees, heath, ferns, and wild myrtle. On our left was the lofty peak of Ben Venue, 2,393 feet high; while on our right rose the rough jagged top of Ben A'an, 1,851 feet high.

“High on the south, huge Ben Venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world.”

The gorge or narrow defile among the wild rocks is supposed to be the scene in “The Lady of the Lake,” where the stag escaped—

“Dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trossachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.”

Near the same place is the glade of Bealach-an-Duine, where Fitz-James's “gallant grey,” after long exhausting race, found his last resting place—

“Stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more.”

I could not possibly give a description of this lovely spot to do it anything like justice, so here's Sir Walter Scott's, which is as *good* as my best would be—

“The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,

Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle.
 Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
 Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
 The primrose pale and violet flower
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Group'd their dark hues with every stain
 The weather-beaten crags retain,
 With boughs that quaked at every breath ;
 Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
 The wonderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

Issuing from the Trossachs Glen, the beautifully situated Loch Katrine opens to view. It is about nine miles long, and winds amongst the hills like a serpent. We now say good-bye to the coach, and passing through a rustic-looking heath-thatched avenue, we stepped on board a pretty little lake steamer, the *Rob Roy*. For some distance the Loch was like a narrow silver thread winding about the hills, trees on either side being quite close to us. Soon we passed close to the Goblin's Cave, a deep cave amongst the rocks on our left. About a mile from the pier we sailed round Ellen's Isle, and the Silver Strand is not a stone's throw away. These two spots are described by Sir Walter. We were now in the famous Rob Roy's strongholds. Then we passed the pier and aqueduct of the Glasgow waterworks. It is from this Loch that Glasgow obtains its supply of water. The expense of the undertaking was £360,000 ; but like ourselves in Adelaide, they think it cheap at any price. We continued to pass by several well-known spots on the shores of the Loch ; but, if I were to give the names, it might dislocate the jawbones of some of my readers in attempting to pronounce them. In due time we reached our landing-place, Stronachlachar, where another fine coach awaits to give us a five-mile ride across the country to

Inversnaid. About half-a-mile on our way we come to Loch Arklet, in the valley of Glen Arklet. We next pass the old Hill Fort of Inversnaid, erected in 1713 as a check against the Highlanders and the bold cateran or free-booter Rob Roy. Our road now lay along a rough cutting on the sides of the hills, similar to our Mount Barker road, but the scenery was not so fine at this part of our trip.

On arriving at the Inversnaid Hotel, on the edge of Loch Lomond, we found we had about three-quarters of an hour to wait for the steamer. So two ladies and another gentleman and myself fraternised, and paid a visit to the pleasing falls of Inversnaid, after which we hired a boat and pulled out to the middle of the Loch. Great amusement was caused by our awkward handling of the oars. However, we were slowly working our way across, when all at once I heard a crash and a scream behind me, and on turning round I saw my companion's legs in the air and his head in the bottom of the boat, his oar meanwhile floating away. The oar concerned me more than his legs, for I knew that they would right themselves; but if the oar got away, I guessed we should be in a fix, as neither he nor I was capable of sculling; but for all that I was so convulsed with laughter at his ridiculous position that for a few moments I was perfectly incapable of rendering any assistance. However, we both soon recovered ourselves sufficiently to make a few efforts to regain the oar, which we at last succeeded in doing. We were now in a position to examine the state of affairs, and found firstly, that the rowlock pin had broken off short, hence the accident; secondly, my companion's hat was literally knocked to pieces, having several rents large enough to put his hand through. The ladies were in such a state of terror that they begged us to pull ashore, which we proceeded to do as well as our immoderate laughter would allow. On arriving ashore we were informed that only about twelve months before Sir James Colquhoun and his four game-keepers were drowned while crossing this Loch in a boat. This made our two lady friends look what might be termed "rather blue." In a short time we boarded the steamer which was to carry us the remainder of our water trip. Loch Lomond well deserves the popular name it has received, viz., the Queen of Scottish lochs. The scenery from one end to the other—thirty miles—is one of ever-changing beauty. Our first place of call was Tarbert (not the Tarbert of my Oban trip), a landing station to meet the bus for Arrochar. The massive peak of Ben Lomond stood out boldly against the sky to the left, 3,200 feet in

height. On the base of this mountain is a place called Rob Roy's Prison, and a good bit further up the Loch is Rob Roy's Cave, where the bold outlaw found a retreat in times of danger, and also where King Robert Bruce found shelter after his defeat at Strathfillan. Our next call was at Luss, a lovely little summer watering-place, with a number of neat little cottages nestling amongst the plentiful shrubbery at the foot of the great hills. Such delightful nooks as this and the Trossachs are very much patronised by young couples on their honeymoon trips. Our course now lay amidst a number of beautiful islands, densely covered with trees and shrubbery. Thus winding about for another eight miles, all hands in a perfect state of satisfaction with themselves and everybody and everything around them, we at length reached Balloch pier, where we took train to Glasgow, where about a dozen of us who had fraternised on the trip heartily shook hands, and started for various hotels to put for the night. And so ended the most glorious trip I ever had, or perhaps am likely to have. All I required to make it perfection itself was the *wee* wife and *big* weans with me ; and nothing more could have been desired.

I spent the next forenoon moving about Glasgow, and at two o'clock I stepped on board the elegantly-finished steamer *Viceroy*, and, after a delightful sail of a few hours, again joined my friends at Rothesay, with whom I spent a quiet but pleasant Saturday evening and Sunday. On Monday morning, after an early breakfast and reluctant farewells, half-past seven found me on board the favourite *Sultana*, which landed me at Greenock in time to catch the train for London, where I safely arrived, punctual to a minute, at five minutes past nine in the evening, having travelled 420 miles, and feeling none the worse for my journey.

I quite forgot to mention, in the above Scotch notes, that in no part of the world that I have as yet visited have I seen such numbers of fine-looking women as in the Highlands of Scotland and in Edinburgh. They have a healthy bloom (not paint) on their cheeks not to be seen anywhere else.

CHAPTER X.

Good-bye to Old England—Home Rulers—Fast Sailing—Sharks—
New York—Stars and Stripes—Henry Ward Beecher—
American Climate—The mighty Dollar—The Centennial
Rejoicings—Centennial Exhibition.

Steamer *Germanic*, Atlantic Ocean, June 30.

WE are now within about fifteen hours' steam of New York, so I have no more time to write accounts of places I have visited in England—such as the Crystal Palace, Alexandra Palace, the Tower, Woolwich Arsenal, &c., &c., but if I have opportunity further on in my journey, perhaps I will note some of them, especially Woolwich Arsenal and its immense guns.

But now about leaving England. The time I had allotted myself to remain in England having expired, on June 22nd I said good-bye to old England and its pleasant associations; and at eight o'clock p.m. the splendid and powerful steamer *Germanic* (White Star Line) weighed anchor, steamed steadily down the River Mersey from Liverpool, and was soon ploughing her way through the Irish Sea. I managed to keep my sea legs till we reached Queenstown, Ireland, where we arrived next day at about twelve o'clock. We remained there four hours, receiving mails, passengers, and luggage. On the steamer that brought them alongside was a genuine Irishman with a bundle of very formidable looking blackthorn sticks, with knobs on the ends about the size of a large duck's egg. He was selling these nice-looking articles as "Home Rulers" and shillalehs; but having hitherto managed to rule my home without such aid, he could not persuade me to invest, although he declared "they wur foin boys, sure."

We left Queenstown at four o'clock, and in a few hours we were in the "broad" Atlantic—and I was soon on the "broad" of my back. However, the weather keeping exceedingly fine, I had considerably recovered by next morning, although I could not put in an appearance at the breakfast table. But from that time until we reached New York I only missed once. The first day's run was the noble figure of 385 knots, equal to 449 miles. For the next four days we were in a dense fog; sometimes it was impossible

to see a ship's length ahead, which caused us considerable anxiety, as at this season of the year icebergs are met with. To prevent colliding with other vessels our fog-horn was kept sounding incessantly, and sometimes we would hear other fog horns, one especially being unpleasantly near. The weather continued very quiet until the sixth day out, and it then became a dead calm, the sea having the appearance of oil or glass; the fog cleared up for four or five hours, in which time we saw hundreds of sharks, and many thousands of porpoises. Great excitement prevailed on board while watching the racing and frolics of the porpoises. The sharks were more sedate; they appeared stationed as sentinels, for every three hundred yards we would pass one as it sailed or glided along with its two broad fins sticking high out of the water. A sudden diversion was caused by seeing a large sword-fish making its appearance on the scene by throwing itself far out of the water, an immense shark being in full chase after it. Each time the sword-fish appeared the shark was considerably closer to it; suddenly the commotion ceased, and we concluded the shark had had his dinner.

Another beautiful sight which I greatly enjoyed was large numbers of the lovely nautilus, or Portugese man-of-war, as the sailors call them. I never saw anything in the shape of shell-fish to compare with them for beauty as they expanded their pink and purple-coloured sails to catch any breeze that might come along. The ocean seemed literally to be alive with fish of one kind and another, especially porpoises, which seemed to be playing hide and seek round and across the bows of the steamer.

Great consternation was caused amongst us this afternoon by the purser circulating a lot of forms for the passengers to fill up, swearing on oath that they have no dutiable articles amongst their luggage, &c. Numerous expedients are being resorted to, to evade the vigilance of the customs officers; but a number have decided to make a clean breast of it. This form was quite a new thing to the passengers, as many of them had been for some years past in the habit of smuggling clothes and other things into the States, on account of the enormous prices that rule there.

On Saturday morning (July 1st) at 5:40 we passed the lightship off Sandy Hook, New York, thus making our passage across the Atlantic, from Queenstown to Sandy Hook, in exactly seven days seventeen hours thirty minutes. If the fog had not compelled us to reduce speed we would have done it in at least six or eight hours less. The *Germanic* is certainly one of the finest vessels afloat—500 feet long. We

sometimes went along at the rate of twenty knots per hour, but having to reduce speed such a number of times we averaged fifteen knots all through. We arrived just too late for the tide, so we had to drop anchor just outside the bar, and remain there for seven and a-half hours, so that it was five o'clock in the afternoon before we were opposite the White Star dock. It took another two hours to get alongside the wharf, and pass our luggage through the Customs. It was highly interesting and amusing to see the hugging and kissing, and laughing and crying of the various relatives and friends on meeting each other on the dock after a long absence;—but I thought it was too bad for me to laugh at them, as I might be struck comical myself some day. As we sailed up the harbour it was readily seen that there were great national rejoicings going on, for every ship and boat in the place was gaily decorated with thousands of “stars and stripes.” The small steamer that came to meet us with the Customs officers on board had fully 200 small flags about her upper gear. I saw the same thing while passing through the streets; every house had a festoon of stars and stripes hanging in front, besides one or two projecting out of every window.

Next morning I had the privilege of hearing the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preach. The first thing that struck me on entering the church was the fine, full, rich, mellow tone of the organ; and the second was the singing. They were just commencing the *Te Deum* as I entered; and I certainly have never before heard it sung to such perfection. The choir consisted of some thirty-five female singers and the same number of males. They sang the same tune to the *Te Deum* that our Adelaide and suburban choirs use, but it was divided into such a number of parts, each of which was so well performed, and the voices blended together so sweetly, that it was quite a treat to sit and listen. Several times a lady sang a part alone, and then a gentleman. As to the preacher, it is of no use for me to describe him or his abilities, as they are so well-known. Suffice it to say, that I went expecting to hear a first-class discourse, and I was certainly not disappointed. There is nothing special about his appearance, but he has a rich clear voice, which can, I believe, be heard distinctly all over the building (not half the size of Spurgeon's Tabernacle); and his language and manner are such as at once to rivet the attention and interest of any ordinary hearer. He is certainly a prince among preachers.

In the evening I went to hear Dr. Talmage, but was

disappointed by finding the place shut up, and he gone away on a vacation till September, during which time morning service only is conducted by preachers from other parts of the world.

Philadelphia, July 7.

I have now been in America nearly a week. During that time I have suffered as much from the heat of the weather as I have ever done in Adelaide, and it had been as hot for a week previous to my arrival. The thermometer has only reached 98 deg. in the shade, but it is quite as bad as 108 deg. would be in Adelaide. I shall have the pleasure of following this weather right across America, and on to Australia, where again I shall have the benefit of the summer—very comforting indeed!

I am very much disgusted with the prices of living, and almost everything else. This is certainly the dearest part of the world I have yet visited. The "mighty dollar" melts very freely. In London the boot-black brigade charge one penny, but in America they charge ten cents. (fivepence); and so everything in proportion. The first specimen I had of Yankee swindling charges was when I arrived at the docks in New York; to take myself and luggage to the hotel—about seven or ten minutes' ride—they asked the modest sum of two-and-a-half dollars (10s. 6d.)! I got vexed, and told them I would "see them all hanged first," and ordered them to get out of the way. But in a few minutes I got myself and traps transported for one dollar; in Adelaide the same thing would cost two shillings!

The Centennial rejoicings continued with unabated vigour until yesterday. It is busy times with the Philadelphia people. The horses, carriages, and cars, houses, public buildings, and in fact everything about the place, is literally covered with the much-loved stars and stripes. On the 3rd and 4th the crush in Philadelphia was something awful. As I was slowly elbowing my way through the crowded streets, on the evening of the 3rd, it was quite a common thing to hear the shrieks of females being almost crushed to death, and as it drew near to midnight the great mass of the people congregated round Independence Hall, and as the hands of the illuminated clock approached the hour of twelve the excitement became intense. Everybody seemed in a perfect fever. Rockets, squibs, pistols, and revolvers were being fired off incessantly until the minute-hand came within three or four minutes of the hour, when the noise commenced to lull as all wished to hear the clock strike the hour.

One loyal Yankee on my left seemed hardly able to contain himself; he watched the clock with intense earnestness, and suddenly exclaimed in a most excited manner—"James, in another minute we will be one hundred years old!" and several others within hearing distance made similar remarks interspersed with some strong language. Just about thirty seconds before the hour a death-like stillness came over the dense throng of people, and when the bell struck the hour the spell seemed broken, and a tremendous shout arose simultaneously from 100,000 throats. The scene of confusion and excitement that followed was indescribable; the men and boys seemed beside themselves, and commenced capering about and shouting like a lot of madmen; revolvers, pistols, rockets, &c., were fired off by tens of thousands; women were imploring to be let out of the throng, but the throng was everywhere. However, by this time I had had enough of it, so I elbowed my way to my temporary lodgings which took me an hour although not many hundred yards off, but sleep was impossible, for the singing, shouting crowd continued their capers till about four o'clock in the morning. On the 4th there were a great many ceremonies, processions, &c., and amongst them a great Convention on "Women's Rights!" In the evening there was what the Americans called "a grand display of fireworks,"—and so we might have called it had we seen the same in Adelaide; but it was far behind what I saw at the Crystal Palace in London. On Saturday, the 8th, I saw a procession of the Mechanics' Association about three miles long, with brass bands at intervals of about every hundred yards. One of the favourite tunes seems to be "Yankee Doodle."

I don't think I shall attempt to give an extended report on the Centennial Exhibition, for two reasons—first, I don't think I shall have time; secondly, full reports will have reached Adelaide from other sources. Australia as a whole has made a good impression on the minds of the Americans. South Australia's exhibits are about the most modest looking from the Australian Colonies, but there is certainly nothing to be ashamed of at our appearance. Our name (South Australia) is of great advantage to us in this case, for the word Australia is very representative. I find in conversation with strangers that there is a good deal more put to the credit of South Australia than she is entitled to. The words Victoria and Queensland are not so advantageous in this case. Should another exhibition of the kind ever take place, I think it will pay South Australia well to go into it more heartily, and on a larger scale than

she has done this time ; but if it should be in a country where a foreign tongue is spoken, great care should be taken to have labels and descriptions properly translated, so that the inhabitants of the place would be able to read them readily. I have been greatly annoyed and disappointed at not being able to read the labels and descriptions of large quantities of foreign exhibits here.

It is a mere farce for any one to come with the intention of staying for two or three days to see the Exhibition. It is far more bulky than I had previously conceived. Just to give my readers a rough idea of the size of the thing, I may state that the exhibition grounds are fully two-thirds the size of the city of Adelaide. The main building, in which the general goods are exhibited, is one-third of a mile long, and five hundred feet in width. The machinery hall, the next largest, is a quarter of a mile in length by three hundred and fifty feet in width. Then there is the agricultural machinery hall, six hundred and fifty by five hundred and fifty feet ; and besides these, there are a large number of smaller buildings. To simply pass through the main aisles or passages between the exhibits, the visitor must traverse over twenty miles of ground ; then there are all the smaller passages and crossings, which would be nearly as much again ; so that to see the whole of the exhibits means a lot of downright hard work—or else be moved about in a rolling chair at the cost of two shillings per hour. I have spent about four days in the exhibition, and I find it to be about the hardest work I have had to do for years. I go in about half-past nine, and return to my hotel about six, completely fagged out ; and it is impossible to get a thoroughly refreshing night's rest, on account of the intense heat which continues to prevail. I would have some difficulty in describing what I wear, or what I cover myself with during these melting nights There is one advantage in it, I save something in my washing bill—a very considerable item in America.

The Exhibition is a splendid educational institution, as almost every mechanical operation in the arts and manufactures under the sun is to be seen in progress every day. Large amounts of money are being pocketed by persons who make sundry articles in the presence of the people, and then sell them at extortionate prices. Articles that would sell at one shilling in Adelaide readily fetched two shillings and two and sixpence in the Exhibition. Of course the Americans themselves make the largest and finest show of general goods, but there are large quantities of

splendid things from every quarter of the globe. The Japanese especially make a fine show in their wares; also the Chinese. Krupp, of Germany, has sent his forty-ton rifled gun, mounted on its carriage. The Americans cannot show anything so good in that line, although they have a number of guns on view. A number of negroes busy tobacco-making attract a good deal of attention to their part of the building by singing in fine style a number of sacred pieces of music, such as "Sweet by and bye," &c. They sing in parts, and if anything causes the treble or any of the others to leave the place for a time, the bystanders cannot persuade them to continue the singing; they go on the principle of either doing it right or not at all. I send herewith a copy of the Philadelphia *Times* which I saw printed and folded in the Exhibition, at the rate of 30,000 per hour. The papers seemed to fly out of the machine like lightning. Hoe was the maker of the machine.

I am too tired to write any more for this mail; so "I will now conclude."

CHAPTER XI.

Great Heat—New York and Philadelphia—Loose Postal Arrangements—Honesty not Universal—Adelaide Papers *versus* American—American Fruits—Massacre of Negroes—Sunday Schools—Thunderstorm.

Centennial Grounds,

Philadelphia, July 23, 1876.

It is about time I began to fix you up again, my expectant reader, as the Yankees would say. I have now been nearly three weeks in America—four days in New York, and the rest of the time in Philadelphia;—and as I have been continually on the move, I have seen a good deal of both of these cities. But before I say anything about them, I will just let you know what kind of weather we have had. Ever since my arrival in America the thermometer has ranged from 90 deg. to 100 deg. in the shade; but that is rather worse to bear than 110 deg. would be in South Australia. It is something awful; scores of deaths have been caused every week by the extreme heat. There is a

hospital inside the Exhibition grounds, and as many as sixty in one day have had to be taken there—many of them serious cases. There are accounts in the papers every day of people of all ages being sun-struck, numbers of them fatally. Most of my readers have visited Dr. Schomburgk's Victoria Régia house; well, the heat here is very similar to that, but with the addition of a bright burning sun. The first ten days I had here, the *portly* figure of your humble servant was reduced to the extent of nearly half-a-pound per day, and a little every day since; so if I continue to go on—or rather go off—at that rate, my friends will require a powerful telescope to get a sight of me by the time I return. But I hope to “pick-up” again during my voyage home, for on the steamers we are always on the look-out for the times and seasons at which we perform the pleasant operation of “lining the inner,” &c. But I cannot remember any time when I have realised it to be such a nuisance as to have the bother and spend the time required to eat food enough to keep me going here. From morn till night I am busy going from one piece of machinery to another; suddenly I discover that it is two or three o'clock, before prudence prompts me to go to one of the numerous restaurants in the building and get dinner or lunch—costing two shillings to three shillings (for the same in Adelaide I would pay sixpence to a shilling). I am beginning to feel that it would not be over wise on my part to stick so close at work examining the various tools, machinery, and other interesting exhibits here much longer, as I find they are interfering with my slumbers. So I have made up my mind in a day or two to take a trip to Boston and its neighbourhood; then return and have a few more days at it, before making a start across the continent.

In my letters per last mail I did not like to give an account of my first impressions of the cities and people of New York and Philadelphia, as I thought those unfavourable impressions might alter after I had been here a longer period. But I still think as I did then, viz., that these cities are rather disappointing to a stranger who has previously read about them. New York has great numbers of noble buildings of which she is justly proud; also parks and squares; but the horribly paved streets, which are also very narrow, and disgracefully dirty, mar the good effect the better points would have on the mind of the traveller. The paving carries one back to 100 years ago, or when I was *very* young. Tram-cars run all over the city, except Broadway, which is the main street, running right through the immense city,

several miles long. A great many of these tramways are very badly laid, so that the passengers are subjected to a good deal of bumping and shaking sometimes. There are also a great number of wooden houses, that detract greatly from the appearance of the place. An elevated steam railway runs through New York. It is supported on rows of strong iron pillars, rising from the footpath. A number of good coaches run along the Broadway: the fee is ten cents (fivepence), whether you ride for one hundred yards or a couple of miles; tram-cars, five cents. I notice by the glaring placards pasted about, and hung in shop windows, that a great many shopkeepers here do the same as their fellows in Adelaide, viz., make a good living by selling their goods at considerably "*below cost*," at "*enormous sacrifices*," &c. The remarks with reference to the city of New York will apply to Philadelphia. It is a grand city, spoilt by narrow, dirty, and badly-paved streets. I have heard it described as the city of marble, and there certainly are not a few marble decorations and some marble buildings, but not sufficient to justify the name given to the place. To give a rough idea of the size of the city, I may say that it takes me an hour in the tram-car from my hotel to the post office (over four miles), and the city extends considerably beyond still.

I am very dissatisfied with the postal authorities. Their arrangements are loose and careless. Just as a fair sample, I may mention that the day before yesterday I went to the newspaper delivery window for some papers I expected, and I was informed the attendant was gone to his dinner, and would I wait ten minutes? I waited twice ten, and then my patience being exhausted, I went to the chief clerk, told my story, and explained I had come a long way for the papers, that my time was precious, &c. He informed me that the man must eat, and the Government would not give them more hands; so I and a lot of others had to wait some time longer. There does not seem to be a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Philadelphia, for it is quite a common thing to pass a dead or dying horse on the street. The tram-car companies work the poor things till they fall dead. On the sixth and seventh of this month one company lost thirty horses in that way, and scarcely a day passes but a number fall down and die with fatigue. I cannot understand that they do not see that it would pay them much better to have a few extra horses to relieve the others, instead of working them till they drop.

Honesty is not universal in America; for some friend picked up a new umbrella of mine in the Exhibition, and

forgot to lay it down again ; so I have had to do without one since then, for if I bought another I feel sure it would go the same way. In some of the cars, and other places, are hung neat placards—" Beware of Pickpockets"—so, evidently, they are not behind the age in that respect. I also find that there is little or no confidence in the officials of the country generally. Disgraceful exposures of official corruption are constantly being published, and the people have thus lost all confidence in their Government—they believe that almost any one can be bought. If any of our Australian people have any inclination for a republic, the very best cure is to take a trip to America.

The election of President is causing immense excitement all through the country, and it is disgraceful to read the abominable assertions and accusations the various papers make against the several candidates. Such things would never be tolerated in South Australia. That brings me to another subject, viz., the newspapers. Since I left Adelaide I have not seen a newspaper that I like, on the whole, so well as the *Register* or *Advertiser*, with the exception of the *London Times*. I do not remember reading a Scotch paper, so I must not include them. Most of them, especially in America, descend to a low sensational way of writing an account of anything at all exciting, that gives the paper a trashy appearance. I notice it even in the *New York Herald*, which is considered the leading paper hereabout. Several Americans to whom I have shown copies of the *Register* and the *Observer* have been quite astonished, both at the general get-up of the papers, and the quality of the material on which they are printed, also their size.

Fruits in America are, as a rule, dear, but watermelons, blackberries, raspberries, and peaches, are about the same price as in Adelaide ; all other fruits are much dearer, especially grapes.

There are thousands of coloured people about here, and as a rule they conduct themselves as respectably as the whites. On Sundays they turn out with their wives and children, clean, and dressed as neatly, and with as much taste as the white folks. Their colour varies from my own (something between a white and brown), up to jet black. It is also noticeable that as a rule they are very industrious. They are being persecuted in a disgraceful and barbarous way down in the South. There the white population will, on the smallest pretext, get up a hue and cry, and shoot the negroes like so many dogs. Two cases have occurred since I have been here. Last week about a dozen respectable negroes,

with wives and families, were shot in a most barbarous manner. The affair has caused great indignation in the northern states ; an investigation was demanded, and is now being made, but there is no doubt the murderers will get off, as the southern people are almost universal in their hatred to the liberated nigger. The following description of a darkie's new coon trap—"It's got a spring at boff ends, and can kotch de coon a-gwine or a-comin'"—is in a language that is fast becoming a thing of the past, for all the negroes I have spoken to speak as clearly and plainly as the genuine Yankee himself ; they can also do the dressed up dandy, with his cigar and cane, to perfection—just in the same style as the hobbledehoys of Adelaide.

The Philadelphia people are immensely disappointed as to attendance of strangers at the Exhibition. Large numbers of hotels were erected on purpose to accommodate the influx of expected strangers, but the result has been utter ruin in a great many instances. One man has already died of grief and disappointment, lots of others have had to heavily mortgage their hotels, and if the attendance does not greatly increase no end of them will go to the wall. But many are in great hopes of the farmers and back-country people coming in as soon as the harvesting operations are over, which is the end of August and the beginning of September. The Exhibition itself is barely paying expenses. Fresh goods are daily being added to the show. It has occurred to me several times whilst examining the machinery, that it is a great pity our South Australian Engineer-in-Chief, Mr. Mais, did not come to this affair. I am quite certain it would have been a profitable investment for the South Australian Government, as there are numbers of new improvements in connection with railways and railway machinery on view in the Exhibition ; but they require to be seen to be understood and appreciated.

I forget whether I mentioned it before or not, but I was greatly disappointed in the attendance and general manner of conducting Sunday schools in Great Britain, and began to think I would return to Adelaide with the report that there was not a school on the face of the earth to compare with the Pirie-street one. But last Sunday I spent the whole of the afternoon in the Bethany Mission School of Philadelphia and was astonished at the perfection to which they have attained. It is in connection with the Presbyterians. The room is built in a peculiar style ; it is so arranged that it acts as one large hall, and can be shut off into a number of class-rooms during the lessons. The number on the books is 2,200 ; but the

weather having been so oppressive, there were only 1,500 or 1,600 present when I was there. The discipline was almost perfect, better than I have ever seen elsewhere, and that without much apparent effort on the part of the Superintendent. The regular order of service, with the exception of the lessons, was entirely different to anything I have before seen or heard of. A programme is printed every week for distribution on the Sabbath amongst the teachers and visitors, who come by hundreds, and sit in the upper galleries, which are always full. I obtained several of the programmes for distribution in Adelaide.

July 26.

Two or three days ago the severely hot weather we have been suffering under suddenly began to change. About dusk in the evening sheet-lightning first made its appearance in the distance, and in a quarter of an hour more the most terrific and grandest thunderstorm I have ever encountered burst upon us. I saw more lightning in one hour than I ever saw in any six hours of my life. It would often take the appearance of an immense tree devoid of leaves, and was so vivid as to leave the impression on the eye for some time after ; in fact, my eyes ached so much that several times I had to shut them to give them rest, that I might be able to enjoy the tail end of the storm. The peels of thunder were something awful : they seemed to come with a terrible crash from three or four directions at the same instant. I was standing on the platform of a tram-car (on my way home from the Post Office), as I wished to have the full benefit of the display ; and immediately after one of the vivid flashes, something came down with a terrible bang on the roof of the car, and made the lady passengers shriek for their lives ; but nothing came through, so no doubt it was only some of the smaller portions of the falling *debris* of something that had been struck. The rain fell in real tropical style, as though it was anxious to make up for lost time. The few minutes it took me to get from the Post Office to the car I got soaked to the skin ; but I enjoyed the storm immensely for all that. Next morning there were large numbers of disasters chronicled in the papers from the effects of the lightning ; but I don't think there were any lives lost. Since then the weather has been very pleasant.

CHAPTER XII.

Nine Days' Trip—Indian Corn—Hell Gate—Amongst Friends—
Boston—Arlington—Sound Steamer—Baloon Ascension—
Indian Quarrel.

August 6.

THE day before yesterday I returned from my nine days' trip to the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut; and here is a rough account of my wanderings:—I left Philadelphia by half-past six morning train for New York. The country through which we passed during that part of the journey has nothing very striking in it. It is largely under cultivation, mostly with Indian corn. This article is one of the principle products of this side of America, and I think the other side also, but I shall see when I get there. It is much used both for human food and feeding cattle. The young corn ears are to be seen on the dining-tables of all good restaurants in America. I have grown very fond of them myself; they are both palatable and healthy, and very nutritious. I intend obtaining particulars as to the best methods of "raising corn" before I leave, for the benefit of South Australian farmers, as I believe it will be largely grown amongst them before long. One feature of the country that strikes the mind of a stranger is the large proportion of wooden houses. Outside of the large cities, not one in fifty has a sign of a stone wall in it; even the villa residences of wealthy merchants are built of wood. They look very handsome, as they are tastefully got up, and if kept well protected by frequent painting will last for one hundred years. I have been shown wooden houses that have been in use for nearly two hundred years, and are still in passable condition. As a matter of course, fires are more frequent here than in Australia.

I alighted from the train at Newark, in New Jersey State, and attended to a few business matters, which took me about two hours. I then re-entered the train, and arrived in New York at about one o'clock. There business matters kept me occupied until four o'clock next day, when I took one of the Sound steamers for New Haven. Half an hour's sail down the river brought us to the celebrated Hell Gate,

so called from the dangerous character of its channel. It is the entrance to the harbour from the Boston direction, and it is so studded with rugged rocks, and the waters are in such a whirl and commotion, as to make it positively dangerous for vessels to pass through. Many accidents have occurred here. I had been reading of this spot for months before I left Adelaide, in a scientific periodical which I receive regularly from America. From its columns I learned that they were undermining this spot to the extent of twenty-six acres, and that on the 4th of July, 1876, 40,000 lbs. of nitroglycerine was to be placed in the excavation underneath all these rocks, and the whole affair was to be ignited by electricity and blown up in one tremendous explosion, thus causing all the rocks to rise into the air and then sink again into the excavation, out of harm's way, which would enable the largest ships in the world to pass in perfect safety. On account of being aware of all this, I hurried away from London rather earlier than I would otherwise have done, so that I might be present at the terrific "bust up," but was greatly disappointed to find on my arrival that the inhabitants had got terrified with the idea that their dwellings would be blown to pieces by the force of the "blow," and got up a hue and cry against it, so that the engineers were compelled to abandon the idea of one grand and final explosion; and now they are busy doing it piecemeal, which takes off the edge of the excitement of the affair.

Another three and a half hours' pleasant sailing along the Sound between Long Island and the mainland brought us to New Haven. I did not wish to stay there this time, so I jumped into the train waiting for us, and went on to Hartford, where I arrived about half-past nine in the evening. The next operation was a bath, and bed—for which I was quite ready.

Next morning I was up in good time, and after breakfast attended to a little business. As I still had a couple of hours to spare I patronised a passing car, and thus moved about the town, so that I might have a fair idea of its size and appearance. I found it to be an exceedingly pleasantly situated and clean city, about the size and style of Adelaide. It is the capital of Connecticut. At three o'clock I again took train, and in about half an hour I arrived in New Britain, where reside the only relatives I have on this side of the globe. Here the wandering Australian uncle remained and thoroughly enjoyed himself from Saturday afternoon till Tuesday morning. The family consists of father, mother, and nine

children—principally girls, who can sing like nightingales, so we had quite a batch of young concerts of Sunday-school pieces, &c. New Britain is certainly the prettiest spot I have seen in America up to that time. It is a small manufacturing town; the houses are mostly detached, and the streets are well shaded with fine trees. The place is nearly surrounded by a number of beautiful hills, dotted with residences of the well-to-do class. I found also that the majority of the houses here had nice little flower-gardens attached, and some of them included the still more useful fruits and vegetables. On Tuesday morning I had to say good-bye to my kind New Britain relatives, and made a start for Boston, Massachusetts. I then had about five hours' ride through a most lovely hilly country, all densely timbered, and well watered by a number of rivers, some of them very fine. When looking at this part of the country it is easy to understand how difficult it is to fight with the American Indians, for in many parts the stems of the trees, which vary from one to eight inches in diameter, grow so thickly together that men of the build of my friend W. G. Coombs would find it utterly impossible to get through without hewing his way with an axe! I can just fancy seeing him at it! At three o'clock I found myself wandering through the busy streets of Boston. It put me very much in mind of London, with its rather narrow and very winding ("cow-path") streets; but for all that it is a splendid city; it has a greater proportion of grand buildings than either New York or Philadelphia. The city proper is very much smaller, being about three miles long by three-quarters broad, and can never extend its borders, as it is almost surrounded by water. The part where the fire raged three or four years ago is especially fine now, as they have widened the streets, and the buildings put up since are of the highest order. The State of Massachusetts seems to be more English than the other States of the Union. The names of the suburbs and other places are purely English. The beautiful town of Cambridge, with its celebrated Cambridge University, is within a few miles of Boston. The people themselves to a great extent seem proud of the English names of the various places. I spent the rest of that day and the most of next moving about the town on business.

At four o'clock I took train for Arlington, a lovely suburban town six or seven miles from Boston. My object in coming to this place was to pay a promised visit to a gentleman and his lady whose acquaintance I made during my trip through the Trossachs, in the Highlands of Scotland, and

who cordially invited me to spend a night at their home when I came to America. On my arrival they gave me a very hearty welcome, so I had an exceedingly pleasant time with them and their family, and would have greatly enjoyed a longer stay, but time would not permit. Their villa is situated near the summit of a high hill, from whence the view is perfectly enchanting. All the surrounding country is a series of fine hills and valleys, beautifully timbered, and showing patches of cultivation here and there. All or most of these hills are dotted with pretty villages, and Boston stands out boldly in the distance, the principal feature being the gilded dome of the State House. All day long the cars and trains can be seen popping in and out and amongst the trees and villages below; and last, but not least, is a beautiful lake winding round the foot of the hill, only three hundred yards off. It put me in mind of Loch Katrine, in the Highlands. Before I leave America I expect to see a more rugged and grand kind of scenery, but I scarcely expect to come across a more enticing spot to settle down upon than the highest hill of Arlington, where Mr. W. Stowe resides. After enjoying his hospitality until next morning, I said farewell, and again struck out for Boston. There I spent the rest of the day visiting factories, and attending to a few business items. At six o'clock I left by train for Fall River, a ride of about thirty miles through a flat country, with patches of dense timber. At Fall River the Sound steamer *Bristol* lay waiting for us, and a noble boat she looks. These Sound boats are something altogether different to anything else in any part of the world. The Clyde steamers in Scotland are long, neat, trim boats, that have a look of speed about them—in fact, they are miniature ocean steamers of the first-class; but the American river or Sound boats look more like floating palaces than steamers. They have four tiers of cabins (or state rooms, as they are called here), piled one over the other all round the boat. The state room accommodation of the *Bristol* must be equal to 1,000 passengers, with room for as many more in three splendid saloons (for each tier of state rooms has a saloon). The speed of these boats is about the same as the Clyde boats, viz., eighteen or nineteen miles per hour. All the saloons are fitted up like very handsome drawing-rooms, being beautifully gilded and painted, and fitted with handsome crystal and gilded chandeliers, mirrors, drawing-room suites, &c. A first-class band is always on board during the summer season, so that there is no wonder they are well patronized by pleasure-seekers.

It was a beautiful clear moonlight night, and as we sped along the Fall River, our find band entertaining us with music, it was a most delightful trip. A run of eighteen miles brought us to Newport (a fashionable watering-place), where we called to pick up a few passengers. We then struck out into the broader waters of the Sound, and I then tried the sleep-inducing qualities of my state-room, and found them excellent, so that I had a comfortable night's rest. I rose about half-past six next morning, and found that we were passing through Hell Gate, where we saw the mining operations going on in the centre of one of the rocks in the middle of the stream. I spent the day in New York, and at five o'clock left by train for Philadelphia, where I arrived at eight o'clock, feeling a good deal the better for my trip, and quite ready to go to work again at the Exhibition.

During the past week the attendance at the "show" has been increasing. I find also quantities of fresh goods have been added. About three hours before my return to Philadelphia an immense balloon, said to hold 84,000 feet of gas, ascended from the grounds of the Exhibition, taking with it six or eight ladies and gentlemen, Professor King being in charge. They had a delightful trip, the scenery in "cloud land" being wonderful. At about seven o'clock in the evening, they descended to *terra firma*, and had supper at a country hotel, after which they again ascended heavenward, and sailed along sometimes above the clouds and sometimes below them. At half-past nine next morning the balloon alighted on the ground near New York without any accident having happened to mar the pleasure of the wonderful trip.

Business affairs are very bad in America. Nearly all the factories that I have been through had only about half their hands on. The misery amongst the working classes must be dreadful, and there is no prospect of it improving. The American Government are having great trouble with the Indians. It is only one of the many bad results of the rotten state of affairs amongst the officials of the country. The cause of the quarrel between the Indians and the Government is simply this:—The American Government purchased certain tracts of country from the Indians, payment to be made by supplying the Indians with a certain amount of food, clothing, agricultural tools, &c., per annum, the Indians agreeing to live on certain reserves held for the purpose. Things went on all right whilst the Indians received their supplies regularly and of fair quality, but the last few years the Government, being short of funds,

have to a large extent failed to keep their engagement, and to make matters worse the officials or agents whose duty it was to distribute the food and clothing, and otherwise protect the natives, have been in the habit of selling the articles sent by the Government and purchasing very much inferior materials with which to supply the natives, thus realizing a large amount of money for their own pockets. Besides all this, Government have allowed large numbers of goldseekers to trespass on the Indian reserves where they have no right, either legally or morally. Now, as a natural outcome of all this injustice and oppression, the Indians have become very discontented and unsettled, being reduced to a state of semi-starvation and nakedness, and as a matter of course there has been a number of ruptures between the white trespassers and the natives, resulting in numbers of deaths on both sides. The Government, instead of punishing the defrauding officials and withdrawing the trespassing whites from the native reserves, sent two regiments of soldiers against the Indians. The first engagement that took place after my arrival in America resulted in the total massacre of General Custer and his regiment, not a solitary man escaping to tell the horrible tale. The only dead body that could not be found was that of the doctor, so that no doubt the Indians took him prisoner to attend to their own wounded. From what I have seen since my arrival here I feel certain the Government will have tough work to subdue them, for if the whites should come in overwhelming numbers the Indians would no doubt retire into the recesses of the Black hills, where they would have a greater advantage over the soldiers. A great deal of sympathy is expressed on behalf of the "down-trodden Indians" by the better classes of the Americans. One of the foremost Bishops of America especially has come nobly to the front in their defence. Others, again, would like to see them exterminated, but that is evidently coming in the natural order of things without the aid of soldiers' murderous weapons.

CHAPTER XIII.

Centennial Exhibits—Wonderful Engine—Diminutive Machinery—
Weaving Machinery, &c.—Comical Operator—A Sell—Sailing
Sleigh, &c.

I HAD not intended giving anything like a report upon the Centennial Exhibition; but a few days previous to my departure from the Exhibition Grounds I received the Editor's letter, pressing me for a description of the exhibits, &c. So I will now attempt to conduct my readers through a *portion* of the principal buildings, at any rate; and having spent something like five weeks in examining what is to be seen, I shall perhaps be able to pick out many of the most interesting objects on view; but to undertake to even mention the fiftieth part of the exhibits would be simply absurd.

I will commence with the most striking object in the very centre of the large machinery hall, viz., the Corliss engine, around which are always to be found crowds of almost awe-struck admirers. And no wonder, for there is something about its appearance so noble, and so mighty and majestic, as its immense beams rise almost silently up and down, thus causing at least two miles of shafting to revolve, with thousands of various machines attached; it is perfectly fascinating. Many a time have I stood in front of it for ten minutes, lost to everything around me but the motions and splendid workmanship of this massive pile of motive power silently performing its herculean task. There is always an extra crowd to watch the starting; the sensations experienced by the spectators as the ponderous beams begin very slowly at first to move up and down, are hardly to be described, but when the engine has reached its full swing a sigh of relief escapes, and the wondering beholders commence to wander down the hall. The particulars of this mammoth affair, just as the chief engineer gave them to me, in reply to my enquiries, are as follows:—Height of engine, forty feet; diameter of fly-wheel, thirty feet; driving shaft, ten inches thick; weight of fly-wheel, fifty-six tons; length of beams, twenty-seven feet each; weight, eleven tons each; stroke, ten feet; total weight, eight hundred tons; can

work up to two thousand five hundred horse-power ; mounted on platform fifty-five feet diameter ; total cost, (150,000 dols. (£30,000)).

“Extremes meet,” and certainly it was so in this case ; for immediately adjoining the Corliss engine—one of the mightiest things ever made by man—was the diminutive but wonderful machinery exhibited by the celebrated Waltham Watch Factory. On a long neat table were arranged a large number of automatic machines, each kept busy at work day after day, making the various parts of watches. The screw-making machines were specially interesting. A girl would take a long piece of steel wire, about the thickness of an ordinary knitting needle, and place it in the machine ; she would then touch a small lever, which would complete the connection between it and the ponderous steam-engine, and then leave the machine to do its work. It was positively wonderful to see how deftly it would put the wire through the various processes ; it first turned down the wire to the proper size of the screw, at the same instant cutting a neat conical point ; it next cut the thread, then a cutter came forward and cut off the screw, but before it fell an arm from the back part of the machine nipped off the screw, and placed it in a small vice ; a small circular cutter now descended, and cut the slot in the head, and threw it into a small box. I watched this miniature affair many times, making and delivering the screws at the rate of five hundred per hour ; and the whole apparatus only occupied a space of twelve or thirteen inches square. The above is a fair sample of what the rest of this beautiful exhibit performed all day long. One girl attended to several machines. Of course the machines themselves were perfect models of splendid workmanship, irrespective of their wonderful capabilities. The manager of the affair very courteously took me inside the enclosure, and showed me all the ins and outs of the machinery. He also informed me that each watch in all its parts passed through one thousand different operations ! There were twelve young women and two men working the various little machines in this exhibit. Adjoining their machinery they had a large plate-glass case containing two thousand two hundred watches of every description, representing *one week's work* of their factory ! It was certainly the finest display of watches I had ever seen. Close at hand the process of needle-making was going on all day, from the rough wire to the finest needle.

Then came the complicated weaving-machinery, the processes beginning from the raw materials, and going on

right up to the finished production ready for the draper's shop, such as tweeds, carpets, and in fact almost every description of cotton and woollen goods. One of the most interesting parts of this department was the exhibit of a silk manufacturer from Brazil. It commenced with the silkworms and their eggs, then the silk cocoons in hot water, to assist the winding process, which was expertly performed by a Spanish or Brazilian lady, with the aid of an exceedingly simple yet peculiarly ingenious winding machine, by which the silk was wound into large plaits or hanks. A few yards further off the process was continued until the silk was woven into the most elegant bookmarks I have ever seen; also delicate-looking scarfs, neckties, &c., for which, of course, they didn't forget to charge, otherwise I would gladly have purchased extensively; but "*lately*" I have made it a practice never to encourage robbery. The din of the weaving-machinery is perfectly deafening. Prominent in this department is a late invention for weaving horsehair, by which the patentee reduces the cost of production at least one-third. A combination of British firms have offered him a fabulous sum for his patent in Britain, but so far he has refused, as he thinks of controlling the markets of the world himself. I think he will live to be sorry for his refusal. After machinery for sticking ordinary pins into their papers, ready for market (many of the designs being of the most fantastic description), comes an immense assortment of sewing-machines. There are about one hundred and fifty different kinds, each altogether superior to its neighbour, in every way; but I didn't believe them *all*.

A very fine assortment of wood-working machinery for every class of work in building, cabinet-making, &c., up to sawing and planing rough wood into marketable forms, in one process, was worthy of notice. I saw rough pieces of sawn timber passed through the machines, and planed on the four sides at the same instant; two of the sides can also be neatly moulded at the same time if required. The dovetailing machines, for ordinary carpentering and cabinet-making, astonished me almost as much as anything else in that line. A man would take two pieces of board eight or ten inches wide, and place them in the machine; and in less time than it takes me to describe it, he would have them neatly dove-tailed together, with quite an ornamental joint, using white or brown woods to show off to perfection. Band saws have become quite an institution in America, and were exhibited in endless variety. One of the smaller kinds was worked by a very clever operator, who had a dense

crowd of spectators round him all day long. He had a large quantity of wood of various colours and sizes glued together, which he cut up into the most ridiculous and ingenious forms conceivable. He would commence by making himself a cap, out of which protruded two wooden horns, which gave him the appearance of a certain dusky personage whose name need not be mentioned. He then made himself a pair of spectacles—without the glasses; then a pair of enormous ear-drops, then a number of curious-looking rings for his fingers, bracelets for his bare arms, and next an ornamental wooden apron with elaborate fringe, a stylish pair of wooden shoes, and lastly, a very peculiarly-constructed necklace. Thus attired one may easily imagine he cut a most grotesque figure, but over and above all these attractions he was brim full of Yankee wit and funny sayings and doings. All day long he would be busy making numerous fancy articles, such as puzzles, sets of children's furniture, &c., by which he often made from forty to fifty dollars per day. There were about twenty to thirty others engaged manufacturing similar articles, but none were capable of drawing such crowds of people, or pocketing so many dollars.

There was a magnificent show of general labour-saving machinery for all classes of machinists, such as lathes, screwing tackle, planing and shaping machines, boring and drilling machines, and scores of others besides. Next came an abundant show of smaller hand tools for machinists, carpenters, and others all piled up into beautiful forms and designs, similar to Tower of London style, where the weapons and armour are worked into flags, coats of arms, flowers, mottoes, and various other elaborate designs. (I had not time to give my London Tower experiences.) Next on the roll was a fine show of locomotive engines, very highly finished. Although I cannot say that they were much finer than two or three I saw in actual service in the State of Ohio, they perfectly glittered with polished brass and silver mountings. There was one very fine one on show, manufactured entirely by the apprentices of the Reading Railroad Company. There were also on view a number of late inventions of general railroad improvements, both for safety and reduction of wear and tear of rolling-stock; many of the improvements were quite palpable even to the uninitiated. Near by were a number of beautiful working models of engines and steamboats; also a large assortment of steam engines from one to fifty horse-power, of the latest improved designs, many of them so constructed as to get a large amount of power with as little complication as pos-

sible, and to occupy a remarkably small space. Then comes a remarkably grand show of printing machinery of various patterns. The Hoe machine seemed to complete its work with much greater precision than any of the others. I frequently saw it discharging newspapers, printed and folded, at the rate of thirty thousand per hour! They seemed literally to fly from the concern, "like lightning." Not far from the large Corliss engine lay an immense crank shaft for a beam engine of fourteen feet stroke, and cylinder of four feet six inches diameter. The enormous mass was nicely turned, thirty-six feet long, twenty-two inches in diameter, and weighs fifty-three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds. The crank to match was alongside.

One of the most interesting articles in the Exhibition was a machine for manufacturing envelopes, in constant operation. The operator, a young woman, would simply fill the gum-pot with gum, and then place a large roll of paper at one end of the machine, touch the connecting strap of the Corliss engine, and away would go the machine, discharging the envelopes finished and *counted* into packets, at the enormous rate of seven thousand two hundred per hour. The machine was all open, so that the paper could be distinctly seen undergoing the various transformations, until it came out "at the other end" in a marketable form. The space occupied by this affair was only sexton's measurement—"six feet by two feet." I cannot remember ever passing that way without seeing a crowd of interesting spectators, admiring its operation, which was simply wonderful. At a short distance from the envelope-machine were a number of tack and nail making machines busy at work. One was making at the rate of 400 tacks per minute, or 24,000 per hour. The reader won't find this very hard to believe when it is considered how many can be purchased for sixpence. Of course all these machines are automatic, the operator having only to feed them with a long bar of iron occasionally. A very important exhibit was in the form of a dredging-machine, which I hope some day to see at work at Port Adelaide. As far as I could judge, it is immeasurably superior to anything of the kind I have previously seen. The model on show here will be sent to Sydney to be exhibited in that city next year, so that all the colonies of Australia may have the opportunity of seeing it for themselves. Another good exhibit consisted of a number of rock drilling-machines for ordinary quarrying purposes; also for tunnelling through hills, &c. Large rocks were brought into the hall, on which the various machines were set to

work, and it was perfectly astonishing how they penetrated the hardest stone in any position. Further on were gas-making machines, suitable for making gas for villa residences situated beyond the reach of ordinary gas-works. The process is entirely different to coal gas manufacture. All that is necessary to be done is to fill a handsome receiver with a certain kind of oil; then the machine is "wound up" like an ordinary clock, and it will go on producing a fine gas for several days, or hours, just as required, no fire or heat of any kind being used.

A very large assortment of washing-machines were like the sewing-machines in one particular—each one was guaranteed to be superior to anything else in the world—in fact, every one claimed to be the only one manufactured on truly scientific principles. However, several were really very good. So were the wringers; but mangling-machines were not to be seen. In fact, the Americans scarcely seem to know of such a thing as mangling. Another very interesting exhibit was a very fine paper-making machine—in operation for three hours every day. The operator fills the receiver at one end of the apparatus with rags, sets it in operation, and first-class paper is discharged at the other end of the machine at the rate of twenty feet per minute, thus making in one day one sheet of paper three quarters of a mile long, and five or six feet in width. The space occupied by this machine was about sixty feet long by fourteen wide. Adjoining this was an Indiarubber mill, where several men and about half-a-dozen girls were busy all day, manufacturing goloshes from the crude masses of rubber as it comes from the tree. They also exhibited several samples of the Indiarubber tree growing in pots, looking very much like our ordinary tobacco tree.

Next to be mentioned is an item which I hope and believe will soon become a very important article of manufacture in South Australia. It consisted of a fine exhibit of canned fruits, such as apples, peaches, pears, grapes, plums, and other orchard products. They looked very fine; the form and flavour of the fruit is thoroughly preserved, and the process is exceedingly simple. The exhibitor was selling the printed recipe and a sample bottle for a small sum. I purchased one, but at present cannot lay my hand upon it, or I would publish it—not the bottle, but the recipe. I may bless South Australia with it later. Canned fruits have become quite an institution in America, all the hotels and ocean steamers being supplied with them. Another exhibit in the same line is called "fruit honey," professedly the real juice

of the fruit : but I will not say much about that at present, as I have good reason for believing that there is a bit of swindle about it. However, I have a small case on hand, and will report on it by-and-bye.

Returning to the vicinity of the Corliss engine again, and striking out in another direction, brings under notice a magnificent show of pumping-machinery, occupying a space as large as the inside of our Adelaide Town Hall. For several hours each day scores of samples of these pumps are busy raising water from a large reservoir about one hundred and twenty feet long by sixty feet wide, and shooting it back again from heights varying from ten to thirty feet, thus causing a great turmoil and commotion of the waters. Many of these pumping devices are wonderfully simple and ingenious. In the same space with these pumps were a number of centrifugal blowers, for ventilating mines, blowing fires, &c. The power of these machines is literally astonishing, being very much greater than the strongest wind I have ever experienced. One morning I was quietly strolling along this space in deep thought about something I had been looking at, when I suddenly felt myself rudely thrust on one side, as though some one had dashed a great body of water against me. Thinking my clothes were all spoilt with water, I turned round savagely, to blow up some careless fellow ; but to my astonishment, found that I had unconsciously strayed within range of one these blowers. I quickly made myself scarce, and *didn't* have a crowd laughing at me. However, I afterwards had the pleasure of seeing several others caught in the same way. Near the pumps were a number of elevators, worked both by steam and water, same as are used in the large hotels throughout America for elevating the guests from the basement to whatever floor they wish to go to. I have done precious little "getting upstairs" since I have been on this side the globe, as the elevators are always in readiness. They are also very much used for lifting warehouse goods from one flat to another. Inside the Exhibition were several stalls at which various branches of fancy glass-blowing were carried on, and outside the building quite a large factory was built in which about forty men were constantly engaged manufacturing numerous kinds of glassware ; but, like the rest of the folks, they couldn't open their mouths wide enough if you wished to purchase anything.

Quite a new kind of manufacture were a number of really serviceable-looking paper boats, of course, wondrously light ; but what astonished me still more was a sailing sleigh

rigged up in the form of a boat, with sails and rudder complete, but fitted up with two outriggers about eight or nine feet from each side. The sleigh was some thirty-five feet long, so that a number of ladies and gentlemen could have room to sit in it comfortably; and I was informed on good authority that the speed attained by these sailing sleighs on the frozen surface of the Hudson was sometimes as high as a mile per minute, when the wind was fair. The rudder is acted upon by the wind, instead of by water as in ordinary vessels. Not far from these boats were a number of ice ploughs, used for ploughing the frozen surfaces of the lakes and rivers into blocks, for shipping to the various ice depôts, ready for summer use. I have seen numbers of ice blocks from two to three feet in thickness during the last few weeks. This ice is supplied to families at the rate of twelve pounds per day for two shillings per week, which is a great boon. Whilst on the subject of boats, &c., I may mention that I saw both on exhibit in the building and in actual use on the artificial lake outside, a new contrivance for attaching to an ordinary boat, by which the rower can sit facing the direction he is steering in, without any apparent loss of power; it struck me as being a most convenient arrangement. Another article worthy of special notice was a piece of the cable now being used for supporting the enormous suspension bridge across the Hudson River, joining the cities of New York and Brooklyn. The cable is fifteen and a-half inches in thickness, is composed of six thousand cast steel wires of No. 7 guage, and will bear a strain of 22,300,000 pounds. Alongside this piece of cable was fourteen pounds of steel wire as fine as thread, all in one piece.

I might go on filling page after page, noticing the multitude of interesting exhibits in the machinery hall, but I have grave doubts as to whether my readers will have the patience to wade through what I have already written on the subject. So I will now ask your company for a short time in the main building, and, like speakers at our public meetings, I will *promise* to be brief.

CHAPTER XIV.

Exhibition continued—Chinese—Japanese and other foreign exhibits—Home, Sweet Home—Agricultural Machinery, &c., &c.—Good-bye to Philadelphia—Hudson River Scenery—First night in Pullman Sleeping Car—Niagara Rapids—Goat Island—Niagara Falls—Cave of the Winds—Noble Bath—Circular Rainbow—Horseshoe Falls—Liberal Cabby.

ON entering the main building the first object that strikes the eye is the wonderful exhibit from China, consisting of an immense variety of beautifully carved antique-looking furniture of every description and colour; and household ornaments, in wood, metal, stoneware, ivory, and paper, all worked into the most curious and fantastic forms imaginable; the workmanship in hundreds of cases being simply wonderful. Amongst other things was a bedstead of carved wood, which must have taken years to complete; it was literally one mass of designs of every degree of beauty and hideousness combined, many of them well calculated to give the occupants nightmare of the most pronounced sort. Next came the exhibit of the Japanese, which was even more extensive than the Chinese, especially in bronze vases, inlaid with silver, gold, &c. Their abilities in that line are surprising. One vase especially, about six feet in height, and covered with figures, plants and animals of the most grotesque forms, astonished me beyond measure, the workmanship as well as the design being "superlatively superior." We have had a number of specimens of Japanese work exhibited in Adelaide, but nothing to be compared with these goods. Another article they excel in is silk blinds, with lovely designs of pictures, figures, birds and animals, beautifully worked in raised coloured silk, similar to raised wool pictures, but much finer. Large numbers of the Japanese exhibits are already sold at very high prices, but of course they must remain where they are until November. Numbers of these people are being educated in American Universities. I saw several of the students whilst on their holiday trip at the Exhibition; and they looked both smart and intelligent.

The Republic of Peru (South America) has an interesting exhibit consisting of a curious medley of mineral products and ancient relics; but the most conspicuous of all are a number of preserved Peruvians, supposed to be thousands.



of years old. They were placed in a number of glass cases, entirely uncovered—and horrible wretches they looked, surrounded by their curious beads, shells, and other ornaments. Along with the body of a child about seven years of age, I noticed a cob of Indian corn black as jet with age and absorption from the body—no doubt placed there to keep “the deceased” from starving whilst on the journey to the other world. The Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands made a very good show of native products, sugar being a prominent item. Spain came out well in the generally useful arts and manufactures, especially silks. Portugal also displayed many samples of similar goods. The island of Bahamas contributed the most magnificent show of shell-work that I have ever seen. Russia exhibited a very extensive lot of beautiful furs, malachite ornaments, and gold and silver work. Turkey made a very interesting but rather primitive-looking show, including a large assortment of curious weapons. Austria paraded her celebrated laces.

Great Britain and her colonies were by far the most prominent exhibitors in the useful arts and manufactures outside the United States. The resources of Australia, as evinced by the splendid exhibits of the colonies, continued to be matter of surprise and astonishment to the Americans up to the time I left; and I have frequently heard it mentioned since. It will do the colonies more good than any amount of advertising could have done. I have spent many a pleasant half-hour in the occupation of “Australian Showman” since I have been here, often having quite a crowd around me.

The exhibits from France, India, Ceylon, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Germany, and a great number of other countries, were all deeply interesting and wonderful to the visitor; but I feel I shall wear out the patience of my readers if I particularise. The United States, as a matter of course, carries off the palm for quantity, and in many cases quality of exhibits, especially in machinery; but her display of gold and silver work was perfectly dazzling. A large firm, known as Tiffany & Co., seemed to take the lead; but a large “Century Vase” in embossed silver, by Gorham, was one of, if not the finest, productions in silver ever seen in any part of the world, both for design and execution. There was also a profuse show of jewellery, including one diamond necklace valued at £16,000! The show of electro-platedware by the Meridan Britannia Co. was surprisingly beautiful in design and workmanship. Near the jewellery space was a great array of dental machinery, “the latest improved,”

and so elaborately got up as almost to make one wish he had the toothache! In the very centre of this building was to be found a telegraphic office, connected with the electric cables, in direct communication with all parts of the world, so that visitors could readily communicate with friends abroad. If I did not send lengthy love messages to Australia by "this route," it was quite as much the fault of the high tariff as of any thing else.

Whilst writing about the Japanese exhibit, I forgot to mention a very interesting case of coins, consisting of complete sets of the old and new kinds. The old coins are rather rude looking, thin, oval-shaped, whilst the new ones are perfect models of beauty, and the same shape as the British money. In the musical-instrument department the show was very fine, and every day at certain intervals celebrated players and singers operated upon them, to the delight of crowds who would come to rest a short time, and enjoy the singing and instrumental music. A lady sang "Home, Sweet Home," one day to such perfection as to fairly "bring the house down." Didn't I think of Adelaide then?

In the Agricultural Hall there was a very large show of farming products of every description, agricultural implements, domestic utensils, preserves of all kinds, and scores of other things "too numerous to mention." Prominent amongst the farming implements were machines called harvesters, which reap the wheat, tie it into sheaves, and discharge them at the rear. These were shown in operation every day, by throwing straw in the front receiver; the machine would gather it up neatly into a bundle, tie it firmly with thin steel wire, and deposit the "sheaves" in the rear with great regularity. Their fanning mills (winnowing machines) are also very excellent. Several times I saw a quantity of mixed seed, consisting of wheat, Lima beans, buckwheat, oats, barley, and timothy, thrown into the hopper of the machine, and in a few minutes it was discharged, all nicely separated. I do not remember whether or not our South Australian winnowers will separate the larger grains of wheat from the smaller ones, but if not I should imagine that it would be of great advantage were they made to do so, as it would enable the farmer to select the choicest grain for seed purposes, and thus improve the quality of his wheat every year. The American plough is of a very different construction to anything I have seen before, and lighter. Mowing machines were in great variety, one in particular struck me as being entirely new, and capable of

performing more work than any other. Stump-grubbers, broadcast seed-sowers, threshing machines, potato-diggers, &c., were also prominent features in this department. Condensed milk also struck me as being an important exhibit. I had a drink, and found it to be as good, and in fact even richer, than the milk retailed in Adelaide: but of course it can be diluted to any extent. It is becoming very much used where cream is scarce. In this Hall there were numbers of other interesting exhibits outside of farming operations, such as natural history, and cotton (growing samples). There was a large gothic-shaped room built, or rather covered entirely with cotten wool, which gave it the appearance of a snow cottage. Inside of this was to be seen cotton in its various stages of development. The sugar machinery was a prominent exhibit. It showed that California is a large sugar-producing country; they manufacture it there from the sugar-beet, and as their climate is about the same as ours, I cannot see what is to prevent us from following their example.

Not a very great distance from the Agricultural Hall is a very ornamental-looking building full of tropical and other plants, which is surrounded by several acres of very nicely laid out gardens, filled with numerous flowers and foliage plants; but compared with Adelaide productions in that line, to speak mildly, they are considerably behind us. They do not seem to have anything like the variety of flowers that we have, nor are they so fine. The United States Government had a large building filled with a wonderfully complete exhibit of Governmental paraphernalia, including models of and also serviceable naval and military appliances of 1776 and 1876, thus showing the advancement of the last century; also all kinds of machinery used in the Government service, and thousands of models from the Patent Office. It included also an exceedingly fine show of stuffed specimens of natural history, the most prominent of which were a pair of immense walrus, the size of the "critturs" being perfectly astounding, the body must be at least the weight of a big bullock. Since seeing these specimens I have purchased some walrus leather, about two inches in thickness. Besides the above there was a space of about forty feet square filled with North American Indian relics of many kinds, ancient and modern.

Scattered all over the Exhibition grounds were representative stalls of almost all the nations of the world. They were busy all day long, selling the fancy wares and curiosities of their representative countries; and although the attendants could scarcely speak a word of English, it was astonish-

ing how well they could pronounce the word dollar. Several times I stepped in and picked up a trifling article, worth ninepence or a shilling, and asked "how much?" The reply was sure to be the simple word "dollar," upon hearing which "I passed," as Mark Twain would put it. Those presiding at the stalls were always dressed in their native costume, whether Algerian, Spanish, Japanese, Chinese, or what not.

I have still a number of other rough jottings of various wonderful and interesting items that I saw at this great World's Show; but I feel that I have said quite enough on the subject, so will now ask the reader to follow me in my travels again.

August 17.—Said good-bye to Philadelphia and took train for New York, where I spent two or three days attending to various matters. I then took a final run up to Connecticut, to enjoy myself with relatives for a couple of days, previous to starting across the continent. It was so enjoyable to get into a comfortable home once more that I had some difficulty in dragging myself away again. However it had to be "did," and August 22 found me again in New York, finally winding up my arrangements on the eastern side of America.

August 25.—At eight o'clock in the morning I was comfortably leaning over the rail of a noble Hudson river steamer, watching the busy traffic of the river, which was something astonishing. Whilst we were thus waiting at the pier, I counted fourteen boats, most of them steamers, pass across our bows in the short space of five minutes. At ten minutes after eight we let the cable slip and steamed up the river, said by many to be equal, if not superior to the Rhine for grandeur of scenery. However that may be I am not in a position to say, but if the Rhine is superior to the Hudson it certainly must be very fine indeed, for immediately after leaving the vicinity of New York the banks of the Hudson become a continuation of the most beautiful groves and low hills, dotted with pretty villa residences on the right, while on the left for fifteen miles are the Pallsades, a perpendicular wall of rock rising abruptly from the river to the heights of from one foot up to 500 feet. We all enjoyed the trip exceedingly for four or five hours, but after that the scenery was slightly monotonous; and at 5:30 in the evening we were glad to jump ashore at Albany, in time for tea, followed by a walk round the town for an hour.

At eight o'clock I took my seat in a sleeping and drawing room car for the first time. Adjoining my compartment were a gentleman and two ladies who had been travelling over the Baltimore and Ohio railway the night before. That road was

so rough that the young ladies were thoroughly "sea sick," and this evening they were almost afraid to go to bed. However, after a time they disappeared behind the curtains, and the rest of us soon followed suit, all hands keeping the place pretty lively for a considerable time, exchanging jokes and relating incidents of travel. But my hilarity was suddenly cut short by the discovery that my baggage was left behind at Albany, and the first station we stopped at I had to telegraph for it to be sent on by the train that followed a few hours after us. This road not being particularly rough, there was no complaint of "sea sickness" this time; but the sensations experienced on going to bed in a railway carriage were so new to me that it was a long time before I was in "the land of nod."

At six o'clock next morning we found ourselves within fifteen or twenty miles of Niagara Falls; but in order to the observance of due proprieties I was obliged to remain in my boxed-up crib until the lady and her husband underneath me arose and dressed. However, they were very considerate, and did not keep me a prisoner very long. A little before seven we halted, and partook of a capital breakfast, price three shillings! That completed we resumed our journey, and soon struck the banks of Niagara river, which is a fine smooth stream about a mile broad. The country through which we were passing had nothing striking about it, being flat agricultural land, with a plentiful crop of old stumps here and there. As we approached the neighbourhood of the Falls we could see that the surface of the water was becoming slightly disturbed, and just before it was hid from our view I caught a glimpse of the white foam as it entered the rapids. Directly we arrived at the station I hurried away to the Falls in a high state of expectancy, for we could hear the roar of the waters, and in five minutes I turned round a corner of the road, when a sight presented itself which I am not likely to forget, in this life at any rate. Many of the great sights that I have seen in various parts of the world were a little disappointing to me at first sight, from the simple fact that having read such glowing descriptions of them my expectations were raised altogether too high. At various times I have read glowing accounts of these wonderful Falls also; but for all that, the reality was far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I will endeavour to picture the scene that met my gaze:—The river by the time it comes within four hundred yards of the Falls, has narrowed down to a little more than half a mile in width, which of course gives greater swiftness to the current. The

stream then is completely divided by Goat Island, which lies almost in the centre of the river, but nearer the American than the Canadian side. This island extends from the Falls to four hundred yards up the stream, and it is from this point that the Rapids commence. Most of my readers have passed up and down the Adelaide City road between King William-street and the City bridge; well, just imagine that road to be about thirty yards wider than King William-street; but instead of the hill being macadamized with two-inch metal, it is strewn with great boulders from one foot to twelve feet in diameter. Then fancy (if you can) that you see thousands of tons of water dashing past you every minute at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and you will then have a very faint idea of what the Rapids are on the American side only, which are much smaller than the Canadian. When the waters reach within thirty yards of the brow of the hill or rocky descent, they simply begin to boil and bubble on a small scale: but by the time they have descended about thirty yards below the brow, they would give you the idea of ten thousand snow-white chargers dashing madly about; and thus the waters go on for the rest of the distance—leaping, roaring, and plunging, wilder and faster every moment; presenting in the brilliant sunlight a scene of dazzling beauty and grandeur never to be forgotten. I was so thoroughly fascinated by these Rapids that I felt in no hurry whatever to go and see the actual Falls; so I hovered about the spot wandering up and down the banks for more than an hour. I then crossed the bridge to Goat Island, which is a lovely place for picnic parties, having numbers of beautiful little groves and shrubberies just as nature has produced them. In the shady nooks and walks I encountered numerous young couples spending their “honeymoon,” also travellers like myself, from various parts of the world; besides a number of picnic-parties seated on the grass, and busily engaged “lining the inner,” &c. I wandered on until I suddenly came upon the very edge of the precipice over which the mass of waters was plunging—and such a sight. I was perfectly transfixed with wonder and delight at the marvellous picture before me. The immense volume of water becomes comparatively smooth and quiet a few yards before taking its final plunge over the perpendicular precipice, so that just as it curves over the edge it appears to be of a dark green colour, and every foot lower it becomes paler and paler, giving all the various hues down to the most delicate tint imaginable; and finally, about ten feet from the top it was a dense mass of the purest white,

and the sun shining full upon it made it perfectly dazzling. I found about thirty or forty others at this spot, and the scene seemed, by their faces and actions, to affect them in the same way it did me. Every now and then I would hear the exclamations of one and another—"Isn't it grand?" "Isn't it wonderful?" &c. I felt as though I could remain at this particular spot for hours; but I knew there were many other beauties about the other parts of the wonderful Falls; so I continued to follow round the edge of the Island. New delights opened up in every direction, each one excelling its predecessor in its own peculiar features. On reaching the other side of the island I had before me a complete view of the rapids on the Canadian side, which are very much wider than the American rapids, but scarcely more beautiful, as that is impossible. I managed to jump on to a dry rock separated from the island, and there I sat and enjoyed myself for an hour with the mighty waters dashing past and around me into the abyss below. I then strolled further up the side of these rapids, until I came upon the Sister Islands, where the rapids dividing them from Goat Island are even wilder and descend with grater velocity than at any other part, either on the American or Canadian side. For parties picnicing these islands are by far the most attractive spots in the vicinity of the Falls; they are perfect little gems of beauty. I continued my course, and finally came round to the bridge by which I had crossed to the Islands: but I had not had anything like enough of it yet (in fact I found afterwards that "the best" was yet to come). So I again made my way to a favorable spot at the edge of the Falls, sat down, and enjoyably fed the physical and intellectual parts of my nature at the same time. Whilst thus engaged I was astonished by seeing, about 140 feet below me, several queer-looking figures clambering among the rocks, and then across a narrow rickety-looking bridge right under the spray of the Falls. On making further inquiries I discovered that by paying a fee of six shillings visitors could have a suitable dress and guide, and be conducted right down to and around behind the Falls; so, of course, I at once concluded it would never do to miss such a glorious opportunity. On the very edge of the precipice is a small house, containing six or eight dressing-rooms. I waited here for some time, not wishing to make the descent alone, as it looked dangerous, and to say the least, it required a little courage to make the attempt. In a short time two other gentlemen came along who also wished to make the trip; so the three of us decided to go together. In due course we were entirely "transmogrified,"

and looked very much like Esquimaux in the pictures. Our dress consisted of a loose jacket and trousers of blue serge, and large oil-skin hoods to protect our heads; but I let mine hang down my back, as I wished to have the full benefit of the water. Thus equipped we commenced to descend the precipice by narrow winding stairs, going round and round until we were quite giddy. We then suddenly found ourselves on a ledge of rock about six feet wide, cut along the face of the precipice. We were now nearly seventy feet from the top, and nearly the same distance from the bottom of the Falls. Led by the guide along this ledge, we came to where the water was falling from above us. He then unlocked a door which led right down behind the falling waters, and into the Cave of the Winds, as it is called. It was rather a fearful-looking place to enter, but by this time I was in a state of excitement fit for anything in the shape of fun or mischief; so while the guide was re-locking the door I quickly descended the steep narrow stairs. But before I got half way down, I was pulled up short by the water falling from above with such force as to almost take my breath away. On recovering I continued downwards more cautiously, until I reached the bottom; but beyond that I dare not go without the guide. Of course, long before this we were as wet as drowned rats. The guide now took the lead, and told us to hold on for our lives; and well we might, for we were being thrown and swayed about like so many shuttlecocks. However, in a few more minutes we were all standing in the centre of "The Cave of the Winds," with our backs and feet planted firmly against the rocks, and holding on "like grim death" with one hand, while the other was kept constantly at work smoothing the water from off our faces to enable us to breathe and have glimpses of the grand sight before us. All this time we were up to the middle in water. Well may it be called "The Cave of the Winds," for never in my life have I been so hustled about by wind and water as in this strange spot. We remained here ten minutes, enjoying the wonderful sight. The enormous volume of water descending from over 100 feet directly above our heads, at the rate of hundreds of tons per minute, and falling upon a pile of huge rocks within twelve or fourteen feet of where we were standing, it may readily be imagined caused "a commotion," and was a sight likely to make a lasting impression on the mind of the spectator. We seemed to all appearance to be literally hemmed in by the falling water. Now and then the wind would blow the dense spray slightly on one side, enabling us to catch a glimpse of the

outside world. The noise, I need scarcely say, was perfectly deafening; ordinary conversation was of course out of the question, but every now and then one and the other of us could not resist bawling into his neighbour's ear his expressions of wonder and delight. All this time we were undergoing the ordeal, or rather the enjoyment of the most severe shower bath ever man had; so by the time ten minutes had elapsed, we began to think we had had enough, so we continued our single file march along the cave and behind the Falls for about twelve or fourteen yards, when, turning the corner of a large rock, we saw our way out. A few more minutes clambering over the rocks brought us right in front of the Falls, where we could see them in all their grandeur from top to bottom, the sun shining full upon them all the time. After waiting a short time our guide began to move on again (of course it was not such fun to him as it was to us); but I was in no hurry whatever, and having had the finest shower-bath I was ever likely to have, now determined to try a plunge bath also. So I got down into the rocky hollow in front of which an immense volume of water was rushing through a chasm of the rock; having got a firm hold of the rocks, I let my body down in front of the chasm, so that I was almost lost to view. My companions, seeing I was enjoying myself so thoroughly, became infected with the spirit of mischief, and were soon on the same track; and the guide seeing we meant business, laid himself down on a rock, out of the reach of the falling water, until we had finished our capers. We three went at it like so many school-boys for about a quarter of an hour, and without any exaggeration it was the noblest plunge-bath we ever had. By-and-bye we made our way towards the guide. He had noticed me lose my hold for an instant while under the torrent, and informed us that last year a young lady was washed from the rocks close to the spot where we were bathing. A young man to whom she was soon to be married attempted to save her; and several days afterwards their bodies were recovered further down the river. (This recalled to my mind a promise I made to a certain individual previous to leaving Adelaide, "to avoid dangerous places," &c., &c. However, "all's well that ends well.") A little more clambering over the rocks brought us to the narrow bridge, about two feet wide, running along the rocks close to the front of the falling waters. Being so close we were exposed to the same atmospherical disturbances and dashing spray as in the Cave of the Winds, but we were better able to withstand them here, as the platform had a

rail which gave us good holding. Every few yards we would stop to admire the numerous wonders that met our gaze in every direction. Lovely rainbows would come and disappear one after another with astonishing rapidity as we changed our positions. Just as we stepped from the bridge and began to climb the rocks again, the guide touched our shoulders and pointed to a large cavity in the rocks below us. There to our astonishment and delight we saw one of the loveliest coloured rainbows ever beheld ; but the most astonishing part of it was, that it formed *a complete and perfect circle* about fourteen feet in diameter, instead of being the usual half circle. I had never heard of such a phenomenon before. Three or four minutes' further climbing brought us to the ledge of rock from which we had descended to the cave. On ascending the winding stairs we met a young lady and her beau or husband, rigged out in the same costume as ourselves, bound for the same trip ; but I felt quite certain did the fair one know what she would have to pass through, she would not attempt it. I spent the rest of the day exploring every nook and corner of the Falls on the American side, every hour discovering new beauties.

Next day I crossed over the elegant spidery-looking iron suspension bridge, connecting the American and British possessions. On the Canadian side the spectator can at a single glance take in the whole of the Niagara Falls from one side to the other ; by far the grandest view is to be obtained about a quarter of a mile's walk from the bridge, which brings him immediately in front of the wonderful Horseshoe Falls, so called from the shape of the edge of the precipice over which the waters plunge. But to have an idea of their magnitude my readers must in their imagination describe a half circle of nearly three times the diameter of King William-street ; then imagine the waters of a deep river one-third of a mile wide, all converging to this horseshoe, and plunging over a precipice twice the height of our new Post Office (not the Tower). You will then have a faint idea of the grandeur of the scene, and terrible force with which the waters descend to the abyss below. I sat myself down on the stump of an old tree in front of this awe-inspiring picture, and tried in vain for a long time to think of something to compare with the strange and wonderful appearance of the waters inside the half circle. Whilst thus engaged an elderly gentleman, seeing me writing came and sat down at my side, and entered into conversation with me. I told him my difficulty, and asked him if he could inform me of anything to which I

could compare the scene. He shook his head, saying "No sir; there is nothing in this world that will give anyone a fair idea of this, without seeing it for themselves." The Horseshoe Falls are also of much greater volume, and from their form more enclosed when they reach the bottom, consequently the water is unable to flow quickly out of the way. The result is that the scene looked like ten thousand fountains of boiling foam shooting up sixty feet high. Other parts, nearer the centre of the basin, looked like an immense body of snow with volcanic fires underneath, causing it to throb, writhe, boil, and shoot up and roll over in wildest confusion. It had not the least resemblance to water. Besides all this, large masses of smoky-looking vapour were continually rising and floating away in beautiful clouds many hundreds of feet high. In fact, when I saw this at a distance I concluded that there was a large fire in the vicinity of the Falls; I believe it is this beautiful vapour that causes the numerous lovely rainbows that are always to be seen here. Whilst I was sitting enjoying the wondrous scene which I have attempted to describe, a beautiful richly-hued rainbow crowned the already grandest scene in the universe and extended about one hundred yards on each side of me! After spending several hours looking into the boiling cauldron and its surroundings from above, I descended into it by a winding staircase (for which privilege, of course, I had to pay;—in fact, it would be against all Yankee rule and regulation for it to be otherwise. I had to pay toll in every direction in the vicinity of the Falls) I clambered along the face of the rock, and got a considerable distance behind the falling waters, which afforded me another grand view; but my powers of description are just about used up, so I will not attempt to give my impressions of this fearful looking and yet fascinating part of the Falls. I took up a large piece of wood and threw it as far as possible into the boiling cauldron of foam; and there it remained all the time I was there, being tossed and whirled about in all directions.

The township of Niagara has nothing remarkable about it, except that it has several very fine hotels. With that exception it is like any other ordinary country township very nicely laid out. There is always a very good supply of excellent cabs, and judging from my experience the charges can scarcely be called moderate. As I was about to cross the suspension bridge, one of them came forward and pressed me very earnestly to hire his carriage. He very eloquently informed me that I would see the sights to far greater

advantage, more of them in less time, and with less labour ; he also enumerated the various places he would take me to see, &c. ; and finally wound up by saying that the whole lot would "only" cost me "twenty-three dollars." But "I wasn't on," as the Yankees say, so he turned away apparently quite disgusted with the obscurity of vision which prevented me from seeing the numerous advantages of his liberal offer. During my visit to Niagara I was exceedingly fortunate in having similar weather to what I had at Venice, viz., an unclouded sun by day and a brilliant moon at night.

CHAPTER XV.

Canada—Toronto—Lake Ontario—Smart Touter—Eloquent Freed Slave—Niagara Banks and River—Dusty Ride—Cleveland—Chicago—City Railways—Chicago Fires—Grain Elevators—Paper-bag Factory—Hotels.

HAVING "done" Niagara to my entire satisfaction, I determined to make a circuit of about two hundred miles into Canada ; and having at last, after a great deal of anxiety, trouble, and expense in telegrams, obtained the baggage I had left behind at Albany, I started by the twenty minutes past eight morning train. The travelling was through a large tract of ordinary looking agricultural country, about half of it under cultivation, many of the fields having a plentiful crop of thick tree-stumps, say from one to two hundred per acre. The balance of the country was finely timbered with very high straight pines. We passed through a number of country towns, some of them considerably large and well-built. At six o'clock in the evening we arrived at Toronto, where I remained for the night.

Toronto is situated on the edge of Lake Ontario, and is a beautiful city of seventy-two thousand inhabitants. The Canadians are considerably more British in their habits and manners, and they look more healthy than the Americans, especially the fair sex (but even these are still a long way behind the Scotch lassies of the Highlands, and the ladies of Edinburgh). The common necessaries of life are much cheaper here than in the United States, the protective duties

being lighter. Next morning I boarded the lake steamer, bound for Niagara, twelve or fourteen miles from the opposite shore of the lake. The system of "touting" for hotels is carried on to an enormous extent in America, wherever you go ; and many of the touters are exceedingly smart models of wit and quick repartee. Their business is to guide travellers to the hotels they represent. Soon after we left the pier at Toronto I noticed a very heavy looking swell in white necktie (quite a common thing for laymen in America, in fact I think it has disgusted the ministers from wearing the badge) and lavender gloves, in the midst of a circle of passengers laughing and joking. He apparently weighed about fourteen or fifteen stone. I of course thought he was an ordinary private gentleman, travelling for his own amusement, but several hours afterwards, when we approached and began to sail along the American shores, and up the Niagara River, he went forward, and commenced a long but very interesting description of the various points of interest as they came into view. He plentifully sprinkled his information with numerous really witty remarks. One of the passengers tried his hand at a little good-natured banter, but the touter was altogether too much for him. An immense deal of fun was caused by the touter informing the young man that at a certain point which the steamer would pass a young damsel of high blood and great beauty would come out and exchange a wave of the pocket-handkerchief with him. He described the lady as being of a subdued blonde complexion, &c. The young man asked the touter to allow him to wave the handkerchief instead, but he said the lady was very particular as to whom she deigned to recognise. The young fellow suggested that the lady would probably not notice the difference at the distance ; upon which the touter turned sharply round upon his examiner (who was just as spare as the other was stout), and with a look of the most ineffable disdain, and straightening up his tall bulky figure, asked him if he thought the lady would know an elephant from a mosquito ; which elicited roars of laughter at the expense of the younger man. In a few minutes we passed the spot ; and sure enough there sat the young lady, and the two commenced waving their handkerchiefs to each other, the touter performing his part in such a peculiar and ridiculous manner as to keep us all in a high state of laughter for some time ; and so on all the way up the river, until we reached Lewiston, did he keep the passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, in the best possible spirits, by the abundance of his wit and humour.

On arriving at Lewiston we took train for Niagara. At the station I encountered another even more remarkable specimen of humanity than the bulky touter, in the form of a tall well-built Mulatto, with an ample intellectual looking forehead. He came walking up the platform, speechifying as he went along, to the effect that news had just arrived that the Eastern war had reached a climax, that all the European Powers wanted war, but the great and glorious Great Britain that wouldn't have a slave in her dominions, would not let them do anything wrong, for she had fleets enough to whip all the nations of the world into their holes in less than six months—"Rule Britannia" for ever! Several gentlemen, who evidently were aware of his capabilities, invited him into the car to give us a speech. He at once came, and took his stand at the end of the car, and immediately launched forth upon Great Britain and her glorious institutions, as he called them, in the most eloquent language and manner. He described her as being the most righteous nation upon earth. Had she not always come to the rescue of the down-trodden and helpless? Had she not printed and circulated millions of Bibles in various languages all over the earth? Had she not sent missionaries into every part of the globe? Had she not given millions of slaves their freedom? Had not her dominions in America always been a haven of refuge for the poor fugitive slaves when they were hunted down by bloodhounds, and their cruel and bloodthirsty masters, like wild beasts? Had she not done this, that, and the other thing? Finally, he wound up by crying out she had proved the truth of the Scriptures, when they said that "righteousness exalteth a nation," for she was the greatest nation upon earth. Hurrah for Great Britain! The land of the free! "Britons NEVER shall be slaves!" And he rattled his heavy walking-stick vigorously upon the floor, to give additional force to his already eloquent and stirring words. He next informed the company that he wanted some money, and sent his hat round! In the meanwhile he told them not to be *afraid* of being too liberal, and proceeded to argue that he had a perfect right to be paid for his efforts, backing up his arguments by numerous quotations from Scripture. Didn't the great Apostle Paul, who worked at his trade as tentmaker for three years, say the labourer was worthy of his hire, &c.? and he guessed he couldn't afford to preach for nothing, any more than anybody else; and moreover, he was quite certain that if all the ministers of the Gospel had as sparing a supply of cash and such an abundant supply of whippings

as both he and Paul had, there would be much less Gospel than there was at present ; and thus he went on for a considerable time. Some of the company then asked him to give us an outline of his own history, which he proceeded to do with the same natural eloquence as before. He said :— “ I was born in Virginia, in 1820. I am a Mulatto, a mixture of the Anglo-Saxon and the royal Ethiopian races. I lived with my family until I was sixteen years of age, when my half-brother sold me into slavery. I served that master for three years, and always tried to do my duty ; and my mistress thought well of me. But one morning my master thrashed me twice before breakfast ; and I thought it a dear breakfast. I told him if he thrashed me again I would run away. He did thrash me again, so I kept my word. I ran away, and travelled forty miles the first day—but I didn't know anything about free British soil in those days. So I was soon caught and brought back to my master, who was going to almost thrash the life out of me, but my mistress interfered and saved me, so he determined to sell me.” He then described the auction scene in a graphic, telling manner—how the auctioneer praised up the likely-looking Mulatto boy's points, as he would those of an ox ; and how the bids rose from 450 dollars until finally he was knocked down at 601 dollars. “ I continued,” said he, “ to serve various masters for twenty-six years, one of whom sold me away from my wife and three children”—(here the tears came to his eyes)—“ and finally I heard of the free British soil of Canada, and ran away ; and after being hunted from one place to another like a wild beast I reached Canada, and I have been a free man ever since. But I hadn't to thank the United States for my liberty, but God and my own noble brain.” He made many other interesting remarks, but shorthand reporting not being included in my educational bill of fare, my pencil could not travel fast enough, so I had to be content with the above.

We now left Lewiston, and in a few minutes found ourselves spinning along a giddy precipice on the banks of the Niagara River. For a number of miles these banks look as though the Creator had by some convulsion of nature caused the earth to suddenly open and separate—say about the width of King William-street—on purpose to make a channel to convey the waters from the Falls away into Lake Ontario. This opening is on an average one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height, running up almost perpendicularly from the bed of the river. Our track ran along the face of

this precipice on a very narrow ledge, cut just wide enough to allow the train to pass along. Of course the rail track has a thoroughly solid foundation of the natural rock, and no doubt the rails are carefully laid; but should the least accident happen to cause the engine to run off the track, no power on earth could save us from being buried out of sight in the boiling turbid waters a hundred feet below—for the river for several miles along this part is one hundred feet deep. The channel being so narrow, of course causes the immense volume of water to rush along at a terrific speed, which is further accelerated by the natural fall or incline of the bed of the river. As we spun along the face of the rock overlooking the whirlpool rapids the sight was awfully grand, but calculated to make one feel nervous. The whirlpool itself, although dangerous should anybody or anything get into it, is not much of a sight—certainly not to be compared to the rapids.

On arriving at Niagara township I had just time to get my baggage transferred from my hotel to the train going west to Chicago. Our route lay along the shores of Lake Erie for about two hundred miles, through exceedingly fine country largely under cultivation. While I was whirling along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, to my great dismay I suddenly discovered that I had lost my notebook, containing all the rough jottings of my trip round the world! besides a number of business memoranda, and sketches of mechanical contrivances that I had seen in various parts. This severe loss quite disturbed me, and spoilt my pleasure for several days; for it was utterly impossible for me to remember one-tenth of the contents of the book, and I had no hopes of ever seeing it again. The last I could remember of it was at Niagara Horseshoe Falls. I had just completed my rough memos. of the Falls, which filled up the last page in the book. I then laid it down at my side for a few minutes; and that was the last recollection I had of it. There are no newspapers at Niagara in which I could advertise it, so my only resource was to write to the proprietors of the principal hotels there, asking them to make enquiries, &c. This I did at my first stopping station, and at the same time sent them my San Francisco address, in case by any possibility the book should turn up. About a fortnight afterwards, just before I sailed for Australia, to my great delight the mail-boat agent handed me the book, which had been found and forwarded on by the proprietor of the Clifton House, on the Canadian side of the Falls! As you may guess, I felt more pleased than the boy who lost a shilling and found a sixpence.

The further we got westward from New York, the towns were laid out with much finer streets than the more ancient and eastern cities. At half-past seven we arrived at Cleveland, Ohio, where I remained until next afternoon. For the last hundred miles the dust from the ground and the smut from the engine had been so bad as to make it one of the most disagreeable rides I ever had. Next day a friend, on finding that I had arrived by the previous day's train, asked me how I enjoyed my ride, for a friend of his had come by the same train, and he could scarcely see him for dirt? I never thought that railway travelling could by any possibility be so disagreeable. I found Cleveland to be the finest laid-out city that I had as yet seen in America, the streets and avenues being very wide, and several of them filled with magnificent private villas, with very tastefully laid-out grounds, many of the finest being open to visitors. A friend took me for a two hours' drive through the city. We passed through one of these noble places in Euclid Avenue, and I was delighted with the beautiful appearance of the place; it was the nearest approach to our Adelaide Botanical Gardens that I have seen in this country. Cleveland boasts a considerable number of large factories in the various mechanical manufactures. The city has at present one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing. Being on the edge of Lake Erie, and also connected with the principal railroad tracks, she is favourably situated, and abundance of coal and minerals are within reach.

At half-past three I made another start West again. The route for about seventy miles lay along the shores of Lake Erie. The dust was not quite so bad at this part, but the smut and scales from the engine rattled on the roof of the car like a young hailstorm, a good deal of it making its way inside, much to the detriment of the fine clothes of many of the passengers. The country along this part seemed a fair sample of what it is to go farming in the backwoods of America. A great deal of it had waving crops of Indian corn upon it, but every now and then we would dart into a dense forest of pines, maples, ash, and other trees, apparently in their primeval state. We also crossed a number of deep ravines, which had the appearance of ancient river beds, but are now densely timbered with fine looking trees. The land in this region is comparatively flat, but now and then broken by ranges of low hills. Arriving at Toledo, a city of considerable importance, we were allowed twenty minutes for supper, to which I did ample justice. After leaving Toledo, the last station on the shores of Lake

Erie, we struck across the country in the direction of Lake Michigan. The country between these points, I was informed, is very fine, but as I passed through it during the night I cannot give any account of it. Soon after leaving Toledo, I turned into my berth; but did not pass a first-class night; and before morning I felt rather inclined to be "sea" sick. It seemed rather too bad that I should have to pay ten shillings for a bed, and then be made "sea" sick ashore.

At six o'clock next morning I found myself in Chicago, and at once located myself in the Grand Pacific Hotel. Having treated myself to a bath and breakfast, I sallied out to explore the celebrated city of fires. But before giving an account of what I saw there, I may as well record my impressions after having spent three days in it. Chicago is in many respects already the finest city in America, and from its being the terminus of nearly all the principal railroads of the Union, and its shipping facilities through being situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, it will, I believe, ultimately surpass even New York for wealth and splendour. Already the proportion of elaborately cut stone buildings is far in excess of New York or any other city I have seen in America. The fiery ordeals through which Chicago has passed have without a doubt helped very considerably to make it the city of noble buildings it is at present. It is laid out similar to Adelaide, but as a rule the streets are not quite so far apart. They are about the same width, but fewer of the narrow streets than we have, so that when fine buildings are erected their beauty can be distinctly seen. They are kept clean and well paved, which is more than I can say for any other American city. As usual, the convenient tramways run in every direction, and the streets being wide the speed is much faster than in New York and Philadelphia. While I am on the subject of tramways, it may perhaps not be out of place to say a word with reference to railways in cities. About eighteen months ago, when there was a considerable commotion in Adelaide on account of the Glenelg Railway Company wishing to bring their locomotive into the city, it was asserted in a public meeting on the subject, in the Town Hall, that it was a common thing in America to have railways inside the cities. The Hon. J. Colton (who, I think, was in the chair, and had not long before returned from America) remarked that he could not remember having seen such a thing, but still was not quite certain on the subject. Now, ever since I placed my foot upon American soil I have been on the look-out for this

notion, and although I have travelled from one side to the other (I am now on the equator in the Pacific Ocean) I have only seen one instance of the kind, and that was started for the first time about three days after my arrival in America. Philadelphia is the city in which it is running, but its limits are very circumscribed. I am not going to enter into the discussion as to the advisability of the Glenelg train passing through Victoria Square or not, but I certainly must say that from what I saw in Philadelphia during my five weeks' residence there I should be sorry to see an ordinary locomotive running through the streets of Adelaide. There is an elevated railway in New York, but that also has its objections.

I had some conversation with a gentleman of Chicago who had lost fifty thousand dollars by the first fire, which occurred in October, 1871, and he gave me a few particulars which may perhaps be interesting. Being such a sufferer, he took the trouble to gather authentic particulars, of which the following is a summary:—The fire only lasted thirty-three hours, covering four by one and a-half miles of ground; utterly destroying two hundred million dollars' worth of property, consisting of from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand buildings and contents, leaving homeless one hundred and ten thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand people; thus destroying more wealth and rendering more people homeless, and in less time than any other fire in the world's history—for the great fire in London in 1666 only burnt fourteen thousand buildings, rendered eighty thousand people homeless, spread over three by one and a-half miles of ground, and took three days to do it in. So America keeps up her reputation for doing things on a large scale—even in fires. The remains of the second fire, which occurred in July, 1874, are still visible in the form of immense piles of ruins. Most prominent are those of a very fine-cut stone Presbyterian Church, the bare walls and spires still standing their full height, but the front and the whole of one side so scaled or shelled off by the action of the fire as to give the appearance of ruins a thousand years old. The other side is perfectly white, clean, and sharp.

Having heard a great deal about the justly celebrated corn elevators of Chicago, I paid them a visit, and was shown all over the premises. It is impossible to give the reader an intelligent idea of them by a simple description: but I will give a few particulars as to what they do, &c. Outside they have the appearance of an ordinary mill, eight or nine storeys high. The grain arrives in the railway cars

in a loose state, bags not being used at all. The cars pass inside the building ; and by a system of large scoops worked by man-power and steam combined, the grain is quickly emptied into a large hopper below the surface of the ground. In the bottom of this hopper is a wheel or pulley round which passes a broad strong leather belt, with thin metal buckets attached about every three inches, similar to a dredging-machine or water-wheel. These buckets fill themselves with grain as they pass round the pulley, and ascend to the top of the building, where they pass over another pulley, and in so doing throw the grain into another large hopper, and continue their downward course again. When the upper hopper is full the weight is recorded, and the grain allowed to run off into a bin ten feet square and sixty-five feet deep. There are two hundred and thirty-four of these bins, each holding five thousand bushels. Each belt with the buckets or elevators attached carries up four thousand bushels per hour ! About a fortnight previous to my visit this building loaded two hundred cars in one forenoon, each car holding four hundred bushels. It would rather puzzle any of our Australian millers to deliver eighty thousand bushels of wheat in one forenoon, I imagine. The whole of it was weighed off to a pound as it was being delivered. The leather belting that connected all the machinery with the steam-engine was four feet wide by half an inch thick, and three hundred feet long. The advantages of these elevators are speed of reception and delivery ; they keep the grain perfectly dry, and even assist to dry it, and save the expense of bags.

I also visited a paper-bag factory in this city. A large roll of paper is placed on one end of the machine, which being set in motion puts the paper through the various cutting, folding, and pasting processes, and delivers the bags finished, dried, and counted, at the rate of one hundred thousand per day ! The proprietor informed me that a short time previous they tested one of the machines to see its utmost capability, and it turned out six hundred per minute. I saw five of these machines at work in this establishment, so they must turn out a tidy number of bags per year. Each machine requires but two girls to attend to its wants.

Chicago, with all its beauties and advantages, is not without its faults. Numbers of shops and theatres are open on Sundays, the same as on an ordinary weekday ; and the further west I go the more I find this kind of thing carried on. Before closing my remarks on Chicago it may not be

considered out of place to give a few brief particulars of the hotel, "The Grand Pacific," at which I put up. It is but one of several like it in this city. The building is of similar style and material as our new Adelaide Post-Office, but very much more elaborate. It stands on a square block facing four streets, seven hundred and fifty by four hundred feet; height of building, one hundred and thirty feet. The above dimensions I should imagine would make it about three times the size of the Post-Office. The number of rooms is five hundred; size of dining-room, one hundred and thirty by sixty feet; parlours, one hundred feet by twenty-five feet (these are furnished like palaces); cost of building, two hundred and sixty thousand pounds; cost of furnishing, twenty-seven thousand pounds. Should any of the rooms take fire, the heat causes an electric bell to ring the alarm at the main office. In the hotel are numerous other conveniences and improvements, which would take up too much time and space to enumerate; but the above will give the reader a fair and just idea of scores of hotels scattered all over America. There are others finer, one in particular, which I shall probably mention further on, but that is exceptional, and would not give a fair representation of American hotels, any more than the *Great Eastern* represents the ordinary steamers. Chicago is also celebrated for its manufactured pork in its various forms. They kill and cure pigs by thousands per day at one establishment. "They say" that the pigs walk in at one end of the machinery, and come out sausages at the other: but I had no time to visit the establishment, so I will say nothing about it, beyond this, that the bacon I have eaten in Chicago and other western parts of America does *not* equal South Australian in quality!

CHAPTER XVI.

Western Prairies—Mississippi Accident—Omaha—Rocky Mountains—Deer, Antelopes, &c.—Celebrated Echo and Weber Canyon's Snow—Devil's Gate—Ugden—Salt Lake City—Amongst the Mormons.

At ten o'clock on the morning of September 3, I entered one of Pullman's sleeping cars, and in about an hour's time we were fairly out into the boundless rolling prairies of the Western States of America. The formation of this part of the country is somewhat similar to the Northern Areas in the vicinity of Georgetown, Caltowie, Jamestown, &c. At half-past four we crossed the longest river in the world, the celebrated Mississippi. The alligators, crocodiles, and other "domestic beauties" are from five hundred to one thousand miles below this point. The river is spanned by a very fine iron bridge, but I find I have not jotted down the dimensions, &c. The middle part of it is made to swing on one side for the convenience of river traffic. We had an opportunity of seeing it put into use, for just as we entered on the bridge a large steamer made its appearance. So we had to pull up on a large island in the middle of the river to allow the steamer to pass. This part of the bridge was the cause of a frightful accident about six years ago. The train was passing over, when suddenly the part that swings began to open, and the last car fell through the opening, and disappeared beneath the muddy waters of the river. The occupants, about thirty-five in number, were all drowned.

September 4.—Still passing through the vast prairie, under cultivation all along on each side of the line; pig and cattle raising also being carried on to a considerable extent. The horrible grasshoppers are busy devastating this part of the country, the crops of corn in many places having the appearance of fields of naked bamboos, the blade being entirely demolished; and the cabbages and other vegetables suffering to the same extent. At ten o'clock forenoon crossed the noble Missouri River, also spanned by a magnificent iron structure over half a-mile in length. Thus we passed out of the State of Iowa into Nebraska. The Town of Omaha is just on the Nebraska side of the river. As we had to remain here about two hours, I and a fellow-

passenger took a drive through the town. It is rather a rough looking place on the whole, but has been making rapid strides during the last two or three years. They have just built two Government schools there, that are not far behind our Adelaide Model Schools, and a fine cut stone Post-Office to match; so they are evidently looking ahead of the existing times. Not a great many years ago human life was not over safe in this place, the population being a lot of wild reckless American backwoodsmen. The town is sensibly laid out, the streets being straight, and of ample width. When we again resumed our journey, for about two hours we continued to pass through the richest land and prettiest-looking country between this point and New York. Then we had about one hundred and twenty miles of beautiful level prairie, with rich black soil from two to five feet in depth, as could be seen by small cuttings and water-courses. At dusk we arrived at Grand Island, but no water near it for all that. It seemed a ridiculous name to give a small township in the centre of a vast prairie. We had supper here, price one dollar. All the meals since leaving Chicago were that price. A gentleman who had previously travelled this route told me that this was the last place at which we would get a respectable meal until we reached California, as we were now entering the more wild and unsettled regions; so I invested in a splendid baked fowl (price half a dollar), and a dozen capital rolls (quarter dollar), which prices seemed absurd compared to those for the meals; for I had four hearty and enjoyable meals from these purchases, with the addition of a cup of tea. The cause of the difference was simply this—the refreshment-room was part and parcel of the railway Company property, and they would not allow any opposition on the platform. The lower-priced articles were offered for sale by the farmers settled in the neighbourhood. By the time we resumed our journey darkness had set in, and for two hours we were running a rather exciting neck-and-neck race with a magnificent lightning storm. I had noticed during the afternoon that all the houses we had seen were fitted with lightning-conductors, and on enquiry I ascertained that the State of Nebraska was more subject to lightning storms than any other part of the Continent. In these parts the lightning very often is something appalling.

Tuesday, September 5.—On emerging from my berth I found that during the night we had been ascending the Rocky Mountains, and we were now four thousand feet above the sea, and learned also that we would continue to ascend until

four o'clock in the afternoon ; but the prairie appeared so perfectly level that it seemed incredible that we were ascending the longest range of mountains in the world. Scores of times during the day I tried to detect that the land behind was lower than the land in front, but in vain, until we were within an hour's ride of the summit, and even then the incline was not heavy. I was greatly disappointed at this, as I had expected to see wild and grand scenery at this stage of our journey. However, it was partly made up for during the day. I saw four or five herds of deer and antelopes, and one solitary elk, besides hundreds of curious little animals (about the size of rabbits) called prairie dogs. For hundreds of miles we had scarcely seen a tree to break the view of the never-ending prairie. Another thing I was disappointed in not seeing was the much-talked-of prairie-grass, said to be as high as a man. I have seen much finer grass fields both wild and cultivated in South Australia than I have in any part of America, from ocean to ocean. It is possible they may exist somewhere, but I never came across them. At two o'clock we reached Cheyenne, where we stayed twenty minutes for dinner. I there succeeded in making my roast chicken look foolish, for in those elevated regions the air was bracing and healthy. About an hour afterwards we met the San Francisco train going east, and as both trains pulled up and waited for fifteen or twenty minutes, a lot of the passengers (myself included) got out of the cars and engaged in the very undignified amusement of throwing stones at a telegraph pole, after having failed to dig out some prairie dogs from their holes. The fact was, we were all glad of any opportunity of breaking the monotony of our tedious journey, and whenever the engine stopped to get a drink of water the majority of the passengers would get out and take a stroll until the train began to move. There is no law in America against entering a train while in motion, nor did I see any necessity for it, although the passengers were never all seated when the trains started. The platforms in the front of each car are of great convenience to passengers who wish to have the benefit of the fresh air and scenery. I spent the most of my daylight on these platforms the whole way across the continent. We reached the summit of the mountains between four and five o'clock ; and there, at last, the monotonous prairie scenery was broken by enormous masses of huge rocks piled up one above another in wild confused heaps, many of them balanced on small ledges and high points in the most astonishing manner. It seemed as though they had been

balanced by some human agency, only they were in rather unmanageable sizes. It is surprising how they have assumed that form at all, for all around the bases of these rocky pyramids the ground is quite flat. We were now eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above the sea, and yet were it not for the huge piles of rock around us, and the view of the snow-covered Black Hills on our left, we could fancy ourselves still on the almost level prairie, for it was still very flat. It is in the vicinity of these Black Hills that Generals Crook and Terry, with their soldiers, are following up the American Indians for the purpose of either exterminating or whipping them into submission—instead of paying for their lands by feeding and clothing them, according to agreement; but from accounts that have been coming in lately they found they have undertaken a task which is not so easy to carry out as they expected. Soon after leaving Sherman (the summit) we began to descend with much greater rapidity than we ascended. This side of the range being much steeper, and far more rugged, the scenery was more interesting. We soon crossed a very dangerous-looking rocky ravine, on what appeared a rather slender bridge. When on the centre of the bridge the rocks were one hundred and thirty feet below us (nearly as high as the tower of the Adelaide Town Hall), and as the bridge made an unpleasant creaking noise it was calculated to make nervous folk feel a little uncomfortable. The length of the bridge is six hundred and fifty feet, and it is considered to be one of the wonders of the transcontinental route. Soon after passing over this ravine, in turning a sharp curve, we suddenly emerged from the rocky regions, and the great Laramie Plains opened up to our view. We were now about one thousand miles from Chicago, and nearly two thousand from New York. These plains are part of the Rocky Mountains range, and we were still at an elevation of over seven thousand feet. In crossing the Laramie Plains there was nothing in the shape of scenery beyond the fine grassy plains themselves, and the snow-covered mountains in the distance. We were passing through the State of Wyoming, and at half-past five we halted at Laramie city for supper, and soon after we passed out of the grassy plains into a bleak, broken, wild-looking desert; but even this seemed pleasant for a time, as it was a change.

Next morning I was out on the steps of the platform, as usual, soon after daybreak, and found the scenery to be as bleak and barren as ever, but more interesting on account of the peculiar and wonderful forma-

tion of the rocks, composed of a cream-coloured slate. These rocks are quite different from others on the route, from the fact that instead of there being a number piled in confusion one above the other, they rise abruptly from the sides and tops of the hills in the form of immense pillars, from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in height, the base being in many cases smaller than the top. The Giant's Club, Twin Sisters, and Giant's Teapot are amongst the most conspicuous. There was nothing striking to be seen now, until we reached Hillard, where we passed under a flume—quite a new thing to me. A flume is simply a wooden trough of immense length. They are very much used for floating wood, or anything else that will float, from mountains to plains. If there was a stream of water conveniently situated anywhere in our Mount Lofty ranges, a wooden trough could easily be constructed leading from a reservoir, or directly from the stream, down to Adelaide, and timber could be floated down to the city as fast as several men could throw it into the water, at the rate of from five to fifty miles an hour. These flumes are generally made V shaped, but I also saw several square ones. The one under which our train passed is twenty-four miles long, and has a fall of 2,000 feet in the whole distance. This part of the country abounds in various kinds of game, such as bears, elk, deer, wolves, mountain lions, and a great many other animals; but the puffing locomotive keeps them out of sight of the passengers. The only animals I had seen for the past two days were prairie dogs, and a number of beautiful little squirrel-like creatures. Most of the passengers were under the impression that we would see herds of buffalo, but we never saw a sign of them.

As we passed out of the State of Wyoming into Utah territory there soon began to be unfolded to us a series of wondrous pictures that I had never seen the like of before. Suddenly the country assumed a more wild rocky character, and we began to wind and twist about amongst some hills for a few miles. We then disappeared into a tunnel about four hundred yards long, and on emerging into the daylight we found ourselves fairly into the much talked-of Echo Canyon. Huge rugged rocks were to be seen in every direction, and as we continued to descend into the lower depths of the Canon, they increased in quantity and size, and in a few minutes we seemed literally hemmed in by boulders that were perfectly appalling in their wondrous magnitude and form. Several times it appeared as though the train

was about to crash up against the face of a frightful jagged rock, when suddenly it would wheel to the right or left, and reveal still more astounding sights in the form of enormous rugged precipices rising abruptly to the height of from four hundred to eight hundred feet, and the almost perpendicular faces of the mountains still towering away thousands of feet above them. The grandeur of the effect was heightened by the narrowness of the ravine through which we were passing. Of course, as in all scenery of that description, numbers of these rocks had assumed the most weird and fantastic forms conceivable, many of which had received names indicative of such form; for instance, there is Castle Rock, Sentinel Rock, The Witches, Pulpit Rock, Witches' Bottles, Egyptian Tombs, and numbers of others. Often it appeared that it would require but a small vibration to cause millions of tons of these giant masses to fall and crush us to atoms, for many of them almost overhung the train. By the time we issued from the other end of the Canon, my neck ached as though I had been studying the stars for an hour or two, for the rocks being so close to both sides of the train, we had to be constantly looking upward to view them. At the lower end of Echo Canon we came suddenly upon Echo City, a small neat looking Mormon township on a little flat surrounded by rocks and mountains. We stayed here for ten or fifteen minutes, and enjoyed a stroll and a few plums—for we had now entered the land of fruit. Not far from this spot we saw Monument Rock, a square perpendicular column, two hundred and fifty feet in height, standing quite apart from all its neighbours. A few minutes after leaving Echo township we entered Weber Canyon, and there to our astonishment and delight the scenery was even more rugged and grand than before. Hundreds of feet high we could see numerous caves in the faces of the perpendicular cliffs, in which the eagles built their nests in perfect safety. The formation of many of the rocks in Weber Canon assumed quite a different form to the others. The sides of the mountains, within twelve or fourteen yards from us, would rise at an angle of from seventy to eighty degrees (not a great way from the perpendicular) to the height of eight thousand feet, and from the faces would protrude long ridges of rock like immense boards placed edgewise. In one place two ridges of this description cropped out about twelve feet apart, twenty to fifty feet high, and eight hundred feet in length, the edges being very much like the teeth of an immense saw. This strange looking place is called the Devil's Slide. (I would have liked exceedingly to have seen

him make use of it, for I am sure by the time he would have reached the bottom there would not be much left of him, besides which the slide would shoot all that remained into the Weber River, running along at foot.) Just about this spot we passed the one thousand mile tree, standing alone at the side of the track. We are now one thousand miles from Omaha, one thousand five hundred from Chicago, and nearly two thousand five hundred from New York. A little further on, we found ourselves apparently shut in completely by enormous masses of rock; but we suddenly darted into a tunnel, and soon found ourselves on the other side of the impediment. Of course I am omitting to mention hundreds of wondrous sights that met our eager eyes in every direction, for I am aware that seeing them and reading of them are two very different things. In a short time we emerged from the narrow rocky ravine into what appeared a hollow basin, completely hemmed in by the mountains. In this hollow is a small Mormon village called Morgan City. We now had a few miles of ordinary fine mountain scenery, with snow lying in the crevices of the mountains, apparently only a few hundred yards above us—a sight which completely puzzled me at first, for our elevation was then only about five thousand feet, and the snow level is supposed to be double that height. But it is perfectly wonderful how travellers are deceived in distances. When travelling in those elevated regions, only a day or two previous, when we halted at a station in the middle of the desert, there was a snow-covered mountain apparently within a quarter of a mile, but on enquiring the distance I found it to be from three to four miles away; and in several other instances, while crossing the Rocky Mountains, we appeared to be almost on a level with immense masses of snow, while in reality we were at least three thousand feet below them. These illusions are caused by the air being so rarified at such a height above the sea. I had this fact proved to my entire satisfaction several times, in the following way. We would come abreast and within apparently a very short distance of a mountain covered with snow. Now, going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, we would naturally expect soon to leave any ordinary-sized mountain far behind, but often an hour's ride would scarcely make any apparent difference in our position.

After winding about the foot of the mountains for some time, seldom being able to see far ahead, a huge gap suddenly opened up before us, called Devil's Gap, and the scenery again took a rocky turn, in the form of deep narrow

stony ravines, branching in between the hills ; but the grand climax of all the wonderful sights of the last sixty miles of country was a short distance further on, fitly called the Devil's Gate—(that individual seems to have a special liking for this country). It is difficult to describe this terrible but grand looking chasm. It seemed as though some giant power had rudely torn the mountain asunder, thus forming one of the most wild, rugged rifts that could be imagined. A few minutes more, and the mountains began to open out, and soon we descended into the Salt Lake Valley, which years ago was a desolate wilderness, but the Mormons by bringing the water from the melting snow on the mountains have made the land both productive and beautiful. About five o'clock in the evening we arrived at Ogden, the terminus of this division of our journey. Ogden is the second largest city in the Mormon territory, and has a population of six thousand, but not more than two-thirds are Mormons. About a dozen of us allowed the main train to continue its journey to San Francisco without us, as we intended going to Salt Lake City. After waiting for three-quarters of an hour we entered the train bound for that place, and a tedious ride of two and a-half hours brought us to our hotel in Brigham Young's quarter. I at once went to bed, as I intended making the most of my daylight next day. The previous day, in conversation with my fellow-travellers, I expressed my determination to see some of the Mormons in their private homes, so that I might get reliable information with reference to their habits, &c.; but they strongly advised me not to make the attempt, as they thought there would be a considerable amount of danger attached to it. But I had little fear on that score ; so six o'clock next morning found me strolling along the part of the city where apparently the well-to-do classes reside. The first person I spoke to was an intelligent working man, in his garden. I entered into conversation with him, informing him where I hailed from, and that I was seeking information. He seemed perfectly willing to converse, and I chatted with him for nearly half-an-hour. He was a Mormon, and owner of the house and garden in which he lived ; had one wife and five nice children, one or two of whom I spoke to. He believed it was quite right to have several wives, but doubted whether he would add to his number, as more than one did not usually agree in the same house, and he could hardly afford to keep up another. He also told me that there was not so much polygamy practised now as formerly, on account of the transcontinental railway having introduced a large

number of Gentiles; and the United States law also dis-
countenanced the system. Although he thought it was
right to have more than one wife, he told me that there were
a large number of scamps who abused and disgraced
that particular law. His father had three wives in one-
house, and on the whole he thought they lived pretty
comfortably.

Some distance further on I saw a gentleman sitting at
his door, reading a newspaper. I went forward, bid him
good morning, and introduced myself as a visitor from
Australia, seeking reliable information of the Mormon
people, of whom I have heard a deal in my own country;
and I asked him if he felt at liberty to answer questions,
&c. He received me very politely, saying—"Most certainly,
Sir; step inside and take a chair." So we sat down in his
verandah, and conversed very freely for about an hour. I
learned that he was a Mormon, and believed in plurality of
wives, for he had three at present, and nine children. He
was not a Mormon when he married his first wife, but
embraced "the gospel" shortly after. His wife had been
a Mormon for years previous. I asked him if he thought
that the homes of the polygamists were as productive of
domestic happiness as an ordinary well-regulated English
home (he was an Englishman). He replied not as a rule,
but still there were many happy homes amongst them—his
own, for instance; he considered his would compare
favourably with any. He further informed me that he was
married nine years before he took a second wife. His first
wife was agreeable to it, although she felt very badly on the
subject at the time, and even now when it came to her turn
to be left it sometimes troubled her, although she considered
he was carrying out the instructions of "the gospel." He
had a separate house for each wife, and lived with them by
turns. I asked him if it was a fact that women used to be
prevented from leaving the settlement if they wished. He
replied that he did not think they were prevented, but they
had very few opportunities of getting away until the railway
came there, for if they attempted it they would be almost
certain to perish on the road. After I had obtained much
other information from him with reference to Mormon
affairs he introduced me to his first wife, whom I found to
be a fine intelligent woman of about thirty-seven, tall, well-
made, and good-looking. I entered into conversation with
her, and succeeded in a few minutes in gaining her confi-
dence sufficiently to enable her to speak to me with less
restraint than might have been expected, considering that

we were perfect strangers to each other. We chatted freely for about an hour, and I learned from her that she originally came from London, and that until the year before she left she was a Methodist! but a companion invited her once to attend a meeting of the Latter-day Saints, which she did, and became converted to that body. But she did not hear anything about plurality of wives in London. With a lot of others she emigrated with the idea of coming to Salt Lake City, but while *en route* across the States the caravan was plundered, and she had to take a situation. Two years afterwards she married, and finally succeeded in getting her husband to embrace "the gospel," and emigrate to Salt Lake city. She further informed me that she considered her husband was acting in accordance with the teachings of "the gospel" in taking other wives, although it was a great trial to her; but she felt it her duty to submit as cheerfully as possible, and that she would receive her reward in the next world. From the conversation I had with her I have not the least doubt as to her being a really sincere good woman, and that it was only this which sustained her. I received a number of items of information, many of which I cannot mention here. They informed me that about one-sixth of the Mormons are polygamists, and that one-sixth of the whole population are Gentiles and apostates.

It being nearly nine o'clock, I returned to my hotel for breakfast, after which I spent four or five hours in seeking information in a similar way, but the results must be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

Still amongst the Mormons—Irrigation—Hot Sulphur Springs—Brigham Young—Impressions on Mormonism—Brigham's Nineteenth Wife—Sierra Nevada Mountains—Snow Sheds—Dangerous Fording—Gold-digging Operations—Frightful Precipice—Enormous Grizzly—San Francisco—Amusing Incident—Tipping Porters—Sea Lions.

In a tramway car I met a lady, with her aged mother, and several of her children. Having introduced myself and told her I was seeking information, she gave me no small amount of that same. She and her husband were Mormons, but she was the only wife; and she would do her best to continue to be the *only* one, although she knew she was liable at any moment to have to submit to her husband taking another; but she would rather go to her grave than he should do so! She informed me that there was never true happiness when there was more than one wife, and she believed it was entirely at variance with human nature that it should be so. She had spoken to scores of ladies who were living in polygamy, and she never knew one who was truly happy in the sense a *true wife* should be, and numbers of them had told her plainly that they wished themselves dead!

In another car were two ladies to whom I succeeded in introducing myself favourably. They were sisters, but neither of them Mormons, although they had been here several years. Only one of them was married. They informed me that there was never real domestic happiness in polygamy, and that numbers of the polygamists' wives were tired of life. Some few of them tried to put the best appearance on the surface by dressing well and keeping up a little style, but it could always be seen that there was a bitter gnawing at the heart. Numbers whom they had spoken to felt just the same as any ordinary married woman would feel if she knew her husband was living improperly with other women. The reader may think it strange that I should succeed in getting respectable ladies to speak so plainly to me; but nearly all ladies in America speak on matrimonial subjects very much more freely than English or Australian ladies would think of doing. Then the magic word—"Australia"—assisted me greatly; and I always in-

roduced the subject in a natural easy way, to the best of my ability, and letting them distinctly understand that I was earnestly seeking reliable information. As a matter of course these subjects are more freely discussed in Salt Lake City than anywhere else. It is said that Brigham Young's children are turning out very badly ; in fact, that they have exactly the same propensities as their father. I button-holed about a dozen other ladies, both married and single, Mormons and non-Mormons, and also a number of men ; and received very similar statements from them all. One Mormon in an unguarded moment exposed the true state of affairs. Whilst I was questioning him he said he only had one wife at present, but he was "good for two or three more when I can afford it !" He allowed several other unguarded sentences to drop which completely exposed the true state of Mormon domestic life, but I cannot mention them here.

In all cases I was received well, and treated with the greatest civility ; but Mormonism is a subject more easy to speak of than it is to write about. However, I will mention a few more facts which I obtained from a venerable-looking and evidently an intelligent and strong-minded elderly lady whom I met. I learned from her that she and her husband had been converted to Mormonism in London, and that for years the Mormon missionaries made her house their home when in that city. They persuaded her to send her son, a lad of sixteen or seventeen, to Salt Lake City, where he remained for many years, but not from choice, for he had not been very long there before he saw that it was anything but a desirable place to live in. It was no uncommon thing for a Mormon who became disgusted with what he saw carried on, and was bold enough to give expression to his thoughts, to be found murdered in some unknown way. This lad also discovered that all the letters were opened by the postal authorities previous to being sent away, and there being hundreds of miles of barren desert between Salt Lake City and any civilized settlement, he could not get away himself. In the meanwhile the lady's husband died in London, after which she and her daughter started for Utah. By this time the trans-continental railway was finished, and the young man took the first opportunity, with many others, of leaving the place. He at once wrote to his mother, warning her against ever attempting to come, and giving his reasons ; but unfortunately the letter crossed her on the way, and on her arrival of course she did not find her son. However, the railway brought such an influx of Gentiles that it became much less dangerous than before to

live there; so she has remained, and is now married again to a Mormon—but not a polygamist. There are thousands of Mormons who are as much against polygamy as the Gentiles. This lady was astonished when she arrived in Utah to find that polygamy was one of the Mormon doctrines, for none of their missionaries ever mentioned it in London—which I can readily believe, for while writing this I have read an official proclamation from Joseph and Hiram Smith, the Presidents of the Church, excommunicating an Elder for preaching the abominable doctrine; besides which, a number of English and German female converts that I spoke to during the day told me the same thing. The elderly lady informed me that although she had lived a number of years in the city, she had never known a truly happy woman who was the wife of a man who practised polygamy, and large numbers of wives of polygamists wished they were in their graves. She informed me that many of the Polygamists took a number of wives and set them to work, not only to earn their own living, but to support them (the men) also. I could go on filling page after page, relating my conversations with some twelve or fourteen ladies of Salt Lake City, both Mormons and Gentiles, also some of the male species; but many think it is hardly a suitable subject for a newspaper; consequently I feel considerably cramped in writing, much more so than I thought I should when taking notes in Utah. But at any rate, I will state that all the points mentioned above were fully confirmed by all the persons from whom I obtained information, and also several other points that I cannot mention here.

Having obtained all the information that I wished from the people, I turned my attention to the more public affairs, spending an hour or two moving about the city, in cars, which run there the same as in other cities, though less numerous. I found running water in every street, with numerous small branches running into all the private gardens, a system of irrigation which enables the inhabitants to grow almost every description of fruits. The land on which the city is built is a very gentle slope, almost flat, a mile or two from the foot of the Wahsatch mountains, which makes irrigation a very easy matter, as the water is principally obtained from the melting snows on the summits of these bleak barren-looking mountains. I visited the hot sulphur springs and greatly enjoyed a bath in them; but the water was almost hotter than I could bear at first. The sulphur is plainly visible in the water, and the plunge or swimming bath has quite a milky appearance, although

perfectly clear in a tumbler. I found it not unpleasant to the taste, although not quite so palatable as ordinary water. The volume of water that I saw running from the springs was about equal to an eight-inch pipe. I also saw the Mormon Tabernacle, and the new Temple being built immediately in front of it.

I next paid my respects to Brigham Young—not that I had any particular respect for the old sinner, after what I had learned during the day—but I wished to see him. He received us very affably, and we chatted for a few minutes, and then took our departure, as we knew he had received a number of visitors that day. He looked aged and feeble. He is rather above the average height, of stout build, and heavy featured, with a firm determined expression of countenance, certainly not attractive.

From Salt Lake City I returned to Ogden by rail, in time to catch the trans-continental train. Before saying good-bye to this subject, it would be as well to sum up the impressions made on my mind during my twenty-four hours amongst the Mormons. First, from what I saw there, I have not a shadow of doubt that there are numbers of men and thousands of women who conscientiously believe in what they practise, but by far the majority of the men—especially among the leaders—simply adopt the doctrine of polygamy as a cloak to carry out their sensuous designs. Secondly, that the conscientious members are as thoroughly priest-ridden as any Roman Catholic community that I have known. Thirdly, that large numbers of the women consent to become the wives of polygamists simply for the sake of a home. There are thousands of unmarried women in Salt Lake City, the supply being altogether above the demand, and likely to remain so on account of the efforts of their missionaries in various parts of the world. Fourthly, that there is *less* misery caused by drunkenness there than in any city of the same size in the world. Fifth, the people are as a rule persevering and industrious, and considering the city is only thirty years old, and the barren state in which they found the place, it has certainly made wonderful progress. The day before my arrival the Sheriff had distrained on the horses and carriages and a number of other things belonging to Brigham Young, by order of Government, as he refused to hand over the amount due as alimony which the Court allotted to his nineteenth wife, in a suit just finished; but, if the amount was fifty times what it is, it would matter little to Brigham Young's pocket, as his wealth is enormous.

I cannot describe the country that we passed through

after leaving Salt Lake City for 250 miles, it being dark ; but several times during the night I peeped out of my berth window, and by the light of the moon it seemed very barren. During the following day we continued to pass through bleak desolate country. At a station called Carlin, I saw a number of Shoshone Indians, of all ages, from the papoose laced in its peculiar looking encasement and slung across the squaw's back, up to the grey-haired old man. Numbers of them were gambling with cards, of which all Indians seem to be passionately fond. Their faces were decorated, or rather made hideous, with paint of different colours. They are strong, thick-set, determined-looking fellows.

September 8.—Still passing through poor country. At a station called Winnemucca, we saw a camp of Piute Indians, in their curious conical tents. Sept. 9.—During the night we have passed out of the desert regions, and climbed to the summit of the world-renowned Sierra Nevada mountains. The scenery now was as lovely as it was dreary the day previous. During the night we had no doubt passed through a great deal of magnificent scenery, but even if it had been daylight we could not have seen it, as the train passes through about forty miles of snow sheds while climbing the mountains ! These sheds are built over the track to prevent the traffic being interfered with during the winter, and in many places where it is not thus protected they have to clear the track with an enormous snow plough, forced along by four or five engines. In this way the snow is often sent flying fifty feet high. I have heard it spoken of as a grand sight. I think the best way to give my readers an idea of the wondrous scenery of the Sierra Nevada is to compare it to the most beautiful parts of the Mount Barker-road through the Mount Lofty Ranges. It is very similar, but on a scale of much greater magnitude. Most of the way our track lay along a narrow cutting on the steep sides of the mountain, but now and then we had to cross immense ravines on highly elevated and very rickety wooden tressels, which creaked in the most horrible manner, although we always crossed them slowly and cautiously. They looked positively dangerous, and evidently they were considered so by the railway people, for they had gangs of Chinamen digging away the sides of the mountain and filling up the ravines in the vicinity of the tressels. There were also other gangs at work cutting down the tops of hills, and laying fresh tracts, so as to avoid some of the curves, and make it more safe. Some of these gangs had as many as two hundred Chinamen at work.

Another wonderful feature of this part of the journey was the mining operations. We saw large iron pipes running down the hills, and a minute afterwards on turning a sharp curve we saw the place where a mountain "had been," but which was not in existence now. The water from these pipes is directed against the sides of the mountain with such force as to bore an immense hole in a few seconds, and boulders and rocks weighing several hundredweight are tossed about like so many pebbles. The dislodged earth and water is then guided into a flat-bottomed flume (or "long tom," as it would be called on the Australian diggings) several miles in length. The gold lodges in the bottom of the flume, and the earth passes away in the water. This washing away of the mountain is carried on for a week or two; the water is then shut off, and the gold taken out of the flume. The miners are spoiling the look of these beautiful ranges.

Passing by a number of these diggings, and over the tressels, we at last came to the grandest scene of the whole journey across the continent (except Niagara). Here the train always stops for a few minutes, to give the passengers an opportunity to view the beautiful yet terrible sight. The Great American Canyon stretched away westward, while the tall tops of the mountains could be counted by hundreds extending especially toward the South; but the most impressive sight of all was at our feet, for we found ourselves on the very edge of a frightful precipice more than two thousand feet high, or thirteen times higher than the Tower of the Adelaide Post-Office! The American River, flowing along at the bottom of this canyon, looked like a mere creek. The precipice did not slope away gradually, but descended abruptly to the very bottom. It was indeed a dizzy height for a long train to run along. It had something of the awe-inspiring nature of the Niagara Falls about it.

Resuming our journey, we continued to descend, steering to all points of the compass by winding round the precipitous sides of the mountains, fresh beauties coming into view every moment, the countless tall straight pines and shorter trees and shrubs adding greatly to the beauty of the scenery. Before noon we were out of the State of Nevada, and steaming along the plains of California. We remained at Sacramento for twenty minutes. It is apparently a large and flourishing city, but the streets did not seem over clean. Going through the Californian plains is just about the same as travelling from Adelaide to Gawler. The farms have a

very similar appearance to ours, except that every farm has a windmill erected for pumping and other useful purposes. Here, for the first time in America, I saw wheat enclosed in sacks. At a station called Lathrop I saw an enormous grizzly bear in splendid condition. I had previously seen stuffed specimens, and afterwards in San Francisco I saw several live ones, but none to be compared to this one for size and fine coat. Several of the bystanders judged him to weigh quite eight hundred lbs. ; but not having shot many "grizzlys" in my travels, I do not profess to be able to estimate his weight correctly ; but he certainly was a huge fellow.

I arrived in San Francisco at half-past five on the afternoon of Saturday, September 9, thus completing my trans-continental railway journey of three thousand three hundred and sixty-four miles. I did not feel at all knocked up, though I fully expected to do so. After a wash and dinner, I spent an hour or two wandering up and down the streets. Saturday night in 'Frisco is very similar to what it is in Adelaide ; but there are of course a much greater number of busy streets, the population being two hundred and seventy-five thousand—an astonishing number, considering that the place is only twenty-seven years old. The streets are nicely laid out, but only of medium width, and not particularly clean. As usual tram cars run to every part of the city. Although the population is rather larger than that of Melbourne, this is certainly not such a fine city, except that its hotels are more numerous and very much more grand. Next day I heard the Rev. Thomas Guard preach. His eloquence is wonderful. This is the gentleman that the Melbourne Wesleyans were trying to secure about five years ago. He would have done exceedingly well in that city ; in fact, he would do well anywhere, judging by his powers of speech. I visited two Sunday-schools also—and more abominably conducted schools I never entered, discipline being entirely absent. The superintendent, and also many others, informed me that parents have very little control over their children in America, as a rule ; and from what I have seen I can readily believe it, although I have also seen numerous exceptions.

As the mail steamer was not to sail till Wednesday I had an opportunity of moving about the city a good deal. Prices for almost everything are very high, and no coin smaller than five-cent pieces will pass, and often not that. I purchased a newspaper, price ten cents, for which I tendered twenty-five cent piece, and to my surprise the young

man handed me but a ten-cent piece in exchange. I asked for the balance, but he said that was the nearest that could be given. So my paper cost me fifteen cents. I took care next time to have a supply of ten cent pieces, as I couldn't see the force of doing business in that style. My next experience in that line was when I had my hair cut; the barber charged me the modest sum of half a dollar. But that was not so good as the following:—A fellow-traveller of mine (Mr. Menzies, of Melbourne), went to another barber to have his hair cut and a shave. While doing it, the barber asked him if he would have his head shampooed. He replied he might as well, and while engaged in that operation the barber, noticing that my friend's nose was somewhat ruddy, evidently thought there was a little more business to be done, for he ventured to remark:—"I guess you wouldn't object to have a little of that colour taken out of your nose, Sir?" "Well no, I wouldn't mind if I could;" upon which the clever barber immediately took a small bottle of liquid out of a glass-case, and declared that would do it thoroughly by simply rubbing it into the nose so many times a week. The good-natured but gullible individual being agreeable, the barber forthwith rubbed the nose well with the liquid, which operation being finished, the "patient" asked what he had to pay, and found to his astonishment that it was only three dollars and seventy-five cents (fifteen shillings). He paid, and walked out of the shop a wiser if not a sadder man. Three weeks afterwards the nose had *not* lost its bloom.

The daily sale of stock (mining shares, &c.), is I believe, the most exciting event in 'Frisco. The auction is crowded to suffocation, and there are crowds in the street. There are a number of chairs near the auctioneer, and as much as £2,000 has been paid for one of them. (I am not sure if it is simply for one year or a permanency.) While the auction is going on every particular is being telegraphed to the various stockbrokers in the city. Several times in passing up California-street, I noticed a person just inside a window standing in front of a black-board and every minute chalking down a few figures, whilst an excited crowd outside was eagerly watching the said figures. On enquiring what it meant, I was informed that these figures were being telegraphed from the auction referred to. A great deal of this kind of excitement seems to pervade the whole of society in this strange city. Almost everybody has a desire to speculate. Fortunes are quickly made and lost again. Millionaires suddenly become bankrupt. The

people are not content to steadily persevere in a slower and sure way; every thing is on the "neck or nothing" style. Another prominent feature I noticed in the city, and also all over America, was the large number of private families who live in hotels, instead of having homes of their own. The reason generally assigned was that it was too much bother to carry on housekeeping; very often servants were not to be had, and when secured they wanted so many privileges that it became a nuisance. Of course, in an hotel lodgers are waited on hand and foot, and have everything easy; but it is more expensive, besides being an abominable way in which to bring up children, especially daughters.

The system of tipping porters and other servants is a great nuisance in various parts of the world, but more so in America than anywhere else. On one occasion I paid a high price for a small service. When performed the servant gave me a broad hint, by saying that the gentlemen generally tipped him half a dollar. I replied it was not my practice to do so, unless something was done to earn it; but he couldn't understand that way of looking at it. On another occasion a porter was very impertinent, and yet had the shamelessness to ask me for "a quarter," although he had not even performed his duty. Of course I refused, and as a consequence I had my baggage considerably injured. In numbers of cases servants really deserve to be rewarded, and there is pleasure in doing it, but not always. Any person making a trip round the world must make up his mind to spend ten to fifteen pounds in that way alone.

In 'Frisco I found the same outcry against the Government that I found elsewhere, and I also came across several instances of similar rottenness in connection with the municipal affairs of the city; but it would take too long to describe them. One objectionable feature in San Francisco is, that it contains sixty thousand Chinese, who are gradually monopolizing several of the industries of the city. Hundreds of them are men of great wealth. From conversations I had with old residents, I shall not be at all surprised to hear of a general massacre of these people in the course of a few years. One of the sights of 'Frisco is a place called Woodward's Gardens, where birds, beasts, and fishes, are exhibited in great variety, including rattlesnakes; but the most interesting objects were the sea-lions. It is wonderful with what agility these huge half animal and half fish monsters climb the rocks with only two flaps and a tail. I was fortunate enough to be there at feeding-time; the keeper would sometimes throw the food on the summit of

the rocks, and in an instant one of the lions would climb and swallow it whole ; he would then throw another piece into the air, some distance from the rock, upon which the awkward looking animal would spring into air and never fail to catch it. The force of the huge carcass striking the water in the fall in one instance caused the ground to vibrate. Their cry is something between a bark and a howl.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Fresh Start—Old Neptune Again—Hawaiian Princess—Sandwich Islands—A Drive to the Pali—Involuntary Somersault—Accident—Hawaiian Parliament—Samoan Islands—Fiji Islands—Fijians—Chief's Daughter.

WEDNESDAY morning, September 13, found me leaning over the rail of the steamer *City of New York*, enjoying the tremendous bustle and excitement on the wharf. Those of us who were starting for Home—Sweet Home!—could afford to take things quietly, but there were numbers of others who were leaving what had been their home to try their fortunes in Australia. All the gangways on the wharf were crowded up with baggage and cargo, carriages, and porters in the greatest confusion, and when the officers bawled out that the steamer would sail in twenty minutes—whether the baggage was on board or not—of course only increased the excitement and confusion. However, the Chinese sailors were set to work to assist the porters, and the piles of baggage melted fast. The bell soon sounded the alarm previous to starting, upon which there was a great deal of hurried but fond embracing, kissing (not by me, good reader), and crying. The order “let go the ropes” immediately followed, and we slowly moved away from the wharf—tears running and handkerchiefs waving long after features and faces were indistinguishable, whilst I was—

—“like a Pharisee, rejoicing
That I was not in their position.”

Alas! my rejoicing was of short duration, for within two hours from that time I was suffering the indescribable tortures of old Neptune, and continued to do so for forty-

eight hours. By that time, the wind having moderated, I was able to make an appearance on deck, and I improved until we reached the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands. Amongst the passengers was an Hawaiian Princess and her husband (an American). I had several conversations with the Princess, and found her to be as easy and lady-like in her manners, and as intelligent, as any English lady of good position. It was quite evident that all the care and education that wealth could command had been bestowed upon her. Her husband, a Mr. Bishop, is one of the principal European residents of the island. Nothing worthy of special note occurred during our eight days' run between 'Frisco and Honolulu, the capital of the island. The weather was all that could be desired.

At daylight, September 21, we sighted the island, and had a delightful sail along the shore, just outside the treacherous-looking reefs, with the beautiful breakers dashing over them. The shores were dotted with houses and gardens, the graceful cocoanut palm being one of the most conspicuous objects. When we arrived in front of the town it presented a beautiful appearance, being greatly ornamented and shaded by numbers of lovely tropical growing trees and shrubs, the houses almost buried in their foliage. As we approached the wharf we were surprised to see it densely packed with natives of all ages and sexes—all in holiday attire, and decorated with beautiful wreaths of flowers and evergreens. The dress of the women consisted of one long gown reaching from the shoulders to the ground. In numbers of instances these gowns were pure white, which gave the wearers the appearance of being out in their night-dresses; but for this climate it is the most convenient and sensible dress that could be worn. Just before the steamer was brought into contact with the wharf a splendid carriage-and-four, with brilliant gilded trappings, dashed down, and drew up alongside the steamer. We now perceived what was meant by the holiday appearance of the people—it was all in honour of our fellow-passenger, the Princess, and this was the Queen's carriage, sent to convey her in state from the steamer to her private residence. As soon as the bridge connecting the steamer with the wharf was ready one of the Government officials led the Princess to the carriage amidst the hearty cheers of the people, the lady bowing her acknowledgments all the way. When seated, a number of European gentlemen came forward to welcome her return, and many of the natives eagerly pressed forward to shake hands with this evidently much-loved lady. She and her husband then

drove off, the people still cheering. Five minutes afterwards the wharf was deserted, except by the porters who were to unload the cargo, and the natives who were selling the fruits of the island, and corals, shells, and other curios.

As it wanted a full hour to breakfast-time, I started on a voyage of discovery through the town. In about ten minutes I came to a part where the street was strewn with nice fresh cut grass for a hundred yards. On following it up I found it led to the residence of the Princess, where I saw a most interesting sight. From the gateway up to the door of the house the broad garden path was strewn with flowers. On each side of the path was a long row of little girls, gaily decorated with garlands of flowers combining all the colours of the rainbow. In the centre was a circle of old women, smoking their pipes—the very picture of contentment. Just inside the drawing-room sat the Princess, and on the floor some native women, chanting their peculiar songs of welcome in a strange, plaintive, but not over musical tone. Immediately adjoining the garden wall was a large enclosure covered by an awning of cocoonut matting. Here the ground was also strewn with nice long grass. Round this enclosure were about a dozen native dwellings; inside it were several large circles of natives—men, women, and children, many of them continually on the move, in quite a state of excitement. Everybody seemed eminently happy. The Princess had been absent about sixteen months, making a tour through Europe and America, which accounted for such a display on the part of the natives. There was also a royal salute of twenty-one guns fired from the summit of one of the volcanic heights overlooking the town. After strolling a little further, I returned to the steamer.

Immediately after breakfast four of us hired a carriage and drove to the Pali (native name for precipice), about six miles off. Our route lay through the town of Honolulu, and up the Nuanu Valley. About three hundred yards from the wharf we began to get out of the busiest parts of the town. Then commenced an exceeding pleasant suburban road, plentifully shaded with numerous varieties of tropical trees and shrubs. Every house had a garden attached, some of them very fine, having an abundance of flowers, and choice specimens of the numerous palm tribe; also a great variety of shrubs, some of which we grow in Adelaide. I was also delighted with the number of beautiful creepers, one of the most prominent being the Bourgainvillia, considered one of the choicest by Adelaide florists. I

also noticed a number of magnificent specimens of the oil palm, the stem being similar to a beautifully-shaped vase. They were grown along each side of the garden footpaths, so as to form an avenue. I tried to get a young plant, but had not sufficient time. They would be greatly prized in Australia if they could be grown there. The larger specimens of trees and shrubs are generally grown near the dwellings, for the sake of the welcome shade they afford, such as the bread-fruit, cocoanut, mango, magnolias, bananas, &c. Leaving these pleasant-looking dwellings behind us, we emerged into the open valley, and commenced a gradual ascent which continued all the way. The scenery now changed slightly; we passed several large vegetable gardens, the property of industrious Chinese. Further on we came to a number of large square patches of mud and water, with a plant growing in it somewhat similar to a tobacco tree, about two feet high. On enquiring we found it to be the taro. This root is to the Hawaiians what bread is to us. The scenery continues to change, and soon we apparently leave civilization behind us, and the valley becomes narrow and more rugged. The high precipitous volcanic ridges on either hand look rugged and grand, towering above us to the height of four thousand feet, and covered with long waving grass to the very summit. I was a little disappointed at the bare appearance of this valley, considering the climate; but in the afternoon the Princess informed me that formerly the valley was altogether richer in foliage than now; but since cattle have been allowed the run of the place, it has quite altered its appearance. On arriving within two hundred yards of the Pali we alighted from the buggy, and ascended the hill, where a magnificent sight presented itself. The two ridges which had for several miles been gradually getting closer together, now appeared joined, but instead of continuing their course they stopped abruptly, as though the other half of the mountain had been bodily removed and cast away out of sight, leaving its other end exposed to view. Although we stood in the hollow between the mountains, the precipice descended vertically eight hundred feet to the plain below, and the precipice still ascended abruptly on either side of us, till it reached the enormous height of two thousand four hundred feet from the plains. About two miles, or perhaps rather less, from where we stood was the shore on the other side of the island; as usual, skirted with dangerous coral reefs, over which the breakers were dashing, giving a beautiful white fringe to the lovely

green picture before us, of sugarcane, and rice plantations, grazing paddocks, &c., dotted here and there with extinct craters rising almost like sugar loaves from the level plain. I tried to persuade my companions to join me in climbing to some of the higher peaks, but in vain; they did not like the look of it sufficiently; so I started alone, and of all the mountain climbing I ever had, this beat all for steepness and difficulty of ascent. Had it not been for the long thick grass, there would have been no possibility of doing it at all, for I had simply to haul myself up, which required so much exertion that by the time I had ascended about five or six hundred feet I was completely done up. So after creeping cautiously forward to have a peep over the precipice I commenced my descent, which I found almost as difficult as going upward. However, I got on all right till within fifty or sixty feet of the bottom, when, being out of real danger, I allowed myself to descend rather quicker than I ought. As a consequence I made a slip, and rolled head over heels several times before I could cling to anything—much to the amusement of my companions below, and the detriment of my clothes! However, it did not hurt me, beyond giving me a severe shaking, the thick grass acting as a good cushion. We now set out on our return. About a couple of miles on the way we had to move aside to allow a similar party to ourselves to pass, as they were not content to go at an ordinary steady pace, but went spinning past us. I called out a word or two of warning, to which they replied that they were a bit flash, and would leave us behind. However, two miles further down the valley we suddenly came upon their buggy lying bottom upward, literally smashed to pieces, wheels and all. The occupants were a J.P. and his son, from London; another, and his niece, from New Zealand; and some one else. Strange to say neither of them were hurt, although the vehicle turned over while they were in it; but two of them looked terribly scared. The horses made themselves scarce, taking with them the pole of the buggy.

We returned to the steamer in time for lunch, after which I went out alone to explore the town. I found the smaller streets to be occupied almost wholly by Chinese, numbers of them having native wives. There are about two thousand Celestials in Honolulu. I visited the House of Parliament, and was astonished to find it a building of similar stamp and size to the Adelaide Town Hall. As the House was sitting, I entered, and listened to a number of speeches, and judging from their actions, and the freedom with which the words

flowed from the lips of the native members, they are evidently eloquent in debate. Many of them were sitting carelessly reading their native newspapers, reminding me of what I saw in the House of Commons in London. There were also seven or eight Europeans amongst the members. I next wandered about the more private streets of the town, admiring the numerous gardens. Afterwards I called again at the residence of the Princess, and found that there had been a great feast, which seems to be the climax of enjoyment with all South Sea Islanders. On entering the enclosure described above, I approached a group of little girls, who immediately scampered away, apparently half frightened, but when I took a few silver ten-cent pieces from my pocket, and held them up, it was amusing to see them make a rush for the coins. Then the mothers would come forward, and hold up their babies for one also ! I soon got rid of a dollar in this way, to their great delight. I placed my watch to the ear of several of the boys, and it was laughable to note the expression of their faces when they heard the movement; but when I uncovered and showed them the works, I immediately had a crowd of astonished admirers around me of all ages. It was evident that they had never seen such a thing before ; in fact, one or two who could speak a little English said so. After spending an hour with these simple but intelligent people, I returned to the steamer, where I purchased a few "curios," and spent half an hour watching the boys diving for coins thrown in by the passengers (in the same way as I described in my Ceylon experiences).

At five o'clock we cast off the ropes, and moved out to sea ; and a slight breeze coming on—(to my shame be it recorded)—within two hours I was again most abominably "bad," and continued to be so for three days. At the end of those days I managed to put in an appearance at table, but nearly every day between Honolulu and Fiji I was more or less "prostrated"—which, as may readily be imagined, has not tended to enliven my notes ; in fact, it has been with the greatest difficulty I have been able to write them at all.

September 30.—To-day we passed quite close to the Samoan or Navigators' Islands. At first they were enshrouded in mist, and we began to fear we should not be able to discern the vegetation and other features distinctly ; but just as we came abreast the mist lifted off the island, the sun shone out clearly and displayed a beautiful sight. To us it was especially pleasant and refreshing, having had nine days' tedious sailing with nothing but water in sight.

The vegetation is far more dense in Samoa than in the Sandwich Islands, which is accounted for by being much nearer the Equator. The appearance of this island put me very much in mind of Ceylon, with its groves of cocoanut palms growing even to the water's edge, under which nestled the neat reed and grass built huts of the islanders. The land gradually sloped up from the shore, until it reached a great height; but not a vestige of bare ground visible in any direction, all being hid by palms, mangos, bananas, oranges, limes, bread fruit, pineapples, and numerous other tropical products. While we were passing a number of natives came out and stood on the shore, no doubt regarding our ship as a great wonder. We enjoyed ourselves watching the various objects of interest on the island for about half an hour, when, on passing the projecting point, we soon left it behind. A considerable trade is carried on between these islands and Sydney in the form of oil, cotton, coffee, &c., communication being available about every two months.

About ten o'clock in the evening a great stir and pleasurable excitement was caused on board by meeting the mail steamer from Sydney. We were within about thirty yards of each other. Professor Kohler, the celebrated instrumentalist, being one of our passengers, brought his cornet on deck and played "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Auld Lang Syne," and another popular air; cheers were also exchanged. The run of twelve days between the Hawaiian and Fiji Islands was felt to be very tedious by all the passengers, and would have been much more so had it not been for Professor Kohler and one or two others giving several really first-class vocal and instrumental concerts in the Social Hall, a large and handsomely-furnished room on the quarter-deck—quite a new feature in steamboats.

We sighted and passed about a dozen of the Fiji Islands on October 2nd, but not sufficiently near to enjoy the scenery. Next morning, October 4, at daylight, we sighted the island of Kandavu, our port of call. The reader will wonder at my jumping from October 2nd to October 4, although only the one night intervened between; but at this stage of our journey we have to drop a day out of our diaries altogether, so this week has only six days for us! I have been gaining a little time every day since I left Adelaide, by travelling westward, and now it has amounted to twenty-four hours, consequently have to drop this day to equalize matters. By seven o'clock the little town, consisting of about twenty to twenty-five native huts and two or three European houses, appeared in view, the native huts

being half buried by the cocoanut palms. At half-past seven we passed through the narrow gap in the coral reefs, and dropped anchor alongside the steamer *Australia*, bound for New Zealand. In a short time a number of curious looking canoes, some with large cocoanut leaf sails, came sailing towards us with all the speed possible. Some of the natives were in "full dress" here, which consists of a pocket-handkerchief or something similar tied round their waist, but the peculiar style in which they wear their hair was the most singular feature in their appearance. It is naturally black, but they bleach it into a light-brown or sandy colour by the application of lime; but stranger still, they have some method of making it stand on end, just like a brush (or if you like better, the quills of the proverbial "fretful porcupine"), neatly trimmed to about three inches in length, and looking from the deck of the ship to their heads below us they appeared just like a flat circular brush. I was astonished to find that their canoes (same at Honolulu) were very similar in construction to those I described at Galle. It seemed very strange that the aborigines of countries on the opposite sides of the globe should adopt the same ideas in this matter. In the canoes were lemons, bananas, a fruit similar to the citron, and several others I forget the name of; also shells and various native weapons.

Immediately after breakfast a number of us went ashore. I at once struck out for the native village, and entered several of their dwellings. They are very similar in form to the "wattle and dab" huts of the early settlers in the Australian bush, but built entirely of reeds, grass, and palm leaves. Chimneys are apparently unknown in Fiji—the smoke has to find its way out as best it may. The floors were more or less covered with cocoanut-leaf matting. The huts were generally shaded by the cocoanut, bread-fruit tree, and banana palm. I did not have the opportunity of tasting the bread-fruit, as they were hardly ripe. After passing through the village, I ascended a little hill, found a greater variety of vegetation, and succeeded in obtaining a few seeds of some very nice shrubs. I had smuggled some food from the breakfast-table with the idea of making a tour among the hills, but the captain told us before we left that we were not to stay long on shore, so I reluctantly retraced my steps, although the hills looked very enticing. There is not a hundred yards of flat ground on the whole island. While there I purchased a bow and some arrows from the son of the chief of the island, but he would not take payment for them in shillings with King George's head on them! He

shook his head, saying—"No good; Queen Victore head," and before I could get the bow I was compelled to get "Queen Victoria shillings" for him. I saw one of the native youths keenly eyeing the hand of a passenger (Mr. W. J. Browne, of Mount Gambier), who wore kid gloves. He seemed to be greatly struck with them. At last he walked up and laid his finger gently on them, saying—"Verr good," upon which Mr. Browne made him a present of them. In a twinkling the Fijian had them on, and could scarcely contain himself with delight.

On returning to the steamer we found the number of natives and canoes had greatly increased, and great excitement prevailed. The usual diving for coins was going on, the most prominent operator being the chief's daughter, an exceedingly pretty girl of about sixteen. A number of them were on board amongst the passengers, and one of the ladies dressed a native woman up in a *certain white robe*, passing a girdle round her waist, and pinning up the skirt so as to form a "bustle" or "dress improver," and she strutted about the deck with the dignity of a queen. I succeeded in purchasing a few more curios before we left. I also got a basket of lemons for a single biscuit! These poor people are passionately fond of European food. They ate up pieces of dry bread, potatoes, meat, and biscuit ravenously. They are, I believe, about the strongest-built natives I have seen; but the men at Aden, in Arabia, and the women at Honolulu were much taller. Directly after lunch both steamers weighed anchors together, and moved towards the channel between the reefs. Immense excitement prevailed on board both steamers of a jovial kind. We gave each other three cheers, and Professor Kohler played several airs—"The girl I left behind me," "Yankee Doodle," &c., as we steamed abreast for some time; but the *Australia* being much the faster boat we were soon left in the rear, cheering and handkerchief-waving continuing while within hearing. I managed to escape my usual fate this trip, and was not really sea-sick between Fiji and Sydney, although I often felt anything but "happy," especially if I sat near the stern of the vessel.

CHAPTER XIX.

Howe's Island—Sydney—Botanical Gardens—Markets—Observatory—Harbour—Suburbs—Rocks—Excitable Passenger.

THE seven days between Fiji and Sydney were quiet and tame, our musicians having left us. The passengers killed time by relating their travelling adventures to one another, reading, playing quoits, watching the albatrosses, mollyhawks, stormy petrels, &c. On October 8th I saw whales spouting in the distance, for the first time in my life ; but not near enough to see any fun. October 9.—Passed Howe's Island, a lonely spot with a few white settlers and natives, living very much after the style of the celebrated "Pitcairn Islanders," hundreds of miles away from any other land. Communication with the outside world is very precarious and irregular, but occasionally whalers put in there for a fresh supply of provisions. The Hon. J. B. Thurston, Colonial Secretary to the Fiji Government, informed me that this island was very productive, especially in good pork, the pigs running wild in large numbers. This reminds me that during my trip across the Pacific Ocean, I ascertained that numbers of the South Sea Islands and New Zealand abound with fine wild pigs, which have multiplied from those left by that noble old navigator, Captain Cook, who whilst sailing about in these dangerous seas took advantage of every possible opportunity to land a few pigs, allowing them to run loose. During the trip from New Zealand to Sydney I obtained a large amount of interesting information with reference to the South Sea Islands from Mr. Thurston, who has resided in Fiji about fifteen years, and during that time has taken a number of trips to various parts of the Pacific Ocean ; but some how or other I foolishly neglected to make notes at the time, so that now the bulk of the items have got so mixed in my upper story as to make them useless for insertion here. Such is the effect of procrastination.

October 10.—Awoke between twelve and one o'clock in the night, by hearing unusual sounds and voices outside my cabin. I then noticed that the vibration from the screw had ceased. In less than five minutes I was on deck, and to my astonishment found we were lying within a hundred yards



of one of the Sydney wharves. Although delighted at having arrived in Australian territory once more, yet I considered myself awfully sold at missing the sight of the much-talked-of Sydney Heads. I had intended rising just before daylight to enjoy the sight, but as in many other instances during my run round the "little globe," I found there was "many a slip between the cup and the lip." In a few minutes a number of ladies and gentlemen in various stages of *dishabille* made their appearance, anxiously asking what was the matter, where were they, &c. In about an hour's time a boat arrived alongside, to take the mails on shore; and being anxious to communicate with a *certain party* in Adelaide, I went off in company with the postal clerk, an exceedingly civil and intelligent gentleman. I wended my way through the silent streets of Sydney in the direction of the Telegraph and Post-Office, every now and then being suspiciously eyed by the police;—evidently they seemed doubtful of the black-frock-coated swell with the Indian smoking cap knocking-about in the small hours of the morning. However, I arrived at the Telegraph-Office, and succeeded in effecting an entrance to the operating-room upstairs, where I was informed that they would not be in communication with Adelaide until nine o'clock in the morning! I had exactly the same luck when I enquired at the Post-Office for my letters. I then made tracks for the Circular Quay again, and by tipping the engineer of the mail-boat got put on board the *City of New York* again; and forthwith "turned-in," but could not sleep.

At seven o'clock a lot of us landed and took up our quarters at an hotel; and although it was about the best in Sydney, we could not but be struck with the contrast between it and the American hotels. However, as a set-off, we all found that the quality of the provisions was first-class, especially the bread and potatoes; many confidently affirmed that they had not tasted their equal anywhere in America, and I certainly thought so myself; but it would never pay an Australian hotel-keeper to make up his bill of fare with such a variety of eatables as are always to be seen on the American tables. A good German friend of mine, one of the passengers, has since written to his relatives, telling them that he has at last found a country where potatoes are equal to the productions of the Fatherland in that line.

Of course immediately after breakfast I commenced to "do" Sydney. I found the streets were all very narrow compared with those of Adelaide; and also a number of them considerably out of the straight. George-street

(which is here what Rundle-street is to Adelaide), is barely as wide as Rundle-street, and filled with a similar class of shops, but as a rule they have not such a clean and tidy appearance as the Adelaide establishments. There are several retail warehouses of much greater extent, both as to size and stock, than anything we have in Adelaide; but you require to go through them to have anything like a fair idea of what they are. Pitt-street takes the place of our Grenfell-street, but is scarcely half the width. It contains scores of splendid cut freestone warehouses, plentifully ornamented. The number and beauty of the buildings in various parts of the city are very striking to an Adelaidean. But it is scarcely to be wondered at, for from what I saw of some deep cuttings, Sydney seems to be built on a splendid freestone rock, so that the supply must be unlimited. I noticed that nearly the whole of these better class buildings had a very new appearance, which struck me as being a pretty sure indication that during the last ten years Sydney has made rapid strides; and certainly, judging from what I saw during my three days' stay there, and the extent of the city, there is as much business done there in a week as there is in Adelaide in a month. Sydney, like Adelaide, is entirely devoid of tramways. Coming direct from the country where this great convenience is everywhere to be met with, I missed them greatly; but, on the other hand, the difference in the price of cabs was astonishing. I repeatedly did in Sydney for one shilling what would have cost me the "mighty dollar" in America. The Town Hall building is a very elaborate cut stone affair, very much more so than ours. The actual hall itself has yet to be built, the front parts only being erected, and even they are as yet without floors or ceilings; and yet I was informed the work has been going on for a great number of years. It is, I think, a fair sample of things generally here, for I left them with the impression firmly fixed in my mind that they are without a doubt a "slow" people. The Post and Telegraph Offices are, like ours, all in the same building, but their architecture is very much more elaborate than that of Adelaide; but for size and convenience ours are immensely superior; yet, for all that, it is easier for strangers and citizens to find out where to post their letters and get information here than with us, the signboards being more simple and bold than ours. But, no doubt, Adelaide will improve in this respect, as it is a thing easily rectified, provided the "powers that be" see that it is necessary.

Frequently during the passages from San Francisco, and at the dining-table of our Sydney hotel, the subject of

botanical gardens in general, and those of the Australian colonies in particular, would crop up; and of course I was always ready to compare notes and expatiate on the beauty of our Adelaide gardens, for I had spoken to several gentlemen in Adelaide who had seen them all, and they gave ours the palm. However, by so doing I got myself into hot water with several of my opponents. They considered it a piece of presumption on the part of "little" Adelaide, not forty years of age, to think of comparing their gardens with those of Sydney—a city nearly 100 years old—and from their glowing description I actually began to think my informants had underrated the beauties of the Sydney gardens. So I had to promise that I would visit them, and then give my opinion. I therefore devoted a morning to thoroughly exploring these gardens, and I may say at once that I was bitterly disappointed in them, in every respect. First, they are not nearly so large even as our old garden, without the addition of the new park eighteen months ago. Second, they are nothing like so tastefully laid out, nor so well kept as ours, third, the flowers are not so fine as a rule, nor is there so great a variety. Fourth, we could put all their glass-houses into one of ours, even leaving our new palm-house out of the question. Fifth, their Zoological department is altogether behind ours, both in quality and quantity. Their gardens being older, many of the pines and date palms are much larger than ours; they have also the advantage of the scenery of the beautiful bay; but that does not make up for the other defects. When I visited them I went prepared to believe they were equal, if not superior to our own: but after going through them from end to end, I say, without any hesitation whatever, that, whether the visitor goes for amusement or botanical study, the Adelaide gardens are altogether superior to those of Sydney.

I visited the Sydney markets, both during the day and early on Saturday morning, and found that the accommodation here was superior to ours, every part being well paved with freestone blocks, and the avenues are rather wider and more convenient. But I was surprised to find that the extent of accommodation was considerably less than that of Adelaide, although Sydney has about four times the population that we have. During the morning that I visited them there was not near so much business done as is usually done in Adelaide on Saturdays. I quite forgot to enquire if they had reached a sufficiently high state of civilization as to carry out our plan of a Saturday evening market as well. From what I saw, their fruits are both

good and plentiful, in fact superior to anything I have seen since I left Adelaide (of course I refer only to those that were ripe at the time of my visit). I hope my friends will not think I am bringing Adelaide too much to the fore, as my only object in doing so is that, by comparison, I may be able to give the reader a fair idea of what I have seen.

I had the pleasure of going over the Sydney Observatory, and was very pleased to find that in this department the Government were more liberal than they were in supplying funds for the Gardens. Their astronomical and meteorological instruments are both numerous and complete, and many of them are of the latest improved construction. Better still, Mr. Russell, the astronomer for the colony, has a large and efficient staff of assistants, so that these valuable instruments are not allowed to rust for want of use. From the summit of the Observatory tower I had a magnificent view of the wonderful and justly-celebrated Sydney harbour. The bay itself is long, narrow, and winding, varying in width from half to about one and a-half miles; but its wonder consists in the numerous small arms or narrow bays or coves that branch out from the main stream, forming a series of beautiful little harbours in themselves, the water in almost every direction being deep enough to anchor the largest ships afloat, close up to the shore. I was informed that there was nearly 1,000 miles of wharfage ground in Port Jackson altogether; but I think that statement must be taken with a slight "grain of salt." But certainly there must be an immense length; I have not seen anything to compare with it as a harbour in any other part of the world. Sydney itself is built on a piece of land projecting into the bay; this arm being indented by a number of small bays, causes it to be nearly surrounded by splendid wharfage ground.

They are far ahead of us at the museum department, having built an exceedingly fine cut free-stone building for that especial purpose. The building struck me as being quite unique in that line, the style being purely classic throughout. The lower part is well filled with a magnificent show in the natural history line, principally belonging to the continent of Australia and adjacent isles. The upper part has, like ours, "yet to be did," as Artemus Ward would say. I was altogether disappointed in the suburbs of Sydney; she has none at all comparable with those of either Adelaide or Melbourne. I enquired of a number of residents in which direction I should go to get the best impressions of their suburbs, and all said "Double Bay." So off I went

on a round, coming home another way, so that I might see as much as possible ; but it was quite evident that the taste for beautiful villa residences, with nicely laid out gardens, has not as yet reached perfection here ; not even amongst the cottages was there the display of small neatly-kept flower gardens so common in and around Adelaide. This may to some extent be accounted for from the fact that the soil in and around Sydney is of very indifferent quality as a rule. I took a run out to Surrey Hills nursery gardens (Baptist's), two or three miles out of the city ; and saw a beautiful show of flowers, especially azaleas, camelias, and one or two others that require the greenhouse in our climate to get them to anything like the same perfection. This to me was a plain proof that the atmosphere of New South Wales is very much more humid and moist than that of South Australia.

Having spent about three days "doing" the above places, and going through a few of the finest warehouses, I said farewell to Sydney, and boarded the small coasting steamer *City of Wentworth*, and at two o'clock on Saturday, October 14th, we began to slowly move away from the wharf. There was not nearly so much of the usual "kissing and crying" business this time, but what little there was, was very bitter ; I believe the recent fate of the *Dandenong* made some of the mourners more anxious than usual. Our sail up the bay was exceedingly delightful. The beautiful panoramic scenery put me very much in mind of Loch Lomond, in the Highlands of Scotland. As we passed between the high, bold, and jagged Heads, I began to realize, by reason of a peculiar inward sensation, that I was about to renew the acquaintance with my old enemy "Neptune." But I determined to show fight this time ; so I coiled up in my travelling rug, and located myself on the cover of the hatchway, that being the nearest point of gravity on board the steamer. I remained on this exposed and uncomfortable spot for two nights and nearly two days, feeling miserable enough for a dozen. However, I thus got the upper hand of the old Salt ; but the cure was almost as bad as the disease, for the hard wooden ribs of the hatchway cover made my bones ache fearfully, besides which I had almost to starve myself for fear of bringing on the "ailment."

After passing out of the Sydney Heads we steamed close along the coast for an hour or two, and thus had a fine view of the perpendicular wall of rugged rock, from sixty to a hundred and twenty feet in height, which formed the coast

for miles. The waves dashing against this immense wall of rock, and the surf shooting high up in the air, presented a grand sight. Some few years back a captain mistook the Heads lights, and instead of passing between the Heads, the ill-fated *Dunbar* dashed full on to these inhospitable rocks, and of course almost every soul on board perished. Although in sight of land most of the way, our voyage was abominably tedious and uninteresting. On the third day out, all hands having recovered from sea sickness, we were in high spirits with the prospect of reaching Melbourne during the night; but at ten o'clock my berth companion (a German) came rushing down in a great state of excitement, and woke me out of the only sleep I had had for three nights, by exclaiming: "O mine Got! dis is an immense affair! Vot vill become of oos? de fock (fog) is so tick, dat ve cannot see our hand before oos, and de captain has lost himself, and does not know vere he is: and de engines has stopped! Oh dear! dis is a terrible concern!" Although I was annoyed at being woke out of a nice sleep, I could not help laughing at my nervous companion, who continued for the next hour bewailing his unfortunate luck, and saying the most extravagant things. The fact was, the fog had become so dense that the captain could not distinguish the coast lights, and so thought it best to heave to and lie still till daylight, which no doubt was the wisest thing to do (for he really did not know to a certainty where we were); although it certainly created a deal of excitement amongst the passengers, on account of the recent *Dangenong* affair, besides a number of them having telegraphed that they would arrive in Melbourne on Monday night. I humanely endeavoured to "console" my excited companion by expatiating on the dangerous and rocky nature of our coast, telling him that he must make up his mind for the worst, as he was not very far from the spot where the *Dandenong* went down, &c., &c. He replied that "he vould get mad mit me, for it vos noting to laugh at; it vas an awful concern;" and he leaned his head on his bunk, and continued his lamentations. However, I fell asleep again; and woke up considerably refreshed about five o'clock next morning, and found the fog still very thick; but in about an hour the boat made a fresh start. I should have mentioned that the same German had his wife on board, and as she had been sea-sick since leaving Sydney, he had been unable to see her, as she was located in the ladies' cabin. He had begged the stewardess to allow him in, for "only von minute;" but she was inexorable, and de-

clared she would not allow him in "half a minute." (Of course the request was simply ridiculous, as there was a number of ladies in the cabin.) This troubled him exceedingly, and he came to me saying—"O dear: I have not seen my wife for two days now. Dat is a horrible concern. Such a ting has not happened for years before. It is a great shame dat the boats have not proper accommodation for married people. I vill never travel in such a boat again!" And so he went on. But here, I leave off—for the present.

CHAPTER XX.

Melbourne—Museums—Paddy's Market—Suburbs, &c.—Tedious Voyage—Home—Conclusion.

AT twelve o'clock on Tuesday, October 17, we hauled up at Sandridge Pier. We found a number of the friends and relatives of the passengers, some of whom had been waiting there since eleven o'clock the previous night, in a state of great anxiety, not knowing what had delayed us. As a matter of course, a number of the weaker sex commenced to "pipe their eye" at the sight of returning husbands and friends, who, like myself, had been wandering round the world. However, I was in a position to be able to look on and quietly enjoy it; especially with the prospect that my turn for being "struck comical" in that line was not far off.

Having to wait two days for the Adelaide steamer, I had time to attend to a few matters of business, and to move about Melbourne and suburbs. I was astonished at the marked improvement in Melbourne which had taken place since my last visit, between two and three years ago. It certainly well deserves the name sometimes applied to it, viz., the metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere; for really, taking it altogether, with its wide and thoroughly macadamized and cleanly-kept streets, hundreds of noble granite and freestone buildings, splendid institutions, and other special features, it is certainly one of the finest cities in the world. The Technological Museum in connection with the splendid Public Library is a noble affair, affording instruction in almost all the arts and sciences in the most

interesting and delightful manner, there being thousands of working models, casts, copies, specimens, samples, and curiosities of every description. The best way to enjoy the benefits of this institution is simply to drop in for an hour or so at a time, just as opportunity occurs. To inspect it all in one visit is almost throwing time away.

The Natural History Museum in connection with the University is, like the above, worthy of a city two hundred years old. The show of skeletons and other "preserved specimens" of natural history, from every part of the world, is marvellously fine and complete. Were I to see Melbourne every year of my life, I would never think of leaving the place without visiting this instructive and interesting spot. In passing, I may mention two only of the skeletons to be seen there. The one is the skeleton of an enormous whale, ninety feet in length, its capacious maw being as large as a good-sized room. The other, to my mind, is more wonderful and interesting still: it is the skeleton of the "Methegerium, or Ground Sloth," one of the antediluvian animals found in the continent of America. The length of the skeleton is eighteen feet. Close alongside is the skeleton of an elephant, but its bones, compared with those of the Methegerium, are about on a par with what the bones of a child of five or six years would be compared to those of a full-grown man, being altogether more bulky than those of the elephant. I might go on filling page after page, describing scores of conspicuous objects of interest, such as gorillas, ourangoutangs, *white* kangaroos, moas, immense masses of bones belonging to antediluvian monsters, &c.; but it would take up too much space, besides trying the patience of the reader. "Paddy's Market," in almost the centre of the city, is well-worth a visit from the stranger, especially on a Saturday night. Life is to be seen there in a surprising number of phases.

Railways run to a number of the suburbs, so I took a spin out to several, and was delighted with their beautiful appearance, compared with the Sydney suburbs. When I visited this place two years ago, I was not prepared, as an Adelaidean, to yield the palm to Melbourne suburbs for beauty; but whether it is that travelling has made me more liberal and cosmopolitan in my views, or that the places have greatly improved, I cannot say; but certainly I feel compelled to yield the palm now; for without doubt there is more taste displayed in the dwellings and gardens about Melbourne, as a rule, than in the suburbs of Adelaide; besides which, the ground blocks are larger than ours. On

the other hand, we have an immense advantage over them in our Park Lands, half-a-mile broad all round the city. I have seen no city in the world equal to us in this respect. Then, we have more open squares inside the city than they have ; and then there is the magnificent Mount Lofty Range forming a lovely back ground to our beautiful city. Melbourne puts us to the blush by the manner in which she utilizes what squares or open pieces of ground she has. They are transformed into delightful shrubberies, interspersed with pretty little patches of flower-gardens, forming most delightful resorts for all who have a love and taste for the beautiful. I feel certain that had Melbourne the Park Lands that we have, they would be made a paradise of beauty. Of course, in making these comparisons we must bear in mind that the wealth of Melbourne is out of all comparison beyond ours ; but for all that, we are able to and certainly should do more towards beautifying our city. Our city decorations should to some extent keep pace with our unsurpassed Government Botanical Gardens ; for besides the pleasure and comfort it would be to us as citizens, I verily believe that it would pay commercially, in the same way that it pays a business man to build handsome premises ; for the number of visitors from abroad will continue to increase, and it is to our interest to make as good an impression on the mind of the stranger as possible. Even as it is, I remember, on board the mail steamers on my way to England, hearing several remarks in reference to the pretty appearance of Adelaide, by strangers who had only time to spend a few hours in the city.

I was not able to visit the Botanical Gardens of Melbourne this time, but I learned that though considerably improved of late they are still a long way behind us in that respect, although the situation has much greater advantages than ours ; but it requires a Dr. Schomburgk to bring its beauties to the front. Melbourne is a city that requires at least a fortnight to "do it" properly, and as I had only two days, of course I cannot say so much about it as it deserves.

The evening before I left I had the pleasure of visiting our venerable-looking and much esteemed friend, the Rev. J. Watsford, in his pleasantly-situated home at Richmond. I found him hale and hearty as ever, and evidently from what I saw and heard of him he has lost none of his old energy, that made the "sparks" fly whilst he was in Adelaide. He asked me to remember him kindly to his many friends in Adelaide.

One o'clock on Thursday, October 19, found me on board

the *Omeo*, where I had the pleasant surprise of meeting the Rev. J. Cope, bound for Adelaide, where he was to conduct the anniversary services of North Adelaide Church on the following Sunday. From the first we did not seem in luck's way, for soon after leaving Melbourne wharf we grounded, and got stuck in the muddy Yarra, so we had abundance of leisure to enjoy the delightful odours emanating from the numerous tanneries and other nuisances along the banks of the river. However, after considerable delay we got off again, and succeeded in reaching the mouth of the river, and thought ourselves perfectly safe, but much to our annoyance we suddenly found the boat aground again. After several fruitless efforts to get away, the captain was obliged to signal a small steamer to come and assist us, by whose aid we were shortly afloat again. Now commenced the most horribly tedious voyage that I have had during the whole of my trip. It was enough to try the patience of Job to lean over the edge of the steamer and see how slowly the water passed us, for we were crawling along at the rate of five miles an hour, and very often when the wind blew rather strong we did not make more than two. I again took possession of the hatchway, with my rug, where I remained until about three o'clock in the morning, when I woke up and found it raining heavily. I then stretched myself on one of the saloon seats, and there finished the night. In the morning the wind was still dead ahead. By avoiding the close cabin, and never remaining too long at the dinner-table, I managed to keep my sea-legs, although on several occasions I felt anything but "a mighty man of valour." Day after day dragged out its weary length, private gentlemen, business men, and ministers, all lying about in the most undignified manner, not knowing how to kill time. When Saturday night came, we found that it would probably be Sunday evening before we arrived. We were all greatly disappointed, and poor Mr. Cope was in a sad way on account of the consequences of his non-appearance at North Adelaide. Strange to say we had another minister on board who was also to preach anniversary services in the Baptist Church at North Adelaide, so altogether it was what brother Jonathan would call a "big sell." On Sunday evening, as we came in sight of Kangaroo Island, the wind increased to a heavy gale, and had we not got on the lee side of the island just in time, we would have been kept back much longer. Finding there was no prospect of reaching Adelaide that night, a number of the passengers turned in, while I as usual lay down on one of the seats in the saloon; but

several determined not to go to bed at all, and they continued talking and walking about. I was in a considerable state of excitement myself (as I had telegraphed that we would arrive on Saturday), so altogether I had a restless night of it. However, I held out till four o'clock next morning, when, on going on deck, I saw the Semaphore light within two or three miles of us. We soon anchored opposite the jetty, and in less than half-an-hour friend Jagoe, the veteran shipping reporter, was alongside, to take the mails, and report on our general behaviour. I was exceedingly thankful to have the opportunity of landing at once, as I had not the patience to do like the rest of passengers, who went round to the Port, so that they might go to Adelaide by the eight o'clock train. Shortly after six o'clock found me spinning along the Port-road in Mr. Jagoe's trap; and an hour afterwards I was comfortably seated in my little home, and surrounded by those who were more precious to me than all the wonders I had seen during my travels.

"But stop," says the disappointed reader; "you have not told us about the being 'struck comical' business this time; of course, we expect to hear all about that." Do you, indeed; well, if you wait till I tell you, I "guess" you will wait. Suffice it to say, that I fared slightly better than "Cousin Jack," who, on entering his home after a cruise of several years, found his better half busily engaged blowing the fire; she, looking over her shoulder and recognising her returning lord, continued puffing away at the fire, exclaimed—"O, come back, ar'é, when ar'é *going agen*."

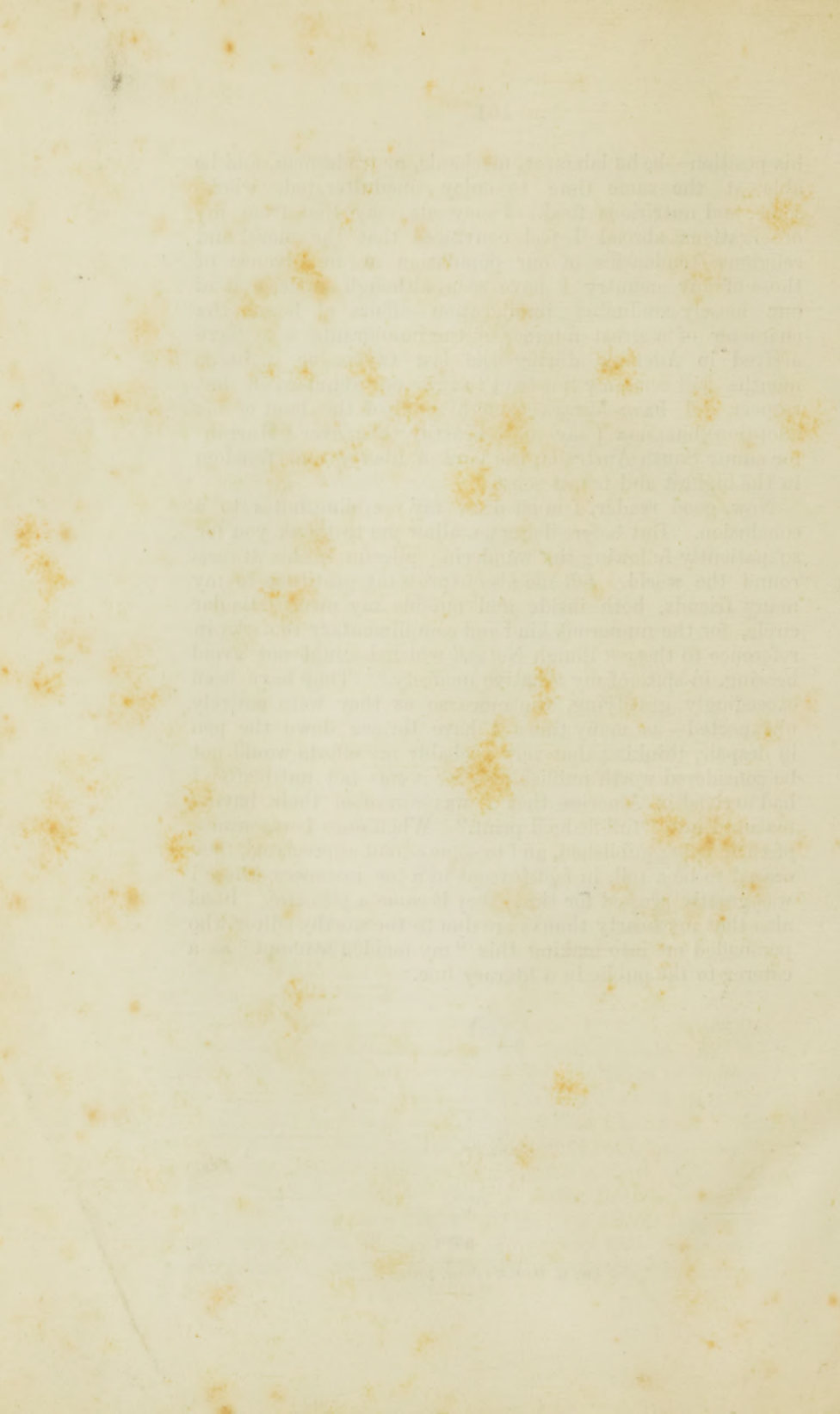
It is now over six weeks since I arrived, so that any excitement attending my return that might tend to warp my convictions with reference to South Australia, as a country in comparison with others, has had abundance of time to evaporate itself, and yet I find that the opinions I formed months ago are more fixed than ever, viz., that of all the places that I have visited (and I have seen not a few beautiful places), none of them would in the least degree tempt me to settle down in them or remove from South Australia, even supposing that I was surrounded by the same friends and circumstances that I am here. Of course, it is a grand and enjoyable thing to go and see the various countries, and to live in them for a short time; but it would be quite another thing to settle down in them for life. I have seen no country in the world which offers so many inducements, or gives³ the industrious and respectable working man so many opportunities of gradually improving

his position—be he labourer, mechanic, or tradesman, and be able at the same time to enjoy unadulterated, wholesome, and nutritious food. I may also say that from my observations abroad I feel convinced that the moral and religious tendencies of our population are in advance of those of any country I have seen, although on account of our loosely-conducted immigration affairs at home, the character of a great number of the immigrants who have arrived in Adelaide during the last twelve or eighteen months will certainly not tend to raise our standard in that respect. I have always thought well of the land of my adoption, but now I say more heartily than ever “Hurrah” for sunny South Australia, the land of liberty and freedom in the highest and truest sense!

Now, good reader, I must draw my rambling notes to a conclusion. But before doing so, allow me to thank you for so patiently following the wandering pilgrim in his travels round the world. Let me also express my gratitude to my many friends, both inside and outside my own particular circle, for the numerous kind and complimentary remarks in reference to these “Rough Notes,” which I could not avoid hearing, in spite of my “native modesty.” They have been exceedingly gratifying, the more so as they were entirely unexpected—as many times I have thrown down the pen in despair, thinking that very probably my efforts would not be considered worth publishing—for it was not until after I had arrived in America that I was aware of their having matured into “full-fledged print.” When once I was aware of their being published, and to some extent appreciated, they ceased to be a toil, in fact (except in a few instances, where I was greatly pressed for time) they became a pleasure. I feel also that my hearty thanks are due to the worthy editor who persuaded me into making this “my maiden attempt” as a caterer to the public in a literary line.



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