AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

SUMMER, '97.
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The exact spot on the globe's face which sees the initiation of these desultory notes is indicated by a record posted just now—13 o'clock, Sunday, 25th July—in the companion of the good ship State of Nebraska, "latitude, 55° 52' N.; longitude, 14° 07' W." Her prows is pointing W. by S., and how she got here is also explained in this obliging tablet as follows, "course varies, from M.ville 260 miles." And a fine Sunday this promises to be, with a brisk, dry breeze blowing, and sunshine and peace all around. But hold, I am wrong there about the peace, for that, as a result of our passengers has succumbed to that ever uncontrollable upheaving which the restless sea inflicts on those who traverse its surface once in a while. We have a doctor on board, but what can he do for the sufferers? Time and resignation are the only healers. So far as I have ever been able to judge, sea-sickness, like bald heads, is beyond the reach of remedy; and there, again, I am to some extent right, for a wig may make a bald head youthful to look at, but there is none to conceal the gloomy green from the weary faces of the sea-sick or introduce the slightest comfort to the distressed stomach on strike. July had brought bright days and some heat to our part of Ireland; and its seaside resorts, which had been abandoned during the sleet, hail, and rain of the month of June, were beginning to look a little more lively, and folks had begun to build hopes on steady weather. As well might they depend on a state of pious calm in a cage of monkeys, and accordingly, summer heat was shut off while you would wish, and a pelting piece of wet winter was thrown in our teeth. So it was yesterday when the Osprey bade us on her unsheltered deck to the great ship waiting in Lough Foyle to receive us. Us, a collection of all sorts and sizes, and, on the matter of bulk, let me introduce eighteen stone weight of male humanity, straight as a lash, broad as a ditch, with a Celtic head, and from shoulders square and massive, seventy years of age, but vigorous and happy, just after visiting the home and friends of his youth and going back to the place of his adoption. Questioned as to whether or not he was married, the naive simplicity of his reply, "No, I am a single boy," was enough to make me keep an eye on him, and this morning before breakfast I discovered him on a sunny patch of the main deck taking rare pastime out of the ship's cat, which, I am sure, was quite fascinated by the geniality and good nature of this single boy of seventy. There are midgets in plenty along the banks of our sheltered and leafy rivers; there is an old-time loneliness in the loveliest of Irish seaside places; there is a never-falling and perplexing uncertainty in Irish weather, and although there is a promise of mosquito bites in the United States of America, yet, trip east or west, the Atlantic gets rid of all these, and hence it is that we have chosen to leave the green isle prepared to take all chances in the change for two short months. Complete change in curing the effects of worry and work is the greatest of all revivers, and the humanizing and broadening experience which life among strangers has upon one's disposition is a benefit of the most useful character. I am completely averse to the lonely exile of one of our seasides places, no matter how wildly barren or ruggedly beautiful it may be, within reach of the postman and business bothers. We live much faster and get through much more work in these days of telephones and typewriters, and hence we can afford to dispense with the Sunday in the house and all the other holidays which were unknown to our fathers and mothers. We can export ourselves to distant places with an ease, comfort, and despatch never dreamt of in the olden times, and here goes to avail ourselves of the opportunity. Under the guidance of the worthy representative of Allan Brothers at Londonderry, after passing the inspection of a kindly medical Town Council, and with the alluring voyage of the genial American Consul, we began our sail on Saturday with the aforesaid winter weather giving us a parting salute. We had a little trouble about our stateroom, only hooked and ear-marked a month before. It was not much of a trouble when investigated, but prima facie was desperate enough. A parson and another solemn person in full possession with their luggage. Our traps—six in number and fairly important looking—came down there all right, but there was no room for them or for us. We had the plan of the ship, with that particular room marked by a business-like X. The men in possession of the beleaguered apartment had their charts marked also, and marked with red ink. An interview with the company's kind agent put all things right, and we stopped talking loud and fast. A better stateroom on the other side of the ship had been set apart in a desire to do the very best for us, and the recollection of the fuss we made remind us of how very humble and thankful we were highly gratified, and so also were the two persons in possession of the original tenement who had simply sat there, stern faced and jaw clenched, holding a grip of the place, while we were getting the tangle out of the web woven by the well meaning officials. Yes, those passengers were so gratified that when the siege was raised that they gave us all their bodily exertion to remove quite a large assortment of passages and stair cases, our varied and substantial assortment of boxes, bags, portmanteaus, rugs, &c. It was a fine scene as they saluted forth with their burdens, a railway engineer, a parson, and a barrister bundling along, while I led the way with nothing more complicated than a leather collar-box. Our vessel was not the emigrant ship of other days, and consequently there were none of those long and difficult distances of passages and staircases, our varied and substantial assortment of boxes, bags, portmanteaus, rugs, &c. It was a fine scene as they saluted forth with their burdens, a railway engineer, a parson, and a barrister bundling along, while I led the way with nothing more complicated than a leather collar-box.
The room-in the drawing-room of the ship, furnished with upholstered seats, a piano and an organ. There are singers aboard, and this, like every other part of our gallant bark, is run on the go-as-you-please system; there is no formality whatever, nothing binding one to go or stay there, and therefore, it is at all times occupied by those who appreciate what is going on. There is nearly always some person at the piano, there is the usual hum of gossip and conversation going on during the musical pieces, and in this manner the room's resemblance to a drawing-room at home is most striking. Those chatterers listen to the music all the time and their humming does not seem to disturb the performer in the slightest but I have often wished to be able, for their benefit, to introduce a solo on a steam whistle or foghorn so as to make them shut their conversation to one another. I have been well repaid for any visits I made to this musical bureau, for whenever there was "Twinkle, twinkle little star" or "There is a green hill" or "No, sir," or the miller and the maid," or "The bells of St. Mary's," everything was well done, and the reason of that is manifest. A person who cannot play or sing well would be very loth to put himself or herself forward in such a community as ours, and hence we get the work of those only who fancy themselves and are conscious of their ability to please. The rubbers of whist in the saloon occupy the evening hours in a sort of gloom. Dark of the other members of our party, and as the games proceed they is present that calm comfort of courteous silence broken only by necessary observations made in the politest way, and the usualreakoning up of points and criticism at the end of each hand. For the younger people, whom we have here by the score, vivacious and happy, the game of "Up Jenkins" is solemn enough, and the bursts of merry laughter which ring from those gossips, tales, and if the fun they think in, then it is that the complims preserve their reputation to the last, but the games are of such a fluky nature that generally the game is utterly spoiled in defeat at the hands of those who were never reckoned on to score at all. Besides the usual armaments of shovel board, croquet, tug-of-war male and female tags—we indulged in all sorts of athletics and playground games, the three-legged race, potato race, kangaroo race, seashell race, map apple, and, finally, all of cock fighting. Human beings are the cocks, and if young and wiry, very lively and unendable the result. They straddle each other down on the deck. Then, with the feet drawn up a stick is passed through under the knees, the arms are stretched out to the elbows under the stick, and the hands clasped round the knees. In this posture the fighters come to toe, to their efforts being directed to capsize each other by striking up the opponent's feet. An Episcopalian divine and your humble servants were matched against each. We stripped to the battle—we strained every muscle and hustled about in the most unbridled way to the great amusement of the whole ship's company, and finally unbond ourselves with honour equal and a good deal of buffing and blowing. Austerie people thus find themselves the sport of the spectators, but we endure it, because we know that every blessed one of those spectators will be made ridiculous and get worried in some sport or other in the time. And it is at these festivals that the kodak finds his prey. My cheerful travelling companion began his lecture. I think, secured some funny pictures, including my undress contest with his reverence, and she is determined to circulate copies of these pictures among the friends of the individuals concerned. If a laugh be raised at the expense of those entertaining athletes it will be some recompense to know that she made such much effort to record their moments of triumph as was put forth to illustrate their defeat or discomfiture.—(To be continued.)
Shovel Board

Novel Swing of War
nothing could be fairer than that, and the question was put: "Can you tell me what is the necessity for the two buttons on the back of your coat?"
The observance of Sunday at sea roused, as usual, suitable discussions, and I heard an agitation among the passengers regarding this, done in the emphatic and decrying way peculiar to Americans, "Sunday observance is a duty. A man should not set about it for the miserable selfish benefit he might personally get out of it, but he should rally with his fellow-man to crowd around the Christian standard as a duty, to show he is there in his place with his neighbours giving thanks and asking protection."
A big democracy, I say, maybe a man may be a better democrat but it helps on the cause, and to be present is a duty he owes to the body politic of which he belongs. A man may say, "I can't be devotional in church, I'll go fishing or I'll go into the woods hunting, and there I can be devotional among the works of God." I say that man doesn't care about his God. He wants to go and he wants rats, while all the time his place is vacant at God's calling point. Take the case of a Savage dropping into a hotel, say in New York, Sunday forenoon, he hears bells tolling from all points of the compass, he asks the waiter what the bells are tolling for, and the waiter explains that the different churches are calling their Christians to the house of God. The savage doesn't know anything about Christianity, but the waiter explains that this is a Christian land and tells the story of man's redemption and informs that seven of all the people in New York are Christians, and that every Sunday they go to church to give thanks and do homage. The savage becomes interested, he says, "Why, I'll go to church to.

He enters one church where he finds a few women and old men and some children. Thinking there is something amiss there, the savage hurries to another church where he finds the same state of affairs with perhaps the accompaniment of a doleful ditty on a whiskey organ. He goes to another church and yet another with no different result—all scenes of neglected emptiness—and he returns through the crowded thoroughfares of that populous Christian city to his hotel, and he says to the waiter, "I thought you said you were a Christian man in New York, I guess Sunday was their day for particularly professing their Christianity and turning up to the rally."

"Why, I can excuse that savage, and I think I can hear him saying to that waiter, "Well, sir, if Christ is your God, he's getting a mighty poor show." I look upon the observance of Sunday as a duty to fellowmen as well as a thanksgiving to God." I hardly know how to begin to describe the aftergoings in the smoking room, and the usual plan I can think of is to compromise by placing my characters in their typical positions. First, there is the Scotch-American "Capitain" who lost his coating steamer in the Irish channel, and is now in the refuse-destructor and gas stove line. He makes one in a whist partner. His party—the game—is an English commercial man, in the iron trade. Opposite to these are a Nebraska tobacco retailer, who made the acquaintance of London of one of Londonerry's new Town Councillors and about whom he has many pleasing recollections, and a Georgia man, calm and reserved, but full of appreciation of fact or fiction. Fifth, we have an old Colonel of the American Army who has only one arm, the left, with which he is able to shuffle and deal and place and play the cards while he looks elegant at a game of cribbage with a Brooklyn man who earned the name of Brisk on board by his frequent reference to the churches of that place. Seventh, we have a young Texas, a man of musical name, curled up in a corner, a shy and cool smoker of a very light pipe. Then we have an Irish barrister playing at chess with the parent to whom I have previously referred. Besides these there are

loungers who drop in and out, and one in particular, who is a perfect newsgagent of such items as, "a sail on the horizon," "the fog is settling down," and "whales." After he leaves this ship he has to sail for somewhere around Cape Hatteras, hence he is known to all as Hatteras.—(To be Continued.)

Let's look in at three people in the smoking room on deck this bright, breezy, and withal balmy afternoon. The ex-captain, the Londoner, George, and Nebraska at their whist. The old cowboy smoking Texan in his corner. The divine and the barrister at chess, and the old colonel contending with Bishop at cribbage, and others reading or watching, and Hatteras on the move. Hatteras—"I say, Bishop, come and see the purposes.

Bishop—"Don't bother me till you can show me the status of Liberty." Now the statue of Liberty stands at the entrance of New York harbour, which is Bishop's home, and we are a few days' distance from that yet. Parson—"The Bishop is not to be roused by fish." Bishop—"No, the salary is what I am after. No salary, no bishop. I'd be round on salary-day, the church reaping the returns of his work."

Young Texas—"What would build the churches?"

Bishop—"You've got no churches down Texas."

Young Texas—"Yes; and we've got parsons who like us so well they won't leave." Bishop—"They don't leave because you don't give them enough money to pay the railroad." Young Texas—"Come down, and we promise you a good living."

Bishop—"Yes, promise anything down Texas; the real thing is good for babies and so bad as this for grown people?" Doctor—"You'll enjoy your trip all the more for being sick now." Parson—"Oh, give me a huge poster on which I can, in large capitals, call the attention of my friends to the delights of a sea trip?" Ex-Captain—"A sea trip is grand when it makes you sick; you ought to be glad." Bishop—"Pass me with the sickness." Colonel—"How is it that the devil always gets sick on sea?" Parson—"Perhaps he thinks it is because they are so accustomed to get their own way at home by putting their foot down, and when they come to put their foot down at sea it don't get to the place they want it, but to somewhere quite different, and that unsettles them." Ex-Captain—"Our grandparents wouldn't be satisfied unless the ocean brought sea sickness." Parson—"Oh, your grandmother! I'm empty from my chest to my legs; that can't be good." He is playing chess all the while, and the while he says, "This is a real game."

He is "check." Irish Barrister—"You can't be very sick when you are able to watch the game so closely." Parson—"My hand watches the game, and all I shall say for it is that it is not quite so empty as my stomach. Oh, I'm so cold." Georgia—"If I were Irish I'd have an answer for that."

Barrister—"Well, your nearly good enough to be Irish." Londoner—"Is he?" ex-Captain—"We'll see what it's like that.

Texas—"Ireland was Ireland when England was a pup." Bishop—"Oh, here's fun from Texas."

Texas—"You give me as much fun as the leading actor in a Punch and Judy show." Ex-Captain (referring to his exploit at whist)—"Games! That's three out of five; come and play quoits."

Colonel—"Throw yourself overboard, and say here goes nobody." Ex-Captain—"For you colonel; come, Georgia, we'll visit
the steeple." Georgia—"No. sir. If I were a steerage passenger I wouldn't want curious people visiting me there; I'd feel inclined to knock 'em off." Ex-Captain—"Well, I won't go—I can do them no good." Bishop—"No, Captain, keep away; they are men with feelings like ourselves." Nebraska—"I'll match at quotes. Ireland and I will play you and your pick of the ship." Parson—"We must be going somewhere and doing something; always changing." Bishop—"That's so; always changing. It is human nature to be driving ahead." Parson—"And it has often struck me that it is a good job this world was made spherical." Colonel—"How so?" Parson—"Why, if it were flat with a fence around it human nature would climb that fence and fall over." Colonel—"Quite right! As it is we can keep right on and never get there." Parson—"And if we go off in a balloon we don't get the edge either. Later on when night falls there are thousands of people looking at the lights. Take, for example: Hakeras—"You're losing half of your life in here. Come and see the lightning." And sure enough there it was, gleam after gleam lighting up the sky aback of and breaking through the line of clouds on the horizon. A grand thunderless night, when one got used to it. Nebraska—"I've seen the lightning on the prairie and it kept on the whole night. I tell you we were often glad to have it at night as we rode along. I'll bet you never saw it.""Did you ever see me not scared it?" Nebraska—"Oh, not at all." Barrister—"How do you train your horses." Nebraska—"Catch the young one with the lasso and hitch him in a team of older ones. In a few lessons he is trained." Barrister—"You don't lose any time." Nebraska—"None at all; he works from the first strap is laid on him. The older horses are the best trainers, but we never have more than two young ones in a team of six." Georgia—"I should say I've ridden a fifteen dollar horse in a forty dollar saddle." Nebraska—"I remember on a journey buying a horse for five dollars, riding him twenty miles, and turning him loose again." Bishop—"Say, England, have you got anything in the old country like Brooklyn bridge?" Londoner—"It took you seven years to build it." Bishop—"But it's there, old man, and we're building another." Londoner—"And don't you know that?" Bishop—"And we have the Statue of Liberty there, too." Londoner—"A Statue of Liberty in a land of protection pshaw!" Bishop—"Stick to your old notions and your bad weather. What do you think of this for American weather?" Londoner—"Do you take credit for the weather, too." And so on, one story or observation good-naturedly borrowing another till bed time and we separate with sincere good nights, and best wishes for the morrow. We lay ourselves down to rest and slumber without any misgivings as to what may happen in the night, for though we sleep the vigilant sailors and engineers are at their posts, and so the sweet little churn that sits up aloft a-watching of poor Ben.

On board ship the entertainment is always going on, we live in such close proximity that there can be only whispered secrets among us. Early morning something like this is overhead as one figgets and yawns to the rising sun. The early passenger sizes along the largest way of the first of the morning air on deck. Young Texas awakens in his berth—"Stop that noise, will you. If you've got lonely I want to sleep." Early passenger, quite unabashed, replies—"Does your mother know you're out." Young Texas—"Yes, she does, and she gave me ten cents to buy a monkey. Are you for sale?" Breakfast brings us fun, too. In rocky weather the sails are well netted in, but when the sea fills up everybody is beam ing with recovered spirits, and a hungry brought down from the morning walk on deck, there are lively interchanges—"Steward, I'll have turbor, and then when the fish is brought," Steward, your turbor is masquerading as haddock, this morning." Then a gent, addressing a lady on his right, "I'm glad to see you well, this morning." "Thank you, I am better, but I was very ill," and the kind gent proceeds, "The stewardess was complaining of a sick lady who insisted on eating large quantities of potatoes until she gave one the stomach-ache. This was an attractive subject, we all listened, and the lady's reply was a knock-out blow to the kind inquirer, "yes, indeed, I was that lady, and I don't think it did me any good." The gent stopped short, and took his food water suddenly from his mouth to hurry an apology. "I beg your pardon, I had suspected another lady altogether." The lady assures him that now she is well he is at liberty. He falters, "I like him better; he knows she was a fright of a lady, but there were others much worse, and some of them were not better yet. A very pleasant young woman who sits a distance from us, but whom we can always hear, complains to a likely young fellow opposite to her for not calling her to see a whale. The young fellow explains, "But I don't know your name," to which she replies, "Isn't that funny, and I don't know yours either," and the fellow follows up by a tender, "Becky, how shall I introduce you?" These brief bits of conversation are not making. You have them as I got them, and they won't please every person who reads, but on board the ship, caught up with the best of good humour, there is a ring in repartee and that which cold type cannot convey. My birthday brought a newspaper and birthday cards presents to my table, and the success and fun of the indescribable offers made several other persons claim a birthday in the remaining time of the trip, who, I feel, if we had not treated ourselves had in no more been missed and to be than much of which I obtained I do not regret to leave them, and there will long remain with me the recollection of the beads of perspiration breaking high up and trickling down my forehead as I unfolded the many paper wraps from the concealed jokes that lay around my plate.

We had our bank holiday out on this ship as well as other sorts of festivity, and very properly that holiday occurred on the Banks of Newfoundland. It was there and then that Ireland lined up for a tug of war—five a-side—against all comers, and it was there and then that Ireland won, too, and then there again was young Texas applauding and reminding us of the maturity of our country when England was not of much account. We had a dance, too, that evening, to music of the bagpipes, and the old as well as the young caught up the pleasant infection with an enthusiasm which discounted their years. Retiring afterwards to the saloon the ex-captain—now in the gas-stove and refuse destructor line—unfolded the plans of his patient destructor, or, indeed, I should rather say, refuse utiliser, for he claims that it will make money for those who invest in the erection of one. His plan is to collect all the sewage matter of a city into a system of large tanks, where he treats it in some chemical way and allows it to settle there, after which the water is run off quite pure and good, in fact, so pure, that it is good to drink and equal to the clearest spring water. At this Bishop interposes with a phrase which in one form or other seems to him convey a wealth of argument, and does not appear out of place in this instance. "Pass it with that drink," is his ex-captain proceeds—fully, and thrive in it, and that is the best test of the purity of the water. With the water, however, we have nothing to do, we pump up the
Cock Fighting: Spectators, Beheaded

Potato Race: Street Lap
sentiment in dry cakes by a centrifugal pump, we
smash it with a breaker, we pass it over a system
of screens till it is in a gravelly or dust shape, and
then it flows out into bags by a first-class manure,
better than any foreign stuff now on the market,
and no large lumps which are not able to pass
through the final screens are carried down a shoot
into another breaker, which reduces them to a
dust powder for bagging. I have seen it all in this
university, because it touches a problem present
to those from whose community I sprung, and
I would just have liked to see its scientific
authorities study the plan of the
ex-captain's patent. The thing seems not alone
feasible, but the necessity of the times demands
such an improvement for getting rid of town
refuse.

Saturday afternoon turned out wet and hazy,
but in time our business a to nice-a.
Concert and a comedy had to be prepared for.
Rehearsals of the musical pieces and the conception of
the comedy were the order of the day. The
comedy was an original breach of promise action.
Love letters and other facts of the case had to be
planned, while the dresses of the witnesses, coun-
sellors, judge, sheriff, and other persons required
be contrived. Some ladies were busy un-earth-
rings, others were inventing and constructing dresses
for the female witnesses, whose parts in the comedy
were undertaken by male passengers, and with one
thing or another everybody was busy, including
the ship's purser, who turned out a programme of
the most artistic description, all the printed copies
of which were eagerly bought up as one shilling
each. The funds realised by the programme were
placed in a fund for the widows and orphans of the
British Seamen's Society, one of the
most deserving institutions of our country; but
the performance itself was well worth the money
subscribed. Promptly at the announced hour an
old and talented gentleman, the senior passenger,
took the chair with applause of the heartiest
character, for we all liked this grand old man. He appealed in this amusing way for the
orphans of those who went down to the sea in ships, and he pictured that the future of
ocean traffic would see all peoples bound to
tgether under one banner for God and liberty.
The community he then addressed was cosmopolitan
in character, and he claimed to be cosmopolitan
himself in several ways. He had been seventeen
years in England, he was born in America, his
father was an Irishman, and his mother was a Scotchwoman. We all laughed, but he did
seem to mean what he had said. Scotchman
was the word and Scotchman it is in this truthful
record. "At present we hear now and again the
screes of the American eagle and a roar from the
British lion, while at times the Russian bear
shrubbed himself and growled; but with a closer
intimacy of the peoples of this country, and of
that by the increased facilities for travelling, a
union of us all the communities would not be so
arduos.

And then began the comedy of the "Broken
Promise Trial," which proved one of the funniest
performances I have ever been present at. It
cought on from the very start; no pen could set
the thing down worth one tithe of the amusement
it created, and I shall not pretend that the follow-
ing is anything but the faintest record:

The sheriff, decked out with a flashy pyjama
suit and a yachting cap, cleared and arranged the
court, marked the bench and fixed up the summons,
and how he got to the court at all was a mystery to
some counter plotters who had locked him up
in his stateroom with the idea that he would be late,
and the judge, after being delayed would order the
sheriff to take himself into custody for contempt
of Court, and such a grave breach of his duty.

Next arrived the counsel for the plaintiff
(Mr. Starlight, Q.C.), with wig and gown and white
tabs, a mostastic make-up, and let me assure you
most complimentary to the ladies who were present.
Remember they had nothing to work on but a
rope's end for the wigs and their own mackintoshes
for the gowns. The appearance of the plaintiff's
counsel and his bundle of documents caused a sur-
prise, and the hubbub of talking delight from the
audience told us at once that the performance was
going to be a success. Mr. Moonlight, Q.C.,
the counsel for the defendant, was also a realistic mar-
vel, and he gave such an appearance of a
penitent, acted to the life, that the fun going till
the plaintiff, Miss Matilda Jane Shrimps, accom-
panied by a lady friend, entered the court, sailed
by peal after peal of applause and laughter. She
was a picture of innocence and maiden
hood from her hat feather and veil down to the
floor, a distance of six feet at least. She took her
seat as dainly as a man could be expected to
do, as though in uncustomed full bust, tight-reded belt, and muslin sleeves
common to females. The clerk of the
Court went quietly to his seat, and having put
things in order, a new stir was created by the
arrival of the plaintiff's mother—Mrs. Jenina
Lobster—in a huge bonnet, trimmed in many
colours, and a bust front of bright crimson:
jacket, gown, and umbrella completed the outfit,
and the whole picture was so extravagant that
nouns, the applause greeted every one of his
movements from the door to her seat, and after
she did sit and looked around with a well
noted austerity. The judge—Theodore Buggins—
severe, solemn, and bespectacled, entered by a
doorn behind the bench, the members of the Bar
rose in their places to receive him, and bowing
low, resumed their seats. The sheriff called his
jurors, and each was duly empanelled in the follow-
ing order: "What does the unacquainted
passenger list?—"You shall truly try this action,
and verdicts give according to the evidence, if you
please to do so." Mr. Starlight, Q.C., began his
address in a hush of expectation, which was
absolutely palpable. His client, a giddy and
unsuspecting girl, just in the concluding stages of her
years, saw the defendant John Inamorato come
aboard the steamer, and at once fell head and ears
in love with his backward appearance, a frank and
smiling countenance, a frame erect, broad, and
lithe, and baggage which bespoke the monied man.
He also was, or as it turned out afterwards, made
appear to be so, sirrup with the charms of Matilda
Jane Shrimps, the finest flower of our happy
company. It transpired he was a married man,
a brute bitten in matters of honour, and wary
and watchful as the snake. Their eyes met, and
there was a whole portfolio of intelligence and love
conveyed in the glimpse of a glance. She threw
thoughts, accepted his eye-conveyed hint,
and began a correspondence which for glowing
heated and protestation equaled anything it had
ever been counsel's privilege to penned. He should
read some of those letters, and he directed the
attention of the jury particularly to the way in which
the language used by the defendant became more
clearly shown now by the light of his declarat
that he was an animal at the game of heart-breaking
The lady’s first open hearted letter is as follows:
July 23, 1897. Dear Mr. Inamorato—You may
think it is somewhat forward for a person of my
age to take notice of anything or anybody, but as
I saw you come on board I could hardly under
stand my own feelings. You are not the person
who refuses to keep my secret, for you know I have
done more than anyone else in this watching every
moment of the thing like a dragon. When you
come on deck or anywhere with her, don’t look
as if you knew me. She never gets sick, the old
thing, so we must try and have little stolen in-
views, and the stewardess will be safe to trust
with letters. I shall forget the rug in the chair
beside the lifeboat, and come to look for them
near ten o’clock, when the old lady is retiring
for the night. I remain, expectantly yours—Matilda
Jane Shrimps.

Mr. Starlight continued. “That was
the letter of an inexperienced and frank-hearted
young girl, and, in the hands of an honourable
man, could bear no evil fruit, but the reply of this
sea-serpent, the defendant, at once proclaims his
character for imposition: 24th July, 1897.
Dear Miss Shrimps—Seasickness or nothing else
shall ever part us, for although I never saw you
until yesterday evening the time since has been
lamentably long, and the flame of affection has
been so hot as to set fire to my very being, language
fails to say more. I can only see two obstacles in
the way of our perpetual happiness, two obstacles
very similar, both human, both feminine, both
objectionable, but highly necessary elements in
our present day life—our two mothers. As our
pleasure up to the present time has been more or
less in anticipation, for one, and, I most devoutly
hope, you, for two, are willing to attempt either
to climb over or trample underfoot all obstacles
to a future eternal continuance, not excepting our
mothers. Mine, praised be ye gods, will soon be
in safety; yours, alas, will, I fear, never say die.
Her eyes met mine; I felt my heart sink. In a
moment the fire left my soul, my ears grew cold as
with a nipping frost, and icebergs slid down my spine.”
Judge: “Most startling imagery, let me see that letter.”
Mr. Starlight: “There is more my lord: ‘My very
brain dried up as I gasped; how could such a
woman have such a daughter—a maiden fair as
the morning light, cheeks rosy as the lobster, nose
bearing the inherited trait of truth, teeth perfec-
tly white, an ornament in nature’s architecture
could devise, and eyes which rival the green of
the surrounding sea.’ Judge—Mr. Star-
light please read that passage again for the
benefit of the court and jury.”
Mr. Starlight, having repeated the passage,
proceeded to quote—“Ah, dearest, would I could
begin to tell you what I think. I shall drop this
gently down your back at dinner, and you may
read it the last thing at night, in the dark, when
you have dreamed of me. Cannot you get your mother
to eat Gorgonzola or put some salt water in her
glass—both work well. I shall be on the lookout
for you on deck after dark every night.—Yours
most infatuatedly,” John Inamorato.
A meeting ensued upon those letters and other secret
meetings and letters were accomplished by this heartless
monster of the deep. At one of those meetings a
proposal of marriage was made in a way that
astonished the assembled and impressionable female; in
fact, the defendant drew a revolver and “gazing on it with
tears in my eyes” announced in the calm whisper of a
desperate confidence that if he were not accepted on the
spot he would “shoot you through the heart.” John, the
devoted slave, John, would lie on the floor by her feet
protesting an unrequited love. She, poor thing,
felt only reality in all this hollow mockery, and to
prevent bloodshed she, half in terror, but loving
with the whole soul of an as yet unseathed heart
accepted this melodramatic proposal of the ruffian
whom she has now to drag into court so that this
jury may shatter out of him ten thousand dollars
damages for breach of promise. After that very
amiable, very heroic and very lovingly repentant,
wall with the lovers, and in their communications
and conversations ‘Tillie’ and ‘Jack’ took the place
of ‘Matilda Jane’ and prosainied ‘John.’ At this
point of counsel’s address George Winkle, a
cousin of the plaintiff, who sat near the witness-
box an open-mouthed spectator and listener,
exclaimed—‘Oh, Tillie, how could you!’
Whereupon the sheriff made more com-
mandments and, said to George, adding over her:
Silence in the court!”
A solemn look of surprise
from the judge brought back decorum and Mr.
Starlight went on—“The jury would hear the story
from the lips of the plaintiff more in detail than
he had been able to lay it before them. But
the innocent plaintiff had a rude awakening from her
dream of love; in fact, she was thrown into an
hysterical condition while heaven’s morning sun-
light flooded her stateroom in the joy of a new
day which should have been spent in the
love of her idol, Jack. The following off-hand
opinion, given to her by the stewardess as she let
loose a torrent of her golden locks from the last
curling pin, was a shock of the most overwhelming
character, and it was no cause for wonder that
she shrieked and writhed in the hysteria of an
unseated mind—‘Dear Miss Shrimps—By this
time tomorrow we shall all be near New York.
Can I never forget how pleasant a time we have
had together, and when we are there will I ever
speak to you? But will I ever be able to forget
the next recollection of the time we startled away the
sleeping hours on board that splendid liner the State
of Nebraska. With kindest regards from your friend
Jack.’ Her friend Jack, indeed! Les him stand
forth now to know what an honourable jury think
of him, a cruel coward! A merciless soul-crusher!
A whited sepulchre! An abomination of every
company but that of evil spirits in himself! The
cheek of the child—your cheek, my lady—from
the cabin holding the impostor’s letter in her hand,
and able to say nothing but ‘Jack! Jack!’ and
Tutti Frutti!’” Judge—“What’s that?”
Mr. Starlight—“Tutti Frutti, my lord, is a sort of
candy chewing gum, which plays a prominent part
in this strange curiosit. The mother, sensible
woman as she is, although thunderstruck
and overcome by the intelligence so sud-

denly conveyed in the prostration of her
only daughter the child was first stabat
laetis at rest with the lamentations of her
young widowhood some years ago—was yet able
amid her tears to secure her child’s confidences,
and the tale of the proposal being made known,
hereditary grudge took possession of both females,
and the following very proper letter was imme-
diately despatched to the defendant, who sat in the
plaintiff’s easy chair on the saloon deck, smoking
after dinner—‘Hello! Have you killed the chicken? I
heard the clucking of a concrete heart could be heard
through the curling smoke playing upon a con
tenance of brass. The letter is as follows:—Dear Mr. In-
amorato—Your letter of this morning comes upon
me as a complete surprise. My mother agrees
with me that your conduct has been heartless
cruel and mean, and we shall see if men like you
will be allowed to wreck the happiness and ruin
the reputation of an innocent confiding girl like me.
I shall let you know what I think of you.
My chalk brightened

Ladies tug of war
through the lips of my lawyer in a court of justice, and see whether a jury would take the same view of your enormities as I do. — Yours truly, Matilda Jane Shrumps. The defendant has replied to that letter in a light and affected style, and you can imagine that he never let go of his cigar while he dictated this reply: 'Dear Miss Shrumps — I must say that if I am obliged to know what you think of me through anyone's lips I prefer yours to those of your lawyer. Lawyers' lips are dry and prickly; yours are, well, just like those of my dear wife at home.' Judge — Then the defendant is already married? Mr. Moonlight, Q. C. — 'That is so, my lord, and if I fail entirely to persuade him that he was bound to carry out such a promise as is alleged here.' Judge — 'At any rate we may give up all hope of a settlement?' Mr. Moonlight — 'Oh, certainly,' Mr. Starlight (continuing). — 'My lord and gentlemen of the jury, the letters proceed: You must see from this last that your suit is hopeless, as, and, and try again. Your former flirt — Jack Inamorata, P.S. — Enclosed you will find my letter.'

This is the most distressing case, and it will be your duty to see that the plaintiff is recompensed for the affection of a heart broken into such fragments, that it can never be repaired or restored. Her young life has been crushed. Her confidence in God's works is somewhat shaken, and a muddy gloom now claims the place of the happy day dreams of youth and health. How warm the courtship between these two persons was is something of which I will now read, and which was written during a storm, which prevented the secret meetings of the lovers: My darling Tynan can not now last long, how gladly the twenty four have been. Nearly all day long and half the night I stood outside your stateroom door listening to your mother's preaching and your reaching. The only consoling thought was the remembrance of that ravishing night on deck the evening before. Shall I ever forget those stars, that moon that didn't shine, the rippling sea gleaming with phosphorescent, the chocolates, the preventive until fruit, and those unspoken words that we forgot to be for evermore? I think I shall. I have never exchanged love and devotion which still linger on my lips and ears. Meet me to-night, if possible, behind the Wheelhouse at the stern, where we can sit all unobserved and watch the water sent hissing back towards your native land to kiss and lap its emerald shores. Yours for ever —Jack.' Judge (reading from letter and copying its words on his large court-book) — "Watch the water, so, isn't, kissing, back, towards your, native, land, to kiss, and, laps, its, emerald, shores. Dear me, what a pastime; kiss and lap its emerald shores." Mr. Starlight, Q. C. — 'And, then, gentlemen, follows at the end of this letter a procession of Xs, which I am told, and which, perhaps, his Lordship and you fully understand, express a succession of fervent embraces. I have feebly put forward my client's case, but I rely on the magnificent manhood which composes that jury for a full dress verdict for the plaintiff.'
Miss Shrimps with news of his married state till it became unavoidable to do so. Miss Shrimps would have to admit that she had a high old time of it, and he was ready to bet that she would never run across the country after the consolation and burning love again in her life. He did not expect Miss Shrimps at first, but towards the end he could see that she was acting by the instructions of the mother-who seemed to have the same sense of humor-it was a fact that he was not a wealthy man; in fact he was only the possessor of fifty dollars to take him to Miss Xiao to look for work, and that fifty dollars was now forfeited to his lawyer for a defence to this claim. His cross-examination was very short, because his recklessness was equal to anything. On the subject of larks he preferred cheap to dear ones. This was bad, and the evidence of the larks was for the defence. He could not help the jury to fix the amount of money he should pay for this particular lark. Counsel shouldn't forget that Miss Shrimps had her lark, too. What would counsel say to the proposal that they should swap larks, and call it square.

The witnesses having been disposed of, it came the turn of Mr. Moonlight, Q.C., to address the Court and the jury for the defence. Addressing his Lordship, and wielding a very large, thick, half-bound book, he said: "As I intimated to your Lordship at an earlier stage of the proceedings, I propose to argue that this action is not maintainable at all in law. Assume for a moment, my lord, that the plaintiff has proved a contract by the defendant to marry: the criminal law stands first in England. And lastly, the defendant is already married; it cannot be said that he should marry again while his present wife still lives, and the law is so decided against his taking any step towards putting his present wife to death that the punishment is no less than hanging, and in no view of this case is it possible for the defendant to marry the plaintiff without contravening not alone the criminal law, but contracting all the social morals for the conservation of which this Court, in all its noble attributes, exists at an enormous and highly beneficial expenditure of public money. This contract then is not capable of being carried out. Nay, assuming that it exists at all, it is the defendant's duty to break it.

Break it he must for the sake of his young wife at home. Break it he must or make himself a pariah in the community of his own country. He is already too numerous to contemplate. Yes, and above all, break it he must in justice to the plaintiff herself, for if he went through the form of marriage she would not be his lawful wife. Your Lordship will not, I am sure, hold that such a contract has any legal existence, and therefore cannot be brought into court to be acted upon in any way. The Judge rose, and spoke Mr. Moonlight, that's got ten thousand dollars from Miss Xiao. The Judge—But what give you this steamship would that contract be binding on you? Mr. Moonlight—My lord, this ship is not mine to give; I should have to steal it; I should have to break the criminal law to give it over to you, therefore it would be held that I was not bound to commit a crime, and it would be illegal for your lordship to bring me into court to force me to give away the ship. The Judge—But what about my ten thousand dollars paid you on the faith that you could make over the ship? Mr. Moonlight—Undoubtedly, my lord, that money would have to be given back, but in this present case no money passed from the plaintiff to the defendant. The Judge—Miss Shrimps says she gave her affections, her heart, her embraces, and a look of colour, which can be restored and issued again by the criminal owner at the sum of five dollars."

"He did not wish to say..."
man, you have the power and privilege to discharge it. I look to you, the suffering public look to you to perform it. I impeach the wrinkled female, I impeach her angular offspring, and I accuse that noisy nephew with being in a conspiracy in this case with the object of obtaining money, and their depositions are the work of persons to whom the truth is a total stranger. Read them not, gentlemen, let the jury beware of encouraging this trio of tricksters, unsh the snares they lay for upright men; treat them to their deserts, and not alone scout this impudent demand out of court, but put on record your disgust at being brought into contact with such vile characters, discovered, thank Providence, in one of the most treacherous performances it has ever been my lot to expose. George Winkle has acted his part well, but he is useless to our lips in this conspiracy, and he expects that out of the money to be got in this verdict he and his Tillic, to the delight of his aman Jemima, could go to work on housekeeping. The defendant is thankful to have such an intelligent and fair-minded jury; jurors whom I am certain have at one time or another heard of—perhaps experienced, for they come little light of the wily snares of the female anxions for money and gentlemen. You will you will comply with your oaths by treating this claim with refusal, and you will give a lesson to the husband and money hunters of the future—a result beneficial alike to the long suffering male population of these parts, and to the honorable, honest, and modest females who are the desire of upright men."

Mr. Stairlight rose to make his reply. "Gentlemen of the jury, the recklessness with which the defendant was seen to have infected his lawyer, and consequently we have seen no apology or extenuation of the conduct of the defendant, but a vicious attack not alone on Miss Shirmps herself but on her mother, who holds first place in the heart which the defendant has broken. I have already called the defendant a monster and a serpent. Mr. Moonlight has abused me for doing so. And, in reply, gentlemen, I repeat those epithets with the vehemence I possess, and now add one more—for the vile rascal has earned the additional title of 'perjurer' by the unblushing evidence he had the hardihood to utter. The greatest favour which you can do my learned friend is to forget that address just delivered, an address which he will, I am sure, ever remember with pain and shame. Many crimes have been laid at the door of the almighty dollar, but it was a perfect misery to witness the fact that a fifty dollar fee could bring my learned friend down to the level of such people as the brazen defendant. I plead to you alone for the plaintiff—innocent, young, misted. Her mother is not my client. I may even say with Mr. Inamorato himself, 'how could such a mother ever have such a daughter,' I warn you gentlemen, against the welling up of any niggardly spirit in that box, and I call upon you to take your stand by the side of beauty, simplicity, and the other heavenly attributes of the tender plaintiff, and forget that perhaps over-toughened robustness of her mother.

All was now over but the address of his lordship and the verdict of the jury, and as the finish was approaching the audience grew more eager to know what was coming, and there was no need to call for silence as the judge sat amidst his smelling salts, cleared his throat, dusted his nose with an immaculate handkerchief, and bunched himself in his big seat so as to face the jury more directly. The jurors looked towards the judge, and their box had about the same appearance that the real thing displays at home. An eager juror cramming forward,
apparently intent, but an expression on his face which tells the accustomed eye that his brain is wool-gathering; another juror leaning back, with his mind made up and arms folded in a determination not to heed the judge, if necessary; and a third with his eye on the court exit, evidently wondering when the tiresome trial will conclude.

The judge addressed them something of this kind—Gentlemen of the jury, we have listened to the speeches of counsel on the one side and the other of this case, and we have heard the oratorical eloquence, declamation, and oratory which could hardly be accounted for and are rarely equalled.

Mr. Starlight's reference to the fifty-dollar fee as being accountable for the case of defence which Mr. Moonlight pursued had conveyed one view of these speeches to your mind and mine; but it has also set us thinking what fees had tempted Mr. Starlight into the deep pathos and soothing denunciation in which his address of last night, gentlemen, admire them how we may—give the tone to the newspapers—but still, we must remember that the speeches of counsel are paid for, and their effort is to impress you with the knowledge of the case for which the money has been received.

It is different with you, gentlemen, and with me. Our sympathies have not been enlisted by coin from one side or the other. You who are not paid at all and I who am paid by the State beyond the reach of bribery can view this case in the light of an institution which has its roots in the soil and bedrock of fair play, and the jury box stands between perjury and truth, guilt and innocence, the over-heated eloquence of counsel, and the impartiality of a judge.

I myself often wished that jurymen could give their opinions on a case while they pursued the even tenor of their way in their own homes, but the institutions of our country may not sanction the transformation of every juror to take a place in the face of a roaring jury box in everyday life, he must shave up and wear his Sunday clothes. His name is called in public Court by a loud-voiced sheriff, he is hustled forward, and all of a tremble a book weighty as a dumb bell is thrust in his hand, an oath which he doesn't hear is repeated, and he and his fellows are planted in that part of the court from which mortal man never looked out except after he had passed through the ordeal I have described. Then comes a long time to tell you that having parted with the capacity which I might call your business you are to leave outside of that box any preconceived notions, and you are to elevate yourselves to a level to which you are not accustomed with the object of letting loose your untrained ability into a region quite new and bewildering.

You are to decide this case. Not me! You are the sole judges of which of the parties in this action is right. It is not my province to interfere, but I would be untrue to you if I did not clearly indicate and point out to you what your verdict must be.

The late Lord Hangern had so accurate a conception of this duty in a judge that he often browbeat a jury to his way of thinking and against their own wishes. It is sometimes necessary to do so, but now-a-days, with the spread of intelligence, a judge has rarely to do more than hint what he desires—a wink has become as good as a nod, and we know that the respective positions of judge and jury let the jury know what has occurred in evidence before us here to-day.

On the one side we are introduced to a young lady who has been summarised as a giddy girl, and Mr. Moonlight says no; she is an angular plotter. Which is she? That is a question altogether for you; but I will decide it for you. If she overlooked and did not resent the defendant's description of her charms, she was giddy even to idiocy; if she was beguiled by the limit of his simple desire to sit and water his imagination and the kissing and lapping of the emerald shores by the sea, she will recommend herself to you as a confiding female of the gold medal order. On the other side we have this gentlelady who has absolutely no names. On this matter I may have my opinion, but it must be unexpressed when I have a jury before me with such vast and lack of experience of men like the defendant.

It would strike me, however, that writing to a young lady of her lobster checks and burgundy propensities fairly might fairly be described as the conduct of a brute. I am, to a large extent, a stranger to your ways in this district, and I may be wrong, but I think I can arrive at the conclusion that the girl was giddy and simple and you are driven to decide that the defendant was a brute in his imposition. These are matters altogether for you; and I pass on Mr. Moonlight's suggestion that there was a conspiracy to capture the fascinating defendant whose assumed name and whose elaborate luggage proclaimed the man of wealth; and falling in that primary object, the conspirators had plotted to obtain the money by your verdict to the end of that day.

Here again, gentlemen, you alone are to decide, but here again am I to save you all the trouble of thinking the matter over. Mark how you will reason the matter. We have come to the conclusion that the girl was giddy, giddy, and simple, therefore she had not the guilt to be deceptive. George Winkle, that creature of spasm and tears, was clearly head and ears in his kind of love—not anything we could understand—but still Mr. Moonlight says the jury are not to be deceived. Here again, you will not decide that he joined a conspiracy to marry her to another person. But we have still the old lady, and I have to tell you, as a matter of law, that she could not make a conspiracy all by herself. So far as I am concerned, you may acquit Mrs. Lobster of anything. If she had remained the humble little shrimp that she was, when she laid her first husband to rest, she might have had the sympathy, the admiration of us all, but having become an ugly, big, red lobster, she has been made a sinner out of. In the well established etiquette of this court, it is also the desolation of the jurors. A Juror—"My lord, a lobster is not red; it is black. Cooking makes it red." The Judge (growing fiercely indignant and sitting up with a savage dignity)—"Sheriff, let me know the name of that unfortunate juror. Put it on paper, and hand it in to the clerk. This was done, and everybody wondered what was to come next in the way of disqualification. Mr. Sheriff, and a consultation with the clerk, the judge addressed the offending juror, squeezing in his seat:

"I find, sir, that you come from the wild and woolly west, and that fact has saved your life. In your backward state of civilisation you cannot have learned the terrible power which lies in the hands of a judge to prevent any interruption while charging the jury. Men have been hanged, drawn and quartered for less than you have done, for you were affect to have been a member of the most solemn part of these proceedings. You are forgiven, although I know that my brother judges will denounce my leniency." Then the judge lifted his gaze from the unhappy man, and his glances became more general as he proceeded to pretend that he was guiding, while he was actually dictating what verdict the jury should return.

"Gentlemen, this interruption on the subject of the lobster, is an entirely part of the question. The plaintiff is Shrimp, her mother is Lobster, the principal witness is Winkle, and surely that was fanny enough, but when Mr. Inamorato withdrew that title and proclaimed himself a 'Johnny dory,' it was plain to me that no better place than the surface of the salt sea could have been selected for this courtship and trial. Gentlemen, when I was interrupted.
as a possessor of some of the pictures than taken, and I help him in keeping them safe as proofs that he is not mere veritable. We are coming to the end of our pleasant passage. If all things go well we shall see New York to-morrow, and at our dinner this evening compliments to the captain and officers of the ship were well conveyed, and being so richly deserved the applause which accompanied them was hearty and genuine. The captain rose and replied—"Ladies and gentlemen, my officers and myself are very pleased to have your approval." That speech tells the character of the man, always in his post of duty and not looking for opportunities to show himself off. This is the style of all the officers. The passengers seem to have their own way from morning till night, the navigation of the ship, the arrangements, and work of all departments are carried on without display or obstruction, and every official is obliging in the extreme. We gossip long that last evening on board, cards are exchanged, letters promised, and invitations issued, and the Irish group attends on us. The invitations received we shall have spent the rest of our natural lives in the American Continent. We may meet again, there is no knowing, and it is a very pleasant feeling to be assured that we are sincerely told to come any time we have a mind or opportunity. Our staterooms have a different aspect on this last night, our garrets and toilet utensils, reading matter, &c., are neatly lying about or lying everywhere. We are now for the most part peacefully seated and looked on, and make last night, dreaming whether or not everything has been properly placed for future immediate reference. Next day the passing of the happy and shining hours brings the Bishop to his Statoos of Liberty, the parson nearer to his flock, the businessman to the scenes of his enterprise, most of the passengers to their homes or to the east stage farther, but the writer of these notes a stage farther on his outward-bound holiday. The entrance to New York is one of the best known scenes imagined. The harbor of the port and the Custom House authority have each their little steamer coming towards us, while hisber and thither, across and up and down run many similar crafts either towling sailing vessels or going to or returning from other work, and all having plenty of steam, bowling about in every direction, while the big ferry and pleasure steamers are working away incessantly. The doctor does not bother with the saloon passengers, the custom officers are not very hard to satisfy, and the city of New York. It should be called New York Brooklyn-cum-Jersey City, for they are all one big, far reaching bustling mass, and centre of commercial activity. Among the hand shakes on shore the single boy of seventy was not the least hearty, his destination was Ohio, and if we had agreed we believe he would have carried us there on his back, so to speak. Getting ashore in the afternoon at West Twenty-third street we were not long in finding our hotel on foot, and we thank the system by which we got there. The baggage was brought along in a stove, and the incoherence, looking more like natives of the place than country cousins. The balance of the day passed all too quickly, and we never stayed a moment indoors except by necessity. When we tired walking we took one of the street cars or we sat in a refreshment-room while we slipped cool and invigorating lemon phosphates. By the way, the cars are not called "trams" in America, but "horse cars," "cable cars," or "trolley-cars," as the case may be. We spend a very pleasant evening amongst a veritable harem of pretty women and kinaestasopes. We could bear a stump speech or a song, or witness an interesting back fight, boxing match, or the hurry-scurry of
fire alarm by dropping a nickel (five cent piece) into a slot, and we sampled almost everything there which we could hear, from "the yellow oomen" right up to a "dedication address," and everything we could see, from a "tab race" to a "Chinese laundry." At bed time we were tired, indeed, and I indulged in a long sleep in our ample bed-room, which I found comfortable, although not "ravel" size. I ceased to wonder at what I used to consider the rudeness of the Yankee, for it is the only way in which the tired feet can be rested, and there is justification in taking upon the necessary position; in fact, if you watch the Yankee in his whole apparent eccentricity of behaviour lies in the fact that he does just what he pleases and what suits him best. He looks for no man's lead, he proceeds in his own particular fashion, and the same applies to his speech: he first decides what he desires, and then he says it without many words, and in a crisp piquancy which leaves a person in no doubt whatever; but, one thing strikes me as peculiar, and that is, that when a Yankee says, "I guess," it means that he is infallibly certain. Not alone does it not imply any doubt but it is the strongest affirmative he can use, in fact, he only uses it when he wants to drive home a truth.

Things are happening so fast that there has been no time to add to my notes, and it is thirteen days since we landed in New York. Now we are enjoying a quiet day in the White Mountains, and at this instant, after a morning's exercises, are sitting in a shady pagoda in full view of the highest peak, Mount Washington, the ascent of which is accomplished by a steam railway cog-wheel arrangement, and on the top of which there is a large hotel. There are no towns or residences about here, and the railway stations are such as "Mount Pleasant House," "Fabry's House," which latter house, with its advertised accommodation for five hundred guests, was quite large enough to attract our favour. But for the purpose of bringing the history of this excursion consecutively with me I must go back to our second day at New York. A party of us, ladies as well as gentlemen, thought "a dodge down Broadway" would be a good way to begin, and would give us a fair idea of the shops and the bustle. The thought of taking the cable cars never entered our minds; in fact, down one side of Broadway and up the other was talked of in a tone of easy gaiety as something light and enjoyable. We entered Broadway at Madison-square, and before I got down the length of 500 I yearned for a seat. I said nothing, but after getting along a few blocks more I suggested lemon phosphates, and I knew by the readiness with which my idea was met that a rest was to be the most grateful part of the treat. This view was confirmed when thirsty people on a hot day took twenty minutes to drink less than half a pint each of such a cooling beverage as lemonade. Before we reached the number 300 a question rose from our ranks, "How much farther have we to go?" and at the short announcement, "No. 53," there was, to say the least of it, a sense of disappointment; but we kept bravely on, and, with rests along the way on one pretence or another, we got to Wall-street and the Stock Exchange. I think I hear some person ask, "Did you dodge up to the other side of Broadway as you had intended?" and I hasten to reply, "No, stress: we did not." We dodged past the New York Yacht Club, the Post Office, and sitting on the top of that very high building—reached by elevator and spiral stairs—we got what is said to be one of the best views of this great city, with its immense theatres, its busy streets, and equally busy waterways lying beneath us. We then paraded Brooklyn Bridge, and afterwards eased our legs and feet in an extensive cable car ride, and afterwards sat long over our dinner in a big cafe. The dinner itself was not one of those picks to be bolted right off, but a sumptuous succession of dolcettes, requiring time and digestion. The cooler shades of evening found us in Central Park, where it was very pleasant indeed to linger, and I wound up with supper at our hotel, and separated—the males for a stroll and a smoke, the ladies for a chat. It is too bad that ladies have no indulgences which, in their hours, could take the place of the male smoke, and I have often thought that I discerned wistful glances of what I might call envy cast after the retiring man as he cut the tip off his cigar and handled his silver matchbox. Our ladies had much to talk of, and it may be that they pitted us with envy, but we have tobacco, but I cannot help feeling that we should invent for them something as handy and as comforting as a puff of the weed is to man. The stroll and smoke in such an interesting new place among strange faces and rare ways, brought bedtime very fast. A few vivid lightning flashes were not much noticed. At least not observed with any fear, as we marveled about, but faith, after retiring to rest the storm burst quite close. It didn't burst and have done with it, but rained for nearly an hour, and only slackened off after the rain had come in heavy torrents. I thought of the danger of those who dwell at the top of the immensely tall narrow shafts of buildings which had made me dizzy to look at during the day, but I had also other thoughts of a more personal nature to engage my attention. Thunder and lightning all about us, and our big bedroom windows wide open. I made one last attempt to close those windows, quickly retiring as the wind met my face, but returning again and again till I was convinced they were to the great relief of our startled minds. In the morning, which was nice and crisp after the storm, some of our party went one way, and some another, some never, perhaps, to meet again, and we two were left to "gang our ain gait." Our first duty was to a disabled trunk, and with regard to that trunk, allow me to remark that it has a way of making itself very prominent, no matter where we go. It got lost on the European continent, it got rather over the rent in the Maltese capital, it plunged into the waters of the Thames to put to sea on its own account, it almost capsized our small boat at Harwich, and now it has had an unmerited encounter with a bagge smuggler, just after escaping from the revenue officers. We left a mechanical artisan at work patching the wounds, and we expect to forenoon in many pleasant places of the city. The above occurred on us on the Cortland-street Ferry, for New-Jersey where we caught our express train for Philadelphia. We passed through many towns and interesting scenes, and I settled myself for a good look at Baltimore, of which I had heard so much. There it was, with its far-reaching outskirts of red brick, red tile, almost flat roofed buildings, and spires and domes and ship masts in the distance, when all of a sudden daylight gave place to gaslight, and we were carried under Baltimore in a tunnel. My view from the train windows was, therefore, the success I had anticipated, and I felt a good deal, as it were, taken in. Philadelphia was reached in time for late dinner—called supper as often as dinner in American hotels—and we found that city taken possession of by the League of America wheelmen, who had a big tournament on there, and every thoroughfare was swarming with bicycles ridden by both ladies and gentlemen, and tandem
Pennsylvania Avenue  Washington
and team bicycles were also plentiful. We managed the straight, square blocks and streets with great ease, and we did the town in comfort notwithstanding the swishing bicycles. Of course we couldn't miss seeing the City Hall, which stands in a square with statues all about, just beside the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot. The City Hall towers five hundred feet high, and has on top of that a statue of William Penn, thirty-five feet in height. William Penn probably looked up there when he might take him for any of the old Yankee celebrities, with his old style American hat. The building is not finished yet, and it is going to have a clock which will beat the famous Strasbourg time piece. In short, like everything Yankee, it must lick creation, and I thought with some relief of our solid old unornamented clock that strikes the hours dead at home. The wheelmen and gals, white and black, do still come to the hotel and us beasts are the lively, crowded, and noisy. The music and tune out at Willow Grove that night was a wonder, and the myriad of lighted and decorated "bikes" in procession and zigzagging everywhere were perplexing, but grand to see. Our next railway trip was from Philadelphia to Washington, and it gives rise to one or two remarks. I have previously referred to the good baggage system—my broken trunk has been handled under—by which everything was safe and looking after you. After getting passengers tickets the railway take charge of the baggage and give you a cheque for each parcel. When nearing the end of your journey a luggage man enters the carriage, you give your checks to him, tell him at what hotel you are going to stop, and you may be confident that your luggage will be there almost as soon as you, while you are left light and airy to do the distance on foot or car as you please.

The trains have no doors in America; at least, dores as we know them, hanging open all along the platform; and there is no platform. The carriage is entered at the level of the track, where a few steps in the front and rear lead to doors in the ends. This arrangement has the effect of letting the train off without that door banging so familiar to those who travel by rail in our country. We never hear such an expression as "Third class up in the front." There are no classes. Parlour cars are used only by some people who pay the extra fare for one special reason or another. All other passengers, black and white, rich and poor, travel first-class, and the railway carriages are called coaches. Surely this is a good democratic principle. The statesman, the mechanic, the pallid-faced aesthete, and the robust darkey all on the one level, and side by side, paying the same amount of railway fare and entitled to equal attention and privilege. As I saw a black lady eat her beef sandwiches in the train I was aptly set thinking of cannibals, but as I saw her gracefully gliding with composition, not to say dignity, on her bicycle, my thoughts were changed in another direction; and further on, when a dusky maiden, with gold ornaments, studied the pages of the "Ladies' Home Journal," my ideas kept ascending. Their manners at hotel tables and everywhere are equal to and as composed and agreeable as those of other people. It is strange that the negroes have only one coloured representative in Congress, and stranger still, that the name of that sole black legislator is White. But the coloured people have churches and orphans' homes, and have effected the social revolution, to be talked of frequently at hotels, but in railway waiting and dining rooms and on the trains they deservedly mix on an equality with the white people. All the same, however, there is a clear distinction of race kept up. We have scenery along our route English in its appearance, of garden and field and wood, but as land and water, and with the happiness of home. We have a plentitude of wood, as there are called, frame houses. I suppose they are frame houses because the frame is first set up, and the details of flooring, staircases, and walls filled in afterwards; in process of erection they look like huge bird cages. The roads are unmetalled tracks, and not roads as we know them. The fences are rail and wire, not hedges and ditches as in the old country, but altogether miss the heather, the lark, the thatched roof, and the babbling stream. Our country is only a few acres compared to the new world, but it has its charms too. So far as we have seen there is here to the square mile far more train and street car traffic than in the business centres of England, and steam and electricity are handled with a familiarity and dexterity truly surprising. When one looks at the stretches of rail, the switches and crossings, with the countless red and yellow signs, it is most astonishing to experience the confidence in the railroad and the nervous people sleep all night in trains running at top speed through thousand chances for accident. The overflowing wealth of railway plant and rolling stock, the magnificence of the railway stations, sets a person speculating where it all came from. I wish I saw those people dealing with the congress of ladies of Boyle-street and Carlisle Bridge. The bow of the bridge would be utilised without a doubt and Boyle-street would suffer a metamorphosis that would startle the wise heads who now lock on with sorrowing indolence. The streets in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington go by names as much as for instance, in Philadelphia, "Broad and 11th" which means that Eleven street intersects Broad street; but meeting in Washington 4th and 14th which means F street intersected by Four street. I felt that things had reached a climax when the joy of the alphabet had to be requisitioned to help out vulgar fractions, and I don't see why a distinctive name would not make a better mnemonic than letters and figures. But then new countries must have new ways, and this country, which absorbs all nationalities, making all "Yankee patriots" a short months' residence, with the stars and stripes as the newborn banner, deserves every consideration, and reading good news in newspapers about a poor fellow being remanded to the gas chamber if he does not put bail on as taking the grim appearance off his position in the report that "he was held for criminal negligence." Washington is a splendid city, and the more I stayed there the more I liked it, with its wide avenues, its spacious well kept parks, its public buildings, and the architecture, which, while it makes money, mars the comfort of the people. Whatever our house the place where the general laws are made, and the Capitol is a magnificent pile. Congress was not in session, but with the aid of a guide we saw all that was to be seen here. The acoustic properties, accidental or designed, of one of its circular halls gave me a creepy feeling. I cannot describe all the variations of this weird experience, but I might make one effect clear: Two of our company stood side by side and a third, the farthest end spoke in a whisper. One of the two at the side by side heard that whisper distinctly as if it were imparted to the back of his neck; the other didn't hear it at all. It may have been the deserted quiet of the place and the fading daylight, but there was an uncaminess in the thing of a very ghostly nature. The White House, the residence of the President, is not the great thing that it appears, but all the other public buildings show well on the outside and within. I don't say this about the White House because we weren't invited there to dine. Not at all. The President was away on holidays, and we could not reason.
anything of the sort. The people are all well dressed here, and the ladies especially turn out tastefully and elegantly—a combination one would hardly expect in a people only just being educated up to the ideas of London, Paris, and other gay centres of the old country. The pleasure resorts are numerous, and we were delighted with our seven mile trolley trip in the evening to Chevy Chase Lake and the vicinity of Cabin John and Glen Echo, where the ice was still going on. We sampled the theatres, and the turn out of fashion, brilliancy, and decorum were well worthy of the splendid performance put before the people. We walked in all the public places to see as much as possible, and the Provision Market of Washington on a Saturday evening was not the least interesting. I saw a happy man that evening. He was a darky who had purchased two live chickens, which he was carrying home for consumption. He had the legs by one hand, while the birds, and the head of one of the hens, and he was sparkling gleams of delighted attainment in his shining eyes. The grouping of this picture was most effective, and I could believe the stories I had heard of the darky’s love of chicken.

At Washington we studied up what we should do with the rest of our holiday and came to the following result:—(1) Back to New York, (2) boat to Fall River and train to Boston, (3) Boston to the White Mountains, (4) White Mountains to Quebec, (5) Quebec to Toronto, (6) Toronto to Kingston, (7) the Thousand Islands, (8) back to Montreal, (9) Montreal by the lakes to Saratoga, (10) Saratoga to Albany, (11) back to New York by steamer down the Hudson River. Next day we started to work that programme, and in the train further observed two other features of the American. First, the children and young persons, who, although cheeky to the point of boldness, have a good groundwork of politeness. They are never repressed, but must get all they want. They are taught to be independent of all the conveniences, and which the train or steamer affords, and being educated in those respects they keep the conveniences busy, and some of them entail walks all over the train or steamer as the case may be. Second, the talking, twanging, clattering of the energetic ladies with sharp pointed chins. I don’t know whether they were born chin sharpened in that way or whether they attained that peculiarity by bargain-hunting and taking their own part. They are self-reliant to a degree and unabashed in manner. And they will shop every opportunity. Nothing in the British Isles or the Continent of Europe can approach the stores in America in dry goods or anything else, and they can roll out on a dirt or tongue-toss that word “dollar” in a way so unmeaning that it is beyond imitation. The men on the dollar are equally unctuous, and the off-hand way they can estimate cash by the million dollars is fascinating. Talking of estimation reminds me that all weight here is reckoned by the pound. A man’s weight is not twelve stone two, but one hundred and seventy pounds. One of our company had weighed himself at hotel gas and brought the indicator of the penny in the slot weighing machine over to 185 pounds, and nothing would do him but argue that the American avoirdupois was different to ours because he only weighed twelve stone ten at home.

Arrived at Jersey City at three o’clock in the afternoon, and having despatched our luggage to the Fall River steamer sailing from the New York side Pier 18—Murray street, at five thirty p.m., we had time for a good substantial hot luncheon, and here again I want to pay a tribute to the railroad people of America who have provided in the most elaborate, thoughtful, and comfortable way for all the requirements of human nature. We had just nice time to cross by the ferry, to secure our berths and get ourselves aboard the big steamer Priscilla before sailing time; and please mark that word big with a big B. She was a floating palace, indeed, with all her brasses glittering, her marble vestibule on the main deck with oyster, barber’s shop, laundery, and postal office opening off it, and elaborately furnished round. From this vestibule, which as large as a court yard, is seen a most spacious and sumptuous dining saloon, whose sides are mirrored plate glass and whose attendants are black and numerous and very white-linened. From this vestible on the opposite side rose a wide stair case, massive and gorgeously carpeted, leading up to the elegant drawing-room filled with every device of seat, lounge, occasional table and chair. A storey higher was another room, equally provided with carpet and rugs and seats, and on which a string of harmoniums and music going till midnight played. Dinner was a most elaborate affair, and altogether we seemed to have set sail in some festive fairy castle. The entrance to Fall River in the early morning was very nice to behold, and although a little too early for breakfast yet a simple cup of tea or coffee with hot rolls and fresh butter was not only not to be scoffed at, but as warmly comforting to the body and exhilarating to the spirit as many of the other good acts which we are lectured to practise. The train was waiting for the landing stage, and off we started to Boston, which we reached about the time for breakfast proper in one of the big hotels of the city. This is an age for large hotels: for our part quiet, unobtrusive, homely places would fill our idea of comfort, but it is surprising how soon a person not alone gets used to the modern elaborations, but gets to look for them, and completes his luxury by having a bedroom with every appointment of the completest up-to-date kind. It gave me quite a turn to see in this and other hotels, printed in the bedroom in blazing type, the modern expression of the fashion of the day. Say, man, if red lights one may make his way to the fire-escape on the roof when he hears the fire alarm bell ring. Recollect the roof is among the stars, and our baggage and money are not insured. The house of a friend of a great friend of ours, was our first call at Commonwealth-avenue; we shall not soon forget the kindness bestowed on us, and the genuine heartiness with which we were pressed to stay longer and accept more. And then in the evening we locked up a family of Derry people at Huntington-avenue where we were entertained with a fine dinner at home. They had the good fortune to emigrate from the hmdrum of Irish life and here they are now a family of young men in the leading professions of this great city, presided over by a good mother who has got younger and healthier in her fifteen years of American freedom. Had they stayed at home no such change of position in life would have been in store for them, the unappraised existence there would have let ambition and self respect work between the lines of their neighbours: simple prospects of the most delightful days. And this was a baseball game between the clubs of New York and Boston, who, with several other clubs, are engaged in league ties for the possession of a much prized pennant. Boston at present heads the list, but the New York club, who are styled “the giants,” are the ex-champions, and therefore the spacious stands were filled to overflowing, fully thirty thousand people being present. I shall try to give an idea of the game, but without a diagram showing the marking of the field and the position of the men it will be somewhat difficult.
to understand. The marked portion of the ground is a circle, which appeared to be about 100 feet in diameter. The pitcher's place is about the center, and the wicket's place is beside a diamond-shaped piece of plate on the ground. A circle on the ring of the circle. There are three bases, namely, one white square bag, also on the ring of the circle—one directly opposite the wicket, and two others equi-distant, or, so to speak, at either end of the equator of the circle, and the game is played with a ball about the same weight and composition as a cricket ball, hence the name base ball. When a wicket hits a baseball, an appreciable part of the ball is fielded to place him in a base. Another player succeeds him at the plate, and the man on first base can run further on the hit made by his successor at the plate. Assuming that he manages this successfully, and that the wicket is not caught out, the second base has been attained, and so on, if he make the third base he has still to make a fourth base to the plate, thus completing the circle, and then only a run is counted, and he retreats for his position. The teams consist of nine men each, and the game is of nine innings. An innings concludes when three men of the batting side have been put out. The striker can be put out by being caught out, or he can be any of the inning side by the ball reaching the fielder any of the bases before the runner gets there. The striker is also out if he miss three balls in succession, which have been properly delivered, and a proper delivery is—that it must be a full pitch, the ball passing directly over the plate—which is only about a foot square—and not lower than the knee or higher than the shoulder of the striker. The umpire stands close behind the striker, and decides either "no ball" or " strike ball," as the case may be. If four "no balls" are pitched in succession then the striker has a free run to first base. The game is not always safe for the spectators, for the ball is hit with great force to very great distances. The bat used by the wicket is a pole, three to four feet long, taken from a much bigger. The pitcher throws the ball with all his might, and very many of the hits result in the ball glancing off behind at a terrific pace, but such hits do not count for or against. The must drive the ball forward, and there is a white line drawn from the plate out sideways, slanting forward at an angle of about twenty degrees to the boundary fences on either side. A ball, after being hit, will often falls or rolls back the line and does not count. The distance of the punting line to put the ball towards the striker, may send it to one of the fielders, where a player has gone away off his base for the purpose of stumping a runner on the next hit. In cricket a ball is "dead" in the bowler's hand. The players go to the bat in succession—each side alternately—and keep on going till the nine innings have been played, and sometimes ten and eleven and more innings required to be played, where the scoring is equal, so as to decide the game. The fielding side is placed as follows: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th are farther out on the field for catching and fielding to the men at the bases. All the fielders have a big padded glove like a boxing glove on one hand, and the catchers whole front is covered with a thick pad. He also wears a wire face and a head guard, and the union is made up of a good many players. All this padding is wanted, for the ball flies about at a tremendous pace. It is very difficult to make a run at all, for a run means to accomplish the circuit of the three bases and back to the plate, and it is not strange to see only one man scored in a game. The pastime has a very exciting effect on the large audience who know the players, and every point of the game intimately. One Bostonian man near me grew quite hysterical, and after yelling himself hoarse, he turned to barking like a dog so as to be more distinctly heard. This seemed out of all reason to me, but then I did not know the players, and I remembered having often caught myself cheering them so very much. The effect of our own local athletes away from home. To clickers a summoning up may be of service. The pitcher sends wickets to pitch at, and he must not let the ball lie in the ground in front of the striker. The striker has a strike, and he must run when he strikes. There is no bat but a club. The catcher—our wicket-keeper—has no job such as drumming out, his duty is to catch the ball when it flies past the striker. The fielder has to throw the ball to the wicket who is at the base line. The ball is usually caught by the running toward it, and that is ticklish quick study, when, as I have seen it, there is a striker in and a man on each of the base bases all trying to make a move on. In the match I saw Boston won, and I was in favour of Boston, simply because its captain was the name of Duffy, and sprung from the old sod. That night, after dinner at the Adam's House, we went to Keith's variety theatre next door, which is a marvel in the way of comfort and decoration and in its orchestra and performance. There is a ladies' waiting-room and a smoking room. In the ladies' room, there are writing-tables with free paper and pencils, and a telephone connected with the city system. The place is open all day and the performances continue right along the whole time from morning till night. The electrical machinery is on show at all times, and every one is invited not to leave without seeing it. Altogether it is a unique institution, a ladies' and gentleman's club, a draying place, a place of entertainment, and a correspondence bureau. Supper was afterwards at the Boston Yacht Club's fitful climax to such a day, and there was no fume. However, for the able guidance of the young gentlemen, who knew their way about, we used up every available trolley car. Next day, after a round of shopping, we met again at the office of one of our young friends, on the eighth floor of the Temple Building, which is a great centre of business, and we took the pleasure steamer Miles Standish—I give the name because it comes from the shantock sod—to the seaside resort called Nantasket, on the Atlantic coast, about an hour's sail, and there we observed many rare ways of having a good time. Among the others the shooting of the chutes, which is the going down very swift artificial rapids in a flat-bottomed boat from a great height to an artificial lake, where the boat, with the great speed it has attained in its descent, takes four or five big leaps, which make one feel like saying good-bye to the world below. The sensation is supposed to be thrilling, and every one who shoots the chutes feels himself a hero. These chutes are all the go in America now, and have taken the place of the switchback all-gather. There are the usual sand and strand sights, donkeys, hobby-horses, and dancing. The type of photographed and numerously represented, and there was an artist who did a whole gallery of models out of the sand. It was the rarest class of work I had ever seen, and if I am to judge of the success of the other models from the accuracy of the head, face, collar and tie of the English G. O. M., which we saw made, then this artist is a genius, and the only tool of his art is a thing like a bone paper-cutter. He makes no charge for letting everybody look on, but he expects and gets only a few cents from those who admire the work. Back to Boston, after a good evening, to a pleasant night.
White Mountains

View from Hotel Windows

Mount Deception

Sccebeiot
Quebec has had very little chance of displaying its good characteristics to me since we arrived in a rainstorm yesterday morning, when only the early birds were out looking for the earlier worms. Quebec is built up the side of a mountain, and the ascent is continued by a suddenly zigzagged stairway. It was not laid out with the deliberation of Washington, and its houses are of all sizes and shapes, stuck here and there, in lines or in corners, wooden or brick or stone as it suited, and it has very low stone pathways. The general pathway is wood, and down the steep, narrow, and winding streets the floods wash sand and stones on the bends of those pathways at many points. We have had chances, however, to see the front and characteristics of the place. It has seen many battles, and is fortified against the next attack. It is a fortification by nature and design; it is a city by accident. It appears as though it had been splintered by shot and shell in years gone by, and its splintered condition is still palpable. If the League of American Wheelmen had struck this place instead of Philadelphia it would have damped their enthusiastic ardor for rushing about French is the general language here and the public notice is set forth in both French and English. A curious mixture of a population this with its Fullertons, Dunns, Smiths, Lafrances, Shepperds, Romeris, and Pynnes, and stranger still is to hear all talking and looking French. I have observed M'Corkell, the baker, talking French across the street to William O'Neill, the saddler, and " me hold O'Neill" talking French back to me. We also met a Mrs. McDonald of one of whom could speak English. A newspaper shop is sign-boarded "Depot de Journal," and our menu cards are French and English mixed. On one of these cards was printed the following item, "Roast beef. Horse of beef." The mistake had been observed before the cards were distributed at table, and the printed words "of beef" were struck out and the word "radish" inserted in the place. This was called "Roast beef and radish." The card showed the effort that is being made to reach the intelligence and tastes of English and French guests, and in the same way errors of advertisements are very common and funny. We visited Dufferin terraces, Wolfe's Monument, the Houses of Parliament, where we took sniff out of a silver mounted ram's horn on the Clerk's table. This ram's horn must be celebrated in some way. Our guide said that the ram's horn was blown at the opening of Sessions, "there is the ram's horn," and he looked so much as though to say "everybody knows all about that ram's horn" that I did not feel enthusiastic enough to display my utter ignorance on the subject. We visited also the City Hall, the Fort overlooking the city, the new Gare buildings, and a great many churches. We also went across the Charles river to the falls at Montmorency, which produce a strong fall of clear water. But these events are beginning to pall on me, although some of them do come up to the announcements which induce the sightseer. The streets of Quebec are not spacious by any means, the pathways are narrow, and are in some streets made positively dangerous by the hall doors opening outwardly.

We observed very little sign of any improvement going on, and altogether it was a change from the busy aspect of the cities to which we had been accustomed; in fact from the time we crossed the Canadian frontier we have noticed the existence of the stepmother's breath, and although there be a little electric tramway along one or two of the first streets at the river side, I was confirmed in my belief of the immediate change for the better being made in the advertisement.
paper, "Quebec street railway for sale," not the electric tramway, but another system laid in the higher part of the city, and there lie the disused rails being gradually buried by the gravel and dirt of the streets.

We chose to travel from Quebec to Montreal by day, and I cannot remember anything by the way worth recording except, perhaps, my journey from our carriage to the smoking carriage, which appeared to be at least a quarter of a mile, and my smoke did me little good, for we stopped at a good many junctions, and I was in constant terror that the carriage containing my treasure might be switched off to another line, while, if in the smoker, got off to God knows where. I had seen such things done at a junction called Fairmile in Ireland, but then I was not hale, and now I was very much afraid. I tell you that while I passed that cigar a quarter of a mile ahead of my railroad seat proper that train had an additional conductor looking after her movements. Getting back, as the train now along, from carriage to carriage on a rocking road, was not a very steady performance, but it had to be done, and it is to be noted what apparently difficult things a person can do when he must.

Queen's Hotel, Montreal, I had inquired about an hour before we started; I put my sign manual in the register and own up where we belonged to occupied very little time, and equally short were the wash and brush up in which we indulged, and out we were parading the streets and squares as though we were natives. Next evening we took the steamer America for Kingston, which is situate on Lake Ontario. The first part of the journey takes place during the night up through the channel, which has been chosen to avoid the Richelieu or St. Lawrence, which could not be steamed against. It was slow work getting up through these various locks and dodging vessels of the tug and barge character; past dredgers and steam affairs of all descriptions and all yelling and pilling away. The red and green light, the yell of warning from the steam horns, the black glassy water reflecting the stars was a weird sight. There was a bit of a moon, but had not the stars lit the most in the night. It was just such a night and known the best mariner, for it produces a deception in nearly every surrounding, and distances are very easily misjudged. I would rather have gone to bed in a ship out in the ocean, but berths in this steamer were good and invited slumber. Next morning we got out of the last canal, and entered the St. Lawrence proper. On the train from Quebec and on this steamer too the Trucsan language is in general use, and it is wonderful how honestly looking people talk French. A couple of labourers mixing mortar on the streets of Quebec jabbering French when I expected to hear nasal English, did not surprise me more than a big square-headed, kindly Celtic faced man, like a well-to-do shopkeeper from Girardville, who could not answer my English, but subsequently entered into the most fluent French conversation with me, who was from his line of his countrymen. On our way up the St. Lawrence we saw many dead fish thrown up by the traffic. The scenery at the beginning was not very much interesting. We encountered two or three minor rapids through which our headway was very slow and the air fairly lively. Towards evening we had a good view of the Thousand Islands, and the peculiar scenery and the residences and bustle of all the localities. Even the flags and the perambulating steamers, steam launches, and rowing and sailing boats, string bands afloat and hobby horses afloat, and when night came our ship's search-light was turned on, giving as glimpses of the interesting places and finally, at nine o'clock p.m., of Kingston. We were to return by the same steamer in the morning, but...
an Irish fly will visit you with a flap of its wings, as it would and pass away, another fly may come 
vigoring in the same flying manner, but the fly 
that alights on your face here seems to settle down to 
lick. I wait for him to go away, but he stays 
and tickles. I call it little trot and tickles again, 
 till at last he finds a tender spot and you must give 
him all your attention. Such a fly would 
tickle the nose of a bronze statue. He doesn’t 
seem to care for the well-to-do lady for the 
most part. You have to get the meat juice 
through the pores of my fair countenance. I chase 
him after his successful tickle, but he comes on 
again and settles down on the exact spot where I had 
found me particularly sensitive, and a favourite 
resort of this busy and stuborn body is my right 
eyelid underneath my pince nez. If another fly 
strange to the district had come I might have had 
peace while he explored. But now, alas, no, it is just 
by my typographical education 
complete, and he keeps right on as though he 
wasn’t, enjoying himself for his fun and food till I 
leave the dining hall. Pat the porter’s announcement 
set me thinking of the ship and the sea where no 
flies will be, and where with strong prow pointed 
for home our barque will bear us bravely on. Pat 
the porter is a genius in his way and 
a card in every suit, and has an impertinent 
hair, which will not succumb to 
comb or brush, aided and assisted by grease, down 
past his collarless shirt, white fronted, till it meets 
his pants, and both are secured round a portentous 
waist by a belt, which would appear to be part of 
a car-trace. He is square, solid, and set; he 
wants on his heels, and is a great politician; he 
has followed the affairs of nations, and holds the 
view that the arbitration of all disputes is 
expected by the English. About America was the allusive piece of 
diplomacy which the strategists of England ever 
accomplished. These are his own words—’And 
England will go on, arming and da__))arginating to its own advantage. She’s afraid of war, and 
for the last three centuries she has bluffed the 
world. She’s got a great name, but if ever she 
goes on beating any nation can they beat her. 
John L. Sullivan got the name of the best boxer in 
the world, and for ten years he was a terror, and 
look of his eye beat all opponents, but after he 
got a goring then any man on 
the street could thrash him.’ And so on this 
rough diamond Pat the Porter having studied 
history, remembers it, and he can apply it with 
great force; he is studying the current affairs 
of nations, and it was no uncommon sight to find 
him sitting on a truck ready to give you 
going on in reference to the latest trouble in 
its, which he will not consider a war, and characters 
as the chasings of naked niggles from behind 
rocks. His only wear are a shirt, pants, slips, 
a light coat, which will not or does not come to 
the front at all, and the belt of great strength and 
breadth. When this divergence occurred I was 
writing of Montreal, and I promised to tell all that I 
could learn of the Montreal M’Gill. I have 
heard that he was a mortal enemy to the place, 
and he would sign the cash book and the college 
which bore his name, and he was in other ways a public 
spirited benefactor, whose memory deserves to be 
perpetuated. That is most all I heard from a 
crisp tongued Yankee who kept near us on the 
St. Lawrence, and he wound up with, ‘Oh, I 
guess they keep that man’s grave whitewashed. 
The word donated and that last observation is a 
sample of his class of phrases, and I was 
unfitted to give any fund of amusement.

I did not settle down in 
guidebooks to tell you anything about the 
surrounding scenery, or the people we spoke of, 
but tossed off my Yankee style impartations with 
the airy freedom of a man who did not care a 
contingent whether he was strictly right or not. 
If he were accurate it was all right, but if he were
though he carried a sword in his teeth, appeared before me, I explained my business, while he stood there towering over me, and knocked the door in.

He said he would send the porter to me. I looked at the massive, military figure. "Are you not the porter," I said. "No, sir," he replied, "I am the bell-boy." I could not have been less surprised had he claimed to be the bell-buoy at the mouth of the Mersey. He departed, and I compared this boy with the single boy of seventy whom I had met at Derry. Perhaps you think I should have sighed, thrown up my hands, and left the door. Perhaps I did do that. I cannot recollect, but you will please give me credit for having done so if you imagine it was the proper thing under the circumstances. We have met curious people on our trip, but one type has turned up several times. He is one of a party of three gentlemen, three ladies, and a miscellaneous collection of youths. He sits with his head high at table, a sneer on his mouth; he is always in the door. He has always to be sent for when wanted, and has generally to be roused from a newspaper or a cigar or a reverie. I don't at all give him credit for being engrossed at these things. No; the man is such a pretense that he only seems to be so engrossed. He speaks little, and that little is to express dissent or approval, but that approval never goes without a grumble, as though it was only as an afterthought. He is a dull man, a decent, sensible-looking member of his party, selects an hotel. All get into that hotel "bus." Mr. High and Mighty, with head thrown back, asks, "What sort of a hotel is this?" and inside of the "bus a flourish of sneer and stare. "I understand it is a good hotel," is the reply, and the ladde think "it will be all right, I'm sure," to which this disgusted mortal replies, "Well, I don't know, and I prefer the place we do know." The good-natured taxi-driver, who is a kind ofcolonel in the high society, says, when exasperated beyond endurance. "I wish you had told us of that; I did my best." Yes, good man, you had done your best, and you had done well, too, but this highly polished nuisance that you've got along with you thinks to uphold a superiority by grumbling, and let everything be worse much more than he is accustomed to he will growl to show, as he thinks, that he knows better than you. The good man did it, and he was right. The good man was right, and his friends bear him, and whom he thinks he is favourably impressing are simply disliking him and pitying you that you, for the sake of his wife and children, have to bear with him. Give him the selecting of things for a day or two, and treat him to a few growls. That is the punishment for such cantak-rism, or better still, leave him at home altogether. Then there is the good-natured taxi-driver. The good-natured taxi-driver, if he is magnificently magnanimous in bestowing all his ignorance of fact and consolation, and absolutely starts in to lecture us. This gallant pedant was an easy task to appraise. "Ireland," he said, "is a country of dreamers. Why should that little spot—why, you can barely see it on the map—be a separate entity? He will admit that England is not much bigger, and that the Irish are equally gifted but he is not pleased with what he would do in the business. He is a great man, and if he had a troublesome department which lost him time or money he'd cut it adrift. He had never heard that that is what all the trouble is about. England won't cut her adrift! Well, he never! He guessed some form of separate State arrangements would be best. He had heard that the present Irish people were awful in the way of whiskey drinking, and that indigenous facts would be worse. He was doing Ireland a good turn. For we admitted with sorrow, to that I stand pieces of self-opinionated ignorance, that that was so; then he wanted to
A. St. Lawrence Rapids. Showing the stream.
know was whiskey the favourite tipple; and, being satisfied of that, would order him a large jug and drink much of it, often as much as 36 hours of the day; and part of his daily food. "And isn't it costly?"

"Yes, fourpence per glass—eight cents. "Are all like that?"

"Every mother's son; eye, and the women too. "And what quantity would a working man consume in a day? "Two quarts and more if he could get it. "Why, that's half a gallon? "Just so. "Of strong whiskey? "Much stronger than any you have got here. "How does he keep his head, at all? I ask you! "He would drink the house dry in the course of a week. "Yes, but you forget that even in sobriety the men here are well on the road to craziness as it is."

Then, later on, when he has added the above information to his fund of ignorance he will say: "How many glasses in a quart of whiskey friend? "Sixteen. "And two quarts make thirty-two at eight cents each, why, that's two dollars and a half of our money to go down the drain of one day. "Don't you think six ounces is a little too much for breakfast. Where does your labourer get so much money?" to which I reply without flinching. "Well, if he doesn't earn it he must steal or swindle somehow."

At this somewhat interposes to the effect that I am only amusing myself with this yearner after the bad stories of Ireland, and take the individual over the whole ground again proving to him how little he knows the true state of affairs. I may have cured him of his gullibility, pity a little, or perhaps may even forgive his ignorance, for ignorance itself is not oppressive; but of the pomposity with which he sheds the light of his burning opinions on things about which he knows absolutely nothing, or worse, has picked up wrong information. The Montreal exhibition was a great business altogether, and though there was nothing great to see in the way of cattle, horses, sheep, or machinery, &c., yet the thing was so booming that everybody came. In the Pictorial we at all day there, and there were numerous tents and side shows of all descriptions, from pugilistic cats to a jubilee waxwork museum, which our Royal family should prosecute for criminal libel. There are two main show performances in the day, including balloon races and parachute descent. In front of the grand stand there is a perfect circus and theatre performance, and every seat of the stand is crowded. The performance is not by any means great, but the place is full and thoroughly satisfied that it is enjoying itself, but here is a sample of what the programme promises them: "Imitation of a battle, Major Hendershot, introducing the pickle firing, the attack, the battle of musketry, the roar of cannon, the bursting of the shell, and the charge. This imitation of a battle is so real that the old soldiers in the audience who have had experience in one, will rise to their feet and exclaim "Oh, my God!"

The major uses the Horace Greeley drum in playing this piece. Yes, he uses the drum with great skill, but I had no notion of battle, and I saw no old soldier rise or scream. We admitted he was very clever with the drumsticks, but his advertisement was ridiculous. The man's name was probably Henderson, but to make him a major and change son to shot makes a grand feinty which takes with the crowd. And, writing of soldiers, I may be pardoned for reminding you that a private was a private in that American war. I have met no warrior under the position of captain, and am dying for the sight of some of the rank and file. On the evening preceding our departure from Montreal I had to turn up with our keys at the railroad depot, with our trunk for inspection by the United States Revenue officers. This is the trunk which I have abused already. The officer wasn't hard to satisfy, but my warning to him not to disturb anything least he might git a fine again, may have had something to do with the sensory inspection, and that trunk as it was bare, while it contains nothing at all contraband, bears in it four sides as much property as would stock any small dry goods shop in the country, and even then the above incident have to advertise a clearance sale in order to secure comfort. My "Hold-all" bag still remained, but it got ransacked in the train, and I let the energetic gentleman amuse himself as much as he desired. The bag was not locked. He opened it himself, and I sat a few seats off quietly watching him as he hurried beside it. Before this he had asked, "Got anything durable here," to which I honestly replied I didn't know, and then, of course, he started in to find out. My weave may have been short, because the hour was early, the morning raw, and my breakfast hurried; further, we were in charge of one of the most migratory conductors we have come across. He rested nowhere, and every time he came round with a heavy slamming of doors, I burned with a desire to invite him to a seat.

In the door slamming the railway conductor was ably assisted by his adjutant, the trainman, who in turn was copied by the newspaper, candy, cigar, sandwich, and jeweller agent, who is always carried on these trains, and who is, as a rule, a great convenience, but this morning my nerves were on end. Next to us sat two ladies, one of whom, as I gathered from their chatter, was just returning from holidays, where she seemed to have been most appreciated. I did not want any secrets, and it was only when their gush overcame the noise of the train that any information reached me. Have you ever observed such a conversation? How the story-teller goes on and on till she gasps for breath, and while gasping emits a smile which "will wait till you hear," they gather their heads close together, and then "yes, and then," she says.—here she turns round as an attractive warning to a bystander, and with lowered voice the interesting information is imparted, with the result that a loud laugh bursts forth, with perhaps the remonstrance, "How could you?" and off she goes again in an evident effort to further explain her part in the whispered information. This explanation is full of "then I," "and he," and "she," and "and we," and it is a matter of regret that the recall of those holiday affairs is holding her. Towards the evening, the climate as we go south is getting milder, and Lake Champlain, with its broad bosom and big cultivated and inhabited islands is in view. At one time we are up high along the rocks, which form the banks of the lake, and at another we are down along its pebbly shores all the time getting views of bays guarded by sloping wooded hills, and the Adirondack mountains with trees to their very top. It would take a whole summer of residence to appreciate and describe; but as we pass along the scene is ever changing by reason that the railroad course is along the shore and is ever winding. Like the thousand islands, one would require time to exhaust the many different aspects and attractive ness of the locality. Our train becomes more crowded as we proceed, and it is easily noticeable how the ladies are allowed to shift for themselves. Perhaps it is the feeling of independence that has to do this, but there the American agent is constantly sold at his full breadth, not by any means repressive, and really when called upon to make a little room, but never snugg'ing the thing himself. Some people travel quietly, but some are capable of taking possession of a whole train. A gentleman arrived at one of our stations, H.
entered the carriage where we sat. He fixed his eye on a section of the carriage, and said aloud, but to himself, "Yes, this will just suit our party.

Now, in that covered section, and in the middle of it, sat a man with a valise, who apparently took no notice, but filled two seats. Then "our party" began. There was a pioneer, with a cassock, a sucking-bottle arrangement, and a linen bonnet; these occupied his right hand and arm; his left had a bundle of rugs and umbrellas, which was long enough to hit everybody on its passage, including the door keys and the back of my head. Following these up came a lady, podgy and evidently flat-footed, for she waddled like a ducked duck. She carried a bag which flew open as she went, and out came several of the essentialities of family reading and matronly comfort. After she had crossed over a few of these and got entangled in a roll of newspaper, we found a seat where the gentleman and the valise were.

Then for the first time he took notice, and she was not backward in inviting him to a seat elsewhere. He left, and then the balance of "our party" came in, ushered by the pioneer or parent, who kept ferrying the belongings, and giving directions at the top of his voice. A boy with a handbox and a square paper box also, was brought to moorings opposite the waddling lady by the order, "George, you had better find Agnes!" And Agnes, the quiet-looking, much suffered woman, with a fair-haired woman came forward holding a struggling and yelling baby across the middle. As she passed forward of me I could see on one side of her waist the yellowing bare head of the unity baby, and on the other side its bare and kicking legs. The procession was closed by the arrival of a larger child led by one who was evidently a sister. They were arguing over the division of an orange, and altogether the party looked as if it would require something more to settle, and I came to the conclusion that if ever those people could be collected again, I was also certain that each member of that party could raise Cain to whatever place he or she it happened to get lost. I hope this party paid for the space it occupied, but I rather fancy that there would be a good deal of bargaining about the tickets, and that the important parents and their family and nurse and parcels were made, at that juncture, to look as small as possible, like a neat and well folded umbrella when paying for space. The baby was a drain on the broken parasol on the train. But every traveler here wants space, and whether it is the heat of the weather or what else, a person does seem to require room to stretch about arms, legs, and body for rest.

Diversified with nice scenery without and queer people within our train in a seemingly short time steamed into Saratoga at three o'clock p.m., and we were not long in getting on the list of guests in the United States Hotel, which hotel has carried immortality to a great excess. It has large verandas all round, and one of its rooms, a small room, in the centre of which is a bed, has music almost constantly going on, and it was not unusual to see proceeding at the same time dancing on the inner veranda and lawn tennis on the grass. There are many other very large hotels here of the same class and prices are not low. Saratoga, which is pronounced Siarotyog, is a region of wonderful springs, and it ought to be a very good place for ladies and gentlemen with bad livers, good clothes, plenty of leisure, and no want of money. I have seen plenty of some of the resorts, swelled around with the gay population in the streets and out of doors dancing. We tasted of one or two springs and were healthy enough not to feel any tetter or worse, and we also patronised the dance, during the intervals of which items of a variety entertainment were run off. I felt the want of really good

new songs which has existed for some years and had to put up with such faddish as "Oh, Elsie, from Chelsea; there's nobody else but Elsie from Chelsea for me." The fire scare is also published all over our big hotel, and hung up near one of the windows of an extensive bedroom is a sheet out of the local paper, and bears the printed matter "Notice—In accordance with the law a rope fire escape has been placed in every room above the ground flor. to be used as a fire escape." We were above the ground floor considerably, and I went asleep, as it were, sitting upon my hands and thinking up all the acrobatics I could remember. I dreamt of trying, with distressing failure, to climb up a rope which kept coming down upon my head in coils, while a train of gunpowder was aiming towards me. The electric light is in the windows of the rooms, and it is charming to think that we have been hot on the gas here without applying a light. I exposed it to blaze up, and it was some time before I thought of myself; in fact it was after the smell of gas was strong in the apartment, and I had struck a match to look for a candle, that I became aware of what was to be done. Having got up the light, carefully examined the rope fire escape, and cast a look out of the window to study the descent, I said a few fervent anti fire prayers and turned in, hopeful the little rhombic shapes would not dash about after such a night and that daylight and a walk abroad in the healthful air comes an appetite for the symphonies many course breakfast spread before the hundred who fill the dinging-hall of this enormous place.

The dead wait posters of Sairey Toga announced a battle of flowers and a cake walk for the next week, and we were sorry we could not wait for these, the cake walk especially, for we had got a glimpse of one before, whereat the dress and the poses of the "Dainty Dams" nearly broke my ribs with laughter. No doubt, they could not find the exact justice. But we have to be on the move, and in the afternoon of the day but one following we were passengers on the train for New York. There in the smoking car, as I puffed a nice cigar, an old gentleman who knew very little English addressed me in the words, "Fire, fire." "Good gracious," thought I, "am I always to be beset with this terrible threat." I felt round for the packet which contained my package for ignition, and was relieved that I did not find myself aflame. The gentleman flourished a cigar and repeated the word "Fire." Then only I discovered that he wanted a light from my cigar.

A change and half an hour's delay at Albany, we steamed right on to New York, the latter part of which journey lay along the banks of the beautiful Hudson river, and New York was reached at six o'clock p.m. We had still seven or eight days to play ourselves before getting off across the Atlantic, and as nearly all the theatres were in full swing our evening would be provided for, and we proposed to spend our days: some city sight-seeing, some shopping, and some sea-sitting. The theatres are a marvel of comfort, crowding, and dress; all provided with cloak-rooms, toilet-rooms, smoking rooms, and every other convenience. There is no charge for programmes, but the prices for the good seats leave margin enough to provide free programmes. The shops of New York are immense—big ground floors with numerous counters, basement storey equally well supplied, and rival upper floors to which we were carried by elevators. Those shops were crowded by—I was about to say purchasers but I should say ladies out shopping with gentle men in attendance—and there a hum and
bustle of the most thrifty character. The sea side
resorts are of various classes. Coney Island, with its
crowds, its bathers, its shops and stores, its
restaurants, switchbacks, and chutes, its merry-
go-rounds, and its music makes one think of a
day long and far into the night; and the latest I
have seen in the way of fun and excitement is the
stepping off a high platform holding on by the
to a wheel which runs on a wire rope over-
head, and for five cents one has the pleasure of a
career between earth and heaven, swinging his legs
in the air and feeling the weight of his body for
about one hundred yards reaching the ground at
the farther end. The women are as fond of this
as the men, and except a slight fear of the rope
and some skilful eye on the men carrying on. The men
and boys try to raise their feet above the rope
and travel along head down, and the women and girls,
while not going quite so far emulate in increasing
the other 'gyrations which the swinging journey
entails. Rockaway Beach is just such a similar
place farther away from the city, costing a little
more to reach, and consequently not so crowded,
but the shows and the people are just the same.
The buildings are all wooden structures, there does
more do decompose every year, and some of the
most abandoned of the winter time. The
ladies here are fond of the biggest hats and the most
gaudy colours it has ever been my lot to see, and
large plumes of ostrich feathers rising out of a
broad brimmed hat are affected by the monted people,
and aped by their poorer sisters. The baking sun,
the far stretching sands compel bathing, and one
bath is not at all sufficient. They take about three
hours in the bathing dresser, the first fifteen
minutes under water, then the robe is
stretch in the sand with a cigarette or cigar comes
next, and off to the water again. To put it shortly
one puts on his bathing costume after breakfast,
and only resumes his own clothes when it is time
to go to the theatre. The ladies bathe at the same
length as the gentlemen, they do not smoke, but
when tired dunking they sit in the shallow water
and fool with themselves and the little waves and the
like does not they. I never suspected they do walk along the shore wearing only
the skimpy bathing dresses either arm in
arm with their male friends or running the free
and independent ticket, not even stopping short
of going to the nearest wooden or canvas restaur-
anted for a sandwich. My friends will kindly com-
pare this style with the stolon dips we get along
the coast of Donegel, stealing off privately as
though we were guilty things, stripping on the nose
of a jogged rock, and getting snug with the bleak
woods beyond the beach, as if our garments
are held down by an obliging friend or by
a heavy stone, and like as not a shower of rain
comes along to damp them. Pleasure Bay
and Glen Island are very different and especially so is
Glen Island, which is a park of pagodas
and resorts, with its artificial lakes and bridges and
asphalt walks, its seals, sea lions, and donkey
tracks, its zoological garden, and a model castle of
the Rhine Island. These places can all be reached
by boat or bridge, and are so placed luxuriously that the delight of a day out begins
the moment one gets aboard. The balmy weather
also assists because there is no anxiety to secure
sheltered nooks. At home we cannot risk an hour's
call without encumbering ourselves with umbrellas
and overcoat. A friend of our passage out had
given his card, his home was in Brooklyn, he
was of Irish parent and his face was good nature
itself. I may as well say at once he was the
Bishop of our ship's party. We had the cards of
several other parties who asked us to call from East
Orange to Patterson New Jersey but we first
thought of seeing the Bishop in Brooklyn, and we
started to find him out one evening as the sun
got down. We knew nothing about the place we
wanted and only knew a little of the way to get
there. Our course was as they say on board ship,
various, but better let me take it in steps and
again let me mention that the daylight was
fading the electric and other lights coming on and
the throngs of hurrying people and crowded cars
immen. The Lexington-avenue car goes 4th
avenue a few doors down from our hotel. We
hauled it, each with a large stationery
streetcar where we had to get off in double quick
time, for the cable car does at stop long, in fact it
coldly does more than slow down and one has to
be ready to step off. A leisurely car would stop the
traffic, for car after car is bunging along in quick
succession. Down Fulton-street to the large
erry, which takes waggons and teams of all de-
scriptions as well as human beings across to
Brooklyn. Arrived at Brooklyn under the bridge
and a mass of hurrying trains, where several
street cars converge. Age, this is the
confusing fact, I must remind my readers, that the
decaying daylight was struggling with the electric
street and window lights; there was the twanging
of tramcar gongs and the bustle of all sorts of
people, black and white, all on the run—some
upstairs, some downstairs, some hither, some
thither and all apparently acquainted with the
streets, roads, walks and crossings. We were in
black ignorance, but we had, thank goodness,
the gift of speech—quickly, for we were obliged to
be on our feet. Here we got off, what next on
and on and up hill, do we dales, round corners,
and so forth, till I began to fear that the conductor
had either forgotten us or mistranslated my
instructions. The gift of eyesight, too, was greatly
appreciated, and the name of the street we were in
search of, though a good deal out of repair, was
recognized by our eager glances to right and left. Bobbed off at a corner, we took our bearings from the
door numbers and saluted along till we came upon
hers was large, but that the gent who came to greet
us was not the friend whom we had
llevated to hierarchy, and I scrambled through an
apologist explanation. The gentleman enjoyed
our confusion, but he beamed upon us while we were
turning away, and then he said, "There is another Mr. _here," and then calling to the
back parlour, "I say, Joe, will you just step
forward." Joe came, we were received, and after
hearty handshaking, with introductions, we found
ourselves in a large room, lighted up by two-
escent balls, and a roof of highly polished wood,
we see us, and all anxiety to make us feel at home.
One of the New York Theatres was visited, and,
under our friend's guidance, we reached it about
half the time it had taken us to come across.
We took our seats in the orchestra stalls just as the
band was finishing up the curtain-raising tune, and
for two hours and a half we were fascinated by a
very taking drama, with a good moral, and virtue
and honour triumphant. An elegant light supper
wound up that night. During our stay in New
York we had the kindness of our friend, the
philosopher, and friend. He had one bad habit. He
would insist upon paying for everything, and
knowing his way about much better than I did, he
could reach ticket offices and restaurant waiters
far quicker than I. By chance I got my hand
now and again, but very seldom, and my earnest
prayer for him is, "May his dollars never run
short."
There is quite a new idea in advertising
here. We came upon it in Herald-square, where
there was a large advertisement of one of the big buildings. Suddenly there came
upon it the advertisement of the " admira-
cigarette," and then by kinescope the figure of
a lady dancer, who took up a cigarette, lighted it
dANCED and puffed away, then threw the burning
cigarette from her, and the crowd imagined I
would fall on their heads, but it did not.
A 'crossbed' lawyer puzzled
further disappointment was in store, for she caught up a box of cigarettes, took out a handful, and scattered them from her, with the effect that the crowd bustled as though to catch them, but they were too high to be reached. Another advertisement took the place of the last, and the crowd remained to witness a very enjoyable and free entertainment. One of the Boston family who had been so good to us turned up for a day before we left, and again put us under a compliment, by devoting his time and money in showing us round parts of the city we had not seen, including the Bowery and China town, winding up with an even air stroll up to ten o'clock. This was the night before our departure, and we retired early to pack and strap up our things.

Before I take my departure from the American continent I have to transplant one of its big cities which in these notes I had shifted considerably out of its position, I mean Baltimore, which I placed with great ease on the New York side of Philadelphia, instead of the farther side nearer Washington. It is well that I am able to get this seaport back to its proper latitude and longitude before the dead of winter, and I have to thank a fellow-citizen who knows a good deal of the land of Stars and Stripes for drawing my attention to what I had done in displacing Baltimore. To the good people of that place I bow with appreciation and explain the error that occurred by skipping a page of the note-book containing the jottings for these notes. The good ship which was to take us home had arrived at New York a few days before, and we were not long in paying a visit to her and her very kind and popular officers. Another member of the Boston-Derry family came all the way to see us off, and they, with our Brooklyn boys, factor, waved their parting greetings while we were blocked down at the wharf. Hoping very much we might see them again in response to our hearty invitations to Ireland. The passenger list is not so long as when we came out, but it gives a very agreeable company: An exchange and real estate man taking his holiday, a family of miniature artists and singers, a professor of languages (some of them dead languages, but a great many of them very lively), an American conductor, who took up his residence in London and for as long as his party remained here fell in the affairs of State, a Missourian lady with kindly manners and genial conversation, an Edinburgh student with his camera, a minister and his wife lately married, and other interesting people, including a returning Scotch young lady, an acquaintance of the outward voyage, who helps us to choose among the highland items of music, the musical youngsters, who are going to leave home for the first time, and for musical completion, a broad business man who is full of the big prices which he can obtain from the Indian squaws for plaid shawls, and a young man who is strong on dogs. He always cuts his dog's tail short, and always with his teeth. Some of us disagreed with a bite in that unsavoury vicinity and our exchange man remarked that he had no appreciation for climatic sausages. The game was over, and the day after sailing, and already we are a very happy family. The sea is calm, the weather balmy, and we have the moon by night. Quite a stir was created on Sunday morning before breakfast: an open boat was seen riding about two miles away. The officer of the watch kept view of it with his telescope, and after a little carried his views to the captain who came quickly to the bridge, while we peered over the rail with much interest. Suddenly the ship's course was changed. We were making for the object, and we all leaned over, peered some more, and reported to one another what we had seen: "It is empty." "No, there's something lying down in it." "What can it be at all?" "Some ship's boat adrift, I guess." "See the oars in it." "Yes, and the sail." We came very close to it, but did not pick it up. Everything seemed tidy in it, and it seemed to have a riding anchor attached to it. The official surmise is that it is a boat which has been picked up and out there on the waste of waters it was one of the lowest things I could imagine. I am certain to think of it in the middle of the night and wonder, strange as it may appear, how the poor thing feels, for I imagine the loneliness must make an impression even on this inanimate object under the rays of the silent and ghastly moonlight. There is a lady on board here who was much interested in this little package, and a lady. We have asked her to see the captain and gas him to make an appointment with a good big whale for her benefit. She replies that if she thought the captain could fix it up he would do it for her sure; he is a fine, nice man. We did see some spouting whales to day, but the view wasn't close enough to satisfy us, and the lady lives on in hope. The number of our passengers was increased, but not in the slightest degree. The doctor had to satisfy the ladies almost hourly that the mother and child are getting along nicely. Being born under the British flag it is claimed as a British subject, but I have not yet discovered what is the nationality of the only parent it has got aboard. We think here that the christening should proceed at once, but it is not one of the duties which fall to the lot of the captain. We heard a good deal of the future for every passenger on board was claimed to be related to it, being one of the family into which it has been sent fresh from the skies.

Sunday has passed away, a God-given Sunday, peaceful, bright, serene, and gamesome, and Monday comes, with a brightness little less and a calmness serene as the day before. Sunday is a long day to come on board ship, but one finds himself nowhere to go, too good a weather to go ashore and too neglected by the tumbled youngsters, not pressed to games at all, and less fuss all over. Even the smoking room takes on the air of plenity. The day is spent in quiet, the meals being the only things to look forward to, and it would seem to me that the gastronomic tableaux which appear on the tables on Sunday are a special effort of the cook. Shortly after this ship left New York it put in, I believe, at Glasgow, that the captain had received instructions not to call at Moville at all. We verified this by an interview with the captain himself, and our anticipations of home going were all broken up. I don't know if I am different from other people, but a thing like that has a crushing effect on my spirits. It is to me like the tumbling of a tent, which takes time and care to build, and now it becomes known that they are quite at their own disposal, and that it again not on the plans and specifications previously thought out, but one has to design, compute, and erect the whole thing differently. I don't know yet whether to take this change kindly or growl at the steamship owners, and there is a great temptation to make a substantial money claim for the day's delay, the anxiety of mind, and the bodily discomfort of the passage. No hurry, I shall have lots of time to bother and make myself ill. On all our train and ship trips which we have had, this is the first disconnection to take place, and again I say there is temptation in it to make the greatest possible advantage out of it. We have been able to satisfy the lady who wanted the storm. We had no storm, but we had a rolling sea and a cross wind, making the ship roll rapidly over the water and we were just before lunch on Tuesday as the lady said to me. We went on the top deck among a collection of chairs, that the vessel gave her first intimation that our plain sailing had ceased. Over went the storm-watcher, over went the other ladies, and over went all the chairs. In that disaster they were pitched over to the right.
Cock fighting, Spectators introduced.
charge at all. It will surge over or sneak over no matter how you try to balance it. Thursday morning does not bring any more passengers to the boat, but the state room prisoners are going to make an effort to get out some more, and the boat was just due to leave. She was very ill and had changed her mind about the storm. She thought she expected to see the storm and keep away from it at the same time, same as a whale or an iceberg. The Missouri lady on that very Monday morning was stretching herself out enjoying the sun, fresh mild air, the deck games, and expressing herself so highly delighted that she'd take a sea trip somewhere every year. She did not wonder over quite how she'd done it, but she was just delighted. Poor thing! Only the afternoon of the same day and she is asking if there be any other way back home. Surely you can get by land, she doesn't care how long it takes. Next day all ladies but three are laid low, all the children but one, and there are a few men sick also. The rolling and the breezy waves still continue and the ship is getting farther over than when I left, yet there is no loss of spirits, nor much of the sick people are coaxed up to the top cabin where they stretch around with pillows and rugs on the wooden mats. The sick children are mixed there, too, and there a healthy passenger sits under the rugs and shawls to hold some very sick person's head. Under these circumstances, with no appearance of calmer weather, one could hardly imagine a concert to be strictly human; if at all possible, yet we had a blanket vocal concert, which was more a tragedy than anything else. The lady sat up, and looking out from her cabin window, she sang her part in the very best taste, while her gray appearance kept telling me to use her pen with silver and get my fortune told.

The smoking room is always available, and after dark, even if it do storm, the cheerful company, now mixed with ladies who don't mind the smoke, is very agreeable. I tell you that proud airs and questions of etiquette are out of place on the rolling sea. That person cannot enjoy himself who doesn't realize that the best fare for a ship at sea is to make the best of everything are the two things necessary for passengers on the turbulent ocean.

There are enough ladies moving about to inquire after the youngster who was sent to us, and who now lives with its mother in the ship's hospital, which provides greater comfort than the steerage berth could have done. This and other information on this secret and sacred lady subject comes to me, however, in small and infrequent instalments. For instance: Before breakfast on Monday morning I overheard a lady whisper to another: "It's a girl," and it was Tuesday evening when I heard that mother and daughter were occupying the hospital, but I am getting on, my ears are keen, and I expect to see some of the sailors ladies visit that hospital before long. I shall warn the doctor to make the visit a short one lest his patient be worried to death by questions with which every lady seems brimful. They are guessing already at the probable answers, "Why did she come on board at all?" "The doctor says she had to." "Why did she come?" The problem is very perplexing. A lady of the name of Hamilton, it seems, was a continuation of Monday afternoon so far as the tussling is concerned, and at meals it is a juggling feat to catch your food, as it were, on the wing or on the slide; with pauses while our good ship shaves her mane and tail. A cup of tea has to be taken in both hands and swallowed whole. A plate of soup is as quickly sufficed to produce spray and weaves. Therefore, hot or not, it must be boiled also. There is no escape when you make an averment to an empty gurgling bottle.
Robert stayed for one night in the state room next to us, but he pleaded so eloquently and so frequently for attention during the night that he now does the yelling in a more remote, but I am happy to say, in an equally comfortable part of the ship. I did not ask the little lad's removal; it was the work of the stewardess altogether, but at the same time I am not inviting Robert back again. Poor little fellow, he often cries for mammy, and I cannot but imagine she had some pet and a soothing name for the child. If we knew that pet name, Bob or Bob or Bobby, it might be one step to his affections, but to address him with the warlike title of Robert, no matter how sweetly, seems to be a test of all his wrath. Poor Robert, you may not remember your manners when you grow up, but I fancy how eagerly you would recognize her now if she came to you with open arms and your pet name on her lips. I promised to keep my readers informed of the other younger born on the voyage, but the only thing additional I have learned is that her father, as well as her mother, is a passenger here, so that the dear girl is not the orphan the ladies at first supposed and there is less bloom on the romance than they had imagined. We have not learned the names of all the other passengers, but the parents belong, they are white people. A day of games followed by a moonlight night are very delightful and it became very difficult to turn into bed, but we recollect there is a new day to-morrow which we haven't touched yet. The moon has been with us all the voyage and last night was particularly fine. Another gentleman and I bade good night, he went below at eleven o'clock and I was alone save the watch then taking care of the ship. The moon was almost full and the sky clear with a few streaks of small picturesque groups of clouds that always carefully avoided the place where the moon was. It seemed as though they were gilding about as her choir party, and the stars were particularly bright. The sea was one stretch of moving and glistening water without spray, and the ship had a sufficiently lively movement to show she was enjoying herself. All was quiet, not a sound but that of the engine running—music—and the swish of the vessel's prowl through the sea. I am not a voyager or a poet and I do not like noise or loneliness, but those surroundings took me in, and I became absorbed. Then I strolled leisurely over the quiet ship, from the look-out sailor on the forecastle-head back to where the propellers were crunching the ocean at the foaming stern. Now, having paid that tribute to the moonlight, let me mention a slight inconvenience, not an actual trouble, but a sort of association with it. Every day the sailors and stewards have been busy with red, white, and blue flags, and pots of varnish, and there is always some part of the ship roped off to keep the passengers from smearing their clothes with the wet paint. The stewards, having discarded their tidy blue jackets and brass buttons, are seen in shirt sleeves and rubber aprons lifting and beating rugs and carpets, brightening brasses and silver and washing down the sidewalks and elevators. To sum up—We are making the best of it, closely associated with all the distinctive peculiarities of house cleaning and for example, stepping from one's shiproom in the morning there is seen a sculling steward, with a bucket, floor cloth, and brush scrubbing the floor, and so in various ways the work continues during the day. To-day the ladies are hatching a plot, the object of which is to obtain from the doctor a pass to visit the ship's younger and I overheard mention of grapes and wine which nourishment, in my charity, I assumed they intended to take along with them to the interesting mother.

Saturday night's quiet moonlight was a fitting prelude to the peaceful Sunday. As sea with us Sunday has been observed in the most decorous manner and presents such a contrast to the sometimes noisy and boisterous frolics of the other days of the week. The house cleaning operations are suspended and all other signs of work are disguised or suppressed altogether. There is a general shaving and brushing up, and every person appears at the best and brightest. Good books are the fashion and games are laid past. There is Church of England service in the morning, and there are vespers, which are optional, towards night. We have much to be thankful for. Two splendid passages with no accident. A captain and officers whose urbanity have made themselves and their seaworthy ship very popular indeed, and so Sunday gets filled up with reflections of its own growing upon a person as a day of rest and thanksgiving. Somewhere in the forecastle, where the ladies' plot has been fruition, the ship's child and its mother had a visitation. The result was of course a character to be revealed to men—women are always deemed in the way and out of place in the solemn early days of a baby's life, even though the particular "male person," as Mrs. Prodigil calls him, has a special claim to be an interested individual. However, from snatches among the head-shaking, tongue-wagging, and eye-rolling, we were able to collect certain interesting particulars. The child is Irish, its name is O'Brien, it is the mother's first-born, and the doctor and stewards have been very good to both mother and baby. She has not much luxury, but she is comfortable as she lies there, so young, with thin, pale, thankless face, and big, bright blue eyes; and hasn't she a delightful head of hair, &c. &c. Monday morning is heralded in a sight of Tory Island right ahead. We have been steaming straight for that small and bit of Irish soil for several days and here it is turning up as accurately as possible and as rugged and genuine as the mainland and the people to whom it belongs. When within reasonable distance the flag station on the island begins to talk and our ship talks back. The conversation is carried on by means of flags, and is somewhat as follows:—"Good morning. How are you this morning? Any news. All well. Have you seen the Crescent? She left New York five days before. Haven's seen her since." "Good morning. By by." Some time later we pass Long Hole, and here all interest in the journey leaves me, for here is where I should land and our home is almost within sight. Against our will we are being taken to Glasgow and getting farther away from our port proper. The preliminary stages of packing and leave taking occur this day, and shore garments begin to take the place of those of sea abandon and curling pins abound. Stewards, sailors, boys, and even the shyest request has usually to be intimated to be immediately attended to. At the same time we must place the stewards and stewardsesses of this ship on a par with the officers for unobtrusive and unassertion affability, and it is only natural that they should be at hand on the last day of the voyage when we want them most. Docked in Glasgow about midnight the electric light is shut off and in summerlike darkness at four o'clock a.m. we are handed the old bell, which—usually a pleasant sound—makes a histrionic clamor here. Some passengers had not to be roused, because they sat up all night, so as not to miss the twinkling of any of the shore lights and in order to have a more exhaustive leaving taking. Packing in the final stages
Close friends outward bound
was got through in a very hurried manner by the
dim light of oil lamps, and in the thick fog
which is beginning to come down stairs to us; and
then we went to breakfast at five o'clock. Breakfast was not the energetic affair to which we had
devoted ourselves on the previous days of our trip.
No; half slept, badly washed, perspiring with the
hurry of packing and foggy surroundings are not
appealing by any means, and had we been landed
at Moville a crisp, so to speak, fresh laid break-
fast in the solidity of home comforts would have
been the programme this good Tuesday morning.
As it was, we were ashore and clear of the Custom
House officers by 6:30 a.m., free to roam through
the foggy streets of unopened Glasgow. The night
policemen had not yet been relieved from duty,
the rubbish of the day before still occupied the
streets, the milk delivery was just commencing,
and the sleepy labourers on tops of the first tram
cars are yawning and rubbing their eyes. Begin-
ing thus, the day proceeds with cheerless
monotony, and to get aboard the Derry bound
steamer and at once to bed to overtake last night's
loss became an absolute necessity. Next morning
found us in dear old Derry, tossed to a consider-
able extent, and for a few days my insides felt as
though I had swallowed all the steamers and train
eagles on which I had been travelling, and all
going full steam ahead and round about in dif-
ferent directions. These feelings in turn subsided
and I am now possessed solely by the happy recol-
lection of one of our greatest holidays.

The END.