THE ENGLISHMAN IN CANADA;

(A SATIRE,)

BY MAC.

TORONTO:
BELFORD & Co., PUBLISHERS.
1880.

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THE ENGLISHMAN IN CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

Stimulated by the successful explorations and discoveries of the renowned and intrepid Stanley in equatorial Africa, and the fame he has secured by throwing so much light upon that dark continent; and being by nature a life-long philanthropist, in intention if not in actual deeds; and further, having heard of the enviable and chivalrous character of that famous Scotchman, Donald Quickset, and his noble steed, Rosinante, (named in memory of his pious Aunty Rossin), I resolved to rouse my dormant faculties, and snatch the wreath of fame from some of the hidden mysteries of the universe, and on my brow wear the laurels of a discoverer, like Galilio and Robinson Crusoe, and so hand down my name to posterity, (tho' yet a bachelor,) as a leading benefactor of the human race. The spirit of discovery and adventure had lain dormant in my breast so long, not because it did not often assert its presence and struggle to soar forth to find the hidden and the marvellous where alone the hidden and the marvellous are to be found, but because I could not decide upon the precise field wherein to exercise my brilliant talents, until spurred into action by the fame of the gentlemen already mentioned.

While thus at a loss to know in what way I could best serve my fellow-beings, I was called to attend a general meeting of the Society of which I have the distinguished honour to be a member, viz.: the "Society for the Promotion of Cosmopolitan Ideas," and at that meeting fit and proper persons were selected to visit the Colonial dependencies of Great Britain and other countries, for the purpose of procuring such general information as might be of interest and benefit to the public. After mature deliberation the choice fell upon me to make a place called "Canada"—of which we had casually heard a few times before—the field of my obser-

vation and research. After much study and enquiry, I obtained a vague idea of where this *terra incognita* was to be found, and how to reach it. My information was not very definite, but I learnt that my objective point was in the direction of the setting sun, beyond the sea, and to be reached by a steamer sailing from Liverpool. I immediately made preparations for my sojourn through the inhospitable regions to which I was for a time to be banished, by providing a stock of writing materials, matches, cigars, homœopathic medicines, essence of coffee, extract of beef, concentrated milk, corn plasters, postage stamps, bath-tub, hat-box, and various other articles necessary to my comfort, not to be obtained in the wilderness. Fortunately I secured a passage in the steamer *Afghanistan*, of which my honoured and veracious friend, Captain Cuttlefin was master, and to whose inexhaustable fund of accurate information I am indebted for many of the Facts that are recorded in these pages.

I brought with me some guide-books and the latest papers, from which I gained some knowledge of the geography of the colony and of the character of its people, as well as of a few of the latest events that had taken place there, so that I was enabled to form some sort of a programme for my guidance. It was my intention to have left the steamer at the Banks of Newfoundland and walk into Toronto *incognita*, so that I would not be overwhelmed and bored with laudations and addresses by the stupid colonists, who flock to see persons of distinction, such as Lord Dufferin, the Princess Louise and myself, (and when Dufferin and the Princess suffered so severely, it would have been infinitely worse for me if it were known that I was a member of so eminent a Society as the S. P. C. I.,) and again, not being a good sailor, and tired with calls for contributions from the inexorable Neptune, I did not like to be tossed about upon the restless waves of the Atlantic longer than I could help; and, as might have been expected, I found that the farther those waves receded from the benign influence of my dear old home, the more turbulent and desperate they became. But the genial and whole-souled Captain Cuttlefin prevailed upon me to abandon my intention of landing at the Banks, and I stepped ashore at a place called Halifax instead I yielded more willingly because he gave many cogent reasons to dissuade me from following the plan I had first laid down, and as he could give every information about anything I might wish to know, I confidingly submitted myself to his guidance and instruction.

The Banks of Newfoundland, he informed me, are steep and lofty, and so slippery in winter that it is all but impossible to climb them, being covered with snow and ice, and if I made the attempt it might seriously interfere with my prospects of success. The aborigines of Newfoundland are cannibals of the most ferocious type, worse, if possible, than those of Tasmania, whose most desira-

ble *bon bouche* is roast missionary on toast. Several efforts have been made with stimulative agencies to civilize them, but with no appreciable result, and they are still very numerous. They live in caves in the great Banks that communicate with each other by subterranean passages, and when an unfortunate traveller comes in their way, they seize and drag him to an immense cavern, which is their place of rendezvons on great occasions, and where their festivities are held. The savages do not know the use of fire, and of course the usual process of cooking is dispensed with, so that the feast is partaken of in a very crude state, but the Captain was not aware whether any cases of *trichina spiralis* had ever resulted from eating raw missionary, yet the practice is one not to be recommended for fear of evil consequences, and I had no fancy for being accessory to any such results, nor did I appreciate such a form of welcoming a stranger in a strange land, and preferred not to make the acquaintance of so *captivating* a people. The walls of those caves are studded with diamonds, and as the eyes of the natives are luminous in the dark, the light thus reflected makes a brilliancy equal to Edison's best electric achievment, and at a much cheaper rate.

Another reason the Captain gave me was, that Newfoundland being an island, (which I was much surprised to hear,) the ice on the channel between St. John's and Halifax might not be sufficiently strong to bear me up, as the countless numbers of seals frequenting that strait make the ice porous with their breath, and unsafe to venture upon. Those voracious animals have such "predatory instincts" (acquired, no doubt, from their cogenors in North Britain,) especially in the winter season when laying up stores for future use—that they capture every living creature that comes within their reach, and convey it to their burrows in the ice, so that it is dangerous in the extreme to attempt crossing in the midst of such desperate beasts. A sense of danger, however, would not have deterred me from making the attempt, were it not that my mission was of too important a character to be imperilled by any rash act, and I am happy to say that whenever I suspect the presence of danger I am governed by the dictates of prudence and pursue the path of safety. I have ever been ready and willing to sacrifice my life, if need be, in the cause of science and philanthropy, but feeling convinced that science and philanthropy would suffer irreparably by the sacrifice, I have acted on the suggestion of prudence to postpone self immolation until that period arrives, as it must, when my sphere of usefulness will have become so circumscribed that the people of Europe will not so seriously feel the loss as they would have done up to the present time. This is a digression, however, When the Colonists find it necessary to cross this dangerous strait, they go in large bodies for mutual protection, well armed with tomahawks and scalping-knives, and

clothed in coats of mail made of the indigenous birch bark, Many sanguinary conflicts have taken place between the people and those formidable *phocidæ*. Sometimes young seals are caught and domesticated, and when tamed they are trained to do the work of horses and oxen, such as drawing home fuel for winter use, and fish for the trading vessels. Under the saddle they make excellent hunters, chasing the swift-footed mud-turtle over hill and dale, and all manner of inaccessible places for hours together. It is a common thing to see a gay equipage in St. John's only thoroughfare, drawn by a pair of iron-grey seals going at a break-neck pace. But they are very treacherous in their nature, kick badly, and need to be handled with great care and caution.

In the face of such perils, as pointed out by my esteemed friend, I did not deem it prudent to leave the steamer at the Banks. Captain Cuttlefin is a Highlander of cultivated tastes, (although his Gaelic name is beyond the orthoepy of any Englishman,) whose sterling integrity and urbanity of manners I have great pleasure in bearing witness to; and I do so more willingly because he is not one of those mere Colonists, who have not had the enviable distinction of having been born in Europe, but yet with characteristic presumption would make us, enlightened people, believe that they are just as good as we are. But, thanks to our superior intelligence and noble heritage, we have to be a long time degenerating under their climatic influences, before we can descend so low in our own unprejudiced estimation as to recognize colonists as our equals. And this fact we never try or wish to hide; on the contrary, we never let an opportunity pass without impressing upon the minds of those upstart colonists that they, and everything they possess, from the sun that so persistently and continuously scorches them to the atmosphere around them—which is as thin as Scotch brose—are inferior in every sense, socially, morally and physically, to anything and everything we have in the land of our birth. But they are so superlatively stupid that they cannot understand that the humblest individual amongst us towers in every noble attribute far above the best blood in the colonies. Nature never makes a mistake. This may appear at first sight somewhat paradoxical, because colonists are immigrants only who left the different countries of Europe to settle in the colonies, and consequently are descended from the same stock as we are. But it must be borne in mind that as soon as a person leaves Europe with the intention of making his home in the colonies, that moment he becomes degenerate, and steps down from the level of those he left behind him, despised and branded forever as a mere colonist, and no series of metempsychosis can ever replace him on the pinnacle from which he fell.

As I have already intimated, I did not visit St. John's, but the Captain described several of the traits of character of the people

and peculiarities of the town. St. John's is built chiefly of whalebone and dried codfish, and roofed in with oyster shells. At first I was disposed to doubt this extraordinary feature in modern architecture, but Captain Cuttlefin assured me that it was a fact, and his word is beyond cavil. Nature has furnished St. John's with peculiar facilities for obtaining whalebone. The harbour is locked in by two lofty escarpments that almost meet in front of the town, and in this gap are fitted two sliding gates, that can be closed and opened when required. The whales at certain seasons come in myriads through this passage to blow in the quiet waters of the harbour, and the gates are then closed upon them, and they are made prisoners. While they remain they keep blowing the water all over the town till by that means the streets and yards are thoroughly cleansed—which is a wise dispensation of Providence in favour of St. John's, in thus doing what the citizens would never do themselves. After deluging the town for a few hours, the whales attempt to go out to sea, but find the passage closed, and as they press forward against the gates they soon blow all the water in the harbour into the sea beyond, and then perish for want of their native element. The fishermen then go to work and reap a bounteous harvest. The bones are used for ladies' stays, umbrellas, and building purposes, and the blubber for fuel and light, and also for lubricating the joints of their horses. The codfish is caught in pretty much the same way, that is, by closing the gates upon them when they make their periodical visits in their moulting season, and then scooping them up with nets: after which they are dried and prepared by an electric process, for which an enterprising Yankee has a patent. The arms of the city are: a codfish rampant gazing wistfully at a capelan (its favourite prey) in the distance, with whales spouting in the back-ground, and the whole surrounded by bottles of cod-liver oil. Cod-liver oil is the principal beverage of the inhabitants, and is extracted from the fish caught in the harbour. In the dog-days the livers of the codfish are placed in an amphitheatre forming a part of the public square, and left exposed to the direct rays of the sun for twenty-eight days, and at the expiration of that period a civic holiday is proclaimed, the citizens, decked in their best toilets, assemble in the square; a band, consisting of a bag-pipe, a flute, a concertina and a harp, belonging to a Jew, discourses the music, while the distributors of periodical literature, and their kindred co-labourers, march with bare feet in gleeful procession through the mass of livers, and thus the oil is pressed out, which runs into a receptacle prepared for it, and then it is bottled and labelled for use.

The people of Newfoundland live chiefly on oysters, caught with drag nets in the small lakes that abound in the interior, but the most highly prized are the bivalves caught with the hook and line. Those that are not used for home consumption, are packed in tin

cans and given to the Yankees. Into each can a silver coin is put along with the oysters, and presented to the Yankees as a token of gratitude for their kindness in accepting the cans gratuitously, and the Yankees, not to be outdone in international courtesy, hand back the coin in return for the oysters, and that makes the transaction even on both sides, or, in other words, a reciprocity of trade is kept up, and mutual advantages are conferred.

There are no railways in Newfoundland; they are such slow people that, incredible as it may appear in this progressive age, the government have never yet been able to get into debt, which, I think, is the best proof that could be given of the somnolent character of the inhabitants. They have no conception of what a railway is, but in order to familiarize themselves with its speed the members of the Cabinet, and a few prominent citizens, imported a number of "merry-go-rounds,"—one for each—and plaeed them at intervals along the street. Every day at noon the ministers and citizens seat themselves on their respective "steeds," and on the last stroke of twelve start off at a dizzy pace to see which will go the longest distance on a straight line, in a given time, by describing complete circles; and it is very interesting to see those "grave and reverend seigniors" engaged in this unique experiment, as if trying to secure a mad planet that was attempting to escape from its orbit. But as they have not yet succeeded in demonstrating the question that engrosses their attention, they cannot agree upon the advantages of a railway built at their own expense. They are quite willing, however, to let others build one for them, from St. John's to the opposite side of the island, which shews how generous and disinterested they are; and Canada has been offered the privilege of doing so, provided that she will civilize the savages, muzzle the seals, and keep the harbour from freezing. The probability is that Canada will build the road, and pay Newfoundland for the right of way, for she acts as a kind of foster-mother to all the little foundlings that she finds on her door-step, of which she now has five or six in her nursery. When Newfoundland gets her foot upon a railway she will make rapid strides in the way of expenditure, and get into debt quite as fast as her neighbours have done, and that is saying a great deal.

The city of St. John's is named after St. John the Evangelist, and the citizens claim that it was there he wrote the Revelations, and not on Pat Moss's little island in Skibbereen bay, but I am inclined to doubt the authenticity of the statement, because this island could not have emerged from the waters of the Atlantic at that early date, as there is no reference made to it in Josephus' memoirs, Baron Lumpenkramer's *Untersuchung*. Sir Patrick O'Rioghal's *Faug a Balla*, or in fact any of those ancient records preserved in the archives of the different countries of the old world. I feel positive that it is only a piece of bombast got up by those

presumptuous colonists, who would impose upon the credulity of strangers by representing that their miserable geological conglomoration is as old as the British Isles, or even France. The most convincing proof of the absurdity of the claim is in the fact that the Strait of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Labrador, has not had time to grow into dry land yet, although the people near it feel dry whenever they see a tavern. Besides, it is not at all likely that Mr. Domitian would have sent his yacht to such a distance from his own loch, even to accommodate so accomplished an explorer as the great Evangelist, and with those irrefragable proofs against them, I will now dismiss the claims of the Newfoundlings to antiquity, and will just mention the fact that the original name of the island was "Codfish," whence the designation applied to a large class of people inhabiting these colonies, to wit, "Codfish Aristocracy."

CHAPTER II.

Halifax is a place where Her Britannic Majesty is obliged to keep several war vessels stationed for the purpose of protecting it from the incursions of a desper te band of savages that infest the woods in the immediate neighbourhood. Those untameable aborigines are known as the "Mic-Macs," a name assumed by them in honour of two notorious and fiery Celts, whom they had made chiefs of their tribes; one "Michael O'Rourke," was a desperate character in the eyes of the revenue authorities in Ireland, being a smuggler and distiller of illicit whiskey, which business he carried on for many years, and although narrowly watched, the gaugers could never catch him, or find the place where the distilling operations were going on, until one night, through some fortuitous circumstance, a posse of seventeen of them discovered the cave, and there surprised Mike and his comrades just in the act of finishing off a large batch of the very best *poteen.* Mike took in the situation at once, and was equal to the emergency. He told them that his game was up now, and as he had been so cleverly caught he would offer no resistance but submit quietly to his captors and punishment, but as the night was wild and stormy they might as well make themselves comfortable and merry till morning, as there was no way of escape from their custody in any case. The officers being wet and much fatigued, consented to take Mike's advice, and also to partake of refreshments which were set before them in abundance, whiskey not being the least important element in the fare, particularly as Mike had cleverly introduced an auxiliary into the bottle in the form of a powerful narcotic. The gaugers partook of the viands unsparingly, and of the whiskey unsuspectingly but cautiously, while their prisoner kept up a rattling conversation, relating many anecdotes about his smuggling career, which the captors enjoyed immensely for a time, but the narcotic was not long in doing its work; the officers, one by one fell into a state of stupor, and when the last one yielded to its influence, Mike and his companions proceeded to bind them hand and foot, with strong cords, till they came to the last, an athletic young fellow, who had taken but little of the whiskey, and consequently was not much affected by it. He woke up just in time to see what had been done, and made a spring out through the door, and although pursued for some distance effected his escape, and as it was several miles to the

nearest house Mike knew that there was no immediate danger of a second surprise before finishing the business he had in hand. He had a small vessel, with which he carried on his smuggling operations, anchored in a little cove near his head quarters, and into this vessel the captive captors were soon conveyed. O'Rourke knew that the constabulary would visit his cave within a few hours and demolish his effects, and that he could no longer carry on his old pursuits there, so he put the distilling apparatus on board the boat, together with the remaining casks of liquor—the vessel having been previously loaded and nearly ready to sail with the cargo. When all was in readiness, the anchor was lifted, and the little craft shot out from her moorings and sped away in the darkness out among the billows. The storm continued to rage for several days, but the trim little vessel breasted the waves gallantly, and after three weeks' sailing, she entered the harbour at Halifax, where a new field was opened out before the intrepid Mike O'Rourke. He treated his captives during the voyage to such comforts and liberty as were commensurate with his own safety, for although he had been a life-long law breaker, yet he never did an ungenerous act, but was, on the contrary, gentle and kind to all who needed his assistance, and the "*Shuinnach Ruadh*," (the Red Fox, the *soubriquet* by which he was called by his acquaintances,) was as well known and beloved by them as he was hated and hunted by his enemies, the guardians of the law, but at the same time he was fiery in temper, and as prompt to resent as to forgive an injury.

When the "*Boiradair*," (the "Trumpeter,") the name of O'Rourke's little craft, was driven by the gale into the harbour, the natives were assembled on the beach in great numbers, watching, with much apparent interest the approach of what they supposed to be a new manifestation of the Great Spirit, and when the anchor was dropped within a few yards of them, they appeared to be much excited, and made several demonstrations of hostility which boded no good to the little band on the *Boiradair*. Mike, however, was equal to the occasion. He was an accomplished performer on the flute, and having heard Mr. Congreve say at one time at a wake that "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," he determined to put that gentleman's truism to the test. Accordingly, he called to one of his retainers to bring him the instrument. His comrades knowing his great Euterpean power, and the influence his music had on themselves whenever they heard it, with one voice called out: "Halloo! Faix that 'ill soother 'em." The savages caught the two first words—the rest having been lost in the wind—and thinking they were intended as a challenge, set up an opposition yell of "Halifax! Halifax! Halifax!" making the welkin ring with the refrain (and that was how the place got the name of Halifax.) Mike played several lively tunes, such as the "Rocky road to Dublin," "Foxhunters' jig," "Haste to the wedding," &c., with

so much fire and spirit, that the natives stood for some time entranced with the charms of the music. Presently they began to sway from side to side, then to stamp their feet, and finally set off into a dance of the most approved Celtic character, consisting of reels, jigs, and hornpipes, which was kept up with unflagging animation for nearly an hour. Mike suddenly changed from *allegro* to *andante*, and played that heart melting melody, "*Coolin dhas deelin nam bo*," (The pretty maid milking the cow.") The dancers again stood still for a few moments, after which a scene of the most ludicrous character was enacted ; first they set up a chorus, beginning in a low whine and ending in a genuine keen ; they sobbed and wrung their hands in concert, and as the soft notes of the flute proceeded, they fell on each other's necks, touched cheeks and rubbed noses in a most delightful fashion. When O'Rourke ceased playing, several canoes came from the shore towards the vessel, each occupant carrying a maple bough in his hand as a token of peace and good will, which the white men gladly accepted, rubbed noses with their visitors, and thenceforward lived on friendly terms with the aborigines. O'Rourk managed to guard the whiskey he had on board by representing that it was a dangerous medicine, and proving it to them by giving a small dose, into which he had put some strychnine, to a dog, killing him in a short tlme. He had studied medicine in his younger days and was a member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons at Toberuisg, but never practised the profession ; that knowledge he now found useful, and always succeeded in effecting wonderful cures among the savages with his whiskey. They soon made him their medicine-man, and finally chief of their tribe, taking the name of "Micks" in his honour, and as an earnest of the veneration they had for him.

About the same time that Mike O'Rourke flourished in Ireland there was a noted Highlander in North Britain, whose name was "Carran McFioll," and known far and wide for his "predatory instincts," and the ease and daring with which he appropriated his neighbours' cattle, and chastised their owners whenever they disputed the justness of his claim to their property. Many a *Gaoll* (Lowlander) and *Sassanach* (Englishman) on rising in the morning, found their cattle missing, and nothing left of them but their tracks to fill the aching void in the plundered men's hearts. But, like all other sublunary things, the pastime of cattle-lifting must come to an end, and after a successful career of many years, Carran found the mountain fastnesses getting too insecure, and the wrath of his victims getting too dangerous even for a man of his prowess, so that he was compelled to seek a new field of operations, where *might* was the supreme law, and where possession constituted ownership, pure and simple In the course of ttme he found his way to a place called "Fredericton," somewhere in this wilderness

at which Frederick of Prussia had built several small enclosures to secure his bears and wild boars, on the occasion of his famous hunting expedition to this colony. I have no recollection at present of the precise date of that expedition, but it is on record in some German book. When McFioll landed at Fredericton, he felt anxious to conciliate, and get on good terms with, the citizens, whatever they were, and naturally felt convinced in his own mind that the most potent and persuasive agent he could employ to procure that desirable end would be a bottle of Scotch whiskey—the pure mountain dew, gathered by his own hand from the heather blossoms before he left Scotland, so he carefully placed a bottle of the sedative ambrosia in his *sporan* (pouch) and set out—not to stoop, but to conquer. He had not proceeded far when, as he turned the corner of the main street, he came abruptly upon one of the citizens as he supposed, who was in the act of stooping to pick up a gold nugget, or something else, off the street. The citizen stood up on Carran's approach, made a deep bow, and then thrust out his tongue at him. Carran was not surprised to see him without clothing, knowing that natives of newly discovered countries do not dress in the latest fashions, and that instead of kilts and philabeg he was clad in black, shaggy hair ; indeed, he remembered that many of his own countrymen, with the exception of a single plaid, in which they wrapped themselves, were as innocent of apparel as the gentleman before him, and equally impolite. He took no notice of the native's rudeness, and to shew the kindliness of his intentions, with a beaming smile on his face he held out his hand for a cordial greeting, saying: "*Failte oirbh, mo dhuinne uasail*," (Hail, my noble sir.) But instead of returning the salute in the manner expected, the stranger uttered a low growl and glared at Carran with fiery eyes, which the latter thought was a very inhospitable way of treating travellers, but remembering the talisman in his pocket, he pulled out the flask and offered it to the citizen in true Highland fashion, in the words, "*gabh drammadh*" (take a dram). The new acquaintence, however, was evidently not a drinking character, a phenomenon that the Highlander could not understand, as it was quite beyond his comprehension how this drink of the gods could be refused by any rational being, and to his horror and amazement the native not alone refused the proffered nectar, but drew his fist and dashed the bottle to the ground, spilling the contents. This was too much : Carran would have accepted a blow on his own cheek with the greatest composure under the circumstances, and would not think of resenting it, but rather attribute the motive that brought it forth to the ill-breeding, ignorance and stupidity of one who would not appreciate the virtues of Scotch whiskey. But such an indignity offered to his national beverage, the life's blood, as it were, that was coursing through the veins of his forsaken country, was more than his Celtic

blood could stand, and with the fierceness of a mountain goat he sprang upon the offender and struck him a blow that laid him prostrate over the fragments of the broken bottle. The native was soon on his feet again, and seizing McFioll in his powerful arms, a desperate struggle ensued that might have proved serious for the gigantic Hercules, but fortunately for him he succeeded in getting hold of his *biodag* (dirk,) which he buried in his adversary's heart.

The Indians, who witnessed the conflict from a safe distance, were amazed and awe-struck at his prowess in killing the bear, (the only animal which they fear,) and imagined that he was the *Great Manitou*, or some other powerful deity, who had come to deliver them from their enemies. Headed by their chief, who carried a large pipe, (a splendid Meerschaum,) they marched in solemn procession to where Carran was, and led him to the centre of the group, the pipe was given him to smoke, a wampum belt tied about him in some way, an eagle's feather stuck in his hair, and then and there he was installed as their chief and great medicine-man, and they took the name of "Macs," in his honour and in contradistinction to their allies, the "Micks'." The years rolled on, and both Michael O'Rourke and Carran McFioll were called to their last account, having first given directions about their burial. They were buried with military honours, as became their exalted position, and laid side by side in a beautiful pine grove on the banks of the river, and at their own request this simple epitaph, "*Mar an Righ misha*," (as a King am I,) was placed on a marble slab at their heads, and to this day the place is called *Miramichi*, being a corruption of the epitaph, as the Indians pronounced it, and their graves are still pointed out to travellers. After the death of these remarkable heroes the two tribes coalesced, and to perpetuate their memories they adopted the compound name of "Mic-Macs," by which they have since been distinguished. It is a long time ago since these incidents took place, and whatever influence for good their former chiefs had over them has been lost, and they are now worse that ever, combining the cunning cleverness of the white people with their own cruel ferocity, so that it is safer to meet a wild boar crouched on the limb of a tree, ready to spring at its intended victim, than to encounter any of those savages. I was peculiarly fortunate in not having met any of them, not because I valued my own personal safety, but the interests of Science and Philanthropy required that I should be governed by the dictates of prudence, and I accordingly avoided every prospect of an encounter.

Halifax is, I think, a very bad place; and my reason for forming that opinion lies in the fact that it is the custom in Canada, when one person gets angry with another, instead of ordering him to go to —— that place whence, as old fashioned divines used to tell us, there is no redemption, as we do in our own dear enlightened

country, he tells you to "go to Halifax," thus, showing conclusively to my mind that it is the next most wicked place on record. There are a few insignificant places in the vicinity of Halifax which I did not feel disposed to visit, as the passes are not well guarded, and I might at any moment be devoured by the wild beasts, or captured and eaten alive by the ubiquitous savages. One of these is called New Brunswick, a farm once owned by the Duke of Brunswick, which many of the German *Adelstand*, (nobility,) visited to feast upon the garlic and onions, the sausages and saur-kraut, that grew thereon. Those people seldom returned to Germany, but remained in the colony, and followed the profession of *Lager-bier* vendors and Tobacconists, having, of course, by the act of immigration from the Fatherland lost cast, and fallen from their high estate as Europeans to the degraded level of colonists. Prince Edward Island is where Edward the Martyr took refuge when he fled from the fury of his mother-in-law, on the occasion of his wanting to join the Mormons, and distribute himself amongst an indefinite number of other wives, and he remained for several years on that secluded rock, till his Nemesis died. I do not know the exact circumstances connected with that little family unpleasantness, but it is fully set forth in Miss Claffin's admirable work on "How to Procure a Husband, and How to Manage Him."

For the foregoing valuable facts I am indebted to my esteemed friend, Captain Cuttlefin, some of which may appear extravagant and partially overdrawn, but they are, nevertheless, strictly true, because the Captain, being a Scotsman of cultivated tastes, as already mentioned, is the soul of intelligence, integrity and honour. As travellers have, in a great measure, to rely upon what they are told, it is fortunate when such a trustworthy man places himself at their service to give useful and correct information. I am free to admit that if Captain Cuttlefin were not a Briton born, (and consequently of cultivated tastes,) and free from flights of fancy and erratic idiosyncrasies, I should be disposed to receive many of his facts with some degree of reserve, but, knowing him to be of such sterling worth, I have no alternative but to believe implicitly everything he has told me. In all my travels through this wretched colony I have invariably sought and obtained all my facts from gentlemen who have been but a short time in the country, for I could not feel justified in accepting as true any statements made by mere colonists, as they are so prone to exaggeration, and have not a true appreciation of the elements that surround them. I grieve to say that natives of the British Isles, France, Germany, &c., after they have been in the colony for a few years, and in daily contact with the *olla podrida* that make up the aggregate of those miserable colonists, become contaminated and degenerate, their judgment becomes warped and biassed ; their attachment to their native land is transferred to their adopted

homes, and from that baneful combination of deteriorating influences, their opinions command but little respect, as they fancy they see many virtues in the colony that do not in reality exist, except in their own disordered brains, just on the same principle that a man affected with jaundice sees everything yellow. But if a true delineation of the character of existing realities, and a correct portraiture of the anatomical construction of each individual entity in the colony, be the motive of enquiry, then the proper person to supply the desiderata is a European who has been in the country but a few weeks, and before he has lost the *ægis* embraced in his pride of country, and his determination not to admit that anything in a colony can equal in perfection even the least perfect of the same element in the mother country. By such a man the truth will be told without garnish and without stint; and I shall not put it into any person's power to accuse me of having procured my facts from a less reliable source. And happy would it be for the human family if every seeker after truth were equally cautious and prudent.

CHAPTER III.

Here I may remark that Canada was formerly composed of two Provinces, Upper and Lower Canada. The distinction of "Upper" and "Lower" was conferred on them because the Lower one was inhabited, according to Sir Edmund Walker Head, who was Governor-General here at one time, by an "inferior race"—the superior race occupying the other. From all the evidence I have been able to gather about the matter, I find that they are a most inferior people indeed, because they do not speak the pure Parisian French, but a detestable *patois*. Of this fact I was assured by my friend, the Count de Grandsinge, from the south of France, whom I met here; he found their dialect so corrupted that he had to employ an interpreter; and in my own intercourse with them I noticed particularly the deterioration in their language; and how could it be otherwise since they have not had the advantages for improving it that the people of France have possessed, yet with that insufferable arrogance peculiar to colonists, they claim that they have retained the language in its purity, and that it is the Parisians that have corrupted and defiled it. Could absurdity and mendacity go further? The very idea that it could be possible for the parent stock to loose the immaculate purity of the French language is simply preposterous. But these colonists are too brazen-faced to stop at anything ridiculous.

Nor is the process of decay confined to the French tongue. There are settlements of Highlanders throughout the country, where until quite recently the Gaelic was spoken exclusively, but there was no admixture of foreign languages with it, so that it did not keep up with the times. and there is scarcely any perceptible analogy between the way it is spoken by them and the way it is spoken in Scotland. It has not been embellished and modernized by additions from the English language, consequently it is scarcely intelligible to the advanced Highlanders of the present day. It is only the old story, however, no improvement, no advance with the age. They used to be fond of speaking the old fashioned tongue, but not so now. But that is not the case with the Lower Canadians, they speak it in season and out of season, and wherever two meet they monopolize the conversation, no matter how many are present who cannot understand them. Such rudness could only be committed by colonists. I have not been able to discover any instance where the

Irish people have been guilty of such a gross breach of etiquette, for the reason that they do not understand the Celtic language in this country. When a man or woman steps on board the vessel which is to bear him or her away from Ireland, he or she leaves all knowledge of the grand old language behind, as if it were an article of useless luggage upon which freight charges had to be paid, and when they arrive in America they cannot speak or understand a word of it. When asked if they speak Irish the answer invariably is, "No, it was not spoken in the town I came from, but it was spoken in the town adjoining ours." I believe there are a few honourable exceptions who are proud to know the language in which St. Patrick expatriated the snakes, and Brian Boru inspired his warriors with great zeal for his cause, but whenever they speak it they are laughed at and ridiculed by those of their countrymen who expended the last vestage they possessed of it in pouring farewell blessings upon their landlord's head. While these degenerate ex-children of Erin are continually bemoaning their own and their native country's wrongs, they do their best to perpetuate that state of things, by denying her language and shewing how much ashamed of it they are, and thus bringing contempt upon themselves and discredit on their country, forgetting that one of the chief sources of the strength, vitality and cohesiveness of a nation lies in its language. They are the only people in the world who are ashamed of their vernacular tongue, but it is only the natural consequence of having descended to the condition of colonists. You will never hear a German say, colonist though he be, "*Ich nicht verstehen Deutsche*," or that it was not spoken where he came from; on the contrary, he will drink lager bier and talk Dutch by the hour, and is not happy except in his incapacity to drink more lager and talk more Dutch. It matters little however to the cultivated and enligtened citizen of the British Isles, what these people think or what they do; or whether one portion looks on the other portion as inferiors or not, I am not prepared to admit that there can be any degree of "better" or "worse" amongst mere colonists. Naturalists tell us that among bees and ants there are degrees of difference in rank and position, but to an impartial observer there is no perceptible difference whatsoever, and if they come near him he must brush them off. So it is with colonists; to me they are all alike, and I put every one of them on the same level, without any distinction or reserve, and will make every effort in my power, as any Englishman of culture would do, to keep them in their proper places, which is far beneath the plane of our orbit.

For several years the two colonies of Upper and Lower Canada were at variance and could not be reconciled; they kept up a continual quarrel about their "rights," the "inferior race," insisting that the other obstructed the flow of water from the Great Lakes into the St. Lawrence river, which deprived them of their

share, while the "superior" race maintained that Lower Canada was getting more than her just proportion, and that she should be satisfied with the quantity that each member of her population required for culinary and ablutionary purposes, which, they held, was very little indeed. Finally, "those who go down to the sea in ships," were invited to solve the difficulty, which they speedily did, under the leadership of the Hon. Joseph Betterterms, of Nova Scotia, a crafty old statesman, well known in all the adjacent colonies, and who had been for a long time previously looking about for sufficient fresh water to enable him to discover the visages of his friends and constituents. The arrangement agreed upon was that the most needy of the colonies should form a ring and draw from Upper Canada a quantity of water in proportion to their respective populations, and in return send their representatives with clean hands and faces to a Parliament to be held at an out of the way place called "Ottawa." I should have said before that all the trouble and agitation that disturbed the peace and harmony between the two Canadas for many years, was kept alive, if not altogether caused, by Hon. Mr. Repbypop,* a politician who wielded great influence over a large portion of the people of Upper Canada by means of magic *balls* which he circulated amongst them. These balls were of such a peculiar composition that they possessed the power of making everybody who looked at them with an eye of faith, see reflected on them the exact image of every grievance that Mr. Repbypop had breathed on them before they left his laboratory. Those images were indellibly impressed upon the retina of each disciple's eye, and they not only gave himself pain, but they were so offensive to his neighbour who worshipped at another shrine that a constant fire of arguments and dissensions was kept up, till at length the feeling ran so high that it was found necessary to call in the wily Mr. Betterterms to make peace and restore order. But after a while the harmony became too monotonous, and it was discovered that on account of the length of time that had elapsed since the Nova Scotians had used a liberal supply of water, (hence known as the *Blue Noses*,) the quantity furnished by Upper Canada was not sufficient to clear away the *debris* of geological deposits that had accumulated to an uncommon depth, and an increased supply was demanded by Mr. Betterterms, not only for his own colony but for the others as well, which was readily granted. Since those people have learnt the value of the refreshing waters of Lake Ontario they will insist on getting more copious supplies from year to year, till the source is completely drained, a contingency not at all improbable, as there are acqueducts conveying the inestimable treasure to nearly a dozen places.

* *i. e.* Representation by Population.

The colonists are very excitable, and on the slightest pretext will work themselves up into a state of incandescence without having the remotest idea of the relationship connecting the cause and the effect of their phrensy. Party feeling (they call it politics,) is carried to the utmost limit of absurdity: persons who in other respects get credit for possessing the ordinary common sense, such as colonists usually have, will indulge in the most extravagant and silly conduct towards each other, and one would sometimes be tempted to suppose that even the domestic animals are imbued with the same spirit of political contempt for one another that their owners exhibit. As it takes two to make a quarrel, the colonists have divided themselves into two parties: the *Manapures* and the *Spherocrats*, whose sole aim in life seems to be to hold up to public execration, ridicule and distrust, those rascals whom the opposite party brings forward to represent it in Parliament. It is a singular thing that for many years past the very worst types of humanity have been elected as members of Parliament; they appear to be the most consummate rascals, the most expert thieves, the most accomplished black-legs, and the most impudent tramps, that anywhere encumber the earth. Some are "steeped to the lips in corruption," others' "sins are rank and smell to Heaven;" they seem to be the embodiment of all that is villainous; the concentrated essence of all that is criminal; the acme of abomination, and the *Ultima Thule* of immorality. Such is the substance of the character given of the public men of Canada by their biographers, as chronicled in the opposite organs of public opinion, and if all that has been recorded be true, we cannot but wonder at the patience of a long-suffering Providence that does not cause the earth to open and swallow them up. To foster and keep up this internecine warfare, each party supports a powerful *Press*, which is kept employed day and night in defending its own side, and ferreting out all that is vile, stale and unsavoury about their opponents. The Spherocrats accuse the Manapures of conduct that has a tendency to drive the colony to destruction, by prohibiting hunters and trappers from other countries from coming in to kill off the wild beasts that overrun the country, except on the condition that a colonist must accompany each hunter to load and point the rifle at the game, and all that the sportsman will be permitted to do will be to pull the trigger and see the victim fall. By this slow and unheard of mode of hunting, they argue, the number of animals destroyed will be so small in proportion to the ratio of increase, that in a few years the wild beasts will have become so numerous that the colony will have to be abandoned, and the people have to "go west."

On the other hand, the Manapures charge that the Spherocrats want to level all the fences and barriers that surround the colony, and allow, not only the foreign huntsmen, but the foreign wild

beasts as well, to invade the Canadian hunting grounds, which, it is held, are quite limited enough for the exclusive use of the colonists themselves, and that the foreign hunters would pick out the valuable animals only, such as the deer and kangaroo for their flesh, the elephant and walrus for their ivory, and the squirrel and the mole for their furs, while the destructive animals would be left unmolested, such as lions, tigers, prairie dogs, and that sanguinary and gluttonous bird the woodchat, whose number would be augmented by accessions from outside, as the wild beasts from foreign places would certainly flock in on account of some irresistable attraction said to exist in Canada. Under a state of things as thus pictured the country would soon become a veritable jungle of terrors, and the people would have to "go west" for safety to the place the ferocious beasts came from. But in order to prevent such deplorable results, the Manapures advocate the planting of a hedge round about the colony, and placing sentinels at proper distances to guard against intrusion from abroad, except on the conditions named, but whether such a scheme will have the desired effect remains to be proved by the test of experience.

I have read somewhere of a genius who invented a form of religion for his followers, and amongst other things enjoined strict cleanliness as the most important part of it. The Manapures profess to practice that Islamitic right with unwavering austerity, and proclaim with a thousand tongues how faithfully and rigorously they perform their ablutions from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof—and sometimes rise in the night to bathe—particularly their hands, which they hold out to, and ask a skeptical world to admire, as emblems of purity, cleanliness and impeccability. But, notwithstanding those protestations of manifest piety, the Spherocrats scoff at them, and maintain that it is physically impossible for those who are incessantly catapulting so much foul matter at their opponents as they allege the Manapures are doing, to have clean hands and an unsullied epidermis, and that if their hands appear to be without stains, it is not because they are really so, but because they have undergone a process of kalsomining with ladies' toilet powder, by which the defilement is covered up, but not removed.

For themselves, the Spherocrats claim to be inspired by a microcosm who has the largest conceivable footing for his ideas to rest upon, and that upon such an expansive basis it is impossible to make a false s ep, as the area of the foundation is sufficient to cover up any chasms or fissures that might be produced at any time by gaseus convulsions in their political economy. This certificate of character is disputed by the Manapures. They contend that the broad basis for their movements is the most pernicious feature in that economy, as it is a law of large bodies to move slowly, except when actuated by some unerring principle to move

faster, theirs cannot be an exception to the rule, as the unerring principle, (which they claim to be exclusively their own,) is wanting, and that before the necessary momentum can be applied to their microcosm the world will have shot so far in advance of their position that they will never be able to overtake it, no matter how long or rapid their strides may be. So that from that stand-point it will be seen that their great footing is their great hindrance to keeping pace with the times.

For several months before the elections come off a series of *fetes-champetre* are organized, (called "Pic-nics" here, because the speakers pick each other's characters to pieces and do the work of Old Nick generally,) the people assemble in some grove, like the Druids of old, where refreshments are provided, consisting of whiskey, pemmican, and such other delicacies as the tastes of the caterers may suggest, but the principal dish is pemmican. It may not be generally known what pemmican is, and to enlighten the minds of those who are ignorant of that important fact, I will describe it. A deer is killed and afterwards beaten with clubs till all the bones are mashed to the consistency of jelly, and the skin loosened from the flesh, so that it slips off easily at the proper time, but before removing the skin the whole mass, beaten into a pulp, is roasted or barbacued before an open fire, and when cooked it is served up to the free and independent electors and their families, who enjoy the feast so well that they make it the topic of conversation in the family circle for several months afterwards.

Pemmican is much like Scotch haggis, with the difference that instead of a deer a sheep is used for the haggis, and instead of the carcass of the sheep being cooked in its skin, like that of the deer, the stomach is removed, and the whole body, skin and all, is sewed up in it, being first well seasoned with whiskey, and in that condition cooked and served up as the "king of the puddin' race," the wool attached to the skin giving it that peculiar flavour which is confined to the haggis alone, and so much prized by the Scotch. Pemmican is an Indian corruption of "American." When the savages first began to eat roast Americans they could not articulate that name distinctly, but came as near it as they could by saying, memican, and after a while the name of their peculiar feast became established as pemmican—which is also applied to the deer preparation.

The free and independent electors having partaken of the good cheer, an instrument popularly called "The Stump," is brought forth with much ceremony, from a van in which it is carried from place to place, and set up in the midst of the throng, when the speakers mount it one by one, and during several hours declaim about the wickedness of their opponents' vices, and the saintliness of their own virtues. The stump is a Yankee invention—a kind of psychological battery, so constructed that when a person stands

upon it a species of galvanism is evolved, and an electro-magnetic current presses into his system by which every motive, action, word, feeling and inmost thought of his political enemies, are laid before his mind's eye in luminous pages, as in a mirror, and gives him a fluency and command of speech which enable him to depict the hideous monstrousness of their political turpitude in a way that stump orators alone can do justice to. His listeners stand appalled at such fearful revelations about men whom they had hitherto looked upon as harmless and law-abiding citizens, but whom they now perceive to have been nothing but loathsome lepers and whitened sepulchres.

CHAPTER IV.

I may also remark before going further, that although I have not yet seen any savages or wild beasts, which is due to the complete seclusion from dangerous encounters that I have maintained since my arrival in this primitive colony, still every place is literally overrun with them. After night-fall the wolves swarm in countless numbers through the streets, and lions, kangaroos, and hippopotami, skulk from their hiding-places, and prowl about the lanes and back-yards, perching on fences and roofs of houses, and making night hideous with their blood-curdling screams. I have often heard them directly under my windows, screaming and howling, thirsting for my blood no doubt, till I fancied the end of the world had come, and the inmates of Pandemonium had been let loose, but as all the windows and doors were securely locked and barred, I felt comparatively safe. I feel quite convinced that if I had ventured outside the house in the dark my life would not be worth a moment's purchase, that is, until I had acquired the instincts of the savage and the beast, the same as the colonists have done, and then I could adopt the same cunning means that they do for self-preservation. The best proof of the uncivilized state of this colony, and of the existence of an array of wild animals—unheard of in Europe—is in the display made in all conspicuous places like Paris, Vienna, London, &c., of the skins of those animals, Indian handiwork, and photographs of winter scenes, thus unwittingly leading the outside world into a knowledge of what the colony is noted for, viz., savages, wild beasts and icebergs: and it also demonstrates the fact that it is still a life struggle between the white man and the savage, with the odds in favour of the savage, and that no man of ordinary intelligence would for a moment think of making such a country his home.

Besides the wild animals, the very air we breathe in this colony is fraught with instruments of destruction. There are queer, tiny birds, flying about on dark summer nights, that have fiery, or luminous eyes which scintillate like twinkling stars, every time they wink their eyelids. The effect is very pretty when viewed from a safe distance, and some fool-hardy people venture out in their midst sometimes, but I never would allow myself to be inveigled into doing anything so rash while engaged in the cause of science and philanthropy. Those minute creatures are a source of great

danger, and may, for aught that can be said to the contrary, be the agents employed to destroy the world when the end comes, and I have not the slightest doubt that that agency will be found in this country, for to my mind it could not be produced in a more fitting place. The luminosity in those birds is produced by a vitreo-electric battery, situated where the crystalline humour is in other birds, and this battery, when the bird is excited, emits sparks that set buildings and trees on fire, and cause innumerable incendiarisms that are attributed to spontaneous combustion. For some reason, not explained by naturalists, a deadly feud sometimes breaks out amongst them, when they divide into two parties, like politicians before an election, and fight desperately for several hours, and during the engagement the woods are set on fire and great damage is done by the conflagrations thus produced. In many parts of the colony the forest is charred and blackened for hundreds of miles in every direction by the fires set by those creatures. I have not witnessed any of those contests myself, but the *modus operandi* was described to me by my noble friend, Baron Von Nebelicht,* who had found himself in the midst of such a scene the night after he arrived in Canada. He had been spending the evening at the saloon of his friend Count Zweilager, where they had a social chat about the *Vaterland* together, and some Limburger cheese and beer, and on his way back to his lodgings, he saw the fiery conflict going on around and about him, and was so overcome by the phenomenon that he fell in a swoon, from which he did not recover till the sun was high in the heavens on the following day. They present the appearance of fire flying in the air, and hence are locally called "fire-flies."

Not only are there elements of danger to the unwary traveller on the solid earth and in the circumambient air of this obnoxious colony, but the waters everywhere teem with hideous amphibious monsters, whose voices are like distant thunder, and so terrible is their roar that it makes the stoutest heart quail, as it has often made mine. Many have grown to an immense size, and some fossil remains have been found and exhibited under the name of the great "mastodon," but their average size is that of an ox, and hence called "bull-frogs," and in Spring when they emerge from their winter haunts, they are extremely blood-thirsty, and devour almost any living thing that comes within their reach—cattle as well as men falling victims to their rapacity. Many of the peculiarities of this wonderful quadruped are treated of at length by Mr. Æsop and Mr. Mark Twain, in their celebrated works upon the "Influence of Batrachian Development upon Emulative Forces."

The winters are very severe in Canada, and the fall of snow is unequalled in any part of the world known to our learned Society.

* Nebelicht—hazy, foggy.

The inhabitants have their roads usually on the top of the snow, until it accumulates to a depth of about twenty feet, but after that they have to excavate passages *sub-nives*, and establish travelling facilities by means of electricity generated by a Yankee process, which is very simple. A battery is placed at a given point where two roads cross each other, and an electric bolt is shot from it to the next crossing on each of these roads, and in its transit the heat radiating from it melts the snow, and a tunnel is formed fifteen feet in diameter—large enough for horses and carriages to pass through. The light coming through the arched snow roof is a little dim, but it is equal to that which we have in the British Isles in fine weather. This state of things seemed to me at first incredible till assured of the fact by my illustrious friend, the Marquis de Baguenaudier, who had spent the past winter in Canada, hunting and fishing—and returned home to Paris early in the summer, being too much disgusted with the wretched colony to prolong his stay.

One or two instances of his experience in Canada, which he related to me, were very remarkable. On one occasion he was hunting in the woods at a place ealled Gaspe' Bay, somewhere in Lower Canada, and having run short of ammunition he started for Montreal, some miles distant, for supplies, drawn by a little French pony in a cariole, a vehicle peculiar to that part of the country, but before he had proceeded far a violent snow storm set in, which made the road almost impassable, and towards noon he drew up near an *auberge*, which he saw at a little distance from the highway on the side of a ravine, at a place called Bay Chaleur, (but originally called "Bashaw *leurre*," because one of the Bashaws of Turkey had been lured to go there to form a colony, and perished in the snow.) The Marquis tied his horse to a stake alongside the road, and went into the inn to warm and refresh himself, and get a feed for his horse too. But while taking a glass of *absinthe* and bitters, the storm suddenly changed to a warm rain that came down in torrents for an hour, and after the clouds had cleared away and the weather got fine, he went out to his horse, but the animal was no where to be seen, neither was the stake to which he had tied it, but instead thereof stood a massive church, which he had not previously noticed. He wondered very much at the transformation that had taken place in so short a time, and on looking up to the top of the church there he saw his horse and carriage dangling alongside the steeple, the horse being fastened by the halter to the top of it, where he had tied him, supposing it to be a stake of the fence, the snow having melted away in the interval. As there was no other way of getting the horse down from the dizzy height, the Marquis drew his revolver, fired, and cut the halter with the bullet, and the horse and vehicle glided down gracefully and unharmed into a deep snow bank.

DeBaguenaudier jumped into his cariole and the horse started

off at a brisk pace, which it kept up till a dense wood was reached, out of which an enormous wolf sprang upon the poor horse and began to devour it. The driver searched for his revolver, but to his horror discovered that he did not put it into his pocket when he was at the church, so he sat quietly and watched the wolf eating the animal, and making its way, step by step, into the harness, till the whole of the pony had disappeared, and just at the moment the wolf was in the act of taking the last morsel, the Marquis suddenly pulled the bit into its mouth, gave it a sharp cut of the whip and off it went with great swiftness, guided by the reins, along the road for several miles, till it came to an abrupt turn in the road, where the carriage came in contact with a tree, the harness broke, and the wolf escaped into the woods.

At a little distance he saw a *cordonnier's boutique*, into which he entered and sat on the shoemaker's bench while relating his adventures. Having rested sufficiently he resumed his journey on foot, but before going far he saw a huge rabbit, the size of a St. Bernard's dog, rushing towards him. with malice aforethought. He had no weapon, and in his efforts to find something wherewith to defend himself he found a large ball of wax adhering to his clothes, that had been lying on the shoemaker's bench when he sat on it; this he snatched up and threw at the furious rabbit, striking it in the forehead betweer the eyes, and jumped to one side, just in time to escape a fatal blow. After the enemy had passed him, he saw another one coming in the opposite direction on the same errand as the first; the momentum of the two brutes was so great that they could not arrest their speed before they came into collision and struck their foreheads with powerful force. The wax that had stuck to the first one now cemented the two together so adhesively that the Marquis was able to despatch them both before they could extricate themselves, and he was thus preserved from a violent death, both in front and rear. One of the skins he forwarded to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and the other to the President of the French, as trophies of his hunting tour through Canada.

As there was nothing at Halifax to engage or merit the attention of a man of my position, engaged in the cause of science and philanthopy, I took my place on a Pullman car, (called "Pullman" because there is an officer of distinction on board to pull off the passengers' boots before they turn into their berths for the night,) and took no further notice of the wilderness through which we passed till we arrived at a place called Levis, opposite an old fortress standing on a pile of rocks on the north side of a river. There are several places along the line of the Intercolonial Railway where the colonists go in the summer season, to undergo a mild process of pickling in the salt water—such as Cacouna, noted for the great number of "coons" that congregate there; opposite to which is the country seat of that Galway gentleman who spent

a season there, Mr. Thaddeus Sack—whom those boors of colonists called Tadousac—a name still applied to the mansion, and, as usual, spoiling a good name: and in their detestable *patois* they call a river that empties into the St. Lawrence there, "Sack-un-ne'," or rather Saguenay, to make it appear that the esteemed Mr. Sack had been born on the banks of their insignificant stream instead of the right bank of the noble Shannon, but of course no one with a grain of sense would believe them. At Trois Pistoles a Mr. Troy manufactures pistols for the Lower Canadians. At Murray Bay there is a large establishment for catching dolphins and white whales, for Barnum's museum. The country along the railway route is just of such a description as might be looked for in a miserable colony like this, and therefore I will dismiss the subject as unworthy of further notice. Indeed I might justly do so with the whole colony of Canada, for there is very little in it requiring the serious attention of a European of culture and refinement, but as I am engaged in the cause of science and philanthropy, it is my duty to fulfil my mission, which no personal inconvenience, or danger, however imminent, will ever prevent me from prosecuting, and although disagreeable to my tastes the duty be, I will record what I may observe with strict justice, accuracy and impartiality.

CHAPTER V.

Quebec, opposite Point Levis, is a tumble-down sort of a place that was of some local importance for a few years, but there is little of that remaining—little besides the memory of its departed greatness, and that greatness, I may explain, consisted in the presence of the British forces and the large numbers of gentlemen of culture belonging to them that were stationed there for several years. In those times the presumptuous colonists put on many "airs," and fancied themselves on a par, socially and morally, with our distinguished countrymen, and often went to the utmost limit of their means to entertain the officers with grand balls *recherche* concerts, driving and boating parties, and festivities of all kinds, to which the military victims, owing to their good breeding and the exigencies of the situation, were forced to submit, and lend their patronage to the silly people, although bored day after day almost to the utmost limit of endurance. While all the effulgence, lustre and brilliancy were cast upon those pastimes, by the grace, polish and good culture of the officers, the citizens, in their own inimitable vanity, took to themselves all the credit for the success, and the principal share of the *eclat* with which those pastimes were attended. Colonists never know their proper sphere and place in the presence of Europeans, and the gallantry and patience of our noble countrymen were daily put to severe tests by the unremitting attentions exacted from them by the impressionable and irrepressible young ladies of the place. This form of persecution was carried on to such an extent that the members of the force had it in contemplation at one time to petition the authorities at home to have the colours of the uniforms changed to a less conspicuous hue than red, which, wherever seen, a rush was made towards it, and the haunted wearer could not get a moment's peace. Nor were the citizens always grateful for the benevolence of the officers; on the contrary, some showed the blackest ingratitude, as was sadly illustrated in the case of a young man who shot and instantly killed a gallant young officer, while entering a skating rink, because the latter had done some fancied wrong to the young man's sister. Just as if colonists had rights that should be respected by us—or that anything we might do to them should be looked upon as a wrong! Impudence could no farther go than to suppose anything of the kind; and a jury of his countrymen, (what a jury and what a country!) actually

acquitted the murderer in the face of the clearest evidence; no punishment was inflicted on the citizens for this terrible outrage upon the British flag, and the malafactor has been allowed to walk the streets unmolested. The city should have been sacked, and reduced to ashes. One result following this outrage on the mother country was, that our military friends in this colony have dropped the freedom and familiarity practiced by their predecessors and treat the colonists with the dignity and reserve due to their own exalted positions. When the authorities discovered that British officers would not be allowed to treat the colonists as their inferiors, and that a different treatment would subject the gallant fellows to the surveillence and vengeance of some impetuous youth who might think it proper to interfere with their arrangements, and shoot them down like dogs, the forces were removed from the colony, and the ungrateful ingrates left to the mercy of the savages.

If Quebec were in Europe, on the Elbe or the Rhine, what *Bewunderung* and *Anziehung* would it not command, not only from the Germans but from the neighbouring people besides; it would be a place of great interest and resort, and we would never tire of sounding the praises of its beauties, its views, its battlements and cape. But being simply a colonial stronghold, occupied by mere colonists, the least said about it the better. It was thought that the gates and ramparts might be removed without endangering the lives and safety of the citizens, but several attempts having been made to capture Lord Dufferin, by a tribe of warlike and bloodthirsty Indians called Lorettes, who occupy the surrounding country and have entrenchments and strong fortifications about seven miles north of the city, in the crater of an extinct volcano, it was decided to strengthen the walls and fortify the city more strongly than ever. The improvements are not quite finished, but they are sufficiently advanced to ensure the safety of the Governor General and the Princess Louise when they visit the city, and when all is put into proper order the illustrious pair can take refuge in the citadel whenever the Indians shall oblige them to flee from Ottawa. On their way from England they had to pass Quebec without visiting it, although it is thought they might have called with some degree of safety from any molestation by the savages, but a worse fate than an attack by Indians awaited them if they had had the temerity to cross the river from the railway station. The refined cruelty to be inflicted on these helpless strangers in a strange land was; that they were to have been presented with three hundred and thirteen addresses, each in length equal to six columns of the London *Times*, to be read in English and French, as the laws of Quebec require. But, as the health of the Marquis and Princess was visibly declining under the weight of so much egotistical bombast and senseless rubbish

as was contained in the addresses thrust in their faces by every strutting *habitant* from Halifax to Quebec, they were warned by their friends to pass on and not court certain death and tempt Providence by facing the unmeaning verbosity that was in store for them. A singular feature in the laws and customs of this strange part of Canada is, that everything spoken in English must be repeated in French. If a person salutes another with "Good day, how are you?" he must at once say in French "*Bon jour, comment vous portez vous?*"

Quebec has terrifically wild surroundings, such as will compare with the mountainous districts of Scotland. Besides the untamable hordes of Indians that occupy the fastnesses of the mountains, there are vast numbers of fierce wild beasts roaming at will about the city, that devour an alarming proportion of the inhabitants every year—indeed, it is not at all safe to go outside the ramparts unless well armed, and I have been very careful in that respect, for fear the cause of science and philanthropy might suffer through any imprudence on my part. Owing to those precautions I did not encounter any of those wild people or animals, but I did see the footprints of an enormous creature that must have been many times larger than the great mastodon. One morning I ventured out on the ice and there saw distinctly the impression of the animal's feet in the soft snow that had fallen the night before. It came through one of the principal streets, descending Mountain Hill, and following a straight course towards Montmorency Falls, with mathematical precision. The foot-prints were about thirty inches in length, and fifteen inches wide in the middle, oval in front and tapering to a sharp point behind; the sole looked like network or meshes, probably caused by the cellular tissue coming in contact with the ground. I enquired of an old Scotchman whom I met, what they were, and he explained that they were made by the great Canadian *Snawshus*, and that they could be seen everywhere about the city. What an unspeakable danger there would be in meeting one of those monsters! I immediately thought of my important mission and the interests of science and philanthopy, and hastened back to my rooms at the St. Louis hotel to ponder over the horrors of this fearful colony. Those monsters are indigenous to this country, and some are said to be most ferocious in the winter season, and strange to say they hybernate in summer and cast off their hoofs in the same manner as the serpent casts its skin. The only winter amusement the citizens have since our distinguished military friends left Quebec, is sliding down a steep hill, known as the "cone," a few miles off, where the gallant Montmorency, (whoever he was,) fell, mortally wounded, with an arrow shot by a skulking savage named Stadacona, and to perpetuate his memory the people of Quebec built a cone of ice over his remains, and the spot has ever since been called Montmorency Falls. In

summer the cone is covered over with skins of the rhinoceros and other pachydermatous animals peculiar to the colony, to preserve it from the rays of the sun, as it is of vital importance to the citizens, in a sanitary point of view, that there should be ice within a convenient distance on which they may recline a few hours every day, under the impervious skins, to counteract the effects of the heat, which is so intense at times that bakers put their bread out on the sidewalk to bake in the sun. In winter the opposite extreme obtains, the frost being so intense that the inhabitants have to wrap themselves up in the skins and hides of animals to protect themselves from it; the exhaled breath is like a cloud of steam, freezes the moment it leaves the nostrils, and falls to the ground with a loud, crackling noise, which can be heard a great way off; the feet are encased in pieces of deerskin, to which the name moccasins is given, because those who first wore them were in derision called "mock asses," which the French *patois* corrupted into the present term.

On the west side of the city there is a stretch of landscape called the "Plains of Abraham," which, the citizens say, is where the Patriarch Abraham sacrificed his son Isaac, and even point out the identical bush in which the masculine representative of the mutton race was held fast by those horns, of which it had hitherto been so fond, (a fondness for "horns," holds a good many fast in the present day, and sacrifices them, too, as effectually as the unfortunate *bilier* was sacrificed,) but that must be an absurd story, as it is not known that Mr. Abraham had ever visited this country, therefore we must dismiss the claims of Quebec to that distinction as apocryphal: besides, some of the addresses that would have been presented to him, (in French and English,) on that occasion by the people of Quebec, would be still extant, but they are not. This is conclusive. The principal thing the Plains of Abraham, are noted for is, being the scene of a prize fight that took place some years ago for the champion's belt, between an Englishman named Wolfe, and a Frenchman named Montcalm, who came from their respective countries for that purpose. Mr. Wolfe won the belt, but did not live to wear it, as he and his antagonist pommelled each other to death. The former died in the ring, and the other succumbed after he was carried to his hotel on a stretcher. A little below the city is the Island of Orleans, belonging to the Duke of Orleans, where he cultivates a grapery for Canadian wines, which are sold here under the names by which French and other wines are sold, and of course the silly colonists do not know the difference, so long as it has the colour and flavour of foreign wines, it matters not what it is made of—whether of grapes or chemicals—the Canadian drinks it in blissful ignorance and is happy. A little distance east of the city is the Lunatic Asylum, built by a Mons. Port, a great *beau* that flourished

in Quebec at one time, and generally known as *Beau Port* by the ladies, and so much persecuted by them, (he had been a military officer,) that finally, in despair, he built an asylum for himself, and lived there a confirmed lunatic for several years, and the place is now known as the Beauport Asylum. I did not visit it, as the interests of science and philanthropy required the whole of my time, and I apprehend that if I went to see it I might be detained there longer than would be satisfactory for my purpose. Detentions are sometimes unavaidable.

CHAPTER VI.

Having satisfied myself that Quebec has no attractions for a cultivated mind from the mother country, and only fit to be looked at from a distance by us, who are not so infatuated as to think seriously of making a colony our home, I re-crossed the river to Point Levis, (a Jewish town I presume, from the name,) and took the railway train to Montreal, a place of some local importance farther on, of which the colonists feel very proud. But why they should do so I cannot imagine, as I have not seen anything about it to inspire feelings akin to that sentiment in the breast of one not "to the manor born." It is quite possible that if Montreal were standing on the banks of the pure and noble Thames, or some other grand, transatlantic river, I would be proud of it myself. In that case the lovely mists and balmy haziness of the atmosphere would lend such nobleness and grandeur to its parts as to make it appear quite different from the aspect it presents through the impalpable atmosphere of Canada. A few years ago it was only a small cluster of wigwams, or huts, (called wigwams because they were shaped like a wig,) in which lived a horde of savages, bearing the name of Hochelagas, a name which the first visitors mistook for "How-shall-I-go," thinking the savages spoke English, but they did not, and even now it does not shew an improvement corresponding to the time that had elapsed since it was discovered, and for that reason I think very little about it. True, the Victoria Bridge is there, spanning the St. Lawrence river from St. Lambert to Port Huron,* in the United States, but we must bear in mind that that great structure was planned, not by a mere colonist, but by an English engineer, and that it was built, not with Canadian capital, but with English money; and furthermore, that we have one like it across the Menai Straits, between Bangor and Anglesea, in Wales. The principal winter occupation of the citizens, like those of Quebec, is sliding down the mountain on slabs of wood, technically called "toboggans." These toboggans govern society in Montreal. They are classified or graded into casts, like the class or grade in the social circle that uses them, somewhat like the buttons on a Chinese mandarin's cap. For example, the maple wood toboggan takes precedence, and the grade of society that uses it esteems itself the *creme de la creme* of

* A distance of over 500 miles, actually so described by an English traveller.

the upper ten thousand, (so long as they can evade the sheriff and the insolvent court,) and will not associate with, or allow its skirts to touch, the society that slides on a birch toboggan, and will not upon any pretence permit them to shoot down the hill on the same track. The basswood has a track of its own, so has the cedar, the hickory, the pine, the eucalyptus, &c. Thus the grades are regulated by the ligneous properties of their respective toboggans and zealously guarded against intrusion by any inferior wood. But if a man provides himself with a toboggan of a class superior to that which he formerly possessed, then he may glide down the same hill and on the same track with his former superiors—for then he becomes identified with them and forms a member of their class. On the occasion of my drive round the mountain, (accompanied by six policemen for greater security in the event of an attack by savages, or wild beasts,) I noticed that the sides of the mountain were perforated in many places, and I was informed that some of them were caves in which the bears, tigers, and other wild beasts that stalk about the city, betake themselves during the day, after revelling in the streets all night; and that the other caves were the habitations of a tribe of Indians called "Caughnawagas" —a corruption of "Cockney-wags,"—the *soubriquet* conferred upon them because they were so fond of that noble pastime so dear to every English sportsman, namely, cockfighting.

Montreal was the seat of government for many years, and probably would be still, only for the demonstrative enthusiasm of its inhabitants. On one occasion a deputation of several thousands of them waited on Lord Elgin, who was then Governor-General, to present him with an illuminated address and a rare collection of well matured eggs, as well as to give a house-warming to the members of his Parliament. But His Excellency had been labouring under an attack of biliousness that day, and not being in his usual amiable temper, he disputed the soundness of their patriotic intentions, and also the age and character of the gallinaceous ovation, and doubted the possibility of putting any fire in the members of parliament. The people, however, puffed up with their own self-importance, would not be dissuaded from their purpose, and to decide these questions raised by the Governor, the eggs, without subjecting them to any chemical analysis, were tested on His Excellency's sacred person, when it was made clearly manifest that his expressed judgment was correct. The address presented on that occasion was not worded in the form usually followed in state documents, but copies of it are still carefully preserved in some of the newspaper offices—particularly that of the Quebec *Chronicle*. When the ceremony with the Governor was over, the deputation repaired to the parliament house to pay their respects to the members, but they were just as sulky and bilious as Lord Elgin, and could not be ignited by any process then known to the science of

pyrotechnics—for they were, it is presumed, too green to burn—and the citizens of Montreal were disappointed in their prospective barbecue, but did the best they could to carry out the programme by burning the Parliament House. The consequence of that popular demonstration was, that the seat of government was removed from Montreal, never, never to be brought back again, and that on account of a few addled eggs. Here I must do the citizens the justice to say that as those products of gallenaceous solicitude were brought in from the country, and sold in the market in the ordinary way, they could not be expected to know whether the hens that laid them were fresh or not, and the Governor, though right in his conclusions, was wrong in supposing that the deputation knew what it could not possibly have known. That was absurd. Having thus got himself into bad odour with the Montrealers, he left the country some time afterwards, still bearing on his person the marks made by unmoulted innocence.

Montreal is the head of navigation for whales, the water being shallow a little above the city, they cannot pass on, and in their disappointment lash their tales furiously; this lashing of the water gave the place the name of Lachine—a *patois* corruption of "lashing," although some etymologists erroneously say that there were several Chinese laundries established there at some remote period, which became familiar to the French, and who designated the place "La Chine," but there is no evidence of the fact that the early French settlers patronised laundries, hence the derivation cannot be the true one. It is a fortunate thing that the cetacea cannot go farther up, because if they did they might venture into American waters and disturb the equanimity of the Yankees, and so create the necessity for arbitrations and awards, which are generally unsatisfactory.

But the most striking feature about Montreal is the immense number of beggars that swarm on the streets and infest every nook and corner. They are, however, one of the chief glories of the city; she fosters and encourages them, and is never weary of shewing them off to the best advantage, both in number and character, and, excepting the waterworks, they are her greatest pride. She is now making preparations to send some of them to the next World's Fair, as "specimen citizens," from her principal thoroughfares.

As there was but little to be seen in Montreal, I was thoroughly disappointed and heartily disgusted with the city and everything connected with it, and at the earliest apportunity took the train for the west, in order to pay my respects to Her Majesty's representatives in due time. The train sped along, and in a short time we passed through Glengarry, where nothing but *Gaelic* is spoken—the same old-fashioned language that that celebrated contractor Mr. Nimrod, and his employees spoke in the Plain of Sennaar,

several years ago, when the great strike took place, and so many operatives were thrown out of employment. Mr. Nimrod was at the head of the Public Works Department, and so energetic and persevering was he that whenever he undertook to do any particular work he continually kept on repeating it in a soliloquising sort of way; so, when he began to build a new road to happiness, he kept up a constant repetition of the phrase, "*Deanadh mi an radh,*"* ("I will make a way" or road,) and his followers, hearing those words so often, called him by that phrase, which in after years became Anglicised (or something) into Nimrod, the name by which he is now known. This is, I think, proof positive that the Gaelic is nearly as old as the English. Stormont and Dundas are passed, where once the German language, mingling with the melodious notes of that prince of Canadian songsters the woodpecker, rang in sweet resonance through hill and dale, but which is now no longer spoken, as the people have blended with other nationalities, and their surnames alone survive to remind us of their origin and Fatherland. Farther on Prescott junction is reached, where, like Cervantes' hero doing penance on the rock, travellers have to undergo a certain amount of physical suffering and mental anxiety, waiting for trains that seldom connect, or rather often miss connection, but unlike, Don Quixote, they submit to it with a very bad grace, and it is never self-imposed; the accommodations, like everything else in this horrible country, are of the most wretched description: neither sofas, easy chairs, divans, nor ottomans, on which to rest one's physical economy; neither are there suites of private apartments wherein we, European travellers, can keep aloof from the gaze and contamination of the colonial herd. I would suggest to my friends in Europe, who may venture upon a tour through Canada at some future day, to expect everything colonial to be as contemptible and unworthy of notice as they can possibly picture them, and their expectations will be fully realized, and they certainly will not be disappointed. Having gone through the prescribed process of waiting at Prescott junction, I took my seat on the train and was soon on my way in the direction of the north pole, and in the course of the afternoon reached Ottawa.

The only attraction in Ottawa is the presence of our own Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne; but how those two ill-fated, expatriated individuals can be reconciled to stay five years in this unhallowed country surpasses my comprehension. It will, no doubt, surprise the cosmopolitan society, to which I have the honour to belong, to hear that this out of the way place—this *Ultima Thule* of such civilization as there is in Canada, is really and actually the capital of this colony! I could not realize it till convinced by the presence of the Parliament buildings, and the assurance given me by His Excellency, upon his honour, that it

* Contracted and pronounced as if written, "*Né mé rath.*"

was really and truly a fact. The buildings are huge piles of repulsive stone and mortar, most unattractive to the eye of a man of culture like myself, having no symmetry in design or taste in finish, although the architects of the civillzed world were invited to make designs and plans for them, many of whom did so. I must, however, in all candour say, that the defect is not owing to any deficiency in the skill of the architects, but to the climate and atmosphere in which the buildings stand. If they stood on the banks of one of the noble rivers of Great Brit in, France, or Germany—the Thames, the Clyde, the Liffey, the Seine, or the Danube instead of on the banks of the Ottawa—a mere colonial stream—the people of those countries would be in raptures over their splendour and magnificence, because then the atmosphere would transform them from what they appear to me to be, a mass of colonial rubbish, into gems of architectural symmetry and beauty worthy of our own immortal cities. If the landscape were in Europe the scenery could not be surpassed in grandeur and sublimity, but colonial prospects are never worthy of our attention, and there are no exceptions to the rule. There is an immense volume of water tumbling over a ledge of rocks in the vicinity, called the "Chaudiere Falls," which visitors never fail to see and perhaps admire, but, as I said before, what are termed colonial curiosities and topographical attractions, are too contemptible to our notice or regard. True, if we had anything approaching them in volume and majesty on the other side of the Atlantic we would think we deserved the envy of the whole world, and we would have it too. The Falls derive their name from an incident that occurred in the remote ages of the past. In those times there was a tribe of savages, happily now extinct, known as the "Shiners," who held possession of the valley of the Ottawa, and whose great aim in life was to exterminate the French Canadians. On one occasion a Frenchman named Shaw fell into their hands, whom they brought to the narrow bridge that at that time spanned the foaming vortex below, and from the side of which many a French colonist was tossed, and which might well be called the "Bridge of Sighs," like its Venetian prototype. When they arrived at the middle of the bridge the leader, whose name was Pat murphy, shouted in his victim's ear—"Shaw! die here!" and then threw him into the seething waters of the Ottawa. The words were heard by parrots in a neighbouring tree, and by them repeated and corrupted into the present form of pronunciation. The only objects about Ottawa deserving of notice are the locks on the Rideau Canal and the Sappers' Bridge, both built by the British anthorities, with English capital, but I could plainly see that they, too, are assuming a colonial aspect and soon will not be worthy of attention from my regal countrymen. The citizens,, with that reprehensible spirit peculiar to colonists, had the assurance to make the bridge double

its original width, and even to build another near it, but they have in a measure, relieved the odium that should fall upon them on that account, by giving it the name of their late distinguished Governor-General, Lord Dufferin. Ottawa was first ushered into existence under the name of Bytown, a name which it retained for thirty years, until the citizens thought that a good old Anglo-Saxon one was less appropriate to their state of civilization than that of a tribe of hideous savages more on a level with themselves. At the time that our venerated countryman, Colonel By, was building the Rideau Canal, he made a pond, with a sluice-way leading to it whih he used as a bathing place, to which the citizeus gave the name of "The Bywash," and subsequently when the site became a town it was called after the Colonel's bathing ground and was so known till it became a city.

CHAPTER VII.

During my stay at the capital I had the honour of enjoying the hospitalities of the Marquis and the Princess Louise, at Rideau Hall, the vice-regal residence. Parliament was in session, and dinners, balls, receptions, and the usual festivities were in order, and carried on *ad libitum*. The colonists made herculean efforts to bring themselves into notice; the ladies succeeded admirably in arraying themselves in all the tinsel and finery that art and fashion could suggest, and money and credit, (particularly credit,) could procure. There was one feature conspicuous at those entertainments, to which I drew their Excellencies' attention—and we discussed the matter exhaustingly—and that was the utter disregard that was manifested for that hallowed and primitive custom of wearing low-necked dresses, a custom that was enjoined upon all ladies who intended to present themselves to Her Royal Highness; but those stupid and irrepressible colonists pay more regard to the state of the thermometer and *their* ideas of modesty than to the wishes of royalty, and attended on those occasions with dresses fastened up to the throat. Such an innovation and gross breach of etiquette would never be tolerated in Europe—even if persons could be found mad enough to attempt it—where morality and the fashions go hand in hand, and where the full-dress system is hallowed by the impress of antiquity so remote that it goes back to the origin of man, nay, even till it becomes obscured and lost in the dark and indefinable creations of Darwinism.

It is a deplorable climacteric in the lives of the Marquis and Princess that they have to stoop, even for a season, to the level of the *hoi-polloi* that constitute what is called, by courtesy, the upper class of society in Canada. If I could believe the British Government capable of doing anything that was wrong, I would be disposed to censure it for having exiled the illustrious couple to this crude colony, but there is a soothing comfort in the thought that they can spend the greater portion of their term of banishment at Halifax, where the true and unrivalled type of manhood will be found in the brilliant naval officers who will make that station their *rendezvous*. The feminine portion of society in the colonies may do well enough to look at and toy with, as one would look at a painting by the old masters, or play with a domestic pet, and I readily admit that they are good enough for an hour or so in the drawing-room, or to kill time and contribute to our amusement

but in the case of the men it is quite different. They are absolutely devoid of the polish and good breeding required in one who would be considered good enough to associate or be on a par in the social circle with one of us ; and while making this remark it should be borne in mind that I do not admit the possibility of colonists ever attaining to our sphere ; sooner will two parallel lines meet than that those would-be somebodies can rise to an equality with us. An esteemed friend of mine gives a most graphic and life-like picture of Canadian society in the columns of *Vanity Fair*, wherein he describes the awkward ungracefulness of the members of Parliament whenever they sit at the Vice-regal table ; and he accounts for their awkwardness by announcing the f ct that many of them are the sons of washer-women, and shows conclusively the utter impractibility in ever making a Canadian fit to dine ar Government House ; the incomparable boorishness that permeates all classes of the people, aud the sheer futility of any attempt to inculcate in their minds those high, moral, social and refining principles that are so conspicuous in our people, even in the humblest individual. I was much pleased to see my friend's veracious article reproduced in the Toronto *Mail* ot Jan. 18th, 1879, (every word and sentiment of which I heartily endorse,) as it will enable those uncouth specimens of humanity to see themselves as their betters see them, and it may, in some measure, have the effect of smoothing down the gnarled asperities and roughness that so badly disfigure their character, and also of paring off the serrated edges of their manners, which grate so discordantly on the keen susceptibilities of my countrymen—the more so because we are ever conscious of our own superlative pre-eminence. When I saw the article in the *Mail* I hastened to show it to their Excellencies, and to assure them that those noble sentiments found a ready echo in the breast of every true son and daughter of the British Isles, of Germany and of France, at the same time expressing a fervent hope that their Excellencies would escape from the slough of ethological depravity, in which they were floundering, uncontaminated by contact with it. But although I feel quite convinced that the Marquis and Princess shared the same sentiments, yet they expressed no word of approval of my friend's delineation of Canadian character, but rather deprecated any attempt being made to pourtray the colonists as they really are. It is by such carefully collated facts and criticisms as those in *Vanity Fair*, that people in Europe will be enabled to form a just estimate of the inhabitants and resources of our colonial possessions and to guard against the impossbility of being imposed upon : and notwithstanding the expressed views of their Excellencies, I must be true to my trust, and in the interests of science and philanthropy give a true and unvarnished account of whatever comes under my notice while engaged upon this important mission, as the fate of

I think it a thousand pities that members of our noblest families should be sent as Governors to the colonies, where they linger away many years of their valuable lives in a kind of slow torture that might be pleasantly employed in those pursuits so dear to many of us, namely, the turf, the yacht, and the cock-pit. But, I presume that so long as we allow the colonies to be a drag upon our skirts, sticking to us like binnacles to an old ship, so long will we be compelled to send them governors, who receive, as in the case of Canada, the paltry recompense of £10,000 sterling, or $50,000 Canadian currency a year; a very poor cataplasm, indeed, to soothe the gaping wounds made in mind and body by those long years of expatriation, and indigestible addresses. Canada, however, pays the money with great willingness, and probably as much more to keep up the pageantry, and so long as she does so we must keep up the number of victims for the sacrifice till the holocaust is complete. So depressing has the position been on the spirits of the incumbents that very few of them have survived to the present day. Poor Roberval is dead, Champlain is gathered to his fathers, Murray no longer commands his thousands, Dalhousie died in a barn, (shewing that we should never enter a barn,) and Elgin is not amongst us; all cut down in the prime of their usefulness, and who, but for their colonial hardships, might still be amongst our leading sportsmen. And I feel rather apprehensive about the longevity of the other ex-Governor-Generals who still survive the rigours of colonial service; the day will surely come, I fear, when they, too, will succumb, and be numbered with the long list of victims whose lives have paid the forfeit.

At Prescott is pointed out the wind-mill at which the early settlers of the colony got their grist ground. This Norman structure was the only mill in the country for many years. It is claimed to be the identical wind-mill that the Spanish knight-errant of chivalrous memory fought against, and the marks of his lance are still visible on the walls, and the impression of his Rosinante's hoofs are pointed out as evidence of the struggle. But I doubt the authenticity of those claims very much, and I am inclined to believe that the colonists themselves made those marks in order to impose upon travellers, and give the country an importance that it does not deserve. There is nothing remarkable about the mill, being merely a round tower of ordinary stone and mortar, but it is pointed out to every body who visits the place, or passes that way, as if it were one of the seven wonders of the world, which shews how absurdly silly Canadians are.

The calcareous city of Kingston was built by the Dutch, and on account of their "child-like and bland" appearance and disposition they called their town "*Kindessirm stadt*," but when the English settled in the neighbourhood the original name was converted into "Kingston." The principal industry of which Kinston can boast

is the manufacture of limestone, of which large quantities are turned out every year. It has a penitentiary, a lunatic asylum, a military college, several Martello towers and a town hall, all of which the unsophisticated colonists admire with their usual unlimited vanity. Formerly it was the Capital of Canada, but after the penetentiary was estcblished there it was found that such an institution could not co-exist with the Parliament without the morals of the prisoners being corrupted, accordingly to obviate that danger, the seat of government was removed to Montreal, where a few years later, the Governor General was veneered with a coating of eggs of doubtful reputation, as I have already mentioned. The seat of government after that, wandered about the country seeking a resting place, but owing to the character of the members, as described by their biographies, no place could allow them to remain longer than four years, until finally, the happy thought struck Her Majesty the Queen to hustle them off into the backwoods and establish them at Ottawa, where they would not be molested, and at Ottawa they are, free to exchange compliments across the House in undisturbed security, and to get assistance from out siders too as was done recently, to describe each others peculiarities on the floor of the House. There is a fort at Kingston, too but its guns have been silent for many years, some months ago a number of the citizens decided to bring out one of the big *Guns* to practice, contrary to the wishes of the instructor, who for a third of a century had directed them how to fire off their rockets, shot and shell; they insisted on introducing some new-fangled notions of gunnery and would no longer be guided by him, and so he left them to their fate, and to the practice of their *Gun* as they pleased and accepted the leadership of a primitive people living on a neighbouring island, belonging to Herr Vancouver, I suppose it is one of the Thousand Islands, of the St. Lawrence, lying at the foot of the Pacific Slope, whose inhabitants wear the tails of their pigs on their heads as ornaments. The Kingston people use the Slope for tobogganing purposes, and I would have liked to take a slide myself if I were a younger man, but am not now so well adapted for scaling acclivities as I was in my juvenile days. The prison is a big rambling place, the like of which is much needed in many parts of Europe just now, and would do her infinite service and credit (this *sub-rosa* however), but as it is only a colonial institution it is not worthy of much attention. First-class criminals in this colony are usually sentenced to death: then those who had strained every nerve, and exhausted every effort, to secure a conviction the Courts, get up a petition to the Government to spare the convict's life, as it is cruel in their opinion, to inflict capital punishment, and degrading to the victim to undergo the penalty of death on the scaffold, and the sentenee is commuted to imprisonment for life in the Kingston penetentiary. After enjoyiny the comfort

and luxuries of a home for a few years, the rest of the sentence is discharged: the warden is instructed to let them go, and they are again free to go out into the world to prey upon society, he wishing them God speed in their career till they come back to his bosom again greater heroes than ever. Some of course have not sufficient influence to get their sentence commuted or discharged, as the case may be, and they have to suffer the penalty of their friendlessness.

The Town Hall would be an ornament and a boon to many a pretentious town in our own country, and considering that it is a colonial building, it is not so very unsightly, but its cheif use at present seems to be for the citizens to climb to the dome and contemplate the geographical position of the Thousand Islands and listen by telephone to the divines who hold forth on the camp-meeting grounds at Alexandria Bay. Some day it will contain a magnificient library of thousands of volumes, but whether that day will be before or after the visit of Macaulay's *New Zealander*, I will not venture to say, but the first volume has not yet been provided for it, the shelves are there, however.

The Military College, as its name indicates, is for the training of officers for the colonial militia, and it fulfils its mission well so far as numbers go, for there are more military officers to the acre in Canada than in the most warlike country in the world, except perhaps the United States, where every man is an officer of distinction, or a prospective President. But where there are so many officers there cannot be many privates, the ratio, I believe, is fifteen officers to one private, and the aim of the government seems to be to keep up a large staff of officers all over the country, and to pay out fabulous sums of money, to Commandants for keeping the keys of armouries, to Brigade Majors for inspecting the drawers in which the keys are kept, and to numerous other dignitaries who do not render a particle of useful service in return, and if they do it is so infinitessimally small that it sinks into insignificance in com parison with the salaries they receive. Several of those officers, it is alleged, draw a salary of about £350 sterling a year for about a week's actual service. Fifty pounds a day ought to make Canada a paradise for military dead-beats.

The Rideau canal which connects Kingstou with Ottawa, is no longer used as a highwoy for traffic, it is now used principally for the cultivation of eels, frogs and muskrats, for the Paris market, of which large quantities are exported every year, the soil is well adapted for the culture of these products, and that is why the canal was originally named "*Rat-d'eau*," which some people erroneously suppose derived its name from the Rideau Falls at Ottawa, near the Government House and which the early *habitants* compared to a curtain (*rideau*), but the muskrat furnishes the true etymology.

Since I came to this country I have often been tempted to return to dear old England, and I would have done so were it not for my unflinching perseverance and indomitable pluck—added to my burning desire to contribute in no mean degree to the cause of Science and Philanthropy; and I will not conceal the fact (a man of culture from Europe never does), that I am thoroughly disgusted with the colony and its "Jack's-as-good-as-his-master" sort of people. Oh! it is odious, debasing, horrible! Apart from my zeal to elevate the standard of Science and Philanthropy, the only thing that tends to reconcile matters to my outraged feelings is, the prospect of stepping into some good prominent position, with large emoluments attached, and services of a nominal character, in order that I may be enabled to do justice to my mission more thoroughly and efficiently. When I think over the hair-breadth escapes I have had, night and day, from the ferocious wild beasts and ubiquitous savages of this land of terror and vicissitudes, my flesh creeps on my bones in horror, and my hair stands on end, but perseverance is my motto, and although my hair has changed to silver since I left my native shores, I will not flinch from the prosecution of my researches in the interests of the noble aim I have in view.

CHAPTER VIII.

Toronto is a veritable mudhole, and to account for the great quantity of mud that gathers on the streets, we must come to the conclusion that the mud volcanoes of New Zealand are right under it, in fact that Toronto is the antipodes of Ohinemutu, and that the Maories and Torontonians get the mud eruptions by turns. Why people stay in Toronto is a mystery to me, it certainly is no place for a man of refinement and culture from Europe. It is an exceedingly "stuck up" place; its people think it is one of the finest places in the world, and indeed we would prize it very highly ourselves if by some magic power it could be transplanted from the shores of Lake Ontario to the banks of Killarney, but as it is only a colonial mud puddle, with only a hundred thousand, or thereabouts, of inhabitants—it is beneath my notice—my patience with it is exhausted. What can we expect, of a lofty or interesting character, to exist under a colonial sky, with no stimulating mists, or exhilirating fogs, to give tone to the prospect? The harbour, it must be admitted, is a very fine one—while it lasts—but in a few years hence the

island which forms it will have been washed away. Some engineers give it as their opinion that the more the island is washed away the more secure will the harbour be, while other engineers hold a different opinion, and thus while the asses are disputing, the horse is quietly helping himself to their feed. But colonial engineers do not amount to much anyway, especially those who have never been to Europe.

Toronto derives its name from two Gaelic words, "*Torran dhu*," which signify a "black hillock," the island appearing like a knoll or hill in the distance, and so called by a mighty hunter who flourished in this country some centuries ago, and who on account of the many lions he had slain where Toronto now stands, was known far and wide by the *soubriquet* of "Lion" Mackenzie. He adopted the name himself, but changed the spelling to "Lyon," and as "William Lyon Mackenzie" his memory has been handed down from one generation to another, quite distinct from the other Mackenzies. He had a fearful struggle with a royal Bengal tiger that was kept in the colony as a pet by one of the ancient kings of Great Britain and Ireland, which, it was alleged, caused great loss and damage to the inhabitants, as it was allowed to roam at will over all the land. The great hunter would, in all probability, have killed the animal, but for the timely arrival of the royal gamekeeper, a Sir John Colborne, who saved its life; but although he did not kill it he maimed it so badly that it had to be removed, and in consequence of having interfered with His Majesty's pet tiger, Mr. Mackenzie had to flee from the royal wrath, and remain hidden in a cave till the king died, and a tender-hearted woman—who hated those tigers—ascended the throne. He has passed away, but his memory is held in grateful remembrance by the colonists for having caused the removal of the dreadful beast, and freed them from its ravages.

In the eyes of the city authorities, the greatest glory of Toronto is centered in the Queen's Park on Sundays, where a certain class of the citizens go to enjoy themselves by witnessing the "Punch and Judy" comicalities that are acted in it under different forms. One favorite representation is the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, performed by a band of strolling minstrels, who get up on a platform and shout and gesticulate in a most vehement manner, in their efforts to make themselves heard and understood, and also to shew how unalloyed their ignorance is about the subjects upon which they try to speak. The Bible is the great bone of contention between the players, like the ball in a game of cricket, and the unfathomable ignorance displayed is so sublime and yet so operatically presented, that the audience enjoys it more than a prize fight, and jeers and laughs at the performers in a way that such a motley crowd only

can jeer and laugh. The chief of the band is a venerable patriarch with a straggling beard, who maintains that the earth is flat, and that people should feed on grass—grazing in the fields like the King of Babylon, and walk on all-fours, like quadrupeds. The performance is fully as entertaining as a menagerie let loose in a crowded thoroughfare, but still the respectable portion of the citizens do not appreciate the luxury thus provided by the Corporation, or at least permitted by that august body, and never go near the Park on those days, having some regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath, and will not lend the sanction of their presence to what they look upon as a defilement and a desecration; and besides, they think it would be safer for their children to be in the midst of wild beasts than in the Park on a Sunday afternoon. They also think the authorities should put a stop to those mountebanks and their exhibitions, so as to enable all who want a little fresh air to visit the Park with their children, but the authorities hold that the class that frequents those exhibitions must be amused at any cost, and that the complainants ought to be satisfied with the stoppage of the street cars and boats on that day, so as to prevent poor families from squandering their hard-earned money on three-penny fares to places outside the city limits.

Toronto is the headquarters of the law courts of Upper Canada—or, rather Ontario, as it is now called in this ever-changing colony—but I am much inclined to question the soundness of any law expounded or dispensed by the judges of this outlandish country, and I think my countrymen will agree with me when I give my reason for that opinion. They will hardly believe me, I fear, when I tell them that in all this broad land (I have no idea of its breadth, however), where so much litigation—such as it is—is carried on, not one of the judges wears the official wig! And what sort of equity or justice can be expected from a judge who does not wear that repertory of forensic wisdom—the wig? The thing is preposterous. A judge may read all the law in the world, but it is quite impossible for him to understand or retain what he reads with any degree of clearness or definiteness, unless it be carefully stored up under the awe-inspiring ringlets of a wig. The judges in the British Isles could never have reached the lofty pinnacle of fame on which they stand were it not for the noble wigs of their predecessors on the Bench—those sacred wigs whose every individual hair is surcharged—like the poles of a battery—with the concentrated essence of the knowledge and wisdom of all the sages that have flourished since sentence was passed on the first horticulturist for eating green apples. Without a wig from which to draw inspiration, no judge can understand law, for it is a well established fact that it is the wig that makes the judge, and not law

books. But that is just the way with these absurd colonists, they never do anything as well, or as efficiently as their superiors in our country do.

The Court House is worthy of the enterprise of the people. The oldest inhabitant does not remember when it was built, or what it was like when new, but it must have been the work of a prehistoric age, as it is nearly all eaten away by the moths, and in a few years more there will not be a relic of it left. The Parliament House is supposed to have been constructed with the bricks made by the Israelites in the land of Egypt after their straw had given out, and which were condemned by the architects as unfit for use. Those bricks, the legend goes on to say, were shipped on board a vessel by some Jewish smugglers who set sail with them for the purpose of trading them in exchange for clocks at some Yankee port, but failing to palm them off on the cute Yankee as a genuine article, the smugglers landed them in the bay of Toronto and built the edifice that is now used as the Parliament buildings, which served them as a storehouse and fortress, until the Government of Canada took it off their hands, and puttied and painted the parts that were falling into decay. It is quite a curiosity in its way, and strangers coming to the city are very much struck with its appearance, and wonder whether it is an unfinished pyramid or an ancient sheepfold. Several prizes have been offered by the Society of Antiquaries for drawings and photographs of it, but so far no artist has come forward to claim them, as it seems to be impossible to do justice to the subject. After the Jews had sold out their interest in their ancient monument between Front and Wellington streets, they removed to Queen street, where their descendants still carry on business in the antiquarian departments of trade.

Toronto is the head quarters of the Medical Faculty as well as of Law. It is represented by a Board of Examiners, composed of the ancients of the profession, who assemble twice a year to pluck students and give their patients a chance for their lives during their absence. The students in the course of their studies are taught that all animal life springs from an ova, and those of them who get plucked, by a system of logic peculiar to themselves, reason that since they got plucked the examiners must be a set of *geese*, and following up that theory a little further on the principles of analogy, they usually treat the "geese" to a *banquet* of degenerate eggs, to demonstrate the fact that, in their opinion, whatever might have been the nature of the atoms wherein the origin and life principle of the examiners were encased, they are in the same condition now as the eggs, and that their usefulness has departed for ever. I suppose it is that that is termed in medical parlance, "Comparative Anatomy *ad absurdum*." The plucked student generally goes off to England or Scotland, where

the genial atmosphere gives vigor to his intellect, and expands his brain to many times its usual size, so that he drinks in copious draughts of knowledge as rapidly as a sponge absorbs water. After spending a few days seeing the "sights," among them being a flying visit to three or four of the hospitals, his studies are considered complete, and he takes his degree of Doctor of Medicine with great honor and distinction. He then returns to Canada with a profusion of capital letters affixed to his name, enough to take one's breath away, M. D.—M. R. C. P. S. L. E.—A. P. G.—Q. E. D.—L. S. D.—I. M. N. A. S., &., &c. This array of alphabetical titles secures a large practice at once, and puts the incumbent on precisely the same level professionally with the other "geese" that plucked him a few months before. By a wise provision of British law, any man who is able to get degrees from a royal college in England or Scotland may practise his profession in any British colony without regard to colonial laws or requirements; but it is not so in the case of any colonial doctor who might have presumption enough to think that he had sufficient skill and knowledge to practice the healing art in the British Isles. No, colonial doctors are only quacks at the best, and we can never be thankful enough to our own Parliament for excluding them from our soil, and saving our country from such a dire profanation. Of course they are good enough for the colonists—anything is good enough for them—and I must say that if the best among them would spend a while under our charming sky, and undergo the required examination before our medical authorities, they might be fit to practice even in England. It certainly is amusing to see the medical authorities in Ontario aping the rules of those at home, by forbidding licentiates from the colleges of the other Provinces to practice within their preserves, without passing an examination before them first, although these colleges are the best in the land. Such is colonial arrogance.

Perhaps it will be thought that I am trying to impose upon the credulity of my readers when I state the fact that in this miserable colony there are no compartments in the railway coaches! Every person is actually looked upon as being as good as everybody else, so long as he pays his fare and behaves himself with becoming decorum. I have seen with my own eyes, on several occasions, all grades of society sitting together in the same coach (or car, as they call them), and not only that but I have seen the laboring man—the son of toil—the pet of the election candidate—the despised of the elected candidate—with his hard, horny hands and homespun garments, sitting on the same seat by the side of the gloved and bejewelled millionaire, with as much *nonchalance*, ease and freedom as if their purses were of equal length, or as if they used the same beverage in their potations. It is really shocking, but then, these mere colonists

have no pride of character like our inimitable people. Just fancy the Marquis and Princess having to travel in a coach attached to a train of cars full of such people! It is really too bad that such a state of communism should prevail in any department of the British Empire, and on my return I will recommend to my friend, Lord Beaconsfield, to take action in the matter and have a stop put to it. Nor have the colonists the same ambition to get money that we have; for example, if you offer the guard of a train (conductor, he is stupidly called here), a shilling or half a crown for telling you the distance to the next station, or offer to "tip" any of the servants on the train, the probability is that the impudent fellow will knock you down, whereas with the thrifty, high-spirited Briton on British soil the contrary custom prevails, and if you do not give his well-earned shilling or half crown into the hand of every servant you meet, whether he renders you a service or not, the chances are that he will express his feelings in language more forcible than elegant, and abuse you for your culpable neglect; and that is what deserves to be considered laudable ambition and British pluck, and not the ridiculous nonsense that is fostered here of giving value for what you receive, or in other words, a *quid pro quo*. The only cases in which it is considered allowable to take money without giving value for it, is where a free and independent elector accepts a pound note or other sum from a candidate just before an election, for the promise of his vote and influence, and on election day votes for the other candidate, or takes money from both candidates and votes for neither of them. This is said to be a very common practice here—and consequently prices rule high sometimes and a high premium is paid. The other case is where a candidate, or a political organization, places a large sum of money in the hands of an agent wherewith to buy votes, and instead of disbursing it all in the manner prescribed, he puts the greater part of it in his own pocket, without giving any account of it to those who entrusted him with it. This is considered quite *en regle*, and it is impossible to make him refund it as the attempt to do so would expose their tactics, which they wish to keep concealed, because it is the "opposite side" only that has recourse to "bribery and corruption" to secure the election. Many of the *haut ton* have laid the foundation of their fortunes in that way, who now drive handsome equipages with the full complement of flunkeys and other minutiæ required by the regulations in such cases made and provided, purchased by some political adventurer's money.

Everything, as might be expected, is different here from what it is in the British Isles, even the atmosphere compares unfavorably with our English air; it has not that palpable body in it that ours

has, and the want of tangency is apt to cause much distress and inconvenience to the physical economy of a well-nurtured visitor from the British Isles. He misses our dear native fogs and refreshing mists, especially in the early mornings when the sun comes blazing into his sleep-laden eyes, and rouses him out of his comfortable bed (if the downey beds and hair mattresses of a colony can give comfort), a circumstance that would never interfere with his inclinations at home. It is astonishing at what an early hour the sun rises in this country, and it is most singular, too, that he nearly in all cases rises at the point of the horizon, and seldom, if ever, near the meridian. I cannot account for the phenomenon except on the theory that as this is a new country matters have not yet got into proper working order; they certainly do not work in a manner satisfactory to me. I have been credibly informed that it takes seven years to get accustomed, and even partially reconciled, to the painful rareness and transparency of the air, and that astronomers never make the unavoidable and natural mistakes that those at home so frequently fall into, namely, mistaking a street lamp enveloped in fog for Venus or some other heavenly body; and mistaking the lights of a vessel steaming up the harbor for Encke's, or somebody else's comet, that had strayed away from its orbit.

Nothing short of an infatuation, or the prospect of a lucrative position and light employment, should induce any of our people to stay in this wretched colony. People from Great Britain, France, Germany and other European countries, are in great request here, and they will get employment at any time in preference to a colonist, however competent for the position the latter may be in his own estimation, but, of course, that is not a subject for wonder, considering the higher grade of intelligence, integrity and worth that we possess over the people of the colonies. This consideration persuades many of our countrymen to condescend to stay here for a time; and after a period not very far in the future, it is to be hoped that the colonists will, by close contact with us, and following the bright examples which we set before them, rise at least near to our level, but that they will ever reach to the lofty position in which we stand, is quite beyond the bounds of possibility. The mother country has been making many laudable efforts to elevate the standard of intelligence, purity and morality among them, and to give tone to colonial society, by sending to these shores ship loads of our juvenile population, who, although not a desirable class to be kept at home, are *sui generis* and quite good enough for the colonies. By sending them our surplus semi humanities—previously well nurtured on deferred hopes alone, and clothed with the robes of good intentions only—they receive a blessing in disguise, for those semi-nudities will be the means of harmonizing all those

incongruous elements that keep the country so far in the background of civilization and enlightenment. The young generation now growing up in colonial cities get a great part of their training on the streets, and even many of the children of the "Upper Ten Thousand" are, as might be expected, quite proficient in all the accomplishments and *ologies* embraced in the curriculum of that school. By introducing the *sewer-ocracy* of the European cities and other popular centres, amongst those colonial *mud-ocrats* of the streets, a salutary effect must of necessity be produced, and a spirit of emulation and imitation will be engendered in the latter and fostered by them, which in after years will bear fruit that will prove an inestimable blessing to this ill-starred and ill-fated country.

CHAPTER IX.

Many of my countrymen will be surprised to learn, as I was myself, that Lake Ontario is a large body of fresh water, in which the Kingdom of Saxony might be rowed about like a boat. There are several other lakes like it in Canada, on which some of the countries of Europe might be used as fishing smacks, but that does not derogate from those countries, it is the fault of the lakes, not theirs. The colonists, as usual, take great pride in the size of those inland seas, but why they do so I cannot understand. The cause of the presence of those bodies of water is plain enough; there is a depression between two elevated portions of the country, and as water must find its own level, it naturally came into this valley—it could not have been otherwise—and the result was the formation of those lakes. I am sure that nothing could be plainer or more simple than that, and for the people to wonder at their existence and take pride in their presence, is a piece of the veriest ignorance and stupidity.

Although the water of Lake Ontario is fresh now, at a period not very remote—not later than when a man named Montezuma, a native of the Hebrides, was Commander-in-Chief of the Chippewa Rangers here—it was quite salt, and derived that property from a subterranean resorvoir of saline water at a place called Goderich. The existence of this resorvoir was known to a few Yankee trappers, who quietly dug a ditch through a ravine (since called the Erie Canal) and on a certain dark night clandestinely closed the outlets from the reservoir, laid a pipe from it under Lake Ontario and the Erie Canal to a place to which

they gave the name of Syracuse, probably after some place in Sicily, where they had originally come from. Those sharp Yankees pretended that they had discovered a subterranean salt lake of their own, built smelting works, or whatever they are called, and hoodwinked and circumvented the silly Canadians out of their precious treasure, and actually drove a flourishing business with the latter by selling them their own salt. Since that time the water in the lake has been free from saline properties because those properties are all absorbed by the Yankees.

Niagara Falls are considered a great natural wonder by the Yankees and Canadians, who make much ado about them, but, in all candor, I must say that, being merely colonial, I have not been able to see anything about them to engage or claim my attention. True, Lake Erie tumbles over an abrupt precipice a distance of fifty or sixty yards, into Lake Ontario, but there is nothing surprising in that; it must fall somewhere to reach its level, and there is no other way for it to go; there is nothing to hinder or stop it from falling over the rocks, therefore, why should those idiots shout till they are hoarse with ecstacy at what cannot by any physical means be avoided or prevented? In fact the wonder would be if the water did not fall as it does. As there is no warerfall in the world that can be compared to that of Niagara, I will not hazard an opinion about how the superior races of Europe would regard such a one if they had it but I feel confident in my own mind that if they were so favoured they would be in raptures over it, and that all their suicides would be committed on the side corresponding to the Canadian shore instead of from such a place as London Bridge. This conclusion is forced upon me by the admiration we manifest for such small matters as the little cascades at Killarney—the turbulence of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and the tumbling of the mountain *Flüsschen* in the Tyrol. Niagara is greater, both in grandeur and immensity than all those and many more put together, but its magnificence is hidden from those who alone are capable of appreciating it, by its being buried in this colonial wilderness, just as the finest pearls and richest emeralds growing in the topmost branches of the parent tree are hidden by the surrounding leaves, and lost to the sight and admiration of man, who passes them by unconscious of their presence. The birds may gaze upon their lustre every day, but they cannot appreciate their worth, and so it is with Niagara and the colonists.

Niagara is a corruption of two Celtic words. When Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie, of whom mention has been made in another place, first saw the Falls, he was overwhelmed with awe and astonishment at the mighty grandeur of the scene, and pointing to them with his outstretched hand, to impress upon the mind of his dusky companion that there, at least, was a scene

worthy of her admiration, said solemnly and reverently as if in soliloquy to himself, "*Ni! agra*," ("Something! my dear,") it being the first thing he saw in this country that he thought worthy of attention. But she, not being able to understand his remarks, tried to repeat the words by saying "Niagara," and on her return to her tribe told them about the queer expressions made use of by the great hunter, and to commemorate the visit and the event they called the place "Niagara," which name it still retains.

The Falls are owned jointly by the United States and Canada, and it is believed that the two governments derive a large revenue from them, which goes to the Secret Service Fund, and is regulated by the terms of a secret Zollverein that exists between them. A large staff of officers is kept on watch day and night, disguised as hackmen, guides, vendors of ancient works of art (manufactured in workshops on the ground) dealers in Indian relics and mementoes that an Indian never saw or heard of; photographers who pester visitors to have their pictures taken with the Falls in the background. These officers use every imaginable device to inveigle the unwary sight-seer into some trap, or into doing something that will enable them to pounce upon him and make him pay a forfeit. There is a reservation on each side of the Falls, laid out in parcels that are separated by imaginary lines, and the moment the visitor steps over one of those invisible lines, he is confronted by an official who seems to spring out of the ground, and the offender is fined on the spot. If he speak to them in a language they do not understand—good English, for example—he is fined for not speaking intelligibly, and if he cannot understand what they say to him, he is compelled to pay for his ignorance. When the visitor is first seen coming, one of the sentinels cries out in a loud voice, "Kergesir," which is the slogan, or signal cry, of the confederates—and is passed from mouth to mouth, and each official takes up a position of attack, and by a preconcerted signal all fall upon the luckless victim. The kind of game most sought after and more easily bled is the newly-married couple who go to the Falls on their wedding tour. It is a well established fact that no man in the world is so easily imposed upon as the one newly-married while in the presence of his bride. Indeed, as long as his money lasts he will do anything he is asked to do, for fear he might be considered mean or stingy by his Dulcinea. He will willingly pay a crown for an eagle's feather, plucked from the last Christmas turkey, or a pound for a feldspar necklace made of glass at a neighbouring manufactory, worth about sixpence, and by the time they get away from their tormentors he will have relieved himself of ten pounds and received in return about the value of ten shillings. But, then he is conscious of having "come down

handsomely," and proved himself to be a man of taste and liberality and is happy—for the present. The system of plunder carried on is on the same principle as that described by the ancient traveller, Mark Twain, when he was abroad searching for the Slaughtered Innocents, which the inhabitants of some place or other practice to procure *backsheesh*. It is said that several millionaires were beggared by having visited the Falls, and died of a broken heart, among them being Vanderbilt, Jim Fisk, Brigham Young and George Francis Train, and the asylums of both countries are full of people who have lost their reason by having visited those enchanted grounds. There is now some propects of both Governments taking action to do away with the hydra-headed Nemesis that has been robbing the wonder loving people for generations past, by dismissing the officials engaged in it. The colonists themselves were too stolid and too stupid to make an attempt to stop it; it was reserved for that great Irishman, the Earl of Dufferin, to suggest a remedy after he had been relieved of his last shilling there just before he left the country, so that in the course of time those who feel any curiosity to see this colonial dribble may do so unmolested. "See Niagara Falls and die," would be an appropriate motto under the present *regimé*. If any country in Europe owned these Falls the grounds would have been made as attractive as possible, and people from all parts of the world would be gladly welcomed to feast their eyes and satisfy their curiosity with the unrivalled treat, without fee or reward for the privilege, except in the matter of "tipping," which, as everybody ought to know, is one of the glorious privileges included in the Great Charter of our liberties, and which has become one of the salient characteristics of our people in all phases of life—that is to make money, honestly—if we can. But why draw comparisons? We need not expect anything from mere colonists but what is in every respect inferior to whatsoever our cultivated tastes and lofty ideas may produce, and we are very prolific in the production of what is grand, marvellous and sublime. But in the interminable length of their rivers, the immensity of their inland seas, the limitless extent of their forests, and the immeasurable stretch of their plains, the Canadians surpass us beyond all comparison, and yet we do not envy them for having, as it were, such physical monstrosities. On the contrary, I think that is one great reason why we should scorn to come down to their level by making Canada our home.

There are several places about Toronto that I have not yet visited, such as Manitoba, British Columbia, Hudson's Bay, McKenzie River, &c., but I will spend a day or two visiting them when the weather gets cooler. I think the street cars will bring me to those little places; if not, I will engage a vehicle for the purpose, and a strong escort to protect me from the savages and

wild beasts, which are as numerous about Toronto as they are about Montreal and Quebec, there being an immense number of savages a few miles from the city, governed, or rather led, by a terrible vixen named Miss Ko Ka, and who frequently make a descent upon the city, and take with them many of its treasures, and as for wild animals they can be heard roaring at all hours, especially in the direction of the bay.

As I know that an expectant world is thirsting for the invaluable facts and very general information herein conveyed, I will now conclude this paper, premising that I may give more facts when I will have extended my travels and observations. I will not at present give any information about those shivering wretches, the Yankees. Suffice it to say that they are those deluded creatures that left England in a pet, a few years ago, because she wanted them to drink tea of a certain strength to stimulate their flagging energies and keep their nervous system in order, and after emptying their cups into the streets, settled down on the south side of Lake Ontario, where they have ever since been trying to eke out a precarious existence which, at the least, is but miserable; but they deserve no pity or sympathy in their poverty, for having deserted so loving and benign a parent—one who was ready at all hours to spoon feed them, if need be, with the best flavored tea. But I have no doubt that they have often regretted the rash step, and only for their stupid pride would gladly go back again, by taking shelter under the glorious old flag that floats over this vast Dominion (colony though it be), and whenever they do so the Canadians will be glad to kill the fatted calf for them—feast them like princes—and possibly may not present more than the usual number of addresses of congratulation and adulation, and if they could be assured that that crucial agony would be dispensed with I feel satisfied that their annexation to Canada would be speedily accomplished. But there lies the *bete-noir.*

My object in coming to this country, as I said in the beginning, was to promote the cause of Science and Philanthropy, intending, after I had fulfilled the duties of my mission, to return to Europe at the earliest possible moment, and that determination remained unchanged until a few days ago, when reasons presented themselves which have caused a temporary deviation from my original plan. Ever since my presence in this colony became known, I have been waited upon day after day, by one deputation after another, asking me to accept some appointment that each had at its disposal, and all manner of arguments and persuasions were used to prevail on me to accept their offers, but I boldly rejected all overtures as long as I could. I am only human after all, and flesh and blood cannot stand against odds forever, so I have decided to accept the position of Inspector General of Curling

and Skating Rinks for the Dominion of Canada, at a salary of £1,000 per annum, with travelling expenses paid, and several perquisites besides. Now, as I will have no official duties to perform during the next six months, except to draw my salary and invest the surplus, it will be seen that I can devote those months wholly to the prosecution of my mission free of expense; and I will also be in a positiou to collect facts about individuals, both public and private, as well as about interesting events in the lhistory of the colony, that will be of the utmost importance as ong as the world lasts. And that consideration proves the wisdom of my decision. I may say in this connection that the office bas been vacant for the last few months, because no one was found competent or worthy to fill it, although hundreds of the leading colonists had applied for it.

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