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Sumner, Charles A.

..... Trip to Canada.



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Book .S93





# Our Canadian Neighbors.

ITEMS:  
FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP  
TO CANADA.

BY CHARLES A. SUMNER,  
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Read before the "Hannah More Society" of St. Mary's  
School, at Benicia, Cal.



# The Missionary College of Saint Augusti

LOCATED AT BENICIA,

Was Incorporated according to the Laws of California, May 14, 18

The aim of the College is to give a thorough physical, me and religious training—health, learning and Christian character.

The location of the College is unsurpassed. It is very cen and easy of access from all parts of the State, and is removed l the distractions of the city.

The immediate site of the College, comprising twenty acre: elevated land a little back from the open bay, and thus comm: a delightful prospect, and affords ample and attractive ground: drill and play, and facilities for bathing and rowing and other fc of exercise.

The buildings of the College are commodious and inviting, are well ventilated and warmed. In the domestic arrangem every care is taken to unite the comforts and culture of a Chris home with the strict discipline of a school. Attention is given to personal habits and manners of the cadets.

A large building, recently erected for a hall for the "Eule Literary Society," and for an armory, gives an ample place fo door recreation and drill in rainy weather.

The studies of the Preparatory Department are designed to a practical English education, fitting the pupil for a trade or for of the common walks of business; in the Collegiate Departm pupils may pursue the most advanced English course which is sired, or a Classical course preparing them for the Sophomore: in any university.

The military discipline, by its thoroughness and impartialit: eminently fitted to perfect the physical man, and to give habit obedience, promptness, and self-reliance.

The School year begins on Thursday next after the 28th of J and closes on Thursday next after the first Wednesday of June the following year. It is divided into two terms of twenty we each. There is a vacation of four weeks at Christmas, beginn on Thursday next before the 23d of December.

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# CANADIAN TRIP JOTTINGS,

At St. Mary's School, Benicia, Cal.

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After a pleasing musical programme, under the direction of Mme. C. D. M. Guion, Rev. Dr. J. Lloyd Breck introduced Mr. Charles A. Sumner, of San Francisco.

Mr. Sumner read as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The invitation to which I respond this evening, coming from the "Hannah More Society," has awakened some of my choicest memories; indeed, it has brought forward some, in new colorings, which had been dormant for years.

The name is one that is very dear to me. Among my earliest recollections I see the ~~muslin~~ muslin-bound volumes in my mother's library, entitled "Hannah More's Works." The stories and rhymes, and at a later period of reading the essays, are very close and clear in my mind with the echo, the sunshine and the shadow of boyhood home-life. Ah, how the old time comes back upon us, as we pass into the meridian of life, and are suddenly thrown to the beginning of things with us, by such a suggestive incident as the one I am now contemplating with gratitude. A thousand pleasing reminiscences pour in; yet wearing now a tender tinge of melancholy.

There stood the thirteen stately books. They were tall and thin to my eye, as I compared them with their companions on the same shelf. They were placed in the right-hand corner of the center shelf. "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" stood next—a chubby volume, and printed, as I remember, with a peculiarly neat and legible type—quite in keeping with the size of the pages, and the authentic portraits of Christian and his wife, and their attendants; Giant Despair being emphasized by a full page dedicated to his first, august, and terrifying appearance. Next came a volume of Mrs. Hemans' poems, and next, in what seemed to me at the time a very natural and most appropriate order, stood an illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe"; which, with its neighbor, "Weems' Washington," mysteriously disappeared. Then came in order a book called "Taylor's Trades." I have sought for a copy of that book of late years with great diligence, and I can almost say that I have sought for it with tears. It was profusely illustrated; nearly every fourth page consisting of two colored pictures; the text and the illustrations giving a vivid idea to the "youthful mind" of the principal manufacturing establishments of Great Britain, then existing. O, what hours and hours of solid enjoyment I have had with that book! Then there was a book of selections from the works of Jeremy Taylor, which I imagined for a long time was prepared by the same author that wrote the account of the British workshops, which delighted me so much. Then there was a small book entitled "The Mourner's Friend": a collection of Scripture texts, religious poetry, and consolatory sayings of English clerical authors of the seventeenth century. Then there was a commentary on the prayer-book—voluminous, even ponderous—but with the greater portion of whose contents I was so familiar that I

quoted from it at length in my otherwise extempore discourses delivered in those infant years, from the parlor table. Then came Butler's Analogy; my acquaintance with which in earlier days saved me, I am conscious, from a thousand trials of doubt in after life. Then came neatly bound copies of "Ivanhoe," and "De'Lorme." These latter filled the measure of the shelf, and this was the appointed order.

But to my child's eye, for compactness, the books did not stand in sufficiently tight quarters, as I have enumerated them, and as soon as I was able to reach up so far, with the aid of a chair, I persisted in forcing in between some of the volumes a very lean duodecimo, bound in boards, which was entitled "Connecticut Blue Laws." It contained pictures of domiciliary visits to and summary arrests of incorrigible rascals who would use tobacco, and salute their wives with kisses on Sunday. My father would detect that misplaced, interpolated work, and as often inquire who was the guilty party in the premises. I have a hazy impression that he suffered this unauthorized thrust into the list for a short time without remark: but I distinctly remember the reproof which I finally received for the outrage. At the same time, he told me that there never were any such statutes as the renowned "Connecticut Blue Laws"; and he said, parenthetically, that he was sorry there was such a book around the house. But he did not remove it altogether, and with a boy's curiosity I read it many times afterwards with great attention.

My father's remark in this connection furnished me with a reply to many invidious comments which I have since been compelled to hear concerning the early history of the New England commonwealths. And as I look back, that book appears to be wedged in that shelf unto this day.

A steel engraving, representing Parley the porter leaning from the grated window of the battlement, gossiping with Flatterwell, had a very strong and lasting effect upon my mind; and I presume I read the adjacent context a hundred times with unbounded sorrow over the folly of that faithless keeper. And I can remember often wishing to creep up behind him and give him warning of his danger.

Immediately beneath the works of Hannah More, I remember, there stood a tale of Indian life, in two volumes; "A Backwoods Story," which was of exciting interest, and demanded a perusal every autumn for several years. The story was "located" on the Canadian border line. It filled me with a deep and sometimes painful longing to see the shores of the St. Lawrence. And with that feeling as a constituent part of my developed nature, I grew to manhood; always wishing for that "golden opportunity," and one day finding it in the recent year of my visit to my old home.

Of late years, a series of round or elliptical trips, by rail and steamboat, have been appointed from New York, Boston, and other great centers of population, for the summer tourist; the schedule of travel and of prices giving the maximum of distance for the minimum cost. It is really a matter of astonishment that the facilities for pleasure journeying thus afforded in our own country and the adjacent Dominion are not improved by a larger number of our fellow-citizens resident in the Eastern States. For \$25.00 to \$30.00, currency, the denizen in any part of New England or the Middle States may ticket to and swing around an excursion circle, during any of the milder months—from mid-April to November—so as to touch the extreme North of our own country, or the West to the Ohio line, and even beyond. And at a proportionate greater expense, from either metropolis which I have named, or from any city of considerable size in the northeastern section of the Union, the Canadas may be reached and surveyed, or the plains of Minnesota traversed, or the incomparably balmy breezes of the Colorado mountains experienced and enjoyed.

A little over one year ago, looking at the enticing programmes of the many rival railroad companies which have their main focus in New York City, I determined to preface my regular return march to the sunset land by a rail-car jaunt to, and a few weeks' sojourn within, the Dominion of Canada. From that little side thrust of travel and observation I derived so much unalloyed happiness—was surprised by so many glorious pictures of river, lake, and land—ascertained so many present facts of human condition and popular prospects of which I had never dreamed before, or against which the accepted comments of the day ran in uniform contradiction—revived and raised to a fully realizing standard so many noble, heroic memories which are imperfectly but lastingly given us in the story-books for youth—for these, and manifold other reasons which contributed to an overflowing measure of delightful recreation, I am bound by an undescribed honor of gratitude, and under the obligation of an unlettered vow, to testify somewhere and by some arrangement of narrative, concerning the charm and the inspiration which for my humble self belongs to my visit to our Canadian neighbors.

It is an oppressively hot August morning, when the coachman unstraps our baggage and opens the door of his vehicle for us at the old Hudson River Railroad Depot, among the Fiftieth streets, on North River. Our express train is advertised to make four stoppages between the metropolis and Troy, sliding along at the satisfactory speed of forty-two miles an hour.

And what a panorama is presented from that drawing-room car window! Seated in one of the revolving chairs on the riverward side, we have three hours of most refreshing and enchanting vision in an unsurpassed picture gallery of nature. The frame of the window, which you face exactly in the center, bounds your moving paintings in sections which are perfect for the eye and for meditation.

The half-past nine train, on which we are ticketed, is somewhat distinctively known as the *Saratoga Express*, although it is not so set down in the Railroad Guide. Our attention is just sufficiently distracted—or, we might admit, perhaps, relieved—from the views without, to take notice of the fact that many elderly business men are our car companions, probably destined for the famous watering place of the North; there to spend the remnant of the sultry season with wives and daughters, who had preceded them several weeks or months before. They have often made the trip. Without overhearing their occasional remarks to temporary acquaintances or friends, you could not mistake their familiarity with the road. And yet even they do not linger long over the morning newspaper after we shoot beyond the suburbs of the metropolis.

The ancient on our right, whose bald head shines with almost marble and mirrory brightness, and whose long, flowing beard is silvery white, has passed his three-score years and ten, and probably counts more than that number of passages up and down, upon, and beside the river—if we may take the hint from his conversation,—even he flushes with appreciation, and relish, and enthusiasm, as we slide past the Pallsides, or dwell upon the summit of West Point, or have pictures of expanding river and glorious mountain side, supplemented by magnificent life in the meeting of one of the monstrous palace steamers on her way to the great capital of commerce. Are such scenes familiar to you, my friend? They never grow old. After all, the man is a boy and the child is the father of the man when the grand achievements and specimens of steam locomotive engineering genius glide or thunder by. And O, what a surface! and what a background! and what a superlative advantage for the spectator in the flying chariot on the eastern bank of our own majestic Hudson!

We cannot say it is satiety which begets or contributes to our unregretful acceptance of the change to the car which is to take us along the western border of the Green Mountain State, past the shores of Lake Champlain, and up to the edge of the Dominion. The perennial day dream of the riverside journey has left the brain and heart in a tone and temper of peaceful philosophy; and now, moving more slowly up through the pasture lands of Vermont, we can bring upon any suggested topic or thought a complacent if not conceited wisdom, which I am sure it is good to taste, and nurture, and exercise, once in a while.

This is a regularly prescribed route for the Canada bound traveler—correctly advertised as the shortest in distance and the quickest in “time.” Yet it is not so largely patronized as either of the other two routes, which are also denominated as direct and “regular.” The reasons for this are obvious.\*

Not that I had any personal ground to complain, but because it relates to an incident which I am hereafter likely to mention, I will state that on this route from New York to Montreal—a distance of 400 miles—there is no time arrangement for meals or lunches. A traveling companion, whose acquaintance I picked up on the Vermont road, and who gave me his card in the midst of his cordialities—Isaac Harris, by name—complained bitterly of this neglect on the part of the railroad management. He inquired of me on numerous occasions—seating himself beside me for a few minutes, and then alternating to other spare seats for new victims—he inquired of me repeatedly, if I thought the railroad company intended to starve a fellow on this trip?

There is very little, and indeed you might say there is no opportunity, except you stop and stay over for the purpose, for the traveler to attain any idea of the beauties of Lake Champlain as he passes along by this route, and at the hours assigned in the time-table for the through passage. At least not at this season of the year. It is growing dusk as we near Burlington. We ride past and between miles of lumber stacks; so closely set together that we could only imagine a dim moonlight-lake view concealed by these heaps of long sawn pine and cedar.

We are admonished of our approach to a foreign country. The conductor saunters or stumbles through the car, with a prescribed notice dropping out of his mouth in twanging accents—as though he were a machine announcer: “Change cars next station; passengers for Montreal and other points in Canada, get your checks out and your keys ready; custom-house officer will be around; you’d better ship your heavy trunks across to Ogdensburg, if you’re making the trip down now and are coming up afterwards.”

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\* Commodore Vanderbilt has been purchasing small sections of newly-laid and recently-projected railroad, with a view to an air-line from New York to Montreal, *via* the Housatonic Valley, through the Garden of New England,—Berkshire County, Mass.

The advice conveyed in the last utterances of the conductor ought to have been placed in the guide-book, or even on the tickets. It was valuable, but it came too late.

We arrived at St. Albans; famous for a raid from the Canadas during the civil war, and at a later date celebrated as a point of Fenian embarkation. It is impossible to take notes of the locality—it is too dark; but the equanimity of which we have boasted is a little shaken here, and the nerves of patriotism tightened up with a kind of moral shock, when the brakemen sings out 'St. Alban's' from the forward end door of the car.

At Rouse's Point, at the head of Lake Champlain, the change is made to a Canadian train and a Canadian soil. And, sure enough, here comes a custom-house officer. A spare young man of about thirty-five, with a Yankee outline of bone, but the unmistakable English bloom on his cheek. He is a thorough chap; goes through all the passengers' sacks systematically and remorselessly. From this we expect a tedious inspection in the baggage room when the trunks are opened. Not so. Experience must have determined the probability that smuggling is most frequently enacted by concealment in carpet-bags and reticule bundles. Our trunk, with a number of others, was opened by the owner in obedience to the courteous demand of the officer, and the top-layer of clothing simply glanced at—the sum and conclusion of the whole inspection. This was the case with all who were summoned to the baggage car; save and excepting our voluble and famishing acquaintance, Isaac Harris. His trunk, or the movable cavern which he designated by that dwarfing term, disclosed, when the barn-door lid was lifted, a vast number of samples of calico, and gingham, and muslin, and what appeared to me to be Japanese silk. These samples were pinned to three-inch square pieces of white muslin, to set off the colors. The officer manifested a decided disposition to sound the depths of Isaac Harris' trunk-behemoth; whereupon Isaac set up a multitude of unfinished declarations concerning the entire similarity and utter intrinsic worthlessness of the contents of his "luggage." The officer intimated his preserved determination to canvass the stock, by little questions and comments whenever Isaac paused, as he had to do once in a while to take breath. But still the inspection was not made; and the gabble and the short questioning continued for about ten minutes, and until the other passengers had returned to their seats in the drawing-room car. By and by, in comes Isaac with the lantern-jawed but British-complexioned custom-house officer close by his side; and in the triangular seat near the rear end of the saloon, they commence and keep up a lively and mutually agreeable conversation about mercantile enterprises in the Dominion, and mercantile traffic over this particular road—topics which might have bred suspicion concerning imposts not collected, if the listener had been uncharitably inclined.

Fatigued with nearly four hundred miles' travel, and partly lulled towards sleep by the indistinct murmurs of conversation between the merchant and the tide-waiter, we were almost in the land of forgetfulness, when, as the train made a sudden halt, we were roused to full consciousness by the announcement: "Now we commence going over Victoria Bridge!" The dull, heavy roll of thunder which the train manufactures or drives up as it passes through the tubular sections has an irresistibly awe-inspiring effect, which most befits the reality of that situation which we could not otherwise comprehend or imagine in anything like adequate measure or degree. The Guide Book has reminded us of the formidable statistics of the work, and the generated and reverberating echoes which fall on our ears, and nearly deafen us with their weight of clangor and groanings—accompaniments to the steady roar beneath us—seem to tell of ten thousand laborers in a mighty quarry, ten thousand anvils in a thousand forges, striking, striking, striking, for many a year, in cutting, hewing, and shaping the granite and the iron laid, cemented, or riveted here; and then christened loyally and jubilantly in the Queen's own name. Occasionally we fancy we obtain glimpses of the river and of the city on the opposite bank, through port-holes in the northern side of the vast tube; these suspected sights increasing and deepening the sense of the novelty of the passage, and the magnitude of the structure. As we approach the center—as the distance between either end is equalized—the sharper ring, the coarser throbbing in the iron tunnel disappears, and all the immediate and returning volume of sound flows in one grand concord, sinking and smoothing down to the perfect notes of a cathedral organ. And then, with steadily growing distinctness, the discord of many inharmonious notes comes again, while the peal that is created as we move on rises to storm-cloud utterances.

Amid the disappointments of this world which take place when description is followed by sight, we have all learned to cultivate a painful incredulity. Even concerning nature herself—of which no man may boast—we always keep for our finite form of appreciation a reserve on the promptings of faith. Our confidence must be very implicit and thoroughly justified in our friends, before we will allow the absolute and entire meaning of their sketches of mountain side and gorge to pass into our stock of certainties. But Victoria Bridge is saved in the emphasis of any expectation which the adjectives that have been applied would warrant. Of course, there are far more

costly works numbered among the engineering triumphs of the world ; but for original audacity and skill—a very hardihood of courage on the part of the projectors and builders—it meets the highest anticipations, and stimulates a pride in the genius and perseverance of man, equal to and transcending the provocation for such congratulatory thoughts on behalf of the race which comes from contemplating the highest achievements of ancient or of modern European architecture.

Victoria Bridge proper is one and a quarter miles long. It is constructed of wrought iron, on the tubular principle, and rests upon twenty-four stone piers. The center span is 320 feet between the piers ; the other spans having a length of 242 feet. At the center, the base of the tube is 60 feet above the surface of the water. The cost of this structure was \$7,000,000. The piers are constructed of large blocks of limestone, from Point Clare quarries, which are situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, about eighteen miles east of the bridge. The contents of the masonry is 3,000,000 cubic feet. The weight of iron in the tubes is 8,000 tons. The total length, from bank to bank, is a little over two miles.

As a closing experience for a long day's journey, as a prelude for entry to a beautiful city, the passage through Victoria Bridge is a glorious anthem.

From the top of the central tube the visitor may obtain the most perfect and satisfactory view of the harbor and city of Montreal : and an application to the courteous resident superintending engineer is all that is necessary to obtain a permit for the walk and ascension.

It is a little past eleven o'clock at night when our train slowly moves into the Grand Trunk Depot, in Buena Ventura's street, in the city of Montreal. In point of model and structure, this station somewhat resembles the Old Colony Depot in Boston, though much larger, and is not dissimilar in any remarkable degree to one of the newly erected freight houses of the Central Pacific, at the foot of Fourth street, in San Francisco.

There is no turmoil of shouting from the hackmen on the arrival of the train ; a difference in custom so remarkable in contrast to the cities of our Union, that I have no doubt many visitors from our country have, like myself, been rather at a loss to know whether it was permissible to call with authority on any of the silent whip-holders who stand at the outside of the baggage banister.

As I was descending from the platform of the car, I believed that I was the first passenger out of the drawing room. But I was mistaken. Isaac Harris was the first man, or passenger, who from that particular train placed his foot on the depot platform. Isaac was a man short of stature, not over five feet two or three—dumpy in figure and feature. Isaac was evidently on the alert ! May I be pardoned ! As I noticed he had been in advance of me in gaining the floor of the depot, it flashed across my mind that his expeditious exit was somehow connected with the freight that was covered by his patch quilt samples. And I stood confirmed in an accusing judgment which I had before reproved myself for entertaining. Rank injustice to Isaac Harris—so far as this trifle of hasty movement was concerned. For, lo ! There swiftly approaches from one of the entrance doors of the depot a middle-aged matron of lofty and broad dimensions, who sweeps up to her home-returning lord—bends over and swaths Isaac with her calico and her caresses. There is joy in Israel.

Waiting to make arrangement for the bonded care of a portion of my baggage, I supposed I ran no risk of losing an opportunity to engage carriage hire for a hotel. I was surprised to find that with my ten minutes of delay I put myself to the fatigue and hazard of walking in search of lodgings. And then it stood me in advantage that I remembered something in regard to the description of localities in the city, from conversations accidentally had with one of our own San Francisco editors—formerly a resident of Montreal—Mr. William B. Linnehan. The moon had just gone down, and the street lamps in that section of the city were few and far between. But from the bearings I remembered, as given by my friend in San Francisco, I managed to reach Victoria Square, on the southern side of which hackmen congregate. There I applied for directions and transportation. I was kindly invited to take a seat in the carriage, with the assurance that I should be driven to a first-class hotel, to wit, the "St. James," as speedily as possible. The hackmen are not noisy in Montreal, but they have some ways and methods which are peculiar, when in charge of a stranger in the night time. I was conscious of having passed at least seven or eight blocks—on what I did think was rather a circuitous route—before the carriage stopped, the door opened, and the announcement of a hotel arrival was duly uttered. I made a discovery the next morning. St. James' hotel faces Victoria Square, on the west. I had walked past one entrance, and proceeded thence a distance of some three or four rods, when I encountered the company of hackmen so child-like bland. It is not worth mentioning as a financial profit on the one hand, or a pecuniary disaster on the other. That pleasant knight of the whip only charged me two bits for his services ; but downright imposition or simple joke as it may have been, I was not allowed to forget it. I became painfully sensible, during my visit, of the fact that I was an interesting object of

remark for the coterie of carriage men who were in the secret of that little midnight circuit.

The St. Lawrence, is the principal hotel in Montreal—St. Lawrence Hall; and the St. James, which is carried on as a branch establishment, under the management of Mr. Samuel Montgomery, formerly of San Francisco. Certainly there was need of improved accommodations for the traveling public in that city. For while the table at the St. James was unexceptionable, the rooms for lodging were, as a rule, small and ill-ventilated. And I was assured that they averaged better than in the original establishment.

Morning breaks in Montreal; and we are up and out early, to economise the time for observation. A central point of interest is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, said to be the largest church in America. From its summit—the summit of its towers; which are of equal height—we know that we can take in the general scope of the city, and there best plan our visitations in detail. So we pass up Great St. James street to the Place d'Armes, where we face the cathedral. We are in season for one of the morning masses. The interior of the church is disappointing. I speak with reference to its apparent size. It is 255 by 134 feet in ground dimensions. You cannot realize that, even with its double tier of galleries, it can hold from nine to ten thousand people. But such is the estimate. There are some fine paintings, but the permanent decorations are neither extensive nor striking in their character. The marble altar is surpassed in elegance and beauty by several of the churches in New York; but when it is illuminated in the manner peculiar to the place, it has a glare and glow of richness—a luster of fiery stars and crowns—which is exceedingly brilliant. There were about seventy persons in the mighty nave on that August morning.

As we passed from one of the entrance doors at the close of the service, we were saluted by one of the janitors, who inquired if we did not wish to ascend the tower that is open to strangers—the one that is situated on the western side. Assenting, we were supplied with two guides—two boys of about twelve years of age. The entrance fee is twenty-five cents—cheap enough. The tower is two hundred feet high. There are three landings which the boys designated, in broken English, as resting places; and at each one of which they sat down and played a short game of cards with each other. I managed to ascertain, before I reached the summit, that the stake of their games was the extra fee or donation which I might grant. In this tower is the great bell, which weighs about 30,000 pounds. It is used as a fire alarm, and occasionally tolled at the death of a prominent citizen or ecclesiastic. At the bell landing, both the boys jumped on the wheel, and seriously alarmed me by pretended efforts and intention to sound the leviathan. I felt that I had no claims on the good people of Montreal which entitled me to the demonstration which was threatened. I besought the boys to desist from their swinging operations, but they only laughed at my apprehensions. Finally, they informed me that neither they together, nor I with them, could succeed in striking a regular note from the monster. I was quieted. I witnessed another game of cards, and we continued our ascent.

The view from the summit of the tower thoroughly commands the city. And there is a telescope set in the center, by the aid of which the visitor may make minute inspection. Twenty-five cents for the use of the instrument.

And now to information long since gathered and repeated from a hundred sources, and to the slight notice during the morning walk, came complete and delightful personal knowledge concerning the advantageous location of Montreal, the substantial character of its edifices, the external elegance and splendor of its principal buildings. There is pointed out to us MacGill College, Hotel Dieu, the largest hospital in America, two famous nunneries, the Court House, and the various churches; all of which from this tower we were enabled to fix in our memory beyond the necessity of second or subsequent inquiry. I am not acquainted with any city where the public buildings have such distinct and identifying characteristics, both on account of architecture and situation.

The word which strikes you as most comprehensively descriptive of the city, as you look upon it from the top of the tower, is one which I have already used in this connection: *substantial*. You would expect that its entire business community was made up of "solid men." There appears to be no sham within the corporate limits. This is judgment from the exterior, I admit. But every building that gives evidence of recent construction is either one worthy of all credit as a permanent structure, or else it makes no pretense to anything of the kind. Now there is an immense satisfaction in looking down upon the house-tops of a parallelogram laid city of 160,000 inhabitants, which demands such a verdict from the stranger, so stationed on the first bright summer morning of his visit.

One other feature we notice now. We discern it from the temple:—*neatness*. The day after our arrival we read great complaints in the seven daily papers of intolerable nuisances; in the form of cesspools at the northeastern end of St. Catherine street. We visited that place out of curiosity. The editorial uproar was concerning a couple of puddles, mid street, of a character that would be considered rather ornamental than otherwise in most of the highways of San Francisco during the winter months.

On our way down the tower, at the second landing, one of the attending urchins took a chisel-hammer which he had conveniently laid near his quarry, and chipped off from one of the tower stones some fragments of the granite, for our souvenir.

Montreal stands on an island which is formed by the junction of the St. Lawrence with the mouths of the Ottawa, or Grand. The island is about thirty miles in length, and four or five in average breadth. It was named by the famous Jacques Cartier, in 1535, "Montreal,"—the royal mountain. The city proper extends from Lachine Canal, northeast, a distance of about three miles; being laid out, as before intimated, in parallellogram form at the base of the mountain from which both island and city were baptized. In 1644, the island was ceded to the religious order of Sulpicians, of Paris—a little over a century after Europeans began to settle upon it. The Jesuits named it Ville Marie; but its popular title and corporate name has always been, since the European settlement, as it is this day. In 1760, it was a walled town of ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants, when it was invested and taken possession of by the English General Amherst.

It would be difficult to imagine a city more admirably located for convenience and healthfulness. From the foot of the mountain proper, and from a line drawn thence parallel with its base to the northeast, there is about a mile of surface, more or less, to the wharves—a natural and gentle grade.

The first local excursion to which the traveler is invited is a drive around the mountain. The competition of the hackmen is lively but respectful, at the doors of the various hotels, in bidding for the patronage of strangers, between the hours of eight and ten. The circuit ordinarily occupies three or four hours of very moderate traveling, for which we pay the reasonable sum of three or four dollars. We make a choice, from among the applicants, of the youngest solicitor, and stipulate in advance for veracious information. We will take a zig-zag through the city before we start out on the mountain road.

One of the first things you notice as peculiar about the dwelling-houses is the arrangement for double windows. They are prepared for a low temperature in Montreal; the grooves for a second sash are set even in the humblest dwelling.

Passing by St. Patrick's Cathedral, our youthful driver commenced to narrate scenes connected with the funeral of D'Arcy McGee, which took place in this splendid edifice. Our young friend deployed a long while—many minutes—for the purpose of ascertaining what our sentiments were on the Fenian question; while we in turn proposed an advantage for ourselves as against the Jehu. He said there wasn't any doubt but that D'Arcy McGee was a mighty smart man—a square Yankee expression as ever was uttered by a native of New Hampshire. We agreed, from what we heard. Our friend continued by suggesting that a man who went over to the Government side from the opposition might expect that accidents would happen. Then we exclaimed against the idea of justifying assassination. Young Whipstalk quickly protested against the suspicion we hinted, and could not be provoked or seduced to say another word on any subject that had a political bearing. Indeed, my fellow passenger in his vehicle and myself noticed that he several times furtively glanced at us, as though we might be detectives or government reporters in disguise.

Passing the toll-gate, we are at the beginning of what is strictly the Mountain Road. Our attention is first directed to the country residence of a gentleman who, we are informed, made an immense fortune in the Grand Trunk Railroad enterprise, with which he still retains a directorship connection. We are told that he is held in great esteem by the people on account of the sagacity and perseverance he manifested in pushing his mammoth railroad undertaking. We wrote down his name, and regret that it has been lost or mislaid. A man who had been largely instrumental in constructing 2,000 miles of railway, which directly and vastly contributed to build up a multitude of mercantile enterprises in the principal cities of the Dominion, and who had never manifested any disposition to corner the coal-oil market in the Canadas, or clean up all margins of private profit by railroad subsidies—that man seemed to us to be a curiosity; and his name and his photograph ought to be introduced and shed abroad on the Pacific Coast. In a pleasant cottage, containing not more than ten or twelve moderate-sized cottage rooms, he passes the summer months with his wife and his two little children, and two men and two maid servants—the latter being rendered necessary in such force, because of the habit of hospitality. And the people of Montreal, from the simple cab-boy up to the opulent merchant and mechanic, as they pass by, invoke a blessing upon his unpretentious household. Our driver has caught a genteel phrase, a dignified term, into which he puts his own sincere respect and reverence: "He is reckoned one of our great public benefactors." "Amen," I respond, "Amen: it is fit he should dwell amid summer sunshine on a royal mountain!" And my mind traveled across the Continent, and I thought how another dwelling looked, in a city of impositions and extortions on the banks of the Sacramento; and I was glad when we arrived at the summit of the mountain and looked down upon that river city which did not beget and foster, and probably would not, socially or politically, tolerate a character precisely

opposite to the one we were contemplating, working out a characteristic history under similar circumstances.

We appointed an hour's promenade on the mountain summit, and regretfully left the eminence at the expiration of our time. In front of you, to the south, stretches the city, the quay, the mile-wide river, with St. Helen's Island nearly in the center, and the tubular bridge on the right; a mile or two of opposite shore, and then a mountainous horizon. You look up the St. Lawrence to the edge of the Lachine rapids, tracing the line of the canal for many miles along the river bank. And turning to the north, you descry the Ottawa River boundary lines of the island, and follow it down to a point where the mouth of the Grande empties its waters into the St. Lawrence. Your vision sweeps the Island of Montreal, and may take in range almost every point of interest within one hundred and seventeen square miles thereon, and knows no check on any side to a perfect horizon,—as the mountains to the far south do not cramp but relieve the picture.

On our return to the city we passed the famous McGill College; an unsectarian educational institution, which was originally endowed, in 1814, by a Montreal merchant—the Hon. Jas. McGill—and subsequently provided with a \$400,000 fund, through the munificence of William Molson. Here is a university of arts, medicine, and law, a high school, a normal school, and a preparatory department. The buildings were not particularly noticeable, except with respect to commodiousness. It is a noble institution, and yearly graduates over one hundred thoroughly educated young men, fitted for some special, useful profession. Its principal patron, Mr. Molson, is a banker, of whom it is said that his name will always be associated with the early prosperity, charity, and commerce of Montreal. He built the first steamer that plied between Montreal and Quebec. On subsequent inquiry I ascertained that he was never accused or suspected of cornering anybody in gold, or stocks, or cereals, or indulging in any illegitimate speculations; that he never kept a seraglio; that he never claimed to be an orphan after he had become wealthy; that he never proposed in any manner to injure his own city by establishing a rival, and thus blackmailing the inhabitants out of a few millions of extra taxes. There appear to be some remarkable railroad men and bankers at Montreal!

Time fails me to note in this discourse the visits which I made to many if not all the public edifices of the great commercial city of the Dominion.

I regret being obliged to say that the Episcopal Cathedral was undergoing extensive internal repairs at the time of my visit, so that I was precluded from attending service within its walls, or noting anything more than its admirable location and graceful exterior. The other Episcopal Church edifices were crowded to the doors the Sunday when I sought admittance.

I would like to say a word about the Court House. I am anxious for the completion of the City Hall in San Francisco. It is a building about the size of five such edifices as at the present moment we call the City Hall of San Francisco. The court rooms are capacious; capable of seating a hundred lawyers, and two hundred spectators; with special provision for the reporters—as well as for the criminals. They have a library of 6,000 volumes in the Court House, which is supplied with new books partly from an endowment, partly from a small percentage on the general tax, and partly from the subscriptions of the attorneys. Litigants there are not obliged to pay \$3.00 for every case brought in court in order to furnish new books for the rising generation of attorneys. And the rising generation of attorneys do not have to pay \$15.00 per quarter for the keeping of a public library on their assumed account. It is remarkable how they arrange this matter in that old city of the north.

The quay or wharf of Montreal is unequalled in the world in point of accommodation, convenience, approaches, and cleanliness.

There is a stone retaining wall from the entrance of the Lachine canal, a short distance north or northwest of the tubular bridge, up to and below the Bon Secour market, a distance of more than a mile. A broad terrace, faced with gray limestone, the parapets of which are surrounded with a substantial iron railing, divides the city from the river throughout its whole extent.

I visited Victoria Theater, as I believe it is called. At all events, it has a royal name. Supposing the old Metropolitan in San Francisco to be furnished with plain, backless benches in the parquet, to be denominated a pit, and supposing this pit to be half-filled with a rough-looking set of sailors and laborers, all of whom are enormous consumers of chewing-tobacco, and whose spittle splashes all over the floor, and before the evening is past gathers in puddles, sending up to the dress circle and the gallery a very unpleasant aroma, and you have a pretty correct idea of the interior of the Royal Dramatic Temple in Montreal. Their churches and lecture-halls—two of the latter being capable of seating two thousand persons each—the Bon Secour and Market Hall, and St. Patrick's Hall—are surprisingly commodious and elegant. Their theater is comparatively limited in its seating capacity—not over fifteen hundred—and shockingly filthy in its arrangements.

I attended the Central Wesleyan Church one Sunday evening. It faces on Great St. James street. You pass by the pulpit as you enter the church by the vestibule. It has an amphitheatre, gallery, and a great organ. The preacher was dressed in Episcopal robes. He ascended and shut himself in a high pulpit box, fully ten feet above the heads of those of his hearers who were seated in the body of the church. He discoursed earnestly and even eloquently concerning charity, and against the iniquity of scandal; but he spoke much too rapidly, and seemed to be in the predicament which I sometimes find myself in—had too much manuscript for the patience of his audience. I remembered my weakness; and although I was near the door, I kept my seat.

From Montreal to Quebec, by the river, it is a distance of 180 miles. The Richelieu Company run two fine steamers on this route—the *Quebec* and the *Montreal*—leaving the respective ports on alternate nights. Our date for the trip appointed us a passenger on the *Montreal*, in which we left the Richelieu Company's dock at six o'clock P. M.

These twin steamers are fitted up in their interior arrangements very much, if not precisely, after the pattern of Jim Fisk's Fall River and Stonington boats. But there is no open fore-castle. They are boarded up flush to the hurricane or promenade deck. I am always reminded of them when I look at the houses at the corner of Powell and Market, and Stockton and Market, in San Francisco; and so strong is the likeness, so vivid the comparison, that often, when I walk up Market on a moonlight night, I am afraid one of those lodging-houses will heave anchor and bear down on me; and I pass them with the same sensation of relief that a man emerges from underneath a painter's ladder or a carpenter's scaffold—with the hypocritical air of a person unconscious of jeopardy, and utterly free from superstition.

It is a beautiful moonlight night. The promenade deck is crowded with passengers, who are reluctant to answer the summons of the dinner bell and descend to the lower cabin. And not until the waiters admonish the multitude, that if they do not take advantage of the "last call" they will go dinnerless to bed, is there a general move towards the place of refreshments. The table is bountifully supplied with fruits, and the cooking is artistic; reminding one of the excellent meals formerly provided on our Sacramento boats—before the Central Pacific Railroad Co. made out the bills for the larder and substituted Chinese cooks.

So balmy and delightful is the atmosphere that comparatively few of the adult passengers—and there are over three hundred on board—retire to rest before two or three o'clock in the morning. At the latter hour the wind begins to rise, and there is a keen chill occasionally experienced, as if the temperature was checked, and we were touched now and then with some of the circles or pillars of frost.

At this hour I retired to my state room, and instantly on laying down passed into a delicious slumber, from which I was awakened by the noise of eager announcements concerning our near approach to the citadel city. I had slept three hours, and was thoroughly refreshed.

Going out and ascending the deck, I learned that we are about ten miles from our destination, but in full, clear sight of Cape Diamond. I am thinking of the 9th of November, 1775—one hundred years ago—when General Benedict Arnold with seven hundred soldiers from the American colony, after enduring incredible hardships and privations, arrived on the southeast bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite the city of Quebec. I am thinking of the brave but disastrous attack made on Quebec, the 31st day of the following December, when Arnold was badly wounded and Gen. Richard Montgomery was killed within the very grasp of victory for the expedition, and by the only volley discharged by the retreating British soldiery. A splendid patriotism, perfect unto death, has been displayed on the Plains of Abraham, by those whom we may call—although our nation was not then established—the representatives of the three greatest of civilized nations on earth—England, France, and the American Republic.

As we swing around the promontory we have a perfect view of the harbor—here of sufficient depth to admit the *Great Eastern*—and the Citadel, once supposed to be impregnable; the battlements frowning down upon us with a truly threatening aspect, and appearing to be entitled even now to terms of the most respectful consideration.

As our prow is turned directly toward the dock, the city sits before us; a city divided against itself, topographically and architecturally. Directly in front, on a level with the wharf, is the custom-house, the larger importing houses, and all the rough business turmoil, and the habitations of the longshoremen of Quebec—a margin of perhaps one hundred feet before the foot of the cliff is reached.

Passing the great market and the custom-house, on this first level, the omnibus takes us around to the east, a distance of a quarter of a mile, or more, and up through *Hope Gate*; the entrance usually taken being then in process of demolition and enlargement. The narrow passages afforded by the three city gates which I visited—I am not certain how many there are in all—were doomed at the very date of my visit; and I am one of the last travelers through the Northern Needle's Eye of the Lower Canada capital of the St. Lawrence.

The Clarendon is full to overflowing, and we are compelled to take quarters at the St. Louis; and hardly a resting place here. For on the fifth "flat," and in a room more deserving of the name of a cabin than a bed-chamber, our head-quarters are established. However, we did not come to grumble, but to see sights which we knew were there to be seen. And this much on the extent and character of accommodation is only mentioned for the purpose of suggesting that a fortune is yet in store for some enterprising and competent builder and keeper of hotels, in Quebec,—as well as in Benicia.

At the door of the St. Luis, the hackmen display the voice and style of their fellow professionals of Gotham. I selected the weakest-voiced old countryman for my driver to the first object of interest without the walls—the *Falls of Montmorency*;—at a distance, according to my recollection, of six or seven miles, northeasterly. The road takes the course of the bay formed by the junction of the St. Charles and the St. Lawrence; and at every point you have a view of the city, of the opposite shore, of St. Louis immediately behind you, and the great island in front. Buildings of the Insane Asylum, with elegantly kept surrounding grounds, we passed within half a mile of the city gate; and by a slight deflection to our left we make the circuit of a monastery and a nunnery—distant from each other about a quarter of a mile; regretting that our time would not permit application and probable admittance through the wicket of the former. The buildings are substantial and commodious; the gardens filled with fragrant flowers; and from over the high fence of the nunnery there came the unmistakable gleeful shouts of romping school girls.

On to Montmorency! The road is planked a good proportion of the way; for lumber is cheap and tolls are high. The dwellings of the humble laborers in the numerous steam saw mills which line the river are on either side as we pass the last mile of the morning journey; and through the open doors and windows we behold the economy and comfort of the household. There is a great stove in the central room—parlor, dining-room, and kitchen—with heat-radiating capacity which knows no abatement of use from mid-November to April.

O, what rugged children! And what is this race? A cross between the French and the English and an unknown element? I wonder if it would be safe to suggest that there is a slight tincture of Iroquois in this splendid animal constitution! Not infrequently suggestions of Scotch extraction, particularly with reference to the lasses who come up to the side of the *calache* with daintily arranged nosegays of nearly uniform hue, but variegated scent and specie. O, what a delightful thing it is to look on these specimens of rustic beauty! It will take skepticism out of a sensible man, in regard to the future destiny of the race, where volumes of doctrinal persuasions and millenarian polemics will utterly fail.

But, on to Montmorency! I have a *character* for a driver; a book of gossip since we left the city. But the time I have here forbids many quotations which I would be glad to make from this human storehouse of odds and ends.

From the hostelry, or inn, opposite the falls, there is a walk of a quarter of a mile across the fields to the brow of the falling waters. I have seen many equally extensive and beautiful cataracts in the Green and the Alleghany Mountains; but the accessories and associations connected with this place make it most worthy of a visit. It is a bridal veil cataract of about 125 feet in absolute fall, (though it is 250 feet from the top to the river); the foam and the spray that render it worthy of this title commence at the very edge of the descent. And, sitting on the eastern bank, you have this vision and music of falling water immediately beneath you; while you lift your eyes at any moment upon an unsurpassed sweep of inland sea and encircling mountains. And there, distinct before you, through an atmosphere perfect in its purity, is the headland and the quaint old city of Quebec. I believe no human being ever sat beside the Falls of Montmorency, so close beside that river bay, without experiencing the highest inspiration of which the mind was capable; or confessing, in bitter candor of heart, that nature had no charms to stir his sluggish soul.

Over the falls, frozen and snow-mantled, the people of Quebec and vicinity enjoy their favorite winter's recreation—sliding down what I am sure the inexperienced would consider a dangerous declivity; but with no records of accident or disaster.

But alas! the scene of these laughing waters is not free from tragedy. A suspension bridge was constructed a few years ago over the rapids above the falls. Not long before my visit—not many seasons—a man and wife and boy had been precipitated into the water, by the breaking of the anchors, while riding across in their carriage. The bridge has never been repaired. The abutments and pillars rise on either bank, only to suggest the narration of the story, and be regarded as monuments of the catastrophe.

Back to Quebec, with a hearty weariness for the sleep that is to fit us for the jaunts and inspections of the coming day.

The citadel; the out-running fortifications; the Marcello Towers—situated twenty rods apart, and having a rumored subterranean connection; the Plains of Abraham; the spot where General Wolfe received the fatal wound—now marked by the second

monument; the adjacent penitentiary [most incongruous juxtaposition!]; the sides of the cape up which the soldiery of the historic assaults made their perilous ascent; the St. Louis road, lined with the residences of the opulent merchants; the two cathedrals and the many churches and chapels; the Jesuit school; Durham terrace, the favorite city promenade, overlooking the river, bay, and the lower city, as you overlook the bay of San Francisco, and in some respects the city, from Telegraph Hill; the courts; the Masonic hall; the theater; I would like to speak of all these things in detail;—feeling that I cannot give you either full or clear conceptions of the place or visit unless I do so. But this is a sketch—a jotting—a little here and there; time flies, and one or two more paragraphs must suffice for your measure of the evening's endurance.

Great changes are going on in Quebec at the date of my visit: tearing down many old landmarks. And now the British soldiery are to leave. Formerly there were two regiments stationed at the citadel, making business thrifty for the retail merchants, and society lively and fascinating. The last companies are being withdrawn—giving place to Canadian volunteers—as I am informed by the sergeant who conducted me around the ramparts. The citadel is now commanded by forts built on the opposite side of the river, and supplied with enormous guns, and manned by a volunteer regiment that is kept constantly under discipline in artillery practice.

During the morning hours of my last day in Quebec, I visited a chapel connected with the Catholic Cathedral, in which are some very superior paintings. The visitors saunter about the floor of the chapel, perhaps wondering whether they are not intruding, notwithstanding the invitation that has been extended and the gratuity that has been accepted. certain, at least, to be all equally surprised on happening to glance up at the gallery in the rear, and observe that the devotions of the priests and the students are constantly going on—as they kneel above the rear railing, absorbed in their prayers, and looking at the altar over the heads of the promenading visitors on the floor below. The paintings are very fine; but one is liable to be afflicted with an uncomfortable sense of impropriety when he realizes the situation. Although this is, undoubtedly, an arrangement for the preferred accommodation—the hospitality-in-culture—on behalf of the stranger within their gates.

During the afternoon of our last day in Quebec, I visited the Court House. In one of the lower rooms the preliminary investigation in regard to an accused, whose alleged crime was grand larceny, was proceeding; the same being conducted by two magistrates, speaking alternately to the prisoner and to one another in French and English. There were no witnesses present, although some may have been in attendance before I entered the room. There was one policeman on duty. The magistrates talked very sharply to the accused, as often rebuking and admonishing as questioning him—what we would call in our Western vernacular, *badgering* the poor fellow. He seemed to lack nothing in courage or an earnest and anxious disposition to maintain his innocence by apposite rejoinders and saucy protestations; brave enough in his guilt or innocence, but evidently deficient in preparation or wit for the trying exigency—defiantly unsteady, like a school girl unexpectedly called up to recite an unconned lesson, or a medical expert under cross-examination.

I slid down on a bench at one side, and took some notes:

*First Magistrate.*—Now, Peter, you know you stole that watch? What is the use in your denying it so often?

*The Prisoner.*—I'll deny it as often as I am provoked to deny it. And I have been kept three days in jail now, when I ought to have been home and at work in the mill.

*Second Magistrate.*—You said that Father Sardon could give you a good character. He says he has no recollection of you; unless you were the person against whom a wife complained of a beating to him last Christmas.

*The Prisoner.*—Your Honor, I thought he would give me a good character. It is strange he can't recollect anything about me but that one time when I happened to get a little out of the way, and Mary made me mad by saying I was drunk.

*Second Magistrate.*—I am inclined to think you were drunk when you stole this watch. But that don't lessen your guilt in the eye of the law. And besides, you have been seen carousing in the company of some of the burglars that recently came up to Quebec from New York city.

*The Policeman.*—That's so.

The prisoner turned fiercely towards his keeper, and with an oath inquired what business he had to interrupt the conversation; declaring that the policeman only acquired his position by earning the title of the biggest thief in the country.

*First Magistrate.*—I think he may take him below.

*Second Magistrate.*—I think so.

The policeman opened the door of the little criminal box, and seizing the culprit by the collar of his rough sea jacket, addressed him with a phrase which I thought was the exclusive property of the language of the Pacific Coast: "Come along, now, and none of your foolishness. If you don't I'll raise you."

The prisoner assented fully and walked out meekly. Then one of the magistrates turned to me and asked me if I had any complaint to enter. I said, "No, sir." Then he said: "You should not have come into this room." I said I was going. And I went!

I have sad thoughts with a burden of precious memories, the evening before I leave Quebec. I ascend the grass-grown ramparts on the northwest, midway on that line of the old fortifications. To the right are the Plains of Abraham; immediately in front, the citadel; on my left, the city proper; and over its house-tops appears the harbor, crowded with shipping. I turn about and look down toward St. Luis, and to the fringing out of the city, with St. Peter's Church on the brow. The sun is sinking behind and amid a mass of golden clouds. And as I gaze upon this enchanting circle of prospects, the bells of the cathedrals, and churches, and cloisters, from either hand—and coming up from the plain below—begin their magnificent sunset peal; a flood of exhilarating reverberations—peal on peal in mighty volume—lifting, exalting, and filling in rapturous harmonies, the very soul of the humble listener on that summit of heavenly beauty; while from the three fortifications on the opposite and far distant mountain ridge, the three evening guns roll over to the city, and the inhabitants thereof, their great successive salutations and day's-farewell: "Good-night!" "Good-night!" "Good-night!"

Good-night.







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