

CHAPTER XI.

The Volcanic Country—Bathing in a Hot Lake—A Maori Pah—The Great Geyser of Whaka-rewa-rewa.

OHINEMUTA stands on the line of the volcanic action which extends 150 miles in a north-easterly direction from Tongariro, the burning mountain in the centre of the island, to the White Island, a restless crater of pure sulphur, lying a few miles off the sea-coast. The country in and about the village is broken up by steaming holes, hot springs, and geysers, and the frail ground imperfectly covers up a seething volcanic tumult, which stretches far under Lake Rotorua, and raises the temperature of the water at many places to boiling-point. Ohinemutu is situated on the south-western shore of this lake, which is a circular sheet of water, with an island rising 400 feet in the centre of it. The island of Mokoia is the scene of a charming Maori legend, a variation on "the old, old story" of Hero and Leander. The heroine Hinemoa was of great beauty, and the ancestress of the present inhabitants of the island and mainland. As her name signifies, she was "a girl like the Moa," so the great bird must have been considered graceful in its day. Though a chief's daughter residing on the mainland, she fell in love with Tutanekai, an obscure individual living on the island. The noble family, whose blue blood boiled with indignation, opposed her marriage with the common person residing on the island. So Hinemoa, under shelter of darkness, in answer to the midnight solo of her lover on a flute made out of a human leg-bone, strung gourds round her waist and swam across to the little isle. Here the "lady of the lake" was received with open arms, and with her plebeian husband lived happily ever afterwards.

Hence this village has been called Ohinemutu, or "the girl that went over." It is at present the chief native settlement

accessible to the traveller, and here may be seen the Maori in as near as possible an approach to his native state, which in an age when the tendency of everything savage and romantic is to become rapidly civilized and commonplace, is no small matter of interest. The white man has only put his face in as yet to the extent of a store and two small wooden hotels ; and it was in front of one of these latter that we drew up on the night we arrived at the settlement.

Close by, we could see the dark line of the village huts, and a little farther off, the surface of Rotorua reflecting the brilliant heavens. Distant laughter, Maori talk, and far-off sounds of splashing came from the lake, where the natives were revelling in a warm bath. On dismounting, Captain Owen inquired for a young native to take charge of the horses—one, he said, with some influence amongst the tribe, as there was a chestnut horse which he feared might be stolen. Then the hotel-man carefully weighed out a bag of oats, charging us sixteen shillings a bushel, or about ten shillings more than we paid anywhere else. This, as much as the strange surroundings, impressed us with the fact that we were far from civilization. The hotel was small and homely, and the parlour had a rough table laid out for tea, and round it was gathered a goodly company of surveyors and men working upon the roads. After partaking of tea and spiced beef, we felt our hunger appeased. But our two days' horse-riding had left us very fatigued ; so we determined to have a warm bath that very night. We undressed, arrayed ourselves with blankets round our waists after the manner of kilts, and were ready for a plunge at any moment.

The hotel-man lit a lantern and went carefully in front of us towards the village, a few yards distant. We walked with wary steps on the narrow path, past boiling springs and active mudholes, holding our noses to exclude the sulphur fumes, till we reached a square bath dug out of the ground, and fed by a small gutter communicating with a hot spring. We jumped simultaneously into this open-air bath—the pool, with its laughing and splashing occupants, being illuminated by the

lantern, to the great delight of the onlooking Maories, who were fast becoming numerous. We came out new men, with none of the chill experienced after an ordinary hot bath.

Next morning was clear and frosty. The lake glittered in the sun, while in the foreground stood the settlement, almost shrouded in immense clouds of steam, and the prosaic thatched roofs of its dingy brown huts unfolding poetically through the wreathing vapour. The coldness of the morning inviting us to a second bath, we dressed ourselves in the approved costume, though thinking we would be the laughed-at of all observers, robed as we were in striped bed-blankets. But we excited no mirth, save when one of our number, who had nervously adjusted his blanket in a loose fashion, cut an absurd figure by the garment at odd moments suddenly drooping at one side, after the manner of classic sculpture. We necessarily went down to the lake at a slow pace. Here a mud-hole was guttering close to our feet; there a hot stream overflowing the path; here, again, mud painfully heaving, and with difficulty bursting into a bubble; here a group of small craters were snoring away, like custards bubbling hot from the oven, with dry mud like pie-crust encircling them. Continual sullen mutterings met our ears, with frequent harsh outbursts that, combined with the odour of sulphur, gave one the idea of subterranean oaths, as compared with the purer utterances of sylvan streams. Now and then, as we paused, the heat penetrated our boots, and we had to shift our position, so thin was the pathway. At some places, if you simply poke with a stick into the ground, steam will come out of the hole. For example, the piles for an addition to the hotel we stayed at were driven into the earth until they went through! To imagine or describe boiling mud is about as difficult as to detail an emotion; to see it is to see something that will assuredly be remembered.

When we got down to the lake its banks were steaming with hot springs, which were sparkling and bursting out, and pouring their scalding rills into the greater body of water. Bathing was only possible at certain parts, and a favourite resort seemed to



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be a little inlet where the temperature was somewhat bearable. One or two Maories were plunging about when we arrived, while on the sloping bank sat a long semi-circle of natives, male and female—an interesting crowd, which increased every moment, greatly to our dismay. We were for relinquishing the bath altogether, but the guide laughed at our scruples, and it was only with great ingenuity and with most inelegant attitudes that we glided out of our blankets into the lake. The water was enjoyably warm, save when our toes got embedded in the hot ooze at the bottom, or when hot currents would glide out from the shore. The lake had an irregular bottom, with submerged rocks here and there, on which you could stand when tired of swimming.

The news soon spread that a party of pakehas were bathing, and the youth of the village swelled the already considerable assembly. A long string of Maori boys, running over a raised point of land above our heads, plunged one after the other, with shout and shriek, into the lake—some flying head foremost, some shooting feet first into mid-air, some springing off with a high somersault—all flinging themselves into the steaming lake with jollity, dash, and precision; and one squat little four-year-old amusing us greatly by the comically manly way in which he bundled himself into the water. For variety, they played at hide-and-seek, the pursued reappearing in unexpected places, the disappointment of the pursuer being hailed with loud laughter from the shore. In one corner of the inlet a young Maori girl, who had been sent out to “mind the baby,” sat in the water with only her head and shoulders visible, and the face of her little charge; and, if I am not mistaken, any display of noisy temper on the part of the infant was quelled by a sudden immersion of its head! All this time a heavy curtain of steam moved over the water, and we saw only a very few yards out from the shore, though occasionally the wind would stir the vapour, and through a rapidly shifting vista we would behold further parties of Maories disporting in the lake. The full enjoyment of this open-air bath, in such an expanse of warm water, with its strange surroundings of picturesquely-

clad Maories, quaint huts, and steam-dotted scenery, is almost indescribable. To have the opportunity of being so utterly removed from the world, to have an entire freshness of experience, was worth all the toilsome journey.

The table at the hotel, though it could not be expected to be first-class, was very liberally supplied—steak, chops, and preserved meat in lumps figuring at every meal. There was never any milk or eggs; but then we had failed to get these in some of the most rural parts of the colonies. The only white woman in Ohinemutu was the wife of the hotel cook, and no doubt her presence partially toned down the rudeness inseparable from domestic matters performed by men. Though the weather was cold, yet the only fire was in the kitchen, for culinary purposes. The habit of the folks on feeling chilly was to bathe! During the forenoon several invalids came over by canoe from a place on the other side of the lake, where they usually sit for hours under a hot waterfall, freeing themselves from rheumatism and other ailments. The hotel people grew eloquent over the marvellous cures effected. "This man here was reg'lar tied in a knot with rheumatics, and now, in a few weeks, he's bathed them all out of him. And look at Thomson!—that feller was awfully down with nervous fever and no appetite, and now he's like to swallow up the 'ole 'otel! And that man over there, that couldn't move with pains in his right leg when he came first, is hard at work getting up a football club. Old Parr is nothing to the bilin' waterfall!"

After breakfast we went through the pah, or enclosed section of the settlement. The palisade is constructed of wooden rods, now falling into decay; the corner-poles, with their hideous carved heads, toppling over, and the whole fence looking as if blown down by a strong wind. No care seems to be expended on it. The rising generation of Maories are lazy, and have lost to a great extent the traditions of their forefathers. They do not build fine runangas now, and the young girls have no deftness in mat-weaving. We saw the runanga here—a fine building, with a most elaborately-carved front and the usual large porch, in which sat a group of the grey-



bearded elders of the tribe, dressed in those flaring and striped shawls and blankets which make any gathering of Maories look gay. Under the eyes of this august assembly, just four or five feet from the porch, was an artificial bath, and in it reclined a white man, nothing of whom was seen but his head resting on the edge, and his hand upholding a yellow-covered novel—certainly the height of luxury. These tanks, dug in the earth, are common throughout the settlement, and are much used by the natives. Then, again, over the hot springs the Maories place large stone slabs, on which they squat in the shades of evening, with their blankets wrapped round them, enjoying the warmth. Women were sunning themselves at the doors of their huts, while some were rolling pumpkins to the bottom of a boiling pool, and some were cooking fish and potatoes in flax “kits” or bags, which they let down by a string into the water. I do not recollect seeing a fire the whole time we were in the native quarter. The boiling springs warm the Maories and cook their food. It is said, however, that the sulphur fumes cause their teeth to decay. At one part of the pah was a large heap of pipi shells, the accumulation of long-continued feasting. Another mound of shells showed the resting-place of the hotel groom, who had fallen into scalding-hot mud just a day or two before, and had perished in great agony. The grave of the wretched man was dug in the centre of the pah, and during the last ceremony the boiling water burst in and gushed over his coffin. Maori graves were also to be seen, all marked with carved posts and flat boards, with ornamental designs, some of which the European mind might regard as indecent.

Threading the mud-holes, and wondering how so many children could romp unscathed on such a perilous playground, we met several little Maori boys with school-books in their hands. The school was a rude shed, and presided over by a Maori with some knowledge of English, who was imparting instruction in arithmetic, the children swaying their bodies and gabbling over the multiplication-table. In front of a wharè an old man sat cross-legged, a gun in his lap, a file in one hand,

and in the other a nipple several times too large for the piece, which he held up for our inspection. The guide, in his usual quiet way, informed the veteran sportsman that a shot from the gun with that nipple would be more fatal at the butt-end than at the muzzle, hearing which the old man's jaw fell, and we left him quite crestfallen.

Our stroll ended at the general store, kept by an Edinburgh man, whom we saw soaping the leg of a horse which had stumbled into a mud-hole. The limb, which was fearfully swollen and raw, was a most unpleasant reminder of one's own danger. This store was an old Maori house, and the shop-sign appeared out of keeping with the overhanging thatched eaves. On one side of the premises were woollen goods and drapery, and on the other shelves of books. The shop was divided into front and back by a huge wooden figure, erected by the former Maori tenants, its outstretched legs forming a doorway. A clock had lately been let into the paunch of this Colossus, giving it a ludicrous appearance. The storekeeper was in fear that this would be resented by the Maories, who hold the stomach to be a sacred part, and very sensibly regard it as the seat of joy and anger. A week previously there had been severe shocks of earthquake, and several new hot springs had made their appearance, one stream rushing up alongside his store, to the astonishment of the proprietor. By careful calculation he finds that the next hot spring will break out in his bedroom, which he thinks will be a great comfort in the winter evenings! Our friend showed us a deep basin fed by a noisy spring, that burst fiercely from under a weighty stone slab. We had hardly left all this commotion when we came to another scene of disturbance—an open space of ground, where stood a Maori, his face convulsed with rage, tearing down a palisade which divided some disputed property—the man passionately plucking up rod after rod and flinging them into a large fire which blazed behind him. It was certainly a most summary case of litigation.

Next day we visited the hot springs of Whaka-rewa-rewa, three miles from the village. They take their rise in the midst



of a most unholy, unhealthy-looking spot. The ground for several acres seemed to have been violently flayed, and scorched by fierce fire of all vegetable life. Not a green leaf showed amongst the steaming earth and hot rocks. It seemed a weird, enchanted ground, the scene of wild revel and *diablerie*. In the centre, like a witch's cauldron, and reached by rough, natural steps, stood the elevated basin of a spring brimful of hot water, the surface tremulous from latent heat. There were also deep holes, where you could hear far down a tumult of boiling mud. The ground was cracking with subterranean heat, and sounded portentously hollow, as if one were treading over vaults. A strong smell of sulphur and of mineral decomposition pervaded the spot. Immense boulders lay crusted with white scaly growth, some hardly bearable to the touch. In these huge blocks were small bore-holes, their mouths flecked yellow by the sulphur fumes that blew out in frequent puffs of steam. Such a display of cooked chemicals! Great lumps of sulphur strewed the ground, and gave the queerest possible look to the scene. I picked up a large piece, so temptingly bright, yellow, and floury, but instantly discovered it was red-hot! We chipped the sulphur blocks with the butt-ends of our whips, during which one with a silver head rapidly changed to the hue of brass.

The chief object of wonder, however, was the great geyser. This splendid natural fountain was rising to its full height, swathed in a shroud of steam, pumping its poplar-shaped columns sixty feet into the air. It shot them up irregularly, something like thirty, forty, ten, fifty, and twenty feet; and sixty feet flying up every now and then as a bold, unmistakable climax—the hot spray glittering in the sun amidst the enwreathing clouds of steam, which the wind blew off in time to show the next high jet burst violently out of the earth. Frequently tourists fail to see this geyser in action, as they come at the wrong season, or when the fountain is indulging in well-earned repose. Here, on a hap-hazard visit, were we favoured with this grand exhibition of volcanic force. We stood for a long time enchained to the spot, a few yards from the fountain,

on its windward side, to avoid the showers of hot spray, listening to the plashing of the water and the heavy, impelling thuds of the geyser, and watching its varying heights with the greatest interest. This irregularity was one of its chief charms. The play of an artificial fountain is regular, beautiful, and tame, while this was uncertain, wild, and wonderful.

With the vandalism which is more or less inherent in human nature, we amused ourselves by throwing large stones into the geyser, a practice indulged in by travellers in Iceland, the geysers of which are said to be inferior to those of New Zealand. After twenty or thirty seconds, during which one could imagine the stone dashing and swirling in the cauldron, the geyser, with a loud, spluttering snort, hurled the fragment of rock high into the air, amid the agitated circlings of the steam. This was exciting sport, and repeated several times. But lo! a startling interruption. A loud bass solo came rumbling out of a yawning cavity, which had been quite dry and inactive when we took up position in front of it. Steam began to curl about us, and, with exclamations of alarm, we rushed off, preceded by our guide, and never stopped till we were some distance from the newly-awakened spring. We had been standing with our heels almost into the mouth of an intermittent geyser! Meanwhile the boiling liquid was violently deluging the place where we had been standing. It was a thrilling conclusion to our experiences at Whaka-rewa-rewa; and after a last look at this unearthly, sulphur-strewn locality, and a lingering farewell glance at the noble geyser, which would soon be playing unseen by eye of man, we retraced our steps through the scrub to Ohinemutu.



CHAPTER XII.

Pierre's "Maison de Repos"—Rotomahana—The White Terrace—The Hot Springs—The Pink Terrace—A Dangerous Horse Ride.

IN the afternoon we left for Wairoa, whence canoes were to take us to Rotomahana. At first the road lay alongside Rotorua, its shores strewn with yellow blocks of sulphur, that loaded the air with heavy fumes, while the water was lukewarm and unpalatable, as shown by the unsuccessful attempts of our backs to get a drink. A ride through luxuriant bush brought us to Tiki Tapu, the sacred lake, out of which the natives will neither fish nor drink—a glassy expanse of water. Here were one or two Maori huts, out of which a white man came to greet us. "Ah! Pierre," cried our captain, "we live to-night at your *Maison de Repos*, so hurry up and lead the way!" Could this possibly be our ideal Pierre, the urbane Frenchman whose advertisement of accommodation and comfort at "*Une Maison de Repos*" had appeared in the Auckland papers? He would have made the soberest person laugh. Trudging before us, Pierre looked every inch a Communist, in his short old coat, battered slouched hat, and baggy blue trousers which netherward revealed secret raiment. He walked barefooted, had a canvas bag slung over his back, and carried a double-barrelled gun over his shoulder. Talking with a slight French accent, Pierre told us he had been out unsuccessfully "trying to get some peegon."

How astonished, we were, too, at seeing his "*Maison*" a hut made of raupo reed. The Frenchman lit a fire in the centre of its earthen floor, and filled the room with smoke. A couple of doors gave ingress to two miniature bedrooms, each occupied by a hard pallet. In a back place, Pierre cooked our tea, surrounded by numbers of cats and dogs. After long frying, several dishes were brought in, but they were all "peeg," as

Peter said. Sausaging was an essential part of all the viands. We had pork and mutton, ham and bacon, brawn and balm, or something of that effect. There was soup, too, with a flavour of "peeg" about it and one of us pulled out of his plate what looked like a boiled potato upon which our host exclaimed:— "Hah! look! there! dat is de bouquet de fairvaire, a leetle parcel of mine!" We enjoyed our tea very much, the Frenchman all the time cutting bread for us with a sharp bowie knife, a long blade with a nobly jewelled handle, which he had got in a present at Beaufort.

Inquiring as to our canoe-ride, it was found that there were two Maories to every European in the boat and that each native had to be paid five shillings. As there were five of us, and five shillings to add for the canoe, the fare would amount to £25 0s., rather a large sum for two or three miles of water-journey. We expressed ourselves as not being very well pleased with the Maories. "Oh! I hate them!" roared Peter—"I believe that Rotomahana is de infernal regions, and these fellows are de imps. I could kill them, and cook them too." Our Frenchman was Seyer and Robespierre in one. "They are the plague of my life," continued he: "only shows the other day I horsekipped a Maori woman that I caught setting fire to my house. Dey are demons, every one of them. Once, during de war, a rascal Maori he come and he look in through the hinge of my door—so I steal up quiet, put dis here gun to his noss, and (drawing his hand rapidly across his face) I blowed him all dat! Oh! it woss rare times; I did like to see dem battlefields—all de black fellows lying! Oh! de hacked faces, de cracked skulls, de red faces, de slashed boties! Oh! I could haf danced with delight." "Surely," I said, "your Maori friends here cannot be bad neighbours?" "I tell you wot it eez, now," said Pierre—"dey are the biggest rokes in de country—dey want all the trade of this place, so they are going to turn me aowt, de yellow Indians! Dey shall lose a peeg presently. Oh, de fowls I haf stole from de blackguards! I put down oats on my floor—onc hen come in, I wreeng his neck—another come, I



do de same—another, shoost de same—another and another and another, till I had two dossen of dem under de floor of my hut—and I liffed on dem for days—de blackguards, de pagans, de cut-throats!—what, is dat you again?” and away he rushed with a broom after a dog that was licking a leg of pork in his back room; “one would think he was starfed—I gave him a ham-bone this morning first thing!”

Then we asked about the Wairoa Maories, and he told us they were paupers born and bred, would not work, and preferred to live on the Government allowance of flour and sugar. There was a flour-mill here belonging to the natives, but it is now broken and decayed; also a church and school, both deserted. Laziness and ingratitude were loudly charged against the Maories by the Frenchman, who finished by saying—“Dey never think of all that I’fe done for them, bringing visitors to this place, this good-for-nothing hole, which I belief woss the last place created on de face of de earth!”

At length our suggestion as to repose temporarily cut short Pierre’s narratives. “Well, one he can sleep here on this sofa by de fire, another one he can lie on this side, and one on de floor—that makes three; and two can sleep in de rooms—that makes de five of you.” Without taking off our clothes, and with rugs over us, we lay down in our appointed places. Sleep, however, was difficult to obtain, owing to Peter walking out and in, telling us a tremendous story of how he single-handed met a crowd of Maories, gave them no quarter, but slew them all, and grafted the butt-end of his gun into the skull of an old chief.

In the morning we arose, stiff and cold, to find the wind howling, the rain falling in torrents, and Pierre chasing stray hens in the middle of a sanguinary tale of war, half heard amidst the hissing of bacon. By-and-by a Maori slid quietly in at the door of the hut, and told Captain Owen that the canoe could not face the gale, and that we would have to wait till the weather cleared up. As that seemed a question of weeks, we said we would go by land with this Maori as an additional guide—the rules being that a native must accompany

1862. In a short time our boats were again sailing up towards the hills side on. One by one they steered past the first boat, crossed the gate and over the sand barrier—one by one they slowly moved before us to the great flag-staff of poor Peter. After a long pause the spokesman of the party commenced a rattling fire of words, his eyes flashing, his arms gesticulating, and his whole bearing busy through vehemence. The captain listened with his head on one side and with a meek confiding smile and after the Maori had finished said to us: "This matter is all over, you must go by horse—so if you do you must pay for the cart, whether you have to go or not." The Maori was indeed anxious to see the effect of this speech, but he laughed as if at a good joke, while the captain with a good deal of determination determined to pay for your goods. The spokesman said it was against their nature to take a thing without a thing, but he was immediately exchanged by a guest of acquaintance from a storekeeper who had looked on from near door. The new ally was getting out of breath, but I went to him with great impetuosity, uttering Maori and a string of French, uttering halting phrases about him like firebrands, and though I was sure that every member of the deputat was roaring against me, I still of harsh clamour—our excited heart, in the course of time, becoming calmed by the restraint of a thought, and going vent to long strings of expletives in the best English—truly leaving the whole party out of the front door, with the flourish of a saucepan still dripping with ham-fat. We left without opposition from the natives.

For nine miles the track lay through damp scrub, with blinding showers that the wretched horses could scarcely face. At length a high ridge was reached, from whence we saw beneath us the famous Rotamahana ("Roto," lake, "mahana," warm). It was about a mile in length, and girdled by green hills, swept by driving mists. The Maories have a saying in reference to rain, that when strangers come the mountains weep; and certainly on this occasion the little hills around had burst into uncontrollable grief. On this lake are situated the two "Ter-



“races”—unparalleled volcanic phenomena—each a long descent of wondrous basins formed by the silicious deposits of an overflowing boiling spring, which takes its rise high up on the hill-side. One terrace is white, the other pink—one on each side of the lake. From our high point of vantage we saw only the first of these, “Te Tarata,” in full view, like an immense white altar sunk into the hills that encompass the lake—the succession of basins a broad flight of steps, and the cloud of steam at the summit the rising sacrificial incense. We crossed a warm-flowing creek in a rickety canoe, and came upon a large white flooring of silicate leading to the lower steps of Te Tarata. The terrace rose before us in all its strange beauty. We had to walk for thirty or forty yards along the peculiar flooring, finding it crisp, hollow to the tread, and covered with a thin film of water, like ice in the first stage of a thaw—the surface veined with countless arteries or skeleton twigs interlacing with each other, and half washed over with deposit, like twigs that had been frosted into the ground. These petrified twigs, and the wings and bodies of birds, together with a large variety of other articles hardened by the white deposit, can be purchased as mementoes from the Maories, who, to keep up the trade, place a constant supply of fresh specimens in the magic waters of the spring.

The basins that compose the Terrace have been formed by accretion, though one would have fancied they had been hollowed out by the water. As the hot spring poured down year by year over the hill-side, it slowly built up these basins. These are of an exquisite shell-shape, with smooth rounded lips, and fringed with delicate stalactites, that droop thickly over the rim of each basin, in some places like a thick fleece, in others like hanging moss transformed into marble. The basins are of varying sizes, capable of accommodating four, six, or eight bathers, and gradually dwindling off at the base of the terrace to miniature pools about the size of breakfast-cups. The large basins curve outwards, and the limits of one frequently overlap or blend imperceptibly into another. The water that flows down the terrace is of a bluish tinge, coloured

by some mineral pigment; the brimming pools in the basins are of a deep, opaque blue—a blue never seen in sky or sea, save in a boy's first water-colour painting. The colour, though affording a startling contrast, yet harmonises in hue with the general appearance of the terrace, which is said to be of dazzling whiteness in the sun. The brilliant blue water looked very queer to us under a dark rainy sky.

Led by white guide and brown Maori, we commenced to ascend the Terrace. Crisp, crisp, crisp!—we went crunching along the rims of the basins, from one to another, zig-zagging thus up the front of the Terrace. Crisp, crisp, splash!—our feet frequently slipped down the smooth, shelving interior of the basins, and we felt the warm water unpleasantly in our boots. As we went up, the pools became of course hotter, till at the top we beheld the cause of the phenomenon—the boiling cauldron, one hundred feet above the level of the lake. It was a semi-circular crater, composed of walls of red earth, which had been gutted out of the hill—according to scientific authority, a crater of felspathic tufa, decomposed into yellow and red clays by the steam and gases of the spring. The cauldron was still, but small bells like diamonds were rising through the indigo depths to the surface. Strange to say, this cauldron ebbs or flows according to the direction of the wind, the spring at times boiling over, and at others becoming a yawning void.

Looking down upon the terrace, the whole of the basins were seen at once—the blue pools set in a long descent of alabaster steps—a fairy scene, viewed under the discomfort of a gale and driving rain, which however had no power to break the spell. The whole scene was so amazingly unreal—the shape of the basins and the vivid colours so unnatural. Nature seemed for once to have had recourse to art, and eclipsed man in his own principles of design and effect.

From the White Terrace we walked along a succession of paths of yellow, pink, red, and brown clay, and one that had the appearance of mottled soap. A deep crater now appeared with high steep sides, within which water was roaring and



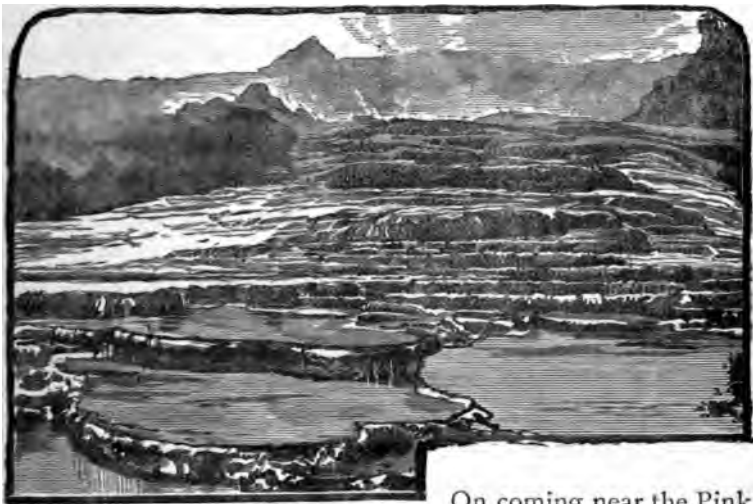
steaming so wrathfully that when the guide proposed a closer inspection, one felt as if nearing the fragile cage of some infuriated wild beast. A large cone of water, rising four feet amongst a host of smaller dome-shaped bubbles, travelled round the crater in all the agony of boiling point, flinging itself in wild concussions against the walls that mercifully imprisoned it, as if trying to break out and away from the scene of confusion. Skirting the raging spring, we came upon a thin wall of earth, separating this crater from another of equal size and impetuosity. The narrow ledge shook between the conflicting forces, and we had to cower down and hold on by any small shrub we could get within reach. Imagine us, enveloped in clouds of steam at times, hidden from each other, with a great commotion of tossing waters all around us. It was an awe-inspiring scene—or rather experience, for we saw but little—and we were glad to crawl along the thin high wall to a place of comparative security.

This was afforded us in an open space of flat stony ground, seamed by rivulets of hot water, which took their rise in what looked like a moderate-sized fish-pond, a circular pool rippling with heat. A native woman, with her child slung behind her, was one day stooping over this pond, putting in some potatoes to boil, when the infant, rolling out of the shawl, fell over into the fatal pool, and in an instant the mother had sprung after it to certain death. Our guides here went slowly in front of us, Captain Owen now and then, with outstretched foot, tapping the ground in advance, and a hollow sound sometimes showing how needful was the precaution. At one place a hot spring puffed away with the steady rythmical sound of a stationary engine ; at another, a jet was roaring like a steamship blowing off steam ; an intermittent fountain ebbing and flowing. This spring was in connection with another some distance off, to which we next directed our step. It was a large, rough basin, with an escape-hole at one extremity. This hole was about four feet wide at the mouth, funnel-shaped, narrowing as it went down, and the strata of the rock could be seen descending spirally. We stood waiting for the water to rise, which it was

said to do every two or three minutes, and had not remained long when we heard a deep-down gurgling in the funnel. Nearer it came, and louder, with steam at last and a heavy rumbling noise. Then the water appeared, rising slowly but tossing actively—a wave swinging from side to side and flipping up in the air—splashing, foaming, and rearing, falling back exhausted, and heaving up again, till the water was flush with the mouth of the hole, and the wave swung surging round the basin, shooting out columns of steam. We shrank away at times as it came near. Then the bursts languished, and the water abruptly gurgled away like the last dregs in the neck of an upturned bottle. The Maori scrambled across the warm basin to the edge of the funnel, and gazed down. But soon he sprang back. The underground hot wave had set in again. The water rose in wrath and broke on the sides of the hole amid explosions as of miniature torpedoes, and sank as before. There was next the "Green Lake" to be seen—a small body of cold water, unruffled—its green not the scum of vegetable matter, but a pigment, like the blue of Te Tarata. Its coldness and placidity were very grateful amid the surrounding heat and turmoil.

A canoe was to take us across to the Pink Terrace. The boatmen proved to be two aged Maories, who were sitting up to their necks in a warm bath, which was fed by a small gutter running across the road from a hot spring. They were partaking very heartily of potatoes and an enormous mess of whitebait. They very cordially invited us to share their meal, which, to tell the truth, we were not sorry to do—eating of course with our fingers, for when you go to Rotomahana you have to do as Rotomahana does. With the unceremoniousness characteristic of this region, the spring gave three alarming snorts, and a volume of boiling water poured across the road, making our two old friends roll out of their bath in double-quick time. Simply clapping on a hat, the elder of the two conducted us to the canoe. This proved to be half of the trunk of a tree scooped out, which when new, say some thirty years ago, may have been a safe craft. It could only

accommodate three at a time. The canoe wobbled violently, and as we clutched to steady ourselves, our fingers got into ripples of hot water. The Maori pushed off, and sprang into the frail log without making it tilt, which seemed no small feat. It was an absurd sight to see the gaunt old fellow sitting up on the stern, stark naked, and dripping with bead-drops of rain, looking like a carved image, and gravely propelling the canoe, which he did, by the way, with a single paddle.



On coming near the Pink Terrace, the canoe crossed a veritable white river flowing out from the shore—a river of hot milk gushing out of a crater of white cheese—a sulphur-stream, in fact, taking its rise in a boiling spring. Then the Pink Terrace came in view. Now, this is what may be regarded as the greatest wonder of all—that there should be two terraces. You could believe in one, as a “fluke” of nature, but you are startled to find a duplicate marvel. The Pink Terrace is neither so large nor so beautiful as the White Terrace, though it has a charm all its own in coming down close to the edge of the lake, like the flight of river-steps leading to an Indian temple. The “pink” of this terrace is a delicate salmon-colour, and though

it has not so bold an effect as the white of Te Tarata, when seen at a distance, yet the tint is very beautiful on a close inspection. Tourists have written their names with pencil on the silicate, thereby ensuring immortality, for the deposit carefully prevents any erasure. We stayed our denunciation on seeing that an indignant gentleman had already written:—"Here, where the feet of angels might tread, are inscribed the ubiquitous names of Brown, Jones, and Robinson!"

We had a bath of baths here! The Maori conducted us to the best basin, and then rolled into it himself without taking his clothes off—that is to say, he kept his hat on. He shrugged himself with ecstasy, and unctuously exclaimed, "Kapai! kapai! kapai!" (good). The wind had increased to a gale, and we could scarcely undress on the edge of the basin for fear of being blown down into the one below. The sides of the bath were smooth and velvety, covered with a thin coating of ooze, very pleasant to the touch. The basin had a sloping side. You could take any depth you pleased, and at the bottom, a trifle warmer than the water, was a thick deposit of white mud. Soon the others came toiling up the terrace from the lake, and there the six of us swam, dived, and floated, in speechless pleasure. Rain might strike cold upon our faces, wind might blow, clouds might frown, but we were in a state of ecstasy which even the thought of presently putting on our cold damp clothes could not allay. It was a bath which European or Oriental luxury has never yet equalled! We bathed an hour, and came out rather light-headed and giddy. We got into the canoe again, went round the curving base of the noble White Terrace, and reaching the spot where we had tethered our horses, were in a few moments in painfully damp trot to Wairoa.

Our ride back in the darkness to Wairoa was not without adventure. The darkness was an utter darkness, intensified by deep gorges and heavy clouds. The Maori chanted one of his "make-sings" or songs, and his voice, away in the van of our Indian file, sounded wild and romantic. By degrees it struck my cousin and myself, the last two of the



straggling caravan, that those in front seemed to be getting farther and farther away. Then it flashed upon us we were lost! After a time the Maori came tearing back at a fearful speed. We could hear his horse rushing through the ferns, with the sound as of rending calico; and he kept on shouting till he was close at our ears. Then, riding off apparently at right angles to the way we had come, he led us back to the right road.

When within half-a-mile of Wairoa, we saw lights twinkling far beneath us, and recollected a precipitous descent which still lay between us and the settlement. We had crawled up this on our hands and knees, dragging the horses after us, and how we were to reverse the process now became a profound mystery. The road was simply a narrow trench of alarming gradient, and as greasy with mud as if soaped for our special destruction. The captain went off first, amidst confused foot-slipping, hoof-sliding, invectives, and a sound as of man and horse alternately taking the lead down-hill, and rolling over and over each other. Then the Maori, followed by his horse, with one long rush went swiftly to the bottom. The Maori now proceeded to strike matches to show us the way down. "Tie up the bridles!—let the horses slide!" cried the captain. We turned the first horse's unwilling head to the opening of the trench, and, with a good push on its hind-quarters, launched it like a ship, the animal not being able to stop itself. Then away went the second horse like an avalanche. Number three swerved at starting, and escaped from us, but he arrived safely by another route. "Number four now!" shouted the captain, while the Maori struck his final match; and whiz went the last of the horses. One by one we slipped and rolled down the muddy trench, getting somewhat bruised and bespattered.

The lights of Wairoa were all this time moving about as if distracted, for the Maories heard our shouting. We made good haste, and soon alighted at the "*Maison*," the owner of which bustled out to greet us. "Ha!" said he, "I woss shoost coming with my lantairn to show you down, but I thought I could do more good making your suppaire." "Quite right, my

worthy Pierre," replied Captain Owen, and, following the example of the latter, we stripped ourselves to the skin, and hung up our wet clothes to dry. Then each robed himself simply in a blanket, and gathered round the big fire that crackled on the floor. Then, after a ham supper, we sat warming ourselves till a late hour, listening to Peter's wild stories of adventure. What charm lay in those memorable days of unfettered life—those days of pleasure, hardship, and hard fare! I believe another month would have made us savages!



CHAPTER XIII.

Mount Tongariro—Napier—Crossing the Manawatu Gorge—Wanganui—
—Leaving New Zealand.

VERY early, in cold and darkness, we left Ohinemutu for Napier, a coach-ride of 150 miles. We were the only passengers, the season of the year not being favourable to tourist traffic. The first stage of fifty miles was unusually rough, and literally made our heads sore with continued bumping on the roof. Lake Taupo was reached that evening, the coach drawing up at Tapuaeharuru, a large name for so small a place. It consisted of a stockade enclosing the post-office, telegraph-office, store, and barracks, and surrounded by a ditch with plank-bridges thrown over it at places. The hotel was not within the palisade, and there we met "Jack," the famous guide to the Hot Lakes, a big stalwart man, with a heavy cloak, broad belt, high boots, a hat with a long pheasant's feather, and the appearance of a Swiss brigand. Lake Taupo is thirty miles long, and 1200 feet above the sea. The country for many miles round is covered with a stratum of pumice, several hundred feet thick, burying up acres of splendid soil—all this being the matter ejected in former years from the neighbouring volcanoes of Ruapehu and Tongariro. Ruapehu is over 9000 feet high, and is not active now, but Tongariro, 7000 feet high, occasionally breaks out into grand eruptions. Three years ago there was a magnificent display, the whole country being illuminated, and the loud booming of Tongariro being heard as far as Napier, sixty miles distant. This evening we had a magnificent view of these two mountains, together with the other peaks, ranging from 3000 to 5000 feet, that surround Lake Taupo. The scene was lit up by a gorgeous sunset. A bright crimson hue overspread the the mighty forms of the mountain-masses, almost

entirely snow-clad, stood out white, with bold sharp cut outlines against the glowing red horizon. We left Taupo next day amid doleful rain, that boded ill for our crossing the rivers. Several miles on, we reached Opepe, a small constabulary station, where there was a large gathering of mounted constabulary, talking over a "play" acted by the Military Dramatic Amateurs on the previous evening:—"Oh! Henry, how capitally you did the Count! You're really a born aristocrat, ha, ha!" "I don't know now; I think you as the Marchioness was splendid! 'pon my word, you're a tip-topper in the acting line." "You're both on you good—I liked you both," said a man, evidently a carrier, staggering in with his long whip; "I bet on both of you—giss a drink, lallord—and Jobson there, he comes the Marquis, the long-lost-heir, in nobby style, I tell you—he's all there an' no mistake!" By nightfall we arrived at a comfortable inn, and by daylight next morning started upon grand range-scenery. Hundreds of feet below us rushed a foaming river, while roaring torrents, leaping out from the towering mountain-sides, shone white through the grey mists of early morning. Snow-sprinkled heights glittered here and there. The ravines smoked with vapour like cauldrons, and the gullies were packed with solid mist like drifted snow. Lofty steep slopes, mantled with rich green forests to their very summits, swept majestically before our gaze, and extended far below, till lost to sight by the projecting edge of the giddy road upon which our coach was circling. Every turn revealed new beauty and intensified the grandeur of the landscape; while our eyes seemed to widen, and our whole frame to expand, in sympathy with the amplitude of the view. By-and-by from the top of a high hill, a strange sight could be seen. About thirty feet down the slope, there commenced a level white expanse of mist that completely concealed the country beneath on every side, isolating us as it were above the clouds, on an island high in mid-air, and extending away out till it reached another range, the peaks of which, protruding through the mist, seemed little islets in the great sea of vapour.



“Get out!” cried the driver—“there’s a tree in the road,” and he plunged into the bush in search of a wood-cutter. The tree, with its two thick limbs, had fallen out of the cutting and was lying across the road. But the driver returned with his man, and the two soon chopped away the under limb, while the coach drove under the natural archway with barely an inch to spare. A little farther on another tree lay across the road, with a prodigious root which could neither be lopped nor lifted. We unharnessed the horses and led them over the thick trunk ; then, after arranging gradients of logs, half shoved half lifted the coach over, the vehicle descending with a crash on the farther side of the obstruction.

It was quite dark when we got to Pohui, a roadside inn, where we learned that the rivers were unfordable. A fashionably late dinner was furnished in a woe-begone outhouse in the rear of the inn, the waiter being an eccentric Irishman, who also officiated as cook. He had a very high-flown manner of speech. “Gentlemin, little did I think of seeing such as you in this lone bush, here in this wild ; and though it may cost me my place, surs ; though I may be acting in direct opposition to my masthur, yet I’ll risk it, I’ll risk it ! yes, come what will, I will make you a cup of tea !” The dinner was one long joke. “Did time permit, surs ; did the heat of the rapidly-lighting fire allow, gentlemin, I’d prepare you a plate of buttered toast.” “By removing this obstructing plate, I may be able to deposit the potatoes.” “In the cruet-stand you will find, in its apportioned place, the newly-mixed mustard.” We felt highly flattered, too, when the Irishman stepped up and said in a stage-whisper—“I was once a gentlemin like any of you, surs.”

We were up betimes in the morning, finding the rain had abated, and left with a wish from the waiter that we might “reach our destined place of arrival in good safety.” This day consisted principally in fording, though it was always the same river we came to—the Esk, “where ford there was (next to) none.” We crossed it no less than forty-two times in ten miles, and as it was a turbulent ri had a very interesting time

of it. The flooded state of the rivers had washed away all the fords, and numbers of workmen, with spade and pickaxe, were to be seen starting off to make graded approaches on the different river-banks. At one place it was impossible to ford, the current having broken down the approaches. So, with stones and logs, and after long exertion a gradual slope was made into the river. But the poor horses sniffed and shied, and kicked all our wonderful engineering away, to our horror as we sat on the box, and the coach went with direful crash and splash into the river, almost on top of the horses, and half turning over with the violence of the shock. Resuming our journey, there was more rough bumping, one jolt being so severe that it threw my brother James off the box-seat upon the sloping bank on the roadside, whence he rolled upon the wheels, grazing and contusing his arm.

Our eventful ride ended on a long shingle spit running into the harbour of Ahuriri, the port of Napier. We were rowed across in a small boat upon a lumpy sea, two or three waves coming on board and soaking us to the skin. The river Ahuriri, in high flood, was running with terrible current and dyeing the harbour a reddish hue. It caught our boat and carried us with great force, despite all efforts, in the direction of a large moored vessel. The boatman unable to make headway, dropped the oars, and yelled for a rope from those on board, who were anxiously watching our progress. Before we could catch a line, the boat was swept at great speed upon the rocks. Quick as thought we jumped out and scrambled to our feet. We had a narrow escape from being carried out to sea. In consideration of the hard work on the road, and the assistance we had given to the driver, the coach-agent actually offered us a considerable reduction in the fare. Two days afterwards, we were joined by my father and sisters, who, it will be remembered, had sailed from Auckland to Napier by sea. They were five days in a small steamboat, which at every unfavouring breeze had to run round some headland for shelter. The coast was thoroughly explored, though it is not known that much has been added to the discoveries of Captain Cook and others.



At Napier, as in other towns, there was a considerable Maori element in our audiences. As a rule the natives were very well-dressed after their fashion, and in most cases occupied front seats, while they all religiously purchased the book of words. The manager had engaged a Maori boy to sell the song-books, but at the close of the entertainment the urchin had vanished. Next morning, however, he was to be seen unabashed and guileless, being greatly disappointed at finding he was not to retain the entire proceeds of the night's sales.

Our route now lay across the North Island from Napier to Wanganui by coach, a trip that occupied five days. The road had only been opened a few months, and at several places had been blocked up by the Maories, because of some grievances. Word came, too, that the rivers were up, and altogether the look of affairs was far from encouraging. The first stage was one of forty miles to Waipawa, an embryo country town, with stores and a hotel. Two new banks had just been "established"—that is, two rival banks had, in expectation of this place becoming lively, sent two managers here. They lived at this same hotel, helped each other peaceably to beef and mutton at dinner, and smoked together in the verandah. One held his bank in the hotel-parlour, the other in the bar. The hotel was full of strangers, whose journeys had been delayed by floods. Walking in the bush, we met an elderly bushman, followed by his wife, who looked far older than he. "I come from Maidstone, in Kent," said he, with a strong provincial accent—"I've had eighteen children, and I reared ten of 'em under Squire Plummer at home. I came out here with young Squire Plummer; but before that I drove Wombwell's Menagerie, and I'm not ashamed to own it." He led us to a clearing in a green wild of matai timber, where stood his wooden home, which he had just completed in the space of one week. "I was flooded out of my last place six years ago," said this energetic veteran—"I've been flooded out two or three times, and my house went to wreck and ruin, so I've come here to make myself a new
He was seventy-three ye ; and yet the old

fellow talked of beginning life, as it were. "You've come here," I remarked, "to spend in comfort the long future that lies before you?" "I reckon so," said he, "for my father died at 105, and my mother at 115!"

Next afternoon we rejoined the public coach, and safely crossed the Waipawa river. A Maori rode alongside to show a safe ford on the river Waipukurau; but he brought us into deep water, against a submerged terrace of shingle over which the team could not pull the coach. So the Maori jumped off his horse and carried the passengers one by one to dry land—no easy task, as some of us were not by any means light-weights. There were now some miles of a bad road, along the beds of rivers, and over sloughs of mud, mostly travelled in the darkness. At last one or two lights came in sight, and we drove up to a wayside inn, an excellent specimen of the genus. It was kept by a Scotchman named Fergusson, who lived at "Fergusson's." In the old country, Lords get their titles from their estates; in New Zealand a man's property is named after himself; so the hotel and half-dozen houses in this neighbourhood are called "Fergusson's." Next section of the journey was commenced just before daybreak, and lay through miles of mire. Amidst the partial gloom of early dawn we stopped now and then at some Scandinavian cottage, where letters were handed to ghost-like forms, and messages returned in outlandish tongues. There are many of these rough northern people about this district, engaged in clearing themselves homes in the bush. These men are the advance-guard of settlement—bush skirmishers in the van of the army that is advancing to civilise the forest.

After breakfast at another comfortable roadside hotel, our journey was through some superb New Zealand bush. The Australian bush is a park—the New Zealand forest is a jungle. You can drive round about the trees in Australia, but you cannot make your way through the dense undergrowth and close-standing timber of New Zealand. Coach-roads have to be made at the point of the axe. We were now travelling a lane cut sharply through these wilds, with straight walls of



vegetation on either side. We entered upon the bush from plain, untimbered country. As a prelude came one or two bare, tall trunks—ragged and leafless sentinels to the gateway of the woods. Then we were whirled into a bewildering fantasia of vegetation—roulades and cadenzas of foliage—playing round the steady, rythmical, stately march of the trees, with lovely fern-trees appearing like grace-notes in the melodic progress of the grand lofty timber. Everything seemed to be growing on everything else. Green parasites wound up and around the trees, vines and creepers hung themselves like ropes from bough to bough, drooping in festoons or hanging like long halters, while the “supple-jacks,” coiling around the humid, cylindrical trunks, buried their heads like snakes in the foliage at the top. Absolute stillness prevailed ; for, except the dull rumble of the wheels, the infrequent harsh cry of a kaka parrot, or the cooing of a fantail pigeon as it flew down the sunny avenue of bush, there was nothing to break the silence. At intervals one noticed “pukekos,” or Maori swamp-hens, with red heads, purple bodies, white-spreading tails, and long red legs. Through the manuka scrub and spiked toi-toi grass there trotted, with wagging ears, stray wild pigs, descendants of those left by Captain Cook, and now regarded as capital game by the hunter. Logs lay on the ground blood-stained with bright red splashes of fungus. The karaka tree spread its glossy ivy leaves, and the rimu hung its graceful, willow-like foliage. The beautiful wekeponga, or tree-fern, reared its exquisite form some twenty to thirty feet high—a long black stem suddenly expanding into an umbrella of spreading fronds, which sheltered its elegant tracery in the most retired nooks. The colours in the bush did not call for much remark, the prevailing tint being a bright, humid greenness ; but the attractiveness of New Zealand forests lies more in the beauty of form than the charm of colour.

The Manawatu Gorge is the boundary between the provinces of Hawke’s Bay and Wellington. Here the coach went no farther, and each passenger was slung across the chasm, 750 feet wide, sitting on a couple of planks suspended

from a wire rope 200 feet above the level of the river. Whether of the sterner or the gentler sex, you had to get astride this frail support and hold on by both hands to a small line overhead. It was a perilous aerial flight. Sometimes a timid fair one would refuse to venture it, and occasionally men were not free from pardonable distrust. We met one fellow a short way back, travelling towards Wellington *via* Napier—a wonderfully roundabout journey—for the express purpose of avoiding this gorge. My sister Helen and I took position on the planks, and the two men at the windlass launched us into space. We whirred down the rope, which sagged owing to its weight, and then were slowly drawn up the other side. Now and again the working-gear gives way, and the unfortunate traveller is left suspended high over the raging torrent; but on this occasion everything went smoothly. Robert came over astride between our luggage, a box in front of him and a large trunk behind him. To us who had crossed, he appeared a human spider slowly crawling along a gossamer line. The plank came violently against the bank, the concussion of the luggage almost knocking the breath out of my brother's body. The signal was given, and the apparatus went back to fetch my father, who had the honour of being drawn across *solus*. Then Marjory and James started, and had advanced successfully half-way, when a jerk of the hauling rope whipped off my sister's hat—which soon floated a black speck far beneath on the foam. The primitive board and pulley have now given place to an iron cage, a bridge, also, is being built across the river, with massive piers, which are not by any means unnecessary, for the Manawatu, running in this compressed channel, very often rises forty feet in a single night.

The gorge was peculiar in its grandeur. The heights, rearing themselves giddy on either hand, were concealed by thickest vegetation—the immense forests, diminished to shrubbery by distance, and starred by peeping fern-trees, sweeping down like a richly-patterned green carpet upon the face of the precipices. Heavy rain-clouds, brooding over the gorge, trailed deeply into the tree-tops, and through these smote piercing



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gleams of sunshine, that, striking the opposite heights, lit up the bright verdure with flakes of still more vivid green. The gorge shot out headlands and bluffs—the splendid vista stretching along till it ended in abrupt high portals, through which we saw an open window of white sky, and the distant low-lying country framed in like a picture by the natural gateway.

The road now skirted one side of this gorge at an elevation of 300 feet—a mere shelf of a road cut out of the solid rock. He told us the road was so dangerous that the proprietors, from motives of economy, had put on an old coach; but we are inclined to regard this as a fabrication. When we came to a corner, he drove the horses out as if going into space, and just when their front hoofs seemed slipping into the abyss, he dexterously wheeled the coach round. We never felt so strongly that it was one's duty to ease the brute creation by getting out and walking; but the eye of the driver was upon us, and our honour at stake. A horseman met us, and he had to stand quietly at a somewhat wider portion of the road, till we had driven cautiously past him. At the softer cuttings the earth crumbled down by the vibration of the coach, and at one spot lay a heap of stones that had fallen out on the driver's last trip, and almost finished his career. The most dangerous thing, however, seemed to be the waterfalls that poured over the road, interrupted in their headlong rush to the river. The larger cascades, that would have worn down the road, were boarded up by wooden shutters that flung back the stream upon the rocks and sent it rushing through a culvert. This hazardous road is only four and a half miles long, but nine men are employed all the year round clearing and repairing it.

At the township of Palmerston we heard definitely that the Oroua bridge had been blocked by the Nga-tika-whate tribe, and that the short cut to Wanganui was impossible. The Maori grievances centred in one of a number of reserves. The natives wished for power to lease and sell land, like the white man, an old Act of Parliament forbidding their doing so save through Government. The whole affair seemed to have been dictated by storekeepers who had advanced money and

provisions to the native land-owners on the security of this land, and in the hope of being ultimately able to purchase it. A short time previously, a Scotsman named Macdonald, who had worked himself into the good graces of the natives and been elected a chief, shot one of the horses of a mail-coach that attempted to cross the boundary, and this Scotch Maori now lay in Wellington awaiting trial. A strong four-railed fence had been erected across the bend of the river, and trees felled across all the tracks through the bush, while a large company of old women and children had been stationed to watch the bridge. This necessitated our travelling forty miles out of our way. I may state that the road was latterly forced open by the armed constabulary, and Macdonald received three years' imprisonment. Twenty-four miles of a horse-tramway brought us to Foxton; we had now reached the other side of the island.

Next morning we left for Wanganui. On harnessing up, one of the horses butted and knocked our driver violently upon the ground, and he scarcely recovered from the shock all day. One of the coach-passengers was a boy who had run away from a ship in which he had been a midshipman. He appeared about fourteen years of age, and was reading a novel. The young scamp had left Leith but a year ago, and told us, in a cool, careless manner, that he intended making his own fortune in the world, and was now on the way to a sheep-station.

The coach traversed lonely plains, sprinkled with homesteads and Maori pahs, fields and native settlements, wharès and villas, white man and brown mixing peaceably in their avocations. We sighted the river Wanganui, and drove along one bank of it, while on the opposite side stretched the town that bears its name. Houses and shops with big signs lined the shore—in front of them, Maori tents, canoes, produce, small wharves, and the bright shining river; while behind lay the body of the town, backed by clumps of green hills, on one of which stood the fortified "Block House." We crossed into the middle of the town by a magnificent iron bridge, and put up at a hotel overlooking the Market Square. In the centre



of this square stands a monument erected to the Maories who fell fighting against the Hau-Hau rebels in a battle not far from Wanganui. The inscription runs:—"In memory of the brave men who fell at Motua in defence of Law and Order against Fanaticism and Barbarism." There is much here to remind a person of the Maori war. Besides the "Block House," with its loop-holes and musket-holes, there are the many monuments one sees in the churchyards, reared to those slain during that deplorable struggle.

There is here an extraordinary nest of North Britons. The Scottish element even penetrates into the bill-of-fare of the hotel, and you are supplied with porridge, despite the fact that the cook is a Chinaman. Imagine "parritch" made by an Asiatic! The Scotch people were most of them characters in their way. At home, men are generally stereotyped, seem made in one common mould, with not much opportunity to develop peculiarities, but here, as in all new countries, there is independence of thought and action. Some of the Scotsmen even prided themselves on the way they had kept their dialect intact for many years—displayed their accent as they might have done some fine old wine! One Wanganui man had gone home to Scotland, but he came back again gladly to New Zealand. People in the old country were too formal and stuck-up for him, and he returned joyfully to the freedom of this part of the world, where "everyone can do what he likes and how he pleases, without consulting anybody!" Many people we met were farmers, all prosperous, with everything good to say about the land, but grumbling sorely at what they called the "pest of pheasants." These birds have become as great a plague as the rabbits in Western Otago.

Among our fellow passengers to Wellington in the small steamer "Manawatu," chanced to be two noted Maori chiefs, who were going down to the capital to inquire into some native grievances. Scores of Maories came to hold a "Tangi," or "Farewell Sing," in their honour. The two chiefs, dressed in tweed, waved their white hats. "Goo-bye" they cried. "Goo-bye, goo-bye!" was echoed

the eldest chief mounted to the bridge of the steamer, and while he stood bare-headed, sang a vigorous "Parting Song," one line by himself, and the shore bursting loudly into the refrain. One woman in a man's black frock coat leaped excitedly in immense curtsies, twirling her fingers, and screaming out farewell. The steamer gliding off, the chiefs stood up together on the paddle-box, and sang a duet, which was phonetically as follows:—

"Ah maka eeky pooaroa, ee—ah—too,
Mowy hootoo teeky ranga pah wayratoo!"

or something to that effect, replied to by something like this:—

"Oha reeky pookoo poo, hekky parawa,
Wangaroa whato te, hapoo whakawa!"

The ceremony finished in a magnificent "Hep, hep, hooray!" From different points on each side of the river rushed other Maories, who ran singing until their breath failed, the two honoured chiefs bolting first to one side of the steamer and then to the other, according to the loudness or warmth of their reception.

Having revisited Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, we turned our faces again towards Melbourne. It was with no common feelings of regret that we parted from our many kind friends in this far-off quarter of the world. When we set sail—when the south-western ranges faded in the evening mists, our verdict on New Zealand was summed up in these words, "We ne'er shall look upon its like again!"



CHAPTER XIV.

Return to Melbourne—The Ex-King of Fiji—A Terrible Storm—Voyage to Honolulu.

ON the voyage from New Zealand, a gale started up and blew in our teeth for several days, culminating on the seventh in a raging tempest. The captain vowed that had his not been a mail-boat he would have "turned tail." During the night a wave smashed under the "counter" of the steamer, and all, even the mate, who was on duty at the time, thought she had struck a rock—all, save one old traveller, who turned himself over in his berth, said knowingly, "One!" and listened. "Ah," he continued, with a relieved expression, "it's all right—had there been three bumps, it would have been a rock. I'm used to shipwreck—I've been in the China Seas." The voice of this connoisseur in disaster then became lost in a howling climax of the storm. Right glad were we to arrive in Melbourne. Driving along the busy streets our waggonette was stopped every minute by welcoming friends. A series of prosperous farewell concerts were given, the final performance, in the Town Hall, being attended by over 3000 persons. Then we sailed north again to Sydney. The weather seemed almost tropical, as if on purpose to give suiting welcome to the ex-King of Fiji, whose arrival on the shores of Australia was every day expected. At last H.M.S. "Dido" hove in sight, and we went down to the jetty to assist in the reception of Cacombau. At the gate of the delightful grounds that led to the Governor's residence, stood several Fijians, with formidable war-clubs. A gentleman shook hands with each of the blacks, gravely saying, "I salute you, my fellow-countrymen!" When the boat conveying the King touched the shore, the Governor shook hands with his Fijian Highness. Cacombau was a swarthy, grey-headed man, portl
nce with a

long white beard. He was bareheaded, barearmed, barelegged, and barefooted, had his body lightly covered with a clean white shirt, while round his waist was tied an ornamental robe. Sir Hercules Robinson took the old man's arm and led him to the vice-regal mansion. As they passed us, the Governor was saying to Cacombau, "What do you think of Sydney Harbour?" and we thought of the number of times the poor King would have to answer that question before he left these shores!

In June of 1875 we took farewell of Australia. We left Sydney on a voyage to San Francisco by way of Auckland (New Zealand) and Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands. The day was miserable, Sydney Harbour almost hidden by lashing rain, and all things looking dreary. The steamer slowly battled out of Port Jackson. The sea swept in past the precipitous headlands with seeming overwhelming rush, lifting the large vessel as if it had been a tug-boat. During the next five days it was the same dreary game of pitch and toss. The steamer was far too heavily laden. She was a vessel of 1400 tons, and carried 2100 tons of coal, enough to take her to San Francisco and back. Seas washed over the deck from morning till night, and after a while poured into the cabins below, from whence we heard the plaintive cries of a large family of children.

Every day the gale increased in violence, and the engines had to be put at quarter speed, owing to the head seas. At two o'clock on the morning of the seventh day, the wind rose to a howling tempest, accompanied by vivid lightning. A towering sea broke like thunder over the steamer and submerged it from stem to stern. I was awakened, like everybody else, by the fearful noise, and by the icy-cold water rushing through the lattice-work of the berth, and soaking me to the skin. Getting up in a great hurry, my limbs found themselves in a two-foot depth of water, with boots, socks, and bundles washing about in every direction. The sea had poured over the foreyard, and swept the vessel fore and aft. It first carried away the butcher's shop, never more to be seen—then washed ~~ab~~ and sheep-pens, pigs and pig-styes, hens and hen-coops



overboard—stove in the wheel-house—washed the boats adrift—broke into the captain's cabin, and the door, torn off its hinges, gashed open the captain's eye, then rushing about the upper deck, the sea poured in one great wave into the engine-room and furnace-room, deluging the stokers and reaching to within an inch or so of the fires. Had another sea like this come over, the fires would have been extinguished, steerage-way lost, and we would assuredly have gone to the bottom. The sea in its fury swept down two canaries from their airy perch inside the skylight; but the cold, bedraggled songsters were rescued from the flood, and my mother compassionately placed them in her bosom, where, revived by the gentle warmth, they uttered feeble chirrups.

When the water had poured into the saloon, the passengers hastily appeared in all stages of undress. We jumped out, treading warily to keep our bare feet from the broken glass that washed about like shingle with every heavy roll of the steamer, while stray tin basins floated violently against our shins. The captain himself soon appeared, with bandaged, bleeding face, and gave stentorian orders. The passengers stood in long line, ladling up the water with every possible utensil—some of us handing along the full buckets, and some baling out with pots, pans, and shovels—the harsh scooping up of the water, the clatter of pails, and the chorus of voices shouting "Pass up the empties!" being almost drowned by the noise of the great volume of water as it rolled backward and forward against the sides of the saloon. By four o'clock in the morning, the work was done, after incessant hard labour. The soaking mattresses and bedclothes were heaped up on the floor of the saloon, and we lay down to sleep on rugs. Then the stewards came round and gave tea to one, brandy to another, till all forgot their troubles.

Next day the weather cleared. The steamer presented a woful spectacle. The decks were strewn with wreckage—the door of the captain's cabin, the remnants of pens and coops, and three stove-in boats. The companion-ladder was in pieces,—the sky-light of the engine-room completely smashed,

railings twisted like cork-screws—and a strong iron ventilator punched in like a cocked hat. The hardest heart, too, would have been touched by the affecting sight of a scraggy, drenched hen roosting with sad feeble eye amongst the skeleton wreck of its old coop, to which the fowl still seemed to cling with a tender feeling. Exhilarated by the weather, the young men on board, and several old one's too, formed themselves into an impromptu troupe of Christy Minstrels, sitting along the saloon skylight, and going through a long programme of songs, choruses, and jokes. On the ninth day we approached Auckland, four days overdue; and the New Zealand people were hardly expecting to see us at all. Before leaving, we took on board three carpenters, who were going with us to San Francisco and back for the sole purpose of repairing the damage.

Near the close of a summer afternoon, sixteen days after leaving Auckland, the "Macgregor" neared the Sandwich Islands. First an island with a peak 10,000 feet high; behind it a mountain 13,000 feet in height—both active craters. Before us appeared the brown velvety outlines of the island upon which Honolulu is situated. As night set in we lay off the town, which could be seen by its twinkling lights.

The steamer whistled again and again—rockets and blue lights were displayed—but no pilot came. At last our long-expected man—who, being a pilot, lived some distance inland—was seen approaching in a boat, and lighting the small beacons of the harbour. Then he waved a red lantern, and shouted "Back, back! you're over the reef!" He clambered on board telling the captain in Scotch accents that he, the pilot, had never been so frightened before, for in a few moments the coral would have rent a hole in the steamer. A boat shoots off from the side of the steamer. Hark! what hideous yells break forth upon the murky air! Six natives appear to be killing two others in the bows. The victims utter thrilling cries. They reach the shore. Fearful shrieks! Then fresh yells from a party of rescue, determined to conquer the bloodthirsty villain by superior lung-power. A pitched battle ensues, a flapp

of bare feet, two piercing cries, a low murmur of many voices, and the dark deed is over! "Good gracious! what has happened?" "Oh," says the quartermaster, "'specks them niggers have just taken a rope ashore!"

In the morning the little harbour, backed by the rugged volcanic mountains, was bright in the sun—its blue waters fringed with cocoa-nut groves and huts, and dotted with native canoes. The streets of Honolulu were quaint and lively. Every few steps a Kanaka could be seen toiling along between two lofty narrow bales or pillars of hay, seven or eight feet high, and sold for horse-feed. Down the narrow thoroughfares dashed native equestrians at a headlong pace—the women riding astraddle like the men, with long gay-coloured scarfs floating out behind them.

The passengers were besieged by natives with hacks for hire—miserable horses with Mexican saddles, that seemed like a house-roof of leather put upon the poor animal's back. The saddle has a large horn in front for hanging the lasso on, which pommel is always digging itself playfully into the diaphragm of the trusting stranger. Furthermore, the stirrups are leather shoes, and end at the heel in a big flap. The Mexican mustang is spirited and skittish, and the state of affairs is not improved by the double bit, which you are cautioned "not to pull on." A fellow-passenger mounted one of these scraggy backs, pulled on the rein to steady himself, and the mustang instantly threw its rider, stunning him for several minutes. The rest of our steamboat friends rode off carefully on their respective little steeds—a side-splitting exhibition, each equestrian being shaded with a straw hat of great circumference, the legs of the rider almost trailing on the ground, and the flaps of the stirrups going like fans with every jog of the animal.

Very few strangers fail to see the wonderful Pali or Pass lying at the back of Honolulu. We hired a waggonette from a Chinaman, another from a Kanaka, and were driven off by these nationalities. Reaching a slight hill at the end of the
our vehicle, turned a corner, and found

ourselves on the edge of an abyss, high above an enormous sweeping landscape. Away beneath you spreads a vast expanse of country, flooded in sunshine, broken up into heaving brown billows covered with a dark surge of vegetation, and through it all stretching a blood-red road like a long sinuous serpent. To the left, the landscape rises in a prolonged steady swell, till it laps the base of a giant precipice— a sombre, heavy mountain mass, its face lined with downward ribs of rock, like a huge cathedral-wall, and its summit concealed by heavy clouds. At the foot of this towering cliff, but invisible because of distance or concealing foliage, lie some thousands of whitened human skulls and bones, the ghastly memorial of a hideous catastrophe long lost in the mists of tradition. Closer to you stands a peak like a massive tusk or horn, while other heights circle behind you, and a long causeway, a continuation of the valley-road, winds steeply down the sides of the eminences to the low-lying country. To your right, with magical effect, appear the tranquil waters of the Pacific, glistening under the full glare of noon-day ; and round the curving rim of the shore, a belt of light green shoal water, with a fringe of foam breaking white upon the coral reef.

Human figures were not wanting to give additional interest to the scene. Up the long precipitous causeway came a Kanaka riding to town with a pack-horse, on each side of which hung a sack with a black pig's head sticking out of it ; then a party of six Spanish-looking priests, with shovel-hats and long black coats, cantering on mustangs. On the way back, a Kanaka took us through "Queen Emma's Garden," the grounds belonging to the widow of a Hawaiian King. We saw nothing but weeds and rank growth, but the native put a bold face on it, and acted the cicerone in an admirable manner, pointing out the arbour usually occupied by the Queen, and the trees specially admired by her Majesty. He was really a capital guide, and even when we discovered that this was not the garden of Queen Emma after all, we could hardly feel angry with the fellow.

The Kanakas appear to be quiet, well dressed, healthy people. The women attire themselves in long flowing gowns, tied

high up about the chest, so that their waists appear to be under their armpits. The men dress in modification of European costume. Their favourite food is "poi," made of ground taro-root and water, in a state of fermentation—the Kanakas being in this respect different from their forefathers, who in the days of Captain Cook went in more for a carnivorous diet. There are different stages of "poi." We saw a native pounding dough with a pestle. This was "hard poi," and eaten with the fingers. There is, for example, "one-finger poi," which you poultice your finger with, and by adroit balancing convey to your mouth. There is also a further stage of fermentation, "two-finger poi," when it becomes so thin that two fingers are required to lift it. Then there are more stages still—"three and four finger poi,"—till you reach "hand poi," when the watery mixture has to be scooped into the mouth.

The white community of Honolulu is very quiet and homely. Any stranger arriving to take up abode here is welcomed as a novelty, and open house is kept in his or her honour. If a lady has a dress she doesn't care for, or one that is superfluous, she sells it to a friend. Old dresses are a marketable commodity. One Honolulu lady we afterwards saw in San Francisco, buying there a great amount of artificial flowers, and saying, "I've bought more than I want, of course, but then when I go back home the folks will be crowding round me to buy them!"

Here the "Macgregor" took on several passengers, including five or six officers of the American war-steamer "Pensacola," then lying in port. In the evening the brass band of the man-of-war serenaded the officers. The musicians were rowed alongside our steamer—their boat, brilliantly illuminated with lamps, shining like an enchanted barge or Venetian gondola. When the band finished a tune the passengers burst out with a stirring American song—instrumental and vocal music alternating for about an hour. Then we steamed off amid the inevitable strains of "Auld Lang Syne," played by the band and joined in by those on board. So ended our short stay of 24 hours in this Pacific Paradise. In 9 days from Honolulu, 31 days from Sydney in all, we had arrived at San Francisco.

CHAPTER XV.

San Francisco—The City and the People—The Trans-Continental Railway—Salt Lake City—A Mormon Sermon—Chicago—Hotel Life in America.

AS we approached the shores of California, a white sea-fog obscured the view ; but nearing the Golden Gate, the entrance to the harbour of San Francisco, the sky cleared, and we beheld the high sunny slopes that converge towards the Heads. The interesting Seal Rock was passed, on which huge sea-lions were basking in the sun. Then, farther in, an old Spanish fort, suggestive of the time when San Francisco was the site of a Roman Catholic mission—a heavy, square fortress close to the water's edge, with cannon on its big flat roof, and looking as if settling into the harbour by reason of its own dead weight. A point of land drawing off, displayed an unsatisfactory back view of the arid heights of the great occidental metropolis, which might have been called *Sand* Francisco without the smallest injustice.

When moored to the wharf, the vessel was boarded by an unbroken string of hotel-runners, each shouting out the name of his hotel in strong nasal twang with a ring of the dollar about it—adding "Free Coach" as an extra inducement, and each feverishly jerking his cards into the unwilling hands of the passengers, every one of whom feels after a while that this is an interesting round game of hotels, and he holds all the trumps. Having fixed upon one fellow, who bespeaks us urgently for his "ho-tel" (not any sort of "tel," mind you, but a *ho-tel*), we are driven off in an elegant carriage and pair.

San Francisco, despite its situation amid the barren sand-dunes, has made great progress. Montgomery Street is the chief street, but it seems narrower than it really is by the lofty buildings on either hand—the view at one extremity being shut off by the colossal proportions of the new Palace Hotel.

You feel at once in an American town by the peculiar shop-signs, and the advertising banners hung across the streets. We took up our abode at the Grand Hotel, the spacious dining-room of which accommodated three hundred persons. It was a building of four stories, but dwarfed by being opposite the great new Palace Hotel. This latter has been put up in defiance of the earthquakes that occasionally "shog" the Pacific Slope. It is a big thing, "I guess"—the biggest thing of the kind in the world. Architecturally, however, it is a failure. Sober-minded people regard it as only a kind of superior barracks. Its "hugeosity" is only equalled by its "uglitude."

This is the city of extravagance, fast living, and excitement. The number of hawk-eyed men we met in the streets was remarkable, and one felt that in a short time he might become hawk-eyed too. A morbid business spirit prevails. Everything seems undertaken as if the end of the world were next week, and much had yet to be done. Men weary their brains over stocks and shares till no one wonders that the lunatic asylum of California is the largest in the United States. A marked looseness of living and dissipation of thought exists. Such-and-such a man was pointed out as being "famous" (*Anglicè*, notorious) for certain questionable transactions; and this lady here was described as being the "smartest woman in San Francisco," one who "drove the flashest team in all the city." At one of our concerts there was present a lady who had shot a man. She had been tried for murder, and sentenced to be hanged, when it was discovered she possessed forty thousand dollars. Of course, a new trial was immediately instituted—an "intelligent" jury said "Not guilty," and the woman goes free to this day. Still a strong feeling of equality obtains here. Being one forenoon in a printing-office, I saw a group of persons round the clerk's desk—the employer standing surrounded by the foreman and several others of the work-people. They were engaged anxiously looking over the prize-list of a lottery. "Oh" said the master, "tut, tut, I had the number just before the lucky one." "And I," growled a small

printer's "deil" with a smudge on his nose—"I had the one after!"

Everything is advertised to death. Political, social, and religious meetings are placarded as if money were not the slightest object. Loathsome pills and lotions glare in elephantine letters of white paint on the hoardings. Looking up the grand vista of fashionable Montgomery Street, we see "Gin Cocktails" stencilled along the curb-stones. The railways puff their lines like any tradesman. An enterprising agent, with a phenomenally strong accent, scented us out as new arrivals, button-holed us, and promulgated the great advantage of taking his special railway route—stating also that "he'd fix us up all straight," "wouldn't fight shy over heff a dollar," and "would be happy to show us any attention while in town."

A large portion of San Francisco is given over to thousands of Chinese, who inhabit what is called China Town. Hundreds of Celestials swarm along the pavements, their dark hats and dark blue blouses giving a sombre colour to the view, which is, however, enlivened by gay paper lamps and ornamental verandahs. Everywhere we saw wretched haunts, opium dens, and gambling resorts—each of them down a flight of stairs, below the level of the street, with the prostrate forms of the Chinamen seen dimly through the thickly-hanging smoke. In the opium dens the torpid Celestials are stowed away two deep on shelves—the charge being about "half a dollar a dream!" Many trades are in full swing in China Town, for John appears in one place as an industrious butcher, cutting up very scraggy meat and dispensing mysterious "interiors" to the lank-faced customers—in another, hard at work pegging shoes—in another making cigars, a business he has monopolised to the exclusion of white workmen—in another acting as laundryman, ironing shirt "bosoms," and anon, after bulging his cheeks with water, squirting the liquid in thin spray over the linen. As a Celestial never goes "on the spree," he is much appreciated by the road-contractors and farmers. But the Californians as a body are opposed to the influx of the Celestials. The great question is, how far will this Chinese flood spread? It is no joke to



a reservoir of three hundred million people. The great Republic is supposed to welcome every creed and colour, but shows considerable reluctance in embracing the Chinaman. In San Francisco there is but little observance of the Sunday : drinking saloons, ice-cream restaurants, druggists, clothiers, booksellers—all kinds of shops are open. The boot-black plies on the side-walk. Street cars convey their loads to "Woodward's Pleasure Gardens." The newspapers are published as usual, and are for sale in the hotels. The streets throng with idlers, while numbers are whirling off to pic-nics. At night the opera-house, theatre, and music-hall are open ; while now and then a lively brass band parades the street. Yet there is no lack of churches, some of them with good congregations.

We crossed the bay to Oakland, the popular suburb of San Francisco. The town owes its name to being situated in a grove of evergreen oaks. The railway, as in most American towns, runs up the middle of the street, with occasional wooden platforms for passengers dropping off here and there through the city. Vehicles drive calmly across the track of an advancing engine, and boys skip playfully almost under the shadow of its large funnel. The locomotive is a domesticated monster ; the American has metaphorically taken it to the bosom of his family. Railways are well managed in America. There is not the jamming at a small window to purchase your ticket a few minutes before the train starts. You can engage your sleeping-berths as if you were going on a sea-voyage, and buy your ticket a day or two beforehand, if you like, at one of the various agencies scattered through every large town. Neither do you have to look vigilantly after your luggage, thanks to the "checking" system. On the other hand, in no part of the world will your trunks receive worse handling than on an American railroad, for the porters pitch them about as if they were made of cast-iron. Experienced travellers carry trunks that look as if they were armour-plated. One box of ours was totally destroyed here in a single journey. The sides were "caved in," the top broken, the bottom split, the fragments held together by a skeleton-work of roping—so

ruined, in fact, that we immediately gave it to the hotel porteur for firewood.

San José, the most beautiful town in the State of California, lies in the Santa Clara valley, fifty miles south of San Francisco. As you arrive, the train for a long distance slowly "tolls" its way down a narrow, winding lane of fragrant orchards, with the fruit hanging thickly on each side of the cars, almost within reach of the hand. Truly it is the "Garden of California." The thoroughfares are roads lined with trees, which relieve the staring appearance of the streets. The Mexican element, noticeable all over California, is very strong in San José. Mexicans ride about the streets on their mustangs. At the hotel, too, there were Mexican waiters,—sallow-faced, moustached fellows, who looked far too picturesque for restaurant business, spoke in broken English, and darted about as if in prosecution of a vendetta, fiercely and fierily reciting the bill of fare :—"Beef, mutton, pork-an'-beans, 'stooed' tomatoes, veal, tongue, fried-brains-in-crumbs, corned beef, tea, coffee—which?" threatening us thus with a long list of viands. There is quite a mixture of nationalities here, as was shown once in a funny way; for, happening to be in an ironfoundry, we heard the foreman suddenly call out, "L'eau l'eau, aqua aqua, wasser wasser—water, you beggars, hurry up!"

During our Sundays in San Francisco and San José, there were good opportunities of hearing American psalmody. One showy church left all the service of praise to the salaried vocalists, each of whom stood behind a music-stand upon an open platform. When the garish organ had concluded a showy voluntary, the choir of four stood up and rendered a florid anthem. Another church had a choir, numbering about one dozen, which sang several elaborately-set hymns and one or two anthems like those in vogue during the palmy days of R. A. Smith,—the accompaniment consisting of organ, cornet, and flute! Then the congregation, led by the choir, sang a hymn to one of the characterless melodies that are the bane of American psalmody. The amount of feeble church-music that obtains in the land, the musical "pap," the adaptations of this and



that, and the weak original anthems without end are something wonderful. Though the pride that prompts a cultivation of "home-made" music is pardonable, yet an abolition of all such inane works as "Angel Harps," "Celestial Strains," "Golden Lyres," "Heavenly Pearls," "Lutes of Zion," and an introduction of solid intelligent psalmody, substantial alike in words and music, would be a great boon to the churches of America.

The tendency of the Americans is to secularise. The Congregational Church at Sacramento is used through the week as a public hall for respectable entertainments and public meetings. The Americans have not, like us, the same hallowing respect for mere buildings. One San Francisco clergyman, whom we knew, used to promenade the principal streets during the afternoon smoking a cigar, wearing a coloured necktie, and his dress otherwise by no means proclaiming his vocation. Being remonstrated with by two of his elders (who, if Americans, must have been more than usually strict), he replied that he saw no virtue in a white neck-cloth, no harm in a cigar, and "sae the matter ended."

The Sunday-school is an excellently managed institution in America. One school we were in had a large gathering of the congregation present. The superintendent, in light trousers and vest, white coat, and blue necktie, gave out a hymn, and told the children to do their best, for "strangers from a foreign clime" (Scotland!) "were to listen to their efforts." At San José the clergyman finished his sermon thus: "Brethern, I hope you wont leave now at the end of the service, but stay and attend Sunday-school, for I can tell you there's to be a rare treat to-day. My Scotch brother, Mr. Kennedy, who is now making canvass of this country, is to sing and speak to the young folks. Our Scotch friends are to sing in this town for three nights, too, and I must say they're excellent, for I heard them myself in San Francisco, and advise you all to go." This looked so unblushing an advertisement that we were dumfounded; but we afterwards got more into the ways of this original country! Many of the congregation remained, and we were introduced by the minister—after which my

father spoke a few words to the scholars. Previous to the singing of some sacred pieces, or what the minister called "songs"—for everything, whether it be a hymn, glee, duet, or trio, is a "song" in America—the clergyman made a little speech on the great importance of singing, both in school and church, and concluded by stating his belief that "the songs sung here below were echoed from the other side of the dark flood by those upon the golden shore." The minister, who was a big-built man with a strong flow of animal life and spirits, and all the appearance of one who lived much in the open air, conducted the singing of the children with great vigour, beating time with a wave of his book, occasionally turning his back upon the assembly, and walking off, as if abstracted in the sweet thoughts of the words. The performance of one piece did not please him at all, and the way he corrected it was very characteristic. "Now, children," he cried, stopping them, "if your uncle were to give you half a dollar, you wouldn't go to your ma and say in a mournful tone of voice, 'Ma, there's uncle been and given me fifty cents.' No, you'd rush up and exclaim, 'Ma! only fancy! dear Uncle John! you'll never guess what he's gone an' done! he's ginn me a whole half dollar all to myself!' And so you sing as if you only half believed it, in this sleepy way" (mimicking the scholars):—"I—loave—to t-e-l-l the stoary!" when you should shout it with your heart and soul," and the minister, with a sweep of his book, again started the hymn, the children singing with certainly a great increase of enthusiasm.

Stockton was the hottest place we had visited in California, the thermometer at one time registering 100° in the shade. From hence, we went to Sacramento, an enjoyable town, and the capital of California, though the population is only a few thousands. We saw a great political meeting here. In a few weeks there was to be an important election of State officials, ranging from senator down to police-sergeant. The Democrats were vigorously canvassing their "ticket," denouncing the Republicans as having a weak "platform," while the latter was equally vehement



in return. Fire! The street is flooded with a bright glare. An immense bonfire flares in the middle of the thoroughfare, with scores of boys dancing and shouting round it. Bang, bang! a salvo of cannon is discharged; whiz, whiz, whiz! rocket after rocket tears through the air. Large election-banners are flapping high across the street—a brass band mounted at a window plays lustily. All eyes centre on a rostrum, arched over by gas-jets in front of a hotel. A tall orator commences a stirring address—the poor American eagle being dragged in every few moments in the character of a phoenix. The orator shakes his iron-grey hair, stamps, waves his arms wildly, and revels in “mud-throwing.” The speaker creates no more interest amongst the people than if he had been auctioneering diamonds before a crowd of paupers; but the want of excitement is made up by artificial means. The brass band strikes up “Yankee Doodle.” More wood is heaped upon the waning fires—the cannon boom again—blue rockets shoot through the sky. Judge Somebody-or-other then rises and makes a few remarks—a grey-haired gentleman who does the allegorical business, “flag trailing in the dust,” “rally round the watch-fires,” “the old fight,” “banner that has waved on a thousand (!) battle-fields,” etc. He concludes by an eloquent address to the opposite side of the street. “Mothers of America,” this to three ladies on a balcony, who must have felt highly flattered)—“Mothers of America, do not, *do* not, do not on *any* account let your daughters marry Democrats!” Then the old Judge bows, a loud rocket goes off close to his ear, the bands plays “Hail, Columbia!” and the great meeting is over.

From Sacramento we started eastward on the great trans-continental journey. The majestic prospects that unfold themselves as you come near the “Summit,” the great Pass of the Nevadas—when you look down at one place a depth of over 5000 feet, with the snowy mountains rising 15,000 feet above sea-level were passed through in the night. Luckily, the moon rose behind the pine-bis of the valleys,sed the graws—the big

head-light of the foremost of the two locomotives shining ahead into the darkness, and making the train appear a writhing glow-worm as it curved along the tortuous ridges. One wide valley was a red expanse of flame, from an extensive fire raging in the forests.

Next day we journeyed through Nevada, over the alkali desert—a dry arid waste, supporting the sage-brush, that seems powdered with saline dust—which dust, stirred up by the draught of the train, is very irritating to the throat and eyes. Stoppages for breakfast, dinner, and tea were made at three pretty considerable townships. These railway dining-room meals, for which you paid one dollar, were announced by the clanging thunder of a gong, always echoed from across the road by a feeble bell rung in front of a humble eating-house, where you were charged only a quarter of the price. Like most of those who travel in parties we had a “lunch-basket” with us, filled with good things before we started, and with the help of hot tea and coffee sold by pedlars round the train, fresh milk sold by little girls, and actually at one place ice-cream purveyed in tins on a barrow, we fared satisfactorily.

Night came again, and again we woke to the dry, impressive desert, which seemed to be the same spot that had received the rays of sunset the night before. At Brigham, named after the Mormon leader, we had our first glimpse of the great Salt Lake; and in a short time had reached Ogden, a thriving town, backed by massive mountains. A gong announcing breakfast a party of Yankees burst out of our car, shouting:—“Hulloa, boys, there’s the food-signal! the grub-sounder! that blessed old hash-hammer again! let’s go an’ root around!” We had some refreshment here at the railway hotel; also a talk with a man who had just heard of the failure of a certain Californian bank. “Here am I,” said he, “with a draught on that infernal house, far from home, without a rap in the world! it is enough to drive a man mad!”

The train for Salt Lake City runs on a single track railroad, thirty-seven miles long, made by Brigham Young a short time ago. The wily Vermonter saw that in a few years some one

would run a line to his city, so thought he might as well be that "some one," and exclude any speculating Gentile. A man with a ghastly white face and paralysed limbs is carried on a stretcher into a sleeping-car. "Mashed up by a haorse!" explains a bystanding Yankee. The train starts for the Mormon capital. Soon an expanse of houses, interwoven with shade-trees, spread before us—the large egg-roof of the Tabernacle rising out of a dense plantation in the foreground—the blue waters of the Great Salt Lake gleaming on the one hand, and on the other the glittering snowy peaks of the mighty Wasatch Mountains.

We took up quarters at a Mormon hotel, the landlord being blest, or otherwise, with four wives. Outwardly, Salt Lake City resembles other American towns. One or two shops, however, have the characteristic Mormon sign—a semi-circular line, "Holiness to the Lord"—then below it an eye painted as the symbol of Omniscience; and underneath all, these words, "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." "Buy from yourselves—do not trade with the Gentiles," was the command of Brigham Young. So these stores sprang up. The unbelievers, however, were not starved off the field, but competed successfully with the Mormons. The saints did not care to pay sixty cents to a co-believer for what the Gentile sold at fifty. The Mormon women are attired in tidy print dresses, calico aprons, and big sun bonnets. The streets are lined with shade-trees, while down each side run full clear streams of water, formed by the snow melting from the mountains.

On Sunday we heard a service in the Tabernacle, which we entered along with a crowd of Mormons, whom we could distinguish from the strangers by the plainness of their dress. One man walked demurely in front of six wives! The Tabernacle is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, and the immense curved roof supported round the sides by forty-eight stone pillars. The space between these columns had been thrown open for ventilation. The Mormon men sat on one side of the building, the women on the other. The Tabernacle still retained the floral decorations which had recently been put in celebra-



tion of the anniversary of the Mormons arriving at Utah twenty-eight years ago. An enormous chandelier-like structure of shrubbery and flowers hung down from the centre of the roof, while from the midst of the auditorium played an elegant fountain, the spray of which cooled the atmosphere. Round the building were displayed these mottoes :—" Our own mountain home," " Heirs of the Priesthood," " Brigham, our Leader and Friend," " Utah's best crop—children ! " At one end of the building stood the large organ, built by one of the saints, and close to it a choir of sixty. In front of the singers sat the grave and influential leaders among the saints, many of them grey-haired and rather unintellectual in appearance.

After a common-place hymn, a cold prayer was offered up by a man who seemed ashamed of what he was doing, and mumbled it off in a hurry, the only words we could catch being " Bless thy servant Brigham." The " Head of the Church " was not present, but a most virulent, yea, ungrammatical address was delivered by Orson Hyde, chief among the " destroying

angels." He seemed to rise, puffing, out of the platform—a middle-aged man, with big paunch, small needle-like eyes, light hair, very red face, and wearing a white linen dust-coat—a clerical Jack-in-the-Box. Rage, ignorance, artificial sanctity, and strained enthusiasm were all displayed in his sermon. After the manner of Mormon preachers, he was supposed only to speak when the spirit moved him, and took as his text: "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down with Abraham, and with Isaac, and with Jacob; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out." Every clause was punctuated with a hard, self-congratulatory cough, that struck one as intensely ludicrous.

"Who," he exclaimed, "have come from the east, west, north, and south? Have the Roman Catholics? No. (A-a-hem!) Have the Baptists? No. Have the Congregationalists? (A-a-hem!) No. Who then have, but the people that dwellest upon the high mountains? (A-a-hem!) And we are the people that dwellest upon the high mountains," he triumphantly cried. "The children of the kingdom are the unbelievers, and they are striving to overthrow us in these latter days (ahem!) but we have come from the east, *and* from the west, *and* from the north, *and* from the south, and are compassed by a wall of fire, which will sweep away the enemies (ahem!) of our peace!" This with a face of concentrated malignity. "The unregenerate don't believe the end of the world is at hand," said Orson, "but did the antediluvians believe Noah? (Ahem!) No! Neither shall they believe us. But we shall come from the east, *and* from the west, *and* from the north, *and* from the south, and dwell in the high places of the earth. What is the unbeliever without faith? He is like a loaf without leaven. When it is baked it can't be eaten. It is hard. (Ahem!) It is a brick. But when the yeast is put into it, it becomes com-for-ta-ble" (stroking his hands soothingly over his stomach). "We are the bread with the leaven in it. The Latter-Day Saints shall come from the [?y]east, *and* from the west, *and* from the north, *and* from the south,

and the children of the kingdom shall be cast out. Ahem! [fiendish]. Amen!"

He finished with distorted features. The threads of passion seemed all to have been tied into a knot in his face. An American sitting before us leaned back and said: "If every man in the United States heard this fellow to-day, Mormonism would be swept off the face of the earth to-morrow!" In connection with the Church there is a large Sunday-school, and one can hear the children's voices joining in such lines as these:—

" Bless Brigham Young, we children pray,
Thy chosen Twelve in what they say."

The twelve referred to are the twelve apostles, appointed in imitation of the early Church. Again,

" How bright have been parental hopes
About what we shall do,
In rolling on Jehovah's work,
And helping put it through" (!)

The eloquence of the last line is purely American.

This Sunday we went also to a Presbyterian Church—a small, growing congregation. Six years ago there was no Scotch Church here. After the service one or two of the members, utter strangers to us, shook hands with us warmly and introduced themselves, the minister also giving us a friendly welcome. On our way home, walking slowly because of the oppressive heat, we passed occasionally a branch Mormon chapel, where, through the open door of a small hot room, we saw an elder expounding the doctrines of the Church to a crowd of proselytes. In the hotel that evening we were confronted with the apparition of a female dressed in a green tunic and equally verdant pair of "inexpressibles," with her hair thrown back in short curls—none other than Dr. Mary Walker! The following evening she gave a lecture on Dress, declaring she had worn trousers for a long time, and "would think with agony of ever resuming petticoats again."

On Sunday evening Mrs. A., a "Trance Lecturess," appeared

in the Liberal Institute. The bills stated that Mrs. A. would speak on any theme suggested by the audience ; collection, ten cents, to defray expenses. The hall was filled when we arrived. The lecturess, dressed in white, with short ringlets and colourless face, was surrounded by half-a-dozen leaders of Free Thought in the city. Some subjects being handed in, Mrs. A. read them out: "Do we wear clothes in the spirit-world?" "Have you ever been in love, Mrs. A.?" "Can children enter heaven without going through the intermediate states?" "Should not the Government take charge of the railways?" The last was selected ; but before commencing Mrs. A. leant on the harmonium with closed eyes, falling into a trance, as we supposed, and began to utter in a low voice a prayer to the Spirit of Light, Revealer of Mysteries, and Expounder of Truth. It was easy to see that, no matter what the subject had been, the substance of the address would have turned out just the same.

"Why don't the Government take charge of railways? Well, that's just what we *do* want to know! How can we get progress without that's done? And if we can't have progress we can't get freedom, and if we can't get freedom we can't get enlightenment, and then we'll never soar into the higher spheres of infinitude and mysterious occult power, or let our spirits in imagination pervade the realms of cerulean bliss, where all our loved departed ones dwell. There may be some of them here present in this hall, though we can't see them. I won't say they are, and I won't say they ain't. What we want is more Light. The spread of knowledge puts an end to darkness. You see when I turn these paraffin lamps down that all the black smudges on the glasses are seen, and now when I turn them up again, all the dirt disappears. Well, that's Light! That's what information does—it takes away all dirt and darkness. And what I'd like to see is railways made cheaper and better—no more monopolies—no more swindling of the public. That's what everybody's after just now—wanting to swindle. Folks in Congress, an' folks in the Church, an' folks in business, are all trying to cheat the public. An' if there was more Light, too, you wouldn't see the gals going an' tight-lacing themselves

as they do. It puts the vitals into half the room they ought to occupy, an' the gals fancy their spider waists please the young men. I don't want to see a gal cut herself in half like a wasp. Yes, an' if there was more Light there would be more belief in Spiritualism. Now, I'll tell you something about the spirits. You can all talk with them if you have sympathetic minds ; but it ain't everyone that can be a good medium. *I'm* pretty good at it, and so's some other women I know. But some folks ain't born to be mediums any more than some were born to be clergymen. Now, you'll be wondering at me going about the country lecturing, an' many people say to me, 'Why don't you stop at home?' Well, I'd be there if I could. As you may remember, I got divorced from my husband a little while ago. So I've got a young family to keep, an' I am going to work for them too. Every woman should work. If you don't want to go on your knees and scrub, go and learn the telegraph. Be independent. That'll do as much for you as Woman's Rights, though that's all very well in its way. That cause an' many others is silently working on, and on, and on, spreading enlightenment abroad, till sooner or later the whole world will be filled with Light. The collection will now be taken up." When we got home what with Orson Hyde's sermon in the Tabernacle, the goblin in green breeks, and the Trance Lecture, we felt oppressed with spiritual nightmare!

In Salt Lake City there is a large theatre, which, like the Tabernacle, is under control of Brigham Young. The Church and the Drama, things sacred and things secular, are all managed by the Great Mogul of Utah. Here we saw a New York company perform the play of "Divorce," a subject that must have been very attractive to the Mormon mind. As the crowd was going in we heard the folk saluting each other with "Good evening, Brother Brown," "How are you, Sister Jenkins?" and so on. There are two morning papers in the city—one Mormon, the other Gentile, and the latter "makes things uncommonly hot" for the faithful. There are also one evening daily, two semi-weekly, three weekly, four semi-monthly

and two monthly publications. Not so bad in this remote community of 30,000 inhabitants.

On the railway platform, as we were leaving, a Scotsman said to the stout member of our party: "So ye're gaun to leave us? What way div ye no' stop an' be a Mormon? They'd be sure to mak' a deacon o' ye—ye've got sic a graund belly on ye!" Inside the car we met a decent, middle-aged Scotchwoman. She was a Mormon, spoke volubly in favour of Mormonism, but did not believe in polygamy so far as it affected herself. She was very expert in the use of Scriptural texts. Said we, "Every deacon shall be the husband of one wife." "Yes," she replied, "of one wife at least!" In San Francisco we had been favoured with a visit from Elder Stenhouse, who was, till very lately, one of the chief spirits amongst the Mormons. During his stay at Salt Lake he was, I believe, a man of sound faith and honest in his exertions in favour of polygamy; but he latterly saw and heard enough to open his eyes to the errors of the Church. So he and his good lady shook the dust of the desert from their shoes and bade adieu to Utah. At Omaha, again, we were acquainted with a Highlander who in the early days was converted to Mormonism, who left a snug situation in Dundee, came over the Atlantic, and settled amongst the Saints on the banks of the Missouri River, where Omaha stands to-day, but where there was then not the slightest indications of that now growing city. For a time things went 'quietly, but the scales soon fell from his eyes, and, in Highland rage, he abjured the Mormon faith. Time and again he stood on the banks of the river, at the peril of his life, and preached against Mormonism to the bands of converts as they passed over to the new settlement.

Leaving Ogden, the train came upon the wild scenery of the Rocky Mountains, travelling through cañons of startling grandeur. The Devil's Gate was a cleft in a gorge, violently broken through by a white foaming river. Farther on came the Devil's Slide, two parallel walls of rock a short distance apart, running down the whole face of the gorge. In Weber Cañon the train

was compressed within fierce rocky jaws, the narrowness of the defile such that there scarcely appeared room for both the wild torrent and the single track of rail. Here we passed the Thousand Mile Tree, which is that distance from Omaha, our far-off terminus. Then we plunged into Echo Cañon, with its fantastic isolated rocks, called Castle Rock, Tower Rock, Sentinel Rock, and Pulpit Rock, from their supposed resemblance to these objects. The Pulpit Rock, however, has some substantial claim to its title, as it is said that from here Brigham Young delivered his first sermon in the Rocky Mountains. Here, too, on the tops of the precipices, are the fortifications erected by the Mormons when once threatened by a visit from United States troops, and from whence they intended to hurl masses of rock upon the enemy. Amongst all this spirit of imposing scenery dwells the spirit of Yankee advertising. Admiring a high peak, our eyes rested on "Dyspepsia Pills"—falling into raptures over a deep ravine, we were shocked with "Vinegar Bitters"—meditating on the grand vista of precipices, we were told nothing equalled the "Patent Horse Oil"—and while noticing the beautiful effects of light and shade, we were suddenly called upon to "Try the rising Sun Stove Polish!" A stoppage! All around is the lonely prairie. The engine-driver leaps off, with a tin can in his hand, and makes a "bee-line" for some spot on the nearer rising ground. The conductor follows; then an eager crowd of passengers, with bottles, pannikins, jugs, tumblers, "pocket-pistols;" and, snatching up a cup, we join the throng that gathers round a soda spring!

Next day we travelled through Nebraska—the real boundless prairie. We heard the startling news that the train preceding ours had been robbed. The train that gave us this information had been in a terrific hailstorm a few miles west of Omaha. The hailstones were three or four inches thick, and wrecked the train, the "cars" having to be brought to a dead stop. On the third day from Ogden we arrived in Omaha. The distance from San Francisco is 1,914 miles, accomplished in four days and six hours. There still lay 1,454 miles between us and the Atlantic, New York being an eight days' journey of 3,368 miles from San

Francisco. The mind almost fails to grasp the expanse of country traversed by the locomotive, that great railway shuttle, now weaving civilisation across the desert.

Omaha is prettily situated on hilly ground, and past it roll the sullen, (*i.e.*, muddy) waters of the Missouri River. We went east by the Chicago and North-Western Railway. The speed of the train, an "express," was greater than that on the long Pacific line and reached perhaps thirty miles an hour, the 492 miles to Chicago being run in twenty-two hours. The journey was rough, the road-bed being very much impaired by recent destructive storms. The bridges were crossed at quarter speed—a precaution by no means unnecessary, as the train that followed us fell through one of these bridges into a river. At Clinton, a large flourishing town, we crossed the equally muddy Mississippi. As the saying is, "I guess when you swaller this water you've got to shet yer eyes!"

Chimney-stalks appearing through lake-mists and smoke—high gables of warehouses, frequent bridges across the line, and noisy traffic of vehicles that ran close alongside the train—impressed us with the fact that Chicago was at hand. The *dépôt* was reached, and like most stations in Western America was an uncomfortable, plain wooden structure. We are conveyed in an omnibus to the hotel, where one of us "registers" the names in the office-book, under the eye of the clerk, who has a self-complacent look and the air of only temporarily filling the position till the *real* clerk arrives.

Rumble, rumble, bing, bang, bong, bizzera, bizzera, cr-r-rash! whizzera, whizzera, boo-oo-oom! The dinner gong! So we naturally gravitate towards the dining-room. The head waiter ushers us into a large banqueting-hall, where two or three hundred persons are assembled. The floor is occupied by numbers of detached tables, and the waiters are "darkies." At a table adjoining ours sit a husband and wife, accompanied by an infant scion of their house mounted on a high chair. The child yearns for this and that with a tone which is a compound of a whine and a command:—"Ma, ma, say ma, ma, say ma;" and the father remarks, "Well, bub, and what's

the matter, eh?" Then the youthful gormandiser continues, "Say, ma, pass me the vinegar for my fish, will you—an' where's the waiter? I want to order some corned pork—an' will the apple dumpling be good, do you think, ma?" Involuntarily we hear the order given by a gentleman sitting near us:—"Bring me fried smelt, roast mutton an' jelly, keff head, pork an' beans, squash, mashed turnips, boiled rice, tomatoes, potatoes, an' a cup o' coffee!"—the lady beside him adding:—"The same for me!"

Our waiter comes at last with a loaded tray of dishes, and covers the table with them. Each guest has a separate set of plates—a whole constellation of small dishes revolving round your meat-plate, as the central sun. Though we only numbered seven of a party, our table was covered with actually one hundred dishes!

The hotel drawing-room is a large elegantly-carpeted apartment, sumptuously furnished. Round the room sit various parties of ladies and gentlemen conversing; a lady sits at the piano and sings a sentimental song. Every American lady who lives at a hotel is thus constantly leading a public life; and this, combined with a natural freedom, gives her a great ease of manner. Most of those present are regular boarders, for the hotels are not kept up altogether by travellers, but also by persons who rent suites of rooms for a month or two, or by the year. Many married couples make a home in the hotel, and thus free themselves from the care of keeping house. But what do the children know of domestic life, as they play about the dreary corridors of these large buildings? What does the mother herself know, relieved from all household duties, taking shopping for exercise, or rocking herself in her chair, yawning away the dull hours between meals—no cooking to see after, no rooms to tidy up, not even the luxury of knowing that she is providing for her husband's comfort? What a penalty to pay for ease and luxury! The hotel-ladies, I am persuaded, must shorten their days through ennui.

Chicago impressed us with its substantial appearance. The whole heart of the city is one mass of grand

edifices, all erected since the great fire. As a city, it is essentially commercial. The eye wearies after a while of mercantile palaces.

All this time we had been cultivating the acquaintance of the Western Yankee. The Yankee "down East" is said to be a more refined individual than his pioneering brother "out West." The Eastern man "calc'lates," the Western man "guesses"—both "reckon" more or less. The first thing a Britisher remarks is the peculiar twang of the American, and his orthographical errors. Of course one can hardly regard it as a deadly sin for the Yankee to speak of duty as "dooty," to say "noan" for none, "deef" for deaf—we even heard a fashionable church-choir sing loudly of the "morning doo"—but why do the Americans allude to a stranger from the other side the "Pond" as having the fault of speaking with a strong English accent. The Americans are practical, shrewd, sometimes playfully irreverent, childishly sensational, fond of looking at the startling side of things, and rather "hail-fellow-well-met" to a person who has not lost the conventional ideas of the old country. The American woman is homely (and of course I do not use this word in its Yankee signification of "ugly.") She is always dressed neatly and precisely, whether she be resident of a suburban villa or "help" in a boarding-house. Some American women, on the other hand, are exceedingly bouncing in their ways—dress as if dying to be seen—talk with great volubility, and with a dry, incisive tone, as if they always had something important to say, and the whole world should listen.

A journey of 284 miles brought us from Chicago to Detroit, the cleanest, neatest town we had so far seen in the States. Across the Detroit River we saw the welcome shores of Canada.