REVISED EDITION-1877-8.

OFFICIAL GUIDE & ALBUM OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP SERVICE

D. & C. MAC IVER,
8 WATER STREET. LIVERPOOL.

OFFICIAL GUIDE

AND

ALBUM

OF

THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP

COMPANY.

REVISED EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THE CUNARD COMPANY, in the preparation of the Second Edition of the Guide to the sailings of their fleets and lines of steamers, have added, in several important respects, to the information given in the former edition. The two articles entitled "London to Paris" and "England to America" will remove many of the small doubts and difficulties by which travellers are liable to be perplexed.

As in the first edition, there will also be found several essays by known writers, intended to assist in lightening the inevitable tedium of a voyage.

LIVERPOOL, *April*, 1877.

THE

CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Reprinted, with additions, from the " TIMES *" of November 17th, 1875.*

THIRTY-SIX years ago, a time so short that a man scarcely past middle age can remember it as if it were yesterday, although so long if we measure it by the material progress which it has witnessed, the mails between England and Halifax (Nova Scotia) were conveyed in sailing vessels, Government ten-gun brigs, which, in the naval parlance of the day, were commonly known as "coffins." The possibility of steam navigation had been demonstrated about twelve or fourteen years earlier, and coasting steamers were then actually engaged in trade. Between Glasgow and Liverpool there were two keenly competing lines of such steamers, one of them represented by the Messrs. Burns, of Glasgow, the other by the Messrs. MacIver, of Liverpool. Thoughtful men had already begun to foresee that this steam coasting trade would probably, in time, be extended to the ocean; and the British Government had pledged itself to use the first opportunity of so extending it, by the substitution of steam mail boats for the vessels then in use. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Cunard entered heart and soul into the proposed enterprise, came to England for the purpose of promoting it, and accepted the Government tender for the carriage of mails across the Atlantic. He put himself into the hands of Mr. Robert Napier, of Glasgow, the eminent marine engineer; and to his skill and judgment in the early stages of the enterprise, especially with regard to the class of vessels to be employed, the owners attribute much of the success which has

attended it. Mr. Napier introduced Mr. Cunard to the Messrs. Burns and the Messrs. MacIver, and the proposals which he made to these gentlemen were so acceptable to them that he was able to induce the former rivals to unite with him, and thus to constitute the co-partnership which has since been familiarly known as the Cunard Company, and which undertook to carry the wishes of the Government into effect.

In pursuance of this undertaking, the new Company entered into a contract for the fortnightly conveyance of mails between Liverpool and Halifax, Boston, and Quebec. The contract was for a term of seven years, and the ships employed under it were to be of such a build that they might be available as troop ships, or for transporting stores in time of war. Four steamers were at once commenced, the *Britannia*, the *Acadia*, the *Caledonia*, and the *Columbia*, each of one thousand two hundred tons gross register, and of four hundred and forty horse power. The first of these, the *Britannia*, left Liverpool on her first voyage on the 4th of July, 1840, the day known to Americans as "Celebration Day," thus inaugurating the "service" by a happy coincidence which, although unpremeditated, was none the less significant of future success. The *Britannia* entered Boston harbour after a run of fourteen days and eight hours.

Even to those who watched her as she was receding from the shores of England, the departure of the first Atlantic steamer was an event of no small significance; but her rapid passage and her safe arrival at Boston were there hailed with an enthusiasm which sprung from a quick and just appreciation of the benefits which would follow in her wake. At that time the American people, although they had surmounted some of the difficulties incidental to the establishment of the Union, and were beginning to realize the boundless resources and the gigantic future of their country, were nevertheless fully conscious of their comparative isolation from the arts and sciences of the old world, from the glories of its literature, from the competitions of its commerce, and from the associations of its past. The *Britannia* was like a hand stretched out from England to invite America to assume her proper place in the comity of nations; and her voyage not only was, but was felt to be, the harbinger of that prodigious growth of

intercourse, and that prodigious rapidity of communication, which are among the greatest marvels of our own marvellous age. The good ship came to her moorings late on a Saturday evening, but the inhabitants of Boston thronged the wharves to welcome her and fired salutes of artillery in honour of her arrival. Three days afterwards, on the 22nd of July, Mr. Josiah Quincey, junior, presided at a public banquet, held in celebration of the establishment of steam postal communication between Great Britain and America; and it is recorded that Mr. Cunard, who had himself accompanied this first great venture of his firm, received one thousand eight hundred invitations to dinner during the first twenty-four hours of his stay in Boston.

For seven years, the four steamers already mentioned, reinforced by two others of increased dimensions and power, the *Hibernia* and the *Cambria*, each of one thousand four hundred and twenty-three tons, were sufficient for the fulfilment of the mail contracts, and for the demands of the increasing traffic both in passengers and cargo. At the expiration of this time the British Government, realizing the increasing importance of the mail service, called upon the Cunard Company to double the number of its sailings. This change rendered it necessary to double the fleet, and four new steamers, the *America*, *Canada*, *Niagara*, and *Europa* were added early in 1848. These ranged from one thousand eight hundred to one thousand nine hundred tons burden, and from six hundred to seven hundred horse power; and they were followed, in 1850, by the *Asia* and the *Africa*, each of two thousand two hundred and twenty-seven tons, and of seven hundred and fifty horse power. These again were followed by two others, one of which was sold to the West India Company, the other being the *Arabia*, which rendered good service during the Crimean War. She was of two thousand four hundred tons burden, and two hundred and eighty-five feet long; this being the greatest length upon which it was thought desirable to venture, in a wooden vessel, with a view to strength and endurance in the Atlantic. Every new steamer was, in some respect, an improvement upon her predecessors—generally in point of size and capacity, and always in point of comfort and accommodation.

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Prior to 1852, the fleet of the Cunard Company had consisted entirely of wooden vessels, propelled by paddle-wheels; but in that year the *Andes* and *Alps*, both iron vessels with screws, were added to the long "catalogue of the ships." These were afterwards taken up by the British Government for transport service to the Crimea; and they were followed, in 1854 and in 1855, by the *Jura* and *Ætna*, both iron screws, and both for the Atlantic trade. In 1856, with the *Persia*, the experiment was tried of building an iron paddle-steamer. The *Persia* was of three thousand three hundred tons burden, and nine hundred horse power; and she was followed in 1862, by the *Scotia*, also built of iron, and of still larger dimensions. It soon became apparent not only that iron was the best material for ocean steamers, but also that the screw was the best means of propelling them; and in all the subsequent additions to the fleet these truths have been recognised and acted upon.

The next improvement adopted by the Company was the introduction, in 1870, of what are known as compound engines, by which a considerable saving of fuel was effected; and, in the course of time, a variety of minor improvements in machinery have been adopted, as soon as they were shown to be conducive to safety or efficiency.

While no effort has been spared to render the Atlantic steamers fitting channels of communication between two great nations, the operations of the Cunard Company have not been confined to this single source of traffic. The Company was formed, as has been said, by the amalgamation of firms originally engaged in coasting business, and this business has been continued with as much energy as that which has been added to it. Their steamers, which have been under contract for thirty years and more, carrying the mails between Glasgow, Greenock, and Belfast, have performed this service most satisfactorily, and are unsurpassed for symmetry and speed. Between Glasgow and Belfast, Glasgow and Derry, and Liverpool and Glasgow, the steamers of the Company ply regularly, and no less than ten are engaged in these services. On the repeal of the navigation laws the Cunard Company was the first to commence bringing French goods from Havre, in transit for

Cunard Steam Ship "Cortes"

shipment to America and to Mediterranean ports. They have now thirty-seven steamers (including the vessels which have carried the mails for thirty years between Halifax, Bermuda, and St. Thomas), which go to Havre and to all the chief Mediterranean ports of Europe, Asia, and Africa, as Gibraltar, Malta, Syra, Constantinople, Smyrna, and Alexandria, to the Adriatic, and to the gulfs of Lyons and Genoa. In all these vessels there is accommodation of the first class for passengers, and every facility is given to tourists who desire to go from point to point, and to continue their progress by a different vessel from that in which they originally embarked.

It is not only in the pursuit of peaceful commerce that the Company has been enterprising and successful. It was part of the original and all subsequent mail contracts with the British Government that the ships should be available as transports in time of war; and mention has already been made that the *Andes* and *Alps* were so employed. They were chiefly used in the conveyance of dead and wounded from Balaklava to Scutari, and were by no means the only auxiliaries furnished by the Company. On the 24th of February, 1854, the *Niagara* sailed with eight hundred and eighty-seven officers and men, and twelve horses, for Malta, in anticipation of the great struggle with Russia which was then impending. She had only arrived from Boston on the 13th of the same month, and less than a week was consumed in preparing her for her new duties. On the 14th of the same month the *Cambria* arrived from New York, and was immediately fitted up to receive six hundred and forty-seven men and twelve horses. She was ready on the 18th, and sailed for Dublin on the 22nd to embark her troops. The *Jura*, the *Europa*, the *Arabia*, and the *Ætna* were all employed in the same manner, and were all prepared with the same alacrity. In 1855, the *Arabia* was specially required for the transport of horses, and the necessary accommodation for two hundred and three horses was fixed on board of her within fourteen days from the receipt of the order. The *Emeu* was bought from the European and Australian Steam Navigation Company to supplement the fleet, then overtaxed by the exigencies of the Government requirements.

Again, in 1861, when the friendly relations between Great Britain and America were put in jeopardy by the forcible arrest of Messrs. Mason & Slidell on board of the Royal Mail steamer *Trent*, the resources of the Cunard Company were at once brought into requisition to convey troops and stores to Canada. The arrest of Messrs. Mason & Slidell was made at the beginning of winter, when time was of exceeding value. On the 4th of December orders were telegraphed to Liverpool to fit up the *Australasian* as a transport. She was completed on the 10th, took in her coals on the 11th, embarked the 60th Rifles and stores on the 12th, and sailed for Halifax on the 13th. On the 5th of December similar orders were received with regard to the *Persia*. She received her coals on the 14th, embarked one thousand two hundred and seventy officers and men on the 15th, and, under the command of Captain Judkins, landed them at Bic, on the St. Lawrence. It is no small addition to the military resources of Great Britain that one of her commercial companies should be able to render her such prompt and powerful assistance, and that they should render it, as they have always done, not only with willingness, but also with energy and zeal.

Since 1840, when the Cunard Company, strictly so called, came into existence, it has built one hundred and twenty-two steamers; but the members of the firm, since 1824, have built no less than one hundred and fifty-eight, the list commencing in that year with the *Fingal*, of two hundred and ninety-six tons burden, and one hundred horse power. During this long period many perils have, of course, been encountered; but in no single instance has the life of a passenger been lost by any accident. In only two instances has a passenger sustained any bodily injury; and in each of these, an action for damages having been brought, and having been defended on the ground that the injury was due to the negligence or fault of the sufferer, the verdict of the jury was given in favour of the defendants. This exemption from casualties has sometimes been described as "luck," but only by those who fail to perceive that no person, and no firm, was ever continuously "lucky" for fifty years. It has, in truth, been simply the natural result of a care and foresight which have

Cunard Steam Ship "Abyssinia."

scarcely left luck an opportunity for intervention, which have dealt equally with the largest questions and the minutest details, which have extended to every particular of construction, equipment—and service—and which, not content with seeing everything well done in the first instance, have secured the perpetual maintenance of the prescribed standard by incessant watchfulness and supervision. On this point it will be necessary to speak once more when the preparations for the departure of each ship are described.

The Cunard fleet, as at present constituted, consists of forty-six vessels, having an aggregate of eighty-two thousand one hundred and forty-three tons of gross tonnage, and twelve thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight nominal horse power. Twenty-one vessels are in the Atlantic mail service, twelve on the Mediterranean and Havre line, five ply between Glasgow and Belfast, three between Liverpool and Glasgow, three between Halifax and Bermuda, and two between Glasgow and Londonderry. The following list gives the names, capacity, and steam power of them all:—

ATLANTIC MAIL SERVICE.

No.	Vessel's Name.	In what year built.	Tonnage.		Nominal Horse Power.	Passenger Capacity.	
			Gross.	Register.		Cabin.	Steerage.
1	Abyssinia	1870	3376	2159	500	200	868
2	Aleppo	1865	2057	1398	280	46	500
3	Algeria	1870	3428	2192	500	200	854
4	Atlas	1860	2393	1552	300	69	943
5	Batavia	1870	2553	1627	450	150	800
6	Bothnia	1874	4535	2923	600	300	900
7	China	1862	2638	1613	420	150	333
8	Hecla	1860	2421	1578	270	40	800
9	Marathon	1860	2403	1552	300	70	950
10	Olympus	1860	2415	1585	270	40	900
11	Palmyra	1866	2044	1389	260	46	500
12	Parthia	1870	3167	2035	450	150	1031
13	Russia	1867	2960	1709	600	430	—
14	Samaria	1868	2605	1694	300	130	800
15	Siberia	1867	2497	1698	300	100	800
16	Scotia	1862	3871	2124	1000	300	—
17	Scythia	1874	4556	2906	600	300	900
18	Saragossa	1874	2165	1390	300	74	548
19	Tarifa	1865	2058	1399	280	50	589
20	Satellite } Tenders...	1848	157	82	80	600	
21	Jackal }	1853	180	111	80	600	

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MEDITERRANEAN AND HAVRE SERVICE.

No.	Vessel's Name.	In what year built.	Tonnage.		Nominal Horse Power.	Passenger Capacity.	
			Gross.	Register.		Cabin.	Steerage.
1	Kedar	1861	1875	1215	212	40	494
2	Morocco	1861	1855	1193	212	76	—
3	Malta	1865	2132	1449	280	40	555
4	Sidon	1861	1853	1198	212	69	462
5	Demerara	1872	1904	1231	300	46	22
6	Trinidad	1872	1900	1228	300	46	16
7	Brest	1874	1472	949	160	8	—
8	Cherbourg	1874	1550	1000	160	4	—
9	Nantes	1873	1472	949	160	8	386
10	Balbec	1853	774	484	130	29	157
11	British Queen ...	1849	763	565	140	71	166
12	Stromboli	1856	734	619	100	9	200

GLASGOW AND BELFAST SERVICE.

No.	Vessel's Name.	In what year built.	Tonnage.		Nominal Horse Power.	Passenger Capacity.	
			Gross.	Register.		Cabin.	Steerage.
1	Buffalo	1865	686	391	250	—	—
2	Llama	1865	686	391	280	—	—
3	Camel	1866	691	393	250	—	—
4	Racoon	1868	831	479	300	—	—
5	Hornet	1874	548	322	100	—	—

LIVERPOOL AND GLASGOW SERVICE.

No.	Vessel's Name.	In what year built.	Tonnage.		Nominal Horse Power.	Passenger Capacity.	
			Gross.	Register.		Cabin.	Steerage.
1	Raven	1869	778	490	150	80	310
2	Penguin	1864	680	439	180	66	285
3	Owl	1872	914	502	230	100	330

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GLASGOW AND DERRY SERVICE.

No.	Vessel's Name.	In what year built.	Tonnage.		Nominal Horse Power.	Passenger Capacity.	
			Gross.	Register.		Cabin.	Steerage.
1	Bear...	1870	632	391	150	—	—
2	Wasp	1874	550	320	100	—	—

HALIFAX AND BERMUDA SERVICE.

No.	Vessel's Name.	In what year built.	Tonnage.		Nominal Horse Power.	Passenger Capacity.	
			Gross.	Register.		Cabin.	Steerage.
1	Alpha	1863	653	514	112	—	—
2	Delta	1854	644	428	120	—	—
3	Beta	1873	1087	677	160	—	—
	3 Vessels ...	—	2384	1619	392	—	—

SUMMARY.

No. of Vessels.	Trade.	Tonnage.		Nominal Horse Power.	Passenger Capacity	
		Gross.	Register.		Cabin.	Steerage.
21	Atlantic Mail Service ...	54,479	34,716	8,140	—	—
12	Mediterranean and Havre ...	18,284	12,080	2,366	—	—
3	Liverpool and Glasgow ...	2,372	1,431	560	—	—
5	Glasgow and Belfast ...	3,442	1,976	1,180	—	—
2	Glasgow and Derry ...	1,182	711	250	—	—
3	Halifax and Bermuda ...	2,384	1,619	392	—	—
46		82,143	52,533	12,888	—	—

The *Bothnia* and the *Scythia*, sister ships, and alike in almost every particular, are the largest and the most recently built of the transatlantic steamers of the Company, and either of them may be taken as a fair example of the fleet. The *Bothnia*, of which an excellent photographic illustration is appended, is barque-rigged, and measures four hundred and twenty feet in length of keel.

by forty-two feet six inches in breadth of beam. Her deck affords to passengers an unbroken promenade of four hundred and twenty-five feet in length. Her engines are of six hundred nominal horse power, but capable of working up to five times that amount, and are on the compound high and low pressure principle. She is fitted with a deck house to protect her steering gear, and with a system of signalling by a lever and crank apparatus from the bridge to this house, so that orders can be conveyed instantly to the man at the wheel, and the receipt of these orders can be acknowledged by a return signal. There is also a steam steering apparatus in reserve, to be used in case of need, and a system of signals and return signals between the bridge and the engine-room. The vessel is divided into nine watertight compartments, by wrought-iron bulkheads, and the openings through these bulkheads, required for ordinary traffic, can be instantly closed by watertight wrought-iron doors, which are secured by lever handles acting upon wedges. The accommodation for passengers is of the most luxurious description; the sleeping cabins are large and airy, the saloons light, spacious, and tastefully decorated. The *Bothnia* carries ten boats, which are capable of containing her full complement of people; and she has a crew of one hundred and fifty officers and men, all told, divided into the three classes of seamen, engineers or firemen, and stewards. It has always been part of the Cunard Company's system that every man, whatever his duties on board the ship, should be a member of some particular boat's crew, and that the crew of each boat should be formed from all three of the classes which have been mentioned. The crews are only engaged for the single voyage out and home; and although the same men may ship over and over again, yet every crew is liable to contain men who are new to the service. As soon as all are on board, each man is informed to which boat he is attached, and who is the commanding officer of that boat, and each boat officer is expected to know every member of his boat's crew. In order to prevent mistakes, each man receives a metal badge, with a brooch fastening, which bears the number of his boat; and, as soon as an order for boat service is given, each man is expected to repair instantly to the boat to which he belongs,

and to await further orders. In each boat's crew there are four seamen, every one of whom has his definite work with regard to releasing and lowering the boat and shipping the oars, so that they all know exactly what is required of them, and are not liable to get in each other's way, or to wrangle about their duties in times of emergency. When a vessel is ready to sail, but before the passengers are received on board, a complete inspection is made by her commanding officer, who is always accompanied by one of the Messrs. MacIver, and by the marine superintendent, Captain Inglis. The crew are drawn up for the inspection in two lines, on the starboard and port sides of the deck, each man wearing the badge of his boat, and ready to answer to his name. The general muster roll having first been called, orders are given to prepare for boat service, and the men break up into the necessary number of crews, each at its own station. Each boat's crew is then called over, the four seamen answering to their names by saying "number one," "number two," "number three," and "number four," but the engineers and stewards answering "here" only. When this is done the order "boats out" is given. The boats are covered by proper tarpaulins, under which they contain such necessaries as a keg of water, oars, spars, sails, an axe, and other appliances. Each boat's crew works independently of the rest, but a certain emulation to be first stimulates them all, and in the case of the *Bothnia* three minutes suffices to have her ten boats in the water, while the captain, from his place of vantage on the bridge, looks sharply after laziness or awkwardness. When the boats are down, and proof has been given that everything connected with them is in its place and ready for service, the order to haul them in is given, and in a few more minutes they are all restored to their customary resting-places. The same organization of crews is applied to fire duty; and as soon as the boat inspection is completed a fire drill takes its place. In this some men have charge of buckets, with ropes attached to them, so that they can be filled over the side and hauled in. Others have to fetch and join the hose, to connect it with pumps worked by the engines, or to take charge of the jets. Others are prepared with blankets, to be wetted and thrown over the flames, but the essential matter is that every man has his place

and his duty, and every man is acquainted with them both. The same division into crews, as for the boats, is also used for manning the pumps; and, as soon as the fire drill is over, the pumps receive the next attention. Each crew is expected to be in its place; each pump is tested and examined, and it is shown that there is no water in the bilge. This done, the crews are dismissed, but the inspecting party proceeds to make a complete tour of the vessel. The store-rooms are visited, and the steward is cautioned with regard to his duties in respect of them, and is especially told that no other light than that of a closed and locked lamp must ever be taken to them. Every water-tight door is shut and tested to see that it moves freely on its hinges, and that none of its lever fastenings are rusted or out of order. The supply of rockets and other signals is examined, the steering and signalling apparatus tried; and only after everything has been found to be in order is the word given for the ship to embark her passengers, and to proceed upon her course. In addition to all this care, every officer is responsible for the condition of things in his own department, and the captain for all, so that the smallest imperfection would be reported as soon as it was discovered, and rectified as soon as rectification was possible. The Cunard Company does insure, but yet takes its own risks to a certain extent; and no known risks are ever incurred. If the smallest defect is discovered in any part of a ship, no question is raised of whether it will bear one voyage or two voyages more, but the order "out with it" is given at once. A passenger on board a Cunard steamer may always feel certain that everything in the ship was inspected by responsible people before the voyage was commenced, that nothing is jammed, or rusty, or out of gear, but that everything is clean, and ready to work smoothly and easily in its place. The reign of order, on such a vessel, is well nigh as absolute and as complete as on board an English man-of-war.

Among the many precautions regularly taken by the Company, it may be mentioned that, on account of the danger of navigating the Mersey by insufficient light, the ships are seldom allowed to leave Liverpool in the afternoon or evening. They generally sail in the morning; and, in consequence of the state of

the tide, this often necessitates an early departure. It not unfrequently happens that passengers are inclined to grumble at this particular provision for their safety, especially when it compels them to leave their beds on shore at an hour which they consider unreasonable. It is a source of considerable expense to the Company itself, since every ship which carries emigrants must receive a permission to depart from an official of the Board of Trade, and for this permission, when it involves a visit of inspection in other than business hours, an extra fee is demanded by the Government. The inspecting officers, on such occasions, are apt to support the passengers in grumbling; and they certainly grumble with better reason. It is strange, but none the less true, that they are not themselves permitted to receive any benefit from the higher price which is set upon their matutinal services.

Another precaution against an avoidable danger is to be found in the care which is taken to test the sight of the men who are employed in look-out duty. These men are examined, in accordance with the instructions given to the medical officers of the Company, in such a manner as to test the perfection of their vision of distant objects both by day and in fading light; and also with reference to their power of distinguishing the two lights, respectively red and green, which are carried on the port and starboard sides of ships at night. Colour blindness in a signalman is said to have been more than once the cause of a railway accident, and the defect, although less common than is generally supposed, is occasionally met with. The Cunard Company, in pursuance of their policy to foresee and provide for everything, leave no opportunity for this or any other ascertainable fault of sight to imperil the safety of their ships or passengers.

The ships of the Cunard Company have all been built in the Clyde, chiefly by the Messrs. Napier, and, of late years, by Messrs. J. and G. Thomson and others. The builders have no responsibility beyond that of following the plans and specifications which are delivered to them by the Company, and in which the most minute points of detail are provided for with a care which cannot be surpassed, and with a fulness of knowledge which is the result of more than forty years of an experience which has been

unprecedented in its extent and its variety, as well as in the liberality by which it has been guided, and in the wisdom with which its teachings have been applied.

With a fleet thus numerous, thus built, thus manned, governed, and provided, there must, it is evident, be an enormous business to be done, and one which must afford the means of subsistence to a large number of persons. It has already been said that (in the Ocean line) the crews are engaged only for a single voyage out and home; and a single sailor may be thus engaged as many as ten times in the year, and may be counted ten times over. With this preface, the first thing to mention is, that the Company shipped and discharged forty-three thousand men during the twelve months between the 1st of July, 1871, and the same date in 1872; so that they may be said to have given constant employment afloat to at least eight thousand six hundred persons, the great majority of whom would be the bread-winners of families resident in Liverpool or its vicinity; and the figures of this single year fairly represent the ordinary course of their operations. Besides the crews, about fifteen hundred men find regular employment in the work of loading and unloading the ships; and from five to fifteen hundred more are engaged, at the docks of the Company in Liverpool, in fitting and re-fitting vessels to meet the demands of different kinds of service, and in repairs. The Company, although a private undertaking in the hands of a few proprietors, is therefore entitled to rank with the great railway or other public companies as an employer of labour; and it has always been prompt to recognize the onerous responsibilities which such a position brings, not only by an active concern for the welfare of its people, but also by distinguished public services. In 1861, the Company enrolled a regiment of volunteer artillery (the 11th Lancashire), about five hundred strong, composed entirely of their own employés, and maintained it, under the command of Mr. MacIver as Lieut.-Colonel, until 1867, the officers all holding superior positions in the Company's service, so that the men, when in uniform, were still directed by those whom they were accustomed to obey. Partly from this, and partly from other advantages, the corps became one of the finest of the volunteer regiments; and

it tended in no small degree to foster a feeling of unity and of good fellowship amongst its members. The regiment was disbanded in 1867, on account of a proposal which was then made to mobilize volunteers, a proposal which, if it had been carried into effect, would have deprived the Company at once of five hundred of the most trustworthy persons in its employment. In the same year, when alarm was excited by the proceedings of the Fenians, it was thought necessary to send a body of about twelve hundred troops to Liverpool. The force consisted of ten companies of the 2nd battalion of the 7th Fusiliers, two troops of the 15th Hussars, and a battery of the Royal Artillery. Their presence was urgently required by the authorities, but there was no accommodation for them in the town. Chief Constable Major Greig, in his "Letters and Recollections of 1867," thus relates what happened:—"The utmost difficulty was felt because of the want of accommodation for troops ordered here. This in a moment was met by Colonel MacIver munificently placing at the disposal of the authorities not only his large drill shed, but also two of the Cunard mail steamers. The troops occupied them upwards of a month, and no charge was made either to the Corporation or to the Government." The ships thus used were the *Africa* and the *Australasian;* and the service was acknowledged by the Commander-in-Chief, and also by a special resolution of thanks to Mr. MacIver, passed by the Town Council of Liverpool.

The public spirit of the proprietors of the Company has been further displayed in their liberal support of charitable and other institutions for the benefit of the maritime or semi-maritime classes of Liverpool, among which the Seamen's Orphan Asylum has been prominent; and by the way in which they have assisted such institutions by counsel and advice, as well as by money. The general result of such action has been to establish a feeling of loyalty or clanship towards the Company on the part of those who eat its bread and are engaged in carrying out its undertakings. Each man, however humble his position, recognizes that he is an integral part of the great organization; that his personal zeal and fidelity will conduce to the maintenance of its high repute; and that any shortcomings of which he may be guilty will be a sort of treachery towards it. If such a feeling exists among the men, it exists in a far greater

degree among the officers, each of whom has learnt to have a personal pride in his employment, and to know that to wear the Cunard uniform is in itself a distinction and a testimonial. It is unnecessary to say how much these feelings contribute to the good working of the service, to the punctuality of the voyages, and to the safety and comfort of the passengers, who, in themselves, form a constituency of no inconsiderable magnitude.

In the year 1874, the twenty-two ocean vessels of the Atlantic fleet made one hundred and twenty-three trips from Liverpool to New York and Boston; and the same number in the opposite direction. The outward-bound steamers carried nine thousand one hundred and ninety-eight cabin passengers, and twenty-six thousand five hundred and seventy steerage passengers (mostly emigrants) from England to America. The homeward-bound steamers brought seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-three cabin passengers, and fifteen thousand one hundred and fifty-eight steerage passengers, from America to England. In a single year, therefore, the Company conveyed nearly fifty-nine thousand persons across the Atlantic; a number greater than the entire population of such a town as Exeter, Derby, Cheltenham, or Halifax, and nearly equal to that of the island of Jersey. If the officers and crews were counted, the total would be over one hundred thousand; and not only were all these people conveyed, but, as has been stated previously, they were all conveyed in safety. It is now many years ago that the increasing Atlantic traffic directed the attention of the Company to the risks that would be run if all vessels, both outward and homeward, were crowding along the most direct sailing track; and it was seen that, under such conditions, the occurrence of collisions would only be a question of time. Notwithstanding a strength of build previously unapproached in merchant steamers, notwithstanding all the safety that can be given by water-tight compartments and iron bulkheads, the inevitable effects of a collision between two of these monsters of the deep would be terrible to contemplate. It could only be possible in fog or darkness, and would probably occur at night, with perhaps some hundreds of passengers in each ship, sleeping in fancied security in their berths. It would be doubtful if any of these would survive to tell the tale; and so,

not only wise, but also wise in time, the Company determined to lay down sailing lines which should not only keep the outward and the homeward bound vessels apart, but which should also keep both vessels somewhat away from the ordinary highways of Atlantic navigation. *The outward-bound steamers, from Queenstown to New York or Boston, cross the meridian of* 50° *at* 43° *lat., or nothing to the north of* 43°; *while on the homeward passage they cross the same meridian at* 42° *lat., or nothing to the north of* 42°. Like express trains, they may be said to run upon their own up and down lines, and to follow each other at intervals which are sufficient to insure safety.

The comfort of so large a number of passengers—the "greatest happiness of the greatest number"—even on a short voyage like that between England and America, can only be secured by wise regulations firmly and temperately enforced. The regulations are based upon the experience of the whole past existence of the Company, and their enforcement rests in the hands of captains who have won their rank by a combination of tact and sound judgment with consummate seamanship, and whose names, in many instances, are household words on both sides of the Atlantic. Among the regulations, one is that each captain shall read the Divine Service of the Church of England to the crew, and to such passengers as may choose to be present, every Sunday morning; and he may also permit any clerical passenger to preach a sermon on the same occasion. The vessels carry persons of all religions, and persons of none; and the Service has more than once been objected to by members of both these classes. The only reply to their objections is a reference to the rules of the Company and to the conditions under which passage tickets are sold: one of them being that on Sunday mornings the saloon is required for the purpose indicated, and that passengers may please themselves as to whether or not they will be hearers. The same observation applies to other regulations of a more obvious character, and especially to some which are framed in order to limit the work of the servants in a manner rendered necessary by the limitation which the want of space sets to their numbers. At present, happily, the captain may generally be regarded as the constitutional sovereign of a peaceful and law-abiding

community; but a few years ago, when the differences which led to the American Civil War were smouldering, or perhaps still more while the bitter recollections which it left were still fresh, the elements of discord were often present in great activity and variety. Such, however, has been the discretion of the Cunard officers that no serious troubles have ever arisen; and it is necessary to go back nearly twenty years in order to find the record of any memorable disturbance. In 1846, one Frederic Douglas, a man of colour, came from America in the *Cambria*, then commanded by Captain Judkins, for the purpose of speaking and lecturing in England on the abolition of slavery. Until the last day of the voyage Douglas had contributed to the amusement of the passengers. The Hutchison Brothers were on board, a quartette of primitive musicians, the forerunners, perhaps, of all subsequent Christy's and other similar minstrels, bound to England on a professional tour. They gave several concerts during the voyage, and Douglas assisted in their performances by various negro imitations. Captain Judkins had no knowledge of Douglas's character or mission, and took him to be a member of the Hutchison troupe. Being a second-cabin passenger, he had not the privilege of the quarterdeck; but on the last day, after the saloon dinner, he went aft among the first-class passengers, and delivered himself of a bitter discourse on abolition, which excited to lively indignation some of the Americans who were on board. Captain Judkins had to interfere to keep the peace; and, having sent Douglas forward, he with some difficulty succeeded in restoring order. The late Mr. Eliot Warburton was a passenger on the occasion; and in "Hochelaga," a work which he soon afterwards published, he has given the following graphic account of the disturbance:—

"It was announced to us that the next morning we should be at Liverpool. On the concluding day of the voyage it is usual to prolong the dinner-hour beyond the ordinary time; a quantity of wine is put upon the table, and the gifted in song and eloquence edify the company by the exercise of their powers. The sea by this time has lost its horrors to even the most tender susceptibilities; every one is in high good humour and excitement at the prospect of a speedy release from their confinement, and it is generally made the

occasion of great rejoicing. Very flattering things are said of the qualities of the ship and the skill and virtues of the captain, and of the vast advantages of such speedy communication between the two greatest nations in the world—which is always a highly popular observation. Then the captain 'is quite at a loss for words to express the deep sense he entertains of the honour conferred on himself and his ship by the gentleman who has just now so eloquently spoken.' As soon as these agreeable subjects are exhausted the passengers find it agreeable to walk on the deck a little and cool their heads, heated with champagne and eloquence.

"At this unfortunate time, on the occasion I speak of, the negro abolition preacher made his appearance on the quarterdeck and commenced a lecture on the evils of slavery and the stain fixed by it on the character of the United States, using no measured terms of condemnation of the free and enlightened community. A large circle of his supporters gathered round him to hear his speech; those who differed from him also listened with great patience for some time, when, I must say, he became very abusive to Americans in general, trusting to being countenanced by a majority of the audience. A New Orleans man, the master of a ship in the China trade, and who had been during the greater part of the voyage, and was more particularly on this occasion, very much intoxicated, poked himself into the circle, walked up to the speaker, with his hands in his pockets and a 'quid' of tobacco in his mouth, looked at him steadily for a minute, and then said, 'I guess you're a liar!' The negro replied with something equally complimentary, and a loud altercation ensued between them. Two of the gentlemen in the circle stood forth at the same time to restore order, both beginning very mildly, but unfortunately suggesting different means of accomplishing the desired object.

"After a few words had passed between them, they became a little heated, matters quickly grew worse, and in two minutes they were applying terms to each other quite as equivocal as those used by the Chinaman and the negro. Mutual friends interfered, who immediately got up quarrels on their own account; and, in a shorter time than I have taken to describe it, the whole party, who had but half an hour before been drinking mutual good healths and

making all sorts of complimentary speeches, were scattered into a dozen stormy groups about the deck. In the centre of each stood two or three enraged disputants, with their fists almost in each other's faces; while threats and curses were poured forth in all directions. 'I'm an Englishman; I won't stand this!' 'I'm an American; I won't stand that!' The English siding with the negro; the Americans with the Chinaman. In the meantime this demon of discord had vanished, and we saw or heard no more of him or his lectures. For at least an hour the dire tumult lasted; luckily, the better class of the passengers of both countries, and the military officers on board, kept clear of the squabble, and finally their good offices lulled the tempest and separated the contending parties.

"All the rest of the night was, however, passed in explanation and excitement. One very short man, of an immense rotundity of person, kept vehemently 'guessing' that, if it had not been for some untimely interference of two of his friends, he would certainly have knocked down a broad-shouldered, good-humoured Englishman, about six feet high, who was standing by with his hands in his pockets, chuckling with the most unfeigned delight.

"We landed early the next morning, and all the men of angry passions were scattered about in an hour, perhaps never to meet again. This was altogether a disgraceful affair; the quarterdeck of a public packet ship should never have been used for the purpose of attacking the institutions of a country to which so many of the passengers belonged, no matter what opinion as to these institutions people may entertain. I am convinced that, but for the certainty of being immediately amenable to English law, it would have been the occasion of great violence, if not loss of life. The affair was a good deal remarked upon in the American papers subsequently, and, as far as it went, had an injurious and exasperating effect. It never, to my knowledge, was noticed by the English press. I understand that strict orders have been issued by the Steam Packet Company to prevent the possible recurrence of such an affair."

It is sufficiently manifest that the incident thus related must have conveyed an instructive lesson to the Company, and must have

"Sunset on the Coast of Maine"

strongly directed their attention to the sources of discord which may lie hidden beneath the courtesies of social life. That the "strict orders" mentioned by Mr. Warburton were effectual, and that nothing of the same kind has taken place at any subsequent period, is perhaps the strongest possible testimony to the discretion with which all regulations for the greater comfort of the passengers have been framed. Of late years the calm of the voyages has been only broken by the ordinary incidents of ocean life; or, more rarely, by some which may be called "extraordinary." It is not very long since the passengers in the *Russia* were startled by the announcement that one of the seamen had leaped overboard, in half a gale of wind, in the hope of rescuing a shipmate who had fallen. The ship put back and saved the gallant swimmer (who has since become world-renowned as Captain Webb); and the passengers presented him with a purse of one hundred sovereigns, as a reward for his brave, though unsuccessful, endeavour. The *Russia* was steaming at fourteen knots an hour at the time; and the promptitude which checked her course and brought her back to pick up Webb himself is scarcely less creditable than the courage which prompted his desperate leap into the mid-Atlantic. On a still more recent occasion the *Scythia* had the ill fortune to come into violent collision with a whale, which broke her screw propeller and compelled her to put back into Liverpool for repairs. The whale itself was even less fortunate than the steamer, for its carcass was soon afterwards found floating near the place of meeting, and a plate of its "whalebone" is preserved as a trophy in the Cunard Office in Liverpool.

The solicitude of the Company for the comfort and welfare of their American passengers does not terminate when they leave the steamers, but has extended to the establishment in London of a reading and smoking room at the West End Office, 28, Pall Mall. This room is open free of charge to all passengers, is supplied with the principal British, American, and Continental newspapers and journals, and forms a central and convenient place of meeting for Americans in London.

Between countries which regard a system of passports as a useless impediment to free locomotion, it is impossible to speak with absolute certainty about the nationality of all who travel. But

nothing is more curious in the experience of the Company than the great numerical preponderance of Americans among their cabin passengers. They estimate Americans, coming to Europe or returning home, at about 80 per cent. of the whole, and only allow the remaining 20 per cent. for Europeans going to or returning from America. There can be no doubt that a time will come when this disproportion will be corrected. At present it is not unnatural, for Americans seek many things in Europe which their own country cannot supply; while Europeans, in America, have comparatively little to see in the way of places famous in history or hallowed by association, and find their chief interest in studying the genius of the people and the character of the institutions, both of which can be known and understood, in some degree, by intercourse with Americans in Europe. Every year, however, this is becoming less and less the case, and America is constantly becoming more and more attractive to Englishmen, and to Englishmen of many different classes. The scarcity of skilled labour in the United States has led to the development of a fertility of inventiveness which the world has never before seen equalled; and there is scarcely a single mechanical or useful art in which our cousins are not showing us some short cut to success. Indebted to us for railroads, they commenced by avoiding many of our errors; and are already repaying our designed and undesigned instruction by giving us the best models of carriages for luxurious travelling, and the best models of those continuous brakes which promise to afford so much security against accident. In the science of politics and in the art of government, local or municipal as well as national, they are working out before our eyes, so swiftly that the process can be watched and understood, the practical solution of many problems which are beginning to press hardly upon older communities, although in the latter, the march of events being fettered by venerable institutions, there will probably be ample time to benefit by the experience which is being gained where thought and action are more free. The centenary year of Independence had a certain tendency to keep Americans at home and to direct strangers to their shores; and among these strangers Englishmen and Englishwomen were to be counted in unusual numbers. Those who have been once will, it may be

hoped, be anxious to go again, and thus to cement more closely the union between the two nationalities. Towards this or that feature of American life or politics, or towards this or that peculiarity in social or individual customs, different classes of English society may entertain different degrees of sympathy; but in all alike there is no shadow of difference in the hearty good-will and admiration which is felt for the great people who share with us our inheritance of the language of Shakspeare and Milton who share also our respect for law and for liberty, and who equal, even if they do not surpass, the proverbial love of an Englishman for his country. To those who can see below the surface of things, it is often highly interesting to observe the real community of feeling which exists between the masses of the two countries; and perhaps this was never displayed in a more striking manner than during that great Civil War which, by interfering with the supply of cotton, reduced the operatives of Lancashire to dire extremities of hardship and want. There were many who believed and hoped that these extremities would produce such discontent and turbulence as to compel the English Government to intervene in some way in the contest; and, if any other issue had been at stake, such expectations might possibly have been fulfilled. But the Lancashire operatives thought that they saw the very root of the quarrel, and they believed from the first that the victory of the North would mean the liberation of the slave. Putting aside all minor or accidental considerations, they grasped this as a central truth with unwavering hold, and they determined to submit in silence—to die, if need were—rather than to pursue any course by which that liberation could be impeded or postponed. The history of the cotton famine, if it could be truly written, would present a picture of heroism and endurance equal to that of any of those who were fighting the same battle on American soil; and it would point to an unison of feeling and a depth of real resemblance between the two peoples which would be hardly increased, but which would at least be rendered more manifest and obvious, by greater intercourse between them. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the records of the Company may for the future show a constant increase in the already great

number of those English who include the States in the circuit of their travels.

While every possible attention has been paid to the conveyance and the comfort of passengers, the mode of execution of the mail contracts has been such as to give the most complete satisfaction to the postal department. As regards these contracts, indeed, the Company may be said to be in the happy position of the Nation that has no history. They have been entered into and fulfilled, and that is all. The fact that this was so was once brought into remarkable prominence in the House of Commons. The withdrawal of the famous "Galway Subsidy" had rendered some of the Irish members very curious about the conduct of other mail companies, in the hope that their earlier years might show defaults like those for which the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company had been condemned. Accordingly, on the 13th of June, 1861, Mr. Gregory asked the then Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. F. Peel, "the number and date of the different breaches of contract committed by the Cunard, Peninsular and Oriental, and West India Companies, during the two first years of their service, and the number of penalties imposed; and, in how many instances such penalties had been remitted by the Treasury?" Before the question was answered, Colonel French asked further, "Why the order of the House for the production of the papers had not been obeyed?" Mr. Peel replied "that the return was being prepared at the Admiralty. With regard to the first question, the period to which it referred was so distant from the present time that he had had difficulty in tracing the information. He had, however, succeeded, and he would state to the House the result. The Cunard Company had been in existence since 1840; and not only during the first two years, but from first to last there had been no breach of contract. They had incurred no penalties, and had never asked any indulgence from the Government. They had carried the mails with undeviating regularity during the twenty-one years those contracts had been in force." The cheers of the House at this announcement, which could be made again to-day, were the best possible evidence how much the service thus rendered was appreciated in Parliament.

Besides passengers and mails, the great fleet conveys every year countless tons of merchandise, composed of articles infinite in number and in variety. The greater part of this is a homeward trade, because, in the ships which carry out emigrants, more of the steerage is left free for cargo on the homeward voyage. Still there are large exports, consisting to a great extent of iron machinery of various kinds, yarn, soda, fine goods from Manchester, French silks, and "*articles de Paris.*" The imports consist largely of cotton, cheese, grain, and leather; and the best notion of the magnitude of the transactions of the Company may be gathered from the amounts which they pay in tonnage dues, and from the proportion borne by these amounts to the whole tonnage of the port of Liverpool. Taking eight years, from July, 1866, to July, 1874, and quoting from the figures of the official returns, it appears that during this time the Company paid no less than one hundred and eighty-nine thousand three hundred and fifty-one pounds sterling in tonnage dues, or an average of close upon twenty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-eight pounds a year. In the same period the total tonnage dues of the port were, for steam and sailing vessels together, two million four hundred and nine thousand three hundred and four pounds; and, for steamers alone, one million two hundred and twenty-six thousand and forty-five pounds. It follows that the Cunard Company pay about one-thirteenth of the total tonnage dues, and about one-seventh of the steam tonnage dues, of the port of Liverpool, and, with this crowning evidence of the greatness of their work, this brief narrative of its rise and progress may be fitly brought to a conclusion.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT FOR TEN YEARS,

COMMENCING 1866-67 AND ENDING 1875-76.

Year.	No. of Vessels.			Tonnage.			Mac Iver's Proportion to		Revenue.						Mac Iver's Proportion to	
	Total entered by Return, Steam and Sailing.	Steam Trade alone.	Mac Iver.	Total by Dock Board Return, Steam and Sailing.	Steam Trade alone.	Mac Iver.	Total Tonnage, Steam and Sailing.	Steam Tonnage alone.	Total derived from Tonnage of Steam and Sailing.			Amount derived from Steam Trade.			Amount paid by Mac Iver.			Total Revenue, Steam and Sailing.	Steam Trade Revenue.
									£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		
1866-67	20,170	5,512	556	5,318,057	2,555,868	368,379	Over 1-14th	Under 1-7th	257,262	9	10	114,277	19	6	19,954	11	2	Over 1-12th	Under 1-6th
1867-68	20,218	5,470	537	5,497,924	2,579,678	372,877	Over 1-14th	Under 1-7th	272,188	3	9	117,398	15	7	20,270	9	5	Over 1-13th	Under 1-6th
1868-69	19,171	5,733	508	5,378,587	2,734,477	390,275	Under 1-14th	1-7th	264,696	17	5	128,769	1	11	21,658	12	1	Over 1-12th	Under 1-6th
1869-70	19,492	6,163	534	5,728,504	2,935,278	412,049	Under 1-14th	1-7th	287,142	14	10	137,134	13	0	22,788	9	9	Over 1-12th	1-6th
1870-71	20,121	6,595	514	6,131,745	3,241,018	437,861	1-14th	1-7th	310,174	8	9	155,184	11	4	23,921	12	3	1-13th	Over 1-6th
1871-72	20,861	7,019	572	6,530,386	3,645,764	484,813	1-13th	Over 1-7th	328,500	17	7	178,423	3	4	26,953	5	11	1-12th	Over 1-6th
1872-73	19,442	6,923	563	6,574,742	3,916,820	483,540	Under 1-14th	1-8th	336,024	1	8	195,374	0	6	27,041	16	4	Over 1-12th	1-7th
1873-74	19,186	6,818	535	6,710,093	3,910,425	471,258	Over 1-14th	Over 1-8th	353,314	7	11	199,483	12	11	26,763	1	11	1-13th	Over 1-7th
1874-75	18,287	6,745	449	6,588,731	3,849,676	427,965	1-15th	1-9th	348,108	10	2	200,174	9	11	25,448	17	8	Over 1-13th	Under 1-8th
1875-76	18,325	6,908	433	6,805,970	4,014,956	414,407	Over 1-16th	Under 1-10th	363,794	11	10	211,867	8	2	25,236	12	5	Over 1-14th	Over 1-8th

FLEET OF STEAM SHIPS.

OCEAN SERVICE.

ABYSSINIA.
ALEPPO.
ALGERIA.
ALPHA.
ATLAS.
BALBEC.
BATAVIA.
BETA.
BOTHNIA.
BREST.
BRITISH QUEEN.
CHERBOURG.
CHINA.
DELTA.
DEMERARA.
HECLA.
KEDAR.
MALTA.
MARATHON.
MOROCCO.
NANTES.
OLYMPUS.
PALMYRA.
PARTHIA.
RUSSIA.
SAMARIA.
SARAGOSSA.
SCOTIA.
SCYTHIA.
SIBERIA.
SIDON.
STROMBOLI.
TARIFA.
TRINIDAD.

CHANNEL SERVICE.

BEAR.
BUFFALO.
CAMEL.
HORNET.
JACKAL.
LLAMA.
OWL.
PENGUIN.
RACOON.
RAVEN.
SATELLITE.
WASP.

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS.

READING ROOM, &c.,

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NEWSPAPERS AND JOURNALS.

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NOTICE.

With the view of diminishing the chances of Collision, the Steamers of this Line take a specified course for all seasons of the year.

On the Outward Passage from Queenstown to New York or Boston, crossing the Meridian of 50° at 43° Lat., or nothing to the North of 43.°

On the Homeward Passage, crossing the Meridian of 50° at 42° Lat., or nothing to the North of 42°.

BETWEEN

LIVERPOOL,

Via QUEENSTOWN, AND

NEW YORK & BOSTON.

FLEET OF STEAM SHIPS.

Abyssinia.	China.	Morocco.	Saragossa.
Aleppo.	Demerara.	Olympus.	Scotia.
Algeria.	Hecla.	Palmyra.	Scythia.
Atlas.	Kedar.	Parthia.	Siberia.
Batavia.	Malta.	Russia.	Sidon.
Bothnia.	Marathon.	Samaria.	Tarifa.
			Trinidad.

From LIVERPOOL

Every Saturday for NEW YORK (*Viâ Queenstown*) & every Thursday for BOSTON.

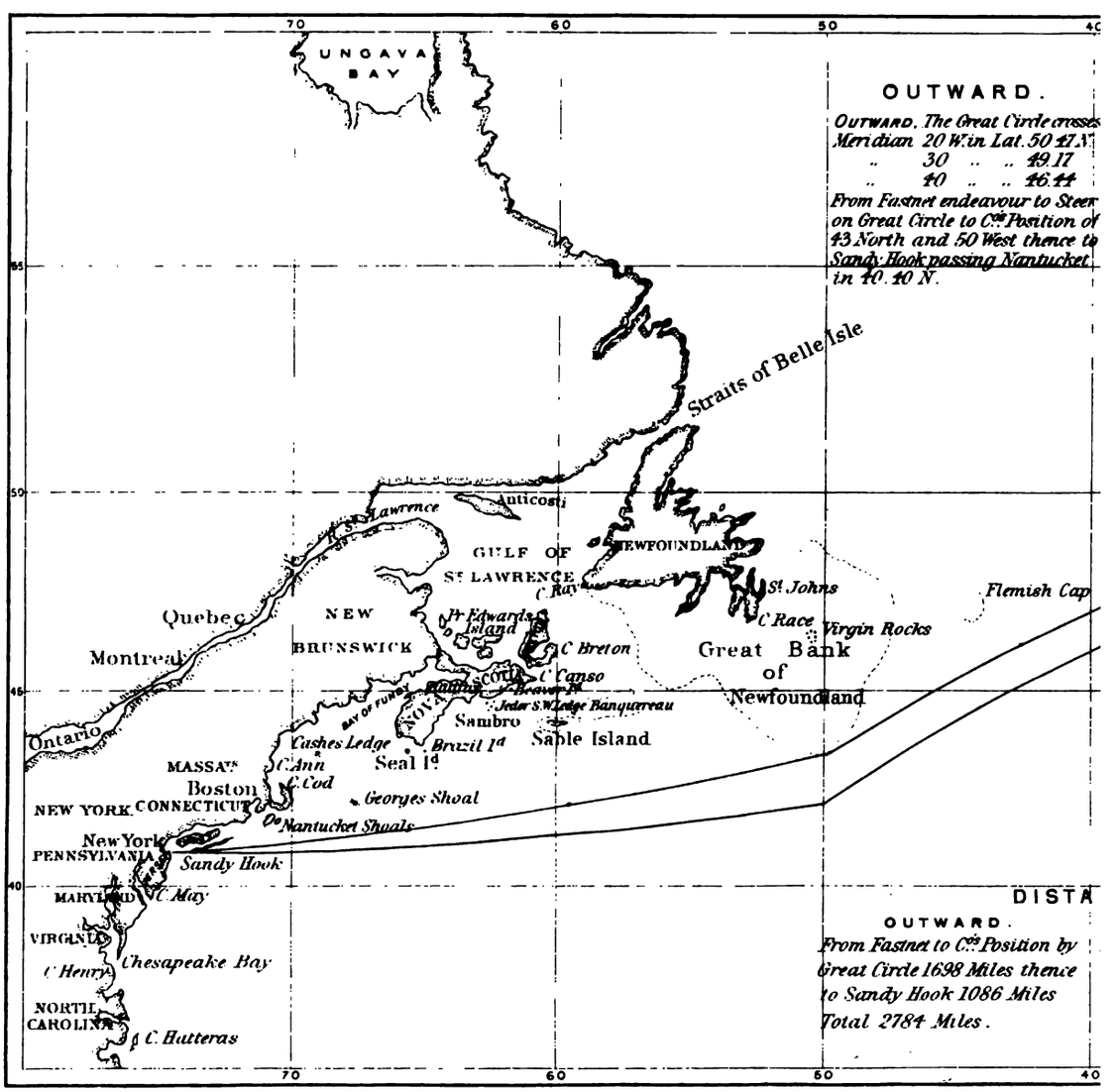
PASSENGERS BOOKED THROUGH TO

SAN FRANCISCO, CHINA, JAPAN, INDIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND AUSTRALIA,

BY PACIFIC RAILWAY AND MAIL STEAMERS.

[*Continued on next page.*

TRACK
OF
BRITISH & NORTH AMERICAN RO
CUNAR
Shewing the Routes taken to and fr



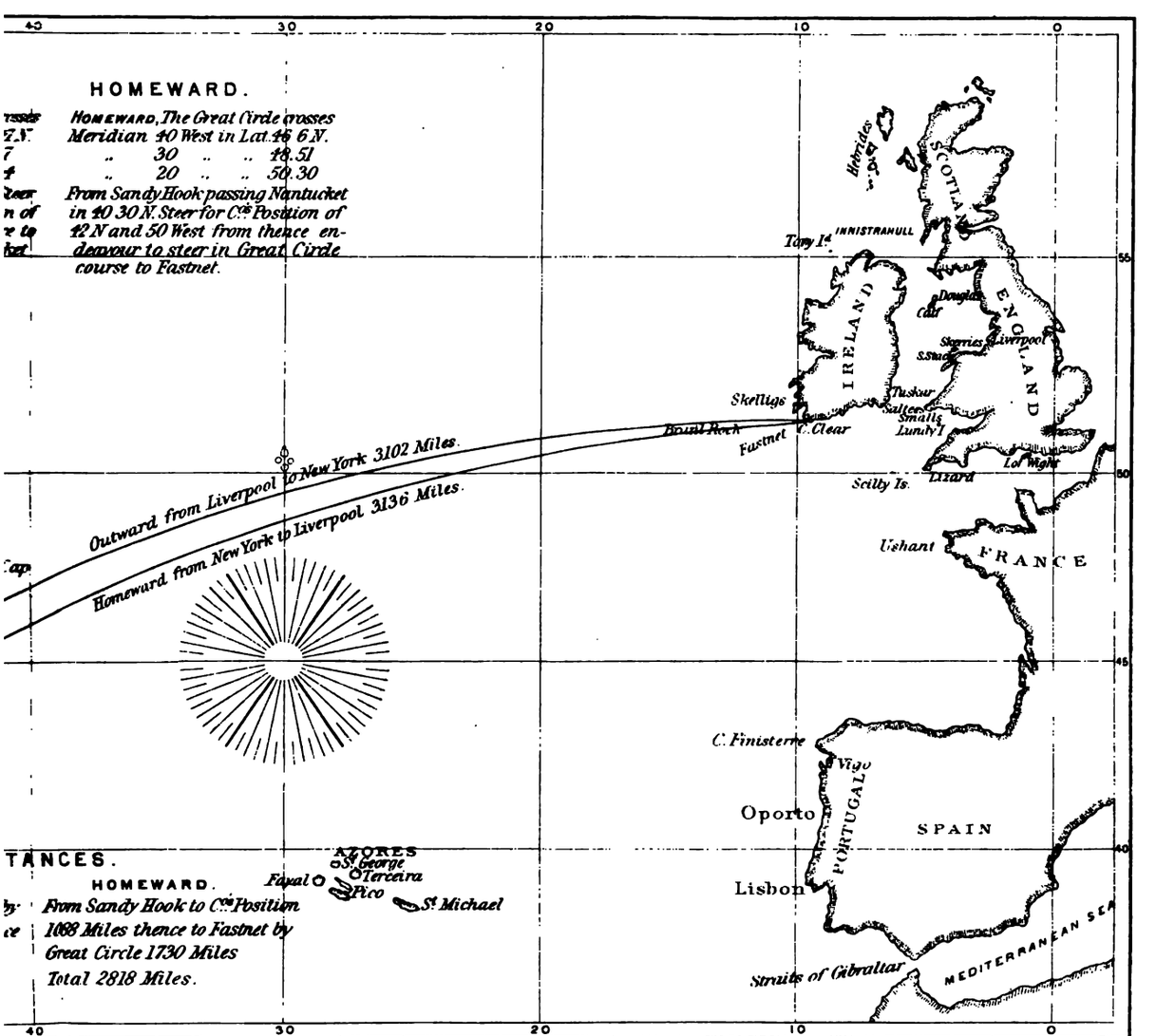
CHART

OF THE

OYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

RD LINE.

from America by the Company's Steamers.



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ALEPPO	HECLA	PALMYRA
ATLAS	KEDAR	SAMARIA
BALBEC	MALTA	SARAGOSSA
BREST	MARATHON	SIBERIA
BRITISH QUEEN	MOROCCO	SIDON
CHERBOURG	NANTES	STROMBOLI
DEMERARA	OLYMPUS	TARIFA
		TRINIDAD

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Steamers sail every Week for

GIBRALTAR, GENOA, LEGHORN, NAPLES, TRIESTE and VENICE,

Calling every Fortnight at

PALERMO, MESSINA, CATANIA, PATRAS, CORFU, BARI and ANCONA, and frequently proceeding to ALEXANDRIA.

LEVANT LINE.

EVERY THREE WEEKS FOR

GIBRALTAR, MALTA, SYRA, SMYRNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, AND (SOMETIMES) SULINA.

TAKING CARGO AT THROUGH RATES TO

PIRÆUS, VOLO, DEDE-AGATCH, SALONICA, TREBIZONDE, VARNA, BURGOS, BATOUM, SAMSOUN, POTI, KUSTENDJIE, GALATZ, AND IBRAIL.

LIVERPOOL TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.

FARES

(FROM LIVERPOOL), INCLUDING PROVISIONS, BUT WITHOUT WINES OR LIQUORS, WHICH CAN BE OBTAINED ON BOARD.

To **GIBRALTAR**	£10	0	
,, **GENOA**	13	13	
,, **LEGHORN**	14	14	
,, **NAPLES**	15	15	
,, **PALERMO and CATANIA** (*viâ Italy*)	16	16	
,, **MESSINA** (*viâ*) *Italy*	17	17	
,, **PATRAS**	20	0	
To **CORFU**	£20	0	
,, **ANCONA**	21	0	
,, **TRIESTE**	21	0	
,, **MALTA**	15	0	
,, **SYRA**	18	0	
,, **SMYRNA**	20	0	
,, **CONSTANTINOPLE**	20	0	
,, **MALTA and back**	25	0	

Voyage out and Home, £40.

CHILDREN OVER 2 AND UNDER 12 YEARS OF AGE HALF FARE.

The Passage-money as above is exclusive of beer, wines, and spirits; and, in the event of quarantine, passengers will be maintained on board at the rate of 5s. per day.

PASSENGERS.—Tickets are granted for the voyage out and home, by any one of the above routes, for £40 each passenger, available for four months, entitling the holder to stop at two ports on the route, and to continue the voyage by succeeding steamers. Malta and Gibraltar are generally the only ports at which the steamers call on the passage home. The voyage out and home usually occupies from seven to eight weeks.

BAGGAGE.—First-class passengers are allowed 20 cubic feet of personal baggage. One shilling per cubic foot will be charged on all above that quantity. Names and destination to be distinctly marked on the packages; and passengers are requested to reduce to the smallest quantity such indispensable articles as they may require to have in the cabins, in which no heavy baggage, trunks, boxes, or portmanteaus are allowed. The Company not to be held liable for any damage to or loss of baggage, nor for unavoidable delays, accidents, fire, steam, or sea risk of any kind whatever.

The length of the passage from Liverpool to Gibraltar is about 5 days; Genoa, 10 days; Leghorn, 12 days; Naples, 14 days; Palermo, 15 days; Messina, 16 days; Patras, 17 days; Corfu, 18 days; Catania, 16 days; Bari, 17 days; Ancona, 18 days; Trieste, 20 days; Venice, 26 days; Malta, 10 days; Syra, 13 days; Smyrna, 14 days; and Constantinople, 16 days.

The stay at Gibraltar, Malta, Syra, Palermo, Messina, Patras, Corfu, Catania, and Bari, is about 12 hours at each; at Leghorn, 1 day; Ancona, 1 day; Naples, 1 day; Genoa, 2 days; Trieste, 6 days; Venice, 6 days; Constantinople, 6 days; Smyrna, outwards 1 day, homewards 6 days; and Alexandria, 8 days.

FOREIGN AGENTS:—M. H. BLAND & Co., Gibraltar; CARLO FIGOLI, Genoa; WILLIAM MILLER, Leghorn; HOLME & Co., Naples; THOMAS BROTHERS, Palermo; EDWARD OATES & NEPHEW, Messina; DENNIS MALTESO, Patras; PANAJOTTI CREMIDI, Corfu; PAOLUCCI PAGANINI & Co., Bari; FRANCIS KANE, Ancona; A. & C. M. SCHRÖDER, Trieste; G. SARFATTI, Venice; ROSE & Co., Malta; ANTONIO E. MAVROGORDATO, Syra; T. & J. MALCOZZI, Smyrna; C. & E. GRACE, Constantinople; WATSON & YOUELL, Sulina & Galatz; R. MUNTZ, Odessa; BARKER & Co., Alexandria; JOSE SERRA Y CALSINA, Barcelona; F. SAGRISTA Y COLL, Valencia and Carthagena; M. SANCHEZ DELGADO, Almeria; ANDREW REYES, Malaga; E. PINTO BASTO & Co., Lisbon; etc., etc.

For further particulars, apply in London to WILLIAM CUNARD, 6, St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate Street, and 28, Pall Mall, S.W.; in Glasgow to G. & J. BURNS, 267, Argyle Street; in Manchester at 77A, Market Street; or to

BURNS & MAC IVER, 1, RUMFORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

FRENCH SERVICE.

BALBEC. **BRITISH QUEEN.** **NANTES.**
BREST. **CHERBOURG.** **STROMBOLI.**

These or other First-Class Steamers are intended to Sail (with or without Pilots) Regularly, TWICE EACH WEEK, between

LIVERPOOL
AND
HAVRE

(Unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances).

FARES.

TO HAVRE.		FROM HAVRE.	
CABIN	25s.	CABIN	30 fr.
STEERAGE	15s.	STEERAGE	20 fr.

THROUGH GOODS RATES
TO
Paris, Rouen, Dieppe, Caen, Amiens, Mulhouse, & Bâle;

And to and from other Towns as may be agreed upon.

CONSIGNEES' NAMES MUST BE GIVEN ON BILLS OF LADING FOR THE INTERIOR.

For further information apply to BURNS & MAC IVER, 21, Quai d'Orleans, Havre; 12, Place de la Bourse, Paris; to **WILLIAM CUNARD**, 28, Pall Mall, S.W., and 6, St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., London; **G. & J. BURNS**, 267, Argyle Street, Glasgow; or to

BURNS & MAC IVER, 1, Rumford Street, LIVERPOOL.

Jan. 1, 1877.

BERMUDA AND ST. THOMAS.

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE.

ALPHA, BETA, DELTA,

THESE OR OTHER FIRST-CLASS STEAMERS

CARRYING HER MAJESTY'S MAILS,

WILL LEAVE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,

FOR

BERMUDA AND ST. THOMAS,

EVERY FOURTH MONDAY,

Arriving at BERMUDA about the Fourth Day, and at ST. THOMAS about the Ninth Day, after Departure from Halifax;

Leaving ST. THOMAS for HALIFAX the Next Day, Calling at BERMUDA.

EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATION FOR PASSENGERS.

GOODS CARRIED AT MODERATE RATES OF FREIGHT.

Apply to WILLIAM CUNARD, Halifax; at the Company's Office, New York, to CHARLES G. FRANCKLYN, Agent; at the Company's Office, Boston, to JAMES ALEXANDER, Agent; in London, to **WILLIAM CUNARD**, 28, Pall Mall, S.W., and 6, St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.; in Dundee, to G. & J. BURNS, 11, Panmure Street; in Glasgow, to **G. & J. BURNS**, 267, Argyle Street; or to

D. & C. MAC IVER, 8, Water Street, LIVERPOOL.

Jan. 1, 1877.

STEAM COMMUNICATION

BETWEEN

GLASGOW AND LONDONDERRY,

CALLING AT GREENOCK AND MOVILLE.

The Steam-Ship "BEAR,"

OR OTHER VESSEL, SAILS

FROM GLASGOW,

Every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 4 p.m. in Summer, and 3 p.m. in Winter.

And from GREENOCK, at 8 o'Clock Evening, on arrival of 7 p.m. Caledonian Train from Bridge Street, Glasgow.

FROM LONDONDERRY,

Every MONDAY and THURSDAY ... at 6 o'Clock, Evening.

FARES

BETWEEN GLASGOW OR GREENOCK AND LONDONDERRY.

(INCLUDING STEWARD'S FEE.)

CABIN and FIRST CLASS, Single Journey, including Railway Fare ...	12s. 6d.
Do. Do. RETURN, Do. ...	20s.
STEERAGE, Not including Railway Fare	4s.

PASSENGERS are BOOKED THROUGH between GLASGOW, PAISLEY (First Class only), or GREENOCK, and the principal Railway Stations in the North of Ireland.

These Fares are exclusive of Conveyance of Passengers or their Luggage between the Railway Terminus in Greenock or in Londonderry and the Steamer.

All **Return Tickets** are available for One Calendar Month, and *Are Not Transferable.* If not used within the prescribed period they are cancelled. No allowance will be made for any Ticket lost, mislaid, or not used.

Tickets must be procured before going on board the Steamers. Cabin Berths secured at the Steam-Packet Offices in Glasgow and Londonderry. Cabin Tickets sold at the Railway Stations at Glasgow and Paisley. Servants in Cabin pay full fare; Children above 2 years and under 12 years of age pay 6s. 6d. each in Cabin and 2s. in Steerage. No Half Return Tickets issued.

☞ Passengers must take charge of their own Luggage, as the Ship is not responsible in any way for its safety.

Passengers holding Through Tickets must complete the Journey within the 24 hours, as these Tickets do not allow them to remain in Londonderry over a night.

HORSES, CARRIAGES, LIVE STOCK, and GOODS, are received and Shipped subject to the Clauses and Conditions printed in the Bills of Lading of this Line.

Goods are Booked Through to or from Glasgow or Greenock and Omagh, Enniskillen, Clones and other Irish North-Western Stations.

Flax Carried at Moderate Through Rates from all the Principal Markets in the North of Ireland to Greenock and Glasgow.

Cattle Carried at very Low Through Rates between Londonderry and Carlisle, *via* Greenock or *via* Glasgow.

Gunpowder will not be carried by these Vessels on any Terms, and Aquafortis, Vitriol, and other hazardous articles can only be taken by special agreement. The Senders, Consignees, and owners of dangerous articles are responsible under all circumstances for damage occasioned by or to the same.

The contents of Boxes and Packages containing Liquids must be specified in the Shipping Note before shipment.

Apply to D. LIVINGSTONE, LONDONDERRY; to WILLIAM SINCLAIR, GREENOCK; to G. & J. BURNS, DUNDEE; to C. MAC IVER & CO., 1, Rumford Street, LIVERPOOL; or to

G. & J. BURNS, 267, Argyle Street, GLASGOW.

Jan. 1, 1877.

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND,

ROYAL MAIL LINE.

DAILY SERVICE

BETWEEN

GLASGOW & BELFAST

Via GREENOCK (Prince's Pier),

In connection with the Glasgow and South-Western and other Railways.

ROYAL MAIL STEAM-SHIPS

RACOON, CAMEL, LLAMA, BUFFALO, PENGUIN, BEAR, HORNET, WASP,

ARE APPOINTED BY HER MAJESTY'S POSTMASTER-GENERAL TO SAIL

(Unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances) as undernoted:—

FROM GLASGOW.

EVERY DAY (Sunday excepted) by Steamer punctually at 5 P.M. in Summer, and 3 P.M. in Winter, and by Train from St. Enoch's Station, Glasgow, at 8 P.M., Paisley (by preceding Train) at 7-14 P.M., to join the Vessel sailing from Prince's Pier, Greenock, at 8-45 P.M.

FROM BELFAST.

EVERY EVENING (Sunday excepted) at 8 P.M., to connect with Train leaving Prince's Pier, Greenock, at 4-45 A.M., due in Paisley at 5-15 A.M., and in Glasgow at 5-30 A.M. (No Train from Greenock to Glasgow on Sundays.)

For Through Booking Connections with DUBLIN, LONDONDERRY, PORTRUSH, EDINBURGH, &c., &c., *see Time Tables.*

FARES BETWEEN GLASGOW, PAISLEY, OR GREENOCK AND BELFAST

(INCLUDING STEWARD'S FEE).

CABIN AND FIRST CLASS, SINGLE JOURNEY, **12s. 6d.** RETURN, **20s.**

STEERAGE AND THIRD CLASS, SINGLE JOURNEY ... ... **4s.**

PASSENGERS are BOOKED THROUGH between GLASGOW, PAISLEY, or GREENOCK, and the principal Railway Stations in IRELAND; also from BELFAST to the principal Railway Stations in SCOTLAND and the NORTH OF ENGLAND.

PASSENGERS.

ALL RETURN TICKETS are available for One Calendar Month, but are NOT TRANSFERABLE. If not used within the prescribed period they are cancelled. No allowance will be made for any Ticket lost, mislaid, or not used.

The Fares are exclusive of Conveyance of Passengers, or their Luggage, between the Railway Termini in Glasgow or Belfast, and the Royal Mail Steamers, but Passengers' Luggage is transferred to and from the Steamers and Trains at Prince's Pier, Greenock, free of charge.

The North and East of Scotland Through Fares include conveyance between Glasgow and Greenock by Railway.

Passengers holding Through Tickets for or from interior Irish Stations must proceed from Belfast on the day of arrival there, except on Sunday, when they may remain over until Monday.

Tickets must be procured before going on board the Steamers. Cabin Berths secured at the Steam-Packet Offices in Glasgow and Belfast. Servants in Cabin pay full fare. Local fare of children above 2 years and under 12 years of age, 6s. 6d. each in cabin, and 2s. in Steerage. No Half-Return Tickets issued.

Londonderry Tickets are available *via* Coleraine or Omagh.

Passengers must take charge of their Luggage, as the Ship is not responsible in any way for its safety unless booked.

GOODS AND LIVE STOCK.

DAILY COMMUNICATION with Stations on every Railway in Scotland, the North of England, and the North of Ireland, and the utmost despatch ensured by the Caledonian, North British, and Glasgow and South-Western Routes, *via GREENOCK or GLASGOW.* Wagons run alongside Steamers at East India Wharf, and Albert Harbour, Greenock.

Through Rates to and from Belfast to the Principal Railway Stations in Scotland, and Newcastle, Gateshead, Shields, Durham and other Stations on the North-Eastern Railway, and between Glasgow or Greenock and the Principal Railway Stations in Ireland.

Moderate Through Rates for FLAX from the Markets in the North of Ireland to Greenock and Glasgow.

GOODS taken at Through Rates between Belfast and Hamburgh, Haarburg, Stettin, Copenhagen, Ghent, Dunkirk, Lille, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, *via* Leith; Rotterdam, *via* Grangemouth; and Bordeaux and Havre, *via* Glasgow.

In order to prevent Delay by their being sent by any other Route, Goods should be addressed "Per Messrs. BURNS STEAMERS."

HORSES, CARRIAGES, LIVE STOCK AND GOODS, are received and shipped subject to the Clauses and Conditions printed in the Bills of Lading of this Line.

NO LIVE STOCK Carried by the SATURDAY EVENING STEAMERS.

Gunpowder will not be carried by these vessels on any terms, and Aquafortis, Vitriol, and other hazardous articles, can only be taken by special agreement.

For further particulars, apply in DUNDEE to G. & J. BURNS, 11, Panmure Street; in GREENOCK to WM. SINCLAIR, Excise Buildings; in BELFAST to A. G. S. M'CULLOCH & SON, or CHARLEY & MALCOLM, Donegall Quay; in LIVERPOOL to C. MAC IVER & CO., 1, Rumford Street; or to

Jan. 1, 1877. G. & J. BURNS, 267, Argyle Street, GLASGOW.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

OWL, RAVEN, PENGUIN,

These or other first-class Steamers sail regularly (almost DAILY), with Goods and Passengers, between

LIVERPOOL & GLASGOW

CALLING AT GREENOCK.

Passengers may join the Steamer at Greenock by Caledonian Railway trains from Glasgow.

GOODS Carried at LOW THROUGH RATES between MANCHESTER and GLASGOW.

Horses, Carriages, Live Stock, and Goods are Received and Shipped subject to the Clauses and Conditions printed on the Bills of Lading of this Line.

☞ Passengers must take charge of their own Luggage, as the Ship is not responsible in any way for its safety.

The Contents of Boxes and Packages containing Liquids must be specified in the Shipping Note before shipment.

Gunpowder, Aquafortis, Vitriol, Petroleum, Paraffine, Naphtha, Shale, or any other Dangerous Oils or Spirits, will not be carried by these Vessels on any terms. The Senders, Consignees, and Owners of dangerous articles are responsible under all circumstances for damage occasioned by or to the same.

FARES:—CABIN (Including Steward's Fee) 12s. 6d.; RETURN, £1; STEERAGE, 6s.

Servants in Cabin pay full fare; Children above 2 years and under 12 years of age pay 6s. 6d. each in Cabin and 3s. in Steerage. No Half Return Tickets issued.

RETURN TICKETS are available for One Calendar Month, by OWL, RAVEN, PENGUIN, or PRINCESS ROYAL and are *Not Transferable.* If not used within the prescribed period they are cancelled. No allowance made for Tickets lost, mislaid, or not used.

G. & J. BURNS,

267, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW; AND 11, PANMURE STREET, DUNDEE.

C. MAC IVER & CO.,

1, RUMFORD STREET, LIVERPOOL; AND 77A, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

OFFICES OF THE BRIDGEWATER NAVIGATION CO., LIMITED, AND OLD QUAY COMPANY,

1, MEAL STREET AND WATER STREET, MANCHESTER.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR,

EXCISE BUILDINGS, GREENOCK.

Jan. 1, 1877.

CUNARD LINE.

Post Office Telegraphs.

NOTICE.

UNDER special arrangement with the Postmaster-General, the Pursers upon the Transatlantic Steam Ships of the Cunard Line are supplied with *TELEGRAPH MESSAGE FORMS*, and are authorized to take charge of Telegrams (properly prepaid by means of British Telegraph Stamps, which can also be obtained from the Pursers) addressed by Passengers to places in the United Kingdom.

All such Telegrams entrusted by Passengers to the Purser will be sent off to the Postal Telegraph Office at the first port of arrival in the United Kingdom, for transmission to destination forthwith.

The charge for the transmission of Messages throughout the United Kindgom is One Shilling for the first twenty words, and Three Pence for every additional group of five words or part of a group of five words.

The Names and Addresses of the Sender and Addressee are not charged for.

The Telegrams should be written plainly, not more than one word in each space provided in the body of the message. Figures should not be used, except perhaps in the Address; the Post Office prefer numbers being written out in full in the body of the message for the sake of accuracy.

There are at present upwards of 5000 Telegraph Offices open in the United Kingdom, all of which have means of communication with the Postal Telegraph Office above referred to.

BILL OF FARE.

BRITISH & NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL STEAM-SHIPS.

BREAKFAST.

Dishes of Beef Steaks.
,, Mutton Chops.
,, Pork Chops.
,, Veal Cutlets.
,, Smoked Salmon.
,, Broiled Chicken.

Dishes of Fried Ham.
,, Cold Meats.
,, Stews.
Eggs in Omelettes.
,, Boiled.
Hominy.

Mush.

DINNER.

	ROAST.	*BOILED.*
Soups		
Dishes Fish		
,, Beef		
,, Mutton		
,, Lamb		
,, Veal		
,, Pork		
,, Pigs		
,, Turkeys		
,, Geese		
,, Ducks		
,, Fowls		
,, Currie		
,, Stews		
Fricassée		
Made Dishes		
Calves' Heads		

VEGETABLES, ASSORTED.

PASTRY.

Apple Pies.
Apple Puddings.
Raspberry Tarts.
Strawberry Tarts.
Cranbury Tarts.
Plum Tarts.
Damson Tarts.
Gooseberry Tarts.
Roll Puddings.
Plum Puddings.
Rice Puddings.
Pancakes.

Omelettes.

LIST OF PRICES

FOR

WINES, SPIRITS, AND OTHER LIQUORS.

WINES.

		Per Quart. s. d.	Per Pint s. d
CHAMPAGNE,	**WACHTER'S** extra Cuvée, as selected for Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family.		
	HEIDSIECK & Co.		
	ROEDERER		
	G. H. MUMM & Co., Carte Blanche, and Extra Dry.	... 7 6	... 4 0
	RUINART PERE ET FILS ...		
	PERRIER JOUET & Co. ...		
	KRUG & Co.		
	BOLLINGER		
CLARET, First Quality	... ...	... 6 0	... 3 6
Do. Second Quality	... ...	... 3 6	... 2 0
HOCK	... ...	... 5 0	... 3 0
SPARKLING HOCK ...	... ...	... 5 0	... 3 0
Do. MOSELLE	... ...	... 5 0	... 3 0
Do. BURGUNDY (White)	... ...	... 6 0	... —
PORT	... ...	... 4 0	... —
SHERRY...	... ...	... 4 0	... —
CHABLIS	... ...	... 3 0	... —
MADEIRA	... ...	... 7 6	... —
CHARTREUSE (Liqueur)	... ...	... 5 0	... —

SPIRITS.

	Per Pint. s. d.	Per Glass. s. d.
BRANDY...	... ...	... 3 0	... 0 6
WHISKY (Dublin)	... ...	... 2 6	... 0 6

(The famous brands of John Jameson & Son, Wm. Jameson & Co., Sir John Power & Son, and George Roe & Co.)

WHISKY (Scotch)	... ...	... 2 6	... 0 6
HOLLANDS	... ...	... 4 0	... 0 6
OLD TOM	... ...	... 3 0	... 0 6

Ale, 6d. Porter, 6d. Soda Water, 6d. Ginger Ale, 6d. Lemonade, 6d. English Seltzer, 6d. German Seltzer, 1s. Congress Water, 1s. Kali Potass, 6d. Sarsaparilla, 6d.

ALL, EXCEPT WINES, TO BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

The Steward is directed to Present and Collect the Wine Bills against Passengers on the day previous to the Ship's Arrival.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

It being obvious that, on a Passage of some days' duration, th comfort of a numerous body of PASSENGERS must very much depend upon the manner in which they themselves assist in promoting it, a cheerful acquiescence is expected in the following Regulations and Suggestions, which, if in any instance at variance with the opinions, habits, or inclinations of the few, are framed with a regard to the comfort of the whole.

1.—In case of dissatisfaction with any of the Servants, it is requested that the Head Steward may be informed, and, if the grievance be not immediately redressed, that the Captain be appealed to, and, if of a serious nature, that it be represented in writing, in order that it may be brought before the Agents at the conclusion of the Voyage.

2.—The Stewards and Boys are engaged on the express understanding that at Table they attend in becoming Apparel.

3.—The State-rooms to be swept, and Carpets taken out and shaken, every Morning after Breakfast. To be washed once a-week, if the weather is dry.

4.—The Saloon and Ladies' Cabins to be swept every Morning before Breakfast, beginning at 5 o'clock.

5.—Bedding to be turned over as soon as Passengers quit their Cabins. Slops to be emptied and Basins cleaned at the same time. Beds to be made once a-day only, except in cases of illness, etc., and within one hour after Breakfast.

6.—Bed Linen to be changed on the Eighth day. Boots and Shoes to be cleaned and put back into the State-rooms every Morning at 8 o'clock.

7.—Two Towels to be hung up for each Passenger, and to be changed every other day, or as often as required.

8.—Passengers are requested not to open their Scuttles when there is a chance of their Bedding being wetted. The Head Steward to see that the Scuttles are open when the weather will permit.

9.—The Stewardess only is to enter the Ladies' Cabin and State-rooms, and to make the Beds at the time before stated.

10.—The Wine and Spirit Bar will be opened to Passengers at 6 A.M., and closed at 11 P.M.

11.—Breakfast to be on the Table at Half-past 8, and Cloths removed by Half-past 9.

12.—Luncheon to be on the Table from 12 to 1 o'clock.

13.—The before-dinner Bell to be rung at Half-past 3—Dinner to be on the Table at 4—the Cloths to be removed the instant it is over.

14.—Tea to be on the Table at Half-past 7.

15.—Supper, if required and ordered, to be before 10 o'clock.

16.—Lights to be put out in the Saloons at Half-past 11, and in the State-rooms at 12.

17.—As the labour of the Servants must be very great, and the space required for a larger number absolutely preventing an increase, the Passengers are requested to spare them as much as possible between the Meal Hours, and particularly preceding Dinner.

18.—No Passenger is allowed to change his State-room or Berth without the knowledge of the Purser: and it is understood that the Passage Tickets are to be given up to him before the termination of the Voyage.

LIVERPOOL, JULY 4, 1840.

Instructions Regarding the Ordinary and Colour-Vision of Look-Out Men.

CUNARD LINE.

British & North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

Office, 8, Water Street,

Liverpool, 22nd March, 1876.

To Captain

R.M.S.

Dear Sir,

Annexed is a Letter addressed to the Surgeon of your Ship. You will at once perceive the importance of being assured of the capability of your Look-outs, especially at Night; and, besides taking the opinion of the Surgeon upon the question, will you kindly impress upon your Officers that grave responsibility rests with them in their selection of men for a duty which is of paramount importance.

Yours truly,

D. & C. Mac Iver.

Instructions Regarding the Ordinary and Colour-Vision of Look-Out Men.

CUNARD LINE.

British & North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

Office, 8, Water Street,
Liverpool, 22nd March, 1876.

TO THE SURGEON,
R.M.S.

Dear Sir,

As it is of the greatest importance that a thoroughly efficient Look-out should be always kept, we have to request that upon the day of muster you will kindly pay particular attention to the Eyesight of the Men who are told off as Look-outs; so as to ascertain whether these Men have sufficiently good Vision to enable them to see with natural acuteness both by daylight and in the evening, and also readily to distinguish the colours of the different lights displayed by Ships at night, so that they may report quickly and accurately, and may otherwise fulfil the duties of a thoroughly efficient Look-out. In the event of your having any doubt as to the possession of the necessary qualifications by any of the men, will you please to report your opinion to the Captain, so that these men may not be employed upon a duty for which in the exercise of your professional discretion, you consider them unfit.

Yours truly,
D. & C. MAC IVER.

THE

MEDITERRANEAN.

"THE voyager, who sails from the dark waters of the restless Atlantic into the deep blue Mediterranean, notices at sunset a rich purple haze, which rises apparently from the surface of that fair inland sea, and drapes the hills and vales along the beautiful shore with a glory that fills the heart of the beholder with unutterable gladness. The distant snow-covered peaks of old Granada, clad in the same bright robe, seem by their regal presence to impose silence on those whom their majestic beauty has blessed with a momentary poetic inspiration which defies all power of tongue or pen. It touches nothing which it does not adorn, and the commonest objects are transmuted by its magic into fairy shapes which abide ever after in the memory. Under its softening influence the dingy sail of a fisherman's boat becomes almost as beautiful an object to the sight as the ruins of the temple which crowns the height of Cape Colonna. But when he approaches nearer to that which had seemed so charming in its twilight robes, his poetic sense is somewhat interfered with, and the shore, though it may still be very beautiful, lacks the supernal glory imparted to it by distance."

THE "fair inland sea," the charms of which have inspired so many descriptions worthy of them, and whose every bay and cape and point and headland are intwined with associations which recall everything that is exquisite in art, or famous in history, or glorious in heroism, forms one of the great centres of attraction to travellers from beyond the Atlantic; and their requirements with regard to it are matters for which the Cunard Company have made

special and careful provision. The Mediterranean is sought by American and English visitors under the influence of very different reasons; by many who are in quest of health, by many who are in quest of recreation, and by many who endeavour to combine these objects. The first-named, for reasons which will be given hereafter, are generally advised to remain in the Western Riviera, while the two remaining classes wander from place to place, as circumstances may direct or chance may guide them. On the actual shore-line they have the attractions of Gibraltar, Barcelona, Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Alexandria, Algiers, and Oran, besides a multitude of smaller ports. The sea is studded with islands, the beauties of which a lifetime could scarcely exhaust; and the cities of Italy and Greece, the Nile and the Pyramids, and Jerusalem itself, are all within easy distances of the coast.

Geography tells us that the Mediterranean Sea is included within 45° and 30° of north latitude, and between 5° of west and 36° of east longitude. Its extreme length, from Gibraltar to Syria, is 2200 miles. Its breadth at the narrowest part, from Sicily to Africa, is 79 miles; at the broadest part, from Africa to the head of the Adriatic, 1200 miles. It is bordered on its northern shores, from Gibraltar to Constantinople, by mountains which form the southern boundary of Europe, and on the southern shores partly by the mountain range of Atlas, and partly by the great deserts of the continent of Africa. The islands are the summits of the highest peaks of what may be described as a submarine range of mountains, which roughly divides the sea into a northern and a southern basin, each of great depth. At the Straits of Gibraltar the channel is comparatively shallow, so that there is a barrier between the deeper parts of the Mediterranean and those of the Atlantic, and the interchange of currents is limited to the superficial waters of each. Hence the cold under-flow which the Atlantic receives from the Polar seas does not enter the Mediterranean, and its waters, even their extremest depths, preserve at all seasons a somewhat elevated temperature. The climate of the shores is greatly dependent upon the prevailing winds, and is further modified in many localities by the direction of the shelter which is afforded by the neighbouring mountains. The sea as a whole is

exposed to wind coming from the north, which, in the winter season, when frost prevails in Norway, Sweden, the Baltic and Polar regions, brings cold weather even to its southern shores; and also to a south-west equatorial or to a south-east Sahara wind, either of which, in the course of a few days, may bring mild weather to the whole of Europe. From the north-east winds the western side of the Italian peninsula is sheltered by the ridge of the Apennines; but it is still exposed to winds from the north-west, which, if less cold, are still searching. Complete protection from both is only to be obtained along the coast-line of the Western Riviera, especially between Ville Franche and San Remo. There is no other region in which the invalid will find immunity from frost and cold winds during the whole of the winter and early spring; and hence the district has become the chief resort of visitors in search of health, more especially for those who wish to take daily exercise in the open air. In this favoured spot the vegetation is that of the south of Sicily, and the lemon tree, which blossoms all the year round, bears four crops of fruit in the year. Lizards and dragon-flies sport in the sun throughout the winter, and the martins never leave the rocks. Orange-trees, magnificent olive-trees, and locust beans are abundant, and sweet violets flower in January on every ridge and in every crevice. In the neighbourhood of Mentone the climate must have been attractive from a very early period, for here are the famous caves in which have been found some of the most remarkable relics of pre-historic periods, as well as three perfect skeletons of pre-historic man.

The Mediterranean Sea itself wears usually, especially near its northern boundaries, an aspect of calmness which is not seldom deceptive. The north winds, which are cut off from the actual shores by the high mountain ranges, reach the water at a point farther south, and often lash it into fury; so that the voyager to Algiers, who leaves absolute calm behind him at Marseilles, should be prepared to undergo some tossing before he arrives at his destination. Sudden squalls, too, are by no means uncommon, and are dangerous to undecked boats. In such a squall the poet Shelley lost his life off Spezzia; although it has often been alleged—

let us hope without foundation—that his boat would have weathered the storm, and that it was really run down and capsized by another for the purpose of robbery.

On a calm day the surface of the Mediterranean, when viewed from a shore altitude of some hundred feet or so, presents an appearance of irregular striation as if by water of different colours, lighter and darker. These bands are indications of marine currents which are produced by various causes, such as inequalities of bottom, inequalities of temperature, and the like; and which reproduce on a small scale many of the phenomena of the great currents of the ocean. Their chief interest for visitors depends upon the fact that each current draws into its course, and carries along with it multitudes of small marine animals, which are eagerly sought by naturalists and microscopists, and these small animals, in their turn, attract larger ones, which prey upon them. Every such current, in the words of Dr. Bennet, becomes a kind of naturalist's cover, where the inhabitants of marine depths inaccessible to dredging are found in abundance. According to the same writer, the best time for this kind of fishing is at sunrise, and it is carried on by means of two nets, like butterfly nets, only larger, fastened to stout sticks. One should be of good size and stout texture, the other smaller and of more delicate material. They are held out, four-fifths immersed in the water, from the side of the boat, the concavity of each net turned in the direction towards which the boat is going, so that they catch everything which comes in their way. There should be several glass jars of sea water in the boat ready to receive the captives. Every now and then the smaller and more delicate net should be taken in, the water allowed to escape from the bag end, and then the bag itself turned inside out in one of the jars of sea-water. If the jar is lifted up, the observer who looks through it may generally see by the transmitted light many singular forms of marine life which are quite invisible from above. In the meanwhile the larger net will have secured specimens of the larger molluses or zoophytes, which the eye may distinctly perceive swimming or floating in the current. Among the ordinary prey of the smaller net Dr. Bennet enumerates a great number of small crustaceans called Copepodes,

of a white, orange, or red colour, which seem to rest on their antennæ; Sapphirines, which, rising and falling, look like a precious stone or a drop of dew, and sparkle like a flower; marvellous larvæ, Asterias and Ursins, which, with the friskiness of youth, are taking an excursion in deep waters, whilst the father and mother are concealed amongst the rocks in quiet bays; Radiolariæ, gelatinous balls, like chains of frogs' eggs, punctuated with blue and yellow, and presenting microscopic spikes of silex of most elegant shapes; small Pteropodes, which, protected by a calcareous box, and supplied with two wings, swim about in the warm waters, like flies and butterflies in the air. The glass jar into which the net is turned and washed is soon filled with these members of the microscopic world, and to a naturalist they give days of study, pleasure, and information. The larger net may be reserved for casts after visible objects; and the fisherman will probably soon perceive chains of Salpa, either the gigantic form, "Salpa Africana maxima," with its nucleus of a Sienna brown colour, or the more delicate species named, "Democratica maxima," which is coloured in ultramarine. Sometimes more than a hundred individuals are united in a chain several feet long. This is a singular genus, in which the mother gives birth to one daughter very different from herself. This daughter, in her turn, produces hundreds of children united like the Siamese twins, but each like the grandmother. At first they are all united, and form chains and rings on the surface of the sea, but one after the other, as their turn to reproduce the race arrives, they separate from the rest and give up the pastimes of youth for the more serious duties of life. Among the larger treasure-trove will be jelly fishes, belonging to the family of the Gorgonides, which even in the jar try to catch some of the smaller fry; Ctenophores, especially the Beroe ovata; a real crystal cucumber, the Eucharis multicornis, which, rose or yellow tinged, seems as it passes under the boat to be merely a reflection of the full moon, and not much more solid; the girdle of Venus, which, gliding serpent-like in the waves, is nearly invisible, although three feet in length. When seen, its edges present all the colours of the rainbow, owing to the vibration of ciliary hairs. If the day is a favourable one, the catch

may probably include a Siphonophora, a swimming polymorphous colony, generally upheld by a small bladder full of air, provided with a column of bells wherewith to swim, and carrying below a crowd of polyps armed with urticant filaments, opening their mouths on all sides like a polycephalous Hydra; the Praga cymbiformis; the Hippopodias luteus; the Abyla pentagona; the Diphyes acuminata; the Farkalsa cystrima, but for this will be required the largest jar, which one colony will fill to the brim; the Phromima sedentaria, a crustacean which preserves its children carefully in a cradle of crystal taken from the very substance of some gelatinous animal; the large Firoles, called by the Mediterranean fishermen "*olifante di mare;*" lastly, the Cymbulia Perosisi, which conceals its soft body in a slipper of crystal, a slipper that recalls the one Cinderella wore. It is one of the most elegant objects imaginable, and for its sake alone the ladies at home, who are anxiously waiting the return of the "foolish fishermen," will pardon the disturbance created by their departure before break of day.

The ordinary fishing of the Mediterranean presents but little attraction in the way of sport; and the fish caught are, as a rule, inferior to those of colder and more shallow seas. Cuttle-fish are abundant, and are by some esteemed as delicacies. The Mediterranean is also a favoured home of the enormous devil-fish, a species of ray, or flounder, which is taken by harpoons, like a whale. One of these fish, caught in a tunny net near Nice, is said to have weighed one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and wonderful legends have been related about the size of other specimens. In the spring enormous shoals of tunny pass through the Straits of Gibraltar on their way to spawn in the Black Sea; and, as these fish visit the smallest bays, they are easily captured in nets staked out for the purpose.

In Sicily, the largest of the Mediterranean islands—the scene of so many of the legends of the Greek mythology, and of so many of the adventures of the wandering heroes of the "Odyssey" and of the "Æneid," the granary of the Roman Empire, the place where Archimedes studied and was slain, and where Cicero was once prætor—the influences of the misrule of Norman conquerors

and of Bourbon kings have been so destructive that the traveller will find nothing to attract him beyond the coast-line. Palermo is a handsome modern town, with a population of over two hundred thousand, and an excellent hotel (the "Trinacria"); Catania is the head quarters of those who wish to ascend Mount Ætna; and at Messina the tourist may see how slender was the foundation of the legends of Scylla and Charybdis. From Messina there is a coast road by Taormina and Aci to Catania; and at Aci (so called after Acis) the tourist is shown seven islets—the veritable rocks which Polyphemus flung after Ulysses. This coast road is sheltered from the north and north-east by a mountain chain, which forms a sort of miniature Riviera; and at Taormina, in the full advantage of this shelter, and on the volcanic soil which vines prefer to all others, an English gentleman (Mr. Rainforth) is largely engaged in endeavouring to restore the wines of Sicily to the reputation which they once enjoyed, and which they doubtless might again obtain if only the brandied and pig-skin flavoured "Marsala" of modern times could be forgotten. In the interior there are no roads, no habitable hotels, no good towns. There is much risk from brigands, and the peasants are poverty-stricken and ignorant in the most extreme degree. Italian unity and freedom must in time bring life and prosperity to this fair province of the new kingdom; but the progress of improvement is retarded by many obstacles from which the mainland is comparatively free.

Of Gibraltar the impregnable, and of the island fortress of Malta, with its historic associations with the gallant Knights of St. John, and with the no less gallant forces which have contended for its possession even within a century, it is hardly necessary to speak. But, as illustrating one of the vicissitudes which it has witnessed, the writer may mention the existence, as a carefully-preserved treasure in a private family, of a letter written by the first Napoleon, when in command of the army of Egypt, to the French governor of Malta. In this letter Napoleon congratulates the governor upon the strength of the defences, and upon the security of the island against any attacks on the part of the English. The ship which carried the letter was captured by an English cruiser; and the letter itself was taken to the English

admiral, who ultimately wrote beneath the original signature, in strong, bold characters, which contrast forcibly with those which precede them, the few words, "MARK THE END! NELSON AND BRONTE."

The islands of Corfu, Zante, and Cephalonia, on the western side of Greece, with the numerous ones of the Archipelago, and with Candia and Cyprus, cannot receive any detailed consideration. Corfu is that which of all others will best repay a visit, for its long occupation as a military post by the English has afforded it many of the advantages incidental to prosperity and settled government. It has good roads, careful cultivation, and exuberant fertility, and Dr. Bennet says of it that at the end of April it is certainly one of the loveliest spots upon the face of the earth. The other islands, like the mainland of Greece, are infested by brigands, and it is scarcely safe to leave the neighbourhood of their towns without a guard.

It will be seen from the Mediterranean track-chart, at pages 30, 31, that the steamers of the Cunard Company afford the means of transit to all the more important ports. Taking up the several courses from Gibraltar, the boats on the Levant line touch at Malta, Syra, and Smyrna; and proceed through the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea to Constantinople and the Sulina mouth of the Danube. The Italian, Sicilian, and Adriatic lines are somewhat less simple. From Gibraltar, the boats call at Genoa, Leghorn, and Naples; and go from thence to Messina and Alexandria. At Naples a second service commences, calling at Palermo, Messina, Bari, Ancona, Trieste, and Venice. On their return voyage, the boats of this service call at Trieste and Ancona; but, on leaving the latter port, they proceed to Corfu and Athens, and then return from Athens, *viâ* Messina and Palermo, to Naples.

There is much temptation to dwell upon the manifold attractions of the shores by which the Mediterranean is surrounded, to speak of Genoa la Superba, of Naples and its lovely bay, of Vesuvius and the buried cities in which the civilization of the Roman Empire has been so strangely preserved for the instruction of our own and future generations. Spain is full of haunting memories. Marseilles interposes the busy traffic of to-day among

the ruins of the past. Tunis displays Oriental manners and customs in their purity, and Algiers shows them struggling for existence against the inroads of the West. The classic monuments of Greece, the antiquities of Egypt, the great canal which throws all fabled prodigies of bygone times into the shade, the shores of the Holy Land, the near neighbourhood of Jerusalem, all are topics upon which, if any endeavour at completeness were possible, it would be necessary here to write. The themes which suggest themselves are countless in number, and inexhaustible in kind. They have already been the means of filling not volumes only, but libraries, and of the making of books concerning them there can be no end. In these pages the available space is strictly limited, and their object has been only to cast out suggestions as guides to travel. For those who need more detailed information, are there not Murray and Baedeker? Contemporary Greece lives and speaks in the pages of M. Edmond About; the Greece of the past is brought back to us by Grote and by Thirlwall. Every islet in the inland sea, every important town upon its coasts, has found its laborious and often enthusiastic historiographer—while fleeting tourists have recorded their impressions in many pleasant books for the benefit of such birds of passage as themselves. Among this wealth of literature there is one treatise which it is specially necessary to recommend to all who travel in search of health. The present writer has been greatly indebted to its pages, and it contains much information which cannot be obtained elsewhere, and which, to invalids, will often be of the highest possible value. It is entitled "Winter and Spring upon the Shores of the Mediterranean," and is written by Dr. Bennet, of Mentone.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY MEREDITH EDWARDS.

THE English traveller, who approaches for the first time the shores of the United States of America, is about to enter a land in which he will find a superficial resemblance to his own country and its institutions; a resemblance which is undoubtedly made to appear greater than it is by the community of language; but which, nevertheless, conceals great and essential differences in many respects. The following pages have been written in order to convey information about many common and small matters which meet travellers at every turn, which are often thought too insignificant to be mentioned, but which materially influence the convenience and comfort of locomotion.

An essential condition of comfortable travelling in any country is to have a sufficient supply of its current money, and to understand its value. The English tourist will do well to procure American money in England, where the rate of exchange will be in his favour; and besides this, he may carry either Circular or Bank of England notes. The American standard of price is the dollar, which exists both in cash and in paper, the paper dollar being of fluctuating value, but usually quoted at something less than 4*s.*, while the gold dollar is worth about 4*s.* 2*d.*; so that, speaking roughly, five dollars are equal to a sovereign, and large amounts must be divided by five in order to reduce them to the English

monetary standard. The cent is one-hundredth part of a dollar, and has no separate existence. There are gold pieces, called eagles and half-eagles, respectively of ten and twenty dollars; but the coins in common circulation are the half-dollar, nearly equal to a florin; the quarter, nearly equal to a shilling; the ten-cent piece, equivalent to five-pence; and the five-cent piece, equivalent to twopence-halfpenny. There are also notes, ranging in value from ten cents to 100 dollars. In the common expressions of value, as in naming the price of an article in a shop, the word dollar is usually expressed, but the word cent is understood; thus a tradesman would say "one dollar" or "ten dollars," as the case might be; but he would say only seventy-five, or fifty, for an article worth seventy-five or fifty cents. For a mixed quantity, of dollars and cents, neither word would be used in common parlance: so that a dollar and seventy-five cents would be expressed simply as "one seventy-five." The decimal character of the currency renders all calculations in it extremely easy when once the two main elements, the dollar and the cent, are thoroughly understood; and it is perhaps not too much to add that, in the way of supplying common wants, a dollar in New York, or in other American cities, will go about as far as a shilling in London.

The first thing to be accomplished on landing is, of course, the clearing of the baggage; and it must be remembered that the American duties are high, and that the regulations of the Custom House are strict in proportion. Foreign manufactured articles are charged from 20 to 75 per cent. of *ad valorem* duty, and any attempt at smuggling is punished by heavy penalties and by forfeiture. These regulations, however, press most heavily upon American citizens on their return from Europe, when their importations of European manufactures, and even of such articles as dresses, gloves, and the like, are apt to be somewhat closely scrutinized. *Bonâ fide* European travellers will generally be permitted to introduce, without question, a sufficient quantity of all articles of apparel for personal use to serve them during their stay; but even then it is well that ladies' dresses should show signs of actual ownership by having been worn so as to be unsaleable. We have seen a gentleman charged 300 dollars duty for the

manifestly new dresses of his wife and daughter—dresses in which the tacking threads were retained, and which might possibly have been intended for some other persons than the ostensible owners. The examination is conducted in commodious sheds at the landing-place; and there are plenty of porters in attendance, chiefly coloured men, who are as ready to earn a trifle by prompt service, as the members of the same class in any other part of the world. The following document, which is issued by authority of the Custom House, will be found to contain all necessary information:—

"Every passenger arriving at any port of the United States from a foreign port is required to make a brief but comprehensive and truthful statement of the number of his or her trunks, bags, and other pieces of baggage, of the contents of each, and of the articles upon his or her person. For convenience and uniformity such statement must be made on a blank furnished by the master of the vessel, designated 'Passengers' Baggage Declaration.'

"To avoid detention in landing, such statement should be carefully prepared before arrival, so as to be promptly delivered to the revenue officer upon demand. The following information will aid in the preparation of the declaration:—

"The numbers of the several pieces of baggage will be given in the proper place, and their contents entered under two heads:—

"1. Baggage not dutiable, which comprises the following classes:—

"A.—'Wearing apparel in actual use,' that is, clothing made up for the passengers' own wear, in reasonable quantities, may be declared as 'Wearing Apparel.'

"B.—'Other personal effects' (not merchandize), which are such as are usually carried with or about the person of a traveller, as trunks, articles of the toilet, stationery, a few books, one watch, jewellery, &c., in actual use and in reasonable amount, may be declared 'personal effects.'

"C.—'Professional Books,' 'Tools of Trade,' and 'Household Effects,' all of which have been used by the passenger abroad, the last named at least one year, may be severally declared as such.

"2. Dutiable Merchandize.—Under this head must be entered all articles not included in 'Baggage not dutiable,' as above set forth. Among these may be specially mentioned *new* wearing apparel in excess of that in general use, excessive amounts of jewellery; extra watches; articles of *vertu;* all presents; piece goods; and all articles purchased for other persons; in short, all articles not essential to the personal comfort and convenience of the traveller.

"Great care should be taken to make a full and accurate return, and to examine the certificate which the passenger is required to sign.

"The columns in the blank furnished, headed 'Appraisement,' are not to be filled by the passenger, but left blank.

"The senior member of a family, if sufficiently acquainted with the contents of the

baggage of the whole party to make a sworn statement of the same, will be allowed to include all such baggage in one declaration; but such a course will not relieve him or the several members from liability to search of their persons in case of suspicion, nor from any penalties from attempts to defraud.

"Upon arrival, the declaration will be delivered to the revenue officer. The baggage will be examined on board the vessel or wharf, and duties assessed, which are payable in gold coin.

"Any piece of baggage containing over 500 dollars' worth of dutiable merchandize will not be delivered on board but sent to the Public Store for examination and appraisement.

"Packages containing merchandize exclusively will not be considered as baggage, but must be regularly entered at the Custom House.

"All baggage is subject to actual and thorough examination, and the persons of all passengers are liable to search.

"*Any fraud on the part of the passengers, any concealment of fact, or secreting of articles in the trunks, &c., or on the person, or attempt to bribe a revenue officer, will render the baggage liable to detention and confiscation, and subject the owner to other legal penalties.*

"Any complaints against revenue officers in the discharge of their duties must be made to the Collector of the Port, who will promptly investigate all charges made."

When the goods are cleared, the next thing is to get them conveyed into the City, and here the traveller obtains his first experience of the so-called cheque-system of baggage carrying—a system which is sufficiently important to require a paragraph to itself.

The American citizen, even when most at odds with fortune, has an invincible repugnance to earn his living by doing any manual service for another. It is difficult to say how this feeling has arisen, but probably from the fact that such service has been chiefly rendered by those whom he regards as members of inferior races. The feeling, whatever its source, is strong enough to place a formidable difficulty in the way of attendance upon travellers at hotels and railway stations; and the kind of porterage to which Englishmen are accustomed is unknown. The natural result would be to compel every traveller to carry his own luggage; and hence, whenever this chanced to be too heavy or too cumbrous for his unaided powers, to subject him to serious inconvenience; were it not that the inventive genius of the country came, in

due time, to the rescue. Companies were formed expressly to convey baggage from point to point; and they assumed the name of Express Companies. They entered into contracts with the Railway Companies, by which they run their own baggage vans with every train, these vans being under the charge of their own servants. They have depôts in every town, and they send agents to every landing place. The traveller who is going, say from New York to San Francisco, calling at Chicago on his way, has, we will suppose, three packages: one a small hand-bag, which he carries himself, and which contains such a supply of necessaries that he can bear with equanimity any accidental separation for a day from the rest of his baggage—one which he will want at Chicago—one which he will not want till he reaches his destination. He sends to an Express Office, and at the proper time a cart is sent for his goods. For each package "Expressed" he pays a stipulated sum, and receives a brass cheque, which entitles him to claim the package at some specified place. In the case supposed, he would have one cheque for Chicago, and one for San Francisco, and he would proceed contentedly to the Railway Station, or, as it is called in America, the Depôt, with his little bag in his hand. On reaching Chicago, he would go off with his bag to his hotel or other destination, and would send his cheque to the Express Office, where his package would be delivered up in exchange for it. At hotels, this collection of baggage is one of the recognised businesses of the house, and the visitor has only to surrender his cheques at the bar, or, as it is there called, the "office," in order to find his baggage safely in his bedroom. On leaving Chicago, our traveller would instruct the hotel people to express his baggage to San Francisco, and he would again pay and receive a cheque. On reaching San Francisco, he would surrender both his cheques, and would receive both his packages, the one sent from Chicago, and the one sent through from New York; while, in the event of any chance delay of a few hours, he would fall back upon his hand-bag, and would be able to await with tranquillity the arrival of the bulk of his belongings.

This system of checking baggage is by no means without its advantages; although it has not attained the absolute perfection

which is sometimes ascribed to it. It is very pleasant to be free from all care about baggage at a railway station, either in departing or arriving, and it is likewise pleasant to feel tolerably sure of picking up your belongings at the precise place where they will be wanted. On the other side of the question, the system is an expensive one; and the express charges add very considerably to the cost of travelling. If the foresight of the traveller has been imperfect, and if he has by chance put into the San Francisco trunk something he will want at Chicago, it is disagreeable to know that he must go or send his cheque to San Francisco before his desires can be satisfied. Again, the delay in obtaining baggage is often provoking, and should be guarded against by a full development of the hand-bag system, which is, indeed, the natural and necessary supplement of checking. The writer was once compelled to wait until midnight for his baggage, although he had reached his hotel at six o'clock; and, being then inexperienced in the ways of American travel, his hand-bag did not enable him to go to bed in comfort. Lastly, the pecuniary liability of the Express Companies, for loss or damage, is limited to 100 dollars for a package; and the knowledge or suspicion that any package contained property much in excess of this value might seriously handicap the chances of its safe arrival at the depôt to which it was consigned. Notwithstanding all this, if the traveller has a compact and well-fitted hand-bag, if his heavier packages are few in number (each one, however small, being charged for), and if his route is clearly laid down beforehand, the cheque system, in America, is not without its uses, and will not fail to save him from trouble and inconvenience. It is an unsatisfactory substitute for proper porterage; but it is, perhaps, the best substitute which the genius and the institutions of the country will allow.

In order to use the system upon arrival, it is only necessary, when the Custom House authorities are satisfied, to desire one of the porters at the landing place to procure you baggage cheques for any hotel or other destination in the city; and, having done this, and paid the charge, which is usually half-a-dollar a package, there is nothing more to do than to walk a few hundred yards to the Debrosses Street Ferry. The landing place from the Cunard

steamers is not in New York, but in Jersey City, which is separated from New York by the Hudson river, across which huge steam ferries are constantly plying. The fare on these ferries is five cents for each passenger, payable at an office at the entrance to their piers. It is possible to hire a carriage on the Jersey side, and to be driven on to the ferry, and so taken across; but this adds considerably to the expense, and the distance is so short that it is best for any who are not unfit for the exertion to walk. On reaching the other side, and entering New York proper, the traveller will have his choice of various conveyances, namely: hackney carriages, street cars, and stages; and his choice among these should be guided partly by his destination, and partly by his willingness or unwillingness to spend money.

The hackney carriages of New York are large and somewhat cumbrous vehicles, generally mounted on high wheels, so that steps have to be let down, in order to give admission to them. They are mostly drawn by a pair of horses, and driven by a respectably clothed coachman, who thinks it no part of his duty to carry civility to excess. The fares charged are, to European notions, extortionate; and there is neither any recognised tariff nor any prompt legal redress for over-charge. Two dollars is the smallest sum for which one of these conveyances can be hired to go into the next street; and the passenger who is going to one of the principal hotels may think himself fortunate if he is driven there for three dollars. This state of things is said to be the result of a coalition among the car proprietors, whose influence prevents the passing of any municipal law for the control of hackney carriages, which, if properly regulated, would be likely to interfere with the existing car traffic. There is said to be some prospect of a better arrangement by-and-by; but it would be premature to reckon upon this until it is actually in operation.

Besides the hackney carriages, there will be found in attendance at the landing place, or on the other side of the ferry, stages from the principal hotels, for the accommodation of passengers going to these hotels only. In these stages the fare is half-a-dollar, with another half-a-dollar for each package; and, if there is a stage from the hotel to which the traveller is

bound, the best course open to a stranger is to take advantage of it. The alternative is to take a tramway car, and to change from one to another until the point nearest to the destination is reached. The cars run along all the avenues of New York except the Fifth; and the fare is five cents for any distance, excepting in the Fourth Avenue, where it is seven cents. In the Fifth Avenue there are stages, small omnibuses, which start from the Windsor Hotel, at the corner of Forty-sixth-street, and go down Broadway. In these the fare is ten cents, and it is paid into a box inside the stage as soon as the passenger enters. The driver will give change to the amount of two dollars, and the passenger must put the exact fare into the box.

American cities, as a rule, are built in squares, on such a principle that the name of the street almost indicates its position; and a stranger should lose no time in procuring a good map, by which he may soon master the method by which any city is laid out, and its streets are named or numbered. Half-an-hour thus occupied will, in most cases, make him perfectly at home, and able readily to find his way to any destination. The streets which run north and south are called avenues, and are numbered from west to east. The streets which run east and west are called streets, and are numbered from north to south, with the additional help that they are called east and west such a street, according as they are east or west of Fifth Avenue. The exceptions are that the long street called Broadway cuts the whole system diagonally from south-east to north-west, intersecting both streets and avenues; and that some of the streets at the northern extremity of Broadway retain the names, such as Wall Street, and the like, by which they were known before the more modern system was introduced.

The great hotels of New York and other large cities are vast establishments, often sumptuous in their furniture and fittings, and mostly conducted on what is called the "American plan," that is to say, on the principle of an uniform daily payment which covers the use of a bedroom and of the public sitting-rooms, together with all meals. The only extras are boot-cleaning, for which ten cents must be paid whenever the operation is performed, and all kinds

of alcoholic, fermented, or ærated drinks. Travellers are often warned by printed notices not to leave their boots outside their bedroom doors at night, lest they should be stolen; and the accepted custom is to put them on dirty, and to have them cleaned on the feet of the wearer in a room provided for the purpose. The meals are served only at stated times, so that a traveller cannot procure dinner or breakfast, or any other regulation meal, except within the limits of time stated on the bill of fare. At the best hotels the ordinary charge is five dollars a day for each person, with a dollar and a half extra for a bedroom to which a bathroom is attached. The latter, for many reasons, must be regarded as a very questionable luxury. There are fairly good hotels at which accommodation may be obtained for three dollars fifty cents; but it is usually desirable to know something about these cheaper houses, from direct personal recommendation, before deciding to go to them. There are also, in the great cities, good hotels upon the so-called "European plan," notably, the Brevoort House, at New York, in which the traveller is charged so much for his bedroom, and for each meal of which he partakes. It would be invidious, and beyond our province, to institute comparisons between rival establishments of either kind; but the Windsor Hotel, in New York, and the Grand Pacific, in Chicago, must be mentioned as types of American hotels of the highest excellence.

The American railway system differs from the English in many particulars. The lines are often carried through the streets of villages and towns, and in many instances are only single tracks. Hence it is important, for the avoidance of accidents, that a train should give warning of its approach, and that it should admit of being brought to rest in a short distance. Each engine, therefore, carries after dark what is called a head-light, a large lamp so placed as to light up the track for a considerable distance in advance, and also a loud bell, which is kept constantly ringing by the motion. The head-light is not only seen by others as the train approaches, but it enables the driver to see any stray cattle or other obstacles upon the track; and every train is equipped with some form of continuous brake, by which it can be pulled up in its own length from any rate of speed. The brake most commonly used is

the Westinghouse automatic, but others will be met with on certain lines. The front of the engine is guarded by a framework of rails called the cow-catcher, by which any unfortunate animal that may chance to cross the track is tossed out of the way, and prevented from coming under the wheels of the engine or carriages. The latter, which are called cars, are of two kinds, the ordinary and the Pullman; and the Pullman cars are also of two kinds, namely, the drawing-room cars for day journeys, and the sleeping cars for night. In all, the entrance doors for passengers are at the ends, and the seats are ranged in two rows on each side of a central gangway. The cars are so connected that it is easy and safe to step from one to another when the train is in motion; and hence there is a constant passing to and fro throughout its entire length, not only of officials, baggage-people, and hotel-touters, but also of pedlars selling various wares calculated to beguile the tedium of a journey. Books, fruit, and sweetmeats, are among the things most commonly offered. Every car has a retiring room for ladies and another for gentlemen, a stove in winter, and a tank of iced water in warm weather. The Pullman cars correspond to the first-class of European countries. They are not the property of the railway companies, but of an independent company; and a separate charge is made for riding in them. They are far more luxuriously fitted than the ordinary cars, and have special attendants. The sleeping cars are exceedingly comfortable, and make up beds resembling those on board a first-class steamer, so that nearly all travelling in the States can be got through at night, without fatigue or loss of rest. The same sleeping car is occupied both by ladies and gentlemen; an arrangement which seems a little odd to those who are unused to it, but which is manifestly necessary. In some trains there is an hotel car, from which food and drink can be served to the passengers; and, when this is not the case, arrangements are made for sufficient stoppages at stations where there are hotels, and where meals are prepared to await the arrival of the trains. Notwithstanding this, it is as well to make room in the hand-bag for a small store of biscuits or other refreshment, and for a pocket flask.

At most of the hotels, and also in the streets of some of the large cities, there are offices for the sale of railway tickets; and it

is most prudent to buy tickets for the Pullman cars a few hours before the train starts. The necessary accommodation will then certainly be provided; whereas, if the ticket is not asked for until the traveller reaches the depôt, it may often happen that all the berths are engaged. The times of departure and arrival of trains, for the whole Union, are given in an "official railway guide" which may be called the American Bradshaw, and which is, perhaps, not more mysterious than its English prototype. It carries on its cover an important diagram, showing the local time which, in each principal city, corresponds to twelve o'clock at Washington.

The general absence of porters in America, and of idlers at stations who are ready to do menial work (although in New York this class is represented by a ragged regiment of Irish boys), carries with it a corresponding absence of the demand for *backsheesh, trinkgeld, pour-boire*, which, in some form or other, is so constant a concomitant of European travel. The stranger will sometimes be at a loss for anyone from whom he can ask a trifling service, and may occasionally be at a loss for information which is important for his guidance; but he will neither be asked for small gratuities, nor be expected to offer them, nor be able to do so without offence.

An important part of the baggage of every English tourist in America should be the series of excellent guide-books, on the plan of Baedeker's, which may be obtained from Mr. Stanford, at Charing Cross; and which, in well-arranged sections, include the whole of the United States and Canada, and give ample information about routes, hotel charges, and points of interest. The course taken by each traveller will be governed, necessarily, by private and personal considerations; but the visitors to the States should endeavour to see the three great natural wonders: the Mammoth Cave, near Louisville, in Kentucky; the Yosemite Valley, in California; and the Falls of Niagara. He should see also Pittsburgh, the American Birmingham; Washington, the seat of government; Boston, the home of intellectual cultivation and refinement; Baltimore, a city of the aristocratic traditions of the South; Philadelphia, famous for the Centennial Exhibition of 1876; Cincinnati, the centre of the largest bacon curing industry in the world; Chicago, arisen in a magnificence, which even yet is not complete, from the ashes of the

disastrous fire in which it was entombed; and San Francisco, the future capital of the Pacific States, the emporium of the Pacific commerce. He should also lose no opportunity of visiting great manufacturing establishments, of whatever kind; and in these he will generally find an economy of human labour, and an ingenuity in the employment of mechanical contrivances, which are not to be equalled in any other country. Lastly, if he is so fortunate as to have letters of introduction to Americans of position, he should suffer nothing to stand in the way of presenting them. He will be received with an abounding hospitality, and a constant and thoughtful kindness, such as in any other part of the world are seldom equalled, and certainly never surpassed.

RIGHT ACROSS:

A FLIGHT FROM

SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

SAN FRANCISCO.

CITY of the Golden Gate and Grand Hotel, we leave a pilgrim's blessings on thy quays! Cities are not always networks of dull streets, banked by heaps of bricks, and cut by dusty squares, through which you trudge with weary feet and vacant eyes. Some cities are enchanted homes—plays, pastorals, histories, novelets, in stone—in which the streets are avenues of light, the houses palaces of poets, and the shrubberies gardens of the gods. Is not Jerusalem an epic, Stamboul a tragedy, Venice a picture? Is not Prague an elegy, Damascus a dream, Granada a romance? These cities are the crowns and coronets of the earth. In each a beautiful and striking site combines with stirring and poetic memories to lift the place into a higher plane than that of Liverpool and Baltimore, Hamburg and Bordeaux. A time must come when San Francisco will be classed with Venice and Stamboul, among cities of the imagination rather than of commerce. Now, she is all for trade—ships

and shares, banks, hotels, and factories; and this is good for her at present, since material wealth and progress are essential to her growth in higher things. The noble oaks and venerable cedars in her suburbs find their nutriment in the earth.

San Francisco is dowered by nature with that gift of physical beauty, which the soul of man most easily translates into romance. Her people have that quick, meridional temperament, in which the fire and gloom, the grace, the ardour, and the gaiety, most readily assume poetic shapes. Venice was not built by men in search of beauty, nor was Stamboul conceived by people wanting to be picturesque. Poor fishermen, needing places of safety for their boats and nets, laid out the Grand Canal; sharp traders, with an eye to hides and tallow, occupied the Golden Horn. The poetry came afterwards unsought; so will it come to the bright city and the hospitable people keeping watch above the Golden Gate.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

El Capitan, the ferry barge, nisses from her moorings out into the bay—the cheery and abounding bay—just as the winter sun peeps over Bushy Nob, near Altamont. Great hulls of ships rise up on every side; ships of all eastern nations, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, Polynesian, but, most of all, that English nation which has ports on every continent, and ships on every sea. Thousands of gulls and geese are skimming on the waves. A fringe of golden shadow passes over Alcatraz and Yerba Buena with the subtilty of a smile. In front of us lie the park-like roads of Oakland, and above them frown the peaks and clefts of Monte Diablo, a mountain higher than the topmost peak of Snowdon. To our left the waters of the inland sea run up towards San Rafael, to our right they race towards Santa Clara. Where, on earth, excepting in the Bosphorus, can eye of man behold a roadstead so capacious and a landscape so divine?

"Have a paper—*Call, Chronicle, Alta?*" cries a young citizen, in evening dress, with dirty shirt and mock diamond pin.

"How much for each?"

"Two bits," says the young gentleman, with a saucy toss. Two bits make a shilling, and the actual selling price is two cents —one penny.

"The price is two cents, and no boy on the quay asks more than five cents each."

"Boys on the quay!" sneers the young gentleman in evening dress and dirty linen; "how do you think I could live, if I sold my papers for no more than those boys on the quay?"

Unable to answer my inquisitor, I turn to salute the Golden Gate, the Pacific Ocean, and the pleasant city lying at the foot of Telegraph Hill; then leap on shore, push through the crowd of Chinese market men, and seek my state-room in the Central Pacific Railway Cars.

CENTRAL PACIFIC COMPANY.

A gay and happy group of people come together in my car, to live in company for a week, and share the perils and the pastimes of a mountain trip. First, there is Mrs. Daisy Chain, a young Californian widow, bright and blonde, with lithe, plump figure, and a smile to make a withered cedar tingle into bud. Near her, caressing her like a father, sits Governor Laurel, bland and amiable old gentleman, who makes a post-bag of his hat, and spends his time, when Daisy leaves him, pottering over letters—full of nothing worse, one hopes, than state and mercantile secrets. Here is Jack Brazenose, a youngster from an English college, seeing the world, testing the effect of climate on bitter beer, and waiting for his beard to grow. A miner with a baby in his arms —a great, stout fellow, and a puny child—make part of our little group. Then we have three or four merchants and bankers, with their plump and pretty wives. A San Francisco lady, living on palms and lotos leaves, is always pretty and nearly always plump.

The day is fine, the sunshine bright. Every one has just received a present, mostly in the shape of fruit and biscuit, wine and

pigeon pie. Nothing like a present for making people quick and gay! As we are going up into the icy regions, where the snow may be twenty feet deep, and the cold seventy degrees below freezing point, we are disposed to take our last bath of sunshine with a gladsome heart. Every one throws in his quip and crank. Even the grave business of the Railway line is done in jokes. No sooner is the train in motion than the conductor hands you a card, with this inscription—

Put this in your  *or where*  *can C it.*

COAST RANGE AND VALLEYS.

After skirting the Bay some miles we rush against the hills, and scale the first range; stopping to give the iron horse a drink at Livermore, the centre of a rich stock-raising district, with a farmer's exchange, and a queer old Mexican quack, called Jock Toon, who cures diseases in horses and cows by spells. Look at this hybrid sitting on his plough, too lazy to either hold or drive—that's the sort of fellow who feeds Jock Toon, and loses half his herd. A farmer riding his plough, is on the road to ruin.

From Altamont, a rocky pass, we drop into the San Joaquin valley, one of the two great treasuries of California, though but little turned, as yet, to good account. Stockton, the chief mart and city of this valley, boasts of a little history and a good deal of statistics—of interest to gentlemen owning corner lots. A pleasant medicine man supplies me with details, but I mean to keep those details to myself. Such matters should be secret. Governor Laurel asks no questions. Mrs. Daisy cannot help saying that San Joaquin river is dirty, and San Joaquin valley foggy; but widows of twenty-two will have their say. On the dirty river we count five or six barges; under the yellow fog we notice a good deal of maize land. When Brereton, the English engineer of Indian fame, has dug his great Canal, this San Joaquin valley ought to be an agricultural paradise—all that the Vega of Granada was, more than the Ghota of Damascus is. The same of Sacra-

mento river, and of Sacramento valley; yellow water, foggy atmosphere: but all these beauties escape notice; Daisy being engaged in nibbling apples, choking the miner's baby with sponge-cake, and flirting lazily with Jack.

Register, 85 degrees in the shade!

Governor Laurel puts on his spectacles and tells us how Sacramento came to be the capital of California instead of Vallejo, and how the city has been burnt to ashes three or four times; but no one listens to his story, even though the kindly novelist in his fervour of narration drops his hat and strews the contents of his post-bag at our feet. The State House nearly escapes remark; a pity! since the dome is graceful, even among American domes.

"You see the big edifice—that's the State House of California!" cries Laurel.

"Guess it's tall?" says Daisy.

"Yes—and rather white," adds Jack.

MOUNTAIN COMPANY.

At Reno, high in the Nevada mountains, we are joined by distinguished company. Who is this gentleman—a Polish count, a Neapolitan brigand, a Silesian Jew? Flashy in fur cap, chain, and rings, he struts into the train, and takes a cosy corner in the ladies' car. After pulling off his boots, he opens a silver dressing-case, takes out a pair of gaudy slippers, lights a huge cigar, and smiles blandly at the ladies. A man follows at his heels, wearing a fur cap, with chain and rings to match. Have I not seen that form before? No; not the same, and yet so like. Is he twin-brother of the smart detective whom I met in Chicago, when my room was entered and my money filched? I know the type, if not the man. Nature has stamped him, Thief-catcher. And the third gentleman, also in a fur cap, but otherwise unlike his friend? He does nothing, says nothing. He is a silent gentleman; yet, if "rogue" were ever written on a human face, that fellow is a rogue.

When you are going up into desert wastes, where knives and pistols are the only law, and you *must* eat and sleep in the same car with chance companions eight or nine days and nights, it is a duty to scan each group, and see exactly where you stand. Daisy is curious about the wearers of these fur caps.

A whisper passes through the train that things are not so square as things should be in a ladies' car. Laurel looks grave, and pulls his post-bag on his brows. "That fellow's bad, I bet," chirps Daisy, peeping at her neighbour's white lips and frightened eyes.

"Yes," returns her squire; "he looks as if he had burglary and murder on the brain, and that his maladies are too much for him." Two or three ladies glide about, asking every one what it all means, and noticing uneasily that the flashy gentleman is listening to their words. I venture, as a shot, to say, "there's been a robbery in Chicago or St. Louis, and the thief is nabbed."

"Thief! Which *is* the thief?" cries one of the plump and pretty women. "We shall be killed. Fancy a thief in a ladies' car, and no one able to sleep a wink!"

"Not with two officers keeping watch, and seven civilians mounting guard with bowie-knives and six-shooters?"

"Well, we don't much like it," puts in Daisy, more than half laughing at such feminine fright.

"I shall hardly close my eyes, all week," yawns Jack.

THIEVES IN COUNCIL.

Later on, the flashy gentleman, having smoked his huge cigar, begins a parley with the enemy, by telling me that he is by birth a Pole, that he lives in New York, that he has served in the London secret police, and that his present services are given to the detection of crime. The gentleman sitting yonder is a brother officer. And the third gentleman? Well, the third gentleman has a misunderstanding with some people in New York, and he is going home to explain things and put himself square.

My neighbour is lying, and I watch him narrowly. In spite of his jaunty air, I notice that he waits the beck and nod of his comrade, with ready motion when the Thief-catcher's eye is on him, but otherwise with sullen and resentful air. Who are you, my fine fellow, and what may be your little game?

As night draws near, and lamps are lit, the Thief-catcher himself comes up.

"You are a magistrate," he says to me; "you understand such things. Some of these ladies are alarmed. I need your help, and want to tell you how we stand."

I nod, inviting him in silence to go on.

"The two men here," he says, pointing to his comrades, "are implicated in a diamond robbery. They fled from New York to Virginia city, in Nevada, where I caught them, with a little help, recovering eighteen thousand dollars' worth of jewellery. Their cases are different, and my treatment of them is different. My prisoners are both Jews—one a Polish Jew, the other a German Jew. Which is the bigger rascal it is hard to say. The Pole has turned State's-evidence, and gets off—this time. The thief will go to Sing-Sing. State's-evidence will give no trouble; but the ladies may not feel comfortable if they happen to guess the truth. If they should hear that we are a party of two prisoners and one officer, they may want to stop the train. Of course we cannot stop the train. If they fancy we are two officers and one prisoner, they will sleep more soundly in their berths."

"You want me to deceive them?"

"No; but not to let them guess how things stand."

"How can you help their guessing?"

"Easily. Treat State's-evidence as an officer. Give him a cigar, return his salute, and let him speak to you. It will be better for us all that he should not be treated as a thief. Let there be only one Prisoner."

Daisy sees through all, but gaily laughs it off. The other ladies hang about, and will not turn into their berths until the lights are lowered. At length we draw our curtains and retire.

A yell and oath ring through the car. Lugging on my boots and feeling for my knife, I rush to help the Thief-catcher, who is

tugging at a chain, one end of which is locked to Prisoner's leg. "What for you chain me down?" the wretch is yelling out; "by —— I do no murder—I never kill no one—what for you chain my feet?"

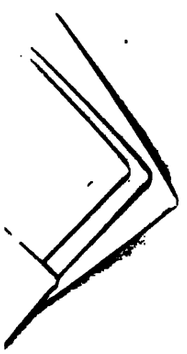
The ladies scream, and Daisy asks behind her curtain whether Jack is there. Laurel is fumbling with the letters in his hat, and three or four husbands of plump and pretty wives give vent to conjugal opinion on the policy of carrying burglars and assassins in a ladies' car.

"Hush!" breathes the Thief-catcher, in a low tone, "try to quiet them; it's only for a night. These chaps are wild at first, next morning they are tame. You see, I keep one end of his chain locked to my wrist. He cannot stir without dragging me along with him. He'll swear an hour or so, and then lie still. Say a word to the ladies, sir—good-night." Putting his pistol on his pillow, the Thief-catcher, confident in his strength and practice, twists the chain about his arm, and so lies down to sleep.

SALT LAKE.

"Change for Salt Lake City!" sings the conductor, putting his face into my state-room at Ogden. Round about us frown the Alpine walls, not far off lies the sea of brine, yet this conductor chirps with no more awe and wonder in his voice than a railway porter when he drones out, "Change for Hampton Court!" Is this the way that men approach the American Zion? Even so. The mystic New Jerusalem has passed away.

A railway station, noisy with the tumult heard in such places; clerks with luggage-checks; hotel runners, anxious to secure your custom; flys, omnibuses, street-cars; gas in the road-ways; flaring shop windows; drinking bars and billiard-rooms; advertisements of hot drinks and quack medicines; announcements of lotteries, acrobatic performances, and mining speculations! "Is this," I ask myself, "that pastoral city on which I descended from the mountains only nine short years ago? Where is that garden of nuts, that house of fruit, that hive of bees?"



Nine years ago this valley was a mystery of the earth; to-day it is a siding in the great highway between New York and San Francisco, in a larger sense between London and Pekin. The place is known, the sense of mystery has disappeared. After glancing at the Theatre, the Temple block, and the Lion House, and noting that the City Creek still rattles as of yore, we ride up the bench to Camp Douglas, standing some seven or eight hundred feet above the city, to see whether the beauty which has stamped itself on my mind, owes any part of its effect to the circumstances under which the landscape struck my sight. One glance suffices me. The loveliness of the landscape is untouched. Around us rise the snowy Alps. Deep in the hollow rolls the Jordan River towards the Salt Lake, out of which spring, dark and bold, the picturesque islands, backed by still more mountainous masses in the distance, covered with their crowns of snow. Zion lies sparkling in the sun, with all her ranches, cupolas, and towers. Although the trees are bare of leaf, each cottage seems embowered in its own orchard, and the grassy landscape spreads outward towards the lake, dotted with bridge and school-house, and alive with cattle as of old. In vain we strive to think of a more perfect natural picture. Five or six landscapes we remember to be ranked as equal; a sunset on the Tartar steppe from Kazan; the sweep of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon; Palermo Bay and City from the Golden Shell; the Bay of San Francisco from the spur of Monte Diablo; Stamboul from the Seraskier's Tower; the Vega of Grenada from the Generalife; but I can recall no landscape that at once commands assent to a superior claim.

ZION.

But what a change in the New Jerusalem! All western towns are subject to the law of change. Denver is changing, Omaha changing. In both cities the manners are softer, the streets cleaner, and the humaner influences gaining ground. Denver and Omaha have more houses, churches, schools, and railway-lines; the roads are better lit; the bars and gaming dens are under more control.

Some of the changes introduced in Zion are not lovely. Grog-shops, dicing-rooms, and what not, have not beautified Main Street. The Mormon Theatre is altered, not improved. Nine years ago it was a model theatre; but, since the Gentile influx, the theatre has ceased to be a part of the church establishment. Bishops' families no longer occupy the pit. Brigham Young seldom shows himself, even in his private box. His daughters no longer play. Melodrama, juggling, tumbling, serve to fill the house. Churches and chapels have sprung up, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and each of the denominations has a school connected with its place of worship. Such things are highly welcome; but with church and school have come gaming-houses, stews, saloons, and other abominations, common to western towns. Nine years ago a rowdy found it hard to live his life in Zion. No whiskey could be bought, no public gaming was allowed. No females of abandoned character were suffered to remain; the next stage passed them on to either San Francisco or Fort Leavenworth. Now this city is as lax as either Denver or Omaha. You can buy drink at every corner, and find companions of your revels as easily as at St. Giles in London, or Five Points in New York.

WAHSATCH MOUNTAINS.

"The Wahsatch chain is solid silver," says Governor Laurel, as we struggle up the cañons cut by the Union Pacific Road: "when Brigham Young is gone, we shall coin these ridges into dollars." Every one agrees with Governor Laurel, and the gambling spirit in the mountains seems to creep into the cars.

"Here, take a book, sir—take a chance, sir," cries the boy who sells you paper, nuts and candy.

"Chance—what chance?"

Not deigning to turn his roguish face, he throws a dozen books into my room. Each volume is tied up in a paper wrap, so that you can read the title but cannot open the leaves.

"One dollar, fifty cents each," jerks the lad. "Twenty dollars

in the lot; first prize, ten dollars; second prize, five dollars; third prize, two dollars."

"Yes, and how do you win them?"

"Buy a book! Here's a good thing—'Life of a New York Detective'—best book of the season."

As I look into his roguish eyes, he blurts out, "Sir, you don't seem to take. Look here! Buy a book—say this one—break the band; a note drops out, you see; a five dollar note. You get the book and five dollars for one dollar and fifty cents."

"Are you the owner of these volumes?"

"No, sir, but I saw the notes put in; I know the twenty dollars are there."

"You seem a decent sort of lad, and so I'll put you up to the ropes. You buy that parcel for yourself. Twelve volumes—eighteen dollars. You make two dollars in money, you have twelve volumes in paper, and no detective after you for theft."

Grinning through his sharp teeth, he gathers up his wares and slinks away. "Guess I'm sent on board to sell, not to buy." If he succeeds in life this lad may be a rival of Slim Jim.

THE MONTE KING.

At every station in the mountains we find card-sharpers; at one of them we see the shanty of Slim Jim. Jim is King of the Monté men. For the moment he is in trouble, and an object of curiosity to ladies. Daisy went to see him in the jail.

Jim is as much a lion of the Pacific railway as Pulpit Rock and Thousand Mile Tree. He is the relief of idlers, the providence of fools. Being no respecter of persons, he applies his art to the relief of judges, preachers, and physicians, with the same good will as to the skinning of an Irish peasant and a German boor. A Texan born, hardly thirty-seven years old, he passed his early days in a village school under a worthy priest. But he began to play with cards, and cheat by tricks, as soon as he was big enough to cut and deal. Jim is a philosopher. The easiest way to cheat a man, he

finds, is for you to induce him to believe that *he* can cheat *you*. He founds his system on the principle that every man is grasping and dishonest. "Preachers," he says, "are the best game. They bite. Several have lost money on the overland trains, and some have made a fuss about it, when it was all their own fault. I have a watch that I won from an Oregon preacher, who was going on a tour to Europe with money raised by his congregation. It is covered all over with expressions of the tender love and good-will of his flock." Attired as a drover, or a miner, Jim enters a train, a little flushed with drink, shows lots of money, and jabbers in a silly style. A pal, standing by, remarks that he is not fit to have so much money about him, and suggests that he ought to lodge it with the conductor, or lock it in the express. Jim offers to bet anything or play anybody. His pal accepts and wins a few dollars. Then some one in the car, seduced by the hope of grabbing the fool's money, wagers on the card. Jim thinks this system of deception fair. His victim means to win money from a man whom he thinks a fool. He is as much a gambler as the Monté man, but one who will only bet on what he considers a sure thing. He is positive that he knows the winning card either by the corner being turned up, or by some other mark. What sympathy does such a man deserve when he loses? "None at all," says Jim. "He thinks he is going to win, while I cannot tell half the time whether I am going to win or lose." Jim has seen the world—taken half-crowns at Epsom, raked hells in Paris, looked on the tables at Baden, and attempted business in the saloons of Monaco. But his throne is on these heights. In England there are fools with money, but fools with money are not so numerous at Epsom and Newmarket as Jim desires. Your miner is your easiest dupe.

IN PULLMAN'S CARS.

We climb the heights of Wyoming in a cosy Pullman car. Twenty below freezing, thirty below freezing, forty below freezing, are the records night by night. We toil through snow sheds, past

barren peaks, and over alkaline bottoms. Daisy has reconciled the ladies to Prisoner and State's-evidence. Since his first night, Prisoner has been quiet, smoking his cigar all day, hugging his chain all night, and hardly muttering a word. State's-evidence, treated as an officer, has been good, his chief amusement being to take the miner's baby on his lap and sing it comic songs. We tell tales, play whist, and make up pic-nics in a corner of the car. In Bitter Creek, Daisy gives a supper from her basket, and with merry mockeries, drinks the health of Some One who rode that way in other times, not in a railway car, but in a prairie cart—as hath been written in another place.

At Laramie—a ladies' paradise, if female suffrage and female juries make a paradise—Miss Lily White comes on board, in a hat and feather, which seem to disturb Daisy, though, like a woman, she tries to joke them off. Pale as a snowdrop, this girl is going to Omaha, where she is to meet her lover and be married in a week. Next to a man going to the gallows, one likes to see a woman going to the altar. Lily is sweet, confiding, and demure. In less than an hour we know that she has been twice engaged, once to a man who died, a second time to a man who bolted. She was sent to Laramie for rest and mountain air; also in the hope that strong female opinions might brace her up; but love came after her, through the post, and, like so many of her sisters, she is going to sacrifice herself, in order to make some man the most ungrateful dog alive. Is Daisy jealous? No; yet she uncords a box, and sticks a feather in her hat.

A COLD SNAP.

Next evening, we are stopped by wind and snow, arrested on the track, snowed-up and wind-bound in the alkaline fields. The register is sixty-five below freezing point. Fire will not burn, nor water boil. Muffs and furs seem useless coverings. Listen to the howling wind! Outside, the darkness is an ebony cave. Jack tries to step from car to car, and finds the storm of wind too

strong. Laurel unluckily puts out his head, and in a trice the post-bag vanishes into space. Poor wretch, his secrets, whether state or mercantile, are given to wolf and buffalo! He looks the image of despair. Lily inquires how many miles we are from Omaha, and whether people must be married on the day set down? As night comes on, we draw together in a corner of the car. A snowstorm sweeps away distinctions, and a register of sixty-nine below freezing point makes all men brothers. Every roll of bread and every flask of wine is now produced. We ask not only Thief-catcher but State's-evidence and Prisoner to our feast. We eat and drink, sing songs, tell tales, and meet the rage outside with ringing laughter. But as night wears on we scatter into knots of two and three, chatting with our neighbours gravely, and thinking what a time Red Cloud or Sitting Bull might have, if he attacked us in such plight. Hist, ho! Is that an Indian yell? The ladies blanch with terror. Even Daisy drops her voice to listen. Lily puts up her hands, and tells me, in a fearful whisper, that the lover she is going to marry has been scalped!

OMAHA.

Arriving ten hours late at Omaha, we lose a day, and have to wait the morning train. A young and rising city, with a fairy-like bridge, flying over a capricious river, in one channel this week, slipping into another channel next week, Omaha is called a *live* place, and is laid out with very great expectations of the coming years. The streets are long and dirty, and the Pacific Hotel, built for convenience of railway travellers, stands two miles from the station! Everything is scattered. If the houses stood together, Omaha would be a town, but being a "live place," a hundred persons have bought up real estate in the neighbourhood, and each is trying to force the rest to come his way, and buy his corner lot.

While Thief-catcher and myself are exchanging warm drinks, Prisoner makes a bolt for freedom. "Not a chance for him to get

away," says Thief-catcher, slipping out. In five minutes he returns. "All right—locked in his room—and waiters put on guard." We sip our drink and creep to bed.

PRAIRIE STATES.

From Omaha to Chicago, we traverse two Prairie States, Iowa and Illinois, countries over which the buffalo hunters roamed not forty years ago. A hundred railways nett and cover them to-day, with two main lines, connecting Omaha with Chicago and the Eastern States. Flat, rolling plains, broken by sweeps of pine and oak, a farmstead here, a lumber mill there, bring us to Des Moines, Rock Island, and Lasalle. Our company is breaking up. Lily left us in Omaha; in fact, she left us at Fremont, for the Scalpless Man came out to meet his bride, and having squeezed her into a corner, kept her in future out of sight. They will be man and wife before we reach New York. Is Daisy glad?

Next morning Daisy leaves us—not, I hope, without regret. If Mrs. Daisy Chain should ever read these lines, they will recall to her a week of travellers' trials, which were lightened to many persons by her joyous courage and her pleasant ways.

More flats and runs, more woods and mills, more maize and oats, and then we roll into the Pacific Station of the marvellous City of the Lake.

CHICAGO.

"Waiting Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association" are the first words we notice in the station. Special Waiting Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association! Is Chicago, then, a pious city — more puritanical than Boston? On another wall a poster invites me in red and blue letters to see the can-can danced in public, at the low price of fifty cents. The can-can danced in public! Is Chicago, then, a wicked city—more shameless than New York? Truth must answer, she is both; more

ascetic than Boston, more riotous than New York. There are probably more churches in Chicago than in any other place of equal size; there are certainly more betting-rooms and gaming-hells than in any other place of equal size. Chicago is a home of preachers and professors; a paradise of gamblers, courtesans, and thieves. A flush of life is on her streets and on her lake—a fervent, restless flush, not always stopping short of fever, and her energy runs forward into good things and into bad. Her meat and drink are strong. If you desire to hear fine preaching, go to church; if you prefer naughty dialogue, go to theatres. All tastes are met, and every article is spiced.

If Cobden had not called Chicago the wonder of America, every one with eyes would say she is a fine city. Though she may not have a building to compare with either Girard College in Philadelphia, the Capitol at Washington, or the City Hall, unfinished, in San Francisco, she has a scale of grandeur in her plan, almost without a parallel in the world.

Washington has a similar plan, but Washington is unbuilt. St. Petersburgh is laid on a colossal scale, but after all St. Petersburgh is a city with a single street. Broadway in New York, Broad Street in Philadelphia, may be finer than any one thoroughfare in Chicago, but Chicago has twenty or thirty streets nearly as good as Broad Street. The scale of things first strikes a stranger's eye; and even beyond the scale she has a certain richness in her blocks and piles. London is improving fast; yet London, at her best, is hardly better than Chicago at her mean. If Queen Victoria Street were lengthened two or three miles it would make an ordinary business street in this City of the Lake, and not even our little Village has a finer or better appointed hotel than the Grand Pacific, in Chicago.

THE FRONTIER LANDS.

Parting from Thief-catcher and his two prisoners, who have to keep on American ground, we race through the billowy prairies of Michigan to Detriot, a quaint French town, reminding you of New Orleans, and thence, by way of the Huron Bosphorus, to

Windsor, in Ontario, whence we race and race, on British ground, along the border line, hugging the shores of Lake Erie, to our haven in Prospect House, at Table Rock. The province of Ontario is the frontier land.

The border questions have been settled, yet the border is as brisk in local passion and excitement as it was before David Webster and Alexander Baring signed the famous treaty, which Lord Palmerston described, satirically, as the Ashburton capitulation, and which moderate men of all parties accepted as a pledge of peace.

Almost every country has some boundary question on her hands. France has an unsettled boundary in Chablais and Faucigny. Spain has a doubtful boundary in the Pyrenees. Italy has a disputed boundary on the side of Nice. Denmark has a boundary trouble in Schleswig. Sweden has a disputed boundary in Lapland. Prussia has a vexatious question of boundary on the Vistula. Russia has disputed boundaries on every side. Turkey has an unsettled boundary in Asia; Egypt an unsettled boundary in Africa. Brazil has hardly any boundaries at all. No questions are so difficult to arrange. The wrangling of France and Spain over certain villages in the Pyrenees, goes back to the days of Fernando the Catholic. The Schleswig quarrel dates from the seventeenth century. Russia and Prussia have been haggling ever since the first partition of Poland. Switzerland appeals against France to a decision of the Congress of Vienna. In the midst of so many quarrels, of such ancient standing, it is surely something to say that England and America, the two countries which have the largest frontier in the world to guard, have had enough good sense and liberal feeling to arrange all matters in dispute between them, to the satisfaction of nearly all living men.

The frontier is a border, and the border people are in every country a peculiar folk. In England they were given to cattle-lifting and revenge. In Spain the borderers are contrabandists. In Germany they are mostly money-changers, inn-keepers, and droschky drivers. In Italy they are bandits. In Russia they are mostly rebels, and in India they are always outlaws. In America the frontier men have been everything in turn, but change has fallen

on the frontier as on other spots. The Falls have ceased to nurse Canadian rebels, and provoke American raiders. It is now a generation since a band of rebels took possession of Navy Island, just above these rapids. It is several years since a gang of Fenians stole across the Lake and landed in Ontario. Happily such tales are history, like the border feuds between the English and the Scotch.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Cape Horn, Salt Lake, and Niagara Falls are called the three lions of our trip. Cape Horn and Salt Lake are left behind us, and Niagara claims a word.

Great things define themselves, and need no expletives. In olden times the tidal seas beyond the Pillars of Hercules were called the Ocean, and in modern days the mountain peaks from Savoy to Carinthia are called the Alps. One rule prevails in every clime. The Missouri is called the River; the Kansas prairies are called the Plains. It is the natural emphasis secured by an unrivalled fact. Wellington was the Duke, Napoleon the Emperor, Albert the Prince. Such wonders as the Chaudière, Montmorency, and Saute Ste. Marie, need more special names, for strange and lovely as those waters are, they find their peers in Chamounix, Yosemite, Saute du Rhone, and other falls. Niagara stands alone, without a rival on the earth, and therefore the Niagara waterways are simply called the Falls.

This passage of Niagara river is the narrowest part of the dividing line between Ontario and New York. Two bridges span the gorge. A ferry paddles you across the stream in summer time, a ridge of icefloes bear your weight in winter time. For fifty cents you pass from the United States to Canada, and from Canada back to the United States. Evasion is at once a cheap and easy process. Hence, Niagara river is the favourite stream of faithless wives, suspected burglars, and absconding clerks. Again, it is a dangerous place. Death looks into your eyes from every bush and ridge, from every rock and path. If you are careless of life, nothing

is easier than to lose it near the Falls. Thus, Niagara has become the chief scenery of tragic accidents, the paradise of romantic suicides.

How well the scenery befits this character, and suggests this fate! Wandering by the Falls in every season, when the cedar-trees of Goat Island were young in leaf, when they were dark in tint, when they were clothed in snow, I have always found the scenery sombre, weird, and ghostly, the roar of water in the chasm beneath the falls a strange and maddening monotone. The cataracts are brighter, but the cataracts are never gay. The cedars on their banks are grave as night; the roar of waters, as they break among the rocks, is an unceasing knell. Each note is deep and lulling to the sense. Each cry across the ledges seems to moan:—

"Let's sit us down,
And tell strange stories of the deaths of kings!"

The cedar is a type of life in death.

This sombre aspect of Niagara charms all young and sentimental hearts. Niagara is the pilgrimage of love, as Stratford-on-Avon is the pilgrimage of genius, Mount Vernon the pilgrimage of patriotism, Santiago the pilgrimage of superstition. At Niagara, happy lovers breathe their vows and pledge their troth, invoking the lonely woods, the lashing waters, and the rising clouds of spray, as witnesses of burning love and stedfast truth. At Niagara, hapless swains and maidens, crossed in their affections, blighted in their prospects, wander by the isles and banks for one last hour, and then, with arms entwined and hearts inseparable, go headlong over into peace—

"God gave me His great gift of life;
I give it all for thee!"

Not long ago a young man came across from the American side, accompanied by a pretty girl, and by a little child. He hired a boat, not far above the rapids, put the lady and the child into the stern, and throwing his oars into the boat, pushed off into the stream. An old boatman, standing near them, warned him to beware of going out too far. The young man, smiling and nodding, pushed straight out into the flood. At once the boatman saw

that he had lost control of his little craft, and shouted to him eagerly to edge about as he was running with the rush. The rower raised an oar in answer to his cries; the shaft was snapped across, but whether done on purpose who could say? "God help you!" sighed the boatman. In a moment they were gone.

NEW YORK.

From Niagara to New York we have our choice of lines: a northern route, by way of Rochester and Oneida to Albany, and thence down the left bank of Hudson river to Manhattan; and a southern route, by way of Hornellsville and Binghampton, to Goshen, and thence across the upper ridges of New Jersey to Hoboken. Both lines run through charming sceneries and places full of lore. On the northern line you pass through the Burnt district. At Rochester you find the spirit-rappers; at Oneida the Bible families; at Poughkeepsie the harmonic spheres. Nor is the southern route less singular. The road from Buffalo to Hornellsville lies through a virgin country, mostly peopled by Senecas, Tuscaroras, and Cayugas—redskins who are called civilized and thought to be reclaimed. Salamanca, in this district, is an Indian town where you may study the red puzzle with but little danger to your scalp. At Binghampton a man may peer into the great mystery of the Erie ring without much danger to his purse.

Here is the river, there New York! not rising on the sight, like Cadiz or Venice—a siren of the sea—crowded with cupolas and rich in gold and alabaster; but a solid place, with front of wharf and magazine; a Bordeaux on the sea, and a more splendid Amsterdam. Not that New York is devoid of natural charms. Her situation is superb, her bay capacious, her outline grand. Few entrances from the sea surpass the rugged beauty of Hell Gate, and even her ordinary inlet by the Narrows makes a picture nowhere matched on the Atlantic coast. She wants, no doubt, a central point of sight—a spire, like Notre Dame in Antwerp; a dome, like St. Paul's in London; a shaft, like the

Pharos in Alexandria; a temple, like the Parthenon in Athens—for her private buildings, banks, hotels, and printing offices, overtop her public edifices, churches, city halls, and courts of law. The energy of her personal enterprise outruns the need or the desire for public works. New York is not a picture, but a market-place: an active, brilliant and imperial market-place.

Dashing, open-handed, hospitable New York—gay as Paris, noisy as Naples, solid as Liverpool—we come to thee again—come to thee with ever-fresh delight, thou city of the wondrous growth!

We touch the shore. Where are we now?

A member of our late Cabinet, who has not seen New York for fifteen years, tells me he tried one day to find his way about, and lost his clues at every turn. The desert has become a park, the swamp has grown into a line of wharves. Where he left a squatter's hollow, he finds a fashionable square. His friends are gone to live up town.

Old men remember a time when Niblo's Garden lay in a suburb, like Cremorne; and when the City Hall Park was thought as near the country as Central Park is thought to-day. It is not long since Bleecker Street was a fashionable lounge. Old families, who will not change their quarters every generation, still reside in Bond Street; but a New York exquisite, with his villa on the borders of Jerome Park, affects the same ignorance of Bond Street as a dandy in Park Lane affects of Russell Square. Ten years ago, Fifth Avenue ended where a fashionable lady says it now begins. Every one knows that Wall Street was the city boundary—occupying the site of the old city wall; yet Wall Street now appears to run along the water's edge! That portion of New York which, forty years ago, comprised the whole port and city is reduced to a mere congressional district, while the New York of the present day extends, not only beyond the Harlem river, but across the Hudson and the Sound. The circumference is not less than forty miles. In central mass and scattered groups, New York bears some resemblance to Stamboul; but, in point of trade and wealth, enterprise and population, the great American city has left the imperial capital on the Golden Horn behind.

New York is now the third city in the world. In twenty years she promises to overtake Paris. She has already overtaken Vienna and Stamboul. Two English cities—London and New York—will then stand face to face, without a rival in foreign states; a commercial capital of the East in free and friendly intercourse with a commercial capital of the West.

"To Brevoort House!" We rattle by the quays and through the streets—so thronged with life, so bold with enterprise, so strange in contradictions. Here is a city in which time is gold, yet not a hansom-cab, or any other swift and cheap conveyance, can be hired. Here is a city in which every man tears and races, yet the thoroughfares are the worst levelled and the worst paved in America. Compared with either London or Paris, New York is, in respect of her street service, a benighted African city. What her private citizens do is done well, nowhere on earth better; what her corporation does is done ill, nowhere on earth worse. What charms of colour and of contrast strike the eye—green grass, red houses, waving trees—as in the better parts of Amsterdam!

"Hi! Brevoort House!" We are at home—a second home, in sight of the American ferry. Here we greet an old friend, Captain Moodie, of the *Bothnia*—rare and excellent captain of a swift and mighty ship!

"A glass of wine?"

"With all my heart, Captain Moodie."

"Our last voyage—and our next!"

"Ha, ha! the merry days, the starry nights, the pleasant company on board—the Americans leaving England with regret, the English facing America with delight! Let me, in turn, propose a toast, Captain Moodie; a toast which no one drinks so often and so heartily as the man going down to the sea in ships—

"The Ocean Service that has never lost a man!"

Cunard Steam Ship, "Bothnia."

TRANSATLANTIC TRIPS.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

STUDENTS of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" will not fail to remember the passage in which that learned old recluse, who tried his hardest to think and write as a misanthrope and a cynic, but who only succeeded in persuading posterity that he was the kindest and keenest of humorists, has set up his famous *caveat* against curiosity. The warning is far too diffuse to quote in its entirety, here; but you may buy an edition of Burton at small cost (he is not half as much read as he should be); and if you be not edified, you will be at least amused by reading what the seemingly crabbed but really good-natured old college Don (he even liked that terribly unsympathetic Doctor Fell, and left him, in his last will, "his second best bed")* has set down concerning the futility of Curiosity, "that tyrannising care, that itching humour or kind of longing to see that which is not to be seen, to do that which ought

* This bequest has always induced in my mind the opinion that Shakespeare meant no disparagement whatever to Mrs. S. when he left her, by will, *his* "second best bed." Such a legacy seems to have been a common one in Shakespeare's time; and from internal evidence may be generally assumed to have been dictated by kindly rather than by ill-conditioned feelings towards the legatee. The oddest marital bequest that I can call to mind is the one in which a devoted husband leaves to his wife "the stick with which I so oft did beat her, so that she may take Time by the forelock with her second mate, and cudgel him lustily."

not to be done, to know that secret which should not be known; to eat of the forbidden fruit. What matter is it for us," he goes on, "to know how high the Pleiades are, how far Perseus and Cassiopeia from us, how deep the sea, &c? We are neither wiser, nor stronger, nor modester, nor better, nor taller, nor richer, for the knowledge of it." But I must not quote any more. I have quoted enough, perhaps, to show how very convincingly the sage old gentleman has argued against that sin, the commission of which got our First Mother into such terrible trouble, and which her descendants are committing every day. It follows, very naturally, on this exhaustive diatribe against indulging in curiosity, that Burton himself was one of the most inquisitive scholars that ever existed. He was the Paul Pry of erudition; but, when he had found out most human things, he stopped short, and, like P. P., "hoped he didn't intrude," disparaging the very vice (if it be a vice; but I very much doubt the fact) to which he was most addicted. Do not be afraid that I shall digress again concerning Burton, save to hint, once for all, that the "Anatomy of Melancholy" is about the best book I know that a traveller should take to sea with him. You are aware that, on board ship, the reading of continuously sustained narratives, or even of the long drawn out dialogues in a novel, is always distasteful and generally impossible. *Attention* is a faculty, the exercise of which is imperatively necessary in such lectures; but when you are at sea—as a passenger, mind, not as a mariner (THEN you must be Incessantly Attentive)—the art of attention is very slightly called into action: first because your horizon is generally bounded by your nose, or, at farthest, by the ship's bulwarks; and next because, by the mere fact of being a passenger, you are relieved from the greater number of the responsibilities of life. You have only to do your best to take care not to slide off your legs when you go on deck, and not to tumble over on your nose when you descend the companion ladder; and for the rest, under Providence, the captain and his officers,—"the bo'sun, and all the ship's crew," as the song says,—the cook and the steward will take care of you. We are, in a manner, at nurse when we are at sea, and an extremely "wet" nurse, ofttimes, is Madam Thetis. Or; I might put it thus:—that

when you are travelling by a Cunard Steamer you are in a kind of perambulator: only, the nursemaid who is at the helm is the carefullest of steerswomen, who never gossips with men-o'-war, (I mean Life Guardsmen) on the way, and never "cannons" against other carriages. As regards books at sea, it appears clear to me that the traveller derives much more pleasure from the perusal of short and not very closely connected paragraphs, than from that of lengthy and didactic essays (and that is why I have made my own style as disjointed and rambling as it was competent for me to do). Read Burton, then, or Joe Miller, or Howell's "Letters," or Montaigne, or the "Celebrated Jumping Frog." Read anything, in fine (if you *can* read anything) which you can easily take up or lay down: which may divert, but which cannot bore you. For, being bored, you must needs *become* a bore, and a bore at sea is the most dismal of nuisances. He is *caput lupinum.* Hang an albatross about his neck! Masthead him! Thrust him into the furnace; or, best of all, throw him overboard, and let him weary the fishes. *Ennui* is the Real Flying Dutchman. Clap on all sail; get up steam to its highest; and let us get away from that awfullest of all bores, Captain Vanderdecken, late of the Dutch merchant navy.

Still, I fancy that I can tell you a better way by which you may defy the demon of lassitude. Gratify to the full that natural spirit of curiosity and inquisitiveness which the old schoolman deprecates so drolly. Inquire into everything; wonder at everything; speculate upon everything. To the man at the helm you are aware that you must not speak; the captain and his officers are not to be teased with irrelevant interrogations; and if you put foolish questions to the boatswain you might receive an unpleasantly evasive answer. Yet there are seasons when the loftiest commander and the austerest chief officer may be accosted without impropriety: and I will wager that, if these gentlemen endeavour to call to mind the conversations they have held with their passengers, they will agree with me that ninety-nine out of every hundred guests, after the first salutations, and their first remarks concerning the weather (on which they are usually in error), begin and end their parley by asking questions. It is natural. We are never so inquisitive as when we are at sea, because there is so little that we can

know. We are never less inquisitive than in our wandering through a museum, because there is so much knowledge lying loose about us. Those who dwell in the land where the pigs run about ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in their crackling, and crying, "Come, eat us!" do not care, I have been told, for pork. *Cæteris paribus*, when you are at sea, you don't care much for reading Mr. Plimsoll's pamphlets, or the "Wreck of the *Kent*, East Indiaman." You prefer to ask questions of all who will listen to you:—about how many knots the ship is making per hour; how many miles she made yesterday; how many miles she will probably make to-morrow; and in particular, how long it will be before breakfast, or lunch, or dinner, or tea, is served. You know quite as well as the steward can do of whom you ask the question; but it passes the time to ask it. Anything that will serve to devour that Time who, on shore, boasts, that he is *Edax Rerum*, is a boon and a blessing when your life is on the ocean wave. German block-puzzles; "historical questions," "spellings bees," *bouts rimés*, conundrums, charades, are all excellent in their way. The line only must be drawn at puns. The punster is Vanderdecken. Pitch him into the dingy, and tow him aft.

I have been at sea a good deal in the course of a varied life — on voyages short and long, in weather temperate, and weather tempestuous, and in all kinds of company, from privateersmen to princes, and from smugglers to savants. I never was on board a pirate, but *quien sabe?* I may be yet fated to sail under the Black Flag, to walk the plank, or, haply, to swing at the yardarm. I am generally very happy when I am at sea; first, because the recurring mornings fail to bring with them their dreary pabulum of newspapers; next, because there is no postal delivery: and I am, therefore, spared the reception of missives imploring me to send an order for the purchase of three dozen of the celebrated "Vino Cockalorum" (a Natural Sherry), or to become a subscriber to the Imperial Infirmary for Diseases of the Eyebrow (a form of testamentary bequest to the trustees of the infirmary is obligingly enclosed by the secretary); and, finally, because I am out of the way, and safe from the malice of my enemies. It is virtually impossible, so at least I take it, that you

or your enemy can be long at sea together, because of two things, one:—either you must close with your foe, and bite him, and try to throw him overboard; or (and this is what most frequently happens) you discover your enemy to be a very good fellow. Whereupon you shake hands with him, listen with delight to his droll stories (which he has told so often to the Marines), and make room for him by your side in the "Fiddler," when the pleasant time of night is come, and the stewardess is tucking up the ladies, and putting oranges and other goodies under their pillows, and the menfolk assemble in the capstan house to smoke their last cigar. But I am speaking of thirteen years ago. Times change so rapidly; and, for aught I know, there may be no nocturnal "fiddling" now.

There are three topics which, when I am at sea for a good long spell, and in whatever latitude I may be (I except only the ridiculous but abhorrent passage across the Straits of Dover, during which wretched transit every minute is mentally lengthened to the dimensions of an hour), never fail to excite in me a feeling of speculative wonder and curiosity. I am always extremely anxious to find out Three Things, differing as they do in their nature from one another as widely as Duff Gordon's Amontillado differs from the Cockalorum (a Natural Sherry). I wonder, first, how on earth, or rather on sea, the cook can contrive to prepare in the course of every twenty-four hours so many plenteous meals for such a vast number of hungry people: and all in a single caboose not much bigger than a birdcage. In the next place, I continue to ask myself whether I shall be sea-sick before the end of the voyage. I have been asking myself the self-same question, at intervals, during the last five-and-twenty years; and you might think that the problem might be considered as satisfactorily solved when you get into port without having known a day when you were unable to eat, or drink, or smoke: but that is quite beside the matter. You undertake another voyage; and, so soon as you have got your sea-legs, and have opened an account with the steward for brandy and soda, you begin to wonder whether you will be ill *this* time, prior to reaching Jersey City on the one side, or the Mersey on the other. There is no use in coming to dogmatic conclusions on this point. All our calculations, based on years of active expe-

rience, may be suddenly upset by an unforeseen, or rather unprefelt roll of the ship or a wrench of the screw :—by the odour of a dish you do not like, or by over-indulgence in one which you have liked too much. It is in no man's power—no, not even to the haughtiest and most prosperous of us—to assume with certainty that he will not be hanged; and that he has escaped the dread operation of *sus: per. coll:* during half a century, affords no absolute guarantee that he will not swing ere he has reached three score. Thus you may have outdone the late Madame Ida Pfeiffer, or the still happily living Mr. John Livesey, as an Ocean highwaywoman or highwayman, and you may be terribly sick before your fiftieth trip across the Atlantic comes to a close. The utmost you can do, in the first instance, is to try to avoid being hanged; that is, by refraining from shooting inoffensive people through the head, by declining to drink Cockalorum Sherry, and by always keeping your business appointments. Any sensible Ethical Life Office would grant you an indisputable policy under these circumstances, and reward you with handsome annual bonuses besides. And, in the case of sea-sickness, I cannot render you any better advice than to try your very best *not* to be sea-sick. *Don't think about it*, to begin with. Don't give your mind to it. Why are babies so very seldom indisposed at sea? Because they cannot mentally dwell on the agonies of the *mal de mer*. Thinking about the probability of your succumbing to the malady will bring about præ-cordial anxiety. There is a close connection between the heart, the brain, and the —— steward! steward! Avoid "hypnotics," chloral, *cannabis indica*, musk pills, and other nasty medicaments which some modern physicians (I am glad to say, foreign ones) have been foolish enough to recommend as counteractives to sea-nausea, and which, when they have any effect at all, are only successful in producing a morbid and unnatural torpor, or a vile parody and outrage on the natural and beneficent sleep, and which leave after them the ugliest *sequelæ*, in the shape of headache and nervous exhaustion. There are a number of rougher and readier remedies (so called) against sea-sickness; but I decline to mention them: first, because I am certain that they will not do anybody good; and next, because, merely to enumerate them, is sufficient

to make any right-minded, but weak-stomached, people, sick. I may just hint, however, that brandy at sea is an admirable crutch for the feeble, but a bad walking-stick for the hale and strong. It is too valuable a restorative to be lightly or unthinkingly resorted to ("Steward, another soda and B."); and, as regards champagne, if you care about it, take care that ou drink enough of it, *and let it be dry*. I met the other day, at Florence, a very accomplished American physician, who deliberately enunciated the opinion that good, dry champagne, and plenty of it, would cure almost every known (and non-contagious) disease, and even in the worst cases of contagion was a most valuable medicine. But he was an enthusiast. In like manner a dear friend of mine, deceased these many years past, used to declare that he could be cured of any and every ailment to which flesh is heir—from lumbago to a broken leg—by the timely administration of a ten pound note. Unfortunately, in his case, the beneficent Poor Man's Plasters from the great Apothecary's Hall, in Threadneedle Street, were but rarely attainable ; and he died for lack of physic before he was forty.

And this brings me to the third topic, on which I am given to cogitating when I am at sea. I have been asking myself the same series of questions ever since I was a boy, but I have never yet arrived at a thoroughly satisfactory solution of the enigma. I will assume that you (dear reader) are on the ocean when these pages come under your notice; and there will thus be no harm if you propound the question to yourself. It is simply this. How did the great Duke of Wellington, when General Sir Arthur Wellesley, manage to while away his time on board ship when he was going to, and returning from, India? What did he do during the four dreary months of which each voyage was composed? They were sailing ships, too, please to remember, in which the hero took passage—magnificently appointed East Indiamen, if you will; although, I daresay that, when contrasted with the luxurious saloon and sumptuous *cuisine* of a Cunard steamer, both the cuddy and the cookery of even the most splendid of the old argosies of the Leadenhall Street fleet at the commencement of this century, would have appeared uncouth and uncomfortable, even to the confines of barbarism. Sir Arthur, however, had no doubt the very best cabin,

next to the captain's, on board the ship. If the bill of fare at breakfast and dinner was not elegant it was at least profuse. But then the hero of Assaye was one of the most abstemious of mankind. He cared little for the pleasures of the table. What did it matter to him if pea-soup made its appearance at the cuddy-board thrice a week, or if salt beef and preserved potatoes, or pork, formed more frequently the staple of the banquet than *côtelettes d'agneau à la jardinière* or *filet de bœuf à la Provençale?* It is questionable, again, whether claret or champagne was commonly served to the guests on board the Indiamen of the past. We were at war with France; French wines were enormously dear, and it was considered not only prudent but patriotic to abstain from patronizing the vintages of Bordeaux and Épernay. Thus, too, as regards tobacco, ancient mariners smoked their pipes with their grog at night, but it was in strict privacy; and as to the idea of a cuddy-passenger whiffing at "a yard of clay:"—*Proh! Pudor.* The earliest Custom-House entry of a package of cigars—under the name of "segars"—being imported into England bears the date of 1808; long after Sir Arthur had won Assaye, and just about when he went to Portugal. Between 1808 and 1813 he must have seen an amazing amount of smoking among his Peninsular auxiliaries; yet I have never heard that Wellington either snuffed or smoked, or used tobacco in any shape or form. You may depend upon it that he did not smoke on his voyage, to and from India. What *did* he do? Flirt? Nay, I cannot believe that the great captain of the age was at any period of his wonderful career addicted to flirtation. Play cards? Well, he may have occasionally taken a share in a rubber; and there are individuals yet alive who whisper that when the duke did play, which was but seldom, he played very high indeed. For the rest, his life on board ship is, and will probably continue to be, a mystery to most of us. I don't think that he interested himself much with matters concerning either the discipline or the navigation of the ship. He was no sailor and no mathematician. It is certain that he did not "give his mind" to the study of Hindustani or Telugu; and as for his being sea-sick, it is barely possible for the human mind to contemplate the idea of that Iron Man, in a recumbent position in his berth, piteously entreating

the attendance of the steward. Not that life on board an Indiaman seventy years ago was entirely devoid of interest. Sometimes the captain was a tyrant; and it was a matter of pleasant uncertainty during the voyage as to whether the crew would rise in mutiny against him, or whether he would suddenly and savagely turn upon the cuddy-passengers and put them all in irons for some alleged infraction of the ship's rules and regulations. It is a positive fact that tyrannical commanders did occasionally so confine refractory passengers in the "bilboes," and that "crack" East Indiamen carried a supply, in case of need, of passengers' irons, which were considerately covered with green baize, lest the fetters should chafe the prisoners' wrists and ankles. Imagine a saloon-passenger ironed on board a Cunard! Then, again, there were transient periods of excitement. Some poor wretch of a foremast hand, or a ship's boy, had to be triced up to the gangway gratings to receive his appointed dose of the "cat," for merchant seamen were in those days subjected to discipline as severe, that is to say, as barbarous, as that which prevailed in the navy. Occasionally there might be a war scare; and the Indiaman, when she was not under convoy, or when she had parted with her protectors, would be chased by a French frigate or a heavily-metalled privateer. Then, if the captain was a bold man—and the masters of Indiamen were usually as bold as brass—the guns would be run out, the deck cleared, the men mustered, and the magazines opened for action. The grotesque, and often brutal saturnalia on Crossing the Line—imagine Wellington being shaved with a rusty iron hoop! and the catching of a shark or a contingent of dolphins may have served, from time to time, to alleviate the tedium of the voyage; but there must have been long, long intervals of utter and irremediable boredom when Captain Vanderdecken,—a phantom telescope in his bony grasp,—paced the poop, and surveyed a horizon which offered nothing to the view; and when Black Care stood at the helm and Pallida Mors seemed to be on the look out. Whatever did the great Duke of Wellington do when he was at sea?

We know very well, that is to say, we can very possibly imagine, how the hero would have passed his time in a transatlantic trip on board a Cunard steamer. And have you ever heard—I tell

the tale as it was told to me, but I cannot vouch for its accuracy—that in 1814, after what was deemed the definitive collapse of Napoleon, and when that restless person had been, as it was thought, disposed of for good and all at Elba, Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington, was within an ace of sailing for the United States, there to strike the final blow in one of the most foolish and the most mischievous wars in which two gallant nations were ever engaged. Everybody knows that many of our best line regiments,—legions that had partaken in all the glories of the Peninsula campaigns,—were despatched on that sorriest of business across the Atlantic, and thereby missed their chance of sharing in the crowning triumph of Waterloo. But the duke, happily, did not go. Wisest Fate said, "No." He went to the Congress of Vienna instead; and then Napoleon the Restless ran away from Elba, and the world was in a blaze again. But fancy Wellington on the Potomac. Well, I cannot think that he would have burned Washington, anyhow. He was quite old enough to have met, face to face, another Hero, the one after whom was named the legislative capital of the United States. Then the father of our Queen, the Duke of Kent, when Prince Edward, knew General Washington very well. His Royal Highness used to come up to New York from his garrison duties among the Blue Noses (he had a sergeant in one of his regiments by the name of William Cobbett) and attend Lady Washington's receptions. It was quite within the compass of possibility that about that time (the closing year of the last century) there should have been a young lieutenant-colonel in command of a battalion of foot at Quebec, or Montreal, or Halifax, a Lieut.-Colonel Wellesley. It is quite within the compass of probability that the officer in question should have taken a run into the States on leave of absence, and that there he should have met and have been the guest of the first Chief Magistrate of the American Republic. Wisest Fate often arranges the oddest of interviews among the illustrious. Wisest Fate decreed that on a certain day, very early in the present century, Volney, the author of "The Ruins of Empires," Alexander von Humboldt, and John Singleton Copley, afterwards Baron Lyndhurst and Lord Chancellor of England, should all meet at the Falls of Niagara. A nice trio! and some say that Brillat Savarin, the

gastronomer, made a fourth. Very easily could Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Arthur Wellesley have been of the party; but wisest Fate said, "No" again. The duke was *not* destined to visit America, any more than he was destined to meet Nelson: for I do not believe in that story about the hero of Waterloo, and he of Trafalgar, having rubbed shoulders with each other one day, by chance, in the waiting-room at the Admiralty.

One thing is tolerably certain, that had Wellington, or any other person of distinction, made a trip across the Atlantic in 1814—nay, for the matter of that, in 1825 or 1835—he would have been intensely uncomfortable. In a man-of-war, indeed, contrary winds and exasperating calms were the chief annoyances to be undergone. The accommodation in the captain's cabin or in the gun-room was decent enough; still, to pass a long sea voyage in the somewhat chilly shade of the Articles of War, produces in the end somewhat of a depressing effect. As for the sailing packets plying between Bristol, Liverpool, New York, and Boston, their "installation" was simply abominable. Six weeks and more were often consumed in making a passage of less than three thousand miles. The captains were not unfrequently savage and ignorant brutes; the provisions were scanty and bad, and the lot of the passenger was, generally speaking, miserable. "Dark is the hour before the dawn," the Irish proverb tells us; and very dark indeed were the last few years that preceded the organization of a system of steam navigation for the conveyance of mails and passengers between England and America—a system the most colossal and the most complete that the world has ever seen. In the history of the mail contract service a very voluminous book might be written. That service would never certainly have attained its existing scope and dimensions and its existing and magnificent efficiency, but for the concurrent efforts of Sir Rowland Hill in bringing about a reform in the internal mail service in Great Britain:—efforts which culminated in the adoption by the British Government of the penny postage system in 1840. Most middle-aged people remember how, in the outset, Rowland Hill's scheme was denounced, derided, and disparaged; how the first postal envelope, engraved after an elaborate design by Mulready, was wittily caricatured by John Leech; and

how a firm of clever engravers forwarded to the *Times* newspaper an exact *fac simile* of *half* of one of the new postage stamps or "Queen's Heads," as they were popularly called (to have imitated the stamp in its entirety would have been a transportable felony), to show with what ease the new postal *timbre* might be forged. Cheap postage, and an accelerated mail service have very much to do with "Transatlantic Trips," and I shall not, therefore, be open to the accusation of having needlessly digressed in having alluded to postal matters in this paper. Until some new motive power, applicable to navigation, be discovered, I do not very well see how the mail service between England and the States can be made much more rapid than it is at present, although we know that the word "impossible" is a word long since banished from the Cunard Dictionary, and fresh surprises may be in store for us in the way of phenomenally accelerated "runs" across the Atlantic. As regards postal rates, although, as things go, they may appear comparatively moderate, many economists are of opinion that, albeit the world is not yet ripe for the acceptation of Mr. Elihu Burritt's proposal for the establishment of "Ocean penny postage" (which is to be immediately followed by universal disarmament, the liquidation of all national debts, the disappearance of small-pox, typhus fever, flies in summer, and the consequent proclamation of the millennium), the time is not far distant when a further reduction in international postal rates may be looked for with tolerable certainty. But prior to the introduction of Rowland Hill's system these rates were simply monstrous:—so monstrous, indeed, that it was stated in evidence, before a Parliamentary committee, that wealthy and respectable mercantile firms, on both sides of the Atlantic, were in the habit of making up periodically large boxes full of letters addressed to their correspondents "on the other side," which boxes were deliberately smuggled through the Custom-House to evade payment of the enormous postal dues. High rates and smuggling generally go together. I remember once (when postage between England and the Papal States was very dear,) coming across the Pass of the Col di Tenda, between Turin and Nice in a *diligence*, my sole fellow traveller being a young student from a seminary at Rome. At the French frontier the *diligence* was stopped, and

we were asked by the Custom-House officers, if we had anything to "declare." Fortunately I had nothing contraband about me; but the *douaniers* somehow suspected that it was not "O K," or "all correct" with my juvenile companion in the sable cassock and the shovel hat. He was subjected to the inconvenience of a personal search; and they found upon him no less than ninety-seven stout sealed letters written by his fellow-students in Rome to their friends in England, and which he manifestly intended to pop into the penny post so soon as he reached Dover. Poor lads! the foreign postal rates were so tremendous. Pause a little ere you inexorably condemn these inexperienced schoolboys. Say, ye severest, what would you have done if you had been a long way from your native land, and yearning to communicate with your kith and kin at home, and the postage for a quarter of an ounce had been one-and-eightpence? Prepayment for letters crossing France was at that time indispensable. The poor seminarist had just enough ready money about him to frank his ninety-seven smuggled epistles to England; so he was solemnly marched between two *gendarmes* to the local *bureau*, and grimly watched while he purchased, moistened, and affixed to the letters the necessary *timbres-postes*. I don't think that he had much inclination to re-enact, on that journey at least, the part of a "bold smuggler;" but he had at least succeeded in getting the better of the Papal and the Italian post-office, and that was something. The little anecdote is one which may amuse for a moment the intelligent and urbane gentlemen, who are deputed by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General to act as "mail officers" on board the Cunard steamships. I wonder whether these gentlemen, while sorting the contents of the bags during the voyage, ever find any nice, slim little billets, *not* prepaid, carefully slipped between the folds of newspapers. I do believe that if the postage —not between England and the States, but between England and the Sandwich Islands—were only half a farthing, there would be people who would endeavour to deceive the post-office now and again just to keep their hand in.

But why should I speak of smuggling, or of defrauding the revenue? Nothing of *that* kind can prevail in these days of innocence, of course. We have all grown virtuous. Prohibitory

duties are acquiesced in with a meek sigh of resignation by patriotic Americans, who would as soon think of smuggling Lyons silk dress pieces, or Paisley shawls, or Balbriggan hosiery, or Irish poplins, or English gloves and cutlery through any transatlantic *douane*, as of throwing themselves over the Horseshoe Fall at Niagara, or renting one of the disestablished boarding-houses in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Smuggling in 1875! As well might one strive to revive Captain Kyd and his piracies. There is no transatlantic smuggling now-a-days, dear Sir—I mean, Madam—simply because there are no contraband goods, and no excessive import duties upon anything. Oh dear no! But in my time—I am speaking of thirteen years ago—a very lively contraband business indeed was carried on between England and the States. How should it have been otherwise when the Northern continent of America was in the "midst of war?" when the Federal Government required so many millions per minute in order to crush the rebellion? and when, consequently, in addition to normally heavy rates on imports, there were war duties and additional duties upon almost everything eatable, drinkable, wearable, or "lookatable?" I was in Spain the other day, and I found that the Government were levying duties not only upon railway tickets but upon postage stamps. Fancy taxing a tax! But heavy import duties were no doubt indispensably necessary in America thirteen years since; and the only evil results to which the system led were, first, the inducements they held out to persons of imperfect moral organization to "give their minds" to smuggling, and next the annoyance and exasperation engendered in the spirits of travellers perfectly innocent of any smuggling intent, but who had to submit to the ruthless overhauling of their luggage by the zealous *employés* of the New York and Boston custom-houses. "Don't lose your temper at the custom-house," was almost the parting piece of advice given to me in Paris, by an old and beloved American friend just before I started for America. Alas! I lost my temper ere I had been five minutes in the custom-house at Boston, where the officer, despite my passionate protestations that I had nothing liable to duty, persisted in rummaging my trunks, from lid to bottom, one after the other, making a chicken salad of the contents of one, a

mayonnaise de homard of a second, and a clam-chowder of a third. I was very rude to the fiscal functionary; and I am bound to admit that he was not in the slightest degree rude to me. Indeed, he told me calmly, that he had "no prejudices." What are you to do with a man who has no prejudices? I should have liked to kill that custom-house officer—to kill him only for five minutes, *bien entendu*. Being an Englishman, I was as naturally stuck as full with prejudices as a porcupine is with quills, or a larded *fricandeau* is with bits of bacon. Did I not bristle from head to heel with prejudices I should be ashamed of my country. And just as the cool custom-house officer at Boston was remarking that he was unprejudiced, he deliberately tore asunder the numerous and careful wrappings surrounding a tiny object in one of my boxes. It happened to be a delicious little Sèvres porcelain cup and saucer in *pâte tendre* which I had been entrusted to deliver into the hands of a very charming lady at Washington. I told the custom-house officer what it was; but he, probably thinking that I was a hardened and artful smuggler of lace, or diamonds, or some other heavily dutiable article, proceeded to tear off envelope after envelope until at last he smashed my poor frail little gewgaw to pieces. *That* "fetched" me. It was in vain that I subsequently found hosts of friends, "wholly unprejudiced" in the States. It was in vain that I was treated with kindness and good humour. It was in vain that I banqueted on canvas-back ducks, soft-shell crabs, pumpkin pie, Phipps's ham, gumbo soup, green-corn, succotash, buck-wheat cakes, and other delicacies. *I never got over that cup and saucer.* They were the *amari aliquid*, embittering almost every moment of my existence. They were as Mr. Dickens's "Charles the First's Head" in "Copperfield," and persisted in intruding themselves into all the Memorials I penned. If I played a losing political hazard, and backed an irremediably hopeless cause; if I took a jaundiced and morbid view of a state of society and a condition of public opinion, which were then necessarily in an abnormal and quasi-chaotic state; if I grumbled at everything, quarrelled with my bread-and-butter, calumniated the Kaatskill mountains, disparaged Drake's Plantation Bitters, and spoke disrespectfully of the Erie Railroad and the Equator; if, in fine, I became a Copperhead,

(and worse,) *it was all owing to that porcelain cup and saucer which the unprejudiced custom-house officer smashed at Boston.*

Nobody, I hope, has ever lost his temper at that Custom-house, or in New York, since 1863, when I first made a transatlantic trip. It makes one feel somewhat of a "fogey" to have to recall a voyage taken so long ago. Yet in 1863 a trip to the States was held to be quite a serious enterprise. You made your will before you sailed. Your friends gave you farewell dinners and accompanied you to the Euston Terminus to see you off by the limited mail for Queenstown, *viâ* Holyhead. Your enemies hoped that you would never come back. There was no Atlantic Telegraph, but there were Cunard steamships; and a very jovial outward trip did I make to Boston in the *Arabia*, Captain Cook; and an equally jovial homeward voyage in the *Persia*, Captain Lott. The *Arabia* and the *Persia!*—why I suppose I might as well talk of the caravels commanded by Christopher Columbus. Eighteen-hundred-and-sixty-three was so very long ago; and travellers certainly think much less now-a-days of undertaking a journey to New York, or a run to San Francisco (looking in *en route* on Brigham Young and the Mormons at Great Salt Lake City), than they do of taking a cab to Homerton. Where is Homerton? I was born in London nearly fifty years ago; but I never yet found my way to Homerton, and I never yet knew anybody who ever went there. I did once meet a gentleman who had been to Edmonton, but he was an American, and had made a pilgrimage to that remote region in the hope of finding out something about the Sign of the "Bell," and that immortal captain of the trainbands, John Gilpin. I mention these facts in the hope that what I have written may haply attract the attention of some born Homertonian or Edmontonian in the saloon of a Cunard steamer, and that he will at once—if the sea be not too rough—put pen to paper and write me a letter, to be posted on his arrival at Jersey City, indignantly reproaching me with my impertinence and my ignorance. But one cannot know everything; and even a *habitué* of Homerton may be somewhat uncertain as to the precise locality of Hoboken.

Hoboken! I suppose that I shall never see Hoboken, nor Brooklyn, nor Staten Island, nor Fort Tomkins, nor the peerless

city of New York any more. My days for transatlantic trips, or, indeed, for any extended trips, are over. I have been saying this for the last ten years; yet, somehow, I have sped over a good many score of thousands of miles of the surface of earth and sea since then; and even within the last six months I have been—quite accidentally, and without premeditation—in Spain, in Africa, and in Italy. I never thought to go thither any more. I never thought, indeed, so late as 1873 to go anywhere terrestrially, save into a grave in Brompton cemetery. But, *qui a bu, boira.* I thoroughly believe in the truth of *that* maxim. "Who has drunk of the waters of the Fountain of Trevi," they tell you at Rome, "will return to drink of them again and again." There is no cure for the pleasant malady of wandering. Mr. Bayard Taylor, I daresay, has not yet come to the end of his travels; and you remember how that admirable Sir Henry Holland, when he was long past eighty years of age, used, whenever he had a few weeks' leisure, to take a holiday trip to the Ural or the Caspian, to Cairo or the Caucasus, to Russia or to the Rocky Mountains. Thus, ere I die, I may not only see once more those "palms and temples of the South" which I love so well, but I may once again take a transatlantic trip in a Cunard steamer. A ship was cynically defined by Dr. Johnson as "a prison, with the chance of being drowned;" but of a Cunard it may assuredly be said, that it is a cheerful, hospitable, and elegant Floating Hotel, with the certainty (humanly speaking) of reaching your journey's end in safety.

LIVERPOOL.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

NEXT to London, this city of ships is the chief port of the United Kingdom. The Mersey, on which it is built, carries the noblest vessels of the British Mercantile marine into every sea. Liverpool is known all the world over, and in England is synonymous with enterprise and wealth.

Visitors to England should make a point of remaining a few days in Liverpool. They will find it a good introduction to the greater world of London. Much that is done in the metropolis has its smaller counterpart in Liverpool, while in some things Liverpool is in advance of London. For example, there is hardly a finer building in the kingdom than St. George's Hall; and London has no Free Library to compare with the Liverpool institution. There are manufactories in Liverpool of peculiar interest, and special objects of note will be found in a drive along the quays and in a visit, by ferry, to Birkenhead. Music, the fine arts, and the drama, are well represented. There are societies and clubs which claim positions as high in the scale of Art and Society as the kindred schools of London. The Liverpool concerts are famous among musicians. Liverpool merchants pride themselves upon their patronage of the arts. The theatres and concert-rooms are worthy of a great city, and, what is even more important to the traveller, a marked improvement in hotel life is a feature of Liverpool progress. The London and North Western Hotel is a modern establishment,

with elevators, electric bells, and every possible protection against fire. Its service is good, and its situation exceptionally convenient. M. Bisserot, the manager, has had the advantage of a long experience of hotel management, on a large scale. Its proprietors, the London and North Western Railway Company, regard the house as an important part of their railway system, which has its administrative departments in the same range of buildings as the hotel.

Unlike the majority of English towns, Liverpool presents few features of interest to the antiquary, though its history is a remarkable story. The etymology of the name is derived from a fabulous bird called the liver. Doomsday Book does not mention the town, although it is pretty certain that fishermen had established themselves here before the Norman Conquest. About 1076 Roger de Poictier built a castle here, and soon afterwards the cluster of houses that nestled in the shadow of the walls gave the town its name. Henry I. granted Liverpool its first charter in 1129. The conquest of Ireland in 1172 opened up an intercourse between the two countries, which may be said to have laid the foundation-stone of Liverpool's commercial fame. In 1540 the town was almost depopulated by the plague, which spread like a deadly blight over all the land. Though commerce first made her home here about 1172, the year 1565 only found Liverpool with twelve ships, having an aggregate burden of two hundred and twenty-three tons, and navigated by seventy-five men. The town then consisted of one hundred and thirty-eight houses and six hundred and ninety inhabitants. Long before the days of Elizabeth, however, Liverpool possessed the privilege of representation in Parliament; but this was denied the burgesses from the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Edward I., until Edward VI. came to the throne. During the reign of this monarch the electors allowed their members two shillings a day "for the maintenance of their rank and station," a sum of money which, even at its highest proportionate value in these days, a Liverpool merchant would spend in cigars for his guests. In 1650 the town was comprised in half-a-dozen streets, Dale Street, Castle Street, Chapel Street, Old Hall Street, and Tithebarn Street, names familiar to this day. Cromwell's troops dismantled the castle, and the ruins remained until 1721, when the

site was cleared for St. Nicholas Church. Thus it will be seen that two centuries ago Liverpool was little better than a fishing village. It has now a population of over five hundred thousand, and the Dock Estate has an annual revenue, from shipping dues, of over £1,000,000 sterling.

The chief historical event in the not very eventful story of Liverpool, is the siege in 1644, by Prince Rupert, when the town was held by the Commonwealth. Colonel Moor ably defended it against the prince, but eventually succumbed. Sir John Meldrum afterwards defeated the king's forces, and re-took the town in spite of a gallant attempt at relief by the Earl of Derby. The illustrious house of Stanley has advanced enormously in wealth since those days. The present Lord Derby gets his princely income chiefly from the family estate at Knowsley, which has developed in value with the rising fortunes of Liverpool. During the course of the year some nine million persons are ferried over the Mersey, between Liverpool and Birkenhead, and a scheme is on foot for a tunnel and railway to have termini in the centre of the two towns, thus connecting Birkenhead, without a break of line, with the railway service of the United Kingdom.

The first wet dock was constructed in 1709. At that period it was a novelty. Its site has long since been appropriated to the erection of custom-house and dock offices. In 1720 great works were entered upon for facilitating intercourse between Liverpool and Manchester. The navigation of the Mersey and Irwell was improved, and a canal commenced. Like some of the modern cities of America, Liverpool has suffered greatly by fires. The first Exchange was burned in 1795. In 1802 property worth £1,000,000 sterling, and in 1833 £300,000 worth of property was destroyed by fire. In 1836 warehoused property, valued at about £300,000 was burnt, and £500,000 worth in 1842. Great fires have occurred since these dates; but beyond all these misfortunes, from a financial and social point of view, was the cotton famine brought about by the American war, which, however, exhibited in the operatives of Manchester a spirit of endurance and loyalty, only equalled by the public generosity of Liverpool, London, and the country at large.

While Liverpool is a fine, well-built town, and has many

picturesque churches, chapels, and public buildings, its most notable architecture lies pretty close together and may soon be inspected. The most imposing of public buildings is St. George's Hall, which will be recognized at once by its magnificent portico surmounting a pedestal of steps of splendid width. There is no better example of the beauty of the Corinthian order of architecture in England. Outside the building there are admirable statues of the Queen and the late Prince Consort, by Thorneycroft. The great hall is remarkable for its exquisite ornamentation. It is used for public meetings, flower shows, bazaars, and instrumental concerts on a large scale. The organ cost £10,000, and is a splendid instrument. Mr. Best, one of the most dexterous English organists of the present day, is permanently engaged by the Corporation of Liverpool to give performances twice a week throughout the year, except during Assize time, when the large hall forms a vast waiting-room for those engaged in the adjoining law courts. The hall measures one hundred and sixty-seven by seventy-seven feet, with a magnificent arched roof at a height of eighty-two feet. Adjacent are the law courts, and a small concert hall, exquisitely ornamented, in which delighted audiences have listened to classical music, interpreted by the most eminent musicians, and in which the late Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon gave their readings. St. George's Hall, from first to last, has cost over £300,000. The Free Library and Museum are well worth a visit. They were presented to the town by Sir William Brown, and cost £32,000. In the galleries of the Free Library an annual exhibition of modern pictures has been held of late years. This exhibition may be said to have marked an epoch in the history of Liverpool Art progress. Until it was started by Mr. Edward Samuelson, an ex-mayor, and other energetic townsmen, the local exhibition of pictures was entirely in the hands of dealers and frame makers. Mr. Samuelson's endeavours induced a wealthy town-councillor, Mr. Walker, to present, on the occasion of his election to the civic chair, the sum of £20,000, to be applied to the purpose of building an Art Gallery, which is now in process of erection, on a site in immediate proximity to the William Brown Free Library and Museum. The edifices will ultimately afford remarkable instances of the private wealth amassed in Liverpool,

and of the uses it is sometimes made to serve. In front of the Town Hall is a fine monument of Nelson, erected in 1813, the result of a public subscription of £9000 raised in about a week. The new Exchange buildings were constructed on the foundation of the old Exchange, at a cost of £150,000. They are admirable in style and arrangement. The news-room is one of the most commodious apartments of its kind extant. The lofty dome lights a clear space of a hundred thousand square yards. From floor to dome the height is eighty feet. On the southern arcade of this beautiful building are placed statues of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Captain Cook, Christopher Columbus, Galileo, and Mercata; and we should not omit to mention that in St. George's Hall niches for sculpture already contain statues of Sir Robert Peel, the late Lord Derby, W. E. Gladstone, George Stephenson, and several men locally distinguished. The Philharmonic Hall, in Myrtle Street, is also a very striking feature in the architectural beauties of the town. It belongs to that which is said to be the most exclusive and private company in the United Kingdom. The subscription concerts, given in the Philharmonic Hall every fortnight during the winter season, are open only to subscribers, whose right to subscribe is conditional upon their being shareholders in the company. Although the room will seat some two thousand five hundred people, places are seldom to be attained for any of the subscription concerts except by favour. The hall is in every respect a first-rate music-room. Its acoustic properties are well known and appreciated by all competent judges. It was opened in 1849 by Grisi, Mario, Lablache, and a host of other eminent artists. A band and chorus are attached to the Philharmonic Society, but neither the choral nor instrumental performances given by the society are remarkable for perfection of *ensemble*. Indeed, owing to some difficulty in weeding the executive bodies of old and inefficient members, the concerts of the society were, until very lately, most defective. Considering the prestige and constitution of the society it is surprising how little it has done to promote the true interests of music in Liverpool. New works are seldom heard at its concerts unless they have become fashionable elsewhere. It is not on record that the Philharmonic

Society of Liverpool ever gave a musician a commission for an original composition, a fact which alone goes far to prove how little the wealthy society has done in the cause of art. Occasional concerts are given in the Philharmonic Hall by local caterers, who are charged forty or fifty guineas by the company for the use of the room.

Strangers visiting that part of Liverpool in which the Philharmonic Hall is situated, will find that it abounds in churches. The sacred edifices are to be met with literally at the corner of every street. The district, which is the most fashionable part of the town, is therefore popularly called the Holy Land. It contains, within a very small radius, places of worship of almost every denomination. The church and schoolrooms, parallel with the Philharmonic Hall, form a picturesque block of buildings. The church for the blind, facing the entrance to the Philharmonic, is worth special notice. The stone with which it is constructed was removed, block by block, from another part of the town, where the Institution for the Blind originally stood. The Baptist chapel at the corner of Myrtle Street—opposite the Philharmonic—is the one where Hugh Stowell Brown preaches. A short distance further on, in Prince's Road, are St. Margaret's, the most fashionable high church in Liverpool, the Synagogue, the Greek Church, and two Protestant Churches, nearly side by side. St. Margaret's and the Synagogue, both splendidly decorated in the interior, are separated by the quaint residence of Mr. Bowes, a well-known collector of Japanese ware. The house, from its position, is called by Liverpool wits, "the fly leaf." It is furnished in Japanese style throughout, containing no art work of any value or importance, that is not in some way associated with Japan.

Although the forms of divine worship are so numerous, and so well provided for in this part of Liverpool, Sectarianism among the inhabitants of the district does not, fortunately enough, run very high. Social life is rarely disturbed by any differences in religious opinion, a tacit understanding as to mutual forbearance in such matters seeming to prevail throughout the locality. In other quarters of the town, where the lower orders are either Roman Catholic or Protestant, party feeling often openly displays itself, especially

when stimulated by drink, which may, with all truth, be said to be the bane of Liverpool. Innumerable means have been suggested and attempted to counteract the attraction and influence of intoxicating liquor, but so far to very little purpose. Mr. Robertson Gladstone, brother of the ex-Premier, a Liverpool celebrity, some time ago had a Drunkard's List published every week in the local newspapers, thinking to improve the habits of delinquents by exposing the names of those who had been convicted of being "drunk and incapable." The exposure had, however, no result. The list was a weekly scandal to the town, and its length being a heavy tax upon the papers, it was ultimately discontinued.

The most important measures against crime of every description in Liverpool are those adopted by the Roman Catholic clergy. Nothing, for instance, can exceed the energy and zeal in the welfare of the people shown by Father Nugent and Father Guy, two representative priests of the twelve missions of the diocese. The beneficial influence they exercise is very apparent in the districts under their care.

A drive through the so-called Holy Land, Prince's and Sefton Parks, and thence, skirting Everton Down, to the river side, will afford opportunity of seeing every class of habitation the town contains. Prince's Park is more or less a village of merchant-princes' houses; Sefton Park, which is more extensive, has but recently been enclosed and planted. In a few years it will, probably, be one of the most enjoyable places of resort, of its class, in England. It is ornamented by an artificial lake, waterfalls, grottoes, huge rockeries, and every other contrivance that can in any way tend to make it picturesque and rural. But trees require time to grow, and rocks do not very quickly assimilate themselves to the positions in which they are placed by the hand of man, facts which prevent Sefton Park being yet seen to advantage. Large sums of town-money have been spent upon it; Science and Art have been combined in its embellishment; a prince of the blood Royal journeyed to Liverpool to declare it open to the public, and there can be little doubt that, in appearance at any rate, the Park hereafter will reward the labours of its promoters.

The railway stations of the town are not unworthy of notice, and excavations are now being made for an extension of the London and North Western, which will materially enhance the present accommodation. Already the station has been enlarged by the expensive and notable work of cutting away the solid rock as far back as St. Vincent Street, demolishing a great part of Gloucester Street, and removing St. Simon's Church two hundred and fifty yards eastward. The station is covered with a glazed roof, extending nearly to the Edge Hill tunnel, through which over a hundred trains pass daily. The Yorkshire and Lancashire Railway Station is in Tithebarn Street. It is a handsome building in the Italian style, and is used by the Yorkshire, East Lancashire, and Southport Companies. The Victoria Station is in Regent's Road, to which point the railway passes, by a tunnel, through the very heart of Liverpool. This line is used for the cattle traffic and goods for shipment coastways or to foreign parts, as well as goods imported. The luggage station of the Lancashire and Yorkshire railways is in Great Howard Street. Close by the Central Station, in Ranelagh Street, is the terminus of the "Cheshire Lines Committee," under whose direction Liverpool is in communication with the Midland and Great Northern systems. The only addition required to complete the railway system of this city of ships and locomotives is the projected tunnel, mentioned at the outset of this article, to bring Birkenhead in rapid communication with the centre of Liverpool, and connect Birkenhead itself with all the principal railway lines of Great Britain. Parliamentary powers have already been secured for this important work, which is justified if only for the immediate local traffic, now met solely by ferry boats. Street tramways were introduced to Liverpool in 1867. The first line was to the Dingle, and this is to be continued to Aigburth. By this route the passengers can be carried within easy reach of Sefton Park and Prince's Park. There is another tramway starting from the same point, Castle Street, which has its terminus not far from Stanley Park and the Anfield Cemetery.

Among the public institutions of Liverpool the markets hold an important position. St. John's is the principal. It was built in 1822, at a cost of £150,000. Not far off is the Fish Market, one

of the best supplied in the kingdom. Then there are the shell-fish market, St. James's, St. Martin's, and half a dozen other miscellaneous markets, not to mention the great Cattle Market at Stanley, two and a half miles out of town. A visit on Mondays to Stanley is worth while. Nearly all the Irish cattle that comes to England finds its way to the Liverpool Market. The old Gill Street Market has been converted into a bottling store by Messrs. Ihlers & Bell, who are among the greatest exporters of beer in the United Kingdom. In their store at Gill Street we found over two thousand butts of Bass, each butt holding a hundred and eight gallons, and each worth £10; while at the north-end store there were three thousand butts. They send to the Brazils, Pernambuco, and other distant markets, about five million quart bottles a year, and pay Bass & Co. over £60,000 a year. Several bottling firms in London and Scotland pay the great Burton House similar sums for export only, and the firm of E. & J. Burke, Vandries Street, Liverpool, Bachelor's Walk, Dublin, and Beaver Street, New York, export Allsopp's Ales and Guinness's Stout in enormous quantities. Messrs. Ihlers & Bell find the chief difficulty of their trade in pirated trade marks, and bad beer stamped with imitations of their labels. Germany used to be a great culprit in Trade frauds of this kind, but latterly the law of trade marks has been improved by our Teutonic brethren, and now Brussels, it seems, is a great emporium of fraudulent manufactures and base imitations of English specialities. It is to be hoped that recent international treaties with other States, in the interest of honest dealing, will stimulate the Belgian Government to action in the same direction.

But the glory and pride of Liverpool are its river and port. In addition to a cab ride, or a walk along the quays, the stranger should take a view of the river from a ferry steamer. Southward lies a wide expanse of water, upon which float vessels of all sizes and all nations. The Sloyne Roads has a fleet of merchant vessels at anchor. Northward, the river flows on until it reaches the sea, and the eye ranges over a long line of docks, busy with the loading and unloading of merchandise of the most varied character. The magnificent ocean-going steamers, for which the port is famous, are lying here and there, just coming in or going out, always

preparing for a journey or just finishing one. No finer boats meet the eye than the vessels of the Cunard, White Star, Inman, and Allan lines. While all the Liverpool steamers may be called floating hotels, the Cunard vessels claim to be a point ahead of the others in the way of comfort and safety. If the young traveller likes the spick and span, sharp, taut, rakish look of the White Star liners, more experienced voyagers talk of the clear history of Cunard navigation, and the almost excessive precautions of the Company against accident; while other persons shake their heads knowingly, and quote, as a feature of ocean life, the Cunard *cuisine.* For those who are unaccustomed to ocean travel there is no more interesting experience in Liverpool than the inspection of one of her large steamers. The docks have, for their inland termination, the most magnificent set of warehouses in the world. When first the Dock Estate began to build warehouses it was said that similar property held by private owners would become valueless; but this is so far from being the case that rents have gone up enormously. The Albert Dock warehouses are magnificent buildings. Adjacent are entire streets of warehouses, while in the very centre of the town, in Hanington, Mathew, South John, and North John Streets, are private warehouses packed with stores. Some of these are bonded warehouses, others free. The Goree warehouses, named after Goree on the west coast of Africa, are opposite St. George's Dock; they have been rebuilt since 1802, when they were destroyed by fire. They have a piazza under the first story of the building, and originally it was intended to carry this covered way along the whole line of the docks southward, but it was found impracticable to complete the original plan. The Queen's Tobacco Warehouses are situated on the west side of the King's Dock. All the tobacco brought to Liverpool is bonded here, and the damaged "weed" is burnt in "the Queen's pipe," which is occasionally lighted with an important cargo. The Dock Estate is one of the wonders of the world. Its extent and management are unique. The *first* Wet Dock was opened in 1713, and its water area was 3 acres 1890 yards. There are now fifty-four Wet Docks and Basins, with a water area of 411 acres 2034 yards; and eight Dry Basins, with a water area of 20 acres

1871 yards. In all, the Dock Estate consists of sixty-two Docks and Basins, with a water area of 431 acres 3905 yards. There are twenty Graving Docks, with a total length of floor of 11,325 feet 10 inches. The total lineal quayage of the Docks and Basins is 28 miles 56 yards. The total area of the Dock Estate is 1537 acres. For the year ending 1st July, 1874, the number of ships entering the Port of Liverpool was 19,186, the total tonnage being 6,710,093 tons.

The gross revenue derived from ships was £380,588 7s. 6d.; from goods, £562,910 3s. 7d.; from other sources, £233,731 12s. 8d., including rents of property and revenue from dock traffic, dock line of railway, weighing materials, and dock warehouses. The total gross revenue amounted to £1,177,230 3s. 9d., and the surplus (after setting aside £80,000 for taxes) was £173,994 10s. 7d.

The bond debt, authorized by Parliament, on the 1st July, 1874, was £14,297,982 6s. 1d. The average rate of interest of the whole debt is about £4 6s. 9d. per cent., bonds running from three to twenty years.

This gigantic estate, in connection with which there *is no beneficial interest whatever*, is managed by twenty-eight gentlemen, receiving no remuneration; twenty-four of them are elected by those who pay dock rates on ships and goods, the other four are appointed by the Government; all are elected for four years, seven members retiring by rotation each year. The board meet once a week, when the proceedings of the various eight committees, into which the members are divided, are read, discussed, and confirmed. In 1873 the board obtained parliamentary powers to borrow £4,000,000, to make additional docks on the Lancashire side of the Mersey. At present there are about three thousand men engaged at work in carrying out the extension. It is believed that it will be ten years before the new Docks are completed. The chairman of the Board is Mr. William Langton; the chairman of the Finance Committee is Mr. Ralph Brocklebank; the chairman of the Works Committee is Mr. Joseph Hubback; Mr. George Fosberry Lyster is the Engineer. The following further statistics, better than words, show the remarkable strides which Liverpool is making towards the foremost position among ports.

CONDENSED STATEMENT SHOWING THE INCREASE IN THE TONNAGE OF THE PORT DURING THE LAST TWENTY YEARS.

	Vessels.			Average per Annum.			Rate per Cent. of Increase.			Average Rate per Cent. per Annum of Increase.		
	Sailing.	Steam.	Total.	Sailing.	Steam.	Total.	Sailing.	Steam.	Total.	Sailing.	Steam.	Total.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.						
Tonnage, Year 1852 ...	2,598,518	1,313,988	3,912,506									
Increase from 1852 to 1858	243,996	285,441	529,437	40,666	47,573	88,239	9·39	21·72	13·53	1·56	3·62	2·25
Tonnage, Year 1858 ...	2,842,514	1,599,429	4,441,943									
	Decr.			Decr.			Decr.			Decr.		
Increase from 1858 to 1868	74,774	1,130,755	1,055,981	7,477	113,075	105,598	2·63	70·70	23·77	0·26	7·07	2·38
Tonnage, Year 1868 ...	2,767,740	2,730,184	5,497,924									
	Decr.			Decr.			Decr.			Decr.		
Increase from 1868 to 1872	80,591	1,113,053	1,032,462	20,148	278,263	258,115	2·91	40·77	18·78	0·73	10·19	4·69
Tonnage, Year 1872 ...	2,687,149	3,843,237	6,530.386									
Increase from 1852 to 1872	88,631	2,529,249	2,617,880	4 432	126,462	130,894	3·41	192·49	66·91	0·17	9·62	3·35

IN LONDON.

BY W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

IF I were asked to advise a friend from abroad how he should set about seeing London, I should say: Start from the West from your hotel by Hyde Park Corner, or Portland Place, or Charing Cross, to the Park. Be early, and spend an hour by the Ride watching the ladies and gentlemen of England taking their morning canter: in their freshness and vigour—after overnights of dinner, opera, and rout—and that of their flaxen-haired children, bestriding sprightly and wilful ponies, you will see some of the reasons of the healthy life which keeps the country straight, of the *mens sana in corpore sano* which is conspicuous still in Old England.

Back to breakfast at the hotel and the morning papers, in which you will read over yesterday's life and to-day's, and put yourself *au courant* with all that is going on in the London you are to skim before next bedtime. Then set out for the East along Oxford Street and Holborn, having dipped into Peter Cunningham's "Hand-book of London," under the heads of the main thoroughfares through which you will pass in the course of the day—say, Oxford Street, Holborn, Newgate Street, Cheapside, London Bridge, Leadenhall Street, Thames Street, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, the Strand, and Charing Cross.

As you proceed eastward you will perceive rapid changes in the aspect and character of the citizens. You leave the fashionable

shops and the easy-going people behind you, and get amid crowds of people who are earnest and impatient bread-winners. You will become familiar with every description of London conveyance, and all grades of the commercial classes, from the millionaire merchant to the lean and sad curbstone vendors of penny watches, leather money-bags, key-rings, and flowers and fruit; the dapper clerk, the shabby attorney's hack, the sleek and smiling tradesman, the poor Respectability going shamefaced in search of needlework, the restless-eyed Jews who grow fat on London poverty in Petticoat Lane and in every corner of Shoreditch, the burly draymen and porters, the lusty butchers' men by Newgate Street, the stalwart City police, the sharp and saucy shoeblacks, the proud beadles of the Bank, the solemn persons who go on 'Change, the City porters, the pale compositors and reporters of Fleet Street, the barristers and their clerks of the Temple; then the wonderful medley of men and women of that most ancient and interesting highway, the Strand; and so on to where the loungers and nonworkers are—to the clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's Street, the shopping of Bond Street and Regent Street, and back to the Park at half-past five o'clock!

During such a day, in which there should be no haste nor attempt at sight-seeing, but an easy taking-in by eye and ear of all that may flow to them, a stranger to London may obtain a just general impression of the mighty whole, on which he may safely proceed to build his estimate of the English capital. He will have seen the lounging West and the bustling, impatient East; the wealth and rank, the industry, the keen fight for bread, and the poverty, as they appear from day to day in London streets and public places. The observer should be on foot: leaning over the railings in the Ladies' Mile, resting upon one of the stone benches of the Royal Exchange, loitering in Cheapside or along Cornhill, and examining the shops of the Strand, Bond Street, and Regent Street, he obtains glimpses of character and remarks every-day incidents of the great city's life, that will help to form his judgment and to fix the details of the scene in his mind. In order to arrive at a correct estimate of a national character, a traveller must penetrate into the national home-life; he must peer into the nursery, assist at the christening, attend the marriage, and see *pater*

and *mater* in their *robe-de-chambre* as well as at the head of the dinner-table, or bowing to guests when their rooms are crowded.

But there are classes who are most at home in the street, to whom the curbstone is a shop and the pavement a counting-house, the luncheon-bar and the tap-room almost a home. In the streets the bearing of one class towards another is to be marked, and the observer of a great city should begin with the general out-door life before he proceeds to the domestic aspect of the citizens, and a study of the separate classes by whom the city is peopled.

The way to get an idea of the chief monuments of London has been made easy by the completion of the Thames Embankment on the north bank of the River. A pleasant walk through St. James's Park to Whitehall, by the Horse Guards, will open to the traveller a morning of rambles amid the memories of the past, folded in a series of ancient structures not to be outmatched for historical interest in any city on the face of the earth. He stands opposite the Whitehall of the Stuarts and of Cromwell, to begin with. To the left he commands the Statue of the First Charles, the Nelson Column, and the National Gallery; and to the right, whither his steps should be bent, lie the great Offices of State, the Palace of Parliament, Rufus's Westminster Hall—the seat of Justice, and the Abbey, the foundations of which lie buried in the far-off misty past—the Christian upon the ruins of the Pagan shrine. London has no fairer scene in summer-time than the Broad Sanctuary. Our statues to statesmen, the Drinking-foun tain, the Hospital, the Houses of Parliament, the parterres and lamps, and the mighty Clock-tower, are of the Present; and the sober grey Abbey—the background of the picture—is of the silent Past. It is an imposing and a beautiful scene, in which the centuries of our national life lie linked together. Within the Abbey the stranger paces by the ashes of great Englishmen of our various historical epochs, down to the Victorian age, which has laid in the dust, side by side, the mortal part of Palmerston and Grote, Lytton and Dickens, and the Christian wanderer Livingstone! Again and again modern pilgrims make their way to Poet's Corner, for in the immortal shadowy company of this narrow place is the imagination most powerfully excited. I have observed

of the hallowed spot, when making my London pilgrimage with my friend and fellow-traveller, Gustave Doré, "The air is filled with immortal spirits; and the memory snatches at the gems of each. Rare Ben, Shakespeare, 'blind old Milton,' Dryden, the singer of 'The Faërie Queene,' Pope, Sheridan, Gray, Addison, Handel, the voice that charmed and gave cheeriness to 'The Mariners of England,' Macaulay, Grote, the parent of 'Pendennis,' and the gentle heart that hymned an immortal 'Christmas Carol' to the world, crowd upon the thoughtful spectator and keep his feet leaded to the ground. It is, as it were, the whispering gallery of the great of our country, whence they are speaking to far-off posterity. Hard by lie the ashes of the great Chatham and of Sir Isaac Newton—immortal memories that compel the reverence of pilgrims from every clime. Each day, each hour, in the Minster has charms to the serious and sensitive creature. The choir thrills to the heart; the organ lifts the feet from the earth as it vibrates through the chapels filled with the dust of kings and trembles through the shadowy, meditative cloisters: or the soul is stirred and the eyes are gladdened when, to the stately cadences of the 'Wedding March,' a marriage procession, like a beam of light, glides from the western entrance to the altar rails."

From Palace Yard the way should be to Westminster Bridge. To the west and to the east the view, on a fine day, is of startling interest. To the west, the Houses of Parliament and St. Thomas's Hospital, and beyond, Lambeth Palace and the Lollard's Tower; to the east, the fine lines of the Embankment, the railway bridge at Charing Cross, the steeples of scores of churches, and St. Paul's overtopping all—and all alive with life and industry, with trains and steamboats, carriages, and pedestrians. In 1803 Wordsworth wrote of London, from Westminster Bridge in the early morning—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair!
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air."

The fields of Battersea are closed in and covered with the dwellings of the rich, and you must indeed be up betimes if you would catch the smokeless air; but since Wordsworth's day the muddy banks have become terraced walks and gardens, and on all sides have arisen fresh signs of the great city's strength and enterprise.

A walk east by the Embankment, past Somerset House, the Temple Gardens, along Thames Street to the Tower and the Mint, affords a fresh variety of London aspects, and introduces the stranger to very remarkable and new monuments and institutions. The Embankment Gardens full of nurses and children on the left, the river movements on the right; the fine bridges and railway arches, the Library and Gardens of the Temple, and then the water-side warehouses and wharves of Thames Street, and the fruit and fish industries beyond London Bridge Wharf, with frequent glimpses of the crowded Pool; make a striking contrast to the quiet of the Tower of London, and the silent, historic chambers, dungeons, halls, and passages within its ancient walls. He who would take in the whole eloquent story of this marvellous bit of the past, now encompassed with docks and busy highways, should prepare for his visit in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's company.*

The City has many bits of its antiquity to show, as, for instance, London Stone opposite the Cannon Street Terminus. This is the central miliarium of Roman London—the mile-stone whence the distances by road over the land were counted, even before Fitz Alwyne was first mayor of the ancient City. Then there is the Guildhall—hall of the city of guilds—and there are the halls of the several guilds or companies; places to be visited and examined by the visitor who would get at a thorough understanding of the foundations of the ancient corporation, which is still able to withstand the shocks of our modern ædiles. The churches of Sir Christopher Wren, the old lanes and inns round about the Royal Exchange and in the vicinity of Leadenhall Street, Gracechurch Street—including Crosby Hall, turned into a luncheon house—the grim black walls of Newgate, St. John's Gate at Clerkenwell (the skilled industries of Clerkenwell

* "Her Majesty's Tower."

are worth separate study), Christ's Hospital and St. Paul's, afford points of interest for a very useful day to the London explorer who is anxious to know the City well. London, from the top of St. Paul's, on a fair day—where the horses look like mice, men like flies, and the masts in the Pool so many rushes in a swamp—gives an indelible impression of the extraordinary extent of the city.

It is an interesting way west from St. Paul's down Ludgate Hill, where was the strong western gate of Lud's town, which, in the thirteenth century, was "beautiful with images of Lud and other kings," and which was restored by Elizabeth. In Spenser's "Faërie Queene" we are told that Lud—

> "Built that gate of which his name is hight,
> By which he lies entombëd solemnly."

To the left lies the labyrinthine way to Printing House Square and Apothecaries' Hall, and the dusty purlieus of Doctors' Commons; to the right is the Old Bailey, with St. Sepulchre's beyond. He who has studied his Knight, Peter Cunningham, Timbs and Thornbury, who is familiar with the English writers of the eighteenth century, and cares for those of the nineteenth, and who can afford to loiter, think, and explore, may spend a delightful afternoon in Fleet Street and the Strand. Almost every house has its story. There is Wolsey's Palace opposite Chancery Lane. Under the gateway and into the Temple! To the left, by the church, is the grave, out in the highway, of Oliver Goldsmith, just where he would have chosen to lie, within the hum of Fleet Street, the shadow of the Temple Church, and under the windows of the chambers, where happy, as well as miserable, hours were spent. There is nothing more interesting in all London—no spot in which the past and present are so pleasantly mingled—than the ancient seat of the Knights Templar, now covered with stacks of chambers and ancient halls and gardens, and given up, for many a generation, to men learned in the law, or growing learned. The shadows of troops of great men people the narrow ways; but perhaps the two names and shades which come up most in men's minds as they saunter through the courts and buildings are those of Johnson and Goldsmith. There is a tavern in Fleet Street

where Johnson's chair is kept as a relic; but I leave to my dear old friend, Peter Cunningham, with whom I have spent many happy days in this vicinity, listening to the outpour of his vast store of knowledge of London streets and London houses, the task of cicerone.

A luncheon in the cool and roomy "Rainbow," with Cunningham's Handbook for companion, is an excellent preliminary to an afternoon in Fleet Street and thereabouts. The Street is the centre of what certain writers would call "the newspaper world." The *Daily News*, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, *Morning Advertiser*, and *Times*, are all issued from the Fleet Street neighbourhood. *Lloyd's Newspaper* is sent from the old Square behind Fleet Street, and from the very house where Dr. Richardson wrote his most famous work. Indeed half the London papers are printed between St. Paul's and Temple Bar. Nor is this all: this region is the centre of the British book market. Our Printers' and Publishers' district of London may be said to begin at the east end of Paternoster Row, by St. Paul's, and end at Southampton Street, Strand, Lacy's Theatrical Establishment being the most westerly point in the Strand. There are great publishers farther west, as Murray in Albemarle Street, Bentley in Burlington Street, Chatto & Windus and Chapman & Hall in Piccadilly, and Hurst & Blackett in Great Marlborough Street; but the stronghold of the Pen, Ink, and Paper trade is in the very centre of London. It is by Fleet Street that generations of English men of letters have affected, when they have done their business and made merry. The *Punch* dinner has been going on nearly thirty-five years in Whitefriars, albeit the wits who made the mahogany famous have been gone, these many seasons, to their last rest. In Fleet Street is the "Cock," to which Mr. Tennyson was wont to resort, and to whose waiter of the "plump-head" he sang in the steam of "thirty thousand dinners." It was in the "Rainbow" Dickens would refresh himself sometimes in literary company; and who among the authors and journalists and lawyers known to fame in our day has not been seen in the dingy "Cheshire Cheese?"

In the Strand, it used to be observed, "you met everybody." Before the Underground and other Metropolitan Railways existed,

it was the highway between the East and the West; and, early in the morning and between four and six o'clock in the afternoon, the block of vehicles was one of the London sights. The stranger will find the traffic of this renowned thoroughfare dense and bewildering enough as it remains, but it is that of a country lane when compared with the concourse of vehicles it showed some decade ago. The points of interest for the stranger between Temple Bar and Charing Cross are the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* offices, with the new Inns of Court rising opposite; King's College, Somerset House, Exeter Hall, the Strand, Gaiety, Globe, Lyceum, Vaudeville, and Adelphi Theatres, Coutts' Bank and the Charing Cross Hospital; the Lowther Arcade, where, said a humorist, is shown "the largest assortment in the world of things you don't want," the Charing Cross Hotel, the Railway Terminus, and the Statues of Charles the First and Nelson fronting each other on "the finest site in Europe."

Having become, in a measure, familiar with the streets and monuments of London, as well as with the public habits and externals of the various classes of its citizens, the visitor should give a few days to the institutions of the old country, as they are to be seen at work in the capital. In these there remain many evidences of an ancient civilization. The forms and fashions of Parliament—the woolsack, the peers' robes, the Usher of the Black Rod, the mace, the Royal assent to Bills, the Speaker's wig; and again, the ceremonials of St. James's and Buckingham Palaces, the Yeomen of the Guard, the varieties of Royal attendants and servants, are things of the past embodied in our modern life. The searching the cellars of the Palace of Westminster at the beginning of each Session, which has come down to us from the days of Guy Fawkes, is a striking evidence of the conservatism of the national character; and so are the Lord Mayor's Show and the ancient customs with which his lordship is installed in the chief magistracy of the City. Nor less striking to the stranger must be the aspect of the Law Courts of Westminster and the dresses of judges and barristers. Two or three evenings given to the Strangers' Gallery in the Lords and Commons are a good preparation for the examination of every grade of our official life; and attendance in the Law Courts not only impresses upon the observer the genius of our laws, but it

brings him in contact with impressive phases of our social organization. A trial for compensation for damage suffered by a railway accident, one for breach of promise, or seduction, or divorce, a patent or a disputed will case, or bankruptcy proceedings, lay bare to the observer intimate passages of the national life.

He who wishes to get at a fair knowledge of the struggle for "dear life" that goes on every day in this crowded city cannot do better than enter a County Court—that, for instance, in St. Martin's Lane. In a couple of hours he will not only master the elements of our debtor and creditor laws, but he will pass in review hosts of the struggling classes and those who prey upon them. He will see how fiercely the poor will fight for independence before they yield to the persuasion of the overseer and pass within Workhouse gates. But before visiting a Workhouse, a Police Court and a Police Station should be examined. In both are to be found explanations of the Workhouse; for the principal cases in the lock-up and the dock are illustrations of that vice which makes a great proportion of the poverty that is in England. A few mornings in Bow Street will teach the social doctor more than he can gather from half the treatises lying upon the shelves of the Charity Organization Society in the Adelphi. But it is in a Metropolitan Workhouse—that of Marylebone is the best specimen—that the English Poor Laws are to be best seen in operation. The tendency of Poor-law Reformers is to the suppression of out-door relief altogether, and the massing of all who are unable to provide for themselves in these hopeless establishments, where men and women are punished for poverty as severely as they are for theft. Having surveyed a Workhouse, the inquirer will have a key to that dread and horror of "the house" which often leads men and women to die upon bare boards, or to destroy themselves.

Between the Workhouse and the Prison there are not many steps. The temptations of poverty and the corruptions bred of drunkenness, go far towards filling gaols. A day at the Old Bailey and Clerkenwell Sessions, and in Newgate, will show a visitor of what stuff the London criminal population is made. The vagrants, the tramps, the beggars, the cheats, and the finished rogues ripe for the honours of the Old Bailey are in formidable numbers in

our closely-massed population; and they are of all classes. A turn round Newgate surprises many a smug, respectable Londoner, who has imagined that the people who beg or steal in order to avoid work are all natives of Whitechapel, Seven Dials, or Drury Lane —resorts of poverty and vice, pent up in courts and alleys, no stranger, who wishes to have a whole idea of London, should neglect. I should recommend him, if he wishes to probe our body social to its uttermost depths, to put himself in the hands of an intelligent officer of the Detective Service, whose company he can secure by application to the head of the Police in Scotland Yard. With such escort I, in company with my friend Gustave Doré, have seen the policeman's bull's-eye turned on the most hideous human faces and the most disheartening scenes. Forlorn men, women, and children—a spacious township peopled with them, from cellars to attics of every house, from the resort of the sewer-rat to the nest of the sparrow in the chimney-stack—make up that realm of suffering and crime which adventurous people visit with as much ceremony and provision of protection, as belated travellers across Finchley Common used in the middle of the last century.

Having seen the extent and nature of London poverty and crime, it is well to give a little time to the efforts which are made to eradicate them. Low's "Handbook of London Charities" is an excellent guide to the refuges, hospitals, asylums, dispensaries, *créches*, and all the hundred and one forms which charity has taken in England. Thackeray used to say that London had no grander sight to show the stranger than the charity children in St. Paul's; and London has certainly no more characteristic sight than a charity dinner at the Freemason's Tavern or Willis's Rooms in the height of the season. All sections of the well-to-do world join in these festivals. Princes and peers take the chair, or are stewards; and over the dinner-tables sums varying from 600*l.* to 2000*l.* are collected. Fancy Fairs are another fashionable means of pouring money into charity exchequers; and they afford excellent opportunities for the observation of the grades of fashionable London. There is much vanity and ostentation mixed up with the benevolence: it is virtue made easy; but there is good done by the holding of these glittering stalls, this parade of beauty and of dresses, and the engaging spectacle of a

popular Princess of the Blood serving out tea to gentlemen at fabulous prices per cup. Many give to the lady handsomely who would not drop a groat into a poor box, and so the ruse may be forgiven.

Is the traveller an early riser? If so, he may spend two or three hours advantageously, even before the morning canter in the Park: it should be in the early summer. Let him get to London Bridge, say at five o'clock in the morning, and peep over the parapet at the Pool. To the north, in a network of rigging and a wondrous confusion of boats, he will see a scene of extraordinary and picturesque activity going forward in the foreground of London's ancient keep. London is taking in her daily supply of fish at Billingsgate. The visitor should descend the steps of London Bridge and take a near view of the folk whose language has made the word Billingsgate synonymous with coarseness. The opening of the market is a scene delightful to the artist's eye. The bright but chilly morning, the grey river background, with masts packed close together, the lazy lapping of the tide, the paddle-pulses of the steamers, the tiers of fishing-boats rich in various outline and accidents of lights and tints; and then the varieties of shouting, whistling, singing, and swearing men who are landing, selling, and packing the fish; the deafening vociferation where the fish auctions are going on, the rich confusion and glistening of the mounds which the porters are casting into the market from the boats! In Thames Street are the ranges of carts and barrows ready to bear off the fish to every corner of the great city.

Early market shows the observer classes or sections of the metropolitan community who are only to be seen when the day is young. They vary with each market. Stout and healthy, as a rule, at Billingsgate and Smithfield; they are pale and woe-begone at Farringdon and Covent Garden Markets. There is nothing, as I have elsewhere observed, in common between the market-gardeners who dine about ten in the morning at a Covent Garden ordinary, buried almost to its chimney-pots in vegetables, and the salesmen — the bummarees — who hasten along Dark House Lane before cock-crow, and are gentlemen at ease before our baker has called with the morning rolls. For sharpness and impressiveness of contrast, the best route is from noisy Billingsgate, over London Bridge,

to the Borough Fruit and Vegetable Market. It is choked with market-carts and costers' barrows, and crowded with nondescript waifs and strays of the London population, who seem to be lingering about in the vague expectation that something may fall to their share. The ancient Borough—Chaucer's high road of the Canterbury Pilgrims—with its curious old inn-yards, in which the richer market-folk put up their vehicles and breakfast, is worth a separate exploration.

Covent Garden, however, is the best known market, perhaps, in the world, for it is encompassed round about with famous places, and its piazzas are historic ground. A stroll through the main avenues when the market is opening on a summer morning is a treat. The bent porters amble in every direction under towering loads. Lifted upon stalwart shoulders, tall monuments of baskets travel hither and thither. From the vantage-ground of carts "higglers" are selling off by auction mountainous loads of cabbages. To the north the air is fragrant with fruit, and it is redolent of crushed vegetables to the south. Buy a pottle of fresh strawberries, with the dew upon them, and go up to the roof of the market—which is a pretty shrub and flower and gold-fish ground—and you can enjoy a leisurely observation of the bewildering process of supplying London with vegetables. The scene is not so brilliant as that which used to be seen about the fountain of the *Marché des Innocents* in Paris, but the Irishwomen, the fresh-coloured Saxon girls, the brawny Scotch lasses, in their untidy clothes and tilted bonnets, who shell the peas and are the light porters of the market, fall unconsciously into groups that made Doré linger many an hour hereabouts when we were observing London together, a few years ago.

The traveller who wishes to have a complete idea of London Markets—and they are very poor and ill-regulated for so great a city—should repair from the great market-places to the small: to the odd little Vegetable Market in Soho, for instance, where the thrifty French buy their provisions; to the Sunday-morning market in the New Cut; to the old clothes' mart of Phil's Gardens by St. Mary Axe; and to Petticoat Lane.

London, like Paris, is most enjoyable when all the sight-seeing

and methodical observations have been got over; and the visitor can fall easily into the daily life, and just enjoy what friends and the day may suggest. Of course, in this rapid summary of the heads of observations to be made before a general idea of London can be mastered, many interesting matters have been omitted. The London University, King's College, Westminster School, and the City Schools, will attract those persons who are interested in our higher forms of education. There are the Scientific Museums; there are Tattersall's and Aldridge's; there are the National Gallery, our matchless private Art Galleries—the galleries of Pall Mall and Bond Street—the British Museum, and the South Kensington and Bethnal Green Museums; and there are our English learned Societies housed at Burlington House and elsewhere. There is the round of fashionable pleasures which is made every year between the meeting of Parliament and Goodwood. There are the Docks—perhaps the most impressive feature of all London, for herein lie the evidences of the enterprise that belts the world, and of the wealth which overspreads the country. Again, there is the Thames.

A trip from Westminster to Greenwich, and then from Westminster to Richmond, will discover new wonders and fresh beauties of our capital. Moreover, we have said nothing about the Theatres, yet they are a little world within the great world of London. The Haymarket, still devoted by Mr. Buckstone to comedy; the Adelphi, where the traditions of the times of Yates and Reeve, and O'Smith, Wright, Madame Celeste, and Webster linger, and where old-fashioned melodrama is still to be seen occasionally; the Gaiety — Mr. Hollingshead's home of vaudeville, comic opera, burlesque—where Toole and "Little Farren" delight Londoners; the Prince of Wales's — a dainty box of a Theatre, always filled with fashionable company, attracted by elegant comedy interpreted by the most perfect *troupe* London can boast, under the management of Mrs. Bancroft; old Drury Lane, where there is pantomime at Christmas, opera in the season, and spectacular drama in the autumn; the Lyceum, where Mr. Irving in Shakspearian characters is the sole and sufficing attraction, if we except that consummate artist, Mr. Swinbourne; the little Strand,

where there is always a hearty laugh; the Vaudeville, where Messrs. James, Thorn, and Farren shine in polite comedy; the Olympic, given up to strong drama, are the principal houses. To these must be added the Covent Garden Opera House, one of the grandest theatres in Europe; not so gaudy as the new Opera in Paris, but more impressive and stately.

In the season, when the visitor has done his London, he will find every day something new in the whirligig of pleasure. Sunday at the Zoological Gardens gives an opportunity of seeing fashionable people and the celebrities. A four-in-hand day in the Park, when the Arlington Club turn out their teams, with the Duke of Beaufort leading, with the Prince of Wales by his side, is a new sensation. The Skating Rink is a place to visit, and so of course is Hurlingham, where crack shots hold their "tournaments of doves." A whitebait dinner at Greenwich; a *menu* at the "Star and Garter" at Greenwich; a turtle luncheon at Birch's or Paynter's in the City; a tasting order for the Docks, are parts of London experience not to be neglected. Nor should the parade of the Guards of a morning at St. James's Palace, nor a visit to regal Windsor, nor the chestnut avenue of Bushey in full flower, nor Hampton Court Palace, nor the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, nor that of the Alexandra Park, nor old Chelsea, where Mr. Carlyle lives, nor Kew Gardens, nor a *fête* at Chiswick, be forgotten. Leigh Hunt's "Court Suburb" will prepare a visitor for some interesting saunters in the West End. A row from Searle's at Putney to dine at Richmond, and a paddle back in the moonlight, may be tried as an enjoyable "outing."

Although we take our pleasures, as the old chronicler has observed, very sadly, the visitor will perceive that we have a plentiful variety of them for those seekers whose purses are fairly lined.

There are two English holidays on which all London is to be seen, viz., that on which the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race is rowed and the Derby Day—the day on which occurs the contest for what Mr. Disraeli has called the blue riband of the turf. In early spring, when it is impossible to guess at the weather, whether the flowers will be out, or the ground will be covered with snow

(the Derby, indeed, has been run in a snow-storm), hundreds of thousands of Londoners line the banks of the Thames from Putney to beyond Barnes, to witness a single contest—that between the two great Universities. On Epsom Day these hosts travel by every conceivable conveyance from London to Epsom Downs, to see one race, which has been the talk of the whole country all the winter and spring, and on which enormous sums of money have been staked, our laws against betting notwithstanding.

On the Derby morning all London is astir, almost at break of day; and the road has been covered during the night with the crowds of poor folk who intend to turn a penny on the event. Day breaks upon an extraordinary encampment of people already settled upon the Downs. Who wants to see samples of all degrees of Cockneys, and their vehicles, has a golden opportunity at the Derby. From the Heir-apparent to the costermonger in his barrow drawn by a donkey, the stranger has an opportunity of passing all our Little Villagers in review. It may be said that the Derby is emphatically All England's Day: even Parliament adjourns over this holiday. Our people love the water and the road, the ship and the saddle. I have observed of the Derby, in my "Pilgrimage," "On the road, and at the Derby, it is Dickens's children you meet, rather than Thackeray's. All the company of 'Pickwick' — Sam Weller and his father, a hundred times; Mr. Pickwick, benevolent and bibulous; Jingle, on the top of many a coach and omnibus. Pushing through the crowd, nimble, silent, and unquiet-eyed, Mr. Fagin's pupils are shadows moving in all directions. The brothers Cheeryble pass in a handsome barouche, beaming on the crowd, and taking every passing impertinence as intended for a compliment. Their clerks are not far behind them, in the latest paletôts, their beardless faces shining behind blue and green veils. Tom Allalone offers to dust you down as you get within the ropes."

And so I leave the traveller to London to his fate. These notes, by one whose fate it has been to study every part of the great capital for many years, may be of some service to him, be he mere pleasure-seeker or serious student of the ways of men. They will indicate to the visitor who has a predilection for one phase of life,

or one class, or trade, or profession of a city, how he can get at the closer knowledge he desires; and they will afford, I hope and believe, to the general traveller of cultivated intelligence a plan by which he may, in a short time, obtain a correct and comprehensive idea of life in London.

LONDON TO PARIS.

BY HINTON CAMPBELL.

THE daily services between London and Paris are many, and by routes each of which has points of interest to the traveller who has just arrived in Europe. He who is pressed for time can, when his last day in London is spent, take the mail train from Charing Cross, Pimlico, Ludgate Hill, or Cannon Street, in the evening and travel comfortably through the night (the Channel passage of one hour and a half being over about half an hour after midnight) to Paris, which he will reach before the morning sweepers have disappeared from the streets of the great show city. He can do his night's rest in a comfortable sleeping car between Calais and Paris. The traveller who is not the slave of time asks for the Boulogne and Folkestone tidal service, and leaves Charing Cross or Cannon Street after an early breakfast, lunches at Boulogne, and dines in Paris. These are the dearer routes.

The cheap routes are by way of Newhaven, Southampton, or the Thames. In the summer months there is a tidal service between the two capitals, *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe, both by day and by night. The sea passage averages between five and six hours; but the railway journey from Dieppe is much shorter than that from Boulogne and Calais. While the tidal service lasts, the time occupied on this route averages about fifteen hours; but in the winter months, when there is only a night service and there are no tidal trains, the journey is much more tedious and uncertain.

Then there is the Southampton route, attractive to travellers who care to see the Isle of Wight, or to spend a day, or even a few hours, by the way, at Havre—the Liverpool of France. The boats (which are comfortably appointed for sleeping) between South-

ampton and Havre leave the former port at midnight and reach Havre early on the following day.

And, lastly, there are the General Steam Navigation Company's steamers, which leave St. Katherine's Wharf every night, or early in the morning, according to tide, for Boulogne and Calais. The times of sailing will be found every day in the shipping advertisement columns of the *Times*.

These cheap routes cost about half the fares by the swifter and short sea passage routes—the fares ranging from 25*s*. the first class fare *viâ* the Thames and Boulogne, to £3 the single fare by the mail route.*

The cheaper and slower routes are pleasant enough in summer weather, and, indeed, they are the more interesting routes; but in the winter the prudent traveller will go by Calais or Boulogne—even if his purse compel him to go by the cheap night service—the time-tables of which he will always find in the *Times* or in "Bradshaw."

In order to secure through registration of his luggage, as well as comfortable arrangements in the train, the traveller should reach the railway station half-an-hour before the starting time. By the mail and tidal services, particularly in the summer, there is often so great a crush of luggage at the last moment that the latest comers are compelled to forego registration, and have the trouble of registering it at Folkestone, or of obtaining a commissionaire at Boulogne or Calais to pass luggage through and book it. In short, the vexation that non-registration entails on the quick routes—on which the stoppages are of the briefest—is a severe penalty for late arrival at starting.

Heavy luggage, not wanted for three or four days, can be sent most economically by goods train, at a great reduction of expense, by the South Eastern, the London Chatham and Dover, or the Brighton (Newhaven and Dieppe) lines.

THE MAIL ROUTE.—This regular fast route, the times of which never vary [see list at the end of this paper] is the business route to Paris, as distinguished from the Folkestone

* See Table of Fares at end of this paper.

and Boulogne tidal route, which is the fast, fashionable, and most comfortable route. Both the London Chatham and Dover and South Eastern railways run trains to meet the mail-boat at Calais; so that the traveller has a choice of stations to start from, as we have already indicated. Both lines traverse the fertile and picturesque county of Kent, showing the hop-gardens, the vineyards of our northern clime, in the summer and autumn. The Chatham and Dover line, however, has the advantage in interest and picturesqueness, since it traverses Strood and Chatham, giving the traveller a peep at the Medway and war ships lying thick towards Sheerness; and ancient Canterbury, the Cathedral of which is for a few moments visible.

He who is not sore pressed for time, and does not mind a night in the railway from Calais to Paris, may spend some pleasant hours by taking the morning mail train to Dover, and giving the day to that historic place—its castle, its fine harbour, and to a ramble to the best points of sight of Shakespeare's Cliff, with the bold coast line that fronts France, the dark shore of which is distinctly visible in fair weather. After a day of healthy, breezy exercise, dinner at the Lord Warden, and the run across the Channel by the night mail-boat, he must be a wakeful traveller, indeed, who would not sleep soundly from Calais to Paris. There is absolutely nothing at Calais to attract the keenest sight-seer, save, perhaps, Dessein's Hotel, where poor Beau Brummel tarried in the days of his penury.

THE FOLKESTONE AND BOULOGNE TIDAL ROUTE.—The starting time is adjusted with the view of depositing the traveller in Paris early in the evening, and as near the ordinary dinner hour as possible. This is the quickest through route, the distance between the two capitals being covered within nine hours and a-half. It is also the through daylight route: it is the ladies' route. You have time, as a rule, for a comfortable breakfast before starting; you can lunch plainly—if you are a good sailor—on board, or excellently at the buffet opposite the landing place at Boulogne; and you are buoyed throughout with the anticipation of a dainty Paris dinner at your journey's end. The only drawback is that the crossing is, on an average, a quarter-of-an-hour longer than that between Dover and Calais.

The route to Paris *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne has a few points of interest. The line from London to the sea passes through the richest undulating parts of Kent—past Chislehurst, where the Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial live in a handsome Queen Anne house, surrounded by a finely-timbered park—and Sevenoaks and Tunbridge Wells. The country is a good sample of the garden lands of England. Fashionable Folkstone is an entirely modern place, with little more than its healthy situation and its cheerful Pavilion Hotel to recommend it. The view of the Channel from the high ground, where the best houses are situated, is superb, especially when the wind wafts a vast homeward-bound fleet towards the Thames.

The traveller by the tidal route has, however, an ample opportunity of observing the component parts of Folkestone society; for the departure and arrival of the tidal boats are the two events of the Folkestone day. While the luggage is being put on board, and as he is crossing the landing-place to the gangway, the tidal tourist passes in review the rank, fashion, and beauty and foppery of an English gathering at the sea-side. The same remark applies to Boulogne. Passengers land under the fire of countless critical eyes, that smile cruelly at the woe-begone aspect of those whose soul has sickened o'er the Channel wave. But there are picturesque elements in the Boulogne crowd which are absent from that of Folkestone. The fisherwomen, whose privilege it is to deal with the baggage, are the first to board the ship as she touches land; and these are followed by the Custom House officers of military aspect, and the civil commissioner, with the silver laced-cap, who appears at the gangway to observe the passengers as they land, and to take down their names. It is the merest form in the case of Englishmen and Americans. No passport is ever required, either here or in Paris.

Boulogne is a gay, sprightly, picturesque port, town, and bathing resort; with a commanding casino on the beach; the finest sands of any place on the northern coast of France; with pretty outskirts; a lower town and an upper town, the latter being the ancient fortified city which the English once besieged, and which is now noticeable for its stately modern cathedral, built mainly by the exertions of the abbé Haffreingue; the house in which Napoleon I.

lived when the grand army was encamped upon the heights for a descent upon England; and the house in which Le Sage, the author of "Gil Blas," died.

But between Boulogne and Paris there is little, indeed, to interest the most curious traveller. The country is first sandy and marshy, then bare and flat, save at Chantilly, the Duke of Aumale's splendid seat, between Creil and Paris. The railway affords a glimpse of the cathedral of Abbeville, and passes through Amiens (where there is an excellent buffet, and the train waits twenty minutes), the cathedral of which is famous throughout Europe. Amiens is exactly two hours' run from Paris.

Perhaps the most trying part of the tidal journey is that passed in the waiting-room at the Paris station, while the authorities are arranging the luggage along low counters for examination. The authorities are leisurely as well as methodical, and between the descent from the train and the departure from the station with his luggage, the traveller usually spends half-an-hour. When people are travelling in a party of more than two, and have much luggage, the best plan is to hire one of the small omnibuses, which will be found in waiting in the station-yard; but avoid a general omnibus that conveys two or three parties, since you may be carried far out of your way before reaching your own hotel.

THE NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE ROUTE.—He who has no fear of five or six hours at sea, or holds the inconvenience or nausea of such an ordeal as more than repaid by a run through splendid scenery studded with points of historic and of present interest, should, if he be travelling in summer time, journey to Paris through Newhaven and Dieppe. Between London and Newhaven there is nothing beyond rich and well-cultivated country and the broad Southdowns, renowned for the mutton which they produce. At Newhaven—an insignificant port—the sight-seer, who finds he has an hour to pass between the arrival of the train and the departure of the boat, may walk to the humble hostelry where Louis Philippe stayed for a few hours on his landing in England, as Mr. Smith, in 1848, and see the room he occupied.

The real interest of the journey begins at Dieppe—an old picturesque fishing port, with a line of fashionable hotels, and a

gorgeous casino facing the sea. There is a good buffet, lavatory, &c., at the landing-place. Dieppe is the sea-side resort of fashionable Parisian society; and in the season the *plage* is brilliant with the strange and striking toilettes which Parisian ladies affect out of town. Paris out of town cannot be better studied than here. At the same time the drives out of Dieppe are through the lovely valley of Arques to the old fortress; or along the shore, through the fishing town of Le Pollet.

Between Dieppe and Paris the line traverses the superb hills and dales of Normandy, over which factories—some of comely proportions—are dotted, to Rouen, the Manchester of France, and something more; for it is one of the most interesting old cities of the country, boasting, among a hundred points of attraction, majestic St. Ouen, one of the finest samples of pure Gothic on the face of the earth, with a tower that rises higher than any in the world—not excepting that of Strasburg Cathedral. The traveller can generally break his journey so as to have three or four hours to view Rouen, and reach Paris in the evening. Between Rouen and Paris the line follows the valley of the Seine, the sylvan beauty of which is often very striking.

By this route the traveller arrives in the centre of West Paris, within ten minutes' drive of the Madeleine, the Rue de la Paix, the Grand, and other popular hotels.

THE SOUTHAMPTON AND HAVRE ROUTE offers attractions only to tourists who have not seen the Isle of Wight, or are anxious to visit Havre. The leisurely traveller, however, can make a noteworthy tour this way. He can pause, for instance, for a few hours at Winchester, to see a charming specimen of an English cathedral town. The port of Southampton, with its West India mail steamers; the Solent, bright and lively with craft of all kinds; the great English yachting station—Cowes, Ryde, the royal residence of Osborne, the natural beauties of the Isle of Wight—these are the elements of two or three days' loitering *en route* for Paris, *via* Southampton.

Leaving Southampton about midnight, the tourist reaches Havre, at the mouth of the Seine, in the morning. The port and docks of Havre offer a study of the maritime commerce of France, the like

of which is not to be had elsewhere in that country. It is second in impressiveness only to the stories of wealth and enterprise which lie in the docks of Liverpool and the port of London. Time permitting, and it be summer time, the tourist should take one of the little steamers which ply between Havre and Trouville. The trip is only across the mouth of the Seine, and Trouville is a new sensation. It is the most renowned, the prettiest (Biarritz, perhaps, excepted), the gayest of French watering-places; and if the tourist can find quarters at the Roches Noirs Hotel he will be able to study Paris fashionables in their most fantastic moods. Here that which is plain is most eccentric, and that which is sober or homely is most conspicuous. It is Vanity Fair, in fancy dresses, brought to the sea-side.

From Havre the way to Paris lies through Rouen.

THE THAMES ROUTE.—The stranger who has not seen the Thames from London Bridge to the sea, or who has travelled no farther on its bosom than the white-bait resorts of Greenwich or Blackwall, will find his journey by "the silent highway" to Boulogne, *en route* for Paris, full of stirring interest. The Thames was a famous highway of commerce in the days of Chaucer. Its ebb and flow have borne along many generations of adventurous men from many lands. It leads to the most renowned and mighty trade port on the face of the globe. Stately processions of steam and sailing ships are for ever passing to and fro between its shores. At every point and reach there is historic ground. As in the night, or in summer in the grey dawn, the Boulogne boat moves slowly away from St. Katharine's Wharf down the Pool, the serried ranks of craft of all builds and colours show black forests of masts on either side. Then the hulls of ships in builders' yards stand out against the horizon; and so through a maze and tangle of the crowded river, the ship threads her way to Greenwich, with its noble Hospital facing the shore.

The Thames winds in sharp curves towards the sea. On the left sweeps the flat shore of Essex, desolate around the Purfleet stores of gunpowder; to the right are the green slopes of Kent, by pleasant Erith, dear to the Thames' yachtsman. And so on to Gravesend, where a fleet of outward-bound ships—many laden

with emigrants for the antipodes—lie at anchor; and to Tilbury Fort, associated with Queen Elizabeth and the Armada. The river flows, ever broadening, to the Nore, where countless fishing-boats are working for the voracious London market.

Beyond the Nore, to the right, off Sheerness, and at the mouth of the Medway, lie British ships-of-war. The steamer then skirts the rising Kentish coast, and passes the Reculvers, Herne Bay, Margate, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate—lying, to all appearance, embedded in the chalk cliffs; the Foreland light-ships, Deal, and, finally, by stately Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover.

Off Dover the steamer shapes her course across the Channel; and the white line of Albion has not disappeared from the horizon when the bold, brown headland of Cape Grisnez rises under the prow, and the dark line of the French coast appears, with the Napoleon column crowning the Boulogne cliffs.

On landing, the passenger must follow his luggage to the Custom House, pass it, and see it booked for Paris. There is no registration direct from London Bridge by this route.

These are the various ways between the two great capitals, which are described with the view of giving practical directions as well as a comprehensive survey, in separate chapters of this volume.

ROUTES FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

Fares.—Times of Starting.—Length of Journey.—Places of Interest on the Way.

THE MAIL ROUTE.—Fares, 1st Class, £3; 2nd Class, £2 5*s*. Hours of Starting: From Charing Cross, 7·40 a.m., and 8·25 p.m.; Cannon Street, 7·45 a.m., and 8·30 p.m.; Victoria, 7·40 a.m., and 8·20 p.m.; Holborn Viaduct, 7·35 a.m., and 8·15 p.m.; Ludgate Hill, 7·38 a.m., and 8·15 p.m. Time, 10 hours. Places of interest *en route:* Chatham, Dover, Calais, Boulogne, Amiens, Chantilly.

THE TIDAL ROUTE.—Fares, 1st Class, £2 16*s.*; 2nd Class, £2 2*s.* For hours of Starting see "Bradshaw" or the "A B C" Guide. Time, 9¼ hours. Places of interest *en route:* Folkestone, Boulogne, Amiens, Chantilly.

THE NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE ROUTE.—Fares, 1st Class, £1 13*s.*; 2nd Class, £1 4*s.* Hours of Starting, see "Bradshaw" or the "A B C" Guide. Average time, 15 hours. Places of interest *en route:* Dieppe, Rouen, the Valley of the Seine.

THE SOUTHAMPTON AND HAVRE ROUTE.—Fares, 1st Class, £1 13*s.*; 2nd Class, £1 4*s.* Hours of Starting, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, latest train from Waterloo Station to catch the boat, 9 p.m. Time, 17½ hours. Average passage across the Channel, 7 hours. Places of interet *en route:* Winchester, Southampton, Isle of Wight, Havre, Trouville, Rouen.

THE THAMES ROUTE.—Fares, 1st Class, £1 7*s.* 6*d.*; 2nd Class, £1 3*s.* Hours of Starting: the steamers leave Irongate and St. Katharine's Wharf, London Bridge, daily, except Sundays; for the hour see the *Times'* Shipping Advertisement columns. Average time from London Bridge to Boulogne, 9 hours; from Boulogne to Paris, 6 hours. Places of interest *en route:* Greenwich, Erith, Gravesend, Tilbury, the Nore, the Mouth of the Thames and Medway, Shakespeare's Cliff, the Napoleon Column on the French Coast, Boulogne, Abbeville, Amiens, Chantilly.

IN PARIS.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD

THE great Boulevards, that stretch from the Madeleine in the west to the July Column in the east, are Paris. You may make excursions away from them to visit certain buildings, or gardens, or sights, or *fêtes*, but you gravitate naturally to them night and day. When you are not sight-seeing, or visiting, or shopping, or at the races, you are on the Boulevards. You consent to leave them just to go to bed, to get the rest that will enable you to return to them in the morning. It is on the Boulevards you meet everybody; on the Boulevards you can buy everything. The theatres are there; Peters's, the Grand Café, Bignon's, the Maison Dorée, the Café Riche and the Café Anglais, and Tortoni's are there. The Boulevard des Italiens is the centre of "the centre of civilization." It is here you will meet Parisian celebrities and types by the score; and on this Boulevard you may speedily learn whether Paris is full or empty. Under the Empire it afforded the most wonderful study of men of all nations to be found in the world. The strangers are fewer now, for Paris has lost much of its gaiety since the war and in the unsettled political atmosphere of France. Nevertheless, you will soon persuade yourself, while taking an ice outside Tortoni's or breakfasting at the Riche, that the Boulevards are the highway of all nations. Within a few minutes you may hear nearly every European language.

IN PARIS.

Paris, like London, has been spreading out to the west, of late years, to the detriment of the Palais Royal and the old-fashioned hotels thereabouts. Twenty years ago the Galignanis were in the Rue Vivienne, by the Bourse, with the Hotel des Étrangers opposite them and Michel Lévy for neighbour; and strangers dined with Véfour, or the Trois Frères, or Véry. But all this is changed. The Galignanis' home is under the colonnades of the Rue de Rivoli (and a trifle out of the way even there); and travellers repair to the Grand Hotel, and the Splendide, and those of the Rue de la Paix; and even the Michel Lévys are in the Rue Scribe, whither the crystal staircase, erst of the old Palais Royal, has been carried. The old hotels of the Rue de Rivoli, delightful as the view over the Tuileries Gardens is from their windows, are neglected, especially since the days of the Commune; the procession of travellers that crowded the way from the Rue Castiglione to the Hotel de Ville is broken up; for what may be seen now but the ruins of the palace and the magnificent municipal hotel, and a vast expanse of hoardings? In these days, people make special journeys to this part to visit the Louvre, the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the Tour St. Jacques, and the works of the new Hotel de Ville; but they lounge about the western Boulevards. A better first day's drive in Paris is not to be made than one from the Madeleine along the great Boulevards to the Column of July, which terminates them, and back by the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix. The Boulevards alone afford a glimpse at all the classes, and almost all the trades and varieties of shops and houses, of the capital. There are the rich people and the gorgeous shops and *cafés* in the west, as far as the Rue Vivienne; and then the busier and more commercial Boulevards begin. The Faubourgs Montmartre and Poissonnière are crowded trading quarters. Past the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, where Paris is purely commercial, but not the less picturesque, the great Boulevards assume humbler pretensions. The *cafés* and *restaurants* are poorer; the working and small trading classes throng the way; the smaller theatres appear; and so on to the Place de la Bastille, which is the centre-point of laborious Paris. On the one side is

the Marais, on the other the turbulent St. Antoine Quarter, with the Prince Eugène Barracks handy, to prevent barricades.

Undoubtedly the centre of fashionable Paris, now-a-days, is the Quarter of the New Opera. Here is the Grand Hotel, to begin with; and close at hand are the Jockey, Washington, and other Clubs; the Grand Café, the great American houses of the Rue Scribe, the tasteful establishment of Doucet Jeune, chemisier, in the Rue Halévy, those of Siraudin, Boissier, the Printemps, Gouache, Monsieur Worth, the diamond retailers of the Rue de la Paix, Klein's, Giroux's, Jones's, the Cosmopolitan, the Café de la Paix. At this point the visitor enters upon the modern Paris of spacious Boulevards created by Napoleon III. To the east lies old Paris; to the west and north-west the Paris of the Second Empire. Outside the Grand Hotel the visitor is on the liveliest spot of the capital, with all its attractions and seductions grouped around him. At his elbow are the telegraph offices, booking places for the theatres, the best cigar depôt, and in the kiosks before him lie the papers of all nations. Round the corner are the offices of the transatlantic lines, the *American Register*, *Continental Herald*, and *European Review* bureaux, the bar devoted to the drinks peculiar to the United States. This is, in short, the very heart of the American's Paris—and the Englishman's also, for the matter of that.

A day in Paris is unlike one in London. To begin with, the Parisians are not much addicted to early-morning horse exercise. There is nothing in the Champs Elysées or the Bois de Boulogne like the early equestrian show in Hyde Park. The few riders by the lake are mostly foreigners. It is late in the afternoon—but not so late as in London—that the Champs Elysées and the tour of the lake are thronged with the fashion of Paris. The Avenue de l'Impératrice, the lake, and the richly-wooded drive round it—indeed, all the cultivated splendour of the Bois de Boulogne—are the handiwork of the Second Empire. Before 1848 the wood was a dusty, ragged, and neglected one; with superb bits of effect in it, it is true, but wanting water and roads. The Bois de Boulogne is now the most spacious and splendid fashionable drive in the world. If it has not the grand timber to be found in the old London Parks, it can boast many attractions to which the London Park

frequenter is a stranger. The Great Cascade, the Madrid, the pretty *restaurants* perched here and there in woody seclusion, the Race-course, the Garden of Acclimatization, the Pré Catelan, Longchamps are so many distinct and happy features inviting pleasure-seekers to loiter in the open air. When the day is fine, can anything be pleasanter than a gentle drive throughout the afternoon in the shady by-ways of the Bois, a dinner at the Madrid or at the Cascade Café in the evening, with a row on the lake and an ice on the island *restaurant*, and then gently home at night down the Champs Elysées, sparkling with the lights of the Café Alcazar and other open-air concerts, and enlivened by the music stealing through the trees?

The Champs Elysées are not to be passed over as the mere highway to the Bois de Boulogne. They are the first open-air pleasure ground of Paris, with the Arch of Triumph for western boundary and the noble Place de la Concorde for eastern limit. When Paris is making holiday, people of all degrees flock to these Elysian Fields. The Place de la Concorde is alive with laughing processions of people, the roadways are packed with carriages of every build. All classes are mingled. There is no place where private carriages may pass and hired vehicles may not. The same general liberty, or equality, is observable on the ride round the lake. In the Champs Elysées—where the merry-go-rounds, the goat-chaises, the gingerbread and sweetmeat stalls, the Marionettes, and immortal Guignol, are, on fine summer afternoons, and especially on Sundays and Mondays and feast days, at their merry work—it is delightful to observe the general graciousness with which folk of various degrees mingle, to the manifest advantage of all. In these same Champs Elysées the observer will perceive the huge capacity for enjoyment which is a characteristic of the Latin race. Perhaps it is most strikingly perceptible in the crowd that is for ever gathering before the rival children's theatres of Guignol and Gringalet. A roped space before the theatre is covered with benches and chairs, and upon these will be found ranged, not only children and their *bonnes*, but grave parents, and even grey-headed men; while outside the cord is a dense concourse of men and women of all classes, including whole companies of soldiers—and

all to see a performance that may be generally described as a refined and artistic development of the humours of Mr. Punch. It is difficult to say whether the heartier laughter comes from the young or the old. But the exuberant spirits of the people are noticeable in every part of this great playground. Upon the wooden horses of the merry-go-rounds will be seen men and women as well as little children—the grown folk are but the bigger children. If we pass to a quieter scene, namely, to that of the Tuileries Gardens, where the children are playing under the trees, or swimming their boats by the fountain basins, or plying their skipping-ropes by the children's avenue, we shall still see grown men and women taking parts in the games. In the children's avenue, by the Rue de Rivoli, old men are to be seen spending their afternoons in turning the skipping-ropes for the children. I remember, in the days of old, a venerable man who not only plied the skipping-rope daily, but actually wore pumps and joined in the infantile dances. Then there were other merry old men who fed the birds, and would delight in whistling down flights of sparrows from the trees upon the gravel walks and throwing crumbs to them. Tired at last of their diversions, they would find a place by a sunny wall, take the *Débats* from their pockets, unfold their spectacles, and take a deep draught of politics.

In the evening the pleasures of the Champs Elysées are confined to the harmonies of Musard (where the select world congregates—especially on Fridays), to the grotesque open-air concerts, where music is supplemented by beer and coffee and ices, and to the dazzling, but not very wholesome, gaieties of Mabille.

The stranger will find the characters of the Parisian open-air pleasure-scene vary very much with the locality. Let him drive to the southern bank of the Seine, and up the Rue des Saints Pères, the Rue Bonaparte, or the Rue de Seine, to the Luxembourg Gardens; here he will note, amid the handsome *parterres*, and in the leafy avenues stretching away to the Observatory, a more serious company than that which generally peoples the Champs Elysées. It is true that he will come upon groups of loud-talking and musical students of the Quartier Latin, but the majority of the loungers are persons to whom life is a very serious

matter indeed. The genteel poor live round about the Luxembourg Palace; its gardens give fresh air to the children of the old *noblesse*, and of the poorly-paid professors of the great schools at hand. In the tranquil by-ways of the Luxemburg the Paris actor loves to rehearse his part. Again, in the Square Montholon, by the Great Northern Railway Station, are to be seen, of evenings, crowds of decent work-folk and their children. The Palais Royal has lost its old *cachet*. When the band plays, on summer afternoons, crowds of the commercial classes who dwell round about are still drawn to the open space, but the old liveliness of the place is departing, as modern Paris is, like the "great Orion," slowly sloping to the west. The most exclusively fashionable gardens of Paris are those included within the railings of the lovely Parc Monceaux, at the upper end of the Boulevard Malesherbes, just as the park of the Buttes Chaumont, by Belleville, at the north-eastern extremity of the capital, is the recreation-ground (and a most beautiful one it is) of the Parisian working-class. No stranger should leave Paris without having seen the Buttes Chaumont.

In the afternoon of one of the days which the traveller will surely give to the Louvre, he cannot do better than indulge in a lounge along the quays. As he leaves the quadrangle of the Louvre on the river side, he will face the Pont des Arts and the famous Institute of France, the head-quarters of the forty Immortals. To the east lie many attractions: there is the old Pont Neuf, with the statue of Henri-Quatre; beyond is the gloomy Conciergerie, where Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette lay, and in which Napoleon III. was once a prisoner; and from behind it pierces the glittering spire of the Sainte Chapelle. The Chamber of Commerce, the Palace of Justice, Notre Dame, the new Hotel Dieu, are all on this renowned island, every inch of which is pregnant with history. Along one bank is the Quai de l'Horlogerie; here, also, was the Morgue, but it is now rebuilt farther east, close by the Halle aux Vins. Should the lounger get so far east as the Halle aux Vins and the Jardin des Plantes, which are close together, he should turn homeward some little time before the sun is setting, and then, following the southern

bank of the river, he will get, on the left, some rich glimpses of old Paris, with a succession of fine views of Notre Dame, the bridges, the Louvre, the Institute, and the picturesque lines of the Quai Voltaire, all aglow in the sunset. Just before he reaches the Bridge of Solferino, opposite the Tuileries Gardens, he will come upon the charred ruins of the Palais d'Orsay, a black finger-mark of the Commune still left standing.

The markets of Paris contrast most advantageously with those of London. The Parisians are a marketing people, because they are an eminently prudent race. The Parisian housewife has no bills, she buys, cash in hand, the provisions for each day; she is, therefore, an admirable economist, and knows how each item of her necessities is to be most advantageously bought. Ladies who pretend to excellent positions in society never disdain the market. Again, cooks, or *femmes-de-ménage*, go to market every morning, and, it being understood that they levy a percentage of one *sou* in the franc upon their purchases for their employers, buy at a rate far cheaper than that the shiftless housewife, who never sees a market, pays. There is a commodious, well-built, dry market for each of the twenty *arrondissements* of the French capital, to say nothing of the special markets, as the Temple, the charming flower market by the Madeleine, the wine, the corn, the cattle, and other markets. But, first of all, there are the Halles Centrales, the most spacious and best designed central markets in the world. Within the great square on which the *halles* are built are the butter market, the fish market, the poultry market, the oyster market, the meat market, the vegetable and fruit markets, with spacious streets on all sides opening towards every quarter of the capital. The central space is occupied by the vegetable and fruit, over which the famous *dames-de-la-halle*—formidable and buxom dames of firm wrist and flexible tongue, who have played notable parts in troublous times—preside, noisily and often wittily provoking custom. In these Halles Centrales the close observer will find an example of that love of order, that passion for departments and sub-departments, and of wheels within wheels, so conspicuous in all the commercial and political aspects of French life. It is impossible to have dealings in a large French shop—

the Petit St. Thomas or the Magasins du Louvre, for instance—without being struck, not only with the complex machinery set in motion, but also with the admirable precision and thoroughness of its work. The *rayons* or zones are without number, and the army of shopmen is extraordinary, but there is not the least confusion, because the customers' are as intelligent in deferring to the system as the dealers are in administering it. Take a Paris omnibus conductor, the superintendent of a cab-stand, or the *dames de comptoir* of one of the famous Duval Bouillon establishments, and you will remark that the French have a genius for methodical activities. They delight in a *contrôle.* Observe with what rigour they insist upon the rules of a *queue* at a theatre or a railway ticket office: it is not of the least use to endeavour to insinuate yourself out of your fair place; you must be the last ring of the tail before you can be the first.

After a morning spent amid the antiquities of the Hotel Cluny, or at the distant Gobelins, or at the Palais des Archives, or, better still, in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers on the fine Boulevard Sebastopol, I should recommend the visitor to make his way through such busy and old streets as the Rue Montorgueil, and those running eastward from it, to the famous Temple, the great second-hand clothes market of Paris. It is the place where the genteel poor go to obtain extraordinary bargains. Every kind of garment is to be obtained—second-hand. Here shop-folk, who are compelled to make a good appearance, wives of inferior officials, and struggling professional men, actresses of the humblest and honester degrees, and persons of slender means who belong to good society, buy the cast-off feathers of the successful financier's lady. The Frenchwoman is keen at a bargain, and it is amusing to watch the contests in sharpness which are for ever going forward in the multitudinous avenues of the Temple. Lace, embroidery, bonnets, under-linen, boots, furs, false hair, cocked hats, swords, china, glass, perfumery, gloves, imitation jewellery, stage crowns and sceptres, gold-laced coats, are arrayed in special avenues, on the universal department plan. It has been said, there is nothing that adorns the human form which is not to be found second-hand at the Temple.

But the Temple is not the receptacle for the old clothes of the working population. It is not a place of rags. To see how the *chiffonniers* live, and deal, and drink, the inquisitive mind must be carried through the Quartier Latin to the Montagne St. Génévière, by the Pantheon. It is vastly improved since the days when I penetrated the cellars which the rag-pickers used for *cafés*, and ran the gauntlet of their drunken ribaldry in the foul alleys where they sorted the contents of their baskets. Baron Hausmann drove broad streets and *boulevards* through the noisome neighbourhood, and got fresh air to the College of France, the Sorbonne, and the School of Medicine, which lay, before Napoleon III.'s day, in the thick of one of the poorest neighbourhoods of the capital. The rag-pickers' quarter was also that of the students; the midnight oil was burned near where the *chiffonnier's* lamp was trimmed for his nocturnal rounds. The Pantheon is the centre, still, of the Quarter of the Schools, and to the north of it is the Public Library of St. Génévière (hard by the famous old church of the patron saint of Paris), which is well worth a visit in the evening, when it is thronged by free readers.

The student-life of Paris is no longer that of Murger, Privat d'Anglemont, or Balzac. The *grisette* has disappeared, to begin with. The life has lost much of its old picturesqueness. If vice, as Burke tells us, loses half its evil by losing all its grossness, I am afraid that not one atom more than the half of the evil has been destroyed by the annihilation of the coarser phases of student-life in the Pays Latin. It has lost a very great deal of its *bonhomie*, and simplicity as well. I remember the days when a notable colony of English Bohemians inhabited the Hotel Corneille, by the Odéon, and, for a few days, I shared some of their experiences. It was when Henry Clapp (afterwards surnamed the King of Bohemia, in New York) was of the colony. I had met him in very stiff drawing-rooms in London, where he was presented as a grave poet and the ardent friend of slave emancipation. As Quartier-Latin student, and participator in the peculiar humours of the Hotel Corneille, he was still the grave thinker, and was rallied often for the seriousness of his demeanour, and the habit he had of taking the abuses that were rife in the world, to heart. But he was not, for all this,

deficient in humour; and when his friends were bidden to the marriage of their washerwoman's daughter, he was one of the merriest at that strange and wild rejoicing. The extravagant dressing of those times is not now apparent in the students' *cafés* nor at their balls. The Chaumière has given place to the Closerie des Lilacs; the *crémerie* to M. Duval's gaudy *bouillon* establishments; and the students are only very rough imitations of the gentlemen whom you meet on the great *boulevards;* but they repay study at their schools, or at their amusements, for they are the germs of the France of the future.

He who knows a little, and only a little, of the French people, is of opinion that they are not a hard-working race. He is in error. The pleasure capital of Europe is a place where people toil very early and very late; and where, in the midst of the gaiety, parents never forget to make provision for their children. M. Thiers, who rises between five and six, is not a singular man in this respect. Early rising is the rule with all classes. The banks and counting-houses round about the Bourse, in the Faubourgs Montmartre and Poissonnière, and in the Marais, are open earlier than those of London. The Paris clerks have more working hours and fewer holidays than English clerks have. In order to know how Paris toils, the observer must be about in the streets betimes. At seven o'clock he will see gentlemen on their way to their offices. Paris is astir a full hour earlier than London. To be sure, the Englishman is a quicker worker: he gets on with fewer forms and ceremonies. There is no better illustration of the circumlocution with which Paris business proceeds than is to be found in the bill department of the Bank of France, where the *queues* quietly crawl past the different cashiers' desks, and a man will patiently pass three-quarters of an hour before his turn comes to pay his bill of perhaps 200 francs! But then the Bank of France is the bank of the French people, which the smallest tradesmen and the skilled workmen use.

The distance from the Bank of France and the Bourse, through the picturesque Place des Victoires, to the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, is short. In this old street is the General Post Office, a place worth a visit, as a sample of a French Government depart-

ment. The elaboration with which a money order is issued or paid, or a letter is registered, is very striking to the observer who has been accustomed to the swiftness of the English post office. While a crowd is standing before his *guichet*, a Paris post-office clerk will hold a conversation with his neighbour, or proceed with his business with the most provoking deliberation. Time is not made for him, nor, it would seem, for the people who are waiting his good pleasure. It is the ease with which all the concerns of life are transacted by the light-hearted Parisians, even to their funerals (which are of twelve categories, each category being regulated to the minutest point), that leads the superficial observer to the conclusion that they are not hard-workers. This ease comes, in part, from a methodically-arranged life. Whereas the energetic, improvident Saxon lives in the present, and leaves the future to the future; the Gaul lays down the lines of his life and travels lightly along them, making always small savings as he goes; free from care and independent in spirit.

Unhappily, there are many exceptions to the general rule of thrift and independence. The Paris work-folk are not so sober as they were twenty years ago, as loiterers in the St. Antoine Quarter, by the Place de la Bastille, or at Belleville, or by the unsavoury banks of the Biêvre, where the tanners work, or in the famous outlying quarries, where the lowest of the population are huddled and hidden, will soon learn, especially on Mondays, when the workshop is forsaken for the wine-shop. Directly the head of the family becomes a wine-shop frequenter, the economy of the family is destroyed. There is no more thought about the daughter's little *dot;* the savings vanish, and with the first illness the first approach is made to the Assistance Publique.

The French Poor-law system is admirably administered; it may be easily mastered. There is no prettier sight in Paris than may be seen, almost any morning, behind the Louvre, at the Mairie, by the side of the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, when the wedding parties arrive and a brisk business in bouquets goes on. Having followed a bridal procession into the presence of the mayor, and witnessed the ceremony of the civil contract, the observer may examine the *bureaux* of the mayor's domain. He will

find that they include those given to the charitable operations of the *arrondissement;* and this is the centre of the *assistance* operations of the first *arrondissement* of Paris. A little inquiry will discover to him that the Prefect of the Seine is the official head of the Paris Poor-relief operations; that they are administered in a central department near the Hotel de Ville, and that the mayor of each *arrondissement* is the official head of the *assistance* within his municipal jurisdiction. For the general government of Poor Relief there is a council of representatives of the twenty metropolitan *arrondissements*, but each *arrondissement* has a complete organization of its own. This organization comprehends an administrative council and body of visitors, who are considerable persons of their neighbourhood, and who deem it an honour to be appointed to serve the poor. In each *arrondissement* there are several *bureaux de bienfaisance*, and many *maisons des secour.*

Both the *bureau de bienfaisance* (where relief is distributed) and the *maison des secours* is worth a visit. The order and cleanliness are everywhere remarkable. The *maison des secours* is chiefly for cases of illness, and its succour is prompt and thorough. At its door litters are kept on which wounded workmen or poor creatures ordered to the hospital can be carried promptly and without pain or exposure; and within, sisters of mercy are ready to relieve the out-door patients and direct them to the doctors. With the remark that all the hospitals of Paris are under the government of the Assistance Publique authorities, and that the aged poor are housed in La Salpétrière and the old fortress of Bicêtre, I refer the reader who may wish to make a closer acquaintance with this part of the French capital to my "Children of Lutitia," or Maxime du Camp's recent work on Paris.

Whether the establishment of theatres in Paris is derived from a troop of pilgrims who came from the Holy Land, as Boileau asserts, or whether the original Paris players were a troop of jugglers and minstrels who established themselves in the Rue Saint Jean-des-Ménétiers, some six hundred years ago, is not of much moment now. It is very certain, however, that the original players settled on very fruitful soil. Theatres have been constantly on the increase in the French capital from the

days of Molière, when they were five in number. They suddenly increased to forty when the Constituent Assembly, in 1791, threw theatrical management open to all citizens. The forty were reduced to eight in 1807; but there are now not less than thirty regular established theatres in the French capital, and not less than five of them are subsidized by the Government, namely, the Opéra, the Théâtre Français, the Opéra Comique, the Odéon, and the Italiens. The spectacular entertainments, the *cafés-concerts* which glitter round the outer *boulevards*, and the public ball-rooms, adapted to all degrees of the pleasure-loving Parisians, are in extraordinary numbers. Of course the visitor will see the new Opéra, M. Garnier's masterpiece, and, beyond doubt, the most considerable and gorgeous theatrical establishment in the world. He will go, naturally, to the Opéra Comique and to the Italiens, and to the Théâtre Français, but I should strongly recommend him not to allow his Parisian theatrical experiments to end here The Théâtre Français is, indeed, the national home of the French drama, on the stage of which only finished actors who have won their way thither, can appear. It is the actor's house of peers, his institute, the place of dignity to which all his hopes in the midst of his brightest successes tend. Its influence on the French stage is of the most salutary, the most elevating description; for it not only dignifies the actor's vocation by State recognition and reward, it stimulates the genius of the dramatist to produce work that shall be worthy of such a stage. To be played at the Théâtre Français is a glory of which every French dramatist dreams. Next to the State theatre, in point of importance as a theatre where important dramatic works are produced, is the Odéon. The mocking *badauds* of the *boulevards* never cease to pelt with their *mots* the staid old house planted in the heart of the Quartier Latin. But it counts many dramatic successes, nevertheless, and these of the most honourable kind. But the secondary theatres of a capital are those in which the observer can most closely study the condition of the popular mind and the habits and customs of the mass of the people. At the Gymnase, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Palais Royal, the Porte Saint Martin, the Gaité, the Ambigu-Comique, the Bouffés

Parisiens, the Châtelet, the Athènée, the Folies Dramatiques, the Dejazet, the Cluny, and the Délassements Comiques, an observer may witness a variety of dramatic representations that will give him a very fair insight into the social life, the popular tone of thought, the degrees of refinement, and the shades of morality, or immorality, of the various classes of the Parisian population. By the forms of humour which an audience enjoys, you can estimate their degree of education. By the plots of popular dramas of contemporary life, it is not difficult to catch the varying tones of society. It is very easy, for instance, to see, after a few visits to the theatres where the domestic drama is played, that the marital relations are not very deeply respected by the Parisian community, that ridicule is the general portion of the deceived husband, and that, by way of moral counterpoise, people adore their mothers. A little knowledge of French society will show the impression derived from the theatre to be a correct one, in the main. In Paris there is a universal reverence for the parental character; the middle-aged man bears himself dutifully and respectfully towards his aged parents, and he adores his own children, although he may be hardly on speaking terms with their mother. The coarse humour which prevails at the Palais Royal Theatre proclaims a loose condition of society; it is, indeed, a faithful reflection of this society. The comedies of M. Dumas, *fils*, at the Gymnase reveal another and more terrible phase of French immorality, for the *demi-monde* is but an offshoot of the *grand monde*, and we find the two on the stage vieing in extravagance and shamelessness one with the other. In the lesser theatres the foibles and the vices of society are more broadly presented.

According to a recent census, there are 114 *cafés-concerts* in Paris; they range from the Alcazar to the Concert des Oiseaux at Ménilmontant, near Père la Chaise, and are worth visiting by the observer who wants to get near the heart of things in Paris. At the latter concert, situated in a maze of narrow and dirty streets, the very poorest of the population are to be seen listening to the songs they love best. Béranger has penetrated even this forlorn quarter, for next to the concert-room is a wine-shop with this sign, "Souvenir de Béranger." To the wine-shop a great stove is

attached, where customers can cook their dinners at a fixed charge of one *sou* per dish; the landlord acts on the shrewd calculation that he will make up for the cost of his fire with the sale of his wine and spirits. But he who cannot find time to go so far, or who does not care to venture into the maze of the Ménilmontant quarter, can visit some of the poor *café* concerts, say, of the Rue Mouffetard, where the guests consume coffee and a glass of brandy for three *sous*.

It is when a man has gone the round of the show-places of a great city, and seen the things his friends tell him he *must* see, that he begins to feel a little at home, to shake off the dust of the tourist, and to live the life of the citizens amid whom his lines are for the moment cast. Paris, at this stage of the stranger's experiences, is most attractive. He has acquired the right to lounge, and lounging is to be done by the banks of the Seine with greater satisfaction to the lounger than in any other capital of which I have experience.

Let me note some of the experiences to be had.

The art-connoisseur and *bric-à-brac* hunter has always the Hotel Drouot open to him. In this great house of sales there is always movement, always novelty, always something worth picking up, if the buyer be a discreet and wary person. The throng of people, moreover, is an amusing study. Is the lounger a book-worm—a bibliophile? Let him, in the cool of the morning, saunter through the Tuileries Gardens, where the children are at play and the *bonnes* are indulging in passages of sentiment with soldiers, past the ruins of the palace, over the bridge, to the Quai Voltaire. From the Rue du Bac, east, to the Pont Neuf, along the parapet of the quay, are spread stores of second-hand books, in boxes; and all the length of the way he will meet students, professors, priests, and *savants*, fumbling over the dog's-eared treasures. A more delightful morning, to the bookish man, than that to be had over the book-boxes of the quays, I cannot conceive. Many a treasure have I carried home from them.

The curious in the underground wonders of Paris must visit the sewers (even ladies may be of the party), and should certainly seek out the day—they are rare—when the Catacombs are to be explored. Valleys of the shadow of death, with human bones on

either side!—the work of death over head and under foot—the winding passages of interminable length chill the blood and oppress the imagination.

But there are bright days enough above ground, over the silent city of dead men's bones. What is more enjoyable than a trip to the banks of the Seine, by Sèvres, and a dinner of *fritures* and *omelettes* in one of the *bosquets* on its banks; or a *matelotte* at the Porte Maillot, after a stroll in the Bois; or a dinner with the Père Lathuile, by the outer *boulevard*, at the end of the Rue d'Amsterdam? Père Lathuile did a wonderful business when the *barrière* was just on the right side of his establishment, and he could sell cheap wine that paid no octroi duty; but he is popular still, although he has taken to glass and gilding, for his *salons* are a relief after those of the great Boulevards. Or go to Fontenay aux Roses, or Asnières, in the boating season; or pay a visit to the peach gardens of Montreuil, or to the Quarries, where the mushrooms are grown; or take a sly peep at the Mère Moreau's, by the Pont Neuf, to eat her renowned *chinois* and other preserved fruits, at her gorgeous counters; or arrange a trip to Saint Germain, where the cooks have dressed their spits in the forest, and half Paris is gambolling and eating under the trees—or, better still, when the old place is quiet, and you can stroll on the terrace of the castle enjoying the grand view, while your dinner is preparing in the *pavillon* Henri Quatre. Of course, Versailles — I think it was Walpole who called it a "huge heap of littleness"—commands more than one visit. But it is a hot and dusty place, and when the Great Waters are playing it is intolerably crowded, and deficient in the power of serving good dinners. He who goes forth to see the Great Waters, if he be a man who knows what a comfortable dinner means, will return to Paris before he breaks his fast. Let him rather trust himself to the open-air hospitality of the Moulin Rouge or Ledoyen, in the Champs Elysées, than run the hazard of a fork in a Versailles *restaurant*. If he prefer to be in Paris, the Boulevards are before him where to choose. There is the solid dinner of Peter's, there are the exquisite *cuisines* of Bignon, at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin, of the Riche, the Dorée, the Café Anglais. For quiet, Bignon's or the Anglais is best.

Brébant's, beyond, is a good *cuisine*; and, in homelier French fashion, you dine well at Bonnefoy's, on the Boulevards, or at Janodet's, or the Bœuf à la Mode, in the Palais Royal, or at Voisin's, in the Rue St. Honoré. He who wants a thoroughly well-cooked and well-chosen dinner, at a fixed reasonable price, may rely on the Dîner de Paris, in the Passage Jeoffroy; and he may rely on this also, that it is the only good dinner *à prix fixe* to be had—the rest are bad.

In this rapid survey of the business and pleasure, the buildings and streets, the institutions, manners, and customs of Paris, I have passed over many things and many phases of life, and many nooks and corners that are noteworthy. The little Bourse held on the Boulevards, by the Passage de l'Opéra, the Casinos Cadet and Valentino, the great workmen's *café* by the Château d'Eau, where there is a score of billiard-tables in one *salon*, and a mason may be seen having a game with a postman; the Champ de Mars, the Tomb of Napoleon, the Art Club of the Place Vendôme, facetiously called the Mirlitons, and the round of the *cafés*, as the Helder, where the military congregate, the Café de la Paix of the Bonapartists, the Suede, where the radical journalists drink *absinthe*, and the Régence, near the Théâtre Français, where chess is played—these are among the many places on my notes; but I have set down enough, methinks, to start the traveller on the road to a fair knowledge of the beautiful city, in which, after many years of searching, I can always find something new and welcome.

LES RUINES DE PARIS.

PAR

EDMOND ABOUT.

J'AVAIS entrepris un voyage moins long, mais plus périlleux que le tour du monde : j'allais du passage Choiseuil au Théâtre-Français par la butte des Moulins. A la moitié du chemin, je compris que je m'étais fourvoyé dans une démolition générale. Devant, derrière, à droite, à gauche, partout, les pans de mur s'écroulaient avec un bruit du tonnerre, des nuages de poussière obscurcissaient le ciel, les ouvriers criaient gare, en brandissant des longues lattes, les chariots chargés de décombres croisaient des vallées de boue entre des montagnes de plâtras ; la terre tremblait ; il pleuvait des moellons et des briques.

Un Limousin prit pitié de ma peine ; il me tira de la bagarre et me mis en sûreté sous un arceau de porte cochère, dans un endroit où le travail chômait pour le moment. Mon refuge se trouvait sur la limite de l'îlot condamné ; derrière moi la route était libre ; rien ne m'empêchait plus d'aller à mes affaires ; je demeurai pourtant, retenu par une attraction secrète. Les bedauds ne sont pas nécessairement des sots ; les plus fins Parisiens prennent plaisir aux petits spectacles de la rue, et j'en avais un grand sous les yeux. Aucun effort de l'activité humaine ne saurait être indifférent à l'homme ; le travail des démolisseurs est un des plus saisissants, parce qu'il est suivi d'effets instantanés : on détruit plus vite qu'on n'édifie. Les maçons spécialistes qui font des ruines semblent plus entraînés et plus fougueux que les autres ; observez les. Vous lirez sur leurs visages poudreux une expression de fierté sauvage et de joie satanique. Ils crient de joie et d'orgueil lorsqu'ils abattent en un quart de minute tout un pan de muraille qu'on a

mis deux mois à bâtir. Je ne sais quelle voix intérieure leur dit qu'ils sont les émules des grands fléaux, les rivaux de la foudre, de l'incendie et de la guerre.

Je ne professe pas le culte des fléaux; la destruction inutile me fait horreur; et si je m'arrêtais à l'admirer, je croirais que mes yeux deviennent ses complices. Mais ceux qui rasent un vieux quartier sale et malsain ne font pas le mal pour le mal. Ils déblaient le sol, ils font place à des constructions meilleures et plus belles. Comme les grands démolisseurs du dix-huitième siècle qui ont fait table rase dans l'esprit humain, je les admire et j'applaudis à cette destruction créatrice.

A première vue, j'en conviens, le spectacle est cruel. Voilà tout un quartier qui n'était pas brillant, qui n'était pas commode, mais il était habitable, après tout. Ces maisons qui s'écroulent par centaines abritaient bien ou mal quelques milliers d'individus; on a sué, peiné pour les construire; elles pourraient durer encore un siècle ou deux. Avant un mois, tout le labeur qu'elles représentaient, tous les services qu'elles pouvaient rendre seront mis à néant; il n'en restera rien que le sol nu.

Mais si le sol nu, déblayé, nivelé, avait plus de valeur par lui seul qu'avec toutes les maisons qui l'encombrent, il s'ensuivrait que les démolisseurs lui ajoutent plus qu'ils ne lui ôtent, et qu'en le dépouillant, ils l'enrichissent. Est-ce possible? C'est certain. Lorsqu'on aura balayé ces débris, rasé ce monticule, pris un quart du terrain pour des rues larges et droites, le reste se vendra plus cher qu'on n'a payé le tout; les trois quarts du sol ras vont avoir plus de prix que la totalité bâtie. Pourquoi? Parce que les grandes villes, dans l'état actuel de la civilisation, ne sont que des agglomérations d'hommes pressés: qu'on y vienne pour produire, pour échanger, pour jouir, pour paraître, on est talonné par le temps, on ne supporte ni délai ni obstacle; l'impatience universelle y cote au plus haut prix les gîtes les plus facilement accessibles, ceux qui sont, comme on dit, près de tout. Or, les obstacles, les embarras, les montées, les carrefours étroits quadruplent les distances et gaspillent le temps de tout le monde sans profiter à personne; une rue droite, large et bien

roulante rapproche et met pour ainsi dire en contact deux points qui nous semblaient distants d'une lieue. C'est à qui se logera sur le rebord des grandes routes parisiennes : les producteurs et les marchands trouvent leur compte à s'établir dans le courant de la circulation ; les oisifs de notre époque ont l'habitude et le besoin d'aller sans peine et sans retard où le plaisir les appelle. Ceux qui mangent les millions ne peuvent se camper que sur une avenue largement carrossable ; ceux qui gagnent les millions ne peuvent ouvrir boutique que sur le chemin des voitures. Ainsi s'explique la plus-value qu'une destruction brutale en apparence ajoute aux quartiers démolis.

A l'appui de mon raisonnement, j'évoquais le souvenir de ces rues étroites, malpropres, infectes, sans air et sans lumière, où une population misérable a végété longtemps ; je me tournais ensuite vers l'avenir et je me représentais cette rue ou cette avenue qui joindra le Théâtre-Français remis à neuf au magnifique édifice du nouvel Opéra. Deux rangées de fortes maisons, hautes et massives, étalent leurs façades de pierre un peu trop richement sculptées ; les trottoirs longent des boutiques éblouissantes dont la plus humble représente un loyer de cinquante mille francs, et les calèches à huit ressorts se croisent sur la chaussée. Beau spectacle !

Une réflexion cornue vint se jeter mal à propos au travers de mon enthousiasme. " Ces bâtisses somptueuses que j'admire déjà comme si je les avais vues, ne faudra-t-il pas bientôt les démolir à leur tour ? Car enfin nous abattons les vieilles rues parce qu'elles ne suffisaient pas à la circulation des voitures. Plus nous démolissons, plus il faut que Paris s'étende en long et en large. Plus il s'étend, plus les courses sont longues, plus il est impossible de parcourir la ville à pied, plus le nombre des voitures indispensables va croissant. Le boulevard Montmartre était ridiculement large, il y a une vingtaine d'années ; le voilà trop étroit : il sera démoli. A plus forte raison, la rue Vivienne, la rue Richelieu, la rue Saint-Denis, la rue Saint-Martin, toutes celles dont la largeur faisait pousser des cris d'admiration à nos pères. Et quand la pioche des démolisseurs les aura accommodées aux besoins de la circulation moderne ; quand Paris, de jour en jour plus large,

remplira hermétiquement l'enceinte des fortifications ; quand le total des voitures parisiennes aura doublé par une logique inévitable, ne sera-t-on pas forcé d'élargir les avenues de M Haussmann ? Les gros palais à façades sculptées n'auront-ils pas le même sort que les masures de la rue Clos-Georgeau ? "

Je ne sais trop à quelle conclusion ce raisonnement m'aurait conduit, mais un incident fortuit m'empêcha de la suivre jusqu'au bout.

Le soleil, qui bataillait depuis le matin contre une armée de nuages, fit une trouée dans la masse ; il vint illuminer un mur que je regardais vaguement sans le voir. C'était le fond d'une maison démolie ; la toiture, la façade, les planchers des trois étages avaient croulé. Mais il n'était pas malaisé en esprit de rebâtir l'étroit édifice, et je m'amusai un moment à ce jeu. Tout l'immeuble occupait environ quarante mètres de surface : six sur sept au maximum. Au rez-de-chaussée, une boutique ou un cabaret ; le mur entièrement depouillé laissait la question dans le vague ; on voyait seulement à gauche, au fond d'une allée absente, les premières marches d'un escalier tournant. Les deux étages supérieurs s'expliquaient mieux ; on distinguait, outre le conduit noir d'une cheminée, deux éviers suspendus l'un sur l'autre, puis deux débris de cloisons superposés, puis deux vastes lambeaux de papier peint qui s'étendaient, sauf quelques déchirures, jusqu'à la cage du colimaçon. Je rétablis les deux logements en un clin d'œil, ou plutôt ils se reconstruisirent d'eux-mêmes dans ma mémoire. L'escalier aboutissait à un petit carré fort étroit ; la porte ouvrait en plein sur une chambre étroite et longue, qui prenait jour sur la rue. C'était la pièce principale ; elle occupait toute la profondeur de la maison et les deux tiers de la largeur. Sur la droite, à ce point où le papier s'arrête, il y avait une cuisine limitée par la cloison que voici et éclairée par un jour de souffrance : la lucarne y est encore. Donc, le jour ne venait pas de la rue ; la cuisine n'occupait qu'un étroit carré dans l'angle le plus reculé de la maison ; sur le devant, l'architecte avait ménagé un cabinet clair, un peu plus grand que la cuisine, infiniment moins vaste que la chambre principale.

A mesure que je rebâtissais les cloisons du second étage, que je plaçais les deux fenêtres et que je rassemblais les matériaux du plancher, il se produisait un phénomène assez étrange: le logement se remeublait petit à petit. Trois casseroles de cuivre étagées par rang de taille étincelaient le long du mur de la cuisine, avec une bassinoire d'un travail ancien et curieux. Dans la petite chambre sans feu, il y avait un lit de bois peint, deux chaises, une planche chargée de vieux livres et de romans coupés par tranche au bas des journaux. La pièce principale était presque confortable. Trois matelas et un édredon s'empilaient sur un bon lit de noyer. La table du milieu était couverte d'un vieux châle reprisé en vingt endroits, mais propre. Le poêle de faïence ronflait joyeusement; cinq ou six images gravées souriaient dans leurs vieux cadres; une étagère à bon marché s'encombrait de petites faïences et de bimbeloteries archaïques; au milieu de cette collection, j'admirais un buste de vieille femme, pas si gros que le poing, mais exécuté avec beaucoup de conscience et de tendresse. Et voilà que dans un coin, vers la fenêtre, je remarque un grand fauteuil en velours d'Utrecht rouge, et une grosse mère de soixante-dix ans, l'original du buste, qui tricote un petit bas de laine. La maison démolie ne s'est pas seulement remeublée, mais repeuplée! C'est en vain que je me frotte les yeux; je ne suis ni endormi ni halluciné, et pourtant il m'est impossible de ne pas voir ce que je vois.

Alors, je prends sur moi, je me raisonne, je me dis qu'il n'y a pas d'effets sans causes, et je cherche par quel enchaînement de circonstances ce tableau est venu se présenter à mes yeux. Il ne me semble pas entièrement nouveau ; je suis presque certain de l'avoir déjà vu; mais où ? quand ? Dans le rêve d'une nuit, ou dans ce rêve de plusieurs années qui s'appelle l'enfance?

M'y voici ! j'ai trouvé. C'est ce papier du second étage. Il est unique au monde probablement: des roses vertes sur fond jaune. Quelque ouvrier en papier peint l'a fabriqué ainsi pour faire pièce à son patron ; le patron l'a vendu au rabais ; la bonne femme l'a eu pour presque rien lorsqu'elle emménageait ici, vers 1802; c'est elle-même qui m'a conté cette histoire, car je ne me

trompe pas, j'ai connu les habitants de cette maison démolie, je me suis assis à leur table, en 1840, à ma première année de collége! C'est le quartier, c'est la rue, et d'ailleurs, les roses vertes sur fond jaune! Il n'y a jamais eu que celles-là!

Mille et un souvenirs ensevelis depuis un quart de siècle se réveillent à la fois, ils m'assiégent, ils m'assaillent. La première fois que je suis entré dans cette maison, les locataires du second célébraient une fête de famille. Les trois fils de Mme. Alain, ses deux filles, ses gendres, les petits-enfants, toute la tribu tenait dans cette chambre, sans compter trois ou quatre invités, dont j'étais. Je vois la longue table, et la bonne femme au milieu, toute fière et radieuse. Comment les avions-nous connus? Je n'en sais rien; je me rappelle seulement que nous étions plus pauvres qu'eux et que le festin était splendide, avec l'oie aux marrons, les crèpes et le pain de beurre salé. Leur cidre me parut bien préférable au vin de Champagne, que je connaisais de réputation; il venait de Quimperlé en droite ligne, c'est-à-dire de leur pays. J'avais pour voisin de droite un de leurs compatriotes, sous-officier d'infanterie, aujourd'hui capitaine ou chef de bataillon; je l'ai revu.

Madame Alain était la veuve d'un ouvrier, d'un très-simple ouvrier, qui travailla de ses mains tant qu'il eut assez de force: honnête homme, rangé, économe, bien vu de tous ses voisins, sauf peut-être du cabaretier d'en bas. Il était occupé à cent pas de chez lui, chez un serrurier en boutique; jamais, en quarante ans de ménage, il ne prit un repas ou un verre de vin sans sa femme. On se quittait le matin, on se revoyait à dîner, on se retrouvait tous les soirs à l'heure du souper; et si dans l'entre-temps Madame Alain s'ennuyait du cher homme, elle passait devant la boutique et lui disait bonjour du bout des doigts.

Le mari, si j'ai bonne mémoire, gagnait de trois à quatre francs par jour; la femme, rien; les enfants vinrent tôt, et la besogne ne manquait pas dans le ménage. Le peu qu'on épargna fut dévoré à belles dents par la marmaille. Quand le père mourut les cinq enfants étaient non-seulement élevés, mais casés. Garçons et filles passèrent par l'école gratuite et par l'apprentissage pour arriver à un honnête établissement. Christine Alain était cou-

turière, elle épousa un Alsacien; ils ont fait une bonne maison. Corentine piquait des gants, elle fit la conquête d'un coupeur habile; ils fondèrent une fabrique rue du Petit-Lion-Saint-Sauveur. Jules, le cadet, se faufila dans la librairie, et de commis devint patron. Le plus jeune, Léon, était marbrier; il suivit l'école de dessin, se fit admettre aux Beaux-Arts, devint par son travail un bon sculpteur de deuxième ordre, plut à la fille de son propriétaire et l'épousa. L'aîné, qu'on désignait par le nom de famille, continua le métier de son père et resta garçon pour tenir compagnie à Mme. Alain. Cette petite chambre entre la rue et la cuisine était la sienne. De tous les fils Alain, c'est lui qui est resté le plus vivant dans ma mémoire. Je vois d'ici sa brave figure et sa main....Quelle main! Un étau! Il était entiché de son droit d'aînesse et se faisait un point d'honneur de nourrir la mère à lui seul. La bonne femme avait une certaine déférence pour lui: n'était-il pas le chef de la famille? Elle acceptait les petits présents de ses fils et de ses gendres, mais elle ne mangeait que le pain du bon Alain.

Dans les premiers jours de son veuvage, Léon, l'heureux sculpteur, la supplia d'accepter un logement chez lui. "Je vous remercie, mon *fi*," lui dit-elle, "mais le bon Dieu m'a commise à la garde de tous les souvenirs qui sont ici. Je ne délogerai que pour aller rejoindre votre cher père."

S'il faut tout dire, elle avait une sorte de vénération religieuse pour cet humble logis. Elle lui savait gré de tout le bonheur qu'elle avait eu; elle en parlait comme un obligé de son bienfaiteur. "On ne saura jamais," disait-elle, "quels services ce pauvre nid nous a rendus. Que les pauvres gens sont heureux lorsqu'ils trouvent un logement à bon marché au cœur d'une grande ville! Notre loyer était de 120 francs au début; il s'est élevé graduellement jusqu'à 250; mais il nous a épargné pour cent mille francs de peines et de soucis. Que serait-il arrivé de nous, s'il avait fallu nous installer hors barrière comme tant d'autres? Le père m'aurait quittée tous les matins pour ne rentrer que le soir; il aurait déjeuné au cabaret, Dieu sait avec qui! et moi à la maison, toute seule. A quelle école aurais-je envoyé les enfants? Comment

aurais-je pu surveiller leur apprentissage ? Ils l'ont fait à deux pas d'ici, chez des patrons du quartier, et je me flatte de ne les avoir jamais perdus de vue. Aussi garçons et filles ont bien tourné, sans exception. Que le ciel ait pitié des pauvres apprenties qui vont travailler chaque jour à une lieue de la maman ! Et mes fils, pensez-vous qu'ils auraient fait un aussi beau chemin si le chef-lieu de la famille avait été à Montrouge ou à Grenelle ? Ils ne se seraient pas détachés de nous, je le crois, car ils sont les meilleurs garçons du monde ; mais alors ils n'auraient pas vécu au sein des belles choses parisiennes ; ils n'auraient pas vu les musées, les spectacles, les beaux magasins, les toilettes élégantes, tout ce qui forme le goût, éveille l'imagination, en un mot, ce qui change quelquefois l'ouvrier en artiste. Voyez notre Léon ! de simple marbrier, il est devenu statuaire. A qui doit-il cette fortune ? Ni au père ni à moi, mais à la Providence qui nous permit de fonder notre famille dans ce milieu vivant et intelligent de Paris ! J'en ai connu beaucoup, des artistes, et des inventeurs, et des artisans du premier mérite, de ceux qui font la gloire et la richesse de l'industrie parisienne : c'étaient tous pauvres gens qui avaient eu le bonheur de se nicher à la source du vrai talent, comme nous."

Assurément la bonne femme exagérait un peu les mérites de son logis. Elle oubliait, dans son enthousiasme, les dangers qu'elle avait courus, en élevant dans un espace si étroit cinq enfants, dont deux filles. Lorsqu'on touchait ce point si délicat, elle répondait avec un loyal éclat de rire : " Bah ! le problème n'est pas plus difficile que celui du Loup, de la Chèvre et du Chou ! "

Mme Alain n'avait pas seulement sa bonne part d'esprit naturel ; elle s'exprimait encore en termes choisis : personne n'eût deviné en l'écoutant qu'elle ne savait ni lire ni écrire. Son mari, paraît-il, la surpassait en ignorance, car il parlait à peine le français. Ainsi, deux Bretons illettrés ont donné à leurs cinq enfants une instruction très-suffisante ; deux prolétaires, sans autre capital que leurs bras, ont fait souche de bourgeois et même d'artistes. Et ce phénomène, j'allais dire ce miracle de progrès social, s'est accompli dans cette masure parisienne. Et les bénéficiaires de cet

heureux changement se plaisent à déclarer que la masure y est pour quelque chose; ils bénissent le taudis à 250 francs par an qui leur a permis de s'élever, de se développer, de s'enrichir au centre de Paris.

Quand je pense à ces braves gens devant les ruines de leur vieux nid, je me demande si les rues insalubres, si les taudis étroits, si les allées obscures et les escaliers en colimaçon n'ont pas leur destinée et leur utilité dans le monde. Cette fange des pauvres quartiers, que l'on balaie dédaigneusement hors barrière, n'était-elle pas autrefois un engrais de civilisation? Les plus beaux fruits de l'industrie parisienne ne sont-ils pas sortis de ce fumier? Peut-être.

Je comprends le noble mépris d'une administration toute-puissante: il est clair que les logis à 250 francs font tache au milieu d'une ville aussi majestueuse que Paris. Mais nous avons des travailleurs qui gagnent peu, et je me demande sous quel toit ils abriteront leurs têtes quand le Paris des rêves municipaux sera fini. On les chasse du centre à la circonférence; mais la circonférence a sa coquetterie; elle aussi se couvre de palais. Il faudra donc que l'ouvrier s'établisse en rase campagne, loin, très-loin de son travail, et qu'il fasse un voyage tous les matins pour se rendre à l'atelier, un voyage tous les soirs pour revenir à la maison. Y reviendra-t-il tous les soirs? Sera-t-il puissamment attiré vers cette demeure lointaine, presque inconnue, où l'on n'entre que pour fermer les yeux, d'où l'on sort les yeux à peine ouverts? Certes, il y viendra, s'il y est attendu par sa famille. Reste à savoir si les ouvriers de l'avenir se marieront comme ceux d'autrefois. Est-ce la peine? On a si peu de temps pour jouir les uns des autres! Et puis, les distractions ne manquent pas au cœur de Paris. Sur les ruines de ces humbles maisons, il s'élève des paradis artificiels, à l'usage du travailleur en blouse. Cent billiards, dix mille becs de gaz, des dorures, des glaces, des chansonnettes, que sais-je? Et plus le logement, cette arche sainte de la famille devient inabordable au pauvre monde, plus les plaisirs malsains se vendent bon marché.

Pauvre maison de Mme Alain! Humble échelle de Jacob

où tant de prolétaires ont monté pour s'élever à la bourgeoisie, je veux te regarder une dernière fois et graver tes ruines respectables dans un petit coin de ta mémoire !

Patatras !

— Allez-vous-en ! Vous-voulez donc vous faire écraser, imbécile !

L'imbécile, c'était moi ; le plâtre et les moëllons avaient roulé jusqu'à mes pieds, et le vieux mur taché de roses vertes n'existait plus.

EDMOND ABOUT.

PRIVILEGED ESSAYS AND NOTICES.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS,
Wholesale and Export Biscuit Manufacturers, Reading, and 9, Rood Lane, London, E.C.—*pages* 181-188.

ELKINGTON & CO., BIRMINGHAM,
22, Regent Street, and 45, Moorgate Street, London; 25, Church Street, Liverpool; and St. Anne's Square, Manchester. A Descriptive Essay by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.—*pages* 189-195.

W. C. JAY & CO., BY APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN,
243, 245, 247, 249, 251, Regent Street, London, W.—*pages* 196-199.

SIR JOSEPH WHITWORTH & CO. (LIMITED), MANCHESTER.
Tools, Fluid Compressed Steel, and Guns.—*pages* 200, 201.

MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY,
Head Office, Derby.—*pages* 202-204.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Gold and Silver Smiths, Union Square, New York.—*pages* 205, 206.

WINDSOR HOTEL,
Fifth Avenue, 46th and 47th Streets, New York. HAWKE, WAITE, AND WETHERBEE, Proprietors.—*page* 207.

PERRIER, JOUËT & CO.,
Vineyard Proprietors and Wine Growers of Champagne, Epernay, France.—*page* 243.

KRUG & CO.,
Champagne Shippers. London Agents—INGLIS & CUNNINGHAM, 60, Mark Lane, E.C.—*page* 244.

ERNEST IRROY & CO.,
Champagne Proprietors, Reims, France.—*page* 245.

JULES MUMM & CO.,
Champagne Growers and Shippers.—*page* 246.

G. H. MUMM & CO.,
Champagne Growers and Shippers. Agent, Emil Quack, 11, Dale Street, Liverpool.—*page* 247.

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN,
Champagne Growers, Ay, Champagne. Shippers of the "Cabinet" and "Gold Lack" brands. Agents, J. R. PARKINGTON & CO., 24, Crutched Friars, Mark Lane, London, E.C.—*page* 247.

GUSTAVE GIBERT.
Champagne Grower and Proprietor, Reims, France. Sole Agents for the United Kingdom, COCK, RUSSELL & CO., 63, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.—*page* 248.

POL ROGER & CO.
Champagne Growers and Shippers, Epernay. Agents for Great Britain and Ireland, REUSS, LAUTEREN & CO., 39, Crutched Friars, London.—*page* 248.

OTARD-DUPUY & CO., COGNAC.—*page* 249.

BRANDY.—T. HINE & CO., COGNAC.—*page* 250.

JULES ROBIN & CO., COGNAC.
Agents, Messrs. DAVIES, SPACKMAN & CO., 4, Little Tower Street, London, E.C.—*page* 250.

HENRY BRETT & CO.,

26 & 27, High Holborn, London. Distillers of Eau-de-vie, Pure Brandy, Liqueur Ginger Brandy, &c.—*page* 251.

COMPAGNIE COLONIALE, PARIS.

Chocolate Manufacturers.—*page* 252.

WILLIAM TARN & CO.,

Drapers, Costumiers, Silk Mercers, Mantle Makers, Carpet Warehousemen, and Furniture and Bedding Manufacturers, 165 to 173, Newington Causeway, and 5 to 17, New Kent Road, London, S.E.—*page* 253.

T. MORSON & SON,

31, 33, and 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London, England. Makers of Pepsine and all Chemicals.—*pages* 254, 255.

KEEN, ROBINSON, & CO.,

Mustard and Patent Barley and Groat Manufacturers. Purveyors to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Established A.D. 1742.—*page* 256.

CANTRELL & COCHRANE.

Ginger Ale, Mineral and Medicinal Water Manufacturers, by Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent. Works—Dublin and Belfast, Ireland.—*page* 257.

JOHN G. McGEE & CO.,

Belfast, Ireland. Inventors of the "Ulster" Overcoat. *Specialités* for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Travelling Garments, Perfect Protection against cold, wind, and rain. Prize Medallist, Great Exhibition, London, 1851.—*page* 258.

HUDSON & KENNEDY,

Export Wine and Spirit Shippers, 11, Queen Victoria Street, and 25, Budge Row, E.C.—*page* 258.

H. LAMPLOUGH,

113, Holborn Hill, London, E.C. Proprietor of the "Pyretic Saline."—*page* 259.

HOTEL DU LION D'OR, RHEIMS.

LOUIS DISANT, Proprietor.—*page* 259.

SUTTON SHARPE & CO.,

Printing and Stationery Contractors and Publishers. Central Offices: 145, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.—*page* 259.

J. BOLLINGER (RENAUDIN BOLLINGER & CO.),
Champagne Grower and Shipper, Ay (Champagne). Agent, L. MENTZENDORFF, 6, Idol Lane, London, E.C.—*page* 260.

F. DESSANDIER & CO., COGNAC.
Agent, L. MENTZENDORFF, 6, Idol Lane, London, E.C.—*page* 260.

EDWARD & JOHN BURKE, DUBLIN, LIVERPOOL, AND NEW YORK.
Wine and Foreign Export Merchants.—*page* 261.

IHLERS & BELL,
30, Moor Street, Back Goree, Liverpool, Export Bottlers of Bass's India Pale Ale and Guinness's Extra Stout.—*page* 262.

By Appointment to H.M. the Queen.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS,

Biscuit Manufacturers,

LONDON AND READING.

LIST OF BISCUITS.

Abernethy Biscuits
African "
Albert "
Alberta "
Almond "
Alphabet "
Alexandra Nuts
Albert "
Alexandra Biscuits
Arrowroot "
" plain "
" rich "
Bath "
Bath Oliver "
Balmoral "
Bermuda "
Brighton "
Britannia "
Brown College "
Bute "
Butter "
Button Nuts
Cabin Biscuits
Captain "
Caraway Tunbridge
Citron "
Cheese Biscuits
Cocoa Nut Drops
Coffee Biscuits
Combination "
(14 kinds)
Coronet "
Cracker "
Cracknel "
" Fancy "
" Cup "
" Toy "
Crown "
Cuddy "
Currant Tunbridge
Diet Biscuits
Digestive "
Dessert "
(16 kinds)
Dover "
Excursion "
Fancy Sweet "
(21 kinds)
Fancy Machine "
Fancy Nic Nac "
Festal "
Fête "
Finger Ginger Bread
Finger Rusks
Filbert Biscuits
Finger "
Fiji Biscuits
Fruit "
Fruit Drops
Garibaldi Biscuits
Gem "
German Rusks
Gingerbread
Ginger Nuts
Grissini Biscuits
(Bread Straws)
Infants' Food
Jamaica Biscuits
Jou Jou "
Knobble "
Lemon Tunbridge
Leopold Biscuits
Lorne "
Lunch "
Macaroons "
Maizena (rich) "
Marie "
Maizena Wafer "
Medallion Biscuits
Medium "
(14 kinds)
Milk "
Mixed (20 kds) "
Napoleon "
Nonsuch Biscuits
Nursery "
Oliver "
Oriental "
Osborne "
Oval Thin Captain
Pearl Biscuits
Pic Nic "
Presburg "
Prince "
Queen "
Raspberry "
Ratafias "
Rice "
Roll "
Royal "
Savoy "
Seed "
Shell "
Shrewsbury "
Soirée "
Soda "
Spice Nuts "
Sponge Rusks
Star Biscuits
Tea "
Traveller "
Tourist "
Union Biscuits (7kds)
Vanilla Biscuits
Vanille "
Victoria "
Victoria Nuts
Walnut Biscuits
Wafer Ginger "
" Seed "
" Plain "
Water "
And others.

SPECIALITIES.

CAKES
(Wedding and other kinds.)
Chocolate Wafers
Ice Wafers
Lemon Dessert Biscuits
Meat Wafers, *Patent*
Orange Dessert Biscuits
Raspberry Wafers
Sugar Wafers
Lemon, Rose, and Vanille Flavour.

These Biscuits are made of the finest materials, and from their great variety of Shape and Flavour, acknowledged Superiority of Make, and fine keeping qualities, they have obtained a very extensive and increasing sale in England, on the Continent, and in the various Markets throughout the World.

They are packed in Tins containing 1 lb. and upwards, also in Casks and Boxes, to meet the convenience of the Trade and Shippers

Ces Biscuits sont composés des meilleures matières premières. Ils se distinguent par leur grande facilité de conservation, leur variété de forme et de goût, et la supériorité reconnue de leur fabrication, qui leur ont obtenu une vente très étendue et toujours croissante en Angleterre, sur le Continent d'Europe, et sur tous les marchés du monde en général.

Ils sont emballés dans des Boîtes de fer blanc de poids divers à partir d'une livre, et aussi en Barils et Caisses, à la convenance des acheteurs.

Diese Biscuits werden von den feinsten Materialien angefertigt und haben durch die Mannigfaltigkeit ihrer Formen, ihren Wohlgeschmack, die anerkannte Vorzüglichkeit ihrer Zubereitungsweise und die Eigenschaft unverminderter Haltbarkeit einen sehr ausgedehnten und stets zunehmenden Absatz in England, auf dem Festlande und auf allen Märkten der Welt erlangt.

Sie werden in Blechdosen von 1 Pfund und aufwärts verpackt, desgleichen in Fässern und Kisten entsprechend den Wünschen des Handels und der Verschiffer.

Estas Galletas son hechas de los mas finos materiales ; y por la gran variedad de sus Formas y Gustos, la bien conocida superioridad de su Fabricacion y el tiempo que se conservan, han merecido un despacho muy considerable non solamente en Inglaterra, y el Continente de Europa, sino tambien en todas la poblaciones del Mundo que sean de alguna importancia.

Van embaladas en Cajas de Hoja de Lata de una libra inglesa de peso ó mas, ó en Barriles ó Cajones segun sea mas conveniente al Comprador.

LONDON & READING.

THE GREAT BISCUIT TOWN.

IT may be said that modern Reading is built upon biscuits. Reading-by-the-Thames, that is, flowing on its way to Windsor and London, is the principal commercial place of the Royal county, and it is a good sample of a flourishing English market town. It has its interesting past history; it figures much in English history from the time when the Danes occupied it; it is the burial-place of Henry I.; it was the residence of kings, and the scene of a grand tournament under Edward III., and four Parliaments have been held within its precincts. There are picturesque ruins of the olden splendours of the place still to be seen, especially of the Abbey; but the attractions of modern Reading, to travellers seeking to get a fair knowledge of England, lie in its completeness as an expression of our municipal institutions, and the vigour and variety of its commercial activities.

Cattle, corn, flour, iron, beer, and biscuits, are the staples of the Royal county town; but, as we have observed, modern Reading is built chiefly upon biscuits. As

THE

GREAT BISCUIT TOWN.

you approach it by railway you perceive the tall chimneys of the extraordinary factory, whence dainty morsels of a hundred shapes and many flavours are borne forth to the remotest corners of the earth. Seldom a ship sails from England that does not bear within his ribs a Reading biscuit. The biscuit has met the tooth of every civilized race under the sun. It has become as familiar to the Parisian as to the Londoner. The American, who is a born connoisseur in "crackers," adopts it as he travels over Europe; and he finds it as easily in the Swiss mountains, in Italian cities, along the banks of the Rhine, and in the silent old towns in Belgium, as at the Langham in London, or the Grand Hotel in Paris. You cannot get beyond the reach of it "up country" in India. John Chinaman munches it; it is known to the Daimios of Japan. So that it is not surprising people of many lands, when they reach England, and are on the tour, repair to the great biscuit town, to look at the immense factory in which exquisite machinery, as clean and dainty as the works of a lady's watch, converts flour, eggs, milk, and butter into cracknels, wafers, nuts, Napoleons, pearls, pic-nics, rusks, and fifty other appetizing forms

The prodigious, skilfully-ordered activity of this factory, in which some two thousand men, women, boys, and girls are biscuit making all the year round, affords to the thoughtful observer an excellent example of the results obtainable from the concentration of mind on one operation. The economies exhibited within the factory gates are evidence of a continuous process of thought, acting upon a single object—cheap and perfect

HUNTLEY & PALMERS,

LONDON & READING.

and precisely done, and the method by which care is insured in the baking is as ingenious as it is equitable. To each oven is attached a premium. There is a baker to every group of ovens. For every pound of biscuits he spoils he is fined. The baker we questioned observed that "last week he spoiled biscuits to the extent of sixpence;" which would be deducted from premium on good baking.

We might be led by our nose to the department of macaroons and their congeners. The pungent, spicy odours are those of Araby. Boys cutting mounds of blanched almonds by machinery, others planting them upon the macaroons; men arranging these ladies' favourites upon pans filled with the creamy substance that will adhere to them as wafer; and baskets of ratafia buttons or nuts, occupy an attractive corner of the mighty factory. Then we pass the Cocoa-nut Department, of sweet and cool odour, and so past pails of shelless eggs and vast cans of milk, to where lunch biscuit machines are punching some 1200 a minute, and "pic-nics" are being cast upon trays for the baker at the rate of more than 2000 per minute.

Farther on, beyond the egg-whisking machinery, lies the Cake Department. The famous cakes of Reading, of all forms and descriptions, are ranged in interminable rows, some baked, some just deposited in their white paper cases, and some ready for packing. Now we are borne aloft in a lift, catching glimpses on the floors through which we pass of crowds of women manipulating attractive papers and flashing tins; of rows of girls at desks daintily decorating trays of little cakes

THE

GREAT BISCUIT TOWN.

We finally descend by a lift to the Loading Shed or railway station, in time to see a biscuit train despatched, the little locomotive of the firm—the Huntley and Palmers—dragging it to the main line. Here six trucks can be simultaneously loaded. It is noteworthy that the railway authorities freely accept the weights and measures of the biscuit factory—one among the many advantages of a good character. The list of some hundred and fifty cakes and biscuits which issue from the labyrinthine realms through which we have made a rapid excursion, taking note only here and there, shows the vigilance with which popular events are made to serve as baptismal ceremonies for a biscuit. The list might almost be used for one of reference for the notable events of the last thirty-five years, during which the factory has been growing. The historical series range from the "Albert and Osborne," to the "Alexandra," "Lorne," and "Fiji."

Garibaldi has his biscuit, and so had the late King Leopold, and the Emperor Napoleon. The spread of travelling is marked by the appearance of the "Excursion," the "Rich Traveller," and the "Tourist;" the popularization of the Reading biscuit in Paris is recorded by the "Soirée," the "Jou-Jou," and the "Bon-Bon;" and the "Cracker" is a sweet offering to our American Cousins.

Of all these extraordinary varieties of *biscuits* and cakes, Messrs. HUNTLEY and PALMERS send forth many thousand tons every year.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS,

LONDON & READING.

ELKINGTONS AND ELECTRO:

AN ESSAY

By George Augustus Sala.

"I HAVE passed through Calais," said George IV., when he was commencing his first and last continental trip, "and I have not seen Brummell;" and there can be little doubt that for half a moment, perhaps, his Majesty *did* regret that he had not bestowed a few minutes' audience upon the former companion of his pleasures, now grown to be a shabby, broken-down exile. But feelings of remorse much more poignant and much more genuine should be awakened in the mind of the American or other foreign tourist were he to pass through Birmingham without having inspected the astonishing artistic and industrial works of Messrs. Elkington in Newhall Street, Birmingham. As well tarry in Granada without beholding the Alhambra; as well visit Cordova without viewing the Mesquita; as well journey to Marseilles without eating *bouillabaisse* at the Reserve; as well sojourn in Venice without hiring at least half a dozen gondolas every day; as well visit Brighton without patronizing the Aquarium; as well make a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon without gazing upon Shakespeare's house and Shakespeare's tomb. I am, at all events, inclined to think that even the most *nil admirari* critic would not remain two hours in Birmingham without asking his way to Newhall Street and soliciting the favour of being allowed to inspect Messrs. Elkington's show-rooms and Messrs. Elkington's work-shops.

Duly imposing is the entrance to the vast premises in

Newhall Street, Birmingham, in which the multitudinous industries of Messrs. ELKINGTON are carried on. Traversing a vestibule, the visitor ascends a spacious staircase lined with bronze statues of the stern old Barons who forced King John to sign the famous Charta, which ensured for ever the liberties of the English people, together with other historical and classical groups. The show-rooms of the firm are now entered; but, before inspecting the treasures of art and industry here displayed, the visitor is affably requested to enter his name in a volume which comprises one of the most curious and valuable collections of autographs in Europe. The charm of such a show-room as we are wandering through at Birmingham lies in the circumstance that here richness of material is combined with beauty of design and solidity of workmanship. Wealth, Art, and Industry are indissolubly united in the gorgeous examples of plate, electro-deposit, *repoussé*, and enamel before us. Let us select a few—a very few of the most prominent examples of what may be termed the Regalia of the Birmingham Arsenal of Arts. Here is the "Helicon Vase," in *repoussé* silver and steel, damascened with gold, an exquisitely beautiful composition. Next, nobly grandiose in design and execution, is the famous "Milton Shield," the "Paradise Lost Shield," first exhibited in the Paris Exposition of 1867. The shield we here gaze upon is a *fac-simile* of the original production which was purchased by the British Government for the South Kensington Museum. Among other works of art which have issued from Messrs. ELKINGTON's studios may be mentioned the "Volunteer Challenge Shield," which was presented by Lord Elcho to the riflemen of Great Britain to be shot for annually at the great Wimbledon tournament; the "International Volunteer Challenge Trophy," in oxidised silver. Again a word must be said for the "Venus Rose-water Dish" in oxidised silver; being the first prize ever given by Her Majesty the Queen at Wimbledon. Another splendid piece of plate was the "Abyssinian Trophy" in oxidised silver, manufactured to commemorate special incidents in the Abyssinian campaign, and for presentation to the First Battalion of the 4th King's Own Royal Regiment. All these *chefs-d'œuvres* were resplendent features in the Vienna Exhibition.

Conspicuous among the attractions of this Midland *schatz kammer* are the objects in enamelled metal work, both *cloisonné*

and *champ-levé*. As early as the London Exhibition of 1862, the *champ-levé* enamels of Messrs. ELKINGTON excited considerable attention and admiration; but not satisfied with their success in a class of work which, when compared with the *cloisonné* enamel, is facile, they determined, if possible, to rival the old Japanese craftsmen, and by a careful analysis of oriental pigments and modes of working, they have arrived at a result highly satisfactory to themselves, and of the excellence of which every visitor to the show-rooms at Birmingham may judge.

I can only briefly enumerate, among the most characteristic trophies of ELKINGTONS' art-productions, the pair of noble sideboard dishes allegorical of the twelve months of the year; the sumptuous silver tankard, the original of which was purchased by the late Emperor Napoleon III., an exquisite silver casket in niello and damascene; the famous enamelled chess-table of Herculaneum pattern; the *surtout de table* composed of a plateau, *épergne*, and candelabra, designed in a pure Greek style of art (a testimonial from the Midland Railway Company to *W. P. Price, Esq.*), and last but not least, the *fac-simile* of a wickerwork basket filled with natural ferns, foliage, and grasses, coated, by means of electricity, with gold, silver, and copper, the original of which was presented by the hands of Miss ELKINGTON to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, on the occasion of Her Royal Highness's visit to Birmingham, in November, 1874.

The visitor may now, through the politeness of the firm, be privileged to pass beyond the portals of the show-rooms, and to explore the inner *penetralia* of actual manufacture. Order, system, neatness, and cleanliness are the chief features of these immense industrial departments. The processes are multitudinous; the parts to be put together well-nigh defy enumeration; the names of the tools employed are legion; but there is a place for everything, and everything is in its place. From 1800 to 2000 work-people—artisans mainly of a very superior class—must be employed in these gigantic *ateliers;* yet the great army of Labour work together quietly, steadily, and harmoniously. Thus the scattered parts of production gradually but steadily assimilate into a compact and perfect Whole, which excites the admiration and tends to the convenience of a Public who often bestow but little thought on the labour, ingenuity, and dexterity by which all these processes,

mechanical, chemical, and manipulative, have been brought together now to produce so exalted a Final Cause as an "Invention Trophy" or a "Milton Shield." Let me now induct you into the art studios and modelling rooms of Messrs. ELKINGTON. No gold, silver, or rainbow-hued enamels will here fascinate the eye or gratify the critical sense. In lieu thereof clay, plaster-of-Paris, and red modelling-wax; cartridge-paper, charcoal, drawing-chalks, modelling-tools, compasses, and measuring rules surround the embryos and the cradles of the great trophies you have admired in the show-room. A tribe of busy art-workers are busily employed, with skilful fingers or with cunningly fashioned spatula, fashioning plastic clay and wax into models of the things of beauty that are to be. Faint spectres of race-cups, hazy sketches of challenge shields, first notions of *appliqué* Renaissance mirrors, *eidolons* of candelabra, phantoms of caskets, and goblets destined to decorate the saloons of princes, the halls of municipalities, and the cabinets of connoisseurs loom vaguely from work-table, easel, and drawing-board. The apparition of a tea-pot in clay, the shade of a side-dish, the wraith of a coffee-biggin, the *ignis fatuus* of a cruet-stand, are dimly apparent.

And now I should counsel the studious visitor to dismiss for a moment from his mind all the impressions he has derived from his recent contemplation of the sumptuous examples of the genius of the artistic designer and modeller, and of the well-instructed craft of the *aurifaber*. For the nonce he must think no more of Benvenuto Cellini or Maso Fineguerra; and he should forget imaginative or technical fine art, and be prepared only to survey the marvels of mechanical and manual labour. Immense ranges of workshops lie before him. The sound of hammers will deafen his ears. The continuous "thud" of the stamping-press will be audible to him. Legions of swart artisans will flit round him. The fumes of acids will arise; and, although he will still be in the regions of gold and silver, the sands of Pactolus will be in strictly chemical solution; and Plutus, god of riches, will be under the sway of Galvani and Volta, monarchs of electric science. Sterner still will be the acquaintance that he must make with the genius of mechanics. He will be ushered into the great Stamp-Shop, the hammers in which will give blows of the force of twenty tons, or will descend with delicate and gentle percussion just powerful

enough to crack a filbert. He will see the stamping-presses which raise and sink the German-silver blanks of metal into all kinds of embossed shapes, by means of steel dies. He will learn that spoons and forks are not stamped, but rolled, in order that they may possess greater strength. The die-sinking shop should prove a mine of technical information to him; and in the braziering department he will be amazed by the fiery puissance of the Elkington Blow-Pipe in soldering pieces of electro-silver together. Then he may watch the mystery of "filling-up" candlesticks, and the exceeding artfulness of mounting and raising ornaments. He will visit shops full of engravers, full of chasers, full of finishers and burnishers. Then he will ascend into another set of *ateliers*, where he will see carried out to their minutest details—now by veteran art workmen, now by skilful young men,—now by quick-fingered young women — all those elaborate processes connected with the colouring and firing of the *cloisonné* and *champ-levé* enamels in the show-rooms. But the visitor must not tarry long among the tracers, the wire-benders, the solderers, and the finishers of the enamel work-rooms. He must descend; for the voice of a spirit calls him away—that spirit has hovered continually over the premises of the ELKINGTONS—it is the spirit of ELECTRA.

You are in the Hall of the Vats, and in the presence of the most powerful galvanic battery in the world. Peer into the dim waters and you will discern, suspended from the bars, the plates of gold and silver which, under the operation of electricity, are to give off portions of their precious contents to the objects with which they are connected. The articles are suspended by means of wires on metal rods, and so arranged in each compartment as to expose an equal amount of surface to receive the deposit of silver, or gold. The operation of plating is so nicely regulated that the rate at which the precious metal is being deposited can be exactly ascertained; and the considerable quantity of twenty-four ounces of silver can, so to speak, be veneered on to the surface of the metal, perfectly smooth and extremely hard, in the course of one hour. This thickness of silver accounts for the great durability of the articles manufactured by the Messrs. ELKINGTON. When the article has been in the bath a sufficient length of time it is taken out, rinsed in cold water, and dried. After that it is carefully weighed, and the correct thickness of silver on the article is thus checked and

duly registered, for upon this test depends the wear of the article. After the work has received its assigned proportion of silver it is forwarded to the finishing department; and here it may be stated that the smaller the quantity of silver deposited the more easily is the object finished. The surface of the metal before plating being made very smooth by polishing, a small coating of silver is easily burnished; but when a thick coat of silver is put on, the surface becomes rougher, and will not take a high polish until the article has been hammered all over. The workman closes all the pores and produces an even surface by assiduous hammering, and this has another advantageous effect, since it makes the article harder, and gives it an additional prospect of long wear. When the "bright hammerer" has completed his office, the articles are sent to be either burnished or "handed up." The latter process is performed in the same manner as that which the silversmith adopts in toning his work, and is done by the hand with rouge or fine oxide of iron. All first-class work is thus "coloured" after it is burnished, as the effect is much clearer, and the silver is made much smoother.

In the noble science of galvano-plastics, or electro-deposited bronze, Messrs. ELKINGTON have attained magnificent results. In their show-rooms you will have seen *fac-simile* reproductions, in electro-deposit, of the statues of Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith, modelled by the late J. H. Foley, R.A., and which have been erected in Dublin to the memory of the most illustrious of Irish statesmen and orators, and the most genial of Irish poets and humorists. Messrs. ELKINGTON have also reproduced in electro-deposit, an antique group, discovered at Herculaneum, the subject of which is Hercules destroying the Ænonian stag (the Third Labour).

I have not ventured to describe in fullest detail the manufacture of spoons and forks, for the reason that if this essay have any moral at all, that moral must be closely connected with the Spoons and Forks question. When you have duly thanked all the polite and intelligent managers, heads of departments, art directors, skilled artisans, and overseers, who have explained to you the contents of the different cells of this wonderful hive, wend your way home, and bear this Cardinal Fact in mind. The works of Messrs. ELKINGTON should, to the discriminative observer,

possess two aspects, closely allied one to the other, yet thoroughly independent each from each. The firm of ELKINGTON have pursued two branches of industry:—The first Artistic and Æsthetic; the second Industrial and Commercial. On the Artistic side of their operations I have endeavoured, as earnestly as I could, to dwell. I have striven to show how the present members of the firm, carefully following in the footsteps of their estimable Founder, have never ceased in their endeavours to exalt that which was formerly a merely mechanical trade into a most beautiful and ennobling vocation. I have tried to explain to the reader how, by unflinching perseverance in seeking for artistic talent wheresoever that talent could be found, they have secured the services of a staff of modellers and designers equal to all and second to none of those famous practitioners who are the glory of Paris and of Vienna. I have shown how, by bringing about a happy union between Graphic and Plastic genius and the delicate scientific processes which the ELKINGTONS have discovered or have developed, they have succeeded in producing marvels of art manufacture, hitherto only to be found in the cabinets of millionaire collectors. It has been my aim, in fine, to demonstrate what this firm has done for Art, and to vindicate their claims to be classed as teachers of the Elevated and the Beautiful. Now, in conclusion, I elect to regard the firm as Commercial producers of essentially-useful articles, for nowhere in the whole world can be found a collection of plate, whether in solid silver or electro, as in the show-rooms of the ELKINGTONS, at Birmingham, or at their branch houses in London, Liverpool, and Manchester. Do you, O! Reader, fond of domestic comfort, remember the badly-soldered candlesticks, the leaky tea-pots, the blunt forks, the heavy spoons, and the plated salvers which showed the copper beneath? The firm of ELKINGTON have radically reformed this dreary state of things. Their energy, skill, and inexhaustible fertility of resource have ministered to the artistic enjoyment and the corporal *bien être* not only of their own countrymen but of the whole civilized world. They have shown that it is possible to produce an article of domestic use, which shall be at once beautiful in design, solid in material, excellent in durability, and moderate in price. Such Art-manufacturers, I take it, have somewhat of a right to be considered as Benefactors to the civilization of their epoch.

MOURNING.

TO indite a complete, or even a tolerably compendious history of Mourning Garments in all ages and in all countries, would be, obviously, a task very slightly inferior in magnitude and difficulty to that of composing a complete chronicle of Costume itself; since, as the old Moralist puts it, "a child is born and a child dies every moment;" and, in the Universal Scheme, Mortality and Vitality must, to the end of Time, virtually remain in ultimately equal balance. Still, setting aside the fact that we cannot express our thoughts concerning Life, without immediate recurrence to its cognate, Death, it must be borne in mind that the mere literary difficulties, in giving anything approaching an historical survey of Mourning, are immense, seeing that every nation has its own peculiar and traditional mourning costumes and mourning usages; and that even as regards colour, that which is generally recognized as the hue most suitable to symbolise the expression of grief in one country, is in another accepted as typical of cheerfulness and mirth. Thus, in China, the fashionable tincture of mourning is yellow; in France that colour—no antiquary can tell precisely why—is considered to be significant of jealousy; and in England yellow is understood to be a jovial and festive tint—"Remember who commended thy yellow stockings!" Did not Malvolio assume those of that hue when he was mad enough to make love to Olivia?

It would be perilous, however, looking at the limited space at our command, to trench upon the province of the Planchés, the Fairholts, the Quicherats, and the "Bibliophiles Jacobs" who have written so learnedly and so exhaustively upon the annals of Dress. It will be sufficient for our purpose to mark these facts:—that what we term modern civilization has, so far as Western Europe is concerned, accepted three colours—Black, White, and Violet—as symbolical of the sorrow we feel for the departed.* It may be again expedient to point out that, many centuries before Paris became the chosen metropolis of

* Lord Macaulay, in his History, adduces as an instance of the affection of Charles II. for the Duke of Monmouth, that he permitted him when a child to wear, as mourning for the Duke of Gloucester, "the long purple cloak," which by strict etiquette only Princes of the Blood were warranted in assuming.

the world of fashion, the head-quarters of the *Mode* were fixed at Milan in Lombardy (the ancient Mediolanum), the traditions of whose ancient supremacy as respects feminine apparel still survives in our word "Millinery," and which to this day retains a faint tinge of her former sumptuary glories, in not very extensive but undeniably tasteful manufactures of black silks. The certainly ingenious idea of a *Magasin de Deuil*, or Emporium, specially afforded to the display and sale of Mourning Costumes, has long been held to be exclusively and originally French; but our refined and quick-witted neighbours have, to speak the plain truth, originated very few things (the father of French cookery was the German physician to Francis I., assisted by the Italian Cardinal Campeggio); and the *Magasin de Deuil* is but a brilliant and elaborate adaptation of the old *Mercerie de lutto* of the Italian cities. Continental ideas may be slow to reach this essentially conservative country; but when they do find acceptance with us they rarely fail, within a brief period, to attain that vast extension of capacity and that solidity of magnificence which are so characteristic of the English people. Such extension and such development could scarcely be exhibited in a more marked degree than in the London General Mourning Warehouse, 243, 245, 247, 249 and 251, Regent Street, an establishment which dates from so far back as the year 1841, and which, during the lengthened period which has elapsed since its foundation, has never ceased to enlarge its sphere of action, to extend its resources, to complete its scheme of organization so as to serve its patrons at once quickly, satisfactorily, tastefully and cheaply, until it has become, of its kind, a mart well nigh unrivalled and unique, both for the quality and the quantity of its commodities and the widely embracing nature of its attributes. Here, indeed, we see the advantages of the union between Continental fancy, symmetry, and artistic perception, and British keenness of practical purview and liberality of enterprise; thus the result has naturally been that foreigners have been the first to admit that Jay's London General Mourning Warehouse is in no sense an imitation, or a *replica*, of even the most elaborate of the *Magasins de Deuil* on the Boulevards, but that it presents so many ameliorations of former schemes and so many original and thoroughly English amplifications of bygone ideas, as to stand alone:—to become a mart for mourning *sui generis*, and one the arrangement and *ordonnance* of which the leading commercial houses on the Continent might profitably imitate.

We find that the spacious and handsomely decorated premises in Regent Street, occupied by the Messrs. Jay, are divided for the requirements of business, the more efficient display of fabrics and the

general convenience of patrons into numerous sectional and distinctive Departments. For example there is the section of *Modes*, or Millinery, properly so termed, in which any variety of Mourning bonnet, hat, cap, or other headgear of the *coiffure* class can be viewed, chosen, ordered, or tried on; and herein not only deep mourning is found to be predominant, but *coiffures de demi deuil* are found to admit, both in the colour of the fundamental fabric, and in such accessories as flowers, feathers, gauze, and ribbons, a delicate variation of the tone of grey, violet, mauve, lilac, and *pensée*. To this section succeeds the highly important Mantle Department, and the *Atélier* for Dressmaking. There, superposed on the deepest mourning, or on the subordinate mourning hues, lace and other ornamentations display their graceful influence. It cannot be too emphatically pointed out that the article of Black Silks, being pre-eminently the speciality of the House, the Messrs. Jay have always devoted, and continue to devote their very best energies to secure an ample supply for the use of their patrons of a fabric at once elegant and durable, and which is always in season and always in fashion. No sooner does an alteration take place in the Lyons market than envoys of the House are at once despatched to the spot to take advantage of the change; and in the commercial intelligence of Continental Journals the phrase—"*La Maison Jay de Londres a fait de forts achats*"—frequently and significantly points to the influence of the extensive operations of the Messrs. Jay on the French Silk Market. Their system is one from which they never swerve. It is to buy the commodity directly from the Manufacturers, and to supply it to their patrons at the very smallest modicum of profit, compatible with the legitimate course of trade. In their vast stock every grade in the Silk manufacture is represented, from the cheaper fabrics to the superb productions of the famous House of Bonnet et Cie; and, in short, the most complete arrangements are made fully to satisfy those who require that the Silks supplied to them should combine brilliancy of hue with durability of texture. In the class of Mantles, must naturally be ranged the Mourning Shawls. The materials for mourning costumes must always virtually remain unchangeable; and few additions can be made to the list of silks, paramattas, crapes, cashmeres, *grenadines* and *tulles* as fabrics. They, and their modifications must be ever in fashion, so long as it continues fashionable to wear mourning at all; but fashion in design, construction and embellishment may be said to change, not only every month, but well

nigh every week. That which may be all the rage to-day, may be discarded to-morrow; the costume, which shields the form of Beauty in July—may be cast aside in August. It will be sufficient to observe that in this, perhaps the leading and most serviceable portion of Messrs. Jay's enterprises, Dressmaking is regarded from four distinct points of view. First, the firm spare no endeavours not only to adopt the most recent and the most highly patronised Paris fashions; but, by employing skilful artists of their own, who are continuously occupied in producing new designs, to lead as well as to follow the prevailing *mode.* Secondly, their resolve is never to deviate from the principle of supplying the very best material and the very best workmanship that capital can secure, or that experience and discrimination can select. Thirdly, they are as decided in relaxing no efforts in order that the Mourning Orders entrusted to them for execution *shall be completed with the utmost speed compatible with the requirements of taste and technical excellence.* Fourthly and lastly, they have never, while purveying for the wealthier and the most refined classes of the community, ceased to bear in mind that their patrons are cosmopolitan, that they are bound to cater for many divergent grades of society; and that to gratify all their clients it is equally their duty and their interest to remember, as a standard rule, that *strict moderation in prices* is not in the slightest degree in disaccordance with excellence in material, beauty in design, and skilfulness in confection. It is obvious that operations so multifarious and so extended, embracing as they do correspondence or personal attendance on clients in every part of the United Kingdom, cannot be efficiently carried out without the maintenance of a carefully trained staff of travelling representatives, the recipients of orders for mourning, or the bearers of the required commodities themselves to distant patrons; and it is by no means infrequent to meet, in first-class railway carriages on our great lines, on the quarter-decks of steamers on the Scottish rivers and lochs—even to those of the remotest Highlands—or on a return voyage in one of the magnificent steamships of the Cunard Line, the courteous and experienced *employés* of the House of Jay, all bent on carrying out their mission—which is, naturally, "Mourning"—with celerity, with tact, and with discrimination.

TOOLS, FLUID COMPRESSED STEEL, AND GUNS.

THE true plane and the power of accurate measurement form the basis of all important mechanical operations, and as accuracy of measurement depends on the employment of true surfaces, the true plane is the most important appliance in every engineer's shop where work of a high class is carried on.

True planes were first exhibited by Sir Joseph Whitworth in 1840, at the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow.

The surfaces then shown were true when each plate rested on its three points, but when it was suspended by its two handles for the purpose of being applied to the work, the plate, although strongly supported by ribs, was strained. The distortion which took place in this position was appreciable when the plate was of large dimensions. To obviate this distortion, Sir Joseph Whitworth has lately introduced an hexagonal surface plate, which, being suspended from the same three points on which it rests, is as true when applied to the work as it is when resting on these three points. The new plates are made of different sizes, ranging from 5 to 40 inches across the flats of the hexagons.

The measuring instrument was designed subsequently to the introduction of the true planes, as it was found that by the aid of the latter the most minute differences of size could readily be ascertained.

In 1851 a machine with a standard yard of end measure, and by which one-millionth of an inch could be accurately measured, was shown at the Great Exhibition.

It is of the greatest importance in constructing machines to be able to measure with extreme accuracy, in order that the parts which work together may be of the exact diameter which experience has proved to be the best.

The Whitworth system of rifles and guns was worked out from

1855 to 1857, and the great success that was achieved was in a great measure due to the accuracy obtained by means of the true plane and of accurate measurement. The same system is carried throughout, and is identical for the rifles which fire a projectile of 480 grains, and for the 35 ton 12 inch guns which fire for penetration projectiles weighing 1250 lbs.

To construct guns capable of firing such enormous projectiles it was necessary to obtain an absolutely trustworthy material, which should combine the necessary strength with the requisite ductility.

Ductile steel, if perfectly sound, possesses these qualities in a greater degree than any other metal, but by the ordinary method of manufacture it was found impracticable to produce a sound steel of the requisite ductility, owing to the presence of air and gases which caused the cast ingot to be honeycombed with cavities altogether uncertain in their size and situation, and undiscoverable unless laid bare by fracture or section.

When a large mass was forged these cavities were frequently not closed, and even when closed they were still very detrimental to the soundness and strength of the metal.

It is obvious that so uncertain a material was not applicable to any constructive purposes, such as for propeller shafts, guns, torpedoes, &c., in which ductility and soundness were of primary importance.

Fluid compressed steel offers to mechanicians the great advantage of a sound homogeneous metal, the strength and ductility of which can always be accurately determined beforehand, so that the mass necessary to bear a given strain may be calculated, and all superfluous weight may be dispensed with.

Hollow propeller shafts are now being manufactured of the fluid compressed steel, for H.M.S. "Inflexible," which are only two-thirds the weight of those made of solid wrought-iron. Steel cylinder linings, 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, are also being made for the "Inflexible."

Guns of all sizes, from the mountain gun of 140 lbs. to the ship's gun of 35 tons weight, are now being made of the same material.

THE

MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE MIDLAND GRAND HOTEL, ST. PANCRAS, LONDON.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY is one of the oldest, largest, and wealthiest in Great Britain. It has a capital of more than £50,000,000; a revenue of nearly £3,000,000 a year; its lines, 1,200 miles in length, traverse nearly half the counties of England; and its trains run a distance every day of more than twice round the world.

The American visitor to England will find that the Midland Railway offers to him unusual attractions. In an hour's ride from Liverpool he will reach the world-renowned High Peak district of Derbyshire, with its remarkable railway works, its places rich in

historic interest, and its picturesque and beautiful scenery. He can visit the Caves of Castleton and the Peak Castle of William Peveril, which Sir Walter Scott has immortalized; Buxton, 1000 feet above the sea, where Roman roads converged and Roman invalids came to drink of the "nine springs very good for the stomach;" Hassop Hall, identified with the Civil War; Chatsworth, the magnificent "Palace of the Peak;" the mullioned windows and projecting bays, the towers and turrets, the park, river, and woods, of the old baronial hall of Haddon; Darley Dale, with its gigantic quarries and rockeries, its larches, firs and ferns, and its yew, said to be 2000 years old; Matlock, with its mighty limestone hills tangled over with hazels and honeysuckles and roses, with its healing waters and petrifying springs; Cromford, where the Derwent sweeps between precipices wondrously stratified, the cradle of that cotton manufacture which has covered the Southern States with plenty; Lea Hurst, the home of one of England's most loved daughters, Florence Nightingale; Willersley Castle, the residence of the Arkwrights; Crich Hill, "not equalled in Europe," says Dr. Mantel, for some of its geological revelations; the Manor House of Wingfield, built in the fifteenth century among the woods on the hill, where Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner; and Derby, where the silk manufacture was first introduced into England, and where there is now the chief emporium of the Midland Railway Company and the centre of its administration. Such are some of the attractions which this portion of the Midland line presents.

Beyond Derby the Midland Railway will conduct the traveller to Nottingham, with its hosiery and lace, and teeming historic associations; to Newstead Abbey, the home of Byron; to the Minster town of Southwell, and the ancient Cathedral city of Lincoln. On his way south he will cross the Quorn country, of fox-hunting celebrity; will pass the extinct Volcano of Sorrel; and soon afterwards reach the thriving manufacturing town of Leicester. A few miles further, and the battle-field of Naseby may be visited from Market Harborough. At Rushton the line passes close by the curious lodge of Rushton Hall, where the Gunpowder Plot conspirators are said to have matured their plans; then comes Kettering, where William Carey founded the Baptist Mission; Wellingborough, with its ironstone fields; Bedford, where John

Bunyan was imprisoned—and Elstow, where he was born; Luton, the chief centre and seat of the straw manufacture; St. Alban's, with its noble Abbey and martyr and warlike memories; and, in a few minutes more, the Metropolis itself.

But such a journey, however full of interest, would cover only some 250 miles out of 1,200 belonging to the Midland Company. In the centre of the system are the great industrial populations of Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, and Manchester; to the north is the new line that leads up the lonely moors of Western Yorkshire and down the lovely valley of the Eden to the Gate of Scotland; to the east are the seaports of Wisbeach and King's Lynn, and the University and Cathedral cities of Cambridge and Peterborough; and on the west coast are Morecambe, Liverpool, and Bristol, whence Ireland can be reached.

The Midland is the only railway that connects all the eight principal towns of England, and it does so by services of Pullman and express trains, which for combined comfort and speed are unsurpassed, and probably unequalled, by any railway system in the world.

Through tickets can be obtained *viâ* any of the Transatlantic lines of steamers and the Midland route to all parts of the Continent of Europe, on application, from Messrs. Cook, Son, & Jenkins, 261, Broadway, New York. Saloon carriages are provided on the Midland system for parties of seven or more first-class passengers on reasonable notice being given at the Central Station, Liverpool, or St. Pancras, London. The magnificent Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, probably the finest in Europe, contains nearly 400 Bedrooms, and provides most spacious and sumptuous accommodation in its Coffee, Reading, Drawing, and Private Rooms.

Every information can be obtained from the Offices at Derby, or at any of the principal towns on the Midland system.

JAMES ALLPORT,

General Manager.

DERBY, *December*, 1876.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Gold and Silver Smiths,

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE establishment of Messrs. TIFFANY, in Union Square, New York, is one which should be inspected by every visitor to the United States of America. It contains the largest and most valuable collection of Works of Art, in Jewellery, Metal, Lacquer, Porcelain and Glass, which has ever been brought together in any Country; and it differs from the European houses which are engaged in similar business in the very noteworthy characteristic that it also contains a large assortment of useful and ornamental goods in Cutlery, Leather-work, and Stationery,—all remarkable for the beauty and completeness of their artistic finish, and all purchasable at prices which bring them well within the reach of those who are only moderately wealthy. The general result of this combination is that visitors who desire to procure costly articles will find the richest gems and the most elaborate gold and silver work awaiting their selection; while those whose means are less ample may equally enjoy the pleasure of feasting their eyes upon art treasures such as can nowhere else be seen, and, at the same time, may bring away some useful souvenir at a cost hardly exceeding what they would be charged for the most unadorned and primitive ugliness at any other places where manufactures of the same general class are to be obtained.

The establishment occupies the six floors of a magnificent house facing upon Union Square, and having a side entrance into Fifteenth Street. The basement is devoted to vaults and safes, so constructed as to be both fire-proof and thief-proof, and in which valuables may be lodged for safe custody; the owners having also the additional guarantee of an insurance upon the value of their deposits.

The ground floor contains the department for jewellery, plate, and presentation plate; as well as those for stationery and leather goods, for a variety of miscellaneous

articles, and for the reception and registration of things left for repair. On entering, the jewellery will be found in front and on the right hand of the visitor; and it comprises every conceivable kind of personal ornament in gold and precious stones—the latter, in many instances, being absolutely of the first beauty and water; and the settings, both in their originality and their artistic truthfulness, being worthy of the gems which they enshrine. Passing still onwards, the cases to left and right contain gold and silver plate, both in plain forms for ordinary table use, and also in every variety of costly pieces for decoration. Among these things it will be found that the spirit of Japanese Art has been largely utilised, while at the same time it has been so modified as to be brought into full harmony with the requirements of American and of European civilization; and to afford, in the hands of American workmen, results of the most striking kind. The *repoussée* silver should also receive especial notice, much of it being unequalled both in design and execution, and the many yachting and other competitions of America having afforded great scope, by reason of the numerous articles which are required for prize and presentation purposes, for the development of art of this description to its highest limits. In the scanty space which is here available, the departments for leather goods, cutlery, stationery, and fancy articles generally, can only be mentioned as existing.

The upper floors are rendered conveniently accessible by a luxurious elevator, and they differ from the floor below in containing mainly things which are of foreign manufacture. On the second floor will be found an assemblage of bronzes which is without parallel in the world, and which contains many of the most precious works of Barbédienne's *atelier*, including not a few for which, on account of their price, it would scarcely have been possible to find purchasers in Europe. There is also an absolute museum of the most exquisite specimens of Japanese lacquer, and a large collection of ormolu and oxidised metal ornaments.

The third floor contains the choicest pottery and glass of the world, collected from all the manufactories which have become celebrated, whether in America itself, in England, in France, or in Germany. The works of Sèvres and Limoges, as well as those of Gien, of Doulton, of Minton, and of the Royal Potteries at Worcester, are all adequately represented; and the display of glass, although necessarily less varied, is in no degree inferior in its character to the examples of Keramic art.

The floors still higher, to which admission can only be gained by a special order, are the workshops of the establishment, and in these the fairy-like beauty of the contents of the floors below them, in so far as these contents are of native manufacture, may be seen in the process of its gradual growth towards its ultimate perfection. Like most American workshops, they abound with labour-saving contrivances of the most ingenious kind; which of themselves will well repay the inspection of the intelligent and curious.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

FIFTH AVENUE, 46th & 47th STREETS,

NEW YORK.

HAWK, WAITE, & WETHERBEE,

PROPRIETORS.

THE WINDSOR is more magnificent and commodious, and contains more real comforts, than any other Hotel in America. Its location is delightful, being surrounded by the most fashionable residences in New York; it is also near the famous Central Park, and within three minutes' walk of the Grand Central Railway Station. The rooms (numbering 500), with all the modern improvements, are especially adapted for travellers; this Hotel also has elegant apartments *en suite* for families, permanent or transient. The light, ventilation, and sanitary qualities are perfect, and cannot be excelled. Its Table is of unexceptionable excellence.

SAMUEL HAWK, *of St. Nicholas Hotel.*

CHARLES C. WAITE, *of Brevoort House.*

GARDNER WETHERBEE, *late of Revere House, Boston.*

THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, CHICAGO,

One of the Safest and most Pleasant Hotels in America,

HAVING ALL THE DIFFERENT SAFEGUARDS AGAINST FIRE,

Has recently undergone extensive improvements; fifty Rooms, with Baths and Closets, and a large amount of new furniture have been added, making it one of the most elegantly-furnished Hotels in the country, and the entire building redecorated in a style that for beauty of design surpasses anything of the kind in the world. Prices of Rooms with Board :—

3 doll. | 3 doll. 50 c. | 4 doll. | 4 doll. 50 c. | 5 doll.

per Day, according to location.

THE TABLE AND SERVICE UNSURPASSED, BEING THE SAME TO ALL.

A reduction will be made from the above Prices to Parties remaining a Week or more.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL.

Cost of Building	$1,300,000	Size of Ladies' Ordinary ...	60 feet square.
Cost of Furniture	$360,000	Size of Ladies' Promenade ...	130 × 30 feet.
Height of Building	130 feet.	Size of Office Rotunda ...	75 × 70 „
Size of Building (Four Fronts)	750 × 400 „	Size of Exchange	100 × 60 „
Number of Rooms	500 „	Size of Kitchen	103 × 35 „
Suites of Rooms, with Baths, &c., connecting	250 „	Length of Main Halls ...	325 „
		Width of Main Halls ...	12 „
Size of Parlours	100 × 25 „	Billiard and Bar Rooms ...	80 × 80 „
Size of Grand Dining-Room	130 × 60 „	Entire Frontage	1050 „

This magnificent Hotel occupies an entire square opposite the Federal Building, is in the centre of Chicago, and is replete with all the comforts of a first-class English Hotel.

The Ventilation of the Hotel is perfect, having every modern improvement.

A SPECIAL FEATURE OF TURKISH, ELECTRIC, RUSSIAN, AND VAPOUR BATHS
IS CONNECTED WITH THE HOTEL.

JOHN B. DRAKE & CO.,
Proprietors.

THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN HOTEL, LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL.

PASSENGERS to and from the United States are conveyed, in Liverpool, direct to the above magnificent Hotel, and in London to the Euston Square Hotel. One is on the platform and the other on the station premises. Both are the property and under the management of the wealthiest of English Railway Companies. The traveller arriving from the States will find a short stay in Liverpool useful and interesting as the port next in importance to London; while on his way to the great metropolis he can break his journey at Leamington, and in the very heart of Shakspeare's country he may study the finest examples of the feudal architecture of ancient England, and obtain his first impressions of modern life and manners. A fashionable watering-place, Leamington has for neighbours, Warwick town and castle, Kenilworth, and Stratford-upon-Avon.

The London and North Western Railway system, which has its head-quarters at London, is the largest in the United Kingdom. The Company

has 1600 miles of road, and a capital of £65,582,365 sterling, equal to 325,195,352 dollars. Its route is the best and fastest between Liverpool and London. Sleeping Cars have recently been added to the night trains. In addition to this speciality, which is quite a new feature of English travelling, saloon carriages can be attached to any train on reasonable notice being given to Mr. James Shaw, the district superintendent at Lime Street. For parties travelling together from Liverpool to any part of the Kingdom the saloon carriage has many advantages of comfort and convenience compared with the ordinary compartments. The London and North Western line may be regarded as the first of English railways, for it was originally that famous Liverpool and Manchester line which was the outcome of the mechanical genius of George Stephenson.

Since those early days of locomotive traffic the Company have extended their operations in the truest spirit of English enterprise.

Their Grand Service to Scotland and Holyhead is regarded as a marvel of railway management.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

ON HER FREQUENT JOURNEYS TO SCOTLAND,

ALWAYS TRAVELS BY LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN,

Whose systems take in the loveliest scenery of Great Britain.

For example, the line traversed by the Irish mail from Liverpool passes over the celebrated viaduct and bridge at Runcorn, and gives the traveller views of the Menai Straits, with the famous bridges of Telford and Stephenson, Conway Castle, Great Ormes Head, the Vale of Clwyd and Chester.

The express trains of the Company are known for their speed and punctuality. The mail from Holyhead to London runs 264 miles, with three stoppages on the way, in six hours and forty-five minutes, and trains from Liverpool to London in five hours.

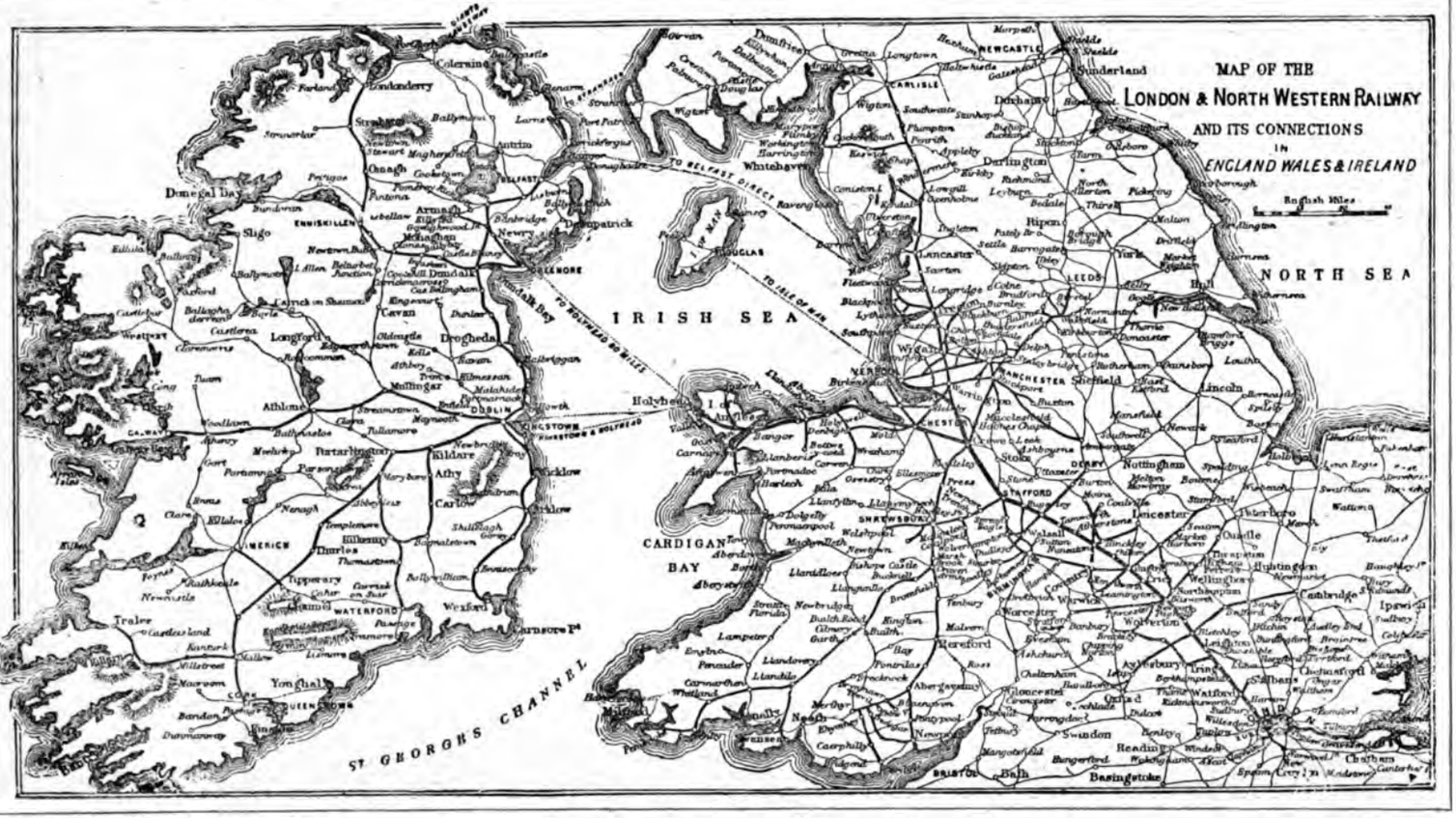
The Company has central offices in Manchester and Birmingham, in addition to its administrative departments in London and Liverpool, where every information concerning rates, routes, and traffic can be obtained at all times.

Mr. GEORGE FINDLAY is the head of the Traffic Administration, Mr. G. P. NEELE is the Chief Passenger Superintendent, and Mr. THOMAS KAY the Chief Goods Manager. These gentlemen may be addressed at the Euston Station, London.

MAP OF THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

And its Connections

IN ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND.



LONDON & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

American and Canadian Tourists, on arrival at Queenstown or Londonderry, will find that the

IRISH MAIL SERVICE,

Viâ Kingstown and Holyhead (which is arranged to run in connection with the arrival of the American Steamers), affords the most expeditious means of reaching

LONDON, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, EDINBURGH, Glasgow, and all parts of England, Wales, & Scotland.

A SLEEPING SALOON

Is attached to the Night Irish Mail Trains between Holyhead and London in both directions, and berths can be secured by a payment of Five Shillings in addition to the Ordinary First Class Fare. A Compartment is specially reserved for Ladies.

AT LIVERPOOL

This Company have a large and commodious Hotel—"THE NORTH WESTERN,"—adjoining the Lime Street Station, whence Express and Mail Trains for London and all principal towns leave at frequent intervals. This Hotel contains upwards of 200 Bedrooms, with spacious Coffee-room available for Ladies and Gentlemen, Drawing-room, Reading and Writing Rooms, Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY IS THE

SHORTEST ROUTE

BETWEEN

LIVERPOOL & LONDON.

The Train Service between Liverpool and London is as under:—

Liverpool (Lime St.) ... dep.	a.m. 3 45	a.m. 7 20	a.m. 9 15	a.m. 11 0	noon 12 0	p.m. 1 45	p.m. 4 0	p.m. 5 30	p.m. 10 50	p.m. 11 10
London (Euston Station)... arr.	a.m. 9 0	p.m. 12 50	p.m. 2 15	p.m. 4 0	p.m. 5 40	p.m. 7 10	p.m. 9 15	p.m. 10 40	a.m. 4 5	a.m. 5 30
London (Euston Station) ...dep.	a.m. 5 15	a.m. 7 30	a.m. 9 0	* a.m. 10 0	a.m. 11 0	noon 12 0	p.m. 2 45	p.m. 5 0	p.m. 9 15	
Liverpool (Lime St.) ... arr.	a.m. 10 30	p.m. 1 25	p.m. 2 45	p.m. 3 0	p.m. 4 15	p.m. 5 5	p.m. 7 45	p.m. 10 0	a.m. 3 15	

A SALOON CARRIAGE

Is attached to the 11.0 a.m. Train from Liverpool, and the 12.0 noon from London daily for the use of Passengers, at Ordinary Fares.

FARES:—First Class, 29s.; Second Class, 21s. 9d.; Third Class, 16s. 9d.

A SLEEPING SALOON

Is also run daily between LIVERPOOL and LONDON by the Train leaving Liverpool at 11.10 p.m. (10.45 p.m. on Sundays), and from London by the Train leaving at 9.15 p.m., extra charge 5s. (in addition to the ordinary First Class fare for each berth occupied).

At the London Terminus, Passengers will find First Class Accommodation at the Company's Euston and Victoria Hotels, facing the Euston Station.

LUGGAGE.—First Class Passengers are allowed 120 lbs. free; over that weight, the charge is 1½d. per lb. Second Class Passengers are allowed 100 lbs. free.

G. FINDLAY.

CHIEF TRAFFIC MANAGER'S OFFICE,
EUSTON STATION, *April*, 1877.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child,
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood!"

THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY, which has been selected as the route for the Royal Mails, on account of the directness of its course, is also the connecting link between England and the loveliest scenery of the North, its grand passes, its romantic glens, its battle-fields famous in history and immortal in fiction. The line commences at Carlisle, unites Edinburgh and Glasgow, and proceeds, by way of Stirling, to Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen. Near Perth it enters into that Highland system which leads through the magnificent Pass of Killiecrankie to Inverness, and round the Western forths to the Ord of Caithness, where, bending inland, it passes through Strath Halladale to reach the wildest Moors of Scotland, and terminates in two divisions at Wick and at Thurso —within sight of Duncansby Head and of the Orkney Islands. From point to point the main lines are connected, by branches, by well-appointed coaches, or by luxurious steamers, with the places on either side which are most attractive to visitors; and convenient tours are arranged to meet all the ordinary requirements and wishes of travellers. The trains which run to and from Carlisle are in direct connection, through the London and North Western system, with London (Euston Station), Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool. On the Firth of Clyde the steamer *Iona* meets the Caledonian trains at Greenock to convey passengers to Dunoon, Innellan, Rothesay, the Kyles of Bute, Tarbert, Oban, Iona, Staffa, Ballachulish, Glencoe, Fort William, Caledonian Canal, the Falls of Foyers, Inverness, and the Isle of Skye; and other steamers proceed to Loch-Long, Lochgoil, Inverary, Kilmun, Blairmore, and Arran. Farther north, among many other scenes of interest, the Coach tours cover the classic ground of the "Lady of the Lake," the Trosachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond; St. Fillan's "blessed spring" and Loch Earn; Loch Tay and Taymouth Castle; and the place of the Massacre of Glencoe; all of them localities in which the genius of the Wizard of the North has left its deepest footprints. Full particulars may be obtained from the time tables and programme of Tours issued by the Company; and it may be mentioned here that tourists are allowed to break the long journey at suitable places, and that sleeping-cars run through between London and Glasgow.

JAMES SMITHELLS, *General Manager*

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY'S OFFICES, *Glasgow*, 1877.

The best Route to the Continent.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

HAVE not only shortened the distance between England and the continent by means of fast trains and steamers, but they have done all that is possible to make the voyage comfortable. What the great ocean steamers have done for Indian and American voyagers, the vessels of the Great Eastern have now done for travellers between England and the nearest ports of Germany and Holland. Small steamers, which promote *mal-de-mer*, have been abolished, and in their place they have, on the Harwich and Rotterdam route, boats worthy of the age. The latest addition to the fleet, the *Claude Hamilton*, is a steamer of more than two thousand horse-power, and her working speed reaches fifteen knots per hour. She has three decks, forty separate cabins, and is indeed equal to some of the Atlantic boats in her accommodation, and superior to many in the character of her fittings. There are dining-saloons, smoke-rooms, sleeping-saloons, separate cabins for ladies and gentlemen, and every other requirement necessary for comfort; while the latest precautions for safety that science has yet invented have been introduced in the construction of this handsome and commodious vessel.

The only other practical routes to the continent are *via* Calais and Ostend. Now for both these ports the draft of water must not be more than six feet, which means small and necessarily uncomfortable boats. Both Rotterdam and Antwerp give twelve feet of water, which enables the Great Eastern to carry their passengers in roomy ocean-going vessels; and herein lies the special attraction of the Harwich route.

Tickets can be obtained at REGENT'S CIRCUS; COOK'S TOURIST OFFICE, *Ludgate Circus;* H. GAZE *&* SON, *Tourist Office*, 142, *Strand; or at* LIVERPOOL STREET STATION; *and all information can be obtained by personal application at these Offices, or by letter addressed to the* CONTINENTAL DEPARTMENT, BISHOPSGATE STREET STATION.

DUBLIN WHISKY,

GENUINE AND SPURIOUS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FRAUDS PRACTISED UPON CONSUMERS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE issue of the following pages seems to require a few words of explanation. Four years ago we, whose names are given below, were the only distillers in Dublin; and our distilleries have been conducted by our respective families since the latter part of the last century. We have never manufactured anything but genuine or "pot-still" Whisky, and we have never been concerned in any "blending" operations. We have long deplored the great frauds which, of late years, have been committed in the Whisky trade; and, now that attention has been called to these frauds by the press, we have

thought it due to our own reputation, to the reputation of our manufacture, and to consumers, that we should take advantage of the opportunity which has been afforded us, and that we should endeavour, by all legitimate means, to spread abroad a knowledge of the particulars which these pages contain.

JOHN JAMESON & SON, TRADE MARK **JJ&S**
Bow Street Distillery, Dublin.

WM. JAMESON & CO., TRADE MARK 
Marrowbone Lane Distillery, Dublin.

JOHN POWER & SON, TRADE MARK 
John's Lane Distillery, Dublin.

GEORGE ROE & CO., TRADE MARK **GR**
Thomas Street Distillery, Dublin.

DUBLIN, *April,* 1876.

WHISKY FRAUDS.

IT is a remarkable circumstance that the popular spirit which is called WHISKY should recently have given occasion, on both sides of the Atlantic, to a great display of ingenuity on the part of persons who so far resemble one of the great classes described by the Tichborne Claimant that they must at least be admitted to have "plenty brains." It would be hardly correct, now that their operations have been to a considerable extent successful, to say they have "no money;" for we fear they have made a great deal, and that they have made it by methods which we cannot be expected to approve. In America the aim of the "Whisky Ring" has been to defraud the revenue; in the United Kingdom the more limited ambition of dealers has been to palm off a fictitious or "changeling" spirit upon the consumer.

On the 1st of February, 1876, the *Times* paper published the following article:—

"IRISH WHISKY.

"On the 19th of April, 1875, in the debate in the House of Commons on the Adulteration of Food and Drugs Bill, Mr. O'Sullivan moved an amendment which was intended to prevent the sale of a compound known as 'silent Whisky.' The honourable gentleman said that he had persuaded one of his friends to taste this compound, and that the friend compared it to 'a torchlight procession going down his throat.' He added that genuine Irish Whisky was worth 6s. per gallon, and complained not only that those who made it were undersold by means of adulteration with rubbish worth only 2s. 8d., but also that the Government encouraged this practice, which was injurious to the health and sanity of the people. In the Government stores there were sometimes large quantities of so-called Dublin Whisky, which contained only a very infinitesimal percentage of the genuine article, or even none at all. The Government gave the same permit for the sending out of that poisonous and deleterious stuff as for genuine Whisky, and thus the purchaser and the consumer were deceived and defrauded. Mr. Brooks followed on the same side; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that the matter lay a little outside of the Bill then under consideration, and invited Mr. O'Sullivan to discuss it privately with him on another occasion, so as to come to a settlement. The amendment was therefore withdrawn; but the evil of which Mr. O'Sullivan complained has not been diminished, and will probably be brought before Parliament as an independent question early in the ensuing Session. There may, perhaps, be some doubt as to the necessity of any legislation with regard to it; but there can be no doubt that the facts of the case are important to all consumers of Whisky, and that they ought to be known and understood by the public. Of late years, down to a very recent period, on account of the high quality of the Whisky made by the Dublin distillers, and of the virtues which were ascribed to it, the demand for this spirit increased enormously, and to a great extent it

displaced others in the estimation of the public. But the increased demand has led in its turn to the manufacture, by dealers, on an immense scale, of a mixture which is sold as Irish, or even as Dublin Whisky, but which has nothing in common, save its name and a basis of alcohol, with the true Whisky, of which it is an imitation, and on the reputation and qualities of which its sale is founded. The result has been that many persons who have ignorantly bought the artificial compound under the belief that it was genuine Irish Whisky, in the original sense of the term, have been disappointed in its flavour and properties; and hence, during the last year or two, the sale of all varieties of Whisky has undergone a diminution in favour of other spirits, on account of the discredit which has been attached to the name by those imitations of Whisky to which Mr. O'Sullivan referred.

"A very large number of vegetable substances can be made to yield ardent spirit by distillation; and this ardent spirit, when it is prepared by any of the simple stills which were formerly in exclusive use, contains not only alcohol, the common basis of all spirit, mingled with more or less water, but also an admixture of other ingredients, mostly oils, acids, ethers, or analogous compounds, which are soluble in the diluted alcohol, and which are in every case more or less characteristic of the source from which the distillate is obtained. The alcohol and the water are invariably present, but the other ingredients constitute the flavouring matter by which any one kind of spirit is distinguished from other kinds, and by virtue of which it possesses its special properties, be they beneficial or injurious. Thus, spirit so distilled from the grape contains the œnanthic ether, or essential oil of wine; spirit so distilled from corn contains fusel oil; and spirit so distilled from molasses, or beetroot, or potatoes, contains substances proper to its raw material; insomuch that an experienced person would have no difficulty in declaring, by smell or taste, the source from which any sample of recent spirit had been obtained. At the beginning and at the close of distillation the flavouring matters come over in larger quantities than at other times; so that the first and last parts are more strongly flavoured, or, in technical language, are 'coarser,' than the rest, and are received in separate vessels, that they may not impart their character of coarseness to the bulk. It is obvious that the management of this part of the process of distillation, on which the quality of the product greatly depends, must be managed with much skill and care; and some portions of the proceeds are submitted to redistillation before they are thought fit to be set aside for use.

"The crude, or new spirit, as it comes from an old-fashioned still, is never fit for human consumption. In some instances the essential oils brought over with the distillate are so noxious in their character, or so excessive in quantity, or so unpleasant in flavour, that it is necessary to remove them by rectification, which is a process of redistillation, after admixture with substances calculated to fix and retain the oils. In other instances the oils, although unpleasant at first, undergo oxidation or other chemical changes in course of time, and pass into new compounds of an agreeable character. This process, which occurs but slowly under ordinary conditions, is capable of being accelerated by an elevated temperature and by free exposure to air, so that, in the West Indies, it has been a common practice to render new rum drinkable by allowing it to percolate through a sort of filter made of green bushes. But in the case of spirits, as in the analogous case of wine, the best results are obtained by allowing the maturing process to proceed in bulk, and at its natural rate; and hence, among those who are consumers of alcohol, many kinds of old spirits have come to be highly and deservedly esteemed.

"Among these, as far as the British Islands are concerned, a prominent place has long been held by Irish, and especially by Dublin Whisky. This spirit, when genuine, is prepared in old-fashioned stills called 'pot' stills, by the distillation of a mash made partly from malted and partly from unmalted barley. The process of distillation is so managed as to bring over a product of the proper fineness, loaded with only so much essential oil as will undergo the desired changes within a reasonable time; and the new spirit is then stored in old sherry casks, from which it derives some additional flavour, and also its well-known yellowish tint (all distilled spirits being originally colourless), and it is kept in bond generally for about three years. By the end of that time the fusel oil which it once contained has undergone conversion into

other compounds, and the result, the real Dublin Whisky, is a spirit singularly free from any tendency to produce acidity, and flavoured, in a manner highly esteemed by connoisseurs, by the products of the gradual and spontaneous decomposition of its fusel oil, which, although itself noxious, is ultimately replaced by essences of a harmless character. From Whisky made and treated as described the bulk of the fusel oil generally disappears in about twelve months, although the spirit continues to undergo beneficial changes for a much longer period of time. Genuine or original Scotch Whisky differs from Irish in being distilled from a barley mash only, without malt;* and in Ireland a certain quantity of Whisky has been distilled from a malt mash alone.

"The Irish manufacture, notwithstanding the existence of a few provincial stills, was for a long period vested almost exclusively in the hands of the four great distilling firms in Dublin—namely, Messrs. John Jameson & Son, Messrs. William Jameson & Co., Sir John Power & Son, and Messrs. George Roe & Co. These firms held a position analogous to that of the great brewers in London and Dublin; and, partly because they had established reputations at stake, partly on account of their command of the grain market and of the necessary knowledge and skill in manufacture, they turned out products which had points of difference as among themselves, but which were always of genuine character and of superior quality, so that they placed Dublin Whisky in high estimation as a spirit for ordinary domestic use, and also as a form of alcohol especially suited to dyspeptics and other invalids. The market which was thus created became so large that some of the dealers or middlemen who intervened between the producers and the consumers, began to cast about for fresh sources of supply, from which they might themselves derive a larger share of the profits of the trade than had hitherto fallen to them. In this quest they were guided by a well-known precedent, and they seem to have neglected none of the lessons which it taught.

"The Dutch followers of King William III. had introduced into England the practice of drinking 'Hollands;' and the demand for this spirit led, in no long time, to the manufacture of a cheap imitation of it, which was called 'Geneva,' and ultimately 'gin.' As soon as the trade in gin was well established, it gave rise to a competition in price which could only be maintained by a competition in adulteration, and dealers vied with one another in producing a liquid at a *minimum* of price, and possessing a *maximum* of fiery and intoxicating properties. Cayenne pepper, turpentine, cocculus indicus, and a variety of other drugs, were either used or supposed to be used, until at length the name of 'blue ruin' became a synonym for gin, and the phrase 'gin-drinker' became a synonym for degradation. It is well known that the poisons which are added to diluted alcohol, to conceal its weakness and to render it intoxicating, produce a drunkenness of a more hurtful and a more hopeless kind than that which is produced by alcohol itself. Gin fell into disrepute among the respectable classes of society, and it is probable that the trade in spurious imitations of it to some extent shared in the decline.

"In the year 1860 an Act of Parliament gave permission to mix, or, as it is euphemistically called, to 'blend' spirits in bond; and this permission led to a new era in the Whisky Trade. Previously, a cask of Whisky purchased from a distiller could not be tampered with until the purchaser had paid the duty and had carried his property away; and the large amount of capital which would have been locked up in duty prevented dealers from attempting adulteration on an extensive scale. Since 1860, however, the dealer has been able to work his will with spirit in the Government warehouses in Ireland, and his mixture, whatever its nature or ingredients, has been sent out as Irish or Dublin Whisky. Some five-and-thirty years earlier a Mr. Coffey had invented and patented a still which may be worked in such a manner as to bring over only a very small quantity of fusel oil and analogous substances, or in such a manner as to bring over none at all, the product being then pure diluted alcohol, like the 'rectified spirit of wine' which is sold by druggists, and is called 'silent' spirit in the trade, presumably because it tells no tales with regard to the materials from which it is derived.

* This appears to have been an accidental reversal of words: the correct statement would be "from a malt mash alone without barley."

"Spoiled barley and a variety of refuse of other kinds soon found their way into the patent stills and the resulting mixture of alcohol and water, which required no keeping, and which was obtained more cheaply than a 'pot' still spirit of equal strength, was used to adulterate and cheapen the latter. If we take Mr. O'Sullivan's figures and suppose that a dealer bought genuine Whisky at 6s. per gallon and mixed with it an equal quantity of silent spirit at 2s. 8d., his result would cost him only 4s. 4d. per gallon, and would enable him to undersell the pot still distillers. His spirit would be equal to theirs in alcoholic strength, and would only differ from it by being diluted as regards flavour. If a 'coarse' pot still Whisky, imperfectly matured or of imperfect manufacture, were selected for dilution a still larger proportion of the silent spirit might be added without entire loss of the original or natural flavour, and a still cheaper mixture might be obtained; while, as water is in most places inexpensive, and as the public have no ready means of estimating alcoholic strength, a still further saving would follow simple dilution with the pure element, corrected when necessary by the use of drugs, to give an artificial pungency upon the palate. These simple methods, however, soon ceased to be all-sufficing, and the competition between dealers in point of price led to a continual increase in the quantity of silent spirit employed (this ingredient being in the first place largely imported from Scotland) and in many cases to the absolute omission of genuine Irish Whisky from the compound. Taking, as an example, a 'blend' made in the Dublin Custom-house in December, 1875, it contained 1162 gallons of silent spirit imported from Glasgow, two quantities of silent spirit, respectively of 2120 gallons and of 2989 gallons, imported from different houses in Edinburgh, 1623 gallons of silent spirit from Cameron Bridge, and 298 gallons of silent spirit manufactured at Derry. In the whole 8192 gallons there was nothing but silent spirit, not one drop of anything which could properly be called Whisky, and very little that was even of Irish manufacture. Yet the whole quantity was exported from the Dublin Custom-house as 'Dublin Whisky;' and it is manifest that the only inducement to bring over hundreds of thousands of gallons of Scotch silent spirit to Dublin, and to mix them there, is that they may go out to the world not as Scotch spirit, but as Irish. Another 'blend' less flagrantly dishonest, made in the same place and at about the same time, contained in 6703 gallons 786 gallons of genuine Dublin Whisky. The rest was made up of 3512 gallons of (presumably coarse) provincial Irish Whisky, and of 2405 gallons of 'silent spirit.' This mixture, also, was officially declared to be 'Dublin Whisky.' In some instances, moreover, Scotch silent spirit has merely been landed on the Dublin quay and reshipped as Whisky immediately afterwards.

"Among the dealers who have carried on these practices, and who have in many cases extensively advertised their products, there are some who have called in the aid of analytical chemists, and have laid great stress on the absence of fusel oil in what they sell. They do this quite justly, and they might truly affirm that silent spirit is far more pure, in the chemical sense, than genuine Whisky. But they lose sight, or they wish the public to lose sight, of two chief elements in the question. It is quite certain that genuine Whisky, when it is new, contains fusel oil and that fusel oil is deleterious to man. But genuine Whisky, when it is no longer new, ceases to contain fusel oil; and its peculiar flavour, which is not deleterious, is a product of the decomposition of fusel oil, and is itself an evidence that this oil, which was once there, has ceased to exist. On the other hand, the silent spirit, which is pure in the chemical sense, is undrinkable in its pure state, because, although it is hot in the mouth, it is in other respects tasteless. In order to render it marketable it must be doctored into some resemblance to the flavour of genuine Irish Whisky, and its eventual qualities will depend upon the ingredients which are employed for this purpose. Who can pretend to say what these ingredients are, or what may be their effects, seeing that each dealer may work by his own recipe and may have special secrets of his own? Considering that the ordinary basis of the manufacture is silent spirit of known value, it may be presumed that variations of price are mainly due to variations in the cost of flavouring matter, or to variations in the time which different kinds of flavouring matter require before the mixture is ready to be sent out. Among the ingredients which are not kept secret, preparations called 'prune wine' and 'essence of sherry' may be mentioned, and it is supposed that the thousands of butts of a vile compound called Hamburg sherry,

worth £8 or £9 a butt, which annually pass through the English Customs on their way to Ireland, are not consumed in that country, but are fortified with silent spirit and returned to England under the name of Irish Whisky. We do not pretend to express any opinion on the merits of the various manufactures to which we have referred, but the opinion of the public is distinctly adverse to them. Under the impression which they have produced upon consumers, the Whisky trade has been declining, relatively to the trade in the varieties of spirit which are sold under other names. The importation of silent spirit from Scotland into Ireland has also declined, but this is because some of the dealers, who at first carried on business by means of an office with two rooms, aided by the facilities which were afforded them to use the bonded warehouses as mixing rooms, have found it prudent to render themselves veritable distillers by setting up, often somewhere in Ireland, patent stills, or even one or two pot stills, of their own. Silent spirit is also made in England in larger quantities than formerly, so that the Scotch manufacturers have no longer the command of the market.

"Notwithstanding the reply of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. O'Sullivan's motion, it seems manifest that a sound Adulteration Act, although it might not prohibit the proceedings which we have described, would prevent the public from being deceived by them. If there are consumers who like to drink silent spirit variously flavoured, we see no reason why they should not be indulged. Our view goes no further than that such artificial compounds, however delectable in themselves, ought not to be sold under the name of Whisky but under a name or names which should truly express their nature. Whisky is a perfectly definite liquid, with characters of its own, and those who desire to purchase Whisky should be protected against fraudulent imitations of it, even if these were actually more wholesome than the genuine article. We all admit that the interference of legislation with trade is undesirable, and that it should at best be regarded as a necessary evil. Notwithstanding, this laxity must stop somewhere, and it may as well stop short of encouraging misrepresentation and deceit. In the meantime it seems likely that a purchaser might obtain some security by demanding the Whisky of a particular distiller, and by stipulating that it should be of a certain age, and that it should be unmixed."

The disclosures contained in the foregoing article fell like a thunderbolt into the camp of the conspirators, and were speedily followed by the appearance of four or five letters from distillers who had not been mentioned or in any way specially indicated, but who were exceedingly eager to call out, of course only for the information of the public, "Please, sir, it wasn't me!" After a period of breathing time, many of the makers of "silent spirit" put forth elaborate arguments in defence of their proceedings; these arguments being sometimes issued in their own names, and sometimes as editorial articles in any newspapers which could be induced to espouse their cause. The general tone adopted was to treat the *Times*' disclosures as if they were merely *ex parte* statements; or to maintain that the spirit was good, and that its importation ought to be encouraged. No attempt was made to show the propriety of sending spirit to Ireland only that it might be exported again under a false name. In the mean while, *Mr. Punch*, ever ready to lift his baton in defence of fair dealing, had stepped into the fray;* and on the 15th of

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*"WHISKY *v.* 'SILENT SPIRIT.'"

"Alas. alas for Whisky,
That spirit pure and clear,
That made its drinker frisky,
Yet left his liver clear

February the *Daily Telegraph* devoted to the subject a leading article, from which we subjoin a considerable extract:—

"Those who wish to avoid violent extremes in the treatment of a question on which it seems far from probable that English humanity will ever come to a unanimous agreement, are naturally anxious to select for their moderate potations the least noxious of spirituous liquors, and to make use of all possible means within their power to ascertain that the liquor which they purchase is what it professes to be, and not a fraudulent and often unwholesome imitation. Hitherto the palm for purity seems to have been, by a general consensus, awarded to Irish Whisky, not only by the great

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Now vile adulterators
Have caused its name to stink;
Can Irishmen be traitors
To Ireland's noblest drink?

"The nectarous amber fluid
That Erin used to send—
Pure stuff as e'er was brewed—
Is now a poisonous 'blend;'
For the true potheeny flavour,
And the fire from headache free,
From fusel oil its savour,
Its consequence, D.T.!

"O spring of merry laughter!
O fancy, frolic, fun!
That drew no black bile after,
From honest worms while run.
Now sullen, silent spirit
Sets brains and blood aboil;
Can Erin aught inherit
But woe from fusel oil?

"Of Vintner and of Grocer
We long have been the sport:
Claret to ink comes closer,
And elder rules in port.
Petroleum fizz of ROEDERER
Usurps the famous brand!
And Hamburg, wholesale murderer,
With her sherry floods the land!

"In wonder I am stranded,
So strange it seems to think
The Irish, nation candid,
Should send us filth to drink,
Vile spirit, which the deuce is
The nose and cheek to blotch,
And Erin's calm excuse is—
'We get it from the Scotch.'

"O Firms of both the JAMESONS!
O Firms of POWER & ROE,
Don't let HIBERNIA claim as sons
The scamps who treat her so.
Home-Rulers effervescent
Poor Erin may endure,
But she'll ne'er be convalescent,
Till her potheen is pure."

Punch, Feb. 12th. 1876.

body of the public, but by those medical men who do not set their faces absolutely against the consumption of alcohol. Even the uncompromising Dr. Benjamin Richardson, while he denounces 'cordial gin' as a deleterious compound into which there may enter such ingredients as oil of juniper, oil of bitter almonds, essence of angelica, oil of coriander, carraway, vitriol, garlic, Canadian balsam, and Strasburg turpentine, candidly admits that Whisky is far less falsified than gin; and the worst he can say against the first-named product is that it acquires its yellowish colour by being kept in old sherry casks. But the doctor falls into a curious error when he observes that Whisky is modified by 'blending,' or mixing with other preparations of alcohol 'so as to communicate extra qualities of softness and smoothness.' It is precisely against this practice of 'blending' that not only the legitimate manufacturers, but the connoisseurs among Irish Whisky consumers are just now most hotly protesting. They declare it to be neither more nor less than an audacious adulteration of the pure spirit, lowering the quality of the beverage, spoiling its flavour, and endangering the health of the drinker. The trumpet-note of alarm was first sounded by Mr. O'Sullivan, M.P., during the debate in the House of Commons on the Adulteration of Food Bill, in April, 1875, when the honourable Member moved an amendment prohibiting further traffic in a mysterious compound known in the trade as 'silent' Whisky, which, it seems, since 1860, when the 'blending' of spirits in bond was first authorized by the Legislature, has been mingled in enormous quantities with the product, purporting to be Dublin Whisky, lying in the Irish bonding warehouses. Mr. O'Sullivan's description of the taste of 'blended' Whisky is diametrically at variance with Dr. Richardson's conclusions as to the 'softness' and 'smoothness' communicated to the article by mixing it with another fermented agent; since the honourable gentleman mentioned that he had persuaded a friend to taste some of the 'silent Whisky,' and that the person in question declared the effect produced upon his *fauces* was as though 'a torchlight procession had gone down his throat.' To this humorous accusation was joined the more serious charge that, whereas genuine Irish Whisky was worth 6s. a gallon, the respectable and honest Dublin distillers, who had long manufactured the unadulterated article, and had brought it into well-deserved celebrity, were at present systematically undersold by the 'blenders,' who, with the tacit connivance of the Government, were enabled to add to a basis of presumably Irish Whisky prodigious quantities of alcoholic rubbish which might not be worth half-a-crown a gallon. Mr. O'Sullivan was fain to withdraw his certainly useful amendment, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer was not of opinion that the 'blending' of spirits in bond could appropriately come within the purview of the particular Adulteration of Food Bill then under discussion. Nevertheless it may be confidently assumed that during the present Session the attention of Parliament will again be called to this important subject, and that, either by action on the part of the Government or by a Bill brought in by a private Member, steps will be taken to prohibit the habitual sophistication of Irish Whisky, and to prevent her Majesty's subjects from being injured by 'torchlight processions' going down their throats.

"The old-established Dublin producers of a commodity which for so many years the public have found extremely palatable and invigorating, and which the faculty have constantly recommended as the most wholesome of spirits, contend that they are being subjected to a double injury by the toleration of this process of blending. That the manufacturers are undersold by the unscrupulous traders who are said to mix coarse grain spirit distilled in Scotland and elsewhere, and not worth 2s. 9d. a gallon, with Irish Whisky which should be distilled from malt, and is worth 6s. a gallon, seems clear enough. But an additional blow has been stricken, it is represented, at the interests of the *bonâ-fide* distillers, by the circumstance that since Mr. O'Sullivan moved his amendment last April it has been widely bruited abroad that the quality of all Irish Whiskies has degenerated, and the consumption of the article has in consequence undergone a serious diminution. Meanwhile a controversy is still going on as to the extent to which the Whisky distillers out of the sister isle immediately or remotely participate in these objectionable proceedings. Of course, the Scotch manufacturers have plenty to say for themselves; and, in controverting the assertion that Scotch differs from Irish Whisky inasmuch as while the first is distilled from a barley mash only, in Ireland a certain quantity of

spirit has been extracted from a malt mash alone, one North British firm declares that every practical distiller is aware that the grain mash, whether of barley, wheat, or Indian corn, can be worked without a large per-centage of malt. Again they point out that certain Scotch Whiskies, such as Glenlivat, Islay, and Campbelton, are made from nothing but pure malt, and are as good as the genuine Dublin sort. Such, possibly, may be the case; and no person possessing the slightest acquaintance with the processes of the manufacture can be ignorant that there are several Scottish Whiskies of well-merited celebrity which are made from pure malt. But, on the other hand, it is notorious that vast quantities of a coarser spirit are distilled mainly from grain, and frequently from grain of a very inferior quality; that, when barley is the basis of the mash, oats are always freely added, and that, instead of a 'large per-centage,' only a very small amount of malt is required—just sufficient to saccharify the starch in the barley or other grain. Such, at least, is the published statement respecting the ordinary manufacture of Scottish grain spirit put forth by Dr. George Wilson, sometime Professor of Chemistry at the University of Edinburgh. There are many collateral issues connected with the alleged falsification of Irish spirits in bond with unholy compounds known to the initiated as 'prune wine,' 'Hamburg sherry,' and 'cocked hat spirit,' into which we do not care at present to enter. It is sufficient for the nonce to know that a large body of irrefragable evidence points to the habitual adulteration of so-called Irish Whisky with an inferior spirit, and that the adulteration is carried on by means of 'blending' while the spirits are in the bonding warehouses. No amount of special pleading can argue away the fact that such a system enables unscrupulous firms to puff the sale of an almost worthless and possibly unwholesome mixture to the disadvantage of a genuine and wholesome one; and that the honest distillers and the too confiding public thereby suffer both in purse and in person. It matters little whence comes the 'cocked hat spirit,' or the 'grain spirit,' or whatever the adulterating agent may be—whether from the Tay, the Clyde, or the Elbe. It is enough to be cognizant of the disagreeable certainty that Irish Whisky has been and is still largely and deleteriously adulterated; and that speedy legislative, or at least administrative, interference with the practice of 'blending' spirits in bond has become a matter of urgent necessity."

Finally, two days later, the *Medical Examiner*, recognizing the great importance of the question to doctors and to the sick, as well as upon dietetic grounds generally, published the following, as part of a series of systematic "Food Reports":—

"WHISKY, GENUINE OR SPURIOUS.

"An article on Irish Whisky, which has lately appeared in the *Times*, has called public attention to the manner in which some of the spirit that is sold under this name is manufactured, and has incidentally opened a question of some importance to the members of the medical profession, by whom, as is well known, 'Whisky' has of late years been largely recommended as one of the best forms in which alcohol can be either administered as a stimulant or consumed for domestic use. Genuine Whisky, it appears, is a spirit distilled either from a mixture of malt and barley or from malt alone, the former being the Irish, the latter the Scotch method of manufacture, although in the *Times*' article, by an obvious slip of the pen, the Scotch spirit was said to be distilled from 'barley' alone. In either case the distillation is conducted in an old-fashioned 'pot' still, a thing precisely like a huge retort, and furnished with the well-known spiral worm for the condensation of the products. In the case of Scotch Whisky, it is believed that the smoke of the peat fire which is employed imparts something of its flavour to the spirit; and both in the Irish and Scotch varieties the pot still sends over, along with ethylic alcohol and water, a number of other substances derived from the barley or the malt, which determine the flavour and, in great measure, the other properties of the result; and which serve, indeed, by their presence, to differentiate Whisky from spirit of other kinds. The difference between genuine Scotch and genuine Irish Whisky is somewhat analogous

to the difference between Bordeaux wine and Burgundy; and the spirit, like the wine, is unfit for use until it has been matured by keeping. For this purpose it is stored in wooden casks; and some of the Dublin distillers use old sherry casks for this purpose, thus imparting to their spirit a certain yellowish or brownish colour, and some vinous flavour. Other distillers use clean casks; but in either case the effect of time is to break up and remove the amylic alcohol, or fusel oil, by spontaneous decomposition, and to produce a number of fragrant ethers in its stead. The fusel oil disappears from genuine Whisky in about a year, but a spirit originally of high quality will continue to improve in wood until it is ten years old. After that time it should be bottled, and may then be kept indefinitely for future use.

"The production of Whisky, in this, the original and only proper sense of the word, requires not only large capital and much skill, but also the use of the finest malt or barley which can be obtained; and the spirit, which is necessarily of a certain value in the first instance, has that value enhanced by the process of keeping. The manufacture of Irish Whisky was almost monopolised, a few years ago, by four great distilling firms in Dublin; but the products of these firms were supplied to the public by the intervention of middlemen, who had no stills, and had never made a drop of Whisky in their lives, but who issued advertisements and placards, and who thus became known as Whisky people, and kept the actual makers in the background. In process of time, these middlemen saw their way to make larger profits by diluting new or coarse genuine Whisky with rectified spirit; and more recently, emboldened by success, they have sold vast quantities of spirit which contains no Whisky at all, but is simply a medicinal tincture, composed of rectified spirit, and of various flavouring substances known only to themselves. The rectified spirit is made by what is called a patent still, which brings over only ethylic alcohol and water from the fermented liquor supplied to it; and this fermented liquor may be made from damaged grain, rotten potatoes, refuse molasses, or any other waste which contains a sufficiency of glucose or of starch. The rectified spirit thus procured is called 'silent spirit' in the trade, because it brings over no flavour, and so tells no tales about the sources from which it is procured. Being made from refuse, it is much cheaper than Whisky, and it is chemically pure, or nearly so. When made into a tincture, it is ready for immediate consumption, and it is then sold under the name of Whisky, often with some grand distinctive title, and at a low price. It is obvious that a physician who prescribes Whisky may be seriously deceived, if his patient receives instead of it a tincture which does indeed contain alcohol, but which is indebted for its flavour to prune juice, creosote, Hamburgh 'sherry,' and 'Xeres,' besides a variety of abominations which are known only to the dealers who use, and to the druggists who manufacture and supply, them.

"In the presence of such a state of things, it is to be hoped that the manufacturers of genuine Whisky will see their way to come to the rescue of those who wish to recommend or to consume their manufacture, and that they will organize some system of supply in which the public may feel confidence. Chemistry is of little use in the matter, because the organic compounds, both in Whisky and in the spurious imitations, are very unstable and difficult of isolation; and also because many professed analysts have so let themselves out for hire, as the agents of trade puffery, that they have brought doubt and discredit even upon those whose hands are clean. The palate and the nose, however, furnish tests which are valuable. Genuine Whisky, diluted with twice or thrice its bulk of cold water, gives off a subtle and delicate perfume, which is highly characteristic; and like genuine wine, imparts both to smell and taste the impression of unity or oneness. Imitation Whisky, similarly treated, gives off five or six coarse nasty smells, which struggle with each other for pre-eminence, until that of rectified spirit finally gains the day; and it tastes like what it is, a discordant mixture of ill-assorted flavours. Price also is, to some extent, a criterion. Genuine five-year old Whisky (and it should not be drunk at an earlier period), of 10 under proof, can hardly be sold by a retail dealer at less than twenty-three shillings a gallon, or four shillings a bottle; while large quantities of the imitation are sold at seventeen shillings and sixpence a gallon, or even at less. Some little confusion has been introduced into the question by the circumstance that much of the silent spirit that was first used in the manufacture of sham Whisky was made in Scotland, and was sent to Ireland to be

exported from thence as Irish. In this way Scotch silent spirit became confounded with Scotch Whisky, and the bad qualities conferred upon the former by the flavouring ingredients which were added to it were sometimes unjustly attributed to the latter. We feel, however, that the profession will now be sufficiently informed of the facts to be able, with the exercise of due caution, to secure the use of genuine Whisky for those who seem to them to require it; and the information which we have thought it right to give seems to be the more called for, since some of our medical contemporaries, probably in absolute ignorance of the merits of the question, have printed more than one glowing eulogium upon this and that variety of medicated silent spirit, which afterwards, by some strange coincidence, has often been freely advertised in their columns."

The publicity which has thus been given to the Whisky question, in so many and such influential quarters, leaves us no choice but to come forward as manufacturers, and to enter into such details as may put consumers in full possession of the facts, and may enable them to form a sound judgment upon the various liquids which, under the name of Whisky, are at present competing for their patronage.

We may, in the first instance, say that the statements made by the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Medical Examiner*, are in the main correct; and that the practices which these journals describe and condemn have prevailed and still prevail extensively. They have for their basis the endeavour to give to common rectified or silent spirit the character of genuine Whisky, and to do this at such a cost as may ensure the custom of the lowest class of publicans, who desire to supply to habitual dram-drinkers a liquid that shall be at once cheap, strong-tasted, and fiery. In proportion as success in this endeavour is attained, so the practice and the injurious effects of dram-drinking will be encouraged and increased.

It is necessary, in the next place, to explain the true nature of the operation which is called "blending," about which a great deal of nonsense has been written and believed. In Loftus's "New Mixing and Reducing Book, for the use of Publicans and Spirit Dealers" we read that "blending the produce of different distilleries is the great art of the successful Whisky dealer;" and this statement is true enough, if the proper interpretation is put upon the word successful, which here means to be successful in making money by passing off an inferior article as a superior one. It has been industriously represented by many dealers that their so-called "blends" are improvements upon each one of the contributory spirits taken singly. On this part of the question we recommend the credulous to study statements which have been made by the United Vineyards Company with regard to the practices of certain dealers in brandy; statements which will be found quoted *in extenso* (p. 206, *et seq.*) in a work entitled "British and Foreign Spirits," by Charles Tovey, and which appear to have remained without contradiction. If these statements are to be believed, the "blending" of the dealers in question consisted in buying up brandies which were inferior in value to Cognac brandy to the extent of from 15 to 30 per cent., of mixing these brandies with true Cognac, and of selling the resulting "blend" as, and at the price of, Cognac itself. There can be no doubt that such an admixture would improve

the inferior brandies, and as little that it would deteriorate and degrade the Cognac. Mr. Loftus farther informs us that the article extensively sold in England by well-known dealers as Irish Whisky consists of a judicious mixture of several spirits; and we may safely appeal to the common sense of our readers for an answer to the question whether the judiciousness is likely to be shown in any other way than by mixing something which is cheap with something else which is dearer; in the hope that the whole may be palmed off as of the higher quality, or else with the view of underselling the merchant who supplies the higher quality only. The case of spirit is totally different from that of wine, for the differences between two samples of carefully-prepared and genuine Whisky, of like age, are not sufficient to allow each one of them to correct the faults, if such there be, of the other. In the case of two young wines it is well-known that one of them may have an excess of sweetness, the other an excess of astringency, and a mixture of the two may be better than either. But an admixture of spirits is only resorted to in order to obtain cheapness at the cost of genuineness, or else in order to conceal and merge the inferior variety by means of the excellence of the superior.

Assuming, as we are fully entitled to assume, that our own products cannot be surpassed in quality, and admitting that they require time in order to render them fit for consumption, let us see for what objects they are likely to be blended. A dealer holds, let us say, 1000 gallons of Whisky from each of our respective houses, worth, on an average, from 5*s*. to 6*s*. per gallon. He does not mix these 4000 gallons together, and sell the mixture at an advance of price to pay him for the exercise of his skill in blending; but he dilutes our Whisky with thrice its measure of silent spirit manufactured in an apparatus termed, Coffey's Patent Still. The result will be comparatively flavourless, because silent spirit has no taste, properly so called, and is only fiery; while genuine Whisky has no superabundance of flavour. The next necessity, therefore, is to add to the mixture something which is strong-tasted in small bulk; and for this purpose it is customary to use either provincial Irish pot still Whisky, originally coarsely made, or other Whisky which is so new that it has not yet cleared itself of its fusel oil by the effect of time. In the latter case the consumer gets what is not yet fit to drink; in the former case he gets what will never be fit to drink at any time. Taking the aggregate of seven "blends" made in the Dublin Custom-house in December, 1875, and in January, 1876, we find that they contained—

	Gallons.
Silent Spirit	15,707
Irish Provincial Whisky	9,811
Dublin Whisky	4,375
	29,893

and the mixture thus formed might be retailed under cover of specious advertisements as "the very finest of Old Irish Whisky," or in similarly

deceptive terms. The only use of the silent spirit is to dilute the Dublin Whisky with a cheaper material, and the provincial Irish Whisky is added to conceal the adulteration by the greater coarseness of its own flavour. Coming from the general to the particular, we give details of two Dublin blends as examples of the rest, both of them having been made by the same firm of dealers, in December, 1875, No. 1, in vat 3504, No. 2, in vat 3634:—

No. 1 CONTAINED:—

	Gallons.
Spirit (presumably silent), from MacFarlan, Glasgow	1,162·5
,, ,, ,, ,, Harvey, Edinburgh	2,120·7
,, ,, ,, ,, Watt, Derry	298·8
,, ,, ,, ,, Haig, Cameron Bridge	1,623·6
,, ,, ,, ,, Menzies & Co., Edinburgh ..	2,989·7
	8,195·3

No. 2 CONTAINED:—

Spirit (presumably silent), from Haig, Cameron Bridge	1,173·6
,, ,, ,, ,, Watt, Derry	479·2
,, ,, ,, ,, Walker, Limerick	753·2
Provincial Irish Whisky, from Daly, Tullamore	1,554·4
Provincial Irish Whisky, from Devereux, Wexford	1,958·2
Dublin Whisky, from John Power & Son	786·0
	6,704·6

We have selected these two blends because, from a comparison of dates and quantities, they appear to be the same which were referred to in the *Times*. The second of them is precisely an example of the kind of mixture we have already described; 786 gallons of Dublin Whisky diluted with 2406 gallons of silent spirit to cheapen it, and 3512·6 gallons of provincial Whisky added to restore taste to the compound. No. 1, however, is deserving of still more consideration, because it appears to have consisted entirely of silent spirit. Silent spirit being tasteless, nothing can be gained by blending it, other than the convenience of getting certain odd lots together into a single vat. For the same reason, that of tastelessness, it would be undrinkable, or at least it could not be called Whisky, until it had been in some way medicated; and from this point of view it is not without interest to note that this "blend" was made by a firm who are also the makers and sellers of a mixture which is, we have been told, one of the ingredients from which fictitious spirits are prepared. Messrs. Haig, of Cameron Bridge, wrote to the *Times* concerning this blend, to say (after correcting the mistake or misprint which we have already noticed, by which "barley" was put for "malt") that they possess and use "pot stills," and also to say that they do not call their product "Irish," but "old still" or "pot still" Whisky. If they have pot stills, and use good materials in them, they can doubtless make good Whisky; but, if so, it should be sold as genuine

Scotch Whisky, instead of being first brought by unprincipled dealers to Dublin for no other purpose than to be again shipped from thence as "Dublin Whisky." Again, if we are not misinformed, Messrs. Haig have patent stills also, and patent stills can no more yield Whisky than they can yield Cognac. They yield silent spirit, which is not Whisky. Messrs. Haig's assertion, that they "do not trade under false colours, or call their manufacture 'Irish' Whisky," admits of the simple reply that no one said they did. Those who trade under false colours are the dealers who buy Scotch silent spirit, take it over to Dublin or to Belfast, mix it there with other kinds of spirit from various sources, and then bring the whole brew to England as Irish Whisky. If it were not to be passed off ultimately, and by somebody, as Irish Whisky, the Scotch silent spirit would be brought direct to England by train, and would never be shipped to Ireland at all.

The "blending" of Dublin is less important than that which is carried on at Belfast, where upwards of three million gallons of British spirits were blended and sent out into consumption during the year 1875. Of these Belfast blends the two following are typical examples:—

No. 1, blended on September 29th, 1875, contained as follows:—

Gallons.	From.	Warehoused.
534·7	A. Walker & Co., Limerick	Aug. 16, 1875.
373·0	Menzies & Co., Edinburgh	Sept. 8, ,,
149·4	Stewart & Co., Kirkliston	,, 18, ,,
1122·7	J. W. Harvey & Co., Glasgow	,, 18, ,,
406·3	Stewart & Co., Paisley	,, 24, ,,
672·6	Stewart & Co., Kirkliston	,, 24, ,,
1505·4	R. W. Preston & Co., Liverpool	,, 24, ,,
341·5	Stewart & Co., Kirkliston	,, 28, ,,
5105·6		

No. 2, blended on 9th of June, 1875, contained as follows:—

Gallons.	From.	Warehoused.
644·1	S. Bruce, Comber	Jan. 19, 1875.
129·2	,, ,, ...	Feb. 1, ,,
129·5	,, ,, ...	,, 1, ,,
1925·2	Macfarlane & Co., Glasgow	,, 4, ,,
1296·3	A. Walker & Co., Liverpool	,, 4, ,,
1023·5	,, ,, ,, ...	,, 4, ,,
1269·4	Menzies & Co., Edinburgh	,, 5, ,,
6417·2		

With what possible object, as the *Times* has already pointed out, could all this Scotch silent spirit be sent over to Ireland, and then sent back again, except that it might be made to pass as Irish Whisky?

In the *Times* of February the 23rd, there is a paragraph which contains a condensation of a statement prepared by "Scotch Distillers," in reply to

the article of February the 1st. The "Scotch Distillers" in question are not named, and we therefore have no means of knowing how far they are representative men; but the *Times* has permitted them to state their case very fully, and almost in their own words; so that it is necessary for us to examine the arguments they have used. They say that the "accepted definition of Whisky" (accepted by whom?) is "spirit distilled from a mixture of grain and malt, or malt alone," and that the term applies equally to pot still or patent still spirits. They forget that Whisky was a favourite beverage before patent stills were in existence; and hence that the only proper definition of Whisky is spirit distilled from the materials and by the method which were in use when the name was given. They proceed to say that the "so-called" Dublin Whisky has therefore no exclusive right to "the appellation." What this means is not quite clear; but it can hardly be denied that Whisky made in Dublin has an exclusive right to the appellation of "Dublin Whisky," or that Whisky made in Ireland has an exclusive right to the appellation of "Irish Whisky." Next, they deny that "silent" spirit is so called because it tells no tales about its sources; and, in support of this denial, they assert that the produce of their own patent stills sometimes stinks abominably, and can only be sold for methylation. Of this last assertion we are willing to give them the full benefit. Next, they say that nothing but "perfect grain, and skill and care in the manufacture, can produce even a partially silent spirit" (what is "*partially silent?*"); but they do not explain what becomes of all the spirit that is distilled at Alloa from the damaged grain cargoes that come to Leith; and they leave upon the mind the general impression that the Scottish spirit used in making spurious Whisky is a good deal worse than it was supposed to be. They deny that drugs are used to give pungency to "blends," on the ground that "blending is effected under the supervision of Government officers, and by law no drugs can be added." What truly Arcadian innocence and simplicity! If by law no drugs can be added, of course they never are added; and equally of course the "blended" spirit is never medicated at any subsequent time. They say that the charge of adulteration with Hamburgh sherry has been "sufficiently disposed of" by a letter signed "*Se Defendendo*," of which we shall have to speak anon. They think it not surprising that dealers should buy what is cheap (and nasty?) in preference to what is of higher price; and they declare that patent still spirit is to a large extent stored for years in sherry casks (why?), and that it is this "old" spirit which is "often" used for blending. In point of fact patent still spirit is so highly distilled or rectified, in the process of preparing it, that it is simply alcohol and water and nothing more; and hence it follows that it does not undergo any change, other than simple loss, by keeping, and that it is incapable of being matured or improved by time. It does not contain any of the ingredients by virtue of which the pot-still spirit proceeds to its full development; and, if it is indeed stored in sherry casks as represented, the only object of thus storing it must be that it may acquire from them colour and vinous flavour, so that it may be better adapted to mislead the public. It is impossible to conceive that the blender would waste the strength of silent spirit by keeping it

unless it were obtaining some medication to compensate him for his loss. Lastly, the authors deprecate Government interference; and they triumphantly point out the presence of the word "blended" on every cask in which blended spirit is contained. They do not say, however, that this word "blended" is faintly scratched on the wood, in such a manner as to be illegible, and that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, in the interests of the Scotch silent spirit trade, have protested against its being affixed in a distinct and proper manner. On the whole, the "statement" is a very curious one; by reason of the ingenuity with which it evades at every point, while professing to refute them, the charges of which its authors complain.

It is necessary in this place that we should guard ourselves against the possibility of wounding Scottish susceptibilities by any unguardedness of expression. We must say distinctly what we hope is already plain, namely, that there is no question of making Scotch Whisky pass for Irish Whisky, but only of making Scotch silent spirit pass for Irish Whisky. We accept the happy phrase of the *Medical Examiner* that the difference between genuine Scotch Whisky and genuine Irish Whisky is analogous to the difference between Bordeaux and Burgundy, each being excellent in its kind, and each commending itself to educated palates. It is our good fortune that the palates which prefer Dublin Whisky are more numerous than those which prefer Scotch; and hence, whilst the demand for Scotch Whisky is chiefly in Scotland, or among Scotchmen in other countries, the demand for Dublin Whisky is very large in England, and among Englishmen all over the world. To the maker of genuine Whisky, whether manufactured in Scotland or Ireland, we hold out the right hand of fellowship; and so we do to the maker of silent spirit, when that article is applied to its proper uses—as for burning in spirit lamps, for making varnish, for compounding medicines, and for a great many purposes in chemistry, pharmacy, and the arts. We only object to it when it is shipped to France and returned under the name of Cognac, or when it is shipped to Ireland and "blended" there, in order that it may be sent into the English market under the name of Irish Whisky. Taken alone, it has the virtues and the faults of alcohol; but, when it is bedevilled into sham Whisky, or into sham Brandy, it is without the special virtues, over and above those of their alcohol, which real Whisky and real Brandy possess, and it has faults which are all its own, and which arise from the ingredients which must be added to it in order to give colour to the name by which it is called. Among these, perhaps the least noxious is the fusel oil of new or coarse Whiskies, although that alone is liable to produce a peculiarly violent and injurious form of intoxication. We have every reason to believe that drugs still more hurtful are added by some dealers in cheap sham Whisky, and we have recently been informed that what is called "purified naphtha," or "spirit of methyl," is among the number. This "spirit" purified to any extent short of potability, is admitted free of duty; and, when not potable by itself, it may still come into play as a flavouring agent for a large bulk of silent spirit. The duty free import of spirit of methyl, in 1875, rose to about 1000 gallons over the average. It may possibly be applied to some harmless or legitimate purpose, for we do not profess to know the secrets

of the nefarious trade of Whisky adulteration—any more than we know the details of the processes used in coining bad money. We are content to nail the imitation coin to the counter, and to call attention to its baseness; and when we have done this, we leave the task of further investigation to the police.

There is one part of the question, however, to which we have already made slight reference, and which requires further attention. We mean the alleged employment of Hamburgh Sherry as an ingredient of sham Whisky. A writer, who signed himself "*Se Defendendo*," denied, in the *Times* paper, the truth of this allegation. He appeared to be unconscious of a certain element of humour in the statement that the Hamburgh Sherry which went to Ireland was fortified with silent spirit and returned as Whisky, and hence he is, we suppose, a Scotchman, into whose head, as Sidney Smith once declared, a joke can only be made to enter by a surgical operation. It must be admitted that this particular form of "blending" cannot be done in the Custom House, but only in private warehouses and with duty-paid materials. Mr. Keene, of the London Custom House, pointed out in the *Times*, in reply to "*Se Defendendo*," that 100 gallons of silent spirit at 25 O.P. and at 12s. 6d. per gallon duty, mixed with an equal quantity of Hamburgh Sherry at 42 U.P. and at 2s. 6d. per gallon duty, would give 200 gallons of a mixture 16 or 17 U.P., the strength at which bottled Whisky is usually sold, and at 7s. 6d. per gallon duty. This would leave a gain of 10¼d. a gallon in duty, towards advertising and similar expenses. We have been favoured with a copy of a letter on this subject which was addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by an eminent London wine merchant some years ago, at a time when the wine duties were under discussion. The writer referred to the notorious use of Hamburgh Sherry as a diluting agent in the manufacture of spurious Whisky, and showed that the dealer obtained a profit of £7 2s. 6d. per butt by buying his spirit in this form. The butt of 108 gallons of Hamburgh, containing 45 gallons of proof spirit, would cost £9 to purchase, and £13 10s. for duty; so that the purchaser would get 45 gallons of duty-paid proof spirit for £22 10s., or at 10s. a gallon, without reckoning anything for the 63 gallons of water, containing sugar, flavouring and colouring matters. Now 45 gallons of silent proof spirit in any other form would cost 10s. 2d. per gallon duty, and 3s. per gallon to purchase, in all £29 12s. 6d, or £7 12s. 6d. more than the equivalent quantity of spirit bought as Hamburgh "Sherry." The 63 gallons of flavoured and coloured water, mixed with the latter, would have their value—for, as Mr. Keene has shown, the blends of equal parts of Hamburg sherry and of 25 O.P. silent spirit gives a mixture of the precise strength at which Whisky is commonly sold. As we have said already, the use of Hamburgh sherry for the purpose indicated is notorious, and those who deny it would deny the presence of the sun at noonday. Our readers are well aware, of course, that this so-called sherry is derived from sources which are wholly independent of the grape; and that it is no more wine than it is Whisky.

We come next to the chemical part of the business, and on this the *Medical Examiner* has struck the key-note of a much-needed warning. As applied to the analysis of food, drink, and adulterations, the chemistry of the

present day is utterly untrustworthy. When the Adulteration Act required the appointment of district analysts, it was impossible to find a sufficient number of competent men, because there had been no previous demand to create an adequate supply. There were a few scientific chemists, working in their laboratories at genuine research; and, besides these, trade puffery had found employment for a few men whose names were constantly and conspicuously advertised, and whose apparent business it was to discover nothing but excellence in the articles sold by their employers. The art of really careful and scrutinizing analysis of complex organic compounds, such as bread and wine, was in its infancy; and as soon as prosecutions caused the results of so-called "analysis" to be questioned, these results broke down in every direction. Sources of error which had previously been unsuspected were constantly cropping up; and the rogues who were engaged in profitable adulteration employed chemists of their own expressly to find out means by which analysis might be baffled. At almost every hearing under the Adulteration Act we have had conflicting evidence. Chemist A — has lately sworn that a given sample of unctuous substance contained not a particle of genuine butter; while chemist B — swore as stoutly that it was all genuine butter, and contained nothing else. No two analysts are agreed as to the means by which the quantity of alum contained in bread may be determined. Professor Frankland has devised a laborious method of water analysis, and Professor Wanklyn says of it that the margin of probable error is greater than the absolute quantities of impurities to be looked for. It is possible that these doubts and perplexities may be removed hereafter, but at present they render the art of food analysis one which has very little value to the community, and which affords very little protection to the consumer.

We have spoken hitherto of the analysis of stable substances, such as bread, butter, and water; but the analysis of a solution of volatile oils and ethers in alcohol is almost impossible. It is like trying to fix sunbeams. The oils and ethers are, in their very natures, changeful and volatile. In genuine Whisky they have been developed by a gradual process of change, and they are liable to be destroyed or to be broken up into new combinations by the very processes which are employed to detect them. More than this, in all subtle organic compounds, the same elements may be put together in the same quantities, but with a difference of internal arrangement which totally alters the character of the result. There is no chemist living who could distinguish the poison of a rattlesnake from that of the wasp, although the existence of a very real difference needs no demonstration.

There are, however, three analysts who never make mistakes, and these are the human stomach, the human blood, and the human brain. The human blood distinguishes the poison of the rattlesnake from that of the wasp with unerring accuracy; and it finds out other poisons also, such as that of fever, of which the chemist can give no account. In the same way the consumer may often find out spurious whisky. The genuine spirit, properly matured, and taken in moderation, produces an exhilaration which is followed by no regrets, by no loss of appetite or disturbance of digestion, by no discomfort of the palate, and by no aching of the head. Even when taken to excess

it never produces the violent or maniacal intoxication of fusel oil. Every one must have experienced that the toddy of one house is salutary, and that of another pernicious, even though the latter, being less pleasant, is drunk in smaller quantity. The explanation is not far to seek, and is that the former is made from genuine Whisky, the latter from a spurious compound. Even if chemistry could unravel all the ethers of genuine Whisky, and could form artificially something which seemed precisely to resemble it, there can be no doubt that the artificial spirit would be inferior to the genuine, just as no artificial mineral water has ever possessed the full qualities of that of which it was an imitation.

Before we leave the chemists to their own devices, we must call attention to the habitual misuse of a word which has suffered greatly at their hands, and which has served, more, perhaps, than any other, to mislead the public. That word is "purity." We are told that everything is "pure," from plastered sherry to farinaceous food; and we once saw on a hand-barrow a placard which announced "pure ginger-beer." Now "pure," in its chemical sense, means unmixed, or, at all events, containing no foreign ingredient, and it cannot be applied with propriety to any compound of a complex nature unless that compound is itself perfectly definite and invariable, and unless all the ingredients proper to it are present, and are present in their proper quantities and proportions. In speaking of wines and spirits the word "pure" is nonsense, and should be replaced by "genuine." There is no standard of "purity," because there is no standard of composition—the genuine liquids not only differing somewhat from year to year, according to differences in the qualities of the fruit or grain from which they are made, but also undergoing spontaneous progressive changes with the lapse of time. Of course, Whisky would be obviously "impure" it it were adulterated with some totally foreign ingredient. Silent spirit, on the other hand, may reasonably be called "pure," but then it is not pure Whisky, but pure silent spirit, and it ceases to be in any sense pure when it is flavoured to represent Whisky. It is no longer pure silent spirit, because the flavouring is an impurity; and no amount of flavouring can ever make it into Whisky at all, any more than a cat can be changed into a dog by cropping its tail and altering its name. Genuine Whisky, on the other hand, may in a sense be impure, and may be the better for the impurity. The flavour and colour which it derives from storage in sherry casks are, strictly speaking, impurities, but they are pleasant to most consumers and injurious to none. We advise the public, when they buy Whisky, to shun with especial care the allurements of professing "purity;" but to spare no pains in their endeavour to secure "genuineness."

A few pages back, when comparing spurious Whisky to counterfeit coin, we referred to the police; and the reader will naturally ask why it is that the police are supine. As the *Times* very fairly stated, there could be no objection to the public sale of medicated silent spirit under any name which should express its nature; but the fraud of which we complain is twofold,—first, that medicated silent spirit should be called Whisky at all —Whisky being something else, which has earned a high reputation; next,

that the silent spirit should be brought from England or Scotland to Ireland only that it may be brought back again as "Irish" Whisky, which it would not be, even if it were Whisky of some sort. Messrs. Haig, in their letter to the *Times*—from which we have already quoted—conclude by saying that they will with every confidence trust their case to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, "who are capable of judging what is to be allowed and what is not." The Commissioners of Inland Revenue were long ago appealed to, in consequence of our applications to the Government, and they wrote a letter, or made a report, to the Treasury, which, were it not that they repudiate judgment in the case, should certainly have been headed by the well-known motto of the *Edinburgh Review*, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*" The Commissioners say that it is the "proper function of a revenue department to see that no regulations in restriction of the operations of trade are enforced by their officers but such as are imperatively required for the security of the revenue." Like the Roman Emperor Vespasian, they hold that the tribute-money does not smell of the source from which it is obtained. They admit, theoretically, that it might be their duty to interfere if the consequences of non-interference would be prejudicial to the public health; but they argue that this condition is not fulfilled in the case under consideration, because "the silent spirit is a pure and wholesome liquid;" and they add the erroneous statement that "it is notorious that the Dublin Whisky owes a great part of its peculiar flavour to the fusel oil which it contains, and from which the silent spirit is nearly free." It has of late years been a recognized principle that entire ignorance of everything relating to ships is an essential qualification for the office of First Lord of the Admiralty; and, in like manner, the Commissioners of Inland Revenue have probably thought it a duty to maintain their own freedom from prejudice by keeping themselves in absolute ignorance of everything relating to spirits. Had they not followed this course, they would have known that the very "purity" of the silent spirit, which they extol, renders it unfit, or at least unacceptable, for drinking; and hence that the blending which they call harmless necessitates, as its immediate consequence, the deleterious adulteration by which the flavour of true Whisky is supposed to be in some degree imitated. They would have known, also, that fusel oil disappears from true Whisky before it is fit for use, and gives place to new compounds of a wholesome and pleasant character; precisely as the acidity and harshness of green fruit are converted into sweetness and flavour during the natural process of ripening. They should have spoken, therefore, not of the fusel oil which it contains, but of that which it once contained; and they should also have avoided the further error of saying that Irish Whisky is added to the Scotch spirit as a colouring agent, because it is really inconceivable that they do not know that all Whisky, or for the matter of that, all spirit, is originally colourless, and hence that the Irish Whisky has no colour to impart. In their plea that restrictions on blending are not required in the interests of the revenue there is perhaps some force; but these gentlemen undermine their own position when they admit that they might be called upon to interfere if the public health were at stake.

It would seem, however, that the best legislative remedy, next to the total prohibition of blending in bond, would be a provision that to sell one kind of spirit under the name of another should be punishable as a fraud. Those who bought Whisky would then get what they asked for; and those who had medicated silent spirit to sell would have to find a new name for it, and to do their best to bring it into favour on its own merits. That such an undertaking would not be quite hopeless was shown a few years ago, when a Silent Spirit flavoured with the sweepings of tea warehouses was alleged to possess certain virtues, and even attained some temporary popularity. In the meanwhile we have determined to use the opportunity which the public press has put into our hands, and to endeavour so to instruct consumers that they will at least have some power to protect themselves.

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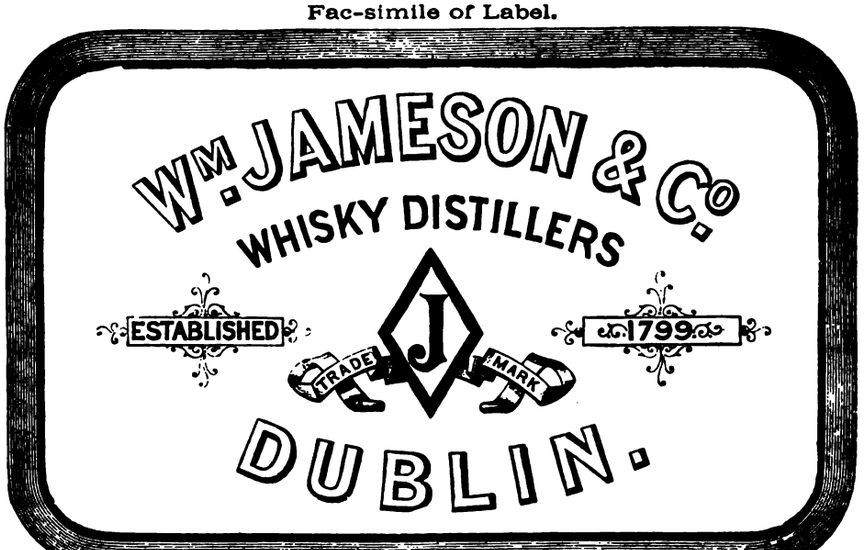

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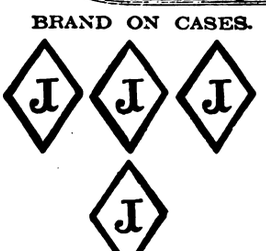

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à
Epernay

PURVEYORS TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
And other Members of the Royal Family.

Extracts from Letters received from the Gentleman of Her Majesty's Cellars.

St. James's Palace, 23rd January, 1874.

MESSRS. WACHTER & Co. (Epernay), 7, Fenchurch Street, London.

I have tasted your Samples of extra Cuvee, 1870, and I must say at once that I consider it very fine Wine. Could I have a reserve of two or three hundred dozen.

St. James's Palace, 10th April, 1874.

I enclose Vouchers for one hundred dozen of the Champagne for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. I will also ask you to reserve, for Her Majesty's use, one hundred and fifty dozen, of which I will give you due notice.

St. James's Palace, 15th April, 1874.

If you will keep at Epernay, in reserve, two hundred and fifty dozen, I will take it partly in 1875 and the remainder in 1876; but you will not ship it till you receive further instructions, as the quantity may be divided between Her Majesty and members of the Royal Family.

St. James's Palace, 3rd December, 1875.

As I have disposed of the last parcel of two hundred and fifty dozen of Champagne, I shall be glad to have a fresh reserve of three hundred dozen of the same quality. You will be so good as to reserve it till I give you instructions, as some of it will be for Her Majesty's service, some for the Prince of Wales, and for other members of the Royal Family.

London House: EMIL POHL & Co. } 72, MARK LANE,
Country and Ireland: THOMAS SHARPE, } E.C.

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ET DE SON ALTESSE LE PRINCE DE GALLES.

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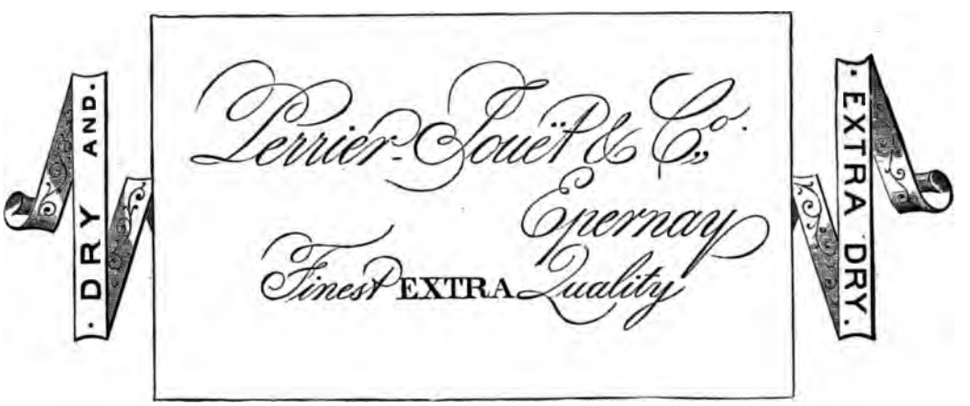

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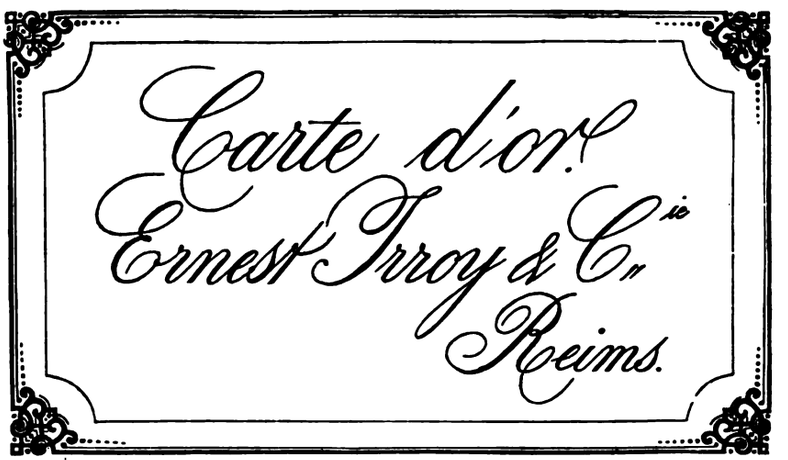

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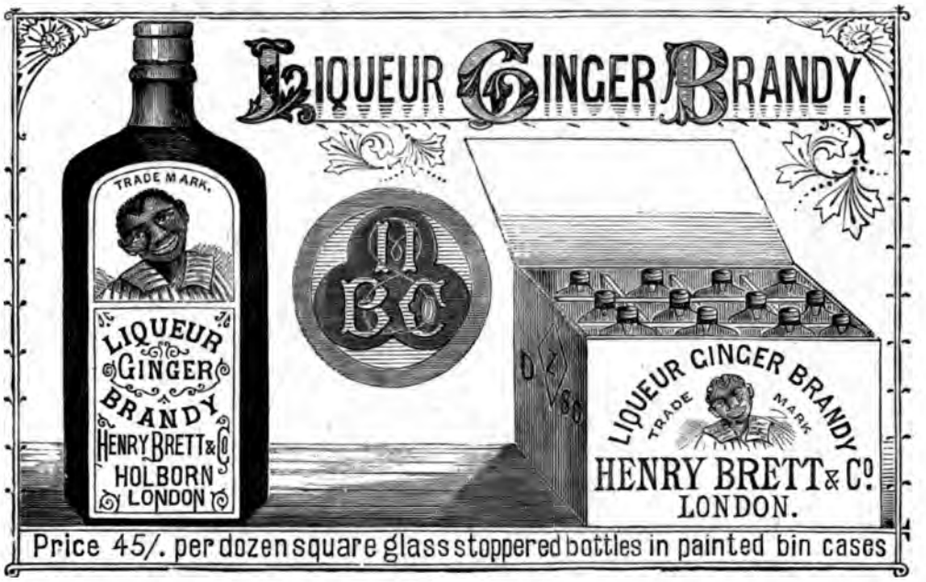

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AMONG useful discoveries and inventions which have added to the comforts of human life, that of COCOA and CHOCOLATE is one of peculiar interest.

CHOCOLATE, or Paste of COCOA, a most wholesome and nourishing article of food, which also makes a most agreeable and refreshing beverage, is obtained from the seed-beans of the THEOBROMA CACAO, a beautiful plant indigenous to the tropical parts of America and the neighbouring islands. As the word *cacao* is not easy for English lips to pronounce, the article in England is always named *Cocoa*.

The COMPAGNIE COLONIALE of Paris has undertaken the task of reforming certain grave faults and abuses in the commercial and manufacturing arrangements for the supply of this precious gift of Nature to mankind, and their immense factory at Passy is a model of mechanical ingenuity and cleanliness, and compasses all the attributes by which the most perfect products of chocolate are manufactured, which has placed them beyond the pale of rivalry.

The CHOCOLATE of the COMPAGNIE COLONIALE is manufactured of the best COCOA and SUGAR only, forming the most NUTRITIVE and ECONOMICAL BREAKFAST. It contains no mixture of Flour, Arrowroot, Starch, or other useless or pernicious matter, and is not deprived of its most valuable ingredient, the COCOA BUTTER. It is recommended by the medical authorities to DELICATE PERSONS and those suffering from INDIGESTION.

From the "Lancet."

We have recently received and examined a variety of the Chocolates of the COMPAGNIE COLONIALE, of Paris, and we found them to consist solely of cocoa of superior quality, and sugar.

From the "Medical Times and Gazette."

The Chocolates of the COMPAGNIE COLONIALE boast themselves with justice on high quality, careful preparation, no admixture save sugar, and moderate price.

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We believe the productions of the COMPAGNIE COLONIALE to be exceptionally honest in quality, carefully prepared, rich in nutrition, and agreeable to the palate.

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This article is free from the admixture of any foreign ingredient, except sugar, and is prepared from the finest specimens of the Cocoa-bean.

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Perfectly mixible in water or milk.

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PANCREATINE POWDER.

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Has now obtained such universal celebrity as a remedial agent, it can scarcely be considered a speciality, its essential composition being known to most European practitioners. Many of the Chlorodynes of commerce are not of uniform strength, and vary in their effects, which has induced MORSON & SON, to compound this preparation to remedy these defects. The dose for an adult is 10 to 20 drops (and 1 minim is equal to 2 drops). The dose may, however, be increased in especial cases to 25 or even 30 minims, but it is best to commence with the lesser dose. It may be administered in almost any fluid or on sugar.

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PEPSINE.—Among the results of the application of science to the practice of medicine, none appear to promise more important results than Pepsine, the digestive principle of the gastric juice, which in a purified state, and mixed with some inert vegetable powder, or dissolved in wine, or made into a lozenge, forms a valuable medicine. It appears that the use of this important agent is greatly increasing as the knowledge of its effects becomes more widely diffused. A few grains put into a wine-glass with some water forms at once an artificial stomach in which food may be digested; in this way the relative values of different samples of Pepsine may be determined. At a lecture that was delivered a short time ago at the Society of Arts, by Dr. LETHEBY, an experiment of this sort was made, in which large quantities of animal fibrine were digested in bottles, during the lecture, with MORSON'S Pepsine—Extract from the *Morning Herald* and *Standard* Newspapers.

When CORVISART first announced his invention of Pepsine not a few of the faculty were inclined to denounce it as one more added to the already long list of empirical remedies. But by degrees it made its way, and when the preparations of this active principle of the gastric juice of Messrs. BOUDALT, of Paris, made under the personal supervision of the inventor, were supplemented by the improvements introduced by our own eminent chemists, Messrs. MORSON & SON, of Southampton-row, all our leading physicians, one after the other, gave in their adhesion to this purely and thoroughly scientific remedy, which seems to have proved a complete specific for that most wearing and trying of all "the ills that flesh is heir to"—chronic dyspepsia. Indeed, without arrogating to ourselves any very special medicinal knowledge, we are able to understand why this grand therapeutic remedy, which contains the active principle of the gastric juice, should prove a perfect remedy for all diseases of the digestive organs which arise from a failure of the gastric juice.—*Court Circular.*

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Pepsine Preparations

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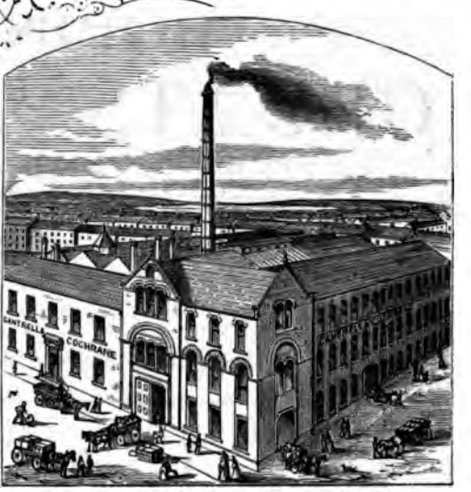

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