

A DAY IN QUEBEC.

BY "AMERICAN."

Never was there a greater mistake than taking a trip to Quebec so hurriedly and without planning; it would seem as if any half-educated person would know better; would be more conscious of the eternal proprieties than, without proper study and preparation, to thrust his ignorant curiosity into the midst of surroundings whose smallest part savors of history, real and legendary: Indian legend, French romance and English history, history Canadian and, above all, American history, for one of the keenest pleasures the place affords is the sensation that this spot is American; that the landscape, with its autumnal glories in their height, is such as can be seen only on the American continent; and, while gazing at the varied views, far-stretching and dissimilar on one side and the other, with broad reaches of water and hillsides both rugged and those which lure the climber through promise of much reward for little toil, one forgets the political distinctions between Canadian and Yankee, and feels at once at home, and yet, when the eye leaves the work of nature and seeks that which man's hands have produced, the feeling of being a stranger in a foreign country is overpowering.

The place is rich in sensations and impressions.

HERE
DIED
WOLFE
VICTORIOUS
SEPT. 13,
1759.

strikes the reader as he stands beside the lonely column on the verge of the Plains of Abraham as the most impressive epitaph chisel ever grained. Its very simplicity is

THE EMBODIMENT OF SOLEMNITY.

Its brevity tells a longer tale than would many and high-sounding words. Its lack of title or particulars of any kind is the most flattering tribute that great achievement could seek at the hands of posterity. It quietly sets aside the possibility that any one in any age might ask "Who was Wolfe, and what did he do?" It is a noble and a fitting record, and perhaps helps to keep his memory green—fresher than that of any soldier that ever died on American soil. The inhabitants have a way of speaking of him as of a man they had themselves known, in whose exploits they had a personal share, whose fame sheds a reflected glory on all.

No, it does not do to visit Quebec without first refreshing the memory as to some of the events in its history and the particulars of the histories of the men whose thread of life has been several at one point or another of America's most famous battlefields. If one would be spared the humiliation of wondering who Montgomery was—when the house where that really illustrious American general breathed his last is pointed out, he must have skimmed through a guide-book at least, and not trust to inspiration and the long forgotten studies of his school days. A proper course of investigation might possibly mitigate the surprise with which he would encounter in the charming little village of Beaupre, near by, the life-size and animated wooden statue of a French colonel, who, in all the glory of freshly-painted coat of gray with white facings, cocked hat and plume, curling black whiskers, polished boots and waving sword, is advancing with vigorous step upon the main door of the Church of Notre Dame just across the footpath. The driver called him Colonel Selliere—or some such name, but for

WANT OF PREVIOUS PERUSAL

of guide-books the gentleman could not be historically placed. Evidently, the painters who had been decorating the interior of the church with some \$50,000 worth of their handiwork—and very creditable work it was too—conceived that this military personage would winter more comfortably if he were furnished with a thicker coat and had acted accordingly. The statue was not half a bad one, but being placed a *plein pied*, without a pedestal, and seemingly bursting his way through the tall and tangled grass in his eagerness to get at the priest, perhaps, the effect was somewhat provocative of laughter. But all the same, one does not encounter such memorials as this in non-historic towns.

St. Augustine and Quebec are the only fortified towns in this country where the help of the real military engineer was bought into play, and in both places the fortifications are amongst the most attractive points of interest, yet, as one looks at Quebec, with its natural advantages reinforced by the works of the engineer, and reflects how small a spot this is compared with all the vast country around,

THE UTTER ABSURDITY OF WARS

and conquests is very suggestively presented, and the audacious claim of the handful of men that could be gathered there in pretending to hold the vast outer territory in subjection, while there were a thousand other points which other groups of men could occupy in the same way without interfering with the actual living rights of any other group, finds a perfect parallel in the practice of pugilists and oarsmen who give themselves out as "champions" of this or that, and feel that they are so simply because a stronger or better man does not take the trouble to convince them that they are not.

The lower gates having been done away with, the visitor does not realize that in mounting the hill from the steamboat landing he has passed within the walls, and when, not long after, he comes to the gates rebuilt by Lord Dufferin, he imagines that at length he is entering the stronghold, but on looking back at the view finds that if the embrasures were filled with cannon they would be pointing at him, and that he has already passed through and beyond the fortifications. The real esteem in which the present inhabitant regards these fortifications is betokened by the doing away with the lower gates and the building of the new Houses of Parliament just outside the walls. The site chosen for this building is a commanding one—almost or quite the highest spot in the city; but the building suffers for want of space about it—space which could not be easily obtained, for just here are three roads of equal importance passing out of the city by three gates, not more than two hundred yards apart, and advancing into the country in nearly parallel lines. Between two of these roads lies the Parliament House with a side facade abutting upon each. The ground in front is approximately a square, with sides of the length of the main front of the building—obviously too small an area to furnish proper setting for so large a building. So excellent a design was worthy of all the embellishment

that the landscape architect could give it, but it seems hopeless to expect that anything will be done that will be of much avail. One thing could be carried out which would probably prove effective; while the building stands on perhaps the highest spot in the city the land falls away more abruptly toward the road that passes it on the west side, and if the main approach of the building were to be over this road and the ground properly terraced, and broad flights of steps, half the length of the front, built up from below, an effect would be gained which would be in consonance with the general type of

THE SURFACE OF THE ISLAND.

But now the building is nothing other than would be built in any flat country, and so seems a little tame and out of key with its surroundings. For all this, taken by itself, it is one that gives much pleasure to the beholder, as there is a general air of elegance and refinement about it bespeaking the work of one trained in French rather than English schools. To confess that no attempt was made to see the building from every side, nor yet to discover whether the internal treatment was as praiseworthy as the exterior does not imply lack of interest or energy, but only shows how potent was the feeling that the city contained enough of things unique to fill all the scanty hours at command without spending any of them on an object which, however good in itself, might be as appropriately placed in Omaha as in Quebec. The desire to be penetrated by the spirit of the place as a whole stood in the way of spending time in a conscientious architectural examination of the many other buildings of interest.

Descriptions of any particular building can be found in the guide-books in quite as reliable and interesting form as it would be possible to give them here. It was pleasure enough to drive about the town without definite itinerary, turning down one street or another according as the first glance seemed to promise something of interest; now driving down a hill so precipitous that the carriage threatened to turn a somersault over the horse's back, the skilful descent of which now respect both for the surefootedness of the beast and the soundness of his harness; now winding about through the lower part of the town, destroyed by fire some six years ago, but still having an air of picturesqueness in spite of the buildings being little more than one and two-story, flat-roofed brick boxes of perhaps four rooms each; now taking along the water-front on the other side of the town, where the ocean-liners and some few vessels give the place

QUITE A MARITIME AIR,

while the little French corvette in the roadstead, with its white-painted guns, cream-colored hull, and white-clad sailors, give the place a gala air and remind one that the French sailor is considered by his English brother rather a fair-weather creature when all is said. From this lower level to the rampart above runs the inclined railway, or rather, elevator, which makes trips every few minutes, and which is a most popular contrivance.

Building material of all kinds, save iron and terra-cotta, are used in the most catholic manner: stone, brick and wooden buildings stand cheek by jowl and have a homelike air, vastly different from the melancholy formalism of Montreal. The stone used is of several kinds and colors, the most common a whitish limestone about the color of Concord granite. Other than this the most noticeable material was an exceedingly agreeable dark green limestone, too solid in color to be called serpentine, of which was built the large jail just beside Wolfe's monument. It had just enough color to seem to be an outgrowth of the soil itself, and not an imposition upon it.

Here, again, the charming effect that, at certain stages of its existence, an unpainted tin roof may give to a spire or a dome could be noted in every direction; it seemed all together a noble metal, and its modest sheen was quite superior to

THE BOLD EFFRONTERY

of the gilded saints and crosses that crowned some of the buildings. Attention being called in this way to the tin roofs, it could not escape notice that the local method of laying a tin roof was peculiar; the plates were laid with a simple locked joint without solder, and were laid in inclined courses, the angle of inclination seeming to approximate the pitch of the roof, though on some steep roofs the inclination was certainly less than the pitch. However tight a roof this manner of laying the plates may give, it certainly produces a very ugly effect, as the whole roof covering has the air of sliding with more or less rapidity into the street. From the terraces and the Place d'Armes there is an admirable chance to study the roofs in the lower town, which lie just below and wisely have no glazed skylights to irresistibly tempt the small boy to drop missiles upon them. Whether he abstain from throwing things down the yawning and unprotected chimney flues may be doubted. From this point could also be discovered another local custom which may be enforced by law or advocated only by experience; against almost every chimney was reared a wooden ladder, while another led from it to the scuttle or to the eaves for the use of the Lome fire brigade. The only other local peculiarity noticed, for naturally a lookout was kept for any device which had been found useful in this northern latitude, was the treatment of the down-spouts. The inevitable is frankly accepted; water will freeze, cause a bursting of choked conductors and when the thaw comes do damage which is as likely to befall the walls of the house as the clothes and person of the unwary wayfarer. Like prudent souls, the inhabitants prefer that their house walls shall be kept as dry as possible, and consider that it is their neighbor's affair

TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF

as he passes their houses; and as the best relief the circumstances afford and the best protection they can give their own walls, they use iron conductors with holes about a quarter of an inch in diameter drilled in the pipe every three or four inches up the whole length of the pipe. The system has in some cases been carried farther, and some pipes are used which have a slot running the full length of each joint, the cylinder being complete only at each hub. Little building seemed to be going on, so that nothing could be noted as to local methods of building practice. The directory, however, contains the names of thirteen architects, all but two of which were French, so that there is probably a good deal of work going on, and—judging by the Parliament House and the Church of St. John the Baptist, just rebuilt—work of extremely good character.

A little fact that came to light in answer to a question about taxes seems to show how strong is the tendency to cherish tradition. The currency of Canada has long been one of dollars and cents, and no one thinks of naming a price in any other terms, but taxes are still assessed in pounds and pence.

If any one has any misgiving as to whether his nature fits him to enjoy and profit by a trip to Europe, let him take fifty dollars and spend a week at Quebec. If he finds enjoyment and feels enthusiasm there, he can safely spend the larger sum a European trip requires; but if he finds it dull, perfunctory work, and cannot see what there is to admire or amuse in crooked buildings, steep and narrow streets and an unintelligible *patois* that cannot be found in the slums of his own neighborhood, let him stay at home.

Quebec and its surroundings is a memory that will not lose lustre as time passes, even if one has seen Edinburgh, Gibraltar, Ehrenbreitstein or any of the famous European places which belong to the same general class.

Indians Dancing.

The Indians at Betsiamits, Canada, and at Moisie honored me with an exhibition of their national dances. The ballroom was a bare log-house, dimly lighted by a lamp on a high shelf. A great shadow covered the tawny faces just under the beams of the ceiling, and fell aslant the circle of men, squaws, and children squatting on the floor in front of those standing about the walls. An aged couple and some dogs occupied a bed in one corner, along with a number of babies done up in rolls and corded against the wall. The old woman gave the dogs and her husband to drink from a saucer, and the old man often lay back on the pillow with one leg across the other to finger his toes.

Now and then a squaw picked her way among the crouching figures on the floor to the bed, hauled out her roll of baby, and gave it to suck. The women wore their national caps of black and red, but the men presented more variety, wearing felt hats, or red handkerchiefs that floated about the shoulders, or letting their long, black, straight, greasy hair whip up and down on their cheeks. The band consisted of a drum like a common sieve, hung from the ceiling by a string in front of the drummer. His score was very simple, and yet the low notes of the voice, at a fifty and a fourth below the drum, were quite effective with a sombre color suited to the shadowy, fantastic scene.

The first set was like all the rest in general form: a number of men came out of the crowd, and began following one another around the stove near the centre of the room. Their steps consisted in advancing one foot, ducking, by bending the knees, then sliding back the advanced foot nearly to the other one.

Their chief motion was therefore, ducking, as if the entire company in unison had trodden upon one another's corns: and although they took three steps forward on each foot, yet by drawing this back, they advanced but an inch or two in each measure, and their legs, like those of a dancing-jack, seemed to be jointed only at the knees. The keeping of time was in the ducking, for there was no stamping. After a number of rounds thus in single file about the stove they retired, and some of the squaws came reluctantly out to perform.

They danced as the men did, ducking, however, still more suddenly, and advancing still less at each step. They were extremely funny, notwithstanding their great decorum, their rather heavy figures, erect and rigid as statues, with downcast eyes and a shy turn of the head, bobbed up and down with overpowering solemnity. They soon gave place to the men again. The young Huron Indian now took the drum, and sang a more spirited and a varied air to enliven the dance. The men closed up the file forming a continuous circle of ducking figure. Their steps were longer and freer, and they began moving their arms about, and grunting, "He! he! he!"

As the drumming quickened, they increased their grotesque contortions and their shouting; here and there a man turned about to face his neighbor, and the two carried on with the ducking an extravagant pantomime, portraying the hunt or the war; the music rose in the most frantic *crescendos* and savage discords; the actors, bounding about, bent over and tore the scalps from their prostrate victims, while yells and groans filled the air. It was the ancient war-dance, lacking only the lurid fire on the plumes and bloody tomahawks of the naked, painted savages.—C. H. FARNHAM, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Queer Deaths of Horses.

Singular accidents have befallen eastern Connecticut horses recently. A few days ago F. X. River's fine pair, at Woodstock, ran away with the mowing machine in a field, and the keen saw-toothed blade, worked at a terrific speed by the furious pace, slashed off both the hind legs of one of the animals. The wounded horse was shot. The other horse was not scratched. Not long ago Henry Burk of Brookville while out driving, trotted his fast stepper, valued at \$600, over a stable fork that had dropped in the road from a cart which had just passed; the horse's hoof tilted the handle, and the animal was spitted upon the tines. So fiercely was the weapon driven that it penetrated the inguinal region, backward through the pelvic cavity to the vertebrae, thence forward into the diaphragm, passing through the left lung, and nearly perforating the skin at the left shoulder, a distance of four feet. The horse lived several hours and was then shot. At New London, Tyler B. Earl's lively horse not long ago nearly ended its life in scratching its ear with its left hind foot. The calk of the shoe was caught in the horse's teeth, and wedged in so tightly that it could not be removed. In its struggle the horse fell, and the force of the fall ripped the shoe off the hoof. The shoe was dangling from the horse's mouth when its owner, alarmed by the tumult in the stable, arrived.

There is a man in Palatka, Fla., who imagines that he is a teapot. He is perfectly sane on every other subject, but nothing can convince him that he is not a teapot, and an earthen one at that. He sticks out one arm to represent the spout, bends the other to represent the handle, makes a hissing noise to represent the escaping steam, and then, if any one comes near him, is very uneasy lest they hit him and break off either his handle or his spout.

A RIDE TO RUSSIA.

With a Passing Glance at Cologne.

BY HENRY M. WRIGHT.

From Amsterdam to the ancient City of Cologne (or "Köln")—from Colonia, an old Roman colony of Agrippa's time—is a ride of about sixty miles through a country, part of which is very beautiful, and part of which is very sandy, bare and uninteresting. But when Cologne comes into view and the great cathedral lifts up its tower above the city, one forgets all the fatigue of a hot, dusty day's trip. There is only one thing that I regret, and that is that the cathedral faces the town and not the Rhine. As it now stands the front is surrounded with old, tumble-down structures, which are so close to the towers that it is almost impossible to secure a view from any distance. However, this is being remedied as rapidly as possible, and every year a large appropriation is made by the city, which is a very rich city, for the purchase and removal of these buildings near the cathedral, which are being torn down one by one and replaced by gardens and beds of flowers.

An antiquarian would revel in Cologne, there is so much of the old to trace down to the new. There is an old Roman tower and a part of the wall and many houses dating back to the thirteenth century.

The foundations of the Cathedral were laid in 1248, although it was not completed and consecrated until 1850. The engravings of it give little idea of its length, breadth and height, or the

MAGNIFICENCE OF THE FINE CARVING

with which it is covered from the foundation to the summit of its two great towers. The interior is equally fine and the beauty of the stained windows and chapels and carved stalls and tapestries can hardly be surpassed.

I was fortunate in having friends residing in the city, who spared no pains to make my visit as interesting and enjoyable as possible. They were very proud of the improvements which are rapidly being made in all directions—the new streets, which have been laid out, the fine embankment which will soon follow the Rhine for miles in front of the town, etc. But we have enough that is new at home; and we desire to spend all the time possible in and around the Cathedral, which has given the city its world-wide fame, and through the quaint, old, narrow streets there is an old paved market place, in the center of which is a beautifully carved and lofty stone drinking fountain, and we stop to listen to its story.

About the year 1593 there lived a farmer's boy, Jan Van Werth by name, and he fell in love with a pretty serving maid by the name of Margareta or Greta. They plighted their troth, but Jan was forced into the army and obliged to go off to the wars and fight the battles of his country. Fifty years and more went by and in the meantime the farmer's son had risen step by step until he returned home for the first time, a Commanding General, and right here in the year 1652 he finds his Greta, old, and yet with a wonderfully

YOUNG AND LOVELY FACE,

but forced to earn her bread by selling fruit in this same market place. He recognizes her at once and, of course, her life is sunshine ever after. You don't believe the tale? Well, the people of the City of Cologne did, at any rate; and the whole story is woven in and about this lovely fountain erected by her citizens to commemorate the event; and there you may have every vestige of your doubt removed to-day.

A fine stone bridge crosses the Rhine in front of the city. A rapid night's ride through Dusseldorf and Hanover brings us to Berlin. As we pass through Charlottenburg we can see the tower of the palace which poor Kaiser Frederick made his home. Of Berlin, something later on. I am off for St. Petersburg to-night, and, unfortunately for us, the fast train has not yet been put on, so we have a ride of two nights and two days before we can reach the "Tear's Window."

If it is May or June do not come to Russia without the heaviest winter clothing and the heaviest of winter wraps, even though you may have left England all ablaze with hawthorne blossoms, Holland carpeted with tulips, and Berlin at summer heat. Remember that the Russian calendar is twelve days later than ours. Remember that St. Petersburg is on the shores of the Baltic Sea. Remember also that you are on the direct road to the North Pole. Already I have seen two hard snow storms, and our teeth have been on a continual chatter since reaching here. In the country (May 28) the peasants are just plowing and sowing for their summer crops, and in the city

HEAVY OVERCOATS AND FURS

seem quite at home. There is one thing, however, that strikes a Canadian very agreeably as well as strangely, and that is the suddenly increased length of the days. Even now the sun does not set until about 9 o'clock and rises no one knows how early; and soon the longest days will have reached here when the sun is only nominally below the horizon from one-quarter past 10 till one quarter before 2, but really the twilight is so bright that one can read with ease all night. No doubt this has much to do in maturing the harvest so rapidly in the few months of summer.

The journey from Berlin presents nothing of special interest until you reach the little stream which makes all the difference between Germany and Russia. Wirballen is the first town on the frontier after passing the border, and there of course passports are examined and baggage searched, but no more thoroughly and with quite as much politeness as a foreigner is apt to meet on landing in America. In fact, I have received no more courteous treatment anywhere than right here in Russia from the first day I entered it, both on the part of army officers, police and civilians, and I believe that no one, unless he is very obstreperous and bound to disobey the laws, need have the least difficulty in going everywhere and with the utmost freedom. Of course, with a swarming population, composed of such varied elements, regulations must be strict and obeyed to the letter; but would it not be well if some of the American cities, which are similarly situated, were under discipline as strict? There is very little show of force here; one sees more armed soldiers in Berlin in an hour than in Petersburg in a day, and everything is more quiet and orderly here than in any Canadian city of its size that I know of. We have been educated to think that the Emperor sits all day, cowering in his palace, entirely unapproachable, and

SURROUNDED WITH GUARDS

on every side. Don't you believe it! The facts are that he rides about the street in an open carriage frequently and utterly unattended, except by his driver. Of course there are parts of the city where he probably would not venture in that way; and are there not in London and New York sections where it would not be wise for anyone to go without protection? He is not only one of the most fearless but kindest hearted of men, and it is said to be a very common occurrence for himself and the Empress to visit the hospitals and asylums entirely alone. He seems to be very popular and his picture is exhibited in almost every window. So much for the facts which I have been careful to verify.

St. Petersburg is a most interesting city. The streets are very broad and well paved with stone and wood, and they are kept in a manner which would put our authorities to the blush. The buildings are many of them very fine, especially the cathedrals, one of which, that of St. Isaac, is magnificent. On either side of the altar are large columns of lapis lazuli not less than thirty feet high, and outside of these still larger columns of malachite, four on each side at least fifty feet in height, while between these columns are very large and finely executed pictures in mosaic. The wealth of gold, silver and precious stones used in ornamentation one would scarcely believe without having seen. The music in all the cathedrals is very fine. There are no instruments in any of the Greek churches, but the effect of the great choir composed of men and boys is grand. The Russians are

A VERY RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

There are hundreds of churches besides the cathedrals, and also little buildings for prayer in many places on the streets; they are very careful not to pass one of any of them without the utmost reverence. You are riding in a street car when suddenly every hat will come off and all are crossing themselves. You look around to see what is the matter and find you are passing some church, though it may be at a distance from it. Even the "drozky" drivers, though it must necessarily be the utmost ingenuity at times to pick their way through the crowded streets at the pace they go, still are always on the lookout for the praying places, and seldom pass one without removing their hat bowing and crossing themselves.

Of all the cities we have seen St. Petersburg is the most bewildering, and one can scarcely be placed in a more confused position than to be set down alone in one of these streets. The signs are all Russian, of course, and look like Greek written backwards, while the strange language on every side renders the position still more difficult. However, as long as one can make signs he can manage in some way—but more of this hereafter, as this letter must go to the mail.

Sir Richard Burton's Opinion.

Sir Richard Burton, the veteran African traveller, who is at present staying in Paris, has written the following letter:—

"I do not despair of Stanley even if the mysterious white Pasha of the Bah-el Ghazel should turn out to be Emin, which is probable. Stanley is an artist in the surprises, catastrophes, and properties of a drama, as well as in its denouement. He is, in fact, a sort of geographical Sardan, and when the world pulls out its cambric handkerchief he will probably come up smiling and ask, 'what the deuce is the matter?' I am a great admirer of Stanley. He is simply the prince of African explorers of this day or of any day. But as an administrator I rank him below par, and the best proof of this is that of all the new stations he has founded on the Congo, at a cruel expense and waste of life and labour, as well as of gold, there is hardly one that has not been abandoned and left to fall in ruins.

MR. STANLEY'S AVOWED OBJECT.

"On the present occasion his avowed object was the rescue of Emin Pasha, who has distinctly and determinedly declined to be rescued, but Stanley's real object was to divert the ivory trade from the long and expensive Zuzbar line to the cheap and safe waterway of the Congo. The idea is excellent. By this means Belgium recoups the millions wasted upon expeditions and stations. Zuzbar also, under the unprejudiced annexationist, our cousins German, can have the profit of the slave exportation; nor would a Teuton of them all raise a hand against what brings grit to their mills. Stanley has thus, by one touch of his magic wand, converted the Congo Free State, the happy hunting ground of Tippoo Tip and his merry Sawahili men—absurdly named Araks—into a Congo Slave State *par excellence*. The great slave mines are now transferred from the Unyamwezi country, the old Mountains of the Moon, to the Upper Congo. These fresh diggings remain to be exploited, Tippoo Tib is made governor. (God save the mark!) of those new slave reserves, at a salary of £300 a year, where he can easily make £30,000 a year, and where his followers are pretty sure to shoot him if he talks any nonsense about the abolition of slavery. You must not expect to hear any truths of this kind in England, where the imperious and tyrannical opinion of society subdues even the boldest spirit.

Failed to Suit.

There are times when it behooves the wisest and most dignified of men to descend to the level of more commonplace people. A learned and good but very grave and reserved minister, making his first round of pastoral calls, visited the family of a member of his church, and was so favorably impressed with the lady that he stayed a long time. Unfortunately, he had not made an equally pleasing impression on her. "How did you like Mr. Battie?" asked her husband, over the tea-table. "Well, I can't say that I liked him particularly," was the reply. "Why, I felt sure you would be pleased with him, he is such a thoroughly good and earnest man."

"Oh, I don't doubt that, and I do like his sermons. But I don't think much of him for a pastor."

"Why, what is the trouble?"

The wrath and disappointment that has been increasing ever since the minister's departure broke forth.

"Well, I don't care who a man is or how learned he is, when he comes to make a friendly call at my house, and I have my baby all fixed up and brought in for his special benefit, I think it's as little as the man can do to pay some attention to the child, and that man sat here a full hour, with that dear, sweet baby under his very nose, and never even looked at her, or asked her name. He don't seem sympathetic, and I know I shan't like him."