

## JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN JOURNEY, 1884

By Ella Louise Fiddian

[This is a certified true copy of the Journal of  
Ella Louise Fiddian, written on a journey  
through America in October and November  
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We anchored in the harbour of San Francisco on Monday night [6<sup>th</sup> Oct] at 9.30 after a pleasant and fairly speedy voyage. It was a lovely moonlight night, so we had a good view of the Golden Gate [Strait] and the city lights in the distance but a fog soon enveloped us, so we retired for the night, quite glad to be at rest after the severe tossing of the previous night.

Next morning we were up at six, had breakfast, finished our packing, were inspected by the Health officer and left in a steam tug at about eight o'clock. A very few minutes brought us to the wharf, where we had a troublesome delay owing to the Customs officials, who insisted on seeing the contents of every box. A great number of Agents were coming round asking for patronage but the popular one being Mr McKay, we promised to call on him for information later in the day. At last we got safely in the coach for the Palace Hotel, with several other passengers and the Captain. We drove through narrow, badly made roads, seeing very little but scores of Chinamen and a few women, bound evidently for the China Mail which was leaving that day.

Arriving at the Hotel, which everyone has heard of, we entered a large enclosure, a sort of quadrangle, with a marble floor, upon which it was easy to slip; large exotic plants were blooming, lounges and chairs were dotted about and things looked so cool and fresh. We walked into the Office where James at once wrote our names in a book. The Manager at once pronounced the number of our room and gave the key to a porter who conducted us in an elevator to the fifth floor of the Hotel and into a beautiful room furnished most luxuriously as a combined sitting- and bed-room. We did feel thankful to have such comfort after the six foot square cabin on our ship. I had a hot bath in a room which led from our bedroom and when I was dressed, fresh and clean in things that had not been worn at sea, I felt like a new creature. We went down to lunch (only "fair" for such a place), afterwards meeting Mr Brookes, a fellow passenger and arranging for a drive together.

We went in a comfortable carriage and pair (there being no cabs whatever in the city) and drove through some Gardens to the Cliff House and Seal Rocks, which are well worth a visit. There were hundreds of seals on these rocks, black, dark brown, light and a sort of grey. They were making a horrible noise, something between a bark and a grunt; each time they make this bark they move their heads backwards and forwards, giving a cluster of them the effect of maggots on meat (excuse the expression!). We drove through the part of the town on our return, where the principal private residences are situated; very handsome looking structures but every one built of wood. The lawns and gardens to some of these were beautiful in the extreme; for instance, a bank of emerald grass and inserted in it an anchor of dark foliage plants or some other device equally pretty.

Now we drove through the Chinese Quarter, street after street filled with Chinese men, women and children. They mostly looked happy and contented, the men standing about smoking opium, the women sitting at their doors or windows with their babies and children around them. It was rather a novelty for a big carriage to pass through their streets, so we had lots of glances turned upon us and I was not sorry when we got out again into fresh-smelling streets and met European faces. We enjoyed the drive immensely, however and followed it up by

going to the Opera after dinner to hear "La Mascota" which was a failure. I saw several of our passengers there also; some who had seen it in London thought it very good, so I must be difficult to please, I suppose. Had a nice little supper when we got back to the Hotel, half a dozen oysters, very large. I prefer what I have eaten in Melbourne.

We were very late up in the morning and it was as much as we could do to arrange matters so as to get away by the afternoon train. We had a good deal of business to transact what with shopping, seeing Agents, Bank, getting views, etc. However we were ready. We said farewell to our fellow passengers and were soon in the Palace coach bound for the ferry boat, which conveyed us across the Harbour to our train. The ferry is a very beautifully built steamer, so pray do not imagine anything small. We were about 15 minutes in this, then got right into our train, where we are to spend two whole days and nights, travelling over 900 miles.

We started at 3.00pm; a great many passengers, among them a lady, three children and a nurse, in the next section to us. We were rather annoyed by these little ones who were fearfully noisy, so we were greatly relieved when the next morning they took their departure for a branch line. I did a little of my work but it soon began to get dark. However, we passed some very pretty fields, smelling so fresh and sweet with the scent of new-mown hay.

We arrived at the Sacramento River and were taken across bodily, train and all, just as we were in a very large ferry boat said to be the most powerful in the world. We had tea at Sacramento and enjoyed it very much. The steak was just beautifully tender and I had not seen a piece like it since I left home.

We went on our journey and in the night passed some grand scenery but of course missed it as we were in bed. I could not sleep very well; however, I occasionally lifted the blind and by the moonlight could see hills covered with splendid pines - real giants. We were gradually ascending the mountains of Nevada and passed through several snow sheds, one forty miles long. It has been built for several years, but is added to each year and is a necessary protection for the trains in winter.

The whole of the next day we were travelling through the American Desert, a most interesting journey but with clouds of alkaline dust so we dared not open the windows and the closeness was most oppressive. In desperation James and I went out and sat on the platform but my red cap blew off and I could not open my eyes for the dust, so we took our places again and had to bear it. We saw some beautiful snow-capped mountains, the first fall having taken place a few days previously. At several stations, too, we saw groups of Indians, some of them with faces as red as possible produced by paint. Sometimes, while we were at a station, some would run along the length of the train calling out "milk oh". I was always ready for a draught; and fruit too was to be had in the same way.

Another night in the train and about breakfast time we reached Ogden, where we changed trains for Salt Lake City, the journey occupying about one hour. We had a most exciting race when about three parts of the way there with a Mormon train - opposition of course. The lines in some places run side by side and then verge outwards again. I am sorry to add that the Mormon train got in first.

We drive in a four-horse bus to our hotel, the Walker House, where we had a very fair combined room but the meals were disgraceful and the charges exorbitant. We had to pay half a dollar for every bath, which was a great swindle. We went for a beautiful drive round the city in the afternoon with our friend Mr Brookes who gave us the treat.

We saw the Mormon President, John Taylor, a venerable looking old man; also the beehive houses there built by Brigham Young for his wives [Young was the 2<sup>nd</sup> President and Taylor the 3<sup>rd</sup> President of the LDS Church]. It is said that you can always tell a Mormon house by the number of doors it has, each door representing a wife. We were struck with the fine streets, all shaded with splendidly grown trees, with the grass lawns and gardens to many of the houses. The Virginia creeper grows there to perfection and is now in its richest colours. Beautiful little streams of fresh water flow down each street from the mountains which seem to stand all around the city; and this water is used by the people for irrigating their gardens. There is a Park laid out, but it is only in its infancy at present. We had a pretty drive through it, however; seeing, close by, acres of squash melon growing as feed for horses. We visited Camp Douglas,

the US Military Station, situated in the hills close by. Everything was beautifully in order. The men's quarters first, then the officers'. We also saw a quiet little cemetery, which is visited one special day in the year by all the townspeople, who decorate every grave with flowers and the National flag in miniature. These remain untouched till the year has expired and are renewed then.

We gathered some wild sunflowers which grow on the hills in abundance; also some red leaves of a bush of the oak family, which is scattered about in the mountains, looking perfectly scarlet from a distance. We finished off the day by buying some views and some Mormon literature; and in the evening had a little music first and then whist.

We spent Saturday in going about the city on foot, shopping and getting repairs executed etc. One immense building is called the ZCMI or Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution, with a motto over the entrance "Holiness to the Lord". It was put up by Brigham Young in opposition to the Gentiles shops and is doing a fine business.

We hoped to visit the Lake itself but it is sixteen miles distance from the city so we had to be satisfied with having passed it on our journey from Ogden, when it really looked beautiful, nestling in the mountains and borrowing its colours from them, except at one gap where the sun's rays had left a pale white streak; the whole scene reminding me much of a picture I have been copying called "A Norwegian Fiord". On Sunday we attended Service at our own church in the morning and heard a loving sermon on "The Good Shepherd" by Dr Jackson, chaplain to the Forces, who related a touching incident about "Jim" a newsboy, which had many crying before he had finished.

We found on our return to the hotel that several of our passengers had caught up to us, anxious to see the great Mormon gathering in the afternoon; so after vainly endeavouring to get something decent to eat, we started off. We were late so had to be content with a back seat; however, considering what an immense building we were in, we could hear fairly well. Someone was offering prayer when we went in, then a fine choir of, I suppose, 80 to 100 voices sang a hymn to the tune we have in our hymn book "Jesus, lover of my soul". Several instruments accompanied them, besides a grand organ. The whole thing was a blessing invoked on the emblems of the Lord's supper bread and water which was then handed round to the people, every Mormon man, woman and child partaking of them. We had to pass them along the seat and James helped himself to the bread, much to my chagrin but I persuaded him not to take the water. While all this was going on two addresses were given, the last by Brigham Young Junior [later to become President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles]. These addresses seemed to be meant for those who were not Mormons but not one single argument did they bring forward that any of us could admit as such. It was simply "twaddle" such as "I believe", "Mark you", "the Scripture says" etc. and he concluded his remarks by saying to the Mormons "I have heard that some young men have actually descended so low as to read 'The Tribune'". This is the paper that opposes their religion. There was an anthem sung, a prayer offered and we escaped, glad to be out of such a place. Crowds were thronging through the doors. There must have been four thousand present, although twice that number can be seated. A great many then went on to a concert at Camp Douglas but we returned and spent a quiet evening at the hotel.

Next morning we were on our way to Denver and were passing through some of the grandest scenery imaginable. We had one night only in the train this time, arriving at 11.30 the following night. We had to cross the Rocky Mountains, on this journey, so it was there we had such grand views. The Grand Canyon, the Black Canyon, etc. are gorges in the mountains through which we passed natural windings as it were to lead through to the other side. In one place the rocks are so steep that the men in marking the line had to be let down in baskets. The ropes are still to be seen hanging over the face of the cliff, which is almost touching the train as it glides along. Then, there were the streams. Oh! I never before saw such colours. The beds of some are rocky so the water goes tumbling about, rushing along because the incline is so great; and often you see beautiful little rapids and falls. I do not attempt to describe this grandeur, I only put down a word or two to remind me in years to come, if I should forget, but I do not think I ever shall. It seems photographed in my mind, every detail. I only wish I could send duplicates to my friends in Australia, who have no opportunity of seeing for themselves. During part of the journey, on the second day, an "Observation car" was attached, into which

most of us got. This is similar to an ordinary car, only minus top and sides. At one little station we had to wait for a train, so were able to get a quarter of an hour's walk and picked up some pretty pieces of granite.

We arrived at Denver very late, having vainly tried to get a sleep on the car. We drove by bus to the Windsor hotel, a first class place, where we had a very comfortable airy room in the usual style and meals all we could wish. There is one thing that strikes me in America and that is the slow ways of the waiters. No bustle or life, simply a crawl and getting the thing done by degrees.

The following day I had a very bad headache, so dosed myself with "sanguinaria" and did some mending, while James had a look around and bought me some fresh smelling salts. By lunchtime I was better and able to eat pretty well, so we went for a walk round the town, which is the capital of Colorado State and a busy place. We went to the Grand Opera House in the evening to see a play "Fedora". It is a charming building, beautifully arranged and furnished. We enjoyed the play fairly, although the end is too tragic. Fanny Davenport [famous London born Anglo-American stage actress, with her own company] took the leading character of the Princess.

The next morning we went buying views of the lovely mountain scenery around and also some mineral specimens; a pair of solitaires in smoky topaz, a brooch in white amethyst and a pin of iron pyrites. After lunch we rested a while and then took a train for Broadway, a suburb which disappointed us much.

We left that evening by train for Chicago at 9.45; went to bed at once and I slept well, but not James he always took the upper berth, so had the lights full on him until very late. The car was quite full, some nice little children, one lady who took no notice of her dear little baby 7 months old. Several of us were only too pleased to talk to her and amuse her, but the mother never even spoke to it. They were a family named Collier, going East for eighteen months and afterwards to Australia. We read a good deal this journey, I having bought "East Lynne" [Victorian bestseller by Ellen Wood about infidelity – not really honeymoon material!]. The dust was very bad the first day, but the next we passed through some of the finest pastoral country in the States. There were lovely "James" cattle in splendid condition, haymaking going on, orchards full of fruit and everything giving one the idea of peace and plenty.

We arrived in Chicago at 3.20 pm on Saturday and came to the Palace House (where I am writing), engaged a room at five dollars per day without meals, just to see if we could manage better and we find we can. We had a dinner that first evening, however, which cost us over two dollars, but that was through a mistake of ours. It is positively surprising to me the number of dishes we naturally order. You see, the usual way is to pay so much a day for room and meals, then you can eat every course or none, it makes no difference; but we find the American plan the best. I am sorry to say we got up too late next morning for church. It was 20 minutes to 12 when we had finished our breakfast, so we read and sang hymns to ourselves. Then we went for a walk to Lake Park, all along the banks of the Michigan but not very pretty we thought. We then walked down into the city and found a good restaurant where we took lunch. None of the shops put up shutters, so people gaze in at the windows just as on ordinary days. Newsboys go about selling their papers, men stand at corners with trays of novelties or fruit; in fact we have not seen such slight notice taken of the Day of Rest anywhere. James had a bad cold and I did not feel very bright, so we stayed in all evening and rested.

Next day we went round seeing the shops, Cook's agents and Mr Robertson (nephew of Mrs Gardiner of Geelong) who is in a large publishing firm here (Rand, McNally & Co) about the second largest firm in the world. We had a nice conversation with him and he gave us the names of shops worth seeing, also two pictures. We went into an immense place a whole block of buildings belonging to Marshall, Field & Co., Universal Providers. I noticed some fine linen goods marked cheap, and some fancy goods, but otherwise I do not think it claims to be a cheap market; if you want that make your way to "The Fair", a whole block also, but a very different style of business. This is where all the merchants in the city have a stall, and where they send any surplus or damaged goods, and mark them down low. Little girls do the work of cash boys, their uniform being green check pinafores covering them right up; and the babel of their voices screaming out the change required is perfectly bewildering.

We then found our way to what is known as the Panorama of the Siege of Paris, a gentleman having casually mentioned it to us as a place well worth seeing. We found an octagonal building, two stories high, with good porch entrance. Having paid 50 cents each for admission we walked up a spiral staircase, and found ourselves in Paris. Really I can say nothing else that would give you the idea. We were standing on the roof of a little house and all around us, as natural as though real life, were the soldiers in their different companies, forts dismantled, shells bursting, and houses on fire. There were Generals on horseback directing movements, ambulance waggons and nurses in white uniforms, men in the trenches and the River Seine winding peacefully about with the various suburbs in the distance. The picture which is hung all around the building is 60 feet in height, 400 feet in circumference, covers 2,400 sq. yards of canvas, and took eleven men ten months to execute. The chief artist is Felix Philippoteaux, who was himself with others of his fellow artists personally engaged in the siege. While we were gazing in wonder at the scene, a man came up and gave us a very interesting account of the history of the whole thing, pointing out the principal men, buildings, etc.; to make the scene more lifelike the foreground is real. Sheds, carts, tools, grass growing, sand, trees, etc. are there, and it is impossible in some places to distinguish between real and the unreal. We were very glad that our friend had mentioned it to us, or we should not have heard of it until perhaps too late; for it certainly is the most wonderful thing in art that I have ever seen. We bought at the door pamphlets containing the history which we can read at leisure.

We had lunch and then took a cable car for South Park, which is only one of many that grace Chicago. We had a ride of about 4 miles, then changed cars and went another mile and a half to the entrance of the Park. I can only say to mention that it is beautiful in the extreme. I do not expect to see any in England to surpass it.

We are travelling just at the right time of the year for America - all its trees are gorgeous with their tinted leaves and the lawns are simply perfect. There are wild animals in an enclosure, an artificial lake, beautiful flowers and splendid drives.

We had intended going on that evening but changed our minds and stayed another night. Unfortunately, however, the rain came down in torrents and almost spoilt our day. We went about, though, on foot, and by tram, and saw several buildings but were glad to pack up and go on the next morning to Cleveland, travelling in a most comfortable drawing room car, which contains a double row of cushioned armchairs instead of the ordinary seats, a hassock and spittoon to alternate chairs and a wide space down the centre. The scenery all along was pastoral, splendid foliage of course. The stations seemed better; a meal we had at Elkhart was really first class. We had a most tiresome delay of an hour and fifty minutes at Toledo because some train had not arrived so it was very late, 11.30 pm, when we reached Cleveland. Here we found a good hotel and in the morning saw to my delight snow on the ground. However, out we went, walking and tramming, the snow falling on us beautifully. We found a very pretty street, Euclid Avenue, said to be one of the finest in the States. I bought a pair of gloves for I find travelling is ruinous in this respect and James a handkerchief as he had forgotten he had a cold and sent our luggage on further. We got back in time for a hasty dinner, and then took the train for Niagara Falls, arriving at 10.30 pm. The country all along was looking quite a novelty to me, with snow in every crevice and on every roof. In some places quite thick. At Buffalo we had a delay and a change of train for the worse I am sorry to say, as two rude young men annoyed me very much by spitting close to my feet. I was obliged to change my seat once, and then, when the opposite one became vacant, one of these "rudes" took it. James did not see what was going on till I had moved, or he would certainly have put a stop to such doings. It is the one disagreeable habit of Americans, they will spit.

We are now at Niagara, close to the majestic Falls, so can hear their pleasing roar, and can feel a tremble in all we touch from the concussion. It was rather startling coming to the hotel late last night. We drove in a bus from the station, which is on the American side, over the new suspension bridge into Canada - British soil once more. We stopped at a little Customs House on the bridge, and an officer came and interrogated us in the usual way: "What have you in your baggage?", "Only clothing and personal effects", "Very well, pass on". He was soon satisfied, partly, I think, because he had not been expecting anyone so late and had come out in his shirt sleeves although it was snowing. We proceeded slowly along the bridge, which is 1268 feet in length and looking over in the direction of the roar we could see two white

looking clouds soaring upwards. It made me feel a little nervous, I confess, to think we were crossing so near those awful rapids and all so quiet too, except the roar of the waters.

Arrived at the hotel, Prospect House, where we asked for some supper but were told everything was locked up at 9 o'clock, unless crackers and cheese would do. We said anything would do so long as it was something to eat. After waiting a long time it seemed, a boy brought us a tray with crackers, butter, splendid cheese, cake and lemon squash, which we imbibed through straws. This cold weather makes one very thirsty and everything we drink has ice in it, even a glass of milk.

All night we could hear the incessant roar of the Falls and our bed was shaking to such a degree, that I began to wonder whether anyone had got underneath, but I was too sleepy to wonder long, and when I got up and looked out this morning (Oct 24<sup>th</sup>) the nearness of the Falls explained it all.

The sun was shining brightly, so we arranged for a drive around at once. We were surprised to find so many tourists here, mostly ladies. The first visit was to a large house right next to the Falls. We ascended a winding stair and got out on the landing to look down. It was a splendid view, and indeed filled my mind with awe and wonder. We came down and were sent to different rooms to dress for a descent now. "Margaret" took me into a room hung round with oilskins etc. and asked me to take off bonnet, gloves, cape etc., pinned my petticoat up all round me, put on a red flannel jacket, galoshes, leggings and over all a tremendous oilskin coat with a pointed hood, which she pulled over my head. I must have looked positively alarming and certainly should not have liked to appear in such costume, but two ladies joined me, and I felt consoled. I met James outside, similarly equipped, also a guide, and after being scrutinised by those tourists who would not go down, we crossed the road and began the descent, through a tower which leads down to the bottom of the cliff. The stairs were winding, and at every turn there is a small window through which we all looked as we followed the leader, one after another. Arriving at the bottom, you begin to feel slightly damp, but wait a bit; we follow on over the rocks until we got almost blinded by spray and perfectly saturated too. My hood was slipping back, so I lifted my hand to pull it on, when I was stopped abruptly by the guide, who told me whatever I did to keep my arms straight down, as the wet would work right up my sleeves if I did not. On we went, and were soon at the back of a silvery fall which is a little divided from the main body. The two ladies were afraid, and had stood still at the bottom of the stairs, but I saw nothing to fear. There was a firm footing, and we were only getting wet. We went on till we got behind the great Horseshoe Fall, and we tried to look up, but oh! The spray! How it dashed upon our faces! And the roar! We stood a little while gazing at the Falls and at each other, for we did look so comical wringing wet. My hair was nice and curly a few minutes ago, now cats' tails were nothing to it! When we got back to the ladies, we persuaded them to go on, and we waited while the guide took them and then ascended those terrible stairs, and crossed the road again, looking simply as if we had been rescued from drowning. We went to our dressing-rooms and Margaret informed me that she had done the Princess Louise [Queen Victoria's 4<sup>th</sup> daughter] in the same way and other notables. She also informed me that if I liked to give her anything it was the usual thing. I had no American money left, so I gave her half-a-crown, and on re-joining James found he had given the guide half a dollar, besides paying a dollar each to go down.

We went on now to Clark Islands [now called Dufferin Islands] over the pretty suspension bridges called "Castor" and "Pollux", to see the Burning Spring, which is water so charged with sulphuretted hydrogen that it burns when a lighted paper is applied. The smell was odious and the taste as bad. These springs are always disappointing I find. We paid 50 cents each for seeing this. There is a good shop attached where you can buy splendid views, canes made of pretty wood, fans of eagles' down etc.

The next place to see was the Rapids. We went through a shop and into a sort of car which runs down a fearfully steep place, and lands you on the bank of the river some distance below the Falls. Here was a photographer's studio and lots of photos he had taken of visitors hung about. He was very anxious to take ours but a dollar for one copy was rather too much. Here was the spot through which Captain Matthew Webb swam successfully but it is a marvel to me how he did [Webb was the first person to swim the English Channel in 1875, but had died in 1883 trying to swim the Whirlpool Rapids]. The waves come with such violence at this bend

that the spray dashes up a great height, and the water seems to be boiling, so turbulent. We stood a long time there and it was an awful sight in the strict sense of the word. We came up again in the car which is worked in a peculiar way. As one goes up the other comes down of course there are two lines. Here we bought some fine views of the Falls and Rapids and should have got some curiosities also but the prices were absurd. Some beautiful stuffed birds, arranged in fans of soft white down, were lovely but I forebore from buying them. We got into our carriage again and after going to the top of the whirlpool, but not down the descent, we returned to the hotel amid a driving snowstorm for dinner. We were afraid it would be too wet to see any more, but were anxious to visit the other side, so went across the great suspension bridge, which is so elegant in its strength that it reminded me of a spider's web and entered Prospect Point Park (50 cents each and another 50 cents each for crossing the bridge), and went down another "shoot" (I call it), along a passage and had a view of the American Falls, which are very fine, but inferior to the Horseshoe. When we ascended again, we walked out on a platform right to the edge of the Falls, it seemed as though I could be down in them, as we were so close. I could not stay long, and it was most bitterly cold, wraps could not keep me warm. We drove now onto Goat Island ( 50 cents again) which divides the two Falls and James went down a very steep place, out on a point very exposed looking and dangerous.

I contented myself with watching him from the carriage. We passed on to Three Sisters Islands, all connected with pretty bridges and got some fine views of the upper weir. We then drove round the town itself, and returned to the hotel, oh so cold!

Next day we walked about, went exploring, and encountered difficulties but surmounted them, and were ready to start off for Toronto at 1.30 pm. Not a nice journey at all, such a smell of burning India rubber in those horrid stoves gave us a headache. However, every journey comes to an end, whether pleasant or unpleasant, and so ours did. We found a comfortable hotel "The Queens" where several acquaintances have stayed. James went out to look round the city at once but I was too tired, so rested quietly until after dinner, when we both sauntered forth. We went through a market and saw splendid displays of meat and vegetables etc. then did a little shopping, and returned.

Next morning, Sunday, we went to the Metropolitan Methodist Church, a noble building inside and outside, it can seat 2400 persons. Congregation good, sermon excellent, choir large but weak in ladies' voices. Sang the anthem "Bow down thine ear" (not our old one but one I have heard somewhere). The service was not quite the same order as ours, first a hymn, then prayer, reading, notices, hymn, sermon, prayer, collections, and voluntary, hymn and benedictions, all standing. The evening service was similar, although instead of a voluntary a soprano solo sang "Eve's Lamentation", very effective. The organ is as fine as any I have heard, and played well by a gentleman. Toronto is called The City of Churches, and well deserves the name, for there are 109 churches in it, all fine buildings. We saw most of the other prominent buildings including a fine University.

We left for Montreal at 8.30 next morning and arrived at 8.30 pm. Nothing to see en route and I was very tired and sick. Found a splendid hotel "The Windsor", the most elaborate I have been in yet, far more so than The Palace. James went down to supper. I had some sent up but could only eat biscuits and cheese, although a tray of delicacies also came up.

The next day we visited the Bonsecours Market, a very good one, the vendors being chiefly French, and chattering away in patois. We went into the Notre-Dame Cathedral [Basilica – Roman Catholic], several praying and one woman kissing the toe of St. Peter. The altar very solid looking, but not as pretty as some I have seen. James ascended the tower to get a view, and to see the big bell (Le Gros Bourdon) weighing 24,000 lbs and measuring 8ft 7ins at the mouth.

We went about the principal streets. I matched my wools and silks at a splendid fancy shop and we returned to lunch; James going out alone afterwards.

Next morning we took a tram out towards Mount Royal [volcanic rising in Montreal] and walked about, getting a good view of the harbour. Found, just before starting for Quebec, that Rev John Jenkins DD, LLD lived close by, and was pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church [actually Jenkins, an English born clergyman, had retired on health grounds in 1881 and had

only preached occasionally since]. I felt annoyed and disappointed too that I had not succeeded in finding out sooner, but it was too late to think of visiting him, so I wrote a short note and enclosed our cards. We had thought he was at Toronto but we could find no trace of him there, and at Montreal James looked through some list, but his name was not even there; it was, however, on a list posted up in the hotel.

We had a nice comfortable drawing-room car on to Quebec, mostly French people travelling, and at a restaurant where we had supper, the girl could not understand me in English at all. I was very tired when we arrived here, and the hotel is the worst we have been in yet. We took a "Waggon" (buggy) this afternoon and went around. There is a great deal of interest to be seen and had the weather been warmer, we should have enjoyed it more, but I have never felt anything like the cold here. It has been snowing on and off all day. Quebec is the oldest town I have visited, having been founded in 1608. Since then it has been besieged five times, including the final taking by the British in 1763. The walls and forts are solidly constructed of stone. There are five gates leading out of the city, one St. Louis, another St. John and others. Now only the archways are left, the gates having been removed. We visited the Citadel, were shown the guns and magazines and other quarters by an Artilleryman, who was sent to us by the Sentry on duty. We had a magnificent view of the harbour, Point Levi, Lower Quebec etc. The shipping is fairly extensive, the chief business being timber, or lumber, as they call it in America. The river is a mile wide here, and a mile and a half at Montreal.

We drove to the Plains of Abraham [in Battlefields Park], where General Wolfe fought and died; saw a monument erected at the spot where he fell and another monument to Generals Montcalm [French] and Wolfe. This was done to cement the peace between the two Nations. Quebec abounds in charitable institutions, some Catholic, some Protestant, some nondenominational. The Parliament Houses are very fine, also the Gaol and most of the Churches. We visited the French Basilica [Notre-Dame de Quebec], a very old building, having been consecrated in 1600, since partially destroyed and rebuilt, it seats 4000 persons. Several fine paintings, notably one by Van Dyck "The Crucifixion" [now in Notre-Dame-des-Victoires Church, it is a reproduction]. The altars are beautiful. We were not sorry to leave Quebec owing to the intense cold and a wretched hotel. We took the ferry across the river and almost lost my bag and rugs; the driver had carried them down from the bus and left them on the wharf, where I did not see them. After the boat had moved a porter threw them on only just in time. This was the first misfortune, to be followed by others, in that we got into the wrong train.

Our tickets were by the Grand Trunk Railway and we should have crossed by a different ferry. The man who passed us there was to blame. It ended in our having to pay extra fares to Sherbrooke where we got out, to await our proper train. We went to a hotel close by, got lamb chops to eat, I feeling very sick, and retired to sleep to be called at 2.30 pm. We awoke fortunately at that exact time, for the lad did not knock at our door till three. As it was we only just got our luggage safely checked and put on. We secured a sleeping berth and I lay down just as I was, only taking off wraps and boots, James undressing.

About 5.30 pm we arrived at the boundary of the States again, a station called Island Ponds. Here I heard voices outside my curtain, asking whose bag that was. I looked out and said it was mine. I was asked to open it, but somehow I could not grasp the situation at first and asked why. The coloured porter who was in charge of our car, said "This is the Hofficer, lady". "Well, but what does he want with my bag"? "We're at Island Pond in the States now". So it gradually dawned on me, and I opened my bag, satisfying the "Hofficer", and soon dropped off to sleep again. But he had first asked if we had any luggage in the van. I said "Yes we had but it had all been passed and examined in the States three weeks ago, and we had only been in Canada a week". He seemed only half satisfied, but went away. A long time after, it seemed, I heard voices again; "Take any passengers on from Canada?" to which the Porter replied "Yes, I guess, a lady and gent from Sherbrooke". The Officer said "Where are they?" and was answered "Here, Sir". Accordingly, I was once more interrogated. "What is your name?" "Mrs Fiddian". "Of course; you have six pieces of luggage in the van, which will all have to be examined. They are off now in the Customs Shed, and the train leaves in three minutes". He was in a great rage, so I thought I had better go out and see about it. I was there in a minute, taking bunches of keys. I quietly said "Do you wish to see my boxes?" "Yes, open them, please". I unlocked two, leaving the uncording to them. They pushed their hands down

the sides (what a pity there was not some dynamite to satisfy them!), shut them up and passed all the others without examination. I reiterated the statement as to their having been passed in the States a few days ago, and then how the man stormed! How he swore at the porter for not having told him! Oh, there was a fine row, but the conductor came along and told me to jump quickly on to the train, which I had only just time to do, landing ever so far away from our proper car, but you can always walk from one end to the other.

It was so cold and the snow lay like a thick carpet all around, and was still falling. The poor porter was in a great state for fear trouble should arise, although he had spoken boldly in his own defence. So we gave him a memo saying it was not his fault at all. The fact was the officers were two different men, one being inclined to let us pass, the other to make a fuss about it.

The journey was a very tedious one, lasting till 5.30 that evening, when we arrived at Boston, Massachusetts. We came to the Parker House and engaged a room on the European plan, which is, you pay so much for your room independently of meals, which you get how and when you like. It is much the nicer plan and cheaper too.

On Sunday [2<sup>nd</sup> Nov] we found our way to the Park Street Congregational Church, pastor Dr John L Withrow was the senior minister. An old church (built in 1809), fine congregation, beautiful singing (one special tune by Henry Francis Lyte, which I wrote in church on a card I had in my bag), and a grand sermon on Eph. 2.4 "But God, who for his great love, wherewith he hath loved us". I listened to every word, and thought it the most scholarly as well as heartfelt discourse I had ever been privileged to hear. During the service there were several new members admitted to the church. Their names were read out and they marched up and stood at the rail. When the pastor read a certain form he asked the congregation to rise, thereby giving their assent and welcome. One man was baptized, kneeling down and being sprinkled. The Minister afterwards gave a cordial invitation to any Christians to remain and partake of the Holy Communion. We accepted, and although not such a solemn service as we are accustomed to, yet we felt it good to be there. The people remain in the pews and elders carry the bread and wine around.

We attended the same church in the evening, having looked in vain for a Methodist, the latter having a service at 5 pm instead of 8 pm which is the usual hour in most of the churches. The sermon was on politics, and was an able discourse, urging people to vote for the man of pure life (James Blaine) [standing in the Presidential Election on 4<sup>th</sup> Nov 1884]. The singing by a choir of four voices was exquisite. On Monday, we visited Harvard University, a group of 18 buildings all substantial and handsome, containing some old memorials. We saw from a gallery the students' dining hall, well patronised, an immense place, the walls hung with oil paintings of veteran statesmen, learned men, etc., also numerous busts. We walked through a fine library. In all the institutions of this kind we find lady clerks. One thing I noticed about the students was the absence of gowns and mortarboards. I was also struck with their extreme youth.

We had lunch at a very poor place and took a tram for the Mount Auburn Cemetery, which is a truly beautiful spot. The entrance porches and gates cost I forget how many dollars, but an immense sum [\$10,000, about £250,000 today]. Here are the tombs of Longfellow, Winthrop, John Adams and others of historical fame. The monuments are very beautiful, and there is a lovely little chapel containing statues of these men. One feature is the names given to the various drives and avenues such as Fern Path, Mount Crescent, Violet Avenue, etc. The large trees throw a splendid shadow, and we walked in some places almost knee deep in leaves. Great numbers of men were employed gathering these up, but it looked an endless task. I approached a group of these men to ask the name of a beautiful variegated creeper growing on the chapel, but not one of them could tell me! The next day was the great election (Nov 4th) and a showery day, so I stayed indoors the greater part, going for a walk in the afternoon down town to visit some of the old buildings; and certainly the most interesting one was the Old State House, where the Parliament used to meet when America was a British Colony, and where the remonstrance was made to the Stamp Tax later on, to the duty on tea. Washington stood and read to the people in the street below, the Declaration of Independence. We saw the very table at which the men at the time sat, and deliberated upon the great question. We also saw some relic which came over on The Mayflower, but I must pass on.

Boston Common is a noble park right in the heart of the city, beautifully laid out in lawns, lakes, drives, etc., splendid statues of great men here and there. Americans seem very fond of erecting statues. There is one given by a man commemorating the discovery of ether as a balm for pain. The shops in Boston are very fine and the people dress very well.

In the evening we joined the crowd to watch the results at the News Offices. Intense excitement prevailed, in which mobs of schoolboys took an active part, gathering in numbers of 20 or 30 and rushing in a body through the crowd shouting something quite unintelligible to the uninitiated, but which always ended in "Hurrah". Nothing definite was known for two days, when it transpired that Grover Cleveland, the Democrat, was elected, much to the joy of most people, but I should have voted for Blaine, the Republican, who was only defeated by a very small majority.

We left Boston next day by steamer for New York, a very pleasant trip in the finest boat I have seen yet, most elegantly fitted up, and cabins quite a decent size. We arrived at 10 am on Thursday, and after a dispute with a cabman got safely to the Grand Hotel where we have a very comfortable room for which we pay five dollars a day exclusive of meals of course. We have been about a good deal, but have no friends to see, so that it gets dull. When we go out we simply take a tram or the elevated railway and get out as near as we can make out to the point of interest we are wanting. We generally manage very well. We spent one day in rambling about Central Park, a lovely place, containing menagerie, museum of arts and curiosities, Cleopatra's Needle, splendid lawns and terraces, fine old trees, lakes and grottoes etc. We saw little carriages with pairs of goats attached, ready to take visitors all round; also donkeys for the children to ride. We bought some lunch and took it down by the lake to eat, enjoying it far more than we should have done in the restaurant. I do not know how the Americans can bear the stifling smell of these places. I put it down to the heating stoves which are in every nook and cranny I see.

We had a look at the city on Saturday, fine buildings, large shops and high prices of course. In the afternoon we took a ferry to Brooklyn, where we visited Prospect Park, a real English site, my husband says. Here we saw fifteen tennis nets on an immense lawn, but no good play. There is a splendid suspension bridge connecting these two cities, at a cost of 17,000,000 dollars.

On Sunday we attended Presbyterian Churches, in the morning by design, in the evening by mistake. However, we heard splendid sermons, very diverse in style. The morning preacher, a Dr Hitchcock, gave us a quiet intelligent interpretation of God's speaking to Job out of a whirlwind. I gathered several new thoughts from it; but later Dr Paxton was all fire, abrupt, very earnest; his thoughts seemed to crowd about too quickly for utterance. His text was "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth" (Mark).

On Monday we went to see our cabin on the "Oregon" [Cunard Line, fastest liner on the Atlantic, launched 1883 and sank 1886!], for we leave America tomorrow at 1.30 pm. On the steps of the shipping office we encountered three of our old passengers. We were so thankful to see them for a few minutes not having spoken to anyone for about three weeks. They were taking passages for the following steamer which leaves tomorrow week. I think we ought to have a fair run, the last trip was made within the week. Our cabin is an inside one, unfortunately, that is, has no port, but the difference in price is too much for us to think of. One advantage we have is being just at the foot of the companionway, so we shall have air and light too. The saloon is beautiful, but there is no music room. A pretty boudoir for ladies on deck, a fine smoking room and a grand promenade deck, though, ought to compensate. Of course there is a piano in the dining room.

Now I come to our visit to the YMCA rooms a fine block of buildings, corner of 4th Avenue and 23rd Street. We walked in, took the elevator to the top and gradually inspected as we walked down. The upper floors are used as class rooms, lecture halls, professors' apartments. The Grand Hall is on the 2nd floor, and is a fine place galleries all round, grand organ etc., but would not hold so many as we get in Melbourne at the Annual Celebrations. On coming to the library floor we were met by a young assistant who showed us round, and was very polite in his attentions. I asked for a copy of the last report which he gave me, also a little book giving a condensed outline of the work being done. We wrote our names in the Visitors' Book before

leaving. I was glad to find that the whole building is free of debt. Of course, it had been in existence for over 30 years, so ought to be.

This, I think finishes America a country I am glad to have visited, but so far as I have seen, I think no more of it than before coming. The natural scenery is, of course, unrivalled, and I cannot speak too highly of it, but the cities, so noisy, so crowded with narrow streets. Such swindlers people are; and the men have such filthy habits of expectorating, no matter where, under your dress or anywhere. I often have felt inclined to say "Do you feel better now"? The paroxysms are sometimes very bad, and one would think it would culminate in a choke or worse.

Goodbye, my American neighbours. November 11th 1884.