

Travel Notes.**JOTTINGS BY A MEMBER OF THE MATRONS' COUNCIL.**

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On Monday our pleasurable duties at the Congress began, and in the intervals we enjoyed ourselves. I leave the official description of the Congress to better pens than mine, merely mentioning that never in my life have I faced a more sympathetic audience and never have I enjoyed meetings more. Of the high standard of many of the papers your readers will be able to judge for themselves, but it is a thousand pities that they must lose the delivery, the interested audience, and much of the interesting debates and comments, public and private, that followed; in fact the atmosphere in which they were delivered. That is, I think, what those amongst us who were privileged to be present will remember for all our days. Good papers we have heard read before; we have seen moments of enthusiasm, but a week of steady, keen, intelligent interest is a novelty, and marks a great progressive step.

Amongst the places we went to see were the Niagara Falls. I am not going to attempt to write about them. As Kingsley says: "They are wonderful, wonderful, past all whooping." I could fill a page or two trying to describe the volume of water thundering forever with a roar of its own, and the everlasting foam and the mist that overhangs it, but I am not going to try. Go and see it. And you will forget the awful advertisements, and the modern bridge, and the trippers in waggonettes, and the miniature Eiffel Tower, and the hotels, and the jangling electric railways, for you will see and hear nothing but those stupendous falls. Then, after abusing it, you will take an electric tram and run for miles down the gorge along the narrowing river, with its whirlpools and rapids below the falls (a gorge teeming with ghastly and bloody Indian legends), till you reach glorious Lake Ontario, when you will cross a suspension bridge to the Canadian side, climb in your electric car up a mountain slope, and so back, high up above the foaming river, among Canadian woods and pretty Canadian scenery, through Niagara to Buffalo, with a sense of semi-intoxication about you. But you will not be able to tell anyone else what you have really seen or what you really feel.

We left Buffalo on the Monday, and the Saturday before we went we held our grand meeting in the Temple of Music in the Exhibition, our platform close to the very spot where the poor President was shot, and spent the rest of the day getting a general impression of the Exhibition. I am not an artistic architect, so I may be for-

given for saying, that I thought the buildings and decorations rather florid, and was not extremely impressed except by the electric display, which was unique and grand. The outlining of all the buildings, statuary, and fountains down to the minutest detail in electric lamps, gave one the impression of being in a town built of light, and was extraordinarily effective. Of course, as everybody knows, all the motor power for this display was drawn from the Niagara Falls. We had a delightful evening at the Exhibition; supper at a very realistic German restaurant, with a real German military band, and wandering about the "Midway" afterwards. The Midway was a marvellous conglomeration of side shows of all kinds, panoramas, Indian, African, Japanese, and Philippine villages, Eastern cities with camels, and fortune tellers, dramatic performances, outbidding one another in weird names, and curio sellers from whom one could buy all sorts of odd remembrances, largely in the shape of Buffalos of many sizes and various prices. Sunday night and Monday morning we all scattered East, West, and South, and North.

Our party went South: my friends to Washington, I to Philadelphia. We travelled on the Pennsylvania railway and, though the view from the Lehigh Valley is more celebrated, I can only say that the run we made, especially as we passed through spurs of the Alleghany Mountains, along the broad, but shallow, Susquehanna river, dotted with tiny islands, is really beautiful. We started from Buffalo at 9 a.m., and arrived at Philadelphia at 7.35 p.m. If anyone will take the trouble to see what a tiny corner of the map of the United States we travelled across in that time, it will bring home the enormous distances one has to travel there to get anywhere.

I was met, of course, at Philadelphia, and went to stay at the Pennsylvania Hospital, one of the oldest Hospitals in America. Its foundation stone was proudly pointed out to me, dated 1755, which states how "George the Second happily reigning (for he sought the happiness of his people) Philadelphia flourishing (for its inhabitants were public spirited), this building by the bounty of the Government, and of many Private Persons was piously founded for the relief of the sick and miserable." This inscription was written by the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, who was for some time Manager of the Hospital, where they show you several specimens of his penmanship. If you want to be very comfortable and very peaceful at Philadelphia, go and stay at the Pennsylvania Hospital, if they will have you. It is beautifully clean, beautifully kept, very quiet, there are no students, and there is an old-world flavour about it, and its little green patches of

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