

humblest disciples with all the attributes which are properly those of its grand masters, thus proved their readiness to sacrifice unrestrainedly at its altar. Were I to live a hundred years in Canada I should never, and after what has passed, *would never receive one tittle of the delicate attention which the people of New York paid to me even during my short visit of three weeks—and that purely on business—to their beautiful and flourishing city.*

Christmas was fast approaching, and I was desirous of returning to Canada before the end of the year. My great difficulty—namely, that of procuring a person to superintend my press—having been removed, there was now no obstacle to my movements, and I only waited for a fall of snow to enable me to cross the Highlands, between New York and Albany, with that comfort, of which travelling over a winter road on wheels could afford no promise.

During my stay in New York I attended two of the churches. The one a French Protestant, the preacher at which was a great favorite. He was a young man of good address and delivery, and, if rumor spoke truly, much in esteem with the ladies of his congregation, to whom generally (that is to say the congregation) he inculcated the principle of doing as he desired them, without any reference to exemplary conduct in himself. This chapel was exceedingly neat, and fitted up in good taste. I observed that many more women than men attended the service, and, indeed, to confess the truth, this may have been one reason for my repeated visits to it. It is, *selon moi*, always pleasant to look on a beautiful woman, whether in the House of God or in a more worldly Theatre, nor can we render to the Deity a more perfect homage than what is involuntarily exacted by what we have already declared to be the most perfect work that has issued from his hands.

On Christmas Day—and one or two preceding my departure, I was resolved to gratify my curiosity as much as my devotion by visiting the church of St. Pauls, immediately opposite the Globe Hotel in the Broadway. I had remarked that numerous dashing equipages, containing the most fashionable women in New York, drove each Sunday up to the door at the usual hour of morning service, and had, on enquiry, been informed it was considered the Episcopal Church *par excellence*, in the city. I have an innate horror of going into a place of worship, and looking round like a beggar for some good Samaritan to pity my condition, and relieve me by offering me a seat in his pew.—I therefore took my stand near the large procelain, or Russian, stove near the entrance, and under the pretence of warming my feet, looked at each new arrival in the expectation that some one would enter to whom I was not unknown, and who would do the amiable by inviting me to a seat. I had not been five minutes before my friends, of the Broadway and the oyster supper, drove up and alighted from their carriage. It was the first time I had seen them since the night of their entertainment, for although I had called a day or two afterwards they were from home, thus compelling me to leave my card, when I should have preferred a personal meeting with those who had so politely treated me. The young lady, whom I have before stated to be a very fine girl, and wholly without affectation in her manner, expressed her delight at seeing me again, and insisted on my going into the family pew—an invitation which, of course, I was not there to decline. The church was not only neatly fitted up, but in a style of elegance not usually, *seen in London—not even in the Quebec chapel, or St. Philips.* The service differs from that of the English Protestant Church, and of course wholly so in the national prayers. The clergyman, I forget his name, who read the sermon, gave one appropriate to the occasion, and in a tone of voice which led me to infer that he was an Englishman, and not a native of the country. In fact the whole style of thing was strictly orthodox. And here by the way I must, while on the subject of churches, take occasion to remark on what I have not had an opportunity of noticing in its proper place—namely, the head of the Episcopal Church in Detroit. Few preachers unite a more commanding and dignified person, with a more imposing delivery than the Bishop McCoskry, whose powers of oratory are acknowledgedly very great, and whose impassioned appeals to his congregation are ever clothed with an eloquence and truthfulness which impart irresistible force to his arguments, and render him at once the awe and admiration of his flock. But although this gentleman, who is a man of deep reading and conversant with almost every subject, is strict in his sacerdotal character, and stern in the exaction of what he considers to be the moral obligations of his charge, he is, in private life, of an amiability and even cheerfulness that would scarcely lead any one thus meeting him, and ignorant of his pastoral character, to suppose that he was the uncompromising lasher of human vice, and the thundering organ through which the anathemas of the church are poured forth, carrying conviction to every heart. The Bishop McCoskry is about six feet high—of a good and well proportioned figure, with blue eyes, light hair, and rather florid complexion, while his manners and carriage are distinguished by an ease—even elegance—that is much more frequently observable in the man of the world, than in the servant of the church.

On the following Sunday, at an early hour, I had my baggage removed to the stage office, but instead of starting immediately as I had expected, there were so many delays from the asserted

inability to stir the drivers into action, or to procure the necessary horses—many of these having been lamed on the previous journeys to and from Albany—that it was nearly ten o'clock in the day before we could get off. The stage house was a filthy place, filled with people of a low description, whom I found were to be my fellow travellers, and whose vulgar and impertinent curiosity gave me ample earnest that I was not to hope for the enjoyment of the same comfort of society with which I had been favored on coming down. As in such cases I generally enshroud myself in a veil of taciturnity which is not easily penetrated, I took my assigned place in the stage, in a spirit of dogged sullenness and ill humor that promised little “word of speech” from me, at least until we should arrive at Albany.

The journey was tedious, and to me a very unsocial one; however, notwithstanding I did not exercise my tongue more than absolute necessity required, my ear was sufficiently on the alert, so that although not particularly edified or instructed by the conversation of my fellow passengers, there were local subjects canvassed in a spirit that often excited in me a passing curiosity. They were particularly free in their discussion of public men, and of their Governors especially, and as we approached Mr. Van Buren's residence, near Kinderhook, their quaint strictures on that celebrated functionary were perfectly in accordance with the bias of their political opinions. While some averred him to be the most exemplary, and wise, and virtuous statesman that had ever presided over the United States, others denounced him as an incapable tyrant, whose whole object was his own personal aggrandizement, and an utter recklessness of the interests of the people. This topic was so warmly discussed, while in the neighborhood of its subject, that I at every moment dreaded some unfortunate explosion, nor was it until some new scene, breaking upon the view, changed the subject of conversation, and afforded a temporary truce.

I reached Albany in time for the cars of Tuesday morning, and exchanged with pleasure the society of those I had been confined with during the route from New York, for that which I found on the railway, not that there was any particular difference in the style of passengers, but because I was desirous of change, whatever the garb in which it should present itself. One circumstance occurred, however, during this part of our route which I with pleasure record, and should these volumes ever fall beneath the notice of the individual referred to, he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that his civility was not extended to one insensible of the service he sought to render.

In changing cars at Schenectady—one of the greatest bores of this mode of travelling, from the very hurried manner in which that change is effected—I had used so much haste, that my purse, which I had in my hand for some purpose or other, slipped from my grasp without my being at all sensible of my loss, or even of the manner in which it had disappeared. I examined my pockets and shook my cloak, which was upon my knees, but no purse was forthcoming. The passengers, some twenty in number, were ranged along the sides of the car on seats disposed lengthwise after the fashion of an omnibus—I sat at one of the ends, and therefore the search and its result could not fail to be noticed by nearly all those within the car. In answer to some questions asked about my loss, I stated that I regretted it the more because my purse contained the only American money I had with me for defraying the expenses of my journey. Here, a passenger very respectably dressed, and, as I afterwards learned, a merchant residing somewhere between Buffalo and Detroit, was kind enough to say that any money I desired he would be most happy to place at my disposal to be returned to him whenever it might suit my convenience, on my arrival in Canada. This was certainly a piece of courtesy one does not often meet with in travelling as a stranger in a public conveyance, and to be met with among few other people. But the Americans, whatever their public repudiation, are in the more private and social relations of life, a hospitable and generous people, and although the strong speculative bias which is inseparable from their enterprising character, may when those speculations prove abortive, lead them as a body to disclaim a public or national pecuniary responsibility, I am quite satisfied that many of these men would be far more forward in tendering private aid, from which they were to derive no benefit, than the punctual supporter of the public credit, who would in all probability pay his just debts to the uttermost farthing, yet on whose cold heart and calculating head the more generous sympathies of our nature have no power. Far be it from me to justify those who have pledged the solemn obligation of their good faith, in exchange for pecuniary benefits derived through reliance upon that good faith, but most assuredly, I should far rather esteem the feelings of the man who, alive to the more generous impulses which adorn poor human nature, should extend his hand to render individual service, than those of him who, disdain every thing that is not based on his immutable principle of reciprocal benefit, should, with the most scrupulous exactitude, repay the pound of flesh required of him.

I could not but be deeply sensible of the generous confidence of the American, whom I warmly thanked for his offer, stating however that I hoped, on reaching Utica, to exchange sufficient of my