

site is well chosen, but its beauty and comfort are much augmented by rows of trees planted on both sides many of the streets: Why do not the founders of new towns in Western Canada, imitate the Americans in this particular? Few things add so much to the beauty of a town, to say nothing of the comfort of a shaded walk during our summer months. Cobourg, Hamilton, Brantford, and some other places I could mention, might be very much improved by this arrangement. But as few of their inhabitants will see my remarks, or care for my opinion on matters of taste, I pass on.

Five o'clock next morning, found us alongside the wharf at Whitehall. This is not a pretty place, though the scenery around it is wild; but rugged as is its site, it bears evidence of the power of the "voluntary principle," in the support of religion, for there are three or four Churches, very neat and commodious, erected for the accommodation of the several denominations of professing Christians. We proceeded by mail stage, and passed through some Dutch named places, such as Schylerville, &c. The country becomes richer as one proceeds, southward, until approaching Troy, it is beautiful. Indeed, after passing Sandhill, where we are introduced to the river Hudson, the ride is very fine, the river being generally a part of the scenery. There was one drawback on the present occasion, we had more than enough of water in the landscape—it poured incessantly from the clouds.

Troy is another of the towns which is beautified by rows of trees in the streets; but without stopping to admire them or its well built houses, or its fountains of water, or its enterprize, or its schools, and general character for sobriety, intelligence, and above all, religion, all of which might be dilated upon, I passed on to Albany. The road is the finest I have seen out of England. The arsenal at West Troy, would, I should think, repay a visit; but we cannot stop, and passing the mansion of the Patron, entered Albany. Troy is modern—Albany is ancient; that is, for the new world. It is an old fashioned looking place—has a Knickerbocker aspect, but, withal, possesses what is substantial in wealth and mental power, nor is it behind in the efficiency of its Churches. The Hudson is crossed and the railroad car becomes our conveyance. These cars are very social in their arrangements. Imagine a long ark, on some four pairs of wheels, with seats arranged as two chairs on either side, an aisle in the middle, and the chairs so constructed that their backs can be changed, and thus four persons can sit together as in a parlor and chat; and, moreover, if very socially inclined, one can pass from one part of said ark to another, holding conference with the occupant of any chair. Brother Roaf says, that this is better than the corner-seeking of the old stage-coach system, and I perfectly

agree with him. The road is through a somewhat romantic country at first, having been made by blasting the rock, and forcing through the rocky ridges by which the scenery is characterized. I say nothing of the Churches, &c, to which, in his letter recently published, Mr. Roaf alludes, except to intimate my concurrence with his views, in regard to the principle their existence develops. We remained an hour and a half at West Springfield. This is a gem of a country town, and really beautiful, a full use being made of trees on its street and roads. Here are elegant Churches, and beautiful dwellings, placed, not in stiff terraces on the side of the hill which overlooks the business part of the village, but arranged according to the taste of each proprietor, and having the little flower pot and garden attached. I wish the people would look a little less of the money making attributes of character, and aspect of countenance; this element rather mars the rural beauty of the scene. But railroad conveyances do not stop for moralizing, and therefore I must still onward. Worcester was passed, and its Lunatic Asylum, or, as called there, its "Insane Hospital" attracted one's gaze, and secured one's admiration. It is a noble building, and, I am told, the Institution is admirably conducted. They who project and establish such refuges for the sad victims of the worst form of disease to which our nature can be exposed—a disease which prostrates the powers of the immortal spirit, truly deserves well of their species. When shall we have something equivalent at Montreal? Surely we have benevolence and enterprize enough! Who will lead in the great endeavour?

And now we draw near the sea, and the old battle ground of the American Revolution appears in view. We cross the salt-water marshes by which Boston is half surrounded, and enter that Anglo-American city. I walked out from my hotel after tea, in the midst of fog, (so strange to an inhabitant of clear bright Canada,) and soon wandered to the front of a Church, in the basement story of which I saw lights. Entering, I found about twenty persons, all males, engaged in a meeting, which I soon ascertained to be a fellowship or conference meeting. Here were members of the Congregational Church engaged in prayer and exhortation, endeavouring "to stir up each others pure minds by way of remembrance." I was much interested by their brief and appropriate remarks. At ½ past 9, the meeting closed. This was the Park street Church, Boston. What noble edifices, and what enlightened spiritual Churches appear amongst our Congregational brethren in that city! Unitarianism, too, is manifestly going down. But my sheet is full, and you must hear from me again.

Your's truly,

H. WILKES.