

LETTER FROM REV. JAMES NISBET.

Steam-ship "Moses McClellan," Friday, 27th June, 1862.

Rev. R. F. Burns, St. Catharines.

My Dear Mr. B.—As I am now within twenty miles of St. Paul, I may as well begin a short epistle to you, although I find it very inconvenient from the shaking of the vessel.

Having had a parting prayer-meeting with the Oakville Congregation on Monday evening last, I took my leave of Oakville and all its endearments on Tuesday forenoon. I travelled of course by the Great Western Railway. On the way I had a parting word with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace at Ingersoll Station. At London the members of the Chiniquy Committee came on board. At Detroit, I met with Mr. Balmer and Mr. Labelle, and together we formed a nice little company at the Howard House, where we spent the night. In the morning the Committee proceeded on their way to Chicago by the "Michigan Central." I remained till the evening, and at eight o'clock (Wednesday,) bade good-bye to friends in Detroit. I had good accommodation in a very nice sleeping car. The frequent sound of the whistle prevented continuous sleep; but it was much better than none. Grand Haven was reached about six A. M. on Thursday, and immediately, I got on board the steamer "Detroit," and in less than half-an-hour was speeding through the waters of Lake Michigan. The spires of Milwaukee began to appear about noon. We soon landed, and baggage being transferred to waggons, a drive of about two miles brought us to the Milwaukee & La Crosse Railway Station, and by half-past one we were hastening on towards the great Mississippi. Four-and-a-half P. M. found us at the steam-boat landing of La Crosse, and in less than an hour we were steaming it on the placid, but dingy waters of the great American river. The day had been sultry, and the evening beautiful; but shortly after we set sail, a severe storm of thunder, lightning, and rain commenced which continued a great part of the night. This morning the storm had ceased and the sun shone out brightly, and we have had a lovely day—sailing among very beautiful scenery, very similar to the Hudson River. Such a sail is refreshing after jolting on railway cars for such a length of time.

The company mentioned in the *Globe* on Monday as having arrived *en route* for British Columbia, sent by the Overland Transit Company, have been my fellow-passengers from Detroit. They are nearly all in good spirits, but are justly displeased at the fallacious promises that were made to them of being conveyed to Cariboo in five weeks from Glasgow. They have been nearly that already on the way, and they do not know whether arrangements have been made for their course from St. Paul.

I shall keep this open and let you know how I arrange at St. Paul.

St. Paul, Sat. 28th, six o'clock.

Last evening, I set foot on the landing of this Nor-Western capital—a truly lovely situation, hills all around, and many very beautiful spots for residences. There are already some very fine dwellings built on commanding situations. I have had a walk through the greater part of the city and suburbs. I should say that in extent it is about equal to your old city, (Kingston,) and, like it, rests on a bed of lime-stone of the very same description. I have been at the quarries, and have seen the stone worked. The country in the neighborhood is fertile. Spring grain alone is raised. The smaller fruits do well; but apples have not yet succeeded.

I have called upon Rev. Mr. Richeldaffer of the O. S. Pres. Ch., and have promised to occupy his pulpit to-morrow evening.

I have been at Burbank's office and have found that my baggage arrived only two days ago, it has been on the way since June 4th. If they have not a full complement of passengers, they are to send it by the stages; but the probability is, that they will have the Overland Transit Company's passengers,