

We continued our way the next day through an undulating country, being what is called the Cumberland Mountains. The trees grew to a large size, and the autumnal hues were particularly beautiful upon them, as they were in great part deciduous plants, mostly the different kinds of maple. I saw at one of the inns where we stopped a wine made of the berries of the sarsaparilla plant. It had a rich red colour, something resembling claret, yet it smacked strongly of the druggist's shop.

In the evening we reached Amherst, a place situated, like Truro, on the borders of an extensive plain of marsh land. Like that place also the cheese made in it is of excellent quality. The only kind of manure used for the marsh land is the mud of the estuary, which is taken from the banks of the creeks and spread over it. The mud is probably similar to that of the Severn, as the country through which the streams pass consists of a red marl, not of the new red sandstone formation, for which it has been mistaken, but one which underlies the coal. Yet I never remember to have seen the same kind of mud made use of for manure on the banks of the Severn. Cheese here is about 6*d.* per lb.; butter, 1*s.* per lb.; farm labourers, 16*l.* to 32*l.* per annum, besides board and lodging. Before reaching Amherst we saw a number of waggons, with females in them, collected round a Presbyterian church by the road side, and we met many on their way to join them. We learnt they were going to a tea-party in the church with their minister. Certainly the church did seem an odd place for a tea-party, but where the people live so many miles apart, as