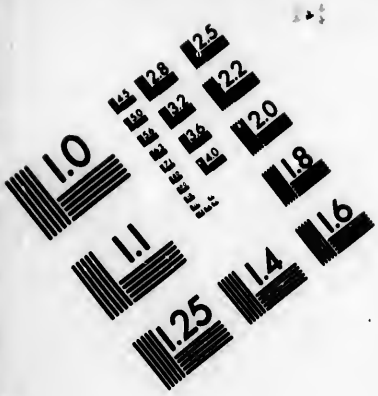

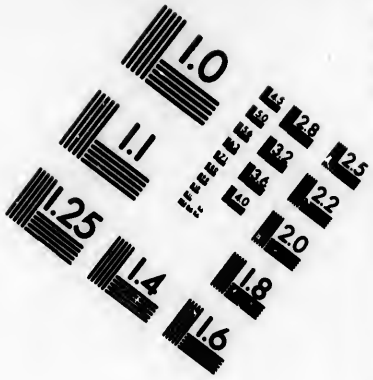

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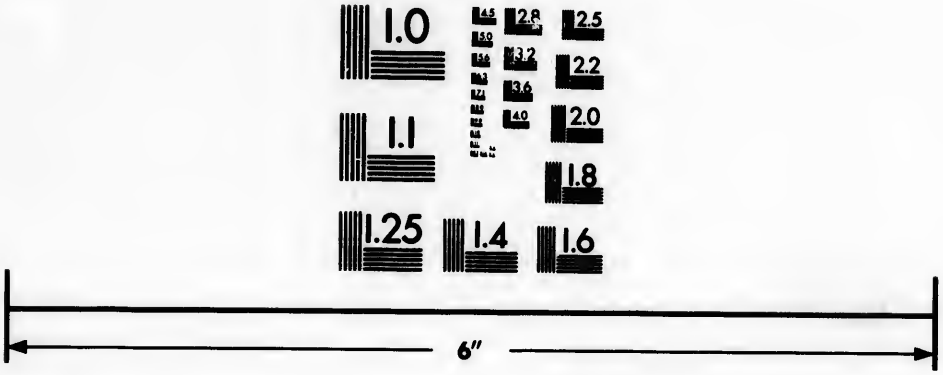

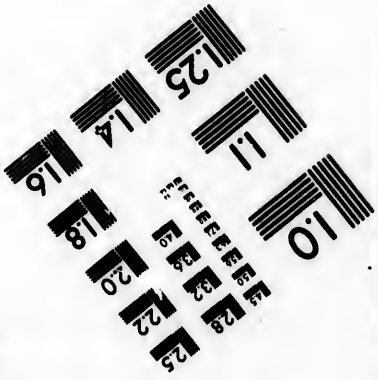

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NOTES OF A TOUR

IN

AMERICA,

IN

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1865.

BY

A. MITCHELL, JUN.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.
1868.

PREFACE.

REGARDING the following pages, I am well aware they have no literary merit. This could scarcely be expected, from the object and the circumstances in which they were written.

I did not see how I could remodel them without bestowing more time than I had at my disposal.

There is also much that can have little interest, except to myself; at the same time, I think there is some interesting information.

My immediate object in printing them is, that I engaged to give a lecture to a Christian Institute, on "Notes of my Tour in America," and I thought I could more easily cull the best parts to read when put into this form. Besides this, I believed my trip would have a more permanent interest to myself and family.

If a copy should fall into the hands of a few personal friends, I hope they will not be critical.

A. M., JUN.

MARCH, 1868.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR.

At six in the evening of Saturday, August 5th, 1865, we were slowly steaming down the Frith of Clyde.

The tug left us about five, and we found ourselves alone on the sea, bound for America. My travelling companion remarked, "Here we are, two orphan lads, cast abroad on the wide world." Our steamship, the Britannia, is one of the "Anchor Line," and about 1,300 tons. Captain Campbell says there are six small boats on board, which, in case of an accident, if not a gale, might hold 150 persons; but we have with us 370 steerage passengers, 18 intermediate, 30 cabin and about 50 of a crew, or about 470 souls in all. The captain remarked, that in case of requiring to resort to the boats, he knows *he* would be left behind—a sufficient inducement to take as much care as possible. Most of our steerage passengers were from Ireland; many of the children had bare heads and feet. I noticed one family of eleven members, of whom all the boys had sticks lately cut from the tree—evidently all the property they had acquired to remind them of their native land.

On board ship the time is divided into watches of

four hours each. The bell is struck twice at twelve o'clock, four times at one o'clock, six times at two o'clock, eight times at three o'clock, and so on every four hours. The captain and second mate take a watch of four hours; the first and third mate take the following four hours. This gives each officer about equal duty both day and night.

We had no minister on board. We had Professors Rogers and Nichol of the Glasgow University; the latter read service to us once on the Sabbath days.

I confess I did not sleep very well the first night; I sometimes awoke, wondering where I was, and what brought me on board.

The first complete day I spent at sea was the Lord's day; and to most the difficulty seemed to be how to pass it. I confess, when the evening came, I did not feel I had passed a very profitable time. But one day the time will come when the whole earth will be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the channel of the deep.

The weather for the first week was what I would call pretty rough—the Britannia pitched a good deal; but one of the officers said to me, "It's not bad yet; wait till you see her nose fairly in it." And soon it proved so, for her bowsprit seemed digging the sea. Standing at the stern and looking forward, you might see the vessel swinging like a plank with a boy at each end.

Here is the place in which to realize that there is but a step between you and death—not a mile, not a furlong,

not a yard, but a step! At sea you realize this more at night, in your berth, when you hear the "sough" of the sea, the dashing of the waves, the engine working, the screw squeaking, and you swinging: I minded the Psalmist's description:—

"They reel and stagger like one drunk,
At their wit's end they be:
* * * *
So to the haven He them brings,
Which they desired to see."

When it is rough at sea, things are never improved by speaking about storms: for example, the captain will generally have a story about some former storm. He told us he had once seen the waves so high, that if they fell on the ship they would reach from the bow to the stern. We were told of a boat that had left the Clyde for New York, which was never after heard of; another was lost about Newfoundland; and Captain Campbell remembered that on one occasion Captain Judkins crossed, and saw neither sun, moon, nor stars, all the time, and yet found himself, at his journey's end, not a yard out of his reckoning. This was running, as they call it at sea, a dead reckoning, or taking the position from charts, compass, and log. This reminds us of Paul's shipwreck (Acts xxvii. 20): "And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." The usual and safest way is to take the exact hour from the sun. It is done by a small instrument called the sextant, through

which you look at the sun: an index on it gives the sun's position, and from this you get the latitude and longitude.

A good many of our passengers were sick for a few days at first, but afterwards most of them came on deck. Heard one poor man complain to the doctor, after a day or two, that he would not put through long, he felt so weak, as he was not able to eat; but the only comfort he got was, that he might be glad if he ate any thing for the next four or five days. I am glad to say, the sickness did not trouble me the least.

At meal times we had generally some discussion on general subjects—the merits of America and Britain was a common one. The sky at sea is often very beautiful; but if seen in a landscape, it would be thought ridiculous. The clouds are bright and transparent, and the sky a fine clear light blue; while round the horizon the former stand up like columns and pillars, and it did not require a great stretch of imagination to fancy them all chariots and horsemen. Sometimes we see a ship plodding along, but it is merely a small speck. The porpoises gambol about occasionally, and even whales. We often had birds following the ship—the commonest of these is the stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chickens. Just let the scraps of the dinner be thrown overboard, and they collect from all quarters. How, it may be asked, do these birds, who are always out on the salt sea, get their thirst quenched? Their instinct causes them to look heavenward for it. When a shower or dew falls, they open their bills and look up. Is not this

what we ought to be more in the habit of doing, to look up for all our need. In our own Frith of Clyde we sometimes have fine sunsets; but both sunrise and sunset are seen to the greatest advantage at sea. Some days the sky is cloudless, and it is grand to watch the sun. Yonder it is! that glorious, dazzling orb: it looks as if it were going to have a bath in the sea. You almost expect to hear the noise a great burning mass would make on sinking into water.*

As we neared New York, there was almost no twilight; for in about a quarter of an hour after the sun sets it is almost total darkness.

I never beheld more stars than we sometimes saw. At the horizon they appeared so low as to be almost dipping in the sea.

> "In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice;
> For ever singing, as they shine,
> 'The hand that made us is divine.'"

We noticed a marked change in the air as we neared America; it felt balmy and warm.

The speed of the vessel is taken in rather an ingenious way:—A small canvas bag is thrown into the sea, to which a thin rope is attached; when a marked

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* The sunrise in the morning is equally fine. Half an hour before the monarch's appearance, he is heralded by the clouds having a crimson and gold appearance; and then he rises in the east, who set last night in the west, and has since traversed the opposite half of our globe—wherever he goes imparting light, life, and gladness.

given length of this thin rope has run out, one of the sailors turns a sand-glass which he holds in his hand, while, at the same time, the rope is still running out at the stern. Whenever the glass runs out, the sailor cries "Hold!" and the quantity of cord, which is knotted at intervals to tell the length, tells the speed or knots the vessel is going at. There is another plan, by a patent log, which indicates by a screw; but every day at twelve o'clock the position was taken when there was any sun, and our position accurately determined from it; and this, taken from the position we were in the day before, determined the miles run in twenty-four hours. For the most of our voyage we averaged about eight knots an hour.

The sailors don't seem to be able to get on without relieving themselves by different curious cries: "Yo! hi ho! come away; hi ho!" &c.

The passengers sometimes amused themselves by playing at the game of skittles. This is very good exercise: it is played on deck, and is something like billiards.

The distance from New York to the Clyde is said to be 3,200 miles. We took fourteen days. This shows an average of 207 knots, or 230 miles per twenty-four hours. I believe in every nine knots there are ten miles. Some days all our sails were set, and it was a fine sight.

We expected to see the Hibernia (the Britannia's consort) pass us; but she must have done so during the night.

Some days were fine, some stormy. I supposed that the stiffest breeze we had during the passage would be entered in the log-book as a "gale;" but I found it was only entered as a "strong breeze," and one of the officers told me I might go to bed without any anxiety.

I spoke to some of the steerage passengers as to their prospects on reaching New York. One was a ploughman from Dumfries, going to join his friends. Another was a farmer, who had got tired of the high rents, and thought if he bought land in America it would be like an entailed estate to him. Another family, from England, were going out to join their father; but most were from Ireland. Fancy from three to four hundred people leaving the Clyde once a fortnight for altogether; and it is only one port, and not the largest. When emigrants arrive at New York, there is a good plan for them instituted there. They are all landed at a place called Castle Gardens, where they find bed and lodging for a few nights, and where every information is given them as to how to proceed. Formerly there was quite a system of robbery and deception practised by a set of crimps, who lived by robbing the poor emigrants, many of whom became the same in their turn, and never left the low haunts in the worst parts of New York city.

One day we had a burial at sea. On a Saturday night an old woman, one of the emigrants, died. She had been ill since she came on board, and was well advanced in life. Soon after she died, her body had

been sewn up in canvas; and on Sunday, at twelve o'clock, the Union Jack was rolled round her, a short prayer read over her remains, and she was slid into the deep. We know nothing of the history of this poor woman. She had a son-in-law on board, who did not turn up till after her death—likely no one mourned much for her; but what a sad burial! How many griefs and cares, and joys too, she must have passed through! But here was her closing scene in this life! But, after all, what matters it where we die and are buried? Is the question not rather, Is Christ the resurrection and the life to me? for if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him; for the day will come when the sea will give up the dead which are in it. There being no clergyman on board, every thing was done in the most practical manner.

We did not see many icebergs going out; we saw more coming home. At some periods of the year they are to be seen as high as the mast of a ship, and a mile long; and some say that the proportion of ice below the water is twelve times as great as that above. The wonderful Gulf Stream floats them in the direction they go. A vessel has been known to go right through an iceberg; but this is a great risk. Sailors carefully avoid them, as it would destroy a vessel to run up against one. Their vicinity is generally best detected by the thermometer, which always falls suddenly two or three degrees as you approach one. When the sun shines upon an iceberg, it is a beautiful sight.

We expect, to-morrow, to come upon Cape Race. It is curious, steaming so far without sight of land, and then arriving at the very spot you desire. We do not actually cross the banks of Newfoundland, which are shallow, but go round the northern part of them.

It is generally very foggy about this bank, and the fog whistle sounded all the time. There are always a great many fishermen with their smacks, fishing. They remain out for about a month together, and then take a run home to discharge their take, which is mostly cod-fish. The French, American, British, and other countries, have each a part; and, to prevent quarrels, there is generally a war vessel or two cruising about.

The Glasgow steamers, in going to New York, keep, in summer, a more northerly route than the Liverpool boats; but in winter they keep farther south, for fear of the icebergs.

When we came near Cape Race, the officers had carefully sounded the depth; and, early in the morning, we were awoke by the information, "Land in sight!" And when we turned out, sure enough there was good old land again, being about the most easterly part of America, but still about 1,000 miles from New York, and called the Island of Newfoundland.

In half an hour's time we were alongside the light-house. A small rowing boat, with four men in her, was waiting for us. One of the four stepped on board, and spoke to the captain for five minutes. There is a telegraph from this station to New York. This coast

is a very dangerous one, and here a good many wrecks take place. Almost immediately after we left the Cape, we sighted a large steamer, which, as we came nearer, we saw had a red funnel, the mark of the "Cunard" steamers; and (as we did opposite the light-house, so also here) we ran up our signals, by which one vessel can read the other's name at sea. This plan is in universal use now, and is called Captain Marryat's System of Signals; besides this, the Union Jack (or the flag of whatever nation the vessel belongs to) is lowered, which means "How do you do?" then raised, and again lowered, which means "Good-bye; a safe voyage to you." On the same evening we sighted another steamer ahead, which brought us all to the deck; and there, looming in the distance, we saw a vessel bearing lights, and fast approaching us. All was stir and bustle to be ready to exchange signals. It was quite dark, and one could scarcely help thinking what a terrible thing a collision would be. However, soon she came on. We put up our lights—viz., a red and white lamp—at the mast-head, to show who we were.

As we neared one another, she threw up several beautiful rockets, showing us a fine large steamer belonging to the "Inman" line. We burned several blue Roman candles, then the lamps were dipped twice, and we saw her no more. It was a fine sight to see those fireworks on the wide ocean.

We sighted a German steamer bound for Bremen. Soon after we could see her coming up; but what gives

us a feeling of safety from collision, is to see our captain on the gangway watching her, and an officer beside him, to whom he gave his orders, and who shouted these to a man between decks, and who again gave them to the man at the helm. "Steady! steady! steady!" or "Starboard! starboard! starboard!" and as I stood beside the wheel, I saw the orders instantly obeyed. I think we might learn a lesson here. The Christian is often afraid and fearful of some calamity; but One is above who knows and directs all for our good—it is ours to trust Him, and keep our lights burning, and do our duty.

A poor swallow that had been driven to sea fluttered above us one afternoon, and sometimes rested herself; but she dreaded to fall into the hands of man.

One night we had an alarm of fire, but it was only some steam that had been sent through a pipe to heat the vessel. There was great consternation for a few minutes. What an awful thing, an emigrant vessel especially, being on fire at sea! There would be little chance of escape, because sometimes for days we never saw a sail. One evening we saw what looked like a vessel on fire. The captain ordered our ship round towards it; but it turned out to be only a tar barrel which some one had set fire to for a trick.

A few days before we reached New York, it was pretty hot; but this was not to be wondered at, as we were now ten degrees farther south than we were in Glasgow. Observed a deputation of steerage passengers to the captain, complaining that their beef was

too salt, and their duff sour. The captain tasted both, and said he had himself fed on worse many a time, and that the Government officer had examined all the provisions before leaving (all for their special benefit), and had pronounced them good; but he promised that the beef would be steeped a little more, and would try to prevent any of the duff being sour; but reminded them they were not bound to give any soft bread, only biscuit. During the voyage we passed one or two shoals of whales, and one day saw a large turtle passing. Sometimes we pass sea weed, which must be far travelled, as it is generally floated by the Gulf Stream. I procured a little bit, but it is not at all pretty. Some of our more go-ahead passengers had great speculation and betting as to when our pilot would come on board, what kind of hat he would wear, the colour of his hair, if he would have a beard, and every conceivable thing. I don't know how the bets resulted, but he came on board this morning, and is now master of the vessel till we arrive at New York. He is not like a seafaring man at all, but (dressed quite jauntily, with a hat) more like a well-to-do Cockney than any other I could think of.

At last we sailed into New York; and, as you may imagine, we were both pleased and interested. We passed a good many vessels before arriving, and we were in sight of land all afternoon. Then we came to what is called the Narrows, being a narrow pass we have to go through—on the one side New York Island, and on the other Long Island, both sides strongly

fortified. The names of these forts are Fort Hamilton and Fort Lafayette; and quite near there is a small island, called Government Island, also fortified. How interesting and how novel it was to sail up to New York that afternoon: every thing we saw was new. Strange-looking steamers, painted white, with what looks like a house built on them, would pass us; and some one from on board of them would cry out, "How are you?"—one of our officers replying, "Pretty well; how are you?" I daresay we would be rather a sight ourselves, with five hundred on board.

The first scenery we saw was that of Staten Island, which is certainly very fine. The whole scene reminded me of pictures I have seen of tropical countries. The foliage about the banks as you enter is extremely rich—many of the trees are of the palm tree and weeping willow species—the land at this point finely undulating, and studded in every other nook with picturesque houses, although many of them seemed to be of wood. From some of these residences the children waved their handkerchiefs to us: the air was soft and warm, the sun bright; and all presented a scene one cannot readily forget.

As it was late in the afternoon of Saturday, it was doubtful if we could land till Monday; but we resolved to try. The doctor came on board to see if the passengers were healthy; then came two or three custom-house officers, and they gave my travelling companion, another friend, and myself, leave to land; so we jumped on the bulwarks, and we had to descend

a long way on rope steps, and the river was a little rough. However, we got all safe into the small boat. The custom-house officers landed with us, and kept bawling in our ears to remember the boatmen, and I suppose they meant themselves too, as there is a great deal of bribery goes on in this department. Their time is short, for with every change of a President they lose their places; so their principle seems to be to do what they can while they can. Captain Campbell told me he has always to bribe them to get his cargo quickly discharged. We soon bumped against a quay, and stood upon American soil! We started from the Clyde about six p.m. on August 5th, and arrived in New York about the same time of day, August 19th; thus taking exactly fourteen days of twenty-four hours. The "Cunard" steamers generally take only from ten to eleven days. A quicker passage is always made coming home, as the wind is almost uniformly in that direction, and so is the current of the Gulf Stream.

A parting word about our officers. We found them all very pleasant. The first mate (Mr. Greig) and second mate (Mr. Smith) were excellent seamen. We had a good deal of conversation with them. Professor Rogers said he had not met with a captain who had the same knowledge of currents and winds as Captain Campbell. Poor fellow! he was washed overboard on the 22nd of December of the same year. He perished like a brave man, at the post of duty, at the age of twenty-six. He had gained a distinguished name in his profession, short as his career had been. The

following is the tribute the passengers on board at the time paid to his memory:—

"At a meeting of the passengers on board the steamship Britannia, held after divine service on Sabbath, the 31st December, 1865, the following preamble and resolutions, relative to the loss of Captain John Campbell, were unanimously adopted, viz.:—

"Whereas it has pleased God, in his inscrutable Providence, to take away from us our noble Captain, John Campbell, who was swept overboard in the fearful gale of Friday, the 22nd instant, and, by this sad calamity, to deprive us of the services of an officer who had gained our highest esteem and confidence, therefore, Resolved—1st, That while we bow with submission to this sudden and severe stroke, we, the passengers on board the steamship Britannia, regard it as our duty to express our deep and unaffected grief in this sore bereavement, and to pay this humble tribute to the memory of one who fell at his post of duty—sacrificing his life for our safety, who was endeared to us all by his gallant conduct as an officer, by his true-hearted kindness and civility in all his intercourse with us, by the gentleness and simplicity of his manners, and by every quality that adorns the officer and the gentleman. Resolved—2nd, That we deeply sympathize with the surviving officers in the great loss they have sustained, and tender to them our thanks for the intrepidity, fidelity, and skill with which they have discharged their duties and responsibility since the loss of their brave and beloved

commander. Resolved—3rd, That we tender to the widow, and other relatives of our departed Captain, our sincere condolence with them in their great grief, which this sad calamity has occasioned, assuring them that, from our personal knowledge of the good qualities of Captain Campbell, we can appreciate, to some extent, the greatness of their loss, and commending them to the grace of Him who giveth and taketh away, and who scourgeth every son and daughter whom He loveth. Resolved—4th, That we assure Messrs. Handyside and Henderson of our sympathy with them in the loss of an officer so valuable and efficient as Captain Campbell proved himself, on all occasions, to be, and also of our entire satisfaction with the good and faithful conduct of the other officers since his removal. Resolved—5th, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the chairman and secretary of this meeting, be sent to the widow of the late Captain Campbell, Messrs. Handyside and Henderson, and the other surviving officers.

" In behalf of the passengers,

" ARTHUR BURTIS, Buffalo, New York,
" Chairman.
" JOHN MURRAY, Coney Hill, Bridge of
"Allan, Secretary."

Before landing, let us glance for a very brief interval at the origin of this country, almost entirely copied from Bancroft's History of America.

In the year 1492, Columbus discovered America. A few years after this, a Bristol merchant, called John

Cabot, obtained from Henry VII. a patent giving him and his three sons leave to search for regions hitherto unseen by Christian people, and thereon to fix the banner of England, and, as vassals, to occupy the territories. The only stipulation the King made was, that he was to get the fifth part of the profits. The Cabots did land very far north, and come home again; and Cabot's son, Sebastian, sailed again, and this time is said to have sailed into Hudson's Bay. In 1524 the French sailed to the coast of North Carolina, and were welcomed by the aborigines, whose dress was of skins, and their ornaments garlands of feathers. These men brought home word that the appearance of the earth argued abundance of gold. The harbour of New York especially attracted notice for its convenience and pleasantness. The name of the man who headed this expedition was Verazzami. About this period it was quite common for French fishermen to sail over to Newfoundland. About 1536, Cartier, a Frenchman, took possession of part of the continent in the name of the King of France, and built a fort near Quebec; but at this date Francis I. was too busy putting down the Huguenots and planning the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It was not till about the year 1608 that the French managed to plant a settlement near Quebec, and also near the present State of Maine. I observed, during my visit, that Quebec and some other Canadian towns have still as many French as British inhabitants; and that in Quebec especially most of the streets have French names.

The Spaniards seem to claim the discovery of Florida; and after for many years trying to take possession, they were unsuccessful, although at this time in possession of Mexico and Cuba. Soto was the name of the principal adventurer; but the natives seem steadily to have repulsed them. After wandering about the continent in search of golden regions, they arrived, enfeebled and dispirited, at the Mississippi; and to them we are indebted for its first discovery. When I visited Washington, I saw in the Capitol a fine painting of this scene. Here Soto died, upon learning that all the region about was only full of swamps.

A few years after this, France began to colonize Florida as a refuge for the Protestants; but Spain could not bear this, and sent Melendez against them with a force of 2,500. When he arrived, the French demanded his name. He replied, "I am Melendez of Spain, sent with strict orders to gibbet all the Protestants in these regions!" After a short contest, most of the French were massacred; but Spanish supremacy did not last long. England now came in to supplant the Spaniard. The gallant Sir Walter Raleigh stands foremost amongst Englishmen for his endeavours to colonize America. During his lifetime, from about the year 1550 to 1601, he made various attempts, more or less successful, to colonize what is now the State of Virginia. He spent above £40,000 of his private fortune endeavouring to do this, and met with but little encouragement from either Queen Elizabeth or King James; and at his death little progress had

been made, for many of the colonists that had gone out had died. The only traffic that had as yet proved prosperous was the Newfoundland fisheries; and this trade, even at that period, began to be of importance.

Virginia was the first part of America that began to be permanently colonized by Englishmen; and this was as early as 1606—about the date of the Reformation—when some began to wish for a home where religious liberty might be had, and where a State might be formed, not on the basis of plunder and rapine, but on Christian principles.

Several bands of emigrants arrived between the years 1606 and 1620. The aborigines at first began to be jealous; but one of their chiefs quieted their fears by saying, "They hurt you not, they take but a little waste land." John Smith was one of the noblest of the emigrants: he, along with some others, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and they were all put to death but himself. The daughter of the same chief saved him; she clung firmly to his neck as his head was about to receive the blow of the tomahawk, and persuaded the council to spare him. This John Smith was the father of Virginia, the first who planted the Saxon race on American soil. Various misfortunes happened to the colonists—many of them the result of their own misconduct; and often the colony was nearly extinct. In 1610, the few remaining were leaving the settlement, and proposed burning the town; "for none had enjoyed a day of happiness." But on the 10th of June, that same year, a new detachment

arrived, and the restoration of the colony was solemnly begun, by supplication to God. It is said they trusted in the arm of the Lord of Hosts, who would have his people pass through the Red Sea, and then possess the land of Canaan. Under the government of Lord Delaware, order began to be restored; and he endeavoured to spread a sentiment of religious gratitude as a foundation of order and laws.

"Lord, bless England, our sweet native country!" was their morning and evening prayer. The little girl mentioned before, who saved Smith's life, was on one occasion taken prisoner, which was like to breed hostilities: but John Rolfe, an honest young Englishman, daily, hourly, heard a voice crying in his ears that he should strive to make her a Christian; and soon after he led her to be baptized, and afterwards married her. He afterwards sailed with her to England, where she was caressed; but as she was about to return, she died, leaving a spotless name behind her. Distinguished men trace from this union their descent, and it was also the means of confirmed peace with the Indians.

About 1615, tobacco began to be cultivated, and eventually became the staple product.

Few women had yet dared to cross the Atlantic; but now, about the year 1615, sixty were sent, young, virtuous, handsome, and well recommended. Their price rose from 120 to 150 lbs. of tobacco. Women always put a different face on matters; for, from this time every thing prospered, and, by 1620, 3,500 persons found their way to Virginia, which was a refuge

even for Puritans. It was a company formed in London that has the merit of acting as the successful friend of liberty in America, under the reign of our first Scotch king, James VI.; and this patriot party, who were unable to establish complete liberty at home, nevertheless established popular liberty in America. Slavery was introduced into America soon after it was successfully colonized. In 1645, a vessel sailed for Guinea to trade for negroes; but throughout Massachusetts the cry was raised against them as malefactors and murderers, and as contrary to the law of God and the law of the country, and ordered the negroes to be restored, with a letter expressing the indignation of the General Court at their wrongs.

A decree was passed, about the year 1671, that no black mankind should be held in perpetual service, but they should be set free in ten years, as in Britain. This law, however, was not enforced; but white men, at this period, were sold for a service of so many years. The Scots taken prisoners at Dunbar, and the Royalist prisoners at the battle of Worcester, were shipped to America, and were purchased on shipboard as men buy horses at a fair. These whites were only held to servitude for a certain number of years; but the blacks soon began to be held in perpetual servitude: they were looked on from the first with disgust, and union between them and the whites prohibited.

The patent that was given the London company was cancelled about 1625. Under it the colonization of America fairly began, and had given a liberal form of

government; and by this date cotton had begun to be cultivated. In Virginia, debts had first to be paid in tobacco; and when it rose, in consequence of its growth being restricted, the Legislature enacted, "That no man need pay more than two thirds of his debt, and that all creditors should take 40 lbs. of tobacco instead of 100."

In the State of Virginia there were not a great many Puritans or Dissenters. At first the colonists were mostly of the Church of England; but the fights with the Parliament in England had caused more feeling, and to tolerate Puritanism was to tolerate republicanism: so, in Virginia, about 1643, it was enacted that no minister should preach or teach except in conformity to the Church of England. Many were anxious to hear, for the hearts of the people were "much inflamed after the ordinances;" but there was no bitterness or persecution. At Christmas, 1648, there were trading with Virginia ten ships from London, two from Bristol, twelve from Holland, and seven from New England; and the number of the colonists was 20,000. The Virginians stuck faithfully to the cause of Charles, for many of them were cavaliers; and although Charles II. was a fugitive from Britain, still he was the sovereign of Virginia—it was the last State that gave in to the cause of the Commonwealth; and although it was acknowledged that Cromwell had been successful, especially in his foreign and colonial policy, after his death his permanent trophy abroad was the navigation laws, and the acquisition of the island of Jamaica.

Virginia enjoyed freedom of commerce with the whole world, and was the first State in the world, of any extent, where the government was on the principle of universal suffrage. An attempt was made to limit the suffrage to householders; but it was decided to be hard that any person should pay equal taxes and not have equal rights. Servants, when their bondage was complete, became electors. Labour was valuable, land cheap; competence followed industry; birds, fish, oysters, were in troops. It was the best poor man's country; but plenty encouraged indolence: no manufactures were established but tobacco.

Maryland, to the north of Virginia, was originally colonized by Roman Catholics. Lord Baltimore was the leader of this enterprise. His ideas were first to settle in Virginia; yet, as a Papist, he could scarcely expect a hospitable reception there, where his co-religionists were carefully excluded. But the country beyond the river Potomac seemed untenanted, and he obtained, about 1632, a patent from Charles I.; and from Henrietta Maria, his queen, it received the name of Maryland. There were no persecuting laws allowed; and the governor had to take an oath to the effect that he would not, either directly or indirectly, molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ; and it was placed in their statute-book that the enforcing of the conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be dangerous. Well might the freemen of Maryland place upon their records the care and industry of Lord Baltimore in advancing the peace and

happiness of the colony. Liberty was based on the sovereignty of the people, and no authority was recognized but their own Assembly and the King of Britain; and it grew rich and increased, notwithstanding some dissension. In 1660, the population was estimated from 8,000 to 12,000. But another and more important colony still began to be planted to the north of Maryland, by those men well known as the Pilgrim Fathers.

The territory conferred by the King was from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of north latitude, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific—all New England, New York, half of New Jersey, and nearly all Pennsylvania. This grant was given by King James to forty persons.

These Pilgrim Fathers were driven by persecution from England. They first escaped to Amsterdam, which was but the beginning of their wanderings. They knew they were pilgrims, and looked up to heaven, their dearest country. They saw poverty coming on them like an armed man; but being careful to keep their word, and being careful and diligent in their calling, they attained a comfortable condition—grew in the gifts and graces of the Spirit, and lived in peace and holiness. They cast their eyes over to America, and from the Continent they made ready for their departure. A solemn fast was held, that they might "seek from God a right way for us and our little ones:" so 180 started in 1620. "When the ship was ready to carry us away," says one, "we were refreshed at our pastor's house; and after tears and singing of psalms, there being many expert at music—and, indeed,

it was the sweetest melody ever mine ears heard—all accompanied us to the ship, but we were not able to speak for sorrow at parting."

These pilgrims were exiles for religion, disciplined by misfortune, equal in rank and rights. Before they landed, they formed themselves into a solemn voluntary compact:—"In the name of God, amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the north parts of Virginia, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together," &c. They formed their laws, on the basis of equal rights, for the general good.

They experienced great difficulty and cold in landing. On Monday, 11th December, 1621, they landed at Plymouth. A grateful posterity has marked the rock which first received them. This was the origin of New England. Historians, poets, divines, and men of genius, have loved to trace their footsteps and sound their praises. From the very first, they kept the Sabbath carefully, and no excuse prevented their doing so. They at first passed through many scenes of gloom and misery; but they had been always accustomed to a hard, plain life. The consolation offered from England was, "Let it not be grievous to you that you have been instrumental to break the ice for others: the honour shall be yours to the world's end."

These emigrants were not so much politician, they thought more of the Church. An entire separation was made between Church and State; and these strict Calvinists, of whose rude intolerance the world has been filled with malignant calumnies, subscribed a covenant, cherishing, it is true, the severest virtues, but without one tinge of fanaticism.

The mortality was very great: the want of most of the comforts of life hurried many to the grave; but this only brightened their faith. "We here enjoy God and Jesus Christ," wrote Winthrop; "and is not this enough? I would not have altered my course though I had foreseen all these afflictions. I never had more content of mind."

Such were the scenes in the infant colony of Massachusetts, and about 1631 a law was passed that none but members of churches were to have votes. Thus an aristocracy was formed, but not of wealth—a commonwealth of God's people. New emigrants of the same stamp arrived: three sermons a day beguiled their weariness on the voyage. Some of these were acute and eminent persons—the acute and subtle Cotton, an avowed enemy to democracy, which he feared as the animal instincts in a government, but desirous of a government of moral opinion. Hooker was another—the peer of the Reformers. Without their harshness, the devoted apostle to the poor, glowing with the raptures of devotion, and kindling with the message of redeeming love, ever blessed with a glowing peace of soul, his contemporaries said of him that

he was the one rich pearl with which Europe more than repaid America for her treasure. There were often disputes as to the form of government. Cotton urged that God's people should be governed by the laws from God to Moses.

A young man named Roger Williams arrived in 1631. He was clear against any intolerance, and would give equal protection to every form of religious faith; "for," said he, "the doctrine of persecution for conscience is contrary to the doctrine of Christ Jesus." This doctrine would not go down, and a warrant was sent to him to come to Boston and embark for England; but he left home, and for fourteen weeks he lived with the Indians, and by-and-by, with five companions, he took possession of Rhode Island, and, to express his confidence, called the place Providence. Although he had been granted the land by the Indians, he gave it all away, and founded a colony of unmixed democracy, where the will of the majority should govern the State; yet only in civil things—God alone was respected as the ruler of the conscience.

In this State, till this day, has the magistracy little power, and the people much. This Rhode Island was the offspring of Massachusetts. A letter from New England to the old country was venerated as a sacred script, as the writing of some holy prophet; and when difficulties were overcome, emigration flowed fast.

In 1638 a Puritan colony sprung up at New Haven; its forms were austere, unmixed Calvinism. After a day of fasting and prayer, they rested their first frame

of government on a simple plantation covenant that "all of them would be ordered by the rules which Scripture held forth to them." They admitted into court every church member; and Davenport, their minister, gave a charge to their Governor in the words of Moses—"The cause that is too hard for you, bring it unto Me." Such strict discipline over various parts of the American colonies caused animosities, and some complaints were forwarded to England; but a committee of the Privy Council thus decided, that the King of Great Britain did not design to impose on the people of Massachusetts the ceremonies which they had emigrated to avoid. But this did not last long. Some of the members of the Massachusetts Bay Company who had resided in England were summoned, and judgment pronounced against them; and many of the best of the people at this time suffered martyrdom for the cause of civil and religious liberty, so that many more emigrated. Eight ships were stayed which were preparing to embark for America. It has been said that Hampden and Cromwell were on board this fleet, but they were never in America. Charles I. no doubt afterwards repented of this. He would gladly have seen them drawn and quartered. A person of the same name as Hampden did arrive; but that man who was said to have a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute, and of whom Baxter said that he was able to give a new charm to all the saints in heaven, never reached America. The King wished

to withdraw some of the planters' rights, and wrote to Winthrop, demanding the return of the patent; but the colonists expostulated, and they knew it was a favour to them. Before their supplication could find its way to the throne, the monarch himself was involved in disasters; for it was at this very time he insisted on introducing a liturgy into Scotland, and tried to compel the sons of Knox to listen to prayers from the Roman missal, when Jenny Geddes cried, "What! ye villain, will ye say mass in my lug?" It was the beginning of a revolution; and from this time, for twenty years, the colonists were undisturbed, and made great progress.

Among the first principles of liberty established by the colonists themselves about the year 1641, universal suffrage was not established; but every man, freeman or not, received the right of taking part in any public meeting. A union was formed among the colonists of the west for protection against the Dutch and the French, against the aborigines, and for the liberties of the gospel in purity and peace.

This union lasted for about fifty years. From 1639, it embraced the separate governments of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven; but to each its local jurisdiction was carefully reserved. The people sustained the magistrate with great unanimity; and religion was venerated and cherished as the security against political subserviency. It had been as unnatural for a right New England man to live without an able ministry, as for a smith

to work his iron without a fire. The war between Great Britain and Holland did not disturb the peace of the colonies: they decided that the wars of Europe ought not to destroy the happiness of America, but to be in a posture of defence.

During Cromwell's time, the colonists sided with him, and the brethren prayed for him in a faithful and affectionate manner; but at the same time they charged him to rule his own spirit rather than to storm cities. They were sure that Cromwell would interest himself in them; and he left them independence, and favoured their trade. When he conquered Jamaica, he offered them that island.

He may be called the benefactor of the English in America; for he gave them liberty of commerce, religion, and government.

In savage life, Roger Williams declared that he had never found one native American who denied the existence of God; and in the new colonies irreligion was now to be punished as a civil offence. To deny any book of the Old or New Testament to be the written and infallible Word of God, was punishable by fine or stripes; and in case of obstinacy, with exile or death. Absence from the "ministry of the Word" was punishable by fine. In 1656, two members of the Quaker persuasion arrived in America, but their tenets were not liked. A fine was imposed on those who would entertain any of the accursed sect; and a Quaker, after the first conviction, was to lose one ear; after a second, another; and after a third, to

have the tongue bored with a red-hot iron. But this was soon repealed, and the result was that Quakers began to swarm; and some of them were summoned and convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. One said, "I die for Christ!" another, "We suffer for conscience' sake;" and the third, Mary Dyar, was reprieved after the rope had been round her neck.

"What do you gain," cried Christison, "by taking Quakers' lives? If ye take my life, God can raise up of His servants many in my stead." And the magistrates became convinced of their error, and liberated many.

It was the custom, and soon became the law, in Puritan New England, that none of the brethren should suffer so much barbarism in their families, as not to teach their children and apprentices so much learning as might enable them perfectly to read the English tongue. It was ordered in all the Puritan colonies, that "every township, after the Lord hath increased them to fifty householders, shall appoint one to teach all children to read and write; and when increased to one hundred families, they shall set up a grammar school, so far that they may be fitted for the university." This was about the year 1647. Before this a college had been planted, and had a powerful influence in forming the early character of the country.

There are some who love to enumerate the singularities of the early Puritans. They were opposed to wigs, preached against veils, were against long hair, and revived Scripture names. Every topic of the day found a place in their prayers. But these were only

the outward forms. Puritanism was religion struggling for the people. Every individual who had experienced the raptures of devotion, who had felt the assurance of the favour of God, was in his own eyes a consecrated person. For him Christ had died and risen again. Viewing himself an object of Divine favour, how could he but respect himself, whom God had chosen and redeemed? Puritanism constituted not the Christian clergy, but the Christian people. The voice of the majority was the voice of God; and the issue of Puritanism was therefore popular sovereignty. Puritanism was a life-giving spirit. Activity, thrift, intelligence, followed in its train; and a coward and a Puritan never went together. "He that prays and preaches best, will fight best:" so said Cromwell, the greatest soldier of his age. New England was a religious plantation, not a plantation for trade.

The care for posterity was everywhere visible. Since the sanctity of the marriage bed was the safeguard for families, its purity was protected by the penalties of death. The girl whom youth and affection betrayed into weakness, was censured, pitied, and forgiven. The law compelled the seducer of innocence to marry the person who had imposed every obligation by the concession of every right. The first years of the residence of Puritans in America were years of great hardship and affliction; but affluence soon followed: they struck root in the soil immediately, the objects of love were around them, they enjoyed religion, and they were, from the first, industrious and frugal.

Their sympathies were wide: they held fasts and offered prayers for Protestant Germany.

These Puritans were the parents of one third of the white population of the United States. About four thousand families came over: each family has multiplied to about one thousand souls. To New York and Ohio, where they constitute one half of the population, they have carried the Puritan system of free schools; and their example is spreading it through the civilized world. Historians have loved to extol the manners, virtues, the glory, and the benefits of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished far more for mankind. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans, from the fear of God. The knights were proud of loyalty; the Puritans, of liberty. Chivalry delighted in outward show, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commended the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonour. The former valued courtesy; the latter, justice. The former had graceful refinements; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. Chivalry was subverted by the increasing weight of the industrious classes; and the Puritans planted upon these classes the love of liberty. The golden age of Puritanism passed away about the year 1660.

Rhode Island was sent a charter by Charles II. About the same date the King gave them all they asked for, and did not even require an oath of allegiance. It was a pure democracy; and few beside the Rhode

Islanders believed it practicable. The population then was 2,500: in one hundred and seventy years it increased 100,000; and nowhere was life and property safer. Before Charles II.'s death, he began to give lavish grants of America to his favourites. From Nova Scotia to Florida, almost, the tenure of every territory was changed—even the trade with Africa was given away. After the Restoration, Massachusetts never enjoyed royal favour. She was too independent. The colonists tried to educate and convert the natives. Foremost amongst the missionaries was John Eliot: his manner and Christian sweetness of temper won all hearts, whether among the emigrants or wigwams of the natives; but it was found impossible to trust the natives, and war was inevitable, and bloody it was while it lasted. The labourers in the field, the shepherds, were shot down by skulking foes. The mother, if left alone, feared the tomahawk for herself and children; and in a moment, when least expected, bullets would whiz among them. They hung upon the skirts of the villages like the lightning on the edge of the clouds; but in their turn they were invaded, and on different occasions their villages were set fire to, and hundreds perished. They were driven from place to place.

Their chief, Philip, gave up at last. "My heart breaks!" said the tattooed chieftain. "Now I am ready to die!" His own followers began to be faithless to him; and, in a few days, he was shot by a renegade Indian.

The King of England wished to alter the charter of Massachusetts. The colonists debated the subject

long; and the decision, by their representative, was, the deputies consent not, but adhere to their former bills; but the King would not listen. The charter was conditionally adjudged to be forfeited, and gloomy forebodings overspread the colony. This was in 1685.

Meanwhile, civilization was marching southward. While the government of Massachusetts was essentially popular, the constitution of Carolina was invented in England.

Massachusetts was colonized by a band of suffering yet resolute exiles. Carolina was settled under the auspices of the nobility, and its laws framed by the most profound philosophers in England. In times of peace, Shaftesbury was too passionate for success; but when the storm came, he was daring and successful. At a time when John Locke was unknown to the world, the sagacity of Shaftesbury had detected the deep niches of his mind, and selected him for a bosom friend and adviser in the work of legislation for Carolina. Its constitution was the only continued attempt within the United States to connect political power with hereditary wealth. The tenants holding ten acres at a rent were without political franchises, and to remain so to all generations.

It is said that William Penn employed the labour of African slaves; and it is not surprising that John Locke proposed that every freeman in Carolina should have absolute power and authority over his negro slaves. The law courts were placed far beyond popular influence. There were four estates appointed—the

landgraves, the caciques, the proprietaries, and the commons. None but large proprietors were eligible to the Parliament. The Church of England was declared to be the only true and national religion.

This constitution was signed in 1670, and was the theme of extravagant applause. The nature of the colonists rendered this constitution impossible, and they rejected it. Many of them were Quakers; and George Fox visited them, and found them generally "tender and open;" and the presence of such emigrants made oppression difficult.

The Navigation Act was the cause of great discontent, which was, that all their exports must go to England, or if to any of the States of New England, they must pay an unreasonable duty, such as a penny on every pound of tobacco sent to New England.

In South Carolina, the first settlement was founded by the proprietaries, and resembled an investment of capital by a company of land-jobbers, who furnished the emigrants with the means. Success did not attend it; and there was a scene of turbulence till the constitution was abandoned.

The character of the emigrants sent was not so high as in the other States; and negro slavery was instituted from the first. The State of South Carolina was, from the first, a planting State, with slave labour. The negro race multiplied so rapidly that, in a few years, the blacks were to the whites in the proportion of 22 to 12. A colony of Irish were lured by the fame of the fertility, and received a welcome; so

that they were soon merged among the colonists. Scotland planned a colony in South Carolina, and thirty-six noblemen and gentlemen arranged to go; but it was never executed fully, for it got mixed with the Monmouth conspiracy, and only ten families sailed, of whom some returned to Scotland, as the Spaniards claimed where they settled down, and the rest mingled with the earlier planters.

Every great European event affected the fortunes of America. If England gave America the idea of popular representation, Holland originated for them the idea of federal union. Amsterdam was at this time (1590) esteemed, beyond dispute, the first commercial city in the world.

At this time Hudson sailed in the hope of getting a northern passage to Asia; but, instead, he landed at what is now New York, and ever since gave his name to the noble river which he then descended. Everywhere was fertility; and silence was only broken by the flapping of the wild-fowl and the deer roaming about, Man was wild as all else—the bark of the birch his canoe; strings of shells his ornaments, his record, and his coin; and roots his food. Hudson returned home; but started again by the northern passage. He got embayed in the bay that bears his name, and had to spend the winter there; and when at last the spring burst forth, provisions were done. He divided his last bread among his men, and wept, and turned his bow home. But a mutiny ensued. Hudson was put into a small boat, and never was heard of again. As Hudson

was the agent of the Dutch, they claimed the country about New York, and adopted the political institutions of the Dutch of that day.

Cities were to be governed by patrons. There was no provision for schoolmaster or minister. Monopoly forbade the colonists to make any woollen, linen, or cotton fabric—not a shuttle to be thrown, on penalty of exile. The Company undertook to provide the manor with negroes; but this monopoly could not be enforced. Manhattan began to prosper when its merchants obtained freedom to follow the impulses of their own enterprise.

I have given a hurried and necessarily imperfect account of the origin and history of some of the earlier States of America, which I think is interesting and instructive, and will now resume my own diary.

I am rather ashamed to confess that the first roof we were under in America was that of a public-house, as one or two of our newly-acquired friends, who had got us on shore, would not part without the civility of treating us. However, my cousin and I stuck to lemonade, as we had done before. In this place we saw real live Yankees sitting with their legs on the table, and in various other positions.

We landed at one of the low parts of New York, and had to find out the way to our hotel. After coming off the clean fresh sea, one is not inclined to think favourably of the poorer part of a large town, especially at night. I remember of thinking that the streets were poorly lighted. We stepped into

a street car that our friend Mr. S. brought us to, that would take us to our hotel; but after we were in we recollected we had no American money, so had to borrow a little before parting with our fellow-passenger. The first thing that amused us was to see the car passengers handling a bunch of notes, and paying their fare with a twopence halfpenny note.

We arrived at the Brevoort Hotel, about Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street. We could not do much in seeing New York that night, all the more as we were warned to keep out of Broadway at night, as, since the army was disbanded, a good many dangerous characters were going about; so we took the hint, and soon retired. But after this we traversed Broadway often enough, and met with no adventure or loss.

The first morning we rose in New York, it was very warm; indeed, I may say I never knew what warm weather was till in America. Some said, very decidedly, that even for America it was an extra hot time while we were there; others said, as decidedly, it was not unusual heat. All the time I was there, I never slept with more clothes than the sheet at night, and always with the window well open.

We sallied out to church, and, as we did not know any more celebrated man to go and hear, we directed our course to Ward Beecher. On going along the streets, I was impressed most with the idea that New York was like London on Sunday. A great many people were in the streets; a great many not like church-goers; and a good many reading newspapers in

the omnibus and street cars. Crossed the river to Brooklyn, which, although a separate city, may be said to be a part of New York, just like Glasgow and Gorbals. Found Mr. Beecher's church a large, plain building of brick, with no architectural pretensions outside. We were politely shown a seat. The appearance inside reminded me of Dr. Calderwood's in Glasgow; but Mr. Beecher's must be larger, as it is said to hold 3,000 people. It is painted white inside; but where we would look for the pulpit, you have an organ, and beside it room for a choir, where there were eight female singers, and eight male. Three hymns were sung during service, from a large hymn-book arranged by Mr. Beecher, and each page of which was set to music at the top. The tunes I did not know, but they were well sung, only the congregation did not join much. The pews were very comfortable, and all the doors and windows were open, and a sun-blind on each window; and, what was novel to a stranger, in almost every pew there was a fan or two, which were vigorously in use both before and during service. The kind of fan most in use is a dried palmetto leaf; but the ladies generally had finer fans of their own.

The order of the service was, the organ played a verse, during which the clergyman appeared: he was Dr. Burton, of Hartford, as Mr. Beecher was from home. Dr. Burton was a plain but thoughtful-looking man, as like a Catholic priest as a Protestant minister: no gown on, and no white to be seen but his collar.

A blessing was first invoked, in two or three sentences; then a hymn; then was read about half of the third chapter of John's gospel; then a few intimations connected with the church, such as the Sabbath school teachers would meet to ask a blessing on the opening of the school; another, that a telegram had been received from the Rev. Mr. Beecher, saying that his physician had advised him not to preach to-day. After this there was a prayer of about eight minutes, full of thought and confession, delivered in a low but not melodious voice. His reading of the chapter, thoroughly American in style, but well emphasized; next a hymn sung; then the sermon; after that a hymn; then the blessing. What the sermon lacked in delivery—for it was closely read, and without much action or emphasis—it fully made up in matter; it was full of striking thought and able reasoning, but it had not much of invitation in it. His text was, "Ye must be born again." The division was easily remembered:—1st, Must; 2nd, Born; 3rd, Consequences if not. 1st. If a fellow-mortal said, "must" do this or that, he could afford to despise his command; if an angel said it, he could make a respectable resistance; but God said it, and how vain to fight our Maker! 2nd. "Born" was illustrated by what was meant to be born. If conversion meant education, development, &c., then the term "born" would not be used. But conceive where any of us were before we were born. We couldn't think, because we were a nonentity: indeed, a personal pronoun could not be used about us

at all; because, search heaven or hell, earth or sea, and we had no existence. But after birth, what a change! and if the Bible did not mean a great change, it would not have used the word "born." The nearest idea he could give to this change was that of a bad angel annihilated and a good one created, with this difference, that in being born there was no annihilation. 3rd. Perhaps some may say, What if I do not enter the kingdom of God? I may be a great artist, a social man, go to Congress, stand to be President. All very good in their right place. Will a dinner satisfy a man's soul? Would you give a string of diamonds to a mother that had lost her only child? His description of the "consequences" was very solemn.

After this service, went back to our hotel, a distance of some miles. We traversed New York a good deal that day, as we went to another part of the town to service in the evening. I confess the appearance of the people in general did not impress me as to their Sabbath-keeping. But what large city looks as one would desire it on that day? The fact is, New York is quite a cosmopolitan city, made up of Americans, Germans, Dutch, Jews, and Irish. The latter rule it. These are the largest elements. In the evening there were a great many about their doors, it was so hot. The cigar shops mostly all open, also the lager or German beer saloons, but not those that sell streng intoxicating drinks.

In passing along in the evening, my companion remarked how often we came upon Broadway, which

in the principal thoroughfare. He thought there must be a dozen Broadways. I said I thought so too; but I had in my mind at the time another *Broad*way than the one he alluded to.

We looked about for any Protestant church we could find open, and stumbled upon a Baptist chapel in Bloomfield district (Rev. Mr. West Park's). I think the arrangement inside was the same as in Mr. Beecher's. The ministers speak from below the organ. This chapel was altogether lighted from the roof in three cupola spaces, and in each about fourteen gas jets and reflectors. We were not edified here at all—perhaps our own fault, that. The appearance and manner of some at least of the congregation not at all devotional. Saw a good deal of smiling and talking while the service was going on. What I liked worst of all was the behaviour of the choir, which consisted of about five male and five female singers. They chatted and smiled to one another the whole time, even during prayer. Both at praise and prayer, the congregation kept their seats. The sitting during prayer seems to be the rule in the churches in America.

On Monday, August 21st, was astir early. I found all bustle, bustle, bustle, after spending a fortnight quietly at sea. The stir, noise, and crowds of a large and strange city formed a great contrast; and, for a day or two, I had the feeling in my mind that God made the country and man the town; and how to begin to describe New York in a short space, and with only a short visit, is more than I can undertake.

I remark first—New York is mostly built of brick. Many of the houses are very tasteful. In the lower part of the city, some of the houses are built of wood; and in the better parts some are built of imitation stone, others of real stone, and some of marble.

The general appearance of the streets reminds me more of London than any other city; but the outside of the houses are cleaner, because there is not so much smoke. Broadway, the principal thoroughfare, has a lively appearance, from its very irregularity—here a high house, next a low one—here a grand marble building, next a brick one; but, on the whole, the effect is pleasing. The general appearance is much more tropical-like than any of our cities, chiefly from the numerous trees growing in the streets, that would not grow in our colder climate. All the house windows have Venetian sun-blinds to keep out the heat. These are mostly fixed outside the window.

As I said before, New York is built on an island; but, at one point, it is so near being joined to the mainland that the rails run across. On the one side the East River flows, and on the other side the Hudson. The narrowest of these is the East River, which is four or five times the breadth of the Clyde at the Broomielaw. In the harbour is an almost endless variety of vessels, and of all descriptions. These lie with their bows to the land, and their sterns out to the river. The American steamers are the most novel to a Britisher. They seem all built on the Iona style of deck; but instead of a saloon above the

deck, they look more like as if there were a house built on a boat, and out of the roof of said house the engine beam works quite lively. There are no bridges across the rivers, principally because it would hurt the navigation; instead, they have steam ferry-boats constantly plying from various stated parts of the river. These ferry-boats are quite a curiosity. The first time I stepped into one, I had no idea I was in a vessel. Imagine yourself walking on to the wooden pier at the Glasgow Broomielaw—but only suppose that it stretches a good deal further out into the river; a bell rings, and you soon discover that what you are standing on is a steamboat; and you are started across the river. Walk forward a little bit and you find this ferry steamboat is very broad. At each side is a long cabin, the one marked for gentlemen, and the other for ladies; and in the middle a broad space for horses and vehicles of all descriptions. The engine works in a narrow space in the centre. The only difference between the ladies' and the gentlemen's cabins seems to be, that gentlemen are not allowed to smoke or spit in the ladies' cabin. There is generally an intimation up to that effect, such as, "It is requested that, out of respect to the ladies, gentlemen will not spit upon the floor." There is at the top, at each end, a round open box, with a roof over it, for the pilot; and in the centre, at the top, above all, the walking-beam works. Altogether, they have quite a colossal appearance, and often carry from two to three hundred people, besides a lot of carts or

carriages. You never have to wait above a minute or two till one starts; and most of them ply both day and night. The fare is two cents, which, at the present value of American money, is worth about three farthings. Another remarkable feature of New York, and in fact all the principal American cities, is their street cars, which run upon rails laid down on many of their streets. They serve the purposes of our omnibuses, and fly about in all directions. Their fare is six cents, or about twopence halfpenny; and if you require to go a long distance, you can go six or seven miles for that. You do not see the usual omnibus, except in Broadway, which is the principal street, and which runs through New York like a backbone. The Broadway shopkeepers objected to have their street cut up.

There is no doubt the laying down of the rails, and the constant running of horses in exactly the same track, cuts up the streets, and makes it very difficult for ordinary conveyances to get on so well. They are drawn by two horses, and a driver stands in front; and when the car comes to its destination, they are just yoked to the other end of the car, and start again. It makes a much smoother ride than the usual omnibus, and is wider, and you get on faster. I observed a newspaper paragraph saying there was a disease going about, said to be got in these cars. The rail is formed of a higher and lower ridge, and the wheel the same; and the car wheel runs on this rail, being formed on the same principle. I think these cars

might be an improvement in our own city. They could not run up and down the hill at Buchanan Street very easily, and they are the better of wide streets; but difficulties might be overcome. It must be easier upon the poor horses. There is a very simple little plan adopted on all railways, street cars, and omnibuses in America, which we might adopt with profit. It is a leather strap or cord running from door to door, or from door to driver, or from engine to end of car. It is placed near the roof, and any one can pull when they require; and, by doing so, it rings a bell like what is on our 'buses. In the case of the street car, passengers use it when they rise; in the case of the omnibus, it saves a guard. The driver has a thin strap attached to the door, and the other end about his hand, and you cannot get out or in without him opening the door for you. When one comes in, you go up to a little hole near where the driver sits, and hand through your fare. If you don't, he very soon rings his bell to tell you of it. In the case of the railway, it runs along the inside of the roof of the whole train; and I never saw any one touch it except the conductor, whom I have seen stop the train between stations to let the passengers out.

We put up at the Brevoort Hotel—not one of the largest, but comparatively a quiet place. The large hotels are quite an American institution. The people travel so much, they are always crowded. The Astor House is one of the most celebrated: it is built of

granite, and has room for six hundred people. The Metropolitan Hotel cost about £160,000 for the building alone. The St. Nicholas is built of marble, and cost over a million of dollars, or about £200,000. The dining-rooms easily hold six hundred people, and bedrooms as many. The dining-hall in our hotel seemed about the size of our Trades' Hall, very showily painted and decorated, with large mirrors between each window. It is fitted with small tables, of which there are three rows up and down, and about ten to each row. There are always a number of waiters flying about. They seem mostly to be Irishmen; and I have no doubt if you or I could just enter that room at this moment, they would be running about as usual, would offer you a seat, which you would not require even to draw in, for they would push it in for you. The next thing they always do for you is to run and bring you a tumbler of half water and half ice, which in the hot weather is splendid; then, perhaps, "What will you have for dinner?" A bill of fare is presented to you, with the date of the day printed on it, and you may have a good deal to choose from. I counted from one of these bills nine kinds of soup, ten of fish, twelve of hot animal food, six of cold, nineteen kinds of vegetables, eight of game, six of salad, seven of relishes, eleven of pastry, twelve of ices, and ten varieties of fruit. The great difficulty is to make a selection.

Green corn is quite an American vegetable; it is about six inches long, and shaped like a carrot, and

on this stump grows the corn, shaped something like peas, which you eat off. Another novelty to us was sweet potatoes; they are largely used. Then we had peaches, which are in great abundance over the country, and are in size from a plum to an orange, and sell from a penny to twopence halfpenny each; but I confess I would not give either our gooseberries or strawberries for them. Melons also were in abundance, but upon the whole rather insipid.

Dry goods stores—that is, where dresses and all kinds of soft goods are sold—I found large buildings, generally one room from the front to the back, and varying in size according to the business of the house. The larger firms, like Stewart's, have a splendid marble house, of great length and breadth, and five or six stories high. The impression the proprietors of these establishments made on me, after making their acquaintance, was, that after a while you could get quite well on with them. I found them rather inclined at first to a little banter, but that soon wore off. Two or three times the question came out, "What do you think of America?" Another remark, often made, was, that we at home have no idea of the extent of their country, or of their progression. One gentleman, each time I saw him, said, "We don't build our warehouses and houses here like fortresses, as you do, as if they were to last till time was to be no longer: we build them light and airy." This gentleman had been in Glasgow in former times, and remembered some of the older manufacturers. He said, "All Scotchmen

snuff;" and imitated a manufacturer, still living, selling his goods and snuffing hard at the same time. I thought afterwards I should have retaliated by telling him that Scotchmen had almost given up snuffing, but that Americans had not given up chewing. Another gentleman said, "Now, I suppose you have not been long in this country. I will give you an advice—a good advice: don't eat too much water-melon; it's dangerous—very dangerous." There is no doubt the people of the New England States have a short, abrupt, independent manner.

Americans seem very much given to sensational advertisements. As an instance, there was one paper carded all over New York while I was there, headed, "Ten thousand dollars reward! stop them!" all about a story publishing in the *New York Herald.*

This paper has by far the largest circulation in America, and is edited by a Scotchman, James Gordon Bennet, whose main purpose is to make money, and who does not hesitate, by the most unscrupulous means, to increase the circulation of his paper. One of his most successful hits is, pandering to the Irish; and he does what he can to foment dispeace between Great Britain and America; and yet almost everybody must have a *Herald*, because it contains all the town news.

As a contrast to the foregoing, I attended the Fulton Street prayer meeting, held every day between twelve and one. This is a place now celebrated all over the world for the means of grace it has been to many. The hall is quite unpretending, and will hold

from about 150 to 200. There are various printed notices round the room, such as that brethren are earnestly requested not to be above five minutes engaged in prayer and exhortation, and that there are not to be more than two of either of these succeeding one another without praise. Another notice is the date the meeting commenced (1857), and that it is intended to be a permanent institution. Another gives the names of missionaries, and commencement and place of work, of the Dutch Reformed Presbyterian Church. The chairman, or leader, as they call him, seems to be generally a layman, although there are generally several ministers present. He gives out, to begin, a hymn from a hymn-book got up for this meeting, then reads a chapter from the Bible, upon which he says a few words, or not, as he chooses; but the leader finishes by ten minutes or at most a quarter past the hour. He then reads out the requests for prayer which have come in (there were about a dozen of these the days I was there); then it is intimated the meeting is open for any one to speak—strangers specially invited—and to remember in prayer the requests that have been made; then, till two o'clock, there is a succession of prayers and short exhortations, with, between every two, or sometimes between every one of these, two or three verses of a hymn sung. I heard various stirring exhortations and prayers, but once or twice bordering on debatable ground, although on one of the notices, printed and put up, it is said no controverted point is to be touched. What I refer to is, that one or two speakers

spoke strongly against the use of tobacco; others, more legitimately, on the evils of drinking. One young man gave an account of his conversion very affectingly, concluding by saying he would praise God while he had breath; and there were exclamations from various in the meeting during this address, as there is at any thing stirring—"Hallelujah! hallelujah! praise the Lord!" Another man spoke of the evils of sin. He said he had been a fireman for seven years; and they knew what sort of life that was. No man could say a word against him since he was converted. Before, he drank, swore, and stole; but now, no man could bring the breath of slander against him. But, oh! before God, how guilty still: but that was the old man still powerful; and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.

The most interesting of all was an address from Mr. Stewart, of Philadelphia, who happened to be present. He said he never spent such sweet hours on earth as he had spent at these meetings in former times; but when he had been to the army lately, the meetings he had with the soldiers surpassed them. He recollected, one day, being engaged in a prayer meeting with a lot of hopefully converted young soldiers, and the cry came to the door, "Forward to the front!" They had just time to clasp one another, and but a few minutes passed, and fifteen of these lads were either stretched in their blood or dead. What America wanted now was Christian associations and such like institutions. Now that the war was over, they would be apt to run into temptation. He added,

that in Philadelphia, where he stayed, they had also their prayer meeting, and he asked them to pray for it. I remember another of the subjects for prayer was, that as the United States had been spared to come through a time of deadly war, she might be spared from falling into mortal sin. I saw no such signs of life anywhere as in the Fulton Street prayer meeting. The attendance, I would suppose, is about one hundred people.

Thursday, August 24th.—Travelled from New York for Niagara Falls. It is not true, in an important sense, that America is a young country. These large boulders and immense forests—that rock strata and those magnificent rivers—the everlasting hills and valleys—all proclaim that it is not the country that is new, but that it is comparatively newly peopled by a civilized race. The old race could or would not become civilized, and are now reduced to a miserable handful.

The scenery of the Hudson river, along which I travelled, is said to be amongst the finest in America. The railway skirts it all the way to Albany. It seems to be about half a mile broad. This of itself is a noble object to see, enhanced by a schooner or steamer sailing past every now and again. The banks are often flat. Here and there we pass a village in some picturesque spot, white and clean-like. In this district, there seemed to be no high hills till we came near Albany; and then there are the Catskill hills, which seemed to look rather higher than our ordinary-

sized Highland hills. Although the scenery of the Hudson is not hilly, it is a fine undulating country, well wooded, principally with fir trees, and every here and there a pleasant-looking dwelling. As a rule, all the houses along this line are built of wood, the best of them plastered and lathed inside, and sometimes lined with brick. It looks a little odd at first to see regular two and three-story houses built of wood. The scenery, upon the whole, reminded me of the Rhine.

The roads, as a rule, are very poor; and such a thing as a hedge, I never saw all the time I was in America. Wooden fences, hurdle fences, snake fences, are what is used. The commonest of all is the snake fence: it is just young trees, or any kind of wood, twined round stobs in a snake fashion.

I never saw the nicely-kept garden so common in our country, although I was told there was such a thing. No doubt the reason of this and of slovenly farming is, that the ground is so cheap and so extensive, that proper attention cannot be given to it all.

The railway carriages and cars are very different from what they are with us. They hold from fifty to sixty people: they seem to be broader than our carriages, have doors at the two ends lengthwise, and a passage up the middle. The seats right and left of the passage are made to hold two. These seats all look the one way; but if a party of four wish to be together, the back of the seat turns round. Some of these carriages are so fine, they remind you of sitting

in a drawing-room. Others are ordinary. There is a small private room at the end of each carriage; and in the corner a large round cistern of iced water. The guard or conductor is often moving about, and you can either pay your fare to him or at the station. The conductors have generally between their fingers a bunch of notes, and at night a lamp attached to their arm. On my first experience of this style of carriage, I thought it was a great improvement over ours; but I think they have also disadvantages. The strap to stop the train is one advantage; then there is no fear of being alone: besides, it is sociable. You can also pass from one carriage to another, for every one pays the same, and you can land in the smoking saloon. There is constantly passing up and down the passages newspaper boys and people selling all sorts of things. There are patent ventilators on the roof, and the seats and backs all nicely stuffed and covered with red velveteen, which altogether gives them a nice, cheerful appearance. There are one or two objections to them which at least do not make them quite so comfortable to travel in as our first-class carriages, if you have to go a distance. One is, it is not very easy to get a sleep in them; then, again, among so many passengers there are often some tipsy or rough-speaking persons. The first night I travelled, there were two or three fellows the worse of drink: there was a lady and her boy just sat beside them, to whom, as to the rest of us, their talk must have been disgusting. Then these long

carriages are fully worse for a draught than ours; you can only have control of one window.

I intended travelling direct to Niagara; but I found out, the night before starting, that, by breaking my journey about mid-way, at a place called Fundy, I might visit an aunt of my wife, who had emigrated to America about forty years ago. At this station I had to take a coach for five miles. I thought it was human nature to suppose the old lady would like to see one from her native land, and tell her about her friends. I got up beside the driver on an old-fashioned-looking coach; but I found there was little use attempting conversation, for on my first attempt I was almost jolted out of my seat. The driver seemed rather a rough Yankee Jehu. He said to his horses on starting, "Now, if you don't go right, I'll break your necks!" and he looked like as if he tried it at times; but, to be fair, he had about the worst road possible: it was the first I had seen of a plank road, which is just a series of planks laid down close to one another, about a foot broad; part of the road is taken up with this, the other part is just an ill-made country road.

Without much difficulty I found out the old lady I was in search of; and I got a Scotch welcome. She had visited Scotland only once since she and her husband emigrated. She has six sons, all in business in America: they are all married and have families, but the youngest; and notwithstanding all these ties, she said she still called Scotland home, and would like to die in it. I was well repaid for my visit, for, on

parting, she told me she thought seeing me would make her live two or three years longer; and she would not let me away without what she called the old Scotch fashion of kissing at parting. I was pressed to stay two or three days, but as I had another engagement I could not. The village where she resides is called Johnstoune: the making of gloves seemed to be its principal manufacture. I was shown the whole process, from the raw hide to the finished hide, by her son James, who drove me back to the railway. In this village there were three thousand inhabitants and eight churches. Mr. J. M. remarked that he thought the war would have been ended sooner if there had not been so many interested in its continuance. I remarked what a fine climate they seemed to have; his reply was, that ours was an evener climate, as they had it very hot in summer and very cold in winter, the snow then lying generally a foot or two thick.

Niagara Falls is the finest sight I have yet seen. I was afraid I might be disappointed; but I had not realized its greatness. The feelings that came into my mind on looking at them pouring over were grandeur, power, awe. On looking down from the top, as I did into the fall of the American Cataract—just take two steps, and farewell to time. They say bodies even are rarely recovered; and if they are, without a vestige of clothing. There are two great falls, the American and the Horse-shoe Fall, which is half American and half Canadian. The Horse-shoe Fall is broadest, but both are grand in the extreme. Looking down the

American Fall first, I saw the spray rushing like most beautiful white smoke, or like fine clouds in a gale, and the water below splendidly churned, while the roar of the water is grand. I feel it is quite impossible to give another an idea of it. All around is a grand panorama of roaring cataract. At the bottom of the American Fall, a great boulder lies, which is just seen at times when the smoke or fine spray clears.

Passing from this spot on the way to the next, there are a number of small bazaars selling curiosities; some, they say, made by Indians. You then pass the rapids above the American Fall. The descent of the water here is, I believe, fifty feet in three quarters of a mile. It comes down bubbling and foaming, and has the appearance as if a great gale was blowing on it, though the day on which I saw it was very still and hot. The road leads you to a small island called Goat's Island, where you get a fine view of the Horse-shoe Fall. But if I said I cannot give an idea of the fall from the point I was first at, it is more difficult from this point, as it is grander. The purest masses of white are seen rushing over at your right hand and at your left; for I stood at a point which separates the fall. Masses of water, like the most gorgeous silver are rushing past; while, look down to the bottom, and you see a most beautiful and perfect rainbow. But the event of the day to me was the going down below the part of the American Fall that was to my left, and called the Cave of the Winds: which, till I accomplished, I had

no idea what it was. In passing the guide's door, I asked him what was his charge. He said two dollars. I said I would not go. He said people grudged it at first; but after going, they would not have missed it for twenty dollars. This roused my curiosity; and as he said three hundred ladies had done it last year, I thought it would be safe enough, so I consented.

When I went to the guide's small house, to my surprise I was directed to take off every stitch of my clothes, and put on a bathing dress, and my guide did the same. I had on an oil cap and pants and jacket, and flannel shoes, and a rope round my waist to keep all tight. So off we sallied; but I was not a dozen steps till I repented. We had to descend crazy wooden stairs, with the merciless spray battering and blinding you. I could not keep my mouth shut, from the force of water descending; and ten thousand thunders roared in my ears, while I held on in grim despair—besides, the stair-railing was slippery: so I resolved this was a very foolish undertaking. I was inclined to turn, but my guide was before me, and I felt it might be worse to turn than to go on; so, with as adventurous a spirit as I could, I followed. We had just been passing below the great central fall, or Cave of the Winds; and it was not difficult to account now for the changing of clothes, for I was wet to the skin. With more heart I proceeded to look up; my guide told me that most people were a little nervous in going below the fall, but that now the worst was over. On looking up, I did not think the view finer;

still it was different, and the excitement enhanced it; but there is little doubt if one missed a foot going through the cave, it would be a certain sweep into the cataract below; and although the guide said there had been no accident, still I think there will be some day. A curious thing you see, and it is said to be the only place in the world you will see it—and that is something—is a perfectly circular rainbow: wherever you turned, there these beautiful circular rainbows were. We proceeded now to the very edge of the river; I sat on the chair, and, looking up, the rocks seemed as if they would fall on us. The guide told me to put my arm into a stone which was vomiting forth water from its centre, which I did up to the shoulder, and I brought up a handful of stones, one of which I retained, along with a bit of wood. Next, I was asked if I liked a bath; so I sat down on the ledge of the rock, where it took me all my strength to keep my seat, and the water dashed over my shoulders in fine style: it was really water treatment on a large scale. After this, we returned the same way we came; but this time I was not afraid, though it was tough work too. I said to the guide that I wondered that ladies especially ventured down. He said a good many ladies, and men too, lost heart and returned at the first start; and I daresay a good many will have my own feeling, that they cannot well return if they would. I have sometimes thought this incident was a good illustration of the Christian's warfare in this world. Christ is the Guide: we resolve to follow Him as ours; but soon

after this resolve, when the world, the devil, and the flesh assail us hard, we feel inclined to turn back. But we look before us, and quite close to us is the Guide: follow Him; He has gone the same road Himself, and never lost any one. It is true that just at this moment you can scarcely see Him for the storm without and within; but follow Him even in the dark. What *can* you expect from going back and leaving your Guide? You may fall, if left to yourself, into the dreadful abyss below. So you follow on tremblingly; and after enduring for a while, your Guide comes and encourages you, and says you have not endured more than is common to others. Look around and look up. Did you ever, in all the world, see such a prospect? "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna; and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." And now you are not afraid to return. You are now prepared and strengthened to resist all floods from wherever they come. You know your Guide is still close to you: He has led you safe there all the way, and will not leave you till you are safely landed on the shining shore of heaven.

I was told that this American Fall was four feet higher than the Horse-shoe Fall; but the latter is the grandest sight of all. High up, and within a few feet of the fall, is a tower erected, from which you look down on the foaming water; look up the river, and you see the rapids coming down as before described; and then look to your other side, and you see the grand

Horse-shoe Fall, and the great mass of water falling over is a sight perfectly indescribable in grandeur and sublimity—the awful torrents rushing down in the semicircular shape, and within and beyond that semicircle a great cloud of spray, which has almost the appearance as if there was a grand conflagration below. The water below this is more thoroughly churned than even at the American Fall—in fact, there looks like a crust of snow over the water; and down, down, down, the water pours everlastingly, and will continue to do so long after we are gathered to our fathers. The view from the Canada side of the Table-rock is also very fine. A large portion of this rock broke away a few years ago; indeed, the rocks of the falls themselves are supposed to be receding from time to time.

I returned to the hotel, across the ferry, going down a very steep descent in a wooden carriage, drawn up and down with an engine. Clifton House Hotel is rather a noted place. It is very large; and, being close to the American side, a good many Southern men, during the late war, stayed at it, and had interviews with politicians from America. All the waiters are negroes —some of them powerful-looking fellows. One of them looked to me like seven feet high; and they are a little high in another way, for they are rather saucy. In travelling, I seldom heard any favourable expression of feeling towards the blacks. About New York and New England generally, they are tolerated and allowed to travel where and with what conveyance they please;

but, south of New York, I have noticed the conductors of railway cars tell them to go forward into the smoking saloon. One man, I remember, said to me, in arguing with him, "Niggers are just like lice, and have to be endured as such;" and he said he would as soon have a ferret near him as a nigger. The evening I spent in the Clifton House Hotel, I observed a notice that there would be a "hop" in the house that night, but I hopped to my bed. About half-past one in the morning, I was awakened with the music below my window, and the applause fairly aroused me. Then, to wind up the ball, the band played exquisitely "Home, sweet home!" and I thought this was very cruel. I mused that it would be five weeks before I could possibly be there, and had to cross much sea and land first. I wished that I was nearer it. No wonder, I thought, that the Swiss used to desert the army, when they heard the plaintive "*Rans des Vaches*," or the Highlandman's "Lochaber no more." I slept, and dreamed of the soldier lying in the battle-field, and in his dream fancying he was home again, embracing his wife, and his children all running to kiss him.

A short journey from Niagara by rail brought me to the town of Hamilton, Canada West, where two married cousins reside. Mr. J. T. was waiting for me at the station, and drove me home in his buggy. I was soon introduced to his amiable wife and family, none of whom I had ever seen before. I found Hamilton a very pretty, pleasant place; and, of course, having had relations staying here for twenty years, it

made it all the more interesting. My first cousin, who left Glasgow for Hamilton, died here; and the day after I arrived we went to see his grave in the beautiful burying-ground. He was very much respected.

On Sunday afternoon, heard Mr. Inglis of the Free Church; and in the evening went with my younger cousin and his newly-married wife to the Established Church. This church is about as fine as any to be found in Glasgow. The hours of service here are eleven morning and half-past six evening, and the Sabbath school between. I observed that both here and in America the children of the house I stayed in went to the Sabbath school. In Scotland our Sabbath schools do not get the same chance.

On Monday, my cousin from Glasgow (who rejoined me here) and I got possession of the buggy, and Jerry, the old but excellent horse, and went a drive up the mountain, as it is called. This is a low range of hills that runs above Hamilton, and goes along the country for about five hundred miles. From here we have a fine view of the pretty town of Hamilton, with its 25,000 inhabitants, lying at the foot of Lake Ontario. We drove for a few hours through numerous roads cut through the forest, and one time we found ourselves landed at the end of the road, and in the middle of the forest. We thought that Jerry would rather not carry "old country" men, as we were called, both on account of our weight and curious driving. Lake Ontario is a favourite resort, for rowing-boats and

yachts, with Hamiltonians. I was sorry I did not get a sail in a yacht on Saturday afternoon, having just arrived rather late for a party that started. From Hamilton fine steamers start almost every day for Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec.

Hamilton is laid off for a larger town than it has yet become. Ten years ago it was growing very fast, and it is probable it may still be a very populous city. As it is, there are a considerable number of respectable and flourishing citizens, and those of them we met we found very kind and hospitable. Some of the buildings are very good. M'Kinnis's dry goods store is one of the largest. Many of the dwelling-houses are built up by the mountain, and are elegant and tasteful.

While in New York, my cousin, hearing of our arrival, invited us to join him in a trip. He and some other gentlemen from Hamilton were going to Chicago. The Hamilton Board of Trade had been invited to send a deputation there, to celebrate the opening of a new Board of Trade in Chicago. We gladly accepted. We spent the whole of the following week on this trip; and we found all of our Canadian friends as friendly and lively a band as we could wish to meet. The first arrangement we made was, that we should leave Hamilton at ten p.m.; but we did not start till two a.m. The deputation met at the house of one of the friends (Mr. R. B.), where we were handsomely entertained. We sallied forth into a large 'bus, and in the train sleeping-berths had been secured; so, throwing off boots, coat, and vest, we tumbled in, and slept pretty

soundly till next morning. About breakfast time we came to Windsor, where we cross the river St. Clair, and leave the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada for the American side. Across the river is Detroit, a flourishing American town. From there we proceeded by the Michigan Central Railway straight on to Chicago. On crossing the river, we made an excellent breakfast, got up in fine style. During the day our deputation enjoyed themselves amazingly, and kept the railway car travellers in good spirits by their liveliness. We arrived at Chicago late on Tuesday evening, and were there met by members of the Board of Trade, who represented that part of the committee who were to look after the comfort of the Canadian delegates. And here we must say that the attention of these gentlemen was most exemplary. The head committee had issued circulars, impressing upon the others this attention, and suggesting how to do it; so a Mr. Watson came to our hotel two and three times every day to escort us to the various entertainments. The first meeting was on Wednesday morning, and it was intended to be a formal opening of the new Board of Trade Rooms. The members had sent invitations to all the other Boards of Trade in America and Canada, and many had sent deputations. They intended to give a series of entertainments, which I was told was to cost twenty-five thousand dollars, but which was said to have cost much more. Fancy our good town of Glasgow doing such a thing! On arriving at the building, we observed that three sides of it were built

of marble. This is not so fine as the marble we are accustomed to see, but a coarser quality, got in America, and very pretty. The fourth side, which is not so much seen, is built of brick. The style of architecture is modern Italian. Below the large hall is a floor devoted to merchants' offices, banks, &c., and which seemed well let already. The hall itself is very large, 143 feet long by 87 feet broad. It has the appearance of being a good deal larger than our City Hall; but, being well proportioned, it does not look so large as it really is. There are ten windows in each side and five in front, each of them 25 feet high. The ceiling is painted, representing scenes connected with commerce; and, between the ceiling and the walls, are also large fresco designs, which help to give the hall an imposing appearance; but this painting is of no great merit. The proceedings commenced about eleven o'clock—the Rev. Dr. Tiffany asked the Divine blessing, after which the president, Mr. Randolph, gave an excellent inaugural address. He welcomed the various States and cities, and hoped that, by a free interchange of civilities, the interests and pleasure of all might be promoted. He said, in 1830, Chicago had only a population of 70 individuals; now it has above 200,000. It was about the year 1840 before it began to be of any importance. But now the exportation of grain is prodigious. In 1864 it was 47 millions of bushels, and more than 1½ millions of hogs and cattle. After the chairman's address, delegates were heard. New England had representatives from Boston, Portland, Philadelphia, and

Pittsburg; there were also delegates from Bathville, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Toledo, Troy, Oswego, St. Louis, Louisville, Cairo, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal, &c., &c. Several complimentary allusions were made to Great Britain and Canada; and Mr. Adam Brown, one of our deputation, replied. He said that "Canadians felt, and, he believed, Americans also, that the best way to the sea was by Canada, through the mighty St. Lawrence, and that the Government of Canada was pledged to widen their canals, which was all that was needed." During the evening, a photographer took off various views of the meeting. Tickets were presented to each delegate for the various entertainments. The first evening there was to be a grand concert; next day, an excursion on the lake, and in the evening a banquet. The day after that, an excursion to see a large cattle-pen, and to wind up with a ball in the evening. Chicago seems to be the most remarkable city of modern times. It is placed in the State of Illinois—a prairie State, that is quite flat, and has no trees; and into Chicago the produce of the Great West flows. We drove along the river, and saw the shipping in the docks. There are also many large warehouses, built substantial and tasteful, and not the least blackened by smoke—a pleasing feature in most of the American cities.

We noticed several large distilleries. One was pointed out to us, and beside it still remained the small wooden shed where the proprietor first started, and which he refused to take down.

Elevators are large buildings for holding grain, built on the bank of the water. They very soon load and unload a ship's cargo. The farmers send their grain to one of these elevators, and the quality is decided by a sworn valuator, whether it is first, second, third, or fourth class, and it is sold according to its class. Large pork-packing establishments are also notable places in Chicago. The period we were there was not the time the hogs were killed; but we saw through one work. This establishment killed 1,200 hogs a day during the season; but there are some places which could put through nearly double of that number. We asked how long it took for a pig to go through the whole process of being killed, cut up, cured, and packed. The answer was, "Three minutes!" Poor grumphy has not time to give a single squeak. This supposed no delay in packing, but there is delay required before they are packed.

Another scheme in this town is, that the river which flows past is to be made to change its course, and flow into a canal instead, and the waters of the lake are to flow into the course of the river in its place. Three to four hundred thousand pounds are to be spent in this, and ought to improve the health of the city, although we were told it was by no means an unhealthy place at present.

We went to see where they are boring a tunnel below the lake, two miles out into the water, so that water for the city may be got as pure as possible. We saw an Artesian well two or three miles out of the

city. This place had been bored for oil, but water was got instead. It was ridiculous to see round the walls here plates of the different strata gone through before the water was come to, and the knowledge of this strata of shells and rocks got by clairvoyance. Some of the best houses in Chicago are built close by the lake, and are very handsome and tasteful-like. The leading streets have fully a more regular appearance than those of New York. The Opera House, where the concert was held in the evening, was large and grand; there was a large organ on the stage. The performers at this concert were all first-class. Among other airs we had "God Save the Queen!"

Next forenoon was the excursion on the lake, and it was a stirring affair. The swiftest steamer was engaged; and, in token of its being so, she carried a broom topmast high, to show she could sweep all before her. A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled; and the *tout ensemble* of the whole was rather remarkable. The manners, dress, and appearance are very various. There was a large and good band on board; and sailing, in the extremely hot weather we had, was the greatest luxury. The thermometer all the time we were away was fully 80° in the shade, and we had very little rain. We took a turn round the large steamer, and we were struck with the appearance in the large saloon for a lavish hospitality. Large barrels of punch were placed at the top and bottom of the table; and scattered around were bunches of cigars, a great variety of wines, with nu-

merous delicacies. We kept at first on the upper deck, enjoying the sail of Lake Michigan. From this point we had a general view of the lake; and we stopped at the point, where we saw the "Crib," as it is called, which commences the tunnel to supply the town with water.

On looking down into the saloon, by-and-by, we found affairs had changed. The grand charge had been made, and nothing could be heard save the rattle of plates, the drawing of corks, and the noise of voices, all likely to proceed from a crowd who were intent on being supplied, and who could not all get room, and were each doing the best for themselves. Not one was seated. We thought all had been eaten and drunk—and no doubt a good deal had; but it was surprising to see what the liberality of our hosts had provided; for, as the desires of the guests showed themselves, fresh supplies were produced. When people were tired of eatables, literally large barrels of ice-cream turned up, which in hot weather was very acceptable.

I did not notice any teetotallers. Champagne, Catawba (a favourite American wine), port, sherry, brandy, gin, and whisky, were all supplied.

I took a careless count of the empty bottles in the main saloon, and the number was over one hundred, and many were pitched overboard. The scene afterwards was picturesque: tongues all of a sudden seemed to be loosed; there was a perfect Babel of noise, and no end of gesticulation.

The tables were still crowded; there must have been several hundred people present. We question if a scene like it could be found anywhere but in America. No doubt a good many were affected by the liquor they had taken, but we did not see any staggering, or what we call drunk. We sauntered into a side-room, which was crowded, and in the centre stood half a dozen young men singing American songs. "Old John Brown lies mouldering in his grave" was sung with great animation, with heads uncovered. Other similar scenes were to be seen in other parts. One old man was prominent on the upper deck making speeches, and proposing votes of thanks to all and sundry. We all agreed that it was a scene the like of which would not be easily seen again.

On arriving again at Chicago, we had scarcely time to rest ourselves till it was time to start for the evening banquet. Two banquets in one day was rather much, but the one at night was intended to be the grand one. The delegates from each State of country were first put into a small room, and the citizens of Chicago were officially requested to "sandwich" (rather an Americanism) in with the delegates. Accordingly, in our room we were visited and introduced to some of the Chicago merchants. The chairman, Mr. Randolph, came to us, and took away two Canadians to sit with him on the platform. One of these was the Honourable Mr. M'Murrich, a member of the Upper House of Canadian delegates, and a partner of Messrs. Playfair, Bryce, and Company, of this city. It was past

nine before we were requested to go into the banquet. The Canadians entered first. On entering the hall, the scene was quite imposing. Each guest had a glass of flowers at his side. I tried to preserve mine, but they bred a whole colony of insects in my portmanteau. Each had also a list of toasts, and an envelope in which was enclosed a bill of fare, printed on silk. On the table were lots of peaches, grapes, and other fruits. We noticed, done up in confectionery, the model of a steamboat, and a large model of the building we were in. During my sojourn in America, I never met with affy thing but respect for this country. As one proof of this I give the first three toasts proposed. First was, "Our Country, one and indivisible: Chicago welcomes to this spacious hall the representatives of a reunited land." Second was, "The President of the United States." Third, "The Queen of Great Britain" —music, "God Save the Queen." Fourth, "The Army of the United States." Fifth, "The Provinces of Canada"—music, "Rule Britannia." After this followed the toasts of each of the States represented at the convention. The Canadians stood up at the toast of the President, as well as at that of the Queen, although this is not usual in America. During the evening, there was a little bunkum talked. For instance, Mr. Colbaugh, of Chicago, said, "That he believed there were those there—or, if not, their children or children's children—would see the flag, the old flag of the country, with all its stars and stripes, float over every foot of land in this whole North

American continent: that flag will yet wave from the halls of the Montezumas. The waiters were all black; and they make very good ones, though a little slow. One custom was new: as soon as dinner was over, the company began to smoke cigars, which were plentifully supplied. The chairman himself showed the example; and in giving out the toasts gave an occasional whiff. After the first speech, the banquet might be called a failure. It was then seen that scarcely any voice could be heard over the whole hall; and we suspect speeches were not in favour. The Americans seem almost too restless and excitable to sit and listen, even although each speaker was limited to ten minutes. A number we saw here you would take to be more French than American, on account of their manner. Fun was now the order of the evening. A member of committee offended the reporters, and they left. A crash would be heard in one corner; in another, a lot of young men began to sing; others, to shout to the speakers. We noticed some peaches thrown at the head of one orator. However, we heard some excellent speaking. The chairman, who had great energy and an excellent voice, tried to do his best, but without avail. The delegate who replied on behalf of Canada, spoke of the Canadians' desire to renew the reciprocity treaty, but was afraid the States were going to withhold it from them, in order to starve them into annexation. But Canada would not be coerced; they would rather take a leaf out of their own book, and while widening their canals, and thus temporarily closing their navigation, would issue paper notes.

It would be nearly twelve when we returned. We met several offshoots coming from the banquet, singing the popular songs of their own State. The songs of our national but unfortunate poet, Robert Burns, seem well known over the length and breadth of this great continent. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" I heard repeatedly sung by Americans. We sat in one of the large rooms of the hotel for some time, taken up with the novelty of the scene. Whole bands of young Americans arrived at intervals, arm in arm, two deep, and marched round the room, singing some stirring melody; and then concluded by standing in the middle of the room, and, facing one another, singing vigorously a verse or two.

Next morning there was an excursion by train, to see one or two of the great cattle stock-yards; but I did not go. I went for a few hours and introduced myself to the leading wholesale dry goods merchants, from whom I received great civility. They in the meantime send for all their goods to New York; but they seemed to think it was high time they imported their goods direct from Great Britain. To show the clannishness of Scotchmen, one gentleman I called on told me, as I was a Scotchman and so was he, he would give me the names of all the very best houses in Chicago. Another warehouse I called at, the proprietor said, "Ah! we have a countryman of yours here," and introduced me to a Mr. M'Pherson from Inverness.

The festivities at the Board of Trade finished with a ball in the evening, to which I did not go. I left

for Canada that night, leaving my friends to follow next day. I was told the ball went off very well. It was advertised that no drink would be sold, or improper characters admitted. I understand the style of dancing at balls in America is, that a master of ceremonies bawls out every thing that is to be done, such as "Advance," "Retire," &c.

The citizens of the Far West are not the least fastidious about dress on such occasions. It was not at all necessary to go to either ball or banquet in a black suit. I had nothing but one suit with me. I was told some of the ladies at the ball were dressed in bright scarlet and other such colours.

The foregoing is an imperfect sketch of what I saw in Chicago. In saying adieu to Mr. Watson, who had been so attentive, I expressed the favourable impression the citizens of the West had given us. He said we came under very favourable auspices; at another time they might be too busy to speak to us. He added, "You may tell them at home that for the last ten days we have received into Chicago each day half a million bushels of grain." In the last twenty years there must have been an immense money both made and spent in Chicago. But let it be remembered, that even here it is the few who get the prizes. We met more than one Scotchman who had been in Chicago for years, and who, we believe, would be fully as well off if he had remained at home.

We left Chicago with a lively sense of the liberality and kindness of its merchants. Since I left, I notice

by the papers that there is a grand new building of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago. It is called the Farrell Hall, after Mr. Farrell, one of the gentlemen I called upon. He is the dry goods prince of the city, and a prince in Christian liberality. This hall holds 3,500 people, and Mr. Farrell subscribed about £6,000 to it. Mr. D. L. Moody has been the working man of the institution; and to his earnestness, more than to any other human agency, is the erection of this great structure owing. A mission Sabbath school, of nearly a thousand scholars, is held in what is popularly called Moody's Church—the fruit of this man's zeal. Hundreds of the most abandoned people have been reclaimed by his labours. "Are you a Christian?" he asked of a strange young man one day. "None of your business," was the reply. "But it is my business," said Moody. "Excuse me," said the young man, "your name *must* be Moody." On one occasion a tract distributor asked a woman if she was a Catholic. "Yes; but not much of a one, for I know Moody." One of the first things debated in the new structure was the vexed one of amusements. Mr. Moody thinks that no other amusement is needed than working for Jesus; but every one is not constituted with such muscles and a two hundred horse-power of character. He met those who argued for an amusement room by asking if any body had ever been converted in the amusement rooms of those societies who had them. But the account went on to say that Mr. M. is forming a brass band in connection with the association,

and that he will hardly be able to confine them to "Old Hundred." With one more anecdote about Mr. Moody I conclude. As the church he is connected with is in an Irish Catholic neighbourhood, and the windows were broken by the juveniles of that faith, he determined to apply to head-quarters to have them stopped. He was refused admittance by the bishop's porter, but was at last admitted by the right reverend's express order. He announced who he was, and his errand; expressed his confidence that both he and the bishop were labouring for the same end, though one or the other of them was wrong about the means; and declared that he wanted the bishop to do nothing for him that he would not gladly do for the bishop. The bishop said he did right in coming to him, and that he would see that the mischief was put an end to (and he kept his word). The conversation was then turned to other topics, and finally to the efficacy of prayer. "Well," says Moody, "I visit a great many kinds of people in Chicago, and I always pray with them before leaving them. So let us pray." And before the bishop could say him nay, he was on his knees, pouring out his soul to God, beseeching all spiritual blessings upon the bishop and his flock. I tell this as it was told me.

I returned on Monday to my cousin's at Hamilton by the railway, a distance of six hundred miles. The rail at the American side ends at Detroit, and on the Canadian side at Windsor; the former a fine flourishing town, the latter but a quiet village, and yet

only the river between them. This starts the question, is Canada as prosperous as the United States? and if not, why? There can be little doubt that Canada has been with difficulty holding its own, while the United States have been going ahead. Canadians often speak among themselves of the advantages of annexation; and I believe the majority think it would be for their interest, especially in raising the value of their property, but, as loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, they shrink from saying so.

The late war gave an impulse to many branches of trade in the United States, as all their great armies had to be fed and clothed. I do not intend to go into this subject further here, especially as I was warned in Canada that when I went home I was not to fancy I understood the subject thoroughly. When an emigrant buys ground in a wood country, which is not cleared of the trees, he first cuts them down; but the getting out of the roots is very troublesome. I believe it often takes them twenty years before they are cleared away. After some years, the stumps are burnt, which takes away all life, and by-and-by they rot away. The country has a singular appearance in this state, and no proper crop can be got till these are all rooted out. In a prairie State, like Illinois, you can raise a crop the first year, as there is nothing but long grass; but it is often hot and swampy. We had planned to go for a day to shoot prairie chickens, which are very abundant, and like our grouse; but the weather was too hot. There are no game-laws

in America, which I would think was an improvement; but the result is, that as soon as a State gets populated, the game disappears. I think all poachers should go to America. I am told wild flowers are very beautiful in the prairies. Truly, there it may be said—

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

Along the route from Chicago to Hamilton, the scenery is nice, but not striking. Every here and there is a wooden house, the abode of the settler; but many of these I thought by no means inviting-looking residences. Whole tracts are still covered with the primeval forest; the trees seem the same as in our own woods. Tried the sleeping-car again; the beds are made with the usual seats during the day. You pay about a dollar extra for the use of a sleeping-berth; and the conductor brushes your boots, and gives you washing material in the morning. It is quite usual to see ladies as well as gentlemen in them. I noticed the different names of the stations going along: many of them are after "old country" names; for instance, London, a nice thriving town, Glenlyon, Perth, &c.

Started per rail on Monday morning (September 21, 1865) from Hamilton for Toronto, about forty miles from Hamilton. It contains about fifty thousand inhabitants, and has a fine bay situated on Lake Ontario, and is not very far from Lake Huron. A number of the most respectable inhabitants are from Glasgow.

We had a few business connections here, and I met with an old schoolfellow. We have supplied Toronto with one or two of its best ministers, such as Dr. Willis, formerly of Renfield Free Church, and Dr. Burns, late of Paisley; they are now both professors of Knox's Church, Toronto. I went to see it, but was disappointed with its dilapidated appearance outwardly. Went and saw Trinity College, which is a tasteful building, and connected with the Episcopalian Church. Near this is a fine public park. I also visited an attractive institution which belongs to the Government educational department; among other departments there is a nice picture gallery, and a large normal school. Left Toronto to sail to Montreal, further down Lake Ontario. This is a very fine excursion. The steamer was the Grecian, the finest on the lake: it is fully two hundred feet long, with an upper saloon all the way along, nicely fitted up, not excluding a piano. There are also berths for sleeping, as the passage from Hamilton to Montreal takes two days and a night. The day had been very hot, so it was a pleasant relief to sail.

It was a lovely evening to go down the placid lake; there was a full moon, and not a cloud in the sky. For the greater part of the evening I sat at the bow of the boat, with only a light linen coat on. I knew the berths would be too hot to sleep in. It was an opportunity for meditation as we moved along on the calm water—the moon casting its silvery shade about us wherever we went. I thought of the old folks at home,

and what they would think, if they could just look in for a minute and see me in this far-away place. We did not come to the finest parts of the scenery till early next morning. Lake Ontario is about two hundred miles long and sixty broad; one side is Canadian territory, and the other United States. The steamers stopped at various ports, the principal of which were Brookville, Port Hope, and Kingston. We reached the celebrated Thousand Islands early in the morning, and it is just at this point the noble river St. Lawrence commences. Here, for two or three hours, the scenery is very fine. Instead of a thousand islands, there is said to be one thousand eight hundred, many of them covered with trees. I think the scenery here is almost as fine as Lochlomond; but one great attraction is wanting—the hills, the everlasting mountains. There is not one to be seen. The soil looks poor, and of a sandy formation; but both sides of the lake are clothed with trees.

When we had passed those beautiful islands, we soon came to another spot even fully more interesting, viz., the rapids of the river St. Lawrence. They are very remarkable, and appear between the Thousand Isles and Montreal. They almost looked to me like two currents meeting one another, and causing great surging and boiling every here and there. A tributary or island appears, which makes you uncertain which is the main stream. At one place the river is quite narrow, at others miles broad. It takes all the steamer can do to keep her exactly in the right course; and there is a helm both fore and aft; and, when we are passing

any of the rapids, there are four men at one of these wheels and two at the other. There are canals formed where the rapids come in, so that large ships, which cannot be controlled as I have described, go through the canals instead of the rapids. I specially remarked one of these rapids; and if the steamer had gone into the worst of it, it could not have been got out again. Indeed, this is very well known. As a proof that the rapids are dangerous, one fine steamer struck a rock in going over one of them, and consequently required to be docked. The captain was afraid to pass any more of them, as it showed the water was getting shallower, on account of the dry season; and, for the remainder of the journey, we had to go through the canals, which is a much slower process. Only a fortnight before I sailed down, a companion steamer to the one I was in sunk, through striking a rock in a rapid; but, fortunately, all the passengers were saved.

One of the finest of the rapids is called La Chine. We shot along it quite close to the rocky shore, almost as quickly as an arrow from a bow. It was both exciting and interesting. Many of the wood rafts going down the St. Lawrence are very valuable. I observed some with as many as forty men on them, and two or three small wooden houses for them to sleep in. Noticed one about four hundred feet long, which one or two on board valued at £10,000. It was rather late in the evening when we reached Montreal. I could not get accommodation at the best known Hotel, the St. Lawrence, for a perfect crowd

was waiting. There are beds for four hundred people at this house. Here we met our fellow-passenger from Glasgow, Professor Nichol.

September 6, 1865.—Montreal, the day I visited it, looked hazy and thick-like, more than any day I have yet seen in America. This was much owing to the weather, and partly to the large town, where there are a good many manufacturing works. This is one of the oldest towns of America. As far back as three hundred and thirty years ago it was visited; but in 1760 it came into the possession of the British. It is the largest town in Canada, having fully 120,000 inhabitants. I was surprised to see so much of the French element in it. It looked to me as if the French were as numerous as the British. Most of the streets seemed to be called either by French or Roman Catholic names—Berthelet, Bleury, Bonseoms, Chenneville, Laganchattierre, Notre-Dame, St. Antoine, St. Bonaventure. I counted fifteen streets beginning with "Saint:" I also heard many of the people speaking French. I wondered in the morning how the bells were ringing so much. I found it proceeded from the French or Cathedral Church. I was told the bells were constantly chiming.

In passing down Notre-Dame Street, went into this fine cathedral for a few minutes. There would be twenty persons in the pews at their devotions: they were quiet and devout-like. I noticed they dipped their finger in holy water and crossed themselves as they went in and out. The decorations about the

altar were very imposing, there being a great deal of gilding. Met during the day with several Scotchmen, who are to be found everywhere. In visiting the cemetery, every other tombstone has on it, "A native of such a county in Scotland." One or two stones I observed had been raised by subscription to respected Scotchmen. One I noticed, saying that he who was here interred had been peacefully proceeding home after hearing a sermon on the errors of Popery, when the soldiers fired on the retiring congregation, led on by an incapable chief magistrate. This cemetery is very extensive; it is in a valley between two hills. Many of the lairs are larger than any in our Necropolis. Indeed, they are of the extent of a moderately-sized garden; and burials take place in different corners of it. For instance, in one corner a stone erected with the inscription, "To the memory of our dear Annie;" another corner, a stone "To Dear Sophia, made perfect through suffering;" another, "To George." This is the sort of style many are laid out in; otherwise, I saw nothing new, except that the ground looked very extensive, and was much covered with trees.

Montreal is mostly built of brick: there are some wooden houses; but all the finer buildings are of stone, of which there are a good many, such as the Montreal Bank, the Bank of British North America, one or two fire insurance offices, and warehouses. Most of the streets are narrow, being an old town, and they are but poorly paved; the pavements are often of wood or causeway stones. The public notices

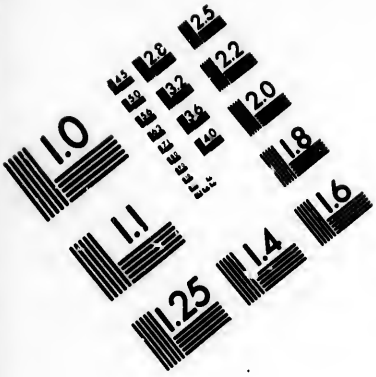
are given both in French and English, the population are so much divided between the two. The Bensicome Markets are very fine buildings, and are for selling all kinds of provisions, vegetables, butcher meat, &c. Such markets are common all over America; and all classes of the inhabitants go to make their daily purchases. Many of the roofs are covered with tin instead of slates: this must be owing to the scarcity of the latter. Even the domes and church steeples, both in Canada and the States are often covered with tin, which gives the roofs and spires a bright, glittering appearance when the sun is shining, and even in the moonlight it is very pretty. There are a number of convents in Montreal, which look very large; and there is an extensive college building for the Jesuits. There are a number of useful buildings, such as M'Gill College, Mechanics' Institution, Exchange, &c.; but the greatest curiosity was the great bridge across the St. Lawrence, completed a few years ago. It is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway—a rather unfortunate scheme for the shareholders, like some others nearer home. This bridge was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1860. It is two miles long, less fifty yards, and has twenty-three spans of 242 feet each, except the one in the centre, which is 330 feet, to allow steamers and large vessels to pass through. 250,000 tons of stone, and 8,000 tons of iron, were used in its construction. It is built on the same principle as the bridge built over the Menai Straits; and when you are in it, it just looks as if you were in the inside of a boiler.

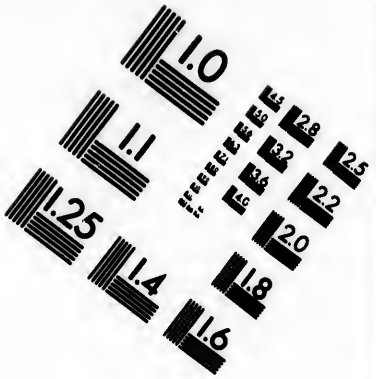
The iron between each 242 feet span rests on a solid butt of masonry; and each span is not in any way connected with the others: indeed, between each there are a few inches, so as to leave room for expansion and contraction. Robert Stephenson was the engineer; and the stone-work was done by Morton Peto, Brassy, and Company.

There is a large stone raised near this bridge, telling a sad tale. It was erected by Peto, Brassy, and Company's men, in memory of eight thousand emigrants, who died from ship fever, and were buried here, in 1847.

Started by a large swift steamer from Montreal for Quebec, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. The passage takes eleven hours, at sixteen miles an hour; but then it is down the river. Enjoyed the sail much, in the largest, perhaps steadiest steamer anywhere plying on a river. The scenery in this part of the St. Lawrence is very nice, but not lofty, though well wooded. And what a grand river! What a pity it is blocked up with ice seven months in the year!

As we come near Quebec, the view gets very pretty and interesting. Passed a great many nice ships—a good many from Glasgow—their names told where they came from: for example, the Annie Laurie and the Ben Nevis. They were busy loading with great logs of wood, through a square hole in the bow. For miles above Quebec, there are great quantities of wood stored, chiefly in logs. I was very much pleased with Quebec, and considered that I saw there the prettiest





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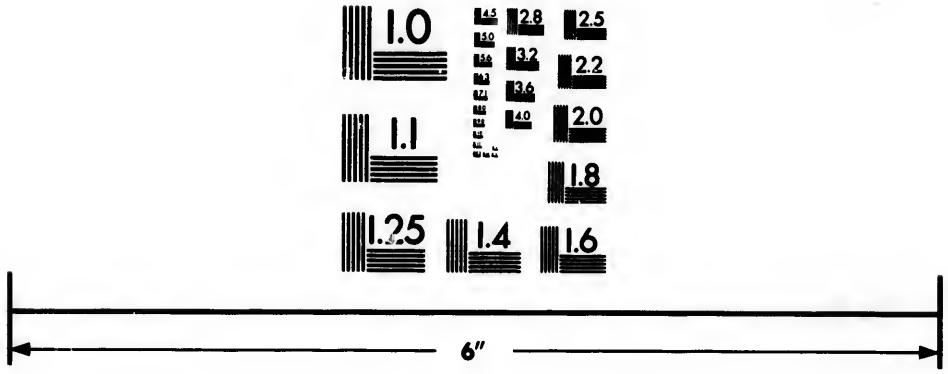

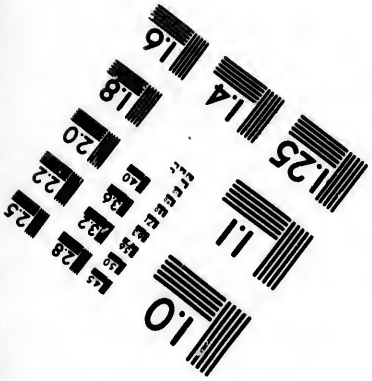

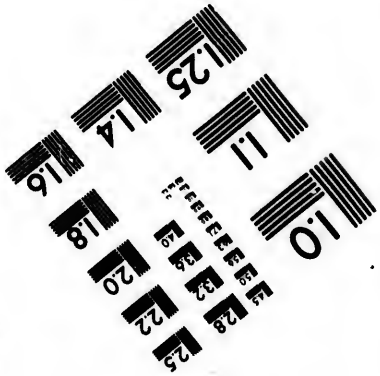

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scenery I had yet seen in America. The town is situated beautifully. There is an upper and a lower city. From the upper you have a lovely view. Quebec is fortified, I believe, very strongly, and is being further strengthened. The citadel or fortress on the summit crowns all. The whole is not unlike Edinburgh Castle; but the high ground there is not carried so far as in Quebec. This town looks like an island, the St. Lawrence surrounds it so much; but it is a promontory, like New York. After breakfast, started to see the city, and met with two old Glasgow friends. In conversation with an influential French Canadian, whom I met, he said that it was the case that annexation with the United States would improve Canada in a business point of view; but he hoped it would not be in his day. In pressing him for the cause, he said most of the population in Lower Canada were French, and had their own customs, religion, &c., and Britain had treated them pretty well, and they were not so sure about America. "But," he added, "I have thought for the last ten years that America is the greatest country in the world." He said that the French Canadians were not an ambitious, money-making people, and did not live expensively, and that in these respects they were quite different from the Anglo-Saxon race in Upper Canada.

I went in a car to visit the Falls of Montmorenci, six miles out of town. My driver turned out to be a north of Ireland man, and he made himself very useful and obliging. These falls are considered the finest

in Canada. Passed, by the way, a number of burned houses—a not unusual sight in Quebec. A whole street was burned down lately; and one of the bridges we crossed over had been only opened that day, as it had been burned too. Passed a large lunatic asylum, which holds six hundred patients; observed a number of priests going in to visit it. I believe the Roman Catholic population of Quebec is in the proportion of five to one of the Protestant. The road to the falls was mostly lined with houses of a small size, nicely whitewashed, with wooden slates, a small garden before each, and inhabited by the French Canadians.

There is a fine view of Quebec to be obtained from this road. It is truly a city built on a hill. My carman was never done praising the scenery. I told him it was hard to convince one, when abroad, that the scenery was better than at home. He even relented himself when I reminded him of the fine scenery in Ireland. Opposite Quebec is the island of Orleans, twenty-five miles long and seven broad. In it are seven parishes and seven churches. Noticed on it at the distance, the white tents of soldiers' camps, where they are bivouacking for the summer, to practise rifle-shooting. Was not disappointed with the falls: they come second to Niagara of any thing I have seen. It is curious that, notwithstanding the immense body of water that falls over, a few yards below the fall there is no water to be seen. It goes away to the St. Lawence subterraneously. It is fathomless at the foot. There was a bridge once spanned over this fall; but

just as it was finished the fixings gave way, precipitating a man, woman, and child, who were crossing in a car. The man was saved, but the woman and child, and horse and car, were never seen again. An Indian once undertook, for a wager, to go over the falls, but he was lost too.

There is an Indian village a few miles from Quebec; but I understand they are now a good deal intermarried with the French Canadians. I went in and had a look at the Roman Catholic cathedral. There was a grand altar and some very fine paintings, especially one of the Saviour on the Cross. The only others present were two priests: they took no notice of us, they seemed so intently praying. Is this not a lesson to Protestants?

Went next to see the plains of Abraham, where the immortal Wolfe fell. Observed best here the fortifications—large cannons bristling on the high city, placed everywhere to command the river and all around. The old town of Quebec is walled.

On the plains of Abraham there is nothing special to be seen, but simply the site of the battle which decided the fate of Canada, whether it should be in the hands of the British or French. There is a monument, simple and plain, saying, "Here died Wolfe victorious." It must have been a severe struggle: both generals fell. The last words Wolfe said were, when it was said, "They flee," "Who?" "The French." "Thank God! I die content, a young man." The present Emperor Napoleon has raised a

monument where the French are buried, and for Montcalm, their general. Saw next a small public park or garden, where is another monument to Wolfe. Close to this there is a wooden esplanade, where the town's-people promenade, and you can look down on the old city, with its tin-covered roofs, and the grand river—it is quite beautiful. The English cathedral is very large, and I was told very nice inside, but it is only open on Sundays.

I last visited the House of Assemblies, and saw through them. Architecturally, there was nothing imposing. Inside I saw a spacious library, a smoking-room, and a number of committee rooms. I asked to get through the rooms where the members sat, which was at once granted. The senior or head body have Honourable affixed to their name. This is a handsome room, with a gallery for strangers. At the head of the hall there is a throne for the Governor-General, as the Queen's representative. The cloth of the throne and the other furniture is all scarlet colour. I do not think there were chairs for above sixty or seventy members. Before each chair was a small handsome desk, and a square table before the throne. The Speaker sat at the head of the chamber, with lavender gloves, and patent-leather boots on. The other chamber was not so grand, but still very nice: there was a double desk before each two members, on the wall a fine painting of the Queen, and in both chambers there were some nice paintings of former members.

I was told if I came back in an hour I would then

see both Houses met. I did so, and easily gained admittance. The Upper House was merely met for some routine business; one bill passed a second reading, which was about some mining business. The members had all a gentlemanly look. Some one moved the House to be adjourned, which the Speaker did till half-past seven. Loud cries of "Till eight!" were kept up, laughingly, for two or three minutes. The Speaker at last replied, "The rules of the House cannot be changed without my consent; but I agree that half-past seven should mean eight." All retired laughing; and the Speaker left, with an old official carrying the mace before him.

In the other House there was quite a lively debate going on; a little Frenchman was speaking, and showing all his teeth. Some Opposition members had said that Lower Canada had got more than their due proportion of money grants for their higher class schools, and Lower Canada is mostly Roman Catholic.

The member that was addressing the House strenuously denied this; but others on the opposite side as strenuously maintained it: so it went on from side to side. But the main tactics I saw was a party or Opposition dodge. The grand speech before I left was from a Mr. Brown, the finance minister, whose grant the Opposition was snarling at. He said he was surprised at the last speech. (To be intelligible, I must explain what I gathered, that in order to carry or attempt to carry certain great measures for the weal of the country, three members had crossed from the Opposition

and joined the ministry.) The speaker, Mr. Brown, was one of these; and he insisted that he and the other two had been pressed by his own party to do so, and now he was grieved to think, after being so pressed, they should twit him so. They knew, he continued, if he had his own way, he would sweep away all sectarian grants; but what could three members do in twelve. But it was for a great purpose he came there; and if he succeeded, Canada would owe him a debt of gratitude. He had nothing to ask forgiveness for, either from the House or country. It was not of his own will he joined the ministry, and he didn't wish to stay from the way he was treated; but after the last speaker being the man that carried the vote for him to go against his will, he expected better treatment. The minister of finance was really eloquent, and very demonstrative, and, I thought, sincere. The member, so attacked, replied, that he believed the honourable senator wished to get into office; and if somebody must join the party in office for their side, better the like of the honourable senator than the rank and file. He did not see the use of the honourable senator galvanizing himself so much.

On leaving Quebec, I was told at the hotel that there was a ticket agent would sell me a railway ticket to where I was going. It seems usual for railway companies to give out tickets for agents to sell: I suppose because the competing lines are so numerous. Besides this, you can pay your fare in an American railway either before you start, or after, to the guard

or conductor on the journey. Both of these plans are bad. As an illustration of the first, on the ticket agent coming to me, I said to him this was not a usual plan at home; he replied the railway managers gave agents a chance. On reading the ticket he offered me, I saw part of it expired before the present date. I pointed this out to him, but was referred to an almost illegible stamp on the top of it, which, he said, rescinded the time of its expiry. I said I wouldn't have it. He hurried to the train before me to try to get it right; but I told him I would have none of it. The plan of the guards taking the fares leads to peculation, as there is no check. I heard of a company who wanted a new conductor; and on one applying, a director asked him, "Have you a ring?" "Oh no!" "Have you a diamond pin?" "No!" "Have you a fast horse?" "Oh no! these sort of things are not for one in my position." But the director told him he would not do, as he would be better to employ one who had these things; for one who had them not would require to get them at the expense of the company.

Started on my road to New York again, taking Lowell in my way. The first stage is from Quebec to Portland by the coast, and then Boston, and main line to Lowell. This took the whole of a night and the whole of a day. The only time, while I was away, that I felt the least shadow of being unwell, was on this night.

Not feeling hungry in the evening, I had taken only peaches, and lying down in the railway sleeping-car, which the heat makes very oppressive, and the

part of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada we travelled being very rough, it fairly churned my stomach; and to add to my discomfort, we had to change trains about one in the morning. This was done at a junction called Richmond (not the celebrated Richmond); and although the days were excessively hot—about eighty-five degrees in the shade—at this time in the morning it was rather cold and frosty. Here we stayed more than an hour; and although I was half sleeping and unwell, I had to march out every ten minutes to see if my train had not come. I confess I felt quite miserable. I thought that now, if I take any deadly complaint in this out-of-the-world place, how sad for my family and friends at home; but a kind Providence had brought me scatheless to this point, and indeed—God's name be praised!—brought me home without a scratch.

The road all next day was tiresome enough. We got a sight in the distance of the White Mountains, said to vie in height and grandeur with the Swiss ones; but although they did look high, I doubt if they are as high as the latter. Much of the scenery I passed through this day was fine. I could sometimes have fancied myself in the Highlands—not that the hills are very high, but well wooded. As far as my observation went, I do not think the soil of America is rich, and I believe, as a rule, just yields one crop in the year.

On arriving at Lowell, I presented my card at the Merrimac Works, and was told to walk in. These are

very extensive, the property of a corporation, or, as we would call them, a joint-stock company, consisting of a number of partners or shareholders, who appoint an agent or manager to manage, and a treasurer, who seems at the works to be in the position of master; as, for instance, I was told that the treasurer fixed to stop the works when trade was dull, and on a new treasurer being appointed, he ordered them on again. I found that most of the works at Lowell are on the joint-stock principle, which easily accounts for them being mostly all on a large scale.

These Merrimac Works are really handsome. Besides smaller buildings, there are three large mills; one of these is behind the other two, and in the middle. I would say they are built regardless of expense. As one said to me, they spend on ornament here what would be a profit at home. The quality of the spinning machinery seemed to be about the same as at home, where the works were about ten years old, as in this case. Indeed, I believe mostly all the spinning machinery comes from England. The looms also looked like similar ones at home which have run ten or twelve years, and seemed to be going as well. Many of them had wooden frames and iron sides.

Lowell, during the war, suffered a good deal, as the cotton districts in this country did, on account of the scarcity of cotton. Many of them in America had to stop; and it is only now they are starting again, and they find workers scarce. They are obliged to give the weavers four or even six looms to mind, but it is mostly

simple calico they make—no coloured work—and this makes the work easier. On account of the scarcity of hands, they are better paid than they have been. Before the war, they had quite a surplus of hands. As to the wages weavers are making, I cannot pretend to say decidedly, for, although I took some jottings at the time as to this, on comparing two different statements I had, they did not agree; but, without speaking positively, I think weavers will be earning from six to seven dollars a week, and, as there are six dollars at present to the pound, this gives one pound to twenty-three and fourpence a week. The workers mostly all live in lodgings, of which I will speak again. These cost them, on an average, three dollars a week, of which they pay two and a quarter dollars to two and a half dollars themselves, and the mistresses of the boarding-house get half a dollar at the counting-house of the mill. I calculate that, after they have paid their board and lodging, they may have ten shillings a week over. This surplus will go partly to provide clothes; and, like some other friends I know in the old world, they spend a good deal in this way. Clothes in America are more than double the cost they are with us. One said to me they would pay from ten to fifteen dollars—that is, thirty-five to fifty-five shillings—for an ordinary dress; sixteen dollars, or two pounds thirteen shillings, for a pair of trowsers; and fifty dollars, or more than eight pounds, for a suit of clothes. I was told men got about three dollars a day; foremen, four dollars.

On asking where the workers were mostly natives of, I found a little variety of opinion; but all agreed the numbers from Ireland were much more numerous than they used to be. One said, "One half of his workers were from Ireland;" another said, he had not above two or three in his charge that were not from there, or descended from Irish parents; but this was in spinning. I understand the Merrimac works are in best order of any in Lowell. Every thing about them was spotlessly clean; but if the weather was not very fine and dry, the stairs and floors would not be so clean. One of the special reasons for this is, that the weather is so hot that insects would be very numerous and disagreeable, if cleanliness were not particularly attended to. The passes between the looms and other machinery were very large.

I did not observe any of the girl's bonnets or shawls lying about the flats: they must have had some place to put them in.

I noticed that the wash-hand basins, and such like conveniences, were very complete and commodious. The workers' hours in Lowell are eleven per day—an hour longer than with us, which is decidedly too long. In summer, they start at six and stop at half-past six evening. In winter, start at seven and stop at half-past seven evening. They stop from one to two for dinner; but have their breakfast before starting, which to us looks curious. I do not think it can be very healthy. Some of the flats were very hot; and what would add to this, I noticed the weaving

flats had small open pipes of steam, I suppose to keep the air moist. I did not think the general appearance of the girls was superior to our own; some of them not so smart-like, but many of them very tidy and smart. I observed there were very careful arrangements made as to fire. There was a large fire-hose on every stair, and a water-pipe to apply it to, and ready alongside a pinch and an axe, and printed rules hung up showing how to act. One of these, I observed, was, that the party in charge was to inspect once a week that the hose was all right. The stairs themselves were very nice and wide. All walls about the works were nicely whitewashed, and all wood-work oil-painted.

Went next and visited the Hamilton Works, where I saw calico-printing, wool-spinning, and cotton-weaving. The manager of the works was a Mr. Hunter, whom I found very obliging: I think he was a Scotchman, but had been most of his time in America. I asked him a few questions, of which I will give a specimen:—"Are the American workers pleasant in the work?" "They are haughty, and think they know every thing." "Do the workers, as a rule, save?" "No, not much." "Are the American workers educated?" "They might be, but are not particularly so." "Can you manufacture as cheap as we can?" "No, both labour and coals are dearer." "Do girls employed in the work play the piano?" "Oh yes: a few of them club together, and hire one." "Are some of the American girls you have daughters of

farmers?" "Yes, often they are: they come to the works to make a little." "Are four looms not too many, especially as I see some of them are twilling?" "Yes, they are; but this will be changed when hands get more plentiful." Mr. H. added, that he sometimes tells the American hands that their disposition is to put all they have on the outside, so as to make an appearance, although they should have little besides that; whereas, English and Scotch live well; but the Americans are all for appearance. He said he found the workers very independent at present. Their market is New York and Boston. After I had been some time with Mr. H., I was handed over to a foreman, who had come from Bradford about fourteen months before. He said he would not be sorry if he was back. "No doubt," he said, "I get high wages, but I get that at home; but then, here, clothes, coals, and house-rent are very high." His house cost him eight dollars a month. On noticing wash-hand basins and other conveniences in the flat we were in, he said, "There is no doubt more accommodation in that way for workers here."

Was astonished, after I had gone round the Merrimac Works, to see one of our own old workers coming up to speak to me. In going through, I thought it was not unlikely that some of the girls might know my face, and I was very well pleased to see one of them coming up to me. Theresa M'Guire was her name. She had only been in the Merrimac Works seven weeks. She could not believe it was me, she

said; and was very glad to see me. She was learning warping. I asked her, amongst other things, if it was the case that some of the girls played the piano. She said, "Oh, yes; you would hear plenty of pianos played on, by going past their houses of an evening;" and one girl in the boarding-house where she was, she saw coming up to the door on horseback the other evening. She thought Lowell was a nice place; still, she would like as well to be at home. I asked her if she felt the work hard. She said, "No. Did I think the work looked harder than at home?" I said, "No; but that it was working for eleven hours I referred to." She looked clean and tidy-like.

The boarding-houses where the girls stay are a great institution in Lowell. I said I would like to see one. Every company, besides their works, have houses in which their employés may stay, for I suppose there is no compulsion. The houses belonging to the Merrimac Company, I was told, were the best; so I was taken to one of these first. The company let out their houses to a responsible party—perhaps to a married man and his wife, or a wife alone—and they take in to board from thirty to thirty-six girls, who pay most of their board themselves, except half a dollar, which the company retain, and pay it to the boarding-house keeper.

On arriving at one of these houses, and explaining my object, the mistress frankly allowed me to go in; and it was a house I would be glad to stay in myself. I was first shown into a parlour, very nicely furnished

with sofa, bookcase, &c. A nice Bible, a book entitled "Scripture Stories," another, "Tales of the War," and other books, were lying on the table. The next room I was shown into was the room where meals were taken, and which was plainly furnished, but clean. The mistress said she had thirty-six girls. I next saw one or two of the bedrooms. I think in this house there was just one bed in each room, and two girls slept in each. There were nice white covers over the beds, and a few cheap framed engravings on the walls. I forget whether the floors were carpeted or not, but I think they were, in this house. I recollect distinctly of nice waxcloth being on the lobbies. The mistress told me they were all bound to keep the rules of the house, such as to be in at a certain hour; and I was told that in many of the houses it was the custom to have worship, and to ask a blessing at meals—that, in fact, the companies themselves sometimes made this a stipulation. I believe some of the houses were mostly confined to American girls, others to Irish, and others to Scotch. Outside, the houses looked very neat, and built of brick, as most of houses are in America that are not wood. It was a terrace, and looked a quiet and genteel place.

I thought I would like to see another boarding-house; and as I had seen one of the best, I asked to be shown one not so fine. This I managed, and certainly it was not so nice-looking, or quite so clean. I remember the bedrooms had two beds in them, or for four girls to sleep in. As I entered this house, noticed

two boys playing at cards. It was near the dinner hour, and I felt the smell of roast beef—rather a tempting smell to a hungry man. I asked the mistress here if rules were strictly adhered to. She said the girls must be in at ten at night, unless leave was given to them to be out longer, just as she would like to be treated herself. I asked her if she had any rules about their going to worship. She said yes; if, for instance, the girls were Catholics, she saw they went to that Church. I thought from this she likely belonged to that persuasion herself. I said to her we had no boarding-houses in this style in Scotland. She replied, some girls from Scotland, and from Ireland too, did not like the boarding-houses, as (pointing over the way) she added, both Scotch and Irish girls reside there to the extent of three hundred, when American girls would not have above twenty. I suggested that probably they would feel more independent, and have no mistress. She replied, "Yes; likely. That's so." The man who had come from Bradford said to me he would not like to have a daughter of his in these boarding-houses.

There is a place called Laurence, near Lowell, which I passed. It has the largest mill in America: there is said to be eleven hundred acres of flooring. Before leaving this subject, I may add, that since I visited Lowell there has been a reduction of wages.

On my way to New York from this district, I passed through the celebrated town of Boston, but did not spend more than an hour or two in it. It seemed a

beautiful city. Noticed some very fine stone buildings, and all the streets were very busy-like.

Arrived safe at New York at eleven p.m., September 9th. Went on an average from Boston at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Found our old hotel easily, and were glad to see an old face again. Next morning (Sunday), went to Ward Beecher's church again, but was again disappointed. I heard a young man, who read a very good sermon. Was told, at the conclusion, that Ward Beecher was really to preach next Sunday, so I resolved to be present. Was told the Sabbath school would meet at three o'clock, and was invited to come and see it. Went at two to a Sabbath school in Fulton Street, but there I saw nothing particular. There were about a hundred children present. They first sung "Rest for the weary;" then the superintendent read the hundred and twenty-third Psalm; then prayer; then the superintendent read again, the eighth chapter of Proverbs, first seventeen verses; then a hymn. A friend from Troy next addressed them: he gave a good illustration from the stormy petrel looking up for its drink to the heavens; so should Sabbath school scholars look up to God, and look upon Sabbath schools and all ordinances as water from God. After this a dismission hymn. Exactly an hour in. In this school there was no regular lesson for that day.

Went next to Ward Beecher's school. It was a fine sight on entering. Suppose a house the size of Lyon Street Free Church, but not with an open roof, large galleries, not high, and not much sloped; an organ at

the head, and a platform round it, just the style of the Glasgow City Hall. The whole place was painted white, and the floor carpeted. In the middle of the hall was a tasteful fountain throwing up water. The seats were all fixed, of a semicircular shape, and not high. On the right hand side of the organ, a large red flag was placed, and on it emblazoned "Plymouth Street Sabbath Schools, formed 1847." On the other side of the organ was hung a large oil-painted landscape. On the walls all around were Scripture mottoes —the words looked like as if they were cut out in grass—such texts as, "The Lord is my Shepherd," "Seek the Lord." Beside every class was a small flag of silk, some of red colour, some blue, some white, and some half red and half blue. Each had inscribed a Scripture motto, such as, "Love one another," "Forgive one another," "Love your enemies." These, I was told, were only used on opening days or anniversaries, or when they went on an excursion. This large place was quite filled; but there were far more grown-up people than scholars. I could fancy there might be a thousand persons present, counting all. It was an exhilarating sight.

This being opening day, after the summer vacation, the usual routine of lessons was not gone through. "Rest for the weary" was sung by a choir, and the chorus by the whole school. The superintendent said they needed a reviving: he felt for himself he needed it. He then introduced the Rev. Mr. Gallacher, who spoke, in a style to attract attention, for fully an hour.

I remember a few of his illustrations: Sir Christopher Wren's monument was the great St. Paul's, London; so the banners around the room were the superintendent's. His leading idea was, "What the children were as boys, so they would be as men." To illustrate this, he related a number of anecdotes, such as the well-known one about Washington's father and the favourite cherry-tree; a similar one about the late Sir Robert Peel; and also about Abraham Lincoln. Another division was, "Be contented"—illustrated by a story of a lad who wished he was a lord, and, being metamorphosed into that, at once found his trials, such as finding himself on the back of a wild horse, and being summoned to fight a duel, so that he desired soon to be his old self again; and he questioned if they were not happier in their position than their great generals, such as Burnside, Sherman, or Grant. "Be polite," was another division—illustrated, rather in an ironical manner, as to the sweet expression and deportment taught in some boarding-schools, and the pretty words that they were there taught to say, such as prism, sour prunes, when you wished to show a small mouth, and such words as cabbage, to show a large mouth. But suppose he was to give any of the gentlemen on the platform a "jag" with a pin, what would they do? They would jump immediately. That would be real sentiment; so the right place to be polite was from the heart. People never reform after twenty. Cunninghame, whom he saw lately in the condemned cell, told him he first disobeyed his mother

by refusing to go to the Sunday school. America was the place for boys. In England, they were boys till they were forty. He would be a boy there yet. In America, a lad of twenty-one says (and let it be done with all respect), "Father, mother, I am going to leave you." He would not speak to them at all, unless he believed that God heard prayer. God is more ready to hear than they to pray. His boy lately was in a fever. He was very ill—had not shown symptoms of life scarcely for days; but, as he sat watching by his bed-side, he asked for a drink: and God was as ready to hear them as he was to give his son this drink.

After this address was done there was a hymn; and then the superintendent spoke a little, chiefly about a teacher who had died—their first one who had died in harness; but their society had scores now in the upper world. He was sure they had all the deepest sympathy with her relatives, and would attend her funeral. Intimated that the teachers' meeting was held on Saturday evenings, and instead of seventy-five teachers present out of ninety, there generally were only twenty to twenty-five. The meeting was the life of the Sabbath school: they got to know and sympathize with one another; they never would get acquainted at church. Let all the teachers say, "I'm engaged for Saturday night." Some will let rain prevent them; but have known people go to concerts and tea parties although it did rain. It might happen to be a poor leader sometimes; but then one could see his fault, and do better himself. Some teachers never came, and

others came a long distance. What do you think, Brother Lee? The brother referred to said that he thought the teachers' meeting the very life of the Sabbath school. At the end, I was asked if I would not go and speak to the superintendent, who was a Scotchman. I was proud to think that this fine school had at its head one from Scotland.

Tried to get a church to go to in the evening, but did not succeed. Went to Dr. Cheever's, and was told it would not be open till last Sabbath of September. I don't understand the New York churches: this is their summer season, and it appears to me as if they met at this time of the year only once a day. Their usual hours are from ten to eleven for opening in the fore part of the day, and at half-past seven in the evening.

The appearance of New York on Sunday is not encouraging. You see every doorstep crowded; every yard of the pavement has its loiterers; all lager-beer saloons are packed; multitudes have pipes, and more with cigars, in their mouths, and that from the aged man down to the mere child—for it is quite common to see the youngest boy smoke. One is almost tempted to think, with Elijah, "Lord, they have forsaken Thy covenant, and thrown down thine altars." But I know the answer to Elijah would apply to New York; for I know there are many of God's people there. I thought of Scotland's Sabbaths, as compared to this; but then I remembered, with shame, what was said of us—the most religious and the most drunken people on the

face of the earth—and I suspect the latter has some truth in it. I did not see many tipsy people in America. As to New York, the fact is, it is a conglomeration of different populations.

On the afternoon of this day, I went into a large Episcopal Church, in the very busiest part of New York, beside the Astor House. I found it large and chaste. This day they were celebrating the communion. There might be a hundred and fifty people present. I never saw the sacred rite administered before in the Anglican form. I knew the laity received the sacred emblems at the altar, and thither they all went. I must say, I thought all looked devout and solemnized. I thought it looked curious for the priest to give it to the members, and for them not to take the cup into their own hands. Here, amid busy life—street cars rushing past, with bells tinkling—hotel bars, quite near, doing a large trade, and the busy stream of life passing, all bent on their own business—was another scene: a party in hushed silence, and solemnly commemorating the death of our Lord. Such is life!

Entered into conversation with an assistant at our hotel, as he happened to be in my room. I observed him reading the address of a letter ready for home. I said, "Were you ever in that country." Answer.—"No; but I've served the Scotch, and like them very well. When I was in Cork, it was a Scotch landlord I had." "And what brought you over here?" Answer.—"To better myself, to be sure." "And are you really better?" Answer.—"Yes, and no mistake. This

is the country for the poor man; and we haven't to work so hard here." To show this, he went into some details as to hotel life in New York, as compared with home, which I did not follow. "Besides," he added, "at home, in hotels, they charge their servants in the bill," and he thought they had as much right to do that in shops. "Here," he continued, "they make lots of money, and they spend it, and often end with a burst." Question.—"Is that generally the end." Answer.—"Oh, very often, and he is thought a clever man too. But let a man lose money, and fail—if he hasn't cut a dash he is thought nothing of." "Are you really richer at the end of a week here than at home?" Answer.—"Yes. We live more comfortably, and spend a great deal more. We live as well as gentlemen; and when we die, we have a society which gives us a musical funeral, costing from thirty to forty dollars." I was too vexed at this last to make any reply; but I thought to myself, "What good will that do you?" "Ay," he continued, with his eye sparkling, "they don't think much here of a dead man or a dead horse. In the old country a thousand would be round a dead horse, but here no one turns to look at it." I said, "I would rather be in the old country than lose my kindly feelings." "That's so," he said; "but it's the case." I said, "Wasn't living very dear here?" He said, "Oh, yes; we get freely and spend freely." I remarked, "There was no such thing as a cab to be had, and I grudged to take a two-horse conveyance to the station." He said, "The poorest, on special occa-

sions, must have their carriage, and pay seven or eight dollars for it." He added, "Emigrants generally, for a year or two, till they get acquainted with the country and the people, are very home-sick, and would give any thing to return; but they get over it." He believed there were no mechanics like the old country mechanics in America: in the latter place they could only do one thing. An American line of boats across the Atlantic would never pay: nobody would trust an American captain like the British. Another subject we spoke of as illustrating another phase of American life:—He said, "In a week or two this hotel will be filled with families coming from the coast." I said, "Do you mean to say that New York families stay in the hotel all winter?" "To be sure. They have no idea of the trouble of housekeeping; and here they have no responsibility. They have meals at any hour they like, and in their bedroom, private room, or public room; and a fire at six in the morning in their bedroom, if they wish it."

The wind-up of our chat was, that Americans are improving. They are getting more like the British; and, now that the war is over, hundreds of them are going over to see the old country. I remember his remark, that he thought our population must be getting very thin. I laughed, and said, "The population was as great as ever."

Of course these are the sentiments, not of an influential man—still, they may not be the worse of being the opinion of an humble individual, and it would

betray great simplicity to take your opinion from one source, or believe every thing you hear. I believe there is a great deal of truth in the main ideas here expressed, with a class which I would call the unprincipled, worldly class, which, I daresay, in New York, are represented by fully as large a class as in most cities of the world. In all countries, cities, villages, and families, are to be found different styles of character, that will readily occur—the religious, the worldly, the polite, the rude, the excitable, the gentleman, and the bully; and it is this distinction that makes it difficult to say, off-hand, as I am often asked to do, "What did you think of the Americans?" Why, I met representatives of all the classes I have mentioned, and a great many more; and, besides, I was too short a time in the country to go down very deep into the social fabric.

I saw the manners of the Americans to a greater extent in their hotels than other places—the place where, at our Saviour's birth, little room was found for His entertainment, and, generally speaking, there is as little yet. I also met them a good deal in railways, and got introduced to a good many business people; and, judging as well as I can, I remark, that Americans are a little more self-possessed than we are—more excitable, more conceited—tasteful in execution, full of enterprise —often designated by the now common phrase of "go-ahead"—kind at heart, though often gruff at first approach. I would not like to venture further in this strain; for the fact is, as I said at first, I am no very

competent authority. They have a good many slang phrases in common use. One of the most frequent is, "That's so." If you remark on any ordinary topic, the answer after is simply "That's so." There is, no doubt, a great deal of speaking through their nose—a real Yankee, when saying any thing decided, speaks with quite a "snivel." I recollect of hearing a lady saying, very loudly, at an hotel table one day, in answer to a remark, "I know—I see," with a very strong "snivel" indeed.

September 11, 1865, Monday.—Started from New York to see Washington and Richmond. It took the whole day to reach Washington—from eight in the morning till six at night It was a rich and pretty country all the way. Was struck with the ingenuity of the Yankees; for instance, at one place, the railroad seemed to have ended, and we were on the banks of a large lake. We were only detained a minute or two, and then off we started across the lake, which was some miles. The train had got shunted on to a steamboat, and was just joined to the rails again on the opposite side. At other places, we crossed lakes for miles, where the rails had been laid across; but the ground was banked up, and the water shallow. Passed through Baltimore, which seems a large and thriving place. The manner the trains pass through this town is rather novel and picturesque. The steam engine does not go through, but each railway carriage is yoked to five horses, on which one or two black fellows ride postillion, and another mounted darkie

riding in front, with a horn, ready to blow lustily, when any obstruction comes in the way. Was amused at a sign I observed in Baltimore—"Bleeding and blistering, drawing of teeth, shaving and hair-cutting, done here."

On entering Washington, saw many soldiers at their barracks, most of them very young-like. Poor fellows! the majority were not over twenty; some of them didn't look more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. Extraordinary din and noise at the station with the hacks and opposition 'buses. As I had only an hour before it was dark, set out to see the Capitol, the most imposing building in Washington. Found it a very grand place, but too late to see it properly that night. It is in this building the American Parliament is held. Stayed at Willard's Hotel, the largest in Washington, and where many of the members of Congress put up all winter. After dark, walked up to the Treasury, another fine Government building. I walked in here, and asked for the President's residence, as I was anxious to see it and him. I was most politely directed to it. Was asked here if I was from Scotland. A disabled soldier present said he had been in Glasgow for two days, and added, it was a pretty place. I went on a little bit further, and found the elegant mansion where the Presidents stay. I did not think of going inside the gate; but on asking at an open door near, I was told to go right up and ring the bell of the President's house, and that there was no impropriety in it, for there was a man there for the purpose

of answering questions. I accordingly did so, and was told that next day was the day for a Cabinet meeting, and that, consequently, there could be no presentation, but that there would be one on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. I then resolved to go down next to Richmond, and be back on Thursday morning.

Hotel fares I found very dear in America. For instance, for last night's tea, bed, and breakfast, I paid three and a half dollars; and counting a dollar worth three and fourpence, as it is at present, that shows three and elevenpence charged for each of those items. In many of the American hotels the way they charge is by the day—usual charge four dollars; that is, for bed and three meals, which shows three and fourpence for each. Railway travelling is also rather dearer than at home: the usual charge is three cents a mile, or about a penny farthing.

We got our cheap newspaper press from America; but there is scarcely such a thing there at present as a penny paper, the usual charge being five cents, or equal to our twopence. The Americans are said to eat very fast. I never noticed this so much as last night at tea: the whole company were not seated above ten minutes; I found myself almost alone at the table. But I cannot say I have noticed this feature prominently.

In travelling by the railway between Washington and Richmond, I observed a man in sergeant's uniform, who, I supposed, was a guard on the railway, order two or three blacks into the smoking carriage. I saw

and heard more of the blacks down about this quarter. Heard one man say, he didn't see the use of taking the oath more than once, but he had to take it twice. He said the fashion of the blacks was to work one day and steal ten. He added, "The blacks get the preference in Washington, and they wanted to ride on the cars here about now. Another said, "He heard two or three blacks say yesterday, 'See these white trash! they better look out!' In their country they used to be amiable, working, good-natured; but all changed now. They will never learn the negro. Sending through to see the state of the negro! Far better, and more necessary, to see the state of the white men." Another said to me, "He didn't believe in giving the black man a vote, and putting the niggers on an equality with the white, as the logical result of that would be, as one put it to a great abolitionist, 'Would you give your daughter in marriage to a nigger?'" I found this feeling very common.

Arrived in Richmond (Tuesday, September 12), after a long and hot ride on the railway, mostly through wood. Richmond does not seem to be fortified close to the city, except a few odd forts here and there. On arriving, secured the aid of a darkie driver, to show me the city. We sat together on the front. There was no actual battle in the city of Richmond, so there are no marks of balls or shot. First went to see the celebrated Libby Prison, where the Confederates confined the Federal prisoners; and the great cruelties perpetrated there startled the world. It is just a large

brick building, with iron bars on the windows. It did not look very strong; but, no doubt, during the war, it would be well guarded. I took a peep into a part of it (it is now being used as a store), and there was nothing particular to be seen about it. Saw, a a little bit further on, Castle Thunder, another celebrated prison, where the Confederates confined their own people who would not join the army. To appearance, it resembled Libby Prison. Farther up the town, saw whole streets, which the Confederates had burned down on the Sunday morning before they left. Hundreds and hundreds of horses were consumed, and street after street. I observed several banks thus destroyed, and all the bridges. The destruction was very complete, and all done in a few hours. Quantities of gunpowder must have been used to blow them up; and the fire from those so destroyed would communicate to the others. On asking my nigger if there was much suffering, he said "Yes. It was all they could do to get bread, and butcher-meat was twenty or thirty dollars a pound, or three to five pounds sterling. All the population left that could leave. The inhabitants had no idea the Northerners were coming in that morning. He was busy working for Confederate money all night, and found it worth nothing in the morning." But I said to him, "You got your freedom that day." He answered, quickly, "Yes. All the coloured population in Virginia were slaves: indeed, it was the worst slave state in the Union; but all of us were freed from that day." I remarked that, "I had heard it said that

they did not work now—that they wrought one and took ten days." He replied, "That they were accustomed to work; and they know now, that, if they didn't work, there was no one to give them any thing. He thought they had wrought long enough for their freedom." He took me to the street where, formerly, they bought and sold slaves—called Franklin Street He said, "Up to the day before the Yankees came in, they were buying and selling as usual, and there were sales every day in the year." Saw, levelled to the ground, the gaols where the slaves were confined before they were brought up for sale.

The State of Virginia, of which Richmond is the capital, was called a breeding State, that is, a State which did not employ the labour of the nigger so much as they made money by rearing of slaves. I must say a great many of the niggers are better developed, stronger, and more muscular-like than the whites.

On passing a man, my driver remarked, "That man was a nigger-seller; he sold my sister." I said, "I suppose they were not very particular about separating husband and wife." "Oh, no!" he said, "they often sold the little children before they were able to take care of themselves;" and added, "I know of wives coming back to their husbands at present that have been separated for twenty years." Went round by a square or park, in the centre of which was the Confederate Senate. Sambo remarked here, "Before the Yankees came in, black people dared not enter this

park; but now," he added with a chuckle, "we may go in as much as we like." He told me he was a Baptist, and till the Yanks came into Richmond a black preacher dare not ascend a pulpit to preach; but now black ministers were coming from the North to be placed. I ran into the Senate House, but only got entrance to the outer courts and stairs. Saw a statue of Washington; but every thing looked dilapidated and forsaken. A few young men lounged about, after some business of their own. Here were the head-quarters of the rebellion, now sad and silent-like. No doubt, many a time, in these very premises the future weal or woe of the South as a kingdom was anxiously debated. If the South had no other sin but slavery, it was enough to sink it as low as it has sunk. Next went round and saw the house where Davis stayed. My man said he was "a wee, sprawly man," and rode or drove about the town every afternoon; but always looked sickly-like. He was thought a great deal of once, but is now thought nothing of.

The people of Richmond now all profess to like the Yankee rule; but a good many had left from the day they arrived.

That day, as the Federals hoisted the stripes and stars flag on the Senate House of Richmond, what a shaking of hands; but could almost see no faces round the victorious Yankees but black ones. Davis got a present of his house. It is a nice large mansion; at the back of it a plot of ground, and before it a summer-house, and a view of the country for a few miles in

extent. I also observed rather an unusual plan, the stables at the front. Round the pillars of the porch crape was displayed, which, I was told, had been there ever since Lincoln's death. Every thing about the house had a deserted and forsaken look. Some United States soldiers were in possession, and at the back some young men were playing at a game resembling crocquet. I daresay Davis little thought, when dwelling here with his wife and family, of the future before him. My guide pointed out with glee two or three nigger-sellers' houses, evidently the finest in the town. Saw at the windows of one of them some nice-looking ladies sitting. The old slave wondered what trade his old enemies would turn to. The destroyed houses are being fast rebuilt; but it will be a while before Richmond is itself again, although people say they have been very busy since the Yankees took possession. I saw nothing interesting about the town of Richmond, except in connection with its history.

Next morning, started down the celebrated James River in steamboat. Seemed all Americans on board. I found them quite ready to give information when asked. Almost every one you speak to has been connected with the war.

In conversation, I must say the Yankees seem generally intelligent, kind, and polite to one another; but I am inclined, from my limited observation, to believe that the cause of true religion is not making much progress at present. In many mouths, in common conversation, the name of God is very often taken

in vain. I also saw a good deal of sensation novel reading; and about their bars, especially in their steamboats, a good many licentious prints. No doubt you see much energy; but a nation may progress in prosperity and material wealth for a while; but be sure, unless they take God as their guide and ruler, a judgment will come some day. But we hope better things for America. I have often heard of the American steamers working high-pressure steam, but have observed none above thirty pounds, according to the gauge. Every few yards' distance are placed some large spittoons in all the steamboats and other public places. I observed the noted chewing propensities of the Yankees much more in this part of the country than about New York. In sailing down this river, heard a man say to his neighbour, "Let's get nearer the spittoon!" and he rose and sat down with his back to the view; but, to be sure, he was fairly in front of the spittoon. In sailing down this same James River, September 13th, passed three or four bridges broken down in the centre, and also here and there boats sunk. In passing Fort Darling, a great stronghold of the Confederates, the river was blocked right across with steamboats and steam rams sunk. A passage had been cleared to allow vessels to pass. It looked strange to see some of these boats sunk, and part of their machinery exposed to view, and staring out of the water; it gave a weird-like view to the scene. Passed a high tower, called Butler's Sight-tower. The General had it erected to watch the proceedings of the

enemy. Down the banks of this river are to be seen numerous earthworks; but these have not much appearance, as the less exposed the better; but they were found very efficient, and very difficult to capture. Passed a place also in the river called Dutch Gap, which is also associated with the name of Butler. This was a canal cut across a piece of land, which shortened the winding of the river seven miles, and escaped a fort. This James River is in many parts broader than the Clyde, and is very muddy; and when I sailed down there was a haze over the water, which, I believe, is very usual. I recollect of passing Harrison's Landing, where M'Clellan encamped, and where a great many wooden tents still remained. All this quarter is the battle-ground of many bloody fights.

For the first twenty miles of the river, it is all very interesting, and, from the now celebrated war, will ever remain so. I confess I saw nothing very large in the way of fortifications or strong points; but, no doubt, the strongest point was the number of the enemy. I was told that the battle of Petersburgh was about the longest fought about here; but a man I asked went over a string of battles fought up and down the banks, near the city. The extent of the base of this war is perfectly marvellous. I do not see how a general could easily make his plans with forces so scattered, and so many points of defence. It was remarked to me, "It will be very difficult to write a history of this war;" and I believe it will. After we descend the river twenty miles, it widens to ten times the extent it is at

Richmond, before it reaches the Atlantic. The banks, generally speaking, are low, and sometimes muddy, but covered with trees. The water is yellow—I suppose, with the sand being washed down.

It is interesting to see the blacks. There are a great many of them about this district—about one half of the whole population. Their features are as various, and their characters as different, as the whites'. It is interesting to look on them—some of them are old, care-worn, grey-headed men. Some infants gambolling, just like any other infants. The love of mimicry is evidently considerable. You see it in the youngest. Some of them too, are, to our ideas, almost good looking, with well-proportioned bodies. Others, as like apes as possible, with their mouth a foot in advance of their nose. Mostly all their mouths are large, and their lips very broad and full. Some of them seem bold and forward; but, in this part especially, they mostly seem subdued and patient-like. I hope their future will be brighter than their former history. As to this great rebellion, I believe it is about as dead as it can possibly be. Not that, as far as I could see, the Secessionists are quite pleased; but I think the sentiment I heard a man express is the general feeling. He said, "I believe there was never a stronger Secessionist born than I was. I was the worst man for it in our country; but now, I believe, I'm the greatest man for union, just because we tried by the sword, and failed; and now, our best policy is to take the crutches of the Government and stand up lawfully for our rights,

as well as we can, and return men to the Senate that will speak for our interests, and not make a great noise." I heard this sort of feeling expressed various ways, and none appeared to dream of further resistance; and the man I have already quoted concluded with a sentiment which is also an extensive one, viz., "and we will be the strongest Government in the world." All the Americans I have seen seem to be strong politicians. Universal suffrage, I have no doubt, leads to this result very much; and no doubt it is a good thing, if kept in bounds, for all citizens to be interested in the policy of their Government. I confess the people are likely to get more independent, and to stand up, in the hour of trial, for their country's honour. But this subject is a delicate one, although there is little doubt it has worked well in America, and been at least one of the means, under Providence, of making this a great and free country.

The Americans are full of fun, are independent, outspoken, and manly. I quite fancy from what I have seen, that, after a quarrel, if you ask a Yankee to be quits, I believe he would do it frankly. They are fond of female society, kind and affectionate to their children, and are polite, especially to the female sex. It is an important question, What is to be done with a disbanded army? Wherever I went, but especially towards the south of New York, these disbanded soldiers and sailors met me. I would almost be inclined to say that one half of the men I met, both white and coloured, had on the uniform of the States, which con-

sists mostly of light-blue trowsers, dark-blue frock coat, and brass buttons; and, as I have said before, many of them were boys. It will be a great loss to these young men and the country if they go about idle. I was told that many preferred to get a disbanded soldier for a clerk or other use—I suppose from patriotic views—but I heard, also, that many of them are not inclined to work, after a few years' soldiering. Some energetic means should be tried at once to prevent this feeling. I copied the following about a wounded young soldier:—

"Now, Charley, on the knapsacks you'll find an easy bed;
Our blankets we have folded, and smooth above them spread.
The train will soon be starting—here, drink this cup of wine;
The captain just now sent it—and ere the morning shine,
Away by blue Monadnoc, and where the hill-brooks foam,
You will be done with travel, and rest in peace at home.

"O boys, you're very good to me, I feel so tired and weak,
That though I love to listen, I scarce can bear to speak;
But I'm surely growing better, and if at early dawn
I see our blue Monadnoc, my pain will all be gone.
And when I hear my mother's voice, and sit within the door
That opens by the brook-side, I shall be strong once more.

"How much I have to tell her!—my letters were not long;
I could not write while on the march, nor in the camp-fire's throng;
But when I sit beside her, how sweet 'twill be to say,
Now, mother, list the story of what befell that day.
O, she shall hear of every fight, and count each weary mile
I've trod since, faint, through silent tears I saw her parting smile.

"Good night, boys! I shall sleep now—what joy it is to feel
We're drawing nearer home with each revolving wheel.
Good night! at dawn you'll wake me, when round the bend we go,
For there, beside the station, my mother'll wait, I know;
And if she does not see me—the first to leave the train—
She'll think upon some nameless field her boy at last was slain.

"Slow turned away his comrades to snatch an hour's repose,
Or talk of siege and battle, while clear the moon uprose;
But when the swift train halted, back to his side they crept,
And saw that on his narrow couch all peacefully he slept.
So night wore on to morning, and day began to dye
With floating rose and amber the mellow eastern sky.

"A league, and then the station—Ho, Charley! blythe they call.
Here looms the mountain—yonder the church spire rises tall.
No sound! They bend above him—his brow is cold and white;
He does not heed their voices—he stirs not for the light;
Away by blue Monadnoc, and where the hill-brooks foam,
The boy was done with travel—the soldier had gone home."

Many a like sad home the recent war made in America. I met with soldiers sometimes who had been through the war. One, who was a major, told me that out of one thousand of his regiment, only fifty returned home. One of the worst things he felt all the time was the want of water: sometimes he would have given all he possessed for a drink. Had often to take up their quarters for the night in a swamp; and perhaps all they had to eat was parched corn, though, taken as a rule, they had plenty. He had been in twenty-seven pitched battles, besides skirmishes. His pay for the first year of the war was thirteen dollars a month, but latterly sixteen dollars. Their bounty the first year of the war, on joining, was a hundred dollars; but latterly recruits got as high as a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, and sometimes without drawing a weapon.

Every one has heard of mosquitoes, so had I; but never experienced their effect till I went to America. I was not greatly annoyed by them, although I was

told they had a special liking for "old country" blood; but some days I bore on my forehead and temples very decided indications that they had been busy. I cannot say I felt their bite painful; it swells slightly, and their effects last about twenty-four hours. The best plan to avoid them is to have mosquito curtains, which entirely cover the bed. I had these at Chicago, and, before leaping into bed, swept all the curtains down with a towel. To me the most disagreeable feeling connected with the mosquitoes was the singing noise they made—a more wicked sort of sound than a blue-bottle fly, but something very like it, and they only appear in the dark; so that when you hear that sound just singing over your face, you know they are going to have a dig at you, and it annoys you. I found the best way at last was just to let them bite away; for really, after all, their bite was very insignificant, at least I thought so.

Ice is another great institution of this wonderful country, and I don't know, in this hot climate, how they could get on without it. Water without ice is actually sickening, because lukewarm; but how refreshing, when overcome with the heat, to get a drink of ice-water! In every railway car, steamboat, hotel—everywhere is ice, ice; and very enjoyable it is. All their drinks are made up of ice; and the lemonade, in which I mostly indulged, is worth describing. If you ask for lemonade, they keep none ready-made in bottles, as we do: they halve a lemon, squeeze it with a wooden lever into a tumbler, put in a lot of soft

white sugar, a little water, and the half of the tumbler is filled with ice; and that makes excellent lemonade.

The plan of checking luggage in railways and steamboats in America is very perfect. Suppose you are making a journey with a trunk—in going into a railway station, a brass ticket with a leather string attached is fastened on your trunk; on the brass ticket is a number, and you get a duplicate ticket. The description of the trunk is written down; and whenever you want your luggage, you show this ticket, and you get the trunk; and the company are responsible for it. This plan is universally in practice in all conveyances over the States.

I had a very pleasant sail from Norfolk down to Baltimore. Norfolk is about half-way from Richmond. Chesapeake Bay is a very extensive one; it averages fully thirty miles broad. The steamboat went all the time at the average rate of fifteen miles an hour. We arrived in Baltimore before six in the morning. Was pointed out the place, near Fortress Munro, where the Merrimac sunk the United States man-of-war Cumberland. But the most interesting place we stopped at was Fortress Munro, the place where Jefferson Davis is confined. We stopped at the pier for nearly an hour. The pier was swarming with soldiery, either discharged or on their furlough. It seemed to be a small thriving-looking place, built on a peninsula almost surrounded by the sea; and it is the furthest south of Chesapeake Bay, looking out to the Atlantic. But the most interesting part is that large fortress,

from which for miles away you see flying the United States flag. This place is not high—indeed, very little above the height of the ground; but it is a very large fort, and must cover a great many acres. In scanning its extent, the easiest way is by counting the cannons: for every yard you observe a cannon pointed outwards; and these occupied a large space, before you got round, as far as you could see. At the bottom of the wall, perhaps six feet below the ramparts, are also another row of "bull-dogs." I was told there was a canal or moat inside this wall; and I presume there will be some dwelling-house or barracks in the centre, where the late President of the Confederate States is confined; and yonder is a horseman galloping round the outside—no doubt a guard for safety. When the captive hears the waves dashing on the shore, or the sea-birds cry, or the winds roar, from his fortified prison, doubtless he will meditate on the vanity of human life—that he who not long ago was the head of what seemed to be a successful and brave nation, is now forsaken and despised, no one seeming to care much what comes of him.

Sailed on to Baltimore during the night; and early in the morning, crossed over to Washington. Arrived there before nine, on Thursday, September 14, 1865. Went to the hotel, and dressed myself as carefully as the limited wardrobe I carried would allow me. I put on the only white shirt I had ready, in honour of the President, and walked away straight to the Presidential Mansion—no doubt showing by my bearing, and feel-

ing with due responsibility, the very important mission I was bound on.

On arriving at the White House, I found a number there before me; but I was told, by one of two or three young men who were there to keep visitors right, and introduce them, that the best time to see the President was about one o'clock, but that I had better just walk up stairs and wait. I went up to a large square lobby, very plainly furnished, and sat down on a table, for here there were no chairs; but I observed that off another small lobby there was a small drawing-room for any ladies who were waiting. There would be at this time thirty or forty people waiting, mostly gentlemen. These, I found out afterwards, were mostly all from the South, expecting to see the President about pardons. Some were standing, some were seated on the window sills. *After all*, I do recollect there were three or four chairs, which were occupied, and some seated on the table, like myself. In one corner was the never-failing and ever-welcome ice-water. It would be impossible to get on without it in such hot weather: to use a Scotch phrase, "I drank even on at it." I think the Americans deserve credit for the liberal way they keep this ice-water in almost every corner: I think it must save a great deal of drinking of stimulants. In other two prominent parts of the lobby, at different ends, stood two ornamental iron vases, larger than basins: these were almost the only things in the lobby, except an odd desk or two. I soon perceived, by observation as to a certain process,

that these two large vases were spittoons. After waiting for half an hour, I saw there wasn't much chance of my seeing the President for a while; so I said I would come back about one, when usually there was a general presentation.

I went and posted a letter or two, and saw the Post Office, which is a very fine and large white stone or marble building. Every thing seems very complete, with separate rooms of enquiry for ladies. Another decided institution in America. Generally in every railway train is a carriage set apart for ladies, or for gentlemen who have ladies in their charge.

I next went to see the Capitol, under a burning sun (I could scarcely tell what degree of heat it would be in the sun, but it was ninety degrees in the shade); and I couldn't move without perspiring. The Capitol is the grandest building, and also the most interesting one, in Washington. As I said before, the dome gives it an appearance like St. Paul's in London, but the latter is black and smoky-like. The Capitol is white marble; and it stands by itself, as if proudly looking over the whole of America; and standing on the top of the dome, above all, is a statue of Washington. On entering the Rotunda, which is the bottom of the dome, there are some fine paintings of an historical character, and also some fine pieces of statuary. One large statue, "The Dying Indian Chief," is very fine.

Walked into the House of Congress—a very suitable room, I would suppose, for the purpose, without being either over fine or over plain; had galleries all round.

I sat down in the chair at the head of the room. I went also to the Senate House, and did the same. In both these rooms many remarkable addresses have been delivered, and laws enacted; and, I doubt not, will yet be. These buildings are so extensive, that simply to walk through them would have taken all day. I especially noticed a beautiful cartoon of the discovery of the Mississippi. The animated features of young and old, men and women, all toiling up the ascent, with their children and baggage drawn by oxen, to see the noble river, is very grand. Went away back to try and gain what I considered my principal object to-day—that of seeing the President. I wished to see the remarkable man that Providence had raised up from an humble beginning to be chief of this great nation, and that, too, at such a critical time —a man who had been much criticised, and who already had passed through some remarkable scenes; and besides satisfying what I confess to be my curiosity, I felt it to be quite right, if the President chooses to receive strangers, to take the opportunity. "Honour to whom honour is due." I certainly think that the chief magistrate of the United States of America is as well entitled to respect as most of the heads or sovereigns of other countries—more than some.

On returning to the lobby, I found it as crowded as before. The President was still engaged, holding private interviews with Southerners and others. Amongst those who came out were two Sisters of Mercy. But

as he usually had a reception for strangers on Thursdays, between one and two o'clock, I determined to wait on; however, two came, then half-past two, and still no signs; at last, all the ladies waiting were summoned in, and I thought the gentlemen's turn would be next. Mostly all these ladies were waiting for pardons for themselves or for their husbands. At last, about half-past three, the last of the ladies came out; and, after an interval of a couple of minutes, the door was thrown open, and every gentleman waiting went into the room. There was nothing particular to be seen in the room, as a room. It was a good-sized apartment—fitted up, at one side, with one or two table-desks; the only ornament was a fine painting of Washington, above the mantelpiece. Besides the President, there were a few young men, seemingly clerks. I observed the President himself—the photograph I have is very like him, but scarcely does him justice. In his expression, I thought there was a sort of unpretending common-sense—kind, but, at the same time, I would say, if annoyed, could be very sharp. He has a keen eye, but otherwise plain-looking. His hair is iron-grey. He was dressed very plainly, in a black suit of a light sort of merino material. He spoke pretty often when I was in the room, quite in a quiet, unpretending way, and more giving an explanation or two. I would be inclined to guess the number present at about one hundred and fifty, and the great bulk were Southerners wanting pardon. The foremost began addressing the President, and I heard him refuse the

request; and then another one or two stood forward, but the President said to a young man near, that he had better read out the names of those for whom there were pardons granted. Accordingly, the young man began an alphabetical list, to which those who were present answered to their names, and they filed off to another part of the room. This comprised about two thirds of the company, and they were mostly from the States of Virginia and Alabama. A good many of those that remained were applicants for pardon. Parties had to go to the President both on applying for pardon, and again on receiving it. After the names had been exhausted for whom there were pardons, the President told them they would receive them next day at the State Office; and they then retired.

The rule for those applying for pardon seemed to be, just to leave their cards, stating on them their object in presenting them. I read the party's card who was before me. It was, "Mr. So-and-So, Virginia, applicant for pardon," and the date. I was, at this time, quite close to the President. I heard him cut short two or three who wished to make a statement, by telling them just to send in their application. One British officer (I took him to be so) passed, who had come seemingly just as I had, to pay his respects to the President. The applicant immediately before me I heard say, that he "wished to make a brief statement;" but, before he had got further than a few sentences, I heard the President say, "That's sufficient," and added, "You

can't suppose but that I will have some judgment on these matters." I also heard him say, in answer to another, who didn't seem quite sure if his statement would be believed, "Of course they took his word as the word of a gentleman."

My turn came on immediately after those who had received their pardons, and was a very simple affair. I presented my card to the President, and said I wished to have the honour of being presented to him. He kept my card after reading it, shook me slightly by the hand; said he was "very glad to make my acquaintance." I bowed and passed on. I might have ventured on a little conversation; but it would have been altogether out of place, and so many waiting. I confess I came away quite pleased. I was afraid I would require to have gone away without seeing him, and I now had the feeling that it was an accomplished fact. I had a few hours to stay in Washington after this, and I employed them in looking at a few more of the public buildings. I forgot to state that the eventful fact I have just recorded happened, according to Washington time, at seventeen minutes to four, or, Glasgow time, about nine p.m., on the 14th day of September, 1865.

The public building I was most interested in, after the Capitol, was the Patent Office, which is a fine large building of white marble, and which contains a small model of every patent taken out in the United States, though this no doubt takes up more room than our plan of giving drawings; but I think it must be

plainer, and lead to fewer quarrels. Here you see models of every thing you can fancy, in every department of art and science. India rubber goods, steamboats, railway appliances, looms, fire-arms (large and small), crinoline, corsets, artificial limbs, and many other artificial things, &c. In passing the latter cases, the young man who was showing me round asked me if I thought he had an artificial leg on. I said, "No." All I noticed was, that he halted a little; but he said he had one.

The national Washington Monument doesn't seem to be above half-way up. It is intended to be very high, and is twenty-five feet across the base; and is to have contributions of large blocks of stone from all parts of America. I observed a large block of granite carted along the streets of Washington by twelve great strong bullocks. Another curiosity, that I have only seen about Washington, are United States baggage waggons, intended for the wounded, driven by a nigger, who rode postillion, and manages six mules. These useful animals are quite plentiful, especially about the district of Washington.

Left Washington for Philadelphia at half-past seven; and arrived there about two in the morning. When about half-way, the train stopped a few minutes for refreshments, and I stepped into the wrong train in returning, and I was within an ace of being carried away back to Washington again, and without my traps; but a man cried out, "This is the train for Washington!" so I stepped across the train, and jumped upon the

right one, which was already in motion—another quarter of a minute, and I would have been left behind.

Arrived safely at the Continental Hotel, one of the largest of the American hotels I have been in. It has at least five hundred bedrooms, but can accommodate far more. On the opposite side of the street is another hotel as large; and both of them were just crowded. These American hotels are very complete establishments—barbers' shops, bath-rooms, rooms for washing in, reading and smoking-room, stationer's shop, cigar shop, hosier's shop, telegraph station, bar-room, and a hall or large lobby at the entrance, which is always crowded. In mostly all these places smoking is quite general; so that, in the very hot weather I experienced, every place was pretty oppressive. Near the doors there are generally a number of niggers seated to answer the bells of those who ring. The bells are managed on a very ingenious plan. When a bell is rung, it detaches a small lever from a board placed above the hotel clerk, and which has painted on it the number of every room in the house. This small lever being detached, exposes the number of the room that rang the bell, and the party in charge hears a ring; he looks this board, and cries out the number, and away one of these black men goes to see what is wanted.

I thought a great deal of Philadelphia as a city. It is one of the oldest cities of the Union. If I mind right, it was here that Benjamin Franklin first saw his wife, as he was eating a roll, going up the street.

It was in this town, too, that the first Declaration of Independence was made, and I went to see the hall where this was done: it is quite a plain building. The old bell is shown inside as a curiosity: it was rung immediately after the Declaration was signed, and has cast on it:—

"The motto of our Fatherland
Circled the world in its embrace;
'Twas liberty throughout the land,
And good to all their brother race.
Long here within the Pilgrim's bell
Had lingered, tho' it often pealed
These treasured tones that eke should tell
When freedom's proudest scroll was sealed."

I admired the taste, cleanliness, and, I would say, grandeur, of some of the leading streets, which are named after different trees, such as Cedar Street, Pine Street, Chesnut Street, and Walnut Street. I thought Cedar Street the finest.

The population of Philadelphia is very large—I believe, about 700,000; but I think this includes the country round in which it is situated. It has ever taken a leading part in social and moral improvements; and there are a great many churches and good people here. The American Sunday School Union have a nice building; and I saw various other buildings of a similar kind. The Young Men's Christian Association have also a fine building, containing, besides other rooms, a good reading-room, and, at the door, a printed invitation, inviting strangers to attend. Here,

also, from twelve to one, is held a daily prayer meeting, which I attended. There were only between thirty to forty present; and the chairman's opening remarks was regretting this. He said, "During the revival of 1859, three thousand people were to be seen at this meeting, and many ministers; but a spirit of worldliness had crept over them, and this was the result." There were two or three short and earnest addresses. The singing to me was the most interesting. They sing from a hymn-book, and, I believe, sing six or seven hymns during the hour, in a more lively style than those sung at our meetings. Mr. George H. Stuart, an excellent man, and who has been privileged to do a great deal of good in America (the same gentleman I referred to as seeing in New York), takes a great interest in this meeting. I asked if it was with him Dr. Duff stayed while in America. He said it was, and that his son had been staying with him lately. I made another call on a gentleman from Glasgow, to whom I had a letter of introduction, but found him from home.

I had been told there were some good coloured goods works in Philadelphia; so I thought I would sally away in the direction I was told they were, present my card, and, if I got in, well and good. I did so; and the first I came to I was told they had rules, but still I was welcome to see what they had. The manager here told me that in Philadelphia the mills worked ten hours; that their wages would be about seven dollars a week, which, at the then value of

three shillings and fourpence, would be equal to twenty-three shillings and fourpence; but that before the war the wages would be four and a half dollars. I found this work an old place for making grey goods; so I beat a hasty retreat. I did not think the workers as strong or well-put-on-like as at Lowell. I was referred to a work near the first, where there were check looms working; so I presented my card to a gentleman seated on the steps, smoking and reading a newspaper, and who turned out to be the employer. He said I was welcome to go anywhere; and, opening the door, said, "It don't matter where you go; step into anywhere you have a mind to." It was a small dirty work, where they had some cotton-spinning, and had two flats of weaving at the top; so I thought to myself, "If this was all Philadelphia had to show, I need not take up my time looking." I told Mr. Greer, when I came down, that I had nothing to learn there; and then we had a chat. He said his father and mother were from Glasgow, and his partner a Scotchman. He said just now weavers sometimes ran as high as nine dollars a week, but only about five dollars before the war. I got the same information here about the working hours in Philadelphia as in the last place—viz., ten hours. Here they have no boarding-houses, as in Lowell, except in one work; but Mr. Greer acknowledged it would be an improvement. They had got in a few new looms, two and three shuttles; cost, one hundred and forty dollars (about twenty-three pounds). Mr. G. said they could lick us in looms,

but not in spinning. The shuttles were regulated by a pattern chain with pins (but I did not catch the details). They seemed to be going well enough; they had wooden frames, except the sides. The fabric they made was heavy ginghams only. They starch the warp in hank, and, in winding the weft, first wind it on to bobbins, and then from bobbins to pirns: indeed, they are quite behind.

Had a conversation with a Mr. M'Donald, connected with the iron trade. He resided in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. He said, "In their town, there were twenty-five rolling mills, which make all sorts of iron, and, besides these mills, there were a number of foundries." He did not think that, in the making of iron, the United States could compete with Great Britain; because, even if things were as convenient, labour is much dearer, and their coal-pits and iron-pits were not very near to one another. "Before the war," he said, "wages were about double what they were at home. When men were paid by the day they generally got two dollars. He thought it was just about as easy to get into work in the United States as at home." They have quite a different system of the hours of working as compared with home: one set begins about four in the morning, and finish off their day's work by one or two in the afternoon; and there are hands appointed to keep the furnaces right till the next shift starts—about three or four; and they again work on till about twelve, and then have a good night's rest; and this way was liked by some better than the old way. He said

there was a good deal of drinking went on in their trade, but there was less of it about the works than at home (meaning Scotland), as it would not be allowed. There were a great many steady church-going men among them; but he would not say more than were to be found at home. He thought a steady church-going man was as well off in the old country as in America. In the latter, the climate was better, but it was often very hot, and the men had to take a great deal of iced water. He could get his children educated free. Every citizen had to pay a school-tax. He had about four shillings a year to pay, and those that had property had to pay more; but there was no compulsory education.

In their State of Pennsylvania, there was no liquor sold on Sundays. Indeed, the Maine liquor law nearly passed, which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. "In Pittsburg," he said, "there were plenty of churches, and the Sabbath day was kept very strictly. If a man went into the work on that day for two minutes, under pretence of working, he would be discharged at once." Among their population they had a good many Roman Catholics, who are far more anxious for the franchise than any other class—but the priest urges them to this; but, upon the whole, elections were kept very quiet. Mr. M'Donald had left Ayrshire a number of years ago, when trade was very slack. He invested in some Government land, at one and a quarter dollars per acre, and which was now worth ten dollars; and he looked to this as a back door if he was thrown out of work again.

Went and saw the Park, at the other side of the town; it is large and attractive-like, and beside the river. Saw a good many pleasure parties on foot and driving about; but it was so hot in the sun, that I couldn't enjoy it. Went in the evening to see Blind Tom perform—a nigger boy—the only public entertainment I had gone to except the concert in Chicago. The room was called the Concert Hall, and I think larger than our City Hall, but no galleries; and besides this place there are four or five theatres: so the city which the Quakers originally founded, and in which there are still a great many, does not seem to keep up its strict Puritan principles. The performance was really a great treat. The blind nigger boy seemed about twenty, and besides being a musical genius, seemed quite a character. He said at the beginning, in a loud comical voice, "He didn't know why God Almighty had given him, a poor uneducated nigger boy, this talent for the pianoforte." Theoretically, he did not know about music. He then played selections from "La Sonnambula," and other two pieces, very well indeed. He gave us exactly an imitation of a railway train starting, the conductor's "All aboard!" to the close imitation of the steam and the railway whistle; also played on the piano an exact imitation of a musical box. The most complete musical genius I ever saw or heard of. It was most amusing to see him going about on one leg and dancing as the gentleman was playing on the violin; and he always applauded his own performances by clapping his hands

whenever he finished playing. He was a musical composer too: he gave us an imitation of the battle of Manasses.

Arrived safe in New York again, in the afternoon —thankful to the Giver of all good that, amidst all these journeyings by steam, by rail, by night, and by day, I had met with no accident.

Went, in the afternoon, to see the Central Park, New York. It is most extensive. I didn't get over it all. Saturday afternoon is the best day to see it, as the people turn well out. There are a great number of driving machines of all descriptions, but the equipages are not nearly so imposing as in London. There are not many of the coachmen in livery, and the carriages are not so fine, but many of the horses are nice-looking animals.

Went, in the evening, to Sabbath School Teachers' Meeting, in Ward Beecher's congregation, but did not get any new ideas. The first quarter of an hour is spent in familiar and cheerful intercourse—the subject was "Moses." The superintendent remarked that, "During the time Moses was in the wildnerness he did not do much, except getting married." One of the teachers asked if that was not much. He thought it was a great deal. In reference to the babe Moses "weeping," one remarked, "What heart would an infant's tears not reach." Another said, "There were plenty;" and many a mother, on seeing its tears, would call it all manner of bad names.

I heard Ward Beecher next day. I did not admire

his style of preaching the gospel. He came up to the platform with his wide-awake in hand, a black tie, and white vest. The man who sat next me, in conversation acknowledged Mr. Beecher did not preach salvation much. The text was 1 Cor. i. 30: "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." He said, "Wisdom always means, in Paul's writings, that quality which springs from the moral nature: it is never knowing—it is always being." Righteousness he considered as that integrity of mind and character that has especial regard to the laws and conditions under which one is educated: sanctification, when a man's conscience is harmonized with his inward relations. Went fully into the meaning of Christ being made unto us, &c. Not meant that God takes a moral truth and puts it in us by a process of transfer, such as that by which we take a gift and bestow it on another; but that God, who treats all the wide, outlying men as His children, and who is continually educating them, is made unto them wisdom, &c. I thought the sermon was more ingenious and clever than edifying. I will not pass an opinion whether it was orthodox or not. I went next day and saw Greenwood Cemetery. Like every thing else in this country, it is on a large scale: to drive through the principal parts took more than an hour. The man who showed me the grounds seemed to value the tombs according to what they had cost—this one cost ten thousand, and that one twenty thousand dollars. All the monuments are made of

white Italian marble, which keeps nice and white in this climate; and there were some very pretty and tasteful tombs. A family burying-place here takes up more room than with us; and you see simple stones raised above where each member of a family may be buried. There are fifteen miles of avenues here; and from its heights you see the harbour and sea.

As Tuesday was my last day in America, I called on some friends to say farewell. We required to take a carriage from the hotel to the Scotia, and that cost sixteen shillings; and for diverging a little piece off the road with my cousin's luggage, we had to pay two dollars more. I got safe on board, left my luggage, and we then returned along with an American friend and dined in Broadway, and returned to the Scotia in the evening. There I parted with my travelling companion, with whom I had got on so pleasantly, as he did not sail till a fortnight later. Early on Wednesday morning we left the harbour.

We waited in the channel till eleven or twelve; then a tug came out with the mails, and with a few passengers; and off we sailed for the old country again. The steamer Scotia is probably the finest afloat · the engines themselves are quite a sight; and, altogether, it is a noble vessel. I was so fortunate as to secure a berth room to myself again, although I had not much more than room to turn in it. Captain Judkins is the oldest and most successful · captain in the service—is commodore of the fleet, and has crossed the Atlantic hundreds of times; but, withal, he is rather a bear in

his treatment of passengers, and often does not give a very civil answer to a question; but no doubt it is necessary not to talk too much to passengers. A *canard* is forcible of him, that he swears best, and reads the service best, of any man in the service. There was a little German clergyman on board who wished to read the service; but Captain Judkins told him that he did all the preaching on board himself, and he did it even to the singing; and I must testify, as far as outward appearance, the whole service was done with great taste and faithfulness. The culinary department was in great abundance and variety, but sometimes not specially well cooked. There must be great waste on board such vessels. There are a great many stewards or waiters on board, and who are ready to say "Yes, sir," to every thing. I remarked, that if we would say to our man, "Charles, stand on your head!" he would at once say, "Yes, sir." Of course there was a variety of characters on board—a great many Yankees, going over to buy goods. One of their favourite amusements was, after dinner, to toss up shillings, and the shilling that fell on the seam of the deck lifted all the rest. There was also great betting about the run the steamer would make in the twenty-four hours. On the most absurd things bets were made. I saw a man put his hand on the dish-cover before it was off, and say, "Eight to one this is so-and-so." As a rule, the passengers were very well behaved: only one poor fellow was tipsy out of between two or three hundred. A few were pretty free, and champagne was the usual

drink at dinner. My next neighbour was a Mr. Brown, whose acquaintance I had made in New York. There were several Mr. Browns on board. Another sat opposite me, who every day made the most curious salad one could imagine: every thing he could lay his hands on was thrown into a tureen, and then called salad—a bottle of pickles, of capers, potatoes, lettuce, oil, pepper, large doses of mustard, and I forget what all. He was partial to champagne, and was very anxious that Griffin, a teetotaller, should taste with him. "Griffin, this is my birth-day; you'll not deny me to-day." Indeed, during the passage, it was the anniversary of his marriage—of his son's birth-day—all to entice Mr. Griffin to taste with him. He said he would tell him a story about two men quarrelling, who called one another most offensive names, but each received them with the greatest coolness. At last the one called the other a fish, at which there was a violent altercation. On asking an explanation how other more offensive names were borne quietly, but when "fish" was used he was so angry, he explained, that he could bear a good deal, but to be called a fish! —one of those creatures that drank nothing but *water!* —he wouldn't stand that! Mr. Griffin quietly replied, that whales grew large, and thrived, and drank nothing but water. One morning, a very extraordinary-looking fish was caught by the paddles. It had a number of suckers hanging from its head, and inside of these were teeth; on looking into its mouth, was seen a bill like a parrot's; it had a tail like a screw, and would be about three feet long.

Had a fine passage on the whole—about twenty-four to thirty-six hours was rough, that was all. We were afraid of the equinoctial gales coming on, as it was about the time; but we got over without any bad gales. We saw two icebergs one morning—one of them looked like the shape of a farm-house floating in the distance, with, at one side of the house, more room for a yard or garden—the other was more unshapely; but at this time of the year they get smaller and more rounded.

We left New York on Wednesday, say by eleven, and arrived in Liverpool on Saturday week, by six or seven in the morning. A few of the passengers went off at Queenstown, where the mails also were dispatched. This was on Friday forenoon. There was not much difficulty in passing the custom-house officers. Just as a stranger was apt to be taken in on the other side, at first, about the charges for small matters, I observed that the Yankees were paying sixpence for a newspaper, with the idea that their names, as passengers, were published, when a penny would have done, and their names weren't there either.

Thought Liverpool, especially coming up the Mersey, very black and smoky-like, after the bright skies of America; indeed, I thought the same of Glasgow for a little after I returned. Was sorry, on arriving at Liverpool, also, to see the number of poor children running about and begging, and tumbling heads-over-heels to win favour. I did think that things looked a little slower-like altogether, on returning to the old

country, as they style it on the other side. One thing I was much more charmed with, than in America, and that was our pretty country, the beautiful green grass, the trim hedges, and the pretty gardens. I think our country, in its views, its general beauty, its tasteful farm-houses, and general snugness, far outstrips the appearance of American country. But, as a rule, I like the appearance of the American towns more than our own—the atmosphere is so much clearer, and the manufactures are not extensive: it gives them a fresh and cheerful appearance.

The "sweet vision" I saw the night I slept at the Falls of Niagara was now soon realized; and the pleasure then enjoyed made up for a good deal of my trouble.