

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1984

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

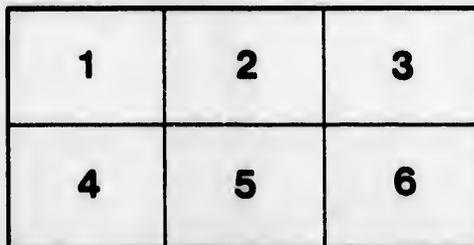
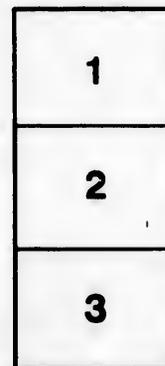
La Bibliothèque de la Ville de Montréal

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

La Bibliothèque de la Ville de Montréal

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

errata
to

pelure,
on à



S.917.3

T395

DIARY
OF A
TOUR
THROUGH THE
NORTHERN STATES OF THE UNION,
AND
CANADA,

BY
MAJOR JOHN THORNTON,

H. P. CAPE CAY.

"A Traveller who relates what he has
himself seen will be read with interest."
DR. JOHNSON.

"The picture of a people is best given
by sketches of daily life."
HOMELAGA.

LONDON:

J. BARKER, DORCAS TERRACE, HAMMERSMITH;
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1850.

Price 2s. 6d.

S. 917.3

T395

۵
۳

NO

SIM

DIARY 917.3
OF A T 395
TOUR
THROUGH THE
NORTHERN STATES OF THE UNION,

AND
CANADA,
BY
MAJOR JOHN THORNTON,
H. P. CAPE CAVY.

"A Traveller who relates what he has
himself seen will be read with interest."
DR. JOHNSON.
"The picture of a people is best given
by sketches of daily life."
HÖNBLAGA.

LONDON:
F. BARKER, DORCAS TERRACE, HAMMERSMITH.
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., STATIONERS HALL COURT.

1850.

F. BARKER, PRINTER, DORCAS TERRACE, HAMMERSMITH

WANTED BY
POLICE

op
op
hi
sh
or
po
fo

po
ac
hi
de
les
so
fol
gr
wh
no
tic

PREFACE.

Though works on America abound, yet as the minds and opinions of writers are as diverse as their features, and their opportunities of observation diverse also ; every one will have his own story to tell. The aspect of Society too is ever on the shift ; whether it be by the innumerable torrent of Emigration, or by the passage of time, or by the ordinary increase of population. All these items furnish materials to the writer for his subject.

To make the experience of a man generally useful, he should possess the mental characteristics of sincerity, correctness, and accuracy in his observation of men and things—correctness in his mental impressions of nature, and mankind—accuracy in describing them, and sincerity in relating neither more nor less than the truth and fact ;—these the writer conceives are some of the pre-requisites to ensure a faithful narrative. The following Diary of a brief visit to America is published to gratify the desire of friends to peruse it, and not to cater to what Scott sarcastically calls the “non est tanti feelings, or no feelings of fashionable folks.” To the pure and unsophisticated mind, the writer trusts there is nothing to offend or

PREFACE.

contaminate, but something to amuse and instruct, and as a lover of the rising generation, whom he would above all things endeavour to lead to the Christian Standard, for the formation of their minds and manners, he will add nothing more than thus express his sentiments, and leave the following pages to say how far he has carried out in practice this avowal.

A Diary or Journal was originally adopted as best admitting of desultory remarks and casual observations.

With these few observations, the writer retires with an Adieu to the Reader.

as
all
the
ing
ing
al.

ing

an

D I A R Y .

HAVING decided to undertake a voyage to America, to visit some relations long settled there, and to see nature in her grandest garb, particularly the far-famed Falls, I took my passage for New York, in the good ship *Montezuma*, Capt. Lowber, and embarked 11th June, 1849, at Liverpool. We sailed immediately—towed out of the Mersey by a steam-tug some forty miles into the Irish Channel—one's feelings and reflections on departing from England indescribable—trifling present to a poor emigrant family from Dumfrieshire called forth delight and gratitude. Well hath Dr. Johnson remarked, "the spontaneous kindness of a fellow mortal is valuable"—involuntary tears—how inexplicable and mysterious our mental nature and emotions! How responsible is man that his intercourse, his influence, and power over others should be for good and not for evil.

12th June.—Rounded Holyhead—This evening the whole Welsh Coast well defined, the clouds clearing off, and showing Snowdon and adjacent ridges in perfection; Plinlimmon also clear and conspicuous; beautiful sunset, surmounted with a sky of fretted gold.

“These are thy glorious works—these thy universal voice—Parent of good.”

13th June.—Rounded Tuscar Rocks—Steering a course to carry us far into the wide Atlantic and give us plenty of Sea-room.

June 14th.—Passed Cape Clear this evening.

16th June.—All sails full, running ten knots in the wide Atlantic—wind lulled in the evening, with a long heavy westerly swell.

17th June—The Sabbath.—The Rev. O. French preached from 3 John, iii. 5. An excellent discourse, well supported with scriptural references; “Man cannot change himself, but must be changed by divine power, St. John sets forth the divinity of Christ decisively.

18th June.—To-day being the anniversary of Waterloo, brings with it reminiscences of Flanders, Ostend, and the stirring events of that period. On Monday, the day after the battle, Col. Murray arrived at Ostend, with the captured standards, and dispatches for England. A Yorkshire horse-dealer, who left the field while the battle was raging, said to me, “O Sir, they are not fighting, but slaughtering each other.”

June 19th to 30th.—Foggy weather, and the glass varying from 60deg. down to 34deg., indicated the vicinity of icebergs and the banks of Newfoundland. On the night of the 30th, the ship lay-to in a thick fog, with a strong favourable gale, the Captain not daring to run, and the ship rolling heavy all night. We lost a fine run by the fog.

July 1st.—To-day the latitude and longitude places us on the edge of "The Banks." In the afternoon the weather cleared, and we fell in with an iceberg, distant about a league, floating in solitary grandeur in mid-ocean: it was estimated at a quarter of a mile in circuit and 100 feet high. Looking at it attentively through a telescope, it appeared now and then to cleave asunder, and melt into the ocean, but instantly re-appeared: it was the sea overwhelming it at intervals, and rushing over it with all the force of the Atlantic swell. Icebergs being sunk into the ocean several times their height out of it, they present an abrupt and large opposing surface to the impetuous billows; and it was so in the present instance. On nearing the icy mountain, we could see the mighty waves dash up and over it in one clear sheet, with tremendous power, with the whole weight of the ocean swell. The sea rolled on with a power which nothing could resist; and, without breaking, ran over the iceberg, completely veiling it from view; and, in the grandest style imaginable, flying up in one vast body into

the air, apparently invading the sky—where for a moment it seemed as if suspended; till, by the power of gravitation, it was drawn back to blend again with its parent ocean. Such are the sublime scenes which occasionally reward the adventurous traveller and hardy tar while embarked on the unstable ocean, leading the contemplative mind from God's works to their divine author, and imperceptibly begetting in it admiration, love, and devotion to the omnipotent Creator.

July 2nd.—As usual, the Rev. Missionary read, expounded, and prayed. Among the petitions, I was struck with the following:—"May we have no plans but such as we can bring before the mercy seat of our God and Saviour."

July 3rd to the 13th.—Variable weather, the glass varying from 34deg. to 70deg.

July 14th.—Wind fair, and yards square, effected a metamorphosis in all on board.

July 15th.—The Sabbath.—The Reverend Missionary preached an excellent sermon from "The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice." Wind still favourable and running down the remainder of our distance rapidly.

July 16th.—Fair wind and fine weather, the captain singing gaily and in high spirits. He could not previously subscribe to the Rev. O. French's doctrine that "all's for the best." Surely it is so with us, who have escaped icebergs and other dangers; and though

delayed by fogs, have nearly reached our destined haven. The captain told me he was once foul of an iceberg seven or eight days, and nearly lost, but at length got clear.

July 17th.—A steam-tug came alongside this evening, and towed us into the Hudson, past Sandy Hook, and the Narrows. The banks of the river are studded with villas and edifices of all descriptions: a most beautiful and varied picture of active life and prosperity. The government are now laying the foundation (on a solid rock, level with the water,) of an extensive and strong fortress at a narrow part of the river, and opposite to a circular fort already built. About eight p.m. we anchored at the quarantine ground, within sight of the shipping at New York.

July 18th.—The Rev. O. French, wife, and children, Mr. Phillips, and myself landed, at some risk, in a leaky boat, at the quarantine station, and there we took the steamer for New York; and landing, in the midst of dust, heat, and confusion, were soon separated. I took up my quarters at No. 1, Waverly Place, Broadway. At dinner and tea the conversation general, and unreserved; Mrs. Trollope's strictures acknowledged to have done good; if any one at a public place of assembly behaves unmannerly, immediately a cry is heard: "Trollope! Trollope!" I was told no smoking is allowed in the streets of Boston, and hardly at New York. A lady complained to me it was "a New York nuisance."

Having letters of introduction to Principal Mc.V. and Dr. M. of Columbia College, the latter went with me about the city, and to the Astor House and other places ; but I was too much weakened by the voyage to be able to take all the advantage I wished of his kindness. The doctor engaged me to dinner to-morrow, at five p.m.

July 19th.—Cousin William drove me out to the Blind Asylum, and through the patrician parts of the city ; which, as it extends northwards, is divided into wide avenues, running nearly parallel with the Hudson, which are again intersected at right angles by streets numbered from No. 1 upwards ; and as the city is expected in process of time to cover the whole of Manhattan Island (13 miles long,) distinguishing parallel streets by numbers is a good plan, as the number will always indicate the whereabouts of a street, or how far north it lays ; the avenues run east and west, the streets north and south ; and both respectively parallel to each other ; already the street numbers are above 30. Met at dinner at Dr. M's., his son and daughter, Mrs. H. and Dr. H., and Professor R —, a pleasant party—the host convivial—and gave champagne and excellent Madeira.

July 20.—Embarked with cousin William in one of the splendid Hudson River steam-boats, and sailed up to Sing Sing, near to which his father resides ; at last we met, after the lapse of 54 years since we were play-fellows in Yorkshire :

“ Some natural tears he shed, but wiped them soon.”

We clasped each others hands. He very much resembles our grandfather—his habitation and surrounding property (purchased by his father in 1797) beautiful—his house in the villa style, with large virandah looking on the water—stands on a steep verdant bank of the Hudson, embosomed in trees, where the river forms a secluded cove, with woody banks to the water's edge. The Hudson presents a fine broad sheet of water, land-locked and bounded by bold banks on every side, and more like a lake than a river. Immediately opposite is Rockland village and lake, famous for pure ice.

July 22nd—the Sabbath.—Was driven to church (Presbyterian) by cousin Edward, about one mile and a half. The preacher was from New York, and gave us a kind of declamatory discourse or moral oration on the beneficence of God, from a text in Ecclesiastes. I was doubtful for some time to which religious sect he belonged, as he said “look at Washington,” “look at Wellington,” but omitted to say “look unto Jesus,” till in the concluding section of his sermon he alluded to the Saviour, and his creed may be orthodox. Man's natural state as a sinner and the remedy Christ, should, to my mind, be the sum and substance of all sermons.

In the evening drove to the Episcopal Church, which is a handsome edifice, and heard an excellent sermon by the Rev. Mr. Halsey, on Christ's words to Nicodemus—“Except a man be born again, &c.” The preacher

alluded to Nicodemus as an earnest and sincere enquirer of the truth, especially "The truth as it is in Jesus," and divided his discourse into—

1st. Man's state by nature. 2nd. The meaning of the term Regeneration. 3rd. The Evidences of it.

In his introductory remarks, he alluded to the various opinions of mankind about the mind or soul of man—that it had been compared to a sheet of white paper, upon which anything might be traced or inscribed; but that reason, history, and revelation, all agree in giving a very different account of it.

2nd. To be regenerated, is to be renewed or changed from a death unto sin to a life of righteousness; and this can only be effected by divine power and the Spirit of God.

3rd. The Evidences of it are a holy life and conversation; for when the tree is good (the Heart regenerated) the fruit will be good—when the fountain is cleansed and purified, the streams will be pure, and the conduct good and virtuous.

July 23rd.—Cousin Edward drove his son and self to Tarrytown, to intercept the steamer to New York. Our off-horse broke down into a hole, going over a bridge out of repair, and was overthrown, and for some seconds on his side, the other horse standing like a lamb; soon the horse recovered his footing, and appeared unhurt; and we drove through to Tarrytown, and several miles after-

wards. On our return, I was shown the spot where André was captured after his interview with Arnold at West Point.

July 25th.—Cousin Edward took me a drive to-day through "Sleepy Hollow," celebrated by Washington Irving, in one of his works. He resides near it, and is represented to be a very merry sort of man. The drive was hilly, and very secluded and interesting.

July 26th.—The weather very sultry—cousin proposed to show me the State Prison at Sing Sing, which is a large solid edifice, for both sexes, in two distinct buildings. I have an aversion to looking over prisons, and declined. This evening we had rain, with lightning and thunder.

July 27th.—Drove to Tarrytown this morning, and had some conversation with Mr. Gardner, a young engineer, at present employed on the New York and Albany Railway, which is soon expected to have forty miles ready for traffic.

July 28th.—Received a rouleau of Golden Eagles for our journey by the hands of Edward, Jun., who escorted Miss B——, a very agreeable young lady, to cousin's place.

July 29th.—In our way to church, saw school-boys in uniform (blue shell jacket and white trousers) marching regularly in file to church—excellent practice as teaching order and regularity—if general throughout the United

States, excellent as preparatory training for the Militia. Battalions are soon formed and drilled when men can march and are accustomed to move in ranks.

Text, John iii. 3, "Except a man be born again, &c." The preacher first alluded to the sincerity, earnestness, and rank of Nicodemus—his frank avowal of the Divine Mission of Christ, and his desire for further instruction and teaching. He (the preacher) would first show what Regeneration was not—and then what it was. It was not any mere outward change, but a real one of the heart, and disposition, the will and affections of the inner man; as well might you address a corpse as expect spiritual life in the natural man. Regeneration is that thorough cleansing of the fountain, the intellect and heart of man, which will make the streams of thought and of action to be good and consistent with virtue. In the afternoon, attended, with cousin Mary and Miss B——, the Rev. Mr. Halsey's Episcopal Church. He preached a good sermon from "If the Lord make you free ye shall be free indeed." The church intolerably hot; and to make bad worse, the seats and cushions covered with moreen.

July 30th.—Cousin Edward drove to Tarrytown, passing Captain and Commodore Perry's place, and Mr. Phelps's; it is a beautiful drive, over a good road of hill and dale, with sufficient clearing and cultivation to convey the idea of a long settled country.

July 31st.—Drove to Sing Sing, and embarked with

cousin Edward in one of the spacious and splendid steamers which navigate the Hudson, and sailed up through the Highlands in the midst of a dark thunder-storm, to West Point, which giving only glimpses of the scenery, enhanced its wildness.

We landed at West Point, and were conveyed in an omnibus by a zig-zag road up the woody cliff to Cozens's Hotel, a spacious and delightful residence, commanding views (over the foliage of the forest) of both banks of the river. The hotel itself is a parallelogram of considerable dimensions, and is belted on the east and south sides by flower-garden beds and parterres on ground reclaimed from the forest. A delightful virandah extends round three sides of the building, and affords a pleasant and salubrious promenade for those who prefer the precincts of the house to more wild and extended excursions; and here each may consult his taste to perfection.

Being provided with a card of introduction to Captain Brureton, the Commandant of the United States Military Academy, we visited it—distant about a mile and a half from the hotel. Capt. B. showed us the Church—an elegant and commodious building; the Library, with some Mexican banners displayed, and well supplied with books; the Museum, not yet completely arranged, and the new barracks for Cadets, now in course of erection; and the parade-ground. The Cadets were at drill in several squads, and appeared fine active young fellows

well set up, and having much the aspect and bearing of our own youth, and were clothed in a neat uniform.

When the new barracks are ready for occupation, the old ones are to be pulled down, which will give more space to the parade and drill-ground. This locality for the purposes of a military academy and parade, appears to me a very good one, combining as it does fine scenery, health, and, by its seclusion, freedom from city dissipation.

This establishment comprehends the whole or the only one in the U. S. for military education, and is sufficient for the present wants of the Republic, which does not require such distinct establishments as our own at Woolwich, exclusively for the Engineers and Artillery; at Sandhurst, for the Infantry and Cavalry of the regular army; at Addiscomb, for the Cadets of the Sepoy army of Hon. E. I. Company.

We returned to Cozens's hotel, which is excellent for its accommodations and good fare, and for its society: it is of recent erection; and with its appendages must be an outlay approaching 100,000 dollars,—the meal hours are, breakfast eight, dinner three, tea seven. The waiters are drilled, and place and remove dishes by signal, marching in and out in file. The evening closed with music and dancing in the Salle, while in the spacious and elegant drawing-room there was the piano, chess, &c.

Met here General Scott, and General Garland, the

Mexican Heroes, Monsieur et Madame Poussin, and their daughter l'aimable et douce Melanie, Mrs. and Miss Kelly of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Chandler from Mobile. I was introduced to General Garland, and conversed with him on the Mexican war. He knew Captain Thornton of the United States Cavalry, who was slain by a cannon shot in a reconnoissance near Mexico. Altogether there was a very pleasant and social party at this hotel; cousin Edward conversed some time with General Scott, who had his family with him.

I admired the hotel drawing-room, and its beautiful mirrors, sofas, lounging-chairs, piano, and an elegant circular centre-table, very convenient for a tête-a-tête which I had the good fortune to enjoy for too brief a period, with one of those charming beings who appear to be sent into the world as an earnest of good to come, and who had charmed me in the morning with her taste and skill in music.

August 1st.—Left Mr. Cozens's charming hotel with regret, and embarked in a fine steamer for Albany; and after sailing through a great variety of romantic and beautiful scenery, on as fine a day as one could choose, arrived at Albany about 4 p.m. The views on the Hudson are superb and varied; after clearing the highlands the river expands, and you get a distant view of the Catskill Mountains, which may be about four thousand feet high, and ten or twelve miles from the river. There

is an hotel on the summit for those fond of rustivating amidst forest scenery in seclusion and solitude.

August 2nd.—Left Albany early this morning by the railway-cars for Cayuga Bridge, passing through a fine tract of country, in many places with strong traces of having been recently reclaimed from a state of nature, the ground being covered with the stumps of felled forest trees standing a foot or so above the ground.

The stations on this railway are, at many places, the commencement of cities, especially at Syracuse, and other large towns on this route. Reached Cayuga Bridge about 3 p.m. and the steamer being ready immediately embarked on Lake Cayuga—and in weather beautiful, though sultry, sailed up it to the forest city, where we arrived about 6 p.m. after witnessing a great variety of beautiful landscapes on the shores of the Lake.

The approach to Ithaca is quite oriental in scenery and verdure, the Lake narrowing to a river, and the ridges on each side of the lake terminating in a natural amphitheatre of woody hills, in the centre of which the city stands embosomed in foliage. On our left, as the Lake narrows, you have a full view of the Water-Fall, eighty feet perpendicular; which, with the surrounding scenery, is splendid, when the torrent down the glen is large; but at present it is a mere rill which descends over the precipice, and is soon dissipated into foam and mist. We were met at Ithaca by the Rev. Mr. H., son-in-law to

cousin Edward, and received a most hearty welcome from him and his wife cousin Gertrude, who proved to be a most amiable and commanding personage—tall and portly in her carriage and demeanour.

The expenses at the principal hotels are pretty much the same throughout the States, about half a dollar a meal, or 2 dollars a-day for three meals and your bed, which covers all expenses of servants, and generally of the carriage to and from the railway station,—each hotel having its own omnibus or other conveyance in waiting at the stations. Excellent order is observed in the railway cars, and the travellers (apparently of respectable character,) about an equal number of both sexes. Only one class of tickets are issued (except for the emigrant trains,) and the railway cars for comfort and easy motion superior to our own (at least in those I travelled.) Our engineers and railway directors should take a lesson from the American system, worthy of their attention and adoption.

August 3rd.—The national fast and prayer to avert cholera, as recommended by presidential authority, was observed to-day throughout the United States, and at Ithaca by the various congregations. The inhabitants closed their stores, and public worship was generally attended as on a Sabbath. At the presbyterian church (a large one and well filled) the service was conducted by the Bishop of the Wesleyans, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Henry. The Bishop preached an excellent sermon

from Jonah iii. 9. He exhorted his hearers to holiness of life and conversation, to propitiate the divine favour and be saved from the prevailing malady, which is governed by no fixed laws, but goes forth, like the destroying angel, to do its work of destruction on young and old and reprove the nation. The preacher represented the President as following the steps of the penitent king of Nineveh in the work of national humiliation, penitence, and prayer. "Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger that we perish not." This place of worship had a choir of singers, while the congregation generally were mute: the only presbyterian church I ever knew to follow such an indevotional practice.

August 4th.—This morning Mr. H. drove us to see the Water Fall, and the surrounding glen scenery, which, with a view of the adjacent lake, is varied, extensive and beautiful; but the Fall, for want of water, was not seen to advantage: it is about eighty feet perpendicular, and is surmounted by a succession of minor Falls, at intervals, as the country rises behind the main Cascade: when plentifully supplied with water during the rains, they present fine landscapes, and are so near the city as to be within an easy walk. After viewing the principal Fall, we returned to the carriage, and drove to the Cemetery, which stands in a very secluded spot, combining hill, wood, and lake scenery, and parts of the Sylvan city. Our excursion

party this morning consisted of cousin Gertrude, her children, and the two Miss H——'s, Mr. H. and myself. Little Charlotte was my companion at the Falls, and a delightful one.

August 5th—The Sabbath.—Attended divine service at the Rev. Mr. Henry's Church (Dutch Reformed;) his text Acts x. 47, from which he set forth the necessity of penitence and faith, and the spiritual baptism of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Henry's congregation joined in the singing. In the evening, the Bishop of the Methodists preached in Mr. Henry's pulpit, a plain but somewhat singular sermon; drawing a parallel between angels and men in reference to the Saviour and each other, as to the bliss of the heavenly life, &c. &c. A glorified man will doubtless be superior to angels in many respects: as for instance—in his peculiar capacity for holiness and happiness as a Christian, especially in his alliance and resemblance to Christ as his Saviour, Redeemer, Brother, Friend—and in the variety and happiness of his mental associations, as well as in the unspeakable and intense gratitude, reverence, and attachment for the Lord, his Saviour and Redeemer—and that "Lamb of God," which atoned for the sins of the whole world.

August 6th.—Mr. H. drove us out to see the Upper Falls, and the river scenery, and paper mills. On some of the cleared estates north-east of the city, we saw striking vestiges of the primæval forest and vegetable

ruins, in the shape of enormous roots and stumps, which had been torn out of the ground by machinery, and then placed edgeways, so as by interlacing the roots they made an impervious and durable fence. The country around Ithaca is hilly, and is crossed by steep roads; but the scenery, for beauty and variety, cannot be excelled. Land in and near the city may be bought from thirty to sixty dollars an acre, according as it is situated, is more or less cleared, and with or without house, barns, &c.

There is a considerable clashing of ideas (English and American) in the meaning of the same word:—thus at dinner yesterday (the Sabbath) I happened, on Mrs. H. saying there was no after-course, to reply, we had at home only one joint on the Sabbath; it was immediately remarked by cousin Gertrude (to her papa, the Judge) that she could not understand what was meant by “one joint,” upon which I had to explain it meant one dish, as a leg of mutton, sir-loin of beef, &c. The Judge said, if the knuckle were cut off there would be “no joint,” which set us all laughing; so it was necessary for me to explain my meaning, which was the common one in England with the butchers, who enquire “What joint will you have?” The Judge said, suppose you want steaks, then there is no joint, which plainly showed he meant by joint, the junction of two bones and nothing more—and was blind to my meaning, the usual English one, “A joint of meat,” while Gertrude understood it as

one joint and not two! Such is the confusion of ideas when the same word is conventional of two meanings in different countries, as in the present instance. It occasioned a good deal of laughter and merriment among us. The Yankee idioms are singular, and generally expressive; also a disjoining of a word sometimes occurs, as "can not," for cannot, which when one meets with in reading is like an obstacle to a fox-hunter at full gallop; and when a thing fails, or is abortive, it "falls through," certainly very expressive. When I first heard the latter idiom, it seemed to me as if the ceiling was coming down.

August 7th.—Left Ithaca and our kind friends there, and drove through a great many fine farms and splendid scenery to Gough's landing-place, on Lake Seneca; and after half-an-hour's halt there, embarked in a steam-boat for Geneva. After a pleasant sail up the Lake, took the railway-cars for Canandaigua and Rochester, through a fine productive country, very much cleared and highly cultivated. The farms and scenery between Canandaigua and Rochester are particularly worth notice—as indeed the whole tract from Geneva to Rochester—on this route you see here and there the wild wreck of the ancient forest, with trees prostrate and decayed to powder, and the trunks laying loosened in bends, according to the inequalities of the ground by reason of rottenness. Land, I learnt, might be bought here for

about sixty to seventy dollars an acre, with a good house, barns, and other buildings. A solicitor, of Geneva, told me he had a very fine estate of two hundred acres to sell at about thirty dollars an acre, on which is much wood and a beautiful glen within view of Lake Seneca, and edging down to it amidst surpassing scenery, which I had noticed in our way down to Gough's Ferry. Gough is an old settler of fifty or sixty years back, and is still living in his original log hut.

Mr. H—— met here his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. C——, Episcopal Minister at Rochester, and introduced the Judge and myself. We went to look at the Falls of the Genessie River, but found the whole body of water diverted into the mill races, and only the precipice which forms the cascade, to be seen. The river, by the present drought, is exceedingly low; the flour and other mills are numerous, and require all the water privileges to keep them going in a dry season. We walked through the principal streets of Rochester, and I was astonished at the apparent prosperity and commerce of a parvenue city. There are "first-rate" shops and spacious streets, and all the population bustle and activity, which indicate trade and the circulation of cash and property by sale or barter.

Rochester contains immense mills for various purposes, the machinery of which is set in motion by the waters of the Genessie; and as the line of railway from Buffalo to

Albany (soon to be completed on to New York) passes through Rochester, as also the traffic by steam-boats from Oswego (at the mouth of the Genessie) and from Canada, generally, the commerce of the place is immense and increasing.

Some few Indians are to be seen occasionally at the stations here and there, offering trifles for sale; they are good-looking and muscular, and of a deep brown or olive colour—grave, yet cheerful.

The Rev. Mr. Cooper took us to see his new church—contrived to seat about six hundred, without galleries: it is pewed uniformly, in a neat and simple style. There is no lack of churches in the numerous rising towns in the Northern States, and they are pretty much on the same plan for all sects, viz., a portico, surmounted with a dome or cupola, under which are the entrances in front of the main body of the building.

August 8th.—Came on to Buffalo by train, passing through a country of the same character as yesterday—rising towns—reclaimed land—decaying forest wreck, and stumps in the midst of corn-fields and the primeval forest.

Buffalo, which thirty years back hardly existed, is now a large city of about fifty thousand souls, surrounded by forests and the remains of forests in every direction, except on the margin of Lake Erie, and is a place of great trade, and the focus of the commerce and intercourse of

the Great Lakes of North America; and the cities on the line of railway to Albany, and by the Hudson for New York. The principal streets of Buffalo are very spacious, and at one point radiate towards the lake and port as from the centre of a circle. The houses are large and solid, and the well-stocked stores indicate a prosperous and increasing trade; if the city increases as anticipated, some of the streets will be a league in length: and the same may be observed also of the cities of Rochester and Syracuse. On re-calling the scenery of the past few days, the forests in many parts of our route contain stupendous trees and the wrecks of trees, some twisted off and round their trunks by the whirlwind, and some which have fallen from age and lie embedded in the earth and sod, in every stage of decay and decomposition.

In the afternoon we embarked in the steamer which sails down the River Niagara to Cheppewa. Buffalo has a most imposing appearance as viewed from the Lake (Erie;) the practice of roofing the cupolas, domes, roofs, &c. with bright tin, has a most dazzling effect when the sun's rays are reflected from them. We soon entered the River Niagara, passing Grand Island, about eight miles long and seven wide, almost covered with wood, containing wild animals and game. On this island it was lately proposed to collect the remnant of the Twelve Tribes, and there locate them as a step to their re-union as a nation and conversion to Christianity, and final

restoration to the Holy Land; but the attempt failed. Passed also Navy Island the rendezvous of the "Sympathizers." We were now rapidly approaching the River Chippewa, and could distinguish the crest of the Great Fall, about a mile before us, and the cloud of haze and mist rising therefrom like a white column in the air. The current of the river had now become swifter, and of course suggested the possibility of disaster; on enquiry of the Skipper in case of accidents what he would do? "Cast anchor, sir," and "suppose the anchor gave way?" "Why then, sir, there's nothing for it but going over the Falls." We were now closely hugging the Canada Shore, with the mouth of the small river Chippewa just showing itself, the current running smoothly but with the swiftness of an arrow, whilst the rushing rapids were foaming over every obstacle in the main channel of the river. The vessel beautifully obeyed her helm, and we glided safely into the mouth of the Cheppewa, leaving our dangers and fears behind us. At the bridge over the Cheppewa we quitted the steamer, and were conveyed in a carriage to the Clifton Hotel, on the British shore, immediately in front of the Grand Fall, and in full view of both cataracts: but it was now getting dark, and we could only see glimpses of white crested foam, and hear the noise of the falling waters. My bed-room being directly opposite the Great Horse Shoe, I was soon lulled to rest by the

roaring of the Falls, and there is evidently a gentle tremor of the earth felt every few seconds as you lie reposing. The hotel is about half a mile in an air-line from the British Fall, and about six hundred yards from the American Fall, both being in sight from the "Clifton." The tremor comes and goes, and the cataract evidently shakes the earth all around for probably a circuit of a mile radius, more or less, as the body of descending water is greater or smaller.

August 9th.—Anon at glimmer of day, I was on the alert, and went solus to Table-Rock, to enjoy in welcome solitude the first impression of this mighty wonder of the great Creator's handy work. I was soon awe-struck and transfixed on Table-Rock, and had the overwhelming stunning scene all to myself for an hour, enjoying the sublime spectacle of commingled elements and the immense cascade of pure emerald green which rolls and rushes over the centre of the Horse Shoe, and is estimated to be from twenty to thirty feet deep, according as the river is full or short of water; this summer it was exceedingly low; when swollen by high westerly winds sending the waters of the upper lakes in a large body down the river, it rises many feet above its present level; which is evident by the position of the debris on the banks immediately below Table-Rock, where the trunks of immense trees are strewed about at least twenty feet above the present level of the river. To see the cata-

racts to perfection, they should be visited in the spring, in April or May, or in "the Fall," in October or November, and then the mass of waters shooting over the precipice is tremendous, and on a sunny day occasions all those beautiful prismatic changes and other sublime phenomena of nature's chaotic works, which at Niagara delight and astonish the beholder. One's impressions before this mighty object, which reality alone can give a true conception of, cannot be defined; but it seems to rivet one to the spot, and you feel as though you could gaze for ever and worship for ever. About a hundred yards up the bank, above Table-Rock, the centre of the Horse Shoe Fall has the appearance of a vast vortex, and gives the beholder a graphic idea of a whirlpool.

Less than a mile below the falls, the river becomes smooth and placid, and of a deep emerald green, and the chaos of the cataracts is here unfelt. After breakfast, walked down on the Canada side of the river to see the Chain Bridge recently erected about two miles below the Falls. Both banks are precipices one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, wooded at the summits and in the clefts, and they hem the river into comparatively a narrow channel of thirty to thirty-five fathoms deep.

The Chain Bridge appears to be well constructed—has a light airy appearance, and is calculated for carriages and foot-passengers, all of which pay toll. The structure rests on wooden towers, about fifty feet high, over which

pass iron ropes of various strength, to which the bridge is suspended, equal to bear the carriage of some hundred tons. Immediately below this Bridge, the river for the next two or three miles has a considerable fall, which occasions a succession of violent rapids, terminating about two miles down in a sort of whirling agitation of the water, which is magnified into a whirlpool; but in reality the river here at first attempts to escape by a direct course between the high cliffs, which hem it in on either hand; and failing to effect this, it is driven back as out of a cul de sac, and escapes by a lateral passage through the precipice, with a violent agitation and whirling of the waters; but no vortex or suction. The river turns at a right angle, forming what they call "The Devil's Hole," and forces a channel for itself in the direction of Lake Ontario.

After viewing the whirlpool, returned by the precipitous bank of the river to the Clifton Hotel--the road affording every now and then fine glimpses of the River and the Falls. In the evening went upon the Heights, immediately opposite the American Falls, and flanking the British Fall, where the spectator's view of both is surpassingly fine, from a lofty wooden observatory, just above the Horse Shoe. It must be indescribably grand when the volume of the River is at its highest; then, with the sun in splendour, the prismatic colours of the rainbow will come out, and shew all those beautiful and varied hues which enchant and delight the admiring gazer.

The ground hereabouts affords several beautiful building sites, which command front and flank views of the Falls and surrounding romantic scenery, and must soon become very valuable. But like all earthly things, even Niagara loses by familiarity; the eye is soon satisfied and insatiable of novelty; it seems more than ought else to speak the divinity within us: nothing can fully satisfy the mind of man but love, which indeed is God himself, as the converse axiom proves "God is Love;" and therefore, when love is in the heart of man, God is there also; or the "Royal Law," which is the ruling principle in the rectified mind.

Aug. 10th.—This morning crossed by the ferry-boat to the American side. On landing, the passengers are conducted to the foot of a very steep inclined plane, and are seated in a chair and hauled up the precipice at some risk, by a windlass; should the machinery or rope give way, death would be inevitable.

Went immediately to the Cataract Hotel, and visited the gallery, which looks upon the Rapids and Goat Island. Nothing of the Falls can be seen from this gallery, but the spray and mist rising from the American Fall, which is about three hundred yards lower down the River than the hotel. I then sallied forth and crossed over to Goat Island by a strong wooden bridge, over the foaming current; and on paying toll, was directed to keep the right-hand path, which I followed accordingly; it conducted

me along the rapids to the American Falls, which, owing to the low state of the River, are now seen to disadvantage, for after rushing over the precipice, they descend in wreaths of froth and foam, their only supply of water being from the minor branch of the Niagara, which runs on the north side of Goat Island. The spectator's position here is so completely a prolongation of the crest-line of the Fall, that it is impossible for him to obtain anything like so advantageous a view as is obtained on the British side of the Horse Shoe Fall.

The American Fall is about 300 yards wide, in a direct line, and the scene altogether dis-similar to the view of the British Falls, but both must be superlatively grand when the River Niagara is at its highest volume: for then the wreaths of froth and foam would be changed to the grand Cascade of emerald green—now only to be seen at the Horse Shoe. A good deal of misapprehension seems to be entertained generally, by those who have not visited the Falls of Niagara, as to their exact position, and they are as generally considered to be one general Fall, with only a few slight interruptions: but the reality is that Goat Island is about a quarter of a mile broad, and presents to the spectator for that distance, a complete precipice of rock, some 200 feet high, at right angles to the Course of the River above the Falls, which completely separates the Cataracts, and forms them into two distinct Falls, almost at right angles to each other, and completely

separated by the quarter of a mile of cliff, which Goat Island presents to the observer's view: this island is a very picturesque object, being richly clothed with the native forest trees of 100 to 120 feet high. Continuing one's course along the precipitous bank of Goat Island, you approach the Horse-Shoe Fall; and can view it from the summit of the tower built among the rapids, so as to look into its very centre, where the largest body of water shoots over, and which is evidently wearing away the rock, and continually changing the aspect and outline of the Fall. The dimensions of the "Horse-Shoe," taking the irregular crest of the Fall, may be about 600 yards, and the chord of the arc or direct line across, about or upwards of 300 yards in an air line from Goat Island at its nearest point to the famous Table Rock on the British shore. I would recommend tourists not to follow the usual route recommended by the toll-keeper, but rather take the left-hand path close by the water, and go round the head of the island; after which, on turning towards the great Falls, the view of the Rapids is very fine, particularly in mid-Channel, between the British shore and Goat Island, the surges rising 20 or 30 feet high, where a rocky opposition is encountered. As you approach the great Horse-Shoe Fall, by the southern shore of Goat Island, it has again the appearance of a vortex (as before noticed,) and must be appalling to look at, when the

river is at its highest. Sometimes when the wind is favourable for driving the waters from Lake Erie, and during the spring, when the ice and snow begin to melt and swell the Rivers which feed the upper Lakes, the waters rush down the river Niagara, in a very large volume ; and this is the time to see the Falls in their grandeur.

August 11th.—This morning rode down to the pier near the Chain Bridge, to embark on board the "Maid of the Mist," a small steam-boat which plies three or four times a-day, with the curious to go beneath the Falls and view them immediately in front, and in close proximity. Here, on the heights above the river, you have the best general view of the Falls, about two miles below them ; and in this view, more than any other, they have the appearance of a single Fall, the spectator's position exactly flanking the rocky cliffs of Goat Island, there hardly appears any interruption or division of the cataracts. An inclined road in face of the cliffs conducts to the pier and the steam boat, on board which we embarked. The sail up the river through its precipitous and woody banks, and deep green waters, on a sunny day, such as we enjoyed, is charming. The precipices which overhang the river, cast their broad shadows on its profound and rapid, though here unruffled waters, which are of a deep green, surpassing the green hue of any

river I ever beheld, and the poetical couplet on the Thames is here more applicable to the Niagara:

“Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.”

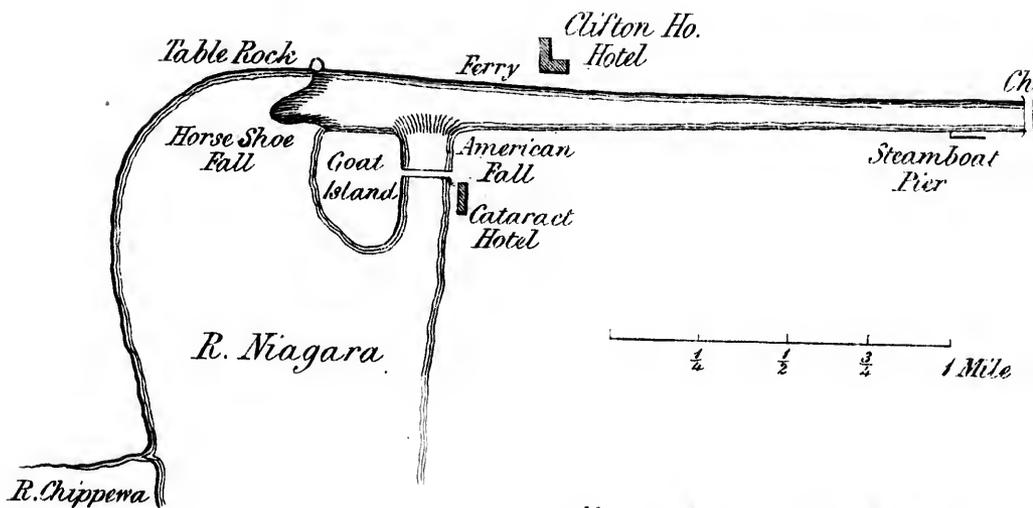
The “Maid of the Mist” conveyed us first to the American Falls into the very midst of the foam and spray, and I confess to something of a feeling of trepidation at this moment, as it appeared quite possible that an eddy in the surge might send us under the Falls, or wreck us on the rocks beneath, which were dimly visible through the descending spray and mist. It was necessary to be cloaked, or be wet through, as the spray came over us very heavy for the minute or two occupied in passing in front of the Fall: several of the passengers, though cloaked, ran under cover. After passing the American Fall, the boat was steered under Goat Island towards the Great Fall, hugging the cliffs closely; for the Skipper said it was impossible to get so near the Horse-Shoe Fall as the other, for the moment we left the cliff, the impetus of the falling water would turn us off instantly; and so it happened, for the moment we steered from under the cliffs to go beneath the Great Fall, that instant the boiling waters turned the boats head downwards, and we were hurried away, enabled only to catch a momentary glimpse of the watery chaos in front and around us: nor are you loth to escape from a scene which threatens every moment to engulf you.

Certainly this view and visit in front of the Falls should not be missed, exhibiting, as it does, one of the beautiful and stupendous wonders of the Great Architect of the universe, for though there is apparent danger I believe there is none in reality. The "Maid of the Mist" is every way worthy, and, being skilfully navigated, the most timid may venture if they can master the imagination. Macintosh cloaks are provided for visitors, and you are landed under the Clifton Hotel, or at the original point of embarkation, near the Chain Bridge. It is best, I think, for the tourist to go to this point and walk down the American shore of the river to see the whirlpool and cul de sac, which causes the recoil of the water, and it then issues out and finds vent, as it were, at a right angle to its previous course. The water is here very much agitated in taking this new direction, and the spot is called "Devil's Hole." The pretty "Maid of the Mist," having landed me under the Clifton Hotel, I hired a conveyance, and went on through Drummond's Ville (Lundy Lane) to Queen's Town,—in our way alighted to visit Brock's Monument, a column about 100 feet high, seated on a precipice above Queen's Town, and commanding one of the finest views in Canada: comprising the debouchement of R. Niagara from its precipitous and rocky bed, about seven miles below the Falls, and its onward course and junction with the waters of Lake Ontario, in the distance—the woody heights on each bank of the river

Falls
of the
architect
anger I
the Mist"
ated, the
imagina-
and you
original
It is best,
walk down
pool and
er, and it
right angle
very much
the spot is
the Mist,"
hired a con-
ille (Lundy
ated to visit
high, seated
manding one
ne debouche-
d rocky bed,
nward course
ntario, in the
k of the river

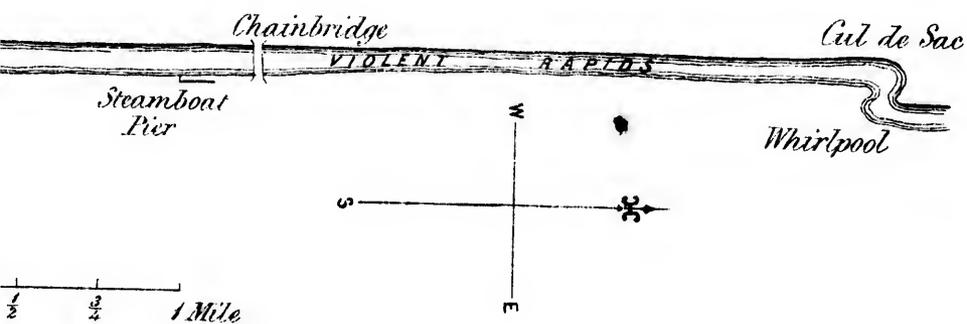
B R I T I S H

T E R R I T O R Y



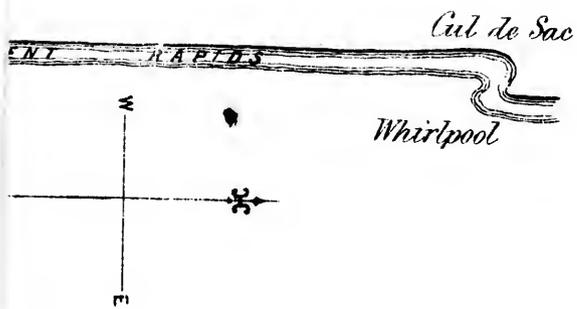
U . S . T E R R I T O R Y

TERRITORY



TERRITORY

ITORY



RY

and an interminable view of the British and American Territories on both sides of the river, terminating with the boundless lake itself. Brock's monument is in a shattered condition, though still standing—but useless as an elevated point from whence to enjoy the surrounding natural panorama; the column was maliciously blown up or rather, injured, by some villain of an incendiary, and cannot now be ascended.

Embarked at Queen's Town, on board a fine steamer, for Hamilton—the day was such an one as you would bespeak for a steam sail—we had the Canadian coast close on board all the way, varying in elevation, and generally fringed with wood to the water's edge. There was a lady passenger whom I took knowledge of as a Christian. Her faith appeared strong, and our conversation was like a bright spot in the world's wide wilderness, for we spake of Christ, and what He had done for man, “thought meeting thought” as out of the abundance of the heart. We reached Hamilton early in the afternoon, the approach to which, through Burlington Bay, is beautiful. Sir Allen Macnab has a fine place and park on the margin of the Bay. Hamilton is a city in embryo, and a very fine one, the natural site being admirable, and the streets very spacious, and generally at right angles; the houses and stores, solid and spacious, and an appearance of trade and commerce encouraging.

August 12th—The Sabbath.—Accompanied the lady I travelled with to Church, and heard a good sermon; the Chapel Congregation and singing much the same as at home, the people being remarkably well dressed and genteel looking.

August 13th.—Hamilton is backed up about a mile inland by a ridge of rocky Heights, in some parts, precipitous and running parallel with the waters of the Lake. Walked towards these Heights, which command fine views of hill, wood, and lake scenery. The city is extensively laid out, and the main street very wide, though the two sides of it are not parallel; the population I hear numbers over 11,000.

After breakfast proceeded by Diligence to Guelph, via Dundas, Galt and Preston, passing through a great variety of country, in some parts exceedingly wild and uncleared, at others somewhat reclaimed from the native forest. About 5 p.m. reached Guelph, which is beautifully situated, and the land well cleared all round it. Not long since an estate of about 700 acres, chiefly of wood, and stocked with cattle, was sold for £1,800 to a Mr. H—.

I was most hospitably received by Col. and Mrs. H. who would not allow me to stay in the hotel, but provided me a room, looking upon the valley of the Speed, and a fine cleared estate opposite.

Aug. 14.—After breakfast Col. H. drove me on an excellent road to see his farm, about 130 acres, some 3 or 4 miles from his residence in Guelph. Here his late excellent wife (Ellen C.) lived with him several years, and here their 3 children were born. She planted two fir trees, which the Col. pointed out near the house, and they are now flourishing. The farm and log house is at present occupied by a tenant-farmer, at a rental of £25 a year, and is prettily situated in a clump of trees. Met at an excellent dinner, Mr. G. (the Sheriff,) his wife and daughter, Mr. F. (the Judge,) Dr. C. and the Colonel's own family—a very pleasant party; there being several children of the forest present, whose naive and simple manners delighted me.

August 15th.—I was this morning introduced to Mr. Jones, the Canada Company's Commissioner, resident at Goodrich, who was returning home in a light spring waggon drawn by a pair of fine horses, going to Stratford, 45 miles, the first day, and to Goodrich the next. Took a stroll in the environs of Guelph, and in walking up an eminence on which stands the Roman Catholic Church, I perceived the door open and numbers standing about the porch. I entered and found a Priest preaching in bad English to a large congregation (150 to 200.) He stated "the Virgin had prayed three days before her death, that all the Apostles might, by miracle, be brought from all parts of the world into her presence, to comfort her

dying hours: her prayer was granted! St. John was preaching in the pulpit at Ephesus, and was caught away from his astonished auditors; the Apostles were glad to meet, but sorry for the occasion; this, said the Priest, should teach Christians of every age to follow the example of the Virgin, and be surrounded at death by Christians and not sinners."

We drove out in the evening to the Sheriff's, and spent a few hours with an agreeable party; the juveniles had music and dancing. I am more and more pleased with Canadian manners, and the simple elegance of the young ladies, whose mothers I observe are elegant and accomplished, which accounts at once for their daughters' good breeding.

Aug. 16th.—Visited the Court-house where the sessions are held, and where the Sheriff and the Treasurer (Col. H.) have their offices. It is a solid stone building, with a district prison behind it. How do prisons proclaim the general depravity of human nature! go where you will, you find prisons. Walked about the town of Guelph; the locality is diversified with hill and dale—the houses yet but scattered and intermixed with verdure and trees, and surrounded at the distance of half a mile with the wild native forest, with cultivated clearings here and there. From the eminence opposite to the Court-house, the prospect is delightful, and Guelph truly appears "beautiful for situation." There are several mills worked by water-power for flour, sawing timber, &c.

August 17th.—Rode this morning on the road towards the Paisley-block, celebrated as a fertile well-cleared district and highly cultivated—the road for the first four miles was good, after which the scenery became wild, and I witnessed the native forest in luxuriant perfection—crossed several log or corderoy roads which intersect the forest, and where you see the giant oak and other large trees which have fallen before the blast, strewed about in endless confusion, and of all sizes and ages in every state of verdant life and mouldering decay.

I had scarcely met a soul in the 7 or 8 miles I had now ridden, and was passing over a spot where I was hemmed in on either hand by a wild boggy forest, and had no retreat whatever should a bear and wolf simultaneously appear in front and rear ; having been assured, however, that all the wild animals are very timid near the settled parts of the country, and avoid man, I rode on without distrust, and was soon overtaken by a thunder storm—seeing a hut in the distance, I took refuge therein, and was hospitably received by the owner and his family, and offered spirits while my horse was led to the stable. The father and son both cavilled at the Bible, and asked me if I believed in it ; I said yes, every word of it. One said the sun and moon were not made till *after* it was said the evening and the morning were the first day, but without the sun and moon there could be no morning and evening, and consequently it could not be the truth. The other said

it was commanded to eat dung, and he would never eat dung. I replied he was not a prophet, and it would not be required of him to suffer like a prophet for the sins of a nation. Being wet through, I could not linger for controversy, or to explain that without the creation of light, the sun (though existing from "the beginning" or outset of creation) could not be seen by man, for light, the material medium to carry his rays to the human eye, is absolutely necessary. Re-mounted for Guelph, and rode home through the rain, and got drenched; but shifting immediately, took no cold. Our dinner table to-day was graced with the two Miss S——s, daughters of Col. S., who are very charming creatures, and reside about a league from Guelph.

August 18th.—Accompanied Col. H. and his wife to her father's place to pay the family a visit and partake of their hospitality. It is situated about 10 miles from Guelph in the Eramosa District—most interesting and wild in the extreme, and comprehends about 200 acres. Our party filled two tilburies and travelled by the Toronto or York road through the forest in all its varied wildness and natural disorder, and finally reached a spot most beautiful and romantic, rescued from the forest by the hand of man, and finely cleared and cultivated to the extent of 100 acres, which again is backed up with another 100 acres of the primitive forest, the resort of the Bear, the Panther, and the Wolf.

Mr. M. had cleared and cultivated the above farm with the aid of his four sons, while his wife and two or three daughters attended to the domestic department. We dined here, and drank tea, and fared sumptuously on excellent mutton, fowls, ham, pies, puddings, custards, &c.; the farm and dairy supplying the whole; and this being harvest-time, his four sons in true primitive style were mowing wheat, while we were indulging in this luxury of the table!

After dinner Mr. M. took me out to see his sons hard at work mowing, close on the skirts of the forest; the day was sultry—a regular harvest day. Mr. M. shewed me the place in the forest where one of his sons, while felling timber, was suddenly beset by a pack of 7 or 8 wolves, only a quarter of a mile from their hut. He had the presence of mind to seize a large branch and jump upon the trunk of a felled tree, and brandish the branch about, which intimidated the wolves, and they retired. He made for the hut, the wolves again turned upon him, but he had given the alarm and *escaped*. Out of his three dogs only one stood and shewed fight.

A Bear also during the summer had made a lair, or bed, very near the hut, which was not discovered till harvest-time, though things were missed which had been its prey.

The River Speed runs through the forest, and yields fish, and its course is on to Guelph, and finally into the Grand River which runs past Preston and Galt, and on into Lake Erie.

At this farm they have oxen, cows, sheep, horses, and fowls, all so gentle as to allow you to approach them ; —they are maintained on the produce of the farm, which yearly increases in value, costing originally 3 dollars an acre for 200 acres, and which now, after 16 years clearing and culture is worth 20 to 25 dollars an acre. The Bishop of Toronto was their guest at last year's confirmation, (1848) and is to come again to them in 1850, to consecrate their new Church, built of wood, and seated on a cleared spot, in the bosom of the forest. The evening was beautiful ; and to vary the scene, we returned by another road to Guelph, through charming scenery, and clearings from farm to farm all the way, making our day's ride about 20 miles, in two tilburies, one containing Col. H., Ellen, and Edward, and the other Mrs. H., myself, and Dick. During our progress it was impossible not to notice the contrast of the surrounding wild scenery, and the elegant contour gracefully moving with the motion of the colonel's vehicle.

August 19th—The Sabbath.—Attended the Episcopal Church, with Col. H. and family. The Rev. Mr. Stewart's text, I Peter, i. 27—an excellent sermon. The preacher explained his doctrine practically, and concluded by saying that all things could be imitated, and the base pass for the sterling: so there were counterfeit Christians who passed for the true disciple—but as no man need be the dupe of his own folly, so every man could test his own faith by his obedience to Christ's commands, one of which

is to commemorate His death and resurrection, by the sacrament *now* to be administered. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Evening sermon, Acts i first 6 verses. The same preacher shewed the truth and validity of the Bible, and that Lord Littleton and Mr. West had both doubted, but by study of the word, had both been convinced, and like St. Thomas, the doubting Apostle, could exclaim "My Lord, and my God."

August 21.—Dr. C. is erecting a large flour mill, and a saw mill, set in motion by water-power (a dam on the Speed) and to commence work in a month. They are solidly built of stone, and let to a tenant for £200 currency a-year. The Doctor told me money was now valuable in Canada, and 10 per cent. for loans could easily be obtained on good security. The harvest is now partly housed, and the remainder will soon be got in. Dined with Dr. and Mrs. C. meeting several others, including Mrs. C.'s sister. In the evening drove Mrs. G. home.

August 22nd.—Heard from cousin Gertrude that all her household were well, and that her father had reached home in safety, via New York. We were engaged to day to go out to Col. S.'s to dine: his estate lays about 3 miles from Guelph, sloping down to the River Speed, and consists of about 300 acres, in the midst of the wild forest, and about half cleared. He has just completed a

capital stone mansion, of two stories, sufficient to accommodate his large family of 1 son, and 7 or 8 daughters—the mansion stands near to the site of their ancient log hut. We here met a hearty welcome, and partook of an excellent and plentiful dinner, but by the admission of a quandum parson, in a stable dress, appearances were spoiled. Though much latitude may be allowed to the manners and customs of a new country, yet guests should remember that contrasts may be too strong, even in the wilderness, for what can reconcile the soiled blouse, with the snow-white drapery of the fair nymphs of the forest. The Elf trio of graces were present, and looked incomparably charming, especially the brunette.

We saved moon-light home, which was important, the log road through part of the forest being bad, and dangerous in the dark.

August 23rd.—Col. and Mrs. S., and Fanny, and one of her sisters dined with us to-day, and went in the evening to hear Serenaders. I am more and more struck with the difference in the manners and feelings of these children of the forest, compared with those of the “old country”—as they term Britain—where the modes of education, and the unnatural restraints, and strict separation of the sexes, are mischievously wrong, and where the fastidious and sentimental, not to say depraved and vicious parent, or guardian, misleads and tyrannizes, but too often, over the children committed to their charge,

and they become the tools of selfish folly and hypocrisy— besides destroying confidence between the sexes, and causing them to regard each other with suspicion and distrust, rather than with respect and confidence. Hear what a true woman says on this subject :

“ Women around whom have grown up the responsibilities of forming the minds of their children, if to maternal solicitude they add the Christian mother’s love, have a strong stimulus daily acting on them, that their work is easy by virtuous habit. Women do much good, or evil, as mothers, and the result on those born of them is acknowledged by all competent to judge the question.”

“ Principles have their chief source in influences— early ones above all; and early influences have more power in forming character than institutions, or mental cultivation; it is therefore to the arbiters of these that we must look for the regenerating principle. The world’s regeneration shall be solved when this has been achieved; for the mother forms the atmosphere through which the young spirit sees all things. If care for the first few years is wise and loving, what bitter fruits will be spared, and how much vigorous energy of thought and feeling encouraged.”

“ Women of intelligence, and moral capacity, who have taken the children of others to educate, find their greatest difficulty in overcoming the nameless influences of the parent on the child. Often does she see his birth-right,

his very soul, sold for a mess of pottage for a brief and trifling gratification."

"We doubt not all women will eventually be taught from their childhood, that the world's welfare demands work from all, and that no accident of rank, or riches, exempts from the penalty of the original sentence."—

Woman's Mission.

Nothing can be more conclusive than the foregoing extract from Mrs. Ellis's work : good parents are most valuable—a good mother invaluable, as on her depends the superintendence of the rising generation for the first 6 or 7 years of their lives, and the moulding them at will either for good or evil—from the rashness and folly of woman came the first curse, and probably through their means chiefly will come the future blessing to the teeming generations of this lost world. Strange, strange is the apathy of mankind to their present evil condition from the Fall—great is the influence of woman even now—oh ! that it were in a right direction always : soon soon should we see its happy influence spreading, but alas ! all Christians know that the present theatre of man's life is not the place where love can flourish, for no sooner does it spring up than "a frost—a killing frost nips its bud," and blights it. Byron felt the world's duplicity, and though an erring mortal, could, and did appreciate the beauty of virtue, when he lashed the hypocrisy of fashion in the following caustic lines :

“ Who hath not seen dissimulations reign,
The prayers of Abel linked to deeds of Cain.”

August 24th.—To-day is excessively hot. Maggy and Baby Palmer spent the day with Ellen and Emma, and we had a stroll to the opposite hill. I was at home most of the day, and in the cool of the evening strolled out with the children, Ellen and Emma, the others having returned home.

August 25th.—Rode out to the Sheriff's, who I found was unwell. He shewed me the plan for enlarging his house, which stands on a grassy eminence about one-third of a mile from the high road, and sloping down to it, backed up behind with wood. Mrs. G. and her daughters appeared looking as usual, charming. I wished one of them to ride with me to Col S.'s, but she had left her habit there (a bad *habit*;) and after half-an-hour's call, I rode on alone and soon after met Col. S., *à cheval*, going to Guelph, who said I should find his family at home. On reaching their charming place, having a large triangular clearance in front, (about 20 acres of rich clover,) the vertex receding from the mansion and backed up with the native forest, where the cattle and horses occasionally browse. I found Mrs. S. and Fanny were preparing to go to Guelph, and Lucy unwell and not visible. Mrs. S. said Mr. H. (partner to the Judge,) was also ill; and observed that Lucy's illness might partly be sympathy. I said I was glad to hear that observation

as mothers were sometimes worse than indifferent on their daughter's matrimonial prospects.

During my visit, the cattle (21 cows and oxen) were turned out into the clover park above described, and as the long herd leisurely entered, it looked very much like dear old England. Mrs. S. and her daughters, on going out one day for a walk, at the season when the wild cherries and raspberries were ripe, saw a bear march leisurely out of the forest across this field without taking any notice of them; and on after examination, the foot-steps of the beast were evident round the fruit trees.

About 3 p.m. I rode on across the Speed into the wild forest, and had some difficulty to find my way back to Guelph, it being several miles, and the road so obstructed by forest wreck as to make detours continually necessary, and in some parts with scarcely the vestiges of a road.

August 26th—The Sabbath.—This morning the Rev. Mr. Stewart preached from 'God is a Spirit, &c.' The preacher observed, the word of God taught from the spiritual to the practical. "He that keepeth my Commandments, is like a man that built his house on a rock, &c."

The mode of worshipping may, in externals and words, vary, according to the opinions and manners of the age, and the mental associations of mankind which are ever

changing; though truth is ever the same in every age, still the outward expression and worship of the truth may and does vary, as our present ideas and usages would not sanction many of the practices of the early Christians. The association of our ideas is doubtless of great importance to the purity and spirituality of our worship; and we have seen the great weight of education in the formation of the mind, to fit it for spiritual worship. The few words of the text "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," are words sublimely comprehensive and simple, and should be treasured up in the memory of every Christian, and meditated on as a religious axiom.

Aug. 27th.—This being my last day in this district, I walked the round of Guelph, and went to the confluence of the two streams which swell the waters of the Speed which rolls on to the Grand River, and finally into Lake Erie. Though Guelph is not yet one quarter built, the town lots have greatly increased in value since 20 years: 1-8th of an acre costing now about £30 in the outskirts of the town, and the price is far dearer in the Market-place and centre of Guelph.

Aug. 28th.—Started for Hamilton at 5 a.m., and soon after passed the Sheriff's, where apparently all were enjoying "nature's soft restorer balmy sleep." After passing Col. S.'s property, came to a fine opening in the woods, suitable for occupation and building. We halted

at the widow Russel's tavern and farm, who is enlarging her house. She told me a gentleman of Toronto (Mr. Dyott) owned a large extent (300 acres) of "the Bush" near her, probably the spot I had just seen and admired; but the widow said his land had no tenant, as his terms were too hard for wild land. Passed through a great deal of the wild forest, with masses of trunks in every stage of decay, giving the idea of a wilderness. Passed Fisher's mills, with a good farm-house and barns, with the horses employed treading out the corn. Just before reaching Preston I observed some excellent land, well farmed by Dutch Settlers. After passing through Preston, the Grand River appears and presents to the traveller some fine landscapes, and well cultivated farms. The approach to Galt is admirable, and also is its situation standing on both banks of the grand River, over which is a solid stone bridge sufficient to keep up the communication at all seasons and states of the river, which at times must rise very high. The wreck of the primæval forest around Galt is a finished picture nature alone can do justice to. The trees riven and twisted by the tempest, and destroyed by the scythe of time, are prostrated in all sorts of confusion; and the spots cleared and cultivated by human industry and skill, contrast strangely with nature's wildness. The majestic oak, the stately cedar, the graceful tamarask, the tough hickery, the lofty pine, the saccharine maple, the useful elm, the spreading beech, the hardy

alder, and innumerable dwarf plants and curious creepers, all grow or lie in wild and rich profusion—the produce and the wreck of ages.

From Galt the country is not particularly interesting till you approach within 4 or 5 miles of Dundas, when it becomes every furlong more and more beautifully picturesque. The approach to Dundas from Galt is very fine, in a view of wood, water and distant heights as you descend the high ground to the town. The country between Dundas and Hamilton is a succession of well-cleared estates, and presents many fine and noble views of forest-clad hills, lake scenery, and fine cultivation. The road about a mile or two within Hamilton passes the park and mansion of Sir Allan Macnab. The view of Hamilton and surrounding scenery as seen from the rocky heights above the city, is, without exception, one of the finest, most extensive, and diversified views that could be met with anywhere, and intermixed with rich verdure and forest. The property in the environs will improve daily, the building sites all around, especially those on the rising ground towards the heights, having greatly increased in value, and are now difficult to obtain in the best situations. The traveller here sees the beginnings of a noble city, and all the rich scenery of a bold and varied coast view, and the sea-like lake spread out before him. An excellent hotel on the heights commands the whole of the magnificent views around

Hamilton, and in the direction of Dundas, and East and West: embracing some very fine forest scenery inland.

August 29th.—About 7 a.m. embarked in the Princess Royal Steamer for Toronto, and arrived about 11 a.m. The view of the city from the lake approach is fine, and has an English aspect; landed and walked for an hour about the city—King-street is the principal Street, but wants width—in it are to be had all the necessaries of life and its luxuries; the houses generally are solidly built, and there are some fine buildings. Two churches it appears have been recently burnt down.

Saw Mr. Widder, the Canada Company's Commissioner, who had returned from Niagara with his family. Re-embarked in the same fine steamer for Kingston—fare 5 dollars, including meals and state-room bed. Met Col. and Hon. Mrs. Dyneley (sister to Lord Ellenburgh,) his son and daughter, and Adjutant Mr. Pipon. The Col. was on his tour of inspection, and had just visited fort George, and the forts near Lake Huron. The Col. is a Maida and Waterloo man, and knew many of my 31st and 78th friends, and we had some interesting reminiscences over a glass of wine. The mention of Waterloo reminds me of some interesting correspondence with various officers who fought and were wounded in that decisive and bloody battle of which the following are extracts: The first is from Capt. W. G. Cameron, 1st Foot. Guards, dated Bruxelles, 20th July

1815. "I have forgotten to give you any detailed account of what befel me on the 18th, which I will now endeavour to send you. Not being attached as Q.M. Gen. to any division I was attendant on de Lancy, and consequently always in the suite of the Duke of Wellington. Poor de Lancy fell before me, having received a cannon-shot in his body, occasioning a most desperate wound, against which he struggled, notwithstanding, for a week;—upon his removal, in which I assisted in some degree, I followed the heels of his successor on the spot, Lieut. Col. Torrens. Until half-past 6 in the evening of the memorable 18th, all was well with me: I had received a grape-shot through my foraging cap, and my horse was twice wounded, but we were still capable of scouring the field. At length, whilst separated from the Duke of Wellington's suite, but pushing forward to regain it, an unfortunate heavy shot brought me and my charger to the ground, carrying away my right arm, great part of the flesh of my right thigh, and killing the horse instantaneously. I was then carried off by two Dragoons, laid across one of their horses and brought during the night into Bruxelles, when I fell into the hands of an ignorant Surgeon, who has done me much mischief. A large abscess formed a few days after in my thigh, which on being opened, it was found the silver in my purse had been flattened into a mass by the shot, and turned up with the lacerated flesh at the first dressing, and occasioned

the abscess. Since its removal, the wound in my thigh is doing well. These are the particulars which have occurred to me. I am mending daily, and could I but secure my majority, should think it an exchange more than equivalent to the loss of my right arm and the pain I have suffered."

Another extract is from a letter of Lieut. Mill, 13th Light Dragoons, dated Gennvilliers, 15th July, 1815. "We are now enjoying ourselves in Paris, our quarters being only 3 miles from that celebrated city. The Emperors are all here, and everything is as gay as possible. I must confess we earned all the pleasure we find here, as I believe never was a harder battle fought than at Waterloo: we lost—3 officers killed, and 9 wounded—some were not returned—in short, there was only your friend Bowers who was not hit, either in himself or horse. His brother is wounded in the head, and George Doherty's life was saved by his watch, having a musket-ball embedded in its centre. I consider myself very fortunate in escaping as I did with only a sabre-cut in my sword-hand, and a few contusions, in being knocked off my horse and rode over by our own Dragoons, as well as the French. My charger was wounded by a thrust in the head, and lost for several days, but I fortunately found him at last with the King's German Light Dragoons, and he is likely to recover."

During our trip we coasted the Newcastle district, and passed the the Port of Cobourg, where a number of

H. P. officers reside. We reached Kingston, after a delightful sail, at 6 a.m.

August 30th.—Parted with Col. and Mrs. Dyneley and family, the Col. purposing to visit the forts at Bytown, and descend the Ottawa to Montreal.

Landed at Kingston and walked about the town, which is solidly built, and of considerable extent—the 20th Regiment are now stationed here with detachments in the forts. The lake approach to Kingston is strongly fortified with forts and Martello towers.

Embarked on board the Highlander steamer for Montreal, to pass through the Thousand islands, and descend the St. Laurence. Soon after quitting Kingston you pass Long Island, 12 miles long, and St. John's Island, 9 miles, and then you enter on the splendid scenery of the "thousand islands," apparently innumerable, but are said to be upwards of 2000. Willis's Island was pointed out as the resort of Ben Johnson, a noted smuggler, who burnt the Sir Robert Peel Steamer, on the south side of that island, having a grudge against the Britishers for pruning his smuggling propensities. Here the St. Laurence appears quite obstructed by woody islands of all shapes and sizes; and thus impeded, the current becomes accelerated, and you rush through indescribable scenery, the most varied, rich, and magnificent in nature. Tourists, who have leisure and taste, should come here to gratify it, and to see the scenery to the best advantage, they

should descend in a British boat, and ascend in an American one, as the British and American boats keep each their own side of the river, which here being exceedingly wide (7 or 8 miles,) the thousand island scenery can only be seen to the best advantage by a double inspection, and especially by the ascent of the river, which being against the current, is necessarily slow and gives time for accurate observation. We arrived at Brockville about 11 a.m.

The St. Laurence is about 2 miles wide at Preston, on the British shore, and at Ogdensburg, on the American side, which is the largest town of the two. Preston is protected by a fort. These towns are nearly opposite to each other.

About 2 p. m. we reached the Long Sault Rapid, where the river is pent up, and turning at a right angle is greatly agitated, and a sort of whirlpool is formed in the midst of numerous woody islands, and you proceed on through beautiful and eddying rapids, and varied scenery, which banishes fatigue and *ennui*. In our progress down, passed the interesting white spire of the Indian village of St. Regis, inhabited by Romish Indians, who have a resident priest. Through St. Regis runs the boundary line 45° north lat. between the U. S. and the British territory, which is indicated by metal posts fixed in the ground, with "Ashburton Treaty" on them. Opposite to St. Regis, on the Canada shore, a Mr. Macdonnel has a fine estate, of 600 acres. A little further down is

Cornwall, also on the British bank of the river. Then succeeds the expansion of the river into lake St. Francis. About 8 p. m. we reached Coteau du Lac, where the bulk of the passengers landed, and went on by rail to Montreal. Here it was necessary to remain till the morning, previous to the descent of the dangerous rapids between this place and Montreal, called the Cedars and Cascades.

August 31.—The morning was foggy, and the few passengers who remained on board the Highlander, to shoot the rapids, were detained till the fog cleared up, which it did about 10 a. m. We then started with Indian pilots, who alone can steer safely through these dangerous waters, of which there is a succession at intervals, each increasing in interest and danger as you proceed. The first is "the Cedars," the second "the Cascades." As we approached the first, I went forward to view the scene and watch the eye of the chief Indian pilot, who now had the charge and guidance of the vessel, and on whose skill our lives depended. His position was elevated in a kind of tower in front of the hurricane deck, and about 10 or 12 yards in rear of the head of the boat, and is a most commanding position, with sufficient space for several hands to help at the wheel. The Indian's eye was intently fixed on the course before him. He seemed alive to nothing but present duty, and safely steered us through the winding channel and surrounding breakers; and in surveying the scene, one could not help admiring the temerity and

boldness of man. I thought on dear James, and wished him, Mr. W. and his boys present to admire and wonder. The last danger of "the Cascades" is the most appalling, where the river is intersected diagonally by a ledge of granite rocks, with hardly any interval for an exit, or room for the steamer to shoot through. Here I witnessed all the powers and energies of the Indian character in active exercise, not with weapons of destruction, the tomahawk and scalping knife, but in the peaceful pursuits of every day life, and in insuring the safety, and not the destruction, of his fellow man. He was dressed as any other pilot, but in his countenance you at once detected the wild man, and that he had all the nerve and resolution of his race; age about 30, and an Atlas in strength. His dark penetrating eye was intently fixed on the devious course before him, and he steered the boat through the turbulent rapids and rocks, with an accuracy and safety the passenger would almost think impossible. At the most dangerous point of the "Cascades" the river is one sheet of boiling surges, with only one narrow outlet in the centre: the Scilla and Charybdis of the scene—the rocks on either side appearing near the surface, and a passage of not more than 50 or 60 feet, through which the water rushed as down a descent, while it broke on the sunken ridges of the granite rocks all around—through all these dangers and difficulties the keen eye of the Indian brought us safely. He was a very fine specimen

of the wild man—his features quite characteristic, dark copper complexion, an eagle eye, and most athletic and muscular in person, and a physiognomy denoting

“He could do or die.”

It is only within 3 or 4 years since this dangerous passage was attempted, at first by Indian canoes, and then by the steamers steered by Indians; and only one has been lost since: it can never be safely attempted in thick weather, and should a mist or fog suddenly arise before the passage is completed, a wreck must inevitably ensue, as it would be impossible to anchor, and there would be no resource but a *sauve qui peut* on planks, like that of St. Paul at Milita.

After these animating scenes, it is charming to glide into the smooth and expansive channel of the St. Lawrence, near its confluence with the brown waters of the Ottawa. The approach to Montreal is extremely interesting—the city, with its Cathedral, Churches, Market Place, and other buildings; its glittering shining roofs and domes and spires are seen extending along the bank of the river, with an island just below, and backed up inland by the Montreal Mountain, clothed with wood, and studded with villas and various other buildings interspersed with gardens and shrubberies. After landing, I walked about the city, and saw a good many public and private buildings in ruins from fire, especially the Parliament House and the large hotel, &c., which gave

the idea of a sad unsettled state of things, and not much security for person and property.

Ascended the Montreal mountain, and admired the splendid view beneath, and up and down the St. Laurence.

Saturday, September 1st.—Took railway early to La Chine, and embarked in a steamer for Hawkesbury, on the Ottawa, which, here at its junction with the St. Laurence, resembles a lake, and indeed soon becomes le lac des deux montagnes—its waters are the colour of tan, and make a sombre contrast with the clear green waters of the St. Laurence, which retain their purity till contaminated or rather, invaded, by their dusky neighbour, for the two rivers retain their respective hues in two distinct streams (though in contact,) till the mighty waters of the St. Laurence, some 20 miles below Montreal, overpower those of the Ottawa, and recover their native purity.

At the foot of les deux montagnes we passed an Indian Village, with its pretty spire, inhabited by the remnants of 3 Tribes, viz. : the Iroquois, who dwell on the west of the village church, and the Algonquins, and Nipisings east of the church—they are all Romish Christians.

Had some interesting conversation with a passenger, who gave me much information about the country, and the Indians, of which only 5 villages now exist in lower

Canada, viz. : St. Regis, on the boundary line of 45°. The village Lac des deux Montagnes, just alluded to ; Coughnawaga (Iroquois,) opposite to Montreal ; a village of Indians opposite 3 rivers ; and Lorette (Hurons) on the river St. Charles, 10 miles from Quebec.

On exchanging cards at the termination of our voyage, I found myself acquainted with the celebrated Mons. Louis Pappineau, a seigneur, and a member of the legislature of Canada. He told me he was on his way to visit his seignury, which was some 15 or 20 miles above Hawkesbury, and was in extent 15 miles long, and 10 wide, or 150 square miles, contiguous to the Ottawa, and on its north bank. We, who were going to Hawkesbury, landed on the south bank, while the passengers for Byetown landed on the north bank, to avoid the rapids and shallows in the river ; each party had to make several miles of land journey ; ours was 12 miles by Diligence on a good road, commanding here and there very fine views of the river, and the woody ranges near Byetown. At the point where we landed the river is about 250 to 300 yards wide, and of a deep tan colour : the volume of water is at present small, and the stream fordable in many places ; the banks are picturesque.

On approaching Hawkesbury, a thought struck me as I was about to visit a strange family, whether my letters of introduction, forwarded by post from New York, had gone safely—otherwise I should be in dilemma—on

arriving, to my dismay, I found my friends had not received the letters, but had been informed there were two strange letters to their address advertised in the list of those not forwarded by the American authorities, for want of the frontier postage—as all letters posted in the States for Canada, require that the frontier postage should be paid by the sender—and this my friend (whom I had requested to post the letters) had neglected to do ; —my new friends had written about them, remitting the postage, and daily expected them—after explanations on my part I was very kindly received, and hospitably entertained, and stayed with them 3 days.

September 2nd—The Sabbath.—There being no service this morning at the Episcopal Church, attended the Presbyterians, and heard a good sermon from the Rev. Mr. Mair. The text “So run that ye may obtain.” Man cannot run at all in the right path without the aid of God’s Spirit, which must be earnestly prayed for, and then real and patient perseverance must complete the good work, and the race will be won.

Walked with Mr. H. to the Episcopal Church, which stands on an eminence, and commands an extensive outline of woody hills in a north and north-easterly direction, and river scenery,

Monday 3rd Sept.—Mr. H. took me to see his saw-mills at work, which are put in motion, and worked by water-power, and are on a very grand scale, complete,

and complex in the work they do, sawing up, in a few minutes, immense trunks of trees, or rather ready-shaped cylindrical frustrums of wood into planks, which are then placed under circular saws, which cut them of an uniform length fit for rafting—they are then discharged by the machinery to workmen outside, and are plunged into the docks to be framed, or cribbed, into rafts, which, when completed, are of immense size, containing 60 or 70,000 deals, each worth from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ a dollar. These rafts are, at the proper season, when the Ottawa is large, floated down it and the St. Lawrence to Quebec, where they are shipped to England, and all parts of the world. This is called the lumber trade, and a very profitable one it has been, but recent laws, I hear, have cramped it. Messrs. H. employ an immense number of hands, European, Canadian, and Indian, who are severally employed in felling and preparing the timber for the markets of the world. Some of the Indians go 100 or 120 miles from Hawkesbury into the wilderness to select timber, and when a locality is exhausted of its large trees, another is sought out by these indefatigable pioneers of the forest, and thinned in like manner. The Government grant the privilege of felling for a certain rent, and the Indians give information of the woody districts where large timber is to be found. The whole of the establishment at Hawkesbury Mills is on a very large scale; and the family being numerous they have two dwellings—one a

large mansion, where on his late visit Lord Morpeth was accommodated; and the other a large and elegant furnished cottage residence, and these are used *ad libitum* as the season makes one or the other most agreeable and convenient. I had the honor of a State bed-room in the mansion, and joined Mrs. H. and family at meals in the cottage: the whole routine of which was so well regulated and bountifully supplied, that one had nothing to desire, the society being as congenial as the minor concomitants were in unison. Departed with Mrs. S. in a curricule and pair, provided by kind friends at Hawkesbury, in the afternoon, and there being some haste in our start to save the steamer, and in the confusion of departure from two habitations, I was prevented from taking leave of Hennie and Isabella H., and their kind Mama, which I now notice to exculpate what might appear negligence on my part, and I beg them to accept my present thanks and *souvenir* for the past omission. Descended the Ottawa in Capt. Shepherd's steamer, whose wife was staying with her father at a pretty place on the banks of the river. Mrs. Shepherd's maid came out with their little one to greet papa *en passant*. We did not reach Montreal till late.

Tuesday, 4th September.—Embarked in one of the fine steam-boats which navigate the St. Laurence to and from Quebec—the present one was about 120 yards long. Called at several places, including Port St. Francis and

Three Rivers, where the Hon. Mat. Bell resided, to whom I had a letter of introduction, but he had died lately. Saw his house and plantations which overlook the river. For many miles below Montreal the banks are low, but begin to be bold 40 or 50 miles above Quebec, the approach to which is exceedingly beautiful. As you near the city, the promontory of Cape Diamond, upon which the citadel stands, commands your attention, while between it and the opposite shore to Point Levy, innumerable vessels are at anchor or sailing. Below the city, and opposite Montmorenci, the island of Orleans, in the direct channel of the River, apparently closes the exit, and gives it a lake-like appearance, with no egress downwards. Immediately opposite the city and citadel the banks of the River contract to about 1200 yards, and therefore what it loses in breadth it makes up in depth, which the immense volume of water requires to find vent downwards, opposed as it is by the insurmountable obstacle of the Isle of Orleans exactly in mid-channel: accordingly the River between the narrows opposite Quebec is from 100 to 120 fathoms deep, and I was informed that ships have ever been in the habit of discharging their ballast into the stream, without its having in the least diminished the depth or obstructed the channel of the river. The banks on both sides are bold, rising 300 to 400 feet; and north-east and south the distant mountains present an interesting and romantic prospect.

September 5th.—After visiting the lower town, started about mid-day to view the heights of Abraham, the scene of Wolff's victory and death. I first looked over the citadel and admired the view from the angular battery, next the river, which is unique, and incomparably interesting. About a mile from the glacis of the citadel you reach the column recently raised to the General's memory: a small plain pillar at present (1849) without any inscription, standing on the very spot where the hero fell. The ground corresponds exactly with the pictures of the battle, and the written descriptions of it. A proprietor who resides on, or owns the land immediately above the heights, scaled by the Highlanders of Wolff's army, has shut out the public by a high whitewashed palisading, which is continued from the main turnpike-road down to Wolff's cove, where his army landed, and above which rise the heights of Abraham. Being admitted through this fence, I was enabled to examine the steep; and am convinced, though difficult of access, the obstacles were only such as a skilful General, like Wolff, would determine to surmount to turn his enemy. On a general inspection of the whole scenery and position, the great wonder is that Montcalm should have left his strong-hold, to fight in the plain, instead of remaining within his fortifications, and concentrating his force. I refer the reader to Warburton's "Hochelaga" for many interesting particulars on this subject.

Returned to Quebec by Wolff's cove, and the zig-zag, or plank road up the cliff, from which the observer has extensive and magnificent views of river and land scenery.

Paid a second visit to the citadel, which is strong by nature and art; it appeared to me, from the hasty view I had of it from one or two points, an irregular bastioned fortification, with numerous outworks at the weakest points, and immense faces of solid masonry of great height, where the foundation was a precipice—not having time to examine the whole of the works, I could not perceive the weak, or weakest points, but from the general interior and exterior view I did obtain, I should think the citadel and fortifications of Quebec are of great strength, and, with a sufficient garrison and provisions, could hold out indefinitely. The glacis in all parts appears, from the nature of the ground, to be abruptly short, but well smoothed down. At the upper angle of the citadel, on the river face, a heavy gun is mounted, *en barbette*, on a pivot, and immediately adjacent, on a lower command are 7 or 8 large guns also *en barbette*. All these cannon have a fine range on the river, and completely command it with a plunging fire. On the land side there appear to be 3 bastioned faces and curtains rivetted in masonry, with *demi-lunes place d'armes*, covered way, and glacis.

September 6th.—Mr. T. sent a conveyance to bring

me to breakfast at his country house (Westfield,) where I had the pleasure to meet his wife and daughters. The place commands a fine view of the valley of the St. Charles, and the distant mountains. About noon we started in a curricule and pair, for the Falls of Montmorenci, and after a very pleasant drive of about 10 miles, we suddenly came upon the bridge, some hundred yards above the Falls, where we alighted and walked down the banks of the stream, which are high above the water, with abundance of wood. My kind friend Mr. T. pioneered for me, and I had to follow my leader through no choice path, but rather a fragmental one, covered with the debris of the precipices, and over loose planks and steps, till we stood on the brink of a precipice, and beheld the Falls in all their beauty, as far as a diminished volume of water could display—it is a single Fall, and when the River is full must be strikingly grand, the cascade being 280 feet perpendicular, as plumbed by the Seigneur himself: a Yorkshireman (Mr. Patterson,) who some 50 years back came out to Canada, and by diligence and integrity is now the possessor of the seigneury, and a princely mansion and domain, where we had the pleasure to partake of his hospitality and good cheer, and to drink some of the same madeira he set before Lord Morpeth. After the refreshment, he invited us to accompany him through a beautiful clover park, leading to a zig-zag road down the precipice, to

his extensive saw-mills, driven by water-power, and witnessed them in full operation, sawing up simultaneously an immense number of trees, or prepared frustrums, as at Hawkesbury. We compared notes about Yorkshire, and I found he had not forgotten his native place, Whitby. Lord Morpeth, during his late tour in America, had paid him a visit, and of course was highly gratified with the natural and artificial advantages of his property. We viewed the Falls to great advantage below from the mills, to which you are led by the zig-zag path before noticed—up this path we returned, and through a rich second crop of clover, which conducts to the mansion. The ascent back tried our lungs, and is certainly better than any medicine for the health. We also had an excellent view of the Falls close to the mansion, or from the flower-garden in its front. Though the Seigneur produced his excellent madeira, I regretted he did not partake of it himself. He had eight men mowing down a second crop of clover equal to the rich crop we had passed through: his heart seemed to open out at our visit, and the recurrence to his native place and country. We took leave, much gratified by the kindness of the Seigneur, who is now the owner of large possessions, the product of ingenuity, industry, and integrity.

In our drive back to Quebec we had fine views of the River, the Isle of Orleans, Point Levy, the shipping, the city, and opposite shore of the River, and the country

northwards, up the St. Charles River, and returned home time enough for a 5 o'clock dinner, and were made extremely happy in the evening in the society of the ladies. Mr. T. projected a run to the Indian village of Lorette to-morrow morning, to include the society of the ladies. The River St. Laurence rises and falls 20 feet with the tide at Quebec.

Mr. T. had to-day heard from the post-office authorities at Washington, that the letters I had brought out from Mr. C. had been destroyed, and therefore his introductions, in my behalf, could never be known, as far as these letters were concerned—a summary and unwarrantable act on the part of Brother Jonathan, and not in the style of his usual business habits, as I understand it is usual to keep the detained letters at least three months before destroying them, and these were posted in July.

Friday, September 7th.—Being a wet morning, the excursion to Lorette was given up, and I had not another opportunity to see my fair friends. After taking leave of Mr. T. I embarked to return to Montreal; our passage was hindered by a dense fog, which obliged us to anchor, and our arrival was delayed till 10 o'clock a.m.

On the passage from Quebec to Montreal I was told by a Canadian sportsman, that salmon are plentiful in the Jacques Cartier River, about 25 miles west of Quebec; also in the Jacqueray River salmon are found in wonderful abundance; and there is good fishing in Lake Charles,

Mr. Deane, a young Canadian, gave me some interesting information about the River Sanguanay, which enters the St. Lawrence, about 120 miles below Quebec. It is navigable for large vessels about 120 miles up its course to the Bay of "Ha Ha," so called by the Indians from its fine Echo. Such is the immense depth of this river that Mr. Dean said he had seen a ship's bowsprit entangled in the trees ashore, while her hull was riding in 60 fathoms of water, and the river 130 fathoms deep in the middle of the channel, which is from a mile to three-quarters of a mile broad. Lake St. John is about 300 miles due north of Quebec, and discharges its superfluous waters into the Sanguenay River.

Saturday, 8th September.—On landing, drove to Major C.'s, and afterwards into the city, where I met Capt. Whetherel, whom I had not seen since we met at the Cape, in 1825.

Sunday, September 9th.—Accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Scougal to St. George's Church, and heard a sermon by Mr. Leech—being at the extremity of the Church could not hear distinctly—the sentences I did hear were good. I observed in a very conspicuous site, and in juxtaposition with other Churches (Episcopal and Romish,) an Unitarian conventicle, with an imposing portico, and in the centre of the pediment this inscription "Christian Church. xvii., John, 5th verse." Unitarians, by denying Christ's Divinity, do not seem to consider that they overset

Christianity altogether, and reduce it to a mere human system with no "*precious blood*" to atone for, and cancel human sin, and no "*everlasting righteousness*" to cover the sinner's spiritual nakedness, and no *omnipotent arm* to vanquish man's great enemy, Satan, and if the great truths of Scripture are to be explained away as mere allegory, Satan wants no greater advantage, for the great shield of faith is cast down, and the other Christian armour rendered useless. Such are the fearful results of saying as the Unitarians do "we want no atonement," but how they can say so with any reason in face of xvi. Leviticus, 21 and 22 verses, it is impossible to conceive. Besides it is allowed on all hands that Christ was faultless, a perfect man fulfilling the whole law; he was holy, harmless, and separate from sinners, therefore the sword of Divine Justice could not possibly touch him, except as a voluntary substitute for the sins of others, or in other words, as an atonement to reconcile God and man: so that God can be just and yet the justifier of guilty man.

Montreal has a most brilliant appearance on a sunny day as you see it from the river approach—the site of the city is on a gentle ascent to the mountain, and the city, with its most conspicuous buildings, as the towers of Notre Dame Cathedral, the dome of the Market Place, and the various towers and spires of the churches and the public and private edifices, with the roofs of tin gleaming in the sun's rays, offer a view rarely to be met

with, and the whole backed up with the wood and verdure of the Montreal mountain.

Monday, Sept. 10.—Wrote to Mr. H., enclosing Major B.'s letter to the Hon. M. B. as a substitute for those lost. I was detained here to-day owing to the day-steamer up Lake Champlain not sailing till Wednesday.

Sept. 11.—Colman drove me to the quay to embark, and at parting, with suffused eyes bid me farewell. Crossed from Montreal to La Prairie, with a good many *habitans*, male and female, and priests, and then went on by the cars to St. John's. The country we travelled through is well named La Prairie, being an extensive and verdant flat for many miles, conveying a good idea of the interminable western prairies. After tea at the hotel, embarked in the steamer for Lake Champlain, up which we sailed, and ran on to Plattsburg, the scene of a considerable contest in 1812. It is worthy of remark that the Americans choose fine active well-dressed young men as commanders of steam-boats, pursers, check takers in railway cars, and such-like posts. They are the elite of the American youth of their class, and their ostensible aspect is a good introduction, and gives the public confidence.

Sept. 12th.—This morning started at 5 a.m. with beautiful weather for seeing the distant mountains, on either side of the lake. Saw some very remote: the white mountains and the Green Vermont Mountains very high.

Touched at Burlington, which rises from the water's

edge to a considerable elevation, by a gentle slope, and may number 5000 or 6000 inhabitants. Touched at several other places, particularly West-port, which is a beautiful locality, very inviting to halt at. Off Split Rock, the captain (a well-dressed genteel-looking man, wearing an immense diamond brooch,) assured me the lake was 1000 feet deep. Inland from West-port, lofty mountains are conspicuous. Among our passengers the captain pointed out the Editor of a Troy paper, and his young Bride, a playful and interesting school-girl, running about sporting with her husband, putting on his hat, &c.—quite refreshing to witness her ease and happiness. About 1 p.m. reached the landing place at Ticonderago, where I landed, and had an hour or two to look about and inspect the sites and ruins of the forts on the heights above; the main fort has originally been a work of some strength, in reference to Indian warfare, but against an enemy with cannon is useless, being commanded by Mount Defiance on the opposite side of the lake, within range, and consequently untenable. There are two works situated on a tongue of land, about 100 yards from each other, and connected by a sort of covered way, they are of irregular tracé; and rivetted in stone; the innermost work is considerably larger than the one at the point of the promontory, which terminates in a rocky precipice next the lake, on the summit of which the smaller fort stands: both are now in ruins.

About 2 p.m. was conveyed in a stage over a rough

road, through very interesting and romantic scenery, to the pier at Lake George, where a steamer was in readiness to convey passengers to Caldwell, at the other end of the lake. We embarked instantly, and the next moment were gliding through this beautiful sheet of water, narrow, and full of sinuosities, and said to contain as many islands as there are days in the year. The scene changes at every 100 yards, and about the centre, the mountains rise 2200 feet, and upwards, from the margin of the waters, and the banks and islands are clothed with wood, and verdure, and are of every shape and altitude—nothing could exceed the beauty of this scenery seen as we witnessed it with a refreshing breeze, a blue sky and a bright sun.

The tourist, however, to see it to the best advantage, should sail one day up, and the next down the lake, beginning at Caldwell, the course from which is the most beautiful and interesting of the two.

On reaching the hotel, I was astonished and delighted to hear my name echoing down the spacious staircase, and to see two pair of open arms, and sylph-like figures flying down to greet me, and not expecting any such good fortune, it required a moment or two for the recognition of those, who by the sound of my own name, were made a charming reality. Most kindly and frankly did my dear friends, the Misses H. greet me, whom I had expected to meet at Saratoga, and not at Caldwell. I

had the pleasure besides to become known also to their brother-in-law, and sister (Gen. and Mrs. C.) After refreshment in the Salle a Manger, we adjourned to the spacious and elevated balcony virandah, which overlooks the lake, and a great extent of wood and mountain scenery on its shores. The General adjourned to enjoy his cigar, and I was left in possession of the ladies, in whose charming society and converse, I soon lost all sense of fatigue of the day's journey.

Sept. 13.—After breakfast Gen. Cooper drove me in his barouche and beautiful pair of greys, to see the ruins of Fort William Henry, where the English garrison capitulated to a French force (before the War of Independence,) and after evacuating the fort unarmed were inhumanly left to be intercepted by the Indians, and massacred. The General then drove to another fort, within musket shot of the large one, founded on rocky ground and a commanding eminence. The site of Fort William Henry is now over-grown with trees and underwood, so as to make it difficult to trace the entire pourtour; but its situation is strong, protected on one side by the lake, on another by a marsh and by strong entrenchments. After a drive of 2 or 3 miles on the Saratoga road, the General pointed out a pond hard by the road, called "Bloody pond," from the bodies of the 1500 slaughtered by the Indians being cast into it. After viewing the pond, we drove back and through the village of Caldwell, and enjoyed the rich

landscape scenes, which every step of our progress discovered to us. We passed under a woody hill, called Rattlesnake Mountain, it being infested by these reptiles.

After dinner we embarked in the General's boat for a row on the placid lake: in crossing it, you get very fine views of the mountains on both sides of the lake and down it; scenes which a sketcher, who followed his calling *con amore*, would never tire of. After rowing across the lake, we landed with the ladies and rambled among the wild woody scenery on the margin of the lake. They skipped over every obstacle with the nimbleness of wood-nymphs, observing here and there excellent sites for a country villa, or rustic cottage, which the General talked of erecting for a summer resort, surrounded by this surpassing scenery.

Afterwards re-embarked and re-crossed the lake to Pic Nic Island, where we also landed, and then rowed back to the hotel. I should observe that I do not recollect any where to have felt the air so bland and balmy—so “soft and soothing” as I did during this water excursion. On Pic Nic Island, a place resorted to for such parties, it was quite delicious, and in keeping with the surrounding scenery.

“If a cursed world possess such charms,

What must have been the beauty of a world uncurst—

Called by its great Creator ‘*very good.*’ ”

On returning to the hotel we examined a couple of

rattlesnakes, caught on the neighbouring mountain—they were enclosed in a deal case, with glazed doors, through which you could safely examine the noxious reptiles—the largest appeared to be about 4 feet long, and very thick about a foot from his head—they were horrible looking creatures, and the owner, every now and then, turned the case topsy turvey, to rouse the animals from their torpidity: though kept without any food for several months, they were, when roused, quite lively. The owner told me he had caught 70 last spring on Rattlesnake mountain, where, however, they were formerly far more numerous than at present. I understood him to say he caught them at this particular season (spring,) with a sort of noose thrown round the head.

Sept. 14th.—After an adieu with my kind friends, Gen. and Mrs. C., and sisters, the latter gave me a beautiful rose, made up of the forest moss, and coloured silk, by their own fair hands, for Eliza, which I am sure will be warmly received, and highly prized. At parting, the Gen. invited me to his house in Albany, and kindly added, in an American idiom, “I wish to have your feet under my mahogany.”

Came on in the diligence from Caldwell, in company with a young clergyman, to whom the General had introduced me, and we had a good deal of interesting conversation about religion, and the importance of education for the people based on religion; as it alone could

give them those great and fixed principles of honesty which make men good members of society, and happy in themselves: and this sort of education should be universal.

After crossing the River Hudson, near Sandhill, left the stage and took the cars for Saratoga, where we arrived about noon. The hotels here are of immense size—put up at the largest, the U. S. Hotel—walked about the place and environs, and saw the Congress Hall and other hotels. The walks about the Congress Hall lead to several springs, and are pretty and varied.

Sept. 15.—Came on by the railway to Troy, through a picturesque country, with occasional glimpses of the Hudson, with its bold and woody banks and cultivated farms. Troy appears to be a large commercial place, with steamers plying to and from New York. I took the cars for Albany, Canaan, and Lebanon, near to which is the village of the Shakers. The whole country passed through to-day is well cleared and cultivated, and has the appearance, between Canaan and Lebanon, of our own Derbyshire. Arrived at dusk, travelling with a person who said he had come from London to see the Shakers.

The Sabbath—September 16th.—After breakfast walked 2 miles to the Shakers' village, to witness their mode of worship; the road to it is through fine and well cleared estates, under good culture, and having the

aspect of a long settled country—the approach to the village is very pretty, having many well-built habitations in the midst of gardens and orchards. Arriving an hour too soon, I found the community at private worship in a large building adjoining their public place of worship, which is a large parallelogram, sufficient to hold 600 or 700; there are two large entrances in front—the left hand one for males, the other for females—there are besides end doors. During their private worship in the house above alluded to, I could hear their cheerful voices, and see the female figures through the windows, dancing a kind of animated step, in unison with their voices. As people began to arrive, I entered the church, and found the floor occupied by parallel rows of forms, half for males and half for females, sitting opposite to each other; these forms were at right angles to the fixed seats, occupied by strangers, and which were ranged between, and on each side of the main entrances, so as to accomodate 200 or more.

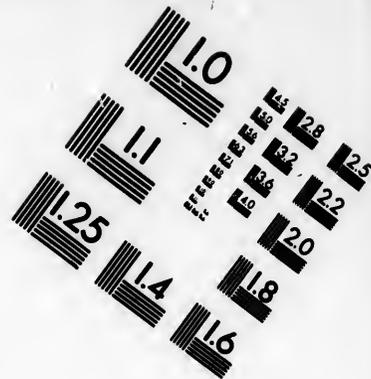
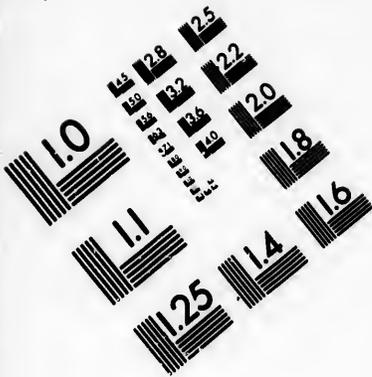
About half-past 10, the main body of the fraternity entered, and took their seats on the forms, the sexes opposite to each other, and ranged in parallel rows; in number about 200 or upwards: after sitting silent awhile, all present behaving decorously, and the silence profound, the Shakers suddenly stood up and set aside their forms; their rising all at once was startling—they then ranged themselves in opposite ranks, face

to face, and five or six deep, and an elder stepped out to offer thanksgiving and exhort.

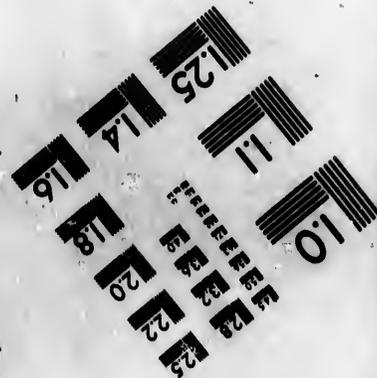
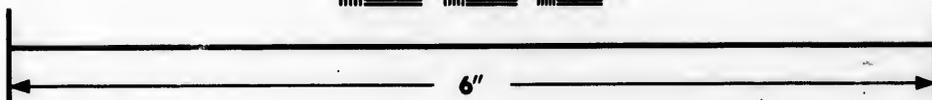
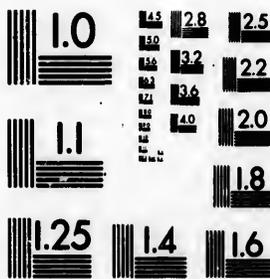
After two or three others had also spoken, and some singing had taken place, the ranks were again formed, and an aged man stepped out more to the front, apparently to preach to the visitors. He took his text from Revelations, about "the Mighty Angel who predicted that great Babylon should fall, and be the abode of every unclean thing, &c." Great Babylon, he said, was the union of state power with the Church by Constantine the Great—that God's people must come out of her, and that Great Babylon must be cast down—Generation must cease that Re-generation may begin, and increase. He had recourse to figures from Christ's words "except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood, ye have no life in you." Here you see our Lord spoke spiritually, yet the Jews called it a hard saying, because they took his words naturally and not spiritually—they thought the Lord wished them to become Cannibals, whereas he explained his meaning—"The words I speak unto you: they are spirit and they are life." All mankind are born natural, and must become spiritual to understand spiritual things: nothing is done in creation without male and female spirits, and Regeneration is by them."

After the discourse, the congregation resumed their seats; and after some further exhortations from their





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.4
1.5
1.6
1.8
2.0
2.2
2.5
2.8

1.0
1.1
1.2
1.3
1.4
1.5
1.6
1.8
2.0

Elders, the forms were again suddenly set aside, and those Shakers who had their coats on took them off, and hung them on pegs; and the whole appeared in their shirt sleeves, and men and women ranged themselves, as at first, in parallel ranks, standing, and one giving the singing signal, they commenced their orderly dance, keeping exact time, advancing and retiring upon each other, and by no means ungracefully—this went on for some time, when another formation succeeded, and the motions were more animated with a light dancing step, the hands keeping time as well as the feet—the figure being somewhat in concentric circles, had a mazy effect to the eye; and this dancing was kept up with animated changes for nearly half an hour. Afterwards, with a brief thanksgiving, the service concluded. The females of this fraternity were uniformly dressed in white muslin caps, and light shawls and brown russet gowns; the men in brown russet trousers, blue cloth waistcoats, and drab coats and hats. The establishment here consists of about 350 of both sexes; the chief manager is Jonathan Wood, who resides opposite this place of worship, and has been at the establishment above 40 years; there are a good many aged men and women among them—the juvenile females had a delicate and pale complexion, as noticed by Mrs. Trollope, and others. The visitors to day were numerous, probably 200, but all behaved becomingly. One stood up in the midst of the worship and addressed

the Shakers, saying, he had come all the way from London, and travelled 4000 miles to see this people, and that they should be his people. When the service was over, he joined the fraternity. Their territory comprehends several thousand acres of land in a beautiful hilly country, well stocked and cultivated, and is amply sufficient, with the produce of their ingenuity, to supply all their wants; and their habitations are large wooden erections of two or three stories, affording ample accommodation, and surrounded with gardens and orchards.

Walked back to Lebanon Springs by another road, and in the evening attended the Presbyterian Church, and heard a good sermon by a preacher from Vermont, from text "Thy Kingdom Come." The preacher said, this, the Saviour's pattern prayer, is very comprehensive, as in its accomplishment will be realized all the blessings of Christianity, and the downfall of Satan's kingdom on earth.

Monday, September 17th.—Took the Diligence, at Lebanon Springs, and after travelling several miles through a beautiful, varied and woody country, and past a lake, came to the station on the New York Line, and then took the cars for Boston, and was conveyed rapidly through a very interesting country, well cleared and cultivated, and populous, especially about Hinsdale, Chester factory, and Village. The train passed through Springfield, on the Connecticut River, and on to Wil-

braham, Palmer and Warren, where there is good fishing. At Worcester there is a large asylum for the insane, and a Romanist College—reached Boston about 5 p.m., the rate of travelling being 20 to 25 miles the hour, including stoppages. The railway cars are, to my taste, far more agreeable and convenient than our's at home, and cheaper, being about $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. a mile—you sit at ease, and see the country, and you and your friend may occupy a seat to yourselves, each seat accommodating two passengers only. The cars carry each about 50 persons—the rows of seats are about 12 in number, with a passage about two feet wide down the centre of the cars, from end to end, and the seats on either hand, each holding two persons, or four abreast—the backs of the seats are contrived to turn over, so that four friends, in pairs, can sit *vis a vis*. Each seat is well stuffed, and occupies about a yard in width, and distant from each other also a yard, and the seat itself about 18 inches deep—the height of the car is near seven feet, with a rounded roof. The windows have lattices, and silk blinds, and admit the air, and give the view.

Walked to Park-street, to make a call, and in crossing the Park, passed the fountain in the public walk, which, this hot weather, is extremely refreshing, the wind scattering the cool spray most agreeably in one's face. In my ramble this evening saw several fine churches, and a numerous and active population all full of bustle and

business. Many of the shops in Washington-street are splendid, and would ornament any city. During my recent journey in the cars, I had some conversation with a passenger, on the slavery question, and suggested to make it a national question, and raise a fund to indemnify those who inherited slave property, and embark the slaves for Africa. The gentleman quaintly replied, he would rather get rid of the Irish.

Tuesday, September 18th.—In my way through the Park, which is a delightful verdant promenade, I had the opportunity of seeing the colours of the rainbow beautifully reflected in the mist of the jet-d'eau, by the sun's rays; and by the waving of the watery shower in the cool breeze, I was much refreshed in visage and person, as also by the cool atmosphere to leeward of the fountain.

Rode out to Mount Auburn, to see the cemetery there, which is extensive, covering, I was told, 110 acres, and has the appearance of a woody wilderness, containing a large quantity of wild timber, and a surface of hill and dale, allowing scope for walks in the Labyrinth style. The mousoleums, enclosures, and tomb-stones are innumerable, and read a good moral and religious lesson of Bible verities, and the uncertainty of life. Here is an antidote to the resolve "Soul take thine ease." The tombs are of various patterns, according to the taste and purse of those that raise them. The inscriptions not

being *blackened* on the white marble slabs, cannot be easily made out without a near approach. Here in pensive solitude, the pious, the affectionate, and the sensitive heart may, and often does, give vent to its feelings—as was evident by the chaplets and wreaths of the everlasting flowers, suspended here and there; and by the little garlands and beds of flowers, trained by a brother, a sister, or a parent's hand. Who that has a heart but would join in sympathy with the children of grief, for the loss of tender ties, too oft abruptly severed: alas! we are mortal, and cannot escape the King of Terrors.

“Death is the doom of all the sons of earth,

And such the sad conditions of our birth.”

Approaching the church of the cemetery, I perceived the door open; and expected, on entering, to find some one in charge, but no—no one could be thought capable of misbehaving in so sacred a place, and the visitor was left to his own reflexions, and to the solitude, so suitable, congenial, and desirable to those whose minds can be softened and solemnised by surrounding objects, and the consciousness of this being the last receptacle of the dead, where the last act of earth is performed by surviving friends, to the now cold and inanimate body—no longer an instrument of the soul, but a clod of earth.

One of the epitaphs in the cemetery on a young lady, aged 16, ran thus:—

“ At the last parting

Of all earthly ties, the pious thought gushed
Forth that with a noble light had tinged
The current of her pious life. There is
No fear in death. As I have loved you
Here, so shall I love you in our home
On high, and there our sweet communion
Be eternal.”—

“Henceforth thou art to us

A precious pearl-drop set in memory's gold,
Still purely gleaming from a cloudless sphere
To cheer us heaven-ward where we part no more.”

Returning to Boston, had the good fortune to see Mr. Jenkins, and to spend a pleasant evening with him and his wife.

This evening encountered in the public walk, or park, opposite to the State House, a number of youths playing at a game (cudgel and ball) much practised in Yorkshire, and in which, when a boy, I used to join in with delight, and in the same impetuous style in which these boys played with all their heart ; I could not help a long look at them. Everything here shows Anglo-Saxon origin and bears the impress of “the old country,” as they term England—certainly if ever two nations had motives to love and serve each other, it is the English and Americans—let each nation bury old animosities engendered by the selfish and narrow minded policy of by-gone

ages, and only contend who shall most benefit the other.

Wednesday, September 19th.—Went on board two very fine ships, the first to sail being the "Washington Irving," on the 5th October, with "first-rate" accommodation, at 60 dollars the passage—a little incident decided me, if I could get away so soon, to sail in this vessel: there was an elegantly bound Bible, and also a Testament, in the ladies cabin, which augured good, and that the captain was a Christian.

Afterwards I visited Charlestown, a suburb of Boston, where the battle called "Bunker's Hill" was fought. A lofty monument commemorating the battle and the death of General Warren, stands on the ground where the General fell. I ascended the monument by an interior staircase—it is a quadrilateral pyramid terminating in a rounded vertex, and is a substantial monument of white granite 220 feet high; the ascending steps, as I counted them were 294, to which must be added 20 feet more for the surmounting vertex. The prospect from this elevation is beautiful, as far as can be viewed from a window at each quarter of the compass, or face of the pyramid.

As the spectator cannot conveniently take his views from these ill-contrived windows, and is, besides, liable to take cold from the draughts and gusts of wind rushing through them, an external gallery might be contrived, and would be a great improvement, to enable the visitor

to view the prospect with comfort and advantage ; if the cone-shaped summit was taken down, an elevated platform would be obtained for the construction of the requisite gallery for viewing the extensive, varied, and charming panorama around, of all that earth, in its highest perfection, can show. General Warren was a General of the Militia, and not in command at the period, but in going out to dinner he heard the firing, and galloped down to the scene of action ; where joining the combatants he fell on a spot near the monument. The Government are now fixing a granite block, with an inscription indicating the exact spot where the General fell

The Government Arsenal is also seen, with the Men of War covered in, as at Woolwich and other of our own Dock yards.

In my way to and from Charles Town, I saw many quays, and wharves, and warehouses most solidly built, some of granite and some of brick. The Quincy Market is a most substantial and well contrived market, about 200 yards long, for fruit, vegetables, &c. &c.

Thursday, 20th September.--At 9 a.m. took the train for Laurence, passing through an interesting country. It stands upon the river Merimac, which is dammed up by a powerful dam to feed the various mills at this place—walked out to N. Andover, about 2 miles, on a sandy soil, not destitute of wood ; and in my way saw an immense manufactory standing on the bank of the River

with a front of about 360 yards; it is called "The Bay State Manufactory," Samuel Laurence & Co., of Boston, being the chief managers. The Co. consists of an indefinite number of individuals, the shares being saleable like those of a Joint Stock Co. Returned to the station at Laurence time enough for the train to Lowell, and on arriving there was surprised at the extent of the place. I went into the centre of the town, and saw hundreds of the factory girls just going to their work, after dinner—very neatly dressed in the American bonnet, and green veils, which many of them handled most gracefully, and the luxuriant beauty, and rich tresses of some looked quite enchanting. Having permission to visit one of the largest mills in the place (Prescott's) where an immense number of hands, male and female, are employed, I availed myself of it, and was astonished to see the many processes the cotton undergoes from the raw material, till it is spun and wound on the jennies and wove into cotton, all done by complex machinery, set in motion by water, and attended to by the factory girls, who, in many instances, are charming creatures, well deserving the epithet of young ladies, and I should think that man a fastidious and callous being who could long hesitate to choose a wife among so much youth and beauty. I was delighted to witness the cheerfulness and activity, the contentment and decency which prevailed among those girls, and there are 700 or 800 employed in this

one Factory alone. The work generally requires great attention, care, and much expertness of fingers.

I was particularly struck with the strong Anglo-Saxon character of the Lowell-girls—they bear the impress of their English origin in their aspect and features, as well as in the native elegance of their carriage and demeanour. Many of the fair hands so numerous employed are farmers daughters from the surrounding country, who prefer Factory work before anything menial. I took the rail to return to Boston, deeply impressed with the conviction that Lowell was a famous nursery for wives, and to be prized accordingly.

Friday, September 21st.—This morning, started at 7 a.m. for Worcester, Springfield on the Connecticut to New Haven, which we reached about noon. It is a very well built town, the seat of Yale College. This was the peach season, and here they were to be had in perfection, either white or blooming, fully ripe; I purchased four white ones for 2 cents (about an English penny,) which were delicious. Dined excellently, with dessert after, for $\frac{1}{2}$ a dollar, at the Tontine hotel, and no hurried meal. A young gentleman, a student, who sat next me at dinner, Mr. Easter, accompanied me to see Colonel Trumbul's gallery of paintings, given by him to the College: the admission money being to support some students at the College. The best picture in the collection is that of General Washington, in full military

costume, taking his measures to cut off Lord Cornwallis' detachments, at Trenton. There are also several other portraits of celebrated men, who figured during the war of Independence, and some professors of Yale College, particularly the great theologian, Dr. Dwight.

Again took the Railway Cars at 4 p.m. and reached N. York about 8 p.m. much fatigued, and covered with dust. The course of the Railway, from New Haven, is through a sandy and generally level country, not much wooded, and shewing a great extent of grass and grazing land. On the wet level flats, liable to be flooded, they have a curious method of harvesting their hay on the ground where it grows, in cocks placed upon small piles which are firmly fixed in the ground, and rise from 6 to 12 inches above its surface, thus securing the hay when the meadows are flooded. The train of cars stopped as we approached the city, and horses being attached, we were slowly drawn on through the streets to the centre of the city, not far from the Astor House.

Saturday, September 22nd.—The New York Omnibuses are very light convenient vehicles, and accommodate 19 inside, and 3 outside—the charge is six cents the whole distance; they have no conductor, the driver being (on their plan) sufficient to drive, take the fare, and superintend the entrance and exit of passengers. In all public conveyances in the States and Canada,

females are treated with the greatest respect by all ranks of men, which begets a corresponding confidence in the fair, that their feelings and character will be respected: in the new world they are not subject to the foolish and whimsical restraints which too frequently prevail in long civilized communities, and in times of over-strained refinement—the conventional forms of which I have known used to cloake malice and persecution, and have seen the sad effects on the unfortunate victims. No doubt in this doomed world, cursed “for man’s first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree,” we have nothing left but a choice of evils, for the Prince of this world ruleth—but there is one good way to muzzle his malice and oppression by stern laws, to punish the private traitor, hypocrite, and oppressor ; and by schools of instruction to inculcate confidence among the youth of both sexes, and cultivate a high sense and value of a virtuous character, together with the compulsory law of opinion and habit, to promote marriage at an early age, as the most respectable and happy state for either man or woman, would go far to disarm the legion of evils of the present life. The aid, confidence and love of the sexes are mutually required to modify and lighten the cares and evils of life, and not make them irremediable by discord, hatred, and disunion, for this is the Devil’s work and His Agents. Some may start at the word “*compulsory*” but are we not under the law of compulsion

and necessity in *many things*: are we consulted whether we will be born into this world or not, whether we will be connected in parentage and relationship, with those with whom we are connected—whether we will be rich or poor—wise or ignorant?—certainly not, and therefore the law of necessity, when founded on wisdom and honest experience, resulting in just laws and customs, it should be our desire and happiness to uphold.

In training the young, a false shame should be deprecated, and gentleness, goodness, and truth encouraged, and shame attach to nothing but vice and wickedness, and especially to a false, and lying, and slanderous tongue—in a word the mind should be trained to good dispositions and christian charity, as defined by St. Paul to the Corinthians; then we should see the Phoenix of regeneration arise, and the Millennium commence its reign of virtue, happiness, and love. The picture which these reflexions present is not chimerical, for to sever the sexes by strife, hatred, and injury, is to set man against himself at the very source and foundation of his happiness. I have seen, felt, and know what the following extract means, and it is not in the least too strong, however appalling the reality.

“There is a grief which may darken a whole lifetime, shut out the heart from every influence but its own, remain unchanged through every change of varied fortune, flinging its own broad shadows over every thing that is
fair and good

—its own bitterness over all that is sweet; it goes abroad with a smooth brow and a smiling lip, except in a moment of mental absence, when the spontaneous scowl will arise—it knows not the relief of tears, and the language of complaint it disdains! none have fathomed its depths, for its existence is denied—to be understood it must be felt by its withering influence, and seen by its blasted effects—pride is mingled with its strength, for the hidden soul knows there is that within which has blasted its hopes, and parts it from its kind, and perhaps triumphs in this agonizing consciousness.”

Diabolical is the spell, and strange the infatuation of idolatry, but whenever the human mind gives itself up to blind affection, irrespective of merit and worth in the beloved object, so surely may it be fatally prostrated, as described in the above extract.

Visited Trinity Church, New York—an elegant structure, elaborately ornamented, and arranged much the same as our best Churches in London, such as St. Pancras, the Temple Church, &c. ; it, however, wanted light, and I think would be improved by a diminution of the stained glass, which deadens the light.

Crossed the Fulton-Ferry to Brooklyn—a large suburb of New York, and was struck with the dexterous style in which passengers, traffic, horses, carriages, and waggons, with their loads, are incessantly crossing and re-crossing this Ferry, the distance about one-third to half a mile,

diagonally across the stream. There are on either side of the Ferry two harbours, or receptacles, for the steamers arriving and departing; the boats are divided into three parallel compartments, running longitudinally from head to stern: the centre one for all sorts of vehicles, horses, and cattle, and the side compartments for male and female passengers respectively, though no objection is made to a mixture, if agreeable to the parties crossing. When I reached the Ferry, and was standing (as I thought) on the wharf, ready to enter a steam ferry-boat, anon I felt the whole concern move on with its immense burden of man, beast, and merchandise, and glide into the River, and just as one ferry-boat leaves, another arrives and enters the adjacent dock, so that an incessant flow of traffic of all kinds is passing to and fro with scarcely a moment's pause, or delay. The Americans are certainly an ingenious, active, and enterprising people.

Called on Captain Lowber, at Brooklyn, and saw his wife—a most agreeable lady, and just such a wife as is suitable for him—she said when the wind was adverse, she always took care to be out of the way. He is now superintending the building of a new ship, in which I should like to make another voyage with him. Found out Mr. Allen, who was very glad to see me—astonished of course, having no previous notice; his mind had to rush across the Atlantic to realize my presence, and his reception of me was really flattering. We afterwards met at the New York Hotel.

I then visited the State-House—a marble structure—and ascended to the summit, from which there is an extensive view of the city, the distant country, and the River on both sides of Manhattan Island, on which New York is built. Was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who reside at Peterborough. Mr. Smith is one of the largest landowners in the State of New York, and a great advocate for abolition, and has given away hundreds of thousands of acres to poor emigrants and emancipated slaves.

September 23rd—The Sabbath.—Attended divine service at the Marble Church, at the top of Broadway, which is a splendid structure. Cousin William brought his wife to see me, who made much of me, and we are to have an *en famille* dinner together to-morrow. In the afternoon, Mr. Allen took me to hear Dr. Hawk, whose church was crowded—a good sermon on Christ the ransom for sinners. “The invitations of the Gospel are general to the whole human race, and none need perish, except through the pride and scorn of their own natural heart.” In the evening heard a Dutch reformed minister, in a beautiful Porticoed Church, near Broadway. Text “These all died in the faith.” At the head of this chapter we have (said the preacher) a definition of faith succinct and comprehensive. If we lose sight of Christ we are in darkness. If we rest not on Christ we have no strength. If we lay not hold on Christ

we have no assurance that we are built on the rock of ages."

Monday, 24th September.—Mr. Allen introduced me to Mr. Witney, at the New York Hotel. He is the projector of a railway route from St. Louis to the Pacific, and we had some conversation on a subject so exceedingly interesting and useful to the United States, and the world at large.

Visited various parts of the city—first the battery promenade, and then to the Quays, where the various steam-boats lay and start from—scenes full of life and business. Visited the Exchange, Custom House, Post Office, and streets in the lower parts of the city, where commerce and trade are concentrated.

Went to dine with cousin William and his young and amiable wife, and their relatives, Mr. C., Mr. and Mrs. S., &c., but having mistaken the hour, was late for dinner. Conversated about Mr. Witney's Railway project, which some think should take a different direction to the one he recommends.

September 25th—Called this morning on Mr. Witney, who came over to my quarters, and we had some conversation about the railway to the Pacific, and he gave me a pamphlet containing his plan, and general views and observations. Took the steamer for Sing-Sing, and among the passengers met Gen. Ward, and Mr. Waller. On reaching Kevanmably, thought cousin

Edward looked poorly, and he retired early in the evening. Cousin Mary remarked I had just been 8 weeks absent to a day, going on a Tuesday and returning on a Tuesday. Found here a letter from the Rev. O. French, lamenting the death of his dear child Russel.

September 26th.—Strolled about cousin's domain, which abounds in bold and woody eminencies, which offer beautiful sites for building, commanding extensive and varied views of the lake-like Hudson, which here varies in breadth from 2 to 3 miles, and has besides some picturesque promontories which intercept the beholder's prospect, and diversify the scene.

Thursday, September 27th.—This morning a note came from General Ward, inviting us to the annual review of the District Militia. Cousin, being unwell, excused himself; and I alone accompanied the messenger to the General's beautiful Italian-like Chateau, which commands an enchanting view of the Hudson, and its highland scenery. The General received me with all kindness, and urbanity, and introduced me to his Staff, and the Officers of the Regiments to be reviewed. The scene was quite a Levee, the officers, generally, in new and splendid uniforms, strikingly in contrast with the tattered plight of Washington, and his troops at Princeton. About noon the General, Staff, &c. repaired to the parade ground (dismounted) to see the troops defile past the Mayor and civil authorities of Sing-Sing. We found a strong squadron of

Dragoons, and the regiments, in various uniforms, drawn up—the Cavalry in line—the Infantry in open Column of Companies, or Sections. The Infantry wheeled into line—took open order, and saluted the Mayor and Corporation, (the General and his Staff in their rear betokening the supremacy of the civil authorities;) the troops then marched past—the Cavalry in threes—the Infantry in open column of companies, with music; they were all remarkably well clothed, armed and accoutred, and in heavy marching order, with knapsacks, haversues, and cantuns; each corps with its peculiar badge, or motto, and certainly presented a fine specimen of the militia force of the United States this being merely the nucleus of the militia of a section of the state of New York. One regiment had a very martial appearance, being clothed, like the French, in dark blue, and red facings; the whole marched past, keeping good time, and wheeling distance; the movements were regulated by Col. Tomkins, the Adjutant General. Here is the material prepared for war; may it never be required for active service, indeed, it is not likely to be wanted,—for what can be more imposing than the fact that this incipient nation, the daughter of Britain, possesses a militia mustering upwards of a million, who, if need be, could be turned out in a few days for national defence. And to refer to the axiom of the noble Duke: to be respected by other powers, you must be prepared for action—this maxim is completely carried

out by the United States in the enrolment of their militia.

Before going to the field, a lunch and Champaign were on the General's table, and partaken of generally. After the Mayor's parade, the Officers adjourned to Sing-Sing, with music, and dined at the several hotels, where Champaign also circulated freely, with suitable toasts. Brig. General Darhee, of Brocklyn, eloquently addressed the Major-General's table. After dinner, the inspection and review by Brig. General Lockwood took place, after which, he sent up a detachment of Dragoons to announce to the Major General the troops were ready for his inspection, upon which we went down to the field mounted. The Major General was received with a discharge of artillery, and a general salute from the troops, and after going down the front and rear of the line, the Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry marched past, and afterwards went through some manœuvres. After all was over we adjourned to Staff Surgeon Brandnum's elegant mansion, on the margin of the Hudson, where a handsome collation, and Champaign refreshed the Chief, and Officers, after the fatigues of the day—one of the finest that could be imagined. The Major General who is an eloquent man, and many years a senator, at length alluded to my relative, whose absence from illness he lamented : he then spoke of myself as an old officer, who with the practiced eye of a veteran had witnessed the doings of that day, and would carry away,

he trusted, a favourable impression of it, and the General concluded by proposing "The British Army." I endeavoured to make a suitable reply premising I was unaccustomed to public speaking. I was listened to with profound attention: I spoke what I felt, that I had been highly gratified by the kind mention of my relative, and with all I had seen and experienced during my tour in the United States. I had seen much to admire—nothing to annoy—that my expectations of America were more than realized. What I had seen that day had delighted me, and revived old recollections—troops, cavalry and infantry marching past in order,—well clothed, armed, and appointed—well commanded and presenting a fine specimen of an armed force only enrolled to preserve peace and order, and for self defence, subservient to the civil powers. It was gratifying also to see the *esprit de corps* of the officers in their new and splendid uniforms, and in the order and discipline of the troops. In the midst of applause, I concluded these few observations by proposing "Prosperity to the United States of America," which was drunk with enthusiasm; and then the Mayor proposed our beloved "Queen Victoria," which was drunk with honors, as was also my final toast, "The President of the United States of America."

September 28th.—Inspected a portion of the Hudson River Railway, immediately in front of cousin's villa—walked over about half a mile of it, which runs across the

cove on a raised bank : it is solidly constructed, like the best of our English railways—the iron rails resting on solid sleepers, and it is well ballasted.

The public works of the Americans are stupendous, and worthy the son of John Bull : witness the Croton Aqueduct, which supplies New York with water ; it is entirely covered in, and conveys from the River Croton, a large volume of the best water 40 miles, for the use and supply of its inhabitants—it is conveyed over hill and dale, above and below the ground, and over every obstacle in an arch of solid masonry and large capacity, sufficient for the wants of this large and increasing city.

A similar Aqueduct, from a lake some 20 miles from Boston, conveys water for the use of that city. Then their public Hospitals, Asylums, and State Prisons are generally of great size and solidity, and convey the idea of utility and durability, and a nation possessing large resources. Divine providence is no doubt working out a great problem in the new world, which will be seen in generations to come. The census of the United States in 1850 is expected to number 25 millions, and to be quadrupled in 50 years to 100 millions ; now if this aggregate of mind would be trained to good and not to evil—to forget self, and to labour for the general good—in a word to be practical Christians, how soon would the world become, not an Utopian, but a real paradise.

September 29th.—Called on General Ward to take

leave, and understood from him he was engaged in the warfare of 1814, at or near Plattsburg. I presented the General with a British Army list of 1814.

This is the first day of opening the Hudson River Railway to the public, on which trains run three times up and down from New York to Peakshill. It is a very solid and well constructed railway, and I should judge will have a large traffic, especially in the winter, when the river traffic is stopped by the ice.

September 30th.—Attended Church, and heard a sermon from Rom. ix. first 3 verses. "When the believer is united to Christ, nothing can separate him from his Saviour, neither height, nor length, nor breadth, nor depth, nor aught else. Paul's zeal in his Master's cause could desire to be cursed, or undergo a curse (as His Master did) for the salvation of his brethren the Jews."

October 1st.—Proceeded in a hired conveyance to the quay to embark for New York; and to give an idea of the free and easy manners of brother Jonathan, I will relate the following adventure:—I had not proceeded far before a perfect stranger called to the driver to pull up, and opening the carriage door entered without a "with your leave," or "by your leave." I, of course, said nothing against it, and he was soon in earnest conversation, giving me information on this, and that, and about the State-prison which we had to pass in our way to the quay, over which he informed me he had once had a charge.

Having ridden as far as he wished, he again called a halt, and made his exit franked. We should think this strange at home, but it is the result of a principle in universal force throughout the States, that every advantage is to be taken of opportunities gratis, provided it is not injurious to another ; here was a carriage going the same way with the stranger, and there being room for him within, he at once took advantage of it, was helped on, and at no real inconvenience, or expense to me (the hirer of the vehicle) who was responsible for the fare. It would be well for mankind, if their universal honesty admitted this principle of reciprocity to be acted on every where. Landed at New York, at 10 a.m., and drove to the New York Hotel, in Broadway, which is the most comfortable hotel in New York, especially for families, the accommodations being convenient and splendid. It is superintended by the proprietor, Mons. Monnot: the Salle à Manger is spacious and elegant, and fitted up in excellent taste; the walls are pure white, with gilt mouldings, and every panel contains a large mirror. This room is a well proportioned parallelogram of about 100 feet by 70 feet, and lofty in proportion—there are two tables parallel to each other, admitting of plenty of space for the circulation of servants and other purposes—the good things from the Cuisine are introduced from a room, or passage, at the left hand upper angle of the Salle, and as the guests all enter at the opposite end, there is no clashing. There is a suite of

with-drawing-rooms in style to correspond, where such of the company as please can assemble before meals. There are private drawing-rooms also for families. The dinner hour is five, when the gong sounds, and the company, generally full dressed, enter and take their seats; and being usually in little knots, or parties, the fashion is very agreeable, and like a private party, the society of the ladies giving here, as every where else in America, the tone and spirit of the whole party; and the good breeding of the gentlemen is under such advantages quite decided. Long may the ladies possess influence, and that influence be for good.

To those who prefer an early dinner at 3 p.m., or have to depart early on a journey, Mons. Monnot has his own table, at that hour in the Salle, at which any guest can join. I purpose dining at it to-morrow, having to depart by steamer for Boston. The dormitories are all comfortable, but offer various accommodation which regulates the cost per diem—the lowest being, for all charges, including meals, 2 dollars a-day; staying only 2 or 3 days I was charged $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars a-day.

Mr. Allen was living at this hotel while I was there, and was very useful to me. I had a good deal of interesting conversation with Mr. Whitney, on the subject of his projected railway to the Pacific, and also about his travels in the Prairie Wilderness, and the rocky mountains, and of his having been made prisoner with all

his party, by the Sioux Indians who, after holding a council, agreed to spare their lives, on understanding the nature of their business in their country. Mons. and Mad. Poussin were also at the New York Hotel during my stay there.

October 2nd.—Received a card from Dr. M., to attend the Columbia College Rehearsal, at a church in a distant quarter of the city, but the card found me too late, or should certainly have attended. Called at the Panama railway office, and was very obligingly shewn the plan of the railway, by Mr. Serelle, the engineer, who also gave me a pamphlet of the project to peruse at leisure.

Having a desire to see a specimen of the Californian gold in its native state, and understanding a banker, near the Exchange, had some fine ingots just in the state they were found, I went to the Bank (I think in Wall-street,) and on enquiry of the cashier, he very politely produced three fine specimens of an oblong shape, apparently virgin gold—much the colour of a sovereign, the largest of which, he told me, was worth about £35 sterling.

After dinner drove down to the quay, near the battery, and embarked in the superb steamer "Empire-State" for Fall River, and on by the cars to Boston. Nothing can exceed the magnitude and splendour of this floating palace. Her length is about 120 yards, by 25 yards extreme breadth, and she makes up 400 to 500 beds. There are three distinct range of decks, the hurricane deck

over all. She cut through the water at the rate of 17 knots an hour, starting about 5 p.m., and reaching Fall River about $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 3 a.m. The passage through "Hill Gates" was a trifle to her. There were a great many passengers, and a supper was served, including tea, coffee, and solids, which left nothing in the eating and drinking way to be desired. Ladies and gentlemen mixed like a private party, and most sociable; nothing can exceed the respect shewn to the fair sex in the United States throughout, nor does it spoil them, while it softens the more rugged manners of the male race, and ensures to the fair a far larger proportion of happiness in private life, than they could otherwise realize. Attention and deference to woman, if carried to a faulty extreme, is an error on the right side; but I deem it rather praiseworthy than faulty: for whatever is excellent in creation centres in the heart of a virtuous woman, and Wordsworth was right in saying,

"See how divine a thing is woman."

The world fell by woman 'tis true, but it will be regenerated and restored no doubt chiefly by the instrumentality and virtue of woman.

Left a packet of letters with Mr. C., for cousin William written by his grandfather, about 1796, strongly democratic, but just in sentiment and strong in affection; stating that his relatives were dear—very dear to his heart, and engraven as it were on the palms of his hands,

but the deep principles of freedom had torn him from their bosoms, to seek an asylum in a foreign land, which he had found in the United States.

October 3rd.—Disembarked early, and proceeded to Boston by the railway, and drove to the Tremont House Hotel, near the Park. Called on Mr. T——, and found him in his library. He received me very kindly, and enquired how he could be useful to me, and what I had seen at my previous visit. I informed him I had surveyed the city from the summit of the State House, and the Bunker's Hill Monument, and should carry away a correct mental picture of Boston, the Park, the Cambridge University, and the Auburn Cemetery, &c., all of which I had visited.

Mr. T. then introduced me to the Librarian of the new Athenæum, at Boston, and I accompanied him to the new building, which has a noble and lofty entrance, supported by iron pillars, and communicating with an immense hall on the ground floor, for statuary, and with a beautiful news-room—you then ascend a spacious staircase, which conducts to the library on the first floor where about 50,000 vols. are admirably arranged. A second staircase conducts you to a finely lighted picture gallery, in the upper story, where are some valuable portraits and pictures, particularly one of General Washington, said to be the best likeness ever taken of him—nothing is finished in this painting but the visage of the

hero, and it is certainly expressive, but the drapery finished, I think, would improve it, and shew the portrait to more advantage.

There is also an admirable painting of the interior of a Convent of Capuchins, with the Monks at devotion.

This afternoon went to Messrs. Enoch Zain & Co.'s office, at Lewis's Wharf, and paid 60 dollars for a passage from Boston to Liverpool, in the good ship "Washington Irving"—Capt. Gorham.

Went at 8 p. m. to see a panorama of Col. Fremont's route through the Prairie Wilderness, to Oregon, over the Sierra-Nevada, to California, St. Francisco, and the gold diggings in Upper California.

The subject comprised three divisions: the first division exhibited Col. Fremont and his party, about to depart on his first expedition from a fort on the Missouri, and across the Great Prairie Wilderness, to the South Pass, in the rocky mountains, exhibiting some striking scenery in the Upper Missouri, especially of snags carried down with a very rapid current, and a steamer ascending the stream through all obstacles.

Then follow scenes of the greatest wilderness the imagination can conceive on the Yellow Stone River, and the Platt River, branches of the Great Missouri, interspersed with wolf and buffalo hunts, together with Indian warfare and scalping.

Then comes the wild scenery of the rocky mountains,

and the distress of Col. Fremont, and party, among the snowy mountains, at the culminating point where the ice and snow appeared insurmountable, and individuals of the party are seen falling over the snowy precipices. View of the American Falls, on a branch of the Columbia River, the Rapids of that river, with parties of emigrants embarking on the Columbia, to descend it to Fort Wallah Wallah, and to Fort Vancouver, and a view of the country occupied by settlers, and the Mormons, reported to be very rich land. View of the Pyramid Lake, Great Salt Lake, Sacramento Rio, and Town and Bay of S. Francisco, and the River at the Gold Diggings, where the Gold Finders are seen in the mountain torrents up to their knees at work, and the waters rushing down from the lofty ranges above.

After the panorama was over, I had some conversation with the Exhibitor, and understood from him that it belonged to some persons at Philadelphia; and on my recommending its exhibition in London, he said it was their intention to exhibit it in London this spring, (1850.)

October 5th.—Embarked in the good ship "Washington Irving," for Liverpool, with a good many cabin passengers, including the Rev. Mr. Waterman, of Providence, and a young gentleman (Mr. Parkman,) late a student at Cambridge, near Boston, who had the adjoining cabin to the one I occupied.

October 6th.—Sailed this morning—towed out by a steam-tug to sea, and the same evening, and all night, experienced very rough and boisterous weather, and were in some danger of being embayed (the captain told me) between Cape Cod, and Cape Ann, but the wind favored us at the critical moment two points on both tacks, and we were thereby 40 miles more to wind-ward in the morning than the Captain expected.

October 8th to 13th.—Wind variable—while running 9 or 10 knots we passed a New York Liner, and exchanged salutes.

October 14th.—The sabbath.—A cold windy day—had divine service in the cabin, by Rev. Mr. Waterman, who read prayers, and preached from 2 Cor. vi. 3, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost,"—a good sermon. The gospel is only hid from those who will not seek it, and who neglect the Lord's counsel and advice, "Ask and ye shall receive—Seek and ye shall find—Knock at the door of mercy, and it shall be opened—Whomsoever cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

October 21st.—Boisterous weather, running 10 knots. At 5 a. m. on Saturday, the 27th October, we made Tuscar-light, bearing N.N.E. distant 10 miles; about noon we sighted the Welch Coast, and in the evening the mountains of Carnarvonshire, Snowden, &c. and the Light House at Holyhead. About 9 p. m. were boarded by a

Liverpool Pilot, and cheering it was to hear the ship hailed, and see her thrown aback to receive him on board—a fine young fellow, with a true English countenance, who immediately took charge of the ship; and the wind continuing fresh and fair, we were soon in the River Mersey, and in the morning early on Sunday, 28th October, found ourselves in dock at Liverpool, after a rapid run of little more than 21 days from Boston to Liverpool, in the “Washington Irving” Captain Gorham, a beautiful fast sailing ship, and well commanded and served.

A few general observations will now close this Diary. The principal change which reminded me of being on the Continent of America, was the heat, and its deleterious effects (like the canker in the rose) on the constitution and complexion of the fair, and the public generally. The language, physiognomy, and dress being decidedly English; the climate, smoking, and hotel habits chiefly remind you of a foreign land. The Americans, as I found them, are universally kind and social. They are a diligent and active people—there are no idlers in the States, or in Canada—no beggars—all are on the alert, and if they will but remember the wise maxim “*Union is strength,*” with their excellent origin, an amalgam of all nations, chiefly British; in arts, language, and religion, they will, they must become a great and mighty power. Could they satisfactorily settle the Slave question, it would add greatly to their strength and stability; at present it is

like a concealed mine, ready to explode by any chance spark.

The quality of the land varies very little in appearance to what an Englishman would expect, it being of a light sandy nature throughout the entire route I travelled, with a few exceptions, such as Preston, in Upper Canada, and Quebec, Montmorenci, &c. in Lower Canada.

Religion, in America, is apparently prosperous, if we may judge from the number of churches, but I fear wants cohesion:—manifest union and oneness, which should ever be conspicuous in that faith which is derived from a divine source, and is the only solace and antidote for the evils of life—the only guide and way to salvation and eternal happiness in the life to come. When we consider that religion is the sacred question between God and man—good and evil—life and death (Deut. xxx. 15) it is self-evident such a question should stand on an immovable basis, and this the Giver of all good has provided for in the sacred scriptures: for here we find the never-changing data for our Christianity, and for first principles in religion (Isaiah, xl. 6, 7, 8) as also for the “sure foundation”—the “tried stone”—the “rock of ages,” which alone will sustain the edifice erected on it for ever.

While the religious world is perplexed and puzzled with theoretical questions about the *modus operandi* of the Holy Spirit's influences—the weightier matters of

the law "judgment, mercy, and truth" are forgotten, and what relates to the actual welfare of the human soul is neglected; and present unanimity and Christian love compromised or lost. Christianity is essentially a practical system, and would mankind but obey and be guided by God's rule (the Bible) which commands us to repent and be baptized, how soon would the golden age return, and the blessings be realized that are connected with obedience: that effect compared, by our Lord himself, to the wind which bloweth where it listeth, and no one can tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one born of the spirit. If the Lord himself describes this vital change as a mystery, what man shall presume to put his own gloss or definition on it.

Many of mankind disregard forms, even of divine origin, but if God has coupled the blessing with the command who shall disjoin them, and still expect the blessing!

Would Abraham have been in covenant with God had he not, as commanded, circumcised himself and household?

Would the waters of Marah have become sweet had the tree not been cast into it?

Would Naaman have been cured of his leprosy had he not, as commanded, dipped in Jordan? so neither can we expect the blessings of Christianity without obedience to its commandments: though the axiom ever holds, that man is saved by grace, and justified by faith, without the deeds of the law.

I had no opportunity of ascertaining the statistics of the religious world in America, but I believe the Episcopal Church is, numerically, the dominant Church (if the Presbyterian does not equal it) and consists generally of the wealthy and influential classes. Its incomparable liturgy, and formularies of public worship, and its pure creed, will always secure for it in every Christian State the most conspicuous preference and position. Let the preacher be what he may, he must go through the liturgy and lessons, and his chief scope to err is in the sermon.

To the Emigrant of small means and a large family, I would say let him not be discouraged. If his family are healthy, sober, thrifty, and industrious, they will be a fortune to him, and they make him independent, being a little well ordered community within themselves. Labour is well paid in America, and labour is the poor man's capital, which under the above combined advantages, soon accumulates sufficiently to buy land, which diligent hands will rapidly improve; and honesty, integrity, and good conduct, with God's blessing, are sure to result in gain, and let us hope in Godliness.

A great deference, perhaps too great, is shewn in the United States to public opinion, which is too unstable and infirm in character to be a safe principle of action, or to be equivalent to a principle of rectitude—we are “not to follow a multitude to do evil,” which we are very liable

to do when public opinion is extensively influential.

Every day brings its opportunities of doing good or evil. The Christian hopeth all things, endureth all things, putteth the best construction, and maketh the best of every thing, and every body. In any object of contention and collision of interests, he looks not only to his own rights, but the rights of his fellow man, and asks himself what may reasonably be expected by the one or the other under similar and opposite circumstances? Human opinions, and esteem, are only valuable and respected as they are founded on truth. The "*Mens conscia recta*" will always sustain the upright and honest mind in the vicissitudes of this chequered life, and the strange versatilities of other minds! A conscience void of offence to God and man is the standard of the sincere Christian.

A parting word to brother Jonathan on the indiscriminate and unmeaning use of the word "*guess*." To speak with ambiguity, when you can speak with certainty, is prejudicial to truth, and the best interests of mankind, and is a habit brother Jonathan would correct did he see its bearings with the eye of experience. The vague and ill defined use of the word "*guess*" embodies in it a dangerous principle inasmuch as people may go on to guess at every thing, and be certain of nothing. The expression "*I guess*" should never be used but in its true and proper sense, or otherwise it serves too well to aid the fraudulent, the false, and the malicious, by raising doubts and sus-

pitions whenever a cheat wishes to mystify and confuse ;
by invariably using correct language we cut up "Humbug"
by the roots, and promote the cause of truth and honesty :
so let us conclude with Cowper's prophetic words :—

"Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies,
They that hate truth shall be the dupe of lies,
And he that will be cheated to the last,
Delusions strong as hell shall bind him fast.
But if the wanderer his mistake discern,
Repent his ways, and long for a return,
Bewilder'd oft, must he lament his loss
For ever and for ever? No, the Cross!
There and there only is the power to save—
To blot out sin and welcome make the grave!
There no delusive hope invites despair,
No mockery meets you, no deception there;
The spells of sin, that blinded you before,
All vanish there and captivate no more."

FINIS.

confuse ;
"Humbug"
honesty :
ds :—

es,

ve!

;

