

Journal of a Voyage across the Atlantic eBook

Journal of a Voyage across the Atlantic by George Moore (novelist)

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PREFACE.

Having a large circle of friends who feel interested in my American trip, the propriety of publishing my observations, to avoid going over the same ground again and again, was suggested by one of them—a hint with which I have complied.

I can say, with the strictest truth, that I have not revised or altered any impression formed at the moment. Indeed, I never saw these Notes from the time they were written till they passed through the press.

Change of scene, and a new current of thoughts, with the blessing of Providence, have worked a considerable improvement in my health—a mercy for which I shall ever feel grateful; and while I prize the high privileges of the land of my birth, and feel proud to be an Englishman, I hope ever to regard our Transatlantic brethren with respect, and do full justice to the extensive wonders of America.

London, April 30, 1845.

Log, &c.

Saturday, 17th August, 1844, One o'clock, P.M.—Left Liverpool in the *Great Western* steamship, Captain Mathews, for New York, with 138 passengers. Wind N.W., blowing a strong gale. In two hours very few passengers on deck, the ship rolling heavily. At four discharged the pilot. At half-past twelve passed Holyhead. Went to bed rather squeamish at seven.

Sunday morning.—Rose at seven; was awakened by the stopping of the engine, from breaking a new wheel which had been put up to work the blowers for the fires. Detained an hour and half in consequence. Passed Tuskar at ten. Had public worship at one: the Church of England service, in which the name of the President of the United States was introduced: about seventy attended. No sermon, there being no minister on board, and the Captain not prepared.

The routine of each day appears to be this:—The gong sounds at half-past seven to rise; breakfast at nine; at twelve lunch; at half-past three dress for dinner; at four dine; half-past seven tea; very few take supper at ten; lights put out at eleven punctually.

At seven P.M. passed Cork; at nine Kinsale. 165 miles. Latitude, 51 deg. 58' N.: Longitude, 6 deg. 34'.

At three o'clock on *Monday* morning, the 19th, passed Cape Clear; and when I got on deck only a distant view of the most rugged part of Ireland to be seen. It is now eight o'clock, and the passengers are beginning to show themselves, the sea having gone down, and the ship going on smoothly 9-3/4 knots. Laid down the following rules, which



I hope to be able to keep:—Rise at half-past seven; walk on deck till breakfast; read at least six chapters in the Bible the first thing after breakfast; then walk on deck for an hour till lunch; afterwards write for an hour; then walk on deck for another hour; then read any books I have till dinner; between dinner and tea walk and talk, and take stock of the passengers, being some of all sorts here; after tea whist till ten, and then turn in.

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The weather continues very calm, and the sea smooth. This steamer, without exception, the easiest and most comfortable I have ever sailed in. About 100 dined to-day, and the general appetite appeared to be in a satisfactory state.

211 miles. Lat. 51 deg. 32' N.; Long. 11 deg. 59'.

Tuesday, the 20th, seven A.M.—A most beautiful morning. Spent the day as usual. During dinner the wind changed to E.N.E. Set all sail below and aloft, and the engine made 12 revolutions in the minute. It was now that I became acquainted with our worthy Captain, whom I found to be a gentlemanly, courteous, obliging little fellow. Heard some German, Irish, English, and Yankee songs; and turned in at half-past ten.

193 miles. Lat. 51 deg. 26' N.; Long. 17 deg. 3'.

Wednesday, the 21st.—Rose at my usual time. Fine weather. For the first time saw a sail, a brig, standing to the south, but too distant to exchange signals. The wind fair, but very light: the engine making 12-1/2 revolutions a minute, or 94 knots an hour. Spent the day as usual.

228 miles. Lat. 51 deg. 24' N.; Long. 23 deg. 6'.

Thursday, the 22nd.—The wind changed to south; and the passengers all on deck. The sea smooth; and the engine, after being well coaled, made 14 revolutions per minute. Some heavy card-playing on board, and imprudent losses, which I much regretted to see.

220 miles. Lat. 51 deg. 5' N.; Long. 28 deg. 54'.

Friday, the 23rd.—The ship rolling from a south swell; and a very small muster at breakfast. The ladies generally ill. The wind S.E., and the ship covered with canvas. Rate 11 knots by the Log. Wind freshened up to a sharp breeze from the West; and it is now nearly three days since I have been able to put pen to paper. During dinner all the sails taken in; and the heavy pitching of the ship sent all the grumblers from the table.

259 miles. Lat. 50 deg. 33' N.; Long. 34 deg. 59'.

Saturday morning, the 24th.—Read; talked; walked; lunched; walked and read again. At nine drank "wives and sweethearts;" and then to bed.

239 miles. Lat. 49 deg. 27' N.; Long. 40 deg. 55'.

Sunday, the 25th.—A beautiful morning, but rather foggy, as we began to approach the Banks of Newfoundland. Had a very pleasant day of reading. Had public service at one: sang the hymn of "Greenland's rocky mountain;" and Mr. Dodge, of New York,



read a sermon of the Rev. Thos. Spencer's, written when he was sixteen years old, from the text "God is love." The sea calm, but very damp.

211 miles. Lat. 48 deg. 15' N.; Long. 45 deg. 51'.

Monday, the 26th.—A dense fog about the middle of the banks. Sea smooth. Going 9-1/2 knots. Spent the day as usual.

212 miles. Lat. 47 deg. 5' N.; Long. 50 deg. 44'.

Tuesday, the 27th.—Still foggy and dark, cold and comfortless. Saw lots of porpoises and whales, who walked away from us at their leisure, the steamer making miserable progress from want of steam, though wind and sea were favourable. Spent the day as usual.

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209 miles. Lat. 45 deg. 43' N.; Long. 55 deg. 10'.

Wednesday, the 28th.—Sky beautifully clear; but the usual fog came on at ten, and the engines were stopped for soundings: 77 fathoms, white sand. Cape Race distant 60 miles.

229 miles. Lat. 44 deg. 44' N.; Long. 60 deg. 25'.

Thursday, the 29th.—Wind dead a-head, with a heavy sea. Only 7 knots; and many passengers in bed. At four o'clock the wind changed round, the sea smoothed down, and we had the most brilliant sunset I ever saw: it was past all description! It gave me a good impression of an American sun. The Yankees broke out into applause, and welcomed the face of Sol as that of an old and tried friend. Had a grand state-dinner to-day; and the passengers appeared to do ample justice to the viands. Passed a pleasant evening.

200 miles. Lat. 43 deg. 4' N.; Long. 64 deg. 14'.

We presented Captain Mathews with a memorial, signed by all the passengers, on his first trip as commander, he having been first mate to Capt. Hoskin in the *Great Western* ever since she was launched. He richly deserved a more substantial mark of our regard for his unremitting attentions.

The following was the Bill of Fare:—

BREAKFAST.

Dishes.		Dishes.	
Beefsteaks	4	Omelets	8
Mutton Chops	—	Boiled Eggs	100
Pork Chops	4	Homony	6
Ham and Eggs	10	Hash	—
Fried Bacon	6	Mush	—
Fricasee Chicken	—	Fried Fish (Soles)	5
Veal Cutlets	4	Do. Potatoes	—
Stews	6		

DINNER.

Soup—Mock Turtle	6	Boiled Fowls	3 pair
Boiled Fish—Salmon		Corned Beef	1



and Lobster Sauce	4	Corned Pork	—
Baked Fish	—	Ham	1
Roast Beef	3	Tongues	2
Saddles of Mutton	2	Fricandeau	—
Roast Lamb	2	Mutton Cutlets	8
Roast Turkey	2	Macaroni	4
Roast Veal	—	Curry	—
Roast Pig	1	Irish Stew	—
Olive Ducks	3 pair	Calf's Head	2
Roast Fowls	—	Roast Hare	5
Roast Geese	1	Lobster Patties	6
Boiled Mutton	2	Chicken Salad	8
Gullenteen Turkeys	4		

PASTRY.

Plum Pudding	5	Mince Pies	6
Apple Dumpling	8	Damson Pies	—
Raspberry Rollers	2	Cherry Pies	4
Baked Apple Pudding	5	Rice Pudding	8
Apple Pies	7	Orange ditto	5
Cranberry Pies	7	Custard ditto	—
Raspberry Puffs	8	Bergnets	—
Plum Pies	7	Brandy Fruits	8

WINES, JELLIES, AND BLANCHEMANGE.

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August 29th, 1844.

* * * * *

Friday.—Saw land to-day for the first time since we left Cape Clear; and heartily sick of the Atlantic. Saw Lantucket at two P.M. The atmosphere mild and warm. Paid my wine-bill to Crawford, the head steward, a black; who, by the way, had got well threshed for nigger-driving the second steward. Finished my letters for England in hopes of catching the Boston steamer, which leaves New York at five P.M. on Saturday.

210 miles. Lat. 41 deg. 18' N.; Long. 68 deg. 18'.

Saturday.—A beautiful morning. The wind changed. All the passengers on deck. The pilot (who had come out 160 miles to get the job, a very intelligent fellow) lent me a New York paper. A good many vessels in sight. Came close to Long Island. All bustle and confusion packing. Our boat did her best, but we saw we should be too late for the mail. Got to Sandy Hook at five; the Narrows at six; and up the East River at seven. Passed Fort Hamilton; and at half-past seven landed in New York.

The confusion on landing baffled all description. Hundreds of pickpockets were on the look-out. We sojourned at the Astor House Hotel. Had a warm-bath, and retired to rest grateful that I was once more on *Terra firma*.

265 miles. Passage altogether 3022 miles in fourteen days.

Sunday, 1st September.—Rose at six. Took a car with my companion, Mr. K——, of Liverpool, and went down to the *Great Western* for our luggage. We met with great civility from the Custom-house officers. They would not allow luggage to pass after sunset the previous evening. After breakfast we heard service at Dr. Spring's Chapel, a Presbyterian: a beautiful chapel, and a respectable congregation, and all in their pews before the minister ascended the pulpit: the text was, "The Lord reigneth:" the singing was good: the service terminated at twelve. The weather awfully hot: the thermometer stood at 92 deg. in the shade. Dined at half-past two: 300 sat down to a splendid dinner, everything that could tempt the appetite or please the epicure. Tea at seven; and supper at ten, if required.

I may here remark that Astor House is the largest hotel in the world. They make up five hundred beds regularly, but could make up eight hundred: about sixty waiters; five regular clerks; twenty-one washerwomen; five mangers (all of which is done by steam); twelve cooks. Take it for all in all,

"I ne'er shall see its like again."

Their system is as much carried out as Morrison's, Fore-street. You never have occasion to ring the bell twice: they have twenty rotunda men who do nothing else but



answer bells and carry out parcels. My first impression of New York on the Sunday morning was that it resembled Paris.

Population, 350,000. Lat. 40 deg. 42' N.; Long. 74 deg. 2-1/2'.

I here subjoin the Bill of Fare. For eating and bed two dollars per day, including servants.



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GENTLEMEN'S ORDINARY.

SOUP.

Mock Turtle Soup.

FISH.

Baked Black Fish, Claret sauce, Clam Chowder.

BOILED.

Corned Beef, Chickens and Pork,
Ham, Smoked Corned Beef,
Tongue, Leg of Mutton.

Cold Pressed Corned Beef, Cold Corned Leg of Pork,
Cold Roast Beef, Cold Roast Lamb.

SIDE DISHES.

Lobster Salad, Small Birds, Port Wine sauce,
Mutton Chops, breaded, Small Oyster Pies,
Rib of Beef, Champagne sauce, Ducks, Spanish sauce,
Pigeons with fine Herbs, Veal, Tomato sauce,
Broiled Chickens, Steward's Macaroni,
sauce Eels, Cold Sauce,
Calf's Head, Brain sauce, Beans and Pork.

VEGETABLES.

Boiled Potatoes, Onions, Boiled Rice,
Corn, Turnips, Beets,
Tomatoes, Cabbage,
Fried Egg Plants, Shelled Beans.

ROAST.

Beef, Chicken,
Pig, Geese, Lamb and Mint sauce.

PASTRY.

Peach Pie, Kisses, Lemon Pudding,
Custard Pie, Fruit Jelly.



DESSERT.

Filberts, Almonds, Raisins, Oranges, Figs, Plums,
Apples, Pears, Melons, Peaches, &c.

ICE CREAM.

D. C.
MOSELLE.

Seister Water	Price per bottle, 0 75
Moselle, 1831	1 50

SAUTERNE.

Sauterne	1 00
Morton's Y. Chem	2 00
Pints	1 00

HOCK.

Markgraefer, delicate 1 00
Rudeshoimer, 1834, pints 1 50
Marcobrunner 2 00
Steinberger Cabinet, 1831 2 50
Sparkling Hock 2 00
Ausbruck Cabinet Rothenberg of 1831 3 00
Ausbruck Cabinet Graffenburg, 1831 4 00
Ausbruck Cabinet Rothenburg, 1822 4 00
Cabinet Schloss Johannisberger, 1822 5 00
Prince Metternich's Castle, bottled, yellow seal, 1831 5 00
Metternich's Castle, bottled, red seal, 1822 5 00
Prince Metternich's celebrated Castle, bottled, gold seal, Johannisberger vintage 1822 8 00

CHAMPAGNE.

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Schreider 2 00
 Napoleon 2 00
 Cliquot 2 00
 Heidsieck 2 00
 Ruinart 2 00
 Perriot 2 00
 Star 2 00
 Venoge, J.T.B. 2 00
 Duc de Montabello, dry 2 00
 Do. do. sweet 2 00
 Do. do. Ladies' wine 2 00
 Pints do. do. 1 00

CLARET.

Table Claret 0 50
 Do. do. 0 75
 Pints of Barsolou 1 00
 St. Estephe, V. Barsalou 1 00
 St. Julien, do. 1 25
 Leoville, do. 1 50
 Pontet Canet, do. 1 50
 Chateau Latour, do. 1 75
 Battailly, Barton, and Guestier, 1834 1 50
 Chateau Beychevelle, do. 1834 2 00
 Mouton, do. 1834 2 50
 Latour, do. 1834 3 00
 Chateau Lafitte, do. 1834 3 00
 Chateau Margeaux, do. 1834 3 00
 St. Julien, in pint bottles, V.B. 0 75
 Leoville do. do. 0 75
 Pontet Canet, do. do. 0 75
 Latour, do. do. 1 00
 Lafitte 1 00

PORT.

Particular	2 00
Tower	2 50
Brazil	2 50

BURGUNDY.



Macon 1 50
Do. pints 0 75
Pouilly, White Burgundy 1 50
Do. do. pints 0 75
Pomard 2 50
Chambertin 3 00
Romanee 3 00
Vosne 3 00

SHERRY.



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Harmony, Amontillado, delicious 3 00
Sherry, Pale, N.O. 1 00
Sherry, S.S. 1 00
Yriarte, Pale, delicate 2 00
Yriarte, Gold G. 2 00
Crowley (Sayres) Gold 2 50
Do. do. Brown, extra 2 50
Do. do. Amontillado 3 00
Imperial, Pale 4 00
Brown, imported in glass 4 00
Romano, do. very old 3 00
Romano, Pale, very old 3 00
Lobo, Brown, FO, long bottled 3 50
Ne Plus Ultra 4 00

MADEIRA.

Henry Clay, imported into Boston in 1826. 3 00
Madeira, F.B. 1 00
Madera Oliveiro 1 50
L.P. Madeira 2 00
Blackburne's 2 00
Blackburne's Reserve 2 50
Howard, March, and Co.'s Madeira, imported for the
Astor House, F. 2 00
Newton, Gordon, and Murdock's (GM) 2 00
Oliveires Reserve, 17 years old 2 50
E.I. Leacock, old, dry 2 50
Leacock, M.L., imported, 1826, into New Orleans 3 00
Murdock, Yuille, and Woodrope, MY 3 00
Yellow Seal, original N.G.M. delicate 3 00
D.V. Sercial, very delicate 3 00
Brazil, V.I. very old, a favourite wine 3 00
Brown Seal, old Monteiras, 'superior' 3 00
Nabob 3 50
Red Seal, old, bottled, East India 3 50
Eclipse Madeira 4 00
Rapid, imported 1818 4 00
Green Seal, Virginia Madeira, light and very delicate 4 00
White Top, very old and delicate 4 00
Thorndike, very old and 'superior' 4 50
Edward Tuckerman, Esq., Scott, Laughnan, Penfold,
and Co.'s, imported 1820, P.M. 5 00
Gratz, yellow seal, 1806 5 00

Do. green seal, 1806 5 00

Do. black seal, 1806 5 00

Do. red seal, bottled 1806 5 00

Wanton, exceedingly delicate, thirty years in wood,



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W. 5 00

John A. Gordon's Madeira, imported into Philadelphia
1798 5 00

Caroline, an old family-wine 5 00

Gordon, Buff, Inglis, and Co.'s, imported by H.G.

Otis and Edward Tuckerman, Esq., 1811, G. 5 00

Stalk's Madeira, bottled in Calcutta, imported 1825 6 00

Hurd's Madeira, bottled in 1822 in Calcutta 5 00

Essex, Jr., imported 1819 6 00

Smith and Huggins, Dyker's White top, bottled in
1800 in St. Eustatia 7 00

Tuckerman's B., 1810 7 00

Thorndike's A., 1809 8 00

Wedding Wine 8 00

Gov. Philip's Wine 9 00

Gov. Kirby's original bottles, OO 12 00

* * * * *

Monday morning, the 2nd.—After breakfast despatched three-quarters of a hundred newspapers to my old and valued friends in England. They keep no stock on hand for promiscuous sale: they printed them on purpose for me. After which I visited the business parts. All the streets filled with empty cases, which they had just cleared for the Fall trade: auctioneers hammering away in all corners, knocking goods about as if they cost nothing. In the stores there appears no system—all is confusion. The heat was awful till seven P.M., when the rain came down in torrents: at the same time the atmosphere was brilliantly lighted by flashes of electric fire. Took Mr. and Mrs. Green to the Park Theatre, to patronize Anderson as *Othello*, Miss Clara Ellis as *Desdemona*, and a Mr. Dowsett as *Iago*, all of whom crossed with us. A poor set out. Theatrical property in the States, I understand, is at a greater discount than in England. Poor Mr. Simpson, whom I sat next to in my passage, is the proprietor—a worthy man, and much esteemed. To bed at eleven.

Tuesday.—A long day of business. Observed with regret their loose mode. All busy; and they appear to think good times will last for ever. Nearly all have failed at one time or the other. Bankers discounting liberally at present; and all appear to be trying who can sell cheapest. Retired to rest at eleven, lost in amazement, and the reflection that this state of things cannot last long.

Wednesday.—Ascertained the geography of the town pretty well; and so I ought, for I walked till I was nearly red in the face, and my shirt wet through. Engaged at the

present moment, ten P.M., writing this, with all my bedroom windows open, and in my shirt. *Hot!* HOT!! VERY HOT!!!

Thursday.—Called upon Mr. J.J. Echalaz, at Goodhue and Co.'s, where I received marked attention from both Mr. E. and his employers. When I introduced my letters from E.B. Webb, at Baring's, got some valuable information, and letters of introduction to Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, and Canada. Afterwards took a turn amongst the retail-shops, to see their system. Mr. Stewart, Broadway, and a few others, are done upon the London style, but the lower class take any price they can get. Disco-

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[Transcriber's Note: One page of text is missing here (page 15 in the original work).]

superintendent has a higher object than his pay. God grant that he may long be spared! —We then saw the avenues; and, as “variety is charming,” we then visited Niblo’s Theatre—something like what Vauxhall was: lots of handsome girls performing nonsense; and two or three men, more particularly one named Mitchell, kept us in roars of laughter. Bussed it home: no conductor: the driver has a strap with which he shuts and opens the door, and you pay him through a hole in the roof. To bed at eleven. Began to like my companion very much: found him a sober, religious, industrious man, who studies to make himself agreeable.

Friday morning.—Bought a lot of books, new publications, at desperately low prices: bought also a capital map of the United States and Canada for 10 dollars to send to Bow Churchyard, to show my *journey* when I return to Europe. Afterwards had a long consultation with my old friend and fellow-apprentice, Joseph Blane, who is in prosperity, esteemed by all who know him, and in possession of the best information about the standing of the different parties in the dry-goods trade. Spent the remainder of the day with George Pearce, and was rather favourably impressed with the object I had in view in taking this voyage. It is now ten, and I smoke my solitary cigar, having confined myself to one since my arrival.

Saturday morning.—Full of business all day. Had interviews with Brown Brothers, (the Rothschilds of America,) from whom I received marked kindness and attention, and most liberal offers to transact our money operations. Also spent an hour with Pickersgill and partners, who had been doing our business, and was much pleased with their straightforward manner. Also saw Mr. Ebbets, at the Union Bank, whom I found a business man. Heard all their propositions, and reflected upon them. Dined with Mr. Pearce, and stuck to my writing till seven o’clock. Then called upon Mr. Green; and he came and had an oyster supper with me. And I may here observe, they beat us altogether in cooking oysters: they fry, stew, roast, boil, and have every imaginable way of cooking them. Took a warm-bath to finish the week, and not before I required it, as I have been wet through every day with perspiration since I came here. To bed at ten.

Sunday morning.—Rose fresh. Had my head shampooed and cleaned in a most extraordinary manner. Breakfasted, and to St. John’s Episcopal Church, and heard a very good sermon by Dr. Milliner: I forget the text, although I was much impressed with the discourse. Returned to the Astor, where my old friend, Joseph Blane, was waiting to take me to his house to dine. He has the best house I had been in yet—774, Broadway; not living, like most of the New York merchants, at hotels, lodgings, or boarding-houses. Introduced to his wife, whom I found a delightful woman—of French extraction,

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but Yankee-born. Was introduced to Mr. Deseze, Mrs. B.'s brother-in-law, a Frenchman, who fought under Napoleon at Waterloo, and was offered to retain his commission by Louis XVIII., but he declined it. This was one of the pleasantest days I had spent since I left my own fireside. It brought old recollections to my memory that had long been buried—scenes of my boyhood, when Blane and I were serving our apprenticeship in Wigton. In the evening we went to Palmo's Opera-house, to hear Dr. Lardner, of Heaviside notoriety. It was his second lecture on the "Evidences of Religion afforded by the Phenomena of Nature, and the Consistency of Science with Divine Revelation." We were much pleased. He is the most complete elocutionist I ever heard, and impressed a crowded audience with his sublime subject. What a melancholy loss to England by his one false step, that degraded him in moral society! Walked to the Astor, and took one cigar each, when Mr. B. told me he was collecting charity for the poor widow of H. W——s, who had left her without a shilling to support four helpless children. He had 6000 dollars a year, and Mr. F. discharged him for intemperance. He took to his bed, and died of a broken heart. I envied this man, when I lived with him at F.'s, for his position. Gave his widow 50 dollars; and to bed.

Monday morning.—Had a long interview with Prime, Ward, and King, the first house here whom I had letters to from Barings and Overend, and Gurney. They gave me all the information in their power, and introduced me to Mr. Halford's agent, a bill-broker, 46, Wall-street. Was occupied till dinner writing to Bow Churchyard, and had Mr. Pearce to dine with me. Dr. Keene called in the evening, and we took steam-boat (as large as six of the Margate boats) to Holboken. Had a delightful walk by the Hudson River, and saw some Indians, real Natives, with whom I was much struck. Returned by a steam-boat, still larger and more crammed: I should think there must have been 2000 souls, with lots of trotting-horses, and gigs from 70 lbs. to 120 lbs. weight each, returning from a trotting-match. Heard some extraordinary grasshoppers, which repeated "Kate she did!" and "Kate she didn't!" quite distinctly. Thence, for the first time, to a mobocracy meeting, where they expressed awfully Liberal opinions—"Polk and Dallas for ever!" The room, a very large one, was crammed to suffocation: I should think there were 5000 wedged in, and I should say the thermometer stood at 106 deg.. Liberal as I am, I went no length to them. Beat all the speeches I ever heard. Dan. O'Connell, Tom Duncombe, and the late Hunt and Cobbett were fools to them. Home again with a wet shirt, and to bed.

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Tuesday morning.—Received letters of introduction from Goodhue and Co. to Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Canada, and Washington. Had a long talk with Mr. M., 60, Cedar-street. Introduced by Pearce, about my intended trip: found him very useful. Received an order from a good house, without soliciting them. Wrote and finished my letters home per *Great Western*. Mr. Blane, and my old friend Brough, the performer, dined with me. Was introduced to Capt. M'Lean, of the *Swallow*, running to Albany; and then walked with Mr. R., of Manchester, down to the Battery: a beautiful walk. To the Castle Garden, where there was another Polk meeting, which I should think 10,000 people attended. Lots of Liberality again. The Fort close to this is a splendid affair. Came by White Hall back to the Astor, and wrote a long letter to my wife; and, as it is just now ten o'clock, good night!

Wednesday morning.—Bought three splendid racoon skins—one each for Mr. Groucock, Mr. J. of Liverpool, and self, for our carriage driving-boxes (Mr. J. having put upon my finger a magnificent diamond ring very unexpectedly when I was leaving my native shore, as a mark of gratitude for a disinterested act on my part towards him long, long ago, which he considered had been the groundwork of his fortune:) also some tobacco to pack in them, to prevent them spoiling. Then saw over the Custom-house, which is a very fine building; and the Exchange. Business is not done here as it is in London. Mr. Vyse, Mr. Palin, and I then visited the Tombs. Prisoners do not remain here long. If the sentence is long, they are sent to Blackwood's Island. The prisoners here are kept clean, have well-aired cells, and are allowed to walk about at their pleasure. They get only two meals a day: a quart of coffee or more, and as much bread as they can eat. Dinner at three, with plenty of beef and bread. For very long sentences they are sent to Sing-Sing, up the North River, and Auburn state-prisons. We then visited the Sessions-house, where there is no distinction between judges, counsel, or prisoners—all are in plain dress, spitting about in all corners. Heard an eloquent counsel defending a prisoner. Saw the lock-up, the warder's and grand jury rooms. Altogether the Tombs is a very fine building. Saw where the memorable J.C. Colt destroyed himself immediately after he was married, and two hours before he would have been hanged. We passed Washington Hall, where many a fine fellow has been ruined by gaming and drinking; and dined at Astor House, where I was told it for a positive fact they take 500 dollars a day ready money for drinks of brandy by people standing. They pay 40,000 dollars a year rent. We then took a drive, saw Mr. Vyse's fine horse and sulky, and spent an hour at his apartments, which are first-rate: then to Trenton Hall to see a Mr. Green, a reformed gambler, who exposed the rascality of gaming of all sorts, and taught me how to know the cards by their backs. I was much interested, and bought his "Life," with its scandalous exposures. Saw Captain M'Arthey, who shot his brother in a duel, and has been distracted ever since. To bed at eleven o'clock.

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Thursday morning.—Called upon Prime, Ward, and King, for letters of introduction for my future route. Read P. and S.'s articles of partnership. Wrote another long letter to my wife. Put Mr. Dowden's commission into Mr. Pearce's hands, and Mr. Carrick's into Mr. Brough's, who has friends at Vicksburgh. Bought my wife a handsome rocking-chair. Then walked down to see the *Queen of the West*, the finest packet-ship I ever saw. Visited the different markets: saw lots of fruit, but do not think they touch us in anything but apples; tasted a large pumpkin, but did not like it. Dined at the Astor; paid my bill, and packed up. To bed at ten.

MY JOURNEY SOUTH.

Friday morning, the 13th October.—I left New York at nine A.M., and crossed the North River per steam-boat to New Jerseytown, to the Philadelphian railway. Each carriage held about eighty; still they were comfortable with the windows up; and cheap—four dollars for 100 miles. No second or third class. Six carriages, all crammed. The first station we stopped at was Rohaio; thence to Elizabethtown; thence to New Brunswick; then crossed the Delaware to Trenton, Pennsylvania state, and to Bristol ferry, to the new Philadelphia steam-boat, waiting to take us down the Delaware to Philadelphia. The country is fertile, capable, with good farming, of producing good crops, which it has, of buckwheat, Indian corn, and peaches—any quantity. We passed the seat of Joseph Bonaparte; and also the notorious Nicholas Biddle's, who was President of the United States Bank for twenty years, whose stock is now worth L5 that sold once for L140. I was much interested on my journey with a gentleman from Heilderberg region, in the Rensselaer country, where the native Indians, as they call themselves, assemble masked; and on one occasion tarred and feathered the sheriff for attempting to enforce the rents of the Van Rensselaer family estates, the deluded beings having persuaded themselves they had as much right to the property as the family that had it confirmed to them by the law of the land. When will the *Locofocos* be satisfied? Nearly opposite Philadelphia is a smart town called Camden, where the wealthy merchants reside. We saw lots of people shooting reed-birds on the banks of the Delaware. This is about ninety miles from Cape Mare: then it is open sea to England. I was struck with the town of Philadelphia. The streets all run in triangular directions, and, as in New York, are called First, Second, and so on; and many by such names as Cedar, Pine, Walnut, Chestnut, Mulberry, &c. The ruined United States Bank is really a fine building of marble, uninhabited. The Exchange is worthy of remark. The receiving-room, where the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776, is magnificent. It has a statue of Washington, and a portrait of William Penn, the first white man as a settler in 1661. This building was erected in 1733. The Pennsylvanian Bank is a fine building. The Post-office small and inconvenient. I then visited the Sessions-house, and heard them trying the rioters. Home to bed at eight, tired out.

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Saturday morning.—Walked the Market-street, being the market-day. Was much gratified with the immense quantity of domestic articles of every description, particularly fruit: water-melons as big as 16 lbs. or 20 lbs. weight, and the finest of peaches selling at 1 s. per bushel. I then called upon all the commercial people I wished to see, and found they depended upon New York for supply. Found an old neighbour, Lewis Brown, from Rose Castle, Cumberland, who arrived here without a penny, and is now worth 150,000 dollars. Returned to Jones's Union Hotel to dinner. I may observe, it is the best-conducted house I ever saw, and the cleanest, situated in Chestnut-street, opposite the Arcade. After dinner, Matthew Williams drove me to the water-works, Fairmount, where there is a magnificent view of the town. Philadelphia is most bountifully provided with fresh water, which is showered and jerked about in all directions. The Water-works are no less ornamental than useful, being tastefully laid out as a public garden, and kept in the best order. The river is dammed and forced by its own powers into certain high tanks or reservoirs, whence the whole city, to the top stories, is supplied at 5 dollars a tap. It was a fine evening, and we took a long drive, always passing everything on the wrong side. Very bad roads, and quite new scenery to me. Returned over a wooden bridge, covered, as they all are; and crossed the Schuylkill river, which runs parallel with the Delaware, distant about seven miles, and joins it there, which makes Philadelphia, like New York, almost an island.

Sunday morning.—Heard a splendid sermon from Mr. Barnes, at his Presbyterian chapel, Washington-square; text 4th chap. of Philippians, and 8th verse: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." We then walked to Christ Church burying-ground, and saw the grave of the immortal Franklin. George III. built Christ Church. After dinner took another drive to Girard College, a splendid unfinished marble structure: when completed will be the richest edifice of modern times. Girard was a banker, and died worth 10,700,000 dollars, two millions of which were left to educate and provide for orphans of all classes. He was a poor French tobacconist, and rose through trading with the West Indies. We then drove to the Laurel Hill Cemetery, a beautifully situated place or plot of ground, by the Schuylkill river: there is the figure of Sir Walter Scott's Old Mortality cut out of solid stone. The cost for interment is 3s. 6d. per square foot. We then drove up the Wissioccou-road to German Town, where they beat us in making woollen drawers, stockings, &c., owing to our laws and the American high tariff. Came home by the West, having now driven all round—East,

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North, and South. Had tea; and went to St. John's Episcopal Church, and heard a good sermon from the rector, the Rev. Mr. Newton; text, Hebrews i. 11: "They shall perish, but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment." It was most eloquent. With a population of 250,000, they have 250 churches of different sects, and nearly all talented men for preachers—indeed, Philadelphia has ever been known for its learning and benevolence since its rise. I forgot to say we crossed a *wire bridge*, the only one in the world that would bear 80 tons. Home, and to bed.

Monday morning.—Took a regular turn through all the commercial houses again, and like their system better than New York. Lunched off peaches, and then drove off to the Mint—not worth seeing. Thence to the Eastern Penitentiary, where they have 360 prisoners. The solitary system is abominable. I could not walk a happy man beneath the open sky by day, or lay me down upon my bed at night, with the consciousness that one human creature, for any length of time, lay suffering this unknown punishment, and I the cause, or consenting to it in the least degree. The building is very large, and kept in perfect order: it cannot be praised too highly. We entered into a large chamber, from which seven long passages radiate; on either side of which is a long row of low cell-doors, numbered. Standing at the central point, and looking down these dreary passages, the dull repose and quiet that prevails is awful. I was much interested with one prisoner that had nearly completed his seven years, who stated that he had been guilty of stealing 100 dollars, and that, his conscience upbraiding him, he took them back previous to being found out: still he was sentenced. He had a loom, had extracted some colours from the yarn, and painted his room all over. But enough. I left it labouring under a feeling of melancholy, and visited the Blind Asylum, where we saw the system of reading by raised letters beautifully carried out. A little girl and boy, about nine, who had been there only one year, could read the Bible well: a young lady from Gloucester (England) could tell you the latitude and longitude of any place upon a raised map; and two others could sing and play well, thoroughly understanding music. They take thirty boys and thirty girls upon the charity, and educate them so that they can get a living in after-life; and others they take at 200 dollars a-year for any period. Strange to say, they sometimes get married. I bought some of their work, and printed some of the raised letters. Contributed to the charity, and left much pleased. And I may here observe—Jones's, the Union Hotel, is very first-rate. He is from Warwickshire: all black servants, with a first-rate system. Got a good dinner; and then saw the process of hatching chickens by steam. I regretted I saw this, as I think I shall never like eggs again. We ought to have visited the City Almshouse, Navy

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Yard, Marine Hospital, Widows' Asylum, and many more places, but had not time. We then visited the Pennsylvania Hospital, established by William Penn. His statue is erected in the front, where he is represented as treating with the Indians, after his mission from Charles II. After seeing the patients, which are taken free to the number of 200, (others are paid for by different institutions,) we saw the splendid painting by West, "Christ healing the Sick." We then visited the Musical Fund Hall, and heard the far-famed Ethiopian serenaders, Messrs. German, Hanwood, Harrington, Warren, and Pelham, upon the accordion, banjo, congo-tambo, and bone-castanets, in all of which they stand unrivalled in the world. They were representing Niggers' lives, with songs, &c. Home and to bed, tired out.

Tuesday.—Started for Baltimore at eight, per rail: crowded as usual. Horses drag you out of the different towns: thence steam. The first station was Chester: thence across the Schuylkill and Potomac to Wilmington; and crossed the Delaware and Susquehanna into Maryland—the first *slave* state I had been in. A shudder involuntarily came over me. Having worked up my imagination, I fancied every black I saw was a slave. We crossed Havre de Gras, and two or three other beautiful lakes, with bridges of wood over, to save us some miles round, exclusively for the rail, and arrived at Baltimore Exchange Hotel to dinner. Afterwards strolled about the town; and passed the house of Jerome Bonaparte, who lives in the park quite retired. All the houses here appear as if built within the last few years: the bricks are quite red, and apparently new. The women, as in Philadelphia, are very handsome, except their bosoms, which are quite flat. I climbed to the top of Washington's Monument. It is 180 feet high. The enclosure is flagged with white marble. It was erected by the slave state of Maryland. The inscriptions are: "Born 22nd Feb., 1732. Died 14th Dec., 1799, aged 67. Commander-in-chief of the American army 15th June, 1775. Commission resigned at Annapolis 23rd Dec., 1783. Victorious at Trenton 25th Dec., 1776; and conquered Lord Cornwallis at York Town Oct., 1781. President of the United States 4th March, 1789. Retired to Mount Vernon 4th March, 1797, and died as above." It cost half a million dollars. Home and to-bed, tired as usual.—Population, 125,000.

Wednesday morning, the 18th Sept.—Satisfied myself about business, which appears to be in a thriving state. I then visited the Catholic Cathedral, which cost 300,000 dollars; St. Paul's Church; and several other public buildings; the City Fountain, which supplies the town plentifully with spring water; the Battle Monument, erected to the memory of those who fell in the defence of Baltimore in 1814—James Madison president at the time. Gen. Jackson conquered Sir Henry Pakenham at New Orleans in the same year. Jackson was president in 1832, and re-elected.

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This battle took place in the 39th year of Independence. General Ross was killed in 1816, at North Point battle, after bombarding Fort M'Henry. The army in the United States is only 6000, commanded by Major-Gen. Scott. The President is the nominal Commander-in-chief. We visited the Race-course, and saw a couple of bad races: it is a burlesque after England. After dinner we proceeded per rail to Washington City, through Delaware, another slave state; but am happy to say both this and Maryland are wearing out—that is, they will soon be free. The market-price in these two states is, for men, from 5 to 10 dollars; and women about half the price. The contrast is great between the States and England in regard to windows. Here they cram as many windows into a house as it will hold, as there is no duty or tax upon anything but business or real property—very wise and just tax. Retired, at Brown's Hotel, Washington, at ten, used up, as usual, with the heat.

THE CAPITOL.

Thursday.—Rose early, much refreshed—as I forgot to mention that, although our beds at Baltimore were entirely covered with net, I was afraid I should have been eaten alive with mosquitoes. Washington is called a capital, having a portion taken from Virginia and Maryland for the senators' use. It is a long straggling town, with very wide streets; called by some the city of magnificent distances, but, more properly speaking, it might be called the city of magnificent intentions. It is located in the district of Colombia—a territory of ten miles square, formed into a separate and detached jurisdiction by the constitution of the United States. The city was laid out by General Washington, and Congress took up its abode there in 1800. The Capitol is situated in an area of twenty-two and a half acres; is a splendid building, on an eminence close to the Potomac river. The Hall of Representatives is in the second story of the south wing, and is of the form of the ancient Grecian theatre. There are twenty-four columns of variegated native marble from the banks of the Potomac. There is a splendid portrait of Lafayette, and another of Washington, by Vanderlyn. Their present speaker is Mr. White—elected the same as ours. The rotunda is very imposing. In its centre stands the great statue, by Greenough, of Washington; and around the walls are the various pictures ordered by Congress—"The Declaration of Independence," "The Surrender at Saratoga," "The Surrender and Capitulation at York Town," and "Washington resigning his Sword at Annapolis," all by Trumbull. I was much struck with Chapman's great picture of "The Baptism of the Indian Princess Pocahontas, before her Marriage with Rolph, the Englishman." The Vice-President of the United States presides in the Senate-house: his salary is only 5000 dollars, and the President's 25,000 dollars. In the library are portraits of Tyler, Adams, Jefferson, Washington, Madison, Munro, and Peyton; also Randolph,

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the first president in 1774 and 1775, and Hancock, the second. Congress meets on the 1st December, and sits till June. Representatives are paid two dollars a-day. The rotunda has been the inaugural scene of General Jackson, Van Buren, and General Harrison. It was here Lawrence, the maniac, attempted the life of General Jackson. The statuary in the rotunda is, "William Penn's Treaty with the Indians:" he is in the act of delivering the treaty to a couple of chiefs. There is "The Indian Princess Pocahontas rescuing Capt. Smith from the Indians." There is "Boone's Combat with the Indians;" and over the eastern door is represented "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth." They were persecuted in England, and fled to New England, amongst wild savages, enemies to civilization and Christianity. The Puritans landed at Plymouth (Massachusetts), and commenced the first English settlement. The Capitol cost 3,000,000 dollars. There are fifty-two senators, and twenty-two representatives.

The President's house is in the western part of the city; and stands on a plot of twenty acres, forty-four feet above the Potomac. It is 170 feet front, and eighty-six deep; built of freestone, with Ionic pilasters. It was shown to us by one Martin Renehan, an Irishman; and as the President was absent, we visited all the rooms, which were meanly furnished—indeed, carpets and chair-bottoms worn out; a common pine dining-table, which the Prince de Joinville, Lord Ashburton, Lord Morpeth, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pakenham, our present minister, with others, to the number of forty-four (they never have more), dined off. My house is much better furnished; and the President only keeps eighteen servants, including master of the household, &c. The private drawing-room is the best, but that is bad. We saw the bed General Harrison died in. We visited the Treasury department: this is a noble structure, 457 feet in length, and after the architecture of the temple of Minerva, at Athens. There are 250 rooms. It is adjoining the department of state. The Post-office is of the Corinthian style, marble front. The plan is a parallelogram, 204 feet in extent, and sixty-five wide. The Patent-office is 280 feet in length, and seventy in depth, where patents are taken out at the cost of 30 dollars. We saw one that astonished us not a little—a machine for making railways, called a Pile-driver, which makes a railway over a lake, swamp, or forest, and finishes it straight away. It is in operation in the southern states, and found to answer, at one-tenth the cost in England. It is so incredible, I will not describe it. There is another, called the Excavator, that bores through hills, &c. and quickens the work fiftyfold to manual labour. Both these are worked by steam, and the most incredible inventions I ever saw. Otis is the inventor of the latter. There is also a screw-patent in operation in Rhode Island. In the spacious room above are preserved Washington's equipments

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in war-time. They are uncostly, plain, and humble, showing the unostentatious mind of the great man. Here are all the presents from different courts: members of the United States Government are not allowed to keep them. There is a costly diamond snuffbox from the Emperor of Russia; and a large bottle of pure attar of roses, three times the price of gold. There are portraits of Gortez, conqueror of Mexico in 1521; of Columbus, the discoverer of America; of Cuvier, the French naturalist; and one I was much struck with, by Spagnoletti, of Job and his three friends (see Job xiv.): also one of Wat Tyler!

We visited the old departments of Government, State, War, and General Government. The rooms of the various secretaries are furnished plainly. We were disappointed at the Navy Yard—no appearance like England. The first object introduced was a piece of cannon taken from the English fleet when Sir George Cockburn came up the Potomac. The sight of this gave me a chill, as it was the first time I had ever seen England's arms in other powers' possession. The name of Sir George Cockburn is hated, as he would have destroyed recklessly, had not Ross, a Fifehire man, restrained him. Ross's memory is as much loved as the other's is hated. This was in 1814. On the left is the house of the commandant of the yard—a captain in the navy. They make anchors, blocks, and tackle of all sorts for ships' use. There are several hundred men usually employed at the yard. Several first-rate vessels have been built here. They told us that they sunk several of their vessels here when they heard of their defeat at Bladensburg; but I guess it was the English that sunk them. There are many more sights, but our time would not allow us to tarry.

I had much wished to have gone down to Charlestown, and then into the far West; but the contemplation of slavery, the pain of living in the constant intercourse with slave servants, and the awfully hot weather, which might have caused me to take the fever—added to all, my great anxiety to receive letters from England—particularly from my wife, from whom I had now been absent five weeks without hearing—the pleasures of memory having almost kindled into the charming reminiscences of my first love—decided me to take my course North again; and I must acknowledge I left Washington with regret, and the contemplation that, ere many years roll over, it will be a magnificent city. I may here remark there is a telegraph, or galvanic power, fixed between the Capitol and Baltimore, that takes the news forty miles in a second. This is a good line of single rails, which they all are. At Baltimore we took steam up the Pennsylvanian states to Frenchtown—about sixty miles; and thence rail twenty miles to Newcastle; thence steam up the Delaware to Philadelphia; thence rail to Amboy, through Burlington, Bordintown, and Hidestown. Amboy is only five miles from the Atlantic, where we came in from England. We came up Staten Island Sound,

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with New Jersey on the left, and passed Elizabeth Port and Payrosville, and saw Newark and the Pacific river about eight miles in the distance: then passed the Narrows, Governor's Island, Ellis and Gibbet Islands, and arrived at the Battery at seven, after travelling 400 miles in twenty-seven hours. Received my letters at the Astor, and was pleased with their news: retired to rest very tired, after my companion had read two chapters in the Bible to me, which has been our custom since we came together.

I have now seen enough of the independent states of America to convince me that Henry Clay is the proper man for President. The whole tenor of his life has been for his country's good. He feels the moral degradation the states of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and Mississippi have brought upon his country by repudiation; and he would, if returned, advocate appropriating the waste lands to paying their debts. He would also *veto* annexing Texas and the Oregon territory, and by such means keep the southern and northern states from collision. My humble opinion is, if the southern states get hold of Texas, as their interests are diametrically opposed to the interests of the North, all they require is a little more strength to set about a separation.

Saturday morning.—Rose dissatisfied with the Astor, they having placed us four stories high to sleep. Called upon several friends in the course of the day. Nothing particular in view. In the evening visited the Chatham Theatre, a regular Yankee place, to see the original Mr. Rice perform a burlesque *Othello*!! and the farce *Here's a Go!* He acted to admiration, and sang lots of Nigger songs, amongst which his masterpiece, "Jump Jim Crow," was encored three times. He placed us in a private box, and we spent half an hour with him. A more gentlemanly man I never met. He is retiring upon a fortune made of L10,000. Home and to bed at eleven.

Sunday morning.—Mr. Pearce called for me to go and spend the day at Staten Island, at the Pavilion, where, he was stopping. We took a long drive past the Quarantine, where the doctor boarded the *Western*. Saw the Hospitals, Fort George, the Telegraph, and the very handsome buildings of Mr. Goodue and Mr. Brown, and a magnificent marble building called "The Sailor's Snug Home:" an Englishman left the money to build it. And I was then introduced to the Flandens, Mr. Pearce's family, and Mr. De la Forest, the French consul, a relative. Dined, and returned to the Astor. Paid my bill, and ready to start up the North River for Albany in the morning.

VISIT TO THE CANADAS;
NIAGARA;
RETURN TO NEW YORK & BOSTON;
AND
VOYAGE HOME.

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Monday, September 24, 1843.—We proceeded on board the *Empire*, Capt. S.K. Roe, bound to Troy and Albany. Her length is 330 feet, one-sixteenth of a mile; breadth of beam, 30 feet; extreme width, 62 feet; burden, 1040 tons; and 600-horse power: only draws 4 ft. 10 in. water. She is past all description. The Hudson River, the sources of which are in 44 deg. N. lat., was discovered by Henry Hudson in 1609. We passed Jersey City and Stevens's Seat, celebrated for American steam-boats. The mantle of Fulton may be said to have fallen upon him. We then passed West Hoboken and the Beacon Race-course. Seventeen miles down we passed Philipsburgh, an old Dutch settlement. At the Tappan Sea the river is three miles broad. The Sing-Sing state-prison is in view at Nyack; and the Croton River comes in about two miles from here. Thence Vrededicker Hook, on the top of which there is a clear crystal lake of three or four miles circumference. Thence we pass Stony Point. It really is past description, and would occupy a book to do justice to the magnificent scenery. Passed Anthony's Nose, Buttermilk Falls, Sugar Loaf, West Point scenery, and the Capitol Hotel. There is a public edifice for 250 cadets. The academy was built in 1802. We then pass West Point Foundry. The highland scenery is sublime. We then pass Newburgh, and come in sight of the Catskill mountains, the highest (say 3000 feet) in the States: we did not ascend them, although report says we should have been repaid. We arrived at Albany at six o'clock. Population of Albany, 25,000; the capital of New York State.

Tuesday morning.—Looked through the State House—a fine building. The Congress Hotel we found comfortable. Nothing worth noticing in the town. We took stage and passed Rensselaer's Estate all the way to Troy. The cause of dispute is the doubt the farmers have that one of the Dutch kings did not give and covenant the seestates, which the Van Rensselaer can prove by parchment: thus the tarring and feathering is done. Troy population is 40,000: a nice town, with a splendid arsenal, 156 miles from New York. The Hudson is navigable no farther. We took a chaise to the Shaker Village of Watervleit, where we found a Shaker settlement of about 120 people: there are three more in the neighbourhood; in all about 400. At this place they have 2000 acres of good land, their own: they grow everything they eat, and are all teetotallers. We entered the house where the Shaker manufactures are sold. We purchased a few dollars' worth, and they politely presented my friend and I with a book each. The old gentleman and lady were very civil, and showed us over the gardens, where they grow seed for sale, which is sold by Wilcox, London. They are famed for it all over the world. Pine-apples are growing in abundance; also water-melons, tomatoes, &c. The place was in beautiful order, and they appeared happy. They declined to show us the chapel, or

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the lady Shakers. They all live in single blessedness, and devoted to a life of celibacy. They are called Shakers from their peculiar form of adoration, which consists of a dance, performed by the men and women of all ages, advancing and retiring in a preposterous sort of trot. All the possessions and revenues of the settlement are thrown into a common stock, which is managed by the elders. They are capital farmers, and good breeders of cattle; honest and just in their transactions; and are the only class of people, either gentle or simple, that can resist *thievish* tendencies in horse-dealing. We returned to Lansingburgh, where packers of beef live, or rather butchers, where they kill and cut bullocks up by steam, as many as 20,000 in the season. At Cincinnati in the West they kill 3000 pigs a-day, or 1,000,000 a-year, in the same way. Back to Troy to dinner, and took railway to Saratoga Springs. This is a beautiful place, and the water is most beautiful. From every part of the states they flock here for three months in the Summer. Population of residents, 2500. New York drapers open stores here. I tasted the Congress spring, Colombian, the Putnam, and one other, all of which tasted very much like German Seltzer water, but very purgative. The United States Inn was our quarters, kept by Mr. Murvin and Judge Murvin. They dine in the season 1000 and 1100 a-day, and lodge regularly between 600 and 700. I cannot speak too highly of this house. Mr. Murvin accompanied us next morning by stage to White Hall, along with Mr. Blanchard, the proprietor of all the stages on this line—a fine fellow. We went along the Champlain Canal, which connects the Hudson River and Lake Champlain, past Glen's Falls. We passed through the region of Burgoyne's operations, near the place of his surrender; Fort Miller, and Fort Edward, where Miss M'Crea was murdered; and the tree to which General Putnam was bound in 1757. This fifty miles was the most frightful travelling I ever had. Great black bears prowl here. Trees and planks were frequently laid across the road to fill up holes; and frequently there would be openings in bridges that a horse could have gone slap into. After many, as I supposed, hairbreadth escapes, going two or three feet into holes, &c., we arrived at White Hall—at the junction of the canal and lake navigation—a place of business before the revolution. Major Skeen lived here. We took the steam-boat *Saranac*, Capt. Lathorp, who politely gave my companion and I a state-cabin. This lake, for beauty of scenery and historical incident, is one of the most interesting in America. It is close to Lake George, which lake, I regret to say, the boats were taken off for the winter. Lake Champlain was discovered by Samuel Champlain in 1609, and extends to St. John's, Canada, 120 miles. We passed Ticonderoga, which was an important military post during the colonial wars. General Abercrombie was defeated here, with the loss of 1941 men, in 1758. Burgoyne was

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here. We then passed Crown Point, where the British Government expended two millions sterling. We met the Burlington steamer, the most neat and beautiful boat in the United States: were introduced to Captain R.W. Sharman, the beloved commander. This is halfway—an important town of 3000 people. It is the seat of the University of Vermont, as we are now in that state. We then passed Port Kent, Valcour Island, and Plattsburgh, which is situated at both sides of the Saranac River. It is a military post. Here there was a great battle both by land and water: the British land-force was commanded by Sir George Prevost, and the naval by Commodore Downie; the Americans by land General Macomb, and water Commodore M'Donough. They fought two hours and twenty minutes, and the British surrendered. We passed Cumberland-house to the United States line, which has recently been settled by treaty by Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster.

We here entered Canada, and laid quiet till morning, it being foggy. The Isle Aux Noix is the first military post of the English. We arrived at St. John's at seven. This is the extremity of Lake Champlain, which is here checked by the commencement of the Chambly Rapids to the St. Lawrence. We visited the British barracks. The 81st Regiment was stationed here. This fort sustained a siege of six weeks before it surrendered to General Montgomery in November, 1775. We breakfasted, and proceeded to Montreal by railway, or rather to Laprairie, a dirty town, and crossed the St. Lawrence in a steam-boat. Montreal has 40,000 inhabitants, and is the seat of the Provincial Government. It looks like an old English town.

I may observe that the thermometer stands here to-day at 50 deg., and was a week ago at 94 deg.. The sudden change has nearly knocked me up. Starved to death, and no fires, except on the floor. Not much comfort in the Exchange Hotel; dirty bedrooms and small. Admired the Roman cathedral: the bell is seven tons weight: it is one of the finest in the world. And the docks are first-rate, with lots of shipping. All bustle and business. Walked about the town. Saw the Courthouse, the Parade-ground, and all the principal buildings. To bed—tired, cold, and weary.

Friday morning, September 27th.—This being mail-day, wrote several letters to England, and forwarded some newspapers. In the afternoon called upon several customers, and found out the stores of all. Rickards and Leeming dined with me. To bed early. Still a bad cold.

Saturday morning.—A regular day of business. Called upon every customer, and found them most civil and polite. I may mention Mr. Cuvillier, sen.; Mr. Masson, of Robertson and Co.'s; Mr. Colquhoun, of Scott, Tyer, and Co.'s; and Mr. Paterson, of Gillespie, Moffat, and Co.'s—four of the largest houses;—indeed, I cannot speak too highly of all. Dined, and took steam-vessel, *The Queen*, to Quebec. A cold, foggy night. Turned in at seven.

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Sunday morning.—Found we had lain-to since one o'clock on account of the fog. Had a most refreshing sleep, and rose at seven to breakfast. I could not but admire the St. Lawrence River—the beauty of this noble stream at all points is enchanting. We passed Richelieu, where the corn is grown, in part, that is sent into England. We passed the lovely island of St. Helen's, and over the rapids of St. Mavey, Richelieu, 45 miles from Montreal. Thence Lake St. Peter, nine miles wide. The St. Lawrence does not average more than one mile. We then approach the Richelieu Rapids. The river again becomes interesting. The churches appear with their tin domes and spires. The rafts, with houses built upon them, are floating down the river like some moving world. We left the eastern townships on the right, south of the St. Lawrence, which join the State of Maine and Vermont on the left, or north. We pass Cape Health River, thirty miles behind which is Jackcartier, a settlement for the Irish. At Chasidiere, six miles from Quebec, we pass some great lumber or wood establishments, where ships load for England. We pass Daleam's Island and Point Levi, and approach the harbour, where forests of British shipmasts are seen along the shore, with Orleans Island a-head. Lumber coves abound here. The grim and powerful batteries, where all the ingenuity of military skill has been exhausted to produce another Gibraltar, are seen on the left.

Two o'clock, P.M.—We sojourned at Payne's Hotel. He is an Uxbridge man, and most attentive. We took a carriage to Montmorence Falls, and were much pleased. Straggling, snow-white cottages abound here for miles. Quebec, lat. 46 deg. 59' 15"; long. 71 deg. 13'.

I may here observe, that Lower Canada, embracing and including Montreal to the Gulf, about 400 miles down, has a population of from 600,000 to 700,000: Quebec and its suburbs has about 30,000. The vessels resorting to this port are about 1000 during the short season of five months. Quebec is situated on the north-west side of the St. Lawrence, with the River St. Charles on the north. The volume and depth of the St. Lawrence is unequalled: it moves with a speed of three or four miles an hour. The oceanic influence is great. To-day it is 30 deg. below zero, and in the summer it is sometimes 100 deg. above (Fahrenheit's scale).

We returned to the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe fell, and a paltry monument is erected. This is a fine view. Near this is the cove where General Wolfe and the British troops crept and scrambled up to the summit of the heights, which resulted in the defeat of Montcalm in 1759, and the prostration of French power in Canada.

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Monday morning.—Attended to business till one. Then took a drive to see the Indian village of Lorette. The squaws are not to my mind, although admired by others. The men get their living by hunting racoons, &c. They make beautiful work, some of which we bought, and returned. I had a beautiful drive on the St. Foy Road; quite in the English style—both houses, fields, gardens, and stables; decidedly the prettiest drive since I left England. I observed all the windows were double, and double doors, as the snow remains on the ground for six months together. To the Exchange and Library, where we had free access. The inclined plane leading to the citadel is 500 feet. On the top of the bastion is a covered way and gravel walk, with cannon pointing in every direction. Here is a fine view of the harbour and surrounding panorama. Within the citadel are the magazines, armoury, storehouses, &c., and the messrooms and barracks for the officers, covered with tin. This fortress combines every invention of science and precaution of art that consummate skill and ingenuity could suggest, for the protection and security of the city and garrison; and I should say the D—I could not force it. The area of the space and works within is forty acres. The fortifications are continued all round the upper town, in bastions and solid masonry, and ramparts from 25 to 30 feet high, and of equal thickness, bristling with heavy cannon. There is a beautiful esplanade, or public promenade, which is much frequented. The guard are very strict, owing to Americans prying about very suspiciously at times.

Tuesday morning.—Finished my business satisfactorily. We visited the old Parliament-house, now a library and museum. There is also the French Roman Catholic cathedral in the Marketplace, and the English cathedral. The monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, the most noble general France ever had,—

Mortem virtus communem;
Famam historia;
Monumentum posteritas dedit.

or—

Valour gave a common death;
History a common fame;
Posterity a common monument.

is situated on the west side of Des Carriere's-street, leading from the Place d'Armes to the glacis of Cape Diamond. In front is a broad walk overlooking the Castle-gardens, the harbour, and the shore of Orleans. We had not time to visit the Chaudiere Falls, but took the fine steamer *Montreal*, and found ourselves at Montreal at seven on Wednesday morning, where we sojourned Tetue's Hotel, being sickened of the Exchange, at as they wanted to rob us. Attended to business all day, and had Mr. Kidson (Glasgow), Mr. Redpath, Mr. Hall, Mr. Easton, and Mr. A. M'Farlane to dinner.

Thursday.—At business all day. Rained incessantly. Dined with Mr. Geddes, who treated me like a prince. He has a nice wife and an amiable family. Supped and spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Leeming, and appointed him our agent for the retail trade. Home, and to bed, and had a good night's rest.

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Friday.—Rained incessantly. Found the benefit of my new rig-out of flannel and India-rubber boots. Visited the House of Assembly. The Speaker, my kind friend Mr. Cuvillier, had given me an order. He has £1000 a year, and the representatives two dollars a day. The Legislative Council Chamber is worth seeing. I spent the evening with Mr. Rickards. I finished up the most satisfactory business I had done in any town since I left home. Montreal is very flourishing—the metropolis of Canada—and will double its population, now 50,000, ere long, if Sir Charles Metcalfe is supported; but the French Canadians, and the Irish, who abound, led by their priests, are brewing dissatisfaction and discord. His councillors have just resigned, and a general election is taking place. May he succeed is my earnest wish!

Saturday, 6th.—We left Montreal at twelve at noon per stage to Lachine. We passed the mountains and Sir C. Metcalfe's private house on the road. We took a steamer (the *Chieftain*) here to Dickenson's Landing, thirty-eight miles. We passed on the left, at starting, an Indian village, called Cachnawago, where the Ojibbeway tribe live. We saw several in their canoes. On the left, just before we landed, we saw the Beauharnois Canal, of E.G. Wakefield notoriety. He must either have been bought, or, if not, he certainly must have been a fool to allow the canal to be cut on the American side of the St. Lawrence. The Yankees are thirsting for British blood; and, should they be successful in Canada, this costly canal goes. We now took stage for sixteen miles, on a planked road, and with a first-rate team. On the left were the rapids of the St. Lawrence, or Cascades. I would not have believed had I not seen a small steamer, drawing about four feet of water, going down at an awful rate. I expected every minute it would have been dashed to atoms. How they escape, eight or ten a day, as they go up the canal and return that day, is astonishing. This is the most incredible sight I have witnessed. Roebuck, the Member for Bath, was born here. On arriving at Chateau-du-Luc we got on board a very fine boat, the *Highlander*, Captain Stearns—a fine fellow. After proceeding forty-one miles, we reached the Cornwall Canal, where we were much impeded by seven locks. This splendid canal, the finest in the world, is one hundred feet wide, and the locks fifty-two: it is twelve miles long, and about fourteen feet deep. We now pass from Lower to Upper Canada, direct from east to west; and about six miles forward we find the State of New York on the left. About thirty miles farther we call at Ogdensburgh, on the American side, and Prescott right opposite, where the windmill stands dilapidated from the skirmish the patriots had here, when the English demolished the lot. We called at Maitland for wood, and thence to Brockville, and glided up the Thousand Islands: there really are a thousand islands between here and Kingston. The foliage on the trees was grand—all colours. It passed all description; and the trees actually grow out of the rocks with which all the islands are covered. About ten miles from Kingston, on one of the islands, lives the notorious Bill Johnston, the patriot. We arrived at Kingston at four P.M., 216 miles in twenty-eight hours.

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Sunday.—Sojourned at Lambton-house for the sake of its name, and walked about this very poor town. It is a straggling place. The late Government-house is neither elegant nor commodious, and is now a Sunday-school: still it is the only house of any importance in the neighbourhood. We walked down to a spring of mineral water, resembling Harrogate, and one spring much stronger—kept by a hearty couple, Bone and his wife, from Plymouth. They propose getting a large hotel built by next year, to vie with Saratoga. I wish them success. They were very kind. Mr. King came and spent the evening with me.

Monday.—Found the tradesmen of the right sort: still their operations are confined. They bitterly complain, and I think *justly*, of Lord Stanley removing the seat of government. Rents are reduced half, and many houses are standing empty, and are likely to remain so. Many had built and enlarged their premises, through the assurance of Sir C. Metcalfe that the Government would not be removed. Perhaps it was not his fault: his councillors became, or rather wished to become, his masters; and the removal took place during the illness of Sir C. Bagot. There is a faction in these provinces who will bring about rebellion and an outbreak worse than those of 1837 and 1838. I hope I may be deceived. One thing is certain, the Governor will not get a majority, he having dissolved his Parliament; and if he continues to govern it must be with his Council, without representatives. My warm-hearted Herefordshire friend, Mr. Wilson, drove me to see the gaol, which is well and wisely governed, and excellently regulated in every respect. The men are employed as shoemakers, ropemakers, blacksmiths, tailors, carpenters, and stonecutters, and are building the prison, which is far advanced. The net profits the last year were £3000, after paying all expenses. The female prisoners are occupied in needlework. Among them was a beautiful girl of twenty, who had been there nearly three years. She acted as bearer of secret despatches for the self-styled patriots on Navy Island during the Canadian insurrection; sometimes dressed as a girl, and carrying them in her stays; sometimes attired as a boy, and secreting them in the lining of her hat. In the latter character she always rode as a boy. She could govern any horse that any man could ride, and could drive four in hand with the best whip in those parts. Setting forth on one of her patriotic missions, she appropriated to herself the first horse she could lay her hands on; and this offence had brought her where I saw her. She had a lovely face, though there was a lurking devil in her bright eye. I dined with my friend, and went on board the steamer *Princess Royal*, for Toronto, at eight.

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Tuesday morning, six o'clock.—We had arrived at Coburg, a thriving town on Lake Ontario, where I left letters for the importers of lace. It is a rising town of 3000 inhabitants, and will soon rank high in Upper Canada. We passed Port Hope, another rising town; and on the right Bondhead and Windsor. Lake Ontario is a wonder indeed—216 miles long, and 90 miles wide—a truly magnificent sheet of water, very rough at times. We arrived at Stone's Hotel, Toronto, at three o'clock, P.M. The country round is flat, and bare of scenic interest; but the town itself is full of life, motion, bustle, and business. The streets are well paved and lighted with gas—the only place in Canada, except Montreal, where gas is introduced; the houses large and good; the shops excellent—many of them may vie with the best shops in thriving country-towns in England. There are a handsome church, courthouse, and public offices, and many commodious private residences. It is matter of regret that here, too, political differences run high. I visited the Reform Association, where the noted Baldwin was holding forth, and preaching sedition under pretence of abusing the Governor-General. This body are spreading discord, by their branches, all through Canada: where it will end is to be seen. I saw all the importers, and retired to rest tired, at eleven o'clock.

Population of Toronto, 20,000.

Wednesday.—This town must rise in commerce, and must stand second to Montreal. They are active business men, and have lots of back-country to depend upon—good land, and the farmers of the old Dutch sort. The women must necessarily wear more clothes than in England, in consequence of the climate. At two o'clock I took the *Eclipse* mail-boat, Captain John Gordon, from Aberdeen; and let me observe, all these captains of steamers here are fine fellows, not very well paid—salary not more than £300 a year. We were again on Lake Ontario, and passed Port Credit, Oakville, and Wellington-square on the right: healthy towns, but small. The farmers here all reserve a good portion of wood for fire, and rails and planks for domestic purposes. At the bottom of the lake we passed through a short canal into Burlington Bay—a beautiful sheet of water; and arrived at Hamilton, at the terminus of the navigation.

Thursday morning.—Hamilton is a rising new town with about 6000 inhabitants. It has many advantages, and must increase rapidly. There is the store of J. Buchanan and Co., where my friend Mr. Harris is a partner, as large as 5, Bow-churchyard, and they have about fifty branches. I found them all busy. I attended a cattle-show which pleased me much: some very fine cattle competed for the different prizes. There is a good walk above the town which, commands a fine view of the distant country. I walked to Dunedern, the mansion of Sir Allan M'Nab, who made such a formidable stand for the constitution against the rebels L.J. Papineau, Lafontaine, and Baldwin.

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Friday.—Returned by the same steamer to Toronto, and finished up my business satisfactorily. Took a walk with Mr. Fiske to see the new college, which is at a standstill for want of funds, and saw the Government observatory; and then visited the stone prison, which I did not like, as there is no work for the prisoners—all lying idly about—great contrast to Kingston. The town all in confusion nominating the candidates. In Toronto all the footpaths are planked with wood, which is very comfortable to walk upon.

Saturday.—Took a steamer at seven, A.M., for Niagara. Arrived at that town, of 1800 inhabitants, about twelve. A small place, of 3000 inhabitants, on the left, is Young's-town, on the American side, where their flag was flying in opposition to our union-jack. There is a fort at both places. Seven miles farther up the Niagara river, which we were now in, having left Ontario, we landed at Queenstown, a small place right opposite Lewistown, U.S. Here Brock's monument was erected and blown up. We then took rail seven miles, passed Drummondville battle-ground, and arrived at Clifton-house.

THE FALLS.

Oh my God! how I was stunned and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene! It was not until I reached Table Rock, and looked upon the fall of bright green water, that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible until it ceases to beat. It is overpowering to think that the outpourings of lakes Superior, Huron, Erie, Michigan, and St. Clare, covering a surface of 150,000 square miles, all roll down this 157 feet fall, with, it is said, sixteen times the power, deducting one-third for waste, of all the water-power used in Great Britain. I wandered to and fro, and saw the cataracts from all points of view. At the Great Horseshoe is decidedly the best view, near Table Rock: you can see the rapids approaching the verge as if gathering strength to take the giant leap. When the sun shines the rainbow appears like molten gold upon the spray; and when the day is gloomy it crumbles away like snow, or like the front of a great chalk cliff. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down. The rise of spray is great at times. But enough.

Sunday morning, very early, I went down a spiral staircase leading to the foot of the Horseshoe Fall, where I could have passed 153 feet behind the falling sheet, but I soon got wet, and returned. Table Rock projects out many feet above this place, and will come down ere long, as it is much cracked. I then visited an Episcopal church at Drummondville, where the desperate battle was fought—a beautiful village above the Falls—and heard a good sermon. Returned to Clifton-house, and ascended to the promenade on the top, which is very commanding. After dinner, with Mr. Parker, from

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the Caledonia Springs, on the Ottawa River—with whom, and his lovely daughter, I had travelled from Toronto—I started by the ferry-boat for the American side. This gave me another fine view, as we went close under them. On landing at the other side, we had to ascend a ladder about 200 feet high. We ordered a carriage at the Cataract Hotel, and drove to the whirlpool, four miles down the Rapids. This is an awful place, and indescribable. We then walked over Bath Island and Iris (or Goat) Island: here again is a splendid view. We saw Gull Island, where man has never been; and in the Rapids we saw the hull of the ship *Detroit*, fitted up in 1841 for the purpose of being sent over the Falls, but she went to pieces before she got over the Rapids. It got dark, and descending those long stairs, and crossing the Niagara River, was not to my mind. However, we landed safe. Tired, and to bed.

Monday morning.—Visited Mr. Barnett's Museum. Bought some sticks peculiar to Niagara, and Indian curiosities; and looked into the large camera obscura, which reproduced every sight at the Falls. Ascertained from Mr. B. that the Canada Fall is half a mile in circumference, and the American a quarter of a mile. The depth of the water on the verge of the Horseshoe Fall is twenty feet. The Falls can be heard from five to twenty miles, according to wind and atmosphere: it is said they have been heard at Toronto, forty miles. The quantity of water supposed to go over the Falls in one hour is 102,093,750 tons. I must now take my leave of the Falls with regret, as my friend Mr. Stephenson called, and drove me to see a Canadian farmer. I was much pleased with his farm and husbandry, and his domestic fireside. He makes £50 a year by his bees, and grows almost everything that the family eats. We then drove to the burning springs in the Niagara River, and over to Chippeway, where Mr. S. has a saw-mill, of twenty-horse power, that will cut up 11,000 superficial feet of wood a day. Chippeway has 700 inhabitants. We left it per steamer, and saw the Rapids to great advantage before they dashed over the Falls. Here, to the right, is Navy Island, of 304 acres, which was occupied by Mackenzie, Van Ransselaer, and about 400 Patriots, in 1837-8, for five weeks. Their object was to collect recruits to revolutionize Canada. On the American shore, on the left, is Schlosser landing and wharf, where the *Caroline* was moored when Capt. Drew, the commander of a squadron of five steamers, cut her out, towed her into the stream, set fire to her, and sent her over the Falls blazing. The patriots fled after this. M'Leod was tried by the Americans, and acquitted. Opposite Navy Island was the place where poor Usher lived that was shot by two Yankees, who suspected he knew of the *Caroline* affair. About thirty miles up the Niagara River we got into Lake Erie, 300 miles long; and on the right (Canada side) is the Welland Canal, which connects Lake Erie and Lake Ontario,

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a splendid undertaking by Government, 32 miles long. Here you can see the mist that is caused, or spray rising from the chasm of the Falls, at this distance. On the left is the Erie Canal, which conveys all traffic to and from New York; and a little farther we arrive in the busy, bustling harbour of Buffalo, whence ships and steamers sail for all parts of the far West and Southern states. We drove to the United States Hotel, and to bed.

Population of Buffalo, 25,000.

Tuesday, the 15th.—This is the queen of the lake cities, admirably situated at the outlet of Lake Erie, and the head of the Niagara River. All produce and traffic of every description for the Western country must go here, to be reshipped from the canal boats. The Erie Canal is eighty feet wide, and thirteen deep. The streets are broad, and intersect at right angles. The buildings are in general decent—some are splendid: the stores recently erected are four and five stories high; and, strange to say, not a single dry-goods importer in the town. We drove round the neighbourhood, and examined a poor-house of paupers and lunatics. I left at four, East for Rochester—population, 23,000: 75 miles; and Auburn, 78 farther—population, 7000. Visited the New York State Prison, the largest in the world: they make here, as at Kingston, every description of article: about 800 convicts at work daily. Lett, who blew up Brock's monument, is here: I saw him daily. I was really more pleased here than at any previous sight. The discipline, cleanliness, and behaviour were astonishing. At twelve they marched to dinner in Indian files, with a simultaneous lock-step, eyes to their overseer, head erect. The muffled bell strikes at four, and labour is suspended. I bought some very good cutlery manufactured by the convicts. Auburn is two miles from Lake Cuyaga. Left here at two for Syracuse—26 miles: population, 8000. Thence to Utica—53 miles: population, 14,000. Broke down on the road, and, detained three hours, was obliged to stop till four in the morning. Thence for Schenectady—78 miles: population, 5000; and to Albany—16 miles (326 miles). The most tedious journey I ever had in my life. I had a long talk on the way with a very intelligent farmer, who told me the best breed of sheep they get from England are called esquiro or merino; mugs do not answer; and that best parts of mutton were sold at 3 cents per lb. Cattle, the short-horned, they imported, and the meat sold at 2-1/2 cents; pork, 4 cents; cheese, 6-1/2 cents; and butter, 11 cents. They are far behind us in horses. In Long Island and Rhode Island they are improving the breed. Arrived at Albany at eleven, A.M. Found there were no lace-importers here—all buy in New York. Saw the State-house—a noble building, where the representatives and state senators deliberate. Also was shown over the Government buildings for the management of the state; and took my departure on board the *Knickerbocker*, a new steamer, most magnificently fitted up, 325 feet long, and painted in the most superb style. We had about 700 passengers, and plenty of berths for all. Arrived at the Globe Hotel at seven.

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Friday morning.—A regular wet day. Got a bad cold. Made several calls. Visited the American Institution or Exposition in the evening, where all descriptions of domestic manufacture, implements, &c., are exposed for inspection and prizes: also cattle, horses, and a ploughing match: 30,000 people had attended during the week. Such expositions are very desirable. Spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Green, and retired to rest at eleven.

Saturday, the 19th.—No mail, although fifteen days out. Took leave of all customers, finished my business, and satisfied myself that there are not more than six lace-importers in New York whom I would trust, most of whom we shall have arranged with Mr. S. Pickersgill for our future journey. Visited Barnham Museum, the owner of Tom Thumb; and found out he is an English-bred boy, and no American giant. Spent a quiet evening with Mr. and Mrs. Pearce. Retired to bed early: could not sleep for reflecting.

Sunday morning.—No mail. Most anxious for my despatches. Dr. Keen called, and had a walk. Paid a visit to Dr. Dewey's handsome Unitarian chapel, and heard an excellent sermon. Spent an hour more with Dr. Keen, and dined with W.C. Pickersgill, Esq., our banker, a most intelligent, well-informed man. He is the partner of Fielding Brothers, Liverpool, and married Miss Riggs of Baltimore. Took tea and spent the evening with A.T. Stewart and his wife, my fellow-passengers out, and first-rate people; and retired to my bedroom to read the Bible at nine.

Monday.—A most unpleasant journey. Took the Philadelphia rail to Elizabethtown. Thence to Sommerville, and to Clover-hill per waggon, in search of Mr. D——'s brother. Arrived at three o'clock, and found he was from home: waited at a farmhouse till ten, when he arrived, and I soon found out that the American atmosphere had contaminated him. A regular thief!—would not pay his brothers (B—— and D——) a cent out of L300 he owes them. Although I was miserable both in body and mind, I benefited by what I saw at this humble place. I saw happiness without ostentation: a good husband and amiable wife. They strove to make me comfortable. I had mush and milk for supper, lapped myself up in a blanket, and laid down till five in the morning. Moses M. Bateman drove me back 16 miles, and I returned to New York (70 miles) after a fruitless journey.

Tuesday.—Found my letters per *Acadia*: they gave me much domestic gratification. Two I had from my wife, and one from Bow Churchyard. These were in answer to my first despatches. I dined and spent a quiet evening with Mr. and Mrs. Pearce and Mr. Flanden, and retired to bed early.

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Wednesday.—A great Clay and Frelinghuysen day. A grand procession of the Whigs of many thousands. Mr. Pearce and I visited the Creton Aqueduct for supplying New York with water. It is 1826 feet long, and 836 feet wide, and covers 35 acres. It comes down a tunnel of 35 miles, part of which distance is an aqueduct. We walked to the East River and Astoria, and returned to meet Mr. Blane, Mr. Brough, Mr. C. Vyse, and Mr. Palin, whom I had asked to dine with me at five. We had one of Mr. Blankard's best dinners, and spent a pleasant evening: were joined by Dr. Keen and Mr. Green. Brough sang us three excellent songs. They left at ten; and I to bed.

Thursday.—I finally finished my mission with Mr. Pearce most satisfactorily. Visited Mr. Bach, distiller, Brooklyn—my first time there. Dined with C. Vyse, at Dalmonico's. Met Mr. Blane, Palin, and Bund. A most sumptuous dinner: would cost at least 50 dollars. Left at nine, and spent my last evening at New York with Mr. and Mrs. Pearce. Paid my bill at the Globe, 49 dollars, 75 cents for the week; and to bed. Could not sleep: a restless, disagreeable night.

Friday.—Started at eight per Long Island Rail-way to Boston, Brooklyn, and Greenport, ninety-five miles; per rail thence to Stonington, thirty-two miles; per steamer in the Bay Sounds thence to Providence—a town of 15,000 inhabitants, where H.W. Doe is confined; and to Boston, forty-four miles: in all 218 in ten hours—the quickest travelling I have had; and proceeded to the Tremont-house. Read the English papers; and saw the account of my old friend T. Sidney being made sheriff and alderman in the same week, with the likelihood of his being Sir Thomas before I return. "Some men are born great, and others have greatness thrust upon them."

Population of Boston, 50,000.

Saturday morning.—I visited the Custom-house, by previous arrangement, to clear some pattern-cards. I could not help being strongly impressed with the contrast their Custom-house presented, when compared with some I could mention, and the attention, politeness, and good-humour with which its officers discharged their duties. They saw the force of my arguments at once, and let me have the books free of duty; and at their particular request I promised the Custom-house examiners one. They offered me any amount of money for it, which I declined to take. They are building a new Custom-house upon a large scale. The air here is very piercing—easterly winds prevail a great deal. The houses are bright, and have a gay appearance, the signboards are painted in such gaudy colours; the gilded letters are so very golden; the bricks so very red; the blinds and area-railings so very green; the plates upon the street-doors so marvellously bright and twinkling—and all so slight and unsubstantial in appearance. The suburbs are, if possible, more unsubstantial-looking than the city. The city is a beautiful one, and

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cannot fail to impress all strangers very favourably. The State-house is built upon the summit of a hill, which rises gradually by a steep ascent almost from the water's edge—a fine building, where all government operations are carried on, as at Albany, and elsewhere in the different states. From the top there is a charming panoramic view of the whole town and neighbourhood. In front is a green inclosure called the Common, a great benefit to the town. The docks are not very good: a great many ships lay over at East Boston. The Exchange is a very fine building, where the merchants congregate; but in fair weather a great deal of business is done in the streets. I wrote about thirty circulars to St. John's and Halifax, instead of going myself; and retired to rest at eleven.

Sunday morning, October 27th.—Attended the Trinity church, and heard a most impressive sermon by Bishop Eastburn, Ephesians iv. 17: "This I say therefore, and testify in the Lord, that ye henceforth walk not as other Gentiles walk, in the vanity of their minds." A wet, nasty day; read the Bible till dinner-time; thence to St. Paul's church to hear Dr. Vinton: he spoke so Yankee-like, I could not understand him at the distance I was. Very handsome churches they have here. Took a long walk all round the city; admired the neat houses they are building in all directions; and felt that the State of Massachusetts stood the highest in my estimation of any of the states I had yet visited. Spent the evening with Mr. Schofield, of Henry and Co.'s, Manchester—the most decided man of business I had met with for many a long day. It had been previously arranged that he should carry our patterns through all the states and Canada.

Monday morning.—Took a regular turn through amongst the importers of lace, and was thunderstruck at the enormous quantity of highly-respectable importers, certainly far exceeding New York and Philadelphia. They are first-rate business men: *no auctions*, which I detest: no overstocks, which will be the ruin of New York; well assorted, and in good condition. In fact, I felt as if I had been in an English town, for the men of business are more like English than Americans. They nearly all import—at least thirty first-rate men import—our goods. I experienced a great deal of civility from Mr. W. Appleton, and Mr. Ward, Barings' agent; and altogether was much pleased with my reception. Had not Mr. Schofield undertaken to receive our orders, I could have done a very large trade. I may here observe, the Tremont is one of the best houses in the states in every respect. Buckwheat cakes to breakfast; and they use the incredibly large quantity of 45 tons of butter per year.

Tuesday morning, the 29th.—A regular wet day; rained incessantly. Called upon all the lace-importers, and found them thorough men of business—very prompt: came to an understanding with nearly all that they would order through Mr. Schofield, of Henry and Co.'s, Manchester.

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Wednesday morning.—Received my despatches per *Great Western*, and proceeded to Lowell per rail. I forget whether I described an American railroad before. There are no first and second class carriages, as with us, but gentlemen's cars and ladies' cars; and, as a black man never travels with a white one, there is a negro car. Each car holds from thirty to fifty. There is a stove blazing hot. Except where a branch-road joins the main one, there is seldom more than one track of rails. They rush across the turnpike-road, where there is no gate, no policeman, no signal. There is painted up, "When the bell rings, look out for the locomotive." I was met at Lowell by my fellow-passenger in the *Western*, Royal Southwick, intimately connected with the factories there. The first we visited was a cotton cloth and drill factory, where they make about 50,000 yards per day, all by water-power (the Merrimack), and have a couple of hundred girls employed. The good order and clean appearance of both factory and girls contrasted greatly with both in Lancashire. There are twenty-five mills here. We then visited a carpet manufactory, by machinery that reduces labour 75 per cent., and where some of the many girls employed make a dollar a-day. There is no manufactory like this in the world: there is a patent taken out by E.B. Bigelow to protect the carpet power-loom manufactory. They must be making money fast here. We then visited a cloth manufactory upon a large scale, where they employ about 800 hands; and the excellency of the cloth surprized me. They will have no occasion for English cloths much longer. All by water-power. The last place was a large cylinder print-works, where they produce some first-rate goods, and, I think, as cheap as ours. There are several factories in Lowell, each of which they call a corporation, as they are chartered. They employ about 8000 girls, who make 3-1/2 dollars per week, or 14 s. Their neat, clean, and healthy appearance pleased me much: they are well dressed; and, meeting them out, you would take them to be of a higher grade. They pay 1-1/2 dollar per week for lodgings, which are situated near, and belong to the different corporations. They are strictly moral and virtuous, and all contribute to a monthly publication called "The Lowell Offering," well worth reading. I saw the principal editors (young ladies), and ordered it for next year. The rooms in which they work are well arranged; and green plants are trained to shade the glass windows. The laws of the state forbid their working more than nine months in the year, and require that they shall be educated during the other three. There is a hospital or boarding-house for the sick, at 3 dollars per week: they do not often require its assistance, for in 1841 they had 100,000 dollars in the savings-bank. We visited the Mechanics' Reading-room—a large building, with papers from all parts.

The population of Lowell is 25,000; one of the most rising towns in the states. There are also Fall River, Taunton, Manchester, Great Falls, Dover, New Hampshire—all rising manufacturing places. In New England state there is no coal, which is a great drawback. I returned to Boston, and spent the evening with some friends.

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Thursday.—Mr. Hanson drove me to Cambridge, to see the Universities. This is a clean, well-built town, with 8000 or 9000 inhabitants. The expense of education is 300 dollars; and if that cannot be paid, the students are educated free, subject to instructing others a little. There is no barrier here to the poorest man's son becoming the President, as free-schools abound. We then drove to Mount Auburn, a cemetery delightfully situated about five miles from Boston. They pay 4000 dollars for a lot for a family burying-place. Here some eminent men are interred. There are some beautiful walks over this one-hundred-acres plot of ground. We then drove round by Charlestown, a place of 10,000 inhabitants, where the Bostonians reside, well-situated; and so on to Bunker-hill Monument, where the battle was fought in 1775, when General James Warren fell: it is a very substantial mark of Jonathan conquering John. Bull. I then visited the Massachusetts State-house: the Congress-house and Representatives are very commodious. I ascended the top, which gives a most commanding view of the whole city: it was very clear, and the view was most extensive. Like New York, it is upon an island, surrounded (except a few yards) with the River Charles and the Ocean. Home to dinner, and gave my friends T. Cochrane and Mr. Schofield two bottles of champagne, it being my last day in the States. We then proceeded to Perkins's Institution for the Blind, managed by my fellow-passenger, Dr. Howe. We saw the gifted Laura Bridgman, whose biography I give elsewhere.[A] She is an interesting-looking girl, fifteen years old, deaf, dumb, blind, and no smell: still Providence makes her contented and happy: she can read and write, and understand geography with her fingers, and is blessed with the knowledge of Divine grace. It was truly interesting and gratifying to see the blind girls read and write and work, all so clean and neat in their persons, and apparently happy. Also the boys are instructed in a similar way, and, when ready, put out to some trade; and, if no master can be found, they instruct them in the institution to make mattresses, chair-bottoms, &c., several of whom I saw working. We then visited South Boston State Hospital for the Insane, at the head of which is Dr. Stedman, who conducts it admirably on the enlightened principles of conciliation and kindness, and evinces a confidence and apparent trust even in mad people. Each ward in this institution is shaped like a long gallery or hall; and, as we walked along, the patients flocked round us unrestrained, with all sorts of stories. I had ten minutes' talk with an elderly lady, who had a great many scraps of finery, of gauze, &c., which gave her a strange appearance: she fancied she was the hostess of the mansion. Another I talked to said she was Queen of the States. Another poor fellow, gentlemanly in appearance, said it was a hard run between him and Prince Albert who should have the Queen of England. He had written and

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received several letters from her. I discovered they had all some weak point, and the doctor gave me the cue. I felt quite at ease amongst them: nearly all are unrestrained; and, strange to say, they never talk to each other, or molest each other in any way. We then visited the House of Correction for the State, where about three-fourths of the expenses are paid by the prisoners' industry. It is a well-managed prison, with strict discipline: no conversation allowed, and all kept at work, both men and women: the latter are very bad to manage. Comfort and cleanliness are very apparent. We then visited the Orphan Asylum and House of Reformation for young offenders, and for neglected and indigent boys who have committed no crimes, but perhaps soon would if they were not taken from the hungry streets and sent here: this is called the Boylston School. There is the House of Industry for old, helpless paupers: these words are painted on the walls—"Self-government, quietude, and peace are blessings." This was a clean, neat place, with a plant or two on the window-sill, a row of crockery upon the shelf, or small display of coloured prints upon the whitewashed wall. We have no such sights in our unions.

[Footnote A: See Appendix.]

I left South Boston much gratified with all I had seen; but pleasure must have an alloy. My companion drove up against a cart in the dark, broke both shafts, the horse kicked the vehicle all to pieces, and how we escaped is wonderful. I got my knee bruised, and that was all. I retired to rest, grateful to Providence for my narrow escape.

Friday, and last day in America.—Saw the famed Dr. Channing's Unitarian chapel; and witnessed such a demonstration the previous night, with at least 10,000 boys, non-electors, parading the streets with torches, crying "Clay, of Ashland, near Lexington, Kentucky!" I really feel that I am leaving Boston with regret: I never was more pleased with any town, both in a business and social point of view. I have many kind and intelligent friends that I shall leave with regret. The Bostonians are more English in idea, smart to a degree, and well situated for commerce. The town and suburbs abound with charitable institutions of every description; and every article of living is half the price it is in England. I visited Faneuil Hall, the oldest building in the town, and famed in American history.

In conclusion, my feelings prompt me to acknowledge, with a deep sense of gratitude to Messrs. Overend and Gurney, the very sympathetic and high-character letter they gave me to Messrs. Prime, Ward, and King, of New York, as I had taken the journey to recruit my health. From that letter emanated others to every town I visited, which at once placed me in communication with the most intelligent of men. I am further bound to add, contrary to the general opinion formed in England, that I met with the most open, frank, communicative people I ever came in contact with;

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and further I am bound to add, I frequently had occasion to blush for my own ignorance, both about Europe and America. To use a vulgar expression, they are a wide-awake people. Their cheap publications, their thirst for knowledge, and their naturally quick perceptions, place them above the level in society. That America must rise, and become a great country, is my earnest wish and belief. I do not like to individualize, but I feel an inward gratitude to many kind and dear friends whom I made in my short sojourn, whose study it was to make me happy, and my journey a pleasing one.

At one o'clock I paid my bill, and proceeded to East Boston, on board the *Acadia*; and set sail exactly at two o'clock, P.M., for England, with 25 passengers.

On leaving the harbour, on the right, we passed several small islands, and the Liverpool light and Dorchester heights, where the Orphan Asylum is situated on a lofty eminence. On the left we passed Lynn and Salem, and steamed it along in good style during the night.

Saturday morning, the *2nd November*.—Spoke the *Hibernia* at eight o'clock, A.M.: about 130 passengers, all on deck, with whom we exchanged cheers as she passed. I was struck with the warlike appearance she had: whether it has been contemplated or not, I discovered that all these mailsteamers are admirably adapted for war: all they require are port-holes for cannon. They are made to Admiralty order, and cost £60,000 each. At six P.M. we passed the Devil's Limb, a rock close by Seal Island, where the *Colombia* was lost. The coast is dangerous between Boston and Halifax. The captain was up both nights.

Sunday morning, at seven.—I was aroused by the discharge of a brace of cannon, and on coming on deck I found we were in Halifax harbour. Population of this place is 20,000. Governed by Lord Falkland. Nova Scotia is about 300 miles in circumference. Staple of the town, fish: I should have thought dogs, for I saw some hundreds. It is a mean-looking town: nearly all wood houses: a very good fort and government-house. St. John's, New Brunswick, is 250 miles from here: population, 35,000: governed by Sir W. Colebrooke: staple, timber and deals, and whale-fishing. I intended visiting St. John's, but had not time. It was fortunate, as I should have been left behind. Owing to some breakdown, the mail did not arrive in Halifax in time for us: neither did the Quebec mail, by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Quebec, *via* Picton, 120 miles from Halifax, arrive; and, because Captain Harrison would not wait for these mails, the Governor would not allow him the Halifax: so we started at half-past ten, leaving them all behind. At Halifax I made the acquaintance of Mr. Howe, late of the Executive Council, and Collector of Excise, which he resigned: salary, £700 a year. He is now editor of the Nova Scotia newspaper. I shall not forget his politeness, although he is a

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red-hot Radical. They send whalers from Halifax to the South Seas. Opposite Halifax is Dartmouth, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, whence they send plaster and rum to the States. We passed St. George's Island, a battery, and the Thumb Cap, where the *Tribune* was lost. We also passed the Curzon and Devil's Island Beacon, and were much gratified by passing a fleet of men-of-war, the largest of which, the *Illustrious*, 74 guns, 700 hands, was in full sail, with a band of music playing and singing "*Home, sweet home*," which went to my very soul. They were bound for Bermuda, West India Islands. Their Admiral, Sir C. Adam, was on board, with sixteen officers. At five P.M. we were out of sight of land, steaming it along at ten knots.

PASSAGE HOME PER ACADIA.

Nov. 1st.—Light westerly winds, with fine clear weather. All sails set.

Lat. 42 deg. 57'; Long. 66 deg. 57' 87".

2nd.—Westerly winds, steady, with clear weather, and smooth water. Passed the *Hibernia* at eight A.M., from Liverpool, bound to Boston. At four saw Seal Island, bearing north: distance about seven miles. At daylight made Halifax harbour.

Lat. 42 deg. 20'; Long. 71 deg. 4'.

3rd.—At seven landed the mails. At eleven cast off from the wharf, and proceeded to sea. Light winds, westerly, with smooth water. All sails set.

394 miles. Lat. 44 deg. 39-1/2'; Long. 62 deg. 33-3/4'.

4th.—Winds from S.W. to N.W., light, with hazy weather, and small rain.

231 miles. Lat. 45 deg. 17'; Long. 58 deg. 0'.

5th.—Wind N.E., light, with fine clear weather, and smooth water. At eleven Cape Race, 10 miles distance, bearing to the east. At four exchanged signals with the brig *Mary and Martha*. Wind standing to the southward.

241 miles. Lat. 46 deg. 30'; Long. 52 deg. 47'.

6th.—Strong easterly gales, with dark cloudy weather, and a heavy sea running.

202 miles. Lat. 47 deg. 10'; Long. 47 deg. 56'.

7th.—Moderate breeze, and clear weather: wind easterly, with a head sea.



178 miles. Lat. 48 deg. 12'; Long. 44 deg. 17'.

8th.—Strong S.E. gales: dark gloomy weather, and heavy N.E. swell.

214 miles. Lat. 49 deg. 0'; Long. 39 deg. 0'.

9th.—Winds strong N.E. breezes, with drizzly rains: dark cloudy weather: heavy northerly swell running.

238 miles. Lat. 50 deg. 19'; Long. 33 deg. 12'.

10th, *Sunday*.—Light baffling winds, and clear weather, with a heavy northerly swell or sea. Performed Divine service at eleven A.M. This put me in mind of the pilot's song—

“Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever you may be.”

256 miles. Lat. 50 deg. 31'; Long. 26 deg. 30'.

11th.—Strong southerly winds, with dark hazy weather, and a heavy sea running. Saw a vessel in distress. Hove-to, and found she was the *John and Mary* of Dublin, a perfect wreck, and deserted, the sea running over her, and for some minutes out of sight, except the masts.

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244 miles. Lat. 50 deg. 30'; Long. 20 deg. 10'.

12th.—Strong breezes from the west: dark cloudy weather and rain, and heavy sea running.

280 miles. Lat. 50 deg. 54'; Long. 12 deg. 44'.

13th.—Strong breezes: thick hazy weather, with rain. At six A.M. made the land (Irish). Kinsale Light bearing North: distance, 10 miles. Noon, fine clear weather, with heavy southerly swell. Waterford Harbour Light bearing north: distance, 12 miles. At four P.M. spoke the *Alexander Grant*, from Quebec. Passed the *Coningsby* light-ship and Saltee Islands. Thence Cansore Point, county of Wexford, and Holyhead at eleven.

243 miles.

14th.—At seven A.M. arrived in Liverpool, and made the town echo with our cannon.

180 miles.

APPENDICES.

I.

BIOGRAPHY OF LAURA BRIDGMAN.

She was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 21st December, 1829. She is described as having been a very spritely and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond her power of endurance, and life was held by the feeblest tenure; but when a year and a half old she seemed to rally, the dangerous symptoms subsided, and at twenty months old she was perfectly well. Then her mental powers, hitherto stunted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence. But suddenly she sickened again: her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But, though sight and hearing were gone for ever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended. The fever raged during seven weeks: for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room. It was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed, and consequently that her taste was much blunted.

It was not until four years of age that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world. But what a situation was hers! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her;—no mother's smile called forth her answering smile; no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds: brothers and sisters were but forms of matter which resisted not her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house save in warmth and in the power of locomotion, and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat.

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But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed, nor mutilated; and, though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon, as she could walk she began to explore the room, and then the house. She became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate led her to do everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and knit. The reader need scarcely be told, however, that the opportunities of communicating with her were very, very limited, and that the moral effects of her wretched state soon began to appear. Those who cannot be enlightened by reason can only be controlled by force; and this, coupled with her great privations, must soon have reduced her to a worse condition than that of the beasts that perish, but for timely and un hoped-for aid. At this time I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure, a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament, a large and beautifully-shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston; and on the 4th October, 1837, they brought her to the Institution. For a while she was much bewildered; and after waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others. There was one of two ways to be adopted—either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use: that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters, by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual: the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual. I determined, therefore, to try the latter.

The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon* differed as much from the crooked lines *key* as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands, and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon*

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upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation—patting on the head. The same process was then repeated with all the articles she could handle, and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book; and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things. After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper: they were arranged, side by side so as to spell *book, key, &c.*; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book, key, &c.*, and she did so. Hitherto the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her—her intellect began to work. She perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog or parrot: it was an immortal spirit eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind. I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used. The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends: also a board in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. She was exercised for several weeks in this way; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it is stated “that she has just learned the manual alphabet as used by the deaf mutes; and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she goes on her with labours.” At the end of the year a second report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract:—“It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light—cannot hear the least sound—and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours she has no conception: nevertheless, she seems as happy and as playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features.”

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She chooses for her friends and companions those children who are intelligent, and can talk best with her; and she evidently dislikes to be with those who are deficient in intellect, unless, indeed, she can make them serve her purposes, which she is evidently inclined to do. She takes advantage of them, and makes them wait upon her in a manner which she knows she could not exact from others; and in various ways she shows her Saxon blood.

* * * * *

Such are a few fragments from the simple, but most interesting and instructive, history of Laura Bridgman. The name of her great benefactor and friend who writes it is Dr. Howe. There are not many persons, I hope and believe, who, after reading these passages, can ever hear that name with indifference.

II.

MEMORANDA.

Indian corn—58 lbs. to the bushel: price, 49 c.

Columbus discovered America in 1492.

Mr. Rathbourn projected the City of the Falls, and built Buffalo; and was confined afterwards seven years for forgery.

Sir C. Metcalfe, Governor of Canada.
Lord Falkland, " " Nova Scotia.
Sir W. Colebrooke, " " New Brunswick.
Sir John Harvey, " " Newfoundland.
Captain Fitzroy, " " Prince Edward Isld.

Latitude is North and South: *Longitude* East and West.

A *Geographical Mile* is one-seventh more than a statute mile.

A *Knot* is a geographical mile.

Price of Negroes, 8 dollars to 1200 dollars.
Females, 4 dollars to 600 dollars.

Negroes—Mulattoes—Quadroon—Creole—European—Georgian (Asia).

Tobacco is grown at—
New Orleans.

Petersburg }
Richmond } Virginia.
Maryland and Kentucky.

Lower and Upper Canada were united three years ago into one province.
There are also St. John's, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island,
Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia.

In Lower Canada eight-tenths are French, and in Upper Canada about equal.

500 bales of cotton are said to be used in New York yearly for ladies' fronts and bustles.

Soldiers in the States enlist for five years only.

G.M. weighed to-day, October 9, 149 lbs., or 10 st. 9 lbs.

Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior contain half the fresh water in the world.

Taxes on good land, say 50 dollars per acre, are as follows: State-tax, 15 cents per acre; county, 15 c.; road, 7 c. to 15 c.; horse, 30 c., cow, 15 c. each; servant-man, 1 d. 50 c.; waggon, 2 d. 50 c.; dog, 50 c. If sheep are killed the State pays.

Representatives are for four years; get 4 dollars per day: State Senators for one year, 6 d.: Representatives to Congress, four years, 8 d.: Congressional Senators, four years, 12 d.: Governor of a State, two years, 5000 d. a year: has power of pardoning criminals, calling military out, &c.; Lieut.-Governor, two years, 2500 d. a year: he is Chairman of State Senators. Each State has a state attorney, secretary of state, treasurer, &c.

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DUTIES.

Barrel of wheat flour into Canada 2 s. for 196 lbs.
Thence into England 7-1/2 d. for do.

Price of Wheat in the States 3 d. 75 c. per 60 lbs.

Barley 3 d. 75 c. "

Oats 3 d. 75 c. "

Wheat from Canada pays 3 s. per qr. (stationary).

Price in

Kingston, Price in Price in

Upp. Can. Canada. U.S. s. d. s. d. s. d. 3 6 Wheat, 60 lbs. or 32 qts. 3 9 3 0 1 6

Barley, 48 lbs. or 32 qts. 2 4 2 0 0 10-1/2 Oats, 36 lbs. or 32 qts. 1 3 1 0

Rye, 56 lbs. or 32 qts. 2 9 2 3

Flour, 196 lbs., 15 s., 18 s. 9 d., 2 1 s. 3 d., Montreal: 17 s.,
States.

A Cord of Wood is eight feet long, four wide, and four high, or 128 square feet: worth at
Brockville, 1 d.; at Montreal, 3 d.

III.

POPULATION OF THE STATES.

EASTERN STATES.

Free, or New England.

Number of

Counties. Population.

Maine 13 501,793

New Hampshire 8 284,547

Vermont 14 291,948

Massachusetts 14 737,699

Rhode Island 5 108,830

Connecticut 8 309,978

North, New York 58 2,428,921

New Jersey 18 373,306

Pennsylvania 54 1,724,033



Delaware 3 780,085
Michigan 32 212,267

WESTERN STATES.

Ohio 79 1,519,467
Indiana 87 686,866
Illinois 87 476,183
Missouri 62 383,702

SOUTHERN SLAVE STATES.

Maryland 20 469,232
Virginia 119 1,239,797
North Carolina 68 753,419
South Carolina 29 594,398
Kentucky (S.W.) 90 779,828
Tennessee 72 829,210
Georgia 83 691,392
Alabama 79 590,756
Mississippi 56 375,651
Louisiana 39 352,411
Arkansas 39 97,574

District Columbia (Slave) 2 43,712
Iowa Territory 18 43,112
Wisconsin Territory 22 30,945
Florida Territory (Slave) 20 54,447

IV.

CERTIFICATE OF NATURALIZATION.

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“Be it remembered, that at a Nisi Prius, holden by one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in and for the Eastern District, a Court of Record, on the tenth day of October, in the year of Our Lord One thousand eight hundred and forty-two, Edwin Williams, a native of England, exhibited a petition, praying to be admitted to become a Citizen of the United States; and it appearing to the said Court that he had declared on oath, before the Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for the Eastern District, on this day, that it was *bona fide* his intention to become a Citizen of the United States, and to renounce for ever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of whom he was at that time a subject; and the said Edwin. Williams having on his solemn oath declared, and also made proof thereof according to law, to the satisfaction of the Court, that he had resided within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States of America three years next preceding his arriving at the age of twenty-one years, and continued to reside therein to the time of making his application; that, including the three years of his minority, he had resided one year and upwards, last past, within the State of Pennsylvania, and within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States five years and upwards; and that during the three years next preceding it had been *bona fide* his intention to become a Citizen of the United States, and that during that time he had behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same; and having declared on his solemn oath, before the said Court, that he would support the Constitution of the United States, and that he did absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state, and sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of whom he was before a subject; and having in all respects complied with the laws in regard to Naturalization, thereupon the Court admitted the said Edwin Williams to become a Citizen of the United States, and ordered all the proceedings aforesaid to be recorded by the Prothonotary of the said Court, which was done accordingly.

“In witness whereof I have hereunto affixed the seal of the said Court at Philadelphia, this tenth day of October, in the year One thousand eight hundred and forty-two, and of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States of America the sixty-seventh.

“J. SIMON COHEN, *Prothonotary*.”

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Palmer and Clayton. Crane-court, Fleet-street.