

A Short Tour Through The
United States & Canadas

October 10th to December 31st, 1832

The Journal of Lieut. George Kirwan Carr

Edited, with Notes, by DEOCH FULTON

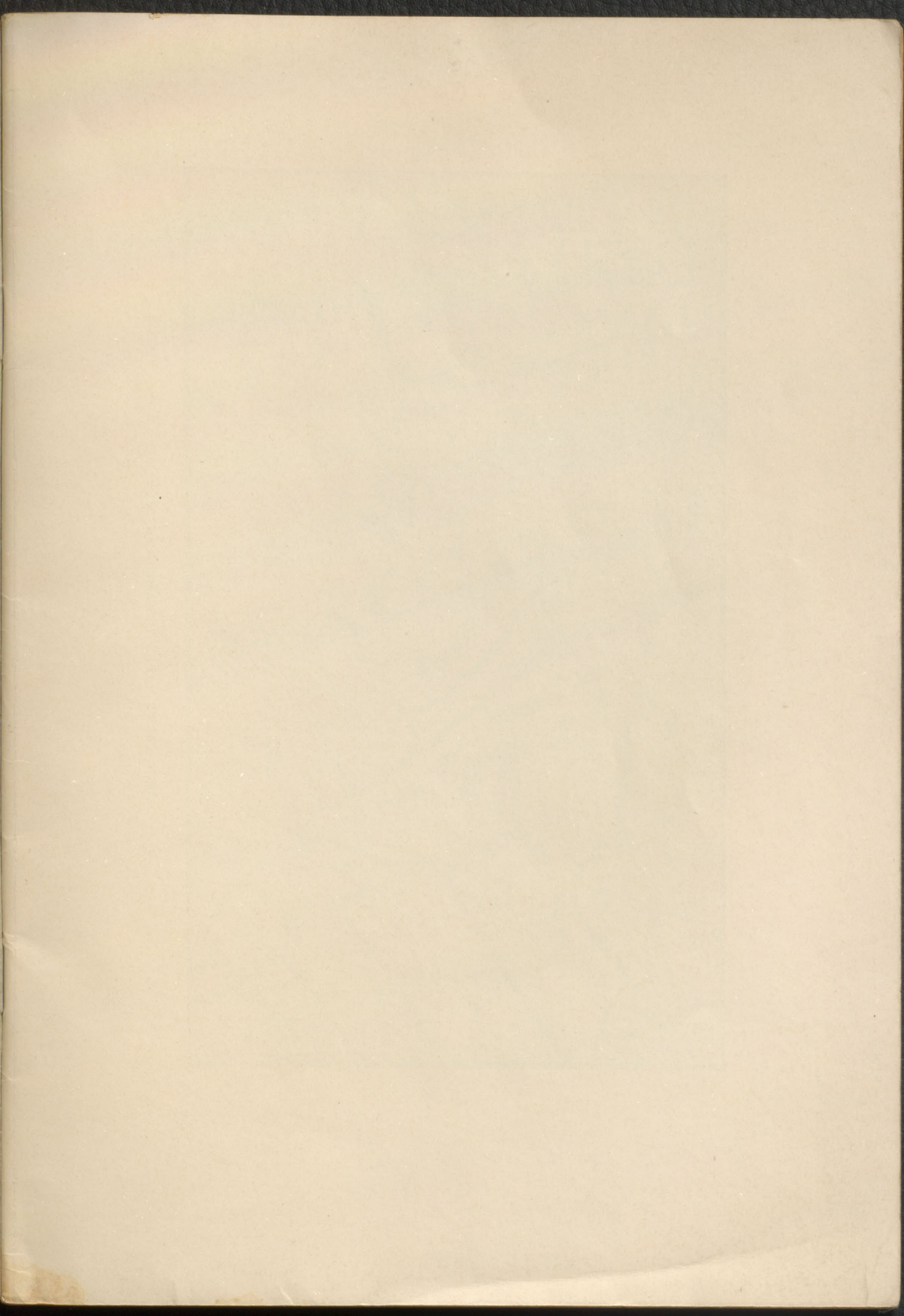
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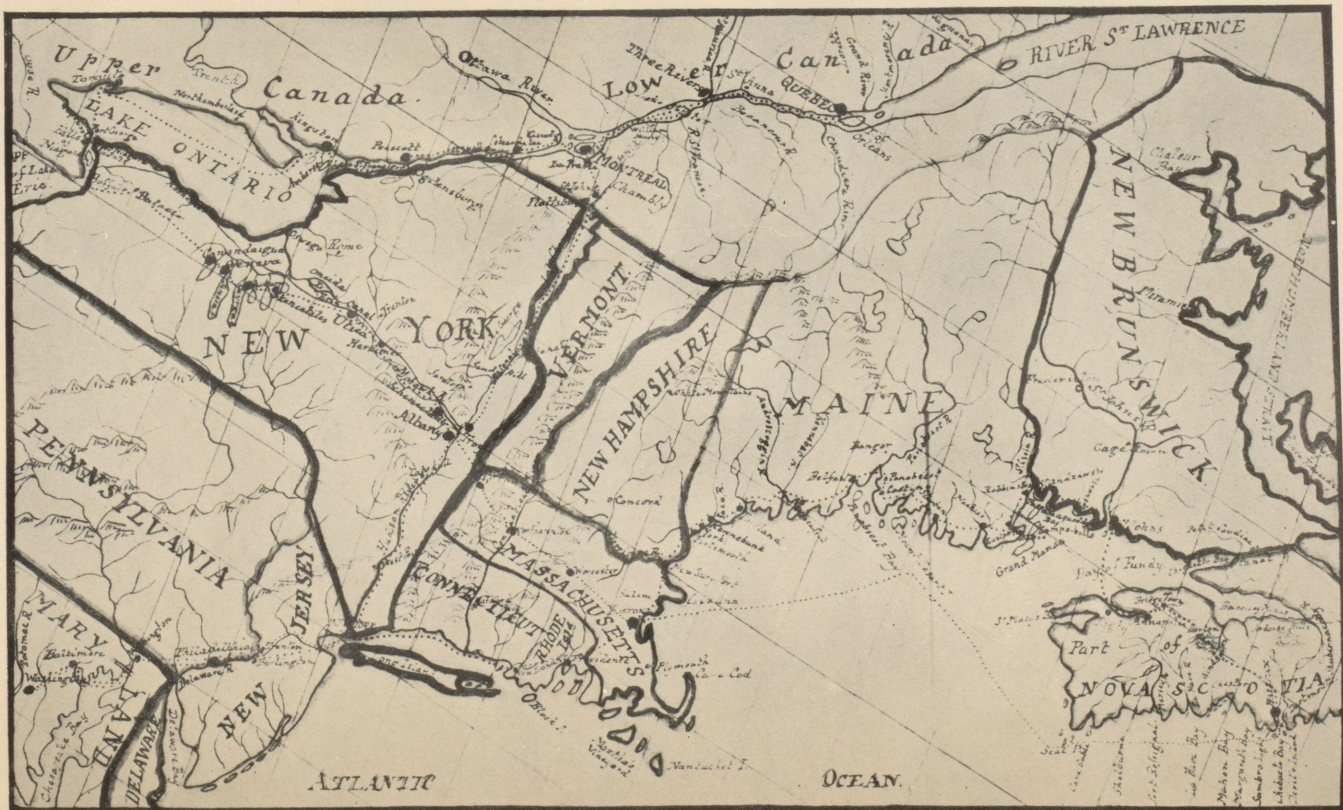
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LIEUT. CARR'S MAP OF HIS AMERICAN TOUR, 1832

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A SHORT TOUR THROUGH THE UNITED STATES AND CANADAS, 1832

THE JOURNAL OF LIEUTENANT GEORGE KIRWAN CARR

Edited, with Notes, by DEOCH FULTON

AS a portrait of a young British officer in 1832 the manuscript journal of Lieut. George Carr's American and Canadian tour, recently purchased by the Library, omits only his weight and the color of his eyes and hair. The essential Briton is all there.

The disarming ingenuousness of his journal is Carr's defense against pedantry. He is no historian, and his recorded impressions of historical personages tell more of himself than of his subjects. Like a cork he bobbed along the St. Lawrence and down the Hudson. One might sink him with documentary notes but why drown an amusing companion and a sturdy traveller?

The temptation to overburden the journal with officially documented references has been resisted. So far as possible explanations, amplifications, or corrections have been supplied from the diaries of his contemporaries, as though Carr, Hone, Fowler, Fanny Kemble and others, amply supplied with guide-books and newspapers, were gathered to compare notes of their travels and experiences.

Mrs. Trollope, popular author of *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (1832), would be one of the number, siding with Carr in his opinions of the Yankees, and it might have been after such a meeting that Fanny Kemble wrote, "How we English folks do cling to our own habits, our own views, our own things, our own people; how, in spite of all our wonderings [*sic*] and scatterings over the whole face of the earth, like so many Jews, we never lose our distinct and national individuality, nor fail to lay hold of one another's skirts, to laugh at and depreciate all that differs from that country, which we delight in forsaking for any and all others."*

Hone would have defended his countrymen, as he did in his diary when Miss Kemble's journal first appeared.

From the date, 1837, on the inside of the front cover of Lieut. Carr's journal, and from the content of the journal itself, it is evident that his narrative was not

* [Kemble, Fannie] Frances Anne Butler. *Journal*. Philadelphia, 1835. v. 1, p. 90.

a day by day account, written on tour, but was done from notes and memory some time after his return. His chronology and descriptions suffered from the delay, and the discrepancies between accepted historical statement and his records should not, therefore, seriously disturb less volatile chroniclers.

To recreate the background against which the lieutenant did his turn, the diaries of Philip Hone, Fanny Kemble, and Thomas Fowler are invaluable. And, ten years later, Dickens found the American scene not greatly changed. Carr's route may be followed almost step by step in the prints in the Library's Stokes collection. For sober reading, the titles suggested by the Library's Canada Exhibition list, 1935, and the relevant material for Canadian and local United States history outlined in "A Guide to the Reference Collections of The New York Public Library" (*Bulletin*, June, September, 1936. v. 40, p. 532-534, 801-812) are recommended.

The journal is written in a fine, almost spidery hand, the typical, legible hand of an educated Englishman of the time, on the ruled pages of a 12° blank book. The journal itself fills 112 numbered pages, followed by 20 pages of original and quoted verse. At the end are a quotation, describing the City of Washington, from Thomas Moore, a table of distances covered on the tour, notes of important dates in American history and on the sizes of the Great Lakes, topographical data, and a note on the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*. On the inside of the front cover is written "George Carr, Rifle Brigade, June 27th 1837." Four small views (Pendleton's Lith. Boston) of "Niagara Falls," "State House, Boston," "Quebec," and "Trenton Falls" are pasted on the verso of the first flyleaf and its facing page. On the page facing the first of the manuscript is a map of the tour, drawn by Carr. A loose map, also by Carr, shows the courses of a voyage from England to Halifax and return, 1831 and 1834.

A SHORT TOUR THROUGH THE UNITED STATES & CANADAS

FROM OCT'R 10TH TO DEC'R 31ST 1832

[By GEORGE KIRWAN CARR, RIFLE BRIGADE, HALIFAX]

Wednesday Oct'r 10th 1832.

Having obtained two months leave of absense, I started on Wednesday, October 10th 1832, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2, from Halifax, Nova Scotia with my dear friend and brother Officer, Richard Henry Fitz Herbert, and Henry Deedes¹ of the 34th Regt: (A D C. to Sir Peregrine Maitland,²) in the Emily, Brigantine Packet for Boston U S: the wind being at the time anything but in our favor, and blowing very strong indeed, however having the letter bags on board we were forced to start, so off we went — the Captain consoling us by saying that, 60 hours was the general passage, and that he had done it in 50. We got as far as Manger's beach (about 5 miles from Halifax) when the Skipper informed us that he intended to anchor there for the night, as he could make no way scarcely, the wind being dead against us. We immediately got the boat and went on shore to call on the worthy owner of the Island, and from whom it takes its name, Mr Mac Nab,³ and fortunately found him at home, and his Wife and two daughters — They begged us to stay and take tea with them, which polite invitation we could not refuse, altho' it was not more than 6 oclock, & we had *not dined* — however they were particularly kind & civil to us, and we did not leave the house till past 10 oclock, with a promise to go and breakfast there the following morning, if we remained.

Thursday Octr 11th

The next morning found us still in our old Quarters, the wind being as foul as ever for us, & blowing much harder. Mr Mac Nab very kindly sent off his own

¹ George Kirwan Carr. Joined the British Army in England, 1830; appointed to the Rifle Brigade, Halifax, 1831; adjutant and 1st lieut., 1835; captain, 1840; retired, 1843.

Richard Henry Fitz Herbert. Joined the Rifle Brigade, 1827; 1st lieut. in 1832; captain, 1839; major, 1847; retired, 1848.

Henry Deedes was captain in the 34th, or Cumberland, regiment in 1832. *British Army registers*, 1830-1849.

² Lieutenant-Governor and Commander in Chief of...Nova Scotia [Sir Peregrine Maitland, K.C.B.] sailed for England on October 8, 1832. *The Albion*, New York, October 27, 1832.

³ Peter McNab, a British naval officer, settled in Halifax about 1758. He acquired an island near the harbor, and gave his name to it. His son, Peter, 1767-1847, who inherited from him, was a member of the legislative council of Nova Scotia. The second Peter's son James, 1792-1871, also a member of the legislative council, represented Halifax in the House of Assembly, Nova Scotia (1840). Peter (second) married Joanna Cullerton in 1789. His son James was one of a large family. *Dictionary of Canadian biography*.

boat for us, which was much larger and safer than the one belonging to the Emily. We found our "host" had prepared all the delicacies of the Season for us, and we had a most comfortable breakfast. After that important meal was over, Mr Mac Nab and Deedes started off in the boat for Halifax, but Fitz and myself preferred a ramble over the Island, and a most lovely spot it is, of about 1000 acres, partly cultivated & most beautifully wooded down to the Water's edge. We walked about till nearly 4 o'clock, when we bent our steps in the direction of where our Ship was — and to our dismay found her "High and dry" — She had dragged her anchor, and drifted in-shore, and the tide going out, had left her in this delightful situation — however about 8 o'clock, (high water) with the assistance of the Buoy-boat, which had been sent down from Halifax and another Schooner, we succeeded in getting her afloat, and at last making her anchor fast, and she had received no damage — so we retired quietly to rest — to *try* and *sleep* in a berth only 4 foot 6 inches long (my height being 5ft 9 & ½ inches) but that was only a trifle.

Friday Oct'r 12th

I was rejoiced about ½ past 7 the next morning to hear a great noise on deck, and immediately put my head out at the Sky-light to enquire the cause, and found from the Skipper that the Wind had changed a *little* in our favour, and therefore that he intended to make a start — We weighed anchor about 8 o'clock and set sail, taking "one last fond look" at the Town of Halifax as we turned the Corner of Sambro Point. We got on tolerably well till about 6 o'clock, when it shewed every inclination to be squally, and about 8 a very heavy gale of wind came on, with a nasty sea. The horrid "Ship" rolled awefully, every thing down in the little dirty stinking Cabin was tumbled about, and in fact we poor "Landsmen" (although Fitz & I are very good sailors) were about as miserable as possible I will not give a full and *daily* account of our voyage to Boston as it was *too* wretched and miserable to think of — much more to write about — it will be enough to say, that after 3 more very heavy gales of wind (all of which came in the night too to comfort us) we anchored off the Long Wharf, Boston, on Saturday Evening Octr 20th about ½ past 6, having been 11 most miserable *days* at sea, instead of *60 hours* as we expected. For *four days* we were never out of our berths, we had a *large round of Beef* lashed to the table between us — the bread, Brandy, Water &c hanging by Strings from the Skylight, and *each* had his Knife, and tumbler under his pillow — plates & forks being unnecessary pieces of furniture. We landed at Boston about 7 and immediately started off with our baggage for the Tremont

Hotel,⁴ not a little delighted to find ourselves on "terra firma" again, and with a determination never to trust our precious lives to the wind and waves in the "Emily" again. The Tremont Hotel is certainly a very handsome building. It is of Quincy granite, with a very fine Portico in front nearly 30 feet high, supported by fluted columns. The *inside* is particularly comfortable, clean and well arranged and the * helps very civil and attentive — the Table d'hote very good, and tho' last not least, the charges are very moderate. The hours of feeding did not at all agree with us — for coming in very hungry *soon after 7*, the first thing we naturally did, was to ask what we could have to eat, much to the Help's (the Waitor of America) dismay. *Tea* he informed us had been at 6, and *Supper* was not 'till 9"!⁵ however after we had told him our history, he was very civil and got something ready for us directly. After this we took a short ramble through the Streets but did not see them at all to advantage, as it was late, and most of the Shops were shut up. We went to the Market, which is a fine building — very clean and well lighted, and appeared to be tolerably well stocked with goods of all kinds. We soon returned to the Tremont, and retired to rest, quite delighted with the prospect of a clean and comfortable bed in a good Hotel, instead of a miserable wretched little berth in the Emily Packet in a gale of wind.

Sunday Oct'r 21st

We 'rose with the Lark, and took a walk before breakfast (8 o'clock) round the Common, which is the Mall — a public walk, with a row of trees round it, and returned by the Crescent *Pond*, a small sheet of water. After breakfast was over, we started for the upper part of the Town to see all the beauty and fashion going to the different Churches. Some of the *latter* we *did* see, but I grieve to say, not one of the *former* — What had become of them, or whether there ever had been any, I cannot say, but certainly I never saw so little beauty in a Town before in my life. At 2 o'clock we dined at the Table d'hote, with a very large party, principally Yankees, and in the Afternoon we went to Church — a neat little building nearly opposite the Hotel. I was very sorry to find on our return from Church that poor Deedes had not been at all well, and had sent for a Doctor, who had told him, that to think of taking the tour in [the] state

* Helps — are Waiters.

⁴ "Here shall the weary find repose, sheltered from the scorching heat by day and the malignant blast by night." From the cornerstone speech, July 4, 1828, delivered by Major Russell, and quoted in: Bowen, A. *Picture of Boston*. Boston, 1829. The hotel and the ceremonies are described on pages 200–204. The Tremont House was opened to the public on October 16, 1829. Isaiah Rogers was the architect. See also Charles Dickens' description of the Tremont House in *American notes* . . . , 1842.

⁵ Hotel mealtimes in Boston, as advertised by the Exchange Coffee House, were: Breakfast, 8 to 10; Dinner at 2 o'clock during the week and half past 1 on Sunday. Tea from 6 to 7, and Supper from 9 to 11. Bowen, p. 205.

he was in (principally from weakness from having suffered so much at Sea) would be perfect madness, and desired him to give up all idea of it for a week or two at least. Fitz and I then got a couple of hacks, and rode off to call on Mr. Manners,⁶ the English Consul, who lived at Roxborough, a pretty looking Village about 2 miles from Boston, and returned — *supped* — and retired early to rest, to prepare for the next day.

Monday Oct'r 22d

We got up very early, and sallied forth for the "Navy Yard" at Charleston, about 2 miles off — The old Porter at the Gate was very civil and gave us "permits" to walk round — we first went to see the Columbus 74 — which was housed and lying along side the Wharf — evidently kept merely for a shew⁷ — There was rather a fine Stone dock building, and this appeared all worth our notice — so we retraced our steps back to the Gate, and returned our tickets to the Porter who appeared not a little *surprised* as well as disgusted at our having spent so little time in seeing the "beauties of the Yard." We then bent our course towards Bunker's Hill, about a mile distant, where there is a Monument half finished to commemorate the Battle that took place there in 1775. We ascended the building as far as we could, and got a very good view from it of the Town, Harbour &c. After breakfast we went to the Capital, or more properly speaking "The State House" — which stands on rather rising ground, and *at a distance* looks very handsome and well, but on close inspection you find it is not *stone* but *wood*.⁸ Immediately opposite you on entering, stands a Statue of General Washington by Chantry,⁹ which the Yankees tell you cost 15,000 dollars — the figure is good, but the Pedestal very poor and mean — The Statue is placed under a kind of archway, near the Staircase, with iron railings in front, and the (would be *white*) stone floor is delightfully *variegated* with the *juice* of the Tobacco from the mouth of the illustrious Jonathons. From the extreme top, above the Dome, is a very fine Panoramic view of the Town, Harbour, Islands, and the whole of the surrounding country. We then took a few turns in the Town, and returned to the Tremont to a *late* dinner (near 4 o'clock.) After

⁶ George Manners, 1778–1853, founder and editor of "The Satirist or Monthly Monitor" London, 1807. British Consul in Boston from 1819 to 1839. Died at Coburg, Canada, 1853. *Dictionary of national biography*.

⁷ Built in Washington, 1819.

⁸ "The outside walls are of large patent bricks, with white marble fascias, imposts, and key-stones. The body of the building is of a Portland stone color." Bowen, p. 70.

⁹ "Cost, together with the pedestal and the temple in which it is placed, a little more than \$15,000." It was unveiled November 26, 1827. Bowen, p. 181–182. Sir Francis Legatt Chantry, 1718–1841, who was knighted in 1835, was the foremost English portrait sculptor of his time. "To give a list of Chantry's busts would be to catalogue the names of most of the distinguished men of his time." He was the founder of the Royal Academy fund still known as the Chantry Bequest. *D. N. B.*

dinner we went to the Tremont Theatre¹⁰ to see Miss Hughes¹¹ in Cinderella. It is a very pretty neat little Theatre, and well lighted up — the Scenery acting &c was good — and the House very full. We were obliged to leave before it was all over, as we were engaged to a Ball at Mrs *General* Summer's,¹² where about ½ past 8 we made our Début in Yankee Society, and enjoyed our evening very much indeed — we returned to the Tremont about 12 — packed up our baggage — had some supper — took leave of Deedes, & about ½ past 1 found ourselves in the Albany Mail, and such a strange conveyance as it was. The first part of our drive it was dark, however it did not signify as it was a very uninteresting part We breakfasted at *Worcester*, about 30 miles from Boston, and the drive from there to Northampton was thro' very beautiful wild country, and at intervals some very pretty views. We reached Northampton about ½ past 8, having done the 93 miles in 19 hours. The Town is beautifully situated about a mile from the Connecticut River. We were particularly fortunate in our day (Wednesday Oct'r 24) as it happened to be the Annual fair, & indeed the great day of the Year for all classes. We started directly after breakfast for a walk round the Town to see the Cattle, Fruit &c, and at last found our way, after mustering up all our courage, to the Lady's Bazaar. It was for the benefit of the Church to buy an Organ, so we felt ourselves in duty bound to purchase, and were beset immediately by all the young ladies with all kinds of articles — we bought some of their rubbish — saw all of the beauty and fashion of the place, and took our leave, as we had no time to spare. Just as we had got into the principle Street again, we heard *Marshall Music*, and were much delighted to see some "Riflemen" coming. We ran to meet them, and found they were the "Amherst Rifles" — very good for Militia — After an early dinner, we set off for Mount Holyoke — its heighth is said to be 1070 feet above the level of the river, and from the top there is a most beautiful and extensive view. The view of the Connecticut is most striking in one place — there is a bend in the river of nearly 4 miles in circuit and yet only 150 yards across the Isthmus. After taking a look on every side, we began to decend, and retrace our steps home again. In the Evening we attended a grand Concert of Sacred Music at

¹⁰ Occupied the site now covered by Tremont Temple. The cornerstone was laid on July 4, 1827, and the first performance was given on September 24th of the same year. Isaiah Rogers was the architect. "Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are," was the opening play. It was the third theatre in Boston, and the first in which operas were produced. Drake, Samuel Adams. *Old landmarks... of Boston*. Boston, 1873. p. 291 et seq.

¹¹ Miss Elizabeth Hughes was a popular vocalist who came to America from Covent Garden. Her last American appearance was at the Park Theatre, New York, May 29, 1833. After it, she returned to England to become Mrs. Fenwick. Ireland, Joseph N. *Records of the New York stage*. New York, 1866.

¹² Mrs. William Hyslop Sumner. Her husband was the son of Governor Increase Sumner. From 1818 to 1835 he was adjutant-general of the State of Maine with the rank of brigadier-general. The Sumner home was in Roxbury. *Appleton's Encyclopaedia of American biography*.

the Church and about 10 we retired to rest, having to be up at 3 for the Coach but very well pleased with our day altogether.

Thursday Oct'r 25th

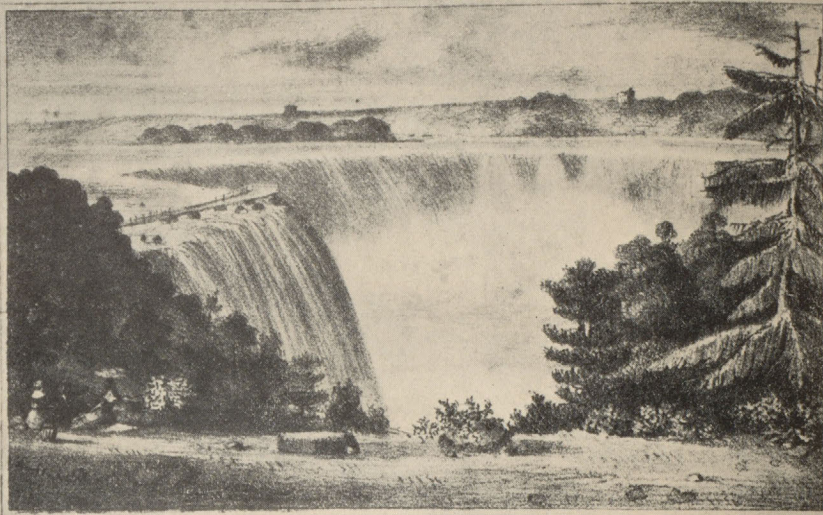
We left Northampton soon after 3 in the morning, and stopt to breakfast at Chesterfield, quite a village. The country from there to Pittsfield was nothing very striking, and too much sameness about it. We found ourselves at Pittsfield about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 having come 43 miles, and as we had much to see about there, we dined directly hired a "gig" with *four wheels*, & set off for the "Shaker Villages" — the first was very small, but the second at Niskayuna¹³ is much finer, containing about 700. The Shakers are the followers of Ann Lee, called by them, "Mother Ann" — a religious enthusiast, who was born in England prior to the Revolutionary War. The Marriage contract is dissolved on joining the Society — all private property is thrown in the *common* stock, and they profess to give up the love of ambition, wealth, or luxury. They dress very like Quakers, and their mode of Worship is, from which they derive their name of Shakers, a strange kind of dancing, accompanied with a monotonous sort of song. We went into one of their Meeting houses, which was a very fine large room, with nothing scarcely but one row of benches, and a row of hat pegs round it — I wished very much for a *Gallope*, for the floor was most beautifully polished — I must own I think them little of the *imposter* breed. We then drove on to Lebanon to see the hot Springs and returned to our Inn at Pittsfield — supped and went to bed.

Friday Oct'r 26'h

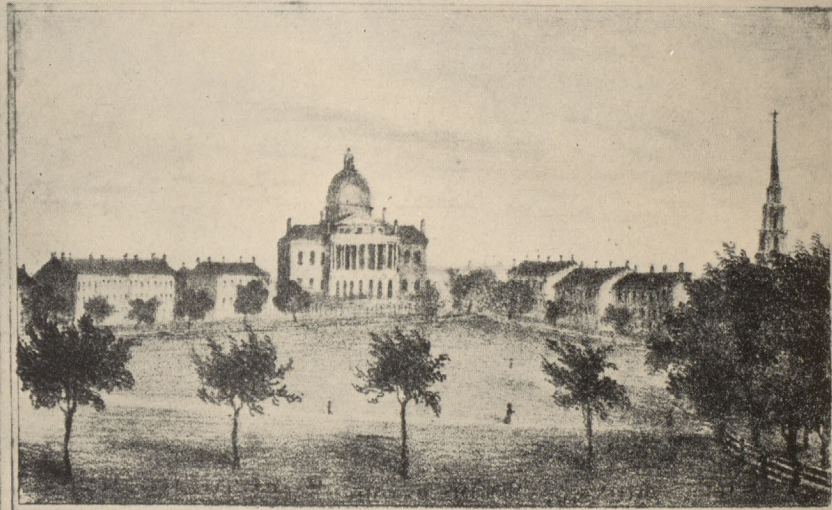
The next morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 we left per Coach for Albany — When we took our seats we observed a very pretty little girl of about 18 sitting in one corner, and a young man by her. We soon got into conversation, and found they were bound for Troy — however we had not gone many miles, when Fitz & I found, on comparing notes, that we were *both* dreadfully smitten with the little unknown beauty. We stopt to dine in Albany, and had intended remaining there for the

¹³ The whole tract of land in the upper Hudson valley first settled by Mother Ann Lee and her followers was called Niskayuna, but the name was abandoned, and the settlement called Watervliet in 1781. The first in the order of established communities of Shakerism was at New Lebanon near the Massachusetts line, in September, 1787. About the same time, the society at Watervliet was also organized. This was the oldest association of Shakers, but the second to be organized. Robinson, Charles Edson. *Concise history of the...Shakers*. East Canterbury, N. H., 1893.

"Niskeuna" in 1774 was a small town about ten miles NNW of Albany and spelled "Niskayuna" is still there, about forty miles from Pittsfield. Carr's Shaker villages were either the two in New Lebanon, or these and a small colony in Hancock, Berkshire co. The springs were at Lebanon Springs. For location of the Shaker Societies see: Evans, F. W. *Test of Divine Inspiration*. New Lebanon, 1853. p. 126.



Pendleton's Lith. Boston
NIAGARA FALLS



Pendleton's Lith. Boston
STATE HOUSE. BOSTON.

VIEWS MOUNTED IN LIEUT. CARR'S JOURNAL, 1832

night, but as the "fair unknown" was going on, we determined to join her party, and take a look at Albany on our way back — however when the Coach arrived we found it so full, that rather than crowd the dear thing, we sent our baggage, and started off to walk — 6 miles — We reached Troy about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 — walked about in hopes of meeting the Angel, but all to no purpose — She was lost forever. Troy is a tolerable Town on the banks of the Hudson, and with apparently a great deal of business going on. There was not much to be seen more than the Town, so we retired very early to rest, being very tired with our walk.

Saturday Oct'r 27'h

We started very early for "*Mount Ida*," a very pretty spot just behind the town, and from there went on to the Poestenkill Falls, on the Mohawk River, very small, but very pretty, and appeared to advantage, as they were the first we had seen.

We left Troy per Stage at 11 o'clock for Sandy Hill, where we arrived about 6 o'clock (50 miles) having passed through a very extraordinary wild, but fine country — and crossed the Canal¹⁴ at least 40 times. The Bridges are most strange looking things; they are all built of wood, covered in at the sides, & roofed, & look more like immense long *barns*, than bridges.

Sunday Oct'r 28'h

After Breakfast we went to Church, a tidy looking little building, & saw all the natives — after luncheon we started off on foot for Glenn's Falls on the Hudson, about 3 miles from Sandy Hill — the fall is about 37 feet over a rock of dark blue limestone, and has a magnificent appearance. The Caves below are extraordinary, having been cut by the rushing water for about 25 feet into the rock, and just large enough to admit a man. After this we walked about 3 miles further down the River to the "Baker's Falls" — which are pretty certainly but not to be compared to Glens. We then returned, had dinner, and left about 8 o'clock for Whitehall, however we only reached Fort Edward, (about 2 miles off) when the vehicle broke down, and we were forced to content ourselves with a *dirty bed between us*, and wait patiently till the morning for the Canal boat, which arrived about 4 o'clock and by that we reached Whitehall soon after 6 — breakfasted, took a ramble round the place, saw all there was to be seen, & at 1 o'clock embarked on board the Phoenix, Steamer, for St Johns. She was a very fine boat, and very well and comfortably fitted up. I was rather disappointed with Lake Champlain — the first 30 miles it is very narrow indeed, but at

¹⁴ The Champlain canal, connecting the Hudson with Lake Champlain.

Mount Independence it begins to widen a little — it is about 150 miles in Length and 15 in breadth, but the banks are generally very low and marshy. We arrived at St Johns at the head of the Lake about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 — breakfasted, and went on per Stage to La Prairie, and from thence per Steamer to Montreal where we landed about 3 in the Afternoon. Montreal is situated on the South side of the Island, which is about 30 miles in length, and 7 in breadth — about 70 miles in circumference, and the City extends for nearly 2 miles along the St Lawrence. We took the round of the Town, and went to see, the Catholic Church,¹⁵ which is a very fine building indeed in the centre of the Town — and Nelson's Monument¹⁶ near the Market Place. We luckily met Col: Mac Dougal of the 79'h Highlanders, who asked us to dine with him — he told us he was going to Quebec that evening by the Steamer, so we determined on joining him, and seeing Montreal on our return — accordingly at 9 oclock we left with the Colonel, and Temple of the 15 Regt: on the "John Molson" a magnificent boat in every way, for Quebec. About 10 oclock the next morning (Wednesday Oct'r 31st) we arrived at "Three Rivers"¹⁷ a small town at the Mouth of the St Maurice, which is the half way house: We went on Shore just to take a run, and see what the Town was like, when suddenly we heard the Steamboat bell ring — I saw her going off and immediately ran for the Wharf, and had just time to jump on board, but poor Fitz was too late, and the Captain would not stop one moment, so he was left behind poor fellow for the next conveyance. The scenery of the St Lawrence is very pretty and striking, the foreground generally being beautifully cultivated vallies, with the distant Mountains rising in the back. A few miles below Three Rivers, the Richelieu rapids commence, and the river becomes very narrow, but very deep & the current unbroken, except at the Shores. About 1 mile and $\frac{1}{2}$ from Quebec we passed Wolfe's Cove, where he landed his army to gain the heights of Abraham We landed at Quebec about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 having come the last 84 miles, under 6 hours — rather more than 14 miles per hour. We dined with the 24th Reg't and very early in the evening, I retired to my Hotel The Albion,¹⁸ as I had a very bad cold just coming on.

¹⁵ Completed in 1830, except for spires. For an excellent description of Montreal and its buildings contemporary with Lieutenant Carr's visit see: Fowler, Thomas. *The Journal of a tour through British America to the falls of Niagara*. Aberdeen, 1832. p. 118-129.

¹⁶ "I asked the reason why the figure was placed to front the north... This, he said, was the desire of those who conducted the erection of the monument; but... frequently gives offence... to sailors, for they say that the brave Admiral never turned his back either on sailors or on the water." *ibid.*, p. 123.

¹⁷ Three Rivers was the third town in the province, and half way between Quebec and Montreal. In 1832 it had about 550 houses and 3,500 inhabitants. The streets were narrow and unpaved. It was a trading point for goods of British manufacture, and the bark canoes used in northern exploration were made there. See: Boudette, Joseph. *A Topographical dictionary of the Province of Lower Canada*. London, 1832.

¹⁸ "The Albion Hotel, Palace Street, is the head inn of the city; terms ten dollars per week." Fowler, p. 263.

Thursday, Nov'r 1. — The next morning as it was wet and horrid, & I felt unwell and lonely, I devoted my morning to writing letters, and about 4 o'clock, as it had cleared up a little, I put on my greatcoat and sallied forth, to leave my name with His Excellency L'd Aylmer¹⁹ — took a quiet dinner at home and went to bed early.

Friday Nov'r 2'd — The morning being very wet again, I did not move out much, but dined at 6 with the 24'h — on my return to the Hotel, I was delighted to find Fitz had arrived by the Steamer — We had a long confab. and retired, to be up early.

Saturday Nov'r 3'd. We breakfasted at 7, and hired a Calèche, and started for the Falls of Montmorenci about 8 miles from Quebec. They are certainly magnificent, the fall is over a perpendicular precipice of 250 feet, and the breadth of the fall of Water about 100 feet. The view from the beach below is beautiful and almost as fine as from above. The summit of the fall is wooded, and the steep cliffs on each side form a most splendid sight. After having spent some hours here we *attempted* to get on to the Indian village of Lorette, but we found the road so frightfully bad, that our driver recommended our returning the way we came, which was at last agreed to. When we returned to Quebec, we walked up to the Citadel, which is on the highest part of Cape Diamond, to see Markham of the 32nd. We then walked with him to the Plains of Abraham, to see the spot where Wolfe fell. We then took a ramble through the Streets saw the "Jesuits' Monastery,"²⁰ used now for Barracks — the Roman Catholic Church, which is a very fine stone building, and has some very fine Pictures in it. As it was near six, we bent our steps to the Citadel again, and had a very pleasant dinner with the 32'd.

Sunday, Nov'r. 4 — We breakfasted at 9 o'clock with Markham, crossed the St Lawrence, and got some hacks at Point Levi, and rode off for the Chaudiere Falls, about 12 miles. It was a nasty wet horrid day, but we could not afford to lose it, and the roads in some places were very bad indeed. The Falls are certainly very fine — there is not so great a *body* of water perhaps as at Montmorenci, but the country around them is so magnificent — so perfectly

¹⁹ His excellency Mathew Whitworth Aylmer, Lord Aylmer of Balrath, Lieut.-General and Commander of all His Majesty's Forces in the Canadas. See: *Public documents relating to Lord Aylmer's administration of the government of Lower Canada*. 1836. Sabin 2519. Lord Aylmer was Governor-General, 1830-1835. *Oxford encyclopedia of Canadian history*.

²⁰ A stone building in the west side of the market place in the upper town between Fabrique and St. Anne Streets. The monastery, founded in 1635 was said to be the first institution on the continent of North America for the education of young men. Fowler, p. 64, 65.

wild and natural — in the midst of a wild forest. After a long wet ride home, (in which my gallant steed, Bobby, crowned himself with honor and glory,) we reached the Albion Hotel about $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6, and found a very polite invitation from L'd Aylmer to dine with him the following day. We dined with the 32'd and left them about 11 o'clock.

Monday Nov'r 5th — We breakfasted with Markham, and then went into the Town to look for some Barkwork and Mocassins, and take a survey of the "Lower Town" which was soon done, as there is nothing particularly well worth seeing but the Exchange reading room,²¹ which is a fine building, and our time was precious, as we were to be at the Citadel again by 3 o'clock to see the 32d on Parade, and a very nice clean body of men they are. We then walked about till it was time to go and dress for Aylmers party. at 5 minutes before 6 we left the Albion — the Dinner hour was 6 *precisely*, & it was just 2 minutes after the hour by the Hall clock when we reached the house, and to our *horror* and surprise we found the party actually sitting down to Dinner, and the soup finished, when we were ushered in. We did not know either of the *Heads* of the House, but I luckily found a place next to Doyle of the 24th — the A. D. C. and Fitz Herbert got next to Mackinnon of the Guards. Lord Aylmer never opened his mouth scarcely all dinner time except to eat & drink, and her Ladyship never *ceased* talking. The Bottles passed round 3 times after Lady Aylmer left the room, and then the stoppers were put in, and my Lord got up, which was a *hint* to us of course, that we had had Wine enough. The evening was very stupid, so we made our excuses, and took our departure, as we intended leaving by the Steamer that night for Montreal — After a cigar & a glass of Brandy and water, we called at the Hotel for our things, paid our bill, and started for the Steamboat Wharf, with Markham & Weir of the 32'd who were going down as far as Three Rivers. The Boat left the Wharf about 1 o'clock, and when we 'woke in the Morning we had the pleasure of finding ourselves "hard and fast" aground about 50 miles from Three Rivers, with no chance of getting off for the next 12 hours, so we breakfasted, got the boat and went ashore for a ramble till about 3 in the Afternoon. We got off during the evening, & soon after there came on such a tremendous thick snow Storm, that we were obliged to anchor till the morning, and it was 12 o'clock before we landed at Three Rivers. We intended that afternoon to go off to the Falls of Shawinninegam, some miles up the St Maurice river, but found upon enquiry

²¹ "The Quebec bank occupies a lofty building...having two fronts...which also contains the Quebec library. The library contains the most valuable collection of books...in the province, and is immediately supplied with the new works as they are published." Bouchette, Joseph. *The British dominions in North America*. London, 1832. v. 1, p. 256.

that it would be utterly impossible to get there at that time of the year, so we were obliged to give up the plan. Fitz & I went about the Town to get some of the Canadian Moose hair work, and met an old Gentleman, a Mr Bell, a friend of Markham's, who is the *great man* of the Place, and he insisted on our all dining with him, so at 6 we all went — the party was, Mrs & Miss, the old Gentleman & his Son, and Cap't Hanson of the 71st and a very comfortable dinner we had. We left about 11 — and then nothing would content young Mr Bell, but having his Sleigh out, and our all taking a drive, which we did till we heard that our Steamer was coming, and we had just time to order our things down, wish our friends Good bye, and get on board "the Hercules for Montreal.

Thursday Nov'r 8th — About 9 oclock we stopped to take in wood at "William Henry" a small town on the River Sorel, but there was not much to be seen, but a rather handsome church — We arrived at Montreal about 8 oclock that evening and took up our Quarters at the British American Hotel, a very comfortable house

Friday, Nov'r 9th Soon after Breakfast a Mr Forsyth, (to whom we had a letter of introduction) called upon us, and asked us to dinner, and very kindly offered us both Horses, but as we had a few places to call at in the Town we kept on our feet. The Town of Montreal is generally speaking bad, the streets being very narrow, but some of the buildings are very fine. The Catholic Church is a magnificent building, & is reported to hold 10,000 people. There is a Monument to Nelson stand'g in the Market place, but is a poor looking object. We were very anxious to gain admittance into one of the Nunneries, but we could not succeed — they do not admit *Bachelor's*, and I could not persuade them that I was a quiet Married Man. We had a very pleasant party at dinner, and the old gentleman told us that the Fox hounds were to meet near the next morning, & that there were two horses in his stable very much at our service, so we accepted his kind offer, and wished him good night.

Saturday Nov'r 10'h. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 we started to meet the Hounds at Tannery Hill, about 3 miles off, but the morning was so bad and the *snow so deep*, that they never arrived, so we took a very nice ride 'round the Mountain, where you get a beautiful view of the St Lawrence, and the surrounding country. We walked about afterwards, and then dressed and went to dine with a Mr Bingham who married a very pretty little conceited Canadian. It was a Gentleman party, but the Lady appeared in the Evening, and certainly looked very pretty.

Sunday Nov'r 11'h. After Mass, we called on Mrs Caldwell, where we sat some time, and at six oclock we found ourselves at the 15th's Mess with Colonel Macdougall of the 79th.

Monday Nov'r 12th — We left Montreal per Stage very early for Lachine only 7 miles, where we found a Steamer ready to carry us on to The Cascades, which were at the Mouth of the Ottawa river, or rather where it flows into the St Lawrence. From there we "Staged" it for 16 miles of most fearfully bad road, to Coteau du Lac: During our drive we made acquaintance with a Clergyman & his Wife, a Mr & Mrs Hopwood. He had just come out from England as a Missionary and was going to some place on Lake Erie. From all being English people, of course we soon became acquainted and we determined to keep in company as long as our roads would allow us. They had a young lady friend with them and one baby. From Coteau du Lac, which we reached after a great deal of jolting & knocking about, we Steamed from there to Cornwall, a small Town, only 4 miles, where we arrived about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 at night, but remained for the rest of the night on board, as our conveyence was not to leave till 6 the next morning

Tuesday, Novr 13th — Soon after the hour appointed, we left Cornwall with our friends, and travelled per Stage, over the very worst, and most dreary road I ever wish to see, for about 10 miles when we stopped at a Tavern to change horses. We were just ready to start again, when the "Driver" — "*guessed he had lost a trunk*" — we *all* got out immediately, to examine the contents of the boot, when to my horror, I found my Portmanteau was absent without leave. I thought it no use to proceed any further, till I recovered it, so we determined, on returning to Cornwall with a man who happened to be there at the time, in his waggon, and to make all enquiries at least to try and recover my little *all*. The bargain was struck for two Dollars. We had been detained so long on the road and the travelling was so dreadfully bad, that at a very small village, Millrush, we found our horses were completely knocked up, so we thought it better to sleep there, and get on the first thing in the morning, which we did.

Wednesday Nov'r 14th — Rather before 5 oclock we started, and got to Cornwall at 6 — but could get no tidings of the Portmanteau. The man who had packed the Coach remembered it being put in, & nothing else could be heard of it. At last, as a last hope, we had some handbills printed with 4 dollars reward, and had made up our minds to *walk* back to Mr Mann's Hotel (where we had left the rest of our things) and distribute the handbills along the road. About a mile from Cornwall, I saw a small Public house by the roadside, and on going in with my "bill" what should I see in the corner of the room but the lost Portman-

teau! It had been picked out of the mud in the middle of the road by two men passing and taken in there to be claimed. We were too happy to pay the 4 dollars, and *shouldered* the Portmanteau and off we set in great glee for Mr Manns, which we reached about 4 that afternoon, where we dined & slept, and the next morning Thursday Nov'r 15'h about 8 oclock we left per *Stage Waggon*, a most *frightful* style of conveyance with 10 inside besides ourselves and the Driver, and baggage! We travelled about 14 miles in this state, and then declared we would go no longer in that vehicle, but would take an "*Extra*" as the Yankees please to call it, unless the Proprietor found a proper Coach for us, which *at last* they did, but Good heavens, what a vehicle it was. One spring had been broken, and a large *tree* placed under the Coach, and the body resting upon it, by way of a support, in place of the fractured spring — however we all got *in* and *out*, and travelled along very well till within about 5 miles of Prescott, when off came one of the hind-wheels, and not *over*, but *down* we went. It was such a complete fracture that Fitz & myself determined on walking on — the rest of the Party waiting at a wretched little house, till a waggon could be got to take them and the baggage on, & when they arrived at Prescott at 11 oclock, we had been there some hours, had our Tea, — had told all our misfortunes to the Hopwoods who we met there, arranged all our plans for the next day, and thinking of retiring to rest.

Friday Nov'r 16'h. We breakfasted about 8 oclock, & took the "Caroline" Steamboat²² from Ogdensburgh, a Yankee Town on the opposite side of the River, which left about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9. She was a very small horrid boat and no accommodation at all on board, and we were very much crowded. At Brockville, a few miles down, a very small place, and then proceeded, but at French Creek, about 10 oclock that night, we had such a tremendous thunder storm, that the Captain determined on bringing up for the night — there were *no* beds on board, so we had nothing left us, but a dirty little horrid Public house — we enquired for a bed and were shewn up stairs into a most filthy looking apartment, with *two* beds in it — of course we concluded there was one for each, and were just going to draw lots when we found by a very loud snore, that one was *already* occupied, so we accordingly turned into the other — and had not been there very long, when we heard *another* customer arrive, who was to sleep with our unknown companion in the other bed — We were sadly afraid they would send a *third* to our bed, but luckily the night passed off, without any further annoyances —

²² "The [Canadian] loyalists... on the morning of Saturday the 30th, soon after midnight, took possession of the Caroline... attacked the men on board, set fire to the vessel, turned her adrift in the rapids, and sent her blazing down the falls of Niagara." Hone, Philip. *Diary*, January 4, 1838. See: *Trial of Alexander M'Leod for the murder of Amos Durfee; and as an accomplice in the burning of the Steamer Caroline...* New York, 1841.

Sat: Nov'r 19th — At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 we were awoke, and immediately dressed, and got on board our vessel again, where we found some of the wretched Passengers half asleep there on the deck — We left about 6 and arrived at Kingston about 11. The Town of Kingston looks very well indeed from the water as you approach with the Dock yard, Fort &c — but there is a great want of *high* background. We took up our quarters at Myer's Hotel and having dressed, we sallied forth to see the Town, and very luckily met an Old Etonian who was in the 66'h quartered there. He shewed us all the *Lions*, & we then started for the Artillery Barracks, to deliver a letter to Mrs Michell, the wife of the Colonel of Artillery there. The ladies were all at home, and we were ushr'd in, in due form and introduced. The young ladies are very good natured, but *strange* girls, rather like the *Artillery girls in general!!* We sat there for some time, but as we had to go to the Dock Yard, we left as soon as there was a break in the conversation, but not before we had been invited to drink tea there in the Evening. We saw *all* the little there was to see in the Dock Yard, and then returned to the Barracks for some Luncheon. After that we went to Call on Col: & Mrs Light (Emigrants) to whom we were presented, and introduced to the Daughter a *rather* pretty but *very* conceited young lady. After a short walk with them, we went to our Hotel, dressed and dined at the Fort with the 66th and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 we set off for our Tea party at the Michells We danced, talked, &c and spent altogether a very pleasant evening. The eldest (Jane) was engaged to a Captain Wingfield of the 66'h but such an idiot as he appeared to be, I never met — he never opened his lips to her the whole evening, or indeed to a soul in the room but stood by the door, with his eyes fixed upon her, I conclude, struck dumb with admiration.

The next day (Sunday Nov'r 18'h) was a nasty, wet, horrid day, so that we could scarcely move out — We only called on the Michells to wish them Good bye, and drove up to the Fort at 6 oclock for dinner. I was very unwell all the Evening, and was obliged to call in "Old Parrot" the Staff Asst Surgeon, who gave me a little "cordial", and I retired to rest early.

Monday Novr 19th The next morning when I woke I found myself considerably better, and still *more so*, on going down to Breakfast at meeting Deedes who was on his way from New York to Montreal to try and meet us. Unfortunate he had *come* the very road we *were going*, so that we could not even then join parties, but were obliged to pursue, each his own course, in hopes of meeting in about 3 weeks at New York About 12 oclock we left Kingston on the "United Kingdom" to cross the Lake Ontario, to Toronto and Niagara. We were delighted to meet our friends the Hopwoods again on board, who had been detained a day or two at Prescott. About 6 oclock it was blowing so very warm and there

was such a "Sea" running on the Lake, that the Captain thought it more prudent to anchor till daylight, so accordingly we took up a position behind "Ducks Island" a very small island just off the Isle of Amherst — here we lay all night, and the *next day* too, for the Captain still *maintained* that the wind was too high for him. It was a very fine vessel the United Kingdom, and certainly beautifully and most comfortably fitted up, but merely built for a *river*, and a true Yankee "High pressure" — however about 8 o'clock in the evening we *did* make a start, as the night was fine and starlight, but we could see little of the beauty of Lake, and the next morning

Wed: Nov'r 21st when we got up, it was such a thick nasty day that every thing was quite lost, but it is certainly a magnificent Lake — its length is 175 miles, and its greatest breadth about 45. and in many places its depth has not been found out — 350 fathoms not finding bottom. About $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 that evening we saw the Toronto lights, and in about an hour afterwards, after a great deal of noise and *bungling*, we managed to bring up at the Wharf. We landed and walked about the Town, but it was too late to see any thing, so we soon returned, had tea, and went to Bed, to be up early the next morning.

Thurs: Nov'r 22'd We breakfasted at 8 o'clock, and then left our Ship, first to look round the Town, (which appeared a very clean, comfortable place, but quite in its' infancy), and after that to leave some letters, one for Colonel Rowan, and one for the Bishop,²³ from the Bishop of Nova Scotia. We were admitted at the "Palace" and such a *quaint* looking little man I never saw before — He had not the least idea who we were evidently, nor could we make him understand, more than that we were Officers travelling, and all we could do we could not persuade him to *read* the letter we had brought, which would have explained everything. No! he preferred remaining in the dark. He very kindly offered us *breakfast* (it was about 11 o'clock), but as we saw nothing on the table but 8 *pieces of dry toast*, a small meal for two hungry fellows in rude health, we thanked him and refused, and soon after took our departure — The Bishop knowing as much of us the *first* moment as the last. We then saw the Barracks, Government House — the College — and new Market place, but they are none of them buildings of any size or magnificence. The Market place *will* be good when finished. About $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 we left the wharf, and at 4 we landed at "Fort George" at the entrance of the Niagara River into the Lake.

²³ John Strachan, first Bishop of Toronto, 1778–1867. Strachan, born in Aberdeen, Scotland, came to Canada in 1799. First a schoolmaster and later a clergyman, he was one of the dominant men in the political, educational, and religious affairs of Upper Canada. At the time of Carr's visit he was Archdeacon, and did not become Bishop until 1839. See: Robertson, Thomas B. *The fighting bishop*... Ottawa, 1926.

There is a small Detachment in the Fort, which is a poor miserable looking place, but I think quite as good as the Yankee Fort, Fort Niagara on the other side of the River, for ours *still* looks like a Fort, whereas, theirs is patched and whitewashed. About 8 o'clock the Steamer left Fort George for Queenston, about 7 miles up the River — here we remained all night and slept on board.

Friday Nov'r 23'd As soon as it was light, we started off to the Hotel to order breakfast, and while that was preparing, we went up the Hill to "Brock's Monument"²⁴ a fine stone pillar to the Memory of Sir Isaac Brock who fell in the action on the 13th October 1812. We breakfasted at the "Crown Hotel", and Fitz Herbert was quite delighted at finding that the woman that waited on us, was a native of *Derby*, his own Town, and had only been in the Country a very short time. We left our Portmanteaus to be forwarded by the Stage — crossed the Ferry to a small Town opposite ("Lewiston) and enjoyed a most beautiful walk along the banks of the River for about 7 miles, till we came to "The Devils Hole" which they *say* is a "terrific whirlpool" — but that day he would not whirl, so we proceeded by the side of the rapids, along the magnificent perpendicular, wild wooded banks, till, on a sudden bend in the river, we saw a huge sheet of water tumbling and rolling down, to our left, and a few steps further, and the whole fall was visible — the Horse shoe — American, Goat Island &c. At first sight I certainly never laughed so much at any thing in my life before — neither surprised or disappointed exactly what I had expected, & seen in drawings fifty times. After a few remarks, we trotted on merrily, being at the time, about a mile & a half from them. As we drew near, my feelings certainly changed most prodigiously, for when you get quite close to them, they do exceed anything one can imagine, and it is quite impossible to give any idea of their wonderful grandeur, and magnificence. After an imperfect general survey, we thought of our baggage, as it was getting late, so we crossed at the Ferry, and walked to Forsyth's Hotel on the English side — found our things, and had them conveyed to "*General*" Whitney's Hotel²⁵ on the Yankee side — as we were tired with our walk, we dined, and turned in early, mutually agreeing that we were very much delighted with all we had seen, although we *had* laughed at first sight.

²⁴ "The base is of a square form, and contains a lobby which is occupied by the keeper as a bar-room... The height is one hundred and thirty-five feet, and the whole building is hewn stone." Fowler, p. 210.

²⁵ "Gen. Whitney, at the Eagle, on the U. S. side, is a veteran here, and well known all over the country, having kept this place, I believe, for twenty years or more. He occupies also the Cataract House... and can accommodate nearly one hundred permanent guests." He had a son and three daughters. "Three Sisters" islands were named for the latter. "The bridges across the rapids connecting Goat Island with the main shore... were erected in 1818 by Gen. Whitney and Mr. Gad Pierce." Ingraham, Joseph Wentworth. *A Manual for the use of visitors to the falls of Niagara*. Buffalo, 1834. p. 19, 56-58.

Saturday Nov'r 24'h We breakfasted very early, and sallied forth, first to Goat Island, which divides the Horse Shoe & American Falls. From one side there is a small sort of *bridge* to the Terrapin rocks, which quite overhangs the Fall, and the sensation, when you get to the end is something quite horrid — you feel as tho' nothing could save you, but that you *must* go over, bridge and all. We then went below, to the foot of the Yankee fall, and in a moment we were like drowned rats — completely wet to the skin from the spray, but nothing daunted, we made an attempt to get behind the fall, under the rocks, but it proved too much for us — so we reascended the staircase, and found ourselves again in Goat Island — from there we crossed a fallen tree into another smaller island, but there was nothing to be seen but a fine view of the Rapids above. We were then so wet that we retraced our steps to the "General's" — changed our things and had luncheon. After that was over, we crossed the Ferry to the English side, to go under the Horseshoe Falls, which is considered no little undertaking. At the "Table Rock House" we were ordered to **drop* our own clothes and put on some oilskin concerns that are kept for the purpose, and thus clad, and our hearts hardened, down we ran, *followed* by the astonished Guide — after *two* attempts we got through the spray at the entrance, which is generally the sticking point, and where most people get frightened, as it completely takes all power of breathing away for the moment — but once past that, on we went, past the Sulphur Spring, and soon came to what we found was "Termination Rock". When the guide *found us* there, (for we had seen nothing of him since we left the House), he thought us quite mad, I believe, for we were standing there laughing and bellowing, but really the extraordinary effect it has upon one's feeling is not to be discribed. We remained behind for some time, and then went below, over the rocks, quite into the foam, where the sight of the fall was magnificent — it appeared as though it *must* come over one. We then scampered back to the Rock House, where we found our Guide, who appeared rather disgusted with us for having "gone before him and staid behind him" — but that did not matter — he was obliged to pay us the compliment of saying — "we were most *extraordinary* gentlemen, for that all others had come out, cold and half starved who had not remained in one half the time we had" — whereas we were in a most *perfect glow*.²⁶ We changed to our own things again, got our

* Drop the Yankee for "*to change*"

²⁶ "Mr. Forsyth now informed us, that we were the thirty-sixth couple... this year... and said, 'I can pay you this compliment, that you two [a Mr. Arnold and Fowler] have gone the most fearless of any I have conducted this season.'"

The certificates mentioned in the next sentence were issued by Forsyth and read as follows:

"This may Certify that — — has passed with me beneath the Table Rock, and behind the Great Falling Sheet, under the Falls of NIAGARA, to 'Termination Rock.'

"Given under my hand, at the Office of the General Register of Visitors, at the Table Rock, this — day of —, 183—. (Signed) Collingwood Forsyth, G.N.F." Fowler, p. 214-226.

certificates — paid our Dollars — and returned to our Hotel, for dinner — having seen the Falls in each and every quarter — from above and below, from inside and outside, and certainly the only conclusion to come to, is, that, the *whole sight* is without exception, one of the most wonderful and truly magnificent things one can possibly form any idea of, and fully repays any one, for a six weeks passage across the Atlantic, — for all the disgusting impertinence of the Yankees — and for being spit over, and insulted, and your temper most powerfully put to the test, every hour of the day.

Sunday Nov'r 25th. We took a "last fond look" at the Falls before breakfast, and about 11 — we wished the "General" and his daughter, "*Miss Sassenath Whitney*" good bye, and left per stage for Buffalo — 23 miles — The roads were most dreadfull, & it was 6 oclock before we got there We passed through Tonnawonta (Little River) the only place on the road, but of no note. We supped at Buffalo, and persued our journey about 9. There was a great deal of snow on the ground, and the travelling was consequently very bad. We reached Canandaigua about 7 the following morning (Monday Novr 26) having passed during the night through, Batavia, Le Roy, Caledonia, Avon, & Bloomfield all small places, but Batavia which I believe is a rather fine Town. We remained at Canandaigua and were very much delighted with its beautiful scenery and the Lake. We had not time to see the burning springs as they were some distance off. At 4 oclock the next morning, (Tues. Nov'r 27) we left, and breakfasted at *Geneva*, (15 miles) a most perfect village on Seneca Lake — as pretty a place as I have yet seen. We then proceeded, and passed through Waterloo, over the bridge at Cayuga Lake, which is built of wood, and is 1 mile and a furlong in length — to Auburn — a large handsome village on the Owasco creek, where we had dinner — then through Skaneateles, Marcellus, Onondaga, Jamesville, Manlius, Chitteningo, Quality Hill, Lenox, Oneida, Vernon, Manchester, New Hartford, all more or less small places, to Utica, where we arrived about 4 oclock, on the afternoon of Wednesday Nov'r 28th While dinner was preparing we promenaded the High Street, which was very good — the town in a bustle, and all quite "the City" We went to bed early, being rather tired after 36 hours jolting without intermission, the average pace having been not *more* than 3 miles per hour. During our drive from Auburn, we had been very much amused by a General Swift²⁷ a Yankee, who was arguing the point about the Southern States with a brother Yankee, evidently very different in politics to

²⁷ Brevet Brigadier General Joseph Gardiner Swift, 1783-1865. From 1829 to 1845 General Swift was civil engineer in port service in charge of harbor improvements on the Great Lakes. He was "almost, perhaps quite, the first American engineer of distinction whose training was acquired wholly in the United States." *Dictionary of American biography*.

the General. At last, it was supposed by the *Southern* man, that *England* would interfere and take part with the South, on which the old General became quite bloodthirsty, and said he would in that case, *serve without pay or profit*. At last he worked himself up into a perfect frenzy and exclaimed — “Let but *England* place her little finger on the South, then will the whole North be unanimous.”!!! We did not know what was to become of *us*, for I believe the general feeling of all *true* Yankees is hatred to *England* & Englishmen.

Thursday Nov'r 29th Soon after 8 oc'k we breakfasted, and then set off on two elegant chargers for the Trenton Falls (15 miles) on West Canada creek. We got there about 11 — having had a very pretty ride — * *hitched* our horses in the stable, and started to walk to the falls. They are of course not to be compared to Niagara, but still very very pretty — we walked up about 3 miles by the side of them, and the different changes in the falls & scenery is very fine. There is a melancholy story attached to one part — a young Lady from New York, with her “true Love” — were walking there one evening, when she made a false step, fell into rapids, and was drowned! Some say, the Gentleman gave her a “push” — but that is a matter which cannot well be proved. We returned back to Utica, by another road, dined, and walked about till our coach was to start — About ½ past 11. I certainly think Mr Shepperds “Canal Hotel” beats any we have seen yet, for comfort, civility, attendance, and every thing else. The Waiters (*Niggers*) say “Sir” — they anticipate your wishes. “Boots” does his duty — the hostler hoped we were well carried and provided us each with elegant “*canes*” * — The Host apologized for the supper, but *hinted* that we were rather after our appointed time (only 3 *quarters of an hour*) The Chambermaid was anxious to please, and asked no impertinent questions, or gave any impertinent answers — altogether they *gave* their civility cheaper, than others would *sell* their vile impertinence! We left per stage about 12 at night, and arrived on Friday Nov'r 30'h about ½ past 6 in the Afternoon at Schenectady, a rather fine Town on the Mohawk river. We passed through two or three places, Herkimer, Canajoharie, and Caughnawaga, but we could not see much of them. We slept at Schenectady and left the next m'ing Saturday Dec'r 1st per railroad²⁸ for Albany (28 miles) where we arrived at 12 — Albany is a fine City, and the Capitol of the State of New York, on the Hudson — It was settled by the Dutch in 1612 and is considered one of the oldest Cities in the Union.²⁹

* *Hitch*, is the Yankee for “to tie up”

* A “*cane*” is the Yankee for a “*riding Whip*”

²⁸ The Mohawk and Hudson Railway. “In this year [1830], the first railway stock (Mohawk and Hudson) was placed upon the list of the New York Stock and Exchange Board.” Stokes, I. N. Phelps. *The Iconography of Manhattan island*. v. 5, p. 1688.

²⁹ French trading post, 1540. First Dutch traders, 1614. First Dutch settlers, 1624.

The Capital — Academy, & State House are fine buildings — and the Town is very clean. We had some dinner & left per Steamer at 7 o'clock for Catskill, which we reached about 10 — took a *Coach* to the Village, and went to bed.

Sunday Decr 2. By 8 o'clock we were up, and had breakfasted, as we were anxious to have a long day up the Mountains. We mounted our hacks (and hacks indeed they were) & rode off the 7 miles to the foot of the Mountains. We then dismounted & walked, and I think this was one of the most interesting days of our whole tour. The Mountains are most magnificent — their height about 3,800 ft above the Hudson. The view from the Top is both extensive & beautiful. The Mountains of Vermont in one direction, and Taghkanick in the other, with the Splendid Hudson just below you, bending its course through a very fine country. After *admiring*, we ran off thro' the forest to the Catskill Falls, about 2 miles off, and very pretty they are, although but small, compared to what we had seen so lately. They appeared to advantage to us, from the quantity of Ice & Icecles about them, which gave them a very strange appearance. We returned to the Chateau — got our Horses, and bent our steps homewards, very much delighted indeed with our day. About 8 that evening the "Constitution"³⁰ hove in sight, so we got on board, and to our dismay we found 300 people on board, and only 80 berths! however we managed to get a kind of "*shake down*" and being very tired and *not very particular*, we slept very sound till morning

Monday Decr 3. We were up as soon as light to see the country, and luckily it was light during the most interesting — We saw West Point, the "*Sandhurst*" of America. It is a fine building, situated on the west side of the Hudson. The number of Cadets admitted is 250, sons of deceased officers — from the age of 14 to 22.³¹ We then passed Anthony's Nose, Stoney Point, Sing Sing, Fort Washington, Wehawken and about 4 — found ourselves at the Long Wharf, at New York — We went to the City Hotel,³² where we found Deedes — dined together, and took a walk in Broadway *the Mall* of the City. It is a *fine* Town certainly, but not *so* fine as the Yankees would wish you to fancy. They "*calculate*" that Regent Street is not to be compared to Broadway, whereas, I really think *Bond* Street is equal, if not superior. But they are a most conceited set of

³⁰ The *Constitution*, Captain Hoyt, was one of nine steamboats operated by the Hudson River Line between New York and Albany. See: Williams, Edwin. *New York as it is*. New York, 1833.

³¹ The "sons of deceased officers" must have been a rumor. There were, under the Act of April 29, 1812, to be not more than 250 cadets, not under 14 nor more than 21, appointed by the President, who were "well versed in reading, writing, and arithmetic." See: Boynton, Edward Carlisle. *Guide to West Point*. . . New York, 1867.

³² Almost all accounts of New York in the 1830's mention the City Hotel — its comfort, popularity, food and drink, distinguished guests, etc. It was on Broadway, between Cedar and Thames Streets.

beasts. We went to the Park Theatre in the Evening³³ — a pretty neat little building.

Tuesday: Decr 4th: We were just getting up about ½ past 9, when our friend Rupert Cockran,³⁴ sent to ask us to dinner — and that he would call to shew us all the Lions. We walked every where, and saw everything. The Battery, Castle Garden, City Hall, Merchants Exchange, Atheneum &c and were very much delighted with the “*flash*” dresses of the Ladies — Pink satin, bonnets & feathers, and boots to match of the same material, at 10 o'clock in the morning walking in Broadway! and they I believe were *as* amused at our walking “*arm in arm*” — for that is what Yankees *never do*. Even at a *Ball*, after Dancing, “*Genuine*” Yankee ladies will not take your arm: it is thought incorrect. We had a most comfortable dinner with Cockran — all English men — and it was rather *late*, or *early*, before we got back to our Hotel. As our time was precious, we thought we had better go on to Washington at once, and stay at New York on our way back, so, the next morning at 7 o'clock —

Wed: Dec'r 5 — We left per steamer for Trenton, and the following day, on down the Delaware river to Philadelphia, which is a very nice looking Town indeed, but built in a most extraordinary way — all the Streets running at right angles. It is the Capitol of Pennsylvania, & stands on the Bank of the Delaware. We found Fanny Kemble here, so in the Evening, after we had lionized the Town we went to the Bowery Theatre in Chestnut Street, to see King John — (Lady Constance by Fanny Kemble.)³⁵

Thursday Dec'r 6th We left Early for Baltimore, but as we were anxious to get on to Washington, we would not stop there, till our return, so took the coach direct and got over the 38 miles in very good style — the only *English Stage Coach* I have seen in this country, and goes a very *tolerable* pace. We arrived about ½ past 8 in the “*would be*” City of Washington, the intended seat of Government, and great place of the Union, but as yet it makes but a poor shew. If the City *is ever built* according to the *plan* it will be very fine indeed. It is situated on the Banks of the Potomac. The Capitol stands high, & well, and

³³ “The Tragedy of Metamora” with Mr. Forrest in the title role, followed by the Misses Wheatley in a *pas des deux*, and the comedy “Jonathon in England.” *Evening Post*, New York, December 3, 1832.

³⁴ Rupert J. Cochran, merchant, of 21 Broad Street, whose home was at 68 Greenwich Street. Cochran was a friend of Hone's and is mentioned frequently in his diary.

³⁵ “Wednesday, December 5th...at half-past five, went to the theatre. The play was *Romeo and Juliet*; the house not good.” [Kemble, Fannie] Frances Anne Butler. *Journal*. Philadelphia, 1835. v. 2, p. 25. The house was called “The Chestnut Street Theatre.” It was on Chestnut Street, near Sixth, and seated about 2,000 persons. It was designed by William Strickland and built in 1822. *Philadelphia in 1830-1*. Philadelphia, 1830.

with the Presidents House, Post Office, & Navy Yard, are the only buildings worth seeing. We went all over the Capitol, and it is certainly a handsome building. In the Rotunda, there are some strange old figures, commemorating different events in the Early history of the Country.

"The contest between Daniel Boone an early settler in one of the Western States, and an Indian Chief."

"The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1610."

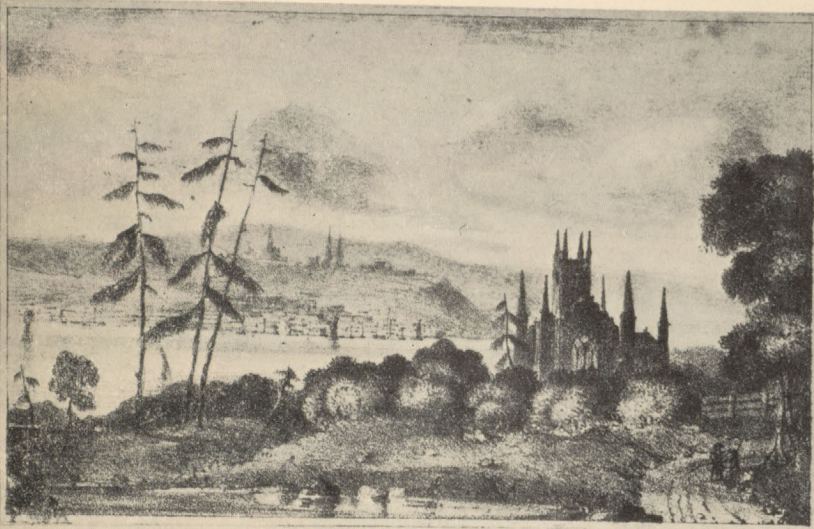
"William Penn and two Indian Chiefs in a treaty near Philadelphia in 1682" —

"The narrow escape in 1606 of Capt Smith the first successful adventurer in Virginia, from the War Club of King Powhatan, by his daughter Pocahontas, who is in the attitude of supplicating the mercy of her Father in behalf of the intended victim".³⁶ There are also some large pictures³⁷ of different actions, and one of Burgoynes surrender at Sarratoga, in 1777 which the Yankees are *particularly* fond of pointing out to all English visitors, and I believe expect you to *cry* at the sight of it. But it had far from that effect upon us, much to the surprise of the "*Shew-man*" who found out, or rather "*guessed*" we were "British Officers". We then went to the Navy Yard, & were shewn some twenty large Guns with "The G. R. & Broad arrow" upon them, that had been taken from some ship, which the Yankees seemed to set particular value on — for they had two sentries over them, and we were not allowed to touch them. There was a monument near the Gate to the Memory of some American Officers who fell in the Tripolitan War. We then went to the Presidents house, but were only allowed to see the State rooms, which were nothing in particular, except that there was a "*spitting box*" in every corner of each room, besides all the passages! We did not see the President, as he was sick, but Deedes *thought he did*, and very nearly got us into a scrape — in going up to dine at Bankheads,³⁸ who is English Ambassador there, we saw a poor old man in an old soldiers coat *breaking stones* by the road side, and what should Deedes do, but stop a Yankee who was passing, and very politely ask him, "*Whether that was General Jackson,*" pointing to the old man! We had to run for our lives, and succeeding in getting to Bankheads before they could find out who we were, we had a very comfortable dinner and left about 12 for our Hotel.

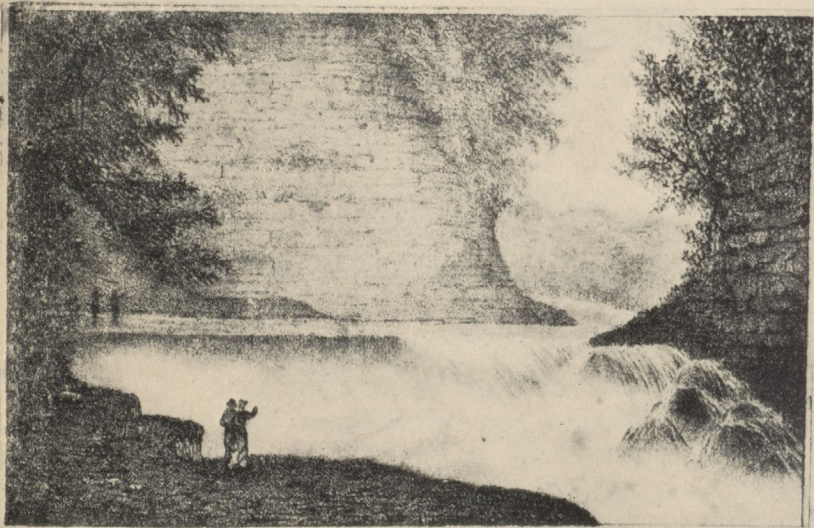
³⁶ "Captain Smith," by Capellano; the "Pilgrims" and "Boone" by Causici; "Penn," by Gevelot. For complete description see: Elliot, William. *The Washington guide*. Washington City, 1837. p. 61-68.

³⁷ By Colonel John Trumbull. *ibid.*, p. 68-91. See also: Dunlap, William. *History of the arts of design*. . . New York, 1834.

³⁸ Charles Bankhead, British Secretary of Legation. Bankhead was a close friend of Philip Hone's, and on September 7, 1832 (see Hone's entry for that date), was at Hone's for a dinner given to the Kembles.

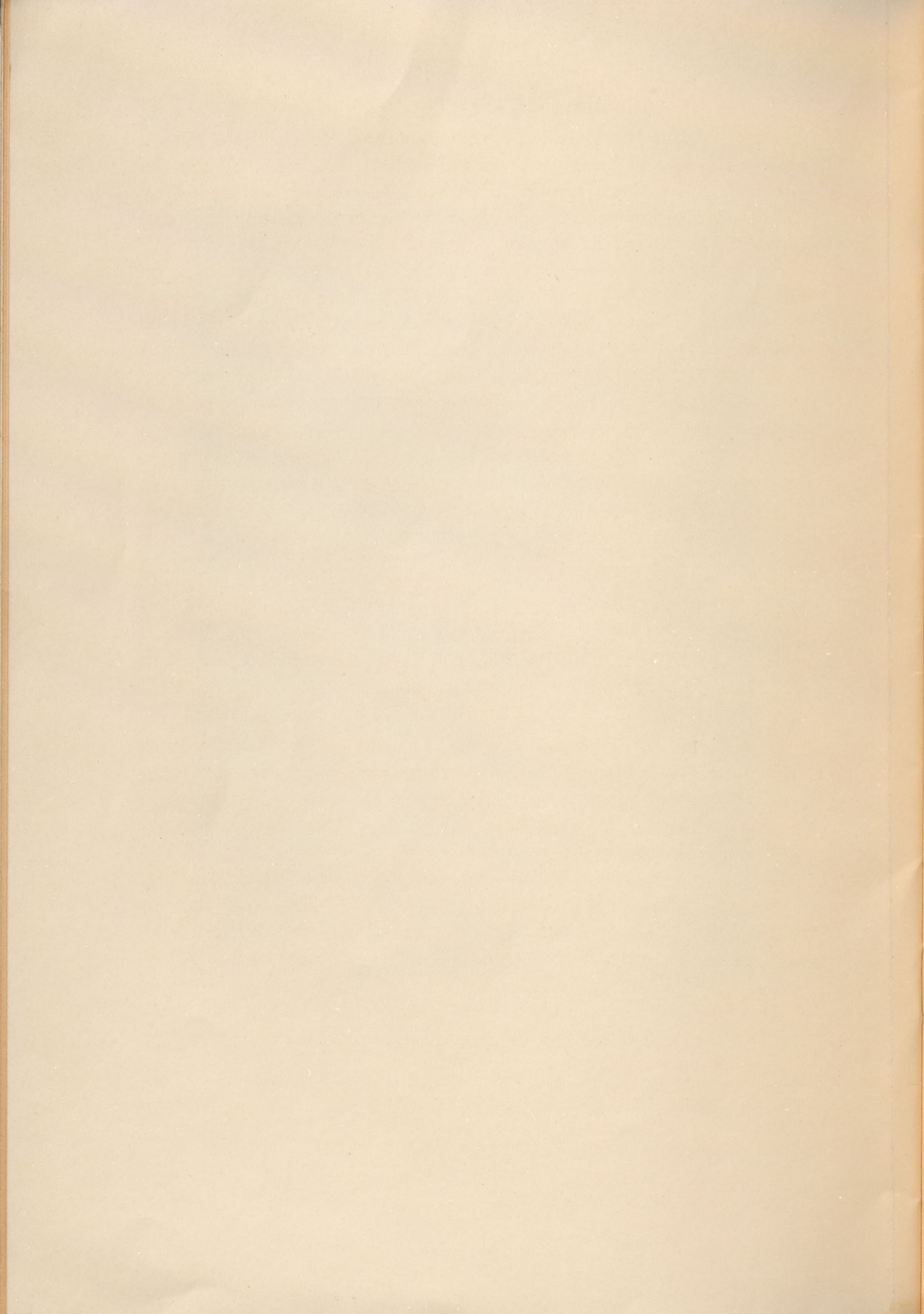


Andrews Lith. Boston
QUEBEC.



Andrews Lith. Boston
TRENTON FALLS.

VIEWS MOUNTED IN LIEUT. CARR'S JOURNAL, 1832



Sunday Dec'r 9'h We breakfasted with Bankhead, and went to a Church opposite his House, where all the Fashion were, and a very neat, tidy Church — After that Bankhead mounted us, and we had a very nice ride through George Town, and from there to the race course about four miles off, and home by the Capitol & Town. We dined again with Bankhead.

Monday Dec'r 10'h The first thing that struck Fitz and myself this morning was, that it was *the day our "leave" expired* and here we were more than 1000 miles from Home. However nothing could be done, but take it quietly and suffer for it afterwards. After Breakfast we went to The Chamber of the House of Representatives, and such a place I never saw. The building and interior are certainly good, but I mean the M. P.s. Such a set of vulgar old brutes, and in *such dresses*, and each with his spitting box, under his chair, which he *used* most powerfully every moment; in fact the whole place was quite perfumed with Tobacco. There was no speaking, so we did not stay very long, besides our Coach was to leave at 1 for Baltimore, so we took leave of Bankhead and the rest of our friends, and got on the vehicle; and a little before 5 we arrived — there was not much to see in the Town, which stands on the Patapsco River, except the Cathedral, which is a handsome building — the Battle Monument — a marble pillar, in memory of those that fell in the defence of the City in 1814 — The Exchange — & the Washington Monument and Statue, which was not quite finished. We left Baltimore at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 per steamer

Tues. Dec'r 11'h and after a beautiful cruize on the Chesapeake and Delaware rivers — reached Philadelphia at 4 o'clock. Not much could be done that evening, and we were rather tired, so we remained quiet at home, and went to bed early.

Wed. Dec. 12th After we had breakfasted, (which we did at an early hour) we started off to see the Town, & first of all went to the State House³⁹ where the Congress assembles — a fine red brick building, comprising a centre and two wings — We saw here the *original* signatures for the Independence. After this we went to the Arcade — the Museum, where the Skeleton of the Mammoth is to be seen — and the Academy of Arts. From there we went to the Navy Yard, to see the Great "Pennsylvania" that was building — Her dimensions are 198 ft Keel. 57 ft beam — 45 ft from the upper deck to the Keel — has 4 decks, mounts 180 Guns — manned by 1200 Men.

³⁹ The steeple, taken down about the close of the Revolution was rebuilt in 1828, "in order to restore it [State House], as nearly as practicable, to its original features." *Philadelphia as it is*. Philadelphia, 1834.

There was not much besides to be seen in the Yard, so, as our time was precious, off we started in a Car, for the Schuylkill Waterworks⁴⁰ at Fair Mount, by which the City is supplied with water, and a most wonderful undertaking it is — The average power will raise about seven millions of gallons in the 24 hours. From there we went on to the "New Penitentiary",⁴¹ but not having a *written order*, which appeared to be necessary, we were not allowed admittance. As it was getting late we got back to our Hotel, The Mansion House, had some dinner and went off for the "Bowery" again to see Fanny Kemble in "*The Wife*"⁴² and very much delighted I was with her. We *wished* to stay another day but we found it quite impossible so the following morning at ½ pt 7

Thurs: Decr 13th we left Philadelphia for New York, the same route as we had come — and at 4, found ourselves again in the City Hotel. According to promise, we dined at 6 at Cockrans, and afterwards went to the Opera — a pretty neat little building — but we arrived so late, that we heard but little of the music⁴³ however it appeared very well got up, and well attended.

Fri: Dec'r 14'h We devoted this day to walking about to see and *quiz* the beauty and fashion, and certainly there were some strange figures in all the colours of the Rainbow. We dined quietly at the City, as Cockran was engaged out — but at ½ past 8 he called for us, to take us to a Ball at Mrs Mc Ever's⁴⁴ one of the *great* people of the place, and a "pretty considerable Ball it was too I calculate" — I had the honor of dancing, amongst other partners, with one young Lady, just arrived from "*Dismal Swamp*"⁴⁵ in Kentucky — her Paternal residence, and

⁴⁰ For an extensive account of the water works see *Philadelphia as it is*, p. 188 et seq. Work was begun in 1819 and by 1829 about 300,000 feet of pipe had been laid in the city and environs.

⁴¹ The Eastern State Penitentiary was finished in 1829. "The most extensive building in the United States. The ground occupied by it contains about ten acres." John Haviland was the architect. *Philadelphia in 1830-1*.

⁴² "Wednesday, 12th. . . At half past five, went to the theatre. Play, King John; house good: I played horribly. My voice, too, was tired with my exertions, and cracked most awfully in the midst of 'thunder,' which was rather bad." Fanny Kemble, *Journal*. v. 2, p. 37.

⁴³ Miss Hughes in "Cinderella." *The Albion*, December 15, 1832.

⁴⁴ Probably Mrs. Charles M'Evers, at 18 Park Place. The M'Evers family had been prominent in the commercial and social life of New York since the beginning of the eighteenth century. James M'Evers was one of the holders of shares in the "Tontine Coffee House," 1704, and was a charter member of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

In 1832, Charles M'Evers, president of the New York Insurance Company was the head of the family, and with his wife, daughter Helen, and son Charles, Jr., lived at the Park Place address. Bache M'Evers, merchant of 27 Broad Street, lived at 419 Broome Street. He, also, was an important figure in New York and, among other interests, was a sponsor of the Rev. William Powell's Union Hill School for boys. Hone's diary; Scoville's *The old merchants of New York City*, New York, 1872; and King's *History of the New York Chamber of Commerce* have many references to Charles, Charles Jr., and Bache. See also: New York Historical Society. *Collections*. ser. 2, v. 2, p. 435, and *Longworth's American almanac*. . . New York, 1832.

⁴⁵ His dancing partner may have come from Suffolk, Virginia, a town on the Nansemond river, headquarters of the Dismal Swamp Land Company. A large and profitable business was done in juniper lumber and a number of families connected with it lived in Suffolk and Norfolk. Stranger legends than Carr's were current of the Dismal Swamp. For an account of these legends, the prominent men of Suffolk, and the Dismal Swamp Land Company, in 1830-1837, see: Arnold, Robert. *The Dismal swamp*. Suffolk, 1888.

such a being I could not have pictured to myself, if I had not been fortunate enough to see her, and dance with her. I believe she had *16 different colors* in her dress! — and in the middle of the waltz to my horror and dismay, she stopped me, and “*she guessed she wanted to spit*” & before I could rightly believe my ears, we were *off again*, the young lady being greatly relieved. At supper too, I was doomed to be horrified — my partner, (another young lady) who I took up to supper, set her heart on some “*preserved Orange*” — which I could but imagine she would eat with a *silver spoon*, and consequently put one on the plate when I helped her. She took the plate — looked at the spoon — then at *me* — then at the spoon again — then quietly walking to the table, she took up a *large steel knife* with which she ate the whole of her preserve, and I *fancied* was half inclined to lick the plate afterwards. It was a most amusing evening, and we enjoyed ourselves greatly and remained till the last.

Sat. Dec'r 15'h We were rather fatigued after our Ball, so breakfasted rather late, but got a good walk all round by the Castle Gardens and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 found ourselves again at Rupert Cockran's — a large Gentleman party.

Sun. Dec'r 16'h We went with Cockran to Church in the morning, and as there was a steamer going to leave for Boston at 2 we determined to pack up and be off — so we took leave of him and Deedes, (who was going to sail the next day for England,⁴⁶) and at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 were on board the Providence steamer.⁴⁷ After various troubles we reached Providence at 12 at night and immediately took coach for Boston, where we arrived at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 — Tues: Dec'r 18'h quite safe & well. At 12 at night we got into the Mail, for the matter now became *serious*, we had so far to go, and at most only ten days to do it in. We went through Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, *Portsmouth*, York, Kennebunk, Saco, Portland, North Yarmouth, Brunswick, Bath, Wiscasset, Waldaboro', Thomastown, Lincolnville, Belfast, Penobscot, Castine, Sullivan, *Steuben* — here for the first time since we left Boston (about 320 miles) we stopt for the night — that is we arrived at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 in the afternoon of Fri. Dec'r 21st and were to start again the next morning *at 3*. Ever since Kennebunk (about 280 miles) we had been on runners as the snow was so deep.

Satu: Dec'r 22'd At 3 we were off — and a colder morning I think I never felt. We proceeded through, Harrison, Columbia, Jonesboro', Machias, Dennysville to Lubec, where we found ourselves at 4 in the afternoon and being very

⁴⁶ The Ship *Caledonia* of the Old Line of Liverpool Packets, Hugh Graham, master, sailed on Tuesday, December 18th, with Captain Deedes of the British Army as one of about twenty passengers. *New York Commercial Advertiser*, New York, December 18, 1832.

⁴⁷ Probably steamboat *Boston*, Captain Wm. Comstock, from the foot of Fulton Street, East River. *Journal of Commerce*, New York, December 14-17, 1832.

tired, cold & hungry we wished to make the *best* of our way to Eastport. In answer to our inquiries, we found a small boat was just going to start with the Mail bags, and hearing that it was much the best & quickest way of going, we order'd our baggage down, and about 5 we started in a most miserable little *nutshell* of a boat, with two small boys to pull. We had not gone far, before it got quite dark, and began to blow very fresh — the boys were tired and we were so cramped, that we could do nothing, but luckily having the tide in our favor, we arrived after a most miserable passage of 4 hours & $\frac{1}{2}$ (only 6 miles) at the wharf at Eastport, and *not* a little delighted were we to find ourselves safe there — We dined and slept there, and the following morning

Sun: Dec. 23'd At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6, having hired a waggon, we started for Robbinston 13 miles, a small place at the mouth of the St Croix River, at its entrance into Passamaquoddy bay on the boundary line of the United States — here we crossed the ferry to St Andrews, which is just opposite, and were rejoiced to find ourselves really out of *Yankee land*, as we had had *so much* of it lately, and of such *very bad* description, that we were getting greatly bored, and their *impertinence* was scarcely bearable — We were *frequently* asked our names, ages, whether or not we were brothers, and once I was asked by a perfect stranger, "*How many dollars I had a year.*"

We reached St Andrews about 11, and the first thing to be done, was to find some mode of conveyance and with as little delay as possible as we found there would be no *regular* vehicle before Tuesday, so off we set, and after many fruitless attempts, at last found a man who would undertake the job for 10 dollars, which we were only too happy to give him and thought it cheap enough for 72 miles. Our friend with his *sleigh* and * *span* was to be ready for a start at 4 o'clock, so we employ'd the time till then in calling on Captain & Mrs Spearman — he was Collector of the Customs there, and she was a most perfect little woman. We lunched with them, and passed the time till near 4 when we set off to see after our sleigh, packed our things away, rolled ourselves each up in a Buffalo's skin, for it was a bitter cold day, and off we drove. We reached the small town, Magnagadaoic, about 10 o'clock having come along very well, so we proposed getting some supper and giving our nags a little rest. About 2 in the morning we made another start, but the roads being very bad and heavy, from having been so little used, and being through a Forest the whole way, at least for about 30 miles we did not get along quite so fast — We breakfasted & baited at a small settlement on the road, and about 1, found ourselves at Muskwaash Bridge, only 15 miles from St John — Here we took another *bait*, and

* The Yankee for a "*Pair* of horses."

then went to work again — at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 we reached Carlton Ferry, where we crossed over to St John with our baggage, leaving our man, sleigh and horses at Carlton, and not at all sorry to find ourselves in the good old Town of St John, as now matters appeared to be mending. We dined with the 34^h Regt. who were there, and retired very *early* to rest, being rather tired with our cold nights travelling.

Tues: 25^h Dec'r We slept so sound that we were too late for Church, but we called afterwards on our friends the Peters's, Blacks, &c to wish them a merry Xmas, & I must say everyone appeared to be very glad to see us again, and welcomed us most warmly. But here again our *ill fortune* shewed itself — the *last* steamer had crossed the Bay of Fundy only 3 days before! and how to get over we knew not, and our time would not allow us to wait for the English Mail from Fredericton and go round through Cumberland. At last we found a schooner which was advertised to sail on the 26^h so we found the Captain and asked him, what he w'd take us across the Bay for, & sail *that night* — At first he would not *think* of it, but being a *Genuine Yankee* the word "dollars" gained his attention. The regular charge being *one* dollar, we offered him *four* a head, if he would sail before twelve o'clock that night, as there was a fair wind, and tyde and a fine starlight night. The Bargain was struck — we were to be on board at 11 — so off we went to the 34^h had our dinner, paid our bill at the Hotel, & at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 11 were on board, but no *Captain* or *no men*. We waited patiently until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 when the 2 men and a boy came on board, & said the Captain would be there directly, and certainly *he came*, with a friend with him, but *so drunk*, we were obliged to put him below — but his friend was a Pilot, and undertook to take her across, so we up sail, and away. We had not got much farther than Partridge Island, about 3 miles from St John, when we found the two sailors were about *as drunk*, as the Captain and could do nothing, but luckily the wind was steady, and our friend the Pilot, who appeared a very steady quiet fellow, told us we should do very well without them, if *we* would only lend a hand when it was wanted, which of course we did, and in less than 6 hours, we ran over and were at anchor at Digby, a small fishing town in Nova Scotia. We had great scruples as to whether the Captain was entitled to his passage money, but rather than make a disturbance we paid the Beast, and told him a long story, that we would inform against him, and get his vessel and licence taken from him, &c, &c, &c. The next thing to be done was to get up "The Gut" to Annapolis, and a boat was recommended, but *rejected*, for we had the trip from Lubec to Eastport *too* fresh in our recollections to fancy a boat — however at last we found it was our *only* chance, so we put in our traps and in we got, to a small sailing boat with a man — It was blowing very hard,

a small sea running and a most bitter cold day — The Thermometer about 10 below Zero. We had not gone very far when we found that the sail was too much for her, and that if we went on in that way we should be swamped to a certainty, — however our man thought differently 'till a violent puff took her, and she was all but *gone* — we were wet through, and the boat half full of water, which before we could bail out, was one mass of ice, and we were nearly frozen to death. My first wish was to knock the man overboard, for he did nothing all the time but *sing Psalms*, however we declared we would, if he did not hold his tongue and mind his business, and at last we made him down with the mast and pull us to a house we saw on shore, the nearest point we could find — when we got there, we were so cramped and cold, that I never expected to have any more feeling in my limbs, and as to carry my Portmanteau up to the house, (only about 10 yards) was quite beyond me — however the people of the house (English) were very kind & civil — dried all our things, made us as comfortable as they could, & then gave us a very nice breakfast, which was not the *least* agreeable part, after having been up all night as such a cold one too, as it was. As it was a small country house, and we had taken it by storm, we of course *offered* and *wished* to pay for what we had had, but they were quite indignant at the idea, and would not hear of it, so we could only thank them very much for their kindness, and about 12 o'clock, having hired a waggon for our baggage, we started off to walk the six miles up to Annapolis, in hopes it would quite *thaw* us, and restore perfect animation to our limbs. We took rather a round, and did not reach Annapolis till near 5 — when we got some dinner, and as nothing more could be done that night, we retired to our couches.

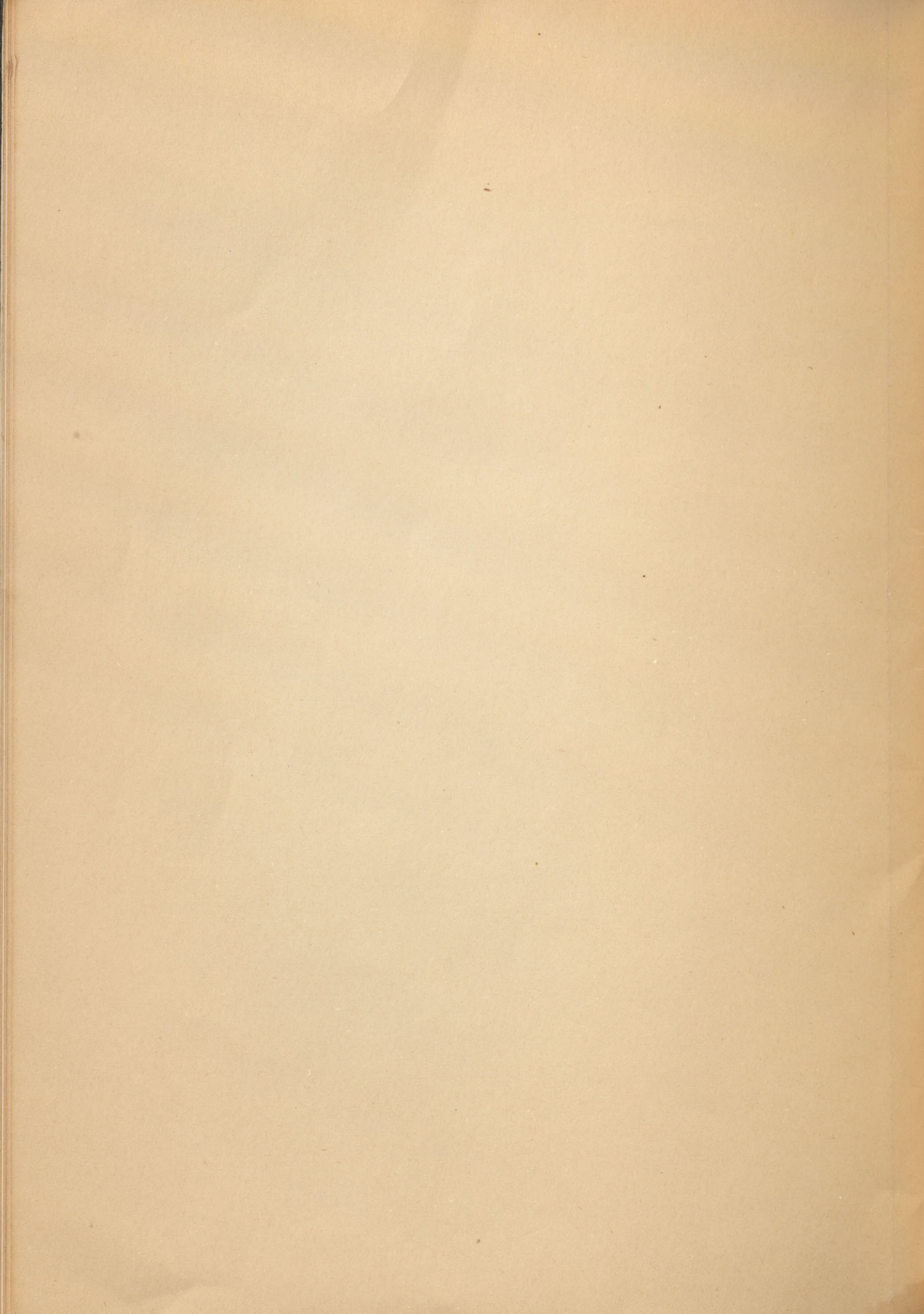
Thurs: 27^h Dec'r Directly after Breakfast we made all inquiries about the coaches to Halifax, and here again we were thrown out by a day or two, they only went twice a week, namely Tuesdays and Saturdays — so our powers were here required again, to form some plan to get on — we could not wait till Saturday, for Sunday we must be at Halifax and the Coach would not get there till Monday — and we c'd find no conveyance either for Love or Money — Night came, and Wednesday morning also, and there we were, with no prospect but waiting for the Coach — We tried to persuade the Proprietors to start that afternoon, but that would not do, as they had the Mail bags to take, so after a great deal of thought on both sides, we found our only plan was to wait for the coach and get on on Saturday night from Kentville, where they slept — & if we *were* too late for the returns we must submit to a *reprimand*, and forfeiture of a few days pay!

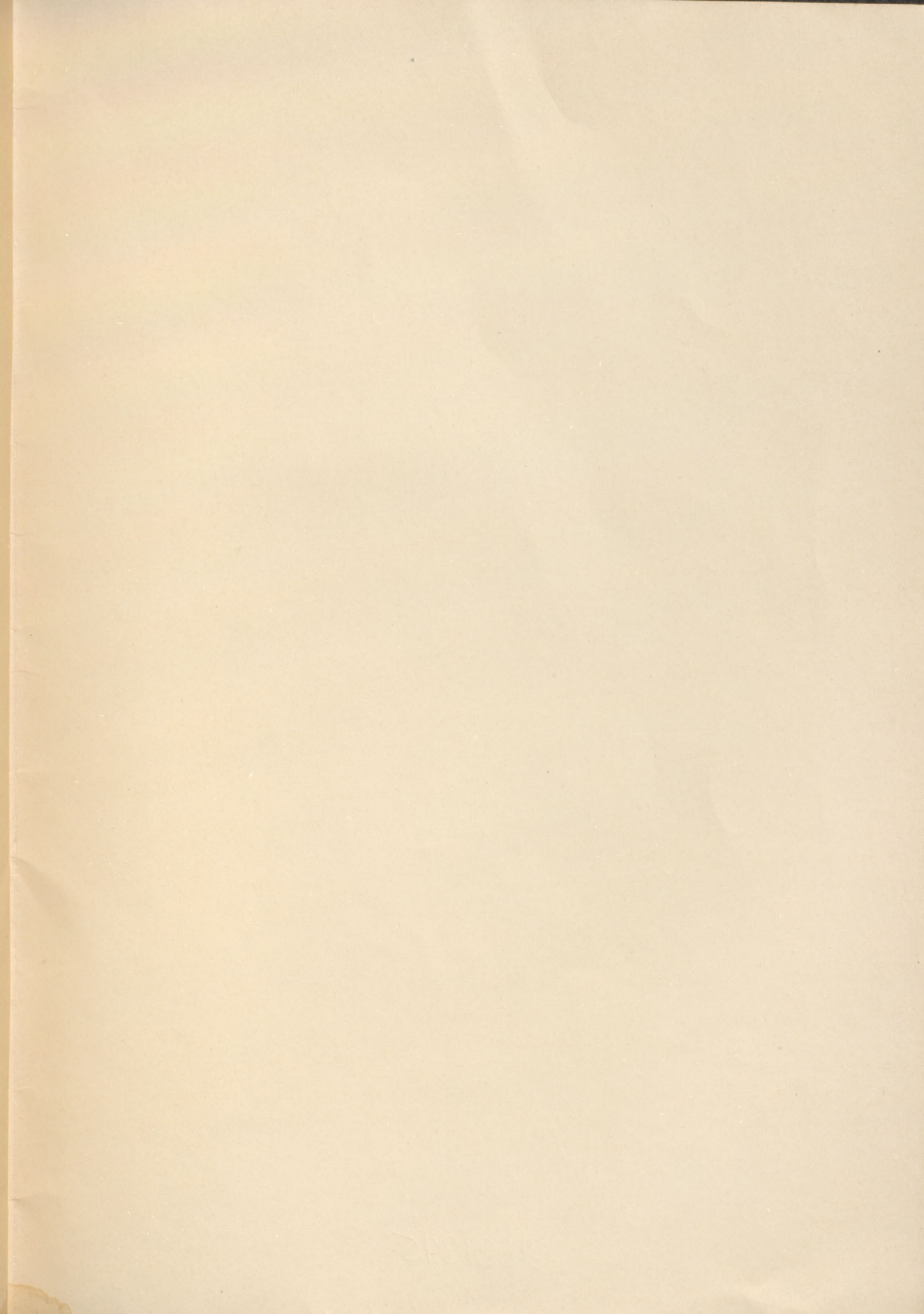
Satur: 29^h Dec'r — At 6, our Coach made it's appearance — we got in, and were nearly full — At Bridge Town (14 miles) we stopt to breakfast, and about 4 we reached Kentville, a small Town, or rather Settlement (in England a large Village) on the Gaspereau River (which is celebrated for its fish of the same name) Here the coach stopt for the night, so we consulted the Master of the House, who knew us very well, & he thought he could find us a man who would undertake to drive us as far as Windsor (About 60 miles and 45 from Halifax) While the bargain was going on, we got some dinner, and about 6 the man made his appearance with a Cariole and a very good strong horse so in we got, in "*Light Marching Order*" — leaving all our things but those on our backs, to come on per coach on Monday, and off we set — we crossed the Horton Mountains about 12, and at the bottom, a friend of our Charioteer's lived, whom we knocked up, made a fire, got some supper, & fed the horse, and then proceeded. We manage to coax our friend rather farther than he first intended to go with us, but at last we found the poor horse was *nearly* beat, so we determined on halting at the Public house, about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile on, an then (if we could get no other conveyance), of walking in the 33 miles. When we reached the House, we could hear of nothing, in fact they did not seem much to fancy *our appearance*, until the driver explained to them who we were — they were only *just up*, and I conclude not quite awake, however, we soon came to the determination of walking, and therefore started to get a few miles over before breakfast. We got to an Inn called "Wood's" about 6 miles, where we halted for breakfast, and in the old ladys eagerness to make a good fire, & have the room comfortable for us, she must needs set the chimney on fire! Then there was a fine fuss to get that out, and our breakfast was delayed as the room was full of soot and smoke, but we *begged* her to *allow* us to breakfast in her Kitchen, which shocked her very much but was much better than waiting, and proved to be very comfortable. We then sallied forth again, and on we walked till we reached the poor old "Rockingham" a very nice Hotel about 5 miles from Halifax, on the Basin, with a most perfect view, on all sides. It was formerly, the kind of *Steward's* house to the Duke of Kent, when he was living there as Governor. The Duke's Chateau, is quite gone to ruin from neglect, but the grounds still are *perfect*, and it is the favorite place for all land & water parties, Picnics, &c, and there *was* a very good ball room, which was frequently the scene of some very pleasant and agreeable (as well as *noisy*) parties — (The Whole house, Stables and all, were burnt down in the Winter of 1833). Here we met young Maitland, Sir Peregrine's son, the Military Secretary, & he walked in with us to Halifax. It was just 5 when we arrived at the Colonel's⁴⁸ door, who was not a little glad to see

⁴⁸ Sir Andrew Francis Barnard, K.C.B., K.C.H. *British Army registers.*

us, as he said, he had begun to give us up as "*lost, stolen or strayed*" but he was very glad indeed to see us — laughed at our having taken the 21 days leave *for granted* — greatly admired our *huge whiskers* — applauded us for our walk, and asked us to go and drink tea there in the Evening. Off we started to the Barracks, had just time to wash our hands, and (thanks to our friends) make ourselves tolerably comfortable, and go to Mess, where we were congratulated by all on our *safe* return, as they all appeared to have decided among themselves, that we had come to some *untimely* and *ignominious* end. We had *plenty* of questions to answer of course, both from those that *had* & those that had *not* been in that country, and a very merry dinner we had — in the Evening we most of us went up to the Colonel's — drank his tea, and I was not sorry when I found it time to retire, for I confess my walk had tired me, & having been up all the night before too was rather severe, but the next morning I got up, I think feeling fresher and less fatigued than I ever had done in my life, yet not sorry to find myself quiet once again in my own little Barrack room, with my friends about me, instead of, on the move, & in constant worry and bother among strangers, and particularly Yankee beasts. But still, I could have but one feeling about my Tour — I had enjoyed my time very very much — had seen (though a small part only of it,) a most interesting country and perhaps some of the wonders of the world, in the way of Rivers, Lakes — the falls of Niagara &c and though last, not least, had made some very agreeable and nice acquaintance, and I shall long remember the kindness and civility of *many* who, though perfect strangers, except merely by letters of introduction, treated us most kindly & hospitably, and tried to make our stay in each place as comfortable as they possibly could — the principles among these I must not omit to mention — Rupert Cockran at New York (Brother to Mrs. Inglis, the Bishop's Wife at Halifax) his kindness and hospitality was unbounded — At Washington Charles Bankhead, whom *I* knew before, but not the others. At Boston, Mr. Gibbs at the Tremont (a friend of the Bishop of Nova Scotia's). At Montreal — Mr. Forsyth was most kind, and at Quebec Fred. Markham, whom we did not know till we got there & introduced ourselves as "brothers in arms" — and tho' last, *not least* our friend Mr. Mac Nab at the Island, the two days after we left Halifax, who certainly made the time, which would otherwise have passed very slowly, quite fly away, and appeared sorry when the weather was fair enough for us to be off. And thus ended the year 1832.

As this was *originally* not intended for the perusal of anyone but myself — merely a memorandum of *where I had been* and *what I had seen*, I will not make any apologies for blunders, blots, bad writing, spelling or mistakes of any kind — I only beg it may be criticized *leniently*. . .





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