

## Amanda's Diary 1841 of her trip to Europe

Amanda's first journal is a beautiful red leather, 8 x 10, gold embossed bound book of ruled sheets with her name engraved in the center of the cover. She made no cover page beginning straightway with her first entry on the first page. The pages are not numbered, however, I have assigned them numbers and transcribed them line by line for reference sake. She is three months from turning 17. They would be gone for four months. She was the delightful, educational product of the "Athens of the West" Lexington. While this was a beautiful journal, it was large and cumbersome. She would abandon it for a smaller one in June. Five weeks of documentation are missing which would have included France and Belgium. With Amanda's artistic ability I am quite sure she sketched many a detail for the castle Ingleside's design and would assume that McMurtry used this and never returned it or it was lost in the fire that destroyed Elizabeth Bruen Ingles personal belongings.

At Amanda's prompting of underlining dates, I continued whether she did or not. Also, at Amanda's prompting, I elected to indent each new date. Where names of people or places were misspelled, I corrected them for reference sake. Other misspelled words I did not correct.

### Lexington

Monday April 5<sup>th</sup> 1841 Left Lexington with mingled feelings of grief and joy. It would have been strange had not my thoughts been tinged with sadness at such an hour; – for though a bright prospect filled with joyous hours beckoned me onward, yet, I would fain have lingered long at my sweet home. I did not know that it was the last time, I would see those faces and objects so dear. And then I felt the strength and touching melancholy of those words. The morn, with her pale light casting a gloom over every thing, and the drooping flowers, increased my sad forebodings. Pearly drops were rapidly distilled; enough to melt and dissolve a stoic's heart. But the startling blast of the stage horn, its clattering wheels, the noisy cry for passengers and baggage warned us to depart, and jarred so disagreeably upon my highly wrought feelings, that they were compelled to remain dormant, and then, Morpheus kindly wooed me.

April 6<sup>th</sup> at 'o'clock P. M. arrived safely at Maysville distant sixty miles from Lexington. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the ride. Being detained there waiting for the arrival of a steamboat; we visited Aberdeen, a small village on the opposite shore, famous as the place of consummation for runaway matches.

April 7<sup>th</sup>. Left Maysville in the steamboat "Raritan". Passed several towns, the most important of which were Portsmouth and Greensburg. The boat remaining at the wharf an hour or more, we visited the former of these and made a few purchases. In the evening the shores of Virginia appeared in sight, and fast the shores of our beloved Kentucky receded from view. We gazed at it once more as the dying sunlight dwelt a moment longer on its huge cliffs, then turned our eyes to ever honoured Virginia, whose proud lot it was to give birth to our nation's hero – the immortal Washington!

April 8<sup>th</sup>. A clear day – spent it in reading, sewing, and enjoying the sublime scenery presented on either shore. Art had wrought with nature, and contributed its share to the beautiful scenes continually meeting our gaze – neat white villas, surrounded with evergreens and shrubbery in all the loveliness of an early budding spring, were interspersed here and there, – and now and then a stately mansion was seen, proclaiming that wealth was here exerting its magic power as well as elsewhere. It rears palaces in nature's fastnesses as vast and high as in the ample city.

Late in the afternoon passed Blennerhassett's island; remarkable as the place where Aaron Burr collected his troops. In order to avoid a large log which would have proved dangerous to the boat, it neared the island, and came in contact with the large branch of a tree, which carried off the top of the steam pipe, and sweeping against the window in the stern broke the sash and several panes of glass. However, the slight

April 8<sup>th</sup>. A clear day – spent it in reading, sewing, and enjoying the sublime scenery presented on either shore. Art had wrought with nature, and contributed its share to the beautiful scenes continually meeting our gaze – neat white villas, surrounded with evergreens and shrubbery in all the loveliness of an early budding spring, were interspersed here and there, - and now and then a stately mansion was seen, proclaiming that wealth was here exerting its magic power as well as elsewhere. It rears palaces in nature's fastnesses as vast and high as in the ample city.

Late in the afternoon passed Blennerhassett's island; remarkable as the place where Aaron Burr collected his troops. In order to avoid a large log which would have proved dangerous to the boat, it neared the island, and came in contact with the large branch of a tree, which carried off the top of the steam pipe, and sweeping against the window in the stern broke the sash and several panes of glass. However, the slight damage it received was easily repaired. Ladies, of course much alarmed. Passed Marietta also a small town on the Ohio shore.

April 9<sup>th</sup>. Reached Wheeling – found people, houses, and every thing covered with the blackest of dust. The accommodations were very different. – Visited the Glass Manufactory, and was very much pleased with the process of blowing and moulding glass. Also visited the Paper Mills.

April 10<sup>th</sup>. At seven o'clock left Wheeling in the stage for Frederick Town. Dined at Washington, supped at Union, and crossed Laurel Hill.

April 11<sup>th</sup>. Crossed the Allegany Mountains. Lofty peaks covered with pines formed a forest of richest green; often the scenery was beautifully varied – a cold, barren mountain, then a deep ravine or sunny valley (unscathed by winter's blast, unprotected by its snowy mantle, but) in the fresh garb of spring, moistened by a

### Page 3

limpid stream sweetly murmuring through its pebbled bed. Passed through Smithfield, Cumberland, Hancock, and Clear Springs, small towns in Maryland. The quiet of the night much interrupted by one of the fellow passengers who was in a state of mental derangement. A deep snow storm during the night.

April 12<sup>th</sup>. Reached Hagar's Town very early in the morning – Arrived at Frederick Town at ten and breakfasted there. Having heard that it presented a paradisiacal appearance, very like that of our own beautiful "Athenia" I was doubly anxious to see it to great advantage. But the snow threw such a gloom over the whole place, and surrounding country that I could not discern the similarity. – At 11 left in the in the cars for Balti-



more; they were commodious; and traveled with great rapidity. Part of the road wound along the shores of the Patapsco, where the scenery was delightfully romantic. At 2 changed cars, and took the train for Washington City: arrived at that great Capital late in the afternoon, and then, though burning with curiosity, saw nothing but the outlines of some of its noble buildings while the light of day still lingered.

April 13<sup>th</sup>. A clear, cold day. In the morning walked to the Capital, and through the surrounding grounds. The full view of it on either side was sublime and imposing: and the grounds encircling it were no less beautiful. Nature's rich green carpeting, walks of granite and white marble; luxuriant firs and pines, bowers covered and matted over with spreading vines, beds of flowers lovely in their many coloured hues, far more sweet than lovely in the full fragrances they offered up; a jet-d'eau here and there with its crystal drops dancing in the sunbeams; the sculptor's chiselled work, monuments and majestic forms of dead ones long departed; and above all, as if to crown the whole, the lofty dome –

#### Page 4

In the afternoon visited the interior of the Capitol: – first went into the the Rotunda, a circular room one hundred feet in length, and one hundred and seventy five feet in height, in the centre of the building and under the great dome. It is paved with marble, and its walls are ornamented with magnificent paintings (ten feet broad and six high), and also many rich groups of sculptures. The paintings represented the “Declaration of Independence”, the “Resignation of General Washington”, the “Surrender of Lord Cornwallis”, the “Baptism of Pocahontas” and a full length portrait of Henry Clay. The sculptures represented the “Landing of the Pilgrims”, the “Treaty of William Penn with the Indians”, the “Encounter of Daniel Boone with the Indians”, and “Pocahontas saving the life of Sir John Smith”. In the centre was a statue of Jefferson, holding in his hand the “Constitution of the United States” engraven on a sheet of brass. This is to be replaced by a Greenough's statue of Washington. Next visited the Senate Chamber, a room of immense size: – over the chair occupied by the President is an elegant drapery of crimson satin damask hanging from a branch of hickory, (doubtless in honour of the “Hero of Orleans”) and festooned in front by a silk tassel and cord held in the beak of a golden eagle, the appropriate emblem of American liberty. A mahogany desk (with the name of the occupant attached to it) and a comfortable arm chair was provided for each Senator. One side of the room was for the Democratic, the other for the Whig party. The galleries for the accommodation of the ladies were supported by pillars of Potomac marble, and the floors were covered with rich Turkey carpets. Next went into the House of Representatives; – it is not of the same size as the Senate Chamber, but large and similar in other respects. There was in addition full length portraits of La Fayette and Jefferson, and a piece at the door of entrance, the goddess Minerva

**Page 5**

riding in a chariot, the wheels of which contained a clock. It was designed and executed by an Italian artist, who died immediately after its completion.

Afterwards ascended to the dome; before doing so however we stopped to witness rather a curiosity in architecture – a small, circular room surrounded by pillars of a novel order of architecture taken from the produce of the different states – for instance, an ear of corn to represent the principal article of produce in (left a blank). The design was not wholly executed – the death of the designer prevented its completion.

The ascent to the top of the dome was very tedious, but we were doubly repaid by the lovely scene spread out before us. On our side was the broad Potomac; - sloops and light barks sailed gracefully along the smooth current; occasionally a steamer with mighty importance of steam and smoke sailed along, or transversed its wide still bosom. Before us was the city! the crowded mass of buildings, the smoke, the noise, the thousand forms passing to and fro, told that there all was 'a gog' with life. On the other side in the far distance were fertile valleys, high mountains and humble villages. Beneath us lay the garden of Eden loveliness! But language fails to describe the gorgeous panorama. Returned late in the evening to Gadsby's Hotel. – which by-the-by has more show than substance.



*Gadsby's Tavern is a Registered National Historical Landmark*

April 14<sup>th</sup>. Still clear and cold. In the morning visited the President's House. The ground and house were perfectly neat and elegant – the combination of which cannot fail to produce an almost perfect whole. Easily obtained entrance, and were conducted by the guide through spacious halls into the East room. It being but a week after Gen. Harrison's death, the room was still hung with black, and of course prevented our seeing all its splendour. And fortunately,

**Page 6**

that I may have it ever present in my memory I will be rather minute in my description. Eight splendid mirrors graced the walls, underneath four of them pier-tables covered with white marble slabs. Three chandeliers hung from the richly carved ceiling. Gorgeous draperies concealed the windows, while sofas, lounges, ottomans, &c were scattered over the apartment in elegant confusion. The other parlours and drawing rooms were furnished in similar style, except that the carpets, draperies and trimmings varied in colour. The dining room was spacious; at the end of the room was a full length portrait of Gen. Washington, at the other the mahogany dining table used by him. I wonder not that every thing honoured by his touch should be held sacred.

In the afternoon went to the Sub Treasury, the Post Office, the Navy & War Departments, & the Patent Office, the latter is an elegant building, and will strike the fancy of the admirers of man's skill and ingenuity by all it contains. One of the rooms is filled with glass cases containing models in miniature, of such machinery, &c for which patents have been granted. Ships, boats, stoves, chimneys of every form and construction, rank among these fruits of man's industry. It contains likewise many costly presents made different Presidents by dignitaries of other nations. One portion of it is quite a museum containing numerous curious relics. A room in the second story which has an arched ceiling, supported by pillars of white marble & three hundred feet in length, it is its architectural boast. The floors are paved with marble of two different colours. From thence walked down to the Potomac; saw several sloops and steam packets, crossed the bridge extending over the river, (two miles in length) & returned to our hotel (Gadsby's) late in the evening and much fatigued.

**Page 7**

Thursday April 15<sup>th</sup>. Left in the cars at 6 o'clock. Arrived in Baltimore 9 o'clock A. M. Took rooms at the Eutaw House. Not being fatigued, commenced sight-seeing immediately. Walked to Washington Monument &c in order to obtain a fine view of the surrounding country – dragged to the top of it. And richly were we repaid for the tedious ascent – for from that elevation was seen to greater advantage the size of the city, its situation and the cultivated plains around it. Two hundred and twenty eight steps carry you to the top of it, where is a colossal statue of the hero in whose honour it was erected. A smaller one greets the eye in the small room at its base. It is built of white marble and enclosed by a high iron railing. The price of admission was 12 ½ cts. Registered our names of course. In the afternoon strolled through the city; saw churches, colleges, banks, theaters in profusion. Were much struck with the elegant & finished appearance of the private dwellings, and also with the remarkable cleanliness of the streets. Visited another monument in "Monument Square" erected to the memory of those naval officers who fell in the battle of 1814. Continued our walk to the river where for the first time a ship met my gaze. It was a beautiful object with its white sails open to the breeze, yet when I saw its close unaired cabins, under water I felt as though it had no temptations for me!

In the evening clear sunset – and prospect of a fine day on the morrow. Friday April 16<sup>th</sup>. Recommenced our perambulations. Made a few purchases and found every thing extremely cheap. Hastened to our lodgings in order to meet some friends from Lex. It was a delight to see even comparative strangers from a place so dear. Afternoon visited the Catholic Cathedral, Presbyterian church, and



**Page 8**

other public buildings. On passing through Lombard St my attention was attracted by the neatness of the residences there situated. Visited the Medical College, Cathedral, Presbyterian church & various other public buildings.

Saturday April 17<sup>th</sup>. Left Baltimore with little regret, for though a beautiful city it has so few places of resort and amusement as almost to render it uninteresting to strangers. The ride from B to Washington unpleasant, in consequence of the cars being insufferably crowded. Passed through Harford and Havre de Grace, small towns of Maryland. Crossed the Susquehanna in a steamboat, and the Little & Great Gunpowder rivers in cars over bridges. Also had a passing glance at Elkton Chester & Wilmington. At the later place dined; – it is quite a pretty rural town. Arrived in the Quaker City (Philadelphia) at half past four P.M. In the evening in company with agreeable acquaintances sought to amuse ourselves at the Chinese Museum. There we were at once ushered into all the luxury and elegance of the Chinese world. There were parlours gorgeously furnished – inlaid floors, massive arm chairs; tables of finest china adorned with flowers of brightest hues: – the effect of this was greatly brightened by the presence of a Chinese lady. There she sat in State, with her expressionless wax face, an embroidered robe flowed gracefully around her person, and her tiny feet rested upon its cushion of softest velvet. The spacious room was hung with lamps of every colour, form & size. In glass cases were to be seen those of superior workmanship – they were richly gilt & hangings of crimson silk added to their elegance. In groups were represented the various grades, characters & costumes of these singular people. We saw many specimens of their own manufacture; such as shoes, boots, caps, purses, work tables, boxes, china ware, implements of gardening &c. The walls were adorned with Chinese paintings & in the centre of the room was a fountain. The basin was of white marble supported by three dragons. A low railing surrounded it & on the top of it were plants in full bloom.

**Page 9**

Many thanks to the industrious and preserving gentleman who has collected these rare curiosities that add so greatly to amusement and instruction! I am sorry to learn that this, the only exhibition of the kind in the world is to be sold for a comparatively small sum to a company in London.

Sunday April 18<sup>th</sup>. A clear, windy day. Attended St. Luke's Church & heard a fine sermon from the pastor, Mr. Spear. It is the newest & most elegant Episcopal church in the city, & is furnished with a delightful organ & fine choir. The ceiling is paneled & ornamented with much carved work.

Monday April 19<sup>th</sup>. Still cold and windy. Early in the morning took a cab and rode out to the "Fairmont Water Works". I was disappointed with the whole place; not with the water works,

(for they struck me as being admirably contrived and stupendous) but the improvements around it – the garden or park looked as if it had just been made, it wore an air of stiffness & newness not fascinating to my eye: the fountains were small & fell far below my expectations – everything, but the quantity of water seemed stinted. From thence rode to Girard College – it was not near its completion, but the work sufficiently advanced to indicate the elegance of the design. The main building will be surrounded by 30 pillars of white marble each fifty feet in height, & surmounted with caps of the Corinthian order; twelve on each side & 8 at the back and front. The roof to be covered with slabs of marble. There are eight dorms; twelve large rooms with arched ceilings supported by marble pillars; four dormitories two of which are completed. The doors of this building are each thirty five feet in height.

Thence to Laurel Hill (Cemetery), than which there are few lovelier spots. The fresh green grass & white tombs with their dark iron railings looked strangely beautiful. To add to the fine effect produced by these we now & then caught a glimpse of the Susquehanna gliding

#### Page 10

quietly along past the home of the dead. There was nothing remarkably elegant about the monuments. But one of them arrested my gaze, -- that was over the grave of an infant, & represented a couch with the little cherub resting upon it, its head on a pillow and a sheet thrown partially over it. It was of pure white marble and like others was shaded by the mournful laurel. A small chapel, where the service for the dead is read was on one side of the Cemetery, embowered in trees. I could not but feel sad to see the gay and thoughtless dancing from grave to grave as though they bestowed not a thought on the untried state, which we must all enter.

In the afternoon were at Peale's Museum. Being under the impression that it was the finest collection in the United States, I was prepared to be overcome at the number of things new & marvelous, (that I would be called upon to see) crossed out But lo! disappointment awaited me! It was but little superior to our Western museum. The first room was principally filled with glass cases containing stuffed birds, reptiles and animals; smaller cases with insects, a vast collection of Lepidoptera from every country on the globe. Also many petrifications and shells. These with portraits of distinguished men and an Automotion Chess player was all that this apartment contained. In the gallery above were fine paintings; different costumes of the Indians, made by themselves; their fire arms, implements of gardening and a few specimens of their paintings. Also saw a few Egyptian mummies, the skeleton of the Great Mammoth found in New York, miniature ship, houses, &c.



Tuesday April 20 The day set apart by the citizens of Philadelphia for paying funeral honours to the late President. It was at first clear & pleasant, but the procession had no sooner formed than the rain came down in torrents and so continued the remainder of the day. The hurry of their movements detracted much from the solemnity of

**Page 11**

the same. First in order were the military companies with their flags covered with crape. Next came the hearse, drawn by 8 superb white horses each, in accordance with everything around had ribands flying, of white and black. The same number of gentlemen led them. The bier was covered with a pall of black velvet, almost sweeping the ground. Upon it was a coffin on which was laid the constitution of the United States and a sword of justice encircled by a wreath of cypress and laurel. Lovely flowers were strewn over it and above waved the long plumes with funeral gloom. Behind, a horse was lead, plainly caparisoned to represent the one that Gen. Harrison had ridden. This looked more melancholy than the coffin itself, & seemed that one was truly gone from among us. Next came the different fire companies, & and literary, temperance and benevolent societies bearing flags inscribed with appropriate emblems and hung with mourning. Last and least were a multitude of noisy school boys.

Wednesday April 21<sup>st</sup>. Left at seven o'clock in the steamboat New Philadelphia; passed through Burlington & Bristol and reached Border Town at ten. There took the railroad cars; flew on the wings of steam through Trenton, Princeton, New Brunswick, Elizabethtown, Newark, Jersey City and at two o'clock found ourselves in New York, the Great Metropolis and London of America. Stopped at the American House opposite the Astor & Park. Found it difficult to accustom myself to the regulations – for instance, breakfast at eight & dining at four. The weather was so gloomy that I thought I could not be interested in the place.

Thursday. April 22. Cold clear & windy. Did not go out during the day.

Friday April 23. Rainy and windy. In the evening went to

**Page 12**

Park St. Theatre, a most fashionable resort. I have no relish for such places of amusement and did not enjoy the performance. The play was Gampa – the actors Sequin, Mauvers and Walleck; the actresses Madame Sequin and Miss Poole. The "Loan of a Lover" was the farce and extremely amusing. Left at twelve o'clock

Saturday April 24. Raining still. In the evening went to the



American Museum – it was like the one in Philadelphia except that in it was exhibited a living curiosity, in Winchell, a ventriloquist. His grimaces, fantastic dress and above all the wonderful changes of his voice, kept us in continued roar of laughter.

Sunday, April 25. Rain! rain! – until at eleven there was a most favorable change. The sun shone gloriously and soon the walking was good. Attended Christ Church and heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Taylor. In the afternoon walked some distance up the banks of the East river; it was too windy to be pleasant.

Monday, April 26. Cold and cloudy. Went to look at the Gt. Western. I will not say anything of it till I can speak from experience. Walked to the Bowling Green & the Battery. From Castle Garden had a full view of the surrounding forts & a portion of the sea. Passed the remnant of the day with old acquaintances from Lexington.

Tuesday April 27. Clear and pleasant. Shopped in the morning, walked in the afternoon, and in the evening attended the Dutch Reformed Church. Mr. Huttan is the pastor and from him we had a fervent exhortation. He can boast of having the most chaste and elegant church in the city. It has arched ceilings, painted windows and is in the Gothic style. A perspective painting placed behind the pulpit, representing a long aisle with pillars on either side has a fine effect.

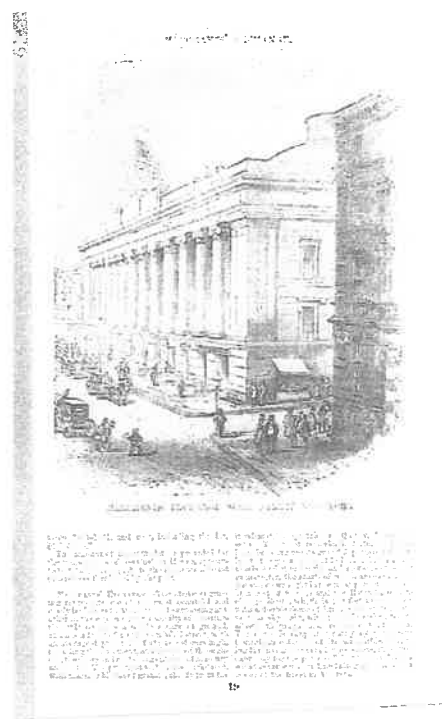
Wednesday April 28. Again, clear and mild. Walked to see the new Custom House. It is of white marble with fluted columns at the front & rear of the building. In the centre is a rotunda surrounded

Page 13

with pilasters of marble, and a gallery encircled with a bronze railing. Above this circular room is an immense dome. That this edifice is fire proof seems strange. In my ignorance I thought it impossible that it could be so elaborately furnished without wood. But I discovered that there was not enough wood about it to make even a toothpick. The Exchange in Wall Street a handsome building & built of granite, the doors are of Egyptian marble. It has a spacious rotunda in the centre which will be surrounded by offices & a number of large apartments.

Thursday April 29. Early in the morning crossed (in) the ferry to Brooklyn. From thence to Jamaica by railroad and there spent the day very pleasantly. Our pleasure was somewhat marred however by a heavy rain that drenched us completely.

Friday April 30. Constant rain. Passed the day agreeably and the evening at the house of a friend. Returned to our lodgings late and there found a few acquaintances waiting to say farewell. This was the eve of our departure for Europe. Before retiring wrote a long melancholy letter home.



May 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday Pleasant, extremely so. Spent the morning in saying adieu & indulging envious feelings of those who were going to remain on terra ferma. No one ever dreaded a sea voyage more than myself – But the time had arrived and go I must. At 1 went on board the Gt. Western with sad forebodings. An immense concourse assembled at the wharf to witness her departure; she cleared the coast with the report of cannon & the shouts of the multitude. Friends and relatives were sobbing bitterly at the hour of parting while the indifferent laughed to scorn such evidences of emotion. With the aid of wind and steam our noble vessel rapidly ploughed her way through the deep waters; until soon the shores of our beloved land were seen as a dark line on the verge of the horizon. Remained on deck till ten or eleven watching it till it

**Page 14**

was lost in the distance. As it was my first night at sea I very naturally concluded such would be my apprehension that sleep would be far from me, but not so. I never slept more profoundly, lulled as I was by the unceasing roar of the waves.



Sunday, May 2<sup>nd</sup>. Weather unpleasant and my feelings still more so, being sufficiently sea sick to feel dissatisfied with every thing. At 1 o'clock the services of our church were read by the Captain in the main saloon. The sailors were present and audibly responded. It sounded strange to my ears to hear prayers offered up for the different members of the royal family. Passed the remaining portion of the day rather unpleasantly. Walked the deck with trembling, and indulged most envious thoughts of those who were safe on land.

Monday, May 3<sup>rd</sup>. Occasional showers during the day to the discomfort of the passengers, especially with me; in as much as my limited experience teaches me that air is the best remedy for the sea sickness. I candidly believe that some few were wrought up to such a pitch of despair that they were tempted to commit suicide. The saloons, the only resort in bad weather (the state rooms out of the question) were crowded with the sick (& to look at them one might say the dying); the air was close, as, to have opened a window would have afforded ingress to showers of brine. So much for the uncomfortable part of a sea voyage! That which was pleasant comes by and by.

Tuesday May 4<sup>th</sup>. A pleasant day. Felt quite well but had no appetite, and a disinclination to read or talk, to amuse or be amused. By this time our acquaintances on board were numerous, and truly we sympathized one with the other.

Wednesday, May 5<sup>th</sup>. Rain and sunshine alternately. I was restored to health once more and enjoyed myself not a little in reading, playing, &c as the ship was furnished with a well selected library and a good toned piano-forte. A German lady who executed skillfully, contributed a full share to our amusement. Indeed when Neptune's tribute was paid the revulsion

**Page 15**

of feeling was great, the restoration of spirits immense. The merriment of some was so excessive that it infected their feet & they danced gaily. The motion of the vessel made their steps numerous and quite fantastic.

May 6<sup>th</sup>, Thursday Weather charming. I now begin to regard those around me more attentively. There were at least two hundred people gathered together on our vessel; more than one hundred of these numbered among the passengers. Those among them who were well in body and mind of course enjoyed themselves, reveling as they did in all the luxuries of the floating palace. The table was sumptuous. Excellent fish, meats and vegetables daily appeared at our board, while delicious fruits from every clime were not wanting. On this ship the charge for liquors is included in the bill. Not a good plan in my opinion, for when the contrary one is adopted the 'lovers of strong drink' are sometimes so fortunate as to feel that a well filled purse is preferable to the indulgence of intemperance. The servants were in admirable training, both male and female. Three stewardesses were furnished, whose sole business it was to supply the wants of the ladies. It is seldom that more than one is provided for that purpose. Two of the greatest accessories to our safety I have not yet mentioned. Our gallant Captain & the faithful sailors. Without their presence of mind, skill and industry we might not so soon have left the treacherous deep. But though it seemed that wind and storm would prevail against us, yet the hand of Providence protected us from harm and we reached the 'haven where we would be'.

May 7<sup>th</sup> Friday Cloudy and clear alternately. Passed a small brig bound for New York. Also another large one with sails full set for Canada.

"They who've felt it know how sweet  
Some pleasant morn a sail to meet; -  
But, soon in part, to sail o'er silent seas again."

**Page 16**

Saturday, May 8. A delightful day. Began to experience a consciousness of pleasure in this mode of traveling that I expected ever to be strange to. Enjoyed much some fine vocal and instrumental music. Find that gaming, innocent and otherwise is a favorite pastime at sea. I do not mean to say that actual gambling was carried on (that would impeach the character of the ship), but I saw piles of silver ore before those who adroitly shuffled their cards, and not infrequently heard their excited voices as the midnight hour drew near. Such proceedings are forbidden; but I suppose our good natured Captain hopes they played simply for amusement and there let the matter rest. Fortunately at twelve precisely, all lights must be extinguished. This happy arrangement put an end to their excitement, which but for that, might have increased till they became fiendish.

With one, backgammon was sufficient diversion, & daily resorted to it.

Sunday May 9. Extremely disagreeable – A heavy gale and contrary winds day and night. This was the first opportunity I had of seeing that magnificent sight, a “storm at sea”. I cannot describe it, but will merely say that it exceeded my expectations. It blew such a perfect hurricane that it was with the greatest difficulty I could remain on deck. It came on during meal time; the vessel gave a sudden lurch and every thing except a few dishes was thrown off the table. The confusion on board was very great & the preparations for the night terrific. The commander, St. Hosken, put on his water-proof suit and told his anxious passengers that he would certainly pass the night on deck; the dead lights were hung out and the sky lights protected from the angry elements. The motion was so violent, that before lying down I had a wide plank put in at the side of my berth, to secure my body in one place, or it is unlikely that I would soon have found myself on the floor, or perhaps out in the saloon in the midst of tables, sofas, &c. Despite my fears I slept soundly. In the morning when I went out of the State room I discovered some ladies with despairing faces who had not closed their

**Page 17**

eyes, but had kindly assisted the officers in watching the Storm King.

Monday May 10. Clear, but the winds still contrary. Spent the day pleasantly; the greater part of it on deck. Indeed the time flew by. For this however, we were greatly indebted to the musical skill of a German lady. As she displayed great taste in her execution & particularly in the selection of her pieces, a gleam of satisfaction was visible on every face while she was seated at the instrument. I wish the skill of that industrious nation in this beautiful science was more universal. I find this is not the first time I have mentioned the pleasure her music afforded.

Tuesday, May 11. Weather changeable. While on deck, watching and hoping as we always were, that something new would meet the eye, descried in the far distance a ship approaching us. Nothing was visible but the top of the masts. It soon came by our side, or rather we came upon it – for we were moving at the rate of twelve knots an hour, while it scarcely appeared to move. We spoke her – it was a large packet ship – the James Bennet, bound from Liverpool to Charleston. I was forcibly struck with the superiority of a steam ship over a sailing vessel, when I saw this large vessel lying almost motionless while ours skimmed lightly over the mighty waves.

Wednesday May 12. Weather same as preceding day. Passed & spoke the brig Mary Ann bound from Buenos Ayres for Liverpool. The Captain inquired of us the longitude and latitude; he had been out seventy-four days and scarcely knew where he was. They seemed in ill luck for the storm that had passed us uninjured a few nights previous, had dismayed them and endangered their safety.

Thursday, 13 A clear cloudless sky and smooth sea. At 10 o'clock A. M. saw Cape Clear. Lost sight of it in the evening and saw numerous brigs and schooners coasting. All was happiness, for the invalids had recovered, & no one could but rejoice at our near

**Page 18**

approach to land. It is a custom on the better class of ships for the commander of the vessel to give a great dinner the day before he arrives in port. This was the appointed day. The table seemed to groan under its load of good things, while the champagne flowed freely. It enlivened the gentlemen amazingly. Their spirits and voices rose higher and higher till they were heard the length and breadth of the vessel. To do them justice I must say the singing was fine, the toast excellent. The only cause I had of complaint was that they continued their merriment till too late an hour, viz. from four to seven.

Friday May 14 Early in the morning saw Sunday's Island, & at 12 the coasts of England and Wales in the far distance. Soon discerned fields, parks, trees, meadows with cattle grazing. At 2 o'clock passed Ilfracombe a small watering place. Entered the British Channel on a high elevation, saw a crowd assembled & above them the flag of England proudly waved. When we approached they gave us a loud salute with cannon, and shouted lustily until we passed. On every side neat little villages embosomed in green; lordly castles and forts met the inquiring gaze. After entering the Severn left the Great Western and went on the small steamer Hercules, which lazily dragged us over the Avon to Bristol. It was then ten o'clock. Walked up a flight of some hundred steps, took a carriage and rode to the "Royal Gloucester Hotel". Took a dish of hot coffee with the intention of retiring immediately, but all was too new and strange to close my eyes very soon. A neat pretty girl showed us our chamber. It was immensely large, the walls were hung around with grim portraits. There were two fireplaces adorned with huge fire screens & vases of flowers, two large bay windows opening on different streets. It was sufficiently light to discern objects and we gazed with silent admiration at the broad streets shaded with lofty elms. Then took another survey of our room. The maid directed our attention

**Page 19**

to the bed. It was hung with red damask trimmed with gold lace and fringe, now much tarnished, and on them the initials of some member of the royal family for whom the chamber was prepared many years before. I forget the name and the occasion of the visit, but so it was we had possession of an honoured apartment. The wash stands were so tall I could scarcely reach them. After making so many discoveries retired at 3 in the morning.

May 15 Saturday I hailed with joy the morning that I awoke

in England. It was a sunny, mild day and we immediately prepared to visit and see all the curiosities of the place. On arising I took a better survey of that part of the city to be seen from our windows. Birds were gaily singing & flying about the streets. One even happened upon our window sill. Their security and gentleness was owing to the heavy fine against any one who molested them. After making my toilet I went into our private parlour. It was pleasant and capacious. From its large bay window had still another view. It was of the garden attached to the house. There was a hedge formed of hawthorn and ivy entirely around it and within that a walk with trees on each side of it whose branches had interwoven & formed an impenetrable shade. The yellow jasmine was trained over the wall & other beautiful vines. To my delight I found a sweet-toned piano in our parlour & around the fire place one of those high painted screens I had so often read of. It was very ornamental.

I do not believe I ever enjoyed a meal as much as my first English breakfast. A public table is never set out in England; so in conformity with the universal custom we had our own parlour and ordered every article we wanted. – Before meals, a bill of fare is brought in of different dishes to be prepared in the kitchen. You make your choice of what articles you wish & soon they are served up in elegant style. They have a fixed price for bread, butter & coffee – these three are called a breakfast but if any thing in addition to these

### Page 20

is wanted they do not fail to charge a good price. I never will forget our first breakfast. The table was small, at the head a small waiter with a silver service, and also a silver bowl filled with hot water & on it a plate with three hot muffins, with sweet fresh butter on them. At the foot a beefsteak, tender, juicy and sprinkled on the top of it some nicely scraped horseradish. A little ivory pot of mustard always accompanied a beefsteak. A fresh loaf of bread and a light omelet completed this delicious meal. Need I say that I enjoyed it? My appetite was keen; I had escaped the dangers of the deep, the fresh spring breeze wafted in at the windows; the birds were singing merrily without, indeed all things contributed to make me happy and feel satisfied with every thing around me.

Procured a light chaise & with a fellow passenger rode up to see the height of Clifton (Clifton & Bristol appear to be the same place but the later is a large business place situated in the valley, while the former is situated on the hills above on the banks of the Avon) & is no more than a pretty little village. We passed the suspension bridge. The road wound around the cliffs and from every part of it something beautiful met our view. First a neat cottage with woodbine trained over its low walls, and its gay parterre of flowers; now we would catch a glimpse of the silvery Avon, or ride along its banks, in another moment a castle with its proud domains lay stretched out before us. If all this was so transporting, who can imagine my feelings when I stood on St. Vincent's rock far above town & city & saw in the far distance the sea as a blue speck on the horizon – the channel, the Severn, the Avon tracing its way through the valley, the sides of the rock

evergreen with flowers & festooned with ivy – the quiet village & the noble city. An old man occupied a sort of cave on this rock, where he kept glasses and telescopes for the use of visitors, and specimens of different kinds of rock and marble that he found there. We purchased some pretty little things he carved out of the “Clifton marble”.

**Page 21**

The rock as it is called was carpeted with nature's loveliest green. From thence rode through Clifton and Bristol. For the first time saw old ladies carried about in their sedan chairs. They looked extremely comfortable riding leisurely through the shady parks. Visited the old Abbey in Bristol. It cannot boast of anything remarkable save its antiquity.

Sunday, May 16<sup>th</sup> With some regret left for Bath. The conveyance we selected (an open carriage) enable us to see to advantage the lovely scenery. Although 12 miles distant the road & side walk all the way were perfectly clean. Richly cultivated estates – each boasting a lordly castle met the eye on either side – their entrances always ornamented with a neat cottage or tower embowered in ivy. Arrived in Bath too late to prepare for attending church – from the windows of the White Lion saw the religious & devout wending their way to their respective places of worship & for the first time ladies riding leisurely along in their sedan chairs drawn by one servant & followed by another carrying the huge prayer book or bible.

Our host provided us with a snug parlour and tastily furnished chamber hung with green chintz. The fare was delightful & the manner of serving it up elegant – every piece of plate, china & glass was ornamented with the White Lion – to correspond with the name of the house. After partaking of a delightful dinner went in search of the house of Miss Andrews – to whom we had letters of introduction from her sister, a resident of our native town. At length found her in a neat little dwelling, one of a block of buildings handsomely situated & designated as Norfolk place. From the number of paintings in her diminutive drawing room I judged she was upon giving instructions in that art for subsistence. Being the only persons she knew who had seen her sister in America she was grateful for the visit & exerted herself to make our

**Page 22**

short stay as agreeable as possible. She joined us in our walk & pointed to us all the curiosities of the city, among them; the Warm Springs, Assembly Rooms, and many antiquated churches. But the objects that particularly attracted our attention were the Old Abbey, the Royal Circuit and Victoria Park. The former presents a majestic and venerable appearance with its moss grown walls & crumbling turrets. On the front of the building a singular design is executed. Two ladders the height of the church and figures of men & women climbing up to Heaven upon them - much of the rich

carved work is defaced. In the tower is an immense clock, the face of which is illuminated at night. It was built by the Romans twelve hundred years since. Regretted on entering to find it completely modernized; for so great is my admiration of antiquated relics that I looked upon it as sacrilege. Discovered that we were too late to engage in the services, so after a hasty glance took our departure. Walked through the Royal Circuit to Victoria Park. That constituted a long block of elegant residences built in the form of a crescent. These and another row of dwellings called the Circus were principally inhabited by the nobility and gentry. Over the principle entrance was to be seen the family escutcheon – when a death occurs this is hung with mourning for twelve months. Also saw them over the windows of castles and country villas. Next sallied through Victoria Park. At the entrance is a monument erected to the honour of her Majesty. Fine shade trees, artificial lakes with white swans sailing upon them, rare shrubbery, & smooth pebbled walks contributed to make it a charming resort in the bustle of a large city. Although a Sabbath afternoon it was thronged with gaily dressed men, women and children. Spent the evening at our hotel with our newly formed acquaintances & one of our fellow passengers, Mr. George Pansey from Cambridge. Am quite ashamed to acknowledge that the day was spent in such a sinful manner.

**Page 23**

Monday May 17<sup>th</sup> (dated with no entry)



**Page 1**

Paris – June 11<sup>th</sup> 1841

Spent the morning shopping. After dinner took a long walk – and enjoyed it much –

June 12<sup>th</sup> A

fine day and for the first time for many weeks passed it as a day of comparative ease –

June 13<sup>th</sup> Being the Sabbath it was spent as a gala day by the gay citizens of Paris. The shops were open, the operation of buying and selling and various other employments continued as usual. A festival was held in the Church of France. Desirous to witness the form & ceremony attendant upon such an occasion and to obtain another view of the Queen we went to (Church of) St. Roch. It was thronged. The people were all anxiety to catch the first glimpse of the plain face they had seen a hundred



**Page 2**

times. Every morning finds her engaged in the devotional at the shrine of the Holy Virgin. With difficulty we made our way through the compact crowd. The royal family enter through a private door and occupy a small galley. After much squeezing & pushing at length stood safely on our feet and in part of the aisle from whence us attained a near view of the Queen & Princess Clementine. They actually looked very much like other people – The building was decorated with branches of trees, flowers, natural & artificial, gay paintings, hangings of silk, showy ornaments, toys and trinkets. The priest, or rather actors wore a profusion of showy ornaments & trinkets; in their hands they carried magnificent bouquets of flowers –

**Page 3**

Why they thought such service  
acceptable to God's sight was  
more than my heart could  
divine. It seemed to me a mockery.  
The altar upon which they performed  
their devotional was overhung with an  
elegant canopy of silk velvet. They  
crossed and re-crossed it acting at the  
same time to my eyes, most ridiculously .  
They knelt a moment then arising  
crossed themselves, rang a small  
silver bell – dept a finger in holy  
water – lighted a torch again & again,  
&c &c – To add to the solemnity of the  
scene a band of music together with  
the organ played an opera. It was  
amusing to see with what awe

**Page 4**

they regarded by the deluded  
& ignorant poor. Left the church  
in a short time with feelings of pity  
& disgust. Went to Church of St.  
Eustache – But there, sad to relate  
the same mockery of worship was  
gone through - the floors were  
strewn with flowers & rose leaves,  
the walls decorated with a variety  
of ornaments as well as flowers –  
There was a procession moving slowly  
through the aisles, composed of priests  
& little boys all dressed up in a costly  
manner & bearing in the midst  
of them a lofty canopy of crim-  
son & gold, under which walked  
with demure look some high eccle-  
siastic – He was dressed in all

**Page 5**

the colours of the rainbow, and seem-  
ed as though his poor body could  
scarcely bear its load of trinkets  
& flowers. With unfeigned reverence  
their followers gazed upon them  
while we could not repress a  
smile. Such a system of deceitful  
imposition upon their feelings  
is carried on throughout this

Catholic country that a few are found  
who do not, with sincerity bow  
the knee to those impersonations  
of wickedness – the clergy.  
They are losing their power in some  
measure since the establishment  
of Protestant churches in various  
parts of France. In the evening, with  
a large & gay party, took a farewell

**Page 6**

walk through the beautiful gardens  
of the Tillenius; then strolled leisurely  
along through the Elysian Fields  
to the Triumphal Arch. With sadness  
I bade adieu to those sweet spots  
full of artful beauty, & unspeakably  
interesting from historical associations.

Monday June 14. Took a Omnibus  
for Lo Pecq at which place we took a  
Steamboat for Rouen - The scenery on the  
Seine is beautifully diversified – Old ruins,  
of every description, noble castles &  
lovely villages were ever presenting  
themselves to our admiring view.  
Not a few of them boasted of size  
& importance – Many, for the interest  
thrown around them by events of  
by gone days – Menten, for years  
the residence of a succession of kings,  
attracts the eye by its Cathedral of  
vast & striking proportions

**Page 7**

.  
With a pleasant party dined on  
the boat – the charges for different dishes  
were enormous – peas four francs -  
At our home in the U. States 12-1/2 cts  
will purchase a peck of them.  
Arrived in Rouen at twilight  
& stopped at the same hotel, but  
occupied a more agreeable suite  
of apartments. – Tuesday, June  
15 – Breakfasted early & sallied  
forth to see once more the many  
wonders of the ancient town.  
I need not say the few short

hours we had before us, passed swiftly by. At 11 o'clock entered the Steamer Normandy for Havre – It was crowded, perhaps for the circumstances that the mortal remains of the Great Emperor were conveyed in it from Havre to Rouen. (Napoleon?)

**Page 8**

Passed many fine buildings – The castle of Audelys, memorable in History – “Chateau Galliard” built by Richard Cour de Leon, in which many kings have been imprisoned – It has a bold effect – from its extent & towering height, seeming to pierce the very clouds – Saw the “Cote des deux Amants” or Lover’s Hill, with which is connected a romantic love story too long for the limited compass of my journal. The city of Elbeuf, remarkable for its woolen manufactures, “The Castle of Robert the Devil”, the “Manor House of Agnes Sowell, The Castle of Jumieges”, the “Monastery of Lauderrick”, the

*Cote des Deux Amants*

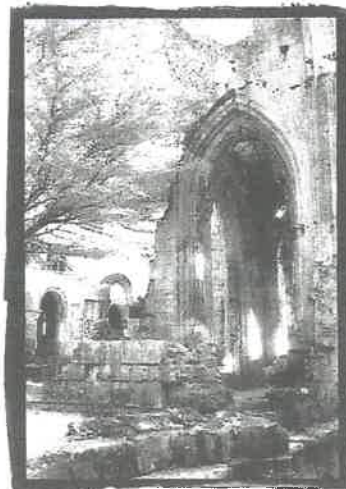
The cliff-climbing is inspired by a French Legend, The Cliff of the Two Lovers (*La Cote des Deux Amants*)

“It was a fairy tale and then became a legend when people used the cliff for the Test of Courage. The name of the cliff died when books began to refer to it as the Test of Courage instead.”

**Page 9**

Castle of Villigomez” successively met the view. Neared the lovely town of Hon fleur and passed near Quilleboeuf – where navigation is dangerous – At eight arrived at Havre, the most odious place imaginable, & to my great joy left without five minutes delay in the steamer Monarch for Southampton.

Wednesday June 16<sup>th</sup> Once more trod the shores of England. Partook of a delicious breakfast & left that pleasant port in the railroad train for London, where we arrived in three hours, a distance of seventy three miles. Stopped at Morley’s Trafalgar Square. After dinner took a walk through the Strand &



*Remains of Jumieges Castle*

**Page 10**

beyond Temple bar; returned much

fatigued. Thursday, June 17<sup>th</sup>. Rode to St. Paul's Church – & examined its curiosities – The Geometrical staircase, Library, Clock, Bell, the Whispering Gallery, the Outer Gallery, the Small Gallery, & even the hall itself, a height of 300 ft. which I confess produced a most awful sensation. To be at such a dazzling height & think of the long tedious and dangerous descent, was aught but pleasant. Stopped at the P. Office but alas! no news from home – Friday, June 18<sup>th</sup>. Spent the morning shopping & writing home. In the evening walked through some of the fashionable streets & parks, & did some shopping.

### Page 11

Saturday, June 19<sup>th</sup>. At an early hour took a carriage & rode to Richmond distant nine miles from London. Enjoyed the famous view from its lofty hills. I think it fully merits the reputation it has – In a short time saw all the lions of this small city (for it boasts not of many) & left for Hampton Court, an old but still magnificent palace, & rendered interesting to the visitor from its historical associations. It was built by Cardinal Wolsey & presented by him to Henry 7<sup>th</sup>. While walking through its noble halls the guide com-

### Page 12

municated many interesting facts - & reminded us that such & such were places where some remarkable scenes had taken place, or directed our attention to the almost living lineaments of those who had acted at such a time and place. The walls were hung with the productions of Rubens, Vandyke, Leonardo di Vinci, &c. &c. The gallery of por-

traits was extensive, & very gratifying to one versed in French history. Next admired its highly ornamented grounds & wandered with some difficulty into the centre of the maze and then examined the wonders of the conservatory, & saw the remarkable grape vine which in one year bore 2672 bunches. Walked

**Page 13**

through "Queen Mary's Bower", which consist of two rows of orange & lemon trees with their branches interwoven at the top. Returned to London much pleased with the days employment.

Sunday, 20<sup>th</sup>. Weather very pleasant. At an early hour walked to the chapel of St. James Palace, in order to obtain a view of the Queen. The crowd collected around the door was dense & we found much to our disappointment, (after waiting an hour & a half) that the chapel was crowded, being only large enough to contain fifty persons – Did not despair however, for one of the officers informed us that if we would wait in the

**Page 14**

Park we would see her passing from Buckingham Palace to St. James. Thither we proceeded & exactly at the appointed hour saw Her Majesty (Queen Victoria) and the Prince accompanied by maids of honour & lords in waiting. I was very much pleased with her appearance also with that of her royal consort. They were dressed quite plain & unaccompanied by guard or retinue. Their equipage was superb, but not more so than that of their attendants, & only drawn by one pair of horses. What a forcible contrast between their lot & that of Louis Phillippe & his Queen!

In the afternoon took a sail on the Thames & visited Greenwich. Passed

**Page 15**

many beautiful country seats. Engaged a pleasure boat & sailed three miles on the Thames to (Alexander) Pope's villa. There the great Poet was born & there he died.

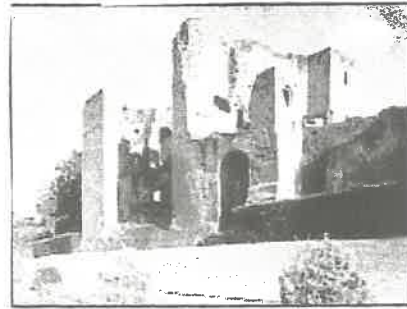
The house where he formerly resided, altho in a state of excellent preservation, was torn down by a whimsical old lady to escape the annoyance of visitors. – A wall of it is still to be seen, and some of the doors. However, there are still many things to remind one of him. The grotto which he built as a private study remains as it was occupied by him, except the slight traces time has made – The time worn monument which he erected to the memory of his mother, and which has often been wet with his tears. A private door through

**Page 16**

which he had often passed He had inscribed upon it a Latin inscription. Saw the trunk of the tree which he had planted and under it, it is supposed he (Pope) translated the Iliad. Saw his original bust.

Monday 21<sup>st</sup> At nine o'clock left London in the cars for Liverpool Passed through several towns of size and importance Coventry, Birmingham &c several old castles and rich domains and county seats of many of the English nobility. Also passed very near Stratford on Avon the residence of the immortal Shakespeare and the famous Kenilworth Castle where the Earl of Leicester gave the grand entertainment to Queen Elizabeth, and where the scene is laid of the much admired

Kenilworth Castle

**Page 17**

novel of Walter Scott's by that name – Arrived at Liverpool at seven, rapid traveling a distance of two hundred and ten miles in less than twelve hours. Stopped at the Star and Garter, Paradise Street. The hotel is furnished very plainly the rooms are not pleasant but the fare & attendance excellent – unsurpassed –

Tuesday – 22<sup>nd</sup> Walked to St.

James Cemetery a burying ground  
excavated out of solid rock for  
which only it is remarkable –  
Saw there much to our gratification  
but unexpectedly, – the tomb of the  
Hon. William T. Berry. He died in this  
city August 1835. He was at the time  
Minister Plenipotentiary of the United  
States to the Court of Spain (Madrid)  
After dinner went to see the famous

### Page 18

docks of Liverpool – and at the same  
time the ship Roscoe in which one of  
our worthy friends was to sail on the  
25<sup>th</sup> of June for New York. It was  
elegantly fitted up but no luxury  
could ever tempt me to spend a  
month on the watery element.

Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> Visited the old  
town of Chester famous for its antiquity  
and good cheese – Went to see its ancient  
Cathedral, the remains of an Abbey  
erected in 606 – It is of course very  
antiquated and had it not been for  
recent repairs would be in a delapi-  
dated condition. The cloisters of the nuns,  
the cells of the monks, with their  
dining room and kitchen still remain  
but in a ruinous state. The



The Roscoe

### Page 19

building was in the time of the Romans  
& of vast extent as may be seen from  
remains of it various streets  
far distant from the church – Two  
or three squares are seen, the ruins  
of the baths once attached to it.  
Enjoyed extremely our rambles  
around the ancient city – examined  
with interest its old walls which by  
 dint of frequent repair retain their  
former condition – A few of the postern  
watch towers yet remain – saw one  
from which the unfortunate Charles  
first witnessed the defeat of Black moor  
From Chester rode to Eaton Hall one of  
the country seats of the Marquis of  
Westminster – three miles from Chester.



**Page 20**

The house or rather palace is the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the Kingdom – The elegance of the building and beauty of the grounds are unsurpassed by any I have seen except the Palace of Versailles.

The princely possessor has seven other country seats, equally as grand & at any moment ready for his reception, with servants, equipages, &c &c. He is the wealthiest gentleman in England & has an income of 400,000 lbs per annum.

Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> In the morning walked to the Exchange Buildings & saw the splendid bronze monument erected to the memory of Admiral

**Page 21**

Nelson, and his four famous battles. In the evening at eight o'clock left Liverpool for Kingston in the large Steamer "Prince". Was much amused with a number of Irish boys who were just returning to or from school. They were just half grown and were discussing politics, the powers of the steam engine &c subjects rather above their comprehension –

Friday 25<sup>th</sup> Landed in Ireland at eight o'clock & were greeted with piercing winds & pelting rain. Left Kingston immediately for Dublin in the railroad cars where we arrived at nine o'clock – Stopped at Gresham's

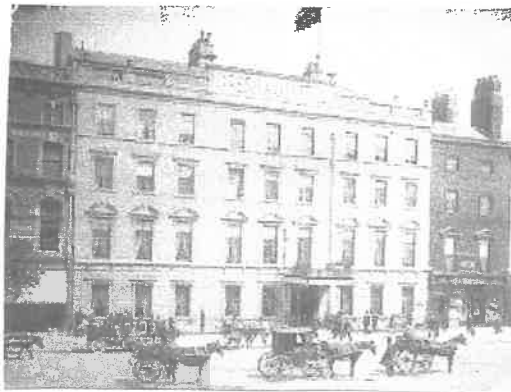
**Page 22**

Hotel, Sackville Street. It rained incessantly until evening, when we walked out to view some of its wonders. The street in which we are is the finest in the city, indeed it is the pride of the people being wider than any in London – or Paris and in it are many public buildings. Nelson's beautiful monument is in the centre – on one side of it is Trinity College, on

*Liverpool*



86367 Old Exchange, W. G. Hardman, 1843  
OLD EXCHANGE. A hand coloured lithograph view with figures on Georgian dress and a sedan chair. 11 1/2 x 8 1/4 inches. In a sunk mount. Good condition.



the other the Bank of England – Next to the Custom House saw the equestrian statue of George the 3<sup>rd</sup> and crossed three of the principal bridges. The finest of them was Carlisle

### Page 23

Bridge from whence an extensive view is obtained of the most modern & elegant part of the city.

Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> Engaged a jaunting car and took a three hours ride viewing the greatest lions of the city. First visiting Trinity College, St. Patrick's Cathedral a very ancient structure in the church yard of which Jonathan Swift was buried – Passed & visited many interesting places too numerous to mention. Rode through Phoenix Park said to be the finest in the British Dominion, being one thousand 4 hundred acres in extent. The most elegant monument erected to the Duke of Wellington



Carlisle Bridge

### Page 24

formed a grass feature of the Park. In it are situated the noble mansions of the Lord Lieutenant & his Secretary. They only reside in them during the summer months. Saw the Royal Barracks, Royal Hospital, & several Asylums and Churches, parks &c &c &c – After recovering from our fatigue after such a long ride, again took a jaunting car & continued sight seeing – Went through the Bank of Ireland a magnificent structure – First into the room once occupied as the House of Lords & Commons – It is a handsome room and remains

### Page 25

in the same state as when used by them with the exception of a marble statue of George the third – went through several other apartments and then through the politeness of a gentleman who was with

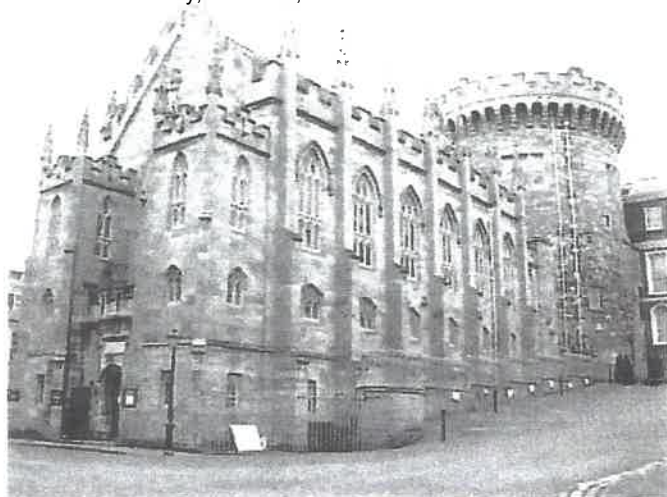
us (a citizen of Dublin) were admitted to witness the operation of printing bank notes. Strangers are not allowed to see it – therefore we considered it a great privilege & favour – The operation seemed very simple and was rapidly done as it only occupied two seconds to print one, and they were all numbered – As we had seen them made they were a great curiosity & we purchased

**Page 26**

one. The tower, with the castle & chapel most claimed our attention – The later a beautiful structure in which the Hon. Lord Lt. attends devine service. It is ornamented with carved work of Irish oak entirely and executed by Irish artist & is considered a great credit to the same. The design of the pulpit is beautiful – at the base is the gospel of Christ out of it arise the pillars of faith and it is surrounded by the heads of the four evangelists resting on their four gospels and these form the support of the pulpit which is small and elaborately carved of the same wood. The ceiling is of fan

**Page 27**

tressiling, the walls of carved oak & on them the coat of arms of the different Lord Lieutenants & of many Lords and nobles – The cicerone while pointing out its beauties, related an anecdote of an American gentleman who would not believe the chain of one of the coat of Arms was of oak & to satisfy himself struck it with his cane & broke it – it was expensive to have it repaired – the old guide was incensed at such sacrilege & judged all Americans accordingly and denounced them in no measured terms. I can not resist



**Dublin Royal Chapel @ Dublin Castle**



**Pulpit with Gospel Base**

**Page 28**

telling her I was one – The young gentlemen with us told her that Pa was a French man & wanted to hear what sort of people they were, but I suppose she dreaded losing her fee & said no more – Next to the Four Courts one of the noblest structures in the Metropolis – It is crowned with a dome having rich Mosaic ceiling & a figure of Justice under the dome – in the centre of the Rotunda – then to the Court of Exchequer, Bannister's library, the Court of Justice &c &c – all magnificent rooms and in them we saw judges, attorneys, &c with their full

**Page 29**

powdered wigs & long black gowns – Also in the Coffee room where we saw every thing comfortable in the eating line Left our car reluctantly at the hotel – We sat with our feet over the wheels & backs to each other, with no cover for our heads.

June Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> Clear for the first time since our arrival in this Land of "Potatoes" and quite cold so that we are compelled to wear our clocks – A eight o'clock left in the Post Coach for Belfast 100 miles from Dublin – Arrived in that northern capital after a fatiguing ride of 9 hours –

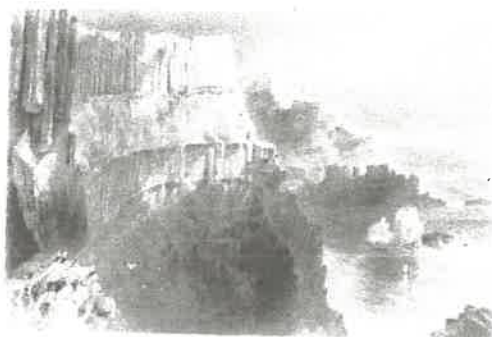
**Page 30**

Monday 25<sup>th</sup> (28<sup>th</sup>) June  
Passed ancient castles and many fine cities – viz. Drogheda, Dunluce, Dundalk, Nerry, Banbridge, Dromore, Willsborough and Lisbon – The first memorable in history from a battle which took place upon its banks, between William the third and James second, called "the battle of the Boyne". Stopped in Belfast at the "Dougal Arms" a

very excellent Hotel situated in the finest street in the city. It is the fourth town in the Kingdom in extent & population – the third in general trade and the second in science and literature. It is thought to (as situated upon a view rendered)

**Page 31**

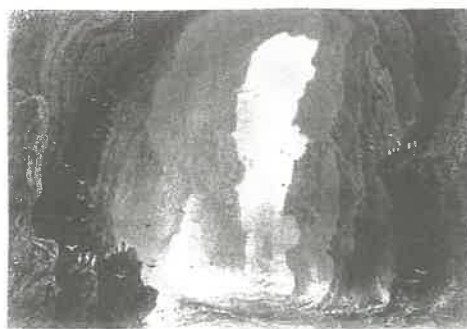
be to Ireland, what Glasgow is to Scotland and Liverpool to England – It is the great depot of the linen business and the seat of the cotton trade. Left Belfast at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for Coleraine distant 40 miles – arrived there at 9 in the evening – stopped at the Commercial hotel. Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> Left early in the morning for the Giant's Causway – Arrived at Bush Mills at twelve there took a small boat with 6 rowers for the Causway. On our way visited the famous Dunkerry Cave. In consequence of the heavy swell of the sea within it, and the greasiness of its sides, the passage & navigation of boats is prevented – for any



Giant's Causway

**Page 32**

distance. The height of the cave is 60 feet above high water mark, the depth of the water has not yet been ascertained. Along the sides is a bordering of marine plants. The roof and sides are covered with green conferva which gives it a rich and beautiful appearance. The rear of the waves, & the gradual and awful rising of the surface has a strange fearful effect upon the mind. It is said that natives dwelling a mile from the shore frequently have their slumbers interrupted in the winter's nights by the subterranean sounds of Dunkerry Cavern. The entrance is grand and striking 26 feet in breadth and enclosed between



Dunkerry Cavern

**Page 33**

two natural walls of dark basalt.

The Causway on 1<sup>st</sup> beholding it has the appearance of an extensive pier which has been commenced but left unfinished – The superstitious natives believe it to have been the work or undertaking of a giant – as if he intended to make a causeway to Scotland & was interrupted suddenly & compelled to leave it. But my astonishment was called forth when I first stepped upon this great work of nature. It consisted of three piers extending from the base of a stratified cliff and each of these is formed of pillars of dark coloured basalt. They are so compactly joined together that a

**Page 34**

knife blade cannot be inserted between them. The formation of them into such a variety of figures, and the manner in which they are joined together is more remarkable and less to be accounted for than any other circumstance connected with them. They are of endless variety of forms and vary from a triangular to an octangular form. Some have been found with nine and others with even ten sides. Some are round other convex or concave – Each pillar is a distinct piece of workmanship and may be separated into distinct joints. Their articulation is as perfect as human exertion could have formed them, the extremities of each joint being

**Page 35**

concave or convex for the insurance of the stability of this piece of architecture, the angles of the inferior joints overlap those of the superior so finely as to require great force to dislocate them, and frequently they are fractured. Towards the centre of the mass of pillars ascend, and form the peculiar appearance of the surface that part has been called the “honeycomb” – In another part the pillars are so arranged as to form a seat. This is called the “Lovers Chair” where our guide informed

that if "we sat there & thought 3 times of our lover & took 3 sups of the "Giants Well" we would be married in a twelvemonth." The well is a spring of water bubbling up between the interstices of two rocks. At the side of it an old woman had taken

**Page 36**

her stand for many years offering to every visitor a glass of Scotch whiskey. That I declined, but still she must have a shilling for giving you a sip of the pure cold water of the spring.

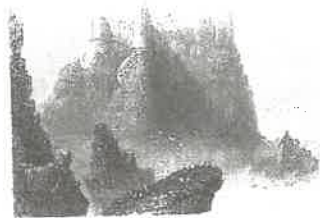
In the face of the stratified cliff of the causeway there is a regular formation of Basaltic columns sixty feet high & from it resemblance to the frontal tubes in the organ of a church has been called "The Giant's Organ". At the foot of it is the Giant's Chair where he sat and listened to the music of the organ and directed his workmen immediately opposite is his loom also formed of basaltic pillars. There is a formation of pillars called

**Page 37**

the Giant's Pulpit which he comes out and preaches at half past 4 in the afternoon. Numerous places were pointed out by the guide not worthy of record – After having satisfied our curiosity we again took our little boat to Carrick – a ride seven miles distant from the Causeway – On the shore many bold cliffs of the same formation of the Causeway were pointed out to us such as, "Bengore Fair Head", "Lion's Rock, Pleaskin", "Goats Head", &c. On a lofty projecting cliff east of the causeway stand a few shattered columns usually known by the appellation of the Chimney Tops said to have been mistaken by the crew composing the vessels of the

**Page 38**

Invincible Armada of Spain, for the towers of Dunluce Castle who forthwith fired and registered upon the front of them their foolish error. To the east of it is a small bay called Port-na-Spagna to perpetuate this event. After passing numerous bold cliffs and promontories we arrived at Carrick – a rude an insulated crag of basalt connected with the main land by a bridge of ropes thrown across a chasm sixty feet in breadth and eighty four in depth. It is formed of two strong cables parallel to each other fastened to rings inserted in the solid rock – the interval of the ropes is occupied by a boarded pathway. This very dangerous mode of communication exists



Dunluce Castle

**Page 39**

only during the fishing season. This island rises to the immense height of three hundred and sixty feet. – The bridge trembles with the slightest wind. We all crossed it. I went over with our guide – the weight of two persons together with a very strong wind made motion of the bridge most frightful.

When we landed in the small bay (the only part which is accessible to the summit of the craig) I had not the least idea of crossing the bridge but after clambering up the steep and craggy sides of the craig I thought the risk in crossing the bridge no greater than descending the precipitous cliff – Therefore quite to my astonishment I summoned courage & with my guide's assistance



Carrick Rope Bridge

**Page 40**

crossed in a few minutes. – We also visited the Castle of Dunluce, a structure so old that the founder of it is not known – It crowns the summit of a perpendicular and detached rock so entirely that the external walls are in continuation with the sides of the rock – One part of it said to be haunted by the  
of the cook,  
spirit ^ who was dashed to pieces in consequences



of the walls giving way while she was engaged in the employment of cooking . One small room actually overhangs the sea and from it is an awful view of the green waters – The banqueting room is in a wonderful state of preservation a portion of the plastering remains on the walls and the sash of one of the

#### Page 41

windows is quite good – The Castle had no communication with the main land except by a bridge formed of two parallel ropes of stone thrown across the chasm about eight feet asunder – planks were laid across for the admission of visitors and removed immediately after the passage was effected. Only one of the walls now remains about thirteen inches in thickness – The only pathway is along its summit over the awful rocky chasm – The McDonnells, McQuillens, the Antrim family, and the Earl of Donegal were the last inhabitants of this ancient castle. It has now gone to decay – the creeping ivy, with flowers, insects & birds are its only tenants, save when the spirits of moldering dead arise to revisit the scenes of former

#### Page 42

mirth and hold a midnight revel within its tottering walls. Returned to Coleraine late in the evening – at twelve left in the post coach of Belfast.

Wednesday June 30<sup>th</sup> Arrived in Belfast – Remained at the Hotel, the weather being too disagreeable to venture out. At 5 o'clock with wind and steam left Belfast in the steamer "Tartar" for Glasgow –

July 1<sup>st</sup> Cloudy and quite warm. At 6 arrived at Greenock quite an extensive port. Stopped an hour or more then proceeded on our journey – Passed Port Glasgow – near it saw the Castle of Newark now possessed by Lady Stewart. Opposite to this the remains of and ancient



Newark Castle

**Page 43**

castle believed to have been that of Cardross in which Robert Burns breathed his last. For several miles the shore is thickly studded with villas & small towns - Antiquated abbeys & castles here & there met the view, adding great variety to the scenery - A prominent object after passing Port Glasgow is the Rock of Dumbarton rising suddenly from the junction of the Seven & Clyde to the towering height of 560 ft. measuring a mile in circumference terminating in 2 sharp points 1 higher than the other & dotted with houses, batteries &c. Previous to his being sent to England, Wallace was confined in this castle - the governor was the infamous Sir John Menleith



Rock of Dumbarton

**Page 44**

who betrayed him. A sword of the famous Wallace is shown here. Captain Crawford distinguished herself by taking this fortress. The attention most attracted by a small promontory call Dunglass Point upon it are the ruins of Dunglass Castle - Upon the centre of the rock a lofty monument has been erected to the memory of the late Henry Bell (who first applied the Steam Engine to river navigation in Scotland) Its white sides contrast beautifully with the castle's ivy covered towers - Saw many spots rendered interesting by records of song & history - Saw the old mansion of Erskine formerly the seat of the Earls of Man(chester). But to mention all would be too tedious - but the beauty

**Page 45**

of the scenery on the cliffs surpassed my expectations. Reached Glasgow at 10 o'clock, stopped at Argyle Hotel, Argyle Street. the largest & finest in the city. At noon walked out & visited some of its public buildings - the Lunatic Asylum, Bridewell Prison & & the

Exchange Buildings. Many of the parks are quite pretty with their fresh green grass, rich foliage & graveled walks. They are delicious after walking through narrow crowded streets. In St. George's Square is a monument to Sir W. Scott. It is in the form of a fluted Doric Column, 80 ft. in

#### Page 46

height with a colossal statue of the great minstrel. \* Immediately in front of it is a handsome pedestrian bronze statue of Sir John Moore by Flameau. In the south west angle of the square is the monument of James Watt – it is a figure of colossal magnitude. The Royal Exchange forms one of the most conspicuous objects in the city. It is situated in Queen Street – This splendid fabric is built in the florid Corinthian style of architecture and is surmounted by a lantern. It is placed in the centre of a noble and two sides of which are lined with splendid and uniform ranges of



\* from here to the top of Page 50 someone had attempted to write in pen, over Amanda's pencil entries with a blue ink. Upon magnified examinations I have caught some errors.

#### Page 47

buildings. Behind it is the Royal Park admired for the elegant simplicity and chasteness of its design. After dinner walked to Infirmary and the old Roman Cathedral. It was commenced in 1120 and is now much decayed, and has many marks of the weight of time. It is surrounded by a vast church yard in which the bones of many generations rest from their labours besides which it contains many rich and ancient monumental tombs of the worthies of the old city and the grave dignitaries of churches and state of the days of their times. Sir Walter Scott

**Page 48**

in his "Rob Roy" gives a description of the crypt of this church. – It is also remarkable as being the only Catholic Church that escaped the general fate of being plundered and leveled with the ground during the Reformation – Betwixt the old Cathedral a narrow path conducts to the Bridge of Sighs so called from its spanning the waters of a rivulet termed the Molendinar River which dashes down the steep ravine that separates the Cathedral grounds from the old fir park (believed formerly to have been a sacred retreat of the Druids) and now the

**Page 49**

sea port metropolis of Glasgow. It arises 2 or 300 feet and forms a noble back ground to the Cathedral. A splendid gateway in the Italian style appears in front – the whole surface of the ground is covered over with columns and every variety of monumental erection in the most chaste and beautiful style. The fine statue of Knox on the summit, one erected to the memory of William M'Gavin with the cenotaph to the late Rev. Dr. Dick instantly attract the eye of the stranger. It is intended to form a vast crypt underneath by excavating a tunnel through

**Page 50**

through the rock. From the summit the Great Reformer (Knox) looks down grimly upon one of most startling scenes that can be imagined. The huge mass of the Cathedral surrounded by the crumbling remains and monuments of more than ten hundred and fifty generations, stands still and solemn at your feet like the awful Genius of the Past – the vast city stretched away in long lines and perspectives before you in every direction – intersected by the broad and

humming Clyde, while the uplands of Lanarkshire and Renfrenshire and the heirs of Dunbartonshire and

**Page 51**

Argyllshire form a noble frame to the picture. Returned to our Hotel much more pleased with Glasgow than before. The numbers of miserable wretched poor we saw and met constantly in the streets is a discredit to the city. — They wonder through the streets half clad picking up and begging all the food upon which they subsist and without a roof to shelter them some of the obscure streets are thronged with them. Their poverty and misery is extreme and certainly should be relieved. They are many of them worthless but their poverty makes them

**Page 52**

so. It is a criminal sin for the \*wealthy inhabitants to see them dying of starvation and want. It is their imperative duty to provide for them the necessaries of life even if they do it scantily.

July Friday 2<sup>nd</sup>. Weather very pleasant — In the afternoon took our farewell walk in Glasgow, saw many handsome public buildings that had hitherto escaped our notice, crossed a fine bridge and surveyed for the first time that part of the city opposite which is on the other side of the river. It boast not of any beauty whatever. From the

\*here the eye meets dimly with fading pencil entries and the small flash light and magnifying glass become necessary tools.

**Page 53**

street upon the quay we had an excellent view of the beautiful obelisk erected to the memory of the gallant Nelson. It is an exact imitation of Trojan's Pillar at Rome. It is one hundred and forty three feet in height — On returning to the other side of the city crossed the

Glasgow bridge, one of the finest in Europe.

It is five hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. Returned to our Hotel, and just dined in time to leave Glasgow in the Steamer for Dunbarton, at which place we arrived at four o'clock after a very pleasant sail on the Clyde. Not any thing worth seeing in the place, left immediately for Dumbarton Castle, situated upon Dumbarton Rock – an

#### Page 54

elevation of five hundred feet. – The ascent to the top of it was very tedious but we were amply repaid by the very extensive view we had of the surrounding country. At our feet on the one side lay the pretty village of Dunbarton, on the left gently flowed the waters of the Loren, and on the right the noble Clyde, its surface filled with busy steamers. In the distance the cities of Glasgow, Paisley, Greenock &c – Although seven miles distance we could distinctly see the towering form of Ben Lomond piercing far above the clouds, and 'mid the dim haze could but distinguish a portion of its glassy lake. We were in the old

#### Page 55

watch tower and had in our hands the sword of Sir William Wallace. Returned to Dunbarton in time to take the Omnibus for Balloch Ferry, a short distance from whence steamers embark for Lock Lomond. After a pleasant ride of six miles and passing the villages of Alexandria and Bonhill (in the latter is a splendid monument erected to the memory of the novelist Smollett by his cousin) - arrived at our place of destination, an exceedingly comfortable Hotel on the Banks of the Loren. It is a lovely stream but calm and slow and well deserves the praise bestowed upon it in Smollett's well known verses, "On Leven's banks while free to rove,

↑  
Ode to

**Page 56**

And tune the pipes to rural love  
 I envied not the happiest swain  
 That ever trod the Arcadian plain,  
 Pure Stream; in whose transparent wave  
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave!"

Saw his residence, and obelisk  
 erected to his memory. But the  
 Loch itself is his best monument  
 which seems to echo back, as it  
 glides along its soft channels; his  
 own sweet song. -----

And now we approached the  
 descent to Loch Katrine.  
 "One burnished sheet of living gold,  
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,  
 In all her length far winding lay,  
 With promontory, creek, and bay,  
 And islands that, empurpled bright,  
 Floated amid the livelier light,

-----  
 High on the south, huge Ben Venue

**Page 57**

Down to the lake in masses threw  
 Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,  
 The fragments of an earlier world;  
 A wildering forest feathered o'er  
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,  
 While on the north, through middle air,  
 Ben A'an heaved high his forehead bare."

-----  
 This beautiful survivor, so deeply  
 set in the framework of (crossed out)  
 the mountains, is about 10 miles  
 in length by one & a half in  
 breadth. It is in itself an object  
 such as nature has seldom con-  
 structed, but 'tis rendered apply  
 interesting by the witchery which  
 the Scottish Magician has thrown  
 around it in poetic creations  
 of his "Highland Muse especially  
 in the "Lady of the Lake" – the principal  
 scene of which is found here. –  
 The dusk of the evening was setting  
 upon the valleys tho' the tops of Ben A'an,  
 and Ben Venue were still lighted by the  
 reflecting rays of the departed

**From: Sir Walter Scott's**

**Lady of the Lake**

And now, to issue from the glen,  
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
 Unless he climb with footing nice  
 A far-projecting precipice.  
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,  
 The hazel saplings lent their aid;  
 And thus an airy point he won,  
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
 One burnished sheet of living gold,  
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,  
 In all her length far winding lay,  
 With promontory, creek, and bay,  
 And islands that, empurpled bright,  
 Floated amid the livelier light,  
 And mountains that like giants stand  
 To sentinel enchanted land.  
 High on the south, huge Benvenue  
 Down to the lake in masses threw  
 Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,  
 The fragments of an earlier world;  
 A wildering forest feathered o'er  
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,  
 While on the north, through middle air,  
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

sun. The lake was still – the air  
fragrant & mild, all combined  
to make the impression of the  
scene most vivid -----

**Page 58**

“while free to roam” &c After refreshing  
ourselves with a good scotch supper we  
took an sail this delightful river. The scenery  
on its banks is lovely beyond description.  
Noble Castles surrounded by variegated  
and richly cultivated grounds gave to  
it a pleasing variety. Saw the stately  
mansion of the Smollett family. It is  
delightfully situated on a gentle slope near  
the bank of the river. We remained all  
night at Bulloch Ferry.

Saturday July 3<sup>rd</sup> At ten o'clock  
with bag and baggage took a small row  
boat and sailed down to the Steamer Loch  
Lomond which was to convey us up the lake.  
The boat was crowded with passengers.  
I can scarcely describe my emotions of  
pleasure while sailing on the glassy

**Page 59**

bosom of the Queen of Lakes. With the  
lofty Ben Lomond rising before us in  
its cloud-capt summit piercing to the  
very heavens. Many other gigantic  
mountains (crossed out) were in view.  
Indeed this is unquestionably the part  
of the Scottish lakes incomparable with all  
others both in beauty and dimensions,  
and uniting in itself every style and  
variety of scenery to be found in the  
Highlands. It is 60 miles in length.  
Its greatest breadth is 8 miles. Passed  
many interesting places such as “Rob  
Roy’s rock”. The walls of Inversnaid & where  
Wadsworth penned those beautiful words  
to the “Highland Girl”, Rowardennan  
from whence tourists commence the ascent  
to the summit of Ben Lomond, Rob Roy’s

**Page 60**

Cave, once the hiding place of the daring  
outlaw, and said to have afforded  
shelter to Bruce after his discomfiture



at Strathfillan. The village Larbet, the situation of which nothing can exceed in picturesque beauty, &c – After having sailed to the head of the lake we returned as far as Inversnaid where we landed and mounted the Highland Ponies to ride over the mountain pass to Loch Katrine – a distance of seven miles – we had a merry time. the novelty of the scene, our appearance on the ponies as it rose climbing over the mountains quite amused us. At half pass three arrived at the borders of the lovely lake.

### Page 61

Waited in a Highland hut until four o'clock where we refreshed ourselves with some fresh milk and were highly amused at hearing a party of men talking Gallic. At four all things being ready we with a large party of men, women and children commenced our sail upon Loch Katrine in a small pleasure boat. The scenery is unsurpassably lovely, but added to this is the deep interest awakened by seeing those places which Sir W. Scott has described so happily in his "Lady of the Lake" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel". We saw many places which were mentioned in the beautiful poem. The spot where Ellen's home stood, where James first saw her,

### Page 62

the cave where the robbers concealed themselves from Rhodwich Dhu, the place where he lost his steed, &c. Landed at seven o'clock, walked one mile and a half to Trossach's Inn where in a few moments we were comfortably arranged for the night.

Sunday July 4<sup>th</sup>. Early in the morning I climbed up a steep hill to enjoy a full view of the unrivalled beauty of the spot. In the bosom of the family and valley lay the quiet lake of Vanachar; its pellucid waters rendered dark by the reflection of the lofty mountains which embosomed it – on the banks was the romantic cottage in which we had

rested, overgrown with luxuriant vines &

### Page 63

wild flowers. On either side of rose lofty mountains, and over us as it seemed was the cloud-capt summit of Ben A'an between the wooded hills and almost concealed by the deep overhanging foliage rushed a rocky waterfall. Naught disturbed the stillness of the spot save its unceasing din, foaming and breaking over the rough rocks. Returned much fatigued with our walk. At twelve took an open carriage (that we might uninterruptedly view the wild scenery of which the Trossach's boast) for Callander. After riding two or three miles through hills, rivlets and streams we come to the Lake of Vanachar, so sweetly linked with poetry by the magic of Sir Walter's muse. Every tree and isle, and crag

### Page 64

hath a tale to whisper of – and even the cold stone bridge bears a name – a history. And upon the borders of this translucent lake grove many a creeping bush, and wooded shrub, flowers of countless brilliant hues, lilies white, and long green weeds. Its glassy surface clearly reflected the splendid picture around. But 'twould take a Scott to do justice to this charming spot, and the wild but majestic scenery around. All that is grand and stupendous in mountain scenery here nestles "High on the South huge Ben Venue, Down on the lake in masses threw, Craggs, knolls and mounds confusedly hurl'd The fragments of an earlier world;" Thus has the immortal bard spoken of the

### Page 65

scenery of Loch Katrine, and this much resembles it in wildness and grandeur. – Reached Callander at eleven o'clock. It rained incessantly the remainder of the day - therefore we did not leave our Hotel.

Monday July 5<sup>th</sup> Left this uninteresting place for Stirling at seven in the morning. The coach traveled rapidly. We arrived at Stirling at ten, after passing on the road but one place of interest, the village of ~~Dome~~ ~~Dotne~~, containing the ruins of ~~Dome~~ ~~Dotne~~ Castle. It is washed on one side by the Teith and on the other by the Ardock. It was anciently the seat of the Earls of Monteith - Queen Margaret, and the unfortunate Queen Mary are also said frequently to have resided in the fortress. - Stopped

**Page 66**

at the Royal Hotel. It rained of course but we had very wisely come to the conclusion that if we waited for clear weather in Scotland we might wait for months and perhaps years until some wonderful change in the climate was effected; therefore we immediately commenced lionizing. Walked up to the (Stirling) Castle. It is situated upon a lofty hill, and commands an almost unparalleled view of the surrounding country. Robert Burns, when he returned from Africa pronounced it to be unequalled. The first foundation of it is lost in the darkness of antiquity. It became a royal residence at the time of the accession of the house of Stuart. It is a place of much interest to the stranger. The

**Page 67**

palace within it built by James 5<sup>th</sup> the birth place of many Kings. One of the apartments shown is still called Douglas' Room in consequence of the assassination of William Earl of Douglas after he had granted him a safe conduct. On the south side of the Castle Hill is a small piece of ground called the Valley, with a rock on the south side denominated "Ladies' Rock". On this spot tournaments used to be held here. We also saw the place where the knights used to play the game of the round table. Walked near the banks of the river on a narrow road called Ballangesch, a Gaelic word signifying "windy pass" and

furnished the fictitious name adopted  
by James 5<sup>th</sup> in the various disguises  
which he wore - - -

### Page 68

for the purpose of seeing that justice  
was regularly administered and frequently  
also from the less justifiable motives of  
gallantry. We next visited the "Museum"  
or collection of horticultural and agri-  
cultural improvements within the last  
few years. It was extremely interesting  
and instructing, remained there two or  
three hours, then returned to our Hotel -  
Immediately after dinner left Stirling  
not in a steamboat as I expected,  
but alas! in a lighter skimmer or some-  
thing of the kind, (indeed I do not  
want to know the name of the odious  
vessel) - When we arrived at the wharf  
after we found the steamer could not get up  
the river, that we with about fifty

### Page 69

others with bag and baggage had to be crowd-  
ed and squeezed in this small boat for  
at least half an hour, the rain was pouring  
in torrents! Each would try to secure room  
for his umbrella but in vain, it was but  
constant pushing and dripping until we  
left our watery quarters. But when once  
we landed had to wait some fifteen minutes  
for the steamer, standing in mud and  
being washed by rain. At last got on  
board the steamer, had the satisfaction  
to learn that it was an old one, unsafe  
and very slow. The steam was twice ex-  
hausted, occasioning each time a delay  
of several minutes. Passed the ancient  
Abbey of Cambus-Kenneth. At half  
past eight o'clock, stopped at Tait's Hotel

### Page 70

on Prince's Street. The view from our win-  
dows is varied and extensive, many busy  
streets filled with life and activity in the  
valley below, Carlton Hill on the left, and  
the fine castle of Edinburgh on the right.



Castle of Edinburgh

Tuesday, July 6<sup>th</sup> Rain of course.

After breakfast rode out to Roslin Castle and Chapel, seven miles below the city. First visited the Chapel, an elegant structure built by William St. Clair for the use of the family of Roslin. It has been the burial place of every member of it since its erection. In consideration of the many depredations committed upon it – it is in a wonderful state of preservation, and presents a singularly beautiful, curious and entire specimen of Gothic Ecclesiastical architectural. The decorations are very elaborate and the workmanship exquisite. Left this

**Page 71**

and proceeded by a winding pathway through the scullery of the Inn to the Castle. Every part is dilapidate and gone to ruin except the vaults, dungeons and cooking apartments which were underneath the rt. and partly excavated. They with the dining room, which however has been but recently erected (1522) were in a perfect state of preservation. The rich and romantic landscape composed of such a fine variety of hill and dale, stately trees and profuse shrubbery, enlivened by the beautiful river Else as it glides along in its meandering tract must inspire with pure delight every admirer of nature. This lovely prospect with the venerable ruins of the ancient Castle, the profuse sculpture of the elegant Chapel struck me with wonder and admiration. Returned to the city and visited the Castle. Enjoyed for an hour the fine

**Page 72**

view obtained from the lofty battlements. On our return found that two friends to whom we had some time since given a long farewell were in the city, and were of course delighted to find that we were not alone. (crossed out) After dinner walked up to Carlton Hill, saw the magnificent monuments erected to the memory of Nelson, Burns, Hume, &c, also the commencement of the grand national monument. Walked around the Hill and enjoyed a lovely view from every point. Next visited Holyrood Castle. For the sake of its antiquity, and the many interesting in-



*Holyrood*

cidents and occurrences which transpired or took place within its ancient walls, it is still kept in its former state. Saw the portraits of the distinguished family of Stuarts. The rooms once occupied by

**Page 73**

the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. They remain exactly as they were when she left them. The chairs are so decayed by age that they will not bear the weight of an individual. The hangings of the bedding are in tatters. We saw the miniatures, her work table and a work box; in the latter is an exquisite piece of needle work which she executed and left within it. Saw two mirrors which she brought with her from France, and an elegant table, visited all her apartments – passed through small aperture opening upon a passage to a trap stair, and through which Darnley & his confederates found access to the room where Mary, Countess of Argyle, and Riggio were supping. They dragged him from the room into the presence chamber an despite of the Queen's entreaties and there murdered him with fifty-five wounds. Saw

**Page 74**

the armour which he wore that night; also a glove and boot frequently worn by him; the block of marble upon which Mary knelt when she was crowned; and many other precious relics too numerous to mention. The suite of rooms fitted up for and occupied by Charles the fourth on his visit to Scotland are in a very excellent condition. The Audience Chamber of George the fourth is magnificent and would be fit for the reception of her present Majesty. The new part of the Palace is at present occupied by some families of the Scottish nobility. The royal Chapel in which Mary Queen of Scots was married to Lord Darnley, James the fourth to Margaret of England; The Queen of James 6<sup>th</sup> and Charles 1<sup>st</sup>

**Page 75**

were crowned here, the one in 1590, the other 1635. It is now in ruins. The walls remain, and many of the interior columns. The confessional of Queen Mary is entire, also the royal vault containing the bones of the royal family in small cases. Beneath the floor of the Chapel are interred, the remains of many of the great and illustrious dead. On our return met with some old friends unexpectedly and passed the evening delightfully.

Wednesday. 7<sup>th</sup> To my great astonishment awoke and found a clear sky. Immediately availed ourselves of this favorable change; went to Heriot's Hospital and were much pleased with the perfect order and the cleanliness which prevailed throughout the buildings. Next visited the Castle in order to see the

**Page 76**

Regalia of Scotland. It was found in a large wooden chest buried in the walls of the Castle. The jewels are now placed on a table surrounded by an iron railing in a very small room; it is hung around with crimson curtains and lightened by four lamps. The crown of Robert Bruce is in the centre upon a silk velvet cushion. On the sides of it laid the scepter of James 6<sup>th</sup>, the sword and scepter of the of state; and a magnificent chain and pendant richly studded with brilliants, all of pure gold. And these constitute the Regalia of Scotland. Visited High Church, St. George's Churches, two of the finest in the city, the Exchange House, Parliament House, Royal Insti-

**Page 77**

tution, Bridewell, High School, New Observatory, Moray Place, Charlotte Square, Roman Catholic Chapel, Melville's Monument, J. Watson's Hospital, Bank of Scotland, &c. In spite of such promising prospects of having a fair, clear day at last, about noon it



Newark Castle

clouded up and rained in torrents and this continued the remainder of the day with occasional gleams of sunshine.

Thursday, July 8<sup>th</sup>. Left Edinburgh at six in the morning whilst the rain was pouring. We engaged a private carriage and therefore, traveled very slowly. Breakfasted twelve miles from Edinburgh. At twelve arrived at Melrose. Rested ourselves and then rode out to Abbotsford, the seat of Sir W. Scott. The grounds are beautiful

### Page 78

and laid out with that simplicity and correctness which distinguished their noble possessor. The exterior of the house is very fine; it is built somewhat in the castellated style, and some of the towers are overgrown with ivy. The situation of it is imposing. The gentle Tweed winding its way through the park adds much to the beauty of the place. But our attention was fixed when we entered the interior, and saw what the hand of the mighty dead had done. In the ante entrance room he had collected a vast number of rare and valuable curiosities, coats of armour, strange and old, chairs from Sciennes Palace, trunks of singular items, old Roman pots, &c. Next went to

### Page 79

his armoury where he has collected and carefully arranged specimens of nearly all the different weapons that have been used, and in connection with these many valuable relics, such as Rob Roy's gun, his purse, the pistols of Napoleon, the offering box of Queen Mary's, a sword elaborately carved of pure silver, given Sir W. by the Celtic Society, &c. Next entered his library. The shelves are filled with the choicest productions of the ancient and modern writers. The ceiling is of carved oak. Over the mantle is an elegant portrait of his son, the present Sir W. Scott. It contains a moving table planned by himself.





The breakfast and dining rooms are very neat and prettily furnished, containing also many curiosities. The drawing room

### Page 80

contains many beautiful pieces of furniture, a complete set of ebony chairs, and a cabinet presented by George the 4<sup>th</sup>, a set of richly carved oak, his bust by Chantrey. Next entered his study, sat in the chair which he for years had occupied and written many of his finest productions. Next went into a small closet containing the last suit of clothes he wore, &c. Left Abbotsford with much regret for I felt as though I could spend weeks in such an interesting spot. On our return visited the ruins of Melrose Abbey, the scene of "The Monastery". No part of it remains entire but even the ruins are beautiful. With its towers overgrown with ivy, its few remaining aisles covered with turf, wild



### Page 81

flowers, roses, and weeping pine trees, the birds singing as it seemed almost mournfully, it is in a fit state to delight the romantic. We stood over the grave of the mighty wizard Michael Scott, which William of Dolerance exposed so valorously. The specimens of ornamental stone work which still survive are the admiration of those skilled in such matters. We ascend to the top of one of the towers and walked upon the turf covered roof of one of its noble aisles. Returned to our hotel, took dinner, and then rode out to Dryburgh Abbey. It is more romantically situated than Melrose. It is in the midst of lofty trees, groves of pines, and hedges of roses. The Tweed is one side of it. The stone work is not so rich and delicate as that of Melrose yet I consider it far more beautiful. I think it is one of the

### Page 82

loveliest spots I ever saw. A ruined tower of cloistered wall, are to be seen here and there far distant, while the intervening space

is filled with lofty trees, the growth of centuries, shrubbery, old monuments, and gay flowers. One of the large oval windows is completely overgrown with ivy. But what consecrates these mighty ruins and invests them with interest is that here is buried the great well-known author, the poet Sir W. Scott. It is this that brings the wandering tourist, the way worn traveler to the spot. He sleeps in a retired corner of St. Mary's halls and aisle with his noble ancestors. Here one feels the truth of the words his own pen inscribed;

"Called it not vain, they do not err  
Who say that when the poet dies  
Mute nature mourns the worshipper  
And celebrates his obsequies.

### Page 83

Nature indeed mourn o'er the grave of the illustrious dead. The friendly ivy supports the falling pillars that shelter his grave, the fragrant honeysuckle spreads its luxuriantly over the thick shrubbery, roses blossom near and lend their sweet perfume, trees wave mournfully, and the merry songsters seem to chirp with an air and of melancholy when they flutter over the hallowed spot. No inscription marks his grave. It is covered with the plain green turf. It needs not the marbled iron or sculptured bust &c, to mark the place. Left this sweet spot with regret and returned to Melrose. Reviewed its fine abbey once more.

Friday, July 9<sup>th</sup> A clear, delightful day. Early in the morning took (crossed out) pleasant walk on the banks of the Tweed. At seven left for Newcastle on the Post Coach. Passed through

### Page 84

many important towns, however the most interesting was Jedburgh, remarkable for the ruins in contains of a once large and famous abbey. It was erected at the same time that Melrose and Dryburgh were, viz. during the 12<sup>th</sup> century. However, it is in a much better state of preservation than either. The

scenery around this place is unsurpassed by any I have seen, with the exception of that on the lakes. Arrived at Newcastle at seven o'clock. It is quite a large place, containing a population of 80,000. It has many handsome public buildings, the most attractive is the church of St. Nicholas, a mixture of the ancient Roman and modern Gothic architecture.

Saturday, July 10<sup>th</sup> Left Newcastle on the post coach. The scenery was tame and uninteresting. Passed many towns of size, the prettiest was Durham which contains a beautiful cathedral, and finely fortified castle. It is

### Page 85

rustically situated on the river Ware. The view from the bridge on which we crossed was really magnificent. Arrived at Darlington, our point of destination at three o'clock. The excitement produced by the approaching issue of the election is very great. Each party were marching through the streets bearing great numbers of flags (the Whigs blue, the Tories red), bearing upon them most ridiculous mottos. Indeed the violent excitement exists throughout the country. In some of the large cities it has been carried to such an excess that bloodshed has ensued. Left this city immediately in the railroad train for York, at which place we arrived at six in the evening. We could not restrain our curiosity, therefore immediately after we had refreshed ourselves with a nice dinner, walked through the pouring rain to see the Great Minister. Words are inadequate to express my delight and its grandeur. — We were much disappointed at not being able to see the interior; it has been closed.

### Page 86

Sunday, July 11<sup>th</sup>, 1841. Very cold and a great deal of rain. At half past ten attended church in the new chapel of York Cathedral. The screen before the organ and over the entrance to it is of the richest carved stone work. It looks (crossed out) more like a large piece of Brussels lace than stone or marble. Within it is adorned with the same beautiful carved work in oak, and the rich brilliant coloring of the stained glass produces a very fine

effect. In this chapel is the finest and largest window in the world - seventy-five feet in height and thirty-five feet in width. The tabernacle work over the stalls is light and much more tapering than the original which was heavy, and contained cells and images of wood. The choir is enclosed on each side from the stalls to the altar, by a richly ornamented screen of open wood work, the panels filled up with plate glass. Left the church immediately after the conclusion of divine service, intending to continue

### Page 87

our examination of the Cathedral until tomorrow. In the evening took a walk around the city.

Monday, July 12<sup>th</sup>. Extremely pleasant. Immediately after breakfast again visited the York Cathedral. Employed a cicerone who conducted us to every part of the church, drew our attention to the most beautiful specimens of architecture, and gave us all necessary explanations in regard to the antiquity of the church, its various benefactors, its founder, archbishops, &c. Showed us many curious relics, such as valuable rings, iron helmets, wooden effigies, &c, found in the tombs of the abbots after the great fire. In the coffin of one of the Archbishops was found three tin vessels, one for containing bread, another wine, and another a lamp. Saw also a silver scepter presented by Catherine of Portugal to her confessor, the Archbishop of

### Page 88

York. Next ascended to the top of the central tower of the church. The ascent was very tedious though we were fully compensated, for when once the summit was gained and we had before us such a lovely view of houses, churches, people, rivers, hills and dales; all combining to form a rich and variegated landscape. Saw also the ruins of Mary's Abbey, overgrown with ivy and wild flowers once so large and magnificent. After spending two or more hours at the Cathedral left it with regret. At twelve o'clock

left York for Sheffield in the railway cars. Arrived there at four o'clock, stopped at the Tontine Hotel. In consequence of the usual weather, rain and cold, only took a short walk that evening. The whole city seems covered with coal dust in consequence of the

### Page 89

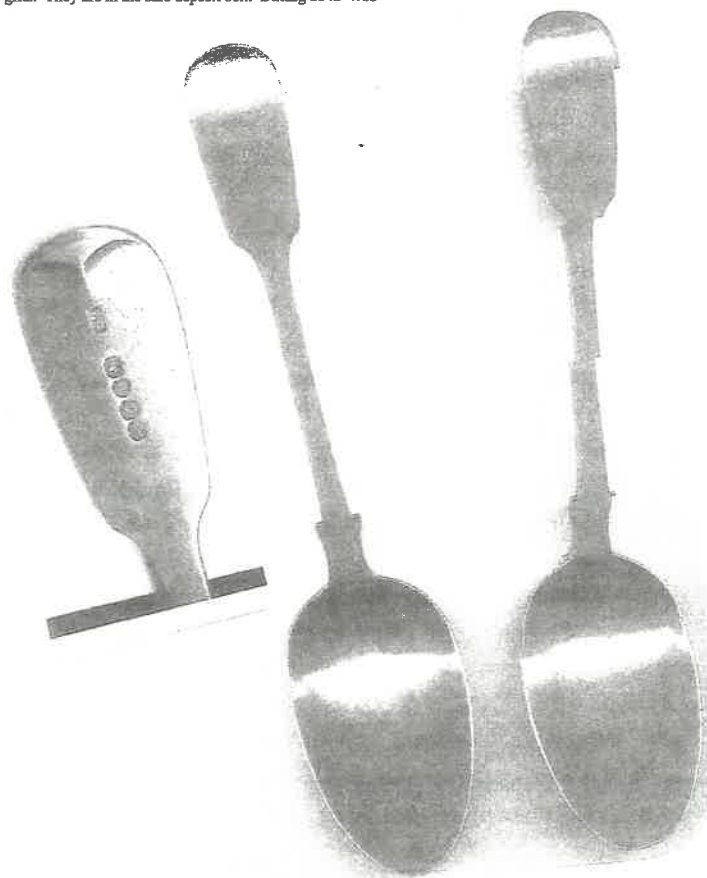
numerous manufactories it contains, and the prevailing use of coal.

Tuesday, July 13<sup>th</sup>. Rain in the afternoon. Breakfasted very early, immediately after which rode out to Mc-Vecker's residence, two miles from the city. It is finely situated upon an elevated piece of ground, and commands a view of the country for many miles around, and of some objects at the distance of ten, and others fifteen miles, and is moreover entirely clear of the dusty, polluted odor of the city. Next visited Roger's famous show-rooms of cutlery. The display there presented is indeed brilliant, the most costly gold and silver plate, glass and steel ware. There is one knife exhibited containing 1841 ! one is added yearly. Another great curiosity is ex-

### Page 90

habited but on a smaller scale, viz. a pair of scissors weighing only half a gram. Two large rooms were filled with articles for display, therefore I will not attempt to mention or describe them. The prices of all articles are extremely dear, however as these same articles have such celebrity and were very beautiful, we purchased several. — Returned to our hotel, stopped a few moments and left in the post coach for Manchester. After a long and tedious ride over mountain, hill and dale arrived there at four o'clock in the after noon. Left the same evening in the railway cars for Liverpool, reached there at half past six,

NOTE: Two Sterling Silver Serving/Tablespoons engraved with an ornate "B" on the handle, 9" long x 1 7/8" wide, very heavy silver with 4 markings plus "LS" on the back. Could be L. Smith & Co., Birmingham, England. These were sent to me as gifts from the attic by Mother several years ago, I have three. I believed these may well have been purchased by Joseph Bruen during his trip to Europe in 1841 and reflected in Amanda's comments on July 13, 1841 and brought home to Margery Parker Bruen as gifts. They are in the safe deposit box. Dating 1841 7/13



and in a short time again found ourselves most comfortably settled at the Star and Garter.

**Page 91**

Wednesday July 14<sup>th</sup> A fine day, and wonderful to relate without rain. Remained at the Hotel engaged in making preparations for our intended sea voyage.

Thursday July 15<sup>th</sup> Marvellous to say another fine day. Early in the morning walked to St. Catherine's pier to see the Acadia, the vessel in which we intend to sail. It is in one respect superior to the Great Western, viz. in consequence of the dining saloon being in the upper deck and well ventilated, and what is of more importance entirely separate and apart from the sleeping apartments. But with this exception it is far inferior to the Western. The deck, the state rooms, the saloons are all small, however I must defer pronouncing my opinion of her until hereafter, for after passing two weeks on board I can better judge

**Page 92**

of its comforts and discomforts. Indeed I sincerely hope that I may have reason to change my opinion.

Friday, July 16<sup>th</sup>. Another clear day. In the morning engaged ourselves in shopping. In the afternoon walked through the Liverpool markets which it can boast of as being the best in the world. The largest of them is 550 hundred feet long, one hundred fifty wide, and covered with glass. The finest fruits and the vegetables that England can produce are here displayed.

Saturday, July 17<sup>th</sup> Very pleasant. Spent the morning very busily engaged in sewing. In the afternoon walked to one of the docks to see the British Queen. It is being repaired, and will not run again for some time. It is thought to be much in the same condition of the President, the power of the engine being

**Page 93**

inadequate to the size of the boat. It is superior in every respect (with the exception of its safety) to any Steamer I have seen. It is magnificently furnished with richest satin damask hangings, velvet chairs and sofas, painting, mirrors, turkey carpets, superb silver plate and cutlery, a piano, library, &c. It has moreover every comfort, a spacious deck which is to one suffering with sea sickness, quite a luxury; also a lower deck or cuddy, well ventilated in which one may remain during wet weather. The state rooms are each in themselves a little parlor, complete and elegant. It may truly be called a floating palace, and could its safety be insured nothing would afford me more pleasure than to partake of its elegance and comfort during a two week's voyage on the Atlantic. But if I had my choice between this and the Acadia, I'd prefer the latter.

**Page 94**

Sunday, July 18<sup>th</sup> An extremely fine day but feeling fatigued, did not go church.

Monday, July 19<sup>th</sup> Very pleasant. Remained at the Hotel.

Tuesday, July 20<sup>th</sup> A day of (see Amanda's notes) continued rain. At ten o'clock entered a small steamer and sailed to the ship Acadia which had left the wharf the day previous. At twelve o'clock baggage, luggage and passengers being safely stowed away, and partings over, we bade adieu to England's shore, happy to find ourselves on our way to our own beloved country, but still not very cheerful at the prospect of perhaps two weeks experience of the delightful, almost indescribable sensation, sea sickness! However, enough has been said of it heretofore. A slight attack of it in the evening. The wind blew so violently

**Page 95**

that we remained in the Ladies cabin during the evening. The close air, the sick moaning and groaning around,

was sufficient to produce very unpleasant feelings.

July 21<sup>st</sup> Still

very much unable to go on deck. Passed a part of the day in all the unspeakable agonies of sea sickness.

Thursday, 22<sup>nd</sup> A lovely day, clear sky and smooth sea produced on my part cheerful spirits and I felt perfectly well and enjoyed myself amazingly considering that I was at sea. In the afternoon spoke a brig(?), and saw a shoals of porpoises. –

Friday, 23<sup>rd</sup> Still clear and pleasant with a smooth sea and favorable wind. Spent the day on deck, laughed, talked, walked, played and almost forgot that I was (crossed out) at sea. In evening saw several sails in the distance.

#### Page 96

Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> Again pleasant. Spent the day much the same as the preceding one.

Sunday, 25<sup>th</sup> Rough and cloudy in the morning. At ten services in the Main Saloon, no clergyman being present the Captain of the Ship officiated. In the afternoon passed a wreck which aroused considerable excitement. Some imagined they descried human beings upon it and others that it was the President. The (The President - lost in storm March 11, 1841) Captain and mate with others of experience were of opinion that there was nothing upon it. We did not stop the vessel. Witnessed a brilliant sunset. At night a strong head wind. The ship rolled and pitched most fearfully.

Monday, 26<sup>th</sup> A beautiful day, and not withstanding a head sea and unfavorable winds going at the rate of

#### Page 97

ten knots and hour. Before lunch took a long walk on deck, after which played (with Mr. Richards – see Amanda's notes) several games of Backgammon. Took a hearty lunch at twelve. (crossed out) at half past ascertained that we had made an excellent run within the



last twenty-four hours of two hundred thirty six miles. Dined in the main saloon, then read an hour or two, and took another long walk. For the first time spent the evening in the saloon.

Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup> Arose before sunrise with the laudable intention of witnessing a sunrise at sea. After having suddenly aroused out of a deep sleep and scurrying on deck we found that we were doomed to disappointment. We were only repaid for our trouble by enjoying a drizzling rain and dense fog. Retired and arose at seven in time to join in the excitement produced by

### **Page 98**

passing a large vessel (filled with immigrants) that had been dismasted by the storm of the 25<sup>th</sup>. It had been out 27 days from Greenock, was well supplied with provisions, and was going to put in at Newfoundland to repair the injuries it had sustained. Also saw two large ships in the distance. Amused myself in the morning reading and gaming until lunch which I (backgammon w/William Richards—see Amanda's notes) partook of most heartily. Dined in the Saloon. At six were enlivened by some fine music from two of the passengers. It produced quite an electrical effect upon the gentlemen. They commenced dancing upon the forward deck and continued until quite late. Witnessed a gorgeous sunset, and after tea walked by moonlight. The sea looked most lovely with the reflection of the moon upon its waters.

### **Page 99**

July, Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup>. Run 283 miles - A stormy day. All the ladies in the cabin sick except myself. Unable to go on deck in consequence of the spray and the waves dashing over it. Did not retire until late in the evening. Learning then that we had already passed over the dreaded bank of Newfoundland and that we would be on the Grand Bank at midnight. Sailed eleven knots

an hour. In the afternoon summoned courage to go upon deck and in spite of the disagreeable weather enjoyed myself extremely. Took a long walk, and sat an hour in the stern of the boat viewing the mountain waves in all their grandeur. Took tea in the Saloon, after which played Backgammon, took another long walk and retired, But not to sleep. We had

**Page 100**

just arrived at the Great (Grand) Bank and were momentarily in danger of running down some of the fishing vessels lying at anchor from a dense fog. It was very, very rough.

Thursday 29<sup>th</sup> A bright and beautiful morning, all danger past. Sea sickness entirely forgotten. Passed the morning on deck – Commenced raining at dinner time then retired to the Ladies Saloon until it was over and again walked on deck. Spent the evening in the Saloon and for the second time played a (with W. W. R. – see Amanda's notes) game of whist. Run 248 miles.

Friday, 30<sup>th</sup> Run 258 miles - A pleasant day – Walked on deck in the morning, took lunch in the Saloon. Retired a short time arranged my toilette for dinner, and remained on deck until eleven. Witnessed a brilliant sunset at 7 – then went on the upper until late enjoying a view of the sea by clear moonlight.

**Page 101**

July 31<sup>st</sup>. Arose at 4 o'clock to witness what had always been represented to me as a most glorious sight, viz. a sunrise at sea. At five o'clock the sun rose slowly and majestically above the crimson tinted horizon – and it was gloriously refulgent! In addition to the pleasure of gazing at this splendid sunrise we saw land and seemingly quite near. However after remaining an hour and a half on the upper deck; we were shockingly

unromantic as to retire to our berths until 8 o'clock, when we arose to prepare for going on shore, for it was announced that we would reach Halifax very soon. At 9 entered the harbor, distinguished houses, people, trees, and saw great number of coasting vessels. At 10 reached the wharf – were glad of the opportunity of being again on dry ground. Left it immediately – and took a stroll around the city. Went to the New Hotel, found a piano there - took a hearty lunch

### Page 102

of such delicacies as every one knows how to relish after two weeks voyage on the sea. Obtained some beautiful flowers. Next visited the fortifications, rather disappointed in them. Next wended our way to a restaurant where we refreshed ourselves with some delicious ice creams. Purchased some specimens of the Indian manufacture. Were much astonished at the number of blacks and Indians. They were wandering through the streets, miserable objects of misery and idleness. Amused ourselves until three. Left with the impression that it was dull, uninteresting place. The houses universally are of wood, of humble construction and of scarcely any pretensions to comfort. It is astonishing to see what an

### Page 103

electrical effect this landing produced upon the spirits and general appearance of the passengers. New hats, new coats, and new gloves appear in quick succession.

At half past three cleared the wharf for Boston. In the evening played Backgammon with –

August 1<sup>st</sup>, my 17<sup>th</sup> birthday.

The very clouds and sea conspire to celebrate it. The former by weeping fitfully, and the latter tossing high

its waves in awful grandeur – the ship herself tossed and pitched most gloriously. Received many presents and congratulations. – Service in the main salon at eleven. At seven in the evening passed one of the regular sailing packets. It had in the meantime cleared up beautifully.

### Page 104

At half past seven distinguished the (crossed out) smoke of the Steamer Caledonia which left Boston at two o'clock P. M. Sent up sky rockets, burned blue light and gave her several salutes. They in return burned the blue light (a composition of turpentine and powder) and also sent up several sky rockets. It was fortunate that we met her (though not very near) that they might report us in England as having safely arrived. At eight o'clock a clear moon light. Half past eleven saw Cape Ann light.

August 2<sup>nd</sup> At 2 o'clock A. M. safely arrived at the Boston wharf. Left the ship in the morning at eight o'clock, went to the Custom House – the officers very lenient, merely

### Page 105

opened our trunks remarking "That ladies would not smuggle" quite a mistake however for our trunks (crossed out) contained some articles which though for our own use, were still subject to duty – Stopped at the Tremont House – Boston – engaged pleasant rooms – breakfasted at nine. Remained in the hotel until 5 in the afternoon when we took a long walk through the Common, the Mall, and through some of the principal streets – Visited the State House. Passed through the finest apartments, in the council room were presented with an impression of the seals



Tremont House 1843

of state by the secretary – Ascended to the top of the Cupola, from whence the view was magnificent. Also the conservatories, Masonic Temple, and Catholic Chapel - The former residences of Gov. Hancock, Winthrop and Mr. d'Hauteville.

August 3<sup>rd</sup> A fine day but rather warm – Early in the morning visited the Markets,

### **Page 106**

Faneuil Hall, Customs Houses (new and old), the Theatre, and Court House. At eleven a friend called for us in an open carriage to ride out to Mt. Auburn. We left immediately, and after riding through many fine streets, and a number of beautiful villages we found ourselves wandering mid Auburn's consecrated shades. And well does it merit its far famed beauty! 'Tis lovely beyond description! It's cool & questered groves, its quiet lake, its soft green carpeting, and simple beauty of its monuments, give it charm in the eyes of all. – Next visited the famous Bunker's Hill. The splendid monument is not yet completed. Next the Navy Yard. The dry docks and the ship of war – Ohio. It is one on the largest in the Navy. They were in the village of Charlestown – Drove

### **Page 107**

to Roseburg, Cambridge, visited the colleges at the latter place and passed through the pretty village of Brighton. Returned to Boston in time for dinner at half past three. At four o'clock in the afternoon took a long ride, but entirely in a different direction from that of the morning. Rode through south and east Boston, Brookline and many other pretty villages. Visited Jamaica Plain and Pond.

The latter though not by any means romantically named, can boast of more romance and beauty than any spot I have yet passed save the incomparable lakes of Scotland, sweetly linked with poesy by the pen of Scotland's immortal bard. Spent the evening in the Hotel.

August 4<sup>th</sup> A bright, clear day. At ten o'clock left Boston on the Providence railway, after two hours jolting and shaking in the miserable cars arrived at Providence. Engaged passage

### **Page 108**

in the steamship Gladiator for New York immediately on our arrival. The important business being transacted, engaged a hack and rode around the city. Walked through the Arcade, and made some purchases, and merely took a glance at the other public buildings, churches, &c – Left in the Steamer at five P. M. It was very much crowded. It is considered one of the swiftest boats in the world, and runs at the rate of eighteen or twenty knots an hour. Stopped at Newport a short time. It is remarkable for its coldness, and is a favorite resort during the heat of summer. The passage was very smooth except that part of it occupied in passing Point Judith when (crossed out) all the ladies except ourselves were suffering with sea sickness.

August 5<sup>th</sup> Arrived in New York. Stopped at the Astor

### **Page 109**

House and breakfasted, but owing to their delay in procuring rooms we left in a short time for the American, where we soon were most comfortably fixed in the same apartments we occupied the preceding spring. The day was intensely hot – did

not leave the hotel during the day.

August 6<sup>th</sup> Oppressingly warm.

Went out shopping in the morning. In the afternoon went over to Hoboken and remained three hours – Returned too late to fulfill our engagement to go to Niblo's at eight.

August 7<sup>th</sup> Again intensely hot - Did not go out in the morning. In the afternoon made calls and in the evening, went to Niblo's. The gardens were beautiful and lighted by gas. There was a most brilliant display of beauty. We were amused in various ways with magnificent fire works, the amusing play of the Loan of a Lover and the dancing of Mr. and Miss Wells as Flora and Tephyson.



### Page 110

August 8<sup>th</sup> Sunday. An oppressingly hot day. At half past ten A. M. attended St. Paul's Church, Broadway, and heard an excellent sermon. In the afternoon visited our friends on Lispenard Street. Did not go to church in the evening.

Monday, August 9<sup>th</sup> Left New York in the Steamer Troy, one of the largest and finest running boats on the northern waters. Passed many places of importance, viz. West Point, Fort Putnam, Fort Washington, Fort Lac and Gibb's Point. Stopped at several fine towns, Newburg, Poughkeepsie, Catskill, Hudson, Tarry Town, famous as being the place where Major Andre was captured. In Albany saw the State House, City Hall, Museum, Exchange, the Erie and Champlain Canal, and the great Canal Basin. Arrived at Troy at half past seven. Stopped at the Mansion House. After tea walked around the city. Saw all of its public buildings, none of them are remarkable in any respect, nor any of the private dwellings very elegant. Indeed I was disappointed in the appearance of Troy.



1843 St. Paul's Church New York. On Broadway. Attractive hand colored steel engraving.

**Page 111**

It cannot boast of much beauty. The water works are an ingenious piece of work, the streets are clean and regularly laid out. It is all I can say in its favor. A strong rivalry exists between this city and Albany.

Tuesday, August 10<sup>th</sup> Left Troy for Saratoga. Stopped a short time at Ballston Springs, and Schenectady - Arrived at Saratoga at one o'clock. Stopped a Congress Hall (Broadway) and there met with a family of our acquaintance. It is a fine, large and commodious hotel, constructed of wood. The front plaza is really beautiful, the tall white pillars overgrown with vines, and the green foliage of the trees makes the drawing delightfully cool and pleasant, both as it regards prospect and the sweetness of the air. Took dinner at two o'clock. after which spent an hour or two in the drawing room, then took a walk to Congress Springs, tasted its water, found it exceedingly disagreeable -- from thence walked to Washington Grove, a place of amusement. It is encircled by a railway, on which are placed two cars which are made to



Ballston Springs

**Page 112**

revolve by turning the wheels, Returned to the Hall in time for tea at seven and then prepared for the grand ball which was given that evening at the U. S. Hotel. We went at half past nine -- already the room was brilliantly lighted and filled with beauteous forms. Never have I seen such a display of beauty. Well may America boast of her fair daughters. The ladies generally speaking were lovely, and dressed with exquisite taste. Unexpectedly met with some friends in the course of the evening. I danced, and at twelve partook most joyfully of the elegant repast prepared for the occasion. Returned at half past two, retired at three.

Wednesday, August 11<sup>th</sup>. Clear



early in the morning. At noon rain, and a change in the air. However before the rain took a long walk through the streets of the famous Saratoga. There are here a number of fine and even elegant stores. Every description of goods may be obtained. Visited the

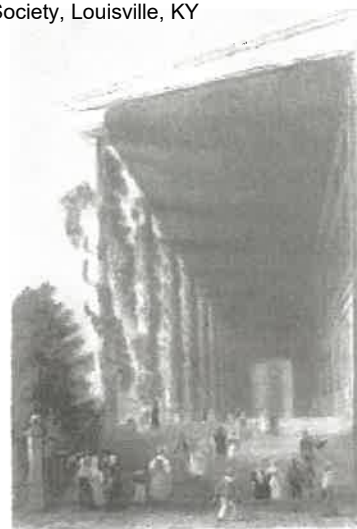
### Page 113

gardens of the Pavilion, which were very pretty and romantic – ornamented with arbours, groves, lakes, fountains, and furnished with every variety of amusement. Also visited its many remarkable springs, the most singular is the warm or boiling spring, which constantly throws up water. Continued our walk around the village for an hour and returned just in time for dinner. Rained incessantly during the afternoon. In the evening cleared up, took a delightful walk on the plaza and then prepared for the “hop” or dance to be given in the ladies drawing room. We had a fine band of music. Enjoyed myself extremely – Went up to our chamber at twelve, packed and retired at one o’clock.

Thursday, August 12<sup>th</sup> A fine day. Arose at 6, left Saratoga in the cars for Utica, passed many small towns, and for some distance the railroad is on the banks of the Mohawk, where the scenery is very rich and beautiful.

### Page 114

Saw the Little Falls at the village of Little Falls. Their names does not signify much, and they are still less than their name. However, the scenery near and immediately surrounding them is truly grand and magnificent. The bold and towering cliffs, the lofty hills thickly studded with evergreens, the peaceful Mohawk humbly wending its way along their base, the falls, a cataract in miniature, form a picture so lovely as to elicit a tribute of admiration from every beholder. Arrived in Utica at half past two o’clock, and there



1838 Saratoga Springs. Bartlett hand colored engraving, "Colonnade of Congress-Hall."



heard a confirmation of the morning's report of the loss of the Steamboat Erie on Lake Erie. It was burned and two hundred and seventy lives lost. To our great astonishment met with one of our fellow passengers in the Acadia at the railway depot. He informed us that Miss Fannie Ellsler was on the cars with us. We had the curiosity to look at the "divine Fanny". I would not judge, that she could ever look either graceful or pretty. Did not remain in Utica

### Page 115

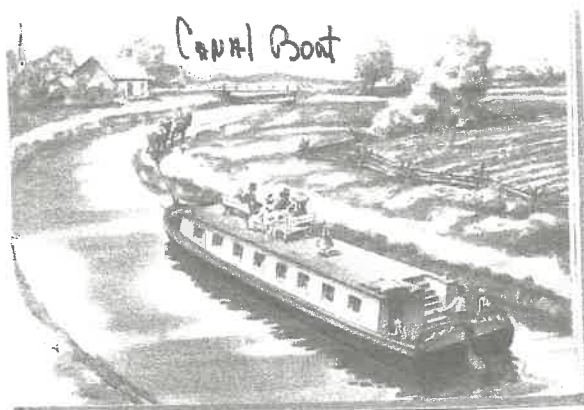
and visit Trenton Fall as we anticipated in consequence of having made a mistake with regard to our baggage and had it put in the cars for Syracuse instead of Utica. Dined at Bagg's Hotel and left again immediately for Syracuse. Arrived there at seven P. M. 78 miles distant. Had great difficulty in securing our baggage. The country was very rough, the fields of grain very poor, at least not comparable with those of Kentucky. Left Syracuse immediately in the Canal Boat of Oswego. It was the first time I ever was on board of one. It is more commodious and certainly much pleasanter than I had anticipated. Fortunately we had but eight ladies on board. But oh! what a scene presented itself when the hour for retiring came. The berths were swung up on one side, and as I thought most unfortunately had selected one without any above me. I thought I would have air, room, and indeed a great deal of comfort. I was

### Page 116

congratulating myself when it was announced to the dismay of all that we must give up half of our cabin, small and cramped up as it was, to the gentlemen, who indeed showed themselves this evening to be the "lords of creation". Such a panic and confusion never was seen. However we

#### Fanny Ellsler

ELLSLER, Fanny, dancer, born in Vienna, Austria, 23 June 1810; died there, 27 November 1884. She began her career at six years of age, and at the age of seventeen, with her sister, who was two years her senior, appeared on the stage at Naples. In 1830 the two performed in Berlin, afterward in Vienna, and in 1834 went to the opera house in Paris. Fanny was much preferred for her grace, agility, and beauty, and caused an excitement among the spectators in the French capital. In 1840 she came to this country and appeared at the Park theatre in several ballets with immense success, finally making a general tour through the principal cities of the United States. She returned to England in 1842, visited Russia and Germany professionally, and took leave of the stage at Vienna in 1851. Most of her later years were spent in retirement at her villa near Hamburg. She was tall and slender, and her features regular, animated, and winning. In sprightliness, combined with grace, she has never been excelled.



must submit, and to accommodate them we had to be packed away, eight of us in a space of about six feet square. But notwithstanding we rested very well and were awake at six this morning, happy to find that we had any breath left in our bodies after such a squeeze!

August, Friday 13<sup>th</sup> Arrive in Oswego at 5 A.M. Stopped at the Oswego Hotel. Breakfasted at eight, and at ten walked around the new fortifications, and on the shore of the lake. At 12 o'clock intensely hot. At 8 o'clock P. M. left Oswego in the Steamer St. Lawrence for Lewistown, with not very pleasing anticipations. The recent and most fearful disaster on Lake Erie, the

**Page 117**

possibility of sea sickness, and a report that two hundred soldiers were going to sail with us, tended to produce within me thoughts all but agreeable. At ten o'clock extremely rough, and a fine scene in the ladies cabin. All sea sick except ourselves. What a mighty deliverance! Surely providence smiles upon us. Retired at ten, in a minute or two was asleep and slept quietly and dreaming of home until quite late.

Saturday, August 14<sup>th</sup> At ten passed Fort George and Niagara, the former belonging to the British, the latter to the Americans. At half past eleven landed at Lewistown. Left immediately in the coach for Niagara. Preferred that means of conveyance to the railroad in consequence of its speed and the increased advantage of stopping on the way. First stopped at the "Devil's Hole" remarkable as being the spot where an encounter took place between the British and Americans,

**Page 118**

and also as having once been (in the opinion of the naturalist) part of Niagara Falls. Next visited the "Whirlpool", which is in its nature similar to Maelstrom, Norway. A gentleman has proposed to cross very near it in a skiff. Never yet has a human dared to cross the fearful eddy. But he had every reason to anticipate success, having already to the amazement of all, crossed one of the most powerful rapids, and rescued the life of a fellow being. Arrived at Niagara at two. Were most delightfully surprised to meet here with an acquaintance from Lexington. To complete our joy, heard that all the loved ones there were well. After a most excellent dinner rode out with friend to see the wonder of the natural world, the Falls of Niagara. I have heard many persons say that they were disappointed with them at first, but it was not so with myself, they far exceeded all the ideas I had formed of their



*Niagara Falls*

**Page 119**

grandeur that I had formed.  
 (crossed out) First went to Bath Island, had from it a most charming view of a portion of the falls. When I expressed such delight at that view I was told that I had not seen half. Next went over to Iris Island which forms a division between the Falls. It is a wilder and more romantic spot than I ever visited. The situation would alone render it attractive, but in addition to that it boasts of a romance and loveliness to be given by naught else save nature's lavish hand. The mode of communication between is at once easy and wonderful. There are slight wooden bridges thrown over the rapids. It is astonishing that although they never can be crossed by

man; that these bridges have been constructed, and have stood firm for years. From Iris Island crossed over to Moss Island where at one part of it you can stand almost at the very brink of the falls and lave your hands and feet.

### Page 120

Returned again to the large island and continued for a short time along a most romantic road shaded by evergreens, with a view of the Falls on one side, and the rapids on the other. Stopped at the place where Sam Patch made two of his famous leaps. It is marked by a long winding staircase which we descended, and then followed a circuitous pathway under immense overhanging rocks, until we came to the foot of one of the Falls, and where so near as to feel the foam and spray dashing in our faces. Ascended again the "Biddle Staircase" and rode on until we arrived at the pathway leading to the observatory, or Prospect Tower. This also was a disagreeable and rather dangerous place to descend. The situation of it is remarkable, upon a small island in the middle of the rapids, and over the brow of a precipice surrounded by what are called the Terrapin Rocks.

### Page 121

From it we had a full view of the very midst of the Great Falls, and into the great chasm below.

"It bubbles up, it gurgles forth, it buzzes  
and it roars,

As when on raging fire a stream  
of gushing water pours;

Wild sheets of foam shoot through the  
air, waves thunder toward heaven,

As forth from out the black abyss the  
billowy flood is driven."

The rock over which the water falls  
is a deep green, giving to the water  
a rich green tinge which as the

water dashes impetuously over becomes lighter and lighter until it terminates is a spray of snowy whiteness. Occasionally a wreath of spray is seen breaking over the emerald waters. Its grandeur, sublimity and magnificence baggar description. Spent an half hour and then continue our ride. After riding about fifty yards there was a great change in the road, from riding on the brink of a huge precipice we were now riding on a grassy slope to the very waters edge. This was the favorite

**Page 122**

promenade of Francis Abbot, an enthusiast who became so infatuated with the beauty and wildness of the spot that he here took up his abode and lived solitary and alone, seldom communicating with anyone. He ventured too far at one time and was lost in the rapids. The hut that he occupied still remains. On one part of the island saw the boat with which Robinson rescued a man from a small island in the rapids, where man had never ventured before - Returned to the Hotel just in time for tea, after which we called on our friends at the Cataract Hotel. Retired at ten, much fatigued.

Sunday, August 15<sup>th</sup> Arose at half past four A. M. and pursued the same walk and ride that we took the preceding day, but under more favorable circumstances, the air was pure and balmy, and every thing with the awakening beams of the sun seemed springing into new life and beauty. The falls, the spray, the moss, looked more beautiful then before.

**Page 123**

I feel as if I could look at them forever. To add to its loveliness, we saw a brilliant rainbow encompassing a cloud of spray, with its mellow tints of colouring appeared as the

same object does after a summer shower.  
In the morning rainbows are seen from  
the American, and in the evening from the  
British side.

Returned at seven o'clock  
enchanted with my delightful  
walk. At ten o'clock rode out with  
our friends to Tuscarawas village.  
Arrived there in time to attend the  
Indian church. The squaws were  
dressed very gaily, with earrings,  
necklaces, and embroidered dresses.  
There were but one or two pretty ones  
among them. They were very filthy  
and careless in the dress but  
I think that considering the manner  
in which they are treated they look  
remarkably well. The males were  
dressed very differently, some as  
white men, some with gowns, and  
others in the native dress. The church  
in which they worship is of course  
very plain. When we first entered  
they had just given our a hymn.

#### Page 124

After a few moments delay they joined  
in the singing accompanied by  
a bass viol played by one of the  
Indians. Their voices were melodious  
and powerful. After singing, an  
excellent prayer was delivered by one  
of the missionaries. It was earnest  
and heartfelt. After singing again  
the missionary read his text and  
commenced preaching. He had by  
his side a man who interpreted  
each sentence in the Indian language.  
It is a very harsh guttural language  
and grating to the ear. The discourse  
was very simple and well adapted  
to the understanding of the hearers,  
(that is, the Indian portion of them.)  
Returned at two o'clock to Niagara.  
Dined at three, rested two or three  
hours and then again pursued our fa-  
vorite walk on Iris Island. In my  
opinion nothing under the canopy  
can exceed it in beauty, and the  
variety of sublime and picturesque  
view to be obtained from it. In

addition to this our usual walk,  
we crossed over to Ship Island,

### Page 125

a lovely and romantic spot. Seats have been formed there in shady nooks and recesses exposed them – we sat and gazed at the sublime and beautiful objects around us until we were lost in admiration. The island is most singularly situated in the midst of rapids, is very limited in extent and completely shaded and overgrown with vines and evergreens. It has a carpeting of moss, and indeed is a most enchanting spot. We have visited it twice and each time under the most favorable circumstances, this morning by sunrise, this evening by sunset.

Monday, August 16<sup>th</sup> A lovely day. At 8 o'clock called at the Cataract Hotel to bid our friends farewell. At 9 walked to the bridge, had another view of the Falls, then descended a long flight of stairs and after a few moments delay, (crossed out) entered a small skiff to cross over to Canada. There was a large party of us and just after leaving the shore in spite of umbrellas and shawls we all got a wetting from the spray of the

### Page 126

American Falls. It occupied about five minutes in crossing. I should consider it very dangerous to cross the rapids in so small a boat and so heavily laden, but I have been told that an accident has not occurred during the last twenty five years. However we crossed in safety, and landed at Clifton. From the summit of the hill enjoyed a magnificent view of rapids, Iris Island, the American and British Falls. Next visited the museum. It contains a much finer collection than might be anticipated in such a place. Bought some exquisite specimens of Indian work from the owner of it. Next descended the spiral staircase to



Table Rock. It was fatiguing, but we were amply compensated for it by the sublime view we had of the British Falls. They seemed almost above our heads. Some of the gentlemen (crossed out) continued their walk until they found themselves beneath the sheet of water. They did not see anything but got a most complete drenching. I did not attempt to go under the sheet for it is dangerous in many respects. One invariably gets a wetting which is in many cases

**Page 127**

followed by a cold. If the wind is strong you are liable to lose your life, and the most frightful consideration is that the pathway is covered with moss. In my most humble opinion I think it is a silly ambition. Stopped an hour or more at Markey's boarding house. Refreshed ourselves with ice creams and amused ourselves reading and looking over books containing the impressions and remarks of many on visiting the Falls. From there we road to the Burning Springs, which surprised us very much. We had no idea of seeing such a great natural curiosity. It is in a state of constant revolution and from it issues a stream of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which quickly ignites with the wick of a candle and burns with a brilliant flame. The spring is enclosed in a barrel, the gas is collected through a tube inserted in the top. This gas might, without doubt, communicate by pipes to neighboring buildings and substituted for candles and lamps. Rode through several small

**Page 128**

villages, and also through Lundy's Lane, the scene of a battle between the Americans and the British, July 25<sup>th</sup>, 1814 – at which time 2200 were slain. A field has been purchased by government to commemorate the spot. Returned to the American

side at two o'clock, with the impression that the view from the Canada side is much grander than from the American. Dined in haste and then left in the railway for Buffalo at three. Arrived there at half past four. Passed many flourishing villages, and saw the place where the Caroline was set on fire. Immediately engaged passage on the Steamer Wisconsin for Cleveland, and then rode an hour and a half around the city – Some of the streets are beautiful and will bear comparison with Broadway of New York. Some of the public buildings also are very fine. Visited the Barracks and not very glad to see them making the necessary preparations

**Page 129**

for war. Took tea at six. At 8 left the wharf with no very pleasing anticipation on my mind. The horrid scene this had witnessed but a week before still vivid before me – Every precaution is made in case of fire. Life boats and preservers are supplied in sufficient numbers for all the passengers, and also two fire engines. – We had a fine band of musicians on board, whose music contributed much to dispel my fears. Retired at nine, and rested quietly until awoke in the morning.

Tuesday, August 17<sup>th</sup> Another beautiful day. Breakfasted at 9. Read, walked, and amused myself until dinner time – landed at two o'clock at Cleveland. Immediately engaged passage to Portsmouth in one of the packets. Walked around Cleveland, it is a dull, filthy place in my opinion. Left in the Canal boat at half past four. It is not crowded but disagreeable as can be. Want of pure air, a plentiful supply of mosquitoes and gnats, wretched

**Page 130**

fare, complete the felicity of our present situation – Took tea at seven, after which, and for a short time enjoyed myself very much on deck. The scenery was beautiful, the air delightful, and moreover it is very amusing to see every one so suddenly drop down their heads at the approach of a bridge. Retired at ten – serenade from mosquitoes and other sweet songsters all night – Oh! what pen can portray the delight of canal traveling! Its joys are unutterable!

Wednesday, August 18<sup>th</sup> The day delightful, mosquitoes quite busy – If it were not that every hour brought me nearer home this manner of traveling would be intolerable. Dined at one o'clock. It certainly was very much better than we expected. After dinner from two to five o'clock it was intensely hot. Every one seemed suffering for the intensity of the heat. I practiced all the

**Page 131**

ingenuity I could to get cool. I washed myself in cold water, drank ice water, closed and opened the shutters, laid down where I could feel the breeze and tried to sleep and dream of home, but alas! all was in vain. As to a cool place, it was not to be found. Morpheus visited me not, but in his place came swarms, yea hosts, of those busy little creatures, flies, and mosquitoes. To make me feel all the happier I could not but think of the David Crockett rate with which we were traveling, three miles an hour! Enjoying myself in such a manner it is not strange that I should feel a disinclination to travel on a canal again. But this fearful canal traveling has with it a spice of pleasure too! As of six

**Page 132**

o'clock in the evening the sun set,  
and the air grew mild and pleasant –  
Went upon deck and enjoyed the  
most delightful scenery on the banks  
of the canal. Forests of pine and  
majestic trees, luxuriant shrubs, over-  
grown with vines, wild flowers,  
and lilies growing to the very  
waters edge, a bold cliff, or here and  
there a lovely stream – all gave to the  
landscape a picturesque beauty –  
We also took a lovely walk along  
the banks or rather between the canal  
and the river Tuscarora. We gath-  
ered flowers and berries, and moreover  
it gave us a most excellent appetite  
for our supper. Stayed on deck until  
quite late, talked of home, and  
read over last letters we had  
received, and really in spite of  
former discomforts, I concluded  
the canal was "tolerably pleasant  
mode of traveling." – Retired at ten  
attacked by a company of desperate

**Page 133**

mosquitoes. I fought valiantly,  
until they fled and left me in  
peace for the night.

Thursday, August 19<sup>th</sup>. To my  
great joy a cloudy day, and  
consequently very pleasant. At nine  
o'clock commenced raining and continued  
until one, when it ceased, leaving  
the air cool and pure. Dined at one.  
Extremely warm in the afternoon.  
At five went upon deck to witness  
the rock and beautiful scenery  
upon the banks of the Licking  
river, down which we sailed for  
the distance of two or three  
miles. Although the air was  
very close and disagreeable  
before, yet now it was most  
cool and delightful. We were  
completely shaded from the  
suffocating rays of the sun; by

the lofty wooded hill on either side. I was really provoked when our pleasure was inter-

**Page 134**

rupted by our passage through a lock. Then we entered again into the canal - left the boat and walked a mile or two - it was very pleasant, being shady and cool. Laughed and whiled away an hour or two on deck until tea time. Enjoyed my tea extremely - the ladies eat until every gentleman left the table, except the Captain, who remained either for the sake of politeness or the safety of his provisions for they began to disappear at an alarming rate.

Retired at ten, slept unmolested. The mosquitoes wisely forbore making another attack on me. I think that I slept better knowing that I had but one more night to partake of the luxuries of this packet.

**Page 135**

Friday, August 20<sup>th</sup> A clear day, bright sunshine, and bidding fair to be as warm as the never-to-be-forgotten noon of the 18<sup>th</sup>. Breakfasted at half past seven. Very much amused with the political conversation of the gentlemen. At eleven arrived at Lockbourne, where we were to change boats - We had to wait at least an hour, which time we occupied in eating some fine melons and fruit. At last the packet arrived from Columbus, and a most miserable affair it was, without air, that is, it cannot be admitted without a proportionate quantity of the suns rays. No comfort to be found. Have just heard the news

**Page 136**

from the Capital. Long and anxiously have the people been awaiting the decision of the President. The news had at length arrived! Taylor has vetoed the bank bill! Such a confusion of tongues in the gentlemen's cabin – each eagerly giving his opinion – indeed it seemed a very Babel – They all spoke at once, and most violent was the outcry against him! It would be impossible to repeat all they called him, the horrid terms they applied to him, and the names they gave him – However it may be but a rumor! Dined at two, just such a dinner as may have been expected on such a boat, dishes so very peculiar in taste as to be indescribable. At three arrived in Circleville,

**Page 137**

and again changed boats. Left the Packet "Lake" for The Pilgrim, "out of the frying pan into the fire"! The agonies of canal traveling! The packet was more crowded than the one we left. The cabins were much smaller, and everything looked as if it suffered for lack of a cold water ablution. In the course of the evening became acquainted with a very romantic couple who had been married but an hour or two before. They were introduced to each other at Cleveland but four days ago, fell in love with each other during a most delightful four days sail on the canal, became engaged and yesterday noon, without much ceremony, while the packet stopped at the wharf, went up to a clergyman in Circleville and consummated

**Page 138**

the bargain. Her mother nor brother are acquainted with her husband. She would not listen to the earnest remonstrance of her sister to form no engagement with him, but acted most deceitfully. She told her sister (she) was going out to walk, and shortly returned the wife of a stranger. I think that she will most bitterly repent the rash step. She is young, perhaps eighteen or nineteen, and her husband more than twice her age. He is ugly and old, but quite a traveler, and to judge from such complete success, quite an adept in the art of winning a lady's heart. He is wealthy! and perhaps that was the magnet.

Supped at half past seven after which went again upon deck and remained until we arrived in

**Page 139**

Chillicothe. Stopped an hour and a half. It is a very pretty place, and well built. Several of our passengers left the boat here completely satisfied with canalling, and among them the newly married couple! - Left at nine, and retired at ten surrounded by swarms of mosquitoes.

Saturday, August 21<sup>st</sup>. Another warm day, but the heat is not so excessive as the preceding day. At eleven landed near Portsmouth, were compelled to walk to the Hotel a mile distant, through dust which was in some parts actually a foot deep. Dined at one, and went on board the Steamer Export at two. Exhausted my patience waiting until half past three to leave the wharf. Every moment seems an hour,

**Page 140**

so great is our anxiety to arrive at our dear home once more! The steamer on which we have taken passage is unfortunately a very weak vessel, and this the first trip which she has made since an almost fatal disaster occurred to her this summer.

In consequence of the lowness of the river, had to stop every few moments. Really it was aggravating. I once counted four times that it stopped within the short space of fifteen minutes.

Sunday, August 22<sup>nd</sup> Arrived in Marysville at half past twelve, retired immediately. I feel happy beyond expression that I have once more trod upon my native land in safety -- the very air seems sweeter, purer than any I have breathed since I left its beloved shores.

**Page 141**

It is almost beyond endurance, that we have to wait an hour longer before we leave. I feel like taking myself wings and flying away. At half past nine with joyful hearts entered the coach for Lexington, with the impression that it would be the last time for many days that we would partake of the pleasures of traveling. (crossed out) Our companions were very agreeable, particularly one of them, a Catholic priest, who a few years since made the tour of Europe. He was full of life and gayety, and as unlike a preacher as possible. We were much amused during the ride by the innumerable questions asked in the small villages through which we passed, regarding the Veto. Arrived at Lexington the 23<sup>rd</sup> of August at 1/2 past 9, Sunday night.



## The Missing Five Weeks

Mother always said that there was one box of books lost when Mary Pindell moved from Denver to Tacoma and that the lost part of the Amanda's diary was in that box. Also lost, the Vol. I of Josephus, we have Vol. II. Prior to beginning the transcription of the little diary/journal I will copy here the transcription of multiple notes found on a folded sheet of paper in Mary Pindell's belongings. Of course my heart jumped to think I had found some of the missing entries, however, it was not long before I discovered these were Amanda's notes for her diary entries and all they contain in them had been properly included in the diary pages that we have.

I assigned each folded writing space a letter, transcribed them and then put them in approximate order.

A possibility is that as an artist, Amanda drew many of the castles they saw during this time and her sister and or Mr. McMurtry used it for the designing of "Ingleside" and never returned. In 2006 Fonny Ingles told me that a storage shed with most of the keepsakes of Elizabeth Bruen Ingles burn and all was lost including her portrait. Could be that portion of the trip's diary was lost too.

**NOTE:** Found among **Amanda Bruen's** papers was a folded piece that she had carried with her and made many notes. I was desirous that they would be the missing dates, but they were not and almost all of this information is found in the diary itself. It revealed instead her ability to take notes which were later written into her diary and to my disappointment all days were accounted for as such. This piece of paper started with Amanda in Washington, DC on **April 12<sup>th</sup>**, when she used it to make a list of the places, buildings and homes they saw, visited or toured. Then it was used for the notes she took on her return voyage from Liverpool to Boston including celebration of her seventeenth birthday. The last date recorded on it was **August 2<sup>nd</sup>**. I assigned each folded writing space a letter, transcribed them and then put them in order. As there are not enough missing days to require a whole new journal, perhaps Elizabeth was to write of that trip and Amanda took those days off. We will never know for sure where five weeks of her recorded travel ended up.

### K

#### A List

State house  
Common Mall  
Conservatories  
Gov. Hancock's house  
D'Hautville  
Geo. Washington  
Masonic Temple  
Catholic Chapel  
The Markets  
Lamuel House  
Custom House  
Theater  
Court House  
Mt. Auburn  
Harkin House  
Bunker Hill  
Navy Yard  
The Ohio  
Charlestown  
Roxbury  
Cambridge  
Brighten

in the upper right corner:

South & E. Boston  
Brookline  
Jamaica Plain  
and Pond

**G**

Tuesday **July 20<sup>th</sup>** left L'pool  
 at ½ past in the morning.  
 Went to Egremont Pier, waited  
 the arrival of a small steamer  
 which conveyed us to the Arcadia.  
 Luggage & passengers being  
 stowed away -- no parting tear.  
 We bade adieu to England shores  
 happy to feel ourselves on our way  
 to our beloved country, but not very  
 cheerful at the prospect of one  
 perhaps two weeks experience of  
 that delightful sensation termed  
 sea sickness, however enough

**H**

has been said of heretofore!  
 Continuation of rain and cold  
 the remainder of the day. Retired  
 to the L's cabin, "amid the  
 growns of the sick & dying."  
 Did not partake of the bounty-  
 ful dinner prepared in the  
 M. Salon -- nor of the delicacies  
 prepared for tea -- not feeling  
 exactly sick -- but only a  
 little green! **July 21<sup>st</sup>**  
 A clear day -- smooth sea  
 excellent spirits -- renewal of  
 appetite -- found several acquaintances

**D**

remained on deck the greater por-  
 tion of the day. Formed more ac-  
 quaintances -- spoke a brig(?) -- saw  
 shoals of proposes. **(July) 23<sup>rd</sup>** still  
 clear and pleasant -- smooth sea and  
 favorable winds. Spent the day on  
 deck -- All things conspire to make  
 the time pass so agreeably  
 that I forgot I was at sea. Saw a  
 number of sails in the distance  
 did not hail them. **(July) 24<sup>th</sup>** Pleasantly  
 passed the day much as the preced-  
 ing one **(July) 25<sup>th</sup>** In the morning

**E**

Wednesday Morning April 28<sup>th</sup> '41  
 (this was false start – no more written,  
 next word in diary for July 25<sup>th</sup>)

very rough and stormy –  
 attended service in the Main  
 Solon – having no minister on  
 board – the Captain officiated.  
 In the afternoon passed a wreck  
 which would produce much  
 excitement. Some imagined  
 they detected human beings, others  
 that it was the President (it  
 being such a large wreck), but  
 what a few imagined to be human  
 beings were the remainder of the

**I**

the 3 masts – The captain and one  
 officer made use of spy glasses.  
 He could not discern  
 anything more than the remains  
 of a large vessel – **July 26<sup>th</sup>**  
 A beautiful day – ten knots  
 with a head often an unfavorable  
 with a head wind therefore I went to take a  
 long walk on deck after which  
 engaged in several games of  
 back gammon with Mr. Richards –  
 had a heart lunch – took  
 tea in the saloon, witnesses  
 a beautiful sunset – Took  
 a long walk after tea by moonlight.  
 At half past 7 I took tea and for  
 the first time have spent the evening  
 in the saloon with a book. **(July) 27<sup>th</sup>**

**J**

Arose at 4 o'clock in the morning  
 to witness for the first time a sunset  
 at sea. But after having  
 aroused then in vain attempted  
 to get my eyes clearly open. I found  
                   that we were  
 doomed to disappointment  
                   there was a thick  
 fog – and we were only repaid  
 for the trouble with break-

fast and a distressing rain.

Retired and took a  
siesta. Passed about (?)  
o'clock a vessel which has  
been out at sea 27 days  
from Greenland which had  
been dismantled by the storm  
of the 25<sup>th</sup> which we

## B

so put in at Newfoundland  
to repair the masts.  
Amused myself playing back-  
gammon with William  
Richards – Took a walk  
extremely famished at dinner.  
At one were entertained by some  
boy – fine music and accompanied  
of the flute and violin. It put  
quite a theatrical effect upon  
the passengers. They commenced  
dancing reels only on the forward  
deck where we had all collected  
together and enjoyed very much  
for the sake of novelty. Saw a  
beautiful sunset – After tea walked  
on deck – enchanted with a

## C

view of the sea by moonlight.  
What more beautiful than  
the night beauteous queen  
marooned in the blue waves  
of the great Atlantic.  
**July 28<sup>th</sup>** A still clear day  
walked, laughed, I talked  
a great deal. At 12 suddenly  
rougher. Ladies disappeared quietly.  
In the afternoon again comforting  
calm – sat an hour or two  
in the saloon of the ship with  
some of our most agreeable  
friends. Saw a large Packet  
the "Aiddous" At 7 saw a  
large whale four young ones  
on his back – Oh me!

## F

of the vessel having a fine view of the mountain waves in all their grandeur - Took tea in the Saloon then joined in several games and after taking another long walk, retired, but not to sleep. We had just arrived at the Great Bank consequently it was very rough - there was a heavy fog and we were mainly in danger of running down or coming in contact with some of the fishing vessels laying at anchor. **July 29<sup>th</sup>** A bright and beautiful morn - all danger past - sea sickness entirely forgotten - went on deck, walked, talked, played, laughed in short enjoyed myself to the full. At dinner time returned to the Ladies Cabin a short time then again walked on deck with W. W. R. spent the evening in the M. Saloon - took a game of whist. Ran 248 miles - a brilliant sunset - smooth sea Friday the finest day since we left England.

**July 30<sup>th</sup>** ran 258 miles. A pleasant day. Early in the morning went on deck. Took lunch in the saloon. Retired in the ladies cabin arranged my toilet for dinner and remained on deck until half past eleven. Witness a lovely sunset at 7 after which I walked on the upper deck until late, much enjoying a view of the sea by clear moonlight. **July 31<sup>st</sup>** Arose at 4 to witness a sunrise at sea, much had I longed to see what had always been reported as a most glorious sight. At 5 o'clock it rose indeed was glorious! Previous the sky now suffused with a hint of crimson and gold long had I gazed upon a brilliant spot when suddenly the glorious globe arose! and truly it was gorgeous. In addition to the pleasure of gazing at this splendid sunrise so far from land, and seemingly quite near. However after remaining an hour and  $\frac{1}{2}$  on the upper deck for one so shockingly unromantic as to return to our berths to sleep

## L

until 8 o'clock - when we were to prepare to go upon land for it was announced that at ten we would reach Halifax. At half past 9 entered the harbour, distinguished houses, people, trees and saw a great number of coasting vessels. At about 10, our ship reached wharf - Left it immediately to take a stroll around the city. Went to the New Hotel - found there a piano - took a hearty lunch of sweet delicacies as every one knows how to relish after two weeks voyage on the sea. Obtained some beautiful flowers. Left the Hotel for the fortifications - rather disappointed in them though they certainly command a fine view of the harbour. Next went to a restaurant and took a nice lunch, ice cream. Were much astonished at the number of blacks and Indians in the place. Bought some specimens

of the manufacturers of the Indians.

Thus employed our time until three when we left with the impression that its not a dull uninteresting place. It is astonishing to see what effect landing for a few hours produced upon the passengers – new hats, gloves, coats appeared in quick succession. At half past 3 the ship cleared the wharf for Boston. In the evening played back gammon with Mr. R

A

**Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>** My 17<sup>th</sup> birthday Trea lous (French?) the red, the beautiful, the short hath reached sweet seventeen! Received many congratulations and a present of vinaigrette made of cocoa nut shell and a needle case – also a paper of sugar plums! Service in the saloon at half past 10  
– very rough –

At 7 in the evening passed or rather saw one of the regular sailing packets At ½ past first distinguished the smoke of the steamer Caledonia which left Boston at 2 o'clock P.M. Did not pass very near. Gave her a sound salute. Burned the blue light, and sent up a number of sky rockets. They in return burned a blue light (a combination of turpentine and powders) and also sent up several sky rockets. We saw it was fortunate that we met her as we did for they then could report us having arrived. At eight o'clock a clear moonlight – saw last sun light at eleven At ½ past 2 arrived safely a the wharf -- **August 2<sup>nd</sup>** left ship & in the morning for the Custom House. The officers were very lenient they merely opened our trunks and remarked

Across F

that ladies never smuggled – quite a mistake by the bye for we had in our trunks many new goods for our own use, but still subject to duty.

**Amanda Bruen's** folded piece of paper used for notes: Earliest Date – April 12, 1841

**K**

A List

State house  
Common Mall  
Conservatories  
Gov. Hancock's house  
D. Cantville  
Geo. Washington  
Masonic Temple  
Catholic Chapel  
The Markets  
Lamuel House  
Guston House  
Theater  
Court House  
Mt. Auburn  
Harkin House  
Bunker Hill  
Navy Yard  
The Ohio  
Charlestown  
Ho\_\_\_ling(?)  
Cambridge  
Brighten

in the upper right corner:

South & E. Boston  
Brooklana  
Jamaica Plain  
and pond

**G**

Tuesday **July 20<sup>th</sup>** left L'pool  
at ½ past in the morning.  
Went to Egeemont(?) Pier, waited  
the arrival of a small steamer  
which conveyed us to the Arcadia.  
Luggage & passengers being  
stowed away – no parting tear.  
We bade adieu to England shores  
happy to feel ourselves on our way  
to our beloved country, but not very  
cheerful at the prospect of one  
perhaps two weeks experience of  
that delightful sensation termed  
sea sickness, however enough

## H

has been said of heretofore!  
Continuation of rain and old(?)  
the remainder of the day. Retired  
to the L's cabin, "amid the  
growns of the sick & dying."  
Did not partake of the bounty-  
ful dinner prepared in the  
M. Salon – nor of the delicacies  
prepared for tea – not feeling  
exactly sick – but only a  
little green! **July 21<sup>st</sup>**  
A clear day – smooth sea  
excellent spirits – renewal of  
appetite – found several acquaintances

## D

remained on deck the greater por-  
tion of the day. Found more ac-  
quaintances – spike a brig(?) – saw  
shoals of proposes. **(July) 23<sup>rd</sup>** still  
clear and pleasant – smooth sea and  
favorable winds. Spent the day on  
deck – All things conspire to make  
the time pass so agreeably  
that I forgot I was at sea. Saw a  
number of sails in the distance  
did not hail them. **(July) 24<sup>th</sup>** Pleasantly  
passed the day much as the preced-  
ing one **(July) 25<sup>th</sup>** In the morning

## E

Wednesday Morning **April 28<sup>th</sup> '41**  
(this was false start – no more written,  
next word in diary for July 25<sup>th</sup>)

very rough ad stormy –  
attended service in the Main  
Solon – having no minister on  
board – the Captain officiated.  
In the afternoon passed a wreck  
which would produce much  
excitement. Some imagined  
they detected human beings, others  
that it was the President it  
being such a large wreck, but  
what a few passengers to be human (?)  
beings spend the remainder of the (?)



I

We B masts – The captain and one  
officer made use of spy glasses.  
He could not discern  
anything more than the remains  
of a large vessel **July 26<sup>th</sup>**  
A beautiful day – ten knots  
with a head often an unfavorable  
with a head wind therefore I went to take a  
long walk on deck after which  
engaged in several games of  
back gammon with Mr. Richards  
had a heart lunch – took  
tea in the saloon, witnesses  
a beautiful sunset – Took  
a long walk after tea by moonlight.  
At half past 7 I took tea and for  
for the first time have spent the evening  
I the saloon with a book. **(July) 27<sup>th</sup>**

J

Arose at 4 o'clock in the morning  
to witness for the first time a sunset  
at sea. But after having  
aroused then in vain attempted  
to get my eyes clearly open. I found  
That we were  
doomed to disappointment  
there was a thick  
for – and we were only repaid  
for the trouble with break-  
fast and a distressing rain.  
Retired and took a  
siesta. Passed about (?)  
o'clock a vessel which has  
been out at sea 27 days  
from Greenland which had  
been dismantled by the storm  
of the 25<sup>th</sup> which we

B

so put in at Newfoundland  
to repair the masts.  
Amused myself playing back-  
gammon with William  
Richards – Took a walk  
extremely famished at dinner  
At one were entertained by some  
boy – fine music and accompanied

of the flute and violin. It put quite a theatrical effect upon the passengers. They commenced dancing reels only on the forward deck where we had all collected together and enjoyed very much for the sake of novelty. Saw a beautiful sunset – After tea walked on deck – enchanted with a

C

view of the sea by moonlight  
What more beautiful than  
the night beauteous queen  
mirrored in the blue waves  
of the great Atlantic.

**July 28<sup>th</sup>** A still clear day  
walked, laughed, I talked  
a great deal. At 12 suddenly  
rougher. Ladies disappeared quietly.  
In the afternoon again comforting  
calm – sat an hour or two  
in the saloon of the ship with  
some of our most agreeable  
friends. Saw a large Packet  
the Siddons. At 7 saw a  
large whale four young ones  
on his back – Oh me!

F

of the vessel having a fine view of the mountain waves in  
all their grandeur - Took tea in the Saloon then joined in several  
games and after taking another long walk, retired, but not  
to sleep. We had just arrived at the Great Bank consequently  
it was very rough – there was a heavy fog and we were mainly in  
danger of running down r coming in contact with some of the  
fishing vessels laying at anchor. **July 29<sup>th</sup>** A bright and  
beautiful morn – all danger past – sea sickness entirely for-  
gotten – went on deck, walked, talked, played, laughed in short  
enjoyed myself to the full. At dinner time returned  
to the Ladies Cabin a short time then again walked on deck  
with W. W. R. (Richards) spent the evening in the M. Saloon – took a game of  
whist. Ran 248 miles – a brilliant sunset – smooth sea  
Friday the finest day since we left England.

**July 30<sup>th</sup>** ran 258 miles. A pleasant day. Early in the morning  
went on deck. Took lunch in the saloon. Retired in the ladies cabin  
arranges my toilet for dinner and remained on deck until haft  
past eleven. Witness a lovely sunset at 7 after which I walked  
on the upper deck until late, much enjoying a view of the sea  
by clear moonlight. **July 31<sup>st</sup>** Arose at 4 to witness a sunrise

at sea, much had I longed to see what had always been reported as a most glorious sight. At 5 o'clock it rose indeed was glorious! Previous the sky now suffused with a hint of crimson and gold long had I gazed upon a brilliant spot when suddenly the glorious globe arose! and truly it was gorgeous. In addition to the pleasure of gazing at this splendid sunrise so far from land, and seemingly quite near. However after remaining an hour and  $\frac{1}{2}$  on the upper deck for one so shockingly unromantic as to return to our berths to sleep

## L

until 8 o'clock – when we were to prepare to go upon land for it was announced that at ten we would reach Halifax. At half past 9 entered the harbour, distinguished houses, people, trees and saw a great number of coasting vessels. At about 10, our ship reached wharf – Left it immediately to take a stroll around the city. Went to the new Hotel – found there a piano – took a hearty lunch of sweet delicacies as every one knows how to relish after two weeks voyage on the sea. Obtained some beautiful flowers. Left the Hotel for the fortifications – rather disappointed in them though they certainly command a fine view of the harbour. Next went to a restaurant and took a nice lunch, ice cream. Were much astonished at the number of blacks and Indians in the place. Bought some specimens of the manufacturers of the Indians. Thus employed our time until three when we left with the impression that its not a dull uninteresting place. It is astonishing to see what effect landing for a few hours produced upon the passengers – new hats, gloves, coats appeared in quick succession. At half past 3 the ship cleared the wharf for Boston. In the evening played back gammon with Mr. B

## A

**Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>** My 17<sup>th</sup> birthday Trea lous (French?) the red, the beautiful, the short hath reached sweet seventeen! Received many congratulations and a present of vinaigrette made of cocoa nut shell and a needle case – also a paper of sugar plums! Service in the saloon at half past 10  
- very rough

At 7 in the evening passed or rather saw one of the regular sailing packets

At ½ past first distinguished the smoke  
of the steamer Caledonia which left Boston  
at 2 o'clock P.M. Did not pass  
very near. Gave her a sound salute. Burned  
the blue light, and sent up a number  
of sky rockets. They in return burned a blue light  
(a combination of turpentine and powders)  
and also sent up several sky rockets.  
We saw it was fortunate that we met her  
as we did for they then could report us  
having arrived. At eight o'clock a clear  
moonlight – saw last sun light at eleven  
At ½ past 2 arrived safely at  
the wharf -- **August 2<sup>nd</sup>**  
left ship & in the morning for the  
Custom C Houses. The officers were very lenient  
they merely opened our trunks and remarked

**Across F**

that ladies never smuggled – quite  
a mistake by the bye for we had in  
our trunks many new goods for  
our own use, but still subject  
to duty.

No date or postmark

**Unsigned Poem** – beautifully scripted

A watermark appears on the one which has the yellow flowers on it. The same watermark appears on a "Farewell" poem that follows. The handwriting on the poem is very different – did he scribble it out in a hurry or was it from another...

**Dating 1841 6/19.** Possibly from William Patten, Esq.

The Farewell

Sweet hour of inspiration. Venus fair,  
Grant me thy smile! Ah, well I know that thou  
Must choose the happy man (none else may dare)  
To kiss Amanda's lip, white neck and brow.

I swear Amanda, that thy face, yes, thin  
Resplendent with the sunny smile or youth,  
(And even youth itself is most divine,  
The choice abode of Innocence and truth.)

Haunting my slumbers, makes the earth more fair!  
I call the star of my Nativity  
To be my witness, and to list the pray'r  
That gladly I devote to love and thee.

How shall I say farewell to one who will  
Give beauty to my day and night? Altho  
In fancy thou'lt be near to me – yet still  
In very truth, I would not have thee go.

Oh, fain mine eyes would pierce the future hour;  
I'd rend the veil between my Heaven and Hell –  
The first thy presence gives, the other's power  
Will 'gin to rule when thou wilt say farewell.

**Page 2**

Oh, why did just Heav'n place within my heart  
Love's passion yielding not to my control!  
Say, is it not of Heav'n itself a part,  
The purest grape juice in a golden bowl.

My best enjoyment – life – what'er you will?  
And this most indefinable unit,  
My soul, had fled – Or rather lingers till  
Thou'st gone, and then away with thee 'twill flit,

Serviceable, unto the very end  
Of thy far pilgrimage. To seek the breast  
Of the fair earth old Noah's dove did wend –  
Be taught thereby, and give the wanderer rest!

Oh, thou, who art Omnipotently Great,  
Protect the young Amanda! Be to her  
A present counselor. Thou didst create  
Herself to be a Poet's minister.

Diminish not her confidence in truth!  
For it cannot betray our happiness,  
From infancy to age. It is to youth  
most bountiful, and hath a power to bless.

### Page 3

Small need hath woman (rich in gems of heart)  
To urge the cause of reason and of right,  
With any weapon but persuasive art!  
Tis this that gives her all she hath of might.

And she should be modest, only witty  
In lashing splendid folly as it plies  
And reign but o'er one man – not a city,  
Nor vie with demagogues in lofty lies.

'Tis hers to raise the standard of the heart,  
To lead the soul to contemplate its God;  
And surely still she hath the better part  
Of life – enjoyment comes at her least nod.

Let woman then employ her mind to scan  
Proprieties, nor seek the learned tome;  
Excelling all in skill to win the man  
Who makes her mistress of a happy home.

Something too much didactic, and – I pause  
Miss Martineau and Fanny Wright despise  
\* Their sex. Did they administer the laws,  
And legislate, Good Lord, what ills would rise!

\*"The imprudent advocates of the right of women contend  
for her right to legislate etc." –

### Page 4

My pray'r is said. Ah, wrong me not to think  
'Tis evanescent and unfelt, unknown;  
I speak as one who stands upon the brink  
of life, and bound fore God the truth to own.

And yet, I cannot full expression find  
In words – and these should never meet thine eye,  
If they were less harmonious or kind,  
Less mark'd with passion or with love's soft sigh!

I've prov'd to thee my heart is warm. I know  
We oft contemn what is our own, Yet, may  
take care of it – let it forever glow,  
mingled with that which hears it far away!

Any oh! wert thou to this the least inclin'd  
What noble transport would my bosom swell –  
What high resolves would elevate my mind  
How would it sooth the pain of this farewell!

Thus far I wrote – and oh! how strange today  
\*A pigeon flew and on my casement stood,  
Where ne'er before it stop'd its winged way –  
Oh, cherub hope, thou art my chiefest good!

- This really happened, as it is related.

## The Farewell.

Sweet source of inspiration, Venus fair,  
Grant me thy smile! Ah, well I know that thou  
Must choose the happy man (none else may dare)  
To kiss Amanda's lip, white neck and brow.

I swear, Amanda, that thy face, yes, thine,  
Resplendent with the sunny smile of Youth,  
And even Youth itself is most divine,  
The choice abode of Innocence and Truth,

Haunting my slumbers, makes the earth more fair!  
I call the Star of my Nativity  
To be my witness, and to list the prayer  
That gladly I devote to Love and Thee.

How shall I say farewell to one who will  
Give beauty to my day and night? Altho'  
Imagery should be near to me — yet still,  
In very truth, I would not have thee go.

Oh, fain mine eyes would pierce the future hour;  
I'd rend the veil between my Heaven and Hell —  
The first thy presence gives, the other's power  
Will 'gain to rule when thou wilt say farewell.



Oh, why did just Heav'n place within my heart  
Love's passion yielding not to my Control!  
Say, is it not of Heav'n itself a part  
The purest grape-juice in a golden bowl

My best-enjoyment - life - what'er you will?  
And this most undefinable Unit,  
My Soul, has fled - Or rather lingers till  
Thou'rt gone, and then away with thee will fly,

Irrevocable, unto the very end  
Of thy far pilgrimage. To seek the breast  
Of the fair earth old Noah's dove did wend -  
Be taught thereby, and give the wanderer rest!

Oh, Thou, who art Omnipotently Great,  
Protect the young Amanda! Be to her  
A present Counsellor. Thou didst create  
Herself to be a Poet's minister.

Diminish not her Confidence in Truth!  
For it cannot betray our happiness,  
From Infancy to Age. It is to Youth  
Most bountiful, and hath a power to bless.

Small need hath Woman (rich in gems of heart)  
To urge the Cause of Reason and of Right;  
With any weapon but persuasive art!  
'Tis this that gives her all the bath of Might.

And she should be modest, only witty  
In lashing splendid folly as it flies;  
And reign but o'er one man - not a city,  
Nor vie with demagogues in lofty lies.

'Tis hers to raise the Standard of the heart,  
To lead the soul to contemplate its God;  
And surely still she hath the better part  
Of life - enjoyment comes at her least nod.

Let Woman then employ her mind to scan  
Proprieties, nor seek the learned tomes;  
Excelling all in skill to win the man  
Who makes her mistress of a happy home.

Something too much didactic, and - I pause.  
Miss Martineau and Fanny Wright despise  
\* Their sex. Did they administer the laws,  
And legislate, Good Lord, what ills would rise!

\* or "The imprudent advocates of the rights of Woman contend  
for her right to legislate &c" -

My Pray'r is said. Ah, wron'g me, not to think  
 'Tis evanescent and unfelt, unknown;  
 I speak as one who stands upon the brink  
 of Life, and bound fore God the truth to own.

And yet, I cannot full expression find  
 In words — And these should never meet thine eye,  
 If they were less harmonious or kind,  
 Less mark'd with passion or with Love's soft sigh!

Thou provid' to thee my heart is warm, (I know  
 We oft contemn what is our own) Yet, pray  
 Take care of it, — let it forever glow,  
 Mingled with that which bears it far away!

And Oh, wert thou to this the least inclin'd,  
 What noble transport would my bosom swell —  
 What high resolves would elevate my mind —  
 How would it soothe the pain of this farewell!

\* Thus far I wrote — and Oh, how strange today  
 A Pigeon flew and on my Casement stood,  
 Where ne'er before it stopp'd its winged way —  
 Oh, Cherub Hope, thou art my chiefest good!

\* This really happened, as was related!

**NOTE:** A collection of **calling cards & notes** in an envelope marked Europe in Margery Bruen Stallcup Smith's handwriting. I am placing at end of trip **August 30, 1841.**

It is hard to tell if the several envelopes of calling cards were true to their original sort.

This one has several with little notations on them.

"Such cards as this presented us in vast quantities on our arrival in Rouen."

Hotel d'Albion "stopped at the hotel July 1841"

Steamer Les Etoiles tariffs – Amanda writes:

Miss Amanda Bruen  
Liverpool July 18<sup>th</sup> 1841  
To Rouen

Evan Shelby (in different ink – date??? – she would marry him the  
in three years)

A small piece of paper with several hotels listed.

A card from a lace manufacturer

Mr. & Mrs. L. R. Murray – St. Mark's Place – with a note written across it: 102 Oxford St., Mrs. Clark for children's dresses, bonnet & book – Clock Bolvin, Rue de \_\_\_\_, Jackson apparel \_\_\_\_\_ - also on the back there is a list of shops in Paris

Daughter are quite unable to leave their room, - I will be very happy if Mrs. E & Miss Bruen will come in this evening & see them, that they may have the pleasure of wishing them a pleasant time. – also on back Samuel H Walley at 291 Hanover St, Hanover Sq. – address crossed out No. 28 Tem. Ho.

Oxford Chart - Object to introduce into our service the liturgies used in the 5<sup>th</sup> Century most acting the – very hard to read from here on.

Alfred M. Collins – calling card – on back some French and have tried to prove the celebrity & happiness cannot coexist – "Trifles make the sum of human things."

Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Cochran, with note written across it – on other side – Frederick Street - Edinburgh





Embroidery - No. 1. Ch.  
 corol. 32. Louis Le Grande  
 Gross maker - Mad<sup>re</sup> Sal-  
 mine - 16. Rue Sa.  
 Bonnets & Guicard & H.  
 Caps - 11. Rue la Pite  
 Shoes - 'Esté' - Rue  
 de la Paix.  
 L'Normande - Seattle -  
 Boulevard des Stations  
 Glens - 27. Boulevard

152. Rue de St.  
 11. Rue de St.  
 11. Rue de St.  
 11. Rue de St.  
 11. Rue de St.  
 11. Rue de St.  
 11. Rue de St.  
 11. Rue de St.  
 11. Rue de St.  
 11. Rue de St.

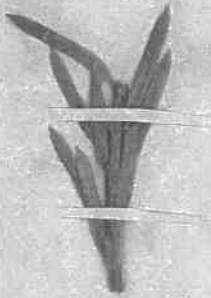
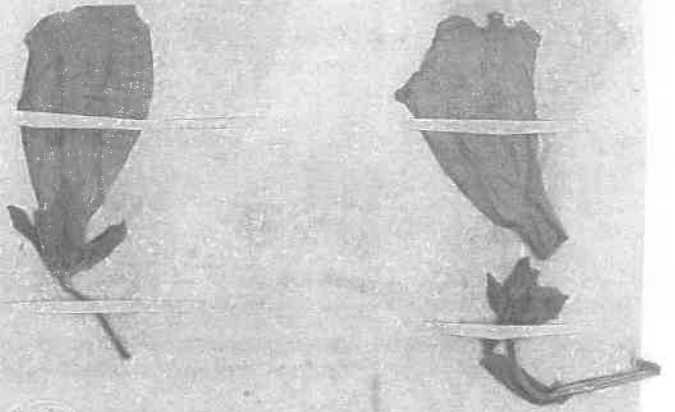
M. K  
 Mrs. Samuel Cochran.

62. 82. The Great Street, Edinburgh.





Theriac growing and the instrument  
used by Cope in the manner of his  
method. June 19<sup>th</sup> 1845

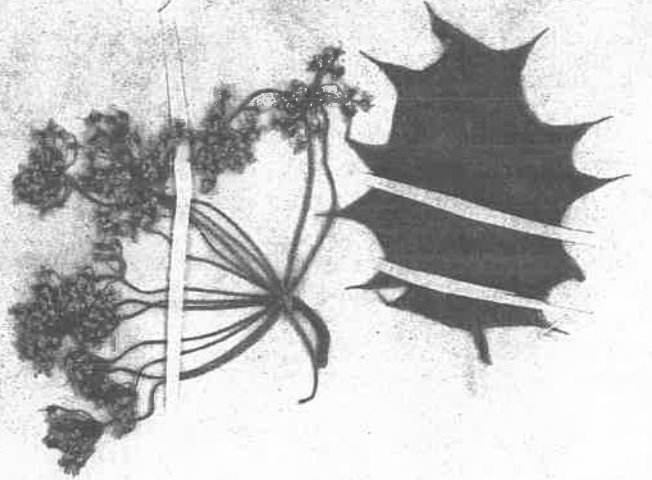


Presented to Miss A. Brown by  
Mr. William Patton Esq. the  
2<sup>nd</sup> of June 1841. in the  
garden of the palace of Kensington  
near Paris.

England - May 1845



Taken from the sarge at Hampton  
Court June 19<sup>th</sup> 1841

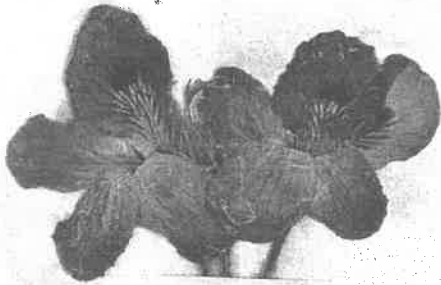


Taken from the Sarge at Hampton Court  
June 19<sup>th</sup> 1841



June 19<sup>th</sup> 1841 - Pope's Field.  
Plucked from a tree growing over  
the monument erected by Pope  
to the memory of his mother.





Presented to Miss Bruen  
By Mr. G. D. Robinson  
the 26<sup>th</sup> of June 1843.  
At Stewart's Rooms  
Paris - France

Miss Bruen  
Stewart's Rooms  
Paris - France  
June 26<sup>th</sup> 1843  
G. D. Robinson

**Outer folded cover reads:**

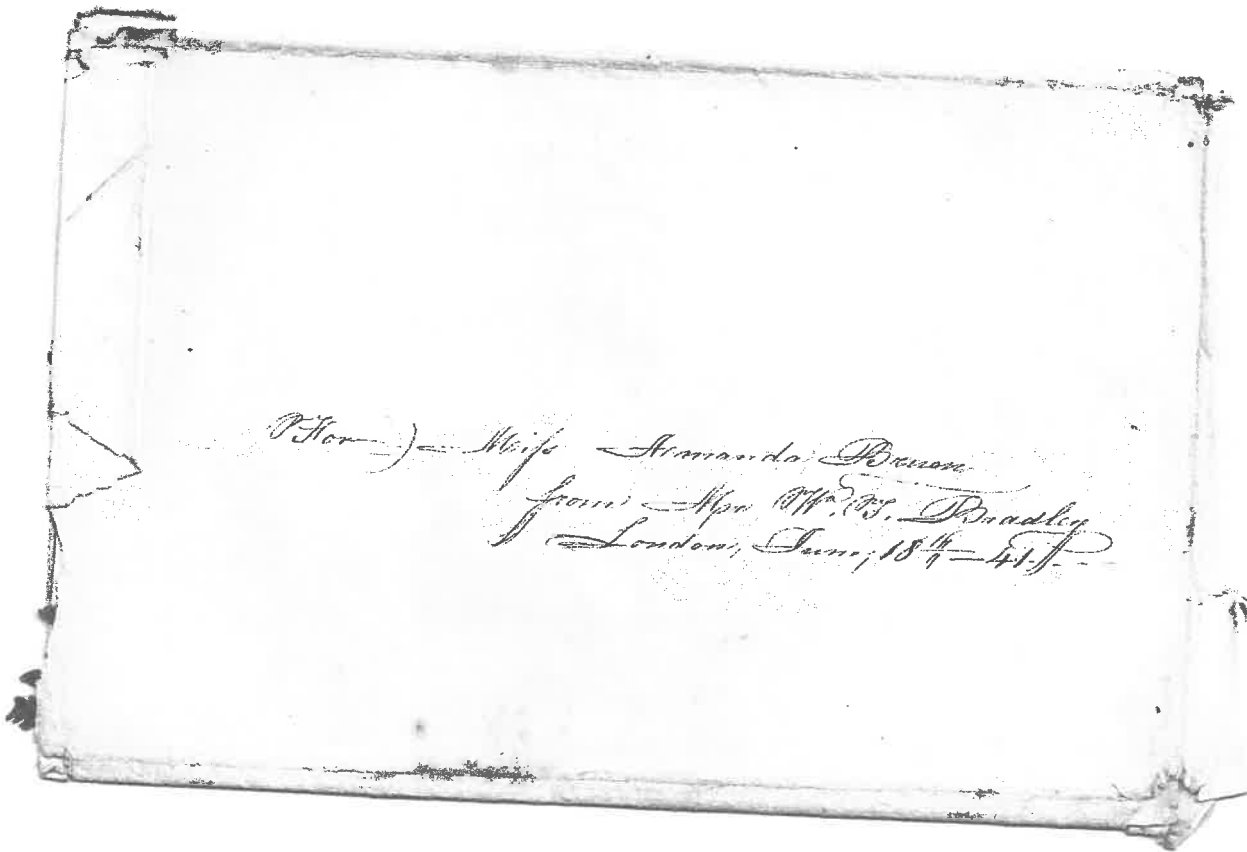
For Miss Amanda Bruen  
from Mr. W. G. Bradley  
London, June 18, 1841

Again the dates do not match...

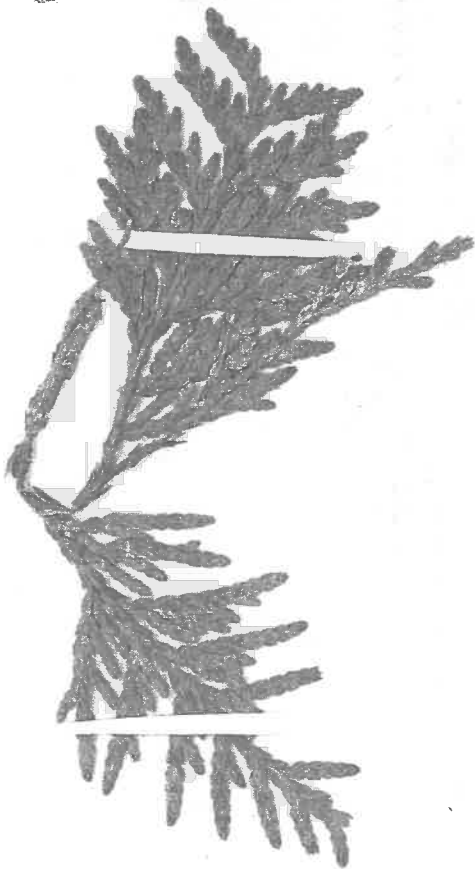
On the outside of the specimen holder is written

From Niagara Plucked the  
14<sup>th</sup> of August 1841

This holds two pieces of evergreens.



From Niagara. Plucked the  
14<sup>th</sup> of August 1841



**Outer hand folded cover:**

Flowers from Hampton Court and  
Pope's Villa London June 19th '41

Several specimens are within. Mr. William Patten Esq. signs last one and reveals handwriting identity although it is very similar to Amanda's.

A watermark appears on the one which has the yellow flowers on it. The same watermark appears on a "Farewell" poem that follows. The handwriting on the poem is very different – did he scribble it out in a hurry or was it from another...

Watermark on stationary of poem and in the corner of the yellow flowers is oval and says:

D & J Ames – (this was a paper mill near Holyoke, Mass. built in 1831)

**First evergreen:**

Taken from the maze at Hampton Court  
June 19th 1841

**Second Holly leaf and golden small blooms**

Taken from the maze at Hampton  
Court June 19th 1841

**Third Yellow Buds**

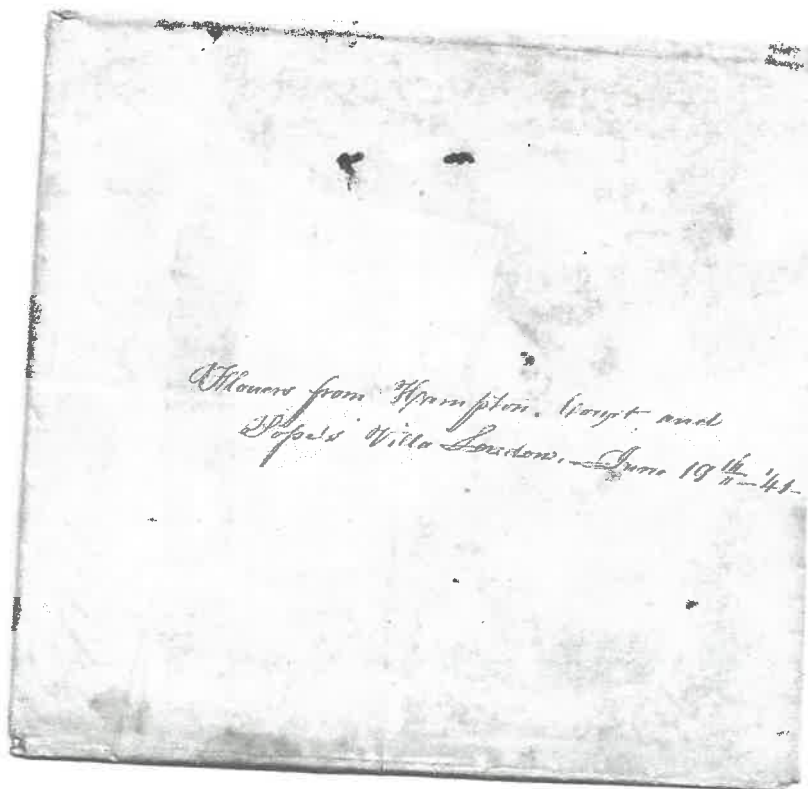
Found growing near the monument  
erected by the Pope to the memory of his  
June 19th 1841

**Fourth a wee bit of evergreen**

England May 17th 1841

**Fifth a bit of evergreen -- folded very small**

Presented to Miss A. Bruen  
by Mr. William Patten Esq. the  
6th of June 1841 in the  
garden of the palace of Versailles  
near Paris



**Outer folded cover reads:**

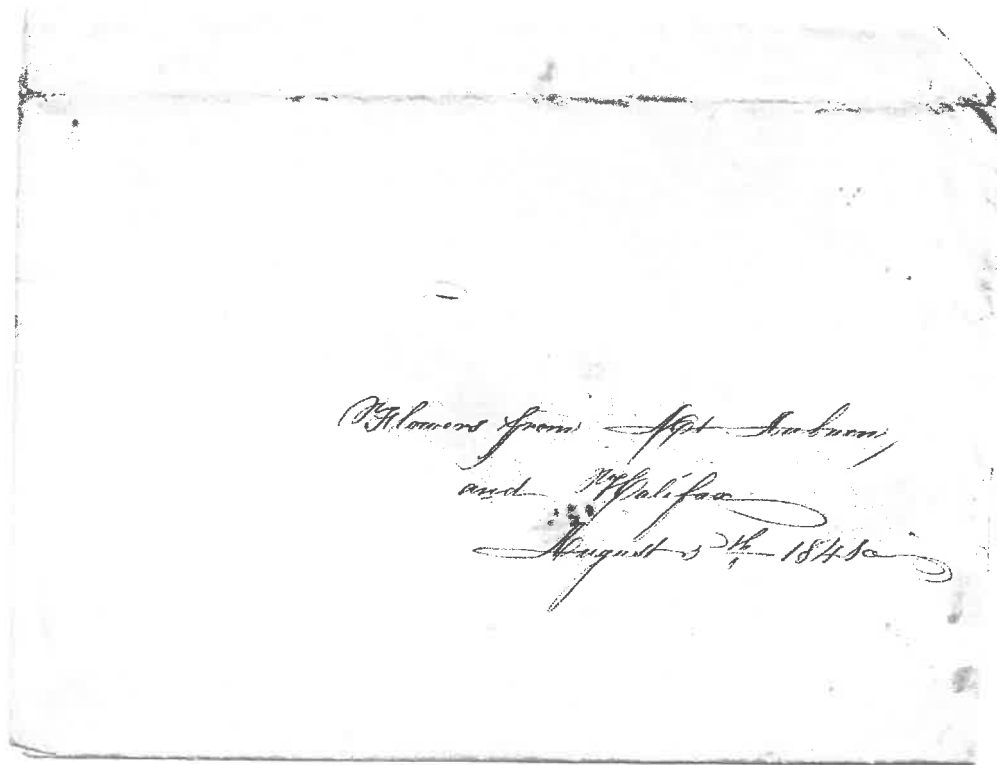
NOTE: "F" in Flowers is written like Mr. Bradley's but could be Mr. Patten's or Amanda's...

Flowers from Mt.(?) Auburn  
and Halifax

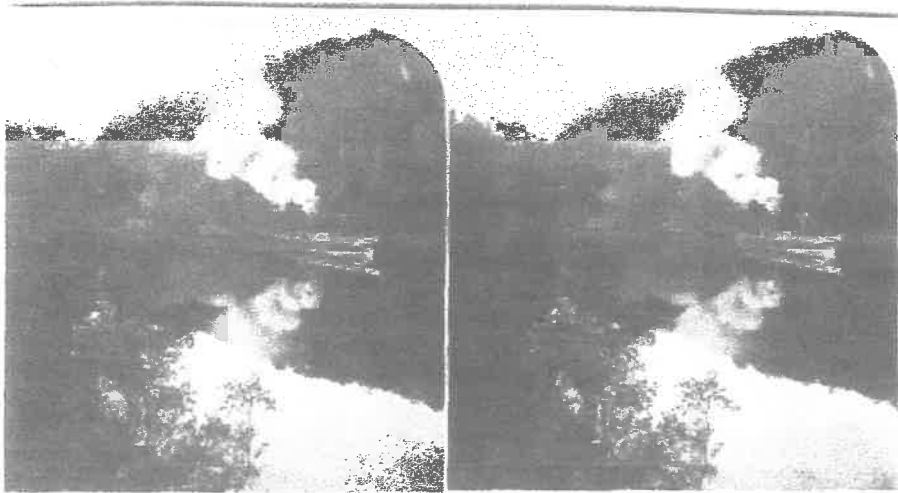
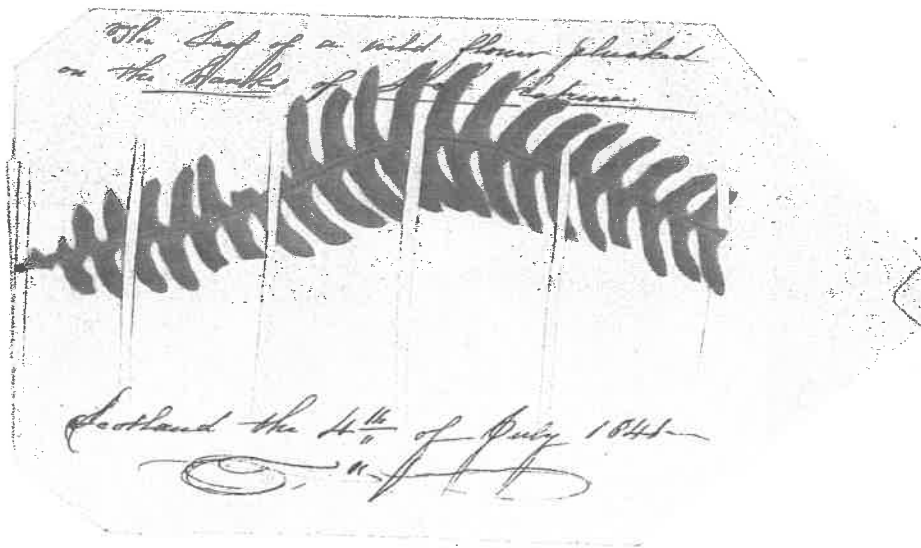
**August 5th 1841**

NOTE: dates do not match... Just one specimen - a fern

The leaf of a wild flower plucked  
on the banks of Lock Katrine  
Scotland the **4th of July 1841**







LOCK KATRINE "The spot an angel deign to grace."  
(I found this old picture post card on the internet)