

Sandusky, on the south of Sandusky bay, and there, admiring the beautiful view we had of lake Erie, we immediately took boat to cross for Buffalo and the Niagara falls. The steamer was a splendid one, the weather fine, the scene at once grand and novel—a lake 250 miles in length, with a picturesque shore, which we skirted as we went along. I do not know that I ever enjoyed anything much more. The two principal places at which we touched were the towns of Cleveland and Ohio, the greater part of the former built on a table land eighty feet above the lower city, and commanding a boundless prospect. At Buffalo we arrived at nine A.M., the 13th, and there we spent the day, concluding it with music and dancing, at our grand hotel, of (as usual), enormous size. It is kept by a Quaker; and when dinner-hour approached, I found, to my horror, that he would let my Mexican friends and ourselves have nothing but water! It was a *temperance* hotel. The scene which ensued between us was laughable; but we arranged in the end, and had our *wine*.

The city is really handsome, and containing from 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants; although in 1812, during the war, our attacking force left only two houses standing.

LETTER LV.

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

St. Etienne, November, 1852.

HAVING much to see, we started very early next morning, for the falls; and, to reach them, we had to do twenty-two miles by railway to Schlosser, and thence a short distance by a stage-coach. By this time a considerable number of our party had separated from us, and only our more immediate friends accompanied us to the falls. We were, however, still fifteen in number.

Now with regard to the falls of Niagara and many other things which we saw in North America, I come too late to say anything which could be new or interesting. "Tout est dit, et l'on vient trop tard," as La Bruyère pathetically complains when he commences his *Caractères*,—"Le plus beau et le meilleur est enlevé. . . ."

Accordingly, of the Falls of Niagara and their surrounding beauties, I have little more to say than that we spent a long day in viewing them,

our enjoyment enhanced by the most beautiful weather. We saw, I believe, everything; and here I shall simply venture some facts to refresh the memory of those who have seen the falls, and to induce those who have not, to go and see them.

1. The quantity of water discharged over the falls is 370,000 tons, equal to 78,800,000 gallons *per minute*.

2. The falls are situated on the Niagara river, fourteen miles *above* Lake Ontario, and twenty-three *below* Lake Erie, on the New York side.

3. The river forms the outlet of the great upper lakes, which, with Erie and Ontario, drain an area of 40,000 square miles of land.

4. The extent of their surface is calculated at 93,000 square miles.

5. They contain nearly one-half of the fresh water on the globe's surface.

6. At a right angle to the N.E. the river is suddenly contracted in width from three miles to three-quarters of a mile.

7. Below the cataract, the river is half-a-mile in width, but 300 feet in depth.

8. The cataract is divided by Goat or Iris island, of seventy-five acres.

9. The principal channel is on the Canadian side, and forms the Great Horse-shoe fall, over which about seven-eighths of the whole is thrown.

10. A small island named Prospect re-divides the eastern channel between Goat Island and New York State, forming a beautiful cascade.

11. The fall on the American side is 164; on the Canadian side, 158 feet.

12. A bridge connects Bath and Goat Islands; and here the waters rush with the greatest velocity towards the abyss.

13. From the west part of Goat Island, the Terrapin bridge juts out, and projects 10 feet over the Horse-shoe fall.

14. A stone tower, 45 feet high, built on the rock at the verge of the precipice, with an open gallery at top, affords a view of the falls.

15. The descent to the bottom of the falls, on Goat Island, is accomplished by covered winding stairs.

16. You can pass from Goat Island, when below, a considerable distance *behind* the falls.

17. A ferry, quite safe, 100 feet below the falls, connects the two sides of the river.

18. From the foot of Table Rock, on the Canadian

side, you can pass 153 feet behind the sheet of falling water.

19. A steamer, called "The Maid of the Mist," runs to the very edge of the cataract.

20. The Niagara Suspension Bridge crosses the gorge of the river, between the cataract and the whirlpool, in view of both, the span being 800 feet long, 40 wide, and 230 above the water.*

21. The whirlpool, resembling in appearance the Norwegian Maelstrom, is three miles below the falls. The river here is only 30 rods wide,—makes nearly a right angle in its course, with a current of such velocity as to force up the water in the centre 10 feet above the sides.

22. Last—though, by his own account, not least—is Mr. Barnett's Museum, a short distance from Table Rock (Canadian side); but you must not believe in Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Sherwood and Company, of Jamesville, Onondaga, County New York, when they tell you, as they do, on Mr.

* At present, the bridge is only a carriage and foot-way, but when finished, the span or crossing will include a tube, 20 feet in width, by 18 in depth, the upper line of which will be traversed by a railway. Towers will finish off the extremities of the bridge, which, supported by sixteen wire cables, is supposed to be the longest, between the points of support, of any in the world.

Barnett's card, that "the Museum and Camera Obscura are *truly* the *most* interesting of all." I join, however, in their hope "that no American will leave without *calling* here, and spending a day at least on British soil."

My dry detail of the principal objects which engaged our attention during eight hours, will easily satisfy you that in common, no doubt, with ninety-nine in a hundred of those who have visited the falls of Niagara, this day was indelibly fixed in my memory. Nor must I omit to say, that as an Englishman, I felt an undeniable, though not a generous pride, in seeing that the Great Horse-shoe, on the British or Canadian side, was by far the finest of the two falls.

Before leaving the falls, I must tell you, that as soon as we got, as Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B— and Company say, "on British soil," I led *my* company to the hotel which at once greeted our view; and there all my distinguished Mexican friends joined heartily in drinking the first bumper of champagne to the health of Queen Victoria.

We got to Buffalo at dusk, and prepared to leave it before day-break next morning. We were desired to be at the terminus at five A.M.; and if

I was made to stare by the aristocratic temperance of "Phelp's House," I was no less confounded by the democratic display of voracity which we witnessed at the railway eating-house. Twenty minutes before we started "breakfast" was announced, and we were hurried by a great crowd of passengers into a long room, where a *table d'hôte*, reaching from one end to the other, was covered, not with a breakfast such as one could eat at five A.M., but with a perfect load of viands, hot and cold, boiled, roasted, and fried. It began to disappear with amazing velocity, and was finished by the time that our own party had drunk a cup of coffee, seasoned with a little dry toast. It was all we could manage at six hours before the breakfast hour of Mexico.

We started at half-past five, and passing through Attica, we got to Rochester at half-past eight o'clock. Here the doors were thrown open, and the porters bawled out, "*Dinner on the table!*" *Dinner* at half-past eight in the morning, instead of half-past eight in the evening! Calculating that if they dined at that hour they would sup at noon, or so, I told them we should wait for supper. "Then," said the porter, "you must

wait till you arrive at Albany at seven o'clock." So we were fain to dine at half-past eight, A.M.; though I must here remark, that the breakfast and dinner on this railway were the only extravagant derelictions from eating and drinking conventionalities to which we were subjected during all our sojourn in the States.

Rochester is but seven miles from Lake Ontario, and is beautifully situated on both sides the Genesee river, while passing also through the city, is the Erie Canal, over which is thrown an aqueduct, on eleven arches, 804 feet in length.

Our next principal point was Canandaigua, situated at the north end of the lake of that name. Then came Geneva, at the north-west corner of Seneca lake, the finest of those of Western New York. We then arrived at Cayuga lake, the tail of which we crossed on a bridge a mile and a half long, while another celebrated bridge, farther up, serves for the highway traffic. From both a fine view of the expanse of water is obtained. On we went, and got to Auburn, "loveliest village of the plain," which lies on the outlet, two and a half miles from Owasco lake; and here is the celebrated state-prison, conducted on the

system of labour and silence. It is of great size, and surrounded by a quadrangular wall 2,000 feet in extent. There is still another lake, Skaneateles, which we passed at five miles' distance; and then we stopped at Syracuse (to let down and take up as usual), a place famous for its manufacture of salt: thence, through Rome (!) we got to the handsome city of Utica, on the Mohawk river, fifteen miles from which are the Trenton Falls, six in number. Through a variety of other places, travelling all the way by the banks of the Mohawk, we came at last to Schenectady, one of the oldest places of the Union; and here the railway leaving the river, took a direct cut to Albany, where we arrived about six in the evening. The whole distance is 325 miles; so we only accomplished about fourteen miles per hour—a slow pace for those who have travelled from London to Exeter in four hours and a half. Yet, in spite of this difference in speed, it may safely be averred, that the railroads established and working throughout the immense territories of the United States, traversing vast forests, and conquering every obstacle presented by nature, afford as ample a proof of the energy, spirit, and

capacity of the Americans, as can be claimed by ourselves on our greatly reduced scale, and with the unbounded capital we have always at command. The whole line of railway between Buffalo and Albany is highly interesting and exciting to one who, for the first time, passes rapidly through the diversified scenes which at every turn meet and surprise him. I was kindly permitted to take my stand on the front gangway of the train, and thus had an excellent opportunity of seeing everything. The denseness of the forests, and the *newness* of the towns and villages, were what struck me most forcibly. "There," the guard would say to me as we dashed through the centre street of a village, "there is a place of about 2,000 inhabitants, which was begun the year before last." The woodland and river scenery is pretty, but of course without any grandeur. The lakes are very fine; and altogether a week could be most agreeably spent between the Niagara Falls and the Hudson.

The first thing we did on our arrival at our hotel, at seven, P.M., as you may imagine, was to order supper. That was warm and comfortable—the night was excessively cold; so we all made an

early retreat to bed, to rise refreshed for our departure in the morning.

Albany, as all the world knows, is a fine city, beautifully situated on the river; and the Hudson is the glory of the United States. I can do no justice to it here, and, therefore, must refer you to the many chronicles which exist of all its beauties and of all its grandeur. It affords, perhaps, the most perfect river scenery in the world.

We started at seven, A.M., by the "New World" steamer. The hotel-keeper asked me by what boat we were going. I answered, by the "New World." "Well, sir," said he, "the 'New World' is the finest boat in the States, and, therefore, I calculate, the finest boat in the world." My calculation is exactly the same. In sailing qualities, appointments, size, and sumptuous fittings, I do not believe the boat has a rival. The distance between Albany and New York is 145 miles; we cleared the former port at half-past seven, and at the rate of nearly twenty knots an hour, we steamed through a constant succession of new and wonderful scenes, which rivetted our attention throughout. At four, P.M., we were

in comfortable quarters in the Irving House. We had completed our tour of 3,000 miles, from New Orleans to New York, in sixteen days.

My letters of introduction were to Messrs. Goodhue and Co.; and, beside our esteemed fellow-traveller, Don José Garay, well acquainted with New York, some of my oldest and most intimate South American friends resided there. In particular, Mr. John C. Zimmermann, Consul for the Netherlands; General Alvear, the Argentine Minister Plenipotentiary; and Mr. Frederick Desbrosses. Don José Martínez del Río, whom we had left at New Orleans, we also found here.

With the assistance of all these gentlemen, we saw in six days most of the wonders of the great mercantile Metropolis of the Western Hemisphere; and I cannot refrain from expressing my sense of the obligation which they laid me under during my stay, with the difficult task I had on hand of conducting such a party as that which I headed. I had also the advantage of making the acquaintance of Mr. Bunch, British Vice Consul at New York.

Of the "sights" of that city I shall say nothing save of one—at that time of very deep interest.

On Tuesday, the 20th, Mr. Gray, partner in Messrs. Goodhue and Co.'s house, took all our party to see and inspect the "Pacific" steamer, the first of Mr. Collins' line sent to sea, and then only in process of fitting up for her first voyage. Mr. Collins himself was on board to receive us, and with the greatest politeness and care, he shewed us over and explained every part of the splendid vessel. We all, and our Mexican friends in particular, viewed its details with admiration and astonishment. That is just three years ago; and now "Collins' line" is one of our "household words."

Having determined, before leaving Mexico, to visit Washington, with a view to seeing Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, and Mr. Crampton, Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires (now, most worthily, Her Majesty's Minister), in reference to my Convention; I left New York on the 21st November, with Mr. Sierra, attached to the Mexican Mission, at Washington, and proceeding to that city under my charge. H— said she would prefer remaining with our friends at New York. But ere I got to Philadelphia, I much regretted having assented to her staying behind, and therefore sent back a telegraphic message from that interesting

town, requesting her at once to join me there. At noon next day she arrived, under charge of our friend Desbrosses, and we spent a most delightful day viewing the beautiful and interesting capital of Pennsylvania and its environs.

On Friday, the 23rd, we proceeded to Baltimore, where we spent three hours; and at half-past seven we arrived at Washington.

My first visit was to his excellency, Mr. Rosa, Mexican Minister, to whom I made over my charge, Mr. Sierra, and with whom I had a long and friendly interview.

I had a letter from Don Manuel Escandon for his old friend Don A. Calderon de la Barca, Minister from the Court of Madrid to the United States Government, with whose name, as well as that of Madame, all the world is so well acquainted, and which had been long familiar to myself through mutual friends. My next visit was to Mr. Calderon. Madame was not at home, but I found the amiable and highly gifted diplomatist exactly what I had expected. There is, among the highest class of Spaniards, a genuine and unostentatious frankness, an easy unpretending manner, which constitute a charm in