

Dear Sister (No 19) Chester 6 mo 11. 57

I left Manchester at 5 P. M. and got here in two hours 40 miles by Rail. Chester has about 30,000 people, and the Dee is a nice rapid stream. I mailed at Manchester No. 18. This (No 19) will be probably the last I shall send in some time. Soon after Man-  
chester comes a wide, wet, heather moor, on which the cultivated fields are gradually encroaching, but the rail passes through miles of it yet. At Warrington (a large town with many high chimneys) the scenery begins to open. Some of the beauties of Nottinghamshire on the East while west of the Rail lies the flat valley of the messy, by which is seen also the Bridgewater Canal, always steady and sober enough for navigation, which the natural channel is not. This canal has twice the traffic (I heard) it had at the opening of the Liverpool & Manchester Rail way, which it is probable at that time was expected to be fatal to the Duke of Bridgewater's great work and interest. The old Cathedral here is interesting. Its red sand stone walls, worn by time look as if built almost of round stones. Both its cloisters &c. &c. it covers much ground. The interior is needly simple, and striking. A King of Mercia having vowed to erect a church when he should kill his first stag, we have that important event and spot commemorated and marked by that of Saint John and its Priory, the latter a ruin. Such is the virtue of deer slaying. The good man has doubtless reaped his reward, unless one thousand and three hundred years are not sufficient space for such a merit. The tower of this church is a grand object. The triumph within the building is said to be the most perfect in the Kingdom. The cattle is removed into a prison. The city walls afford a pleasant walk on the ramparts, above the Dee, and the old Bridge is in good preservation. I learn that the Gallies which make a covered way for foot passengers in man-

2) in many of the streets originated as means of defence in case an enemy should get within the walls. These lead into alleys that ramify like wards of a lock and lead to exit - Only one way to get out, and that by the entrance, many of these curious galleries are 20 feet wide and some of them are above the ceilings of shops beneath but paved and solid as the ground. It appears to me a modification of these would be a good plan in our climate of heat and heavy rains. The curious and heavy old timbers, that support at irregular intervals and directions, the houses above ~~you~~ the pedestrian are quaint enough. But Chester is growing too, and the new is no chief of the old block. One house was pointed out on a timber of which is written "The Providence of God is my Inheritance" Tradition says this ~~was~~ the only house that escaped the great Plague in this town, and hence the inscription. The Park of the Marquis of Waterbury commences at the edge of the town. I asked some one the way to St John's Abby. A gentleman who happened to be dropping a letter into a cart Iron Post (of which many are planted and regularly attended by officers in England, to save running to the general Post office of the place) hearing me, offered at once to show me, and walked a long time explaining every thing. He said he often had gentlemen (Americans) sent to him with letters by his friends & I rather think he was a lawyer - possibly a clergyman. He is a thorough going American principal man, with his eyes wide open to the operation of our systems. I was poking about an old church, a man came up to me and upon conversing finding I was an American, procured the key and took me all through - I am at a delightful inn as quiet as Mammoth cave. I am now in the midst of gooseberry season, and have them stewed (by ordering) and enjoy them very much with sugar and cream - My old habits at tea in this respect have been a good deal broken during this journey, and often because I am

to full of what I've seen to think of what should  
 be ordered for meals, in good time. Salmon in the Dec.  
 The galleries I spoke of are generally used for shops, a  
 sort of arcade, and appear to be the most fashionable  
 in town. The town walls with one ~~old~~ tower appear to  
 invest the town nearly completely. By the Cathedral  
 is a grand old 'gate way' of large dimensions  
 and Gothic arch. The best thing of the kind I  
 have yet seen. These long days, the shops are closed  
 before sun down, I have noticed both here and  
 at Manchester, probably the practice is general.  
 I rather think it is very late in the morning too to be  
 fine meat steaks made - I should think the  
 blunder hat is worn more than any other, in England.

June 12th - Bangor ("Bang-ur")

Wales has redeemed itself to day, the last 40 of  
 the 58 miles of rail from here to Chester afford as much  
 that is delightful as almost any Rail Route I have  
 taken, for the same distance - As I was walking  
 down ~~street~~, I heard some one call to me, and  
 on looking around there was Brenton Cox coming  
 head foremost off an Omnibus, we have now met  
 3 times within 10 days, the last time at Chatsworth.  
 After breakfast at Chester, at which I availed myself  
 of Cheshire cheese, for the locality's sake, but found  
 it not so good as they send over the sea to us, I walked  
 about 3 1/2 miles to Eton Hall, 3 miles of it through  
 the park which is pasture and meadow, generally  
 all pastured. Crossing the Dee by the Grosvenor  
 Bridge just at the end of the town, we soon come  
 to the gateway. The park is generally level, plenty  
 young and very pretty, but the walk not to compare  
 to many a one I know of in Staragarnett woods.  
 The house is a fine gothic affair of about 600ft  
 front. The West front is the carriage entrance  
 and the walks are of stones quite as big as hen eggs  
 nearly impracticable without very thick shoes, this  
 front looks down ~~on~~ a good avenue, The Dee winds  
 prettily through the extensive grounds, but most  
 streams in England are deficient in cleanliness and

very frequently are offensive to the sight. I re 4  
member this was particularly the case with some  
in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, about Rolyn  
Chapel and castle, when paper mills spoiled them.  
Returning I took another path by which I left the  
ground at Ecclestone - This portion of the ground  
appeared to be older, there were many good trees  
and one noble oak ~~with~~ great branches, but  
now fast going. I saw serinjas in bloom.  
No hay cut yet except a little trimming in small  
early spots, and then rare. The Mayne paddocks  
for young horses are quite large and enclosed with  
masonry too high to scale without aid. One of the  
Gardners told me that poor men were charged  
in this district, on an average 2/6 per square  
Rod sent for little garden patches - This is ~~quitting~~  
the face of the poor at the rate of 90 dollars rent per  
acre. a large tree would shade enough ground  
to produce a tolerable income. I saw by the  
Barracks and castle at Chester two 56 pounders  
marked as trophies of Sebastopol. The Dee flats  
extend west from Chester by the rail for miles and  
are quite wide rich alluvials, dyked against the  
river in some places 10 feet I should think, and very  
high generally - In a few miles the river becomes a  
wide bay at high water, at low tide, thousands of  
acres and tens of thousand of flats are left bare.  
The shores on the opposite side are very pretty and  
reminiscent of those of the Chesapeake. Large  
areas of heather on the slopes, look like dense  
forests in the distance, so dark is their contrast  
with the grass - The soil is sandy, the slope to the water  
Southern and I should think must afford a fine  
winter resort, a white watering place stood on the  
lower edge of the green awaiting the water ~~now~~  
to rise, now a mile off apparently. At the town  
of Flint we passed an old ruined castle standing on  
the water brink, and soon came to Holywell  
("Holywell") a town of 10,000 people supported by lead  
and copper smelting & the shot factory pipe works. Here  
is the famous St. Winifred well. I enclose some long  
leaves from the chapel that covers it. Walking ~~to~~  
a mile and a half up a narrow gorge ~~along which~~

in which the town (of one street for a long way) <sup>5</sup>  
is built I came to the well. There is really an  
air of sanctity about the old and handsome  
arches of that hanging over it support a chapel  
et above, as this is only 16 miles from Chester  
it is scarcely necessary to remark that it is  
the property of the Marquis of "Eton Hall" Gros-  
venor, Marquis of Westminster. The Springs  
burst from the ground a full grown brook  
bigger than Rocky Brook in May, and suffi-  
cient to carry large works ~~below~~ immediately below.  
Although coal is dug upon the ground, as well  
as lead, I found water Power was considered  
very valuable, as being so much cheaper  
than steam. I could not taste any thing  
in the water. It is drunk and used as a bath:  
it is said with great efficacy. I saw some  
3 dozen Crutches, stuck in the arches between  
the columns that surround the well, and one hand-  
barrow, on which a patient is said to have been  
brought and left cured as also the propertions  
of the crutches. These implements did not look  
as if they had belonged to persons who could  
afford to pay much, for any benefit whatever.  
But the poor have ever had the most faith -  
Those who take great care to provide against  
every contingency are apt to lose more or less  
of trusting, in the process. Chillingham died under  
Cornwall's England must be invaded on all sides  
unless her coasts were lined with defenses - This  
was the natural result of his life. Misers pro-  
duce the similar results, and die of penury.  
In America I never knew a poor man to  
perish, while 5 in Rhode Island, wealthy men  
die of imaginary poverty. I saw one fellow  
up town on two cures, I felt this to be a sarcasm  
on the well: but it is probably nothing more.  
I asked several if the waters were really efficacious  
they all said yes. One added, but they never  
do the townsfolk any good - Wells may be like Prophets,  
and faith is necessary to every thing, hickory up sticks,

River, The Hypochondriac who does not believe he can walk, cannot - I believe it cannot be shown that mere want of faith is not his entire disease. Below the spring is a plunging bath and below that a large stone pool for swimming, near 80 feet long. In this I dove headlong and would have rebounded had the shock proved reactive as the sensation. I have not since doubted the water may very possibly cure many complaints, with a little hope to help. I thought of nothing but the North Pole and camp. In a minute however I could not tell whether it was hot or cold that made me shake so, a most novel sensation certainly took possession. I've not been fairly warm since, though the day has been remarkably bright. The region is lead away from the Holy well to Bangor, but the water is said to gush from some stone below. There are famous mines in these districts, I forgot to mention that on my walk to Eton Hall, I saw on a lone hill in the distance Beeston Castle, battered by Cromwell. This man has been traditionally at least, at almost every fortified place or castle I have visited, south of Liverpool. He must have worked very hard very like the Donkey I saw to day, a very little one loaded with 1200 lb of coal, going up a hill very roughly paved. But Cromwell's mistakes were good lessons for kings. People begin to talk Welsh at Chester and do not stop at Bangor. In the rail carriages it is the language, but all I have tried readily reply when spoken English to. There are several chemical works at Holywell, and they are frequent along the line - One who had been obliged to leave Newton (near Warrington) for poisoning the grass of the neighbourhood, has pitched his bricks on the shore of the Dee sands, and is creating some complaints there too. I asked at Holywell if some labourer, before us, had bloomed, was told there was too much smoke. A copper works, & lead too, were near. On getting to mouth of Dee, the corner of Liverpool appeared, I counted 60 sail. Rhyl is a watering place of considerable note. A most lovely valley divides the hills along the valley

of the stream behind it, in which a castle is (I  
saw not far off "Castle Rhylan" very soon we  
pass the "Castle of Brill" <sup>or "Fleick" or something</sup> hanging with 50 beautiful  
towers on a bank by the sea, and one of the  
most striking I have seen. It appears to be  
new, <sup>belonging to a Mr. Hesketh</sup> ~~belonging to a Mr. Hesketh~~ M.P. Then  
comes the town of Conway, its castellated  
walls entire, its ancient enormous castle  
all grouped amid surrounding cliff of rock  
a wonder by the sea, here just turned a little  
point into a pretty, placid little bay, a  
most picturesque place, I remember none  
more so. Here I first saw plenty of Pink  
Fox gloves in full flower amid the rocks that  
made the perpendicular walls left by ~~blasting~~  
for the rail track. Anglesea had been some  
time in sight, now we saw Beaumaris, where  
is ~~the~~ <sup>in ruins,</sup> ~~Castle of the~~ <sup>Marquis,</sup> ~~Marquis~~. For miles to the wide  
flat shore was now and then enlivened by persons, dig-  
ging cockles from the sand. <sup>opposite</sup> ~~Near~~ Beaumaris  
another <sup>Pemhryn</sup> new castle with many towers, belonging to  
a Mr. <sup>Pennant</sup> ~~Castle~~ M.P. I saw on a cliff near to  
Barmouth Castle, a new Castle (this morning) said  
to be remarkably fine, opened and shown last  
summer, this too belongs to an M.P.  
A man in Manchester told me yesterday, a friend  
of his had just received an order from New Zealand  
for 50 men and 200 women, and had only 2 weeks  
to fill it in. So easily are emigrants procured to  
be procured here. I see in every town great  
"Porters" with advertisements of vessels for Australia  
and America, offering passages to emigrants,  
Holywell spring is always at the same temperature, a  
very low one. We passed Abergele, another watering  
place on the coast. For several miles back the hills  
were often semimountains, and gorges very fine.  
The declivities rich and beautiful all along  
the coast, Bangor has about 10 thousand people and  
a Key makes a harbour where are vessels that come  
to states, some 50 are in port. This trade is a main

support of the place. The old cathedral here is a (8  
long, low, broad, squat clumsy concern, without  
that square tower to match. It does not annoy  
the town with its bells however, and I found the  
doors as tight as the Bank of England. By the  
way ~~at~~ in anticipation of the great chaotic  
demonstration in London a few years ago, the  
Bank was encased in sand bags. Against that  
affair (that passed off as harmlessly as it professed  
intending to do) more than 100,000 names were  
enrolled in London as special constables. So unac-  
customed were the British to hear the popular voice  
it was taken for granted it must thunder  
and descend in destruction on the city, unless  
met with sufficient force to overawe it. It is  
probable the danger was greatly increased by this  
precaution.

Holly Head 6 mo 13th

I am only 25 miles by Rail from Bangor at a  
quiet inn to look upon the harbour, which is now  
chiefly a mud flat (low tide) where steamers of  
a thousand tons lie as dry as the ark on Anarat.  
I took a "trap" 6 miles from Bangor to the famous  
Slate Quarries at Penryn, where 2800 men and  
boys are employed, who get out about 100,000 Tons  
of slate annually (that go on a little rail by Inchequin  
to the docks at Bangor) and earn from 30/ to 40/  
per week, the men; and the boys 3 to 5 £ per month  
I suppose the waste is three times the net product  
of slate. The breast or front of the quarry presents  
a working face of about 1000 feet perpendicular  
height & the mountain having been worked  
upon from the back until it has assumed the  
form of a cone penetration. The dotted line  
indicates the original form. The steps are  
at the level of clearance of the slate, each  
step being about 60 feet high. The strata  
lie nearly perpendicular, and the steps are some-  
times nearly horizontal, thus making a ledge for the  
men to work upon - on each of these is a tram way  
by which the slate is carried away from the blasting  
[for it is all blown with powder to shed where the  
slates are rived out in form for use, with chisels  
that act as wedges. The slate looks as solid as





granite, and is blown to pieces until it is so small enough to handle, masses of 10 to 100 tons are blown out the mountain, and then reduced by little blasts, to such masses as can be spun with the chisel. The largest slates are called Queens, There are Dutchesses, Princesses, Ladies &c. The best are blue, but Purple and green are also produced. The latter used very much in church & fancy roofs. The men work 10 hours per day, and on Saturdays only half a day. Their town looks comfortable and some of the houses very nice, several were glorious with various rose vines to the eaves in full flower. Very few of these people keep cows. In want of land I heard, much of the surrounding country is in wood, and the whole 6 miles out there afford a beautiful ride, with the Welsh mountains in full view not far off. The papal Penryn Castle, the residence of Mr Pennant the proprietor of these mines. This piece of slate (for this probably the largest quarry in the world) was formerly Col. Douglas of Scotland and married two wives, one was a daughter of the Duke of Gordon, another Miss Pennant with whom he got this quarry and took her name. He built the Castle on the site of a very ancient one. An old name is considered a fair exchange for a new future. I took train from Bangor 2 miles to Britannia Tubular bridge, where I took a boat down the Menai Strait 2 miles to Plas Newydd a residence of the Marquis of Anglesea, immediately on the water - A very plain large house of stone with a nice park. The attraction is the Great Cromlech (the last syllable is introverted in pronunciation, in a manner impracticable to a foreigner) which stands in the park, near the house. I send some grass, growing on the large rock that rests on the Menai. I think 40 tons in weight. It is highly interesting, but the weather was no longer there to give it its due effect, as at Salisbury Plain or the Isle of Orkney. Seven boys got into the boat with me, at tubular bridge.

all very quiet and respectful, and one a (10)  
great wit, to be, I have no doubt; about 9  
years old, a little terrier that I caressed  
by the way, and stopped his shivering by keeping  
him under my shawl, made all ring again  
when I left him on the shore. The most beautiful  
puppy I have seen in many a day. Plas  
Newydd is held for years past by Lady Willeghy  
(now at Strawberry Hill) and has a good view of  
The Welch Mountains, among them very con-  
spicuously, "Cloud Capped Snowden" but today  
without a cloud. Just above Plas Newydd  
and very near the tubular bridge, close by the  
straight, is the residence of the Marquis Fox,  
Lord Clarence Paget - Simply an elegant resi-  
dence for a gentleman; very neat, very simple,  
and not large. Just in the rear of it, on a rocky  
height is a very good column to the Marquis who  
appears to have thought it great good luck to have  
lost his leg at Waterloo. If I mistake not a  
monument to the event stands on the fields  
on a pedestal at Britannia Bridge is this a  
fragment of the Hydraulic press, which was burst  
in raising one of the tubes to its place in the bridge.  
The cast Iron thus broken, is represented by sup-  
plying a cast Iron bottle one foot in the kump  
of sides and bottom to have the latter forced out  
by driving in a cork. It seems impossible that  
mere mechanical power could have produced  
such a result by steady pressure. Fortunately the  
precaution of blocking the tube prevented its fall  
and destruction, on the occasion. This bridge  
rests on ~~four~~ three pillars and two abutments and  
looks as stiff as ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> would suppose it required  
to be, to sustain a loaded train. I happened to  
be in a boat nearly under the bridge when a train  
passed through. The roar was that of deep thunder.  
There are two tracks, and each in an entirely separate  
and distinct tube. The tide runs very swiftly  
here and rises about 25 feet. Four of the five  
stone supports stand on the land, and fortunately

an Island rock occurs nearly in the middle (11  
of the straight a solid foundation for the, other -  
This one is a little higher than the other, and  
reaches 230 feet. They are about 60 feet by 30 in  
size. There are two Lions at each end of the bridge,  
on huge pedestals of masonry - These animals  
are Crouching, in repose, and are  $25\frac{1}{2}$   
feet long, and  $12\frac{1}{2}$  high at the head, yet they  
do not look very large. They are in several pieces  
and very tolerably well done. I never saw any thing  
like the Marble lions at ~~Warwick~~ <sup>Chatsworth</sup> Castle, one of  
them sleeping, copies I think. This bridge is fully  
100 feet above the water - it is 1512 feet long. (English  
 reckon more by yard than we do, a shot tower yesterday  
was "80 yds high." Each tube is 14 ft 8 inches wide, and  
23 feet ~~or~~ high at the ends, but arching in the top  
to make them 30 feet high in the middle. The  
principle of the bridge, is such as to suspend the  
rail track by the strength of the top above, in  
a great degree, though the lower flange is very  
strong - The sides of the tubes are the means  
of suspension, of course. The longest span is  
450 feet - There are 2 millions of Rivets used,  
10,000 Tons of wrought Iron are used, and it is said  
as much more of cast. The latter I doubt, The  
bridge cost the immense sum of one million pounds  
sterling, or 2000 £ per yard in length. I am convinced  
one half the money would build it. Upon going under  
the bridge I found about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of this immense expense  
tube was over dry ground, where embankment or  
arches could be built as well as any where else.  
Shakespeare says "Why build the bridge under than  
the flood" Mr Stephenson, or Mr Green, one  
would think might have remembered this. On  
coming to the station however, from my inspection  
underneath, I asked the master, a very intelligent  
man, why the tube was built where arches could  
have supplied its place at such reduction of cost.  
"The company have asked the same question"  
said he, since the completion. He appeared to  
think it a mere oversight in the Engineer.  
Walking about a mile and a half toward Bangor, along  
the cliffs I came to the Ellenai Bridge. The Suspension  
or chain bridge built 30 years ago. I never saw an

uply wire bridge, but this is less graceful than (12)  
they generally are. It is  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile long, but not  
much over half of this space is suspension,  
the ends being on regular arches. The scenery  
of this straight is very fine, with the mountains  
in the distance. It is not unlike Hurl gate  
and its vicinity but not nearly so perfect  
or varied. leaving the mountain range out  
the question, I had the view from the chain  
bridge and also from the elevated roof of the  
tubular. This roof is some feet above the Iron  
one of the tubes, and is designed for their protection.  
The sides are kept well painted, and a ~~foam~~  
that moves on wheels, that run along the roof, is  
attached to each section of the bridge, which makes  
a moving stage, from which the sides are painted.  
About one half the flowers of Elder are white, in flower,  
*Ulexia Roza* in full bloom, and some of the brown  
is still gloriously beautiful. The Isle of Angelsea  
after leaving the shore of the straight, is comparatively  
a waste - much of its position so. One portion is  
very like Rhode Island, South of State Hill, across  
the Island there. The Island appears to have been  
divided in three formerly - the Road creeping  
two wide level flats, so low that dykes are used.  
~~to the flat~~ a small white flower covers the surface  
of pools in these, and a sort of yellow lilly  
abounds amidst the grass, as does the little blue  
flag in our moist grounds in *Starraganth*.  
Sea Crows (moor hens here) are in the pools as  
usual, and in two or three fields there appeared  
to be hundreds of rabbits. Heather and fese in  
some parts, and in others the sand appeared to  
emerge as on Prudence Island with us, very  
further occur - comparatively. A blue Crane  
(*Heron*) only ran as the train passed close to him.  
The Peat flowers were very thick in some spots,  
and purely white, shorter stalks than ours, very  
pretty in contrast with the grass. I saw one dried  
Stom by the track. The sunset to night was fine,  
for England, I see the name of Powell is on

Anglesea too, it appears to be more general (13  
than any other I have noticed. The fur hat  
the appreciation of that worn by men, is worn  
by the women here, as in South Wales.  
The Penryn Slate Quarry has been worked  
from the days of Elizabeth. There is a slide or  
lap, left in the bridge at each end so that the  
expansion and contraction of this 504 yard  
of continuous Iron may freely exert itself.  
There is also a scale by which its action may  
be measured - I do not know but probably  
a temperature of about  $30^{\circ}$  is considered the point  
at which the iron is supposed to be in its normal  
state as respects tension. It does not perceptibly  
vary some times for many weeks. In extreme  
heat it has been known to expand 5 inches, or  
about one inch to 300 feet - the greatest contraction  
ever indicated has been  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches. I think  
however that the tubes being made of Iron staves  
as it were, there should probably be some allow-  
ance made for the joints, if this be the case  
the real variation would be greater than in-  
dicated. Such is the mildness of winter in  
England, that a water pipe of Iron, large or  
small appears to be considered perfectly safe  
from bursting by frost, however exposed, (on  
mountains excepted) if they be wrapped in  
a rope of straw one inch in diameter. Six  
inches of such would scarcely protect it in some  
of our winters. The next wonder is a mammoth  
loaf of bread, and excellent too that was laid  
for tea to night, a Two shilling loaf of home  
made, about 9 inches square and 18 or 19 long.  
It would make a good sized backlog, at the  
bridge I am told very few fish were in the straight  
and then very poor - "dry as a cork" This must be  
the "dry as a fish" - A seal, one seal, that has come  
in lately is accused of increasing the scarcity  
materially. There is a monument on the rocks  
opposite my hotel to Captain Skinner, lost some years  
ago with his mate, swept by a sea from the Deck

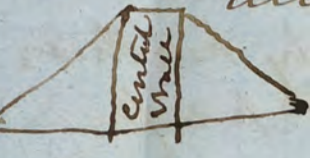
of the Irish mail steamer. The old dock here (14  
protected by a nice stone pier <sup>or little over</sup> 1000 feet long,  
a heavy work. From the head of this is a good view  
of the Welch mountains - An ancient looking  
tower stand <sup>on an island rock</sup> near the shore not far off, and  
another one, not many hundred yards off on the  
barren rocky fields above. At this pier lie  
several good steamers that run to, Kingstown  
5 miles below Dublin. The mail goes (64 miles)  
twice per day, in 4 hours and 40 minutes, Sayer  
ones are being constructed to go in 3 hours and  
bring Dublin and London within 10 hours.

I have seen no cherries yet half grown, though they  
must be ripe, or nearly so, about Philabog. There  
are varieties of Butter cups, one sort with the  
same glossy petal as the others, quite an oval  
in diameter. The wild flowers are very various  
as well as numerous. I ~~had~~ had not felt, at  
any time since my arrival, so sensibly stronger  
and better in health than during the last ten days,  
but I believe St. Winifred has given me a cold.  
I believe holy things never did agree with me.  
If I ever see the saint, I shall surely have some  
queries to offer.

14th, when I passed Holyhead in the Asia nearly  
eleven months ago, I was amazed at its richness of  
colour, and clearly defined, sharp outline, and then  
felt as if I must go to its summit some day. I  
did ~~do~~ this afternoon - In covering of heather, ac-  
counts for its richness and its rock for the outline,  
I send some blue flowers from the apex, whence  
I had a fine view of the mountains of Wales (Car  
narrowshin, South to Bardsey Island distinctly.  
I counted ~~79~~ 79 sail, one of them a steamer  
and 9 were ships. The rest small schooners, sloops  
and some brigs. I am told to see so many is quite  
unusual. A great deal of Anglesea generally  
rather flat, lay before me. This nob of Holyhead  
500 feet high is cut off as it were from the other land  
by a low swail exactly similar to that which

separates the Bateman farm on the ~~Coast~~ <sup>15</sup> farm  
the rocks on the East of it, which we on the drive  
to that farm. The rocks too on the east side of  
that swale are remarkably like those on the  
East side of this. Preen, Neck, and Rocky farm  
scenes are all about here in that neighborhood  
and cattle hill too. Here however the rocks are  
~~more~~ enriched and more or less covered by heather.  
The day was very fine and my six hours passed  
very rapidly. The telegraph station that reports  
reports to Liverpool &c, was about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile off  
and much lower, and the quarry where the  
stone are being procured for the breakwater for  
the new harbor, just below that again.  
This wonderful work which is not yet half completed  
has employed already from one thousand to two  
thousand men for 9 years. I could not learn how  
long it is, or if it is to go further, but I made it  
7260 feet long, and must average 300 feet wide  
at bottom - The water at low tide is from 5 to 8  
fathoms deep - And the spring tides rise 20 feet  
more (mean tides are 15 to 18 feet) and of course it  
must be built with reference to the highest  
water, a heavy sea runs here in stormy weather,  
though probably not equal to that of our coast.  
Over the whole length and most of the width of this stone  
work is a trussle work of heavy timber (reaching  
to the bottom), supporting several rail tracks each  
7 feet wide, (at the last 1200 feet of the outer end  
5 with width ~~enough~~ enough for 15 more) of  
sufficient strength to bear long trains of trucks  
loaded with from 10 to 15 tons of stone on each  
truck. The heaviest train I ever saw. This  
trussle work is nearly 200 feet wide. In the  
center of this stone heap is a wall, being  
built as a kind of Back bone to the work  
running its entire length, from which the  
work when completed will slope on each side.  
This wall is about 30 feet wide at bottom, nearly  
the same at top. It is founded on a bed of stone  
thrown promiscuously in, but at a depth below

below the surface sufficient, it is deemed, to be out of the power of the waves of the sea face, or near it. Some of it is finished, but I should think it must be 50 feet high when completed, though little or none of it will be visible at that period. The section I give below will probably explain it. This wall is laid in



cement and is made of the rough rocks as they are blown from the mountain quarry, whence they are brought, less than a mile by the rail for the purpose. The rocks in this wall are from one to 12 tons in weight. Every car load of stone is weighed on its way from the quarry. It may seem a very extravagant estimate, but I am satisfied that all the Point Judith shore rocks, between the Peaked and Seague, that lie above high water and East of the Greenwood on the bank, would not suffice to build this work.

I will also throw in the "River Rocks" forgo "Chockin on it off," ~~with~~ <sup>toward</sup> of J. Adams could be ground up into Hydraulic cement and lime, I think it would fail to supply the quantity that will be used in the masonry here, and a very considerable forest of heavy timber would be required to face with the turtle work, which is the more scaffolding necessary to the very commencement of this work. I notice the fine rubbish of the quarry is brought down too so that all the intricacies are filled of the work that is not masonry. The work when finished is to be surmounted in his whole length by an arched way in which persons or goods may be always dry. It is now proposed to run the "gut" & stem from this point. Every thing is moved with steam, immense frames over the work are so constructed that every big stone can be handled & laid with the greatest facility. I should add about 700 feet to the 7260 feet, for the space



although high and low water, when the work (17)  
is very wide, though of course not so deep as the  
rest. In the entire length of this long walk  
could I see one single fish or crab, although  
the water were clear and unrippled, and the  
place such as I should suppose highly favour-  
able to their habits. It was flood tide too. I  
will be disappointed if I should ever walk  
the length of Narayanant Pier in summer  
without seeing fish, and often tens of thousands,  
and not count minnows either. This wharf  
is not less than 180 or 200 feet wide at high water  
mark, but most of it is not yet so high. The house  
of the resident engineer stands on the shore  
close by and is the only respectable looking one  
in this town of 7000 people. It is a mile from  
it however, and was built expressly for him  
at a cost of not less than 5000 £. I should  
think, a very nice house and pretty flower  
garden & grass plots. Thus do not give him  
excepting behind a wall or hill, no better  
than about the Kowloon near Point Judith  
light. I went up to the quarry, which is simply  
an assault upon the mountain of Hollyhead  
that thus far has proved very successful, though  
the rock is very solid nearly seamless, apparently,  
and very hard and obstinate to work. It is  
white and looks very like the material of the Mar-  
mor temple at Nauroo. A blast was made  
on one end of the quarry about 3 weeks ago  
which produced 20,000 Tons of fragments. A very  
small result too, I should think, for the labour  
and powder expended. The blast was one year  
preparing and was charged with 18000 lbs of powder.  
I intended to have been here to see the explosion  
but was unexpectedly prevented. I am told, however,  
that the people were much disappointed. There  
a man resembling noise, and no great fuss  
after all. These great blasts are prepared by cutting

horizontal galleries several of which I saw  
 in prospect - They are about 4 or 5 ft high & 3 or  
 4 ft wide, penetrating some 30 or 50 feet into  
 the rock. Some say 60 feet. The quarry has sev-  
 eral fans. The rail way comes from the Pic  
 and divides in branches to each, going to  
 a central point, from <sup>each of these centres</sup> ~~where~~ radiate  
 many as 30 rail ways that go to every part of the  
 face of the quarry. I counted 40 powerful  
 cranes (and there are probably as many more on the  
 work at the Pic) each of which is on 4 wheels  
 and runs on these radiating rail ways, bringing  
 the great masses of rock in its arms to the com-  
 mon centres where the cars receive them  
 and proceed to the pier, a very complete arrange-  
 ment which renders it unnecessary to move any  
 stone 'man by machinery or drag it between  
 the point ~~where~~ it originates at the quarry and  
 the car that is to receive it for its final des-  
 tination. The diagram below represents the fans



and a centre, the rail ways di-  
 viding and subdividing as the dis-  
 tance from the centre increases.

I found plenty in this isolated town  
 who who could only say "I cannot  
 speak English" and on going into a most odd  
 and very ancient little church I found the  
 service was going on in Welsh, as far as I could  
 see it was just as good as the Latin. The day has  
 been <sup>very</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> hot here. I consider it very fine, though little heavy.

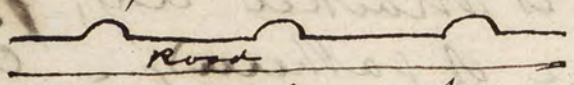
I took train at 8.20 to Bangor 25 miles thence  
 after waiting half an hour, another 9 miles to  
 this place by 9:15 P.M. but very light at that  
 hour. I am at the Cattle Inn, close by the far  
 famed old Carnarvon Castle. The town is  
 very old fashioned and has about 10,000 folks  
 An American tourist was in the carriage from Holy  
 Head - we had considerable talk but I did not learn  
 where he was from - I should think not a hundred  
 miles from Dutchess Co. or something like it.  
 There was a lot of young Irishmen on the train just from the

emerald Isle, to help get in the 17 day crop, but I have  
seen no snowing yet, save in little patches. I remem-  
ber well, when snows were much in the habit of go-  
ing from Narragansett to Rhode Island, for the same  
purpose, when higher wages were paid, than on the main,  
I believe the practice still continues in a very limited  
degree - Mannish loaves seem to be the fashion here  
too, but no one will quarrel with Welch bread and  
butter, whatever he may do with his own.

Carnarvon has a little creek for a harbour where are  
several vessels and the quays much occupied with plates.  
The Slanberis quarries being not far off, and others too.  
The Castle is said to cover 3 acres of ground. It is  
very famous, but although it is in very good keeping,  
(walls are very thick of cut stone) and a fine affair  
it does not strike me, perhaps because the town is  
built close about it. Here the prince was born  
(in one of the lower rooms, as shown) who was promised  
by Edward to the Welch for a native born king to rule  
over them. I saw some ivy on the walls. There  
are more "Owen Jones" in North Wales, on signs, by five  
fold, than I ever saw of John Smith in any region. The  
name is actually almost constantly before me in some of  
the towns

Stoke on Trent 6 mo. 15<sup>th</sup> 57  
Winter appears to have set in 6 weeks earlier than it  
did last year in Scotland. There I commenced fire  
at evening about the 6<sup>th</sup> of August, but here I have  
one to night. The day, though bright, has been the roughest  
I ever experienced in June. I thought it was merely  
the boisterous and cold climate of the mountains of Wales  
but here I am on the far famed Trent, that poets have  
so sweetly sung, and it is as winter. I rode on top of a  
Coach from Carnarvon through the pass of Slanberis, by  
the way of Conway, Swallow Falls, Conway fall, the  
fall of Ponty cydd, Cowen and Slangollen, but as  
often Slangollen, on the beautiful Dee along which the  
celebrated vale of Slangollen lies for 15 miles, certainly  
as lovely a valley as earth is blessed with. But we hold  
our little patches alike under a Niagara or a much  
littler rill, the result is about the same, it is filled  
instantly to overflowing in either case. These beautiful  
scenes fill our capacities but they are no measure  
and hence the vanity of comparisons. Swathelap  
Nature has done as much there as she has at Chatsworth  
Slangollen is in Merionethshire, pronounced Merri-  
on - th - shire, accent upon the on, as in upon.

The Blangollen Iron works as we hear them called 20  
in America, are the Cefen Iron works, called here  
Ca-fen. They are on a high hill side ~~at~~ three  
miles from the end of the vale, a large concern,  
Sir Watkins Williams has a fine and very large  
house and nice Park, near them, and just  
below is a high long viaduct in which a canal  
crosses the vale, and near it another beautiful  
one on which the rail ~~passes~~ it, a fine & great work.  
I saw white water lilies in the Pass like ours in leaf  
and flower, and plenty of fine wild sweet briar in bloom.  
In this pass is the Slate quarry on the side of a pretty lake  
that has mountains at one end and very like Scotch  
Scenery - we passed another small lake or pond at  
Capel Curig and saw one in a pass leading to vale  
of Bedgelert, or Bethgelert, which we could nearly see,  
it being only 7 miles off, and famously fine. These 3  
lakes and one I saw when before in Wales, comprise  
every thing of the sort I have seen since leaving  
Windsor. - England seems to be without them, though  
it abounds in streams. On this Loch also is a round  
Castle "Dolpadden" or some other incredible Welch  
Combination of letters, that always embrace more  
of's than wherefore. The blasts in the Slate Quarries  
were reverberating among the mountains as we  
passed - The practice is to blow a horn, calling all  
the miners to safety, to fire the blasts, once an hour.  
They have not frightened all the hawks away though.  
I saw 3 to day, one of very good size. But I see none  
with equal spread of wing to our largest. A little  
copper mine ~~was~~ is near the slate quarry. They  
make the ~~stuntz~~ metal (a sort of brass) at Holy  
well, which has been long displacing the copper  
sheathing for ships. Said to be as durable at a lower  
price. We crept the foot of Snowden "Snow-din"  
its peak is surrounded by <sup>3 or 4</sup> others of nearly as high,  
and the group presents a very grand & beautiful  
spectacle. Heather is often seen, and a poor looking  
Peat is dug for fuel among these ~~to~~ mountains  
and Stone wall is the fence. Like other undesirable  
portions of Britain, this is sparsely inhabited exceptly  
in the lower regions of the vallies. The Pass of Lan  
beris is considered fine, but tame compared with many I

have seen in Scotland, which I suppose will <sup>too</sup> (21)  
in their turn become quite domesticated, after  
I shall have seen Norway and Switzerland.  
Much of our route was over the old mail route of 100  
miles from Shrewsbury to Holy-head, the great route to  
Ireland, before railways opened others. This turnpike  
is still a fine road, ~~planned~~ <sup>finished</sup> the entire length, with a  
good double wall <sup>laid in mortar</sup>. On the  
North side of the road the wall in 8 or 10 instances  
to the mile, makes a curve of 15 feet or so into the  
field. 

These recesses are for the stone  
crackers to work in, when they are protected from the North  
winds by the wall, and have a place to keep broken stone  
as it is wanted to repair the way - This is a very com-  
mon provision in Britain. We passed a great deal  
of fine Larch planting in the aggregate, though there  
are no extensive forests. Oaks, ash, Birch, &c. abound also.  
The clearance of the Mountain Forests is a great treat  
after the lowland streams. ~~At~~ The coach to day was the  
best of the season on this, a summer route (we met  
several pedestrian tourists) only, and being a little  
behind time we drove the last 10 miles to the Rail  
Station in ~~45~~ <sup>50</sup> minutes. The coach is drawn  
by 4 horses, and pays 2/ at each pike gate, and there  
occur once in 6 miles. I passed a gate near Ban-  
gon a few days ago when the toll for a one horse vehi-  
cle was 1/ - I understand the 4 horse coaches get through  
it by compromise for 3/- At Corwen we come to the  
Doe, a lovely stream on a gravelly bed here, where  
also commences the unspeakable vale of Gluyollen -  
in 3 miles we come to a wide barrow covered with  
Scotch pines to protect and mark it as the reputed  
site of the residence of "Owen Glendower" about  
a mile further on is another barrow planted in a  
similar manner. We soon pass the ruins Vale  
Cross Abby, near which lived Lady Eleanor Butler  
and Honble Miss Ponsonby to prove that contentment  
and quiet are better than glitter and bustle.  
Relatives of theirs still live there, just below it is  
the grand ruin of Dinas Bran ("Dinas") castle.  
Grand from its position on a peak very like our  
Sugar loaf hill but 20 times as high - Behind it is  
a vast range of terraces in limestone, a mountain  
of Palisades - a very imposing spectacle. At foot of Dinas

Man, or rather the mountain it crowns, lies the 22  
town of Llangollen, on Banks of Dee, with about 3000 people.  
Five miles off is the Rail which I took 29 miles to Shrewsbury.  
The old castle there is rented and occupied as a dwelling by  
a banker, though the jail and station are at its base.  
On a high brow overlooking a stream 3 miles off stands  
an old double towered castle, like, but I could not  
learn what it was. The annual term out of trades  
men according to very old custom, took place to day  
and the town was full of people from all directions.  
at half the town I stop at, it is market day, fair day,  
or some other holiday or cause of gathering. Cheap  
excursion trains appear to be universally provided for  
such occasions. A woman who had on her stand  
some bushels of remarkably large & fine looking filberts  
was crying with a loud voice, "Filberts from Meriky,  
nothing like 'em in the world." As we were waiting  
at the fine station in the train there, a herald came  
through crying "take care of your Pockets" - He was an  
employee of the company. This is the first instance I have  
witnessed of the kind, though posters to the same effect  
are usual here as with us. The iron pipes a region  
thick with coal mines for a short distance, but these  
were only on one side the rail, as if the coal fields had  
come to a very sudden ending. I presume, however,  
proprietary ship is the cause of such appearance.  
We were soon in Stafford where I took train 16 miles  
to this place, having moved 128 miles to day. I passed  
town of New Port in Shropshire, before coming to Stafford.  
There are several New Ports in England & Wales. The pipes near  
the end of the famous vale of Clydd, called Cleid. The  
several falls I mentioned above are pretty enough, fine clear  
water broken into fretted silver. I notice lately that  
many porting carriages bear the names of female proprie-  
tors. That sex do much more business in this country  
than in ours. I have noticed no apple orchards for  
several days, nor of pears, but Plum trees are plenty.  
I think in the flat land as a rule, apple trees do not  
abound, or thrive well, in this climate. I notice in the  
town the name of Piggim, also of Warklater. I see the fires  
gleaming from all directions through the night from my  
windows. The whole earth here seems to be "going to Pot"  
The world here was not made for Caesar, but for Crocker,  
and trees grow for crates to pack it in. Tea cups and  
Sugar bowls are the final destiny of the soil these folks  
live on - Minton's great establishment is here also, for ename-  
led tiles. It is pretty to see them make the clay into the

various articles - cups &c are formed, then dried in a 23  
hot room so that they can be cut into proper shape with  
the ornamental beads rolls &c by machinery - they are put into  
stone ware jars as big as bucket measure, and these are put  
into great brick things of form and size of the cones we see  
at glass works for the furnace & melting there, and baked to  
proper hardness. The whole neighbourhood glows with these  
furnaces, and large towns flourish in them like  
salamanders. The North Staffordshire and Potteries  
Rail way has a line within 10 miles on each side  
of it, such is the activity and importance of  
this branch of industry. On the carriages we see  
the "Staffordshire Knot" which I suppose  
refers to a mode of testing good iron by bending it  
into this form when in a cold state - a secret trial  
but I have seen such knots exhibited as samples  
in America. I observe it is a very common thing  
for respectable looking people to use a pocket flask in  
the rail carriages and not unfrequently warmer par  
tials. I have seen no excep, however, on such occasions  
a cold bunch is very often taken at the same time  
but oftener without liquor. There seems to be very  
little of the fear of imputation of economy, which  
would foolishly deter most of us from doing the  
same thing in Carriages in American cars.

Stockport 6 mo 16th

I went to Alton from Stoke, 28 miles to see Alton  
Tower the seat of the Talbot, Earls of Shrewsbury  
It is a very fine place and appears to stand  
as such next to Chatsworth. I think however  
that while Chatsworth is surprising this is only  
pleasing - It has however coziness and comfort  
able home like aspect, all embowed in trees, which  
the other has not, a sort of Palatial Cottage, of  
large dimensions and with many towers.  
The gardens lie in a sort of Punch bowl, of several  
acres in the terraced and sloping sides. A fine  
fountain in the bottom, with several others on the  
upper terraces. This place was redeemed from  
a mere waste by Charles Earl of Shrewsbury  
who died 50 years ago - Upon a conspicuous pedestal  
in the garden is a terminal bust of him - on the  
pedestal is "He made the desert smile" I  
should be glad to see added and not countess  
thousands more" This line from Burns would  
thus put more fully to shame some tenhs of the  
Monuments of England. There are groves of Rhos

do dendrons in flower - I saw a cut leaved <sup>24</sup>  
or Fern leaved Beech, some call it Fern leaved  
oak, which I think is the same as the mystery  
in the yard, by the gate, of Red wood library, and  
not the English Hornbeam, as I at one time  
believed. Very many American trees are in  
the extensive plantings. In one part the trees  
are named, among these I saw "Pinus Rigida"  
"Pitch Pine from England" I saw a few leaves.  
On chewing I found them almost flavourless, though  
the tree looks healthy. The white or silver pine is  
numerous. Spanish Chestnuts are just in small  
young flower - The broom is still very beautiful  
by the road sides, and some goose ~~has~~ flowers.

The country to Uttoxeter 16 miles is flat with  
plenty of rather stunted trees in the hedge rows,  
land looks rather poor, ~~but~~ some fields red with  
sorels. About Alton the hills are sharp, with  
~~low~~ narrow valleys, outcroppings of rock, pictur-  
esque, and similar to Chatsworth scenery on a  
cramped scale. In one of the waters of the ground I  
saw very large water lilies, leaf and flower, like  
our own. The old town of Alton is just outside the  
Park. There I saw an "In" "The Staffordshire Knot"  
and the sign accordingly painted accordingly  
Here on a perpendicular cliff of rock 100 feet above the  
Rail station, is ~~all~~ that remains of the ancient castle,  
but most romantically fixed on the very verge is  
a new Monastery of antique character, a nursery  
a school and a crop, Priests house cloisters &c, all  
built by the successor of the founder of the gardens &  
Park and new mansion. All very handsome, but a  
portion unfinished. The young Earl who died only  
6 months ago (23 years of age) of consumption having  
been too feeble to go on with the work. He gave,  
through 15,000 £ toward a church in Shrewsbury in  
fulfilment of a promise of it made by the late  
Earl. I hear high testimony of all the 3 late Earls.  
They are rigid Catholics, and not one of the last  
16 Earls has been in the direct line. All dying with  
out sons, save one. His son was a Priest and de-  
clined the title and estates. So a Catholic told me.  
The Earl just dead willed the property to the Duke of Nor-  
folk, who I am told considers it a misfortune. It is said  
he was made heir to preserve the estate in a Catholic  
family. The estate is worth 40,000 £ a year, I am told.



Like a village pig by curing, the tittle is now being (25)  
lugged by several scions who claim to be descended  
exactly in the straight line from another brother  
of some one who died 300 years ago - but who, I believe,  
are not of the same Chirk with the Duke of Norfolk.  
The contest I believe is to soon come before the house of  
Peers. In the mean time all the personal property  
is to be sold at auction - furniture, Pictures, silver,  
every thing. I came through Stauntonfield to day  
a large dingy place full of silk weavers. The  
country from Alton here southward (through Staffordshire  
& Cheshire) is quite interesting and more the less so that  
I saw a good deal of country more green than Star  
raymitt and much like it without its borders.  
Some parts very similar indeed to the openings in  
the woody districts of Richmond town &c. I saw three  
small fields being sown, and observed the crops to be  
large, though the land did not otherwise appear to be  
rich. Poor looking men often go full of money.

Hedges are the fences. In Anglesia they were generally  
dirt dykes with or without hedges on them. Within 30  
miles of each other on this line of rail are two Chea-  
dles, and between them, Cheddleton. I noticed  
like-wise Frogall, but 'we have all heard of  
Frogmore, and that beats all' - The great tower  
of the residence of "Leigh" of Lyme Park, I saw at  
a distance, looking as if it were a part of a great  
old castle. Quite a Peat moor is close to Stauntonfield  
and very much deep, although coals retail at 4s  
per 112 lbs and 5d for the very best. The English when  
oaks are cut universally peel the bark, this is very often  
done, perhaps generally, at this season at least it is, before  
selling them. As forests are generally trimmed out here  
cut by selection of trees only, the effect of these is sin-  
gular. The branches are pulled too but these are cut  
off first, so that often trees are seen without bark,  
but with a little tuft of top left that is as green  
as ever. Stockport is a cotton spinning town with

140,000 people. Did not know formerly even  
Haddon Hall, either that or some other castle I  
have recently visited was their residence at one  
time. A stream passes through Charat valley by  
Alton Towers, but it is very foul and a paper mill  
is on it near the Park gates. Stoke upon Trent

is surrounded by towns, they pay 7 miles, in fact  
admirers of Stoke, and in the same manufactory.  
In these manufacturing towns districts the  
towns run very much into one another,  
just as Wakefield Peak & Riky Brook, only  
here they are at least 50 to 200 times as big.  
This Stockport has 140,000 people and much of  
the town looks new - Full smoke stacks are almost  
as thick as masts in a port. One mill I noticed  
8 stories high. Every thing brick. Manchester looks  
old and shabby - just this side of it a fight occurred  
in the cars betwixt what looked like a very stout  
weaver of 50, and apparently a small farmer of  
60, and although he was not  $\frac{2}{3}$  weight of the  
opailant weaver, he whipped him in one  
minute. The worst of it was when the weaver  
gave in like a man as the phrase was on  
the part of the company, the victor would  
not altogether stop, I tried in vain to get  
him to his seat, but the fellow had gotten  
so wrathly he could apparently hear no one.  
The company did not appear disturbed  
by the content, the fellows were in a portion of  
the car by themselves. In consequence however  
of several blows given after vanquished  
faced several times I give in and had even  
taken his seat, papermen called the guard  
at the first station, which was very close at hand,  
and had the conqueror put out to get along  
as he best could - The guard asked the name  
and residence of the vanquished. I dont think  
any body was much hurt, but this experience is  
to entirely exceptional to all I have before seen  
I take notice of it, and its reception by others.  
The papermen were generally respectable people  
apparently, and several, evidently disgusted  
with the fellow's submissiveness, asked him why  
he did not stand up and fight. This query  
he appeared unprepared to answer. Had he  
possessed any moral I think he would have  
flogged the other easily. In that case however

he would have very likely escaped the fight at (27) together - He was a brutal looking fellow and one I had before marked as probably a convict.

Harrogate June 17, 57  
I have gotten along by Rail 73 miles to this the most famous of English watering places, inland for summer. It is very plainly but comfortably built of stone, and no two streets are together, scarcely, but it seems all about, everywhere, on a green common in a manner that is very pleasant. I am surprised however that there is not more planting. The race course is on one edge of the place, ~~but~~ looks so green on the track, I doubt if it is much used. There tracks abound in England. I do not think the houses here indicate over 5000 persons, and most of them have "lodgings" hanging out of the window. There are a good many people here already, but at the George when I am, a large and most comfortable establishment, I have the entire affair to myself - I drank some of the Sulphur water at one of the Pump rooms (two of these are pretty buildings) that tastes as strong as one could imagine belze water to be. I saw on the space of about one acre, 17 wells (springs) most of them covered but entirely public - and said to be all of different properties. Steel and Magnesia are here. <sup>There are many others about town.</sup> The band I have heard for 5 hours this afternoon, is playing on its own account. I understood the Inn here do not engage them, as with us.

Harrogate stands on a high table, but not at its greatest elevation. This is a heather moor, partially planted with Scotch firs - When there are some grass, and I saw a beautiful hawk fleeing from a persecuting black bird. Lord Harwood has built on this height a very strong stone tower of about 40 feet altitude, where a woman chafes led for the ascent. on the top are mounted on the parapet 6 large spy glasses or small telescopes, and a sundial also a map of 10 miles around Harrogate. The view is very extensive of a country perfectly strown with trees excepting on the south, where we see on the horizon probably 30 miles off a vast and elevated moor on which the sky line is broken only by a tower apparently; but a shooting box really. I could plainly see York minute with the unaided eye from heath below or well as from the tower, though 23 miles off. Also the

cathedral at Ripon, but far up distinctly, though (28  
not over 10 miles off. The ruinous castle of Knare-  
borough is close by, and not much further off we  
see the residence and Park of Lord Storton  
Hauwood Lord Earl of Hauwood owned a large estate  
but considered himself poor. He was very fond of hunting  
and was caught by a sheep net, which so injured  
him that he died, very lately. I passed his place  
beluxt this and Leeds in the lovely vale of the Wharfe.  
A constant succession of manufactory towns to  
day until we pass Otley in this vale of Wharfe.  
All the streams are horrible. Greece gave one  
step, Yorkshire has an hundred. The canal  
system of England and Scotland is very ex-  
tensive, but they are narrow, and the locks look  
like play things compared with ours. I have seen  
several very heavy and high viaducts for rail  
ways over valleys the last two days. I passed one  
Tunnel to day, said to be the longest in England  
we were 7 minutes in it. There is but one track  
through and a pilot engine is always sent ahead  
so that collision of two trains would be broken  
by the intervention of four locomotives. By the  
side of this tunnel is one through which a canal  
passes, but it is so small that the men lie on their  
backs and push their boats through with their heels  
and occupy half a day in so doing, at least so  
said a couple of very pleasing and intelligent  
boys who were going from boarding school to 5 weeks  
holidays at home. The both said they were fond of  
school. This miracle of the 19th century is more  
incredible to me than most of those of more an-  
cient date. A boy fond of school!!! But boys now  
a days are men to what they were in my youth  
I have seen this a long time. If I should live an  
hundred years I should become comparatively a  
fool, though I should retain all my faculties.  
Some of my friends doubtless think me smart en-  
ough to do that in half the time. I have no doubt  
a greater step has been taken in the last 20 years  
in these respects than in any 200 before them.  
This canal Tunnel was completed 45 years ago, and was  
20 years making. They would bore it out with apple  
drumplings, in less time than that now a days.  
The country is wild about Boddensfield, and continues  
Rocky for miles, in ledges, the fields are walled, and town  
factories (chimneys even, often for the Engines) Bridges &c are solid

Stone, bricks are supplanted. Huddersfield is (29)  
a town of 34000, engaged in ~~spinning worsted yarn~~,  
there being scarcely any <sup>wool</sup> manufacturing done there.  
Sheffield is also in a beautiful county, and itself  
appears to have more trees than houses, a wool manu-  
facture there, some 6000 folks. Wakefield is also  
in a pretty region, about 19 miles South of Leeds.  
Here are 23000 people, spinning worsted yarn, there  
being very little manufacturing (cloth making) done  
there. Before coming to Leeds we pass large towns all in  
woolens, some with fields whitened by blankets on the  
tents or grass. We pass Bexborough Park, residence  
of "Saville" Earl of Bexborough. The house large and  
showy - and Park very handsome. This is an Irish  
title and confers no peerage in this case, he is  
not a member of the house of Lords. Leeds is on the  
Ayr, where near 200000 people live in smoke. I  
had no idea it was so entirely papered by the mills.  
They are chiefly fine cloths, and flax, <sup>and glass works</sup>. I saw  
a silk mill of St. Olph's. The Marshall's great es-  
tablishment is here. I saw the house where Dove  
swid who murdered his wife and hung for it lately.  
The valley of the Ayr is wide, hemmed in with  
high rising, graceful, gradual slopes, and  
in it close by the rail is the beautiful ruin of  
Kirkstall abbey, in good preservation too, all the  
main features left, ~~excepting~~ roof. A few miles brings  
us to the valley of the Wharfe, not often papered.  
It is much wider than that of the Ayr. Here is  
Otley - also the old Faulker house, a very old  
and reputable family, and Peter Guy is claimed  
for them as a member of the same. <sup>Here too is the</sup>  
Park (large & fine) and seat of ~~Harwood~~ <sup>Sapelo</sup> Earl of  
Harwood (Harwood House) who owns 13 miles in  
length of country there, reaching here to Harrogate.  
The ruin of the old castle stands high, in the Park.  
The manufacturing district appears to cease on the  
North at Otley, for this region. I heard that farms  
rented for 5  $\frac{1}{2}$  per acre beside taxes about Leeds, and  
gardens for the poor or others at full 2  $\frac{1}{6}$  per year Rod.  
About Harrogate I hear Hay is worth 8d for 14th  
or Stone. Farms for cattle 25 per 2240 to  
There is High Harrogate and Lower Harrogate. The  
Springs are in the latter, but visitors stop all over the place.

on one sign here I see "Somebody" "Baker and Bacon" (not Baking) "factor." Yesterday they say was a very rough day here. It has been pleasant to walk this afternoon, I do not think the place is particularly attractive. On the omnibus I sat next to a man who was ~~telling~~ giving me information respecting the neighbourhood. He soon remarked that although he served apprenticeship here (then the place was of far less note) he had not lived in the country in 30 years. He is here on a visit to his old friends, but lives in Chicago. "Do you recommend to your young friends here to emigrate to America, from your own experience" said I. "I would not stay here myself" was his right Yankee, and Yorkshire reply. During the two past days I have been struck with a marked change in the character of the people, as distinguished from more Southern England. No less real civility perhaps, but the civility which distinguishes that part of England is measurably wanting. I am satisfied however that this Northern portion is much in advance of the other, in many important points. It is evident to me that the governing power of the country must ere long be very sensibly felt to emanate in a high degree from the North. The proximity to Scotland probably accounts for it in a measure. Besides here people live in masses - There is a small proportion of strictly rural population. The ablest papers by far in England that are much read, are North, not excepting the Times which I consider as base an affair as need be. That that is a drag and a disgrace to the land. People here are more wide awake - more observing, one is half the time bothered to see, for they are thoughtful enough to block the window very often, with their projected heads. Our rail way system has a very severe regulation against this nuisance in every bridge or house side, by the way. Reading newspapers here reminds one of the States - 5 of us in a carriage to day, all reading the papers, but myself. I met a man named Puckard, related to those of Leeds. I found him on a

bunch out of town on the road side, where it seems  
 he often sits. He broke a leg year ago, and is here  
 for Rheumatism in it. Has a brother in Montreal, an  
 ignorant man, but very kindly. He showed me  
 a birds nest on the ground with 6 young - That of  
 a "Peggy" - it looked like a Carolina wren in form,  
 but much smaller. This man had been so often to  
 the nest the old birds had no apprehension at our  
 approach. In reply to a question about ~~Darlings~~  
 he eluded by asking if we had them in America.  
 I told him we used more mules, with a gravity,  
 that was difficult on my part to maintain,  
 he remarked "Aye, I had a mule, He broke my  
 leg right smartly - He would worry a man or  
 a dog ~~with~~ his mouth - Oh! he was a tyke -  
 I was obliged to get rid of him" I did not  
 ask if he was as candid with the purchase as  
 the Reverend Wm Almy was with the "perceptible base"  
 I was obliged to get away, his manner made it the  
 duller thing I had heard for long time.

The place now owned by Lafels Earls of Harewood  
 was formerly the home of Wentworths. Earls of Strafford  
 till now extinct, Tho' Wentworth Earl of Strafford  
 who was executed, being one of them. The tower  
 here is a mile out of town in a lonely spot. The  
 water are much used for bathing also. I think  
 the sulphur water here is less nauseous than those  
 of Virginia. The water at Seamington in Warwick  
 shire were agreeable to me, and very like those of Roke  
 Spring, Saratoga.

Flamborough 6 mi, 18, 57  
 I came here 5 miles to see the celebrated Flamborough  
 Head. The village is of 1500 people in 2 story brick houses  
 and tolerable streets, nearly 2 miles from the coast.  
 The town looks new, but there is in a field by it an  
 ancient tower attributed to Danes. The walls are  
 thick but at present not over 25 ~~28~~ feet high, a strong  
 ribbed arch covers it which is permanently soil &  
 grass like a field. The building is about 35 feet  
 square and looks as if it would last centuries yet  
 although nearly all the facing stones have been plundered  
 and nothing but the original excellence of  
 the work and mortar is left to support the rubble  
 work that now composes the walls. The interior is  
 a stable when I found a lot of playful gentle colts  
 at liberty, and a donkey who would have nothing to

say to one whom he appeared to consider as one (32)  
the fraternity too. The cliffs are of chalk, and  
remind me of Duncombe Head, though they  
bear no comparison with that noble buttress of  
the Caledonian Coast. Chalk by the by is not chalk,  
is not the soft yielding material we use at billiard  
tables &c but something approaching stone. The chalk  
of commerce is probably the selected softer portion.  
I think about the point they are not over 300ft  
high, though in the bay north they may be 500.  
They are cavernous at the base, and the North  
Sea is constantly trenching upon them. The  
floor is about level with low tide and washed  
to a level platform. I could see Scarborough  
and its castle to the north, and the Sun went  
down in the west in a blush of deep crimson,  
a parcel of fishermen in boats were attending  
some nets near the base of the cliffs, and about  
fifty boats were going out of the bay on the south side  
of the point to catch crabs. This is done with little  
nets on iron rims baited and let down into the water.  
Besides these boats I could only see 24 vessels, several  
of which were steamers. The fens near the cliff  
are of sods as at Duncombe Head, but scarcely green.  
I saw no Heath, but a grouse got up with great  
outcry. Choughs with their black plumage con-  
trasted strongly with the chalk on the shelves of  
which they were at roost on the face of the cliffs.  
There birds are a sort of small Rook or crow, or  
a large chunky grackle. Rabbits were dodging  
about in all directions on the steep ridges of soil  
that cap the cliff and where a slip must have  
been fatal. On the point stands one of those  
monuments with which England decorates every  
rock or point of her coast that need a beacon  
for benefit of mariners. This one is about 150  
feet high crowned with an eclipse light, and a  
notable object to see. At its base within a few  
yards are clustered the offices and house of the  
keepers, and a comfortable scene it presents,  
so snugly protected from all that blasts can  
do, except its staring ~~very~~ voice. In rear  
of it stands an ancient one of still larger di-  
mensions, and octagonal, apparently of chalk.  
It is now used as a lighthouse for signalling ships.



I enclose in the last sheet a few flowers from (33)  
the head. They are a sort of Pink, such as Mr  
Nixon uses for edging, and found all along the  
coasts of Britain wherever I have been, and that is  
about all of it. Not a fish was to be had here for tea,  
but they got one of the great crabs, these are as rich  
as one half butter could make lobster. If I am  
alive in the morning it must be because I ~~did~~  
~~not~~ cut the claw, with that to hold on by, one  
should stand any thing. Leaving Harrogate this  
morning we passed a beautiful country for some  
miles in which we passed the residence of Lord  
Loughborough, and then came to the ~~low flat~~  
country of the Ouse which with the Wharfe and  
Ayr to go to form the Humber - This is a different  
Ouse from that of Cambridgeshire which goes in  
to the Wash, at Lynn Regis. I was in a third class  
carriage, with about 15 passengers and I don't know  
when I have seen so respectable seeming a group,  
most of them evidently of the lower walks of life.  
I think as a rule the 3d class carriages here present  
far fewer objectionable passengers than our first in  
America, despite the aid of Jim Crow Cars. Some  
school boys were in it going home to holidays.  
I think they said 5 boarding schools were at  
Tadcaster where they had been; not far off. One  
said the vacation was to have been only a month and  
two days but the printer made a mistake and  
it was 5 weeks - I asked him if he were not  
sorry the printer should have committed such a  
blunder - He said their school manager was  
a very kindly old man, so he cared very little  
about it. I saw some white roses in flower  
and many of the fields are golden with flowers on  
their rich flats. From what I have seen I conclude  
good rich alluvial is best adapted to support of  
cathedrals in England. York stands on both sides  
of the Ouse which has 2 bridges, no tide there  
but navigable for a sort of barge of about 40 tons  
some 50 of them lay in the stream. The City has  
about 45,000 inhabitants and is walled, the wall  
in good repair and a walk on it. I spent 4 1/2  
hours there and had plenty to do, a most queer  
and interesting old place. Some of the houses  
project in their upper stories as nearly to meet across

the narrow struts, I saw a cart going back <sup>(34)</sup>  
and down quite a long strut, too narrow to  
admit of turning, though it possessed only 2 wheels,  
there was no way in those days but to chuck or  
buckle. The minute is a large affair of Lime  
Stone with 3 towers, & extremely absurdly ridic-  
ulous with its sculptured devils, dragons, monsters,  
appropriate enough of the diabolism of the most  
diabolical system of <sup>theology</sup> religion, unless the fact  
that Christian nations fear death more  
than others is to be counteracted by a very differ-  
ent ~~rule~~ rules from such as govern other  
considerations of cause and effect, that its  
devotes more hearts than any other seems to  
me to be certain, a system that teaches  
man that he can be exceedingly happy while  
most of his family and friends are in hell must  
be as absurd in logic as it is wicked in prin-  
ciple and degrading in application. The blessed  
few who are thus to commiserate themselves that  
they are not with the majority of their nearest  
kindred or even race, must expect a fine  
turn of it, to be sure. Their old time worn  
churches are curious and interesting, and  
portions of their details often beautiful, but as  
a whole they are a combination of the fantastic  
and grotesque, and not one of the gothic which  
I have seen is to compare in beauty to Trinity  
in New York or ~~hundreds of our churches here.~~  
Their interiors are, however, generally grand,  
and that of this one especially so. The Chapter  
house is a fine room, but not equal to that  
of Salisbury, a window of stained glass 75 feet  
high & 32 feet wide does not strike as large,  
so well proportioned, a beautiful many old  
window is 27 feet diameter. The 75 feet window  
the largest says is the largest of ancient stained  
glass in the world, a screen window at Gloucester  
is larger, but not properly a window. The ancient  
stained glass casts no colour in its shadow, but  
it is as if white and unshaded. The ~~modern~~ modern  
casts its colour in shadow on the floor, and  
obscures the room, which it would seem

probable the ancient doors not, Carving (35)  
are very minute, are apparently as perfect and  
sharp as when they were made 600 years ago.  
A fellow concealed himself in 1829 behind a tomb  
within the church, and fired it during the night  
escaping by the window, he was found some miles  
off and detected as incendiary by some gold  
cloth he had stolen, He was bound and com-  
mitted to Madam as a lunatic, when he died,  
His mother was an artist - the family all tal-  
ented, and cracked, This fire destroyed one  
end of the church, which has all been restored  
exactly as before at a cost of 100,000 £ raised  
very soon and easily by subscription, all the  
original drafts of the building having been preserved  
enabled a restoration accordingly, What is most  
extraordinary this fire injured none of the numerous  
great glass windows, nor the numerous ancient  
monuments in the side aisles, The roofs of these  
did not fall in, but the main roof cracked every  
stone on the floor beneath it, by its fall, There are  
two Roman sarcophagi in the church, which were  
exhumed a few years ago after 1300 years repose,  
The two bodies were in perfect form, but soon crum-  
bled to dust on exposure to the air, An effigy  
and tomb of the brother of the Black Prince is  
here - The Black Prince lies in Canterbury Cathedral,  
a Bishop Kempe lately, lies here, but not of the  
family that owned Hadham Hall, says the Mayor  
a Bishop Sterne, ancestor of Laurence Sterne lies here,  
Bishop Scrope, who was beheaded, the Mayor says  
they found his body only a few inches below the pave-  
ment, his skull lay in the crook of his left arm  
where he supposes it was placed at time of burial,  
Near by the church are a few arches of the cloister  
of the Bishops palace of olden days, Near by it a  
cow was tethered to an iron bar which she was  
licking, a lepton worth heading, I went to the  
museum, where are pretty grounds and gardens and  
walks, Scarlet and also yellow stone chubnuts just  
in flower - apples as big as peaches, In there  
ground on a wall and large portion of Roman  
work and very nice, good against time yet, though  
built in the 2<sup>d</sup> century. Here also are the beautiful

ruins of the large and evidently beautiful  
 Abby of St Mary. Here is also the ruin of the  
 Leonard Hospital, where lies a Sarcophagus in  
 stone, a pupil just brought from Wharfedale and  
 said to be the finest one yet found. It is about  
 32 feet long. Wharfedale is on the coast of York  
 shire, and has a quarry of blueish sand stone  
 used for paving streets. Most of these capitals  
 which I have seen in America, are from Lyme  
 Regis in Dorset Shire, opposite the Isle of  
 Wight, found in Blue Lias there. Two old  
 Towers of the city wall stand on either bank of the  
 river, just without the garden. The museum  
 has many roman remains, shrines, tombs,  
 votive altars &c, dug up in and about  
 York. on one large stone Sarcophagus is a  
 Latin inscription viz - "To the Gods of the  
 Shades Aurelia Censorina her wife placed  
 this to the memory of Aurelius Superus a  
 centurion of the 6th Legion who lived 38 years  
 4 months 13 days" a smaller one is inscribed  
 (translated from the Latin) "To the gods of the Shades  
 To Semplivius Florentina a most innocent  
 being who lived 10 months. Felicitas Simplex  
 her father, this, of the 6th Legion Victorinus"  
 a fine collection of British Birds. I see it is the  
 Field Fare and Red Wing that are so like  
 our Robin in action &c. Temperature in 1854  
 Ranged in June from 41 to 72 - in July 40 to 77  
 August 45 to 71 - during a Storm from Nov  
 25 to Dec 6th inclusive, Ther. ranged from 50 to  
 50, commencing at 50 and ending at the same.  
 The Snow beating here, is same as ours.  
 The only wooden thing in the burned part of the Cathed  
 aral that did not consume, is a large tablet  
 on which are inscribed in gilt, the names of  
 the benefactors of the minister. There is good  
 materia for a mercuriale. It is curious at  
 all events, the thing little if any injured.  
 I noticed "Yallowon" one side the Street and  
 "Blakey," exactly opposite it & "Whiteworth" by  
 its side. Soon after leaving York for Scarborough  
 some 10 miles we entered a heath and on it  
 toward the lofty ruin of Sherrington castle


near Flextun station, some miles (37  
further we passed, in a beautiful hilly coun-  
try, ruin of Kirkstallan Abbey and also of the  
Hall a nice <sup>Kirkstall</sup> residence, close by it. As we came  
near to Scarborough the country grew broken and  
high hills, and fountains. The Famous Cull  
Stand on a cliff some 300 feet above the sea,  
not one vessel did I see from it. The walls  
must enclose many acres - over 1/4 mile long -  
The old ruin of the citadel is fine, near or  
quite 100 feet high. It is used as a garrison  
still, but is not garrisoned. Scarborough has  
about 16,000 people and is quite a watering  
place. I saw a ruin of a church near the  
castle, but it is trifling. I got some nice  
red cherries at 8d per lb so fresh looking &  
tasted, and juicy & sweet, I thought they  
must be from some neighbouring wall, but  
they were from Rotterdam. I have seen  
many apple & pear orchards to day & plumb.  
The 20 miles long coast between Scarborough & Flamborough is by the  
sea, a wild hilly country, bleak, treeless near-  
ly, though the hedges get up 20 feet high in places,  
in the hollows trees grow too. By Filey a little  
watering place, is a bay and very high cliffs.  
Near here I was amused at the sagacious dodging  
of a weasel, by a wood in a hollow, where I am  
told are some squirrels too. <sup>Filey</sup> Puckering  
and Houlgate "bear a sign in Scarborough."  
Seeing a piece of needlework in my room here marked  
"Mary Castle," I supposed such to be the family name  
of the hostess, but found on enquiry to be "Woodhouse"  
I am now in doubt if ~~Sharyfatten Castle, be not~~  
~~Castle Howard, though I think not.~~  
on enquiry I find chalk is prepared, refined from that of  
the chalk cliffs. It does not do for stone buildings as the  
wall, yielding to frost, crumbling or slacking under its  
action. It makes but indifferent lime. I saw a layer  
bed of various ammonites, but this and the sta-  
tion, a most brilliant and beautiful display of colours.

The Hawthorn out of flower inland, is here in full flower, but only produces them on the lee or inland side, none on that exposed to the sea. I do not think this is the case on our coast, but the sea wind here is a blasting N. Easter often more than ours is. The day has been cool and this evening is absolutely cold - Swift this and Scarborough in paper, many high bleak hills, pale in colour, comparatively barren, smooth and rising much higher than Chimney Hill. I noticed by the road side beyond York, the telegraph poles on one hand had 12 wires - those on the other 4 wires. From the great number of these lines I observe on poles, it seems probable that a very small proportion of wires are laid in pipes, subterranean.

Durham 6 mo 19th

I have been moving now these 16 1/2 hours, and yet feel no muscular exhaustion. The morning was very cold, noon pleasantly warm, evening cold again. We started this morning with some 25 boys with a tutor in charge of them, in the carriage I took, all going home to a 6 weeks holiday, and lively enough yet less so than about 40 half druped well looking urchins, who were in another carriage or rather a mere dirt car, with no top. They were chiefly boys from 9 to 16 years of age, a few girls with them, all on their way to weed wheat or corn fields about 10 miles from their starting point, Driffield. They are paid from 6d to 8d, 9d + 1/4 per day (no food given) and cost of their journey to and fro daily, paid by the employers. Thus are town children (who had better be at school to be sure) taken from the evil influence of the streets to the fields where they can earn something. These fellows made the welkin ring with their merry huzzas, at every station. In a region of fine looking level land not far from the sea between Ellastou and Driffield, I was told land rented in farms of 300 to 600 acres at about 30/ per acre - some higher and among high bleak hills which we soon afterwards passed (after leaving the coast) much is rented for less than 30/- Farm wages are from 8/ to 10/ per week and boarded. If the men be single they are lodged also. good hands get employment on these terms the year through - Said to be the highest price paid agricultural labour in England, I do not doubt it. They have meat also, and dinner is given them on Sunday.

They work more hours than in other districts, but (39  
this will not enable them to produce more in a year.  
Women are said never to work in the fields in that  
region. I think in England it is not very common  
to see them at other than light work. I saw 6 yester  
day, raking the dry grass off of ploughed ground, which is  
put in heaps and burned in the field. The soil shows  
no lumps, ~~then~~, when prepared for crops, any where, that  
I have seen. The all pervading Canada thistle is now  
out of sight scarcely - Fine cows bring 20 £ each, and an  
ordinarily good one 15 £. The high price of beef has caused  
them to rise, yet beef is cheaper than with us, and cows not  
so dear, but ours are lighter. In quite a region of  
County along the coast and 30 miles inland indeed, large  
windmills are used for grinding grain for consumption,  
at Slingsby we passed Slingsby Castle, a very good ruin,  
a few miles further "Gilling Castle" then Ryland Abbey  
in a beautiful rich vally - Apparently a very large insti  
tution, the Gable end only standing - Abbey abound in  
Yorkshire. Above this one, on an extensive hill planted  
with a very rich forest, rose from the midst of trees  
a tower of some sort; not of a church. At Ripon a  
town of about 6000 people, on the Ure, is a Cathedral  
with 3 low stubby looking towers, Building large &  
plain. Above a planting some few miles out of town  
we see the numerous towers of the palace of the  
Bishop. A very tall old obelisk called a cross by our  
town of some rusty iron stuck on top of it, stands in  
the town on a sort of triangular square - Three miles from  
Ripon is Sudley Park, about 500 acres, very beautiful by  
nature, and adorned with some of the most beautiful  
trees I have seen - There is an American Hemlock some  
40 feet high, with a big trunk and thick wide extending  
drooping branches - By far the finest I have seen in this  
County - It rivals their own year quite, and very like  
them. Some Norway Firs said to be over 130ft high and  
they look it. As you said to be 1300 years old. Some  
beech with trunks 50 feet to the branching and as fine  
curves as could be worn by any thing - At last burst  
upon my view the long sought longer heard of pride  
of English Abbeys - Considered here incomparably their  
finest. Perhaps hearing so much of this had its effect,  
but I confess I think, I think Furness quite as fine,  
Furness far more beautiful, and Melrose not at all

unworthy of comparison. Fountains Abbey covers <sup>(40)</sup>  
several acres and is very fine, The stone is time defying  
mill grit, from a ledge close by, and much of  
the structure is firmly standing perfect as ever,  
a small branch of the tree grows under a part of the  
Abbey, furnishing trout, In the tree below are very large  
Pike and Salmon also, and much of the fishing free. Water  
are clear on a gravelly bed, no manufactures to soil it.  
The Abbey Close (grounds) were 90 acres, encircled with  
a high strong stone wall of stone, much still standing,  
a large house is near by built over 200 years ago of stone  
taken from the Abby, and enough more have been taken  
~~to~~ somewhere, to build a town for 600 or 1000 people.  
The kitchen fire place is double - ~~as~~ each part is 16  
feet front and 6 ft deep  and about 6 feet high.  
The arch being straight and supported by niches in the stone  
composing it - I enclose a few details from the spot,  
within the walls. Several carriages were there some  
from Harrogate 11 miles off - <sup>The place belongs to Earl de Gray</sup> leaving Ripon in about  
20 miles we came to North Allerton about 6000 people  
and in a few miles further to Darlington where are  
many friends, the Pease families among them. The  
town is quite large just on the line of Durham, and has  
manufactures, Collieries & Iron works begun again.  
The first I believe since the vicinity of Leeds. There  
is a remarkably fine fragment here of stone about 700 feet  
long. one of the most striking I have seen, very high, with  
about 8 beautiful semicircular arches - <sup>1988</sup> The form generally  
adopted in these very high ones. It is on the rail leading  
to Bishop Auckland where the Bishop of Durham has his pal-  
ace. 20th I went first thing to see the Cathedral,  
It is a large plain solid substantial respectable  
looking gothic pile with 3 towers - Climbing up the  
steep bank of the Wear that runs at its base, ~~just~~  
as if it were just coming from baptism. The inside  
is somewhat cavern like, but the finest specimen  
of simple grandeur I believe I have yet seen. A  
few mutilated tombs stand here and there - I attended  
service and although the thing appeared to be despatched  
as rapidly as possible it ~~seemed~~ long to one not over  
zealous - I might feel differently about it if I were  
only one of the elect who are to have a very nice time  
after almost every body else has gone to those regions  
so happily provided against calamitous consequences  
of frost. There were nearly 30 officials, <sup>including the vicar</sup> one with a sil-  
ver rod appeared to be an orderly sargent, I suppose the



rest were blind, as they went nowhere unless he (41)  
of the wand made a low obeisance and led the way -  
For 6 bell ropes that had done their duty before the others  
commenced, being as if fatigued with the labour  
of prevailing upon the two leaders who performed  
the entire congregation that it was time to be up  
and doing - The other 17998 of the 18000 folks in this  
town, I fear must be in a bad way unless the church  
be mistaken in its office. There are extensive cloisters  
Every thing inside is nobly massive and time defying.  
The material is as sound as ever, though outside repairs  
are going on, new blocks of stone replacing the decayed - This  
is a constant work on these old buildings - and lately a  
lot of revival has taken place in a spirit of restoring  
every thing of the sort to its pristine & primitive condition.  
Marble columns pillars ornaments &c that have been  
groaning under load of paint and whitewash for hun-  
dreds of years, are ~~not~~ polished and changed from  
granite stones to various marbles by the operation.  
Durham, appear to me none of this, being the rude  
homest stone it seems. Over the Communion table is the  
end supper lay as life (the Italian painter) in some  
part of Florence, a bas relief - When the sermon commenced  
I began to take cold in the damp of the place and left  
to return, when, alas! I found it was all over. A great  
luxury lot; if one may judge by the cost. This done is repeated  
every day at a great expense of which no one ought to com-  
plain, unless he be charged for other folks medicine.  
The castle close by, a adjoining indeed, is restored or  
rather converted into a college - No Citadel on an eminence  
above the rest is a fine object - The officials, who as it seems  
to me had been blowing hard where there was no fire went  
out of a back door, near by which some appeared to reside  
when doors opened from the cloisters. The magnificent window  
over the Lady Chapel is about 27 feet diameter and more  
beautiful, I think, than that of York - Richard Proper D.D.  
(which I suppose may be translated Proper light) resides  
in this chapel. The whole town of Durham is romantically  
situated, and this portion of it is nearly surrounded by  
a bend of the Wear (its mouth in the North Sea is at Sunderland)  
which is crossed by 2 nice bridges, on both sides of which are  
the banks of the river deep gorge are delightful wood and  
walks as wild as Wipahickon. There are quite extensive  
ellany chicken, (who is "no chicken") sells porter despite the bishop.  
And the Tiplady the Tailor was one of the delinquents who  
either did not hear or did not heed the bell this morning.  
Sad dog - but "servants play when the master away" and these  
are rarely any where else. In the distance, on a high pinnacle



ecology as there inscribed. Neither did I see one (43  
stone to a "stew" though I suppose there must be some  
in so large a town. Market street crosses Gray Street, and  
has some fine shops - The Market is altogether superior  
to any I have seen, and perhaps to ~~London~~ that  
at Faneuil Hall in Boston, itself. Most of the rest  
of this fine portion of the town is of stone, and surpasses  
Glasgow generally - and perhaps Union St in Aberdeen.  
As to London, it is quite behind - The rest of the town  
is much of it old odd, crooked, built of brick, blackened  
with coal and smothered with smoke - There are large chem-  
ical works here, Iron works, and great Steam Engine man-  
ufactories, or shops. The Tye is a fine tide water stream  
about 650 feet wide - crossed by a good stone bridge of 9 Arches,  
just below which lie some 40 or 50 vessels, several of them  
ships and brigs. The coal is all shipped at various  
points below, all along the river. A Rail way runs  
through the town to Tynemouth crosses a gorge, by a viaduct  
with arches of beautiful proportions and masonry over the  
streets fully 130 feet high. But the wonder of the place  
is the famous high level bridge of the Rail way across  
the the Tye - being on straight columns, it is not  
handsome, but I think it a greater work than the famous  
Britannia at Anglesea - It is 1362 feet long about  
60 ft broad and 181 feet high above high water mark.  
The rail track is on the top, and about 20 feet below that  
is a carriage way, with wide walk for pedestrians on each  
side. The arches (4 abreast to each pair of stone pil-  
lars) are of enormous weight grace & strength, and  
140 feet span. I could not learn the cost of it (in fact  
nothing else about it, but by actual observation) but I  
think there can not be less than 40,000 Tons of Iron in it.  
The rail station into which it directly leads, in fact ends,  
has a fine Grecian facade of stone, fronting about  
1000 feet on the street. I heard this cost 100,000 £.  
The theatre in Gray St is a perfect gem. The court house  
a good Grecian building. I began to think that prac-  
tical working men, do every thing best. The elegant  
and all - that elegance itself is a practical matter.  
An ancient Norman Castle square with towers, and a  
high building stand close by the great bridge & station  
(The Cathedral & Castle at Durham are Norman, and  
about date of Conqueror) There is a nice open  
fish market too, a part of Grecian Portico. They  
evidently believe in the Grecian in Newcastle. I took  
train at 6 1/2 P.M. 67 miles for Birnwick. I found by taking

a return ticket, I make the journey both ways for (44) only  $\frac{1}{6}$  more than a ticket costs for one way. This is frequently the case, but generally a fare and one half is charged instead of two, or one <sup>1/4</sup> third is saved by such a ticket. They are restricted, however as to time, and generally to about 24 hours - <sup>and now are given (as a rule) to 100 per mile each</sup> but sometimes for a month - if bought on Saturday they are generally good all Sunday and for the first return train Monday. The one I took to day would not permit me to return to night had I chosen to do so, unless I bought a new ticket. I have not heard why this is the case. It is not so in all cases. I noticed the sign of Keep Ho in New Castle, also seen of Mr Keenlyside. The first thing I did there was to go to Barkas brook stone to enquire about Proctor's haunted house. I found he knew all about it. Proctor (a friend) had just left his shop as I went in. Barkas thought I would have no difficulty in getting permission to sleep in the haunted room. I hoped then to return to do so, but fear now I shall not get a chance - my time is short for Norway.

Soon after leaving New Castle we pass Killingsworth house that I took for an asylum of some sort. At Ellwipeth is Morpeth Castle, a small ancient affair being now fitted up restored to its original condition by the Earl of Carlisle. The beautifully wooded deep narrow gorge of the stream still continuing, but the coal mines cease not far from Ellwipeth. Next is Wetherington Castle, now a school, immediately on the sea coast. Then Waukearth Castle, with a very tall tower, a very extensive Spittle, and a large square part nearly entire, a very fine ruin, the property of the Duke of Northumberland. Waukearth Island opposite to it - very near ~~is~~ the town of Alnwick, a little further on, is Alnwick Castle, but I only saw the old Abby of St Alame in the park. And Ratchleffe Tower. I noticed Ash trees here in many instances were yet in very thin foliage, as was the case about Flamborough yesterday. Thorns here too are yet in flower but past prime. Gorse & Brown abound the whole 67 miles. The Gorse only a little if any past its prime here I do not understand it, brown came after gorse, here they are together - whole moors are covered with them

The County near Alnwick <sup>(pronounced Ann-nick)</sup> is quite pretty. (45)  
We soon passed the house of Sir Geo Gray, a very old  
fashioned looking one, and small for a gentleman -  
looks much like a large farm house. Then Barn-  
burgh Castle, where the County begins to break into  
crops, with wide rich alluvial plains inter-  
vening for many miles to Berwick, and all the  
farms pretty much on the Scotch factory like plan  
of "steadings" with steam power - the paper Holy-  
Island, a most romantic high rock in the sea,  
then "Screemston" Station that must have been  
born in Kentucky - then over the great viaduct  
of 27 arches (I think) over 100 feet high that crosses  
the town into this town. 9 o'clock + 20 minutes, yet as  
light as day - It was nearly so at 10 1/4 P.M. I am  
told it grows no darker after that - now at 10 o'clock  
and 50 minutes, it is nearly light enough to see the road  
by the twilight - as I am to be called at 5 I will retire  
pretty soon - I saw very few vessels from the coast as  
we came up - By taking a return ticket on the terms today  
say for 100 miles or at that rate 12/- the price of a ticket  
one way that distance 12/- the privilege of coming back  
is given by paying 2/- more - 12/- for 100 ~~miles~~ miles  
but only 14/- for two hundred. The trains that are obliged  
by law to take passengers in one class of carriages for 1d  
per mile are called "Parliamentary" often "Govern-  
ment" trains and the tickets are marked accordingly.  
but the carriages which take for 1d per mile, are not  
generally allowed the advantages of return tickets.  
Excursion trains in England though are generally very  
cheap, but apt to crowd the carriages. Near Newcastle  
I found a ~~train~~ line on which less than 1d per mile  
was charged - I found it was an experimental thing -  
to test the effect of lower fares - The station master  
(who told me had had Mr. Filmore at his station on his  
way to Newcastle) seemed to think the prospect not en-  
couraging - It is on a side, out of the way road, though  
great care is exercised at <sup>radicular</sup> the stopping places, in testing  
every wheel of the train with a hammer, by the ring of  
the blow a crack or flaw in one of them would be at once  
detected. A yellow grease, not oil, is used for the axles  
I saw Hares and numbers of partridges by the way side, Rabbits  
and Pigeons of course - The Lapwing appears to be a bird of the

reason here. There is a very extensive lunatic asylum nearly completed at Mapett. Holy Island is a high rock in the sea, a most romantic looking place - a castle on it. There is a pier and beacon on it, at the mouth of Fored. The old bridge of Berwick (when every little vessel used to pay an additional portage & whiskey an additional duty, until within a short period) the castle and walls are interesting objects - Upon looking out an East window at 2 A.M. I find a bright glow of morn in the East and all is light enough to read -

Rowden June 21. 57

I came <sup>back</sup> to Newcastle this morning and took train about miles down the Tyne to this place to see Proctor's mill and house, of which the interesting account was published some years ago by a London Physician who went to test the galaxy of the reports about the ghost. Obtained permission (with a friend also) to lodge in the room one night - on seeing the apparition fell in a swoon & was ~~not~~ very ill for 6 weeks after. So faithful is his description, I know the room the steps by the door the entry and closet, the moment I came to them. The room is about 18 feet square, on the third floor. The house is of brick, 3 stories a good dwelling, near 50 feet front, but since event above alluded to partitioned in the two lower stories for another tenement. This may have something to do with the fact that the spirit woman has not been seen or heard for some years. The mill is also of brick, is 6 stories high about 80 feet front and has 7 pairs of stones propelled by steam. This large flouring establishment, stands within 30 feet of one end of the house, both are on the street. Only a few houses remain that part of the village. It stands with a stream behind and a hill in front - a secluded place, just off the Tyne, of which the stream is a small branch. The men were not at home in either part of the house. but all the women and a lad of some 16 years, appeared to have no ~~doubt~~ doubt of the house having been haunted, than of the house itself. My proposition to lodge in the chamber (there is no bed in it) met failure as the result of the ghost, only an anxious apprehension of its return and I apprehend I shall not be able to do so. I proposed to return at ~~the~~ period of some months, but with no success. The people were kind, and a nice looking servant girl who showed me over one portion of the house declined gratuity. On my way down I passed <sup>North side of Tyne</sup> wall end and saw some of the mines whence the famous "wall end coal" is mined, so popular in London. It derives its name from the terminus of the old Roman wall, built by Severus from this point through New Castle (where some of it still is standing) to

Carlisle. I find all people here universally believe (4)  
there are some strange unaccountable things took  
place at the Proctor house, but they are very backward  
about saying what they believe until they are assured  
by an expression of my own opinion. Ferris on this  
subject connected as it is with a league against  
existing abuses must be expected. The spirit although  
apparent most frequent in the particular room men-  
tioned, frequented all parts of the house, and very many  
believe they have seen her from the outside, sometimes  
standing in a window, ~~one~~ part in of the apparition  
being on each side the glass thereof. I met in the  
street either the leper of the establishment or his  
deek a man of about 58 years of age, who told me  
he had often seen her, though no one had now for  
some years. He had not time to tell me any thing  
more being on his way to meeting. Another told me  
that servants very often left the house after the first  
night's experience. He appeared to think Mr Proctor  
was still followed by the phenomena, very possibly  
he is a medium.

Carlisle evening 6<sup>th</sup> 21

I took train 60 miles through the beautiful valley of Tyne  
and the last few miles in the far richer one of the  
Eden to this old town, and I am at my old quarters  
the White Heart. This being my 3<sup>d</sup> visit to this pleasant  
town, I should remain here a week probably if time  
would permit. From Howden I ~~took~~ morning

I took train 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> miles further to Tynemouth, "Tynemouth"  
(8 miles from Newcastle)  
when stand on a monument looking at the sea  
a statue of Admiral Collingwood. One of those  
fighters who I believe was an excellent Christian  
too. The Tyne has 21 feet of water on its bar at high  
tide, and only 3 or 4 feet at low water. Spring tides  
rise here 20 feet. They are building a long break water  
from the mouth of the river to afford greater protection  
to the great trade constantly passing in and out.  
A mile above the mouth is North Shields, and opposite  
is South Shields. The latter has probably 15000 people, but  
I could not find any one who knew that or any thing  
else about their place of residence. I met Parkes  
at Tynemouth, who took my address and is to let me  
know if I can have the room at the mill house.  
Perhaps his influence will prevail. He has lectured &  
written on these subjects - is a very observing man evidently,  
but thinks these phenomena are probably subjective.  
Hundreds of vessels, chiefly Brig, masted ships & propellers  
however, lie all along both banks the river down their  
chiefly collision. It is said there 100 Steam tugs engaged

towing these vessels in and out of Port. I saw a great many - they are very small. One of our New Orleans boys would drag a dozen of them backward, in spite of their paddles and the best of "wall end". The river is lined with various shops, especially chemical works and those of iron, but the most extraordinary things I saw are about a dozen artificial mountains. Some of them I think 80 or 90 feet high and must be in some instances several acres in surface on the top. Some look like truncated cones of enormous size. Sugar loaf hill would not be missed out of one of them. This earth is chiefly from London, whence it has been brought as ballast by colliers, and discharged on arrival here to make room for coal. Steam engines draw it up these hills in cars on inclined rail ways. I should think in the aggregate they would cover 50 acres of land 50 feet deep. If the ballast occupies this space what must be the bulk of all those coals which filled the vessels that went away loaded instead of only in ballast, and how big must the cavern be whence it was taken. Pardon mill and the dozen houses by it stand under the side of one of these "ballast heaps" as under a mountain, completely hidden from every thing else. Leaving South Shields we soon came to the new docks lately built by the Duke of Northumberland. Some of the chemical works have semi-mountains of a white looking material about them, being residue of their processes in manufacture. The vessels now generally throw their ballast overboard at sea. It is probable the height of the hills has become such as to render this mode of discharging at sea cheaper, but some think the mouth of the river is suffering in consequence. The coal shipping slides are scattered on each bank for miles, but in consequence are not so striking as the great concentration of them at Richmond above the dock. I suppose the coal trade here must be vastly the greater of the two places. The great iron high level bridge they say cost 250,000 £, I should think more, and that its height is 190 ft. The firm of "Messrs Goodlad" here are said to be among the greatest paper manufacturers of the country. There is a staple of which citizens here are very proud - I think it ridiculously ugly, it is one with arched butchers, a sort of candy basket concern, looks like Queen Elizabeth. Tradition says Cromwell knowing how much it was prized by the inhabitants, sent word to the Mayor, when he sat down before the place, if he did not surrender the town the staple should be cannonaded immediately. The mayor was



allowed but a few minutes to decide. This he oc  
cupied with filling the spirit with Cromwells own  
men, whom he happens to have on hand as prisoners -  
This done he ~~replied~~ replied that Cromwell might  
fair upon his own men when he thought fit.

Soon after leaving New Cattle we cross the Tyne into  
Durham but follow its beautiful valley, first one  
side then another - Some 20 miles up we pass Prudhoe  
Cattle, standing on a steep green hill, belongs to Duke  
of Northumberland who has also title of Lord Prudhoe.  
Then Barwell Hall, a new Cattle property of an M.P.  
Sandon House with very many gables a fine seat close  
by it. Then Beauford Cattle, fine new building, a  
private gentleman. Then the famous old border town  
of Hexham, on a hill above the Tyne, now grown very  
small - already, not bigger than BlackRising, a very  
large old Church Crown the Town a cattle is near it.  
A pretty, graceful bridge of 9 arches spans the head  
bed of the stream here, (subject to freshets) that re  
minds me of the master piece in its way at Dunkeld.  
Then Williamsdale cattle now a farm house &  
offices, new and old - never much, I should think,  
Roman Camps abound on this route. We passed  
Berwick Cattle, Blenkinsop a ~~gate~~ gate forge ruin but  
very striking old cattle. Then Thirlwell also an  
interesting looking far gone ruin, Then a long  
piece of the Ancient Roman wall, running straight  
as a line up a gradual slope, toward the  
North west. This near Rye Hill Station, should  
you ever pass that way. Soon after you see the beau  
tiful vale of Annan, beyond the Solway I espied  
my old friend Criffell, that lifts his head about  
1500 feet above the beautiful ruin of Sweet heart  
~~Abbey~~ Abbey, in the vale of Nith, below Dumfries.  
Just here too hidden in beautiful grove is War  
worth Cattle, a residence for a month in each year  
perhaps of Howard, Lord Ellipeth, Earl of Carlisle, now.  
Beautiful Laurels in bloom there, and at the station  
close by various fine flowers and cherry red pae  
onies bright as ~~the water~~ red hot shot. Then on  
the Eder is Corby cattle the fine residence and  
park of one of the Howards a county Esquire,  
Earl of Carlisle is immensely rich, Cattle Howard  
not far from Scarborough, his. There is great grace

and beauty and constant succession of green (50  
 side valleys, hill sides & summits, in Tyne valley,  
 and it is not unlike the Tweed, but not so fine.  
 This is the only rail way in Britain I presume, that  
 runs its carriages on the right hand track, as we do  
 or should, on double tracks. The road curves about  
 very much, so much so that the speed is not con-  
 sidered safe at over 20 miles per hour on an ave-  
 rage. There is very little cutting, though there  
 is one tremendous one not many miles from Carlisle.  
 The high hills northwards of Cumberland, are  
 near the track, along the western portions.

Thatch roofs are frequent in this quiet sequestered  
 vale. Stone walls are common in some portions  
 of it. The land is warm & early, and about Car-  
 lisle the season is said to be unusually early, but  
 I saw only one few grass fields being mown.  
 The potatoes I have seen is considered late.

You recollect the "lands" as they are called by farm-  
 ers, laid out on the left hand from Kauling gate  
 to the house, in straight lines, parallelograms.  
 In England nearly all fields are so ridged, but  
 instead of being in straight lines, they almost  
 universally curve. From all I can learn, this  
 is inconvenient, and not economical mode here, and  
 even more funny. It is very pretty to see,  
 but most embarrassing ploughing material.



very often running as diagonally as in the  
 diagram. Ambleside 6 mi 22. 57

I do not know whether the last 40 of my  
 54 miles coach ride to day is the most  
 beautiful one in the world, or not but one thing  
 is certain each of these views perfect while  
 at the same time each succeeding one appeared  
 to be still more lovely and beautiful. It is said  
 to be the finest portion of the lake scenery, and  
 some think the finest point is at the head of  
 Windermere lake by this lovely flower embow-  
 ered and vine clad village. I enquired some  
 friends from the path to the lake. I went 4  
 miles down the lake to the Rail Station 7 miles  
 from Kendal to take a look at the hotel & some  
 I stopped at last December. Wood villas beau-  
 tiful walks valleys mountains, lakes all seem

to have met in the happiest possible combine (51  
times, To crown all they say the day has been one  
of extraordinary degree of loveliness. Pink Fox  
gloves 5 feet high in full flower are everywhere -  
The heads full of flowers, Hop vines, Sweet breads  
full 20 feet high and like great barberry bushes  
in some cases, drooping with flowers, some of pink  
as bright as the fox gloves, others very nearly white,  
and the air loaded with their perfume, some  
times spread as it were with the rich colour of  
the Cranberry tree (that has leaf & wood so like those  
of the Snow ball) now burdened with its fine white  
Elder like flowers - The Elders too are getting  
to be quite white with blossoms contrasted so deeply  
with the peculiarly deep green of its own foliage.  
Some too are covered with various sorts of roses in full  
bloom to the very eyes - some of these are so red as  
to seem to be a new colour. all these things which  
are merely a few of the etceteras for 40 miles, and  
how much further all the Angels in heaven must  
know, for sure they have been to see. The first  
lake we came to a very small one, then the beautiful  
Draping Thwait 5 miles of silver set in emeralds.  
at the base of the mountains, we rode along the  
water with Skiddan (Skidder) the third highest  
of these Peaks Sean fell and Helvellyn being higher.  
At Kenwick is Southey house, and not far off the  
church in which he lies. The last two years of his life  
he was a perfect child amusing himself all day  
long with two or three common marbles and a few  
toy, such as other children use. & this a melan-  
choly end of days - I think not particularly so.  
The house stands on a little eminence just out of  
the white washed simple village. It has trees. The  
vegetable garden was in front - The carved top for flowers.  
very lean, rather tall, walked looking up. The  
light winds at the foot of the hill just back of his  
house where I walked in his walk on a dense  
shade of trees. On this side the rugged slopes  
of Skiddan appear to great advantage, close  
by. From the front of the house is as lovely a view  
of mountain & vale as can well be. The scene  
of these lakes, is a medium betwixt that of  
Wales & Scotland, but more like the former.  
The house is built large plain 3 storied. Here poor

Coleridge lived with him, and had his study (52  
at one end of the house while Southey was at the  
other. In front are two maple trees near the door  
planted by the Poet himself. The American species  
maple, of which I enclose some leaves, in this part  
white roses are in flower in these valleys too. The  
first I saw in bloom of this sort were at York,  
I believe the Red is the Lancaster, The Queen is perhaps  
of Lancaster, and derives its name from it as  
such. The ditchy covers at least partially, several  
counties. From the road we looked up a fine  
valley several miles to Cockermouth, which is just at  
the western limit of the Lake District, which is not  
over 25 miles across, generally, if so much. Scarcely  
Kewick we get a fine view of Derwent water  
close to us, 3 miles of moraine deep down in a  
basin of mountains. The hills are generally planted  
in rock patches of forest, and pheasants abound in  
some of them, plenty of Hares & Rabbits, but the moor  
lands have no heather for grouse. Saw a pheasant  
cross the road in great haste. We passed the Saddle  
back, a fine mountain; got a look up the steep  
tower looking vale of St. Johns, closed at the far  
end by a noble mountain, while the portal through  
which I saw it, was a space between two others of  
grand proportions. This scene reminded me of  
those about Tynardun, in the elongated of the  
albanian country. Little Thirlmere is by our side  
said to be at a greater elevation than any other  
in England. Mountain Tarns (ponds) are however  
in numerous instances far higher, hereabouts.  
Here we soon cross the foot of Helvellyn, a name  
worthy of note. It seems remarkable, that with the  
exception of 3 little lakes in Wales. I have not seen  
so much as a natural pond in England, besides  
those of this lake district. Gassmore is totally  
unspeakable. Such a gem as earth may well  
be proud to wear, right after it comes. By date  
not so big as a dozen of Christopher Roberson's pond  
has two islands, one big enough for two tall pine  
trees and a patch of shrubs, the other covered with  
a little forest, which is a heronry. The begins  
a sort of scattering valleys among trees, rose roses  
flowers. profuse thickets of roses as hedges in full  
bloom mixed with all manner of other delightful

things. One of the bright parts of the day must 53  
have fallen out and struck here. Chadsworth house  
is just what it ought to be. all beauty, simplicity,  
exemption from pretension of any sort! whether it  
be the residence of a poet or a nature loving peer  
and it would be almost hard to guess - near it  
is Doctor Arnold (of Rugby school) house "Foxhoves".  
This village that has an atmosphere one feels as  
the paper, is almost a suburb of the village Amble  
side, which is a lovely romantic old fashioned  
place, of about 1500 people. I enquire from Jim Lewis  
from Chadsworth, some for Miss Emily Hazard,  
a poet, <sup>an</sup> admirer of the poet may be gratified to  
have these relics. We see from about Amble side  
nearly all the principal mountains, The Seaw  
fell at their head. also Conistone, and Langdale  
Pike. Stone walls are numerous in the Lake dis-  
trict as well as hedges, around the fields. A fine new  
stone earth layer and with many towns across a  
hill on the bank of Windermere, just opposite this  
village. It belongs to Doctor Dawson of Liverpool.  
maire and row boats abound, skimming about  
the lake. Some orchard, and one I saw looks  
remarkably well & healthy. Many trees are not  
yet. Blackberries are blossoming. Miss Myers  
who has a house near here is a good shot and fond  
of shooting - I suppose she can beat Diana with  
such superior weapons, but not Miss Shannon.  
at Thursty I saw the name of "John Bigland"  
a few fields are mowing, the hay has a long  
straight heavy handle, very like the Highlanders.  
There is a little and ancient looking cross in the street  
by my most comfortable hotel, where both bread & butter  
will do to go with the scenery, and the folks too.  
at Keswick in the room where is exhibited a nice model  
of the Lake district, is kept a register for visitors, I  
saw the names of Rebecca D. Smith & Mr Stanpen  
May 29. This man prepares plants too & mounts them  
in books, one comprising all the ferns (in which the  
district is very rich) and some mosses, was priced 10/-  
I should have taken it if I could have carried it.  
a beautiful thing. The man is one of those who  
would put them up for nothing rather than desert  
the kind of life that finds & fixes them. I saw

The name of Mr. Harkruff. Harkruff is one of (54)  
the Wakefield places below Rendal on the Kent,  
Rigg, Fell Thwait and Kirby abound here. Kirby Lonsdale  
means church by Lonsdale - Rigg is probably Scotch  
for ridge. I noticed in the little stream flowing  
from Rydal water, strong stubs were driven in the  
bed of it, at intervals of some 5 or 6 feet. I noticed  
the same thing in Wales. A precaution against  
poachers, to keep them from dragging the water at  
night with nets for fish. 23<sup>d</sup>. I was sick last night  
and feared I should lose today - In our eleven months  
of journey here I have had the fortune to not lose a day  
by illness. A very rich soup yesterday with the aid  
of the efforts of taking less than my usual allowance  
of sleep for 3 nights nearly upset me. On getting up  
this morning I felt dreadfully, just as I have al-  
ways been accustomed to feel in America on  
early rising - After 3 hours more nap, I took the  
little steamer "Dragon Fly" the length of Windermere  
and back - 14 miles long is the lake and from 3/4 to  
a mile wide, in one place 1 1/4 miles. This lake with  
Coniston lake just west of it, 6 miles long, are  
probably as large as all the rest of the Lake district  
combined. Our steamer ran about 8 miles an hour  
not many passengers, and a very pleasant band  
of music - They at it might seem, the best  
band, to my ear, is at Birmingham, composed  
of resident artisans &c, I was playing delightfully  
when I was here, on the street. I met a very  
bright friend on the boat, she is related to Diana  
Shannon and says she was considered in England  
one of its most sensible women. I had not been on  
the dragon fly one minute before I thought a coal  
of fire had fallen on my hand; it proved to be one  
the house flies here quite similar. There with spotted  
wings, which we call Spanish, that live in vast num-  
bers in wet places and brooks in wood for unfortunate hun-  
ters and their riders. These, however, are confined  
to no particular spots, in the forest. They are  
singularly docile, on feeling one on the face he may  
be picked off with the same facility as if he  
were inanimate. I saw none other on the boat.  
Windermere is the deepest of the lakes as well as the  
largest being from 40 to 45 fathoms toward its South end

It has several little Islands, I saw of water first (5)  
only one flock of ducks - for this 14 miles 3/4 is charged  
with the privilege of returning in either of the boats  
The mouse appears a trifling bird, Goshawk is seen in  
flocks on the hills, Bonaparte is about 5 or 7 miles down  
near the rail station for Kendal H. Opposite to it  
is a lone Inn at a ferry that almost pulls one to its  
well shaded door, immediately by the beautiful water,  
Inn abound and doubtless 150 excellent row boats,  
Omnibuses run in all directions from Ambleside  
which is the most central point, beside being the  
most beautiful locality by far. Every thing here  
pours out of shades beaming with the perfumed  
light of acres of roses, House fronts entirely painted  
with them, the humblest. Mount ain Ash is common  
and all the English trees and shrubs, mainly, Low  
scrubby juniper bushes abound on the sides of the rocky  
hills. I went this afternoon to Conistone water  
about 8 miles from here, a lake 6 miles long  
slates are obtained there, also a large copper  
mine. The lake has a most peaceful aspect  
with beautiful slopes of gradual rise to the  
mountain bases - although no stream flows  
out of this lake, and I perceive there is no current  
yet a winding unrippled streak wound the  
whole length of the lake, as if covered with oil it  
was a distinct from the slightly rippled water ar  
ound it, and plainly marked as a stream way  
meadow. From the carriage at a high point, I  
could see down the vale of Derwent, nearly to  
Kerwick, "~~Kerwick~~" "Red-sick" a good deal of heath  
is among the hills as we wound about in the narrow  
road, delightful road, but the peat is  
in the gap in the damp swales, where some was  
being cut, but not much is here used I imagine, I saw  
several mounds, either Druid or Saxon, probably.  
I also went to the little quiet, retired, whitewashed  
village of Hawkshead, lying in a deep vale  
about 3 miles East of the Ferry across Windermere,  
Old Hawkshead Hall is nearby - looks very an  
cient - a farm house, with one Gothic window  
left, and an arched entrance on one side.  
Rather little East Thwaites lake is just out of  
Hawkshead. I saw some flowers I picked in the

outskirts of the village, or rather just within  
it. The pink one abounds on the way sides all over  
England - and is extremely beautiful, it is culti-  
vated in our garden I think. The yellow is buttercup.  
I have plenty of pine from Woodrington, which I will  
put in my package of such things, to go by ship,  
to Newman - I sent a small package No 4,  
a few days ago to John Davie Liverpool, to send  
to Newman Ho. of such matter, for me thing a  
piece of Byron Oak. I thought Saml. Poul might  
turn into something appropriate. I saw cherries  
near sea on a tree this evening - The weather is  
almost hot, among the hills in the sun, considered  
very much so by the natives. Scarcely here is even  
sowed forward - A few fields only mown, yet  
I saw two men mowing after 9 P.M. to night  
close by Woodrington house at Rydal Mount.  
I walked this evening to Rydal Mount about 1 1/2  
miles through a most delicious valley to be seen  
The neighbourhood of Rydal especially is a wonder.  
Art that has done so much there intrudes not upon  
nature in a manner to attract attention. The  
very house (all of them simple & pretty) do not  
remind one that nature has not done all.  
Every step of this ramble ~~was~~ <sup>developed some</sup> new encha-  
ntment, and to a poet must have given  
as often, a fresh inspiration. These folks ought  
not to be as other men, with such surroundings.  
I never was an admirer particularly of Woodrington  
poetry, but the man I venerate. I felt a  
most successful influence while at his house  
his garden, his walks, his solitary path there  
when he looked down on Rydal water a calm  
mirror (now) below, or pursued his way to his  
favourite retreat to Stab Sean, which looks  
down in its turn upon Rydal Mount - The  
house of Coleridge is just beyond in the valley  
on which we look from Woodrington garden -  
It, walked much at evening, was very kind  
and considerate to all. A nice sort of house  
keeper met me at the door & very kindly took me  
about. She could not admit me to Mr Woodrington



with, who is over 80, entirely blind and receives 57  
now but particular friend. I picked many things  
about the door some I enclosed in the last sheet  
among them the wild yellow puppy a favourite  
flower of the poet. Skipton 6 mo 24th

I left Ambleside this morning by coach 2 1/2 miles  
to old Penwith by the whole length of Ulleswater  
I think it as a whole the finest of the lakes. It is  
more Scotch in the grand view of its mountains  
at the South End from toward the North. The  
scenery on the west shore by which the road runs,  
close to the water all the way & generally without  
fence is more American than any I have seen.  
It has no spot however like Ambleside & Rydal.  
I have passed several small lakes or rather pools  
in the Lake district, names of which I have not  
mentioned. I recollect that on entering the door  
of Mrs Woodroffe's house at "Rydal Mt" Salve" is  
just within the threshold - on the way thither I saw  
a parsnip just in bloom that outstrips all  
gather the beautiful wild ones that grow to  
such enormous size on our sea shore. This was  
about 9 feet high with beautifully rich leaves,  
and the flower crown that made a sort  
dome (rather flat one) at the summit was  
fully 4 feet in diameter. <sup>The mustard plant is outdone.</sup> Ambleside was an  
old Roman station I hear, and that the mounds  
in the neighbourhood were probably made by  
these people. Wild Stomysuckles abound every  
where. I saw one red squirrel. Foxes are numerous  
otter ~~are~~ in the waters, but the wild cats are  
now exterminated. We passed 4 miles north of  
Ambleside, all the way up hill an Inn said  
to be the highest inhabited house (in position)  
in England - about 1700 feet. A point just  
above it looks 400 more. A sheep attracted by  
a little green spot (we could just see him but  
the keen eye of the shepherd was ~~cleared~~) had  
descended to it but could not get back again,  
a frequent occurrence - 2 men were dispatched

with us to be to extricate the prisoner, The ~~Clegg~~ 58  
"Clegs" (such is the name of the biting fly with  
which I became acquainted yesterday) were abun-  
dant to the top of this mountain, but are  
not so voracious as ours. A beautiful clear  
stream attended us down the other side.  
Small trout are numerous in some of them.  
Fishing here is generally public. Many trout  
are caught in a little scarp net, punched out  
from under stones with a stick and adroitly  
caught with the net in their flight. They bring  
now 8d per lb. The visiting season just com-  
mencing. When sheep are washed in the stream  
the trout are almost killed (those which happen  
to be near) so that they turn on their sides and  
backs to the great delight of boys. At Penrith  
stands a ruined Castle, destroyed by Cromwell  
of course. He doubtless destroyed very many.  
A Mr John Andrew, a ship owner of Sunderland  
occupied a seat with me on the coach top. He  
owns a dozen ships, has one now in Philadelphia, when  
Mr Walsby is his correspondent. He gave  
me his card and offer of service when I came to  
Sunderland, where they have built the largest  
dock in this Kingdom at ~~an~~ great expense,  
entirely reclaimed from the sea. Yet when  
it was finished, the pious bishop of Durham  
set up a claim of 20,000 £. He is Lord of the  
manor, which confers rights of minerals, claims  
upon ~~the~~ a land grown out of sea or rivers,  
and a payment ~~for~~ of a certain amount, in  
proportion to the sale, for all transfers of land,  
within the manor. These indigent people  
finding themselves liable to legal plunder  
compromised the matter by paying 8000 £. As  
far as piracy as one could well conceive of.  
The land about Sunderland has what they call  
"the Parson's blight" being dean and chapter land.  
There can only be let on 7 years leases, and at the  
expiration of 3 of these leases, the property is re-  
valued, and all houses and other improvements  
that may have been made at the expense of the

tenant, become property of the Church and (59)  
rents increased accordingly. This discourges all  
and improvements are not made if they can be  
avoided. This poison runs all over the country  
the worst place spot it has. The poor rate in  
Sunderland during the depopulation of about 1837  
amounted to 25/ per pound sterling of on two  
thirds of the amount of rent paid by the keepers  
or any body else in the place - This one thing caused  
the failure of many in small trade - The indirect  
mode of rating the tax is rather remarkable, but  
less so here than it would be with us. If a man  
pays 300 £ rent his poor rate was 25/ per £ on  
200 £, making an addition of 250 £ to a 300 £  
rental. Farm land then rent at 5 £ per acre  
(in small parcels I think) beside about 1 £ per acre  
for taxes in form of Poor rate corporation, and other  
local burdens - The National are yet to be added.  
yet the owner gets about 3 per cent only on the estimated  
value of the land. It is a great mistake, I believe,  
to suppose interest on money is lower in England  
than in America - American 8 per cent is paid by  
labour at 6/ per day - English 2 1/2 per cent is paid  
by labour at 2/ per day - Bank interest is now  
6 to 7 per cent and has been so for some time.  
I doubt if it permanently settles much be low  
existing rates, at least in a long time. As we  
passed a bridge out of ~~West~~ Westmoreland on a Caravan  
at the end of it we read "Welcome to Cumbria  
berland" I did not enquire the price of it.  
From Penrith to Lancaster most of the country  
is high and wild, Kendal looked very prettily  
by its pretty stream in the deep rich valley  
as we passed, we stopped some minutes at the  
Station, high above it. Lancaster is on the "Lune"  
formerly Lon, whence Lancaster, More - comb,  
bay is in sight of it and the rail passes a little  
way along its shore, I notice our big blaisies in  
great abundance in the roads in England, but  
they appear to be generally cleared from the fields.  
I saw a few factories at Lancaster, and a few on

with who is now blind, and sees no one but <sup>57</sup>  
has an in this neighbourhood, but I am not <sup>60</sup>  
yet within that radius of 30 miles that includes  
nearly 3 millions of people, chiefly operatives.  
Farm fences all day have been chiefly stone  
wall, as well as yesterday. Frequently very high and  
heavy, even in the richest & most uncultivated  
districts. Most of Yorkshire that I have seen is  
very pretty and often high wild moors of heath  
on high bleak hills, where grouse abound,  
a great many of these birds are imported by the  
game dealers from Norway, which must tend  
rather to embarrass the efficacy of game laws.  
Woodcock are shot in great numbers about  
Sunderland, when they ~~leave~~ from Norway, glad  
to rest. A great deal of Yorkshire has comparatively  
little wood, but not so bare as Massachusetts.  
It is much in a state of nature, as compared with  
England generally. The hills are remarkably green here  
and adapted to dairy. Farm wages are 18/ to 16/  
per week without board. A reservoir is being con-  
structed for in this neighbourhood, for the great  
manufacturing town of Bradford. The common la-  
bourer ~~there~~ on this work has 4/ to 5/ per day.  
Ship carpenters in Sunderland at present have the  
same. Common carpenters in 1832 had only 18/  
~~per~~ per week during the great depression of 3/  
which nevertheless is ~~as much as we pay more~~  
than was paid in Rhode Island in 1830.  
I am at the "Craven Inn" and saw the name  
of Coward somewhere on a sign, to day. The old  
Castle of Skipton is on the edge of this town large  
and very good. I walked 6 miles out to see  
Bolton Abbey - It is prettier than Fountains,  
~~but~~ and built of the same material apparently,  
much smaller however. Like most of these insti-  
tutions, it stands by the "Wharfe" in its beautiful  
valley, with a pretty cataract running down an  
opposite bank, of considerable height, but small.  
In perpetuity, the Duke of Devonshire has a modern

carte by it, without beauty or care around (61  
it, as if to contrast as much as possible with his  
Chatsworth. At Lancaster Station, strawberries  
that looked not half ripe, were offered on cabbage  
leaves, about a coffee cup full for 6d, I found  
them remarkably sweet. In the last sheet  
before this I put some Ivy leaves from the toll  
wall of Bolton Abbey. It is more interesting to  
me than Fountains. There are Martineale Hills  
amid the lake district, or something of the sort by that  
name. A stream blue as lead itself was flowing  
into Ullswater, I was told came from a very  
rich & large lead mine near at hand.  
On my delightful walk amid high heaps  
of lead, to Bolton Abbey, I was appalled by some  
a lapwing, that pounced upon me with a  
scream just as our Black birds do when  
one pounces near their nest in some tall rush.  
This interesting bird flies with great grace  
and ease, very much in the manner of a  
fish hawk, which bird he strongly resembles  
when immediately over one, and has one note  
like the complaining pipe of the hawk, and  
another like that of a Kitten when desperately  
strayed away or lost. The very oldest looking geese  
I have seen, is near the Ullswater. Its trunk has divided  
strangely until it looks like a large cluster of small  
trunks queerly twisted together, and the crown of  
the tree very much enfolded to it. The Fox  
gloves, on side hills on ledges of rocks especially,  
cover the ground and are very brilliant, more  
so than with us, but I see no wild white ones,  
and not yet in a garden even.

Hull 6 mo 25<sup>th</sup>, 37

I arrived here about 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  P.M. 116 miles from  
Skipton by a somewhat circuitous route as far  
as Leeds. Hull has 84000 people, is 21 miles from  
the Sea, and has extensive docks full of vessels.  
Some large, there being 15 feet at dead low water  
up to the town from the sea, and the tide rises 25  
feet beside. There are 72 Sea steamers belonging to the  
port - trade is exceedingly dull in all sea ports here

but there are hundreds of vessels in the docks, I think, (62)  
The hotel is immediately by the dock mouth and near  
a dozen handsome sea steamers entered the docks  
just before sunset, the tide then fairly, a very  
pretty sight to see, and several vessels went out too.  
The wharves outside are used at all times of tide.  
The wharf at one of these just under our window is  
the *Atalanta* plying to Gainsborough 40 miles up  
the *Humber & Trent*, a vessel really refreshing to  
see being painted like one of the older times in  
the long striped watermelon style, and in particularly  
pleasing taste, as well as showy. The *Bluff* above  
the alluvials on both sides the *Humber* are of  
chalk, and the river itself a bay far above this.  
The country from Skipton to near Tordmorden is very  
rich in pretty slopes and vales, it then becomes  
a gorge deeper and deeper until the sides  
are almost mountains. Manufactures of  
various sorts continue to Leeds about which  
and for some miles this side the country is  
particularly rich and beautiful, then for  
40 miles an almost dead level and proba-  
bly not much above high water of the *Humber*.  
Wheat is heading out and I saw trees not far  
this side of Leeds red with delicious looking  
cherries, some very fine looking ones were in  
a shop at Burnley a pretty large manufacturing  
town 17 miles this side of Skipton. Tordmorden  
Hall looks like the engraving I have seen of it  
in America, an old fashioned comfortable  
looking house of no large size that makes one  
ask why it should have been published, a Doll,  
Taylor now occupies it. Near the Copley Sta-  
tion I saw a large 5 story stone mill (some  
250 feet long) built upon an ~~inclined~~ inclined  
plane (instead of perpendicularly) conforming to the  
ground on which it stood. The corners were per-  
pendicular but the lines of windows are not  
horizontal nor is the roof, and I presume the  
floors are not. I could not learn the object of so  
peculiar a construction. For miles in this

2 neighbourhood the rail passes through hills (63)  
by a succession of tunnels, several of which  
are quite long. The smoke of the whole district  
as far as Leeds is quite intolerable. The sky is  
darkened and the air perfumed with it.  
By the way the air to day has been perfect balm  
and I slept last night on an a simple sheet,  
a feather bed to be seen, for Mattress have not  
reached further than the great thoroughfares  
of England yet, in the hotels. Halifax is also  
a large manufacturing town, where is just finished a  
most beautiful gothic church, with the most  
graceful & perfect spire too I have ever seen.  
This new church contrasts very strongly with a  
very good sample of those of older date, that  
stands not far from it in the same town, which  
is likewise quite pretty near the top.  
Low moor is on a hill, a great Iron town where  
the shot were cast for the Russian war, and some  
of the cannon. Near by it is Bradford with its  
Cherney stalks thick as Cyprus Rush in a  
Slipshippie Swamp - ~~It~~ nearly 100,000 people  
are there. The town makes almost exclusively  
"Stuffs" which I find are such fabrics made of  
Wool as women wear, light textiles. Bradford is  
just about the extremity of the 30 mile radius of  
which Manchester is the centre, and which comprises  
nearly 300,000 of human beings. There is great  
uneasiness at the scarcity and high prices and pro-  
fits of cotton. Some meetings have been held. I  
suspect the inferior India cotton will be much  
increased in quantity if high prices continue.  
There is some heather on the hills, the fields are  
more well or than hedged through often both. On  
the hill slopes stand acres together of oak trees  
that have been lately peeled even the branches  
being left on them, as far as they would bear boys  
to strip their bark. The rest is cut off & piled on the  
ground. The effect is rather ghastly and reminds  
me of a butcher's shop. In Leeds I saw Marshall's  
celebrated one storied mills for spinning flax thread.  
The establishment has only the ground floor, on which

(64)

The machinery is operated that oscillation may be avoided as far as practicable in the spinning. The swaying of upper rooms, it is said, causes the thread in this nice description of threads to kink and knot. In the great manufacturing districts I have passed through, the mills are generally good enough apparently, and some are rather handsome, but none that I have seen will compare architecturally with our finest. The houses of the operatives appear comfortable, but are generally in long blocks, which are not so nice as separate ones. This however is the case very often with ours. At Selby on the Ouse is a very great old church, that looks as if it had been a cathedral in its day - especially as the land is a rich alluvial for miles about it. There is less attention at the stations in the manufacturing districts, as a rule, to passengers than in other portions of Britain. At not one half of them is notice given of even the changes of carriages, much more the names of the places - There are always marked on the station to be sure, but generally they are cried also. I think there are many more changes of carriages here than with us, for the branch roads are every few miles. I have found 2 stations lately where change did appear to be provided at the Booking office, but Burnby to day, no water could be obtained to drink, "Some one has stolen the pipe of the filter" was the apology. I remember, however, there was no water at the station at Glenheim so much visited. I notice a peculiarity in much of Yorkshire, country and people more like Americans. I was thinking to day how rarely I met with festschmen in England, but I find one at this inn, just returned from a Russian tour, and in the Baltic countries. There is a large trade here in both Baltic and American timber. I observe the ends of the piles of plank are covered with coarse Sisal baling cloth, nailed on, to prevent cracking I suppose. This has been a hot seasoning day, so considered here. I think it about right, the



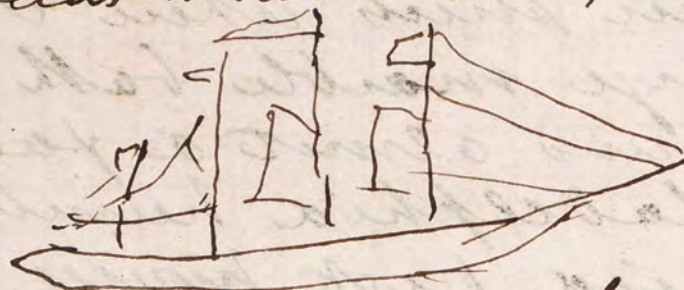
Sea breeze is very grateful, with all the heat (65  
the sky is quite murky - no clear day, but the  
weather is considered remarkably favourable for  
hay making which is beginning. I got some nice  
strawberries for tea, and hope to get cherries tomorrow.  
In one of the main streets where I went to get  
a very nice large marble bath of warm  
water for y, I found almost a fac simile of  
some of the Philadelphia humble streets  
of nice two storied brick houses, even to the  
pilasters each side of the door, & wide shaded  
street & side walks &c. I have now been pretty  
much over England, probably have seen as much  
of this Island (superficially) as ~~any other person~~  
native or otherwise. A years (nearly) of experience  
has only made me love the country more and  
more, <sup>& more</sup> admire and respect its people the better  
I have become acquainted with them, while at the  
same time I have grown stronger and stronger  
in ~~my~~ disapprobation of many of their institu-  
tions. I have no doubt however that the better  
we are acquainted with any people, or with  
human nature at large, the more we shall  
shed any prejudices we may have against them.  
I should leave England with greater regret if  
I had no expectation of returning, I shall carry  
from it most pleasing memories and I hope to  
not soon forget the grateful feelings the ever  
and uninterrupted kindness of its people has  
inspired. I have taken my passage on board  
a Swedish liner, a nice looking steamer, for  
Christiana, to sail at high tide, from the dock,  
tomorrow evening about 9 P. M., her name is  
"Ganga Rolf" but I will give you a copy of my  
ticket (for which I pay 3 guineas, meals not included),  
and men you will perhaps know as much about  
it as I do myself. An English one runs every  
other Friday. Hull is a very central point for both  
coasters and foreign steamers - and I find its  
people very obliging and as every where else in

This Country, immediately particularly (66  
Kind on finding I am a foreigner,  
But here is the delight term I promised you

Brevbefordring Det

Søndeffjelds-norske dampskibsselskab

No



Mr. J. P. Hazard has engaged in  
Frugt spd skill. sam Papager paa  
late Plads med Dampskibet Tange Rolf  
for at afgaae den 26/27 Jun 1857  
midday herfra til den 25 June 1857 "

If your Station should fail you in this matter  
you have only to send for the member of the  
Dighton Rock, or I dare say the founder of  
the "old mill" can set all right.

As I was enjoying the delicious air on the  
fine large balcony of the Skipton on this morning  
a gentleman came in called for breakfast &  
I soon learned he had already come this day  
from Kendal, I found him a well educated  
gentleman of good sense and much reflection.  
Having finished his breakfast he ordered his carri-  
age, shook hands with me and left, I followed  
him to the door when he was just on the point  
of driving off, when I asked him if he knew  
John Wakefield of Sedgwick. ~~Centenary~~  
he is my father in law. I remarked I had  
dined with him in December last with Mr  
Cupper and Mrs, and I was to have dined  
with you but missed it, give me your hand  
again, when are you going, "my train does  
not start for 3/4 hour said I" I will go to the  
Station and wait with you & have ~~some~~ talk.  
He staid till the train started, a most hearty  
young fellow, most cordially hoping we should  
meet in Kendal again, which is probable.

He gave me his card, A. D. Knightley,  
 I had a letter from James Tait of Golspie, this  
 evening. He has been a carpenter for Duke of  
 Sutherland, & cabinet maker. I rather think he is ingenious, and  
 worthy - He desires advice about America,  
 intending soon to emigrate, I shall advise  
 him to go to New England where it is healthy,  
 work there until he can learn about the west  
 for himself, and how to protect himself from  
 it, should he decide to settle in that part  
 of the country. Should he go to South Kingston  
 I think R. G. H. or S. Rosman might find him  
 with trying. I believe they are always in want of  
 carpenters - This is a young man -  
 Jan 1857 - had 9 days in which I saw no rain  
 Feb \_\_\_\_\_ 23  
 March \_\_\_\_\_ 16  
 April \_\_\_\_\_ 7  
 May \_\_\_\_\_ 23  
 June to date 13 out of 26 days  
 26th

A most lovely morning I am in a nice & story  
 room looking out on the harbour of Hull, ships  
 steaming to & are going in all directions, a band of  
 music is on a pier near at hand and a light breeze  
 fanning all in the heat that is delicious enough  
 without the music. A man of war fired a few  
 minutes ago a full broadside, that seemed as in  
 cessive as a drunken brawl in a quaker meeting.  
 This people groans for every shot that is fired, yet  
 they will shoot - Such is human nature - Most of them  
 are men who speak of the late and other wars, remark  
 it cost a great deal deal to be seen, but no body  
 feels it - Yet not a paper is issued that is not de  
 viding some remission of oppressive taxes, the poor  
 rates are in every month, reach every pocket, while  
 crime grows so rampant under the influence of war  
 and papers of its sort that more than half the na  
 tion is sometimes frightened at the future. The  
 church is very anxious about the matter and  
 very believes that unless its efforts are extended  
 its resources and revenues increased, there things  
 will come to a very fearful head, and do not

seem ask if empty stomachs be not a cause. I believe that beer & whiskey detrac fully 15 per cent from the productive power of England, yet I am fully persuaded they are a far less evil than that of the established church, I am satisfied if the latter could be extirpated (and in its present form it is certain to be) breweries and distilleries would be soon disarms. But this preposterous endeavor, pretending itself sufficient unto all things, discounteracting with it most unfortunate influences whatever emanates elsewhere, retard all, although, paradoxical it may seem, the nation as such loathes very name of Church and its blasphemous pretensions. We will see before long - By the way a monastic institution is just being commenced that intend to rival those of the day of Furnace, Fountains or Linton. I hear one fellow in the street this morn- day to another, "I never knew an old man but that he always knew more than any body else"; I think this a good sign. It is time the old should cease to govern to the extent they have <sup>done</sup>, let the young come in for a share, who do most of the work and ought to have some of the pay. I will be satisfied to eat such strawberries in cream as I have just had for breakfast, those ripe now are like our Havy seedlings but not so large, They are sweeter though. I do not hear from Isaac & Mary so I suppose they are yet on the continent. I do not know how I shall move when I get there - travel becomes labour, waste discomfort, confusion, to me if plans are to be pursued - Even the rough sketches of them that I had marked, have had no effect on my movements, and for me I am sure it is the best way to have nothing to do with them - I hope you are enjoying this fine season of the year in New Port. The air here to day is like it - The only draw back I see is the coffee colour of every part of the Harbour, caused by the great tides over the mud flats, I suppose. Your affection brother

Give a spray of the plants from Rydale about to Miss Anne King (corner of Church St) with my compliments.

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Hawkweed











From Amblowade  
6m 22-57









