

**A TOUR THROUGH CANADA AND
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:
CONTAINING MUCH VALUABLE
INFORMATION TO INTENDING
EMIGRANTS AND OTHERS**

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A Tour through Canada and the United States of America: Containing Much Valuable Information to Intending Emigrants and Others by J. B. Loudon

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J. B. LOUDON

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At the request of a numerous circle of friends I have consented to re-produce, in the form of a small volume, my letters, written while making a tour through Canada and the United States of America, and which appeared at the time, in a condensed form, in one of our local newspapers.

Although it gives a truthful account of my travels and experiences, I am conscious that it also contains not a few literary inaccuracies, which I sincerely hope my readers will excuse, as I make no pretensions whatever to literature, but write it in my usual plain, homely, style.

Coventry,

April 10th, 1879.

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CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

I LEFT Coventry, for Liverpool, bound for America, upon the Eighth of May, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy Eight. The weather, which had been for some weeks quite delightful changed that morning to rain, which, unfortunately, continued to pour down all day long, making everything and everybody quite miserable.

Thursday, 9th.—Rain still pouring down, but by 12 o'clock the sun breaks through and there is every appearance of fine weather. This being the day for sailing, I make my way for the landing-stage, get on board the tender, and very soon find myself on the deck of the s.s. "Sardinian," belonging to the Allan Line of steamers, and which is certainly one of the finest ships and one of the most comfortable I ever sailed in. She seems to be crowded with emigrants from Germany and Scotland; very few from England. Her steerage passengers number about three or four hundred, and about sixty cabin. Miss McPhearson is on board, and about fifty boys and girls from the Spitalfields Refuge, London. They are

principally made up of what are called "gutter" children. They must have been well seen to since they were taken from their filthy homes, as they look the picture of health and happiness. About 3.30 all is in readiness for sailing. The tender is about to return. The bell has rung, giving notice to the friends of the passengers, who have come out to have a few parting words, that it is time to return. I witness many sorrowful partings, which, however, are of short duration, as the tender is soon off, and almost immediately our anchor is weighed, and we bid farewell to England for the present. As the weather is still fine the sail along the coast is delightful. I amuse myself all the afternoon pacing the deck, and occasionally mix with the various groups of steerage passengers; but being unable to speak the German language I make but small progress amongst them. Towards evening most of the passengers have completed their domestic arrangements for the voyage, and are nearly all assembled on deck. The scene is to me one of great interest. Most of the cabin passengers are walking about enjoying the sail. Near the funnel I observe Miss McPhearson sitting down on the deck with the children all round her, each with a hymn book in its hand. Miss McPhearson is giving out the hymns, which are sung by the children very nicely. A little to the rear of the funnel another group is being entertained with some very stirring comic songs from a half-drunken English

emigrant. Near to them are a few young men and women singing Sankey and Moody's hymns, their voices all blending very nicely together. I then stroll to the extreme end of the vessel, where I observe a very large assemblage of German lads and lasses; they have made a ring and are going in for their native dances, to the music of a flutina, which is being played by one of themselves with a great deal of skill and clearness. By this time the shades of evening come upon us, when we retire to spend our first night at sea.

May 10th.—Up soon after daylight, and find we are sailing near the Irish coast, which, in the distance, does not seem very pretty. A gentleman tells me it looks much better when sailing nearer the shore, so that in this case distance does *not* "lend enchantment to the view." By six o'clock we are sailing very close to the Irish shore, and will soon be in Loch Foyle. The view of the Irish coast from this shorter distance is very fine, proving the truth of the remark made to me by my friend, that Ireland improves in appearance the nearer you get to it. Arriving in Lough Foyle we cast anchor about a mile and a half from Moville. Here we have to wait until 4 o'clock in the afternoon for the arrival of the Mail bags from Londonderry. Many of the passengers go on shore in small boats to pass a few hours in Ireland. They all return much pleased with their visit; many of the ladies have brought back large bunches of wild flowers. I feel some