

**NOTES OF A THREE  
MONTHS'  
TOUR IN AMERICA**

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Notes of a Three Months' Tour in America by Ethel Leach

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**ETHEL LEACH**

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J. R. Small

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OF A  
THREE MONTHS' TOUR  
IN  
AMERICA  
BY  
ETHEL LEACH.

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A NATION IS NOT TO BE MEASURED BY ITS GREAT  
ATTEMPTS, BUT BY WHAT IT DAILY ACCOMPLISHES.

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GREAT YARMOUTH :

THE "MERCURY" PUBLISHING OFFICE.

1883.

TO  
GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, Esq.,

BUT, FOR WHOSE CONSIDERATE KINDNESS

IN INVITING ME

TO ACCOMPANY HIS DAUGHTER TO AMERICA,

THESE CHAPTERS

COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.

B. L.

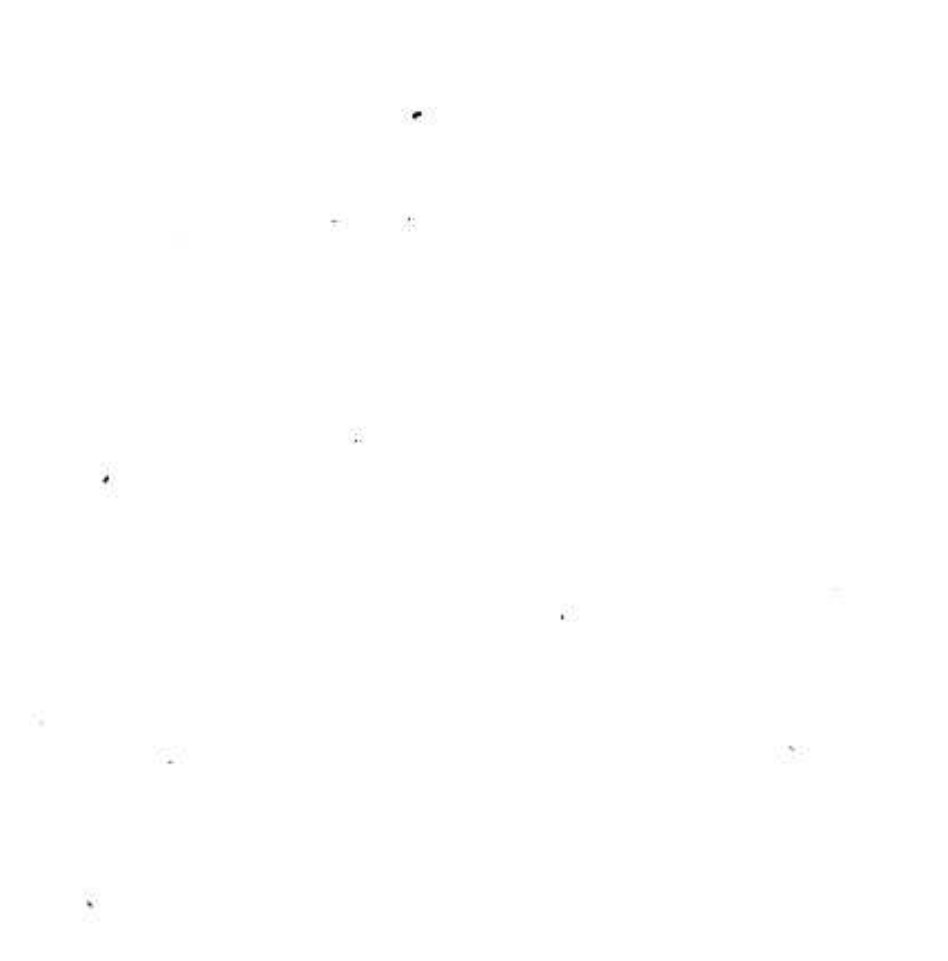


FIG. 10. Same as in Fig. 9, but for monthly precipitation anomalies. The seasonal cycle is clearly visible, with positive anomalies in the winter months and negative anomalies in the summer months.

## P R E F A C E .

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The interest taken in matters relating to America, encourages most people who go there to give some description of things seen, and places visited. When I set out upon my journey to America nothing was further from my thoughts than to write a book, but the fact that I travelled under exceptionally favourable circumstances, induced the belief that I should find something unusually interesting to write about. These chapters appeared in a local newspaper under the title of "Ninety Days in America." That they have, I fear, fallen far short of what was expected, is owing to my inability to do justice to the things that came under my notice. I did not go to America with any ambitious desire of educating her people, or of observing and pointing out their faults; I was too anxious to find out what was admirable in the people and their customs, and my stay was so limited that any grave faults they had escaped my notice, or were counterbalanced by what I perceived to be their virtues. In what I have written, I do not pretend to say that such things *are*, but that *thus*, they appeared to me.



Words would fail me to express my sense of the hospitality and kindness of Canadians and Americans towards me, a stranger, with nothing to recommend me beyond the fact that I was the friend of, and travelling in company with one, whom they revered and respected as scholar, philanthropist, and gentleman; and when I saw the shores of America sinking beneath the waves of the Atlantic, I realised how necessarily imperfect had been my acquaintance with her, and how bright a picture the friendships formed, and love engendered, would furnish for memory to rest upon.

E. L.

# NINETY DAYS IN AMERICA.

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## CHAPTER I.

OBJECT.—APPEARANCE OF NEW YORK.—MANHATTAN.—  
LONG BEACH.—RAILWAY CAR.—NIAGARA FALLS.

**A**MONG my strongest inducements to visit America were the opportunities that would be afforded me for examining the educational facilities of the country, and thus far I have been abundantly gratified. I travelled in the company of Miss Holyoake and Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, whose object in this country is to make enquiries and obtain statistics, on behalf of the English Government, relative to emigration, and the reception that has been accorded us is owing to the high estimation in which Mr. Holyoake is held by the American people. The sun was shining with a brilliancy unknown in England as the *Seydlitz* steamed into the Hudson. A deputation of gentlemen was waiting at the Dock to receive us, and interviewers, note-book in hand, were soon busy with my friend. The streets of New York present a foreign appearance, reminding me more of Paris than of any English city I had visited, but the French would never suffer their streets to be disfigured by elevated railroads; these, supported by an iron

frame-work, extend on a level with the second floor windows of the houses and shops in most of the principal streets of the city, and are from 25 to 60 feet high, and a train of carriages, 200 feet long, turns the street corners in mid air, at the rate of 20 miles an hour, with as much ease as a tramcar on an ordinary road. It was with considerable trepidation that I ventured into one, for it is difficult to believe that the thread-like structure will not give way altogether, but for speed and comfort it is much to be preferred to omnibus and tramcars. In England we have no room for the points of the compass, but out here one needs to be acquainted therewith. Upon inquiring for a place I was somewhat perplexed at being told to take a bob tail car going East. The heat of New York was such that we were glad to escape, and accepted the invitation of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson (a lady revered in America for her countless acts of charity and magnificence) to spend a few days with her at the Manhattan Beach Hotel. We have nothing in England resembling this watering place, its features are purely American. Four years since Manhattan Beach was a sandy bog, but a company of speculators constructed a railway, erected an immense hotel, entirely of wood, beautiful in form, with broad lofty corridors, magnificent reception rooms, and a dining-room that will accommodate 1500 persons. The frontage of the hotel is 740 feet, and a broad piazza extends its whole length. A magnificent band daily discoursed sweet music, and displays of fireworks were provided to attract visitors. Manhattan is ten miles from New York, and is part of an island (Long Island) 120 miles long and from eight to twenty miles wide.