

**GLIMPSES IN AMERICA, OR, THE
NEW WORLD AS WE SAW IT: WITH
NOTICES OF THE EVANGELICAL
ALLIANCE, THE PACIFIC RAILWAY
AND CALIFORNIA**

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Glimpses in America, or, The new world as we saw it: with notices of the Evangelical Alliance, the Pacific Railway and California by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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GLIMPSSES IN AMERICA;

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WITH

NOTICES OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, THE
PACIFIC RAILWAY, AND CALIFORNIA.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S TRUE BEATITUDE."

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2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD;

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1875.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is not a diary, nor is it a book of travel. It is certainly very much of the nature of both. Yet it is not exactly either; for it eschews the inevitable egotism of the one, and the inherent, and often dry and enfeebling, details of the other.

Indeed, the work is just what it says it is,—a series of glimpses,—of glimpses caught, not with the eyes of others, nor through the too often obfuscating *media* of other people's lucubrations, but caught with our own eyes, and reproduced with as much exactness as scenes and events transferred with fidelity to writing usually have.

Should any one ask why the book has been written, our answer is ready. Some books have been written to inform, some to amuse, and some to edify; but this has been written to accomplish all three. With what success, our readers will judge.

DUNDALE, 1875.



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CHAPTER I.

TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.

WHAT a beautiful morning!—so still, so genial, and withal so cheerful with the song of birds, and with the clear yet mellow radiance of an early autumn sun. Yet we confess to a feeling of sadness; for, with a thoughtful sense of the changeful and uncertain nature of all things mortal, we are leaving friends, and home, and native land.

The morning meal, quickly despatched, is followed by a hasty adieu to those we love, and soon after six o'clock we are sitting in a train that steams swiftly and smoothly 'twixt green and yellow fields, and by quiet farmsteads, whose drowsy inmates are scarcely yet astir. But as we proceed, the day changes, giving us clouds and murky mists, and pattering rain instead of sunshine; and at 10 a.m., amid falling showers, and streaming and muddy streets, we find ourselves in the old and far-famed city of Cork.

A few hours after we are on our way to Queens-town, where we arrive at 5 p.m. Soon our luggage is safely stowed away in the office of the steamship company, and ourselves in the Queen's Hotel; and, having supped with an old acquaintance, who, in glowing words, has told us much of America, its cities, its people, and its social customs, we retire