

Friday April 20th.

We called and had dinner at Wm. Waters who married John Woodward's sister Nanny. She made us each a glass of punch and we sat by the first log-fire which was blazing finely, that I have ever seen. We had a good dinner, they were making soap, the women were. He has a good farm. John Woodward's farm joins on to it. They are both good ones. The land is uneven but most of it can be ploughed. It is mostly in grass however and is very good land. Thomas Woodward has bought a part of it and rents the other part of his father. We called there and looked around, then started for home and got there in time for supper and found Mrs. Woodward and their daughter Bessie quite well.

Sat 21st.

Went out to Medina on horseback to see if my trunk had come; it had not and did not, though I waited till the last train had come in. I telegraphed to the Baggage Master at Elyria to know if it had come there but got no reply.

Sun 22nd.

Went to Chapel with Mr. Woodward in the morning and afternoon. He introduced me to Metcalfe Bell, brother to John Bell before mentioned of Dubuque. He is called a Squire, being a Justice of the peace.

Mon 23rd.

I have been helping John Woodward in the garden which he ploughed in the forenoon. I saw some potato bugs. They are an oval shaped insect, like a small strong beetle striped with black and a creamy white behind and spotted about the head with white. I am going to Medina tomorrow, to see whether my trunk is there and if not, to Elyria and if I cannot hear of it there, I shall have to get a pass perhaps to Chicago. I gave Mr. John Woodward £24.0.0 in gold to keep for me until my return.

Tues 24th.

Bessie Brunskill went with me to Medina and leaving me there, she drove forward to her sister's (Mary Van Orman) place. There was no trunk there so I took the train for Elyria, and sent a telegram to Chicago inquiring for my trunk but got no reply. I took a walk through the town and among the residences across the river. The houses were good, and their grounds were planted with all sorts of trees mostly pines. I never saw any trees more handsome than these, the branches hung down to the ground. I noticed a larch, and several old forest trees which had been protected. The birds were singing in the branches, but they are not good songsters. There is a waterfall in the river which is about 48 feet high. The rock from which it falls is a fine compact freestone. On one side of the ravine there was an immense block of stone which fell out of the scar some two years ago. It was estimated to weigh 12,000 tons, I was told by a fisherman. After again inquiring about the trunk and getting my valise at the hotel, I took the cars for York and walked from there to Mr. Van Ormans, where I stayed all night. Mrs. Mary Van Orman is stout and slightly like Dinah Woodward.

Wed. 25th.

I looked over their farm in the morning and then to the train again to Elyria to inquire after my baggage; the "operator" had not got any reply so he offered to give me back the "quarter" which I had given him to push the matter. He advised me to go to Cleveland, to the head Baggage Master (John H. Freeman) who, he told me, had control over the baggage department at Chicago. So I got my dinner at Brebee's Hotel and then took the

cars to Cleveland, my through ticket which I got from Dubuque carried me over this part of the line. The land along the road was good and almost level.

I saw several strikers idling away their time sitting on some lumber. Mr. Freeman was not in the baggage-room when I got there, he soon came in though, and inquired most particularly into the circumstances of my travel from Dubuque, where I checked the trunk to, &c. and was very kind indeed, assuring me that I should soon have my trunk. He sent a telegram in his own name inquiring if it was in the Lake Shore Depot at Chicago, with instructions to forward it at once to Elyria. In the event of its not being found there, then, he would send another telegram, with instructions to inquire of the conductor of train no. 6 whether he had the check or where he had sent the baggage to &c. Mr. Freeman gave me his card so that I could write to him and I gave him my address. I told him that I was an Englishman and not much accustomed to checking baggage. He inquired how we managed our baggage in England. Altogether he was most gentlemanly and a fine-looking American. Not having much time to spare I could not see much of the town, I could see the lake and a vessel at a distance, the water came close up to the station. I got back to Medina by the 5.55 train in the evening and Bessie Brunskill was there waiting to drive me home, being on her way thither herself.

Thurs 26th.

John Woodward and I went out into an old forest to get some young maple trees. We took the horse and buggy. There were some splendid old trees growing, and many an old fossil giant was lying lang streakt rotting on the ground. I thought of the Indians who used to ramble among them when growing, in the days not long gone by. We found some 5 nice young trees which we dug up, and brought home. After dinner Mr. Woodward took me over to Wadsworth, to his son John's for who he got the young trees. We planted one at home before starting. Young John Woodward is a dealer in ready-made clothes and cloth &c. He and his partner do a good business. After planting the trees Mr. Woodward went back to Sharon, with the understanding that he was to send his buggy for me on Saturday. We had lake herrings to supper. They were some which Bessie Brunskill sent over with us. She bought 40 pounds of them, for 1 dollar. They are a very good fish weighing about 1lb each. There has been a great temperance revival here called the Murphy Movement, great numbers have taken the pledge, including most of the business men in the town.

Friday 27th

John Woodward Jr. and I took a walk through the village across the line, and into some old forest. The old trees average about 120 feet in length having very long boles and most of their branches towards the top. There was one old fallen monster so rotten that I could crumble it up with my fingers. We pulled up some half dozen young beech trees as we supposed, but when we got them home, we were told that they were dogwood, by some old settlers who are supposed to know. I still think, however, that they are probably beech. I was introduced to Jas. Daykin, son of Ann Daykin, John Woodward's sister. I could see a very strong resemblance to some of the Daykins at home to whom he is related. I saw Mr. Ferryman who married John Woodward's sister. They both invited me to visit them. In passing a fishmonger's shop, I asked J.W. Jr. the name of a large fish which the man was cleaning. He told us it was a pickerel from Lake Huron. John bought one. It would weigh 8 or 10 pounds. We had it to dinner. I considered it very good eating. In the afternoon J.W. Jr. and his wife and Dr. Everhard and his wife drove out

some ten miles south to give me a view of the country in that direction. I was very much pleased with the scenery which is of a broken character with plenty of old forest, and good farms. It is also a coal region. The seam which is wrought being on an average 4 feet thick and of good quality. It lies in the hills and misses the hollows, which have been made since it was deposited. It is easy to get by driving levels. It is generally let at a royalty of 20c per ton, and will realize to the lessor about 1000\$ per acre. The roads here are narrower than in Iowa. The fences are nearly all made of split rails and called worm-fences. The barns are very large and good, but the cattle are nothing particular to look at. We saw some Southdown sheep. We hitched the horses to a post and went out on a boat on a little but very pretty lake of about 10 acres. We thought of fishing for black bass but were doubtful whether they would bite. We should also have been late had we done so. The Black Bass is considered here to be one of the very best of fishes. I have not had the chance of tasting it yet. We passed several collieries, and the cottages of the miners. They draw the coal out with mules. We had a basket of apples to eat on the way. The Dr.'s wife commenced to sing. She has a good voice, the rest excepting me joined in. I did not know any of their songs.

Sat 28th.

Spent most of the forenoon in writing up my diary which was 3 or 4 days behind, after which I went up to John's store. John's wife is a nice looking woman, brought up in the same neighbourhood he was. They have two children, a boy and a girl. In the afternoon Bessie Woodward's little boy came for me with the buggy. We had some heavy rain before starting. Still in suspense about my trunk.

Sun 29th

Mr. John Woodward and I went out some 6 or 7 miles to see James Hammond who is a great friend of his. We met him on the road coming to look after some sheep and lambs. He rode back with us. Edward Hammond of Reeth is his brother and Tom Hammond of Reeth was his cousin. He talks of sending a present with me for his brother Edward of Reeth. Hammond came here about 30 years ago, had but a few dollars and is now worth some \$30,000. We looked at his Shorthorns and sheep and walked over a part of his farm. A large field of wheat was growing well. It will grow, they say, 25 bushels to 1 acre. Hammond's wife used to live with the Closes of Low Whita with Mr. Close's first wife. She is related to the Spensley's of Low Row. They are great talkers and very pleasant people. They have had a large family mostly boys. Hammond has got some of his money by trading. I think he has over 300 acres of land. They invited me to spend a few days with them.

Mon 30th

The Mail carrier brought my long looked for trunk, which made me feel as though I had not a care in the world. It would have been more of a loss to me than £50. I wrote to Mr. Freeman, the chief Baggage Master at Cleveland to thank him for his kindness and promptness in getting it for me. The Conductor must either have forgotten where to send it to, or else he must have been very careless about it. I wrote to the Agents of the White Star, Inman & National Lines, to ascertain the names of their vessels sailing on the 19th and 26th of May. The cost of passage &c. My trunk had been roughly handled during its carriage from Dubuque to here, they tumble them over on every side.

Tues 1st May.

Mr. Chatfield, father of the young lady my father sent some money to by John Woodward, took me out in Mr. W.'s buggy drawn by his own horse to see Spruce Run. Mr. Crane accompanied us, they are both very intelligent men, and interested in geology. Spruce Run is a ravine supposed to be pre-glacial. I think that the lower part of it is so, but the upper part which commences to be much narrower has evidently been wrought out by the water since that time. There is one immense block of rock detached from the rest on which picnics are occasionally held. The whole ravine is cut out of a conglomerate sandstone of the Silurian period. There are great numbers of quartz pebbles in it generally found in layers. Nearly all the large loose blocks are carried out of the wider part except where the neck of the narrower part joins on. In this narrow part but few blocks have fallen and the sides of the large pot holes are distinctly seen in the face of the scar on each side. There is a waterfall at the upper end and some very deep pot holes. We thrust a rail down one which was 10 feet deep. After viewing this we went to another ravine equally fine, caused by the same agencies only the stream was smaller and there were more large rocks displaced from the scars which had not been carried away. The first stream runs from North to South. The other probably not so much so. Our exploration was very interesting.

Wed 2nd

During this forenoon I have been doing nothing important only watching Thos. Woodward's man plough and harrow one of John Woodward's gardens. Mr. Chatfield offered to carry me out in another direction today, but after dinner he thought it rather too late, and we could not have the horse before.

Thurs 3rd

John Woodward and I set out in the morning in his buggy on a visit to his and my friends and relations. First we called at Nanny Bennett's, wife of John Bennett and John W.'s daughter the oldest. Bessie Brunskill went with us and stayed there. They gave us cider mixed with whisky. Mrs. Bennett is mother of Mrs. Watters of Dubuque and is her only daughter. Mr. & Mrs. Bennett have gathered considerable property. After driving about 12 miles, we got to Mr. & Mrs. Garget's place. Mrs. Mary Garget is John Woodward's sister. Her husband came from near Bowes. His hair and beard are quite white. His wife is delicate and has long been so. They have some sons and daughters, one of them was talking of going to be a conductor on the Railway. He is a likely young fellow. I advised him to stick to farming. He has been working his father's farm on shares. If he does not go on the Railway he and his brother will buy some 40 acres and rent their father's farm. We remained all night there. After breakfast we started off for Cleveland. Mary Garget particularly wished me to give her best respects to my Aunt Marg't of Spring End and to John.

Fri 4th

Arrived at Cleveland in time for dinner at Ruth Ingham's, John W.'s sister and George Ingham's second wife. Her first husband was Watters brother of Mrs. John Woodward. They were very pleased to see us. They keep a grocery store on Pearl Street. Their house is over the store. After dinner Mr. Woodward and I took a ramble through a part of the town. We went to the waterworks, a square mound made very high with reservoir on the top into which the water is pumped from the side of the lake, the water being brought through a subterranean drift extending about 1 ½ miles into Lake Erie. We had excellent view of the Lake and saw several vessels, some near and others far out on this fresh-

water sea. We also had a good view of Cleveland which is a very large city. When we got back Mr. Ingham was just starting out with his trap, so I went with him to the other side of the town. He showed me the principle buildings and drove me through a part of Euclid Avenue, which he told me extends for 6 miles in a straight line from the public square. It is by far the most handsome street that I have ever seen in America. The road is paved with wood and in some places covered with asphalt. It is about 2 chains wide. The side walks are of stone and the residences (the Aristocracy live here) are built far back from the street and in front are beautiful lawns planted with shrubbery, and kept very neat. There are plenty of fine trees growing between the side walks and the street. The grounds are neatly railed. The people of Cleveland are quite proud of Euclid St. and think it cannot be surpassed. We saw them dredging in the river. The dredge brings up 1 sq. yd. of sand or mud every time that it is put down. The river here almost encloses a part of the town. It is called the horse shoe bend in that part. After supper I went to the Opera house with Ingham's son, the play was called "The Two Orphans". It was well acted, and great misery was displayed to perfection as well as much cruelty. Cost of admittance 50 cents. We passed the ironworks on our return, and clambered over a long coal train which came across our way. Had a little supper and went to bed.

Sat 5th

Mr. Woodward slept last night at John Daykins. His sister Ann was there. She married Joseph (Jossy) Daykin and John Daykin is her son. He drove us out with a fine horse, once a winning trotter and still very fast to see the cemetery which was laid out last year and of which he is a trustee. They have a small burial Chapel and a vault underneath into which coffins are let down and kept some time before burial for fear the resurrection men should get the bodies for the Medical Students to dissect. John Daykin introduced me to Mr. Curtis, superintendent of the Cemetery. He married an Eglin, granddaughter of Bill Eglin. He had been over in England. After leaving here we went over a part of the town or suburbs, and then to dinner with John Daykin. He is a conductor on the Ry and has accumulated considerable wealth. John W. says perhaps 100,000 dollars, but I think that is more than he could have made considering that he is only about 45 years of age. We had an excellent dinner and some good beer. Mrs. Daykin and James Daykin were there. Mrs. John Daykin (Ann) was a Spensley and is sister to James Hammond's wife and Bowes' wife, of whom I know nothing, only I am to go there as they came from the dale. She is a Spensley on her father's side and Place by her mother. Her father's sister married Bill Eglin. James Daykin brought up a model water engine of his own construction. It was in a small compass and when attached to the hose connected with the waterworks, seemed to work well. It was hard to hold from moving by the hand. Mrs. John Daykin claims to be related to the Lonsdales but does not know how. After smoking cigars I went with James Daykin to his pump store, for he deals in a pump patented by himself. He showed me some of his models for patents and 3 or 4 of his patent machines, one was for making pump chain, another a different kind of chain, a revolving steam machine. The steam is let in at one pipe and out at another without causing any backward motion. I can describe it but not easily here. We had supper at Geo. Ingham's. Afterwards we spent the evening with James Daykin, Ann Daykin, John Daykin and Mrs. J. Daykin were there. James Daykin's daughter and niece played and sang for us, and a young lady belonging to a theatrical club gave us a very good recitation

on a sentence of 5 years in prison. We went through the meat-market as we went to Daykin's. Ann Daykin desired to be kindly remembered to those at Spring End.

Sun 6th

After breakfast at Ruth's (Mrs. Inham) who desired to be most kindly remembered to all at Spring End we started for Orange Township, which lies South East of Cleveland about 13 ½ miles. (Note – 30 miles to Cleveland from Sharon) The road was paved with wood "Nicholson's pavement" for a long way and continued by a plank road to within a few miles of Orange. The planks are about 3 inches thick and wide enough for one wagon. They are laid in the clay soil crosswise and covered at each end by some clay to keep them in place. They make a very easy road and are extremely useful in wet weather. In passing other wagons you turn out on the clay road lying alongside. We had to pay a toll for traveling upon it.

We got to Christopher L. Jackson's in the afternoon. He and all the other Jacksons descended from Raw Jackson and my Mother's Aunt Jane Lonsdale, are relations of mine being the first remove from own cousins. He was pleased to see us; put the horse in the stable and made us quite welcome. His wife was Hannah Bell, sister to John Bell of Dubuque and Mrs. Wallace of Dubuque, also Mrs. Raw of Rockdale. They have 6 children or more. The eldest daughter is newly married, she was unwell and had come home for a short time. She is quite tall and very good looking. Chrstr Jackson is a tall strong-looking man and one of his sons is very tall, but rather slender. The second one, is a good-looking young fellow. The second daughter is scarcely grown but offers to be tall. The 3rd boy offers to be tall. The 3rd girl is very young, only a child. Chrstr went with us to see his brother Charles who lives just opposite about 1 field's length away. His (Charles) wife's name was Calvert, a relation of Alexr. Calvert of Muker. She was born there. They have a fine daughter and a son whom I did not see. They gave us some whisky (bitters). Charles is a short thick-set rather good-looking man and a Republican. His other brothers are Democrats. He seems to be the smartest in the family. Next we went to see Jane and Rachel, two old maids who live together and manage a farm of about 40 acres. They were in the barn. Jane was pleased to see me but the other one did not speak. Jane has been and is still good-looking for her age. Her sister is awefully fat and heavy. What she ails I don't know, but she never spoke to me all the time I was there. Jane was very kind. She took us into the house, showed me her plants and flowers and my mother's likeness with Bessie, Edward and Hannah by her side. She also gave me her mother's likeness in a case, and made may inquiries about our family. The shape of her head is very like that of my Mother's. I liked her well. After this we went back with Chrstr to sleep. This was my birthday.

Mon 7th

Before breakfast Charles Jackson came over for us to go and take our morning bitters before breakfast as he was going away on business. He holds an office or offices worth \$600 a year. After breakfast at Chrstr's we set out to see some of his brothers, he accompanying us. We first called on Raw who lives on the old farm which belonged to his father. His wife is of English extraction but born here. He is tall and slender rather with a bow nose. Mr. W. says he is the most like his father. He took us in and gave us some of the best Cider that I have ever tasted here. He invited us to stay dinner and to call again but we had not time to do either, so we went forward through the fields to John Jackson's. He was from home. We had dinner with his wife. She was a Muker

Cottingham and half sister to Charles Jackson's wife. They have no children. Their home is nicely situated on a knoll and they have all very tidy, and a good barn &c. She cultivates some flowers. After dinner we went to James Jackson's (Jim's). His wife's name was Hannah Johnson from Wardale. Jim is about the same age as my Mother would have been had she been still living. He wears his hair very long and a heavy beard, holds that a Yorkshireman is not an Englishman, dresses always the same wherever he goes. John Jackson, whom we had not seen came in and sat with us. He is very tall and slender similar to Raw. Jim has a large family, three of whom are grown up. The rest like "steps" down to about 4 years old. Some of the boys are handsome and so is their grown-up daughter. We had supper with them and bitters after which we went back to Christopher's. James accompanied us to the old farm where Raw and Jane L. Jackson are buried in the orchard. They each have a marble headstone, which want resetting, being thrown out of plumb by the frost. James bid me good-bye here, saying that he wished us all well and desiring to be remembered to my brothers and sisters at home. One of Christr's sons has a violin. I played for them in the evening.

Tues 8th

Mary Jackson Stoneman gave me her photograph which is a very good one. I did not ask her for it but promised to send her one of mine when I got them from Dubuque. She is a very good-looking gorgl, is lately married to Charles C. Stoneman. They wished me to write to them when I got home. They would like some English letters. We now started homeward, drove through Newburg where they make iron and saw the Asylum, a very large building. The smoke and dust were very disagreeable. Called at Geo. Ingham's and fed the horse and had dinner with Ruth. Her eldest daughter is about to marry, she is nice girl, has been a school teacher. After dinner George Ingham gave me the address of two of his Uncles in Manchester, one of whom keeps a hotel. I was to tell them I had seen him and how he was &c.

From Cleveland we went to Mr. Colin Ferrinman and Mrs. Margaret Ferriman's. Margaret is John W.'s sister. We traveled a long way by plank road and had two gates to pay. The land all around Cleveland and out to Orange is a light colored clay and very poor. I think Raw Jackson mad a grievous mistake when he chose such a poor location. The grass for miles was more than half of it destroyed by a grub about an inch or 1 ½ inches long. Christr Jackson showed us some of them. He showed me a large elm tree on his farm which he had cut down. It was upwards of 6 feet in diameter and I stepped it to be 50 yards long. It had a very long bole, but was rotting in the middle. Standing beside it I could not reach the middle of the top of the trunk with my chin. It would take a good horse to leap it. Mrs. Ferrimanan her daughter were at home and Mr. Ferriman came home in time for supper. He was married in England before coming here and his two daughters by his first wife who proved untrue to him while in this country trying to better his circumstances. He used to board with Wm Woodward and married Margt. When he found his own wife had married another man in England. Mr. W. says it caused his father and the family a great deal of trouble at the time. Ferriman was brought up in a factory, learnt to be a carpenter after he came here, made money, knew how to keep it and bought land, improved it and traded in it. He is well to do now. One of his daughters in England has lost her husband lately. He is going to send them 600 dollars. He is a Wesleyan and sometimes preaches. His father was a drunkard. He is a great temperance man. Margt. Ferriman keeps her own property which she will leave to her own daughter.

She is a rather nice sort of girl with a little more color than you generally see in Americans. Mrs. Ferriman sends with me a picture of the house they live in to Aunt Margt. at Spring End. Would have sent her likeness to her but only has one left. She wished me to be sure to remember her most kindly to Aunt Margt. and Uncle John.

Wed 9th

After breakfast we started home. Called on our way at Thos. Woodward's. He was planting corn. We had some cider and drove home to dinner. I received two letter, one from The White Star Co., the other from the Inaman Co. in answer to mine regarding times of sailing &c. Got one in the afternoon from the National Line Co.

May 10th

List of Raw & Jane Jackson's family

1 st	George Lonsdale	Illinois
2 nd	James Raw	Orange Co. Ohio
3 rd	Michael Coates	Mineral Point, Wisconsin
4 th	Christopher Lonsdale	Orange Co. Ohio
5 th	Jane	Barry Cuyahoga Co. Ohio
6 th	Joseph	Wisconsin
7 th	Charles	Orange Co. Ohio
8 th	Lonsdale	Mayfield Ohio
9 th	Raw	Orange Co. Ohio
10 th	John Octoman	Orange Co. Ohio
	Ann dead	Orange Co. Ohio
11 th	Elizabeth	Mayfield Ohio
12 th	Rachael Arabella	Barry

In the afternoon Mrs. Woodward and I and Betsy set out to go to Edward Woodward's but when we got there we found they were not in, so we drove forward to Mr. & Mrs. Bennett's. Mrs. Bennett used to be Nanny Woodward, John Woodward's oldest daughter. In going George Watters, the young man who once stopped all night with us at Summer Lodge, overtook us. He lives just opposite to Bennetts. I went across to see his Shorthorns, some of which were very good. He tells me that he can make more as he improves his breed. He owns 100 acres of land and the first year (some 3 years ago) he realized from sales 700% but has not made quite so much the last two years. I went through his farm and through the grove. He has some fine timber, mainly maple, beech, oak, white wood, cucumber, ash, hickory, ironwood and others. Mr. Bennett was planting corn with a hand-planter. He marks off the ground with a horse and plants the corn where the lines cross each other, about 3ft 6 in apart. The planter leaves from 3 to 4 corns every time it is stuck into the ground. He took me after supper to see his sheep, he keeps about 150. They were in three lots, his merino ram had large twisted horns almost like a Scotch tup, and some of the sheep had wool half way down their faces. I could not see their eyes for it. He has some useful cattle on his farm and a good orchard. He is a good manager and a desperate hard worker. His wife is also a good manager. Their two sons are in Colorado. One of them had asthma very bad and went there for good health, which he has had ever since. Mr. Bennett uses a little brandy. He gave me some. We had some peaches to supper. I think them the finest kind of fruit.

May 11th

Sent Miss Jane Jackson one of my photographs, she having given me one of her mother's Jane Lonsdale Jackson, my Mother's Aunt, and I sent another to Mrs. Mary J. Jackson Stoneman, Christr Jackson's eldest daughter and my second cousin, she having given me hers. In the meantime Mr. & Mrs. Woodward got ready to go with me to Wm Woodward's, John W.'s eldest son. We had dinner and supper with them. Wm.'s wife was before marriage called Miss Read, an American. She is a fine-looking woman. They have some very fine children. They have four children, 3 girls and 1 boy. The oldest girl about 12 or 13, plays on the piano very nicely. It is a good grand-piano. We walked over the farm and saw the sheep which have the foot rot. They are very much plagued with it where the flocks are infected. We went through the grove. Wm showed me where he killed some black snakes, one of them was 14 feet long, the others 8 or 10 ft. long. They are not poisonous but will bite. They can run faster than a man. They have no rattle-snakes in the neighbourhood. We saw some of his cattle. They are good milkers of fair appearance. While we sat at Supper an elderly beggar called and was quite impudent. He asked Mrs. Wm for bread and cheese and some coffee. She told him she had no cheese, nor coffee, but would give him some bread, dried beef and pie. He told her she was a damned mighty small woman. I felt grieved to think that such impertinence should be tolerated, but the fact of the matter is – people are afraid to offend them for fear they should set fire to their houses or barns, which they sometimes do. This is the fault of having universal suffrage, which makes the law of little effect when applied to the vagabonds, who know it and therefore terrorise over their superiors. They also vote away other people's money in towns in order that they may get employment. I am of the opinion that such people should be struck off the voters list.

May 12th

I wrote a letter to my sister Hannah and inclosed my photograph and one of Miss J. Jackson (Stoneman now). In the afternoon I went to a neighbour's sale. They were selling old things, mostly rubbish.

Sunday 13th

Betsy Woodward and I and her little boy went to see Edward Woodward. He was away with a cow to a thorough bred bull which he and Geo. Watters and Thos. Woodward join at. I went over his farm with him and two of Jas. Hammond's sons. We saw a snake in a stream which we could not kill. Afterwards we saw another on a log, basking in the sun, which one of the Hammonds killed with a rail. It was about 17 inches long and dark-colored. We also killed a small grass snake. Edward Woodward showed us some good bullocks, two years old, worth about \$45 each to kill. He also had some good cows. He has two girls, a good farm, but a bad house, the cellar is infested with rats. The hired man was cleaning his own buggy. This practice of keeping a horse and buggy is common among the young hired men. I got J. W.'s letter.

Mon 14th

Thos Woodward called for me with the wagon and took me to his house where I remained till the afternoon of next day. We went over his farm, part of which he has bought of his father and part of which he rents of his father. He had very fine 2 year-old bullocks which he has sold for \$60 a head. They were either thorough-bred or very good grades. I also saw about 10 more bullocks not quite so good. They were not so well-fed during the winter. He showed me quite a lot of sheep, mostly merinos which he had bought for, I think 4 ½ dollars a few weeks ago. The farm is very uneven with some

tolerably level land upon it. The day was very hot but would have been comfortable had I had less clothing. I played on the Fiddle for them in the evening and Thos. Did some dancing.

Tues 15th.

Thos & I and the hired man mended the front gate. We fixed the crooks in the freestone posts with oak. Two gents came in the afternoon to look at the stock. I went with them. We also went through to look at Geo. Watters' farm, looked at his cows and then went to the house to see the two pedigree bulls. It was a very hot day, we left our coats. It thundered and rained after we got back. Betsy Brunskill (Woodward) who had been to Medina with some people and to the market, called on her way back and I returned with her to Sharon Centre. Her boy brought me a letter in the morning from James Woodward in which he enclosed his photograph. He tells me that he cannot return to England with me. The following is a description of a horse collar which I noticed at Thos. Woodward's and which I find is universally used here. The collar is made to buckle together with two straps stitched inside the leather at the top, and the buckles on the opposite top. A pad is made to fit on the top of the neck and has fixed straps one on each end which loop over the two upper ends of the collar and can be slid up or down at pleasure so as to enlarge or lessen the size of the opening for the animal's neck. On the upper side of the pad are two small leather loops through which the first mentioned straps, that is the straps which buckle, are made to pass. This keeps the pad in its place. The Americans always fasten and untie their "harness" below the collar and not at the top. Their harness is handy and snaps are used for reins and breech straps &c. instead of buckles. Their traces are always of leather. They take all the harness off a horse in one piece except the bridle and collar. The wagons are made with a pole and the horses "hitched" in the same way as to a mowing machine. Their lighter conveyances have straight shafts made of hickory except where they are attached to the vehicle, this part turns down mostly. They always use a spring seat on their heavy wagons.

Wed 16th.

I went with Mr. Woodward in the forenoon to get some fire wood. We split some firewood up and some logs into rails for fence. It was awefully hot. I wrought hard at first but was soon obliged to get into the shadow of a large tree where I soon cooled down. My black hat made my head too hot. I could hear the woodpeckers up in the trees. They strike very fast and make quite a loud noise so quick that it amounts to a hum. I saw some humming birds in the pink flowered peach trees at Thos. Woodward's the other day. John Woodward Jr. and James Daykin of Wadsworth called here in the afternoon. They both gave me an invitation to visit them for a few days. I got a letter from James Woodward with a draft enclosed value £14.16.0 for Henry Leake of Tupton near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, to be added to the \$100 I received before of Wm Woodward and given to him. It is the last installment of a Legacy due to him from the Estate of the late John Leake of Dubuque of which Wm. Woodward is the executor.

Thurs 17th

Mr. & Mrs. Woodward & I went to spend the afternoon with Mr. & Mrs. Bowes. Mr. Bowes is a son of Dr. Bowes of Reeth. His wife was one of James Spensley's (Shapes) daughters. The Spensleys lived in Harkerside. Old Tommy Spensley of Low Row was her father's brother. They wished me to inquire after John Deighton of Reeth who once kept a store there where Blenkiron does now, and I was to give them an acct. of him in

my letters to John Woodward. Hammond's and John Daykin's wives are sisters to Mrs. Bowes. Mrs. Metcalfe of Worton is Mr. Bowes Aunt, his father's sister.

Fri 18th.

John Woodward and I drove out to Akron, 13 miles east of Sharon. We called on our way on Mr. Hammond who was to go with us, his daughter was just married. We dined and slept and put up at Mr. Oviatt's. Mrs. Oviatt being John W.'s niece by Ruth his sister at Cleveland by George Watters. Her name is Mary Anne. She has a very good house, well situated in the outskirts of the town. She made us very welcome and comfortable. Her husband headed a band during the war and was bugler during the fighting. His wife went South and saw some of the fighting which she described to us. We went through the iron works; the day was very hot and the puddlers were sweating like a watering can almost. I never saw anything like it. We also went through the Buckeye Machine Shop there and saw them manufactured. Nearly everything is done by machinery. After dinner we went to Mr. Rhodes' place, mor out of town. He is a friend of Mr. W.'s . We found him fencing. He has a very large collection of American and other birds, stuffed by himself and sister mainly. They that is Mr. Rhodes and sister and wife came from Lancashire originally. He has a good library, believes in the glacial period and natural selection but not in sexual selection. We discussed these subjects to some extent. We had our tea with them, afterwards we went back to Mrs. Oviatt's and sat in the verandah til bed-time.

Sat 19th

After breakfast Mr. Hammond called to find out where we were. He had been home and back again. He went with us to see a large waterwheel just put up and took us through a barley (pearl) mill, and an oatmeal mill all belonging to one man, a German called Shumaker, who has made himself what he is from nothing. After this we went through the Empire Mowing Machine shops. The proprietor showed us round and talked of giving me an agency in England to sell his machine, which has some good points about it. He claims that it is the best mowing or reaping machine made. He gave me his card. His address is J. F. Seiberling, Manufacturer of Excelsior and Empire Reapers and Mowers, Akron, Ohio. We met with Joseph Hugill and saw Dorothy Armitage, his sister and his brother Edward. He, Joseph is a Contractor for buildings and has a good quarry of his own which we saw. He had just lost a daughter and his wife was taking it ill. There is a Canal from Akron to Cleveland and a great trade is done in farm produce and coal. There were two fires today. One was started by a little boy, who was burnt to death in the barn which he had set fire to. The other was in the cellar of a hotel, The Empire House. I saw them throwing water on the roof of the adjoining building. The weather was excessively hot. I sent a telegram to New York inquiring whether I could get a passage from New York to Liverpool in the Algeria of the Cunard Line and received reply that berth 105 was at liberty at \$80. I paid \$25 to the Agt. at Akron to secure the berth and got receipt. The remainder to be paid to the Agt. in New York. I did not like to venture to New York without being certain of getting a berth. Akron was full of teams tied on each side of the streets. We had a very pleasant drive home, the leaves and wheat were growing fast.

Sun 20th.

I packed my trunk and went to Church with Wm Woodward. The first tune they san was "I'm going home tomorrow," which I thought meant me, as I am going to start for home tomorrow. Wm.'s wife and daughter had dinner at John Woodward's. Her daughter

about 13 has got a beaux, Elus, Thos W.'s son told us the other day. After dinner we loaded my trunk in Mr. W.'s wagon and he, I and Mrs. W. drove to Mr. Watters, (Bill Watters') where we are going to remain all night. B. Watters has 8 sons and 3 daughters. I have seen a good many of them who are here today. Miss Watters plays and sings very nicely. She has a good harmonium.

Mon 21st.

Mr. Woodward woke me early, so that we might be in Medina in time for the 8.42am train and Billy Watters went with us. We had a pleasant drive, the trees with the exception of the oaks were pretty full of leaf and the grain and grass was looking well, but rain was much wanted. They think it offers to be a dry season. The land in Iowa is better on the whole than that of Ohio, which is often of a lightish colored clay, that of Iowa being rich and generally black on the Prairies. Billy Watters buys sheep and clips and feeds them. He also buys a good deal of corn to feed with which pays. Bidding Mr. Woodward and Mr. Watters goodbye and promising to write to John W. and having checked my trunk to Cleveland I took the cars and arrived there at 8.30 where I rechecked to New York. I had upwards of 4 hours to wait here, so I got something to eat and looked out on Lake Erie and fidgeted about in the Waiting room and Station till 2.45 when the Express for Buffalo started. The Lake was in view most of the way and on the other side.

Sun June 3rd.

At 4am the Algeria anchored in Liverpool harbour, but the passengers were nearly all in bed. We had breakfast at the usual hour after which our baggage was examined by the Customs-house officers; they passed my trunk without having it opened which is rather a rare occurrence. They did the same at New York. Our baggage was marked for the various hotels and Railway Stations where required and carried there by the Steamship Company. I went to look at the Liverpool Exchange, and St. George's Hall outside and at 2.15 took the train to Manchester. A young widow with three children from Chicago and her sister and two other ladies who came to Liverpool to meet her rode in the same carriage with me to Manchester. Her name is Mrs. Again. She came to within two or three streets of Lonsdale's lodging. Bessie and Lonsdale were out for a walk when I got in, so I washed and shortly after they came in. Lonsdale and I took a walk in the suburbs in the evening and talked about the United States mainly.

The Algeria started from New York at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon on the 23 May. On Thursday at noon, she had sailed 236 miles, Friday 271, Saturday 318, Sunday 303, Monday 304, Tuesday 325, Wednesday 314, Thursday 235, Friday 318 and 462 from Saturday at noon to Sunday 3rd June at 4 in the morning, making about 10 ½ days on the voyage.

Mon 4th

Went with Lonsdale to his office and had dinner at the rooms of the Reform Club. Lonsdale sang and Bessie played evening.

Tues 5th.

Mrs. Sykes for whom I had two parcels, called to see me at Lonsdale's office. I was in but had the parcels at the lodgings, so after going with her and another lady to Watts' warehouse, I took the bus and brought her the parcels. She invited me strongly to pay her a visit at Blackley sometime

Wed 6th

Came home by way of Askrigg on the new line or Railway opened since I left

Thurs 7th

Anne, Mary & I went to Spring End.

Fri 8th

Wrote to Mr. Wharton and Mr. Wilmot yesterday, and today I wrote to Lord Wharncliffe, Hon. Wm Lowther and Mr. Leake of Tupton near Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

Sat 9th

Joseph Daykin and Jonathan paid their half years rent. Johnathan brought it over.

Sun 10th

I went to Hazel Brow in the afternoon and found them all much as usual.

Mon 11th

Wrote to Mr. Wilmot about coming to Simonstone by Askrigg on the 13th and went to Askrigg to post the three letters written on the 8th which were mislaid, instead of being posted as I had supposed.

Tues 12th

Wet day, wrote to Mr. Wilmot about conveyance to Simonstone. Letter from Mr. Wharton stating that he will come on the 11th or 12th of July. At Spring End.

Wed 13th

George and I went to Hawes, paid into Bank £60, being Jh. And Jn. Daykin's half year's rent. Paid draft for £14.16.0 to trust acct. into S. & W. Bank. Went to Simonstone, told Mrs. Blades to provide for Mr. Wilmot's visit. Called at Stuartson Holmes' looked at his new barn and other improvements and received £30 of him in part payment of ½ year's rent.