

*May 29th.*—We left Cincinnati for Cleveland on Lake Erie, a distance of 250 miles, and our line of route took us through the centre of the State of Ohio, by Springfield, Columbus, Mount Vernon, and Wooster, at all which places we slept, reaching Cleveland on the fifth day.

In our passage through Ohio, we took advantage of public coaches only when they offered themselves in the day-time, and always found good private carriages for the rest of the way. If some writers, who have recently travelled in this part of America, found the fatigue of the journey excessive, it must have arisen from their practice of pushing on day and night over roads which are in some places really dangerous in the dark. On our reaching a steep hill north of Mount Vernon, a fellow-passenger pointed out to me a spot where the coach had been lately upset in the night. He said that in the course of the last three years he had been overturned thirteen times between Cincinnati and Cleveland, but being an inside passenger had escaped without serious injury.

In passing from the southern to the northern frontier of Ohio, we left a handsome and populous city and fine roads, and found the towns grow smaller and the high road rougher, as we advanced. When more than half way across the State, and after leaving Mount Vernon, we saw continually new clearings, where the felling, girdling, and burning of trees was going on, and where oats were growing amidst the blackened stumps on land which had never been ploughed, but only broken up with the harrow. The carriage was then jolted for a short space over a