

The place was so hot & the air so impure that I could scarcely breathe. In fact it made me quite sick I frequently had to force my way through a multitude of emigrants of all classes & from all countries to get a little fresh air to save my life besides being annoyed by the screams & ^{chirping} of & Bowling of Drunken men but at length this night of horrors passed away & the bright morning appeared we found ourselves at Albany a busy Old fashioned but respectable looking city. I had but time to get my breakfast when the cars was ready for starting which broke up the party of many a carman & passenger the carman over charging the passenger refusing to pay it but the carman always came off victor as he would sit on the most valuable part of the luggage & swear that he would not move until he was paid his demand soon the cry all aboard would be heard the poor cheated passenger rather than loose his luggage would pay the imposing villain & then pursue his journey our route lay through a beautiful tract of country corn & fruit was ripe & being gathered in orchards & corn fields lined the road with their heavy crops forest trees with their leaves of every hue formed a most delightful landscape so congenial to the mind of the intellectual traveller we likewise passed through many thriving towns & cities teeming with life & energy so cheering to the man of business at night we arrived at Buffalo but being dark & the city badly lit up I could see but little of it but the docks are large & well filled with steamers the one we embarked on was the Nightingale with a company of the United State troops foot-bound for Fort Scott but they did not appear to be very cleanly or very soldierly the New York City Militia was as far above them in every thing appertaining to the character & appearance of a good soldier as the heaven is from the earth I believe they were all Irish & Dutch & well deserved the character of dirty ^{butchers}