

Donnganna's Hotel. Montreal
September 24, 1853

My own dear Parents,

We have been hurrying so from place to place that I have found no chance to write a line ever. I have feared that you might have heard of the accident which befell us on the cars & be worried- the cars ran off the track about thirty miles from Rochester, but the same kind Providence Co. which has us hitherto provided us, was with us there & not- one was injured. We had by the means quite an episode in our trip, as we took a lumber wagon & rode three miles to get us our supper, & there were obliged to wait- several hours for cars to take us to Rochester, but they came at last, and we rode all night to Buffalo, & at 7 o'clock am took cars for Niagara and what shall I say of the great- Cataract- my first view of it- was from the Suspension Bridge, & my first emotion disappointment but when I stood on the Canada side close by the Horseshoe Fall, I was awe-struck & silent. I felt I could compare it to nothing but Nature's great censer from which include ever ascended to the praise of Him who holdeth the waters in his hand. We hired a carriage & visited all the places of interest- around the Falls- Lundy's Lane- the Whirlpool, &c &c &c & left there Thursday afternoon bound for Montreal by way of Lewiston, Lake Ontario & St. Lawrence- the scurry on the Lake is most charming the river divided with its thousand islands & rapids is surprisingly beautiful some looked pale going over the rapids but I enjoyed the excitement exceedingly.

We arrived here about 1- o'clock last eve today have rode around Montreal, visited the grey Nunnery, Cathedral, &c & intend leaving for Quebec this evening where we shall spend the Sabbath & part of Monday. Shall reach New York probably Wednesday or Thursday. I wish you would both meet us there. I would so love to see you once more before I go my far distant-home; why cant we all meet at Lucinda's.

I need not tell you that Ben does all he can to make me happy, & I am so, but I know too much of the world to expect of it perfect bliss, that remains for a better world & purified human nature- John & he have gone out this afternoon to purchase John an overcoat, so I am improving the time by writing to you.

By the same mail with this Ben sends the [full] imposed by the sewing – society for taking one of their members, which he quite forgot took leave. I shall direct that to cousin Celia who I believe is President. My love to Margaret- also to all who may inquire after me.

Do you know the day I left where we got down to Ms. Richardson's there was the steps for full of the girls of Cordelia's age, the McLeans, &c waiting their hand-kerchiefs- it did make me cry I couldn't keep it. Perhaps you think I left home with sorrow, I can tell you I did not, my heart yearns over my home & all its associations, & it will take a long time for another home to seem as dear. There is not a hill or valley or wood in old New Hartford which is not dear to me & perhaps the people I love dearly. If any letters have come to me since I left please send them or what would be far better bring them to New York. Ben has just come & sends love.

With much love as ever, your own daughter

Sara F. Williams don't that sound funny? Haha no more Sarah Hicks