



Letter to Mrs. Achsa Johnson of Worthington, Ohio from
Mary Johnson in Niagara Falls, N.Y., 8/23/1847

Subject: Honeymoon with Francis Sessions, travel from Worthington to
Niagara Falls via Sandusky, Cleveland & Buffalo, sightseeing at the falls,
going on to Montreal

[Handwritten, script]

[Letterhead with print of Niagra Falls surrounded by branches from Cataract House]

Whitney, Jerauld & Co., Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Niagara Falls, Aug. 23 [1847]

My dear Mother,

Nearly a week has passed since I bid you adieu b. & oh with what varied emotions & had it not been for my Beloved requesting me not to cry (his very words when we were ascending to the carriage) I now wished but I might have made myself appeared rather silly.

But ever so soon I see & feel his influence, who can forsee [*sic*] the just & happy influences that may be hereafter felt.

More my mother, just please look in upon us -- my Beloved & myself, both seated at one table, one reading & the other writing for alas, even my extreme politeness & earnest desire for your presence my only solace is in tracing these measured lines, how far less exciting but so sweet converse.

Frank urged me to write you last evening but I was so Sleepy could not. I suppose you have received my message from Cynthia if not know you have heard through Horatio [cousin Horatio Wright apparently drove them to Mt. Vernon] as I said he should call & see you on his return. Although I felt miserably when I left, when we reached Mt. Vernon was perfectly well. Saw Mrs. Weaver but much regreted [*sic*] not seeing Mr. & Mrs. Delano as I anticipated.

The morning of the 19th had allowed my feelings to have taken their course we should have had a pretty scene when I bade C.S.H. goodbye. But no I arose above everything like sadness so not one suspected I was the least inclined to be sad. Yet I can hardly say I was sad or if so call it a happy sadness.

We arrived at Sandusky Thursday eve & went upon board of the Lindian [?], a boat lying at the wharfe [*sic*], but owing to its being a small boat & crowded with passengers left at Cleveland about midnight. Cleveland is a beautiful place more so than I had anticipated. It does not present the appearance Columbus does with its piles of brick & mortar only but all tastefully arranged with beautiful yards & grounds shady which adds so much to the appearance of a house whether stately or mean. We remained there until the 20th about midnight when we went upon board the Oregon a finer boat so much was said about last summer. By so doing we avoided a gale. We arrived at Buffalo Saturday evening & remained until Monday this morning. A friend of Frank's called upon him & took us to church in the afternoon & after that called with his Bridal carriage for a ride, driving over the city untill dusk -- of the city I forbear speaking now.

This morn 23, came to Niagara a most charming spot. I came here expecting to be disappointed respecting the Falls, but no, far from being disappointed they have even exceed [*sic*] any anticipation they are so grand, magnificent. The day has been spent visiting the different points of viewing them. We first stopped at a projecting bridge which gave us a view of the American side & at a distance the Canadian tho' imperfect. Then to the observatory containing a camera obscura. There we had a most beautiful view exceeding anything I ever saw & as I remarked to Frank excede [*sic*] nature itself if possible but—respect only. Having water a spread out before us in a small congress with nothing to withdraw the attention. But the greatest invention yet is a little steamboat with four engines which plys [*sic*] the river below, carrying parties almost under the biggest [*sic*] falls scattering its misty coat about with great profusion. Little did I ever think the spray of those falls would ever reach me, but it is even so & almost within the circle of the horseshow. In spite of Pa's injunction to take care ourselves, we wished ourselves upon that small boat steaming the current of that vast body of water, passed through the spray which fell like a shower on the American side rounded to the rocks on the Canadian side giving us the greatest viewing. Guardrail upon the Canadian side resisted little rock, took a view in an inverted position, that is by laying upon our backs looking at the vast [ectirast?] over our heads, this view exceeding the camera obscura. These with a thousand little incidents fitted out the day the close of which finds me as I mentioned in the first part of my letter with a light & happy heart. Where we shall be when you receive this I can not tell tho' probably leave here in the morning 24 for Montreal arrive there Thursday evening maybe.

I often think of my plants, hope they will be transplanted to the crocks before the cold months. I anticipate much pleasure from them this winter despite Mr. [?] plan of watering.

When we visit Montreal I will either write or send a paper. I suppose you received those papers sent from Cleveland containing our marriage & arrival. Our marriage being published in the Herald was Mr. Love, the proprietor of the Weddell House where we stopped, he inquired of Frank respecting the time [,] my name [,] & friends.



I send you a sprig of evergreen from the falls on the Canadian side. there is the Gong for breakfast so good bye my dear parents, love to all, I am still

Your dutiful daughter

Mary J. Sessions

P.S. The first time I have written my name thus.