

seen hundred
essel, though
call here and
reeks; but I
The fires, the
oon, would in
difference of
only, crossing
and passages
y in twenty;
better cabin,
omforts, too,
he steamers,
of mahogany,
hining brass,
to satisfy the
shining and
be a relief—
a man's own
, or anything

able to notice
ich are taking
year to year.
know that in
newhat more
they have less
New York,
gh at in our
vances on our
k a "rooster,"
ead of a stone,
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whatever one
astoms, may be
ew years, even

s mane! How
and country to
ey call her the
blic, seated at
full of islands;
anne, and com-
pres fifty busy
led roofs shine
hile these their
f their coasters
men. Not in

vain do these shores swarm with great varieties of fish; these riches are diffused around.

But my particular policeman (the printer's devil) tells me civilly to move on and leave this pleasing scene behind me; or would I dwell here, or in Cobb's Hole, or Tarpauline Cove, or in Grey's Head, among the curious pure descendants of the Indians (below the cycle of Cape Cod). But we are hauling off from the wharf to prevent the crew from leaving us the captain has been at so much pains, expense, and trouble in getting by the rail last night from New York; for not a man is to be had here for love or money. The Cumberland frigate had much ado to get away, forty men short of complement.

Yes, we are to part, O gentle reader! Judge how sorry I am, since I am not at all afraid of your criticisms. What should you know of Cobb's Hole, or Martha's Vineyard? where the grapes, (if any at all) are not half so fine as the scuppernong of which they make wine in Georgia and Alabama, as this coast is too cold and foggy nine months of the year for vineyards, though ten degrees south of England. But, ere I cease, let me say a word to those who have been at all amused, or tried to trace me in my unconnected wanderings, without order or sequence. Begging pardon is, I fear, of little use for the meagreness of my account of places abruptly left, while half I have to say is thrust in as I go on board some steamer on the move, as a man does forgotten essentials into his carpet-bag—higgledy piggledy.

Indeed, I feel that, whatever humour my readers are in, I myself am extremely dissatisfied, when I look back at my journeyman's bungling work, to find myself, *invita Minerva*, cutting up what I intended for a fine enduring American pine-tree into mere Indian choompa—chips, only to light (I hope) other people's fires by.

In a word, travels should never be hacked, cribbed, eabined, and confined in this way to make one small cheap volume.

Boston bay and harbour is full of steam tugs, strong, effective boats. Their plan is to get lashed fast out of sight under the counter of these great ships, forming one body, and so running them out beyond the nearest islands, to the roads seven miles below, near the lighthouse, where they lie sheltered from east winds, and can make sail to sea when they please. We were towed down in this way (better than on our more clumsy plan, at the end of a long hawser), the day most unpropitious, blowing from the east, and raining. We were taken to this spot, still in sight of Boston, where we anchored, as we hoped, only for the night; but *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*—there we lay for a whole week in a violent east gale!