

possible. In short, towards the close of 1853, I was enabled to visit the more interesting portions of North America, where the rapid rate at which travellers are whirled from place to place, left me a reasonable time for observation and inquiry.

When a thing has to be brought down from the realms of fancy, to be considered in its practical details, it is astonishing how many little difficulties require to be encountered and overcome. In the present instance, I had to determine, in the first place, which route I should adopt. Should I go by way of the British American provinces, or leave them to be reached after visiting the United States? I resolved to set out direct for one of the nearest of the colonial possessions—Nova Scotia, and pass on thence to Canada, by this means taking the more northerly parts first. Perhaps, also, the fact of the Nova Scotian peninsula being ordinarily, and it may be said, unjustly, neglected by tourists, helped to fix my resolution, and accordingly I engaged a berth in the *America*, one of the Cunard line of steamers bound from Liverpool to Boston, and touching at Halifax.

It was on a dull September morning, with a thick fog overhanging the Mersey, that I found myself amidst a crowd of persons standing on the deck of a small steamer at the landing-quay of Liverpool. In the forepart of the vessel was a huge pile of boxes, bags, and portmanteaus, the luggage of the passengers; while the middle and after parts were so thickly covered with human beings, as to leave barely standing-room. The duty of this little craft, called 'the tender,' is to carry passengers from the shore to the steam-ship that lies moored in the middle of the river, and which, having previously, while in dock, taken on board all its cargo, is now ready to start out to sea. As nine o'clock struck, the tender moved away from the shore, and in