

Six Months in America.

READER,

I WILL not inflict upon you the penalty of prolixity or dedication, being fully persuaded that you would care for neither; and therefore if you are disposed to follow me to America, I will inform you at once, that after having seen the greater part of Europe, I went on board the packet, *George Canning*, on the 24th of March, 1831, and sailed from Liverpool for New York, with my note-book, sketch-book, gun, and fishing rod—alone, unbewildered and unembarrassed, as a man ought to travel, and with the determination of being, as far as an Englishman can be, unprejudiced; and of seeing all I could of the United States in the space of about six months.

Having said this, I beg of you to remember that I do not profess to tell you what may be seen in a year. I may be allowed to mention, that the *George Canning* is one of the best of the twenty-six packets that sail from Liverpool to different parts of North America. Every possible comfort and every reasonable luxury is at the command of the passenger; and, whether he be confined to his state-room from the effects of sea-sickness, or indulging a most Atlantic appetite, and quaffing champagne to the memory of Columbus, he cannot fail at the end of his voyage to be loud in the praise of his excellent commander, Captain Allyn. We saw an average number of young whales, but contrived to take the iceberg and the sea-serpent; and after an excellent passage of twenty-three days (the voyage from Liverpool, at this season of the year, being scarcely ever less than thirty) we sailed through the Narrows into the splendid bay of New York. The passage so named is about three quarters of a mile in width, and defended by four or five