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look back on. Children of that day I see about the streets now middle-aged people; the high-blooded youth, and beauty, and manhood, who were all in all, then, the cream of the community, now, hobbling about in old age, or long since silent beneath my feet—as I sat on one of the tombstones; the bright sun had reached the meridian as I looked to heaven in bitterness of soul—left almost alone in the world!

I had need of all my good spirits and active rude health to bear up against saddening thoughts. I murmured to myself, "Can it be! and passing like a summer's cloud"—it comes to this! A good large school, full of boys and girls, were just let out, and skipped joyously along the road by me, wondering who that strange old man could be! for here faces are familiar; all are known more or less to each other. I knocked at the door of a very old man, still alive and hearty, but his memory was gone. A worthy old man! he had been a friend—had borne *him* to his tomb, helped to cover him up; but the spot was already overgrown for a generation with juniper; he could not say. Singular fate! And I, like Old Mortality, find myself, more than once, wandering over the earth to chisel a memento on the tombstone of those I would not have forgotten!—a man of rank and family—an elegant scholar—a wit—most accomplished—of noble form—of sweetest disposition—*O si sic omnia!*

Sadly disappointed, I next day took passage by the steamer which plies to Greenport; thence by another, return to New London, and so back, as I came, to Boston.

Sagg Harbour is charmingly situated in a gently undulating country, with pleasant walks and rides about it; the views from the water-side over its placid waters delightful. Like most of these seaport towns, it is engaged in the whale fishery, now rather on the decline (as it was over-done by numbers; at one time there were 700 sail in the Pacific). It is a ship-building port, too. I saw two or three good large ships on the stocks, with some activity in their yards, and among their coasting trade and fishing-smacks at the water-side. An attempt had been lately made at cotton-factories, in emulation (encouraged by the tariff) of the New England ones. A large brick factory was built, but is shut up; and so much the better. In a rural, comfortable community like this, they are much better without steam-engines, smoke, and sickly operatives.

I forgot to say, in the evening, in the High-street, I saw the Irish citizen auctioneer hard at work with his hammer knocking down lots—of *notions*; and the quondam sea captain officiating very gravely and diligently as his clerk and assistant.

My cabin was taken on board a noble ship, the North