

greater extent by the parental advice. Having determined to avoid his error and if possible to escape the imputation which Shakspeare alludes to, when he says—

“Home-keeping youth have ever homely wit,”

I packed my portmanteau, and started one foggy December morning for Southampton.

What feelings of sorrow or joy does not this word “Southampton” engender in the bosom of hundreds of families, whether we look upon it as the outlet whence many have passed never, never, to return, or as the meeting-place, where, after years of separation, families have once again become united.

Having arrived at this Ocean passenger station, I struggled from among an immense crowd of men, bandboxes, children and mail bags, porters, women, and baggage of all descriptions, and at last succeeded in reaching an hotel, where I secured a room, although not without some difficulty, on account of the crowded state of the house consequent on the departure on the morrow of the R. M. S. *O——*.

Early the next morning there was a perfect deluge of persons by the mail train, anxious to take a last fond look, and bid farewell to those with whom they were about to part, perhaps for ever. Few scenes are more painful to contemplate than the manifestations of feeling which are