

I much fear this will be the last letter I shall be able to send you from America, at least as far as regards the continuance of my tour, for circumstances seem likely to prevent my excursion from Albany to Boston, and thence through Hartford to New York.

I regret this disappointment the more, because I am assured the towns and scenery, in both Massachusetts and Connecticut, are well worth a visit ; and that in the villages, I should often observe the two or three shady trees planted on the parish green, as used so commonly to be the case in England before the Inclosure Act.

Allow me to fill up this paper by indulging in a few reflections, which, after the many hundred miles I have passed over, and the gratification and kindness I have experienced, may, I think, be deemed pardonable, if not absolutely called for.

In the United States, the best feelings of the heart and the understanding are constantly called into play, by the sight of a well-fed, well-clothed, industrious people, without beggary, or fears of having too large a family ; and never did I feel so proud of being an Englishman, as while travelling through the vast territories of this republic.

True, it is no longer a part of the British empire ; but it was an English colony, and it is, in