

labourer, or young single man, without family interest or fortune, with his axe and his rifle, and a few dollars in his pocket on landing, he will with industry carve himself out an independence in time; but for *professional men* already there is no opening; all the cities are overstocked by the natives, and farming is impossible except to the labourer; hiring servants to work soon ruins those who dream of being gentlemen farmers! There is—there can be—no exception to this rule. Twenty and thirty years ago I knew this to my sorrow but too well. After a lapse of twenty years I again revisit old scenes—those creeks, those rivers, forests and corn-fields once so familiar; the cities and villages have spread and increased incalculably, while old familiar streets and things remain to the eye much the same, and with them the tone of society. What follows does but aim at a faithful and general idea of things as they are at this moment—originally written as a diary, I have been obliged to throw it into a more condensed form; which I do but mention to account for its abrupt transitions and want of method—partaking, indeed, of my own recent wanderings.

CHAPTER II.

AN AMERICAN STEAMER ON THE ATLANTIC.

ECONOMY OF AND INCIDENTS ON THE PASSAGE TO NEW YORK, ETC.

I HARDLY thought I should ever revisit the shores of America. Neither impelled by youth, by curiosity, nor by want,—an unforeseen calamity made any change far away from comfort and from home desirable, if but to change the current of my own sad thoughts. Instead of taking the longer line to Liverpool, I am off by railway to Southampton. The sportsmen are in the stubble-fields; the country is still green and beautiful; but all glides, like youth, rapidly away. I am in Southampton almost before I am aware of it. I should have taken my berth in London, if I desired a good one; it is now too late. They say so many guineas, with which five or six additional should be understood: the steward's fees, wine, and beer, are not included in the thirty or thirty-five guineas passage-money. The night-berth, too, is simply a standing one, either above or below, shared with some two or three others; this is awkward.

The weather is lovely. I went round the docks; but I wish they would water the road to them from Radley's Hotel, and even the docks, in dry weather. I could not admire the build of our steamers; they have scarcely a single good point: the

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