

the forest now looks to New York and Boston as markets for his produce as much as the Welsh farmer does to Liverpool and Bristol; there he goes to sell and buy, and to form connections and friends. American teachers not only come to Halifax, but parents send their children to New York and Boston as the best places for education. There they grow up with an American version of English history, of the haughty and privileged few living in luxury upon the labours of the many. Like the Norwegians, belonging to scattered communities, where man naturally becomes dear to man; like them also, they are a warm-hearted, but plain and simple people. Like them, strangers to dependence and servility, they learn, amid the forests and the rivers, the equality and fraternity of man. When they visit New York and Boston, they meet with friends who sympathise with those ideas, and who treat them kindly. But let them go to London, and a different reception awaits them. There the heralds have placed them among the people that nobody knows—the excluded and degraded classes. “English gentlemen,” said a woman to me, “think no more of poor colonists than of so much dirt.” Then do they bitterly contrast their position with that of their neighbours and friends in the United States. “My father,” said the captain of a small brig, “fought and bled on the side of England, and what have we got by it? Would that I had been born under the stripes and stars instead; then I should have passed through the States Custom House on equal terms with the States man, and the ports of England on equal terms with the colonist. What am I now when I go to England?