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I had yet seen anywhere. The Hall, in spite of being half filled by the fair sex, was no exception. During the performance the young men stood up, or lay at full length, or playfully wrestled on the benches, making all sorts of noises. In vain the strolling manager begged for silence and a little decency, under the threat of leaving off; quite unsupported by the more staid and decorous part of the audience, which bore it all, as if quite used to this sort of licence. At all these smaller towns one sees how a perfect equality works—there are no gentry, nor any *people*; though plenty of tolerably poor persons getting a precarious living. You sit at table with working people (putting a coat on); nobody is a servant or a pauper; in short, anybody and everybody who can pay for their dinner; anybody walks into any sitting-room, often with their hats on. In the same way in the Hall, there was no sort of distinction—hardly a proper deference to the women; they, indeed, kept at a respectful distance from the greater noise and abominations of tobacco.

These strollers only ventured on farces—pretty broad ones. The funniest fellow, Adams, played a favourite slang character—a real go-a-head down-easter. These “critturs” by prescription are always dressed in a red head of long hair (like the French clowns), long-tailed coat, very short trousers, and shocking bad hat. There was a dance, and a funny song, of course (with his pretty wife), not without humour; the burden of which ran:

Wife. And will you love me now as then?

Man. Shouldn't wonder, shouldn't wonder!

Wife. What if I flirt with other men?

Man. No, by thunder—no, by thunder!

(*Set, and change sides.*)

This met with uproarious applause. The one fiddler to this performance, by the same token, played most vilely out of tune. The weather was dreadful—blowing, snowing, and raining. I had a fixed purpose in going to Long Island; and for days no steamer ventured out, nor is the passage regular; so I embarked on board a small sloop with fourteen others, ten of whom had at least exercised half a dozen trades by turns. One young fellow was now clerk to a citizen Irish itinerant auctioneer, who had been captain of a coaster, farmer, soldier, joiner, and horse-dealer! Two youths, with their young wives and fowling-pieces, were on a frolic, going over to Plum Island “a-gunning,” to shoot rabbits. The sound is full of rocky islands, with perhaps one hut and family, or none.

We beat over in the teeth of a gale of wind and very rough sea. We were, however, safe enough, for these boat-swim like ducks, and are handled by two or three men (including