

people too often sigh for their once health and happiness at home, when they often went hungry to bed. They may have a plentiful table in the woods without appetite, and rest without sleep—fever and ague may have weakened the one, and mosquitos destroyed the other. Both these evils must be expected by the settler, so sure as he locates his woods and erects his log cabin. Even in the older states, and long-since cleared country of the eastern shores, men rather vegetate than enjoy life—and in the country lead rather a sullen than a social life. The monotony of willing hard work eats into and puts out any little *mind* they may possess. This is, indeed, the condition of all labouring classes, willing or unwilling; but in the New World a man works ten times as hard for *himself*, and grows surly in a kind of lonely independence, for his next door neighbour may be most likely miles off. So much for the happiness of the thing; and it is as well to take it into the account—no emigrant must expect to find an unmixed good: this is nothing new, but it is kept too much in the background in the estimate of the writers on America, who know nothing of the climate, or the excessive hard work of clearing land. I should not glance at what may seem to have little to do with this my last look at the States, were it not to explain some passages in the following pages. When I compare things past with their present state, I think notably in their cities, not at all to the advantage of their greater size and increased numbers in the day, a very natural consequence of the denser population, the rise in the price of provisions, the keenness of competition, and the greater struggles with each other, vexation, and the greater struggles with each other, vexation, and miseries, selfishness and dishonesties, of the cities of the Old World. But I must not forget that I am but adding a short introductory chapter by way of explanation of certain passages in this my rapid glance at the more cultivated part of the great American States—more, I hope, to amuse the idle traveller, than lead or instruct (except incidentally, perhaps,) my readers. I think we have yet to be written a really useful pocket volume for the emigrant, comprising statistics and directions for his guidance, showing the difficulties and disquists he must overcome hand in hand with the solid advantages he may look forward to—at least for his children. Even in such a work it would hardly hold good beyond four or five years, as to land and locations, labour and the markets, so rapidly does the population increase, and the various sections short of and beyond the Ohio and the Lakes.

One thing is certain: no man should think of settling in America not urged by decreasing means and an increasing family. Such an exile is but for the lowly, industrious