

sea-bathing people in the season. The whole place is in a transition state. In one short year hence it will be, no doubt, a large town, if the railway stops short here (and it is not so easy to get it across these rivers and coast estuaries), and the steamers continue to meet it.

The weather was very cold, and the stove very comfortable, as I sat in a neat little parlour with the landlady and her lady friends. Here I saw a most beautiful and singular flowering tropical plant, with glossy leaves; she called it the wax-plant. Its coroneted head almost touched the ceiling. "O, fie, what the ignorance is!" I must study botany. I embarked the next morning on board the little steamer Chicopee, on her arrival from, and immediate return to, New London. It blew hard, though fine, and our passage was excessively severe; at one moment she pitched so heavily as to threaten her breaking in two; the women, though half sailors, all sea-sick. The captain contemplated giving it up, and returning, we hung so long off a certain point to the east of this New London river *Thames*. Happily we got round, and out of this villanous sound, which seems to set its face constantly against my floating on its bosom. We pass Fort Washington, a beautiful battery, set prettily in its green glacis, commanding the river; and are soon fast at the town wharf, amidst innumerable ships, schooners, and sloops.

New London partakes of the features of all the New England towns, except at the water-side; a mixture of town and country—churches, chapels, halls, and villas standing in their own ample grounds, or with plenty of elbow-room and ornamental weeping willows, in wide rocky or sandy, or ill-paved streets.

Some rich fellow is building a most gloriously costly and fantastic house, in stone, and his neighbour builds just such another near him, in wood; the extravagance of expense is laughed at; their whalers have had good catches of fish, or some other spec! They are great South Sea whalers hereabouts—Portsmouth, Bedford, Newport, Sagg Harbour, Mystic, Fall River, &c., but their spirit of adventure and fine ships are everywhere. This year, however, they hear of losses, wrecks, no fish, or half cargoes.

All these small States and towns are the stronghold of fanaticism and teetotalism, but it is, as at Boston, forced to give way before the rising generation, which here, in New London, is extremely fast and noisy. They have as yet no theatre, but make a certain "*Abor Hall*" do duty. A strolling company of actors are at the City Hotel, where I took up my quarters much longer than I found at all agreeable. There was a concentration of smoking and chewing, with the usual vile accompaniments; more intense and offensive than

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