

arisen all at once since the days of Washington and Franklin and our *English colonies*! The progression and the variety in thought, customs, and action is simply and just what was to be expected when the pressure of our feudal system, we still cling to, was taken off. Going from Southampton to New York is much as if we went from Southampton to Liverpool; we cross three thousand miles of the Atlantic, and find ourselves in another England—New England!—which will apply, more or less, to all the states, even to the Salt Lake and California—gold-diggings and all. All, all is English—with a difference. A language in common, our school-books, and classic literature on the youthful mind, is the great connecting link of thought and action. A vast continent, modes of life suiting rivers, forests and coasts, with a polar and tropical climate, are mere accidents, altering little or nothing in the American moral world.

Looking back on a strangely chequered existence

"In life's young dream,"

America was once my home—almost my country. In her woods and fields there is no one thing I have not turned my hand to—so requisite for our own poor emigrants to understand and to do on their arrival in the New World, the home of their adoption, whether with the plough, the scythe, the axe, or the rifle. This is as a dream long past, when the cities and the cleared lands were of not half the extent they are now, and the population perhaps not a third—such has been the astonishing increase of these last thirty or forty years. It would be indeed interesting to mark the rapid change, even to this year, 1855, when we find they have arisen to a mighty power of twenty-five millions of a free vigorous people—far outstripping, in many things, the slower, ground-down continent of Europe! All this is quite incontestable; it is forced on us every day in a hundred ways; the most ignorant person knows all about it. Our docks are full of American ships, and they are the finest merchantmen people see up and down the Thames. They form the life and chief commerce of our chief city (after London), Liverpool—this, by the way, if we could shut our eyes on the hundreds of thousands of our *best* people, who inquire anxiously after those ships, and leave our shores annually, in search of a livelihood less pinched, less hopeless, than our little island can afford them—nobody can say positively of more *happiness*, for with enough to eat, that is ever "an airy nothing, without a habitation or a name." It is a foolish fallacy to talk of the particular or peculiar happiness of individuals or of nations. With a cleared patch (after much hard work for years) in some section of the backwoods of America, our

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