

gether this "sight" of Chicago was a sickening and repulsive one; but I felt most for the wild-eyed oxen fresh from the plains. The interest they had in life was keener and cleaner than that of the huge gross hogs. These lay contentedly enough at the edge of the pit of destruction; but the sweet-breathed trembling cattle shuddered as they smelt the tainted air of the shambles. What a life is led by the men who do their repulsive business after the bleeding carcasses have been drawn into the factory! One came out, a powerful young fellow, with a singularly pale or whitened face. But he was dripping with blood. He asked for "the price of a can of beer," though I was told that some of these men received five dollars or £1 a day. The number of people employed in or about the stockyards was stated to be altogether thirty thousand. Besides the establishment which I visited there are divers more, and the pens seemed to reach out of sight. I came away half disposed to become a vegetarian from that hour.

*S.S. Pavonia, October 6, 1884.*

After leaving Chicago I stayed for a few days in Boston. It lately claimed to be more than the hub of the "world," inasmuch as the dome of the State House (which holds a high place in the city) had been gilt, and was one morning honoured by the arrival of a planet, which for some hours made its orbit around it. So I was assured on the spot.

There is something in New England which strangely affects the palate of one's perception with an undefinable taste of "Englishness." This is felt even in the shape of the Boston streets, some of which are as crooked as those in the oldest