

ing, I wept and walked away, a better man than when I entered those solemn resting-places of the glorious dead.

The time allotted for my visit having nearly expired, my mind began to look towards the country of my adoption, filled with a strong desire once more to tread its free soil. Strong as is the love of home, it was not strong enough to induce a preference in my mind for England. America had become the dearer of the two. Indeed, I saw so many unpleasant things amidst the grandeur and pageantry of the rich, that I often felt disgusted. Such hosts of street beggars, such troops of poverty-stricken children, such a mass of degraded laborers, such enormous taxation, made me shrink from bearing any part of so great a burden, and desire to link my future destiny with the rising fortunes of America. How the laborer of England lives, with such low wages, and such high prices for the staple commodities of life, is above my comprehension. Meat was from twelve to twenty-four cents per pound; tea from one to two dollars; coffee from twenty-five to forty cents, and other things in proportion. To this add the intemperate habits of the poor, and how they live becomes a problem I know not how to solve. Yet, with all this poverty and woe, taxation is laid upon the public with merciless severity, to furnish means to maintain the splendor and fatten the minions of royalty. First, they have to pay the annual interest of eight hundred million pounds;