

putting back for repairs. As we flew along in the railway carriage between Liverpool and London, my eye, so long accustomed to the American landscape, was struck with the dressy and garden-like appearance of all the fields, the absence of weeds, and the neatness of the trim hedgerows. We passed only one unoccupied piece of ground, and it was covered with heath, then in full blossom, a plant which we had not seen from the time we crossed the Atlantic. Eight hours conveyed us from sea to sea, from the estuary of the Mersey to that stream which Pope has styled "the Father of the British Floods." Whatever new standard for measuring the comparative size of rivers I had acquired in my late wanderings, I certainly never beheld "the swelling waters and alternate tides" of Father Thames with greater admiration than after this long absence, or was ever more delighted to find myself once more in the midst of the flourishing settlement which has grown up upon his banks.