

no more questions on the subject. He then said, "It was bitten off." To have thus precluded them for the rest of a long journey from asking how it was bitten off, was a truly ingenious method of putting impertinent curiosity on the rack.

When my wife first entered the ladies' cabin, she found every one of the numerous rocking-chairs filled with a mother suckling an infant. As none of them had nurses or servants, all their other children were at large, and might have been a great resource to passengers suffering from ennui, had they been under tolerable control. As it was, they were so riotous and undisciplined, as to be the torment of all who approached them. "How fortunate you are," said one of the mothers to my wife, "to be without children; they are so ungovernable, and, if you switch them, they sulk, or go into hysterics." The threat of "I'll switch you," is forever vociferated in an angry tone, but never carried into execution. One genteel and pleasing young lady sat down by my wife, and began conversation by saying, "You hate children, don't you?" intimating that such were her own feelings. A medical man, in large practice, in one of the southern states, told us he often lost young patients in fevers, and other cases where excitement of the nerves was dangerous, by the habitual inability of the parents to exert the least command over their children. We saw an instance where a young girl, in considerable danger, threw the medicine into the physician's face, and heaped most abusive epithets upon him.

The Director of the State Penitentiary, in Georgia, told me, that he had been at some pains to trace out the history of the most desperate characters under his charge, and found that they had been invariably spoilt children; and, he added, if young Americans were not called upon to act for themselves at so early an age, and undergo the rubs and discipline of the world, they would be more vicious and immoral than the people of any other nation. Yet there is no country where children ought to be so great a blessing, or where they can be so easily provided for. Parents have not the excuse of Mrs. MacClarty, in the "Cottagers of Glenburnie," when she exclaims, "If I don't give the boy his own way, what else have I to give him?" but it is probably because so many of these western settlers have risen recently from