

country for the agriculturist. For here are no swamps, no rich bottoms to breed fever and ague: but what, in England, we should call a good barley and wheat land. The crops, however, were wonderfully slight; rarely did I see a wheat crop that would average four sacks to the acre; many were there that could hardly be cut and collected together from amid the stumps and offshoots springing up from imperfectly grubbed roots. The corn crops, (Indian corn), were very promising; but I thought to myself that we English landowners need not fear the competition of wheat imported from the United States.

We dined comfortably, and refreshed at different places on the way. At Xenia, we were delayed sometime, waiting for the train from Cleveland, through Columbus, to Cincinnati. By this line of country, we ought, in fact, to have come; but, as I have said, the books of last year could not tell us of it, as the railway did not then exist; and, in truth, we were beyond all guide-book information. The Cleveland and Columbus road had carried off most of the traffic through Sandusky; and our railway

had, therefore, been allowed to get somewhat out of repair. We were a good deal shaken, though not "snaked" as sometimes happens; when the iron hooping that is nailed to sleepers, in some instances, for the cars to run on instead of rails, when this iron hooping becomes detached, and curling itself up, enters through the floor of a car and twists itself on and on amongst or through the passengers, missing or spitting them like larks, till it goes out at the other end or through the roof. We were not snaked; and we consoled ourselves for the jolting and slowness of our train, by considering that, owing to the competition, we had been brought from Buffalo to Sandusky, and from Sandusky to Cincinnati, a distance of four hundred and fifty-eight miles, for three dollars, or twelve shillings and sixpence a-head: state saloons, "bride's room", eating on board, and first class railway all included.*

* This calculation would be exact had we all paid as grown up passengers. But all through this journey, seven of us were considered as children, and, therefore paid half-price only. The father, mother, and eleven children, travelled as nine and a half grown persons—Louie and Agnes being classed among the babies.

From Xenia, where the Columbus train joined us, we went on more rapidly; but the cars were more crowded; we were getting tired; the evening closed in; and we could only occasionally get glimpses of water gliding swiftly in the starlight amid high banks and overhanging trees. This, we were told, was the Little Miami river; and that the scenery about it was pretty. Porters and boys of every size soon made an irruption into the cars, recommending different hotels in Cincinnati. I selected one who wore a label showing that he belonged to the far-famed Burnet House hotel; and I was assured, by some gentlemanly fellow-passengers who had kindly given me much information, that I might trust him with my forty-two brass checks with which to claim my baggage. The cars at length stopped; omnibuses, the only conveyances at the station, were in waiting from each hotel; that of the Burnet House was filled before I could collect my party, and we had to await its return. It came, and, for this second trip, we had it all to ourselves. "It was," writes Lucy, who had never seen the inside of an omnibus before,

“like a very respectably-fitted up covered waggon, with cushions on the benches which ran all round it.”

Thoroughly tired, we were set down at the foot of the handsome flight of steps leading up to the Burnet House hotel, where I had to pay the porter three and a half dollars for bringing my luggage from the station ; or two-and-six-pence more than I had paid for the carriage and food of myself for the last four hundred and fifty-eight miles.

We were all soon asleep in not very comfortable rooms.