

its value ; and that it would cost as much per acre as good land in England.

I was persuaded to go and see an estate somewhere near Cincinnati:—a most desirable, paying property, that was to be had very cheap. I hired a buggy and, with my wife, started to find it—being duly warned that, in driving, I was always to take and keep on the right side of the road. We left the town and were soon involved in a romantic ravine amid some beautiful hills. A steep ascent led us to the top of them, and we inquired for a Dr.——, I forget his name: but he had been described as “a very fine gentleman”; and we expected to find something quite “upper crust”. We passed before a handsome building which, I was told, was the Ohio State Agricultural College; and, after inquiring at a pretty cottage surrounded by a garden, in which roses and vines, intertwined, shaded delicious arbours, we were directed to another, where we found a shabby little man, who got upon a shabby little horse and scampered wildly about for a quarter of an hour. At length, he returned with the Doctor, who was not unlike himself—except, perhaps, that he looked still more

dirty and shabby. The two together harnessed the shabby little horse to a shabby little buggy, and whipped it away along a sandy road, desiring us to follow. They talked incessantly as I did so—asking every imaginable question: and though I did not quite do like my Frank, who, after we had told our children to reply to all inquiries that they did not know, told an inquisitive American that he did not know his own name, that he did not know where he came from, that he did not know who were his father and mother nor how many brothers and sisters he had—although, I say, I did not quite answer like Frank, I flattered myself that the Doctor and his friend got little out of me. I myself discovered that they were partners, and had taken the land in question in some business transaction for a bad debt.

We hastened on between worm fences and by various lanes; and, at length, pulled up by the road side. We were to dismount. This was the location. Where? The clearing and the woods behind, and the buildings. We clambered over the fences and inspected the farm buildings; one small barn and a shed, both

falling to pieces. We made our way through the tangled weeds and briars that encumbered a young orchard, and over another fence into two or three ploughed fields. This was all the cleared land—about sixty acres.

There were some three hundred acres of wood; fine oak timber. All the soil was a good strong loam; rather too stiff. What was the price? The doctor and his friend had taken the whole at one hundred dollars per acre; they would sell all in one lot at one hundred and twenty dollars.

We returned to Cincinnati, and I reported to my friends what I had seen. They did not think there had been anything so cheap within six miles of the town.

“Cheap? why it comes to twenty-five pounds sterling per acre. What interest would it bring in?”

“Interest! you must not exactly look to that. It is fine timber, and would almost pay the expense of cutting down and clearing the ground. You might get some interest for your money by growing vegetables and fruit for the town. But you must look to sub-

dividing it ; and to the increase in the value of all property. It will be worth twice as much in four years time. Oh, it is wonderfully cheap ; and if you don't buy it, I think I shall."

I gave my friend full liberty to do so ; as I had no intention either of setting up as a market gardener at Cincinnati, or of speculating on the improvement of property in the pig-killing metropolis.

For, at last, we had found out that the reeking stench, as of hot seething fat, which had annoyed and puzzled us since our arrival in Cincinnati, arose from the hog slaughter houses. Evening after evening, it was drawn up by the hot sun, and borne by the clammy breeze to our windows, where flies buzzed and enjoyed themselves. Fancy the steam that must arise in the hot summer weather even from empty houses in which twenty thousand hogs have been slaughtered each day in the winter ! Faugh !

Meanwhile we were domesticating ourselves in our Walnut-street hotel, and were getting the people a little more into our ways. Husband and wife—more united than those of the

continent of Europe—always occupy the same room and the same bed in the United States; and I had had some difficulty in persuading the porters that separate basins and ewers were needed for them. I succeeded at last, though with difficulty; for the porters and waiters were Irish emigrants, who, having doubtless spent their lives with the pig on a mud floor, all alike undefiled by water at home, felt that the carrying of water to our rooms impeded the digestion of the full meals that pampered their insolence in America. The Irish in Ireland may be the “finest peasantry in the world;” certainly the Irish in England show attachment, affection and gratitude to those who befriend or even treat them fairly; if such be the national character at home, it is wonderfully changed in its passage across the Atlantic. One would be inclined to think that, like wild animals, it can be only tamed by starvation; and that when once it has tasted meat and knows that it can never want again, its nature exhibits itself, like that of the cage-bred tiger when first it has lapped blood.