

Reader! Knowing that you take a deep interest in our preregrinations, we will tell you that we have been to the land of steady habits, Cuban tobacco, and wooden nutmegs. Remarkable as it is, yet it is a fact that you know when you are "down east" almost as soon as you have passed beyond the limits of York State. We inquired of ourself, how is it that the fields and gardens look so clean, and the houses appear so white and tidy, as if they had been prepared to be sent to meeting. An answer was soon had in the discovery of men mowing and raking grass where only Yankees would be found doing so on the knolls and bogs that protruded above the water of the marsh, while hard-by was a little girl whose tiny fingers could scarce expand the brush, scrubbing a stoop and watching a baby who was just able to walk. Ah, thought we, if the child is able to scrub the stoop surely the mother must be able to do the same to the sides of the house. Truly, "Industry is better than gold."

On entering the city of New Haven, our mind was instantly carried back to the great hive of industry which we had left a few hours before. Everybody was astir, and when we saw the piles of granite and the laying of the Belgian pavement, the allusion was complete. Having made good use of our legs that P. M., we had

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the pleasure of looking upon a large amount of real estate owned by our people, more, we think, than is possessed by the same class in any other community, the population considered. The friends all speak in the highest terms of the tolerant spirit manifested toward them by the whites of the city. Every colored mechanic they say can get work, be his calling what it may. This enables them to secure property, and so rapidly have they accumulated it, that the whites now begin to talk about giving them the right to vote. This they will do because they do not like the idea of these people owning so much property, and not paying any taxes for Connecticut, to her honor be it spoken, does not tax those who have no voice in the Commonwealth. Having been summoned or invited to attend a festival to be given for the benefit of the Rev. J. G. Smith of Zion Church, at the Union Hall, which is in the heart of the city and about fifty feet by eighty in size, with a very high ceiling, we repaired thither. The audience which filled about two thirds of this vast hall, was composed of [t]he best citizens of the place, and exhibited much gratification at the efforts of the singers, particularly those of Madame Magnan, who was in splendid voice. The singing of Miss Ellen Anderson, Miss Addie M. Hamilton and Miss Newton, was well received, al-

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though it was known that they were not professional singers. At the conclusion of the concert, a very bountiful repast was spread and partaken of by a large number of the friends, who remained together until two o'clock, spending the time in chatting and promenading.

We had the pleasure of calling on the family of Mr. R. C. Cowes, and of shaking hands with his mother. Old New Yorkers will be glad to know that she is enjoying comparative good health, and that "Bob" is piling up the "tin." We received pressing invitations from numerous friends to retire with them, which we respectfully declined; and picking out one of the softest seats in the hall, we, surrounded by the pianist, Waldron, the singers, some of the committee, and a commissioner from Hayti, who by the way, gave us a splendid sereuade during the night, through his nostrils, sought "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," till the song of the iron horse at 5 o'clock A. M., called us to take passage for our homes. We cannot close this account without returning thanks to the committee, through the Rev. Mr. Smith, and Mr. Sailor, for their gentlemanly treatment and prompt discharge of every obligation.

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