

been let to shoe merchants, drapers, and to persons in various other callings, who required large premises. What seem to have been the residences of "swells," are now occupied, some of them as insurance and lawyers' offices; others as tailors' and jewellers' shops; some of them as doctors' and dentists' apartments.

On the following Monday morning, the scene at the station for trains going West—whither we are bound—is a busy one. Immigrants from several European countries, with their baggage, are being pushed forward to their destination. Everybody's baggage receives the same rough handling from the strong and ready men who toss it into the cars. But as we look on, we perceive them, for some reason, cease their careless tossing, and two of them lay hold of a rough box, with the words "Head," "Feet," written in pencil at the respective ends of it. This is what a friend who has long lived there informs us "is called out West," in their grim, joking way, "a wooden overcoat." They bear it reverently—these rudely clad labourers—for, although it is only the mortal remains, yet it is to be seen, from their awe-struck countenances, that, apart from decent custom and considerations of public opinion, the dust of a brother man is to them a sacred thing, for which they fain would show what respect they can.

When we have taken our places in the car, we are informed by our American friend, who accompanies us, that "our minister" is to be a fellow-passenger. I had been not unaccustomed to hear reverend gentlemen who undertook the cure of souls so denominated, and imagined that this one was the spiritual adviser, in the place where my friend resided, of the religious denomination to which he belonged. Not long after we got this information, a gentleman, quite out of breath from running, falls exhausted into the seat in the compartment next to ours. Our aforesaid friend had very recently informed us that he had a bottle of very superior brandy, for which he had paid, in New York, \$5. Now, let not my temperance friends be alarmed at the companionship which your correspondent was keeping, for, notwithstanding that he (I don't mean our correspondent, but his companion)

carried with him some very expensive, and doubtless very excellent brandy, yet he seldom partook of it. He only administered it to himself when he felt "a little nervous." As he is a man of iron nerve, whose equanimity nothing seems able to upset, a bottle is likely to last him a long time, unless a sudden change in his constitution takes place, the apprehension of which event may probably explain and account for his having this expensive luxury in his possession. Having politely asked us to partake of it, our friend goes to visit "our minister," whom he brings with him and introduces. We discover that he is not one of the cloth, but "our minister to Japan," and recognize him to be the person whose exhaustion from running has been noticed. Our friend questions Mr. De Lorme, and tries to get from him an admission as to feeling "just a little nervous." But, as befits a minister of a great nation to a not unimportant embassy, he will own to no such weakness, and therefore declines taking a remedy, although pressed upon him, for a disease with which he will not acknowledge himself to be afflicted.

Mr. De Lorme is on his way to Japan via San Francisco, with his wife and family. Slight things, even the way of telling a story, will sometimes give an insight into character, and leave an impression. So, when, after an hour or two's companionship, this genial, warm-hearted and talented gentleman left us to stay a few days with some friends who lived near the road, we felt for him a regard not to be attributed to the length of our acquaintance, and which, from its short duration, may seem scarcely warranted.

To show with what little state Americans, as a rule, travel, the fact of a servant man accompanying them caused hushed inquiries from the passengers on the platform, as to who the distinguished party were.

It is all prairie to-day; but a little trouble in laying out grounds adds much to the good effect of the landscape, which is not devoid either of fruit or of ornamental trees. We of course go by any number of cities and towns. Just before coming to Sagetown, some streams and undulating hills are a relief to the level scenery of the whole day.