

any other kind of stock, but he persisted in throwing out hints, hoping to learn my occupation. In this, however, he was foiled.

I sighed when he left, deeming him to be but the forerunner of a perfect army of inquisitors whom I expected would besiege me, but I was disappointed.

American women, travelling in their own country, behave better than report gives them credit for. The greatest peculiarity I observed about them, was an *anemic* condition of the gums, and in fact, nearly all those I met in New York state appeared to be suffering from anemia. What could cause it so generally, I cannot conceive.

Syracuse is a peculiar place; bounded on one side by a marshy lake and on another by an immense field of salt-kilns and drying sheds, it has a very dismal and monotonous appearance from the approach by rail.

Many fine buildings embellish this growing city and the amount of business done in salt alone, is almost incredible.

Along the New York Central Route, many fine towns exist. Indeed the whole country through which the N.Y.C. passes (the famous Genesee Valley) is one of the most beautiful in America.

Auburn—"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain," as sung by Campbell in "Gertrude of Wyoming" is the prettiest place along the line. It is built upon two hills and an intervening valley, and many of its buildings (conspicuously the State Prison) are very fine.

It is difficult to imagine this place, which seems always to have been as it is now, as it was a hundred years ago, when Indians whooped and scalped among these hills and "going to Auburn" was "going to the far West." Canandaigua is a junction station where the Northern Central Railway joins the New York Central. It possesses an institution for the treatment of mental diseases, which has a good reputation. From Canandaigua to Elmira, the Northern Central follows the Chemung Valley whose diminutive grandeur is quite peculiar. It seems like one of the great Valleys of the Tyrol or Switzerland in its infancy, or, as if a mighty mountain had sunk into a morass and fallen asleep with head and shoulders alone uncovered. All along this section, line after line of cars loaded with coal and iron lie along the track. You breathe coal, you feel it on your hands, you smell it, you are thoroughly impregnated with anthracite before you reach Elmira.

Elmira is quite a large town, at the junction of the Erie and Northern Central Railways and does a large business in coal and iron. It is almost in the heart of the coal mining district. South of Elmira, we plunge into the Alleghenies, through cuttings, tunnels, and bridges that it must have taken a gigantic power to construct.

Firstly, along the Wycheming, and then along the Susquehanna, the Railway takes its course. Some of the scenery near Ralston is grand, but usually it is tame. The mountains jut out to the valleys and end abruptly, having much the appearance of huge *mansard roofs* whose summits are decorated with dark pine trees in place of iron railings.

Near Dauphin and Harrisburgh, the scenery is beautiful. The Susquehanna becomes quite broad, but the curves it makes are abrupt and frequent. At nearly every curve there is a bridge. Indeed within a circuit of eight miles of Harrisburgh, there are, at least, half a dozen bridges, some of them of great length.

Harrisburgh is a large and flourishing town, engaged in the coal trade and iron smithing. It is built on the eastern bank of the shallow, sandy-bottomed Susquehanna, but has a bad appearance from the Railway Bridge, on account of the low, dirty-look of the bank of the stream.

At Clark's ferry, the scenery is very pretty. After leaving Harrisburgh, the soil becomes reddish. It looks like disintegrated red sandstone or granite, or more like red chalk. This colour is communicated to the streams and gives them a very filthy appearance. The bricks in the country, seem to be peculiarly red also. We soon get into Maryland, where the great rolling land and fine houses are a relief to the eye but where the red looking roads and streams and squat Dutchmen compare unfavourably with the New York Roads and Pennsylvania coal heavens.

Just before dark, we ran into a tunnel which I was told was Baltimore. We only remained a short time here, but long enough to ascertain, that the city is built on several hills, and that all the railways enter it by tunnels, or at a higher level than the streets, to avoid accidents long enough to sniff the sea-breeze; long enough to see the scene of the street-fight which occurred at the commencement of the American war. From Baltimore to Washington, I saw nothing till the Capitol loomed into view. On the train, I fell in with a fine young man, a confere, who had been adjutant to General Lee during the late war, and had been engaged in twenty-five battles. From him, I got much useful information. He accompanied me to the Capitol, which I think compares unfavourably with our buildings at Ottawa. Some of the statuary, and the bronze castings on main entrance are very fine. I shall never forget the first night, under the moonlight, when, a thousand miles from home, I drank at the fountain of Republicanism. This is literal. The water was brackish and savoured, to my mind, of Radicalism. Pennsylvania Avenue is a fine broad street, and the view of the Potomac from Government Hill, even in the moonlight, is good.

The finest-looking girls, I have seen, are in Harrisburgh and the most gentlemanly and well behaved people I met after leaving Washington.

There is a strong under-current of feeling, even north of Baltimore, against the Union. That foul ulcer has not yet healed. I heard a very clear definition of Democrat and Republican, which I reproduce. Democrats insist on state's rights, to self Government and favour free trade; Republicans wish for a central controlling Government and a protective tariff. The last snow I saw was in Washington. The climate here is delightful. Of Fredericksburg and Richmond, so full of interest, I must speak in another letter. Living is no dearer here than in Canada, and the people are very kind and obliging. I intend visiting the Libby prison and other places of interest before leaving. With my next letter, I may enclose some etchings.

Meanwhile,

Believe me, etc.,

CANADIAN.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* furnishes the anagram, "Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, Baronet," which transposes into "You horrid butcher Orton—biggest rascal here!"

A SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

In these November days of May, with sharp winds, and keen frosts, and great feathery flakes of snow, calling to one's mind Tom Hood's lines, descriptive of the negative character of November:—

"No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!"

A refreshing city item, in the *Montreal Gazette*, like the following is conducive to buoyancy and cheerfulness of spirits:—

"THE OLD SON.—Mr. O. Devlin has brought back with him valid memorials of the 'Old Sol' in the shape of fine blackthorn shillelahs, some of which he has presented to his friends."

Valid is a good word when applied to a "sprig of Shillelah"—Milton uses it in "Paradise Lost"—

"—perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us make the odds,
In nature none."

The author of the city item has omitted to say whether the recipients of the shillelahs are O. D.'s political friends; and to hazard the conjecture that the "blackthorns are to be used at the next general election to help the return to Parliament of men to represent Montreal, having no fixed politics, or, in truth, decided principles respecting anything; gentlemen by birth, with little else but their brains and their pedigree—the one no use to them, and the other never employed to any great and noble purpose, such as the pursuit, the enforcement, and the exhibition of truth, justice, and good government, and the removal of hindrances which obstruct good, and facilities and temptations to evil; men who are not scholars well versed in the writings of such great political philosophers as Burke, nor disciples of such illustrious men as Pitt, Fox, Canning, Palmerston, and Peel; nor who have learnt the principles of jurisprudence from such men as Redesdale, Camden, Tenterden, Mansfield, and Stowell.

But not being a politician, nor a writer on politics, I will dismiss election matters and everything connected with Parliament and Parliament men, the subject being too dry, and by no means exhilarating for a dull November feeling day, like the present second of May, and will return to the "Sprig of Shillelah," which I contend is an oak stick, not a "black thorn"; and it derives its name from Shillelah, a district in the county of Wicklow, formerly celebrated for its oak woods.

An amusing essayist in the "Dublin Penny Journal." Speaking about the national Emblems says: If an Irishman travels he will beg, borrow or steal a Shillelah; if he goes to play he hurls with a crooked oak stick; if he goes to a fair, it is delightful to hear the sound of his clough-peen on the cattle horns; if he fights at market or fair, the cudgel is brandished on high; and, as Fin Ma Coul of old smiled grimly in the joy of battle, so his descendants shout lustily in the joy of the cudgels—*Be'lo gaudentes—fratris videntes!*

In 'ruxion delighting,
Laughing while fighting!

Leather away with your oak stick, is still the privilege, the glory, and the practice of Irishmen. The Essayist adds:—When dying, Paddy dies quietly if assured he shall have a decent "berrin," be buried in an oak coffin, and attended to the grave by a powerful faction well provided with oak sapplings.

Again, to show that the shillelah is not a blackthorn, there is a lyric to be found in several collections of songs, as follows:—

When from the new-formed pregnant earth,
Sprang vegetation's progeny,
The Irish oak of ancient birth,
Arose the kingly forest tree.
Hail to the oak, the Irish oak,
And Irish hearts, with three times three!
Its verdure sickens where the slave,
To power despotic, homage gives;
But real shillelah, with the brave,
True to the soil, luxuriant lives.
Hail to the oak, the Irish tree,
And hearts of oak, with three times three.

Instances may be multiplied where the shillelah is always associated with an oak sapling. Hoping these few lines may be interesting to some who were never in the County of Wicklow and as much so as the item announcing the importation of shillelahs of blackthorn.

R. E. X.

May 2nd, 1874

SCRAPS.

The bill which England is about to pay for the reception of the Shah of Persia last summer amounts to about eighty thou and dollars.

It is said that Government will shortly issue an order recalling all the Russian guns—trophies of the Crimean war—which are scattered throughout the country, in order that they may be destroyed.

There was much consternation among the proprietors of the London daily newspapers this week, in consequence of a new order by the Serjeant-at-Arms forbidding leader writers in the gallery. They will have to get into Parliament.

All the officers who have served in the Ashantee war will receive four months' leave of absence, and all the privates one month. The prize money to be distributed among the soldiers will amount to the handsome sum of 7s. 6d. per man.

A Horse Guards order will shortly be issued expressing Her Majesty's approval of the word "Ashantee" being borne on the colours and appointments of the 23rd Fusiliers, 42nd Highlanders, Rifle Brigade, and 1st and 2nd West India Regiments, in recognition of the services rendered by the corps during the late campaign.

Many attribute the decrease in the population of France to the disinclination of mothers to suckle their infants, as interfering with the former's appearance in society; hence the infant is given out to a mercenary nurse. Alphonse Karr supplicates the Assembly to decree a law, compelling every mother who is able but unwilling to nurse her own child, to wear a collar of corks round her neck for a twelvemonth.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Bayard Taylor is reported to be collecting materials for a joint biography of Schiller and Goethe.

Dr. Kenealy has started a new weekly paper, called the *Englishman*, devoted to politics, religion, law, and literature.

Among new books publishing in Germany, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* mentions Uhland's "Life and Remains," edited by his widow.

Azamat-Batuk has started upon a tour round the world, having arranged to contribute occasional articles and sketches to the *Pictorial World*.

The *Great Ice Age* is a recent English work, which portrays the earth as it appeared about 200,000 years ago, when "the British Islands and all Northern Europe were enveloped in snow and ice."

Prof. von Ranke is engaged in re-editing his "History of the Popes," with reference to the relations between Pío Nono and the German empire. The professor is now more than seventy-five years old, but is as active as ever.

A "new light" is constantly being thrown upon ancient worthies, and unworthies, and among these is the handsome poisoner, Lucrezia Borgia, who will probably be whitewashed in a new story of her life, which will shortly appear in Germany.

Goldsmith is coming in again. At a recent sale of autographs in London one of his commanded the highest price, \$190. Among others were autographs of Goethe, Tasso, Schiller, Swift, Sterne, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and many others.

The maximum of cheapness in printing has been reached by a London edition of the *Waverley Novels*, published by Dicks at three pence each. For about six cents one may have one of Scott's novels complete, in fair print, and illustrated by John Gilbert.

Senor Hipolito Fernandez has discovered in the temple of Buddha, at Ceylon, a manuscript in a character to him unknown. The form of the manuscript is peculiar, consisting of about sixty palm-leaves, inscribed on both sides with characters resembling the cuneiform.

George Eliot's new volume of poetry, which Messrs. Blackwood will publish about the end of the month, will include the poems contributed to English magazines and a poem contributed only to an American serial, together, the *Academy* believes, with more recent poetical work, which will now for the first time see the light.

The late Mr. Sumner has bequeathed all his papers and MSS. to his old friend, Henry Longfellow, together with the half of his collection of coins and bronzes, the remainder of which has been left by him to Dr. Samuel Howe, of Boston. Mr. Sumner leaves \$50,000 to the library of Harvard College, the interest of which is to be annually spent in the purchase of books.

Mr. M. D. Conway has been visiting Ernest Renan. Mr. Conway's picture of the writer is an excellent one. He is a man of about 50, thick set, but not tall, with a full face and a strong brow. His eye is at once sweet and penetrating, and his voice both gentle and firm. He gives one the impression of a man who has a great deal of work in him, and one likely to give the orthodox far more trouble than he has even yet done. With his smooth-shaven face and black Academic dress he conveys still the impression of the priest until he converses, when he is felt to be more than a scholar. He divides his labours between his theological writings and the Asiatic Society, of which he is Secretary, and which, indeed, rests mainly on his shoulders.

"Not long ago," says the London correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, "an eminent English authoress was leaving an afternoon concert in London, when two old ladies from the country, finding that she was the writer of books that had delighted them, rushed up to her and begged permission to kiss her hand. The authoress blushed deeply and began tugging at her tight-fitting glove. The glove was only withdrawn after a minute or two of effort, causing much embarrassment to the modest authoress. A French gentleman, who witnessed the proceeding, remarked that if it had been George Sand she would instantly have thrown her arms around the old women and kissed each on both cheeks. And undoubtedly that is the fact. The French are creatures of impulse, and though it may show itself sometimes in wild ways this impulsiveness makes English and even American life appear cold and stiff in contrast."

Chess.

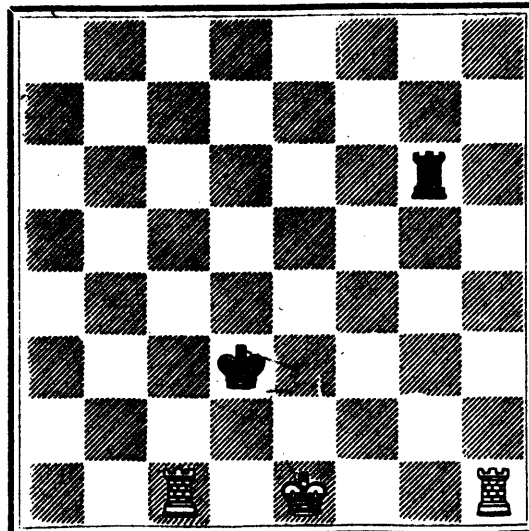
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTION RECEIVED.—Study No. 1, T. J. L., Charlottetown.

CHESS STUDY NO. 2.

By Mr. T. J. L., Charlottetown.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Supply one piece, not a Queen, so that White moving first may give checkmate in two moves.