

any one who has been in the old and also travelled in America, will bear out what I say. I fancy you are in a state of anxiety to know how I "passed the Customs." I passed easily, because I passed honestly. I made no attempt to conceal, answered all questions, told them exactly what I had—opened for them one trunk—told them I had in another box with lid screwed down certain things essential to one of my vocation. They examined courteously one package, and finding facts agreed with statements did not put me to the inconvenience of opening the other. All was good order, the luggage being arranged in tiers alphabetically, according to the address. How different the case at Quebec on the return—no order, no system; hence waste of time, injustice, and general dissatisfaction.

The ride from Liverpool to London in the lightning express (two hundred miles in five hours) was to me very pleasant. There are some features of English railroading I do not like, especially being obliged to maintain an oversight over one's luggage. To me it seems a great comfort to have one's luggage checked—put the guarantee of its safe delivery in one's pocket,—and take no further concern. But then it must be borne in mind that the oversight referred to means very little. Porters are at hand at every station with their trucks; they attend to the safe deposit of articles very carefully, and expect only two or three pence for their trouble. That mention of giving a man—an adult fellow-being—a "tip" of two-pence, I dare say, Sammy, raises queer feelings in your mind. When I offered it first, after due tutoring by an Englishman, I felt awfully ashamed, and turned away to blush. But "tip-ping," though a nuisance, is not an unmitigated one. Through it you can certainly get civility and attention by paying a little for it, but your pub-

lic servant here with us alike despises often both you and the 'tip' you might offer. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Oh, no, not he; he exhibits but one of the traits of that animal—*snarling*. I know you will say I am too hard on these people, Sammy; but I tell you candidly my baggage, and my feelings too, suffered more during my journey from Quebec to Toronto on the railroad than during all my travel in England and by ship during the two voyages.

What of English scenery? Having selected the route to London by the Midland line, I had an opportunity of judging of the "black country," or coal district. As the ride took me through one of the best parts of the country, an opportunity was afforded to gather a few impressions, which were all the more valuable, perhaps, as they were necessarily of a very general character. The country, it seems to me, corresponds perfectly to the character of the people. There was an absence of anything extreme, unusual, unexpected, grand, or even particularly beautiful; but again there was a fair mingling of hill and dale, pleasing woodland, green meadow or corn-field. Now, is it not so with your Englishman? The English as a race are not noted for fine talents, or the sparkle of genius, to the same degree perhaps as the Scotch—certainly not nearly so much so as the Irish. But in good sound judgment, in capacity for governing and being governed, in the acquisition of what makes for material greatness, they are unsurpassed. I speak of what I observed. After mingling with a great many men of culture in the old land, Sammy, I am bound to say as a Canadian—unprejudiced surely in regard to the nationalities of any of the great divisions of the mother land—that the *cultivated* Irishmen I met in London were, in sparkling, bright, elastic, penetrating, subtle intellection (if you will