

distinctly three hundred yards before us. But from the fact that we were evidently in a river, that the tugs were flying about us by the score, and that in the city adjoining the noise of foundries, vehicles, and all that goes to make up the din of a great centre, was most impressive, the only conclusion left was that I had reached my destination, and had better brace up my nerves to look after my movables and face those much-dreaded functionaries, the officials of Her Majesty's Customs. A good deal of discussion in regard to the character of these officials had engaged our attention for the past two days. These disquisitions were neither exactly psychological nor historical, but that sort of mongrel mental product a man of the world calls his *opinion*. As I am not a man of the world, Sammy, as you know, I said little, but hoped that honest, straightforward dealing would prove more successful than either bravado or bribery. But we have not yet quite reached this stage in the progress of affairs. After a period of confusion, similar to that of getting on board at Quebec, a marked pause in the general stir was caused by the announcement that the tender was approaching. True it was, and, moreover, that same tender, her build, her crew, her officers, her general deportment, was to me a synopsis of England. A very different thing altogether from the Canadian tender. She was big, heavy, squarish, looming up amid the fog like some black rock—a thing not to be moved easily, and not very nimble either. Her captain stood near the wheelhouse, looking hearty, fat and contented; all the subordinates, down to the cabin-boy, seemed to be in equally sound condition. Evidently these people believed they had a right to direct the speed of things in this world, and not that they must run the race with every event that time

bears on its bosom. Our luggage was placed on board the lesser vessel, each one seeming to take his own time except our American selves. But before I had been ten minutes among these people I, too, caught the spirit of tranquillity; I began to feel that I could live a very tolerable existence with the speed considerably lowered, and from that moment till I left England I felt the good effects of taking things leisurely.

As we neared the Customs dock I saw a number of individuals, some of them old men, standing as though they had been planted there, and were growing right healthily too, judging from their rubicund faces, which hearty mortals proved to be the famous Liverpool porters. Their heads were square, their shoulders were square, they were all square; and when I saw them take up and carry off boxes that usually, with us here in Canada, two or three men find enough to grumble about, my amazement was great. And I want to tell you another thing, Sammy, and it is this: I saw more confusion, ill humour, lack of civility, and want of appreciation of the difference between men, by reason of position and culture, one evening in ten minutes at the Union Station in Toronto, than I saw at all the great railway stations I had an opportunity of visiting in England, not excluding St. Pancras, in London, with its three hundred trains daily. Yes, my dear Sammy, I am as much of a Canadian as ever; but commend me to the civility and respect shown by subordinates, especially public employees, in the mother land. I should very much like to bring a few of our American and Canadian railroad servants, who are such mighty magnates in their own eyes, to their knees. One might sometimes suppose it was by special favour of these functionaries one was allowed to travel at all. I do not speak of all of them; but