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fresh sauce. The cynical Frenchman said that England had a hundred religions, but only one sauce; America has more than a hundred religions I am sure. Let us trust to find some mental *sauce piquante* that may tickle the palate and give some variety to the ragout.

Some travel for scenery alone; others apparently to enjoy the pleasures of eating and drinking, under constantly changing conditions; some again to find fertile soil for that cherished English growth—a grievance. Lastly, there are those whose chief interest abroad or at home lies in the study of their fellow-creatures.

Being of a gregarious turn of mind, I must class myself amongst these last.

Man cannot live by mountains alone, has always been my inward protest when accused of not finding scenery, however beautiful, sufficient to fill heart and mind for any indefinite period.

This perhaps is one reason why, having persevered in a contemplated visit to America in spite of cheerful prophecies that I should hate it when I got there, “find the scenery over-rated and disappointing,” the