

exorbitant in the extreme. A razor at \$25 and a plain cut scent-bottle at \$7 are rare curiosities on our side.

New York possesses several good clubs. Mr. Fowler was kind enough to put our names on the visitors' list of the Union League and the Down Town Association, and Mr. Dunning was so good as to put my name down at the Bar Association. This is the legal club of New York, and, like the others, very cosy and comfortable. Indeed, on wet days, when there was nothing to see but waterproofed people and horses with absurdly large mackintoshes, we could not have done without them.

There is a Trotting Club, called the Gentlemen's Driving Association. Their track is at the north of New York, across the Harlem river, and near the Croton Aqueduct, or High Bridge.

The horses are driven in small light gigs once round the track, which is a mile long. Some of them get round in 2 mins. 30 secs., and a pair did it in 2 mins. 20½ secs. They are sturdy-looking animals, and their action is splendid. There were not many people present, nor did they show much enthusiasm; but perhaps they have too much of it. There are races every day.

During our stay in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler paid us all the attention possible. We dined at their very pretty house in East Sixty-eighth