

it, also of white and gold, filled with fruits of all kinds, the grapes hanging in bunches over the edges and looking most delicious, as they proved to be on tasting. At every lady's place was a beautiful bouquet in a tall champagne glass. There was, of course, small space left for dishes. Soup was handed round at once, and the contents of the silver covered dishes at the top and bottom were displayed, and then removed to a side-table. There was every delicacy of the season. Among others, the prairie hen, or American grouse, a delicious bird, but lacking the heathery flavour of the Scotch grouse; then there was the canvass-backed duck, which certainly is very excellent. The great difficulty is to cook it. It should be curiously little cooked, only be just heated through, indeed, or its juices will be dried up and flavour dissipated. It certainly looked wondrous red for the teeth of civilised men, but it was not the worse for all that. Mr. Lawrence said he had a number while in London, and sent them to Lord Palmerston and different other people, who all asked him to aid in eating them; but, alas! when they appeared, the Old World's cooks had, without exception, spoilt them by over-roasting. Twelve minutes before a good fire is ample time to roast them sufficiently.

He spoke with evident satisfaction of his residence in London. He described Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's place, Knebworth, as the most perfect and interesting he saw in England. He also told, in a simple graphic way, a story of a primitive old man he fell in with in the heart of the city, eighty-four years of age, with a wife of eighty-two. He was dressed in an old-fashioned coat and metal buttons, knee-breeches, and large shoe-buckles, sitting in a quiet sunny room, reading a big Bible, with