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ever, during a short walk on the afternoon of New Year's Day, I saw two serious street rows, and any number of drunken men. There were plenty of policemen, of course, when they were not wanted.

These policemen, by the way, are mostly tall, strapping young Irishmen, as you soon find out by asking a question of any of them. They are dressed in long blue coats, and wear a cap not unlike that formerly worn by the Irish constabulary. In Broadway their chief occupation seems to be escorting ladies over dangerous crossings, and seeing them in and out of omnibuses—I suppose Irish gallantry must find a vent somehow, even in a policeman on duty.

They have here an excellent little contrivance which I do not remember having seen elsewhere. The slides for letting down boxes, bales, &c., into the cellars beneath the stores, instead of being, as usual, a straight inclined plane, are curved, consequently the box, when laid on the top, which is the steepest part, glides down rapidly, and gently stops on reaching the flatter part below.

In the common slide the speed increases as the box slides down, till it reaches the floor with a whack and a hop calculated to damage both the box and its contents, which is entirely avoided by this simple contrivance. F. E. P.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

New York, Jan. 21, 1867.

Few cities possess such natural advantages for shipping as New York, there being deep water at each side of the island, enabling vessels of almost any size to come alongside. The wharves and piers are mostly wretched-looking structures of timber, irregular and unsightly. That belonging to the Inman line is a brilliant exception, and is well fitted up with a system of shafting running the whole length of the pier, and worked by one large engine, by which the discharging and embarking of cargo can be rapidly and easily effected. The amount of shipping in the port is, of course, immense, both sides of the island and the opposite shores of New Jersey and Long Island being lined for miles with vessels of all descriptions and sizes.

With scarcely a single exception, the various lines of European steamers converge at New York, and as here all shipping lies alongside, instead of being in different docks as at London and Liverpool, the effect is striking. During the past year the value of the imports and exports of New York exceeded 550,000,000 dollars in gold, nearly equally divided between imports and exports. Of all the imports, but 13,000,000 entered free of duty, which may give the reader some idea of the heavy taxation on all imported goods. In fact, it is scarcely possible to mention any article, whether imported or produced on this side, that is not taxed; even each carte-de-visite photograph pays a tax of two cents.

The large steam ferry-boats plying across to New Jersey and Brooklyn are novel to one lately arrived from the Old World. They differ entirely from our floating bridges, such as may be seen at Portsmouth and elsewhere, those here being regular steamboats, worked by paddles, but having broad, covered decks, with a long cabin at each side, and accommodating two long rows of vehicles in the centre. One day, when I crossed to Jersey city, the boat could scarcely make her way through the huge cakes and fields of floating ice, grinding and crushing slowly through them, her way being sometimes almost entirely stopped. How the paddles stand such work is a mystery.

On the last Sunday in 1866, I visited Beecher's church in Brooklyn, and though there a quarter of an hour before time, nearly failed to get in. When the service began, and the congregation rose, the building appeared literally as if not another person could find even standing room, and the effect of such a multitude joining in the singing was

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startling, after the usual lifeless American service, where the congregation listen in silence to the singing of a small trained choir. Mr. Beecher's discourse was most original, both in substance and style, many parts of it causing the hearers to laugh, a result apparently not displeasing to the preacher. The pews in this church are only held by the year, and are annually put up to auction, a course which must be very beneficial to somebody's pockets. Mr. Beecher announced that he would hold a "reception" on New Year's Day, from 10 a.m. till 7 p.m., when he should be glad to see any of his congregation, or indeed any one who liked to call, adding that those who wished to see him in a smiling mood had better come early, as he found by experience that after he had shaken hands with about fifteen hundred people his pleasurable emotions were by no means so lively towards later comers—an announcement which seemed highly to amuse his hearers.

Among the many educational institutes of this country, the School of Mines, attached to Columbia College, deserves to be mentioned. Three years ago the institution was opened, with a view to afford means of acquiring a sound knowledge of mining and the allied sciences. It began but with a few students, though even more than its originators had anticipated; now it numbers nearly one hundred, and even more are anxious to enter, but the standard of the entrance examination has been raised, with a view to excluding all but the promising students.

The chemical department and laboratories are the most perfect and extensive that I have yet seen, and the number seeking entrance shows the want of such an institution, and how well it is appreciated.

The course extends over three years, the students being required to spend the four summer months of each year on some actual mining works, and to bring back a certificate of having done so. No text-books are used in the course, and the system of examination by paper has been entirely abandoned, with a view to check the system popularly known to us as "cramming." The average age of the students is about twenty-two, and they look like earnest, hard-working men.

The plans for the extension of the school buildings, and all the fittings, furniture, &c., have been made in the building, under the superintendence of the professors and students.

The standard of answering required at the examinations is very high, being sixty per cent. of the maximum obtainable.

In this institution the Americans seem fast approaching that period to which they profess to look forward, when they shall not only no longer have to visit Europe in search of learning, but when Europe shall come to them. At present they seem to have fallen into the mistake of rather establishing new institutions than seeking to improve and extend those which they already possess.

You have probably heard of the vast mineral wealth of this country in California and the Rocky Mountains, but you may not know that a small company of a few shrewd Bostonians are now working a gold mine in Nova Scotia, near Halifax, and earning a dividend of fifty per cent. They work on the principle of cheap management, and no expensive salaries to officials. These sharp Yankees seem to have got ahead of the "blue noses" even in their native Nova Scotia.

The educational statistics of this State sound highly satisfactory. Its total population is just four millions, of whom 823,873 are voters; the children (so called) between six and seventeen number 931,404, of whom 919,033 attend school, ninety per cent. attending the common or free public schools. There are 11,552 schools supported at a cost of 8,628,143 dollars per annum, about one-half of which went for teachers' salaries.

During the past year there has been a decided falling off in the number of Irish immigrants, and a corresponding increase of Germans. Of the quarter of a million who landed in New York from the Old World in 1866, 106,000

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were from Germany, while but 68,000 came from Ireland. Recent investigations have shown that in New York city there are three foreigners to every four native-born Americans, so it is no wonder that the Irish and German elements are so remarkable.

Many of the Irish who landed some years ago squatted wherever they found a vacant spot, generally choosing some rocky knoll, on which, with a few stray boards, they erected a wretched little shanty and enclosed some ground about it. In many places there are little colonies of half a dozen such cabins within a few yards of handsome well-built streets. Some such still remain even close to the aristocratic Fifth Avenue; but, in a few years more, all will have been swept away to make room for fast-extending streets, and the wooden cabins be replaced by costly dwellings.

To appreciate the size and magnificence of the shops in Broadway a stroll after dark is necessary. Then the full extent of the brilliantly-lighted shops is revealed; nor can Paris or London show anything finer. The number of large shops devoted solely to the sale of sewing-machines is very remarkable: the demand for them here must be enormous. A manufacturer of sewing-machines who was on board the steamer coming out told me that he had been abroad with a view to establish a manufactory of these machines in England, but had found the price of skilled labour so high, and prejudice so strong there, that he had given up the idea, and tried Belgium, where he intends to carry out his intentions, expecting to be able to manufacture his machines there at such a price as to allow of their being sold at a profit in America.

The two finest shops in Broadway, and probably in the world, are the retail and wholesale establishments belonging to a man named Stewart, who many years ago came to New York a poor boy, and is now at the head of the dry goods business, and who, though already possessing an income of 5,000,000 dollars, is still extending his business. His two shops, which are in different parts of the street, are both handsome structures, of pure white marble, with large plate-glass windows in every storey; nor is their appearance marred by any of those name-boards or inscriptions which so often disfigure commercial buildings.

For the encouragement of Irishmen, it may be mentioned that Stewart came from Belfast, and owes his present position solely to his own industry and enterprise. F. E. P.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JAN. 30.—Leaving New York one bright frosty morning, I took the Hudson River Railway, which for 144 miles follows the course of that river, up to Albany. At first the river was covered with floating ice, but higher up frozen sufficiently firm to bear horses and sleighs.

At many points we passed the ice-boats skimming rapidly over the frozen waters.

These strange contrivances consist of a light platform mounted on three runners, much like skate-irons, two of which being movable, form the steering power. They are rigged like cutters, and sail closer to the wind than any yacht, often attaining fabulous speeds. There is an ice-boat club at Poughkeepsie, and some of their boats in a race last winter made nine miles in eight minutes! One raced against our train, which was going pretty fast, and kept up with us for some distance, even though not running with a fair wind.

The scenery along the Hudson is charming, the broad river passing through wooded and rocky hills, the blue range of the Catskills rising at one point from the snowclad lowlands. In some places the ice was so clear and smooth that the opposite shore was clearly reflected in it. At other points the ice appeared to be steaming, this strange effect being caused by fine snow drifting slowly across it. Places where the ice has been cut out or broken are marked by lines of bushes or sticks, to warn off ice-boats, sleighs, and men.

Once we passed a steamer frozen hard and fast in the centre. The ice is said to be sixteen inches thick at Albany, and, though there is a tide of a foot or more there, it only affects the ice at the edges. With all its beauties, 144 miles of river scenery is apt to grow monotonous.

For the New World, Albany is an old-looking town, and perched as it is on the side of a steep hill, its size (population about 75,000) and fine public buildings render it imposing. There is the seat of the New York State Legislature, with its Senate and Assembly of Representatives, the counterpart of the National Government at Washington. Each day reminds one of the old motto *imperium in imperio*, so well exemplified in these States. One of them bears as motto, "State Sovereignty and National Union."

The State officials here seem mostly young men, the Lieutenant-Governor of the State and President of the Senate being only 32, the Speaker of the House of Representatives but 28, the State Treasurer about the same age, and so on.

A specimen of their energy was recently shown in a quarrel between two railway companies, who are part owners in a bridge across the Hudson, at Albany. In the middle of these January snows, and with the thermometer below zero, one of these railway magnates, named Commodore Vanderbilt, suddenly announced that his company would not run trains across the bridge, issue tickets for the other company, or have any dealing with them, leaving the passengers to cross on the ice as best they might. In a day or two the Legislature appointed a committee of inquiry, worried the railway officials by examinations till they patched up some agreement, and have introduced and passed a bill compelling companies having joint or neighbouring stations to "make connections," as they call it here, or, as we should say, to make trains fit.

In railway reform, however, as in most other things, Massachusetts seems inclined to take the lead, and the at-

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tention of the Bostonians having been drawn by their late Mayor, Mr. Quincy, to Galt's work on railway reform, they are already agitating the question of purchasing up some of their most important lines by the State, with a view to lowering the fares and giving increased facilities to travel.

The national defences of the State of New York sound highly satisfactory on paper, and probably are so in reality, Americans being apt to do well whatever they earnestly set about. The National Guard, or Militia, consists of fifty thousand men, regularly drilled and equipped, who can be called out at a few hours' notice. This out of a population of four millions, is pretty well. In fact, one of America's dangers would appear to be in the military tendencies of the people, which must always be dangerous in a republic. The absorption of the late armies, however, is so contrary to all preconceived ideas as to render speculation on these points idle.

Albany is remarkable for the number of Dutch names; half the names in the place seem to begin with Van.

Leaving Albany, the rail passes through several towns and cities, some of which rejoice in classic names, as Syracuse and Utica, and finally lands us at Niagara.

Here all was deep snow, so deep, indeed, as to render walking difficult in places where it had not been trodden down. The spray-cloud from the Falls, and their deep roar, at once tell the stranger where to go, and at first sight of them my impression, like that of everybody else, was one of intense disappointment; for, like St. Peter's at Rome and many other "big" things, the eye cannot at once take in their size, but by degrees they seem to grow greater and more imposing.

The mounds of ice near the foot of the Falls, and huge icicles which hung in all directions from the rocks, had a still, cold look, and gave a melancholy character to the scene.

A long flight of steps leads down to the river, and after a short scramble over ice and frozen snow, we reached the little ferry-boat.

In it was an axe, which I found was to knock off the ice that kept constantly forming on the oars. Arrived at the Canadian side, a long weary tramp through the deep snow brought us to the Great Falls, and having donned a complete suit of waterproofs, and strapped a pair of cramp-irons on my feet, I followed the negro guide down the narrow path under the cliff, which in summer leads to the recess behind the Falls. Now it was thickly coated with ice, and the use of the cramp-irons was very evident, as any slip would have sent one off this narrow path into the surging water some fifty feet below. Everything was ice-clad and slippery, and to add to the pleasures of the path, long heavy icicles and small pieces of rock came tumbling down every few steps.

Arrived at the Falls, a great ice mound, formed by the side drip, stopped further passage, and it was too cold and wet to enjoy the scene much from this point, yet even here a shivering photographer was focussing his camera.

No other visitors were there at that time, but some few people do come to see the Falls in winter. All the large hotels and many of the shops in the town were closed, and the place looked generally deserted and dreary.

As the little ferry-boat recrossed the river lumps of ice came surging against her side, while she tossed in the angry swell. It was a dark, gloomy day; and, on the whole, I was glad when the Falls were fairly out of sight.

Leaving Niagara, the rail passes over the great suspension bridge, which spans the gorge a few miles below the Falls and lands us in Canada. If my memory serves me, it is the largest span in the world—over eight hundred feet; and has a two-storey roadway: the upper one for the railway, the lower for ordinary traffic.

Then we passed on, having the broad waters of Lake Ontario in sight nearly all the way to Hamilton, a flourishing Canadian city, lying on a bay of Lake Ontario, and the headquarters of the Great Western Railway (of Canada), who have large workshops and a rolling mill here. In their shops they are now constructing six splendid sleeping carriages, fitted up in the most luxurious style; also three hundred goods waggon ("freight" cars they call them here), which are all painted blue, and are to form what is called the "blue line," transporting goods from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, a distance of eleven hundred miles, without transhipment. There are several of these lines by the various routes between the East and West, such as "the red line," "the white line," &c., but this last line is going to "chaw" up all the others—at least, its projectors say so. Among the other curiosities here was the general manager's travelling car—a long carriage, with one end fitted up as a travelling office, the other end as a kitchen, and between these sleeping and dressing rooms—a regular house on wheels, in fact, and used as such in his tours of inspection over the line. The chief officials are English.

Hamilton has a decidedly well-to-do air, and is a place of some size and business, possessing three or four fine streets; and though the snow lay deep, its ruddy-cheeked inhabitants looked as if they enjoyed themselves.

They are sure of long, settled cold weather, and prepare themselves accordingly. Shipbuilding is carried on here, and at present they have an iron screw steamer of five hundred tons on the stocks.

The difference in appearance between the Americans and Canadians strikes one at once, the latter are so much ruddier and more healthy-looking than the former—a difference which is variously ascribed to the greater prevalence of fresh English blood, to difference in feeding, and to the healthier influence of open fireplaces as compared with stoves.

In the coffee-room I heard a man with a peculiar, and to me unknown accent, discussing the merits of various "home" newspapers, and condemning most of them pretty freely; at last, he said, he only took one paper, and that was the *Orcadian*! Afterwards he said he had been very many years away from home, and that all his relatives and friends had died out, but still he liked to read of his native Orkneys.

The Scotch element seemed strong in most of the places I passed and the names I saw in Canada West.

It was a long day's journey from Hamilton to Detroit—everything drearily buried in snow, and still more snow falling. At last we reached the frozen waters of Lake St. Clair, which lies between Lakes Erie and Huron, where a solitary lighthouse rising out of the ice-bound and snow-covered waters, and a few frozen in vessels, added to the dreariness of the scene.

From the Canadian town of Windsor a short ferry leads one into Detroit, now a "live" American city with a rapidly increasing population of some seventy thousand inhabitants.

It has very broad streets, and, like most new cities, its houses are rather incongruous, handsome buildings alongside of mere wooden shanties and so on; but it looks like a go-ahead place, has handsome shops and a fine new brick goods station; much better and larger than American railway companies are in the habit of erecting. It has also the usual abundant crop of churches and chapels of every possible denomination, the Episcopal owning two fine grey stone buildings.

I went out for a walk to try and see something of the State of Michigan, but only succeeded in getting into some deep snow drifts, and discovering that the woods began near where the houses ended. It was a bitterly cold day, with a strong wind blowing, and when coming back

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I was rather afraid that my nose or ears would freeze. When left standing at doors in this cold weather, the poor horses look miserable, with their breath gradually freezing into icicles about their nostrils; dogs, too, shiver and look unhappy, but they have to bear the cold as best they can.

I left Detroit at daybreak on the 29th, hoping to reach this place at eight in the evening, but American railroads are apt to be irregular in this severe weather.

The line—the Michigan Central—runs through a flat uninteresting country, sometimes rolling a little, and wooded almost everywhere, except where settlers have cleared it. The timber was small but very thick, and where it had been cut down the stumps almost always remained giving an unsightly look to the fields.

Villages and towns were thick along the line, and at this season looked very uninviting, though at one place where the train stopped to allow passengers to dine, we found a large handsome hall and really well spread table, with as good and nicely served dinner as one ever finds in a railway diningroom. I certainly never expected to find anything of the kind in the back woods of Michigan. The wayside passengers were a very mixed lot, all rough looking and carelessly dressed, chewing and spitting to an unpleasant extent, yet far more mindful of the comforts and rights of their fellow passengers than third-class passengers would be in England. Here, as I have before said, there is usually but one class of carriages, where all must meet on equal terms. Near a place called Kalamazoo, our engine snapped some part of the machinery, and we did not get in here till long after time.

The snake or zig-zag fences in Canada and the Western States strike a stranger's eye at once as something novel. They consist of poles placed on top of each other like a long series of W's laid flat, and form a very efficient but ugly fence, which has the great merit of being readily put up where wood is abundant, and which requires no iron or fastenings of any kind. Of course it is wasteful of ground, but that is a cheap item here. F. E. P.

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FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Chicago, Illinois, Feb. 6, 1867.

Here, where thirty-five years ago there were but a few log cabins and an outpost fort, now stands the important city of Chicago, with nearly a quarter of a million of inhabitants. Nor is it of mere mushroom growth: its main streets are built of houses as large and substantial as those of any older city; it has its university, three medical schools, historical society; and can show more imposing railway stations than either Boston or New York. In geographical situation it is scarcely inferior to New York, lying, as it does, at the upper end of Lake Michigan, twelve great lines of railway centering to it, like wheel spokes, on three sides; the fourth side open to deep water.

This great lake, which, to use a homely simile, has the shape of a slightly-bent cucumber, is three hundred miles long, and, at some places, eighty miles broad. Think of that—more than half as large as Ireland! Here, it is about fifty miles across, and, as no land can be seen to the east or north, it is no bad imitation of the ocean.

Michigan Avenue, which runs along the lake, has an aspect not unlike Sandymount Strand. Fancy that terraced road, with the sea always at high water; take some of the lofty terraces from Kingstown, and place them along the road, scattering in between them quaint wooden villas; then change the darker waters of Dublin Bay into light lake-blue, fringing the shore with ice and lumps of frozen snow, and you will have a fair idea of Michigan Avenue, the most fashionable part of this city. A railway which runs on piles about fifty yards from the shore somewhat mars, but does not stop, the view across the lake.

This place is a great port, and though eleven hundred miles by water from Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, there are four hundred vessels laid up for the winter, and there are thirty-five steamtugs constantly employed when the port is clear of ice.

A new element appears here with which I am not familiar—the Scandinavian. Indeed, the foreign element is so prominent, that at the post-office there is a special window for the delivery of German, French, and Scandinavian letters, and it is an interesting sight to watch the various nationalities jostling each other round that window.

There are three daily and three weekly papers published here in German, and three Swedish weeklies; but next to the evidence obtained by one's own ears in the streets, the list of churches is the most surprising proof of the variety of nationalities, for we find German Lutheran, Norwegian Lutheran, Scandinavian Methodists, Swedish Church, German Roman Catholic, three synagogues, and even a Welsh church!

In the directory of societies, the "Fenian Brotherhood" occupy a prominent position.

This is, of course, a city with few attractions for any save the business man, and he only likes it for its money-making facilities. A leading lawyer here tells me that eight per cent is the usual rate of interest on the security of first-class house property, and that ten per cent is not an uncommon rate on little inferior property. The city is said to have increased more last year than in any one preceding; but with all this activity it must not be supposed that every one can readily find employment.

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A gentleman advertised lately for a clerk, and for the next three days his office was literally besieged by applicants.

The great demand is for labouring men, who can pull and haul at anything, or for navvies, who are always wanted during the working season; but at present the taxes on all the necessities of life, and the depreciation of the currency render the high price of labour rather apparent than real.

Yankees, and notably Boston men, seem everywhere to float on the surface like corks, generally contriving to keep themselves above the level of the rest of their countrymen, who are apt to abuse them as a stuck-up lot, but respect them for all that; and in this city the leading men appear to be mostly from "down east," that most expressive of terms.

In one way this city is less attractive than those of the Eastern States. The coal they burn here is bituminous, and consequently smoky; and, though the dryness of the air lessens the evil, still one misses the pure air and clear, sharp outlines so charming in the East.

The street level was formerly just above that of the water in the lake; now it has all been raised twelve feet, ensuring good drainage and dry streets. Of course, most of the houses were built before this was done, and the way that difficulty was got over is characteristic of the go-ahead West. They undermined the foundations, got jack-screws under the walls, and raised the buildings bodily, without interrupting business or disturbing the inmates! Many huge buildings were thus raised and a storey added at the bottom. I saw one medium-sized house with the screws under it and rising slowly, but the motion is too slow to be visible in a short time.

The river, which cuts through the city in the shape of an L, is bridged in all directions by huge wooden lattices, all constructed as drawbridges, and swinging easily on their centres—a principle not very common in England.

The population of this State (Illinois) was, at the last census in 1865, 2,123,006, and has much increased since then. The population of the city is about one-tenth of this, but it is hard to get any accurate figures on this point.

During the past winter months live hogs have been imported at the rate of 30,000 a week, and only 6,600 a week being exported alive, it follows that the difference, 23,400, will represent the amount killed and cured weekly in the city; so no wonder that Chicago is famous for its bacon and ham-curing establishments.

The shortest way of describing its grain trade is by stating that it exports more grain than any port or city in the world, old or new.

How strange to think that there are yet men in the prime of life who remember the time when there was no such place as Chicago!

In this morning's papers we have the Queen's Speech in full, yet it was only delivered yesterday in London.

The smartest piece of telegraphy which I have yet heard of was the receipt of a "Cable message" at the *Tribune* office here at half-past seven p.m. on December 14, which had been telegraphed from London at 10 p.m. on the same evening. The difference of time between the two places accounts for the seeming paradox.

I see that much amusement has been created in the Boston Chamber of Commerce by the receipt of a message from the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, requesting information as to the bankruptcy laws in the *State of Boston*—a mistake which must sound very ludicrous to Americans.

Your readers have very likely heard of the celebrated lake tunnel which is to supply this city with water. The lake near the shore is rendered impure by sewage, &c., and to get rid of this difficulty an island was made in the lake, two miles from the shore, a deep well then sunk down into

the bed of the lake, and a small tunnel driven in towards the shore, another tunnel being driven out from the shore to meet it, and the two duly met with the most wonderful accuracy. By means of this tunnel, the crystal waters of Lake Michigan will be carried into the city and distributed by pumping engines. The tunnel is complete, and the supply will commence in spring.

Mr. Chesbrough, late city engineer of Boston, and now filling the same office here, is the gentleman by whom this scheme has been devised and carried out.

This sounds a pleasanter way of doing things than bringing water twenty-seven miles from the peat-stained Vartry. These Western men are a rough, unpolished lot, given to spitting and chewing, and entertaining peculiar ideas as to the proper use of knives and forks; but I have never met the slightest incivility from any of them, nor any approach to the story told by a well-known travelling German prince, who, on one occasion, being the only passenger by some country stage, the driver entered the room where the prince was waiting and asked, "are you the man that is going by the stage?" and, on receiving an answer in the affirmative, replied, "Well, I'm the gentleman that is going to drive you."

Illinois has been called the Garden State, but at this season I have had no chance of ascertaining personally what its real condition is. One thing is certain, it is a State offering many inducements to the agricultural settler. Good land can be had at a low price; and it is a State so placed in the gangway between east and west that it must progress rapidly; it cannot be idle even if it should wish to be so—and the extension of the various railroads westwards will open new markets to its farmers.

Two articles, not common with us, meet one at every turn here—venison and cranberries. Dear by the dozen may be seen lying in front of the shops in these western cities; wild turkeys and prairie chickens are common, too. I see that our common house sparrow has been domesticated in the central park at New York, and that large flocks of them may be seen there now. You know our common birds are not found in this country. They have an American robin, but it is larger than a blackbird, though marked

just like ours. These severe winters must try the endurance of the small birds.

I should mention Wabash Avenue, a fine street, next to Michigan Avenue. It is chiefly remarkable for the number of churches of all denominations with which it is studded. This western clime seems to favour the growth of ecclesiastical buildings.

Chicago is more than a thousand miles west of Boston, and having travelled that distance, and finding the iron road extending eight hundred miles yet further west, I begin to appreciate the feelings of that American who, when asked, after a visit to England, what he thought of it, answered, "Well, it is a nice little island, but I was always afraid to walk about after dark for fear of stepping off!"

F. E. P.