

tered here with my fishing-rod, knowing nothing of Isaac Walton, in a blessed state of ignorance and animal life.

Winding up these break-neck hills, some at an angle of thirty-five or forty degrees, we got into Schoolhouse lane, and dash into Germantown, at the Buttonwood Tree Hotel—another house of call for all the fast “wagon” youth of Philadelphia. If they wouldn’t go quite so fast, these rides would be indeed very delightful; but the sensation is, that striking a stone, or the least stumble, would infallibly send us flying over the horse’s head, or whirl one out a dozen yards in an upset, with broken bones or a broken neck.

This Germantown (*Anglice*, Hampstead or Hendon) is a great blessing to all those easy enough to have a country house; indeed, a great many clerks of late years, and tradesmen well off live here, coming backwards and forwards six miles by the railway in half an hour, for it is a slow domestic bit of road, and its snorting fiery horse goes quietly, to allow the boys to run on before it occasionally, or cross it, and laugh at the danger, if any. Some of the numerous passengers pay by the year (no second-class carriages); a single fare is fifteen cents, or sevenpence-halfpenny.

The conductor, a tall, dry, serious citizen, who walks backwards and forwards taking the cents or the tickets, is known to all his passengers as “Major,” and has a friendly word at each double-armed chair as he passes. He has been “hollar- ing arter them ere young varmint to get off the rail; they’d better mind, I tell you, or the ‘cars’ ’ll fix ‘em some day yet, I guess.”

I often came to this breezy, rocky, sandy, upland Dutch village, walking its whole length (three miles) to Chesnut Hill, where at Chew’s (sometimes called Maclanagan’s, for shortness) old house us Britishers had a smart skirmish in the old war. The turnpike-road through the town is, like all the American turnpikes, unspeakably execrable; no Englishman can even imagine such a contrivance of stones, and holes, and ruts, with partial side pavements to match; but all this just now constitutes one of its beauties, and helps the delusion of being a hundred miles away from the great Keystone City, of which people get tired—towards Sunday at any rate.

In forty years I see no perceptible change. The primitive Dutch have, indeed, mostly died off, or cleared out for the Ohio, but the stone houses remain, with the very same shingle roofs I do believe. But the openings, the extended arms chalked out on each side, long roads and lanes, are fast filling up with every description of board and brick cottage, villa, and lodge, quite after our own last fashions in such things, but on a larger scale, and without gardens or lawns, with most rare exceptions, or of any attempt at any ornamental ground of any

sort; if the simply fen is no mark (yes, bread exorbitant thinks it w thing or tra they take t In short, t market just taken in th country for must take i

How man good!—but, contra in a c and very gr fashionable nobody to d least of all b amusing and be put up wi to that swee Tapley” in t they are extr enient, incor Captain M have talked o way some chi ame thing. Snake Indians take no notice it is that thea nto staid, pea but sensible, s ie of clarified ong before the I betray no egue, which m The girl or b read, poached swimming in m Child.—I wa Mother.—W Child.—I wa Mother.—I g am up. (*Help* Child.—I wa