

The public buildings of Philadelphia are small, and so plain in their architecture, that they seem allied to Quakerism, and attract little attention from strangers. I was shown the house which the nation built for their illustrious Washington, in which he declined residing, as it was too splendid for him.

In the evening I strolled to Chesnut Street, which, in Philadelphia, is the place of fashionable promenade during the summer. As I passed through the adjoining part of the town, I everywhere saw the Quakers, surrounded by their families, sitting out of doors, and enjoying the cool breeze. The old men, with their broad-brimmed hats and large skirts, and their wives dressed in plain bonnets, handkerchiefs, and white muslin gowns, had such an aspect of conjugal affection and domestic comfort, that I surveyed them with the deepest pleasure, and could not help reflecting upon the consistency of character which this sect have at all times preserved.

When I reached Chesnut Street, I found it crowded with people. The Philadelphia ladies are prettier and more genteel than those of New York; though the Quaker garb, which many of them assume, is unfavourable for the display of their attractions. Many of them have beautiful complexions, and walk very gracefully. The young men are altogether inferior to the New