

expected, others for luggage, and many dispatched to tout from their hotels.

Happily, "time and the hour run through the hottest day." Fighting my way over the gang-board, I land, loaded with part of my traps, fearful of their loss, and rush into one of the Astor-house coaches, waiting with others near, and we drove off, over a sea of black mud and ruts, through a crowd of 'busses, carts, drays, and other vehicles, in number equal to those of our own London, swarming in Fleet-street or Cornhill. Several times we were brought to a stand-still before we arrived at this establishment of two hundred and ninety or three hundred rooms, built of a bluish stone, resembling granite; indeed, called here Quincy granite. It forms an immense pile, five or six stories high, situated in the Broadway-street, at the south end of the "Park," an open space of about ten acres, planted with trees, where stands the Town-hall.

The presiding priest (the office-clerk) of this crowded temple, presented me on my entrance with a book in which to insert my name. I was then ushered up several flights of stairs, and through long corridors, to No. 240, where the windows are simply oval apertures between the carved ornaments of the cornice in front of the house. From this hole, getting half my body through, I looked down on the south end of the Park and Broadway-street. I saw interminable lines of omnibuses coming up and down. Their number, running into all the avenues above, seemed truly astonishing; the noise, night and day, was incessant; Piccadilly has hardly a more incessant clatter.

In honest truth, I cannot like these great caravanseries. The only feeling in them is that of discomfort, inseparable from such vast numbers being thrown together.* The dining-room is very large and fine. It contains two long tables, at which a parcel of careless, sleepy, Paddy-botheration waiters go through the listless, never-ending employment of feeding all the strange biped animals that present themselves, from "morn till dusky eve." How very tired they must needs be of their labour, and the repetition of the same never-ending, still-beginning process! Our philosophical citizen *feeders* are all Irish; indeed, it is very rare to find white Americans thus employed. As to the native-born, the difference of manners here is sufficiently marked. I already fancy I detect myself in twanging off emphatic words, by way of clinchers to my sentences, or modulating my voice into the invariable sing-song cadence heard on all sides. However the native American

* I am only astonished at Mr. Chambers, in his excellent, sensible, and useful book, finding it *comfortable*! or that he had such ample time to eat his dinner at the hotels.

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