

pay; but here health is safe from the insidious attacks of the fever and ague, so rife along the banks of both rivers!

Its old woods have long disappeared, and its trees since sprung up, are Scotch firs, full of robins, who twitter and sing the praises of the spot. Here the country is very agreeably undulated; the hills and valleys are cutting out on each side of the one interminable Dutch-street, into lanes full of fine villas and cottages *ornée*, for which the Philadelphians pay a rent far beyond what we pay for such things six miles from London. So it has turned out a perfect California for the farmers; and no lords of the manor check its growth; no teasing ground-rent and lease buttons up citizens' pockets—all is freehold. We need look no further for the slow growth of our own country towns, or for the cause of the wretchedly small and badly-built houses in all the outskirts of London. The extravagant rate of house-rent in all the American cities is easily accounted for in the greater riches and ease of the people at large. They can afford it; while their taxes, though increasing, are still as nothing compared with ours.

But oh, let me quit the money-making world and its gods, put myself in a buggy, or fast "wagon," beside a young gent, whose mare, Dolly, flies along a mile in four and a-half minutes (five minutes, if she's lazy). Away we go, free from Macadam and turnpikes, splash through ruts, mud, holes, or bowling along on these gossamer-spoked wheels, noiseless as we spin by. It is quite wonderful what these wagons can do; how exquisitely tough they are. A very light one for racing weighs, perhaps, one hundred pounds; mine was probably, two hundred weight, wheels and all. The horse does not feel it behind him; no whipping, the very sound of the whip is too much. We fly. Hold fast—I certainly expected a spill before we got to the Falls'-village on the Schuylkill, a sweet romantic spot, just above where the Norristown Railway viaduct crosses the river, and near where the beautiful Wissahiccon Creek rushes over its once pebbled bed to join the river.

The fashionable hotel here is presided over by a handsome widow. We sit under a broad old wooden portico, take a dram and light a fresh cigar; lots of other wagons (flyers) are under the sheds, hitched, just to let the critturs breathe, and their owners to smoke and spit a little, and smile at the widow. Away again up the glen of this beautiful creek (it would be a river with us), but alas! they have quite spoiled it, by damming it up to grind flour and saw wood. How well I recollect this sweet sylvan scene! those noble hemlocks, firs, oaks, and hickory shades, with the "woodpeckers tapping," the blackbirds, the robins, when in life's young dream I saun-