

as wretched-looking as they ever were, but not, maybe, so hungry, and they can get whisky for a few cents. Thus they go on, in drunken idleness, and rags and dirt, in all the back shums and alleys, just as in Liverpool or London. As to going to the backwoods or farming! not one in a hundred ever dreams of such a thing; besides, they generally land without a dollar. After years, they get absorbed in the general demand for labour; even idle or half-done work; for nobody will work, except for themselves, with any sort of activity.

The servants of all work in all the great houses are Irish and German—one may imagine the mess they make of it! and as soon as a little trained and decent, they're off with the few dollars they get to a new place, or to get married, and start on their own account; this order of things is invariable. No wonder the Americans adopt the boarding system, such expensive plagues are all sorts of servants. As to style, few attempt it, even in the first houses: some few have niggers, or mulatto footmen, who drive the carriage, wait at table, clean knives, are their masters' valets, and do all other jobs, any how. Often at fine town houses (the scale of their houses is larger than ours, if I except some of our West-end in London) you ring, an Irish Judy comes to the door, dirty as a scullion; you ask for her master or mistress. "Oh, then, they'll be in; here, go in there and sit down, I'll tell Mrs. Jones you'll be wanting her." She opens the parlour-door, and you walk into a large darkness-visible apartment, finely furnished. All the *still life* appointments are good and handsome.

From all that I can see and gather, in print and in conversation, the Americans appear to have no idea of humour, nor of wit, in a refined sense. They are good reasoners, when not run away with by excitement and pique; but the chief articles of their journals and periodicals are all supplied by England; of their ten thousand papers all are mere copies of each other, and store advertisements; some of which are certainly original enough. Everything is "first rate" and splendid, like our own puffing, but they even go-ahead of us. In their print shops I see a wretched attempt to quiz John Bull, who, dressed after the fashion of the last century, is weeping at the success of the clipper America. But one sees nothing in the shape of engraving or the fine arts, except English and French known pictures and lithographs. The one thing they excel in is their daguerreotype miniatures; they are capital, and are seen in every shop-window. The whole race are daguerreotyped, with a severity of sour expression, very funny; the cheap ones, at a dollar or two, are, however, poor things.