

country. In a pleasure-loving people one is struck with the besetting-sin in every city of having no public gardens (the last were burned in a riot), no parks, no suburb promenade of any sort. Here, then, is nothing but Chesnut-street, up and down, with the audience at all the hotel doors and balconies. There is, indeed, the cemetery, which nobody goes to, at Laurel-hill, three miles off, beyond the new Girard College, which has, say they, already cost too much, is in bad taste, and, to hide its other faults, is pent up in four high walls.

Yesterday there was a grand commemoration day: and some curiously fine speeches at this Girard College; to which all the freemasons of this city marched full dress, two and two, forming a procession a mile or a mile and a-half long—some thousands. A fierce hot, dusty day; each lodge with its band, each member with a sprig of cypress at his coat button-hole, to do honour to the memory of this western world Rothschild; but the trustees have made sad hash of the bequeathed dollars (in the same way the secretaries trustees have built a miserable, fantastic College or Athenæum at Washington, out of the half million of dollars left them by our late mineralogical philosopher, Mr. Smithson, called the “Smithsonian Institute”). It would seem that moneys left in trust for the good of the public, as it is in England, is made rare ducks and drakes of.

Well, this penitentiary-looking Girard College is on the left of the great avenue running north towards Fairmount Waterworks, where the river Schuylkill is dammed up, and the water thrown up on the hill reservoir; and this is the only thing the fair sex can reckon on for a walk, when they do get there in their omnibuses, a distance of three miles; but as the city keeps creeping northward, it may be now fairly called in the suburbs. Here a range of hills begin on both banks of the Schuylkill, and the ground rises in a healthy schistus rock, running across towards the Delaware, and it forms the favourite spot of late years for the villas of the wealthy merchants from the banks of the river above Fairmount to Germantown; a long, straggling village, six miles off, the healthiest spot anywhere round the city. This Germantown for many years remained in its old stone-housed, steep-roofed, farmyarded state, in one street of three miles long, for a space out of the “memory of the oldest inhabitant;” but they are now building in it like mad; a single line of rail runs to it, north, out of Ninth-street, and every-body wants to live there, very naturally. Worn out as farms, it cuts up well in building-lots; nothing is seen along the roads but the shining mica of the rock, which is very soft and dry. Crops are thin—wont

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