

and independence of labor, which attach to the higher orders of society in England, shall have been introduced among them.

During the voyage I had devoted such portions of my time as the horrid nausea which pervaded my system would permit, to a perusal of the works of Hall, Hamilton, and Miss Martineau, endeavouring to impress upon my memory the peculiarities attributed by each of those writers to the people I was about to mix with for a short season, and to judge from my own unbiassed observation how far they were borne out in their general application. One remark of Captain Hamilton had always struck me not only as being a very great absurdity, but as exhibiting a querulousness of disposition which seemed to aim at the detection of fault in whatsoever quarter it could be found, and this with the view to the gratification of personal pique. The remark I mean is that which refers to the practice followed by the American ladies of eating their eggs out of a wine glass, instead of the natural shell. That George Brummell—the king's fool—might, had he visited America, have criticized this peculiarity I can perfectly understand, but how a man of sense and a soldier like Captain Hamilton, who has often, I doubt not, in the course of his service peeled a hard egg with his fingers, and “stuck a mutton light” into the socket of a bayonet made to supply the absence of a candlestick, could have ever thought of bringing this forward as a matter of grave accusation against the American ladies, unless indeed from the motive I have hinted, has ever appeared to me most extraordinary. The remark having been made, however, I was anxious to observe what there was of singularity in a process calling for so much ill-natured comment, and accordingly sought the opportunity of witnessing the commission of the unpardonable act. This was not long denied to me. On the morning following my arrival at the Carlton, I had the good fortune to be seated at the breakfast table nearly opposite to two or three very pretty and fashionably attired women, who severally went through the whole of the mysterious operation. Each (for after Captain Hamilton I cannot be too particular in my description) coolly and deliberately took an egg from the stand, broke it, and emptied its contents into a bright, clear, chrysal wine glass which stood on the table before her. A little pepper and salt was then added, after which—oh! tell it not in Gath—the egg was eaten, even as people usually eat eggs, with a spoon, with this exception only that it came to the lips from a polished glass, instead of the not very white shell in which it had been brought to the table. I confess I was so dull as not to notice anything so very *outré* in this; for whether it was from the agreeable manners of those who thus set the Hamiltonian code at defiance, or from whatever unknown cause, I was rather disposed to like than to disapprove of this mode of conveying an egg to one's lips from a purer covering than was evinced in some of the unbroken shells within the stand. Heartily responding, therefore, to the

Poma, ova, atque nuces,
Si det tibi sordida, edas,

I even ventured to follow the example set me by the fair Americans, and emptying a couple of eggs into my own glass, and adding thereto a due quantum of Cayenne and salt, found that there are worse things to be dreamt of in one's philosophy than eating the contents of an egg with a silver spoon from the pure and polished crystal.

While on the subject of Captain Hamilton's “Men and Manners in America,” I cannot refrain from a second commentary on what struck me as somewhat singular and anomalous in his remarks. It appears, according to his own admission, that he had been very strongly and favorably impressed with the activity of the various New York Fire Companies, and had been anxiously waiting for an opportunity of witnessing their exertions. He states, if I recollect right, that he had commissioned a person to apprise him at whatever moment a fire should break out; and that when on finally receiving the intimation, and repairing to the scene, he discovered, to his great disappointment, that it had been got under with little effort. Now it might be easily comprehended that Captain Hamilton might have felt some little regret that he had not been present, when a fire had actually taken place, but it is rather difficult to understand how it should have proved a subject of disappointment to him that a conflagration had been prevented, and hundreds of families, perhaps without other means of subsistence afforded them beyond the cover of their roofs, thereby saved from penury, and mayhap from death. To say nothing worse of the observation, it was a very inconsiderate and unguarded one.

Whatever the manners of the Americans within doors, I must confess that, as far as New York can afford an illustration, the lower classes of their citizens lose nothing by a comparison with those in the larger cities of England. I think I never saw so few badly dressed persons, even in the most frequented and business thoroughfares; nor even among these could I detect any of that *brusquerie* which is so common to the same class at home. No swaggering drayman or sooty coal-heaver disputed the wall with the better dressed loungeur on the Broadway, as if he experienced a deep satisfaction in the attempt to make the garments of the latter as filthy as his own; but, on the contrary, I particularly remarked that whenever laboring men or porters carrying loads were necessarily driven to the footway, they always made it a point of yielding to the right or to the left, as circumstances might require. In short, the street demeanor of the lower orders of people in New York strongly reminded me of the Parisians.

One more remark on a practice, or rather neglect of a practice, attributed to the New-Yorkers by a celebrated tourist, already named by me, and I have done.

Fanny Kemble, in the course of her Journal, loudly inveighs against the incivility of the tradespeople of this city, whose undue independence, according to her statement, was productive of much inconvenience. Now I can from my own experience safely affirm that this is not by any means a general cause of complaint. In the course of the three or four days that I remained in New York, I made at least a dozen purchases, at nearly as many different shops, and on all occasions the parcel was invariably sent, or offered to be sent, to my hôtel, and this precisely in the same matter-of-course way that is usual in London. Miss Kemble must have been singularly unfortunate in her selection of tradesmen.

One very serious inconvenience I was spared. I had a good deal of luggage, among which were some rather heavy cases difficult to be opened. To have these exempted from the usual Custom-House scrutiny was of course an object, but I scarcely hoped to escape the ordeal. Much to my satisfaction, however, the information was conveyed to me that Mr. Buchanan, the then British Consul, would procure an order from the head of the Custom-House for the landing of my baggage without the usual visitation. This was done accordingly, and a mark of kindness thereby shown me, which to the traveller is far more important than the hospitality of a dozen dinners.

I had been two days in New York when Sir Francis Bond Head arrived from Canada, on his return to England. He stopped at the Carlton, and, it must be confessed, in a garb which did not much liken him to the Governor of a British province. Owing to the very bad state of the roads (it was that worst of all seasons in America, the close of winter and dawning of spring), he had that morning left the conveyance in which he had performed his previous journey, and walked into the city. He wore, at his arrival, a rough winter dress, surmounted by a common raccoon-skin soldier's cap, and nearly up to the knees his high travelling boots, which otherwise seemed not to have made acquaintance with a polishing brush since his departure from Toronto, were a perfect incrustation of mud. The dress itself was admirably adapted for the execrable roads through which he had journeyed, and which I was fated so immediately afterwards to flounder along, but the singularity was that so plain a costume should have decked the person of an English ex-Governor, at the moment of his entrance into a chief city of a people who had been watching all his movements with an anxious interest.

Later in the day his baggage arrived, and after having given him some hours for his toilet, I sent in my card and was admitted. The manner of Sir Francis Head seemed to me to be agitated, even uneasy. Whether this arose from the trials he had already undergone in Toronto, or from the knowledge he possessed that there were Canadian patriots prowling about in search of him, (he had travelled strictly incog.) it was difficult to comprehend. He was, however, in the course of his conversation with me on the subject of the recent troubles, both nervous and absent, so much so indeed that he would have allowed me to take my leave without the slightest allusion in reply to Lord Glenelg's letter, which I had handed to him on my entrance, and which he, seemingly in pure abstraction and unconsciousness of the act, had opened and closed half a dozen times at least. Nay, I had risen to depart, and had actually made my bow, when finding that he had made no allusion to the subject, I remarked that I had reason to believe Lord Glenelg's communication to him conveyed some desire that an appointment should be given to me in Canada, which was my native country. He replied that such indeed was the tenor of the letter, but that as he was leaving Canada it was of course out of his power to carry out his Lordship's wishes, and that the only course he could pursue would be to forward it to Sir George Arthur, who had just relieved him. This was obvious enough, and I fully expected that he would enclose the communication to Sir George with a line or two from himself, but he simply handed it to me with the seal unrestored, and requested that I would place it, accompanied by his compliments, in Sir George Arthur's hands. Yet in all this there was no unkindness, no desire that I could detect to frustrate or discourage my views, and when I withdrew he shook me warmly by the hand. That the letter was not enclosed, as certainly, in common courtesy it ought to have been, I have always attributed to that nervous indecision and absence of fixed purpose to which I have already alluded. I saw Sir Francis on several subsequent occasions prior to my departure from New York, but the subject of Lord Glenelg's letter was never resumed.

A day or two after the arrival of the ex-Governor of Upper Canada, Lord Gosford, who had quitted the Lower Province under nearly similar circumstances, reached the same hôtel (the Carlton) also. As I had no letter of introduction to his Lordship, and could not satisfy myself that his principles of government, as exemplified in the course of his rule in Canada, were of a nature to call from me any particular mark of respect, I denied myself the honor of calling upon him, although a particular mission with which I was charged would have rendered this course imperative on me had his Lordship not been actually returning home. As it was, I did not desire that my mind should be subjected to the risk of incurring a bias from representations which it might be difficult to remove afterwards, and which might prejudice the interests I had undertaken to serve.