

stairs and dark corridors regain my corner of No. 240 chamber. What a treadmill! I see leather hoses are kept coiled up ready along the corridor in case of fire. By crawling out at my window, or hole in the cornice, under the roof, about four feet deep, I can manage in this horizontal position to see what's going on in the Broadway below, in the "Park," and Bowery-street beyond. I see various volunteer corps, and hose and engine corps, with colours flying, and bands at their head are marching about through the streets. These brigades of firemen and volunteers are some of them on a visit from the Jerseys or Philadelphia; travelling by rail in companies to show themselves in their smart uniforms; they are received and *fêted* by the New York companies. Tamaney Hall is a favourite resort after their marchings about all day. On grand occasions these young firemen (always the dare-devil set in each city) gather bouquets and wreaths, as they march along, from the hands of their fair friends! and parade them from one city to another; for they don't mind either time or expense, and "don't go home till morning;" the whole day passed in treating each other at certain stands or favourite hotel bars.

There is no such thing as a hair-dresser's shop—all are "Barbers' shops," which are always full of beaux, getting some part of their cheeks shaved; and the charges are very high for this luxury of being stuck in the barber's chair. Every hotel has its barber's shop attached to it near the bar; and a bowling-saloon in the basement too. There are, I find, some few *restaurants*, as they call them; but the favourite places for dining or supping are the oyster-cellars; some of them fitted out very fine and expensively; each table in a recess with curtains in front looped up like window curtains. They charged high for some oyster-soup I called for—poor stuff, very—and yet the profusion of oysters caught down the bay, and along Staten Island, as far as Perth Amboy, in the Jerseys, is quite marvellous, quite "a caution," as they have it. Well, I have heard of God sending us good things, and the devil cooks; it never was more true of any country surely than America, from Niagara to New Orleans! Or is it only a matter of taste? but, alas, in a great bowl of oyster-water, I only caught four oysters, after much fishing. I saw it was expected I'd make a call at the bar for a dram as I made my exit: I am sure they saw I was an Old Country serpent! The gas in these close cellars is horrid; and gas is everywhere.

I have spoken of the crowds of vehicles in Broadway, and the crowds of people, quite equal to ours in London, in Piccadilly, or the Strand; all the carriages totally different from ours; the 'busses oddlooking things, but more roomy and comfortable than ours, passengers not so packed; the

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