

found on the American shores, but there can be but one opinion of every floating thing they possess—they are so admirable; many a creeping hour I have “lost and neglected,” looking at their beautiful boats, sloops, schooners, smacks, yawls, open or decked, or half-decked, with sliding centre keels; then again, their noble masts! and sails standing “like a board,” with the admirable economy and sea knowledge of all their fittings and contrivances. Our sea lords should be bound ‘prentice to these *real* sailors! and should be sent to study in the American naval yards. The floating docks at the yard here, below the city, are remarkable for their simplicity and efficiency; they serve at once as cradle and dock; they could at out a three-decker; there is little or nothing beyond repairs doing here now, but the Navy-yard is complete in stores, and quite ready for any emergency.

Philadelphia, like all the American towns, has doubled its population within these last twenty or thirty years; it now reaches, I believe, half a million. With all the attributes of a great city, with less trade, but in real riches it equals New York, backed by a richer country, and less dependent on foreign trade; both states, indeed, go back to the Ohio and the great lakes, but Pennsylvania has a larger proportion cleared, and her farms are the finest in the Union; nothing can be richer than her crops: wheat, rye, Indian corn, barley, oats, buckwheat, clover; cattle very numerous and of excellent breeds; their horses, as in New York, celebrated justly for their trotting and high courage; but all quadrupeds seem to thrive and improve, all—except cats!—but neither cats nor dogs are much cared for, I think, in the States. Dogs, indeed, are plentiful enough, but so mixed, one seldom sees a pure breed; still more rarely are they made pets of, or cats either; quite banished from all parlours, all play, all familiarity.

As in most of the American cities, next to the theatres (there are three open here, including Barnum’s Museum) are concerts and lectures at the various “rooms” and “halls” for the amusement of the citizens, all numerous attended, often crammed. Sunday evening, seeing a crowd round the Music-hall door, I went in (a sort of Exeter-hall), paying six cents. The place was full of well-dressed people, to hear a lecture on Socialism. I was soon tired of this eloquent, mischievous nonsense, which, however, seemed to give great satisfaction, and harmless enough; for, in America, nobody minds beyond the instant anything whatever said or written; they go home and mind their own inevitable business. Another evening I went to hear readings of Shakespeare, by a tall, thin, pale lady—more easy and natural, methought, than Mrs. Fanny