

And most certainly not the ladies affections, nor their dresses, nor are the men, nor the houses, nor the theatres, nor the actors, nor the plays. No, Philadelphia is not *drab* ; nor the Philadelphians. The latter, evidently appreciate contrasts, and lights and shadows of art and nature, as also the contrasts and lights and shadows of the mind and heart, as much as the best (or worst) of us. Yes, they can dance, they can laugh, they can sing—and they can love and frolic like every eastern mortal.

The Architecture of Philadelphia is generally of an excellent, and in some particulars, of a high order. It is true, the metropolis does not boast a St. Peter's of Rome, nor St. Paul's of London ; nor, indeed, any edifices with pretensions to their dimensions or elaboration. Nevertheless, it has some splendid buildings, such as Girard College, and others we might mention. While it is celebrated, and justly so, for the beauty of the mansions and residences of the nobility—verily our democracy is imperfect—the successful of the People!—and the general run of higher class stores, banks, insurance offices, hotels and others are very extensive and beautiful.

The churches and theatres are the least noticeable for their architectural qualities ; the latter, particularly, do not come up to any very high mark. The Academy of Music is a fine building, and so is the Exchange, the Custom House, the Merchants Hall. The Post Office is surely an odd place. But we must quit this subject, or we shall chronicle without veracity, for having been recently annoyed at the unpardonable delay of our letters if as perfect as ourselves, we should doubtless be sure to discover some glaring imperfections, some monstrous incongruities.

It was my intention to have noticed the manufacturing character of Philadelphia, her wealth and importance. But as I should have to do so at some length, and having no desire to call into activity the relentless clipping propensities of the editorial scissors, I will leave that for a future occasion.

I must not close this sketch, however, without a word on the suburban districts, few cities being so fortunate in this respect as Philadelphia. Busy, are the cars, busy, are the excursion steamers ; busy, are the ferry boats ; busy is every sort of pleasurable conveyance on those days that custom or chance, single out for a cessation from the toils and drudgery of every day life. The dollar loving character of the American, does not allow many interruptions of this kind to interfere with his daily avocation. Sunday, however, is sacred from toil, the world over ; society on that day lives and