

delay at getting it housed) as I have seen in one single county (Kent) at home, owing to the solitary, dilatory, peddling way our farmers act, waiting, it would seem, stupidly till the patience of sunny days is fairly worn out, and rain sets in. In the same way we have our hay too often spoiled—mown too slowly; the sunshine escapes before it is all cut; now, no crop requires so much vigorous promptness; with our parishes swarming with the idle and unemployed, one sees two or three mowers in large fields and meadows. In America they muster all their neighbours—down it comes in a day, and is really a *frolic*, for they laugh, sing, and feast, and make a frolic of it.

I stroll about Philadelphia streets to find out *new things*; oyster-cellars and shoeblacking-celiars, so famous twenty years ago, are gone; while the negro population, in its own “nigger-quarter” in Cedar-street and “along south,” seem to me more ugly, poor, and ill-dressed than formerly. The St. Giles’s of all American cities—what stuff we do talk at home about sentimental niggers! Lady Sutherland should take a morning’s ramble among these laughing, larking animals! aping, in rags or rainbow finery, all the airs and graces of the sweet “white niggers” of Stafford House! Free or slaves, it is all the same, except that the slaves are better dressed and better fed! and not quite so idle, less careworn, laugh more, for they need not think of to-morrow. Good heavens! what nonsense our philanthropists talk, and what mischief they have done our poor West Indies! I continue my walk down Cedar-street, the new-come Irish alone fraternize with the coloured denizens of this quarter; as I pass the groups I get a grin, or some expressive slang greeting, not to tread on the picanninnies crawling about in the sun. Jews, grog-shops, and slops here do thrive.

Beyond this south quarter the suburbs are called Kensington and Moyamensing; Passayunk to the north, “Spring gardens” and “Northern liberties;” but one hears nothing but our own familiar names generally, few or none of the old melodious Indian ones remain like these.

The wharves are filled with shipping and steamers, and smaller coasting craft, all beautiful and excellent of their kind; but the length of this noble river, 120 miles to the sea, and its many shoals, prevent the immense Atlantic commerce seen at new York; still the business done here and activity is remarkable, particularly inland transport to the Ohio and Far West.

We have our river ship-hulk chapels; but here, at the foot of Spruce-street, I find a handsome real wooden chapel, with fine spire, afloat, chained to the wharf. This is for seamen, too, and is quite a curiosity. Men may differ about the good

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