

a mile of pavement on the south, or State-house side, is crowded of an afternoon, before and after dinner. Besides, here are all the most dashing shops; their windows may not quite reach the rich display of our first-rate ones, but very near, and a vast number are even larger than ours within, more lofty and of greater extent. The French, I think, take the lead. But shops now-a-days, like the fashions of the civilized world, are much of the same cut everywhere. Here, and all over the Union, they divide their patronage between London and Paris, with rather a leaning to the latter. I thought the poorest show and worst taste was in their silversmiths' and jewellers' displays; all their silver plate, of the most preposterous shapes, very showy.

The street pavements are wretched, as in all their towns—much as ours were fifty years ago—the same round, smooth stones set on end, assisted by great mud holes, enough to dislocate one's limbs. How their spider-wheeled vehicles get over them is marvellous. Churches and chapels abound—some very fine buildings, with handsome spires; several public libraries and concert-rooms. Three or four theatres are generally well filled, including Barnum's Museum. He seems to have one of those enormous *theatro-museo omnium gatherums* in every large city, often with a band outside all day playing (Richardson's booth fashion), and a great display of flags. The Americans are fond of having the star and stripes flying over head in their streets, or hanging from lines drawn across; and this, one would say at first sight, was the only thing to forcibly put one in mind of not being at home, in one of our own towns. But no; there are fifty things to tell the Englishman that he is in a new country, three thousand miles off.

The houses are indeed of brick (better brick, better mortar, and better work than ours), but the façades are half covered by the green blinds or shutters. No under-ground kitchens, no arcades, no area-railings. Slanting cellar-doors protrude on the pavement—our fashion in old times. Here we see the anthracite coals shot down, always broke in bits as regular as our Macadam stones, and shining like black diamonds indeed, or here and there cords of wood sawing ready for the cold weather. *Apropos*, all the stoves are on Dr. Arnot's principle in the rooms, in all sorts of shapes, and no fire is seen. One requires to get used to not seeing the fire. Some houses are heated by flues from top to bottom, throwing the hot air at you from the fireplace that should be there. They have no first-floor drawing-rooms; the ground-floor parlours serve that purpose, which does for dining-room too, or it may be in a back wing, which almost all their houses have.

There is a great profusion of white marble everywhere—

door-steps, columns, and every ment is ke hoses con winter, far the rest of

Then, a side; but no walks; left. The precious; those beau ling, undis settle them myself wat of the trees juveniles; in public pl our ragged humanity o They torme selves, in d other.

All the s our cousins thoughts an am not sur change whic striking than in fashions. hats, straight peared. Th ing to their Nor would t appeared in velvet fashio tachios, imp extravagant where disser all over the land. The C matter what mothers are of the earth States. The the moment t observe the