

drinking." In America all the local affections are sacrificed to the spirit of gain.—Pauvre Julia. It is strange, that for every defect in older nations, you can find a parallel, if not worse, in "our young country." It has its poor, its proud, its dishonest, its vicious, its irreligious, and its *defamers*, in the "same degree," and quite in equal proportions.

Much absurd nonsense is said, about English persons being surprised that Americans speak English so well; and why should they not be surprised? The Scotch are easily discovered from their accent, even after a long residence—the Irish and the Welch also, and Provincials,—is it therefore remarkable that people having been educated three thousand miles from England, should be supposed to have acquired some peculiar nationality, and that persons should remark such not being the case?—for my part I think it a compliment which I could not venture honestly to pay; for I consider the tones and accents of most Americans as wholly unlike those of the English; there are numerous differences which struck me at once, but did not at all surprise me, when I consider the vast distance between us, and the many causes for a national difference.

The more one reads of the notes, for which this is intended as "Change," the more one is surprised at the constant annoyances which "Boz" contrived to meet with every where; and he appears to have been wholly unprepared for what must, in a new country, be inevitable. Such as crowded steam and canal boats—imperfect roads, and carriages not on patent springs, but suited to bear the rough usage they receive on highways lately stolen from the forest. I must say, my impression is entirely otherwise. I marvel much at the great comforts so cheaply obtained here. In travelling, I have generally found the vehicles as commodious as could be expected, and the Inns excellent. In no part of the Continent, where I have been are they to be compared to those in this country. See the Inns in the small towns of France and Germany, Holland and Italy, and compare them with those of places of less size here, and you will soon find where the balance of comfort lies; and civility is offered you here in equal proportion with other countries, when you can pay for it.

With the ill-humor too prevalent in his work, "Boz" calls the city of Washington "a monument raised to a deceased project, with not even a legible inscription to record its departed greatness." This is neither very sensible, nor very true. The Capitol is there, no inconsiderable monument, from his own shewing. The residence of the Chief Magistrate, the public departments, the embassies from different nations, all are there, and although all that was expected by the projectors has not been achieved, more has been done than was supposed possible by many. Would it have been wise for a people whose