

Chestnut street is the broadway of New York, or, perhaps, somewhat more correctly—the Piccadilly, and Bond street of London. Here, and in its immediate surroundings the greater part of the *élite* of Philadelphia life live; and here all the fashionable world do their shopping. Here the vender of silks and fine linen, disdaining the humble pretensions of the noise and bustle of his brother retailers at the less favored portions of the city, invites his visitors within lime-tone walls; where in an atmosphere of unqualified suavity, they may recline in all that luxurious serenity of mind, so necessary to the selection of infallible harmony of color and texture. Here, too, dwell in retired dignity those subtle and ingenious philosophers, whose business it is to dress and adorn the cranium, and have blessed familiarity with elixirs, bloom restorers, and the thousand mysteries of the toilet.—Here, the jewellers dwell in marble palaces, and vend their golden wares out of “silver trays.” Here, likewise, the milliners and dressmakers do flourish complacently; as also the shoe-makers, the tailors, the hatters, the booksellers, the stationers, the upholsterers, the auctioneers: and here, too, the confectioners, the hotels, the saloons, the restaurants, give luxurious invitations. Here are the photographic galleries—these by the way look *sic transit gloria mundi-ish*. Can it be possible that the propensities of the “finger of light” are too *immaculate* to be very extensively appreciated? Here too, are the banks, the halls, the telegraphic and insurance offices, and express companies, the Masonic Temple, the Academy of Arts, the Custom House, and the law offices and Court House (quite in a private way) where the legal business of the state is adjusted; where the unfortunate are weighed in the balance; and where those wisest awake of the human family, the “Philadelphia lawyers,” daily plead for society and the dollar.

Chestnut is also a favorable promenade; and many are the heart smiting looks and loving whisperings which here the twinkling stars have winked at, and the pale moon shone upon, between vespers and the midnight hour. But this might lead us to a digression.

From the knowledge of the fact, that the city was founded by Quakers, we believe it is not an uncommon thing to enshroud every thing connected with Philadelphia in a pall. We remember having ideas of this kind ourselves. Philadelphia was a great thing of drab—surely everything was drab? drab houses, drab men, drab horses, drab cars, drab theaters, drab actors, drab plays; probably drab trees, drab water and atmosphere,—drab every where, all drab. And most certainly drab ladies, with drab coal-scuttle bonnets—and what was infinitely worse, drab affections, and drab complections. This is Philadelphia of the imagination. The reality is not drab.