

the numerous and immense wood-yards and piles on the wharves of thirty years ago in the cities have nearly disappeared.

Philadelphia, like New York, from its level site, makes no very striking appearance from the Delaware. One can form no idea of its size except from the western hills on the Schuylkill, looking down on it.

On the Delaware side nothing is seen along its face but the shipping, warehouses, and wharves, from the Navy-yard below it upwards for about three miles, with here and there a church spire.

This whole flat, of two miles square, is covered by streets in squares, or "blocks," as regular as a chess-board, the centre street being particularly wide (120 feet)—of late called High-street—from river to river, crossed by one still wider, as the centre avenue, running north and south, called Broad-street.

The houses are, as a whole, a size larger than ours, with some very noble mansions in the fashionable quarter (that is, in Chesnut, Walnut, and Arch streets, towards the middle of the town), but everywhere one is struck by immense buildings for commercial purposes in all the streets. The marble-faced bank, exchange, hotels, and others, are very conspicuous, and have been too often described to dwell on here. Of late years, the quacks and apothecaries seem to outdo everybody in extraordinary fortunes and immense temples for the sale of drugs, six and seven stories high, with marble and granite facings, hundreds of windows, and richly fantastic façades. One in Chesnut-street, near the busy hum of the Exchange, the brokers, the barrels, and the 'busses, is quite monstrous. But the very last in everything American, is "bound" to eclipse every other ambitious thing before it, whether a ship, a house, or more airy speculation.

The greatest crowds and the greatest business haunts of the city lie towards the Delaware, of course. The busiest haunts are "First," "Second," "Third," and "Dock" streets, crossed from the west by Arch, Market, Chesnut, and Walnut streets, the two last only considered extremely fashionable, as they reach from the business end westward, just as it is with ourselves, in the same way that they are filled with omnibuses, running to and fro from all the suburbs to Dock-street and the Exchange near the wharves. They do not say "Bank," for the fine marble United States Biddle Bank being knocked up, is now the Custom-house, and looks very deserted and chopfallen, being at present about the mark where Chesnut-street beaux and belles turn back upwards, and where they parade and show their fine dresses, the limit westward being as high up as Eleventh-street. This three-quarters of