

but then I had a portmanteau, and, like our own clever cab regulations, luggage, and distance, and fare is left to the discretionary disputation of both parties. All over America hackney-coaches and cabs are as great a nuisance as in England—impose on one quite as much. But at any rate they are better-looking things than ours, and their horses are better used and better fed. But here in the States, where there is a real difficulty in bringing the sovereign public to any sort of regulation, there is some excuse, if the wise municipality had not added the extra charge of twenty-five cents for every individual carried. Thus, if you can coax a fellow on the stand, or at any of the stations, where they all rush as ours do to meet the steam-boats and trains, to take you a mile for half a dollar, and your family of three get into the hackney-coach with you, the jarvey claps on an additional quarter for each, and your imposing fare turns out a dollar and a quarter, or five shillings. Now, as the steamers and railways on both routes take one to Baltimore or New York for three dollars, nearly a hundred miles, it does seem quite absurd. But we English are perfectly used to the most monstrous impositions and nuisances of every possible description, entirely owing to our clever contrivance of the law in such matters carefully provided; both ourselves and the Americans disdaining to take a leaf out of the French common-sense arrangements in such things, the chief part of both our wonderful constitutional freedoms consisting of the most vexatious confusion and contradiction of every single thing meant for the public good. On this hydra's head a very thick volume might be written for the edification both of the mother country and her young saucy giant offspring. But I am in a hurry, and must say a word, before I get into the cab, on the general appearance of the American girls, not much altered since Mrs. Trollope's days, nor Lady Emeline Wortley's. In dress, at least, there is a great deal of the *couleur de rose*. They delight in two things especially; the brightest, most heavenly colours, dazzling white, ultra-marine, crimson, and ultra-green. Violet and purple are too quiet, but mammas may wear them. Thus all the misses in their "teens" (and after that the deluge!) are quite butterflies. They dress well, but too flaringly; brocades, satins, china silk crapes, and embroidered shawls; in short, neither Paris nor London can find them anything too fine. The next passion is church, chapel, and sermons. Next to dancing and balls, their favourite preacher (as with ourselves in town now and then) is the one thing most talked about and ran after. There is, among other favourites just now, a Rev. Mr. Wordsworth, who draws all the finest bonnets to the Arch-street Chapel. Such sermons as we hear in England

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