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many people at breakfast. This is continued until eleven or twelve, if you choose to breakfast so late. But as the whole world here, *beau monde* and all, are mercantile, all meals are earlier. At half-past three o'clock, the general dinner, at six tea, and from nine till eleven those take supper who may be inclined to do so. A variety of good things are to be had, but there is nothing allowed to drink, except water, without extra payment, at exorbitant prices. Thus, but for the busy *bar*, one would fancy all the polite world teetotalers; on these long tables, of hundreds in rows, nothing is seen but water and ice; or, at rare intervals, a dashing individual ventures on wine. Sherry, port, madeira, or champagne, all alike at eight shillings and ten shillings the bottle (two and two-and-a-half dollars)! Brandy, rum, and all liquors, equally extravagant; even the common New England rum and whiskey. Beer in the same way; our porter and ale at two shillings the bottle. Hotel people are thus teetotalers per force; the ladies, if any, all together at one end of the table, rarely touch anything but water.

So that the bare living, compared with our hotels, is not at all more moderate, even on water only. My week's bill came to eighteen dollars, or £3 12s., without a single comfort. But the bachelor mob of American hotels care nothing about comfort of any sort. The hall and bar always filled by spitters, chowers, and smokers. There is a small sitting-room here for the use of 150 men! it might hold thirty standing; a smaller room, and a small round table, small inkstand, and no pens or paper, is for writing in—if you can. Another sort of office has the dozens of United States papers fast to desks, which run round, to be read standing; the one directory is chained to the clerk's office; you are poked four in one bed-room—quadruple bedded—with men you know nothing of, and who change, it may be, in various relays during your pleasant *séjour*; a writing on the door warns you to be wary, and lock your door! which is simply impossible. I had not the pleasure of the most remote acquaintance with the gents who snored round me at night; all fashionable, if I could judge by their immense brass-bound, nail-studded trunks. Still, the warning was not pleasant.

The fast young Americans at these hotels, all over the Union, glory in all sorts of silly show and expense, and much resemble our *gents*, only that they have more unaffected assurance, and take the lead in everything—theatres, concerts, balls, and parties. The old folks are voted slow when they happen to have a “governor” somewhere.

Miss Catherine Hayes is here, and, the papers say, exchanges visits with Mrs. and Miss Fillmore at the Irving-house. She gives concerts at Tripler's Hall, at one and two