

I left Philadelphia after a short stay there, and arrived once more at New York. We had great difficulty in passing the rivers on the way, by reason of the quantity of ice in them. At New York, the birthday of Washington (22nd February) was celebrated with great enthusiasm. There were parties of soldiers in various costumes, and paintings, some of them allegorical, were carried about in procession—sad subjects of contemplation to an Englishman, as may be supposed. But what surprised me most, was to see some troops in the dress of the Revolution. What an old-fashioned English dress it was, and might have made one think they had been disinterred! The coats were blue with buff facings, breeches buff or leather, and top-boots, the old livery of the Whigs, and the same that Washington wore. For hats, they had on that kind of three-cornered head-piece, which, in England, is used only by dignitaries ecclesiastical, which the profane denominate a “shovel;” and not only that, but the whole cut of the dress, reminded us of those biographies of the eighteenth century, where the worthy himself is portrayed in the frontispiece. The equestrian figure in Cavendish Square, London, is an instance of the kind.

It is said, and with truth, that there is a quantity of ruffianism in New York—perhaps not more than in most large cities; but I have heard travellers, in consequence, express apprehension of the ultimate success of American institutions. The alarm is groundless; the native American character much resembles the Swiss, in being self-relying, industrious, and orderly. Nearly five-sixths of those who are imprisoned at New York are foreigners, or free coloured people. Thus,