

a perfect Adonis, "black but beautiful," and always stood, between whiles of serving, in the most elegant and æsthetic of attitudes, smiling sweetly upon us.

The next morning, Saturday 29th, was perfectly lovely and very hot; we devoted it to making a survey of the city from the elevated railway which circles it entirely, and occupies almost every other street—as much to the disfigurement of the town as to the convenience of the passenger, who, seated aloft, in the cool of the air, enjoys a bird's-eye view of the place.

In addition to the elevated railways, every street is crammed with electric-cars and "horse-stages;" there are cabs too, which you see standing in long rows, but nobody ever seems to use them; for not two steps will they go without the payment of $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars (10 shillings).

Up the famous Fifth Avenue you progress in what is called a "stage," a ramshackle old contrivance, not worthy to be named in the same century with the yet not ideal London 'bus. It is untidy and crowded. When all the sitting room is occupied, people still keep crowding in, one on the top of the other, and standing all along the narrow space between, till you absolutely suffocate and scramble out as best you can, and walk on for perhaps a quarter of an hour before another "stage" comes lumbering by, possibly as crowded as before.

These "stages" show a touching belief in the honesty of the passengers, who each deposit a "dime" (ten cents) in a pocket placed for the purpose—or not, as they please; there being no conductor or anybody to see that they do.

As we proposed to see the museums and picture galleries thoroughly on our return, we only glanced at the outsides of the various buildings, and spent some time arranging at