

sort; if there is a square bit at the back called a garden, it is simply fenced in for potatoes, onions, and cabbages, for there is no market, and nothing whatever to be had in the town (yes, bread and milk), except at capricious intervals, and at exorbitant prices! The fact is truly American: nobody thinks it worth while to minister to any other body; if the thing or trade amounts to a rich "placer," why then, perhaps, they take to it, but with an irregularity truly independent. In short, the country round is supplied by the Philadelphia market just as it is contrived in London, where everything is taken in the first instance, and taken back again into the country for ten or twelve miles round; only here housekeepers must take it out home themselves, or go without.

How many good things there are in the States exquisitely good!—but, settler, whoever you are, you must take the *per contra* in a disgusting dose, unless you are indeed very young and very green. Everybody (except ten in a thousand of the fashionable world) does just what they please. There is nobody to direct anybody, nobody is in the least controlled, least of all by the daily papers or public opinion. Thence the amusing and awkward things one witnesses, and which must be put up with, perhaps smiled at, if you can bring yourself to that sweet frame of mind which bursts forth in "Mark Tapley" in the words, "This is jolly—comfortable;" and yet they are extremely like ourselves, with an independent, convenient, inconvenient, transatlantic difference.

Captain Mackinnon and Mr. Chambers are the last who have talked of "domestic manners." He notices the pernicious way some child was spoiled by its mother; I often see the same thing. Baby citizens are allowed to run wild as the Snake Indians, and do whatever they please; not only mothers make no notice, but fathers are equally deaf and blind. How is that these unlicked cubs, girls and boys, ever grow up into staid, peaceable citizens, and acquire fortunes, and turn out sensible, sharp people, is the marvel! or that they do not die of clarified molasses and gobbling mixtures of rich food long before they become men and women!

I betray no confidences when I set down an ordinary dialogue, which may be constantly heard all over the Union. The girl or boy—having their plate full of beefsteak, corn-bread, poached eggs, buckwheat cakes, buttered; the whole swimming in molasses:

*Child.*—I want some ham.

*Mother.*—Well, you ain't no room.

*Child.*—I want some ham—(louder).

*Mother.*—I guess you won't like it. (To writer) Hand the ham up. (Helps the little animal.)

*Child.*—I want some homany.