

accompanied Captain Parsons on shore, where he had bought some fresh fish, some nice bread (a rather scarce article on board), and some strawberries. I do not think we ever enjoyed a breakfast so much as this, our last on board the *Kate Hunter*."

"At length," continues Agnes, "we discovered papa and mama pushing towards us in an open boat; we exchanged a hail, and, for the next half hour, we were employed in finishing to pack up, though we had been told to have all ready; but, as usual, something was to be done at the last minute; however, in half-an-hour, all the state rooms had been searched over for the fourth time, each of which was to have been the last, and we all proceeded on deck. Here each of us was tied in a chair, covered with the flag which we were to wrap round us; it was something like being in a swing; and when the signal was given, we were each of us hoisted up into the air over the side of the vessel. With some of us, the leg of the chair caught in the tackle outside the ship, which caused us to be crooked and doubled up in

a not very pleasant predicament while it was being freed: then we were let down, quite giddy, into a small boat, which was in great agitation on the waves. The water was unusually rough that morning. There was some doubt how my two youngest brothers could be brought down; but the second mate, young 'Go-a-head', caught them both in his arms, and, seating himself in the chair, deposited them in safety amongst us. But the waves dashed into the boat; and the boatman found out he had made a mistake, when he said it would hold us all. He was obliged to leave our two elder brothers for a second trip. In ten minutes we arrived at the land, but not before some of us were drenched with salt water; however, we little minded it, so glad were we to be on *terra firma* again."

A few turns on the platform dried off the spray of the sea; the rest of our party were put on shore; in ten minutes, the little *Sylph* steamer, that plied between some place lower down and New York, touched at Quarantine platform; we seated ourselves in its ample saloon, built above deck; and soon stepped

from it to the quay at New York: "which was very easily done," writes Agnes, "the steamers all being made to join the land, so that you had but to walk on, and would not know the difference, or which was which." This was true; no visible fissure or inequality dividing the floating deck from the platform.

The post-office, the bankers, the money-changers, the railway-offices had to be visited; and the course of business took me over a good part of New York that morning. I have, however, little to describe. Broadway, that we have all heard of, can scarcely be called a handsome street. It seemed to be about two-thirds the width of Oxford Street. It may be, like Oxford Street, three miles long or more; but no one ever spoke of the beauty of Oxford Street. The buildings on each side of Broadway were even more irregular. Tall, well-built houses stood beside others half their height; houses of cement stood beside others of rough red or yellow bricks, or beside Stewart's store of white marble—the handsomest shop in the world. The pavement was very bad, if paved it was; but the surface was so

uneven, that it was difficult to ascertain whether all really was stone under the dry dirt that covered it. I saw not the pigs usually described as roaming in Broadway; they had been exiled by a recent mayor; perhaps the street would have been cleaner had such scavengers been left to work it. The shops had more the appearance of wholesale warehouses, than of the smart places of retail to which we are accustomed in Europe; and goods, piled outside the doors, or lifted to or from heavy drays, often encumbered the pavement. Where Broadway passes beside the Park,—a triangular space planted with trees, but containing only eleven acres,—the effect is rather fine. But neither here nor elsewhere in the city are there any public buildings that would attract the notice of a travelled European.

The other streets of the city are laid out at right angles to one another, even in the old parts, on the tongue of land between the confluence of the East River and the Hudson; and higher up in the more modern part of the town, they are built by rule and compass, and known to Americans by names denoting

the order in which they occur, from First Street to Thirtieth, or it may be, by this time, Sixtieth Street. I marvel how any one can remember so monotonous, so little marked a nomenclature.

A striking feature of New York is the number of new houses that are being erected in every part of it. The pavement was really encumbered, every twenty yards, with piles of bricks and building materials; and they seem to be pulling down one quarter of the town, for no other purpose than that of rebuilding it.

But amid all this disorder of business on a large and flourishing scale, what a racket, what a crowd, what a rush! Hackney-coaches, omnibuses, and carts are driven at such a rate, that my wife insisted the people must be all mad. No handsome equipages, no private carriages, arrest attention in the streets; nor are the lumbering hackney-coaches (whose fare is so high as to preclude their being often used) numerous; but the place seems to swarm with carts, drays, and omnibuses. These, too, are for service rather than for show. New