

strewed the carpets, and which I made it a rule to stumble over as I walked up and down.

The main city of New York, exclusive of the suburbs built upon the neighbouring lands, stands upon the point and tongue of land between Long Island Sound and the Hudson river, which comes straight down from the north, and is, therefore, generally spoken of in the country by the name of North River. Up this river, our steamer began to move, at a speed of more than eighteen miles an hour, against current; and passed, in succession, numerous little towns and villages—suburbs of New York and places of holiday resort for its citizens. They were more or less beautifully nestled in the bright scenery on either side;—bright but not striking, till we came to the wonderful precipitous bank of traprock, which rises abruptly from the river, on the western side, to the height of about five hundred feet. These, called the Palissades, are dark and frowning; and extend, an almost impassable boundary, for about twenty miles, as far as Tappan. To our fathers, this was a well known name: General Washington's head-

quarters were here, during the war of Independence in 1780, when Major André of the English army was hanged by him as a spy. But Washington Irving's pretty villa soon woos us to pleasanter thoughts, of himself, of Columbus, of Astoria, and of the conquest of Granada: his genius carries our minds away even from this majestic stream, although it here expands into a bay from two to three miles broad. On the top of the rocks, somewhere above here, is a lake four miles in circumference, from which New York is supplied with its best ice; the ice, in winter, is sawed out into large blocks, which are slid down an inclined plane to the river's edge, and kept till the frost breaks up and they can be embarked for the city.

But the shores of the mighty stream contract; high mountains close it in on each side, and in front; there is surely no egress from amongst these frowning rocks? Yes, yes; there is a narrow opening in front, leading direct through the mountains, and there is also one on the right hand, at the base of that towering peak: which will the pilot take? Which

of the two ravines shall we explore? Neither. The great steamer almost grazes the base of the naked precipices, and turns sharply round to the left, and threads a chasm down which the waters boil and race. A sinuous channel opens to us amongst the mountains that close behind and on either hand; and, for some miles, we breast a boiling torrent that rushes through magnificent scenery. This is called the Horse Race. Nothing on the Rhine will bear the slightest comparison to it: "it whips all creation."

I have not stopped to describe the state prison at Clinton: no doubt Dickens has fully spoken of it with other institutions of the United States: nor can I now pause amid the lovely scenery of West Point, where Kosciusko loved to meditate, and where the cadets of the military school have erected a handsome monument to his memory. I was informed that this military school is an excellently-conducted institution: unlike our own military academies, according to recent revelations (which I would not believe), the highest sense of honour and honesty exists amongst the pupils;

the slightest falsehood or breach of either is followed by immediate expulsion—insisted on by the other pupils, and gladly acquiesced in by the chiefs. But our steamer takes another sharp turn amid the rocks; the river again expands, and the lovely scenery of Crow's Nest, on its cliff fifteen hundred feet high, engrosses and delights us.

Pass we the thriving town of Poughkeepsie; pass we the village of Catskill, with its distant hills and waterfalls; the train upon the railroad, that runs parallel with the river, is passing them all even quicker than we. Strange that a railway can be maintained in opposition to such splendid water carriage! But, during all the winter, that water carriage is locked up by ice; and then the railway reaps its double harvest. Strange rather that such floating palaces can be maintained, for the summer months only, against a railway that can work during the whole year round! But the steamers communicate with both sides of the river: the railway only with one; and the steamers are, evidently, preferred by all who can convert the transaction of business

into a pleasure excursion, through some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. "Several ladies, evidently brides, were now on board the *New World* with us," writes Louie; "and a number of very young mamas, with little squalling babies, whom they alternately scolded and petted. These were confined to the inner saloon, with their nurses. Most of the ladies sat out on the roof-deck, under the awning. When I first went up there, accompanied by mama's little dog, it excited a great deal of admiration amongst all the ladies; for most of the *little* dogs in America are very ugly. Soon after, when my brother, Kenelm, was walking about with it, a man came up to him and said:

"How much would you sell me that dog for?"

"I would not sell it at all."

"Well now, I calculate you would not refuse a couple of hundred dollars for it?"

"Indeed I should: it is not to be sold for any money. It is a pet."

"The man looked very much surprised, and walked away. On another occasion," con-