

Another improvement, borrowed from the English roads, is the use of the track tank, shown in the engraving on page 105. By dropping an open-mouthed spout from the tender into the tank between the rails, the stock of water can be replenished without lessening the speed of the train. The trip of 350 miles from Philadelphia to Pittsburg can be made, with only two stoppages, in about ten or twelve hours. It used to cost as many days' travel.

We will ask our readers, without leaving their easy chairs, to accompany us in a run over part of the main line of this railway, and enjoy a brief glance at some of the more remarkable features of "*Picturesque Pennsylvania*." Leaving New York, the busy commercial metropolis of the Union, we cross the Hudson, or North River as the natives call it, in one of the crowded ferry-boats which dart to and fro, shuttle-like, weaving the web of traffic between Manhattan and New Jersey. We are soon whirled across the "Jersey Flats," and pass the busy manufacturing city of Newark, and the thriving towns of Elizabeth, New Brunswick, and Princeton, the latter the scene of a great battle and site of a great college.

Fifty-seven miles from New York, as we cross the slender looking iron bridge across the Delaware, shown in the engraving, we get a fine view of the city of Trenton, the capital of New Jersey. This is the head of navigation on the river, which here abruptly changes its character. Above the bridge it is a rippling stream, where the fisher loves to ply his gentle art,—dallying in many a curve among the wooded hills, and presenting many a vista of idyllic beauty. Below it becomes a broad, deep channel, feeling the tide-pulses of the great Atlantic, and bearing on its bosom the heavy burdens of commerce. Beneath the bridge in the engraving, to the left hand, is seen the large and handsome structure of the State capitol. It was here that Washington, with his barefoot, ragged regiments, crossed the icy river in mid winter, and plucked the laurel of victory from the fickle hand of fortune.

As we glide into the city of Philadelphia we catch brief but tantalizing glimpses of the lovely scenery of Fairmount Park, with its three thousand acres of greensward, rock, and river, broad carriage drives, and secluded rural rambles—the finest