

valleys, to the Harlem river, seven miles and a-half from New York, and thirty-three miles from the grand reservoir above mentioned. The Harlem river is crossed by a noble aqueduct-bridge of stone, larger than either of the London bridges, or fourteen hundred and fifty feet, having fifteen arches of eighty and fifty feet span, and a hundred and fourteen feet above high-water mark. Before the bridge was erected the water was conducted across the river in a curved iron pipe, concave upwards. The aqueduct is built of stone, brick, and cement, arched over and under, eight feet five inches high, six feet nine at the bottom, and seven feet five inches at the top. It has a descent of thirteen inches and a-half per mile. The home reservoir at New York is just thirty-eight miles from the grand receiver, and covers thirty-five acres. It will hold a hundred and fifty millions of gallons. From hence it is conveyed to a third or distributing reservoir, covering four acres, by means of iron pipes. This holds twenty millions of gallons, is constructed of stone and cement, and is forty-three feet high. This distribution is by iron pipes laid too deep in the ground to be affected by frosts; when the plugs are drawn the water shoots out with prodigious force. This I observed from a crack or joint in an iron pipe on one of the slips or broad jetties, which branch straight out on both sides of the city, two hundred yards into the water, and are forty feet wide, at both sides of which tiers of ships are lashed, as I have said.

How many things I see to muse over and admire as I walk the streets; their breed of mules is very fine, and much prized; so, too, their horses, all thrive and assume their best shapes and good condition under the considerate and gentle treatment, so new to any man coming from that purgatory to our poor dumb brutes of every species—London; where our poor horses are brutally tormented in our omnibuses and killed, and our breed of asses dwindled disgracefully under the never-ceasing lash and goad of our lower orders. Even our cab-horses and government post-office hacks are a disgrace to us—to humanity. The efforts of our Humane Society do very little to check the universal brutality of our people. Here, on the contrary, where there is no legal check, there seems a universal good feeling to feed well, and work their cattle moderately; and they are repaid by the increased activity and docility of the poor beasts; some of this strange paradox is unravelled by the fact that the great body of the drivers here are the owners of their cattle. Another pleasing thing is the good regulations here, which prevent oxen or sheep being driven through the streets, and goaded into a fever, poor things, as with us, before they reach our infamous cellars and slaughter-houses.

I lounge about the *slips* at the water-side sometimes, and