

A beautiful French steamer of the Transatlantique line passed, and jeeringly offered to tow us in. Next day we saw with great satisfaction that she had not arrived in time to land her passengers in the evening, and when we learnt that the *City of New York* had done very badly, we felt almost consoled; but it was a very dull afternoon. A canary flew out from New York to welcome us, and a big fish swam about close to the ship for a long time, some said it was a shark, and some said it was a sturgeon.

The engines were got to work again after four hours' delay, and the run after dark was very interesting as we passed the immense hotels and tea-gardens in Coney Island and other favourite resorts, flaring with gas and electric lights. An American charged us strictly not to omit visiting West Brighton in the morning, when we should see "hundreds of thousands of men, women, children, cats, dogs, and other living creatures all bathing together." The Elephant Hotel was just distinguishable by its curious shape.

We stopped outside Sandy Hook for the night, and next morning at six o'clock we were all up, dressed, and breakfasting, eager to see the new world.

The harbour of New York is exceedingly pretty; the *Umbria* seemed to be going all the way to the hotel, we passed so far up the river. The statue of "Liberty," by Bertholdi, is very effective, the position is so fine, facing down the harbour as if welcoming the new comers. I suppose the design was not taken from the frontispiece of *Truth*, but it looks very like it—the lines are too