

horses not so cruelly overworked (to the disgrace of our licensers!) and no outsiders. One of the most pleasing things in the streets is to see the little use made of the whip, and the spirit and sagacity of the horses, as they are cared for, spoken kindly to, and not at all overworked in their waggons, drays, hack-carriages—'tis alike remarkable. Their busses are painted in flaring colours, on white and yellow grounds, with landscapes and figures; some very well done—the bad taste is nothing; one forgets it in the comfort inside. The contrivance to have no conductors, and each to pay through the hole in the roof, is "first-rate!"

Out of the lofty window of the western corridor I can see the silvery Hudson running north, till lost at the Palisades, covered by shipping; steamers, sloops, schooners, coming down or going up with the tide to the upper part of this vast State, of which it is the great artery. Beyond the sparkling waters lies Jersey City, and Hoboken, two miles above it on the Jersey shore; ferry-boats cross to both towns every few minutes. The latter place, the only one the New Yorkers have for anything like a romantic or rural walk of a Sunday. The state of Jersey, by the way, has no large city, is very poor and primitive to this day, and seems to exist only as a level flat, convenient for the great New Yorkers and Philadelphians to whirl across on the two rival railroads!—a quiet, religious state; the worn-out land of the lower part raises rye, Indian corn, pumpkins, and lumber, and is famous for its camp-meetings. The Jersey wagons are excellent; so are their cows and dairies; but certain it is, the State (college at Princetown and all) is swamped between these two awful go-ahead neighbours, and is of "no account, I guess!"

In all American cities, as here, one meets with the same every-day character of town things, arrangements, and ways, as among ourselves, only with a go-a-head contrivance or modification, sometimes better, sometimes worse than our own. But the one thing here, and at all their sea-board cities, which claims our unqualified admiration, are their ships and floating vessels of every possible variety—all equally beautiful and perfect in their way. Their build, their masts, their sails, their speed, their everything.

The waters are covered by their small ferry steamers, running in all directions—over to Jersey on one side, or over to Long Island on the other—while the larger ones up the Hudson, or East River, dash through the water like floating palaces, and at a speed beyond all others in the world; while to and from the Atlantic, the great ocean steamers, along their own shores or to Europe, join all the best qualities of sea-going ships to increased size and beauty of form; but it is their numbers which are still more astonishing. The waters