

te, sandy,
, between
batteries,

etty white
aten Isle,
eer comes
ndredfold
sides, the
y-houses.
ives they

the bay,
steamers,
d in vast
proach to
England,
ll, lively,
here we
nearer to
Hudson
Hudson
e o'clock,
this vast
t and in,
ble.

ag gene-
To say
they will
e clipper
our club

INGS

general
out the
e idea;
d each
f ships,
re com-
rpool—
rth but
e taken
But we

are hauling into the slip of the mail-steamers (our Cunard line are compelled, for want of room, to lay over at Jersey City wharves, on the opposite side of the river).

Our joy at arriving is already damped by the rain; by the confusion and crowd we form, with our trunks on the quarter-deck; knocked about and "not cared for" by either captain, mates, or crew, who are "yo-hoing" at hawsers and ropes, lugging her alongside the slip or planked wharf—which, on each side of the city, run in hundreds out like the teeth of a comb—(each two hundred yards long and forty or fifty broad). On this slip appears, to our further dismay, an immense crowd of eager people ready to board us, and divide the spoils of luggage!—just undergoing the ordeal of the Custom-house officials—who I find not at all "mild"—but more minute, troublesome, and vexatious, than at our own Custom-houses—they even broke open some of the small packages and boxes which could not be opened by key, or by the owner quick enough, and insisted on looking into our writing-desks and portfolios. My fellow "cal-lated" that he "liked to see all," as he tumbled all my things about—in the rain! Oh, Captain F—, why did not you warn us? Why vouch for the urbanities of Custom-house sharks? Well, they took nothing—for there was nothing to take, except one's patience! and I was going to expatiate on the beauties of the tug and ferry steamers—the forests of masts and steamers' funnels—or the coasting and river sloops and schooners laden with all kinds of *notions*, including hay, oysters, pumpkins, and staves—on the numbers of ships clearing out and in—on the whole waters in face of the city being alive with white sails, and steam-boats rushing in all directions—on the low Jersey shores to the left as we advanced—and the gentle rise of the Long Island side to the right—with its suburb city of Brooklyn of 110,000 citizens—of the Battery Point and green, and its trees, which divides the East and Hudson river forests of masts aforesaid—forming the mighty stir of this New World! But no, I must attend to more pressing concerns, and get on shore out of this pelting rain as fast as I can—and not a bit glad or overjoyed at having got across the Atlantic in twelve days and a-half—twice before now has it kept me a whole month—but nobody is ever grateful for anything! The rain and the Custom-house jack-in-office had quite upset my equanimity; and now we are fast—the gang-board and the deck invaded by the crowd; the confusion becomes unspeakable; trunks, packages, ropes, ladies and their husbands, children, nurses, officers, porters, touters, searchers, all mix up in an uproar enough to confound and upset any common stoic. All this is made still worse by the friends of those on board, and even unwashed mob coming on the deck, many out of idle curiosity, some to look for friends