

and encircling little frescoes here and there on the shelves of the dizzy heights. At anchor in their little glassy bays numerous yachts were waiting for their gay holiday trappings and pleasure-seeking crowds. The rocky heights recede, and their beauty and rugged grandeur are softened and mellowed into romantic indistinctness. The Elysian fields of Hoboken run into their retreats of quiet and modest natural profusion, and the varied beauties of nature are fresh and sparkling with new life. The islands of New York Bay are now in view; villas and villages are thickening, the highlands are robed in the cool shadows, the river and the bay are glowing with a mixture of purple and golden light, and long, deep sombre shadows tremble between the water and the land, and lose themselves in the radiance of the lake.

The early trains begin to roll along the eastern bank, and startle with their shrill pipe the echoes on its rocky sides. The screaming and fitful vapours from dozens of public works denote that we are near our journey's end. The busy wharves and ferries are reached, and the bay of New York, with its islands, forts, and public works, and fair foreshore, its restless commerce, and sleepless activity and princely possessions, is at last before us, and around us New York on the left and New Jersey on the right. The wharf at which the Hudson River steamers lie is almost the most northerly, that is, the one farthest up on the