

lighthouses on Sandy Hook, with the Jersey white, sandy, low shore, and then bear away for the "Narrows," between Staten Island and Tony Island, where three-tier batteries, built of brick, command the pass.

One is particularly struck with the numerous pretty white villas and cottages *ornée* on both islands. On Staten Isle, about the quarantine station, where the health officer comes on board. This is a large village, increased a hundredfold since I last saw it twenty years ago. Here, on both sides, the opulent citizens of New York have their country-houses. Some of our writers have described the luxuriant lives they lead in these rural retreats.

Inside Sandy Hook, and over the whole face of the bay, may now be seen innumerable small craft, tug-steamers, passage-steamers, ships home and outward bound in vast variety and profusion. It is this which makes the approach to New York so wonderful to quiet Europeans. If in England, from Sheerness to London Bridge, our Thames is full, lively, busy, beyond, far beyond all the European world; here we find ourselves outdone. As we approach nearer and nearer to the city, the forests of masts on both sides, in the Hudson and East rivers, are astonishing. On the North, or Hudson river side, it is a forest of steam funnels. About one o'clock, we hauled into a "slip," and made an addition to this vast number. Setting aside the innumerable steamers out and in, the beauty and size of the ships themselves is admirable.

We have some rather fine Indiamen, but, speaking generally, I am sorry to remark the Americans surpass us. To say nothing of their unfettered and indomitable activity, they will make two voyages to our one. They outsail us as the clipper yacht *America* (whose captain now piloted us in) did our club yachts at Cowes.

CHAPTER III.

NEW YORK—ITS HOTELS, WATERWORKS, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

NEW YORK has been so often described as to its general features that one is afraid to say another word about the matter; but descriptions never do convey any positive idea; for instance, its bay, its two great rivers—the lowland each side, itself the peninsula between, with its forests of ships, masts, and steam funnels on either side—writers have compared the whole to the Bay of Naples! others to Liverpool—"Very like a whale!"—no, it is like nothing on earth but itself. While in the city itself immense changes have taken place these last twenty years—and go on changing. But we

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