

in a steam-boat before. At one time they praised the scenery in passionate terms of delight—the next moment wondered how deep the river was—then repeated verses about the blue sky—asked the captain if steam was made from coals or water—criticised an essay on enthusiasm that had appeared in the Ladies' Literary Cabinet—and finished with exclaiming, "Oh, if the boilers should burst!"

The banks of the East River presented the finest specimen of cultivated American scenery I had hitherto beheld. They are chiefly low; but, being diversified with little eminences, and covered with villas and pretty farm-houses, their aspect is destitute of uniformity. They afford a place of summer retirement to the inhabitants of New York. The river abounds with fish, and is well suited for pleasure sailing; while the neighbouring country contains a good deal of game, and lies under the influence of a climate which, during summer and autumn, is as fine as can be desired.

In about three hours we reached the village of Amboy, which is thirty miles from New York, and abandoned the steam-boat there, that we might proceed over land to the Delaware river. Several stage-coaches were in waiting to receive us; and we were driven on, at the rate of seven miles an hour, through the most beautiful inland