

towering edifices rose more and more distinct as we approached the *Wallabout*. With throbbing exultation, I pointed out the several places, to my attentive and wondering fellow-passengers—There is the Navy-Yard, crowded with bulky ships of war—There are our steam and *team* vessels, going and coming incessantly—The gothic spire which is now chiming, is the Trinity church—and there is St. Pauls—and there is St. Georges, which you might imagine to be a Chinese observatory—and there is the top of the City-Hall, a superb building of white marble. As to lower objects, and especially the fine ranges of store houses, little can be seen of them, through those entangled meshes of ropes, shrouds, and yardarms. We became enclosed among the vessels at Crane-wharf, and springing upon the quay, had a new subject of congratulation, in the rising columns of an extensive market, which had been reared upon the ashes of a late conflagration.

Like the poor pilgrim who toiled in ancient days to Jerusalem, or the Mussulman who at length returns from Mecca, the tourist cannot but think himself remarkably clear in conscience, when he has accomplished the end of his journey. Persons abroad and widely separated from their friends, if they have any, are swimmers in a great ocean, who cannot find one firm rock to found their confidence upon, who catch here and there at the unstable straws that float about like themselves, and who,