

rates. Then again visit New York City itself, on board of one of her floating steam palaces, cleaving the downward waters of the Hudson with rein-deer speed, so loaded with Passengers, that one has scarcely room to move, and *there* disembark, after an absence in Canada of two or three years; what moving, stirring scenes meet your gaze! what crowds of people—thronging of Carriages of every description—what forests of Masts and Shipping—what cargoes of Merchandises choking up Quays, Streets and Warehouses!—Then the innumerable HOTELS, sixteen of which are, *par excellence*, termed PRINCIPAL—so large and so gorgeous that your bewildered —— but you drive to one of them, where it is full to overflowing, and uncertain you can gain admission, the Landlord, however, kind soul, makes room, and you haste to BREAKFAST, where you meet, to your inexpressible wonder, from two to three hundred Guests! all intently engaged in fortifying the inner Man for the arduous occupations of the day.

And all this, dear Reader, is an unvarnished narrative of *every day scenes* in New York—almost at our very door—not stationary, but active, and rapidly expanding, until New York becomes, as it must do, the greatest emporium in the World—London not excepted.