

dull a thing as ever appeared in a Swiss lithograph. It never seemed to occur to any of us that, after all, this was not the Holy Loch, nor the Rhine, nor the Lake of Geneva, but simply the river Hudson.

And yet we could not help reverting to that Rhine fancy when we landed on the little wooden pier, and entered a high hotel omnibus, and were dragged by two scraggy horses up an exceedingly steep and dusty road to a hotel planted far above the river, on the front of a plateau and amidst trees. It was a big, wide hotel, mostly built of wood, and with verandas all round; and there were casements to the bedroom windows; and everywhere in the empty and resounding corridors an odor as of food cooked with a fair amount of oil. We threw open one of these casements. There was a blaze of fire in the west. The wooded hills were of dark green. Far below us flowed the peaceful river, with a faint mist gathering on it in the shadows.

Then by-and-by we descended to the large, bare-walled, bare-floored, but brilliantly lighted saloon, in which the guests were assembling for dinner; and now it was no longer the Rhine, for the first object that struck the eye was the sharp contrast between the dazzling white of the tables and the glossy black heads of the waiters. From this time forward, it may here be said, we began to acquire a great liking for these colored folk, not from any political sympathy, for we were but indifferently fierce politicians, but simply because we found Sambo, so far as we had the honor of making his acquaintance, remarkably good-natured, attentive, cheerful, and courteous. There was always an element of surprise about Sambo, the solemn black bullet-head suddenly showing a blaze of white teeth, as he said 'Yes Sah!' and 'Yes, mahm!' and went off to execute orders which he had never in the least understood. There was so much of the big baby about him too. It was quite certain that Queen T—— deliberately made the most foolish blunders in asking for things, in order to witness the suppressed and convulsive amusement of these huge children; and that, so far from her being annoyed by their laughing at her, she was delighted by it, and covertly watched them when they thought they were unobserved. She was extremely tickled, too, by the speech of some of them, which

was a great deal nearer that of Mr. Bones, of St. James's Hall, than she had at all expected it would be. In fact, in the privacy of her own chamber she endeavored once or twice— But this may be read by her boys, who have enough of their mother's wicked and irreverent ways.

Then, after dinner, we went out to the chairs on the wide and wooden balcony, high up here over the still-flowing river, in the silence of the hot, still, dark night. A gray haze lay along the bed of the stream; the first stars overhead were becoming visible. Far away behind us stretched those solemn hills into which the solemn Dutchmen had disappeared. Were they waiting now for the first glimpse of the moon before coming out to begin their ghostly carouse? Could we call to them, over the wide gulf of space, and give them an invitation in our turn? 'Ho! ho! Vanderdecken—Hendrick Hudson—whatever they call you—come, you and your gloomy troop, down the hill-sides and through the valleys, and we will sing you a song as you smoke your clays! The dogs shall not bark at you; and the children are all in bed; and when you have smoked and drank deep, you will depart in peace! Ho! ho! —Ho! ho!'

Could we not hear some echo from those mystic hills?—a rumble of thunder perhaps? 'Listen!' called out our Bell—but it was not the hoarse response of Vanderdecken that she heard—'there it is again, in among the trees there. Don't you hear it? Katy-did! Katy-did! Katy-did!'

And by-and-by, indeed, the hot, still night air became filled with these calls in the dark; and as we watched the moon rise over the hills, our fancies forsook the ghostly Dutchmen, and were busy about that mysterious and distant Katy, whose doings had so troubled the mind of this poor anxious insect. What was it, then, that Katy did that is never to be forgotten? Was it merely that she ran away with some gay young sailor from overseas, and you, you miserable, envious, censorious creature, you must needs tell all the neighbors, and give the girl no peace? And when she came back, too, with her husband the skipper, and her five bonny boys, and when they both would fain have settled down in their native village, she to her spinning-wheel, and he to his long clay and his dram, you