

every other enjoyment would be within their reach; and the communication which exists between New York and all the rest of the world renders correspondence, whether literary, political, epistolary, or commercial, as easy and frequent as could be desired.

I shall now give a sketch of Philadelphia. I quitted New York at noon, in a small steam-boat called the Olive Branch, which plies upon the East River. The scene which displayed itself, as we receded from the city, was exquisitely beautiful. The houses of the town gradually became indistinguishable from each other, and at last appeared as a black cloud, from which many spires shot into the clear blue atmosphere above; while the tumult upon the quays, the dashing of the oars in the harbour, and the bustle of unmooring vessels, slowly died away; and we soon saw nothing but a confused forest of masts, and thousands of pennants floating in the breeze. The north battery, surrounded with trees and verdure, continued longest in sight, and detained the eyes, until the broad expanse of the East River, bordered with luxuriant champaign banks, made the spectator transfer his attention from objects of art to the beauties of nature.

There were crowds of passengers on board, and among them several young ladies, who, as appeared from their conversation, had never been