

where in this world, where the lot of humanity is mingled and imperfect.

"There is a home for weary souls
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals.
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
Tis found above—in heaven!"

NEW YORK CITY.

New York is much as usual, at least so it looks to travellers who make their way rapidly along its great thoroughfares to starting-points and stopping-places. Two unusual features attracted our attention, however. *First*, the cheapness of the fruit at the street stands. There were nice peaches at a cent each, magnificent specimens at three cents each, and Bartlett pears that last year sold readily at 25 cents a-piece, labelled three and five cents. We fancy the "Ten acres enough" class of fruit-growers will have less marvellous tales of profits to tell this year than formerly. *Secondly*, we noticed, with regret, an unsightly board-fence enclosing fully one half of the City Park, and found, on enquiry, that a large post office, &c., is in course of erection. It is, in our view, a pity and a mistake thus to contract one of the few breathing holes of a crowded city. Nor do we think that a spot, where pedestrians and vehicles "most do congregate," will be found a convenient one for the General Post Office.

CONEY ISLAND.

Tourists to New York, who wish to visit the sea-beach, and bathe in the salt water with as little expenditure of time and money as possible, can hardly do better than cross to Brooklyn at Fulton Ferry, take street-cars to Greenwood, whence they can go to Coney Island beach in 45 minutes by the dummy-cars (street-cars drawn by a steam-dummy instead of horses); the round trip there and back costing but sixty-two cents in money, and at the outside, three hours of running-time, thus taking but a small slice out of a day, and leaving the rest for bathing, and, if need be, for business. If the tourist has never seen Greenwood Cemetery, the day can be divided between the sea-beach and the graveyard. The beach at Coney Island is very fine, consisting of soft white sand, a gradual descent, and so exposed as to have a sufficiently magnificent surf to satisfy any lover of wild excitement. We stepped into Greenwood cars at half-past twelve

the day after our yacht sail, did Coney Island sea-beach leisurely, and were back by dusk. A stiff breeze, almost a violent one, blew inland, so that a majestic, billowy surf was running, forcing all bathiers to keep fast hold of the ropes, except such as being strong swimmers, could make free, after Lord Byron's fashion, to lay their hand upon old ocean's mane, "as I do now" we felt proud to exclaim, while borne aloft amid the foam of the white-crested waves. If Coney Island were as close to a place we wot of, as it is to New York and Brooklyn, we should often make free with the ocean's mane. But many city people have no knowledge of their proximity to such resorts, and no desire for them, spending plenty of money on costly and pernicious luxuries, that would be far more wisely expended on sea-side trips, and such like health-giving indulgences. N.B.—It is only candid to state that Coney Island, though a cheap and accessible watering place, is not a fashionable one. That which is cheap and easily to be had is seldom fashionable in this stupid world.

WASHINGTON.

It is quite a jump from New York to Washington, still, as we made the journey by a night train, we can tell nothing about it, except that there was a monotonous gliding for a number of hours over iron rails, a succession of railroad noises all very like each other, and in due time an arrival at the capital and capitol of the U.S. By the bye, what an act of faith it is to pay a certain sum of money for a little bit of cardboard, with a few printed letters on it, step into a car, bound, you are told, for a far distant city, and suffer yourself to be whirled through space, for a whole night, in the assured expectation that you will be landed at the desired point. Thus we embarked at New York, and next morning, soon after daylight, found ourselves in Washington without a doubt, for there stood before our eyes the immense dome-crowned building we had so often seen in pictures, entitled "Capitol of the United States." It's not a handsome building by any means, though it is vast, imposing, and must have cost a mint of money. The extent of the main building, the absurd pyramids of steps in front of it, and the huge extinguisher of a dome on top of the cen-