

CHAPTER IV.

I LEFT this admirable city, after a short stay there, with great regret, and passed through a barren country by railway to Albany. I did not notice any rocks on the way, but slate and granite, nor any soil better than a mixture of sand and boulders. The country was, in other respects, uninteresting and nearly flat. Occasionally, as we passed through a wooded tract, I discerned a small cottage, such as in England would be the residence of a woodman, or gamekeeper; but a native, who was sitting beside me, immediately explained that they were emigrants who lived there,—that no American would put up with such a miserable abode.

The soil becomes better, after we reach the spot where the slope of the country descends to the Hudson. We came upon the river at Albany, apparently as broad or broader than the Rhine at Cologne.

There is a marked difference, too, in passing from the State of Connecticut to that of New York. The houses are no longer so remarkably neat and clean, and more slovenly, ill-dressed people are to be seen, wearing the appearance of a peasant class. I believe the reason of this to be that we have come upon the great line of western travel, and are within reach of the flood of Irish and German emigration.

The former we found almost invariably at every inn