

The north, or Hudson river steamers lie above the sea-going ones. They are immense mansions afloat; their exquisite build, their vast size and capacity, their internal fittings and arrangements are quite inconceivable to a European; but what one equally admires, are the bold and scientific contrivances to strengthen these enormous fabrics. Here lies the *Isaac Newton*, her cabins fitted regardless of expense, the gilding most profuse and extravagant—of her more anon; but near her lies the *New World*, a still larger boat, the very last turned out from their prolific builders' yards;—she is 366 feet long, and wide in proportion; for it is a mistake to make steam-boats so narrow as we persist in building them; their swiftness and safety lies in their less draught of water, and greater buoyancy.

They were washing her decks with a hose led to one of the numerous pipes (of the Croton Waterworks) along the quays as well as the streets, the water rushing with the force of a steam-pipe; at any rate, giving one the idea of bursting its solid leather hose every instant; out of each joint of which it spirted showers in the air. I could not go on board, as I am not partial to wet feet; but her great saloons—200 feet—are said to be as magnificent as the *Newton's*. These two are but at the head of scores of such floating castles which run to Albany, and on the East river to Providence and the north coast, starting morning and evening, full of passengers, and light deck cargo forward. Their swiftness is extraordinary, far beyond the sea steamers, ranging, I believe, up to eighteen or twenty miles the hour. The jet, which I have watched from the impetus of the cutwater at the bows, forming a most beautiful fountain-like cascade, as it is sent flying on either side. I will quit them for the moment, to step on board one of the numerous fast ferry-boats, equally admirable for their purpose, which fly across the Hudson to the Jersey side, with horses, carriages, and passengers, and all sorts of loads, every fifteen minutes; the river here is about three miles across. To Hoboken, nearly opposite the centre of New York, a rural village, forty or fifty years ago the chief ferry, since transferred to Jersey city, two miles lower, a newer and larger town, but still not so much like a city;—but it is "growing like Indian corn," being the terminus of one of the Jersey railways to Philadelphia.

Hoboken, as I have said, is the only comeatable spot for a rural stroll out of New York, such has been the rage for cutting up the whole of their flat peninsula, to the Harlem river in avenues and crossing streets, up to No. 150; though indeed, as yet, they have only built houses up to 38th street, where the muddy roads end in lots, and the embryo streets in ruts knee deep; but no reserve park or green; a few squares here