

Russia. At 12 o'clock made the Land of Long Island—low sandy Land. About 2 made the High Lands of New Jersey and soon afterwards the Light House on Sandy Hook which is about 30 miles from New York. From thence the Sail was quite an Enchantment,—after passing the Hook you arrive at the Narrows, so called from the entrance being only  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile in Breadth. Each side of the shores have tremendous Batteries which it is supposed completely command the entrance and would effectually prevent ships of war entering the Bay. After passing the Narrows New York at once appears—the Battery on the E. side on Long Island is called Fort Dimond—on the W. on New Jersey Fort Tompkins. New York has a beautiful Appearance from the Bay—and the numerous Shipping, Steam Boats, &c., added much to the Beauty of the Scenery. The Hector arrived in the Evening—we got in about 5, and took up our Lodgings at the Mechanic Hall. The Inn is a good one and we understood one of the best in the States, but how different from the Civility and Attention of an English Inn! We were anxious to sup in our private Room, but the Landlord found it impossible to prepare a Supper and we were forced to sup at the Table-d'hôte where the Spitting on the Carpet and Smoaking was disgusting. Thus has terminated one Part of our Journey most fortunately, and if a Sea Life could be a happy One we had everything to make it so—good, natural, agreeable Companions, Variety of Character and Humor—excellent Fare—our Captain a most active excellent obliging Seaman and the Ship sailing better than any we were in Company with.

Friday the 11th [May]—Cleared our Baggage at the Custom House; and I must say that the liberal polite manner in which this is conducted disgraces our country, where Custom House Officers are so uncivil and intolerant. The Americans are wise enough to pay their Searchers well—each man receiving \$3 a Day, and thus are above receiving Bribes. Dined at home with Captain Maxwell and some of our fellow Passengers.

Saturday the 12th [May]—Called on several Gentlemen to whom I had Letters of Introduction. Dined with Mr. Astor, the son of Mr. J. J. Astor,<sup>1</sup> the Head of the American Fur Company; he is a Man of an immense Fortune estimated at £500,000 which he has acquired entirely by his own Exertions, having commenced as a common Labourer. He is at present in Paris. His son appears to be a very amiable young man,—he is married to the daughter of Genl. Armstrong, but she is absent on a visit to her Relations. The Dinner was very much in the French Style and very good. Snipes in England

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<sup>1</sup> The founder of Astoria, afterwards Fort George. Compare Henry (Coues), vol. II., part iii.