

hungry, your appetite is called a "sawmill," and should you be in a hurry, the waiter politely informs you that he will "put you through right quick." You do not go to the train in this country, they call it "striking the cars," and if punctual, the latter are said to be "on time."

On Monday, October 9, we took the steamboat at Twenty-second Street, up the Hudson for West Point. It was a foggy morning, and we were unable for the first ten minutes to see the other side. When it cleared we were passing some French and American war vessels. They were mostly old-fashioned broad-side ships, except one of the Americans, which was somewhat after the style of *H.M.S. Glatton*.

On the New York side, beyond the mouth of the Harlem River, are numerous villas. They are placed about on the river-bank, some, Mr. Jay Gould's among them, being very fine. On the other side are the Palisades, huge cliffs from 150 feet to 200 feet high, and which extend along the river for twenty miles.

Just as the boat enters the Tappan Zee, a part of the river which widens into a lake, it passes Sunnyside, the residence of Washington Irving, and further on Sleepy Hollow, about which he has written the story. Beyond Haverstraw Bay we came into the Highlands. Here the river is surrounded on all sides by high hills, and the scenery is most Rhinelike.