

observe the riches floating about the wharves, in the shape of large pine-chips, logs, pieces of wood, empty barrels, none so poor as to fish for them. The man who sweeps the leaves up in the Battery-green, now fast falling, throws his heaps into the water, as not worth keeping for manure. Yet New York is not without its poor; and its scavengers, poorly-dressed and in rags, from their own fault—dram-drinking, perhaps, yet they fly at higher game—are never hungry. There is a tone of saucy carelessness about them, a breadth in their ways and means, which sets one to thinking on the overflowing of the supply of creature comforts in this new land.

Two hundred years ago these shores yielded comparatively nothing. What signified all the Red Indians could produce from the land or sea, their precarious chase in their dense forests—a few fish—a scanty supply either from the sea or river.

Behold the astounding change by the advent of the English race; the riches worked out of, till then grand, savage, sterile woods and wilds; the awful ocean and solemn silent rivers, sweeping onward and unknown, sterile to the seas. All this, be it, too, remembered, in its enchantment, mainly brought about by a wise freedom of action, inspiriting each individual of a great community; unshackled by the childish prejudices, laws, abuses, and ignorances of feudal Europe. Even now, with all our increased knowledge, and greater freedom from old absurdities, we do not march on with the intelligent steps of our cousins here; we are behind-hand in a hundred essential things. We have a better taste, a higher luxury, for the few; a more sensitive and refined feeling, a higher breeding; but they beat us far in broad, grand essentials; we are hide-bound still, or tied, and chained, and thwarted, and disgusted by childish laws, monopolies, and abuses; we all know it, and feel it, in and out of Parliament, but nobody mends anything, or so slowly 'tis imperceptible.

But I must keep my senses wide awake, and attend to things as they are; from the Broadway, which may be said to divide New York in half, whether you walk along the streets eastward, to the wharves, or slips, on the East river—which is the salt water strait formed for a hundred and twenty miles by Long Island—or where I stand, on these magnificent slips of the Hudson, or west side, including the strands or quays, the whole town is most abominably neglected and ill-paved; one must pick one's way over mud and holes, and patches of loose stones, dug up by the hundreds of one-horse cars and carts, which swarm along the quays and slips, tearing in all directions in the ceaseless work of loading and unloading; once on these noble slips, with the ranges of steamers and ships lying in tiers, and everything is admirable.

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