

XI.—UP THE HUDSON.

per-pen-dic'-u-lar.
Pal-i-sades'.

aq'-ue-duct [ak'-we-].
car'-goes.

Al'-ba-ny.
Ad-i-ron'-dacks.

1. AT nine o'clock on a beautiful spring morning, we make our way to the place where the Hudson River steamers are to be found, and go on board one of them. The sunlight falls on the sails that skim the harbor, and makes them white as snow; and the tall domes and spires of the city glitter like silver.

2. We pass miles of wharves lined with vessels which are receiving or discharging their cargoes, and of streets, some bordered with low, dirty-looking shops, some with tall, handsome buildings. Here and there, are large factories with dull brick walls and smoking chimneys. Now we begin to know what a great city New York is. At length the shops and wharves and straight, paved streets, are all passed, and we are steaming along through the country.

3. On the east bank of the river, are elegant country houses, surrounded by trees, with pretty walks winding down the green slope to the water's edge. There are dark evergreens with their tall, stiff figures, and graceful elms and maples, with their delicate green leaves dancing in the morning wind. There are other trees, covered with snow-white flowers, with scarcely a leaf to be seen. The ground is smooth, and the grass thick and green, showing that somebody has taken care of these lands, and spent much time and money to make them beautiful.