

the cars on the line between that town and Albany, where there is only one track, had run against a luggage train near Chester, and many passengers were injured. Some say that two were killed. According to others, one of the trains was five minutes before its time; but our informant took my thoughts back to England, and English narratives of the like catastrophes by saying, "It has been ascertained that no one was to blame." We had no reason to boast of our speed the next day, for we were twelve hours in going sixty-two miles to New Haven. The delay was caused by ice on the rail, and by our having to wait to let the New York train pass us, there being only one line of rail. A storm in the Sound had occasioned the New York cars to be five hours behind their time. We saw many sleighs dashing past and crossing our road. It was late before we reached the hospitable house of Professor Silliman, who with his son gave me many valuable instructions for my southern tour. Their letters of introduction, however, though most useful, were a small part of the service they did me both in this tour and during my former visit to America. Every where, even in the states most remote from New England, I met with men who, having been the pupils of Professor Silliman, and having listened to his lectures when at college, had invariably imbibed a love for natural history and physical science.

In the morning, when we embarked in the steamer for New York, I was amused at the different aspect of the New Haven scenery from that which I remembered in the autumn of 1841. The East Rock was now covered with snow, all but the bold precipice of columnar basalt. The trees, several of which, especially the willows, still retained many of their leaves, were bent down beneath a weight of ice. I never saw so brilliant a spectacle of the kind, for every bough of the large drooping elms and the smallest twigs of every tree and shrub were hung with transparent icicles, which, in the bright sunshine, reflected the prismatic colors like the cut-glass drops of a chandelier. As we sailed out of the harbor, which was crowded with vessels, we saw all the ropes of their riggings similarly adorned with crystals of ice. A stormy voyage of nine hours carried us through Long Island