“Of course a great is now covered with ice on each side of the river, under which there is no water, and we go constantly *getting in* with impunity. The spring sun shining on the sloping icy shores makes numerous dazzling ice-blinks, still brighter, and prolonged with rectilinear sides, in the reflection. I am surprised to find the North River more frozen than the South, and we can cross it in many places.”