

branched off to Oswego, on Lake Ontario ; we followed our line due west, past the beautiful village of Auburn, on Lake Owasco, and over the sunny bosom of the Cayuga Lake. I say over it, for the railroad here cut across the northern end of it, on a bridge about a mile and a quarter long, and gave us a view of scenery which reminded me strongly of that of the Lake of Garda, but was far more beautiful. The water was strangely transparent ; and when we passed, it slept waveless amid its smiling, well-cultivated shores, and reflected a sun as bright as any in Italy. This lake is about forty miles long, and from one to four miles broad, and is so deep, that it never freezes even in the coldest winters. It would be difficult to find anywhere a country more beautiful, more pleasingly attractive, than the shores of these five lakes of Skaneteles, Owasco, Cayuga, Seneca, and Canandaigua ; lovely sheets of water, all of them lying parallel to one another on the northern ridge of the high ground between the ocean and the great lakes, where it slopes down towards Lake Ontario. We looked at all these charming

valleys and gently sloping hills, and fancied a home for our sons amongst them ; but I had determined to choose a warmer climate than this is in the winter, and to go into one of the western states, where the best of the land should not be already bought up. Still, the prospect of founding a home amid similar scenery, gave it an additional interest in our eyes.

Leaving, therefore, Lake Ontario on our right hand, we passed, in succession, the northern extremities of these five beautiful pieces of water, dotted with steamers and other boats, and hastened through the flourishing villages on their banks. At the outlet of each, towards Ontario, is a water-power, of which the greatest use is made ; grist mills, and saw mills, and tanneries evince the mechanical industry of the inhabitants. We passed through Waterloo, and enjoyed some refreshing lemonade at Geneva ; I record these names from their amusing absurdity. Why will not Americans have a country of their own, instead of trying to pass it off as a bastard Europe ? On, past the beautiful lake of Seneca,

we sped to the still more charming neighbourhood of Canandaigua Lake ; whose deep clear waters, never frozen over, though lying amid high grounds, teem with fish. In this neighbourhood, is one of those natural phenomena, so frequent in America, called the Burning spring ; gas bubbles up through the water of a small stream, or through the snow that covers it in winter ; and, when a light has been applied, burns steadily down to the snow or the water's edge. In very cold weather, tubes of ice are formed round the several jets of gas, which, if then lighted, seems to have been conducted by art into these beautiful ice-crystal candelabras.

The whole of New York state abounds with mineral springs, which are more or less resorted to. Many of them are said to arise in most romantic scenery.

We passed through Rochester, a town, in 1850, of thirty-seven thousand inhabitants ; as it had then doubled its population in the preceding ten years, it is impossible to say what it may be now. It is built on the Genessee river ; and owes its prosperity to the immense

water-power which thus enables it to manufacture daily five thousand of those barrels of flour which, thence conveyed by Lake Ontario and the Saint Lawrence, are introduced into England free of duty; a manufactured article with which our corn growers and our millers have to compete. Import the unground grain, if ye will, duty free; but flour is no longer a raw material, and should be subject to the same duties as are paid by other manufactured goods. Railroads and canals on every side extend the commerce and the prosperity of Rochester.

We did not pause to visit the famous Genesee Falls; but kept our places in our cars, and arrived at half-past seven o'clock at Buffalo; tired, indeed, but delighted with this our first incursion into the mainland of America.