

it was a prescription worthy of being filed. From the roof of Forsyth's hotel there is a fine panoramic view of the Falls, well worthy of being seen, and I lingered, with a feeling of regret that I was so soon to take my departure. If any man has *really* experienced disappointment in visiting Niagara, I must commend him to the quaint and somewhat national remark of an Irishman, addressed to such fastidious travellers, that "unless they had really expected to see a river *falling up*, he can't tell what they have to grumble at."

I parted from my friends on the following day, I trust with a grateful sense of all their kindness, and of the special good fortune which had attended me in regard to weather, &c. The stage for Buffalo called for me about three o'clock, and with sincere regret I turned my back upon Niagara.

Our road lay along the river still, which here varies from half a mile to a mile in breadth. The country is well cultivated and improved. A mill-stream falls in at Chippeway, which is a small port, and was also the scene of some hard fighting in the last war. Grand Island, belonging to the States, is a conspicuous object, partly settled; it contains I believe 17,000 acres. We left Canada at Black Rock, a small town on the American Bank, and which once formed the basin or commencement of the Grand Canal. Nature, however, strongly designates Buffalo as the *entrépot* for the lake and canal commerce, and there it will undoubtedly centre. Black Rock was surprized by the British in 1814, and considerable damage done. We crossed by a ferry-boat, leaving the coach at Waterloo, a paltry village on the Canada shore, not far from the ruins of Fort Erie. When we got across, we found a little inconvenience in getting ashore, owing to some canal operations. The arrangements for travellers are in general most complete; but here I felt rather at a loss, as no car appeared to convey our luggage to where the coach awaited us in the town, at some distance. In this dilemma, a respectable looking man who had crossed with us, addressed me with, "I guess, Sir, I must give you a lift," and, before I could answer, shouldered my portmanteau, which was of a size and weight that had often made me ashamed to father it, while I kept a paternal eye upon its movements, and off he marched for the town, I bringing up