

either window of the coach, could see only a few feet of bridge on either side, and beyond this a vast and deep sheet of water, which, in a season of tempest, must lash with no ordinary fury against the road that barely overtops its surface. No railing of any kind affords even the appearance of a safeguard to the passenger, so that one's only trust is in Providence, on the one hand, and the skill of the driver, and the proverbial tractability of the American horses, on the other.

The sun was just rising when we left Geneva, which is picturesquely situated, and the view, as we rose to the eminence which overhangs the village, was for several miles around exceedingly beautiful; nor indeed did the scenery lose much of its attractive power during the whole of our route to Rochester. This latter place we reached about four o'clock, and as I had taken my "extra" only thus far, I was compelled here to hire another to Youngstown, on the Niagara Frontier, which was the termination of our land journey, before crossing, at that point, into Canada. For this—the distance being eighty miles—I paid an additional forty dollars. In the evening we resumed our journey, and as we passed through the streets of Rochester, I could not but admire the vast improvement, both in the size and respectable appearance of the place, which had been effected in the short period that had elapsed since Captain Hall had described it as a "city of stumps." The Americans are unquestionably a "go-a-head" people, and although it frequently happens that those who build almost irretrievably ruin themselves, their successors are certain to reap a lasting benefit from their labors.

The Genesee Falls I had not an opportunity of seeing to advantage, although I caught, as I passed near them, occasional glimpses of their spray, and heard them dashing and hissing against whatever impeded their headlong course. Late at night we reached the miserable hamlet of Clarkson, where, as if to make amends for bad accommodation, there was a heavy fall of snow during the night, that offered some hope of our wheels being exchanged for runners for the remainder of the route. But this was too desirable to be true. The following morning brought with it a rapid thaw, and the only result was, that the roads, which had hitherto been tolerably good from Auburn, were again rendered heavy and unequal. Fortunately, our journey this day was, as far as Lockport, along what is called the ridge road, sandy in its nature, and from its regularity, and the almost unbroken evenness of the bottom between the ridge itself and the distant body of water, bearing the most indisputable evidence of having once formed a portion of the boundary of Lake Ontario.

During this day's drive an amusing and characteristic incident occurred. At one of the inns where we stopped to change horses, a small knot, consisting of the occupants of some half dozen dwellings, that rose stragglingly around the public house, were assembled, and looking with much apparent interest and curiosity at the "extra," in which, having felt no inclination to alight, I was indolently reclining. Presently a tall personage—evidently one in authority above his fellows—detached himself from his party, and, approaching the coach, cast his glance upon the baggage that was piled on the outside of the vehicle. He then deliberately placed his arms across the open window, and thrusting his head in, proceeded to examine the interior in a spirit of great curiosity. I bore this for some time with becoming patience, but perceiving that he was not inclined to discontinue his inspection, I abruptly demanded to know if he wanted anything? "No, Mr. Durham, no," he very quietly rejoined, "I am the stage agent here, and I was merely looking to see if your baggage was all right. That's all, Mr. Durham," and he looked significantly at me, as though he meant to convey that he had detected an English Governor travelling for security under a feigned name. This was too good a jest to be lost or nipped in the bud. To be taken for John George, Earl of Durham, without retinue or even a servant, travelling along the shores of Lake Ontario in a crazy "extra," was rich beyond measure, and on no account could I have undeciphered the simple agent. "I thank you," I simply said, with a very condescending bow, that might have satisfied him I was the person he supposed, "I think, however, that everything is secure." By this time the driver had remounted his box, and the coach began to move, "Good bye, Mr. Durham," saluted my friend, touching his hat slightly, "I wish you a pleasant journey." Again I bowed very gravely, and, as the wheels rolled on, I could observe him returning to the group, evidently for the purpose of assuring them that he had made the sapient discovery that I was actually the Governor General of Canada travelling incog. to his destination.

From Lockport to Youngstown I was forcibly impressed with the wildness of the scenery, which is everywhere peculiar to the newly-settled parts of America, but which, after so long an absence from the country, had nearly faded from my recollection. The tall, seared and blackened pine, which rises at intervals between myriads of burnt stumps in their several stages of decay—the rude and zig-zag fence—the moss-covered log—the screaming blue-jay, and the scarlet-headed woodpecker, whose measured hammerings against the trunk of the blasted pine, ring loudly in the melancholy stillness that otherwise reigns around—all these, with an occasional warble from the more merry meadow-lark, just stirring into activity and song, constitute a picture so essentially American, that its similitude is not to be found in any other part of the world. In the early Spring, and before any symptom of vegetation has made its appearance, these features are so marked that they fail not to communicate a dulness

to the spirit of the disappointed traveller, who sighs in vain for the green hedges and grassy fields of smiling England, peopled as these are by bleating herds, and the thousand sweet-tongued birds, whose every note is melody. During the whole of the route from New York to Rochester there had occurred isolated instances of this semi-barbarous cultivation, but principally was it remarkable on approaching and after leaving Rochester.

We reached Lewiston, a few miles below the Falls of Niagara, about six o'clock; and from that point beheld, for the first time since my return to the country, and in its most interesting aspect, the Canadian shore. Opposite to Lewiston is the small village of Queens-ton, and overhanging the latter, the heights on which my early friend and military patron—the warrior beneath whose bright example my young heart had been trained to a love of heroism, and who had procured me my first commission in the service—had perished in noble but unequal conflict with a foe invading almost from the spot on which I stood. More than five-and-twenty years had gone by, but the memory of the departed Brock lived as vividly in the hearts of a grateful people as it had in the early days of his fall; and in the monument which crowned the height, and which no Russian hand had yet attempted to desecrate, was evidenced the strong and praiseworthy desire to perpetuate a memory as honored as it was loved. This moment was to me particularly exciting, for it brought with it the stirring reminiscences of danger, and caused me to revert to many a trying scene in which my younger days had been passed. Since that period I had numbered a good many years, and had experienced, in other climes, a more than ordinary portion of the vicissitudes of human life; but not one of them had the freshness and warmth of the recollection of my earlier services in America, in which (independently of the fact of my having been present at the capture of Detroit, under the gallant soldier whose bones reposed beneath the monument on which my gaze was riveted, as if through the influence of an irresistible fascination) I had been present in five general engagements, and twelve months a prisoner of war with the enemy before attaining my seventeenth year. These were certainly not "piping times of peace," and I must be pardoned the egotism of incidentally alluding to them.

Pursuing our course from Lewiston, along the high banks of the Niagara River, we reached Youngstown—a distance of seven miles—soon after dark. Here the transit into Canada was to be made, and, accordingly, after having had my baggage transferred from the "extra" to the large ferry-boat, I soon found myself once more upon my native soil. It must not, however, be assumed by the reader, that I could not have selected a more direct route into Canada than that which I had deemed it advisable to pursue. Circumstances had induced my choice of the western road, and I, consequently, spent five days in journeying to Niagara, when I might have reached the Canadian frontier from Albany, and by Lake Champlain, in two.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

JULIA'S FRAGMENT.

'Twas here, that in a fond, impassioned fold
Our arms were linked, and as the creeping flesh
Grew closer from the burning touch, we felt
Within our glowing souls those namcless joys
Which speak in silence; and so nicely were
Our thoughts attuned to perfect mastery
That, as the loud and angry northern blast
Ran howling o'er the dreary waters' waste,
And raging billows dashed against the rocks,
Our souls were lulled; but sudden then we gazed
Into each other's eyes, and as we caught
The fierce expression of those flashing orbs
Our pulses raged with high and furious heat:
We breathed yet louder, and the fire which shot
Like vivid lightning from our straining eyes
Inflamed our blood, we trembled, sighed, and looked
Resolves unutterable. The thrill of warm desire
Ran wildly through our young and vigorous veins,
And what the coward tongue dared not proclaim
The unshackled eye with maddening strictness told!
Nor fear, nor shame, nor priestly censure stole
Upon our thoughts, for fear and shame could find
No entrance into souls like ours. We loved,
And loving felt the force of keen desire,
So pure, refined, so free from grosser sense,
We might be said to sin and yet be chaste!

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG.

Stranger, beware, the caution is but just:
This dog is savage—given to mistrust—
Ne'er deem, by wiles, his watchfulness to blind,
He hates all strangers as I hate mankind.