

the road-way, which, in some places, it overhangs. To the left, fully as deep below, through a rocky chasm, rush the foaming waters of the Genesee. Two splendid cataracts, one a few rods above the other, and more than a hundred feet in height, complete the picture. A parapet of large blocks of stone has been built on the edge of the precipice, to prevent carriages from being upset into the deep gorge below.

Rochester is a handsome, well-built town, and owes its chief prosperity to its mighty water-power. Here, indeed, are some of the finest flour-mills in the world. The rail-road from Buffalo to New York, runs through the town. We breakfasted at the Waverley, one of the best hotels in Rochester, and close to the railway station, and left for New York by the half-past nine train. Our route lay through a pretty and fruitful country, beautifully diversified by hill and dale. The wheat-harvest had just commenced, and the weather was lovely, which added greatly to our enjoyment. We passed through the populous and thriving towns of Canandaigua, Geneva, Seneca, and Auburn, which latter place contains the celebrated State Prison.

We changed trains at Syracuse, a large town, midway between Rochester and Albany, where we were allowed twenty minutes to dine. The

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