

rapid river that the waters, heaped and pent, roll in great waves like those of a stormy sea. We rejoice that the wise suggestion of Lord Dufferin has been adopted, and that this sublime scene will be restored, as far as possible, to its native simplicity and majesty, unmarred by the petty trivialities and impertinences of man.

Speeding swiftly along the river side, we catch glimpses of the snowy rapids, where the seething waters hasten to the awful plunge, and then of the broad mirror-like flood above the rapids where they smile and dimple like a happy child, unconscious of the perils of an unknown future.

There to the left is seen the pall of smoke, where a great city toils like a Vulcan at the forge, and near at hand the acres and acres of railway cars attest the immense traffic that accumulates at this great *entrepot*. But if wealth is won at those sooty forges and crowded wharves, it is easy to see how it is spent in the elegant villas which crowd the long and noble tree-lined avenues. If we could conceive of the city as possessed of a personal consciousness, we would think it must feel a perpetual chagrin that while it might have borne the poetic and musical name of Erie or Niagara, it is branded forever with the prosaic name of Buffalo!

About eighty miles south of Niagara Falls, near Little Valley station, is the picturesque curiosity known as Rock City. The "City" is composed of curious masses of agglutinated pebbles, white in colour, which have formed themselves into rectangular and irregular blocks. Some of these masses are twenty, some fifty feet in height, and they form, in their relation to one another, parks, squares, streets, caverns, cliffs, bridges. The "City" is 500 feet above the railway, and 2,000 feet above the distant tide-water. The illustrations give such a good idea of some of its beauties that no long description is necessary. The tourist can satisfactorily spend considerable time in enjoying the many charms of the spot. There is no reason in "doing" so picturesque a place in haste.

As we proceed eastward the country becomes more undulating. Broad valleys lie beneath the eye, and cultivated uplands slope to the far horizon. The fields of golden grain or of rich green pasture, look like the divisions of a great chess board, while the white, dusty country roads look like a great riband