

visibly idealized. Nothing more brilliant or enchanting can be conceived. The islands whose flowers are thick-set diamonds, and forests whose branches are glittering with brilliants, and amethysts, and pearls, seem no longer a luxuriant figment of genius, but a living reality. It is as if Mammoth Cave, with its groves of stalactites, and crystal bowers, and Gothic avenues and halls, and star chambers, and flashing grottoes, were suddenly uncapped to the wintry sun, and bathed in his thrilling beams.



ICICLES AND STALAGMITES, BELOW THE FALLS.

Upon the occurrence of a thaw sufficient to break up the ice in Lake Erie, masses of floating ice, dissevered from the frozen lake and stream above, are precipitated over the Falls in blocks of several tons each. These remain at the foot of the cataract, from the stream being closed below, and form a natural bridge across it. As they accumulate, they get progressively piled up, like a Cyclopean wall, built of huge blocks of ice instead of stone. This singular masonry of

nature gets cemented by the spray, which, rising in clouds of mist as usual from the foot of the Falls, attaches itself in its upward progress to the icy wall, and soon gets frozen with the rest of the mass, helping to fill up the intersices between the larger blocks of which this architecture is composed.

This icy wall, or mound, rises up from the base of the torrent in a bulwark of pyramidal form, in front of the Falls, within a few feet of the edge of the precipice, to a height