

ferent stand points, above, below, on a level with them, and under them, that you come to realize their vastness, beauty and splendour. The new Suspension Bridge lately erected near Clifton House adds greatly to the facilities for seeing the mighty cataract. This bridge is a gossamer-looking structure, a mere spider's-web spanning the abyss of waters, and having recently read in some of the papers that eminent engineers had condemned it as unsafe, we had inwardly resolved not to hazard our precious life upon it; but the temptation was irresistible when we saw what a glorious view of the Falls was to be had from it. Carriages and tourists on foot were crossing it, there were no signs of tremulousness or defection, and in the faith or presumption that it wouldn't fall while we were on it, we ventured, and amid the splendour of the scene, soon lost all thought of the bridge. We should like to know whether there is any truth in the newspaper paragraph aforesaid, affirming the insecurity of this bridge. It may be a rumour set afloat by rival interests. The bridge-keeper on the American side, a very intelligent man, told us it was all a mistake, and we sincerely hope it is. Nevertheless, the structure has a very slender look. The towers are of framed timber, built on stone foundations, and seem at a little distance like toy structures that children might have piled up. But on close inspection you find they are well framed, thoroughly braced, and abundantly bolted, while the pendant wire ropes, roadway, guards and rigging, suggest a combination of lightness and strength. Anyhow your conviction of the safety of the railroad Suspension Bridge with its massive stone towers, immense cables and solid proportions, gains great strength from a survey of its slender and adventurous-looking rival.

It is useless to attempt to describe Niagara. We never read any description of it, either in prose or verse, that did not belittle the theme. The pictures of it by the best artists, and even the photographs, are but poor representations of the reality. Nothing pictorial can give you the life and motion, the change and halo, the breath and music, the grandeur and majesty of the scene. The Falls speak for themselves in Divine tones that render all human speech about them insignificant. A little girl, only nine years

old, one of a company that recently visited Niagara, was (according to the *N. Y. Observer*) inspired to compose, on the spot, some stanzas, which, though not equal in point of poetic merit to many pieces written in similar circumstances by children of a larger growth in special favour with the muses, express our sentiments very simply and *patly* (if we may coin an adverb for the nonce):—

“ Oh! words can never tell
The beauty of Niagara!
Would you know the glory well,
You must see Niagara.

Green and gold, and purple and white,
Aro the waters of Niagara;
And the foam is full of light
As it leaps Niagara.

Bright and grand they ceaseless fall,
The torrents of Niagara;
And aloud they seem to call,
COME AND SEE NIAGARA.”

Many who have never obeyed this loud call, might do so at but little outlay of time and money. The Great Western Railway, with praiseworthy liberality, gets up excursions now and again, and all persons within reach of its stations, can, if they will, behold this great wonder of the world. Beyond the excursion ticket, there need be no great expense. Take a basket of provisions, keep out of the hands of the hackmen and the museum people, pay no dollar for going under the sheet, you can go as far as guides and oilcloth can take you, unaided in your ordinary dress; and beyond the toll for crossing the bridge, and the charge for visiting Goat Island, there is no extra expense necessary thoroughly to “do” the Falls.

As illustrative of the blessings of non-reciprocity, we observed, on the Canada side, notices that all articles bought at the museums would be delivered on the American side free of duty to purchasers; and on the American side, notices that all articles bought on the Canada side would be subject to a charge of 45 per cent., collectable in gold, and evasion of the duty would be followed by confiscation of the goods. “*Diamond cut diamond!*”

THE ERIE RAILWAY.

With some reluctance, owing to its reputation for making mince-meat of passengers, we took the Erie Railway, being desirous of calling at Ithaca, and spending a day at Cornell University. After travelling over it with perfect safety and much comfort, we are inclined to think it is like