

orchards are planted by anticipation among the stumps, before they have even had time to run up a log-house. The traveller views with surprise, in the midst of so much unoccupied land, one flourishing town after another, such as Utica, Syracuse, and Auburn. At Rochester he admires the streets of large houses, inhabited by 20,000 souls, where the first settler built his log-cabin in the wilderness only twenty-five years ago. At one point our train stopped at a handsome new built station-house, and, looking out at one window, we saw a group of Indians of the Oneida tribe, lately the owners of the broad lands around, but now humbly offering for sale a few trinkets, such as baskets ornamented with porcupine quills, moccasins of moose-deer skin, and boxes of birch-bark. At the other window stood a well-dressed waiter handing ices and confectionary. When we reflect that some single towns, of which the foundations were laid by persons still living, can already number a population, equal to all the aboriginal hunter tribes who possessed the forests for hundreds of miles around, we soon cease to repine at the extraordinary revolution, however much we may commiserate the unhappy fate of the disinherited race. They who are accustomed to connect the romance of their travels in Europe or Asia with historical recollections and the monuments of former glory, with the study of masterpieces in the fine arts, or with grand and magnificent scenery, will hardly believe the romantic sensations which may be inspired by the aspect of this region, where very few points of picturesque beauty meet the eye, and where the aboriginal forest has lost its charm of savage wildness by the intrusion of railways and canals. The foreign naturalist indeed sees novelty in