

the direction of Blossberg, where the most northern coal mines of the United States are worked.

On this occasion we left the main road, and entered, for the first time, an American stage-coach, having been warned not to raise our expectations too high in regard to the ease or speed of our conveyance. Accordingly, we found that after much fatigue, we had only accomplished a journey of 46 miles in 12 hours, between Geneseo and Dansville. We had four horses; and when I complained at one of the inns that our coachman seemed to take pleasure in driving rapidly over deep ruts and the roughest ground, it was explained to me that this was the first time in his life he had ever attempted to drive any vehicle, whether two or four-wheeled. The coolness and confidence with which every one here is ready to try his hand at any craft is truly amusing. A few days afterwards I engaged a young man to drive me in a gig from Tioga to Blossberg. On the way, he pointed out, first, his father's property, and then a farm of his own, which he had lately purchased. As he was not yet twenty years of age, I expressed surprise that he had got on so well in the world, when he told me that he had been editor of the "Tioga Democrat" for several years, but had now sold his share of the newspaper.

In the region between Lake Erie and the borders of Pennsylvania, as well as in that immediately south of Lake Ontario, there is an entire want of fine scenery, as might have been anticipated where all the strata are horizontal. The monotony of the endless forest is sometimes relieved by a steep escarpment, a river with wooded islands, or a lake; but the only striking features in the landscape are the waterfalls, and the deep