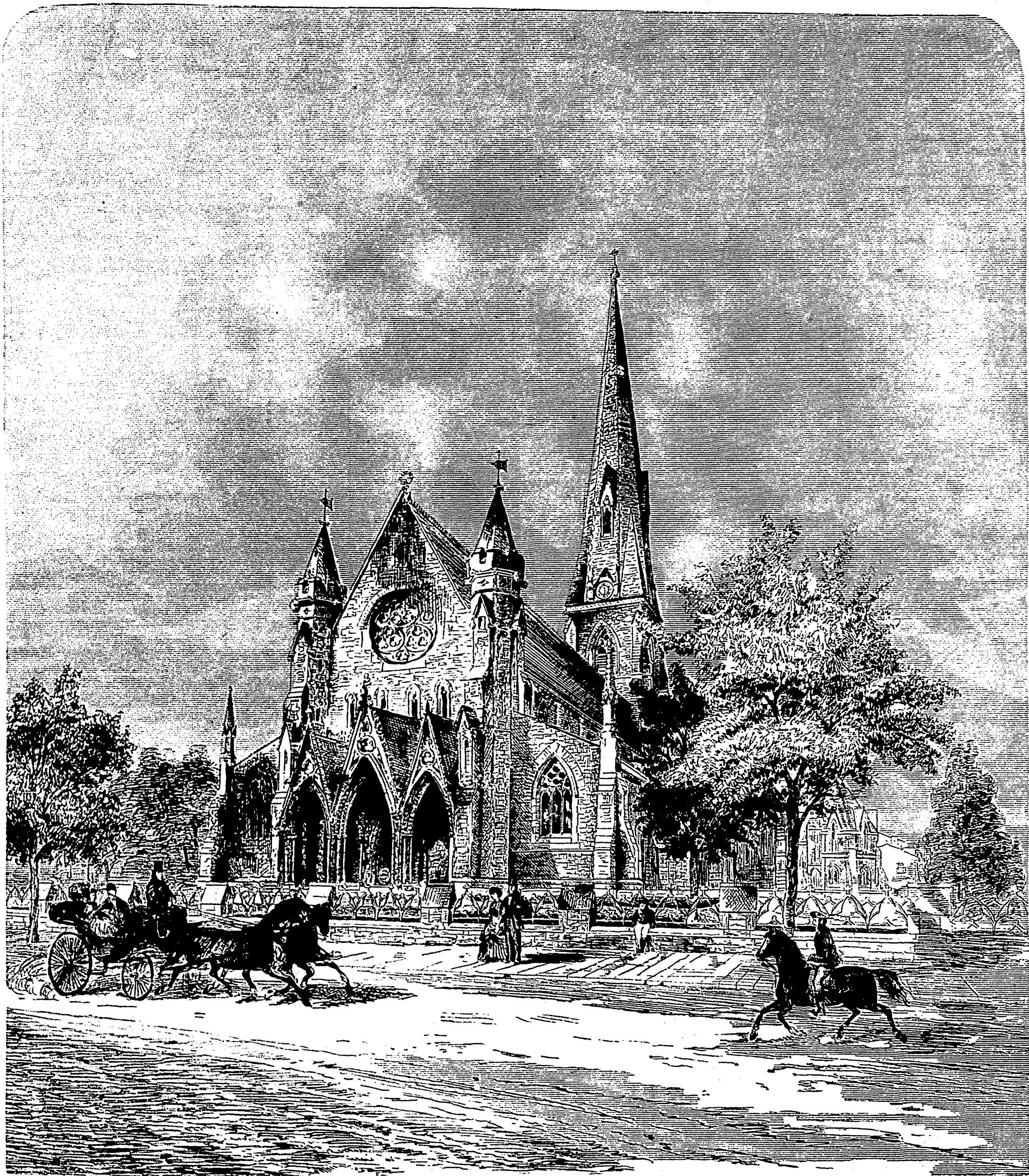


days and weeks together, before it finds its way to the channel beneath. What gives grandeur, and throws an inexpressible charm around this scene, above and below the Suspension Bridge, is the depth of the rocky channel along which the river has found its way. A wall of rock nearly 200 feet in height rises up precipitously on either side. Bare and plumb half way down, the other half is a declivity formed out of the debris which has fallen from above. This incline is clothed with the most luxuriant foliage to the water's edge. The mighty stream thus walled in and fringed, moving majestically

the boiling waters, and there from the high perpendicular bank look down upon the seething, surging cauldron beneath. And if curiosity still remains unsatisfied, there is a difficult and devious footpath down which the adventurous spirit may risk himself to the water's edge. It has been a fashion with some visitors to inscribe their names or initials, either on the rock or projecting roots of the trees on the upper ledge of the precipice; and there was a report many years ago, that while three persons were engaged in this insane amusement, the earth gave way under their feet and they were precipitated to

the party, and whose fame among the fair sex almost equalled his reputation as a lawyer; there was a wealthy merchant of matrimonial tastes, just verging on the confines of old bachelorhood; there was a bashful young man whose independent circumstances and quiet manners made him a very desirable companion for the young ladies, and whose courage, it was hoped by some of them, would be brought to the "popping" point through the example so recently set by his friend; and there were some others who need not be particularized. Such, in brief, was the jovial party who, having



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

over its rocky bed as far below the surface as the steep sides are above it, with all the calmness of a summer's eve, or tumultuously with all the fury of a winter's storm, is a sight so unique and sublime as to fill the mind with admiration."

It is not always that the visitor contents himself with the distant view from the Suspension Bridge. To do the whirlpool, from the Village of Clifton, one must make a hard bargain with and pay double fare to, some harpy hackman, and if in the glorious summer time, take a pleasant drive through green fields and forest to the level tree-shaded plateau overlooking

the bottom and instantly killed. Whether true or not, this story helped to heighten the momentary dread of an otherwise happy party, and to deepen the shadows of the cloud of terror which for a time eclipsed their enjoyment.

It was a wedding party; or rather a party who had come "to the Falls" to meet and escort a newly-married pair on the journey homeward from their wedding tour. There was the bride and groom; some four or five young ladies; a dashing young widow, whose "cap" was said, erroneously no doubt, to have been set for a rising young barrister, who was also one of

visited all other places of attraction in the neighbourhood, started from Clifton to see the whirlpool on the afternoon of a bright summer day, about the end of June. Leaving their carriages after a pleasant drive and entering the plateau overlooking the whirlpool, shaded, as it then was, with tall trees in full foliage, and fanned by a cool breeze, the party had the double satisfaction of seeing the great whirlpool and enjoying a stroll through a delightful sylvan retreat, which, mated as they were, was no small addition to their pleasure. But the barrister had not taken the widow aside for secret converse