

I was so happy to be at the Fall on a fine clear day, and it was with great delight I view'd this rainbow, which had almost all the colours you see in a rainbow in the air. The more vapours, the brighter and clearer is the rainbow. I saw it on the East side of the Fall in the bottom under the place where I stood, but above the water. When the wind carries the vapours from that place, the rainbow is gone, but appears again as soon as new vapours come. From the Fall to the landing above the Fall, where the canoes from Lake *Erie* put on shore, (or from the Fall to the upper end of the carrying-place) is half a mile. Lower the canoes dare not come, lest they should be obliged to try the fate of the two *Indians*, and perhaps with less success.— They have often found below the Fall pieces of human bodies, perhaps of drunken *Indians*, that have unhappily came down the Fall. I was told at *Oswego*, that in *October*, or thereabouts, such plenty of feathers are to be found here below the Fall, that a man in a days time can gather enough of them for several beds, which feathers they said came off the birds kill'd at the Fall. I ask'd the *French*, if this was true? They told me they had never seen any such thing; but that if the feathers were pick'd off the dead birds, there might be such a quantity. The *French* told me, they had often thrown whole great trees into the

the