

the roar of a tempestuous ocean, yet of all these I was reminded. Though I lingered, yet I almost feared to stay.

A respectable young farmer who accompanied my guide, exclaimed, on emerging into the open air,—“ Every man that goes there should thank God when he comes back alive. I would not take nothing—no nothing for this stone,” alluding to a small piece of rock which he had brought from the extremity. The passing behind the sheet of water is an appalling, but not dangerous undertaking, and would be accomplished by all who visit The Falls, if they could know the delight it would afford them. I may safely say they would experience sensations such as no other existing combination of causes could excite.

*July 2nd.*

At half-past five o'clock, I rode down to the ferry and crossed to Goat Island, for the purpose of exploring The Cave, and bidding The Terrapin, adieu. I found that the account in my guide book was false in stating that “ the cave is accessible.” As to