

the breadth, the depth, the volume,—in short, the immensity that the scene reveals—there is, besides, nothing that we have ever seen or dreamt of that by comparison may aid us, and the consequence is, that it is hours and days even, before eye, and ear, and sense begin to realise or comprehend the full grandeur of the whole.

Though we may not attempt the description, we shall offer a few facts as to the river and scenery, which, we doubt not, will prove of interest and service to the tourist—as well for present guidance as for future reference—availing ourselves for this purpose of a few paragraphs from “Roy’s History of Canada,”—a very unpretending little work, which contains an excellent account of the country in its past and present condition.

“Whilst travelling over the few intervening miles before reaching the Falls, you can, by looking upwards, see the calm waters in the distance, whilst nearer they swell and foam, and recoil, and seem to be gathering up all their force for the mighty leap they are about to make. Mrs. Jameson, when speaking of them, says in her own beautiful manner, ‘The whole mighty river comes rushing over the brow of a hill, and, as you look up at it, seems as if coming down to overwhelm you; then meeting with the rocks as it pours down the declivity, it boils and frets like the breakers of the Ocean. Huge mounds of water, smooth, transparent, and gleaming like an emerald, rise up and bound over some impediment, then break into silver foam, which leaps into the air in the most graceful and fantastic forms.’