

flowing, impetuous lake stream, which, notwithstanding, soon landed us in safety at Waterloo, in Canada.

Once more I set my foot on British ground, and the reiterated question, "What do you think of us upon the whole?" ceased, for a time, to be put to me by every stranger. I was too late for the coach which runs from Waterloo to The Falls, but a New York gentleman, who had engaged a private conveyance, kindly accommodated me.

The road runs close along the banks of the river; there is no protection, and the soil being clay, or marl, washed perpetually by the water, is constantly slipping. The river soon attains a very considerable width—in some places, I was assured, a width of eight miles; thus constantly enlarging upon the eye, as the *pilgrim* advances, it serves, in some measure, to raise his expectation of the magnificence of its fall. I felt much excited, and that excitement increased to an almost painful degree; even the pelting of a storm which overtook us, did not confine me within the shelter of our coach. How often did I attempt, in vain, to descry some proof that