

your own eyes, to listen to what others think and say of what you have thus seen; but we hold it as a good general rule, to look first and read the book, whether it calls itself a "Guide" or not, afterwards. But we are forgetting the Whirlpool. Having no knack at what is called description, and being withal "dead sweer," as well as "wretched ill o't," we again borrow as follows from Mr. Lane's MSS.:

"Once arrived at the water's edge—no matter by what means—the eye is directed to the Whirlpool, which seems to be a sort of natural basin, or '*half-way house*,' where the river may rest and refresh itself after its recent exertions." It is nearly circular, and, as far as I can judge, about a mile in circumference.

"From the appearance of the land upon the hill, I am led to imagine that the Falls were anciently situated here, and have gradually receded to the place at which we now find them. (?) Unfortunately, on my visit, the Whirlpool was about five feet below its usual level; still it possessed sufficient attractions to repay me for my trouble. A tree, which had either been precipitated over the cataract, or had accidentally fallen into the river below it, continued for two hours—the duration of my visit—most perseveringly performing a rotary motion around a circle a furlong in diameter.

"The river at this place turns abruptly round a point, as if with an intention to retrace its course, as part of the current dashes suddenly round and pursues its onward way, while another portion, obstructed in its progress by the intervening promontory, recoils and produces the eddying of the waters, called the '*Whirlpool*.'"

"Numerous accidents have taken place here. The places of interest of three individuals was pointed out to me. Some twenty-two years ago (from 1835), when the British were stockading Fort George, one Macdonald, in Government employ, was engaged with others in rafting timber down the Niagara. The crib on which he happened to be situated, broke from its moorings; and for several hours the unfortunate Scot, with no other music but the roaring of the waters and his own groans, and without the slightest exertion on his part, performed a dance somewhat different from the '*Highland Fling*,' which, however novel, he found anything but entertaining. To rescue him from his perilous situation, a boat was brought by land from Queenston, with the intention of lowering it down the precipice; but fortunately, at the moment of its arrival, Macdonald, by means of a rope which had been thrown to him, was extricated."

In any other vicinity the Whirlpool, and indeed the whole of the scenery on the bank of the river from the Falls to Queenston, would be objects of attraction to strangers. As it is, all should be viewed. Independently of the natural characteristics of the locality, it abounds with historical associations of

* This "*half-way house*" seems to be rather a disorderly *resting-place*.—Ed.