



THE CANADIAN TOURIST.

IN introducing our readers to the fair Province of Canada at the Falls of Niagara, we do so because it is there that we are first enabled to welcome the great tide of tourists, who, annually fleeing from the summer heats of the Southern and Western States, or the cares of the busy industry of the sea-board, commence the tour of the lakes and cities of the colony—and assuredly no country in the world is entered through portals of such unspeakable grandeur. True, no passports are here to be *viséd*,—no frowning battlements, guarded by the jealous sentry, stop the traveller's progress, and mark his entrance into a foreign land; but nature herself has marked the boundary between two kindred and friendly people by these world-renowned Falls, offering to the eye of the gazer a scene which neither pencil nor pen has yet adequately delineated,—a scene which in its awful grandeur can never fade from the memory, but with the dissolution of memory itself. We can but bid the tourist gaze, listen and be silent, in presence of the grandest of nature's works. Singularly enough as it may seem, the prevailing feeling, on first looking on the Falls of Niagara, is—disappointment. Yet a moment's reflection will explain this—the mind is as it were overwhelmed—we are incapable of grasping the length,