

officers, who were crossing and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half-blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin, we were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape or situation, or anything but vague immensity."

Seating ourselves in the ferry-boat, we are soon dancing on the agitated waters, and gazing in profound silence and admiration at the Falls, which from this point of view are seen to great advantage. A few minutes, and we are standing on the soil of Canada. Here carriages are ready to convey us to Table Rock, little more than a mile distant. Clifton House, not far from the landing, and several other objects of interest, claim our attention; but we are too full of the Great Cataract just now to turn aside, and as we shall pass this way again in descending the river, we will hasten on to behold the sublime view of Niagara from Table Rock.

TABLE ROCK.

In alluding to this view, the graphic writer above quoted says:—"It was not till I came on Table Rock,

(17)

and looked on the fall of bright green water, that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. The Niagara was for ever stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat for ever.

"Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water! what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths! what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made! . . . To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataract from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the great Horse-Shoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighbouring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the