

vening promontory, recoils, and produces the eddying of the waters, called the 'Whirlpool.' Numerous accidents have taken place here. The places of interment of three individuals were pointed out to me. Some 22 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 exertions on his part, performed a dance somewhat different from the 'highland fling,' which, however novel, he found any thing 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 battle and of blood—of death and desolation. From the top of Brock's monument on Queenston mountain, there is a prospect, perhaps unparalleled for beauty and extent in North America. There is the pure pellucid Niagara winding its circuitous way beneath your feet, as calmly and peacefully as if its waters had never known the turbulence and turmoil of the Falls above; there is the deep blue Ontario in the distance, with its placid bosom studded with numerous merchant vessels, and the darker, but more rapidly shifting forms of passage ships, propelled by the invisible agency of the great magician, steam; there is the rural hamlet embowered amid ancestral trees, the white-walled village, the rising city, and the interminable forest stretching far and wide into the dim obscurity of distance.