

August 16th. The stage does not go from this place towards Boston till Saturday morning. We were therefore to find amusement in Walpole for this day. We spent the morning in devouring the contents of the late newspapers which we found here, a species of entertainment to which we had long been strangers. Having taken an early dinner, in the afternoon we went to pay a visit to Mr. Geyer at the Falls. He received and entertained us very politely. His house is spacious, neat, and genteelly furnished, and his garden is handsome and well improved. His accommodations seem the more agreeable from being contrasted with the rudeness of the surrounding scenery. Nature seems to exhibit herself here in an undress. Immediately behind the house, the mountain rises in a nearly perpendicular precipice five or six hundred feet. In front, the Connecticut River is compressed to less than a rod in extent by the rocks, through which it forces its way in a very irregular channel, with great impetuosity.

When Mr. Geyer was about building his house, he had contracted with a man in his neighborhood for the stones for his cellar; but a very unexpected supply superseded the contract. A shower loosened a mass of the rock from the brow of the mountain behind the house, so that it fell to the bottom of the precipice, and rolled to the very edge of the cellar, which proved to be fully sufficient for the walls of it. From Mr. Geyer's contiguity to the mountain, I should think that he would sometimes entertain apprehensions that similar phenomena might again happen, when the fragments might roll a little further, and would therefore be much less acceptable. Rattlesnakes abound in this mountain.