

has passed. From this place to Queenston, the country is, for the most part, under culture, and capable, I should think, in many places of being turned to good account, by laying it properly down to pasture. The rye was in ear, and the orchards still numerous and rich. When I got to Queenston, and expressed an urgent desire to get forward, the landlord begged that I would entrust my luggage to him, to be sent forward next morning, and walk up the hill to the coach which I saw waiting for some travellers then visiting the monument of General Brock. That a public conveyance should make such a pause, excited no surprise after what I had myself experienced at Hamilton; and I lost no time in taking possession, no remark being made by the coachman. Presently three gentlemen and a little boy made their appearance, and I could soon discover that something required explanation, which proved to be that I had deposited myself *sans ceremonie* in their private carriage or extra. I found them, however, uncommonly civil, and they would on no account allow me to remove. The hardship, after all, would not have been very great, as it was but a pleasant walk of seven miles in a lovely evening to my home at the Falls. I have said my home, and, truly, the easy hospitality of my friends rendered it so in every respect. We had a clear moon to-night, and Niagara presented to me its beauties in a new and interesting garb. I have already declared my intention to avoid lengthy or formal descriptions; and as to impressions, I can only say that the scene interested me more vividly upon renewing my acquaintance than even upon my first introduction.

Tuesday 17th.—Another lovely day. I proceeded, after breakfast to the Ferry, for the purpose of visiting the American fall. The ferryman's wife told me that, on the day when I was formerly there, her husband was prevented by the ice from returning until a late hour, and only then got across, by catching a casual opening in the shoals. Next morning the accumulation above the Falls gave way, and came down with such a crash that "she really thought the world was at an end." I was soon and safely put across, but a man does feel somewhat queer, with the roaring cataract above, distilling dews, copious and heavy as a Scotch mist, the ugly ripple on the water, and the cockle-