

Falls of Niagara for a first time, without feelings in some degree akin to those, recorded of the ancient historian.

*July 1st.*

I set out in good time, along the cliffs, to the whirlpool. This task, it is not easy to accomplish. I was, however, amply rewarded for my toil. The scenery along the banks of the river is little varied, but the monotony is occasionally relieved by the rapids, which present themselves in the river's course. I found a boulder of granite, containing six cubic yards at least. I saw many black squirrels, and picked up some land shells, mostly the *Helix albolabris*. On approaching the whirlpool, I was obliged to leave the cliffs, and thus lost myself in the woods. After some exertion, I found my way to a farm house. This house occupied a large space of ground, being of one story only, and was almost surrounded by a terrace, six or eight feet wide, the roof of which projecting from the house, was supported upon pillars. The occupants were Irish, who had passed one