

beautiful prospect. The battle of Queenston was a day of varied success, but finally terminated in the repulse of the Americans. The animated and bloody contest transacting on the Canada shore was alleged to have operated somewhat unfavourably on the nerves of the American reserve, who, at all events, by refusing in the afternoon to cross the river, consummated the discomfiture of their gallant friends. The banks of the river are precipitous, and probably 300 feet in height, thickly wooded; and here terminates the wild ravine, which commences seven miles above it, at the Falls. If certain geological theories are right, this was once actually the spot where Niagara thundered; and the Falls are supposed to have been for ages gradually receding. The nature of the substrata and some well ascertained facts bear curiously upon this speculation. The constant friction of such a mass of water, as displayed in the foaming rapids above the cataract, with the effective agency of winter frosts, certainly conveyed to my mind a strong impression that the theory might be sound. The river runs here with a powerful current, and is about half a mile in width. It is hardly possible to imagine a more appalling spectacle than the American troops must have presented when driven in wild confusion down these banks. My friend H——, from a knowledge of their language, was attached to the Indian brigade. He placed me, with a giddy head, upon the spot where his unerring riflemen maintained a deadly fire upon the hapless foe scrambling through the thicket of cedars, or attempting to swim the river, in which many a poor fellow perished.

Innumerable are the anecdotes, tragic and comic, which were detailed regarding this frontier war. The employment of our red allies was a subject of much vituperation against the British. The history of Colonel D——, a Canadian, who commanded the Indians, was fruitful in adventure and anecdote. He was perfectly master of the Indian language and customs, had lived much among them, and, to sum up all perfection, had chosen a Squaw for his wife. In every sport and in every danger he was one of themselves; and, where they place their confidence and affection, both are alike unbounded. It happened to him once, in the western country, when engaged in the fur trade, that his party, exhausted with fatigue, resisted all his persuasions to pro-