



[William Crosfield Letters](#)

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Horton Hall's House Friday Aug¹²/59

Oh what would I give my dear Maama
to be able to convey to you any idea of
the beautiful spot where I have been spending
today? I arrived here last evening, at
first meaning to see the falls, hurriedly
before dark and go on to Niagara today;
but I thought better of it and glad I am
that I did so. Immediately after breakfast
I set out for my exploration - going a few
yards thro' the "grove" I came upon the
precipitous bank of a gorge which I
descended by a series of ledgers, landed
at the bottom I found myself on a large
platform level as a carriage road; on
either hand a straight and high wall,
all of limestone in layers a foot or
two inches thick. It seemed as if a
mighty convulsion had raised the
rocks asunder and said "stand back,"
nature stepping in meanwhile and
clothing their nakedness, through the
centre of this over the river (W. Canada
Creek (creek they call it) a branch of the
Machawak) a pitch black colour of great
depth. Walking a few feet up the stream
the water seems to have no visible access
for immediately in front the pass is

closed by the bare rocks 30 feet high
hope however leads us on as we have
not yet seen any fall; turning a corner
we come in view of the torrent as it
forces its way through an opening in
the rocks; in times of rain the rocky
wall is overrun with water but now
it is very dry; we mount to the top of
this fall at our left and go on when
we come upon what they call "the high
fall" 150 feet high. It is in fact a
cascade with a fall on the top, by a ledge
in the stream the lower portion falls
diagonally across the gully. ^{the upper part} is known
think like a miniature Niagara having
a large rock in the centre, a man who
keeps a drinking shop there remarked
to me "how if these two were one fall
it would make a nice thing of it" he
had just been saying that authorities
agreed that it was the most beautiful
thing of the sort in the world. but to
pass on from the top of these leaps
we walk still on a flat floor with
towering rocks above till we come
to a comparatively low ridge standing
right across the stream but described
by its name "mill dam fall". About

this the valley spreads itself for some
distance and is lined with cedars till
it suddenly contracts so that the rocks
rise directly from the water and onward
progress is only obtained by cautious
stepping from ledge to ledge holding
on by hand whilst moving, you get
above this the course of the stream is
very tortuous and can only be seen
in small bits at a time. For the whole
I think the upper part the best perhaps
because the solitude was more complete
as I went beyond the rest of the visitors
I was however amply repayed for my
trouble. When I had reached my steps
for about a mile I espied a notice
"Passing beyond this is dangerous" it
was set so as not to be seen in going up
where it was wanted. Friction falls to
be appreciated must be seen, words cannot
express their perfection; if I were to write
from now till Christmas and fill a
sheet of paper as long as the Atlantic
cable you could have no conception
of what they are like. I have some
photographs but they will do you no
good. The house independently of the
falls is a delightful spot one at which
to spend any length of time from a day
to a month.