



[William Crosfield Letters](#)

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International Hotel, Niagara Falls
August 14. 1859

My dearest Ruth,

This is Sunday afternoon and as it is still too hot to go out for a walk I think that I cannot do better than write a few lines to my little sister. Now while I sit I can hear the mighty stream rushing past almost immediately under my window, and if I put out my head, see a few yards lower down the spot where the water plunges over the precipice and forms the smaller or American fall. Then again there is an island covered with trees which divides the stream and over one end of it there is constantly a white cloud ascending from the foot of the fall. Last night as soon as I got here I went to get a view of the falls but did not go far, as I found that a very little was enough at once. Then as I stood on the cliff looking down into the abyss below I saw a rainbow - you have never seen a rainbow at night and I never did till now - but I must tell you more about it some other time. I often think how you would be amused

if you saw me sometimes and some
of the things I see. What would you have
said if you had seen me this morning
in church fanning myself with a dried
palm leaf; half out of every three people
in the church were doing the same so
that it looked like a great flock of
butterflies. Or would you not have been
astonished if you had seen me last
Monday; I was sitting in an arm chair
very comfortably with my head thrown
back and by my side stood a splendid
black man his face shone like a new
black boot. He had a long beard and
bushy moustache all black shining in
his hand he held a razor which he held to
my throat in fact he was a black barber
and felt like a little white lamb that was
going to be sacrificed. I have just come
up from dinner there were 300 at table
and between 40 & 50 black waiters, who
marched round the room and did
everything almost together they laid
down the dishes all at once and then
walked out in double file to bring
more. I could tell you a great deal
that I think would amuse you but
you see that my paper is finished and I do
not begin another on account of postage
Give my love to every body. Your brother
Willie