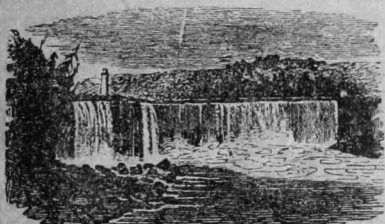


Enlarged Edition.

BURKE'S
ILLUSTRATED GUIDE

TO



NIACARA FALLS

FOR 1856.

With a new Map and numerous Engravings.

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Map OF NIAGARA FALLS

AND VICINITY

BY H. A. PARSONS

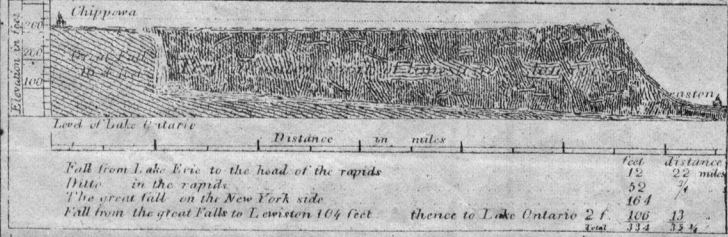
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REFERENCES.

1. Cataract House.
2. International Hotel.
3. Niagara Falls Hotel.
- A. Rail Road Depot.

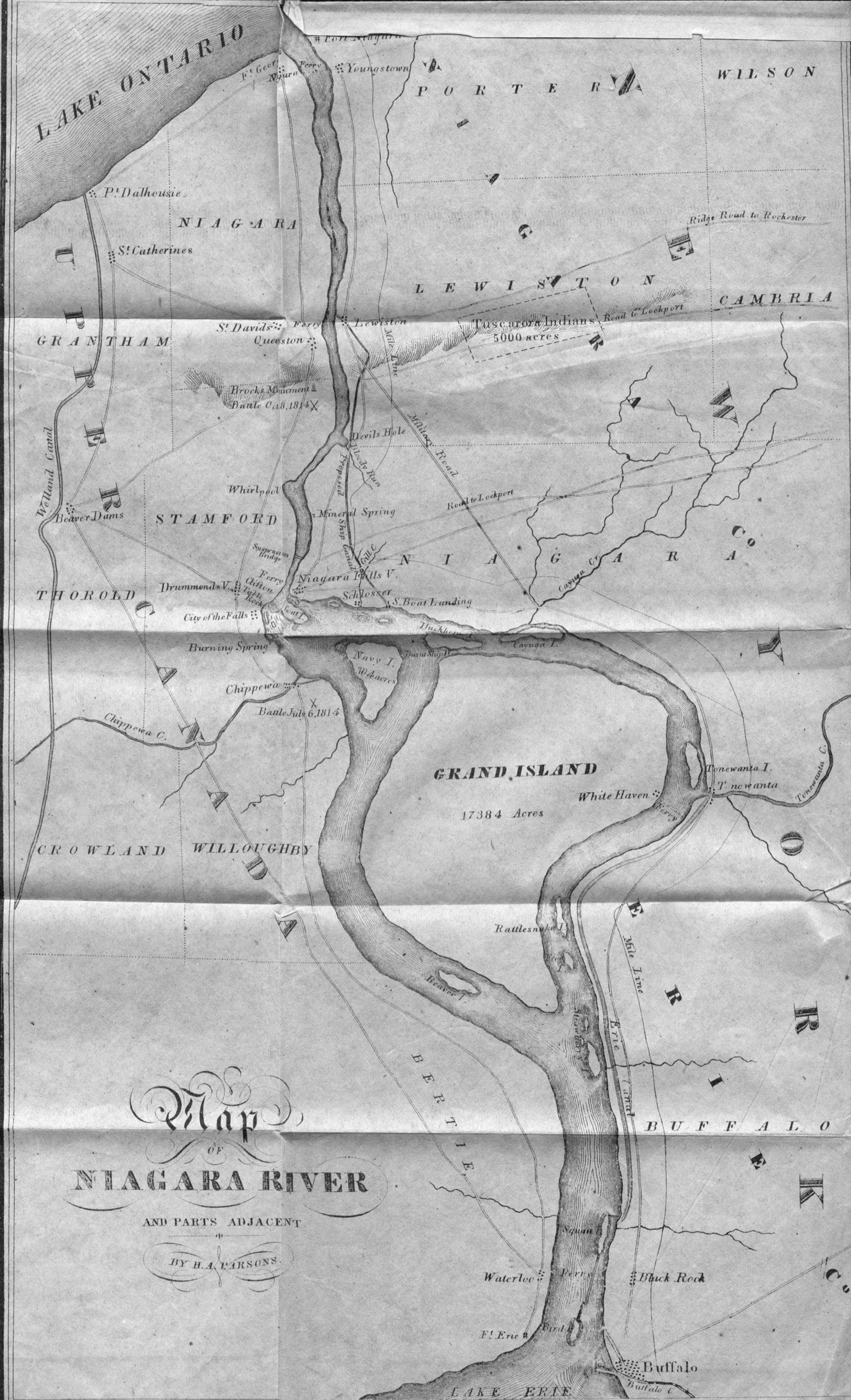
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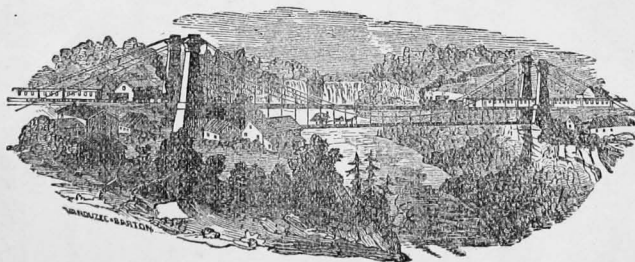


Map OF NIAGARA RIVER

AND PARTS ADJACENT

BY H. A. PARSONS.





THE NEW RAILWAY SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Height of Towers.....	88 and 78 feet.
Length of Span.....	882 feet.
Is capable of sustaining an aggregate weight of	12,400 tons.

BURKE'S
DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE;
OR, THE
VISITORS' COMPANION
TO
NIAGARA FALLS:
ITS
STRANGE AND WONDERFUL LOCALITIES.

BY AN OLD RESIDENT.

BUFFALO:
ANDREW BURKE,
PUBLISHER, BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
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P R E F A C E .

THE peculiar office of a guide, is to point out spots of interest, and relate what is interesting about them. This we have endeavored to accomplish in the following pages ; leaving as much as possible to the mind and taste of the stranger who visits, that he may *see and understand*. We have refrained altogether from any poetic distraction, so often indulged in by more fanciful guides.

Our office has been a grand one, but we have endeavored to fill it with that simplicity and modesty, so much more becoming in view of the awful grandeur of the scenes, we humbly lead to. Our only hope being that we have given satisfaction.

Entered according to an Act of Congress, by ANDREW BUNN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.

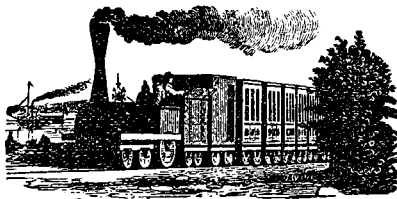
DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE
TO
NIAGARA FALLS.

THE JOURNEY.

STRANGER—if you are now ready, we will proceed to the depot of the Buffalo and Niagara Falls Railroad, on Erie Street, and procure Tickets.

The trains leave at 9. A. M.; at 12.45, 3.45, and at 6.30, P. M.

Look sharp, the bell rings, and nere goes



THE TRAIN.

The road has been very recently re-laid with the T rail, and the speed is now equal to anything

The Cars—Blossom's Grove—Workhouse—Mr. Coe's residence.

in the United States. Very pleasant cars, careful engineers, and the most affable conductor to be found between this and the unknown regions about the North Pole.

We are moving—quicker and quicker; ah, there we go. See how the houses flit by us! What should we do, were it not for Railroads? Wonderful creature is man. Isn't he, Mamma? We are now flying through SIXTH-STREET, and now we are out of town. You see that picturesque grove on the left—that is Blossom's Grove; and that large brick building, with the dark wing of blue stone, having its windows thickly barred with iron, is the WORKHOUSE, a structure not more than two years old, yet it could tell full many a tale of crime; for, its young walls are darkly experienced in the wickedness of Adam's sons and daughters. A short time since it took fire, or rather was set on fire, and the roof and upper part were considerably burnt. Yet the terrified inmates did not dare to escape. We are now running up hill. That Mansion of cut stone, with the rich Grecian portico, which you see on the right is Mr. Coe's, a citizen of wealth and repute. And on the left, that Gothic castle is the property of the United States Government, and is used for a Military Engineer's Office,

Fort—View of Buffalo, &c.—Hawley house.

and residence of the Lieutenant's family. This castle or castellated mansion was erected by COLONEL JAMES MCKAY, a citizen of taste and spirit, and was purchased from him by the government, for thirty thousand dollars. On part of the land they have erected a redoubt or fort, which you may see adjoining it.

This fort is admirably planned in the form of a pentagon or figure of five sides. Its walls rise from the solid rock, and are seven feet thick, of blue lime stone, beautifully wrought. Its roof is arched and covered with gypsum, and sodded with grass. It is five feet thick and perfectly bomb-proof. From this roof, on which two Paixan guns are to be placed, is a magnificent view of Buffalo, Lake Erie, the Canada shore, and the river Niagara to the very Falls. This Fort occupies a most commanding position and is capable of sheltering eight hundred men, for whose comfort a pure spring of water swells up in its midst from the solid rock.

That tall porticoed stone building to your right is called HAWLEY HOUSE. It was built by SETH C. HAWLEY, Esq., at a time when speculation was at its highest, and the owner intended that to be one wing of his proposed palace. He failed—and there it stands an overgrown tombstone of inten-

Erie Canal—Black Rock—Black Rock Dam.

tions too mighty to outlive the rude blasts of adversity.

The Erie Canal here runs alongside of the river Niagara, from which it is only divided by a pier, which forms the harbour of

BLACK ROCK.

This place was, at one time, the rival of Buffalo, and on account of its superior accommodation for shipping, it maintained an ascendancy for some time over the "Queen City of the Lakes." In the war of 1812, Commodore PERRY here hid his vessels for the winter, so effectually that the British knew nothing of their dangerous neighbour until he suddenly came forth from his shelter and pounced upon them. The actual spot where the United States ships sheltered is below what is called

BLACK ROCK DAM.

The village is one mile in length, being divided into Upper and Lower Black Rock; the latter being near the Dam formed by a pier of two miles in length which has its termination on Bird Island, opposite Buffalo.

This village contains something over two hundred houses, and about one thousand inhabitants, presenting at present but a poor apology for its former

Steam Ferry—Upper Black Rock to Waterloo.

pretensions. There are, however, several mills in operation, and sites for as many more. But the velocity of the current of the Niagara and dangers of its entrance, on account of hidden reefs of rocks must always act as a barrier against the prosperity of the place.

There is a steam ferry, crosses at Upper Black Rock to the village of Waterloo, on the opposite shores of Canada; and at any time that a stranger wishes to ride on the rapid current of the Niagara, or to cross its course, he can here readily find



A SAIL BOAT.

T O N A W A N D A .



E now approach TONAWANDA, which is twelve miles from Buffalo. It is situated at the mouth of the creek of the same name, joining the Niagara, directly opposite the widest part of

G R A N D I S L A N D .

Here the Erie Canal, taking advantage of this noble creek, leaves the river and follows it to Pendleton, about twelve miles distant. Here, also, the traveller on the American shore, is at the widest part of the Niagara River away from her British Majesty's dominions, with all the accompanying fancies of Thrones,



C R O W N S A N D S C E P T R E S .

TONAWANDA lies on both sides of the creek; is a pleasant village, containing some two thousand

The Village—its pretensions.

inhabitants and derives its name from the Indian of *swift running water*, which term is rather mysterious, the Creek being very deep and sluggish.

This village in the years '48 and '9, also put up pretensions to cope with Buffalo. The Merchants of Cleveland, jealous of the prosperity of the "Queen City," under pretence of want of sufficient harbour room, came boldly out and published a plan to make Tonawanda the port for the discharge of Western produce intended for the Eastern market. They soon erected elevators, wharves, &c., but without any apparent disadvantage to Buffalo.

There is here a dam of eighty-four feet in width which, at the same time that it benefits the Canal, produces a very interesting fall or cascade. It is crossed by a long wooden bridge on which the rail road to Niagara Falls runs.

The lowness of Tonawanda, and sluggishness of its creek, will always make it a prosperous place for rheumatism and ague, and most fit for a speculation in



BURIAL GROUNDS.

CITY OF ARRARAT.



OPPOSITE to Tonawanda, on Grand Island, is the little hamlet called WHITE HAVEN, pleasantly situated, which, with its mills, occupies the site of the proposed

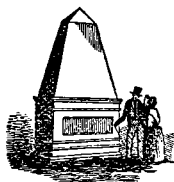
JEWISH CITY OF ARRARAT.

In the year 1825, the well known Major M. M. NOAH, like unto his namesake of yore, took it into his head to form here a city, where all the Jews that had not been deluged by the prevailing waters of christianity, might assemble and dwell together in this city of the ark, formed not of tents, but of log and frame houses.

This modern *Noah* after having a ginger-bread and tinsel display in Buffalo, in which he took upon him the degrees of "Proprietor, Prince and Patriarch, Governor and Judge of Israel," previous to the laying of the corner stone, which took place a few days after at Grand Island (then an interminable forest) but which corner stone remains unclaimed and unoccupied by the wandering Jews.

Jewish Monument—Grand Island.

There is a Monument to be seen, however, composed of brick, mortar and wood on which are engraved in the Hebrew character the following words:



שמע ישראל
יאתר

ARRARAT.

A CITY OF REFUGE FOR THE JEWS:

Founded by Mordecai M. Noah; in the month
Tisri, 5588,
September, 1825, in the 66th year of American
Independence.

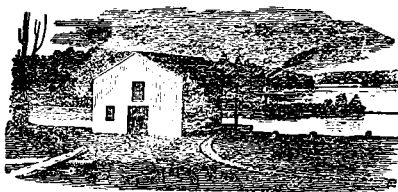
GRAND ISLAND has many cultivated lots scattered over it; and land is offered by the proprietor at very reasonable terms to induce the complete settlement of it. The Island abounds in game, is watered by numerous springs, and is in every way adapted to agricultural purposes. It is constantly visited by that peculiar class of Buffalo gentlemen, calling themselves



SPORTSMEN.

Schlosser Landing—Navy Island—Grand Island.

SCHLOSSER.



IN E miles below Tonawanda, we pass SCHLOSSER LANDING, celebrated as the spot where the steamer *Caroline* was cut loose by English militia, one night in the winter of 1837, during the rebellion of Canada.

The insurgents, calling themselves "Patriots," being driven from their purpose, the leaders took up their stand on NAVY ISLAND, which you may see there separated by a narrow channel from Grand Island, and having been visited by great numbers from the American side, through curiosity, the little steamboat *Caroline*, of Buffalo, was put upon

Ferry Boat Caroline—its destruction resolved on.

the line as a ferry boat; a speculation which proved very lucrative to the owner. But scarce had her tide of trade began when she was reported to Colonel Sir Allan N. McNab, then commanding a force of nearly three thousand men at Chippewa, as a craft whose employment was conveying aid and comfort to the "Patriots" on Navy Island.

Acting under that impression, this British Commander resolved on the destruction of the Caroline and detailed a chosen gang. Accordingly to carry out his plans, this gallant expedition was placed under the conduct of a half-pay Captain of the Royal Navy. At the solemn hour of midnight Col. McNAB reviewed the expedition which immediately after departed on its fiendish mission in eight boats.

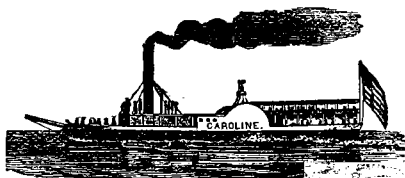
SCHLOSSER was then, as it is still, a place where no accommodation was to be had. What was called a *tavern*, was but a miserable excuse for that necessary institution, and as a matter of course numbers filled the sleeping places of the Caroline. She was moored there at the wharf. There were no offensive or defensive weapons on board. She was floating under her national colors in her own legitimate waters. Midnight came, and the solitary watchman on the deck was totally unaware of the

danger that awaited the craft. When suddenly he hears the plash of oars and the rippling at the bows of approaching boats. In answer to the sentry's challenge of "Who goes there?"—"Friends," was the reply, and in another instant the deck was alive with armed men. The scene that ensued was frightful. The dismayed sleepers rushed upon deck. There was a violent struggle between life and death—fire arms were freely used by the British; and, amid the cries of "Cut them down! give no quarter!" Half dressed men were seen to spring upon the wharf through showers of blows aimed at their life. The last man that appeared upon deck, was poor DUFFEE. He stood awhile attempting to ward off the thrusts made at him, and at last succeeded in jumping on shore. But a too well aimed pistol shot laid the poor fellow dead upon the wharf.

Having accomplished so much of their errand, these gallant invaders cut the *Caroline* loose from her moorings, and, having got all their precious band into the boats, they pulled back to Her Majesty's dominions, while the devoted little steamer floated into the wild current of the Niagara, enveloped in flames, which lit up the awful darkness of the night amid the brutal triumph of her destroyers.

The Caroline on fire.

Swifter and swifter still she goes on her eternal voyage. She rides the rapids. The raging elements of fire and water battle fiercely for their own. She reaches the awful precipice. As the dying embers light more brightly when about to expire. So the doomed *Caroline* enwrapt in flame that flies to Heaven for vengeance, lifted her form to the cataracts breast, and plunged amid the hissing roar of that mysterious fall into annihilation!



Planktond—Chippewa—Fort Schlosser.



HERE is now a plank road from Schlosser Landing to Niagara Falls Village, which will render the river trip very pleasant, as it is but two miles from this landing to the Falls.

CHIPPEWA, on the Canada side, is the last place that is navigable with safety on the Niagara River which even here is fearfully rapid.

The Tonawanda and Chippewa Creeks are the only auxiliaries to the Niagara.

FORT SCHLOSSER is the next point of any interest we pass. This primitive fortification, never of any great appearance, was erected during the French war, and has now yielded its warlike features to the simple smiles of husbandry. It stood upon a gentle elevation between the present road and the river. This place is a mile and a half from the FALLS, the thunders of which may be distinctly heard now over the noise of the rushing Railroad Train.

There is IRIS ISLAND, which stands in all its summer bloom and winter purity of whiteness di-

Village of Niagara Falls—Railroad to Lockport.

viding the tumbling waters as they madly seek their gallant leap! We have accomplished our journey. The steam whistle screeches and—hi—presto! We enter

THE VILLAGE OF NIAGARA FALLS.



H I S remarkable place was laid out in lots by the late JUDGE PORTER, to whom nearly the entire property, including the picturesque islands at the cataract, as well as adjacent to it, belongs.

It is laid out with skill and judgment, and there is little doubt it will yet swell into a fine manufacturing town, if not a city. Some brick and stone blocks have been put up within a year. An Episcopal and a Presbyterian Church have also been erected, as also a Roman Catholic Church of stone. The Odd Fellows and the Sons of Temperance have gorgeous halls on the main street. Both orders are in a very flourishing state.

This is the main street through which we are now steaming. It crosses our track at right angles and that line of rail which you observe runs through the middle of it, is the Railroad to Lockport, on the Erie Canal, about 24 miles from this.

Places of Amusement—Newspaper—Telegraph.

The village presents many places of amusement, such as Billiard Rooms, Bowling Alleys, a Public Garden, and is also possessed of a smart little Weekly Newspaper called "The Iris of Niagara," published by G. W. HACKSTAFF, an English gentleman, who formerly published in Canada an independent journal, thoroughly advocating liberal principles, entitled "The London Enquirer."

The Telegraphic wires operate here in conjunction with the Canada Line. So that, should any information be required, or any message sent, the anxious parties will not have to wait upon the break-neck-speed of that nimrod invention which killed horses, bruised post boys, and too often failed to prove, with any shade of decency, its right to the title of



THE EXPRESS.

STEAMBOAT ROUTE TO THE FALLS.



It is to the interest of the sight-seer to be put in possession of that knowledge which will enable him to choose his own course, and receive as much of the information, he came, perhaps, from a great distance to gather. We feel our duty now as a good and faithful guide, and worthy of all repute, to call the attention of our reader to the Falls by the



STEAMBOAT.

The little craft *Clifton* starts from Buffalo every day at 9 o'clock; and, as she very soon gets into the current of the Niagara you find yourself gliding away, as in a fairy dream, on the bosom of

Canada.

those very waters which soon will take that leap which, rather than take, you would submit to be



SHOT AT.

HARK! The last bell rings: "All aboard there!"
"In with the plank." Splash go the paddles.—
She is under way!



Look towards the bow and you see the green wooded shores of Canada. Look to the left and

"Queen City of the Lakes"—Fort Erie.

you see that you are just passing the pier and lighthouse of Buffalo—and now look to the right and you see the "Queen City of the Lakes," with her many churches *a-spiring* towards Heaven, but sticking to earth with the tenacity of stones and mortar.

Buffalo has sprung from the very womb of necessity. The position she holds is impregnable to the assaults of rivalry. She must grow, and growing, she must expand ultimately to the size of a first rate city, blessed with commerce, and endowed with capital.

There on the left, on the Canada shore, which we are nearing, stand the ruins of FORT ERIE. It is directly opposite to Buffalo, and still retains the remains of its former strength, having the credit, even in these days, amongst military engineers of being admirably planned and soundly executed.—It was erected by the French about a century ago, and was the scene of some glorious exploits during the border wars of 1812 to 1814, being captured during the latter year by Major General Brown, taking its commandant, Major Buck, with one hundred and thirty-seven men prisoners of war.—The American general after the affair of Fort George and the battle of Chippewa and Niagara,

The Red Mill—Waterloo.

here sustained a siege which ended in the retiring of the British, the abandonment and destruction of the Fort by the Americans.

As the steamer moves along the Canada shore, may be seen *The Red Mill*, directly opposite to which point the explosion of the boiler of the steamer *Troy* occurred, March the 23rd, 1850, at half-past 2 o'clock, P. M. This ill-fated vessel had just arrived from Sandusky, and had in vain attempted to enter the port of Buffalo, upon finding it impossible to clear the ice there, she steered for Black Rock, determining to land her passengers at the Pier. When she had reached this point, the boiler burst with a terrific report, and the unmarriageable wreck floated down the river to Black Rock, where she was secured to the wharf. By this sad event, thirteen lives were instantly lost, a number blown overboard, and after a struggle, drowned. Many were very badly wounded, some of whom died in a few days after.

WATERLOO.

We are now passing the little village, which is distant a little more than a mile and a half from Fort Erie. It has about fifty houses and a little over three hundred inhabitants. Any person

Steam Ferry—Chippewa.

wishing to visit Fort Erie, or to proceed to the Falls from this point, can at all times find conveyances at moderate rates.

There is a steam ferry which plies between this point and Black Rock on the opposite shore.

This and Chippewa are the only two villages along the Canada shore, although the Welland Canal is within reach. There appears to be no progressive spirit here. Waterloo presents the same wooden aspect now, that it did some twenty years ago. But, should annexation ever take place, this is bound to be a flourishing town.

THE ISLANDS.

SEE as we glide along, how rudely beautiful Grand Island looks. We are now about half way past it. Here is the river Niagara's broadest part, which is eight miles from the Canada shore to the American, at Tonawanda. The two channels of the river, formed by the intervention of Grand Island are about three quarters, or a mile broad.

It is strange how this extraordinary river, varies both in its breadth and depth. Where we are now sailing looks calm and beautiful. Here opposite SCHLOSSER, the Niagara is three miles wide. A little farther down it narrows its course to three quarters of a mile, and becomes impetuous in its progress, a little farther down it expands again to a mile and a half. At the Falls it is again three quarters of a mile wide. At the WHIRLPOOL below the Falls, the river is but one hundred and forty-five yards in breadth.

It is still more unequal in its depth. In some places it is not quite fourteen feet, while in others

Sudden Falls—Buckhorn and Navy Island—French Vessels.

the sounding-lead has gone down *two hundred and eighty-nine feet*.

The sudden falls and level in this river are not its least curiosity. Here we behold it sleeping peacefully, with scarcely the appearance of a current, and anon, it thunders, foams, and rushes down a quick descent.

NIAGARA RIVER is studded with Islands from its commencement to its discharge over the Falls. They are thirty-seven in number. Some of them little more than rocks, but most of them beautiful in appearance.

Those two Islands, so near the extremity of Grand Island, are called respectively BUCKHORN, and NAVY ISLAND. On the latter the French, in the war of 1759, built their ships of war, and having other business connected with their navy there. On the coast of the other Island, the British, in the same war, burned two French vessels, whose charred hulls are yet visible.

NAVY ISLAND.



O spot about here is more famous than the celebrated head-quarters of that distinguished host of heroes, known to fame as "The Patriots," par excellence.

This choice bit of terra-firma, belongeth to Her Most Gracious Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA ALEXANDRINA, Sovereign Lady of the British Isles, and Heaven only knows how many dependencies besides.

Now, it would seem that some restless subjects of the aforesaid little Female Sovereign were not as content with her provincial rule as to loyalty seemed fit; so they, being hunted up and threatened with confiscation of property and life, actually had the audacity to attempt to defend themselves against their persecutors and thus commenced what is usually called "the Canadian Rebellion of 1837."

Being crushed and put down by the red arm of English power, the rebellion ceased, and the leaders

General Sutherland--Wm. Lyon McKenzie--General Scott

fled to this Island, where they determined to make a stand and look for American sympathy. They were at first but a mere handful, not exceeding twenty-five individuals, under the command of a person calling himself GENERAL SUTHERLAND; amongst them was the notorious WM. LYON MCKENZIE, who had been chiefly instrumental in stirring up the rebellion. Their numbers rapidly increased, until at length they counted an hundred men, when the daring affair of the *Caroline* brought matters to a crisis, and GENERAL SCOTT by command of the Government, completely suppressed this border warfare, and Navy Island was evacuated by "The Patriots," for aye and forever.

Chippewa Drawbridge—Railroad to Queenston.

CHIPPEWA.



HERE at the mouth of Chippewa Creek is the village of the same name. It is a port of entry, and contains from two to three thousand inhabitants. The harbor is good, and the Creek, which is navigable to large vessels for twenty miles up, is spanned by a drawbridge one hundred yards long.

There is a rail-road from Chippewa to Queenston, which runs along the banks of the river, and passing close to the Falls, at one point gives a noble view of its wonders. As yet the want of that energy and enterprise so remarkable on the American side has failed to establish a locomotive power. So that the carriages on these rails are dragged along by horses.

The view of the rapids, and scenery above, from this point is very fine.

CHIPPEWA TO THE FALLS.

It is now in the power of the tourist to keep along the Canada shore by land, or to cross to

Battle of Chippewa—Iris Island—Great Rapids.

Schlosser, and, on the American side, to enter this great theatre of Nature's wonders.

Should he choose the former course, it is full of beauty and grandeur. Let us on then—The field on which the celebrated BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA was fought is about two miles from this, on the road to Buffalo.

Look at the Niagara River now, and you perceive the point at which the Rapids commence, there at the beginning of *Iris Island*. Observe now, that between us and Iris Island, are three diminutive isles called the Sisters, two of which are named Moss and Deer, the third being nameless. Between those islands and the main land, where we are, you behold the Great Rapids! Down on the shore, where we are now passing, at the bend of this inlet or bay, is a burning spring, and the large island you see in that little bay is Cynthea Isle.

Our road now runs by the grounds of the HON. THOMAS CLARK, and adjacent is the residence and demesne of the late SAMUEL STREET, Esq., who was reputed to be the richest individual in Canada.

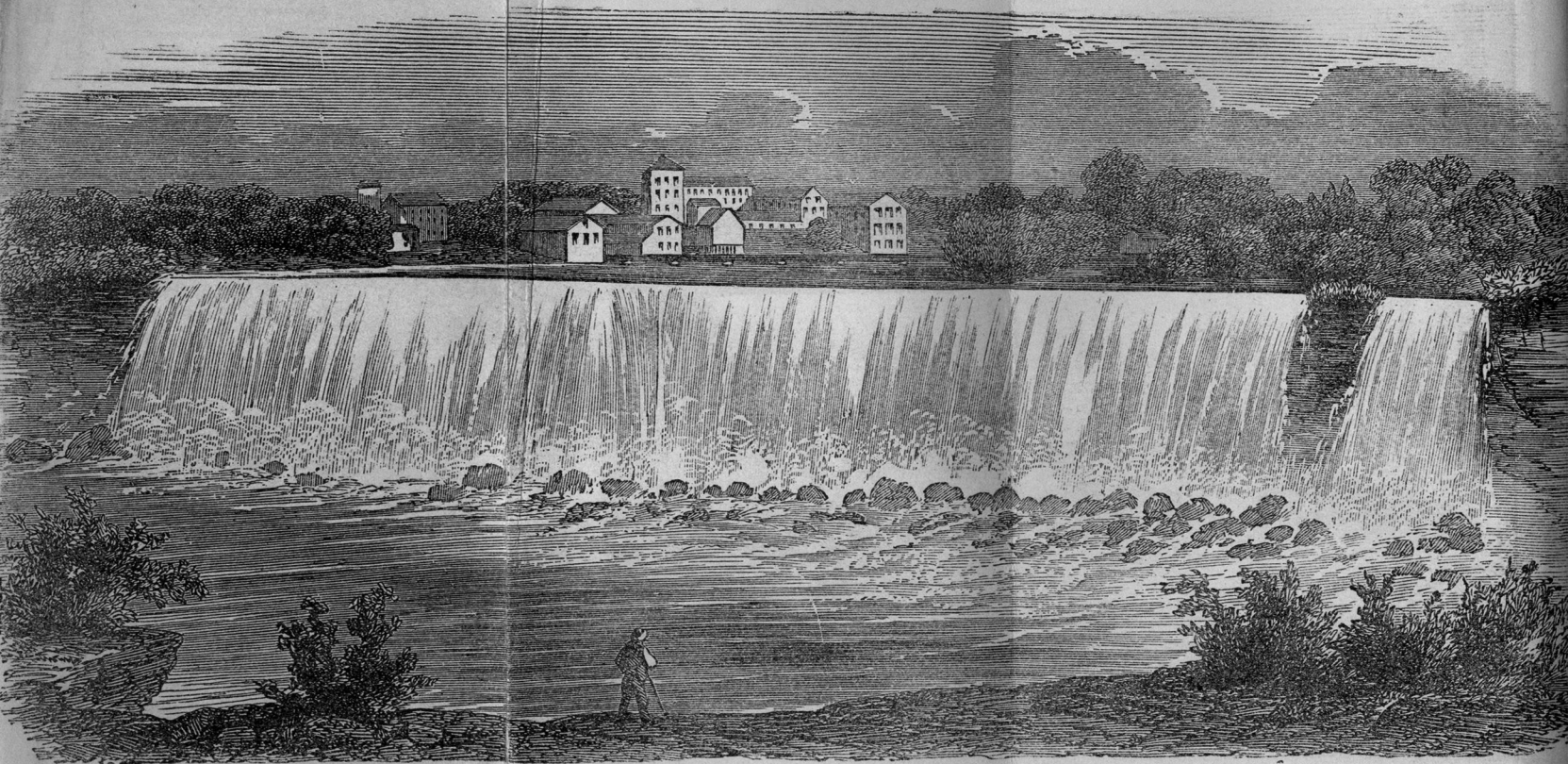
CRESCENT ISLE now takes our attention. There are many small islands here within view, which though not large enough to entitle them to notice separately; yet, by their agency, those obstructions

Barracks—Pavilion Hotel.

are formed, which give to the rapids all that boiling maddening fury which forms their splendour.

On the left of our road, on a rising ground is a large white building with colonnades. It was formerly a hotel, named the Ontario House, but is now used as a barrack for soldiers.

Further on to our left is the PAVILION HOTEL. It occupies a very elevated and conspicuous position. It overlooks the Horse shoe fall and Table rock, and gives to the spectator a view of great sublimity. It is well kept and worthy of patronage.



THE AMERICAN FALLS FROM THE CANADA SHORE.

City of the Falls—Drummondville—Lundy's Lane—Clifton—Clifton Hotel.

CITY OF THE FALLS.



WE now enter the proposed CITY OF THE FALLS, and a more magnificent site for a city never was given to man. But such is the want of spirit amongst Her Britanic Majesty's subjects in this Province, that as yet it continues a *city on paper*, an oriental dream—a castle in the air!

This is DRUMMONDVILLE, a neat thriving village, which has grown and progressed rapidly.

Having visited LUNDY'S LANE, another battle ground of the war of 1812, we will proceed from Drummondville to CLIFTON.

Here is the site of another city of intentions.—However, we have the comfort of knowing that the tourist is well provided for at this magnificent Hotel, called the Clifton House, where the most comprehensive view can be had. And where, by following the gently descending roadway, we reach the ferry that connects the royal Province with the great Republican Union.

Sporting.

To those disposed for hunting, the Clifton House offers the unusual advantage of a pack of hounds, which, with all other necessities, are ever ready for



THE SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

Niagara's connection with the Lakes.

N I A G A R A .



I A G A R A is a name, which in the descriptive language of the Iroquois, who most frequented these parts, signifies THUNDER OF WATERS; and where could a word be found to convey at once to the mind so distinctly, and so boldly, the truth of conception. This river, or rather strait, connects LAKE ERIE and its mighty sister waters—SUPERIOR, MICHIGAN, HURON, and ST. CLAIR, with ONTARIO; which latter in its turn, pours its proud tribute through the giant river ST. LAWRENCE, into the vast ATLANTIC OCEAN.

All these and numerous smaller lakes, which first find a birth in the rocky mountains, may well be considered as one grand river, which sweeping down from a height of several hundred feet advances onward to the sea, as the monarch of rivers, for more than two thousand miles, receiving in his course the plentiful tributaries of his countless allies. Now spreading out his court to almost boundless extent, now contracting and consolidating

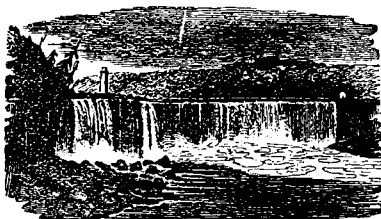
The Cataract.

his rushing power until, at this sacred spot, he vaults down in all his might and majesty into the fathomless depth below, and rising in sullen grandeur, goes forward to spread out his dominion once again in the green bosom of Ontario!

Thus, we see that the waters of the world's widest lakes, together with innumerable tributaries, making more than one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of surface, are forced over this great fall, forming a cataract, whose vastness must be studied for a time before the bounded imagination of man can realize its actual truth.

Language can scarcely approach it nearer than the poor Indian's simple, yet expressive, *Thunder of waters*—it is in truth NIAGARA!

Mist—Cataract—Pure Atmosphere.



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA



RE situated in latitude 43 deg. 6 min. north, and longitude 2 deg. 6 min. west from Washington. It is 22 miles north from BUFFALO, and 14 miles south from the point of its junction with LAKE ONTARIO.

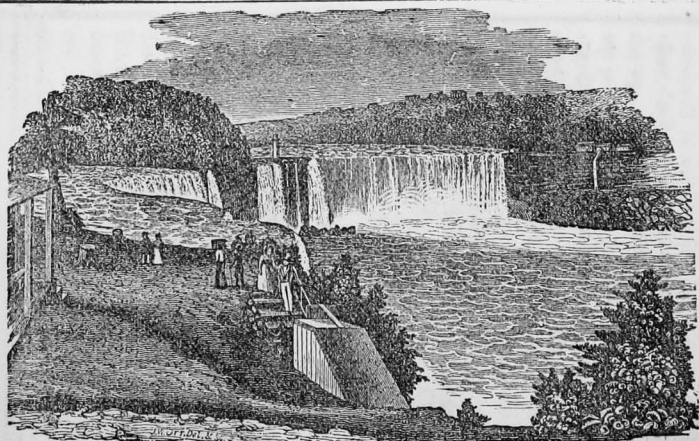
There is an idea prevalent that the neighbourhood of the Falls of Niagara must be liable to disease, consequent on the constant mist, which descends from the Cataract. But such is not the case. The climate of this magic neighbourhood is salubrious in the extreme, as well as highly invigorating.

The atmosphere, being constantly acted on by

the rushing of the vast flood of water, is consequently kept pure. The most decided proof of the purity of Niagara Falls is to be found in the eloquent fact that when all the world was being scourged by *Cholera*, this mysterious spot and its neighbourhood entirely escaped!

In fact, no epidemic or pestilential complaints ever visit this spot. The herbs and wild flowers breathe sweeter perfume here than elsewhere, and curious exotics are common. No reptiles, wild animals or troublesome insects are here to be found, not even musketoes. Fowl of several descriptions here enjoy sweet converse with nature; and the eagle and seagull hover around the boundless scene, whilst the bee and the butterfly range through the fragrant islands that stud the precipice that has nought of fear for them.

We will now proceed to view the FALLS from all available points.



VIEW OF THE FALLS FROM THE OLD STAIR CASE.

VIEW FROM PROSPECT POINT.



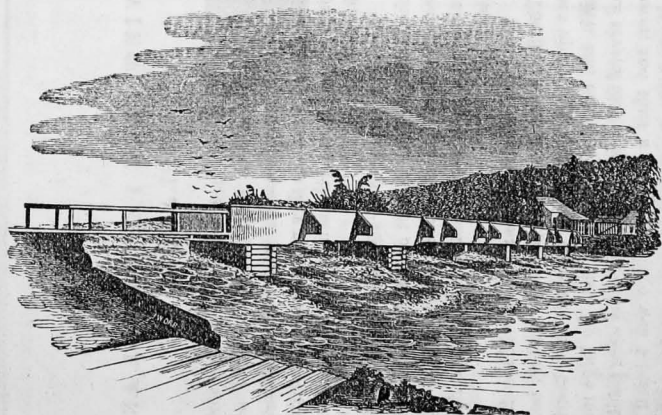
LET us now proceed through the grove to Prospect Point, the best view of the Falls from the American side.—As we advance towards its presence, the thunder of Niagara rolls awfully on our ears; and now a turn in the walk brings us in front of Prospect Point Cottage, where the senses are instantly captivated by the sight.

Here we are presented with the whole line of the Cataract in perspective from one shore to the other, a distance of fully three quarters of a mile.

Before leaving Prospect Point, let us advance as near the brink as possible. There used to be a small projecting platform, ballanced with rocks at this place to enable the visitor to advance two yards beyond the edge, and look down in safety at the mad waters dashing down amongst the rocks below him, to a depth of nearly two hundred feet! This convenience, through motives of prudence, has been removed, however.

American Fall—Bath Island—Iris Island—Horseshoe Fall.

This, next us, is the AMERICAN FALL, with the rapids and Islands above. Behold, too the seething fathomless cauldron beneath! This Island near us is called BATH ISLAND, to which a bridge leads, as you see, from the main land. Beyond it is IRIS ISLAND, (sometimes called Goat Island) to which another bridge leads, forming one line of communication between the American shore and Iris Island, the grand centre of the series of cataracts. And in the extreme distance is the Canadian (called from its peculiar form) HORSESHOE FALL.



VIEW OF THE BRIDGE AS IT APPEARED IN 1848.

Bath Island—The fearful precipice—Hanging Bridge.

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE AND ISLANDS.



E will now cross that bridge which leads to Bath Island. Behold how magnificent the wild turmoil of those waters as they roll and foam, and rush on recklessly beneath the bridge on which we stand, to their doomed fall !

It must be a source of surprise to the beholder, that a bridge, such as that on which we are, could be erected amidst this "Hell of waters," at little more than sixty rods from the fearful precipice itself.

The plan adopted was simple, notwithstanding. The first abutment framed of heavy timber, being set up on the bank, pieces were run out, bearing on it, and balanced on the land side by large rocks of several tons weight. These beams were planked over, and thus a hanging bridge was formed on which the workmen ran out stone and dropped them down into the water until the pile showed itself; a

The Bridge.

cradle or strong frame-work was then laid down and filled up with heavy stone-work. This pier was soon connected permanently with the abutment, and the same course of proceeding repeated, until the bridge was finally completed; and by adopting the same plan in making a bridge from Bath Island to Iris, the connection with the main land was made both safe and pleasant. Formerly, the visitor to Iris Island was compelled to land from below in a boat, between the falls at the base of Iris Island.

The first bridge erected here was in 1817, by General PARKHURST WHITNEY, of the Cataract House. It was somewhat higher up the rapids. This structure did not last more than one year, being carried away by the ice. The following summer after its destruction, the present substantial bridge was built by the Messrs. PORTER.

The whole extent of this bridge is forty-four rods, viz: Twenty-eight rods to Bath Island, and thence sixteen rods to Iris Island. It cost about sixteen hundred dollars. This bridge was repaired in 1839, and also in 1849, and is now in a sound and perfect state.

Pause here and scan those overwhelming rapids as they rush down their inclined course, and, rush

Melancholy occurrence.

ing vainly against the piers of the bridge under us, seem to tussel with each other with ungovernable anger, till, like their countless predecessors, they too go down the horrid leap together!

This bridge has been the silent witness of many a thrilling scene, but of not one which caused more dismay than the following, the detailed account of which we here give from the columns of The Buffalo *Daily Republic* and *Courier* newspapers:—

“MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE AT NIAGARA FALLS.”

“A most melancholy occurrence took place at Niagara Falls, on Monday night last, about twelve o'clock. A Mrs. MILLER, who represented herself as the daughter of Senator NORVELL, of Michigan, and as the wife of an officer in the army now in Florida, and who, with her children, had been stopping at the Eagle Hotel, jumped from the bridge, leading to Goat Island, into the river, and was carried over the cataract. The particulars of this heart-rending affair are thus given by a correspondent of the *Courier*, writing from the Falls yesterday:

“Our village was this morning thrown into deep gloom by a report that a young lady had probably committed suicide here, during some time last

Newspaper Extract.

night, which is undoubtedly too true. The circumstances are as follows:

"The train of cars yesterday morning brought hither a young woman of fine personal appearance, and about thirty-five years of age, having with her two bright looking boys, four and six years old. After taking rooms at the Eagle Hotel, she called for writing materials, and nothing more was known of her until this morning. Between seven and eight o'clock, the bell of the room she had occupied was rung by the little boys. They were inquiring for their mother.

"Upon the table were found three letters—one directed to Major MILLER, U. S. A., and one to Hon. JOHN NORVELL, Detroit, Mich., and one to the proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, (a copy of which I send you)—also the ringlets of one side of her head, her gold watch, two trunks of clothing, a silk purse containing some gold and silver coins, and her wedding ring.

"The children state that their mother had bid them good-bye and kissed them, after they had gone to bed—that they had last come from Winchester, Virginia, and that their father was in Florida. No cause can be assigned for the act. She appeared perfectly rational throughout yesterday,

Copy of a letter to Mr. White.

and not the least symptom of insanity was noticed. Nothing has yet been found to throw the least light upon the matter.

"P. S.—Enough has been found to warrant the belief that the unfortunate lady leaped from the bridge that leads to Goat Island, and was swept over the Falls. Upon the second pier was found her bonnet, which had been trodden upon. Her black crape shawl was found tied to the railing of the bridge, to let her down upon the pier which is some six feet below the railing. She undoubtedly did this to indicate to those who should look for her, that her mind was made up for the fearful leap into the yawning chasm below.

"Her father has been telegraphed, and the children have been kindly taken charge of, by the Hon. AUGUSTUS S. PORTER.

"The following is a copy of the letter addressed by Mrs. MILLER to Mr. WHITE, of the Eagle Hotel:

"TO THE PROPRIETOR OF THE EAGLE HOTEL—
My mind is made up. I have no wish to live any longer. I shall go where my body will never be recovered. No one shall gaze on my mangled remains. Please take care of my two little boys till they can be sent to Detroit, where their grand pa-



VIEW OF THE GREAT FALLS FROM GOAT ISLAND.

Postscript to Letter—Henry Blakemer.

rents reside. They are the sons of Major MILLER, of the Army, now in Florida, and grand-sons of Hon. JOHN NORVELL, Detroit, Michigan. Please forward my letters, and protect my children till some of their relatives can come for them.

‘MRS. J. G. MILLER.’

“POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above was put in type, we have learned that there is every reason to believe that Mrs. MILLER is still alive, having eloped with a friend from Philadelphia, and that she placed the shawl and bonnet on the bridge and wrote the letters, which were found in her room, to convey the impression that she had gone over the Falls. The circumstances leading to this belief are as follows:

“On Thursday last, a man who registered his name ‘Henry Blakemer, Philadelphia,’ stopped at the Exchange Hotel, in this city. He said that he expected some friends in a day or two, and was watching the arrival of every train of cars. On the arrival of the Sunday morning train, he was observed by the porter of the house in conversation, in the sitting room of the depot, with a lady with two children. The lady, who was afterwards ascertained to be Mrs. Miller, took lodgings at the

Mr. Blakemer hires a horse and buggy.

Lovejoy House, but subsequently went to the Exchange, where she remained until Monday morning, when she took the nine o'clock train for the Falls.

"On the afternoon of Monday, Mr. Blakemer went to the livery stable of Mr. Miller on Washington-street, and hired a horse and buggy to go two miles below Tonawanda. He returned about three o'clock on Tuesday morning with a lady, believed to be Mrs. MILLER, leaving her at the railroad depot, when he brought the horse back to the livery stable. He then called at the Exchange for his baggage, and, accompanied by Mrs. Miller, took the fast train which leaves here at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, purchasing tickets for Cayuga Bridge."

Twin Islands—Ship and Brig—Lovers' Retreat.

BATH ISLAND.



ERE at this picturesque little Toll House, register your name, and pay twenty-five cents, which sum will give you the freedom of the bridge and islands for the year.

We will now take a look at

SHIP AND BRIG ISLANDS.

Those fantastic twins received their present names from a supposed resemblance to vessels. This little bridge which leads to Ship Island, although slight, may be relied upon as perfectly safe. View the rapids from this point! How wild the world of waters seems. Yet how heavenly peaceful are those islets, embosomed in fair foliage of trees and vines, carpeted with nature's matchless moss, and redolent of flowers that never felt the withering influence of man! Ship Island is also called the "Lovers' Retreat."

A truly tasteful lover of Nature must be he who would here take up his abode away from the

Cupid.

rude realities of a heartless world, which, like the waters that roll around him, is ever progressing regardless of agonies which rise on its course Aye, this *is* the spot for the votary of



CUPID!

IRIS ISLAND.



IS there an isle in this world, which has so great a charm as this little spot of earth, scarcely half a mile long, and but eighty rods wide, containing in all not more than sixty-two acres of arable land. Yet it has been visited by bygone generations from all quarters of the globe, and countless generations yet will tread its walks of wonder.

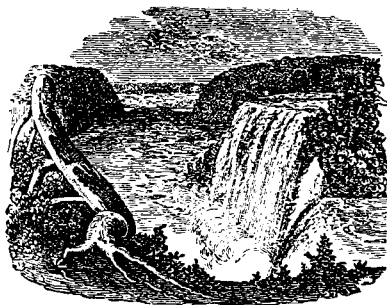
We before stated that it was also called *Goat Island*. This appellation took its rise from the fact of a Mr. Steadman, then a resident at Schlosser in 1770, placing a variety of animals on it: amongst others a number of goats. Of these, a bearded patriarch was the only one who survived the severity of winter, and he remained in sole possession for a long time.

The beautiful name of Iris Island, it derives from the rainbows, which perpetually bend round its shrine at the Falls, which indicate this to be the favorite home of the goddess Iris. Here are seats

View from Hog's Back.

where we may sit and rest before proceeding further.

Let us now turn to the right and take a look at the



HOG'S BACK.

This narrow ridge is so called from its peculiar shape. From it you have a magnificent view of the Central Fall, the American Fall, the river below, and the long line of foliaged perpendicular banks which wall the fallen waters as they speed away.

THE CENTRAL OR CRESCENT FALL

WE will now contemplate the beauties of this Fall; which, though narrow, is, from its amazing depth, alone sufficient to inspire reverence.

It is formed by that portion of the Niagara river cut off by PROSPECT ISLAND from the American volume of water, and is but twenty yards wide. How clear—how sparkling—how fairy-like it looks. No break, no—no difference—all in unity—one beautiful vestal's sheet of stainless hue spread for eternity!

Underneath the rock on which we stand, and behind this cascade, is the CAVE OF THE WINDS, which we will visit presently. But first let us cross this bridge and take a still better view than we have yet had of the American Fall from

PROSPECT ISLAND.

By some this is called LUNA ISLAND. It is in truth a very lovely spot, the view from which is magnificent. Here in this richly embowered Island,

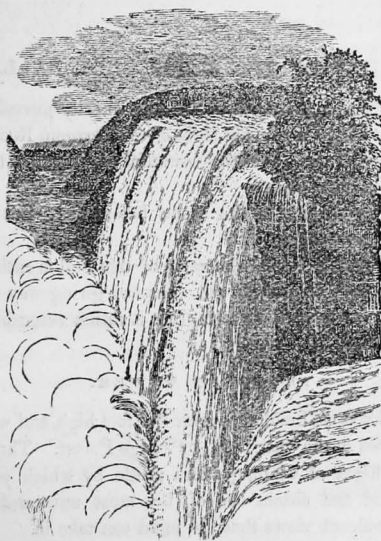
View of the American Fall—The three Profiles.

the bird of liberty, the eagle, used to enjoy his full born freedom in repose, in times when the enslaver, MAN, had not yet profaned its sanctity with his presence. See now—the view is matchless—Here come the rude rapids, rolling and struggling down chafing those many little sunny islands as they rush along, as if jealous of their beauty. There, the broad sheet of the AMERICAN FALL tumbles down the dizzy descent in terrible majesty. It is a sight to study—a memory never to be erased. We will now return to Iris Island, and examine the very singular appearance presented from the Hog's Back, being what are called

THE THREE PROFILES.

You must, however, draw powerfully on Imagination, for the action of the waters has nearly effaced them altogether. The first or highest represented the profile of a negro; the second, of a well featured young man; and the third, of an aged man with spectacles.

The three Profiles.



THE THREE PROFILES

VIEW OF THE HORSE-SHOE FALL.

WE now face towards Canada, and by pursuing this walk soon come in sight of the Terrapin Rocks, Bridge, Tower, and the beautiful curve called the HORSESHOE FALL.

How magical is the scene before us! Let us contemplate it.

As you perceive, the name of this Fall is rather inappropriate now, as the constant giving way of parts so changed its form, that it rather resembles the figure 5.

PROSPECT TOWER.

This stone building is forty-five feet high, and was erected in the year 1833, by Judge Porter. There is a flight of winding stairs inside by which you ascend and obtain one of the most unutterably magnificent views that the mind can take in.

You look down into the very caldron itself, and see the peerless green waters how they have been lost in foam and mist. Look up the rapids, and

Remains of a Bridge—Francis Abbott, the Hermit.

see those beautiful billows rushing madly on in their wild career as if desirous of their destined leap. Look at either side and behold the smiling green shores and hear the thoughtless birds how they carrol on, unconscious of the dread abyss and unscared by its endless thunder.

Those timbers which you see scattered about, are the poor remains of a once highly useful bridge which Gen. Whitney built here.

You see that timber which projects over the gulph. On it Francis Abbott, the hermit of the Falls, was in the habit of taking a daily walk, reaching the very end, and turning on his heel to come back. A feat which few would have nerve enough to perform.

THE BIDDLE STAIR-CASE.



OW let us return by the walk we came from Prospect Island, and visit THE BIDDLE STAIRCASE, which we passed in coming here.

This staircase takes its name from NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Esq., at whose expense it was erected in 1829, and to whom the tourist is deeply indebted, as it enabled him to reach this part of the island, to pass over the rocks, and approach the falling sheet of water. Before its construction, the tourist had to come in a boat from the ferry.

A steep of some forty feet, notched into rude steps, leads to the head of the staircase, which is about eighty feet, having ninety steps. From this staircase down to the river is eighty feet more of descent ; making the total descent from the top of the bank above, one hundred and eighty-five feet. At this point of the river below, the angler may enjoy his vocation in an unequalled degree. Shortly after this staircase was finished, in the fall

Sam Patch, the jumper—Foot of the Cataract.

of 1829, the eccentric SAM PATCH, the most daring jumper in the world, made two successful leaps here from a platform ninety-seven feet high ! Poor Sam, not content with his glory, made another, and a greater leap at the Genesee Falls ; but still his ambition was ungratified ; he jumped once more from the same place from a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet ! This was his last leap : for Sam Patch never rose again, and never since has been heard of.

Having descended the Biddle Stairs, we advance along at the foot of the cliff, with the fearfully impending rocks above us, seeming as if ready just now to fall and crush us. Yet, with all this fear, there is something so imposing in our situation as to render it pleasing, although you see innumerable evidences around you of the constant falling down of fragments from above. But it is a sort of assurance to one that, amongst the countless tourists who have trod this path till now, not a single accident has yet occurred.

Let us now approach the foot of the Cataract, and view the awful splendor of this scene. Look at that hue of green in the horseshoe fall—what can equal that ? See the rich silvery waters, how they chase each other down that terrible descent. Here,

The sheet of rolling glass—The Rainbow.

resembling frosted pillars of snow; there, one solid sheet of rolling glass! Behold that lovely rainbow—fit accompaniment of such a picture.

Gaze on. We are in the presence of the enchanter.

The Lower Fishing Rock—View of the great American Fall.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.



ON leaving the Biddle Stairs, our best course is to proceed to the Central Fall. Let us descend this sloping bank to that limestone rock at the lowest point of the shore of Iris Island, called the Lower Fishing Rock.

From this point see what a noble view we have of the great American Fall. See the bold cataract, how it falls in brilliant folds down the mighty precipice! What a scene for an atheist to look upon, and then deny the existence of an all powerful Creator! How vast, how grand, how bewildering to the mind! Dwell on it, stranger—try to bring its magnitude within the limits of your comprehension and acknowledge yourself an atom, a mere atom in nature, for that you are, and no more. Then, what is life but a short confused game of mortality!

As we re-ascend the sloping bank to the Central

The Central Fall—The Cave of the Winds.

Fall, we have before us that great curiosity, known

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

Come, let us enter. But, first, cast your eyes upwards, and behold the impending cliff which overhangs us like a dark destiny, and see that magnificent sheet of snowy purity, how it leaps exultant from the topmost rock, and flashes down into mid air, and plunges below with the hoarse voice of thunder !

Let us descend these rude steps, and enter the cavern. Listen—here might the ancients have located BOREAS, for, surely, all the chained storms are fretting out their madness here !

Now we are at the bottom. Let us retire to the back of the cavern, and gaze in silence on the wondrous scene. This awful temple of Nature was first entered in 1834, by Messrs. WHITE and SIMS, residents of the village above us. They came in a boat from the foot of Prospect Island, and entered the Cave with a great deal of difficulty. Some, for the romance of the thing, enter by the same way now, although there is no necessity for so doing.

The dimensions of the Cave are one hundred

Cave of the Winds—A fit Palace for Old Neptune.

feet wide, thirty feet deep, and one hundred and thirty-eight feet high. The bottom is about thirty-five feet from the water's edge, and is composed of those fragments which time and the wearing cataract have broken and let fall upon the spot.

It is curious to observe the spray how it curls along the sloping bottom of the cavern, then rolling up along the rocky back, seeks the shelving ceiling where it breaks into distinct portions, and by its constant action on the air gives those reverberations which have given rise to its title of "the Cave of the Winds." A fit palace for



OLD NEPTUNE HIMSELF.

Passage under the American Fall—Road round Iris Island.

THE AMERICAN SHEET.



HERE, between the Central and American Falls, there is a vacant space, immediately at the foot of Prospect Island; it is roofed by the tumbling cascade. Let us enter and rest awhile. Oh, what a view have we here!

Come now, we will ramble to the American Fall, and pass under it as far as you dare. There is no doubt of there being a passage clear through, but who is he who would dare to pass it? How overwhelming is the majesty of this place—how awe-inspiring, yet sublimely beautiful!

We will now ascend the BIDDLE STAIRCASE, and resume our dress. Here we will rest, before we take

THE TOUR OF IRIS ISLAND.

The road runs entirely round the Island, and presents many attractions. Here you perceive the road has been carried away by the constant encroachments of the ceaseless flood.

The Mad Rapids—Remains of the flag-ship *Detroit*.

See those trees that are now trailing in the water. They were once flourishing on the firm bank. Look from this point at the mad rapids, as they career along to their awful boundary.

Those timbers which you observe amongst the rocks are the remains of the *Detroit*, the flag-ship of Captain Barclay, which was captured together with several other vessels, in the memorable battle of Lake Erie, when Commodore PERRY gained a decisive victory over the British, September the 10th, 1813.

The *Detroit* was brought here from Buffalo in the autumn of 1841, with the intention of sending her over the Falls. Great numbers of spectators assembled, but were doomed to be disappointed, for the *Detroit*, striking against one of those ledges of rocks in the rapids, was at once dismasted, and became a wreck ; part of her went over the Falls in the night time, and parts have been going over at intervals since, until now the few sticks which remain, are all that may be seen of the once gallant ship-of-war.

Moss Island—The miniature Cataract.

MOSS ISLAND.



HIS lovely Island is so called from its being covered with a lovely velvet-like moss. It presents one of the sweetest spots that eye can rest upon. Here that eccentric character called "The Hermit of the Falls," proposed to build a cottage in the rustic style, with a draw-bridge to the island, by which he might be alone when he pleased. It is a pity that permission was not given for the erection of this hermitage, as it would have added very much to the romance of the Falls.

The islands outside Moss Island are called the Sisters. It would be a vast addition to the interest of this locality, if these beautiful islands were united by bridges.

Between Moss and Iris Islands, there is a miniature cataract, which is inexpressibly beautiful. This the Hermit of the Falls was in the habit of using as a shower-bath, and certainly a more delightful

Head of Iris Island—The Hermit of the Falls.

one could not have been enjoyed by any prince or potentate.

We are now at the head of Iris Island. Here, before the formation of the bridge, the stranger was compelled to gratify his curiosity at the peril of his life, by navigating to this point between the rapids on either side—a daring venture.

See, here is the far-famed



HOUSE OF THE HERMIT.

Here is the spot where resided the eccentric and unfortunate FRANCIS ABBOTT, commonly known as the HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

He was a young Englishman, who, coming to visit the Falls in 1829, became so overpowered that he could not withdraw himself from the romantic spot, but remained week after week, and month after month, until at last his love of the wild scene became a mono mania, and he shunned all society, save that of nature. He was learned, highly ac-

The Hermit's last resting place.

complished, gifted with a most attractive person, and a finished elegance of manner, which at once bespoke him of high origin. But, as to his real name or history, all is secret.

In June, 1831, he was bathing in the river below the Falls, when, it is supposed, he got into the current and was drowned. His body was picked up some ten days after at Fort Niagara, and buried at his loved Niagara Falls. He was about twenty-eight years of age when he perished. But years and centuries will pass away before the memory can be obliterated of

THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

TO NIAGARA FALLS.

The Graves—Bridge at Bath Island.

THE GRAVES.



NEAR this spot on an elevated sand-bank some mounds existed, which, on examination, proved to be graves. Human remains were discovered in them; each mound containing a body in a sitting position. None of the Indian tribes now in existence can account for these remains, although it is highly probable that they were of some of the aboriginal tribes, who here worshiped the Great Spirit within the sound of his almighty voice, sent up from the fathomless depths of the waters!

We have now gained the bridge which leads to Bath Island.

THE CANADA SIDE.



HAVING now seen all that is worthy of notice on the American, let us cross to the British shore.

Here is Point View, from whence we took our first observation of the Falls; and here close at hand is the ferry-stairs. Let us step into the cars, which an overshot water-wheel when loosened, will cause to descend, and at the same time bring up the return cars on the next track to ours. This water-wheel is turned by a branch of the cataract itself. In the spring of 1850, the rocks here gave way and impeded the course of this railway for a time.

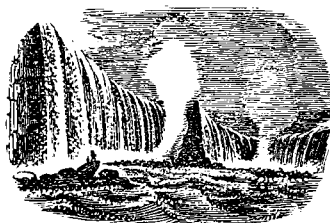
Some persons walk up these stairs for exercise or amusement; but, as there are some 700 steps, the operation is very fatiguing. There is no additional charge made for descending in the cars to those who intend to cross the ferry; all is paid for at the head of the stairs.

At the bottom of this railway is a platform, and

The ferry-boat—The brawny boatman.

an easy flight of stairs, to the right of which brings you at once into the presence of the Falls.

This view is very grand. But, muffle yourself up, and enter the ferry-boat, that we may cross to the Canada side. There is no view more comprehensive or grander than the



VIEW FROM THE FERRY

Over to the other side, is but a distance of a little over four hundred yards, in a straight line. But, to humor the current, this brawny boatman of ours pulls up towards the Falls, and is by it borne back towards his landing, which he has to pull hard for, lest he be carried past. There has been no accident to record at this apparently dangerous passage, within the memory of any one living

Crossing the river—View from the Canada side.

Now view the whole panorama of the Falls. Can any thing equal that? Look above, around, and beneath you. How awful is the might of that Supreme Being whose work this is.

The boat begins to toss, but don't be alarmed, it is the agitation of the current, and the skill of our experienced boatman will soon bear us into still water.

Gaze on that amphitheatre of Cataracts, and listen to their roar. Extensive as they seem, we have but a perspective view of them—the beautiful Horse-shoe being a considerable distance from us.

Now we are nearing the Province of Queen Victoria, where a circuitous road leads to the lofty height above.

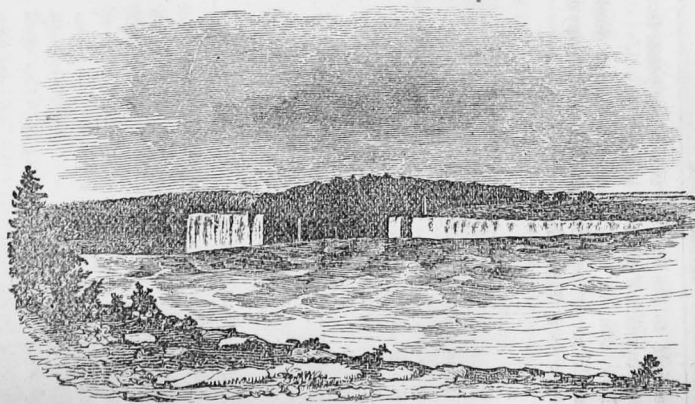
As we ascend, let us pause at intervals, and look back upon the rushing Niagara, which we have just crossed, and as we ascend still higher, and the road winds, we behold the glorious Falls in all their sublimity.

But let us advance up this easy-ascending road, for the formation of which we have to thank MESSRS. STREET and CLARKE, to whom, as a compensation, the Canadian Government granted the

View from Table Rock.

some right to the ferry for twenty-one years, from the completion of the road in 1827.

Now, that we have reached the upper world again, let us proceed towards the Falls and gaze on the view from Table Rock.



VIEW FROM TABLE ROCK.

VIEW FROM TABLE ROCK.

NIAGARA FALLS here stretches out before us in matchless might and grandeur.

This Rock, which derives its name from its flat surface, stretching over the chasm like the raised leaf of a table, is on the same level with the Falls, and belongs to the great ledge over which the Horseshoe falls.

Cautiously approach the edge, and look down. Is it not thrilling! Look not long, lest your head grow dizzy.

Table Rock was of much greater extent than it is at present. Very large portions have from time to time fallen away. In the year 1818, a piece nearly one hundred and sixty feet long, and forty feet wide, broke away at midnight, arousing and terrifying the inhabitants for miles round, with the mighty crash, which they conceived to be an earthquake. In 1828, and the following year, other portions came away, and from existing appearances,

Staircase under the rock—Table Rock from below.

it is evident that another crash may soon be expected. Let us now return to the staircase that leads under the rock.

Here we will procure the apparel necessary to protect us from the effects of a wetting, which we may surely expect.

These spiral stairs were erected by a Mr. Forsyth, several years ago, and afford a great facility for viewing one of the most astounding sights that can be presented to the mind of man, namely:

TABLE ROCK FROM BELOW

Here is a temple of the living God! Here is the sanctuary of His awful greatness. Here the incense of air and water, rising in endless mist to heaven, amid the humid thunder which roars and roars eternally.

Where may the ambitious, the proud, and the arrogant so perfectly judge of their own excessive littleness, as in the giant presence of this sacred shrine?

Come, let us press on our way behind the sheet. The spray beats hard in our faces, and with thick mist almost prevents our progress. But, remember thousands have pursued this course before us, and why not we?

The Ledge—The Rock—The Cavern.

Here we halt. The clouds of driving mists are thinner. Let us look around. The spot on which you stand, is but a ledge some three feet wide. The Rock is ninety feet above our heads, and beneath our feet, it is seventy feet down to the boiling cauldron where the tumbling waters fall.

See that vast cavern, which, like some mysterious recess of Nature, stretches out in seeming safety before us. We dare not venture more than a few feet towards it, and that at the extreme peril of our lives.

You have now seen Termination Rock. Let us return and change our wet clothes—register your name, take a certificate of your visit to this wonderful spot, rest, view the curiosities of the Museum, and return to the ferry.

Again we view from the tossed boat, the awing grandeur of the scene, and, with the details fresh upon our mind, what can be more thrilling than the great frontispiece before us?

Now we are landed once again on the soil of the United States. We ascend the railway, and are once more in the village of Niagara Falls.

The Public Garden--The Road-way to the River.

SCENES IN THE VICINITY OF THE FALLS



YOU have been round, and we may say, through the Falls, as far as practicable. Let us now view the wonders and beauties of its vicinity.

As we advance a few rods, we arrive at

• THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

Here is a beautiful summer-house on the brow of the precipice, from whence we view the Falls and the river in a magnificent light. This summer-house occupies the site of the hut erected by FRANCIS ABBOTT, the Hermit of the Falls, whose history we have before adverted to, and who resided in it for many years.

We now proceed some eighty rods further, and come to

THE ROAD-WAY TO THE RIVER.

This carriage-way was projected some 36 years ago ; but, for some reason or other was discon-



NIAGARA RIVER AND AMERICAN FALLS NEAR HOG'S BACK.

The Indian ladder—Point View.

tinued. In 1836, Mr. RATHBUN recommenced it ; but, the imprisonment of that active man for forgery put a second stop to it.

Let us go down and take a trip up to the foot of the Falls on this little steamer, appropriately named the *Maid of the Mist*. It is an excursion which amply repays the visitor, and is perfectly safe.

Here is the

INDIAN LADDER.

This, which you perceive to be no more than a large cedar tree, resting against the rock, with the limbs and a few notches answering for rounds, was once the only means of descending to the bottom of the bank—a dangerous operation, truly, and one which is never ventured on. The last daring individual, who trusted to it, being a daring hunter, named Brooks, who, several years ago, went down in pursuit of game, and fell before he reached the bottom, receiving some severe contusions.

Here is

POINT VIEW.

From this, we catch a beautiful distinct view of

Niagara City.

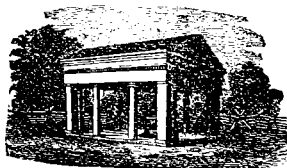
the chasm, river, and Falls, and here has grown up like magic, a considerable town, called

NIAGARA CITY,

One mile and a half below the Falls, is already well provided with places of entertainment, and has a grist mill, the shaft of the wheel of which is 200 feet long. The mill being on the top of the bank, whilst the wheel which works it is turned by the rapid Niagara river, 200 feet beneath.

This place promises to exceed in importance the village of Niagara Falls. It now possesses a fine hotel, "The New York Central Rail Road House," besides several other smaller public houses.

On the other side of the river is the town of Elgin, the terminus of the Great Western Railway.



The celebrated Mineral Spring, a few rods below the bridge, on the American side of the river, wells up between the rocks, and finds a resting-place in a stone basin. It is strongly sulphur-

Suspension Bridge.

ous, and contains lime and magnesia. This chaste little temple was designed and erected by Mr. RATHBUN.

Turn we now to the mighty attraction which gave a location and a name to Bellevue. One of the wonders of this age of wonders. What visitor could say, he saw the Falls, but not

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE ?

This truly fairy-like work was commenced in February, 1849, under the suprintendence of Charles Ellet, Jr., Esq., of Philadelphia, an Engineer of good previous reputation, and who, in this work, added much to his fame.

The bridge was contracted to be built for the "Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge Company," on the Canada side, and "The Niagara Falls International Bridge Company," on the American side conjointly ; a bill for the purpose being passed by the Legislature of each country.

The manner in which the first line of connection was formed, was at once simple, yet ingenious. A kite was procured, to the tail of which was a string, and by flying this on the one side, and letting it out until it was over the other side, the gorge was spanned by the string, by which a cord was drawn

Awful catastrophe.

across, and by means of this cord, a rope of sufficient strength to draw a cable, which latter, being well secured on both sides, was the means of transit for the first wire-cable of 36 strands, No. 10 wire, which was 1160 feet in length. Towers had now been erected on each bank, 800 feet apart, by which this wire-cable was secured, and on the 13th of March, just one month from the commencement, Mr. ELLET crossed in an iron basket, suspended from the cable. This conveyance was used constantly by the workmen in constructing the bridge. And even many persons paid for the novelty of a trip across in this frail track.

A foot-bridge, three feet in width, was soon constructed, and over this a great number of persons passed, each paying 25 cents to the contractor. A similar foot-bridge was now formed parallel to this, and the basket-cable in the middle.

A terrific scene occurred just about this time. Whilst the workmen were busy at the second foot-bridge, which was constructed about 250 feet from the American side, and about 150 from the British, a tornado from the s. w., struck it, turning it quite over. Six men were at work upon the flooring of the bridge at this awful moment, two of whom in a most unaccountable manner made their way to

Workmen rescued.

the shore upon fragments of boards. The unfinished structure was torn and wafted backwards and forwards like the broken web of a spider, and four helpless human beings, 200 feet from the shore, supported by two strands of No. 10 wire, were in constant expectation of a headlong fall and plunge into the rapids below ! Oh, who can fathom those men's thoughts just then ? But the tiny thread which held them to existence, proved strong enough to outlast the gale. On the first cessation of the tornado's force, a brave fellow-workman manned the iron basket, and with a ladder proceeded amid the pelting of the furious rain to save the sufferers. He reached the wreck ; he placed his ladder in communication with it, and the basket thus affording a means by which all were brought back safe to terra-firma, uninjured in person, but well nigh scared to death.

On the 26th of July following, Mr. ELLET drove a span of horses and a heavy carriage over and back, accompanied by his lady.

A disagreement, which had for some time existed between the directors and Mr. ELLET, now came to an open rupture, and the work was discontinued for some time.

The bridge, which we see, is not the structure

Height of the Bridge.

originally intended. This being merely preparatory to the great structure, which was to have been suspended from stone towers, 70 feet high, and which would have been 10 feet higher than the present bridge, and wholly independent of it.

The present bridge was at first economically formed of very slight materials, it not being expected to last longer than, until the great bridge was constructed, about a year and a half. It has, however, been strengthened materially, and is now capable of sustaining 250 tons, and is in use as a thoroughfare, unshaken by the greatest pressure.

The floor of the bridge is 230 feet above the river, and the depth of the river immediately under the bridge is 250 feet.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

From the Suspension Bridge to the commencement of the Whirlpool Rapids, is about a hundred rods; and the Whirlpool itself is about three miles from the Falls, and one hundred rods from the main road. A tavern occupies the intervening space, the garden of which is neatly laid out, and steps are to be found here, which lead to the river. A small fee is required of the stranger for admission.

The Whirlpool.

On the American Cliff is a charming summer-house, designed by Mr. RATHBUN.

Look down into the circular basin, bounded by giant cliffs, and see the boiling turmoil of waters surging and tossing in this greenwood embowered caldron. No living thing can struggle with this angry whirlpool. Destruction surely awaits all that falls within its reach.

Let us go down these rude steps and have a closer view of it ; for the little sticks, which we see whirled around, believe me, are in truth, large timbers.

Now, that we are at the base of the cliff, and on these level rocks, let us note the mad excitement of those raging waters.

Come round now to the right and behold the outlet of the whirlpool.

Those giant cliffs which rise three hundred feet and are not thirty rods apart, wall in the recreating waters and confine their wild impetuous rush, so that their force raises them in the middle, as they plunge some dozen feet into the air, in the very recklessness of fury.

There is a better view of the whirlpool from the Canada cliff. The rapids, as they enter, are almost

Giant Cliff.

in front of you, and below you is the outlet of the whirlpool on the Canada side.

Unlike the Falls, there is nothing to woo or win the senses about the whirlpool. It rather awes and shocks the mind with its savage fury.

We will now wander on to view



DEVIL'S HOLE FROM BELOW

This is a deep, dark cave, or chasm, in the rocky bank—a gloomy spot; the sad history connected

Rapids and outlet of Whirlpool—Massacre of Bloody Run.

with which gives it a dismal interest in the mind of the visitor. A perpendicular massy cliff rises above this demon-titled cavity, and a narrow stream pours down the cliff to the dark rocks below and hurries onward to the rapid river.

This gloomy rock-bound, forest-hidden cavern has never felt the influence of one solitary ray of light ; and from its dark thrilling depth, it probably derives its most appropriate name. There is another claim which it possesses, and which likewise gave name to that little stream, which may be found in the thrilling narrative of

THE MASSACRE OF BLOODY RUN.

In the year 1759, when the British had just made good their stand, by the possession of Forts Niagara and Schlosser—the French still hovering round them, having in pay the Seneca Indians, who were then a very powerful tribe—a large supply of provisions was forwarded from Fort Niagara to Fort Schlosser, guarded by a body of one hundred regulars. The Chief of the Senecas, anxious to show his ardor in the cause of his pay-masters, formed an ambuscade of his best warriors, several hundred strong. This was the spot chosen ; it being at that day so thickly overgrown with bushes, that

Indian ambuscade.

it afforded an admirable place for the execution of the horrid project. The wily Indian formed his line along the hill and around the plain in such a manner as to completely surround his victims, when they should have passed a certain line.

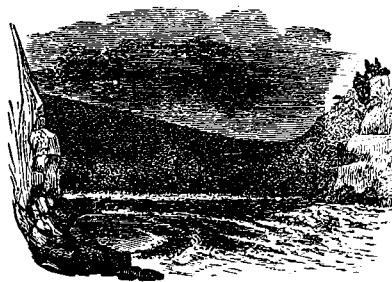
The day was sultry, and the doomed convoy not expecting any danger near, scattered, and loitered, and dragged on their weary way, until they came to the Devil's Hole, when, in gratification of their wondering curiosity, they sat or lay down around the margin of the fearful precipice. Their fancied security was now broken in upon by a tremendous volley of fire-arms, accompanied by the yells of their savage enemies, who now rushed from their cover, and giving their unhappy victims no time for consideration, tomahawked and knifed them on the spot. The whole convoy of wagons, horses, soldiers and drivers were hurled over the precipice, and dashed to pieces on the rocks below! whilst the little stream swelled to a torrent, purple red with human gore.

Of all that gallant, heedless convoy, but two escaped to tell the story of its fate; the one a Mr. Stedman, and the other a private soldier, who was forced over the precipice, but had the good fortune in falling, to be caught on the limb of a

Escape of Mr. Stedman.

tree by the belt. Mr. Stedman dashed his horse through the Indian lines, and escaped, amid a storm of bullets, to Fort Schlosser, with his clothes completely riddled. The soldier arrived in safety, under cover of the night, at Fort Niagara.

Some years ago, bones, broken wheels, and other mementos of this cruel assault were found down in the chasm and on the rocks, but they have long since been lost in the gulf.



OUTLET OF THE WHIRLPOOL, ON THE CANADA SIDE.

ACCIDENTS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED
AT THE FALLS.

ON Saturday, the 13th of July, 1850, as a boy, ten years old, was rowing his father over to their home on Grand Island, the father being so very drunk as not to be able to assist any more than to steer the canoe, the wind, which was very strong off shore, so frustrated the efforts of his tiny arm, that the canoe in spite of him, got into the current and finally into the rapids, within a very few rods of the Falls! On went the frail shell, careering and plunging as the mad waters chose. Still the gallant little oarsman maintained his struggle with the raging billows, and actually got the canoe by his persevering manœuvring so close to Iris Island, as to have her driven by a providential wave in between the little islands, called the Sisters. Here the father and his dauntless boy were in still greater danger for an instant; for, there is a fall

Accidents at the Falls.

between the two islands, over which had they gone, no earthly power could have withheld their final passage to the terrific precipice, which forms the Horse-shoe Fall ! But the sudden dash of a wave capsized the canoe, and left the two struggling in the water. Being near a rock, and shallow, the boy lost no time, but seizing his father by the coat collar, he dragged him up to a place of safety, where the crowd of anxious citizens awaited to lend assistance. The poor boy on reaching the shore in safety, instantly fainted, while his miserable father was sufficiently sobered by the perils he had passed through ; and, if he have the mind of a man he can never recur to that awful voyage, without a shudder of horror at his own beastly appetite, which reduced him to such a condition as to endanger not alone his own life, but that of his gallant and dutiful child.

The canoe was dashed to pieces on the rocks ere it reached its final leap.

Had it been at the other side of Iris Island, that the canoe was driven amongst the rapids, it would not have been possible to entertain the most distant hope of their escape. There never was known an instance of a boat on that side living in the rapids.

Table Rock, less in extent than formerly.

A German, from Buffalo, some two years since, a shoemaker by trade, either through accident or design, it is not known which, was sailing down the rapids in a small boat. There were several spectators of his terrific situation, standing on the bridge leading to Bath Island, at the time of his approach, as the dancing boat careered over the rolling rapids and bore him close to the bridge, he called out, "Shall I jump out, or remain?" They were too horrified to answer him, and in another instant the boat had passed beneath the bridge, and was bumping among the rocks, and plunging on the backs of the rapids. At last, the boat was capsized and the doomed man was borne to the terrible brink, where his body was raised to an upright position and carried down into eternity!

On another occasion, a poor woman was washing clothes in the mill-stream, with her little child, playing in a tub, near her. Before she was aware of the terrible fact, the tub, with the child, had floated into the river, and thence, ere mortal aid could come, into the rapids, which soon bore the poor parent's doomed offspring over the relentless cataract, drowning her screams with its ceaseless thunders!

CHARLES ADDINGTON AND NETTIE DE FOREST.

Lunar Island never saw a more delightful evening than that of June 21st, 1849, enlivened as it was, by young and happy hearts, full, even to bursting, with their own joyousness. The gay party in question consisted of Mrs. De Forest, of Buffalo, Mrs. Miller, and Mr. Bowen, who getting tired, took advantage of some seats on Iris Island, whilst the young people to the number of nine, repaired to Lunar Island ; where having enjoyed themselves, and being about to return to Iris Island, CHARLES ADDINGTON playfully caught Nettie De Forest and pretended to throw her into the stream. The buoyant child jumped from him, and in an instant was in the wild current! Poor Charles Addington, without a pause, sprung after her, and both were carried over the dreadful precipice, locked in each other's arms, with their agonized countenances turned to the last on the horrified group of companions, who saw, but could not save them!

Miss De Forest's mangled remains were found the next day, at 2 o'clock, p. m., in the Cave of the Winds, and in a few days after the body of the gallant and generous young Addington was likewise recovered and interred in the village.

Accidents at the Falls.

We will make no apology for introducing here the following beautiful lines, written on this sad event, by a young lady of taste and feeling.

ON THE LATE DISASTER AT THE FALLS.

A mild and lovely day had past,
Too bright, like earthly hopes, to last,
And Luna rose, with placid smile,
To greet her small but favorite isle;
In rivalry of Sol, to throw
A richer veil of light below,
And challenge isle, and shore, and stream,
To praise her milder, lovelier beam.

On that fair isle were gather'd then,
Reluctant still to leave the scene,
A pleasant group. Joy, love, and grace
Beam'd all around, from every face.
Sweet Antoinette, that favor'd child,
Gambol'd so innocent and wild;
Wreath'd every lip with smiles, to see
Her joyous spirit bounding free.
Had angels taught it, hovering round
With heav'nly grace, to spurn the ground;
That soon immortal it should soar
Where earth could fetter it no more?

A manly youth and maiden fair,
Parents and friends, were standing there,
And all with flashing wit and song
The pleasing hours would fain prolong.
Enchantment clothed the earth and sky
Ah! who could dream of danger nigh!

Angels of light were passing near—
They "walk unseen" the earth and air,



GENERAL VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS FROM THE CANADA SIDE.

Accidents at the Falls.

And knew those parents soon must part
 From joys entwined around the heart;
 Confiding love receive the blow
 That lays a worship'd idol low.
 Surely a pitying angel's tear
 Chill'd that fond father's heart with fear,
 "Come here, my child! come here!" he cried,
 "Beware the rushing river's tide."
 "Never you mind—let her alone;
 I'll watch," said noble Addington.

She pull'd his coat in playful glee—
 "Aha! you rogue! you're caught," said he,
 "Now shall I throw you in?" She laughs;
 Her trembling form he touch'd;
 She sprang—she falls; "O mercy! save!"
 "She's gone! O God!" one look he gave,
 One word of horror, that shall dwell
 For ever fresh in memory's cell;
 Then sprang to clasp that precious trust.
 Gigantic efforts fail. "We must
 Be lost! Great God! no human aid
 Avails us now! Save us," he pray'd,
 "For Jesus' sake, O save our souls!"
 The dashing torrent onward rolls,
 Unheeding that shrill, bitter cry
 Of living, human agony,
 Bursting afresh when straining eyes
 Fail'd soon the loved ones to decry
 Upon the raging waters tost,
 "Heart-rending cry, "They're lost! they're lost!"

For "Jesus' sake,"—that matchless word—
 It soared to heaven. The Father heard:
 "Fly, Gabriel, with thy chosen band,
 Take crowns of gold, and harps in hand;
 Array'd in robes of spotless white,
 Conduct them to these realms of light."

Accidents at the Falls.

Uprising from the rapid's foam,
Redeem'd those blessed spirits come,
O! what a radiant sight in view;
With eager haste the angels flew,
Striking their golden harps anew.
"Come, sister spirits, come away,
Come home to heaven," their joyful lay.

O, mourning souls! could ye but hear
Those strains salute the ravish'd ear;
Tears for the living would be shed;
Smiles are the tribute for the dead,
Not "wreathing lips" soon to depart
Playing forever round the heart.
Grief, pain and death disturb no more,
Not "lost those dear one's gone before."

Let, still, Niagara lovely seem,
Its island, mist, and rapid stream,
Its fleeting bows of splendore bright,
Fall pleasantly upon the sight.
Remember that two cherish'd flowers,
Transplanted to celestial bowers,
The river from that island bore,
To bloom unfading evermore.
Prayer, grateful, like that mist, should rise
From depths of sorrow to the skies;
Then shall the "Sun of righteousness"
Shine through its prism of grief, and bless
With bows of promise, bright and warm,
Fadeless in sunshine and in storm.
And when ye hear the ceaseless sound
That thundering shakes the solid ground,
The cataract in its dark career,
O, not in sorrow close the ear!
Let Faith behold that seraph throng,
Whose ceaseless and eternal song,

Accidents at the Falls.

Like "sound of many waters" seem,
And love and bliss are all the theme,
Praising the Wise and Good Supreme.

Pleasant Valley, 1849.

MARY.

Thus perished in the flower of their youth, two promising hopes of heart-wrung parents. Poor Mrs. DE FOREST did not long survive the dreadful fate of her "Nettie," and the anguishing scene of that awful evening has made an impression on the horrified young spectators which time can never erase.

MISS MARTHA K. RUGG.

This young lady had visited the Falls, when on her way to Detroit to visit a sister, in August, 1844.

On the memorable morning of the 24th, whilst approaching Table Rock, she stepped upon the bank, about fifty rods below the Museum, letting go the arm of the gentleman who accompanied her, in order to pluck some evergreens—when the earth, giving way with her weight, she was precipitated down a perpendicular height of one hundred and twenty feet, falling on a bed of sharp rocks ! The poor girl gave one piercing shriek ; her companion grasped her shawl, which gave way, and she descended ! Doctor G. A. Sturgis, of New

Accidents at the Falls.

York, happening to be at the Falls, and just then in the Museum, near at hand, hurried down the stairs at Table Rock, accompanied by several, and after much labor and fatigue reached the fatal spot, where they found Miss Rugg on the pointed rocks still alive. On being bled, she revived, and said, faintly, to those around her, "Pick me up." This was done, and she was conveyed in a boat to the ferry-landing, and from thence to the Clifton House, where she expired in three hours from the time of this melancholy accident.

DEATH OF D. HUNGERFORD.

Nor are the chances of accident confined to the descent. There is danger in many places where strangers go—and, although those accidents happen seldom, yet, when they do occur, there is a painful memory of the solitary case, for years after its occurrence. Such, for instance, was that of D. HUNGERFORD, of Troy, in this State.

About 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 27th of May, 1839, the doctor in company with Mr. Niles, of Columbus, (O.), and Mr. Lindsey, the guide, were viewing the river and the Falls, from below Iris Island; and, being satisfied, were about to depart, when a cloud of falling dust, told too plainly

Accidents at the Falls.

that some of the impending mass above was falling, Mr. Niles and the guide, in hurrying from the spot, became informed of the melancholy fact, that D. HUNGERFORD had been severely hurt by some of the fallen mass. They carried him away, but he did not long survive—having been struck on the head and neck.

THE WHITE CANOES.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

In years gone by, when the forest wild closed in the sublime temple of nature, which is now unveiled to the inquisitive white man in the sheeted cataract of Niagara—when, none, save the Indian worshippers, ventured to gaze upon the place where their simple, yet beautifully imaginative faith taught them to feel the presence of the Great Being, whose solemn voice made the forest ring, and the ground tremble,—it was customary to offer a living sacrifice, once a year, to be conveyed by the foaming messengers of the water-spirit, to the unknown gulf, which, through the light of imagination alone they knew aught about.

In the bright autumnal month of August, when all earth's flowers were at their richest, and the

Accidents at the Falls.

fruits had attained their mellowest tint and taste, ere Time could bring his sickle round them, the watchful sachem gave the word, and the full fruits and flowers were stowed in a white canoe, to be paddled by the fairest maiden that had just then arrived at woman-hood.

Honored was that tribe, whose turn it was to float their blooming offering to the shrine of the Great Spirit ; and still more honored was the maid who was a fitting sacrifice.

LENA was the only child and darling of ORONTA, the proudest Chief of the Senecas. Full many a bloody fight had seen his single feather pass in triumph, like the pestilential blast, scathing where he came, and leaving, when he left the red track of his hatchet and tomahawk.

Spring followed Spring, Summer breathed on Summer, and Autumn ripened into Autumn, as Time crowned each year with glories which he but prepared for withering Winter's cold embrace. And every annual round had sent an offering to the thunder-god of the secluded Niagara.

ORONTA danced in pride and triumph at many a holy feast, which followed the sacrificial gift, which his rejoicing tribe had in their turn given. But ORONTA felt not for the fathers, whose precious

Accidents at the Falls.

jewels were thus taken from their wigwam, and committed to the grave of roaring waters. ORONTA thought not that they had earthly feelings, which the ardor of religion could not always quite subdue. ORONTA had lost his fair wife, CALMA; but it was by a foeman's arrow, and terribly had he avenged his bereavement.

Since that event, his motherless child had felt the glow of fifteen summers—till, like a rose she opened all her beauties to the maturing breath of Nature.

The day of sacrifice came. It belongs to the Senecas, and LENA is the only offering fitting the occasion.

Can the proud ORONTA show his weakness ? Can he let the father's bursting bosom be seen to tremble ? Can he give ear to Nature, lest she blend his love and pity in *a tear*, that may fall down a blot upon his name ?

The moon-lit hour is come ; the rejoicing dance goes on ; ORONTA has parted his LENA, to meet where the Great Spirit reigns. His wigwam on the high bank is lonely now.

* * * * *

The yell of fanatic triumph goes up from a thousand Senecas. The white canoe has shot from

yonder bank, and the sachems, as they gaze upon it, shout to heaven their joyous benediction.

But, ere the dancing craft has yet approached its doomed descent, behold another white canoe has shot out on the mad rapids, and both are bound for eternity !

The first bears the full blown offering of fruits and flowers, with LENA for their fairest. She goes as an offering of the highest value ; and she is followed by ORONTA, who brings his full grown glories of battle and of chase, a willing offering for a reunion with his wife and child.

By a strange chance, Lena's little vessel pauses by a rock, just on the verge of the descent—permitting Oronta's to come near—when, both together rise upon the plunging rapids, one look—one mutual look of love, of hope, of happiness, is exchanged—and the forest rings again with the yell of the Senecas, as the father and the child drop down the cataract together in their WHITE CANOES !

CONCLUSION.



O W, reader, we have visited the principal points of attraction in this vicinity of wonders ; it is for you to decide, whether you will remain, study, and contemplate what we have gone over.

It is not by a hasty visit, you can become acquainted with the unequalled scenes of the world-renowned Niagara. No, you must stay and stray ; you must look out for new lights of beauty in which to view them, and you will be sure to find such, however often you seek !

The time is a grand point in viewing these scenes to perfection. It is not in the glare of the noon-day, when all around is rich and gay with the reflection of the radiant sunbeam : It is not in the company of laughter-loving, thoughtless youth ; It is, rather, by yourself alone, at sunrise, when the mists are rising in their majesty, like incense up to heaven ; encircled by the peerless rainbow, which

Look out and contemplate.

the rising orb of day has sent to herald his coming,
in hues of brightest hope.

Or, view these varied scenes under the heaven-born influence of a moon-lit night ; and, oh, what mind would not soften its thoughts to tears, in that holy contemplation of Nature and of God !

Late Casualty at the Falls.

On Saturday, the 18th of June, 1853, three men belonging to a scow used for taking sand down the river, who had got into a boat attached to the scow, having become separated therefrom, were hurried down the river. The boat was swamped, the men cast into the river, two of them being at once carried over the Falls, the other, named Joseph Avery, by chance striking and clinging to a stump about midway between the Falls and Goat Island Bridge. Here he remained, half clinging to and half perching upon the log, from which he would occasionally slip down and walk a little on the rocks which were only a short distance under water. A few feet in advance was a small fall of about four or five feet, and here and on each side of him, the waters rushed wildly on at a speed of about forty miles an hour. About two o'clock in the afternoon, a raft was constructed, formed of crossed timbers, strongly fastened in a square form, a hogshhead being placed in the center. The raft was strongly secured with ropes on each side, and was floated down to the rocks upon which Avery was stationed. As it approached the spot where he stood, the rope got fast in the rocks, and the raft became immovable. Avery then appeared to muster strength and courage, and descending from the log, walked over the rocks to the place where the rope had caught, and labored long and hard to disengage it from the rocks. After some time he succeeded, and then, with renewed energy, inspired by the hope of rescue, he pulled manfully at the rope until he succeeded in bringing the raft from the current toward his fearful resting-place.

Avery now got on to the raft, making himself fast thereto by means of ropes which had been placed there for that purpose, and those on the land commenced drawing it toward the shore.—It had approached within *thirty feet* of one of the small islands, toward which its course was directed, when suddenly it became stationary in the midst of the rapids, the ropes having again caught in the rocks. All endeavors to move it were found to be in vain, and much fear was entertained that the strain upon the ropes might break them and occasion the poor fellow's loss.—Various suggestions were now volunteered, and several attempts were made to reach him. One man went out in a boat as far as he dared to venture, and asked him if he would fasten a rope

round his body and trust to being drawn in by that. The poor fellow, however, shook his head despondingly, as though he felt that he had not strength enough remaining to make himself secure to a rope. At length a boat was got ready—a life-boat, which had arrived from Buffalo—and was launched. Seeing the preparations, Avery unloosed his fastenings, with the intention of being ready to spring into the boat. Borne on by the rushing waters, and amid the breathless suspense of the spectators, the boat approached the raft. A thrill ran through the crowd—the boat lived in the angry waves—it struck the raft—a shout of joy rang forth from the shores, for it was believed that he was saved—when suddenly the hope that had been raised was again destroyed—a moment's confusion followed the collision, and in the next the victim was seen in the midst of the waters, separated from his frail support and struggling for life. For a minute or two the poor fellow, striking out boldly, swam strongly toward the island, and the cry echoed from shore to shore that he would yet be saved. But soon the fact became certain that he receded from the shore—his strength was evidently failing. Gradually he was borne back into the fiercest part of the current—slowly at first, then more rapidly. Swiftly and more swiftly he approached the brink of the fatal precipice—the waters had him at last, their undisputed victim, and madly they whirled him on to death, as though enraged at his persevering efforts to escape their fury. A sickening feeling came over the spectators when, just on the brink of the precipice, the doomed man sprang up from the waters—clear from their surface—raising himself upright as a statue, with his arms flung wildly aloft, and with a piercing shriek that rang loudly above the mocking roar of the cataract, fell back again into the foaming waves, and was hurled over the brow of the fatal precipice! We have no heart for comment upon the melancholy and awful event. The fate of poor Avery will add another to the many fearful local incidents already related by the guides at the Falls, and for years his critical situation, his hard struggles, his fearful death, will be the theme of many a harrowing tale. And visitors to the mighty cataract will seek the scene of the terrible catastrophe with a shuddering curiosity, and the timid and the imaginative will fancy, in the dusk of the evening, that they still hear above the waters' roar the fearful shriek that preceded the fatal plunge.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*



The new Railway Suspension Bridge.

THE NEW RAILWAY SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Immediately over the original Suspension bridge erected at Niagara City, there has been constructed a firm and stable bridge for the passage of the Great Western, and New York Central Rail Road trains. The largest trains pass over it without causing the slightest vibration.

This Rail Road Bridge, which is entirely independent of that for foot passengers and vehicles, is suspended on either side, from iron towers anchored in the solid rock. The height of the towers on the American side, is 88 feet; on the Canada side, but 78 feet. The length of span from tower to tower, 882 feet. The flooring is elevated 60 feet above the lower bridge, and 234 feet above the river. The cables from which the flooring is suspended, are each formed of 3,659 strands of No. 9 wire. The weight of the superstructure is 750 tons; the weight of average trains, 500 tons, making an aggregate weight of 1,250 tons when a train is crossing the bridge. The total strength of cables is 12,400 tons; so that it is really capable of sustaining a weight *ten times greater* than is required for the safe passage of usual railway trains.

Lewiston.

LEWISTON.



LEWISTON LANDING.

Three miles below the Devil's Hole, and at the northern terminus of the Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Lewiston Rail Road, is the village of Lewiston. It is picturesquely situated upon an even tract of country, which reaches from the mountain ridge to Lake Ontario, and presents that pleasing and lovely appearance which characterizes so many American villages.

The village was named in honor of Gov. Lewis, in 1805, and was destroyed by the British forces in 1813. At the termination of the war it was rebuilt and has gradually increased to its present

Lewiston.

size. A very flourishing academy, four or five churches, and a well conducted hotel—"The American"—grace the village.

Fort Green and the Five-mile Meadows, localities interesting from their connection with reminiscences of border strife, are both within short rides of the village.

The site of the village of Lewiston once formed the home of the Mohawk Indians, who, after leaving the banks of the river bearing their name, in the State of New York, resorted to this place, and here, under the leadership of their celebrated chief "Thayendenega," known in civilized life as Joseph Brant, formed a considerable village.

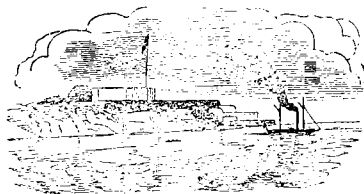
The "Tuscaroras," an Indian tribe that has long dwelt in the vicinity of the Falls, have a village within three miles of Lewiston.

The character of the scenery of Niagara River is changed at Lewiston. The river from the brow of the mountain sweeps on in a tranquil current to the lake. The shores retain all their beauty, but lose their wildness. Fine farms and beautiful groves line the river on either side.

The Ontario and St. Lawrence Steamboat Company's line of beautiful steamers ply regularly during the summer months between Lewiston, Toronto,

Steamers on Lake Ontario.

Cape Vincent, Oswego, Ogdensburg, and Montreal. The boats forming the line are commodious and tastefully decorated, and unsurpassed for comfort and seaworthy qualities.



FORT MASSASAUGUA, AT THE MOUTH OF NIAGARA RIVER.

QUEENSTON.

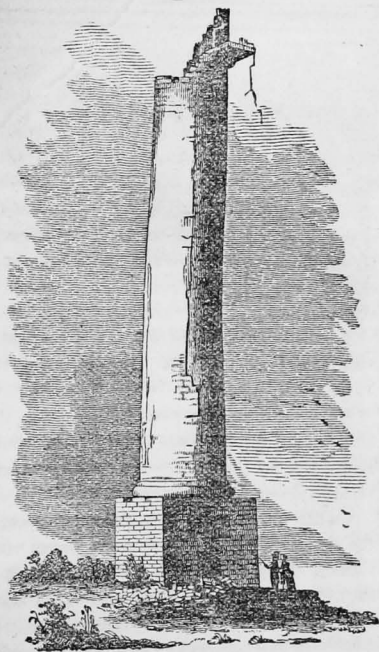
Queenston, opposite Lewiston, is a small, quaint-looking, and very irregular village. The place is celebrated as the possessor of two dingy-looking and dilapidated taverns, a stranded horse-boat of ancient construction, and as the scene of one of the hardest fights during the last war with Great Britain. On Queenston Heights, which overlook

the village, was fought the most desperately contested battle of the late war, in which the American forces finally lost a thrice-won victory, and were compelled to lay down their arms. The English sustained a severe loss in the death of General Brock, which no victory could compensate. He was killed by a musket ball, in the early part of the action, while cheering on the troops under his command. When struck he was standing by a cherry tree, which tree exists, in an orchard to the right, at the foot of the mountain-plain.

From the Heights of Queenston an extensive view of the country, river, and lake, is presented to the gaze of nature's admirers.

Upon the most lofty point of Queenston Heights a monument was erected to the memory of General Brock, by the Provincial Legislature, and his remains deposited within its vault.

On the night of the seventeenth of April, 1840, the monument was blown up by some villain, or villains, unknown, and completely ruined. The engraving on the opposite page represents the monument after the work of destruction had been done. In the year 1853 the Canadian authorities razed the old monument, and erected a plain and substantial structure, which now stands.



THE ORIGINAL BROCK'S MONUMENT, AS IT APPEARED AFTER IT WAS
BLOWN UP.

Table Rock.

THE LAST OF THE TABLE ROCK AT NIAGARA.
THE WORKING OF THE FALLS.

The Falls of Niagara are gradually moving up stream. The last of the Table Rock has tumbled in. It was inevitable. It had to go. Nothing can be more simple than the work of excavation which, from time immemorial, has been going on at Niagara Falls. Almost every year, and frequently several times in a year, some portion of the shelf over which the river plunges tumbles into the chasm below, creating some visible change in the grand curve of the Horse Shoe, or in the irregular line of the American Fall.

The process, as we have said, is exceedingly simple. The general level of the country of Lake Ontario is some three hundred feet lower than that of Lake Erie. The depression is abruptly marked by a terrace drawn across Niagara river, near Lake Ontario, from which lake said terrace appears like a mountain ridge stretching across the country, the summit of this ridge forming the level of the country of Lake Erie. In the original outflow from Erie to Ontario, then, the river was very naturally precipitated over this terrace, as

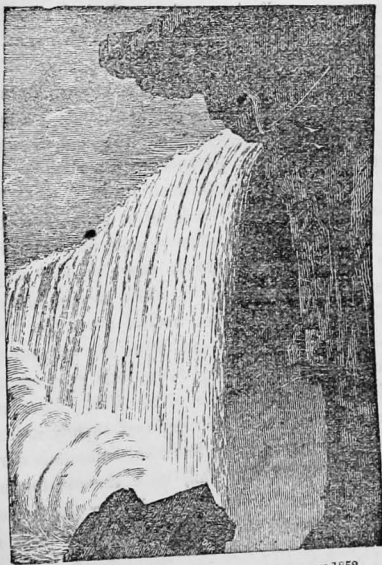


TABLE ROCK FROM BELOW, AS IT APPEARED IN 1852.

Table Rock.

down the side of a mountain. But soon the fall became perpendicular, as the geological structure of this upper country will show in a glance at the sides of the chasm below the present falls.

From Lake Erie to the descent near Ontario, the first formation under the arable soil is a mass of primitive limestone from eighty to one hundred feet thick. Underneath this a friable slate or shale succeeds, which is underlined by sand, &c. The river finds it a slow business to grind down this immense overlapping plate of solid limestone; but the work of excavation is easy by the simple process of undermining it. The stream at first, falling over the terrace, washed away the loose materials at the base, and from the tremendous volume of water pouring down, soon scooped out a deep basin at the foot of the Fall. Then the action of water and air combined rapidly disintegrated and moved away the friable materials forming the back of the Fall, until the overtopping layer of limestone was left projecting like a shelf across the stream, over which the mighty mass of waters was thrown into the chasm below. But as the work of disintegration went on underneath, and as the pulverized materials were washed away, this impending shelf of limestone, from its superincum-

Table Rock.

bent weight, broke off and fell into the basin; and thus the Niagara Falls have undoubtedly been working their way up stream for several thousand years.

In this way the deep and narrow gorge, or *cañon*, of some nine or ten miles from the Falls to the lower country, has been cut out. The masses of rocks which form the fearful rapids down this awful passage, are but the fragments from the common level of the cliffs, which, on each side, indicate a solid body of limestone of from eighty to one hundred feet in thickness. The same process accounts for the Table Rock and its fall. In the course of years another table rock will thus be formed, projecting over the water, and admitting of a state passage under it between the falling river in front and the crumbling wall behind it; but this, too, as its basis is removed, will, from the elementary laws of gravitation, tumble into the gulf.

The work of retrogradation at Niagara is slower, as we should judge, at this time than ever before. The intervention of an island has divided the stream, and the great width of the Canadian branch alone has diminished the excavating force of the river to less than half its power when the Falls were a

Table Rock.

mile lower down, and the whole overplus of Lake Erie was concentrated into a channel of some eight hundred feet wide. From the American shore to the Canadian, including the island, the circuit of the Falls now is extended to nearly a mile. But they illustrate at a glance their future plan of operations. Comparatively a light body of water passes over the American channel, insufficient to scoop out a bed for the broken limestone as it tumbles in. It therefore lies piled up in rugged masses above the surface of the water where it has fallen. This branch of the river, too, has dropped a third of a mile or more behind the Canadian, from the same cause; the lack of the motive power to do the work. It will be observed, also, that the centre of the Horse Shoe is gaining rapidly upon the sides, the heaviest body of water being in the centre. The Horse Shoe will thus probably reach the head of Goat Island, and absorb the water of both channels, before the American Fall shall have made a hundred yards further up stream. In this event the village of Niagara Falls will be left high and dry, and Goat Island will become part of the main land.

HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

HIS ARRIVAL AT NIAGARA—EFFECT OF THE SCENE—
RY—HIS HABITS, MANNERS, AND ENDOWMENTS—
RESIDENCE AND DEATH—OTHER PARTICULARS.

"But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men, to herd with Man, with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quelled
In youth, by his own thoughts; still, uncompelled,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own recoiled;
Proud, though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind."

Francis Abbott, the Hermit of the Falls, whose unsocial life, and untimely fate, have made a deep impression upon the public mind, may justly claim the courtesy of a notice, far more lengthy than our limits will permit—we must be brief. There is a charm in every mystery that attracts observation, and excites curiosity. His character is a sealed volume—his life scarcely less so—both are inexplicable. The written pages of his heart and mind are open to the All-seeing alone.

In humble guise, he came to Niagara in 1829, to remain, perhaps, for a week. He grew enamored of the place. The glorious scenery wooed his

Hermit of the Falls.

melancholy spirit by its sublime grandeur. His visit was prolonged,—month after month rolled away, and still he lingered upon its sounding shores. Shunning all society but the companionship of nature; with her only could his soul stoop to be intimate. The darkest seclusions, the most dangerous paths, and the most august scenes, alone seemed to possess charms for his idiosyncrasy of mind.

Learned, accomplished, traveled, gifted with personal beauty, conventional elegance, and singular powers of pleasing, why should he withdraw from communion with his kind, and choose Nature and Solitude for his only ministers? Music and letters were the only luxuries in which he indulged:—his music was hushed when a step approached,—whatever he wrote was destroyed almost as soon as written.

Sometimes, but rarely, he would converse, and eloquence seemed to sit upon his tongue—more frequently, he would indulge in moody silence, repelling every attempt to engage him in discourse. He was not misanthropic, for he did not hate or despise, but only avoid, his fellow men. He was imbued with a deep sense of religion, and led a blameless life.

Hermit of the Falls.

He asked permission to build a hut on one of the Three Sisters, which he desired to insolate by a drawbridge, but was refused. He lived on Iris Island about twenty months, in an old house yet standing; and when driven from that, by the intrusion of a family, he erected a hut on the brow of the bank, below, but near Prospect Point, in which he resided till his death, which occurred in June, 1831. He went into the river, below the Falls, to bathe, according to his usual custom, and was shortly missed by the ferryman. His body was found at Fort Niagara, ten days after his decease, and removed to the Falls for burial. His age was about twenty-eight years.

An allowance, ample for his maintenance, was furnished by his friends in England,—his father is rector of a parish in that country. Little else is known of his history, than we have here related. His unsocial and other eccentricities, have given him the title of 'Hermit of the Falls,' and much curiosity, is manifested by visitors, as to his character and habits. He sleeps in death, by the scenes he loved while living, peace to his repose!

Hermit of the Falls.

THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

It was the leafy month of June,
And joyous nature, all in tune,
With wreathing buds was dressed,
As towards Niagara's fearful side
A youthful stranger pressed.
His ruddy cheek was blanch'd with awe,
And scarce he seemed his breath to draw,
While, bending o'er its brim,
He mark'd its strong, unfathom'd tide,
And heard its thunder-hymn.

His measured week too quickly fled,
Another and another sped;
And soon the summer rose decay'd,
The moon of autumn sank in shade;
Years filled their circle, brief and fair,
Yet still the enthusiast linger'd there,
Till winter hurl'd its dart.
For deeply round his soul was wove
A mystic chain of quenchless love,
That would not let him part.

When darkest midnight veil'd the sky,
You'd hear his hasting step go by,
To gain the bridge beside the deep,
That thread-like o'er the surge
Shot, where the wildest torrents leap;
And there upon its awful verge,
His vigil lone to keep.

Hermit of the Falls.

And, when the moon, descending low,
Hung on the flood that gleaming bow,
Which it would seem some angel's hand,
With heaven's own pencil, tinged and spann'd,
Pure symbol of a better land,
He, kneeling, poured in utterance free
The eloquence of ecstacy;
Though to his words no answer came,
Save that one Everlasting name
Which, since creation's morning broke,
Niagara's lip alone hath spoke.

When win'try tempests shook the sky,
And the rent pine-tree hurtled by,
Undimching 'mid the storm he stood,
And marked sublime the wrathful flood.
While wrought the frost-king fierce and drear,
His palace mid those cliffs to rear,
And strike the massive buttress strong,
And pile his sleet the rocks among,
And wasteful deck the branches bare
With icy diamonds, rich and rare.

Nor lacked the hermit's humble shed
Such comforts as our natures ask
To fit them for our daily task,—
The cheering fire, the peaceful bed—
The simple meal in season spread;
While by the lone lamp's trembling light,
As blazed the hearth-stone clear and bright,
O'er Homer's page he hung,
Or Maro's martial numbers scanned;
For classic lore of many a land
Flowed smoothly o'er his tongue.
Oft, with wrapt eye and skill profound,
He woke the entrancing viol's sound,
Or touched the sweet guitar;

For heavenly music deigned to dwell
An inmate in his cloister'd cell,

Hermit of the Falls.

As beams the solemn star
All night, with meditative eyes,
Where some lone rock-bound fountain lies.
As through the groves with quiet tread
On his accustom'd haunt he sped,
The mother thrush, unstartled, sung
Her descant to her callow young;
And fearless o'er his threshold pressed
The wanderer from the sparrow's nest;
The squirrel raised a sparkling eye,
Nor from his kernel cared to fly
As pass'd that gentle hermit by.
No timid creature shrank to meet
His pensive glance serenely sweet;
From his own kind alone he sought
The screen of solitary thought.
Whether the world too harshly pressed
Its iron o'er a yielding breast,
Or taught his morbid youth to prove
The pang of unrequited love,
We know not, for he never said
Aught of the life that erst he led.

On Iris isle, a summer bower
He twined with branch, and vine, and flower;
And there he mused, on rustic seat,
Unconscious of the noonday heat;
Or 'neath the crystal water lay,
Luxuriant, in the swimmer's play.
Yet once, the whelming flood grew strong,
And bore him like a weed along,
Though with convulsive throes of pain
And heaving breast, he strove in vain;
Then sinking neath the infuriate tide,
Lone as he lived, the hermit died.

On, by the rushing current swept,
The lifeless corse its voyage kept,
To where in narrow gorge compressed
The whirling eddies never rest,

Hermit of the Falls.

But boil with wild tumultuous sway,
The maelstrom of Niagara;
And there within that rocky bound,
In swift gyrations round and round,
Mysterious course it held;
Now springing from the torrent hoarse,
Now battling as with maniac force,
To mortal strife compelled.

Right fearful 'neath the moonbeam bright,
It was to see that brow so white,
And mark the ghastly dead
Leap upward from his torture bed,
As if in passion gust,
And tossing wild with agony,
To mock the omnipotent decree
Of dust to dust.

At length when smoother waters flow,
Emerging from the gulf below,
The hapless youth they gained and bore
Sad to his own forsaken door,
There watch'd his dog with straining eye,
And scarce would let the train pass by;
Save that, with instinct's rushing spell,
Through the changed cheek's empurpled hue,
And stiff and stony form, he knew
The master he had loved so well.

The kitten fair—whose graceful wile
So oft had won his musing smile,
As at his foot she held her play—
Stretched on his vacant pillow lay;
While strewed around, on board and chair,
The last plucked flower, the book last read,
The ready pen, the page outspread,
The water-cruise, the unbroken bread,
Revealed how sudden was the snare
That swept him to the dead.

Hermit of the Falls.

And so he rests in foreign earth,
Who drew mid Albion's tales his birth.
Yet let no cynic phrase unkind
Condemn that youth of gentle mind,
Of shrinking nerve and lonely heart,
And lettered lore and tuneful art,

Who here his humble worship paid,
In that most glorious temple-shrine,
Where to the majesty divine

Nature her noblest altar made.

No, blame him not, but praise the Power
Who in the dear, domestic bower,
Hath given you firmer strength to rear
The plants of love with toil and fear,
The beam to meet, the blast to dare,
And like a faithful soldier hear,
Still with sad heart his requiem pour,
Amid the cataract's ceaseless roar,
Nor grudge one tear of pitying gloom
To dew the sad enthusiast's tomb.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.



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