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Niagara Falls





ICE MOUNTAIN AS SEEN FROM PROSPECT POINT.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Photogr. by
Geo. E. Burtis, H. F. Nielson
Chas. Davis.



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MATTHEWS, NORTHRUP & CO.
— BUFFALO AND NEW YORK —
ART-PRINTING WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.
1890.

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NIAGARA FALLS.

INTRODUCTION.

READER, this little pamphlet is written at the request of gentlemen who are interested in the prosperity of Niagara Falls as a public resort; whose business it is to entertain the traveling public, and who desire to convince you that it will be for your advantage and lasting pleasure, not only to come to Niagara Falls, but to remain there for some time. These gentlemen believe that, in these days of noisy advertising, when every cheap and new resort is puffed into temporary notoriety, the merits of Niagara — the greatest wonder and delight in the world — may be overlooked and forgotten. They know that while hundreds of travelers from over the sea journey for weeks to stand by the brink of Niagara, pay to it their tribute of admiration, and extol in glowing terms its majesty, immensity, power, grandeur, and beauty, thousands in our own land, living where a few hours' journey will enable them to reach it, die without ever having beheld this great gift of God to mankind.

And now, reader, having frankly told you why this pamphlet is written, let me also say to you that it is written by one who has, for many years, known Niagara and loved it; who has, almost daily, for years, beheld its stupendous cataracts, its tossing rapids, its milk-white waves, its rainbow-tinted spray in the opal light of morning, the crimson and gold of the sunset, and under the mysterious glamour of the moon; who

has sat in the quiet nooks of its islands, enhaled with keen joy the virginal dewy freshness of its forest walks in the early morning, and felt the peace of God—that peace which passes understanding—fall upon his soul in the rippling murmur of its broad and noble river; by one whose heart is pained when frivolity and vulgar levity find place in the sacred precincts of this most majestic spot in nature,—this home of Infinite Beauty,—this Shrine of the Eternal, not made with hands,

“ Pillar’d around by everlasting hills,
 Robed in the drapery of descending floods,
 Crowned by the rainbow, canopied by clouds
 That roll in incense up from thy dread base.”

And by one who can, from his heart assure you that Niagara will more than repay all your study; will, if you will but study it aright, elevate your conceptions, purify your thoughts, exalt your imagination, and enable you to look clearly, calmly, and hopefully “through Nature up to Nature’s God.”

“ Not in the pomp of temples made with hands,
 Nor where in pride the sculptured marble stands,
 Where pillared aisles their labored lines display,
 And painted casements mock the imprisoned day,
 Or the broad column swells—we worship Thee,
 Spirit Almighty—but in this vast shrine
 Where Nature bids her elder glories shine,
 Fit emblems of Thine own eternity—
 Lonely and wild and vast! O is not here
 A temple meet for worship?”

It is in this spirit one should approach Niagara; not in the temper of vulgar curiosity or flippant bravado or languid indifference. And to him who will so approach, Niagara, for his gayer hours, will have “a smile and eloquence of beauty, and will glide into his darker musings with a calm and gentle sympathy that will steal away their sadness ere he be aware.”



U.S. GEO. SURVEY

TERRAPIN ROCK AND HORSESHOE FALLS.

But, with the garrulity of age, I pause where I should hasten. To you, dear reader, who know not the writer, my testimony of the charms of Niagara, will not, perhaps, have weight; and I therefore summon, to confirm my words, witnesses who have testified before the world as to Niagara's power and beauty. Let them tell you how grand, how beautiful, it is, and how long you should linger upon its banks; for surely they are men and women who have no cause to serve but the truth; whose hands wrote what their hearts dictated; and when, having read their words in the home circle, the question is asked, "Where shall we pass the coming summer?" your heart will be moved with an irresistible longing to experience kindred thoughts by the side of the mighty cataract—the glory of our country and the world.

Before doing so, however, let me produce for you the words of one who was "to fortune and to fame unknown,"—an old man whom to know was to love; who, like the writer, loved Niagara for itself; and whose words, written long since, probably never seen before by the eyes of this generation, are as true now as when they were written. Peace to his ashes, as he sleeps in his holy burial place, his solemn dirge sung by the great cataract, and his quiet sleep to be broken only by the Almighty's trump at the end of time! Here are his words concerning Niagara, written to a young man whom he invited, successfully, long since to its shores:—

"The climate of Niagara is in the highest degree healthful and invigorating. The atmosphere, constantly acted upon by the rushing water and the spray, is kept pure, fresh and salutary. There are not here—as there are so often on the seashore—stagnant pools or marshes near, to send abroad their noxious

miasmas, poisoning the air, and producing disease. No pestilential or epidemic complaints ever infest this spot:—it is sacred from their approach. Even the cholera has kept aloof from its raging waters.

“Sweet-breathing herbs and beautiful wild flowers spring up spontaneously, even on the sides and in the crevices of the giant rocks; and luxuriant clusters of firs and fine forest trees cover the islands, crown the cliffs, and overhang the banks of Niagara; their foliage dances with the joyous spray to the music of Niagara’s voice, and they grow by the bounty of its breath and the joy of its presence. Here all is life and variety. The many-hued butterfly, undisturbed, sips ambrosia from the fresh-opened honey-cup of the flower,—birds carol their lays of love among the spray-starred branches—and the lively squirrel skips chattering from tree to tree. The sea-gull plays around the precipice, and the eagle hovers above the cataract, plumes his gray pinions in its curling mists, and makes its home among the giant firs of its inaccessible islands.”

“Around the Falls all is soft, yet exciting. The cataract itself is terrible, yet attractive. It has a fearful, yet fascinating beauty; a dreadful, but alluring greatness. Apt emblem of Divinity! It awes, while it invites—and while it commands reverence, it secures affection. Nature,—as if by a revelation of her beauty and majesty to teach us a religion in which justice is softened by mercy, and authority sweetened by love,—has here concentrated her powers of thrilling and exciting, and gathered round one holy spot all that can awe and terrify, with all that inspires and delights.”

“The great features of Niagara you will find ever the same, but their individual expression is constantly

changing. With every season, with every sunbeam, with every shade, they assume a different appearance, inspire a fresh interest, and exact a new admiration."

"No place on the civilized earth offers such attractions as Niagara, and yet they can never be fully known except to those who see them, from the utter impossibility of describing such scenes. When motion can be expressed by color, then, and only then, can Niagara be described."

"The invalid may here find rest, refreshment, healthful exercise and pure air, and that gentle exhilaration of mental spirits so desirable in all cases and so necessary to a recovery. The convalescent will here be relieved from the languor of weakness, and much of the danger of relapse, by the pleasurable excitement scenes of extreme beauty and majesty must produce. The business man desirous of escaping, for a time, the troublous round of toil and care in which he moves, can here enjoy his leisure and dignify his relaxation. The man of science can nowhere else find such an ample field for research, nor a subject which would so much honor investigation; for, destined to be the wonder of all time, Niagara is yet almost entirely unknown, though the world is full of its fame. What chronicles of past ages are niched in those eternal walls? What monuments of mighty changes sculptured in those hoary rocks? Who has the skill to divine its mystic lore—to decipher its time-traced pages—let him come!"

"The lover of Nature can here gratify his longing and hold sweet communion with the object of his adoration; nay, more, he will find here the very temple of his divinity, and stand beneath the very arches of the altar! Every one, in short, who has an eye to perceive, a heart to feel, and a soul to realize the

grandest exhibitions of creative energy, and the mightiest manifestations of Omnipotent power, will here find an answer to his highest aspirations, a favorable response to his desire for the spirit-kindling ecstasy of reverence and awe."

"Monarch of floods! How shall I approach thee? How speak of thy glory—how extol thy beauty? Ages have seen thy awful majesty: earth has paid tribute to thy greatness; the best and wisest among men have bent the knee at thy footstool! But none have, and none can, describe thee! Alone thou standest among the wonders of Nature, unshaken by the shock of contending elements, flinging back the flash of the lightning, and outroaring the thunder of the tempest's rage! Allied to the everlasting hills, and claiming kindred with the eternal flood, thou art pillared upon the one, and the other supplies thy surge. Primeval rocks environ, clouds cover, and the rainbow crowns thee. A divine sublimity rests on thy fearful brow, an awful beauty is revealed in thy terrific countenance, and the earth is shaken by thy tremendous voice. Born in the dark past, and alive to the distant future, what to thee are the paltry concerns of man's ambitions?—the rise or fall of empires and dynasties, the contests of kings or the crash of thrones? Thou art unmoved by the fate of nations, and the revolutions of the earth are to thee but the pulses of time. Kings before thee are but men, and man a type of insignificance."

"Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty:
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its steps
And check its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness."



LUNA FALLS FROM BELOW (ROCK OF AGES IN FOREGROUND).

Do you not, now, reader, agree with me (and if you do not now, you will as you read these words beside Niagara's awful brink), that the venerable man who so wrote, truly knew Niagara? You will, I am sure, pardon me before passing to what men more illustrious (but not any better) have said of Niagara, if I venture to quote from the time-stained-records before me one or two more of his most beautiful and truthful descriptions of Niagara.

Here is what he writes of the *spray* :

"The spray rises and is often seen by the distant observer, on clear, quiet days, to float up and undulate gently above the Falls like an immense white plume, fringed with gold and tinted with the most delicate and beautiful colors. At sunrise, on a clear morning, the spray presents a variety of beautiful phenomena, now rolling up in huge fantastic and curling volumes, glowing in richest purple, crimson and gold, sparkling in the light like a shower of matchless diamonds."

And this is what, with exact justice, he writes of the *roar* of Niagara :

"The roar of the cataract falls upon the ear with a ceaseless sound like that of a strong wind through forest trees. It is deep, solemn and continuous. In the village I seldom hear its sweeter and sublimer sounds; even on the islands or on Table Rock they are drowned in the rush and roar of the tumbling floods, but on the Terrapin Bridge, above, and as it were, breaking through the general sound, you will hear its sonorous tones rolling up like subdued thunder, peal following peal, rising, falling, swelling, and diminishing, in musical cadences—hymning an eternal anthem of sweet and solemn praise to its Almighty maker."

And thus, in one place, of the *colors* of Niagara :

"Almost every imaginable tint in Nature I have often seen here, in the shifting rainbows that meet you at

every turn, now sleeping quietly below, now arching the chasm, anon resting on the brink, and now stretching up from the abyss to the dizzy verge of the cataract; here, shooting up from the edge of the precipice, there floating, self-poised, in the mid-mist of vapory exhalations; now belting the sheet as with a zone of beauty, and often encircling the spray with a cestus more bewitching than that of the fabled Venus. In the rich and diversified coloring of the rapids, cascades and chasm; and in that of the rocks, trees and foliage, the mists and the spray that surround, cover, and beautify the most grand, lovely, and august manifestation of creative energy, the Falls themselves, as they pour down, are variegated with many exquisite tints, the majority of which are so delicate as to be indescribable — here wreathed in sparkling diamonds, there robed in purest white, and elsewhere shining in delicate blue, amber, rose and emerald. The foam in the broad basin below, generally of a milky white, sometimes, — where the boiling eddies evolve in circular petal-shaped figures, — glows like a bed of roses in a field of snow. The grass, flowers, and foliage on the banks and islands, gemmed and starred with spray, and glistening and flashing in the sunlight, may neither be imagined nor described — they must be seen."

In his usual tone of reverence — habitual with him, through close communion with Niagara — he says: —
"One might almost fancy that Niagara was designedly placed by the Creator in the temperate zone, that it might not always wear the same livery of loveliness, but that the peculiar excellencies of each of the three great regions of the earth might in turn enrich, beautify, and adorn this favored and glorious work of His power. That in summer it might have the warmth and luxuriance of the tropics, in autumn the vivid hues and vary-



M.H. G.P.

WINTER SCENERY ON GOAT ISLAND.

ing dyes of the middle region, and in winter the icy splendor and starry lustre of the frozen zone. All that is rich, all that is striking, all that is gorgeous in Nature, thus centres here in one holy spot, beautifying sublimity, adorning immensity, and making the awful attractive. Men come from all ends of the earth to see Niagara, and well they may."

And now, dear reader, with the thoughts of this veritable hermit of Niagara still lingering in our minds, let us pass to what others have said concerning the beauty and healthfulness of Niagara, and the time of your sojourn; then produce for your inspiration some of the great thoughts which the majestic sight has given to them, and, lastly, give to you such information as we have been able to obtain as to the routes of travel you should take, and the accommodations you will find most desirable while at Niagara, with the probable cost of your journey to and from Niagara from almost every large city in the United States. And first, let us see what has been said of its beauty and grandeur.

THE BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR OF NIAGARA.

Of all the sights on this earth of ours, which men travel to see, I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In such sights I include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by man's hands, and also all beauties of Nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of His creatures. I know of no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful. At Niagara there is the fall of water alone, but that fall is more graceful than Giotto's tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not so astonishing in their solitude; the valleys of the Blue

Mountains in Jamaica are less green ; the finished glaze of life in Paris is less invariable, and the full tide of trade around the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Never did a pilgrim approach Niagara with deeper enthusiasm than mine. I had lingered away from it and wandered to other scenes because my anticipated enjoyment elsewhere had nothing else so magnificent. At length the day came. * * * Were my long desires fulfilled and had I seen Niagara? I had come hither haunted with a vision of foam and fury and dizzy cliffs and an ocean tumbling down out of the sky—a scene, in short, which Nature had too much good taste and calm simplicity to realize. My mind struggled to adapt these false conceptions to the reality, and finding the effort vain, a wretched scene of disappointment weighed me down. I threw myself on the earth, feeling that I was unworthy to look at the great Falls. * * * Gradually I came to know by my own feelings that Niagara is indeed the wonder of the world, and *not the less wonderful because time and thought must be employed in comprehending it.*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The eminent English botanist, Sir Joseph Hooker, said that he found upon Goat Island a greater variety of vegetation within a given space than elsewhere in Europe or east of the Sierras in America, and the first of American botanists, Dr. Asa Gray, has repeated the statement. I have myself followed the Appalachian chain almost from end to end, and traveled on horseback over four thousand miles of the continent without finding elsewhere the same quality of forest beauty which is upon Goat Island. Nor have I found any-



AMERICAN FALLS FROM CANADIAN FERRY.

MA. N. CO.

where else such tender effects of foliage as may be seen in the drapery hanging down the walls of rock, on the Canadian steeps and crags between the Falls and ferry. These distinctive qualities — the great variety of the indigenous perennials and annuals, the rare beauty of the old woods and the exceeding loveliness of the rock foliage — I believe to be the direct effect of the Falls and as much a part of its majesty as the mist-cloud, and the rainbow.

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTEAD.

It is 200 years since Niagara burst upon the gaze of civilized man. Father Hennepin, one of that company, could do little more than say "The Universe does not afford its parallel." Since that time every quarter of the earth has been explored. Rivers mightier than the Niagara have been discovered. The Nile has been made to yield up its secret. The regions of the Yosemite and the valley of the Yellowstone have been scrutinized by thousands. The world contains no undiscovered cataract, but the sentence of Father Hennepin remains true as when he uttered it, "The Universe does not contain its parallel."

The profound interest with which Niagara is beheld and remembered, and which gives it the chief place among the great spectacles of Nature, is due to a variety of elements no where else to be found united. It is not owing chiefly to the sublimity of the scene, for the great mountain summits far surpass it in all elements of the sublime. The loveliness of foliage and flowers is displayed in more enchanting forms elsewhere in our own and other lands. Finer examples of mere picturesque beauty in falls and rapids may be found amid the wonders of the Yosemite Valley, and in other parts of the world. Undoubtedly, the master feature of Niagara is the exhibition of overwhelming power. But

the mere spectacle of power — power, pitiless, remorseless, resistless, like that of the volcano or the tornado — could never impart the pleasure or create the exaltation of mind which the visitor experiences here. Here the beholder, confounded and bewildered by the overwhelming sense of resistless power, has but to return for an instant and find recovery and relief in the spectacle of that same power, no longer let loose for destruction, like the wrath of the hurricane, but eternally flowing, restrained, obedient, beneficent, and arrayed in every robe of the beautiful. *It is this combined appeal to every sense and every faculty, exalting the soul into a higher sphere of contemplation which distinguishes this spot above all others in the world.* Niagara is an awful symbol of Infinite Power — a vision of Infinite beauty — a shrine, a temple erected by the hand of the Almighty for all the children of men.

JAMES C. CARTER.

*From the Oration on the opening of the Free Park
at Niagara Falls, July 15, 1885.*

All the pictures you may see, all the descriptions you may read of Niagara, can only produce in your mind the faint glimmer of the glow-worm compared with the overpowering beauty and glory of the meridian sun.

J. J. AUDUBON.

Where the waters pitch all is agitation and foam: beyond, the waters spread themselves like a rippling sea of liquid alabaster. This last feature is perfectly unique, and you would think nothing could add to its loveliness; but there lies on it, as if made for each other, "heaven's own bow of promise." O, never had it in heaven itself so fair a resting place! . . . I

have been thus particular in my account of the Falls, because the world knows nothing like them. It is better to see Niagara than a thousand ordinary sights. They may revive sleeping emotions, *but this creates new emotion*, and *raises the mind a step higher* in its conception of the power and eternity of Him, whom to know is Life Eternal. The day on which Niagara is seen should be memorable in the life of any man.

REV. ANDREW REED.

At Niagara there are a larger number of distinct and rare qualities of beauty in combination of rock, foliage, sky and water than in any other equal space in the world. *The value of Niagara* to the world, and that which has obtained for it the homage of so many many men whom the world reveres *lies in its power of appeal to the higher emotional and imaginative faculties*, and this power is drawn from qualities and conditions too subtle to be known through verbal description. *To a proper appreciation of these something more than a passing glance is necessary.*

Niagara is not simply the crowning glory of New York State, but *it is the highest distinction of the Nation* and of the continent of America. No other like gift of Nature equally holds the interest of the world, or operates as an inducement for men to cross the sea.

NEW YORK STATE COMMISSIONERS.

*From their Report on the Preservation of the
Scenery of Niagara Falls, 1880.*

The days when one's eyes rest on Niagara are epochs in the life of any man. He gazes on a scene of sublimity and splendor far greater than the unaided fancy of poet or painter ever pictured. He receives

impressions which time cannot diminish, and death only can efface.

THE AUTHOR OF "CYRIL THORNTON."

What a wonderful thing water can become! One feels, in looking at Niagara, as if one had never seen that element before. Were I to try and tell what I felt on my second and third look at the mighty wonder, I think it was confusion and bewilderment, with disappointment at the apparent height of the cataract. *Now* I can say it is far more magnificent than I had anticipated, though my anticipations were of the highest order. Before I came here, I erroneously supposed that, though one would be enchanted at first, there would afterward be a certain degree of monotony attached to that unvarying sublimity which I wrongly believed to be the great characteristic of Niagara. But what injustice I did it! Perhaps the most peculiar and transcendent attribute of this matchless cataract is its *almost endless variety*. The immeasurable diversities of its appearance, the continual alteration of its aspect, are infinite. The spray is continually changing, and the clouds of Niagara! they environ it with a lovely and bewildering atmosphere of mystery which seems the very crown of its manifold perfections.

We saw a vast resplendent rainbow over the waters on Monday, of colors quite unimaginably bright, and on Thursday we had a marvelously glorious sunset. There were flaming, blood-red reflections on the rocks, trees, and islands; but the most delicate suffusions only, of a rich, soft rose color, rested on the fantastic forms of the matchless spray—usually brilliant white, like sunlit snow—as if it softened and refined everything that touched it, as rare and beautiful as its own etherealized self.



THE ICE BRIDGE TO THE BASE OF THE AMERICAN FALLS.

K. W. G. P.

I feel rooted to this spot by the unutterable enchantment of this masterpiece of nature. I can scarcely believe that days have passed since my arrival. The great cataract goes sounding through all one's soul, heart, and mind.

LADY STUART WORTLEY.

The *beauty* of Niagara seems to me more impressive than the grandeur. One's imagination may heap up almost any degree of grandeur, but the subtle coloring of this scene—the horseshoe falls—refining upon the softness of driven snow and dimming all the gems of the mine, is wholly inconceivable. In the afternoon, as I was standing on Table Rock, a rainbow started out from the precipice a hundred feet below, and curved up as if to alight upon my head. Others went and came, blushed and faded—the floods rolling on—till the human heart, overcharged with beauty, could bear no more.

There is nothing like patient watching and waiting in a place like this. The gazer who sits for hours is sure to be rewarded. *It is surprising what secrets of the thunder cavern were disclosed to me during days of still-watching*—disclosed by a puff of wind clearing the spray for an instant, or by the lightest touch of a sunbeam.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

There is one thing about Niagara that impresses. It can have no rival. Saratoga may become antiquated—the seashore a resort for invalids only. Fashions may change in regard to summer resorts. Rival locations may compete by opposing attractions. But Niagara can have no rival. Its deep, thundering voice of power will be heard in its solemn intensity. The

ceaseless sermon of its majesty — the omnipotence of God — will be preached while the waters flow. People will go to the brow of the precipice to look down, to the base of the precipice to look up. They will ramble on Goat Island by moonlight, or enjoy its solemn shades by noonday. They will steep themselves in the mist and spray and the rainbows all about them. In all the world there is but one Niagara, and all the world should see it.

L. W. MANSFIELD,
In "Note Book of a Journalist."

I thought I should be grievously disappointed when I saw Niagara. Not at all. I do not believe it possible for any description to exaggerate the glory and loveliness of Niagara. Nay, more; *the longer you stay the greater must be your admiration.*

Photographs of the Falls are simply gross libels. They cannot convey the smallest notion of the dazzling white, the delicate tints of blue and green, varying from pale cobalt to deep indigo and emerald, the vast moving cloud of spray, nor any of the marvelous atmospheric effects which fascinate the beholder.

HON. WILLIAM HARTMAN,
"Travels in America."

All parts of the prodigious pageant of Niagara Falls have *an eternal novelty*, and they beheld the ever-varying effects of the constant sublimity with the sense of discoverers. The morning hour lent its sunny charm to this illusion, while in the cavernous precipices of the shores — dark with evergreens — a mystery as of primeval night seemed to linger. There was a wild fluttering of their nerves, a rapture with an underconsciousness of pain. They found themselves in the pretty grove beside the American Fall. It was filled

with the fragrance of some sort of wild blossom, and again they had that old entrancing sense of the mingled awfulness and loveliness of the great spectacle. The sylvan perfume, the gayety of the sunshine, the mildness of the breeze that stirred the leaves overhead, and the bird-singing that made itself felt amid the roar of the rapids, and the solemn, incessant plunge of the cataract, moved their hearts and made them children with the boy and the girl who stood beside them,—who stood for a moment and then broke into joyful wonder.

W. D. HOWELLS,

In "Niagara Revisited."

These, then, were the famous Falls I had come so far to see! Well, I confess as I stood, there came over me a sense of bitter disappointment. And was this all? You, who have seen the field of Waterloo, who have seen the Pyramids and St. Peter's, bear with me. Was this all? There was a great deal of water, a great deal of foam, and a thundering noise. This was all, abating the snow where I stood and the black river beneath. These were the Falls of Niagara! They looked small and the water dingy. Where was the grand effect—the light and shade? There was, it is true, a considerable amount of effervescence, but the foaminess of the Falls, with the tinge of tawny yellow in the troubled waters, only reminded me of so much unattainable soda and sherry, and made me feel thirstier than ever * * * It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon. I stood on the brow of Table Rock, and gazed once more on the great dreary, colorless expanse of water, foam, and spray. And this was Niagara, and there was nothing more? Nothing? With a burst like the sound of a trumpet, the sodden sun came out and—God bless him!—there he was,

and there, too! in the midst of the foaming waters, was the everlasting bow! The rainbow shone out upon the cataract, the sky turned blue, the bright clarinet had served to call all Nature to arms. The very birds that had been flopping dully over the spray, began to fly and circle, and, looking around me, I saw that the whole scene had become glorified. There was light and color everywhere! The river ran, a stream of liquid gold, the dark hills glowed. The boulders of ice sparkled like gems. The snow was all bathed in iris-tints, crimson, and yellow, and blue, green orange and violet. The white piazzas and belvederes started up against the azure like the mosques and minarets of Stamboul, and soaring high behind the bow was the great pillar of spray, gleaming and flashing like an obelisk of diamonds.

And it was then I began, as many more have begun perchance, to wonder at and love Niagara.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The walk about Goat Island at Niagara Falls is probably unsurpassed in the world for wonder and beauty.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

We remained five days at Niagara, and during all that period we were almost constantly engaged from sunrise to sunset in examining every part of the Falls, crossing the river from side to side in boats at least a dozen times, and often enveloped in thick spray, so that we had something of an opportunity of seeing many of its beauties in many varieties of position, light, and shade, and of watching its ever-changing hues at each successive hour of the day. Many persons had expressed to us their disappointment at the first sight of the Falls, *though they admitted that a*



HORSESHOE FALLS, FROM TABLE ROCK.



longer stay near them had gradually developed all their grandeur and beauty. I know not to what cause or to what temperament to attribute this ; but, certainly, we needed no progressive development to give us the fullest impressions of their magnificence and sublimity. It appeared to us from the first as *the grandest scene of Nature we had ever visited*, and it continued to have the same impression on our minds to the last. Nor was there any single moment between these two periods in which our admiration or wonder abated in the slightest degree.

J. S. BUCKINGHAM,

In "Travels in America."

The great Falls faces you, enshrined in the surging incense of its own resounding mists. Already you see the world-famous green, baffling painters, baffling poets, clear and lucid on the lip of the precipice, the more so, of course, for the clouds of silver and snow into which it drops transformed. A green more gorgeously cool and pure it is impossible to conceive. It is to the vulgar greens of earth what the blue of a summer sky is to our mundane azure, and is, in fact, as sacred, as remote, as unpalpable as that. You can fancy it the parent-green ; the headspring of color to all the verdant water caves, and all the clear haunts and bowers of naids and mermen in all the streams of earth. On a level with the eye appear the white faces of the rapids. Below, the river stretches away like a tired swimmer struggling with the silver drift, and passing slowly from an eddying foam-sheet touched with green lights to a cold stony green streaked and marbled with trails and wild arabesques of foam. So it drifts along, with measured pride, deep and lucid yet of immense body—the most stately of torrents.

Its movement, its sweep, its progression are as admirable as its color, but as little as its color to be made a matter of words. These things are but part of a spectacle in which nothing is imperfect. *You stand steeped in long looks at the most beautiful object in the world.*

The pure beauty of *elegance* and *grace* is the grand characteristic of the Falls. It is supremely artistic, a harmony, a masterpiece. The lower half of the watery wall is shrouded in the steam of the boiling gulf — a veil never rent or lifted. At its core this eternal cloud seems fixed and still with excess of motion,— still and intensely white. In the middle of the curve the converging walls are ground into finest powder, and hence arises a high mist column. Its summit far overtops the crest of the cataract, and, as you look down along the rapids from above, you see it hanging over the averted gulf like some far-flowing signal of danger. Of these things some vulgar verbal hint may be attempted ; but what words can render the rarest charm of all — the clear cut brow of Niagara — the very act and figure of the leap, the rounded turn of the horizontal to the perpendicular ? To call it simple seems a florid overstatement. It is carved clean as an emerald. It arrives, it pauses, it plunges ; it comes and goes forever, it melts and shifts and changes all with the sound of a thousand thunderbolts, and yet its pure outline never lapses from its constant calm. If the line of beauty had vanished from the earth it would survive on this classic forehead. It is impossible to insist upon the prodigious *elegance* of the great Fall as seen from the Canada cliff. Rage, confusion, chaos are grandly absent, dignity, grace, and leisure ride upon the crest ; it flows without haste, without rest, with the measured majesty of a motion whose rhythm is attuned to eternity. Even the roll of the white batteries at its base seems



AMERICAN FALLS AS SEEN IN WINTER FROM INSPIRATION POINT.

M. H. CO.

fixed and poised and ordered, and in the vague middle zone of difference between falling flood and rising cloud, you imagine a mystical meaning—the passage of body to soul, of matter to spirit, of human to divine.

HENRY JAMES, JR.,
In "Portraits of Places."

The painter is delighted with Niagara—with the varying forms that challenge his pencil, with the play of light which defies his brush. The light of heaven glances upon it in a thousand different hues. To paint the glories that come and go upon the falling, rushing waters, the artist must dip his brush in the rainbow, and when he has done his best he will not be believed by those who have not seen his subject with their own eyes.

JOSEPH HATTON,
In the "Art Journal."

Disappointment in Niagara is affectation or childishness. You may have nourished some impossible idea of one ocean pouring itself over a precipice into another—but it was a whim of inexperience, and is forgotten in a moment. If, standing upon the bridge to Goat Island, you can watch the wild sweep and swirl of the Rapids, awful in their inevitable and resistless rush, and not feel that your fancy of a sea is paled by the chaos of wild waters, then you are a child, and your thoughts are not precise enough for the profoundest satisfaction in great natural spectacles.

The *beauty* of Niagara is upon Goat Island—upon the cliffs over which hangs the greenest verdure—in the trees that lean out and against the rapids, as if the forest was enamored of the waters, suffering their youngest leaves to thrill in the trembling frenzy of the

touch of Niagara. It is in the vivid contrast of the repose of lofty trees and the whirl of a living river, and in the contrast, more singular and subtle, of twinkling, shimmering leaves, and the same magnificent madness. It is in the profuse and splendid play of colors in and about the cataract, and in the thousand evanescent fancies which enwreath its image in the mind, as the sparkling rainbow floats, an ideal image, on the reality. It is in the flowers that grow quietly on the edge of the precipice, to the slightest of which one drop of the clouds of spray that come from the seething abyss is the sufficient elixir of a long and lovely life.

At sunset, and only here, you may see three circular rainbows, one within another. For Niagara has unimagined boons for her true lovers—rewards of beauty so profound, that she enjoins silence as the proof of fidelity.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS,

In "Lotus Eating."

At Buffalo we turned aside to visit Niagara. Thirty-eight years had passed away since we had laid eyes on this wonderful fall of water. In the intervening time we had traveled much, and had visited many of the renowned falls of the old world, to say nothing of the great number which are to be found in other parts of our own land. Did this visit produce disappointment? Did time and advancing years and feelings, that had been deadened by experience, contribute to render the view less striking, less grand, in any way less pleasant, than we had hoped to find it? So far from this, all our expectations were much more than realized. In one particular, touching which we do not remember ever to have seen anything said, we were actually astonished at the surpassing glory of Niagara. It was



AMERICAN FALLS FROM BELOW.

the character of *sweetness*, if we can so express it, that glowed over the entire aspect of the scene. We were less struck with the grandeur of this cataract than with its *sublime softness* and *gentleness*. We felt ourselves attracted by the surpassing *loveliness* of Niagara. The gulf below was more imposing than we had expected to see it, but it was Italian in hue and softness, amid its wildness and grandeur. Not a drop of the water that fell down that precipice inspired terror; for everything appeared to us to be filled with attraction and love.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,
In "The Oak Openings."

THE MORAL INFLUENCES OF NIAGARA.

To anyone who will but study it aright, Niagara is a great moral tonic. It inspires, it elevates, it refreshes, delights, and sobers men. It is sad that it should be so, but, as a fact, it is too often viewed in a spirit of mere vulgar curiosity—in much the same way as one would view any exceptional freak of nature—a giant, a dwarf, the Siamese twins, or Barnum's "What-is-it." And this is the explanation of one of the saddest sights witnessed about the Falls, and one which in your visit, dear reader, you will often see—the spectacle of a party of apparently refined and cultivated people being driven hastily about this glorious shrine of the Eternal by a driver whose countenance and language indicate that a noble thought or a lofty conception is as alien to his mind as disinterested benevolence would be to a hungry jackal. The usual theme of all such drivers are the stories of suicides, terrific accidents, horrible deaths and foolhardy adventures, which desecrate Niagara;

and even Mr. Howells, from whom one would have expected better things, sees fit to place in the mouth of his hero in the "Wedding Journey" the horrible narrative of the equally horrible death of Avery in the rapids, and the narrative results, as one would naturally think it should, in making the bride nervous and hysterical, and the reader surprised and annoyed. To even allow oneself to think of such things is profanation, destructive of all reverence and awe. It is as if one should read the "Police Gazette" while pretending to listen to the Oratorio of the Creation. To expect the ordinary hackman to entertain one while driving about Niagara, is like asking a London cabman to accompany one through and comment upon the historical events associated with Westminster Abbey, or to expect an Italian brigand to define the distinctive elements of sublimity and beauty of St. Peter's, at Rome. If one is compelled by ill health or indisposition to ride, surely silence is the only safeguard.

In no other places in the world should the minds of persons of sensibility and culture experience feelings of equal sublimity, be inspired with more exalted ideas, be more profoundly impressed with the powerlessness of man and the omnipotence of the Eternal Spirit, if the soul is only allowed a fair opportunity to come into its own. At no other spot will one be more inclined to utter a prayer of thankfulness that in his little day he has been permitted to behold this eternal image of the Creator's energy; His power manifest in its terrific might; His goodness in its beauty and sunlight and perpetual bow of promise. To those who come to it aright such thoughts will arise and become a spring of refreshment forever in the soul. But to experience them the cataract is not to be idly glanced at or stupidly stared at, but to be *studied* in silence, in reverence, in awe, and in love, at leisure and in peace.

Such are the thoughts, dear reader, with which it has always inspired thoughtful men and women, and will do so until the end of time. I have ventured to reproduce a few of these here that you also may approach this holy spot in the temper and tone of mind best suited to worthily behold, comprehend, and enjoy it.

To shallow minds Niagara is disappointing because they cannot even begin to comprehend its significance. But the mind which knows something of the language in which Niagara speaks finds always *impressive teaching* in the thought that this work represents not a millionth part of the energy residing in terrestrial gravity — the force which our mother earth uses as if but in play. Here its grim might is seen, and all the more impressively since we know that while it is but the merest nothing of the earth's force, yet we are overwhelmed by its vehemence and powerless in its presence. When the real energies of Niagara have been recognized and the relation between those energies and the might of terrestrial gravity is understood, *the mind must be awed by the stupendous significance of Niagara.*

RICHARD A. PROCTOR,

In "Science," 1886.

Dread torrent, that with wonder and with fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him who looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself —
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies
Age after Age, thy unexhausted springs?
What power hath ordered that when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not to roll and overwhelm the earth?

The Lord hath opened his omnipotent hand.
Covered thy face with clouds and given His voice
To thy down-rushing waters : He hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with His radiant brow.
I see thy never-resting waters run,
And I bethink me how the tide of time
Sweeps to eternity.

— *From the Spanish of Maria José Heredosa, translated
by William Cullen Bryant.*

The effects which the contemplation of these glorious waters produce are, of course, very different according to one's temperament and disposition. As I stood on the brink of the Falls, I could not help wishing that I could have been so made that I might have joined it in its flow ; with it to have rushed harmlessly down the precipice, to have rolled uninjured into the deep unfathomable gulf below, and to have risen again with the spray to the skies. For about half an hour I continued to watch the rolling water, and then I felt a slight dizziness and a creeping sensation come over me, the sensation arising from strong excitement and the same, probably, which occasions the bird to fall into the jaws of the snake. This is the feeling which if too long indulged in becomes irresistible, and occasions a craving desire to leap into the flood of rushing water. It increased upon me every moment, and, looking from the brink, I turned my eyes to the beauty of the surrounding foliage until the effect of the excitement had passed away.

It is through the elements that the Almighty has ever designed to commune with man or to execute His supreme will, whether it has been by the wild waters to destroy an impious race, by the fire hurled upon the doomed cities, by the thunders of Sinai's Mount, by the



WINTER SCENERY IN PROSPECT PARK.



pillar of fire, or by the gushing rock, or by the rushing of mighty winds. And it is still through the elements that the Almighty speaks to man, to warn, to terrify, to chasten, to raise man up to wonder, praise, and adore. The forked and blinding lighting, which with the rapidity of thought dissolves the union between the body and the soul, the pealing thunder announcing that the bolt has sped, the fierce tornado sweeping everything in its career, the howling storm, the mountain waves, the earth quaking and yawning awide, the fierce vomiting of the volcano pouring out its flames of liquid fire — it is through these the Deity still speaks to man ; yet what can inspire more awe of Him, more reverence, and more love, than the contemplation of thy falling waters, great Niagara !

CAPT. MARRYAT,

In " Travels in America."

To one Niagara teaches turbulence and unrest ; to another it whispers peace and hope. To one it speaks of time ; to another of eternity. To the geologist it opens up the vista of millions of years, But to me, if I can epitomize my feelings in four words, Niagara spoke joy, peace, order, eternity.

CHARLES MACKAY.

The first emotion on viewing Niagara is that of familiarity. Ever after its strangeness increases. The surprise is none the less a surprise because it is kept until the last, and the marvel, making itself felt in every nerve, all the more fully possesses you. It is as if Niagara reserved her magnificence and preferred to win your heart with its beauty. In all of the aspects of Niagara there is a grave simplicity, which is per-

haps a reflection of the spectator's soul, for once utterly dismantled of affectation and convention. In the vulgar reaction from this you can, of course, be as trivial, if you like, at Niagara as elsewhere.

W. D. HOWELLS,

In "Their Wedding Journey."

The last evening of our sojourn at Niagara we walked by moonlight around Goat Island, where a young married couple, who had come to pay true homage to Nature by consecrating their new happiness at this shrine, began singing. Their voices, mingling with and softening the roar of the Falls, floated on the air, and were in sympathy with the soft light of the moon, as the green leaves trembled in its rays. My steps became measured to their songs, and thoughts of absent dear ones came like brooding doves and nestled in my heart.

My last look at the Falls was at the lunar bow. It lies in its shaded white on the mist, like a thing of the imagination, lending grace and softness to Niagara's majesty. When I saw this spot in sunshine I was overpowered. Now a deep tide of reflection solemnized and absorbed me. One feels thoroughly alone when overhanging that thundering mass of waters, with the silent moon treading her tranquil way. I thought of *soul*, and this mighty fall seemed as a drop to the cataract of mind which had been rushing from the bosom of the Eternal, from age to age; now covered with mists of sorrow, now glittering in the sunlight of joy, now softened by the moonlight of tender memories, now falling into the abyss of death, but all destined—I trust in God—to flow in many a happy river around His throne.

MRS. CAROLINE GILMAN.



RAPIDS ABOVE THE WHIRLPOOL.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from His hollow hand
And hung His bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back
And notch his cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to *Him*
Who drown'd a world and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? — a light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

JOHN C. BRAINARD.

When we were seated in the little ferry boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before both cataracts, I began to feel what it was, but I was in a manner stunned and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock and looked — Great Heaven! on what a fall of bright green water — that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

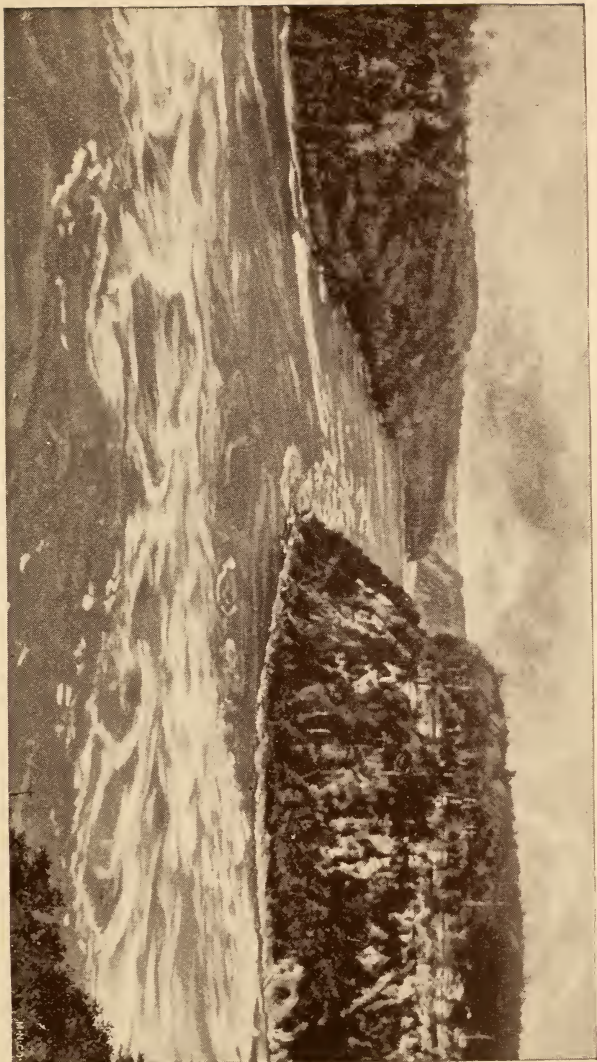
Then when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one — instant and lasting — of the tremendous spectacle, was *peace*. Peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the

dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness—nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever.

Oh! how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from those gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angel tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!

To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the great Horse-shoe Falls, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approaches the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up to the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring height and watch it through the trees and see the wreathed water in the rapids hurrying on to take its final plunge; to linger in the shadows of the solemn rocks three miles below, watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun or by the moon, red in the day's decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice—this was enough!

I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap and roar and tumble all day long: still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet



THE WHIRLPOOL, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—Light! came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

CHARLES DICKENS.

HOW LONG SHOULD WE STAY AT NIAGARA ?

And now, dear reader, you must be prepared yourself to answer this question. You can see for yourself how utterly impossible it is to comprehend such a spectacle in the short space of a day. Suppose you desired to hear a great singer, whose enchanting voice, trilling some of the sweetest songs of our language, had the power to awaken the most profound sentiments, dispelling all sorrow and care, and flooding the whole moral nature with exalted emotion,—would you consider that you had heard, would you expect to be thrilled by such a singer, if you listened to her voice in a single line as you drove rapidly past the place where she sang? Suppose you desired to be impressed by the impassioned eloquence of some distinguished orator, who urged to noble action and inspired a devotion to the highest ideals of conduct—would you expect to gain any adequate idea of his theme by looking in for a moment upon the audience he was addressing? Suppose you desired to gain a worthy conception of some great historical picture—thronged with figures and crowded with the minute details of some memorable event—would you expect to comprehend it by walking rapidly past it? And yet people by the thousands come to Niagara, go down to its brink, stare stupidly and vulgarly at the cataract and go their way and call this “seeing Niagara!” Here are sweeter voices to be heard in the rippling and rushing waves and swaying trees and rustling leaves, than the voices of the sweetest singers of earth; here is more impressive eloquence in the sound of these many waters—the sound to which the beloved apostle likens the voice of God—than may be heard on earth from mortal tongue; here is a picture

painted by the hand of God — a masterpiece, sublime, crowded with creations of beauty and of power — nobler than any work of mortal hand — the work of ages, and you will “do” it in a day! Ah no, dear reader. Nature gives not up her beauty except you woo her aright, and Niagara, to give you the thoughts that ennobles, the sentiments that delight, the memories that shall be forever fair and sweet, must be wooed patiently, persuasively, and then she will crown you with wisdom and glorify you with thoughts of grandeur, goodness, and beauty.

The vulgar hackman will tell you he can show you Niagara for 25 cents in an hour, and you will lose your 25 cents and your self-respect, and after all will not see Niagara. The Michigan Central Railroad has built a high station, from which you can look from the side and get a glimpse of the entire Falls, and you can have *five minutes* to “see all Niagara!” You can travel on that line, you can look at the Falls. The railroad company which thus misrepresents will have your money, but you will *not* see Niagara in any sense of the word. The virginal freshness and repose of its dewy forests have not brought peace to your soul; the glory and grandeur of those falling torrents, as seen from below, on their brink, have inspired you with no noble sentiments of awe and reverence; the perfect curve of the horse-shoe in its peerless beauty you will never know; the exhilaration of soul, the rapture of delight inspired by its enshrouding rainbow-mist, will never be yours — you pass on in the hot, stuffy train — you have not *seen*, you have *lost* Niagara!

You can easily convince yourself of the truth that Niagara requires time for its comprehension, and that it will prove more and more attractive the longer you stay, by a simple experiment. Take any one point, say the view of the Falls from the stairway leading to

Luna Island; suppose you view it near sunset; take first the ordinary tourist's momentary view and then, instead of passing elsewhere, begin to *study* the scene. Watch the Falls intently as the sunlight falls on them. In one or two minutes the beauty and grandeur will visibly increase. The Falls seem to grow higher and higher, colors of the most delicate and tender beauty begin to appear in the falling torrents, its noble mass of falling water in other places shines with a dazzling whiteness and purity, the mist which in a casual glance appears of no color is now seen to be suffused with hues of delicate rose, the true width of the river asserts itself, the immensity, the power, the grandeur grows, and you soon begin to realize what a perpetual legacy of visions of beauty a week at Niagara will bequeath to your soul. If you experience none of these feelings at first there is all the more need of your remaining until you do.

In the writers already quoted there are many expressions of opinion as to the proper duration of the traveler's visit. (See pages 12, 15, 17, 18, 20, and 32.) Let a few others tell you in their own words how long you should stay, and then, dear reader, you can judge whether the advice we give you to stay days and, if you can, weeks by its side is true.

Many travelers arrange their journey so as to arrive in the morning. They then deliver themselves to the care of a hackman, who drives them to such points as can be reached most conveniently for himself and his horses until night. The traveler then hurries to the cars, and goes his way deluded by the idea he has seen Niagara Falls! In truth, however, he has seen Niagara only as he sees his face in a glass. Granting to the traveler the capacity to appreciate the scenery



M. H. CO.

HORSESHOE FALLS AS SEEN FROM CANADIAN HEIGHTS.



of the Falls, *a week's study* is not too much to educate him to a complete comprehension of their physical proportions alone.

NEW YORK STATE GAZETEER.

At first sight there is sometimes a feeling of disappointment. But the second view is always more impressive, and *the longer the visitor tarries the more he enjoys and appreciates*, and the impression is indelibly stamped upon his memory as with the print of a sunbeam.

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAMS.

A river is the coyest of friends; you must live with it and love it before you know it. Many a man to whom Niagara has been a hope and an inspiration, and who stands before its majesty awe-stricken and hushed, secretly wonders that his words are not pictures and poems. But great natural objects are seed too vast for sudden flowering. They lie in experience moulding life. At length the broad flow of a generous manhood betrays that in some happy hour you have truly seen Niagara.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

You should remain several days. People who come to see the Falls and run hurriedly around them for a few hours and then away, can form no idea of their magnitude and sublimity. Those who remain longest invariably admire them most. It requires time to realize their wonderful beauty and grandeur.

GUY SALISBURY,

In "View of Niagara."

A week at least ought to be spent. After passing two or three days you will begin to realize something of their grandeur, and every day will add to your pleasure and increase your admiration.

J. W. INGRAHAM,
"Description of Niagara."

Many visitors err greatly in their calculations in regard to the time they ought to pass. They come hundreds of miles and then hurry away before they have time to get any full or distinct impression. The object of the visit is lost. *Visitors ought to spend at least a week,* and then they will begin to feel regret at leaving.

HORATIO PARSONS.

Days should be spent here in deep and happy seclusion, protected from the burning heat of the sun and regaled by lovely scenes of nature and the music of the sweetest waters, and in fellowship, at will, with the mighty Falls. Long, long I stayed, but all time was too short. I went, and I returned, and know not how to go!

REV. ANDREW REED.

HEALTHFULNESS OF NIAGARA.

I could hardly close my remarks about the advantages of Niagara without briefly alluding to its healthfulness as a place of resort. In this respect it has no superior in the world. I have already (pp. 5 and 6), in the language of one who knew Niagara from long years of residence and study, given you an estimate of its high rank in this respect, and for all he says, as you see, he gives weighty and substantial reasons. The only wonder is that medical men have not given the matter more attention and commended Niagara to their patients as an invigorating and bracing tonic and an exhilarating and delightful resort. The most distinguished living man of science, however, gives his opinion on this subject with a clearness and directness that is very convincing. Mr. John Tynah, writing of the sanative influences of Niagara, says: "An eminent friend of mine often speaks of the mistakes of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological elements of cure. By agreeable emotions, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. *A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara.* Quickened by the emotion there aroused, the blood sped healthfully through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think in tolerance, if not with tenderness, of the most relentless and unreasonable foe."

PLEASANT AND AGREEABLE SOCIETY.

It is one of the most charming characteristics of Niagara that it is the objective point of almost every extensive bridal trip. It is as if the groom desired that "the bright, the fair, the inexpressive she," should have her charming face and her bewitching form framed in Nature's grandest coronal of beauty; and as if the darling memories of that happy time of "love's young dream," when every pulse is a thrill, and every thought a rapture, should be associated with sunlight and moonlight rambles on those beautiful isles of Niagara — the most lovely retreats of earth — fitting spots to symbolize the peace and rest and joy of those happy hours. For, resting quietly in the midst of the rushing rapids, canopied by overarching trees, carpeted with moss and flowers — they are the perfect type of those days of honeyed peace which, in the bridal hours, precede the long passage — the cares and burdens of the voyage of life. Long, long may those isles be consecrated to the first tender communings of reciprocated affections, and sacred to the chastened and holy delight of wedded joys. In the gayety, harmless amusements and diversions, and miscellaneous gatherings of the hotels and village, rest and relaxation may be found from the strain engendered by the too long and serious contemplation of Niagara.

Everywhere he sees brides and brides. At supper they are on every side of him, and he feels himself suffused by a roseate atmosphere of youth and hope and love. They are of all manner of beauty — but all beautiful with the radiance of loving and being loved. They are charmingly dressed, and ravishing toilets take



WINTER SCENERY ON LUNA ISLAND.

APR 1900.

the willing eye from the objects of interest. Thus the place perpetually renews itself in the glow of love as long as the summer lasts. The moon, which is elsewhere so often of wormwood, is of lucent honey here from the first of June to the first of October, and this is a great charm of Niagara. I think, with tenderness, of all the lives that opened so fairly there, the hopes that reign in the glad young hearts, the measureless tide of joy that ebbs and flows with the arriving and departing trains. Elsewhere there are carking cares of business and of fashions, there are age and sorrow and heart-break, but here only youth, faith, rapture.

W. D. HOWELLS,

"Their Wedding Journey."

The change in the aspect of the place since I had been here last was in every way astonishing. A ban had been taken off, an interdict raised, a jubilee proclaimed. I had left Niagara a solitude; now it was crowded; carriages were full of tourists, pedestrians thronged the roads, artists were sketching. Brides and bridegrooms were everywhere. Nobody reads at Niagara. There is a grand open book before you, a book whose pages are infinite, whose lore is untold, and whose teachings eternal.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

WHAT IS THE BEST TIME TO VISIT NIAGARA ?

This is a question it is indeed difficult to answer. Perhaps the best way to answer it is to say, visit Niagara whenever and as often as you possibly can. As an

ardent admirer of the Falls has well said, the scenery about the Falls in summer may be imagined by the lovely reaching to the sublime, and in winter by the sublime stooping to the lovely. At the latter season it is magnificent, in the former beautiful. In autumn, too, how glorious, how varied, how exquisite it is !

“In summer the earth, the trees, the shores, the islands and parts of the very rocks are clothed with a living emerald of luxurious growth. Watered by the spray, the rich earth teems with vegetation, and sends up a thousand forms of life and loveliness. Shrubs, flowers and foliage cover the earth, which, clad in verdure and breathed upon by the wind, seems a rippling sea of greenness. Vines and ivy climb the tall trees, twine their tendril fingers around the branches, and meet and mingle their leaves together. The humble moss, soft as velvet beneath one’s feet, derives health and nourishment from the pure air and the spray of Niagara. Bushes and trees stoop to look over the bank, and the more lowly plants hang over the abyss, seemingly to enjoy the same splendid prospect. The trees, and the air, too, are populous with animal and insect life. Birds, squirrels, butterflies and bees, these and many other beautiful creatures, fill the air with their harmless rejoicing, and wanton among the leaves and flowers. There is everything to interest, amuse, and delight ; but nothing to vex, annoy, or alarm, and such is summer at Niagara.”

“Summer, too, is, of course, the season of the greatest travel, the place is full of innocent and delightful gayety. Niagara in summer, too, is a perfect paradise for the little ones. Never has an accident happened to a tourist’s child at the Falls, and the little ones thrive in the sunshine and sweet, pure air like the dew-starred flowers on the lovely islands of Niagara.”

“In the autumn the scene is changed, and addresses itself to the eye and understanding, rather than to the heart and affections. The scenery is indescribably beautiful, variegated by every imaginable shade of coloring. The exceeding richness of forest scenery in a North American autumn has often been said and sung, and the effect of that season upon Niagara bids defiance to the tongue or pen. Suffice it to say that new and grand combinations of beauty are there displayed which charm the eye, chain the attention, and fasten the mind, and which will remain fixed in memory long after the lapse of years has erased many and later impressions of other and different objects.”

“In winter how different still, and yet how magnificent! The grass is turned to pearl, the forest to coral, the foliage to crystal, by the falling and freezing spray. Rocks of glass, columns of alabaster, trees of coral, and rainbows resting upon the crystal branches and nestling among the diamond twigs and tendrils. Groves of spar, bending beneath a weight of brilliants in all the blazonry of splendor, allure and dazzle the eye, and, stirred by the wind, rain down upon the alabaster earth, showers of diamonds glittering in the sunlight, and still shining where they fall. The river, a sea of silver, springs down a porcelain precipice, and, falling upon rocks of transparent chalcedony carved into strange and curious shapes and fringed with pointed pendants of crystal, dashes glittering up, filling the air with starry rainbow-wreaths of beauty. Crystalline stalactites of enormous size and immeasurable length, overlying and clustering round each other in many a fanciful and fantastic shape, forming colonnades, pilasters, capitals, and cornices, ornamented and enriched by a beautiful fretwork of glassy texture and delicate tracery, hang down the banks and mock the sun with their lustre—making of the chasm and cat-

aract a glorious and gorgeous temple, an altar of the Eternal, from which a snowy incense rolls up in graceful convolutions, cloud-like, to Heaven. It is indeed a fairy scene. A cloud passing over it will destroy all its blazonry, but it is inimitably beautiful and worth a journey of thousands of miles to witness, if only for a day."

WHERE SHALL WE STAY AND WHAT WILL IT COST AT NIAGARA?

You will find excellent quarters at Niagara Falls during the winter, spring, and autumn months at the SPENCER HOUSE—a cosy, homelike hotel. The internal arrangements of the hotel combine every advantage of quiet, comfort, and convenience. The rooms are tastefully and richly furnished and scrupulously clean. Viands that delight the eye and palate, linen, china, and silver of unexceptionable quality, servants ready without impertinence, and prompt without bribery, render it a most agreeable place of entertainment. Charles Dickens has praised its table, Wilkie Collins its beds and fine linen, Booth declares it his favorite hotel, Mojeska, Parepa Rosa, Barrett—that prince and king of good-fellowship, Chauncey M. Depew,—King Kalakaua, the Grand Duke Alexis, Bartholdi, and hundreds of others have enjoyed its hospitalities. It is kept on the American plan from May to November. Its prices for rooms and board on the first floor are \$4.00 per day per person; on the second floor, \$3.50, and on the third floor, \$3.00. From November to May it is kept on the European plan, with rooms \$2.00 per person per day on the first floor; \$1.00 per day per



SPENCER HOUSE.





N. B.—The management of the SPENCER HOUSE and INTERNATIONAL HOTEL make the following liberal offer to all persons receiving these pamphlets, as an inducement to really see and appreciate Niagara. The rate is almost at half the regular price.

This voucher and \$12.00 in cash entitles the holder to one week's board, with room upon second floor, at the INTERNATIONAL HOTEL or SPENCER HOUSE, Niagara Falls, N. Y. It is good for one or more persons at same rate. Children and Nurses Seven Dollars (\$7.00) per week. This reduction will be given for the first two weeks only.

person on the second and third floors, with meals at any hour to order. It makes special prices per week or month for families, and these may be ascertained by writing to the address "SPENCER HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y." The visitor will do well to do this, as to think of remaining less than a week is a great mistake.

In summer, the great hotel — the finest at Niagara — is the INTERNATIONAL. The magnificent summer home is worthy of a visit for itself. It is four stories high, built entirely of stone, the kitchens, bakeries, and furnaces are in an entirely distinct building, so that the odor of cookery — to persons of delicate sensibility sometimes, in summer, very offensive — is never present in the very large, spacious, well ventilated and richly furnished apartments. The hotel faces the new park, and its lawn leads down directly to the rapids. From its magnificent colonnades and rooms an unrivaled view may be had of the American Rapids, and the islands and the brink of the Falls. Indeed, the lawn itself — interspersed with fine beds of beautiful flowers, and with clusters of magnificent forest trees — may be fairly pronounced one of the loveliest spots in the world. Its expanse of verdant grass charms and refreshes the eye; beyond the lawn are the silvery tints, the lustrous white, the indescribable green of the rapids, and the wooded heights of Goat Island — then appear the brink of the cataract, the rising rainbow-tinted spray, and then the rocky shores, the beautiful parks, the forest-crowned hills of Canada "withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue." There is not an object to disturb or annoy, not an unsightly structure to distract the mind, and here for hours, while the happy children play, and the fountain — fresh from Niagara's brink — rises and falls in rhythmic music on the lawn, and the great cataract rests and soothes with its muffled roar

softened by distance and alluring to repose—here is the spot to which the traveler may come and find the true fountain of youth for which Ponce de Leon vainly sought in the everglades of the South. No pains are spared to make its table equal to the best hotels in New York City. It is open from the 15th of June to the 1st of October. Its prices per day are the same as those of the SPENCER HOUSE, and it is kept both upon the American and the European plan. It offers exceptionally low prices to families: rooms and board on the first floor are \$21.00 per week per person; on the second floor, \$17.50 per week; and on the third floor, \$15.00 per week. As the hotel is fire-proof, with fire-escapes from every room, three stairways, and two elevators, the rooms on the third floor are almost as desirable as those on the first floor. Nurses and children (under 10) are half-price. To secure early choice of rooms, it would be well to write not later than June 1st, and it is believed that the traveling public will find the proprietor and all his assistants worthy, efficient, and obliging. Letters should be addressed to the INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

In addition to these hotels, there are many others at Niagara, some of the same price, and others of even more moderate terms, but none which we can so confidently recommend for comfort, ease, and satisfaction as the INTERNATIONAL and the SPENCER.

Either of these hotels will send you, on application, a guide-book, giving you full description of many of the objects of interest, with prices of carriages, etc., so that you may know exactly what it will cost you at Niagara before starting on your journey. It may, however, here be added that you may remain a month at Niagara without any other expense than the street cars, when you ride in them (5 cents for 2 miles, 25 cents each time you go and return to Canada) and what you



INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

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see fit to spend in carriage hire — which it is not necessary to do to see the Falls — and which will cost one dollar per hour. If you have four in your party, this will be 25 cents each per hour, which is not high. Write for the guide, mentioning the fact that you have received this little pamphlet, and it will be sent you FREE. It contains other and different pictures of the Falls from the present pamphlet, and will be an interesting souvenir, even if you never visit Niagara — a hard fate! which, dear reader, I devoutly trust may never be yours. If, however, you do come, do not insult Niagara by staring at it from a railway station, or degrade yourself by riding hastily about with a mercenary hackman, or delude yourself with the idea that you can “see” or “do” Niagara in a day.

You will find subjoined a statement of the rates of fare to and from Niagara from almost every point. This, with the rate you pay at the hotel, and \$1.00 per day per person, for incidentals, will be all you require during your stay at Niagara — whether you remain for a week or a month. And for this sum you may visit every point of interest at and about Niagara, and ride to every one of them if you prefer.

And now, dear reader, a word in conclusion. It is unfortunate that this most beautiful spot on earth has a reputation for being so expensive a place of resort. It deserves it no longer. The State of New York and the Dominion of Canada have purchased the lands on either side of the river, and every point of view from which a fine study of the Falls is to be had, the lovely islands, and the walks along the rapids are forever *free!*

Above all, when you come, do not fail to approach Niagara in a proper spirit. Be worthy of its beauty,

its grandeur, its sublimity. Do not believe you can find your way without advice; consider your host a friend, and consult him. Do not degrade yourself by a mercenary attempt to badger and screw down some desperate, poverty-stricken hackman. Walk, utilize the street cars, and if you ride in a carriage, pay the price. Be proud that your country has this miracle of beauty. Stay long enough to let its blessed influence melt into your soul and to allow its image of grace and loveliness to be etched upon your mind. Come with your bride in the golden hour of love; come with your wife and children in your prime and vigor; come to be uplifted, vitalized, and strengthened in moments of depression and despondency; come to be rendered more happy in moments of joy; and you will thank me and forever after rejoice that into your life has been poured a tide of glorious thought, breezy and fresh as Niagara's stream, tender and sweet as its lunar bow, holy and pure as its rainbow-spray, sparkling in the sunlight until it fades from sight in the infinite azure of the sky.

WHAT WILL IT COST TO AND FROM NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

NOTE.—The rates given in the first column are for an *unlimited* railroad ticket *one way*, which enables you to stop over as long as you please. It is unsafe to buy a *limited* ticket, and the difference in price between limited and unlimited tickets is so small that the small saving does not compensate the traveler for the annoyances to which he may be subjected. At many places you can obtain, during the summer months, tickets at greatly reduced rates to Niagara Falls; often the amount is one-third less than the regular fare. Such places are indicated by a star (*) in front of the name of the place. The rates given in the second column are for sleeping-car tickets, *each way*.

	1	2
Allegheny, Pa.,	\$8.45	\$2.25
Atlanta, Ga.,	23.50	4.00
Augusta, Me.,	14.65	3.00
Austin, Texas,	39.05	10.00
*Baltimore, Md.,	10.00	2.00
Bangor, Me.,	17.15	4.50
*Boston, Mass.,	10.65	2.50
Burlington, Vt.,	10.45	2.50
*Bridgeport, Conn.,	10.40	2.00
Cambridge, Mass. (same as Boston),	10.65	2.50
Charleston, S. C. (costs no more to go to N. Y. City),	23.00	4.50
Chattanooga, Tenn. (costs no more to go to N. Y. City),	23.00	4.00
*Cleveland, Ohio,	5.55	2.00
*Cincinnati, Ohio,	11.25	2.50
*Chicago, Ill.,	13.05	3.00
*Columbus, Ohio,	9.70	2.50
Concord, N. H.,	11.57	2.50
Denver, Col.,	43.50	8.50
Detroit, Mich.,	6.80	2.00
*Evansville, Ind.,	18.85	4.00
*Fort Wayne, Ind.,	10.60	2.50
Grand Rapids, Mich.,	10.50	2.00
Hartford, Conn.,	9.00	2.50
*Harrisburg, Pa.,	8.59	2.00
*Hoboken, N. J.,	9.25	2.00
*Elizabeth, N. J.,	9.25	2.00

RATES TO NIAGARA FALLS—CONTINUED.

	1	2
*Indianapolis, Ind.,	\$13.25	\$3.00
*Jersey City, N. J.,	8.00	2.00
*Kansas City, Mo.,	25.35	5.50
*Lansing, Mich.,	16.95	2.00
Lawrence, Mass.,	11.30	2.50
Lowell, Mass.,	10.98	2.50
*Little Rock, Ark.,	40.25	5.00
*Louisville, Ky.,	15.75	2.00
Lynn, Mass. (same as from Boston, adding 20 cents),
Manchester, N. H.,	11.21	2.50
*Milwaukee, Wis.,	16.55	3.00
*Minneapolis, Minn.,	24.55	5.00
*Mobile, Ala.,	29.50	7.00
*Montgomery, Ala.,	26.00	8.00
Montpelier, Vt.,	12.50	3.00
*Nashville, Tenn.,	21.80	4.00
*New Haven, Conn.,	10.75	2.00
*New Orleans, La.,	31.50	7.00
*New York City, N. Y.,	9.25	2.00
*Omaha, Neb.,	25.80	5.50
*Paterson, N. J.,	8.50	2.00
*Peoria, Ill.,	16.45	4.50
*Philadelphia, Pa.,	10.00	2.00
*Pittsburg, Pa. (same as from Alle- gheny),
*Portland, Me.,	13.15	2.50
*Providence, R. I.,	10.06	2.50
*Reading, Pa.,	9.25	2.00
*Richmond, Va.,	15.05	4.00
*St. Joseph, Mo.,	25.35	5.50
*St. Louis, Mo.,	18.25	4.00
*St. Paul, Minn.,	24.55	5.00
Savannah, Ga. (reduced rates in <i>winter</i>),	28.70	10.00
*Scranton, Pa.,	7.20	2.00
*Springfield, Mass.,	8.49	2.50
*Terre Haute, Ind.,	16.05	3.50
*Toledo, Ohio,	9.21	2.00
*Troy, N. Y.,	5.00	2.00
*Washington, D. C.,	11.20	2.00
*Wilmington, Del.,	10.75	2.00
*Worcester, Mass.,	9.71	2.50





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